THE HISTORY OF THE LIVES

Of the most Noted

HIGHWAY-MEN, FOOT-PADS, HOUSE-BREAKERS, Shop-lifts and Cheats,

Of both Sexes, in and about *London*, and other Places of *Great-Britain*, for above fifty Years last past.

Wherein their most secret and barbarous Murders, unparallel'd Robberies, notorious Thefts, and unheard of Cheats, are expos'd to the Publick.

By Capt. ALEXANDER SMITH.

In Two Volumes.

The Second Edition.

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THE PREFACE.

SINCE preceeding Generations have made it their grand Care and Labour, not only to communicate to their Posterity the Lives of Good and Honest Men, that thereby Men might fall in Love with the smooth and beautiful Face of Vertue; but have also taken the same Pains to recount the Actions of Criminal and Wicked Persons, that by the dreadful Aspects of Vice, they may be deterr'd from embracing her Illusions; we here present the Publick with *A History of the LIVES of the most noted* HIGHWAY-MEN, FOOT-PADS, HOUSE-

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BREAKERS, SHOPLIFTERS, *and other* MALEFACTORS *of both Sexes, which have been Executed in and about* London, *and other Parts of* Great Britain, *for above fifty Years last past: With a whole Discovery of the Art and Mystery of* THEFT, *to the End all honest People may be prevented from being robb'd for the future.*

As for the Order of Time wherein these most notorious Criminals suffer'd Death, we have not confin'd ourselves to that Exactness; but have given them Precedency, according as they excell'd one another in Villany. In their several Characters, the Reader will find the most unaccountable Relations of irregular Actions as ever were heard; penn'd all from their own Mouths; not borrow'd from the Account given of Malefactors by any of the ORDINARIES of *Newgate*; wherefore, at the Request of several very worthy Gentlemen, we have been persuaded to Print them, as being the first impartial Piece of of this Nature which ever appear'd in *Europe*.

If we have here and there brought in ſome of theſe wicked Offenders venting a profane Oath or Curſe, which is daſht, it is to paint them in their proper Colours; whoſe Words are always ſo Odious, Deteſtable, and Foul, that ſome, as little acquainted with a GOD as they, would be apt to conclude that Nature ſpoil'd 'em in the Making, by ſetting their Mouths at the wrong end of their Bodies. Indeed we have been at no ſmall Pains to collect the Lives of theſe ſinful Wretches, being very punctual not only in decyphering their canting Language, but alſo divulging their covert Engagements, cunning Flatteries, treacherous Compoſitions, and underhand Compliances, in all their illegal Enterprizes. Beſides, we do not only ſet forth the Place of Birth, Parentage, Education, Trade, and Age of thoſe Malefactors who made their *Exit* in the Country; but likewiſe of them who Suffer'd at *Tyburn* or elſewhere about *London*; when many of them would not acquaint the ORDINARIES of *Newgate* with ſuch particular Circumſtances, touching their Lives and Converſation, and private Offences; becauſe they

would not have their Friends and Relations expos'd by those Papers which are dispers'd abroad under the Title of, *An Account of the Behaviour, last Dying Speeches and Confessions of the Malefactors who were Executed this Day at* Tyburn.

For this Reason they have been silent in the most material Passages, and Minute Occurrences of their wicked Transactions; as being also inform'd, by Persons better knowing in Theological Matters than themselves, that they were oblig'd to confess their Faults in particular to none but the Almighty, who knew the Secrets of all Mens Hearts. And had they been sensible that these Papers, after some Years, as they were cut off by the Hand of Justice, would have been made publick to the World, they would not have been so free as they were, when in the Land of the Living, of declaring their enormous Crimes to us. However, we do not expose the Memory of these Offending Wretches with any design of making them the Sport and Ridicule of vain Idle Fellows, who only laugh at the Misfortunes of such dying

dying Men; but rather revive their manifold Transgressions for a Means to instruct and convert the wicked and prophane Persons of this licentious Age; and earnestly hope they will observe this Advice of the Poet.

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

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

and the Citizen to ſecure his own at home with more ſafety than heretofore: And likewiſe how other honeſt People may eſcape being impos'd upon by the unknown Cheats of theſe Criminals, which are fully diſcover'd in the Relation of their ignominious Lives.

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

ALEXANDER SMITH.

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A N

AN HISTORY OF Highway-Men, &c.

The GOLDEN-FARMER, *a Murderer and Highway-Man.*

THE *Golden-Farmer* was ſo called from his Occupation, and paying People, if it was any conſiderable Summ, always in Gold; but his real Name was *William Davis*, born at *Wrexham* in *Denbigh-ſhire*, in *North-Wales*; from whence he removed, in his younger

Years, to *Sudbury* in *Glocester-ſhire*, where he married the Daughter of a wealthy Innkeeper, by whom he had eighteen Children, and follow'd the Farmer's Buſineſs to the Day of his Death, to ſhrowd his Robbing on the Highway; which irregular Practice he had follow'd for Forty-two Years, without any Suſpicion among his Neighbours.

He generally robb'd alone, and one Day meeting three or four Stage-Coaches going to *Salisbury*, he ſtop'd one of them, which was full of Gentlewomen, one of which was a Quaker: All of 'em ſatisfy'd the *Golden-Farmer*'s Deſire, excepting this Preciſian, with whom he held a long Argument to no purpoſe; for, upon her ſolemn Vow and Aſſeveration, ſhe told him ſhe had no Money, nor any thing valuable about her; whereupon fearing he ſhould loſe the Booty of the other Coaches, he told her he would go and ſee what they had to afford him, and he would wait on her again. So having robb'd the other three Coaches, he return'd according to his Word, and the Quaker perſiſting ſtill in

in her old Tone of having nothing for him; it put the *Golden-Farmer* into a Rage, and taking hold of her Shoulder, ſhaking her as a Maſtiff does a Bull, he cry'd, *You canting B--ch, if you dally with me at this rate, you'll certainly provoke my Spirit to be d-----ble rude with you: you ſee theſe good Women here were ſo tender-hearted as to be charitable to me; and you, you whining Whore, are ſo covetous as to loſe your Life for the ſake of Mammon. Come, come, you hollow B--ch, open your Purſe-ſtrings quickly, or elſe I ſhall ſend you out of the Land of the Living.* Now the poor Quaker being frighten'd out of her Wits at theſe bullying Expreſſions of the wicked one, ſhe gave him a Purſe of Guineas, a Gold Watch, and Diamond Ring, and parted then as good Friends as if they'd never fall'n out at all.

Another time this Deſperado meeting with the Dutcheſs of *Albemarle* in her Coach, as riding over *Salisbury-Plain*, he was put to his Trumps before he could aſſault Her Grace, by reaſon he had a long Engagement with a Poſtilion, Coachman, and two Foot-

men, before he could procced in his Robbery; but having wounded them all, by the diſcharging ſeveral Piſtols, he then approach'd to his Prey, whom he found more refractory than his Female Quaker had been, which made him very ſawcy and more eager, for fear of any Paſſengers coming by in the mean while. But ſtill Her Grace deny'd parting with any thing, whereupon, by main violence, he pull'd three Diamond Rings off her Fingers, and ſnatch'd a rich Gold Watch from her Side, crying to her at the ſame time, becauſe he ſaw her Face painted, *You B--ch incarnate, you had rather read over your Face in the Glaſs every Morning, and blot out Pale to put in Red, than give an honeſt Man, as I am, a ſmall Matter, to ſupport him in his lawful Occaſions on the Road.* And then rid away as faſt as he could, without ſearching Her Grace for any Money; becauſe he perceiv'd another Perſon of Quality's Coach making towards them, with a good Retinue of Servants belonging to it.

Not

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

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

One Mr. *Hart*, a young Gentleman of *Enfield*, who had a good Eſtate, but not over-much Wit, and therefore could ſooner change a piece of Gold than a piece of Senſe, Riding one Day over *Finchley-Common*, where the *Golden Farmer* had been hunting about four or five Hours for a Prey, he rides up to him, and giving the Gentleman a ſlap with the flat of his drawn Hanger o'er

o'er his Shoulders, quoth he, *A Plague on you, how ſlow you are, to make a Man wait on you all this Morning; come, deliver what you have, and be Poxt to you, and then go to Hell for Orders.* The Gentleman, who was wont to find a more agreeable Entertainment betwixt his Miſtreſs and his Snuſh-Box, being ſurpriz'd at this ruſtical ſort of Greeting, he began to make ſeveral Excuſes, and ſay he had no Money about him; but his Antagoniſt not believing him, he made bold to ſearch his Pockets himſelf, and finding in them above an hundred Guineas, beſides a Gold Watch, he gave him two or three good ſlaps over his Shoulders again, with his Hanger, and at the ſame time bade him not to give his Mind to Lying any more, when an honeſt Gentleman requir'd a ſmall Boon of him.

Another time this notorious Robber having paid his Landlord about Eighty Pounds for Rent, and going home with it, his goodly Tenant diſguiſing himſelf, met the Old grave Gentleman, and bidding him Stand; quoth he,

Come, Mr. Gravity from Head to Foot, but from neither Head nor Foot to the Heart, deliver what you have in a trice. The Old Man fetching a deep Sigh, to the hazard of loſing ſeveral Buttons off his Waſtcoat, he told him, that he had not above two Shillings about him, therefore he hop'd he was more a Gentleman than to take ſuch a ſmall Matter from a poor Man. Quoth the *Golden Farmer, I have not the Faith to believe you, for you ſeem, by your Mein and Habit, to be a Man of better Circumſtances than you pretend, therefore open your Budget, or elſe I ſhall fall foul about your Houſe. Dear Sir,* (reply'd his Landlord) *you can't be ſo barbarous ſure to an Old Man: What, have you no Religion, Pity, or Compaſſion in you? Have you no Conſcience? Nor have you any Reſpect for your own Body and Soul, which muſt certainly be in a miſerable Caſe, if you follow theſe unlawful Courſes? D---n you* (ſaid his Tenant, unknown to him) *don't talk of Age or Barbarity to me, for I ſhew neither Pity nor Compaſſion to any. D---n you, what, talk of Conſcience to me! I have no more of that dull Commodity than you have; nor do I allow my Soul*

and

and Body to be govern'd by Religion, but Intereſt; therefore deliver what you have, before this Piſtol makes you repent your Obſtinacy. So delivering his Money to the *Golden Farmer*, he receiv'd it without giving his Landlord any Receipt for it, as his Landlord had him.

Not long after the committing of this Robbery, overtaking an old Graſier on *Putney-Heath*, in a very ordinary Attire, but yet very Rich, he takes half a ſcore Guineas out of his Pocket, he gave them to the Old Man, and ſaid, *There are three or four Perſons behind us, who look'd very ſuſpicious, therefore I deſire the Favour of you to put that Gold into your Pocket, for in caſe they are Highway-Men, your indifferent Apparel will make them believe you have no ſuch Charge about you.* The Old Graſier, looking upon his Intentions to be honeſt, quoth he, *I have fifty Guineas ty'd up in the Fore-lappit of my Shirt, and I'll put it to that, for Security.* So riding along both of them Cheek by Jole, for above half a Mile, and the Coaſt being ſtill clear, the *Golden Farmer* ſaid to the Old Man, *I believe*

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

Another time this bold Robber lying at the *Red-Lyon*-Inn in *Uxbridge*, he happen'd into Company with one Eſq; *Broughton*, a Barriſter of the *Middle-Temple*, which he underſtanding, pretended to him, that he was going up to *London*, to adviſe with a Lawyer about ſome Buſineſs, wherefore he ſhould be much oblig'd to him if he could

could recommend him to a good one. Counſellor *Broughton*, thinking he might be a good Client, beſpoke him for himſelf; then the *Golden Farmer* telling him his Buſineſs was about ſeveral of his Neighbours Cattle breaking into his Grounds, and doing a great deal of Miſchief, the Barriſter told him, that was very Actionable, as being *Damage feſant*. *Damage feſant!* ſaid the *Golden Farmer*, *what's that, pray Sir?* He told him, that it was an Action brought againſt Perſons, when their Cattle broke thro' Hedges, or other Fences, into Peoples Grounds, and did them Damage. Next Morning, as they were both riding towards *London*, quoth the *Golden Farmer*, to the Barriſter, *If I may be ſo bold as to ask you, pray Sir, what is that you call Trover and Converſion?* He told him, it ſignified, in our common Law, an Action which a Man hath againſt one, that having found any of his Goods, refuſes to deliver them upon Demand, and perhaps converts them to his own uſe alſo. The *Golden Farmer* being now at a place convenient for his Purpoſe, he reply'd, *Very well, Sir; and ſo if I ſhould*

ſhould find any Money about you, and convert it to my uſe, why then that is but only Actionable, I find. That's a Robbery, (ſaid the Barriſter) *which requires no leſs Satisfaction than a Man's Life. A Robbery!* (reply'd the *Golden Farmer*) *why then I muſt e'en commit one, for once and not uſe it, therefore deliver your Money, or elſe behold this Piſtol ſhall preſently prevent you from ever reading* Cook upon Littleton *any more.* The Barriſter was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at his Client's rough Behaviour, asking him if he thought there was neither Heaven nor Hell, that he could be guilty of ſuch wicked Actions? Quoth the *Golden Farmer, Why, you Son of a Whore, thy Impudence is very great, to talk of Heaven and Hell to me, when you think there's no way to Heaven but thro'* Weſtminſter-Hall. *Come, come, down with your Rino this Moment, for I have otherguess Cuſtomers to mind, than to wait on your A--ſe all Day.* The Barriſter being very loath to part with his Money, he was ſtill inſiſting on the Injuſtice of the Action, ſaying, that it was againſt both Law and Conſcience to Rob any Man. However, the *Golden Farmer* heeding not

not his Pleading, he ſwore that he was not to be guided by Law nor Conſcience, any more than them of his Profeſſion, whoſe Law is always furniſh'd with a Commiſſion to arraign their Conſcience; but upon Judgment given, they uſually had the knack of ſetting it at large. So putting a Piſtol to the Barriſter's Breaſt, he quietly deliver'd his Money, amounting to about thirty Guineas, and eleven Broad-Pieces of Gold, beſides ſome Silver, and a Gold Watch.

One time overtaking a Tinker, on *Black-Heath*, whom he knew to have ſeven or eight Pounds about him, quoth he, *Well overtook, honeſt Tinker, methinks you ſeem very Devout, for your Life is a continual Pilgrimage, and in Humility you go almoſt barefoot, thereby making Neceſſity a Vertue.* Ay, Maſter, (reply'd the Tinker) needs muſt when the Devil drives; and, had you no more than I, you might go without Boots and Shoes too. *That may be,* (quoth the *Golden Farmer*;) *and I ſuppoſe you march all over* England *with your Bag and Baggage.* Yes, (ſaid the Tinker)

ker) I go a great deal of Ground; but not ſo much as you ride. *Well* (quoth the *Golden Farmer*) *go where you will, it is my Opinion, your Converſation is unreprovable, becauſe thou'rt ever mending.* I wiſh (reply'd the Tinker) that I could ſay as much by you. *Why, you Dog of Egypt* (quoth the other) *you don't think, I hope, that I'm like you, in obſerving the Statutes, and therefore had rather Steal than Beg, in ſpite of Whips or Impriſonment.* (Said the Tinker again) I'll have you to know, that I take a great deal of Pains for a Livelihood. *Yes* (reply'd the *Golden Farmer*) *I know thou'rt ſuch a ſtrong Enemy to Idleneſs, that in mending one Hole, you make three, rather than want Work.* That's as you ſay, (quoth the Tinker) however I wiſh that you and I, Sir, were farther aſunder, for i'faith I don't like your Company. *Nor I yours* (ſaid the other) *for tho' thou'rt entertain'd in every place, yet you enter no farther than the Door, to avoid Suſpicion.* Indeed (reply'd the Tinker) I have a great Suſpicion of you. *Have you ſo?* (quoth the *Golden Farmer*) *why then it ſhall not be without a Cauſe; come, open your Wallet ſtrait, and deli-*

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

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

OLD

OLD-MOBB, *a notorious High-wayman.*

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

One time this moſt famous Robber meeting with Sir *Bartholomew Shower*, betwixt *Honiton* and *Exeter*, he call'd him to an account for his Money, which, when he had from him, not anſwering his Expectation, he obliged His Worſhip to draw him a Bill upon ſome eminent Goldſmith in *Exeter*, where Sir *Bartholomew* was very well known, to be paid upon Sight. Accordingly one being drawn up for One-hundred

hundred and fifty Pounds, *Old-Mobb* Bound him Hand and Foot, and Rid ſtraitway to the Goldſmith, who, on ſight of the Note, paid him the Money forthwith; then making as much haſte back again to Sir *Bartholomew*, whom he found where he left him, he told him he was come with an *Habeas Corpus* to remove him, and ſo untying him, he had his Liberty to go home, from whence he was not above three Miles; but he was oblig'd to walk it by reaſon *Old-Mobb* having cut the Girts and Bridle of the Horſe, he was gone aſtray.

Another time this Inſolent Highwayman meeting with a Proctor who had formerly given him ſome trouble in the *Spiritual-Court*, for calling a Woman *Whore*; he made bold to bid him Stand and Deliver, or elſe he would have no more Mercy on him, than he had on an Excommunicated Perſon. The Proctor made a ſtout Reſiſtance, to ſave his beloved Darling, *Money*; but *Old-Mobb* being too hard for him, he pull'd out his Purſe, and was going to empty it to give him the Money, which was

was fifteen Guineas; but *Old-Mobb* seeing it was a fine Embroider'd Purse, he would have that likewise. The Proctor begg'd hard to keep his Purse, by reason it was given him by a particular Friend, for whose Sake he had promised to keep it as long as he liv'd. However, *Old-Mobb* not harkening to his Entreaty, he swore bitterly, that as he could now prove *Rem in re*, he would have both Purse and Money together, or else he'd have his Life before they parted. Wherefore the Proctor valuing his Life more than the Purse, he quietly gave it him, and went about his Business.

One time *Old-Mobb* overtaking *Gadbury* the Astrologer, on the Road betwixt *Winchester* and *London*, he saluted him with his old Compliment of *Stand and Deliver*, which put him into a Trembling Condition, and made him plead Poverty very much; but *Old-Mobb* having no Compassion on his pretending to be in Need, quoth he, *You lying Son of a Whore, how can you (who extend always your Charity to Monntebanks and Sow-gelders, by bequeathing the Sea-*

sons

ſons of the Year to them, to Kill or Torture by) be Poor? Beſides, being a Tenant by Cuſtom to the Planets, you hold Twelve Houſes by Leaſe parol, and pay them the Yearly Rent of your Time and Study; but let them out again to the Stationers *Company, at ſo much* per Annum. *No, no, you muſt not ſham Poverty to me, who knows as good Things as your ſelf: Therefore if you do not preſently deliver your Money, this Piſtol ſhall prove as fatal to you as that Raging Star which threatens our Climate with Death and Diſeaſes in the* Dog-Days. Mr. *Gadbury* now began to look very blank upon the Matter, and finding there was no Remedy left but Patience, he very quietly deliver'd his Money to *Old-Mobb*, which was about Nine Pounds, in Gold and Silver; however he could not forbear ſaying to him, that, *You Highway-Men are like Lotteries, for a Man might draw Twenty before he got one worth Hanging.* But *Old-Mobb* taking no Exceptions at his Words, he reply'd, that he ought to give the Loſer leave to ſpeak, and then ſet Spurs to his Horſe, to make what haſte he could to his roaring Companions, whoſe Vanity it is to flouriſh their

their Swords in the midſt of twenty *G--d D---n me's*, that their ſeeming Manhood, adorn'd with the greateſt Vices, may qualify them for Superviſors of a Bawdy-Houſe.

One time *Old-Mobb* overtaking the Stage-Coach going for *Bath*, and in which was only one Gentlewoman, he commanded the Coachman to ſtop his Horſes; and then demanding the Paſſenger's Money, ſhe made a great many Excuſes for not anſwering his Expectation, and, to raiſe Pity in him, ſhe ſhed Tears very plentifully, and cry'd ſhe was a poor Widow, who had lately loſt her Husband, and therefore hop'd he would have ſome Compaſſion on her. *D——n me, you B——ch,* (quoth *Old-Mobb*) *and your Husband too; the loſs of him is no Argument that I muſt loſe my Booty. Come, come, Deliver quickly, for thoſe Crocadile Tears of thine work no Pity in me, becauſe I know the end of a Woman's Husband always begins in Tears, and the end of her Tears begins in another Husband.* Indeed (ſaid the Gentlewoman) my late Husband was ſo very good to me, that I ſhall never think of

of Marrying another, becauſe I ſhall not find the like of him again, for Kindneſs. Quoth *Old-Mobb* then, *Hold your Tongue, you lying B — ch, for at that rate you'll differ from all other Widows, who are juſt like an Herauld's Herſe-Cloth; they'll ſerve to many Funerals with a very little altering the Colour: So talk no more of the Dead to me, for I muſt live by the Quick.* The Gentlewoman, finding ſhe could receive no Civility at his Hands, ſhe gave him her Purſe, in which was about forty Guineas; *Old-Mobb* putting it into his Pocket, quoth he, *I ſhould have made a narrower Search about your Perſon, but that I ſee another Prize coming forwards.* Whereupon, making up to it, who ſhould it be, but *Cornelius à Tilburgh*, the Mountebank living in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, going to ſet up a Stage at *Wells*. Then, giving his uſual Word of Command to him, he craved his Money, but in a very rough ſort of Language, which made the Quackſalver to uſe ſeveral Expoſtulations for the ſaving of what he had; but all to no purpoſe, for *Old-Mobb*, knowing his Profeſſion, quoth he, *As you get your Money very eaſy, I muſt*

muſt oblige you to obſerve the old Proverb, Lightly come, lightly go; *therefore what you do, do quickly, that I may go about my Buſineſs.* The Stroling Doctor being very unwilling to part with his Money, he began to read a Lecture to him, about the Unlawfulneſs of his Actions, and withal, telling him, that what he did might be the utter Ruine of ſome People. *Why, you double-refin'd Son of a Whore,* (quoth *Old-Mobb*) *can I ruine more People than you? Who hath put out more Eyes than the Small-Pox; made more Deaf than the Cataracts of* Nile; *Lam'd more than the Gout; Shrunk more Sinews than one that makes Bow-ſtrings; and Kill'd more than the Peſtilence. Therefore make haſte and Deliver, or elſe I'll make you to know, that tho' your* Orvietan *will expel Poyſon, yet is it not Proof enough againſt the Force of Gun-powder, which, by the vertue of a little Lead, ſhall fill your Body as full of holes as a Sieve.* Whereupon, rifling his Portmantua, he took thereout twenty-five Pounds, and a Gold Medal, preſented him by King *Charles* the Second, for poyſoning himſelf in His Majeſty's Preſence.

Ano-

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

ney, which was in her Coach, beſides a rich Necklace, a Gold Watch, and ſome Diamond Rings.

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

way to her *Inamorato*'s Courtſhip, ſhe told His Lordſhip, That was there any place of Privacy, ſhe ſhould be very proud of gratifying his Requeſt; but to expoſe her ſelf before half a dozen Attendants that were with His Honour, ſhe would not for the World. His Lordſhip being very joyful at her Condeſcention to his Embraces, they had not rid above half a Mile farther, before a Wood preſented itſelf to their ſight, where ordering his Servants to halt till he came to them, he and his dear Bit of a Groat rid into the Wood, and alighting, with an Intention of Enjoyment in the Folds of Love, when his Lordſhip, for an Introduction to the Fort of Pleaſure, was for taking up the Petticoats, and found under them a pair of Breeches, quoth he, *What a Plague's the meaning of your wearing Breeches, Madam.* Nothing (reply'd *Old-Mobb*) but to put your Money in. So putting a Piſtol to His Lordſhip's Breaſt, he ſaid, *If you make but the leaſt Reſiſtance, you're a dead Man.* Then binding His Lordſhip both Hand and Foot, he ſearch'd his Pockets, in which he found above a hundred Guineas and Piſtoles, and

alſo took from him a Gold Watch, a Gold Snuſh-Box, two Diamond Rings, and a Silver-hilted Sword; ſtill ſaying to his Lordſhip, *You may now ſee, Sir, that Ill-luck may ſometimes befal a Courtier, who follows nothing but Inconſtancy, admires nothing but Beauty, and honours nothing but Fortune: So, my Lord; farewel, till the next merry Meeting.* And then he rid another Way through the Wood. Now the Servants having waited above an Hour, and wondring their Lord ſtaid ſo long, they preſum'd to look after him; and going into the Wood, and hearing a Voice cry out for Help, they follow'd the Sound as faſt as they could, till they found out his Lordſhip; who no ſooner beheld his Retinue, but bidding them unlooſe him, he cry'd, *Behold here ſomewhat of a Man tranſlated into a Fool, who fighting with the Paſſion of Love, I've loſt all my Money by the Weapon. The Toad whom I took for one of the Female Sex, is a Highway-Man; and hath took all I have from me that's valuable: But for the future, d—n my B—d and W—ds, if ever I truſt myſelf alone with any thing like a Woman again. Nay, tho' I ſigh'd ſweetly, and ſpoke lamentably,*

yet

yet the Eternal Son of a Whore would not so much as give me back my Watch, because he said he design'd to Rob all Day to Day by the Hour. So his Lordship being unbound, he rid as fast as he could to the next Stage, to make the best of a bad Market.

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

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

tal

talk no more of Juſtice, but deliver your Money ſtrait, or elſe I'll ſend a Brace of Balls thro' your Head. Hereupon he deliver'd him a Bag, in which *Old-Mobb* finding his own Money, and as much more to it, he went away with a great deal of Satisfaction.

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

had, which amounted to about Fifty-six Guineas.

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

WHITNEY, *a Highway-Man.*

THis notorious Robber on the Highways, *Whitney* the Butcher, meeting, in the County of *Kent*, with one Mr. *Wawen*, Lecturer of the Church at *Greenwich* for some Years; he and his Gang set upon this Gentleman, and Robb'd him; after which *Whitney* said, That it being a long time since he had heard a Sermon, as having bid adieu to the Church for ever, it was his earnest Desire that the Parson would be pleas'd

pleas'd to oblige him with one there. Mr. *Wawen* perceiving him and his Companions resolute in their Frolick, and fearing a Mischief might be done him, as being in a very bie sort of a place, in case he deny'd their Request, he proceeded to gratify them as follows:

'Gentlemen, my Text is THEFT; 'which being not to be divided into 'Sentences and Syllables, as being but 'one Word, which is only a Monosyl-'lable, Necessity therefore obliges me 'to divide it into Letters, which I find 'to be these five, *T, H, E, F, T, Theft.* 'Now *T*, my Beloved, is *Theological*; '*H*, is *Historical*; *E*, is *Exegetical*; *F*, is '*Figurative*; and *T*, is *Tropological*.

'The *Theological* part of my Text, is 'according to the Effects that it works, 'which I find to be of two kinds; '*First*, In this World. *Secondly*, In the 'World to come. In this World, the Ef-'fects which it works are, *T, Tribula-'tion*; *H, Hatred*; *E, Envy*; *F, Fear*; 'and *T, Torment*. For what greater '*Tribulation* can befal a Man than to be 'debarr'd from sweet Liberty, by a 'close Confinement in a nasty Prison?

'which must needs be a perfect Repre-
'sentation of the Iron-Age, since no-
'thing is heard there but the Jingling
'of Shackles, Bolts, Grates, and Keys,
'as large as that put up for a Weather-
'Cock on St. *Peter*'s Steeple in *Cornhil*:
'However, I must own, that you
'Highwaymen may be a sort of Chri-
'stians, whilst under this Tribulation,
'because ye are a kind of Martyrs, and
'suffer really for the Truth. Again, Ye
'have the *Hatred* of all honest People,
'as well as the *Envy* of Jaylors, if you
'go under their Jurisdiction without
'Money in your Pockets; I'm sure all
'of your Profession are very sensible,
'that a Jaylor expects not only to di-
'stil Money out of your Irregularities,
'but also to grow fat by your Curses;
'wherefore his Ears are stopp'd to the
'Cries of others, as GOD's are to his;
'and good Reason, for lay the Life of
'a Man in one Scale, and his Fees in
'the other, he would lose the first, to
'find the second. Next, ye are always
'in as much *Fear* of being Apprehen-
'ded, as poor Tradesmen in Debt is of
'a Serjeant, who goes muffled like a
'Thief too, and always carries the

'Marks

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

'The Effect which *Theft* works in the 'World to come, being much the ſame 'with the other, but only as they were 'only Temporary, and theſe Eternal, I 'ſhall proceed to the *Hiſtorical* part of 'my Text, which will prove, from Hu- 'mane Hiſtories, that the Art of *Theft* 'is of ſome Antiquity, in that *Paris* ſtole '*Helen*, *Theſeus* ſtole *Ariadne*, and *Jaſon* 'ſtole *Medea*. However, Antiquity 'ought to be no Plea for Vice, ſince 'Laws both Divine and Humane, for- 'bid baſe Actions, eſpecially *Theft*: For 'Hiſtory again informs us, that *Scyron* 'was thrown headlong into the Sea 'for thieving; *Cacus* was kill'd by *Her-*

'*cules*, *Syſiphus* was cut in pieces; *Brunellus* was hanged for ſtealing *Angelicus*'s Ring; and the Emperor *Frederick* the Third condemn'd all Thieves 'to the Gallies.

'The *Exegetical* part of my Text, is 'a ſort of Commentary on what was 'laſt ſaid, when I ſet forth, that your 'Tranſgreſſions were a Breach of both 'Divine and Humane Ordinances, 'which are utterly repugnant to all 'manner of *Theft*; wherefore if ye are 'reſolv'd to purſue theſe Courſes ſtill, 'note my Reſpect is ſuch to you, for 'all you have robb'd me, that if you 'can but keep your ſelves from being 'ever took, I'll engage to keep you 'always from being hang'd.

'The *Figurative* Part of my Text is 'to ſet forth, That tho' I call you Gentlemen, yet, in my Heart, I think ye 'to be all Rogues; but only I mollify 'my Spleen by a *Charientiſmus*, which 'is a Figure or Form of Speech mitigating hard Matters with pleaſant Words. 'Thus a certain Man being Apprehended, and brought before *Alexander* the 'Great, King of *Macedon*, for railing 'againſt him, and being demanded by

'*Alex-*

'*Alexander*, why he and his Company 'had ſo done? he made this Anſwer: '*Had not the Wine failed, we had ſpoken* '*much worſe.* Whereby he ſignified, 'that thoſe Words proceeded rather 'from Wine than Malice; by which 'free and pleaſant Confeſſion, he aſ-'ſwaged *Alexander*'s great Diſpleaſure, 'and obtained Remiſſion.

'But now, coming to the *Tropological* 'Part of my Text, which is drawing a 'Word from its proper and genuine Sig-'nification, to another Senſe, as in 'calling you moſt famous Thieves; I 'deſire your moſt ſerious Attention, 'and that you will embrace this Ex-'hortation of St. *Paul* the Apoſtle, *Let* '*him that ſtole ſteal no more.* Or elſe the 'Letters of my Text points towards a 'Tragical Concluſion, for *T*, *Take care*; '*H*, *Hanging*; *E*, *Ends not*; *F*, *Felony*; '*T*, *at* Tyburn.

The Parſon having ended his Sermon, which ſome of *Whitney*'s Gang took down in Short-hand, they were ſo well pleas'd with what he had Preach'd, that they were contented to pay him Tythes; ſo telling the Money over, which they had took from him, and

and finding it to be juſt Ten Pounds, they gave him Ten Shillings for his pains, and then rid away to ſeek whom they might next devour.

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

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

to

to ſay the ſame to you, would never ſave his Bacon again; for he ſhould know him from a Black Sheep another time.

One time *Whitney* and his Gang meeting with one Mr. *Hull*, an old Uſurer, formerly living in the *Strand*, as he was riding over *Hounſloe-Heath*, he order'd him to Stand and Deliver; here upon the Old Man was in a great Conſternation, trembling as if he had been afflicted with a Palſy, and expoſtulating with the Highway-Men, by pretending he was a poor Man, and ſhould be utterly ruin'd and undone if they ſhould be ſo hard hearted as to take his Money from him; beſides, it was a very wicked thing for 'em to follow ſuch illegal Courſes, wherefore he humbly deſired them to do as they'd be done by. Quoth *Whitney* in a great Paſſion, *You Old Rogue, do you pretend to read Lectures of Morality to honeſt Men? You Old Suffocated Raſcal, I know you to be a miſerable Miſer and Uſurer, that puts out your Money to the unnatural Act of Generation, therefore you ſeem to be the Son of a Jaylor, for all your Eſtate is in*

moſt

moſt heavy and cruel Hands. You Dog in a Doublet, do you preſume to Catechize better Chriſtians than yourſelf? No, no, we know better things than to be Diſciplin'd by you, whoſe Conſcience hates looking into the Court of Chancery; and ſince your Impudence admoniſhes us to do as we'd be done by, we will deal with you as you deal with other Men, to whom you can be no Friend, ſince it is your main Study to Undo all Mankind. After this, taking all Old *Hull*'s Money from him, which was about Eighteen Pounds, he was in ſuch a Rage at his Loſs, that he ſaid, he ſhould ſee them one time or another ride up *Holbourn-Hill* backwards. Hereupon *Whitney* pulling Mr. *Hull* off his Horſe, and putting him on again with his Face towards the Horſe's Tail, he ty'd his Legs under the Horſes Belly, and ſaid, *Now, you Son of a Whore, we'll ſee what a Figure you'll make, when you ride backwards.* So giving the Horſe half a dozen good Licks with his Whip, the Beaſt ne'er ſtopt nor ſtaid till he brought his Maſter into *Hounſloe* Town, where the People ſet the Old Man at Liberty.

This

This notorious Robber *Whitney*, going one Morning into the *Red-Lyon* Inn in *Doncaſter*, in *Yorkſhire*, he pulls out of his Portmantua an Hundred Pound Bag, fill'd with Braſs Counters, and taking thereout in the ſight of the Man of the Houſe, a handful of good Money, which was ſeparated from the Counters, by a piece of Cloath ſew'd betwixt one and the other, and then tying the Bag up, and locking it in his Portmantua again, quoth he, *Landlord, be ſo kind as to lay my Portmantua ſafe up for me.* Then, having eaten a good Breakfaſt, he went out to look about the Fair kept there that Day; and about an hour after, going back to the Inn, in a ſort of a hurry, he told his Landlord that he had given Earneſt for a couple of Horſes in the Fair, wherefore having not Money about him to pay for them, he deſired him to lend him Twenty Guineas, and to fetch him his Horſe, which he deſign'd to ſwop away for another. Accordingly the Man of the Houſe lent *Whitney* twenty Guineas, as not doubting he had a Pledge in his Hands ſufficient enough for it; but not returning to his Inn that Day nor the next, the Innkeeper

keeper began to be uneasy about the matter, and searching the Portmantua before Witnesses, he found nothing therein like Money, but a parcel of Brass Counters, which made him swear like a Mad-Man, for lending his good Money on a Pig in a Poke.

Not long after this Trick plaid on the Innkeeper, *Whitney* and one more of his Gang, meeting with one Esq; *Long* on *New-Market-Heath*, they rid up to him, and honest Mr. *Whitney*'s first Salutation was, *D--n me, you Son of a Whore, Stand and Deliver*; at which his Comrade seeming to be displeas'd, cry'd to *Whitney*, *Why can't you Rob a Gentleman civilly, but you must Curse and call Names, like I know not what?* However *Whitney* took out of the Gentleman's Portmantua about an Hundred Pounds; who having no more Money about him, told the Highwaymen his Condition, and that having a great way to go, he hoped they would take his Circumstances so far into their most judicious Consideration, as to give him somewhat to bear his Charges. Whereupon *Whitney* opening the Mouth

Mouth of the Bag, *Here* (quoth he) *take ſome.* The Gentleman then putting his Hand into the Bag, he took out as much as he could hold; which making *Whitney* ſtare at him, he cry'd, *Why, Sir, have you no Conſcience at all in you?* Which indeed was a very unconſcionable thing in him to abuſe the Civility of thoſe Blades who had the Conſcience to take all he had from him; but letting the Gentleman keep what he had recover'd of his own again, they rid away with what Speed they could, to conſume the Remainder in their Riotous and Wicked manner of Living.

When *Whitney* had firſt an Inclination to take ill Courſes, going into *Eſſex* with another looſe Butcher, to buy Calves, there was one particular Calf to which he had a great Fancy; but the owner asking an extraordinary Price for it, quoth *Whitney*, to his Comrade, *Why ſhould we be ſo much Money out of Pocket, which at preſent is ſomewhat ſhort with us, when we may have the Calf for nothing at Night?* The other Butcher approv'd of his Project, and

ſate

ſate drinking all Day at *Rumford*, till it was time to put their Deſign in Execution; but a Fellow coming into that Town in the Evening, with a great She Bear, of which he made a Show up and down the Country, he happen'd to put into this Man's Houſe, from whom *Whitney* was to ſteal the Calf, for he kept an Alehouſe about a quarter of a Mile in the Road from *Rumford*; where being at a loſs for ſome Place to put up his Bear, quoth the Maid, *We have a Calf in the Yard, which I'll carry up to my Room, and then you may put your Bear into his Stall.* Accordingly the Bear being Muzled, he was conducted into the Calf's Tenement; and in the middle of the Night, which was very dark; *Whitney* and his Comrade coming for their Prey, he got into the Stall without making the leaſt Diſturbance, and groping about for the Calf, at length he got hold of the Bear, which lying after its Sluggiſh way, very heavy, he began to tickle it to make it riſe; but being diſturb'd, ſhe fell a Booing, and rouzing on her hind Legs, ſhe hug'd *Whitney* with her two fore-feet very cloſe.

Now

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

After this Conflict with the Bear, *Whitney* kept the *George-Inn* at *Cheſton* in *Hertfordſhire*, but not thriving by this Ocupation, he ſoon left it, and came up to *London*, to live an irregular Life for good and all. Going now well Dreſt and Apparell'd, much like a Gentleman, and one Morning ſtanding at a Mercer's Door on *Ludgate-Hill*, waiting for a Friend that was coming to him, a couple of Town Miſſes very well habited then paſſing by, and taking

king *Whitney* to belong to the Shop, ſhe askt whether he had any fine Silks of the neweſt Faſhion; he told them no; but in a Day or two he ſhould have ſome Pieces brought home from his Weavers, and then, if they pleas'd to tell him where he might wait on 'em, he would bring Patterns of ſuch as were very Rich and Faſhionable. This ſtumbled the Harlots a little; but after they had compar'd Notes together, they ſaid, that being Perſons newly come out of the Country, and never were in *London* before, they knew not the name of the Street where they lodg'd; but if he would go with 'em, they would ſhew him the place of their Habitation. *Whitney* knew this was a Wheedle, yet reſolv'd to venture with 'em; thereupon ſtepping into the Shop to the 'Prentice, as if he had given him Charge of his Buſineſs, but on the contrary he only askt him for a Sham Name, which the Lad knew not, he came out again to Squire the Ladies to their Lodgings. Conducting them to their Door, he would have taken his leave; but they cry'd, *Nay, Sir, but you ſhall walk in, and take a Glaſs*

of

of Wine, ſince you have taken this Trouble upon you: For they now took him for no leſs than the Maſter, ſeeing him, as he came along, bow to ſome Noblemen in their Coaches, as well as Wealthy Citizens, and they in Civility Reſaluted him, and ſhew'd him into a very fine Chamber well furniſht, where ſitting down at a Table he drank very plentifully as to his part, but they only ſeemingly, as to any purpoſe; then came in a very fine Collation of cold Meats, which being over, the Maid came in, and whiſpering one of the Courtezans, ſhe withdrew, and left *Whitney* with the other, who, after ſome Diſcourſe, began to talk very amorouſly, underſtanding him to be a Batchelor, or leaſtwiſe he pretended ſo, and refrained not to proffer her ſelf as his School-Miſtreſs, to teach him, as ſhe ſaid, a ſoft Love-Leſſon. He was very willing to learn, but fear'd he ſhould pay too dear for it; for he knew ſhe expected as much Silk as would make her a Gown, or Petticoat at leaſt, but how to come by it he knew not. At laſt, by her Perſwaſions, *Whitney* conſented to be her faithful Servant, and ruled

ruled by her every way. Now being a little Hot-headed, that he might not ſeem to be leſs than he had propoſed himſelf, he in a Bravado, pull'd out a handful of Money, which Allurement ſweeten'd his Miſtreſſes Conceit, who taking him into her Bed-Chamber, he there enjoy'd the Favours of Love, which he repeated with ſuch Vigour, that ſhe ſeem'd mightily pleas'd with his Performance: But, as he thought before, the Burden of the Song, was hopes of Gain. After this, ſhe gave him her Hand, and led him into the Dining-room again, where after careſſing themſelves with another Flask or two of Wine on Free-coſt, he took his leave, promiſing to ſend her ſeveral rich Preſents. Upon this, away he trudged to a Mercer in *Ludgate-ſtreet*, and told him, a certain Lady had ſent him to deſire him to let his Man carry her ſome of the richeſt Silks the Shop afforded: To which he conſented, as knowing the Perſon of Quality whom *Whitney* mention'd, and gave the Silks in Charge to a Youth, who was but newly come to him, and therefore the eaſier to be impos'd on. He led the young

Ap-

Apprentice thro' as many bye Streets as he could, to loſe his way, and at laſt fixing his Eyes on a Houſe in *Suffolk-ſtreet*, which had a thorough-fare into *Hedge-lane*, in *Whitney* went, deſiring the Apprentice at the Door to deliver his Cargo, that he might ſhow it his Lady; but inſtead of doing that, he made an Excuſe to the People, after he had asked for a ſtrange Name, and they had told him no ſuch Perſon lodged there, that he found himſelf miſtaken, and deſiring to go thro' the Houſe into the back Lane, he left his young Merchant in the Lurch, to return to his Maſter with a lamentable Story of Sharpers. Having thus gotten what he aim'd at, away he went to his Miſtreſſes, who receiv'd him very kindly, and there he revell'd ſome Days, but at length, being cloy'd with the Enjoyment of theſe Harlots, on whom he beſtow'd the Prize which he cheated the 'Prentice of, he bad them adieu, and ſent a Letter to the Mercer, wherein he inform'd him where he might find his Goods again. He went ſtrait for a Warrant, then taking a Conſtable with him to theſe Strum-

pets Lodgings, he there, upon ſtrict Search, found his Silks in their Cuſtody; hereupon, notwithſtanding all the Excuſes they made, they were hurried, after their Examination before a Magiſtrate, to *Bridewel* in *Tuttle-Fields*; where their Backs, for their ſuppoſed Eleemoſinary Finery, were curiouſly whipt by that once famous Lictor Mr. *Redding*; but many a hearty Curſe did they generouſly beſtow on *Whitney*, whilſt they were under the hard Labour of beating Hemp for Six Months.

The Speech of Sir *S*-----*l L*---*l* Knight, Recorder of *London*, made to *Whitney* and other Priſoners, before he paſt Sentence of Death on 'em.

I *Am heartily ſorry for this ſorrowful Occaſion, which obliges me to perform the Office of paſſing Sentence of Death upon you, for the notorious Crimes which ye have committed, both againſt the Laws of* GOD *and Man. But ſo exorbitant have ye been in all manner of Wickedneſs, that Juſtice hath long ago cry'd out, to cut you out of*

the Land of the Living, as being a common Nuſance to all Mankind. I take no Pride in deſtroying my Fellow Creatures; but when your intolerable Enormities are no longer to be born with, it is an Indiſpenſable Duty incumbent upon me to pronounce Judgment againſt you, after ye have been fairly and juſtly Caſt by your Country. 'Tis true, ſome of you are greater Offenders than others; and in particular, you, Mr. Whitney; *for conſidering how many poor Horſes you have kill'd on the Road, doſt thou not think the Blood of thoſe dumb Creatures will not at the Laſt Day riſe up in Judgment againſt you? Yes, to be ſure will they; and therefore of all the Criminals here, you deſerve the leaſt Mercy, indeed it is a lamentable thing to think on't! that ſo many poor Horſes, who thought no body any harm, ſhould be untimely cut off in the Prime of their Age; therefore, as thou haſt ſhed ſo much innocent Blood to maintain thy ſelf in irregular Courſes, it is my Advice to inſtruct you and the reſt to prepare yourſelves for another World; and ſo proceed to declare your fatal Doom, which is, that all of you convicted for your Lives, return to the Place from whence ye came, and from thence be conwey'd to the Place of Execution, where ye ſhall*

be

be hang'd by the Necks till ye are Dead: And the Lord have Mercy upon your Souls.

Indeed *Whitney* was a very profligate ſort of a Fellow, born at *Stevenage* in *Hertfordſhire*, and not long after he had ſerv'd his Apprenticeſhip to a Butcher, he took to the Highways, and committed ſeveral Robberies; but at length, being betray'd by one Madam *Coſens*, who kept a Bawdy-Houſe in *Milford-Lane*, over againſt St. *Clement's* Church in the *Strand*, ſhe had him Apprehended in *White-Fryars*, and ſent to *Newgate*. Not long after his Confinement, being Try'd and Condemn'd at the Seſſions-Houſe in the *Old-Baily*, he went with other Malefactors, to be Executed at *Tyburn*; but in his Journey thither, a Reprieve overtaking him, he was brought back again; and the Week following was Hang'd at *Porters-Block* by *Smithfield*, on *Wedneſday* the 19th of *December*, 1694. When he came thither to die, he was in great Expectation ſtill of another Reprieve, but all hopes being paſt of having another Reſpite from Death, he confeſs'd his Condemnation was

juſt; and after ſome few Minutes were allow'd him for his more private Devotion, he was tumbled out of this World into another, when he was about Thirty-four Years of Age.

DICK LEWIS, *a Houſe-breaker.*

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

He was alſo very expert at Tail-drawing, which is privately taking a Sword from a Gentleman's Side, either in a Crowd, or as he walks along the Streets at Night; which when he miſſes, it puts him into ſuch a ſtrange Conſternation and Surprize, that he's looking

looking this way and that way, and ſometimes feeling in his very Pockets for it: Thus he once ſerv'd Sir *Owen Buckingham*, who remember'd him for his Dexterity, when he came before him at the *Old-Baily*, in the time of his Mayoralty, and was pleas'd to honour him with the Title of his Sword-Bearer.

Once this *Dick Lewis* being employ'd to put a Trick upon Mr. *Robin Stephens*, Meſſenger of the Preſs, by ſome particular Gentlemen, who had no Veneration for his Perſon, he dreſt himſelf like a Porter, and going early one Morning to Mr. *Stephens*'s Houſe, he told him that he muſt go preſently to Mr. *Sprint*, a Bookſeller in *Little-Britain*, who wanted to ſpeak with him about earneſt Buſineſs. Now Mr. *Rycroft* being Maſter, and Mr. *Sprint* being at that time Warden of the Company of *Stationers*, *Robin* thought he might want him to go upon the ſearch after ſome Almanacks that were privately Printing at ſome bye Place or another; ſo being a very Active Man, he made what haſte he could to Mr. *Sprint*'s Houſe,

whither when he came he told him he had no Buſineſs for him, neither did he ſend any Porter to his Houſe. In the mean time *Dick Lewis* going to *Robin*'s Wife, he told her, that her Husband being to go abroad upon Buſineſs with Mr. *Sprint*, he deſired her to ſend him his Cloak, for being a driſly ſort of a Morning, he fear'd it would Rain: So the Cloak being deliver'd to him, he went and ſold it forthwith. But not long after *Robin* returning home, and his Wife not ſeeing his Cloak, quoth ſhe, *Where's your Cloak which I ſent you juſt now?* My Cloak! (reply'd *Robin*) what Cloak? I ſent for no Cloak. *Why truly* (quoth ſhe again) *the very ſame Porter as fetch'd you to Mr.* Sprint, *came back again, and ſaid you wanted your Camblet Cloak, and I gave it him to bring to you.* *Robin* then Swearing and Curſing like a Mad-Man, he cry'd, *And be Poxt to you, I ſent no Porter for my Cloak, neither did Mr.* Sprint *ſend any body for me.* Whereupon, finding he was chouſed out of his Cloak, he put as many Advertizements in the *Gazette* and other News-Papers, which coſt him the Price of what he had loſt; but all to

no

no Purpoſe, for he could never hear Tale nor Tidings of it again. And afterwards whenever he went into any Printing-Houſe to pry and peer about, and askt any Journey-Man, if he was Locking-up, or Correcting a Form, what he had there, he would be apt to tell *Robin*, that it was *A Hue and Cry after his Cloak*. Which would make our Meſſenger as mad as *Oliver*'s Porter. *Dick Lewis* was a Butcher by Trade, and hang'd at *Tyburn* in 1705, aged 25 Years.

TOM COX, *a Highway-Man.*

THomas *Cox* was the Younger Son of a certain Gentleman living at *Blandford* in *Dorſetſhire*, ſo that his Patrimony being but ſmall, he ſoon conſum'd it in Riotous Living, and coming up to *London*, he fell into a Gang of Highway-Men; then to ſupport himſelf in a moſt diſſolute ſort of a Life, he follow'd their irregular Courſes, for which he had been Try'd thrice at

the Aſſizes held in *Gloceſter*, *Winchester*, and *Worceſter*, but had the good Fortune to be acquitted; and being a very proper handſome Man, when he was Try'd for his Life at the laſt mentioned place, a Gentlewoman there fell in Love with him, who had One-Thouſand Five-hundred Pounds to her Portion, and Married him.

However this conſiderable Summ being conſum'd by his Extravagancy, in leſs than two Years, he took to his old Courſes again, which ſoon broke his Wife's Heart; and one time meeting with *Killigrew* the Jeſter to King *Charles* the Second, on the Road betwixt *Somerton* and *Shipton-Mallet*, he commanded him to Stand and Deliver. *Killigrew* made ſeveral Excuſes for ſaving what he had, but finding no Perſwaſions would change his Reſolution, he askt him whether he was in Jeſt or in Earneſt? *Nay* (quoth *Cox*) *I am in Earneſt; for tho' you live by Jeſting, I can't; therefore Deliver your Money, before a Brace of Balls make the Sun ſhine thro' your Body.* Whereupon *Killigrew* delivering what he had, which was about Twenty-five Guineas, he found Mr. *Cox* was really in Earneſt.

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

One time *Cox* meeting with one Mr. *Hitchcock*, an Atorney of *New-Inn*, on the Road betwixt *Midhurſt* and *Petworth* in the County of *Suſſex*, whom he knew to be not the Juſteſt in his Practice, he commanded him to Stand and Deliver; but the other not approving of his Exorbitant Orders, he made a great begging and praying to keep what he had, inſomuch that putting *Cox* into a great Paſſion, he ſwore if he did not preſently Deliver his Money, his Piſtol ſhould ſoon give him his *Quietus eſt*. At theſe hard Words the Lawyer gave him a Bag out of his Portmantua, in which was Three-hundred and fifty Guineas; but telling *Cox* he had a great way to go, and having not one Farthing about him, he hop'd his Generoſity would be ſo civil as to give him ſomewhat to ſupport him on his Journey. Whereupon *Cox* giving him a Guinea, *Here* (quoth he) *is ſomething for you, you cheating Son of a Whore, that takes Fees both of Plantiff and Defendant, and tell 'em their Cauſe is good on either ſide; however learn to be honeſt for the future, and GOD will bleſs you.* The Atorney began to look and ſtare like

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an Owl out of an Ivy Bush, and expected the World was now at an end, when the Devil took upon him to Preach; but finding no Writ of *Diem extremum clausit* serv'd upon this terrestrial Fabrick, he made the best of his way to *London*, to retrieve his Loss again in *Westminster-Hall*.

Another time *Tom Cox* meeting on the Road with one Madam *Box*, an eminent Bawd, living in *Fountain-Court* in the *Strand*, who having been at *Litchfield* to receive a Legacy of Fifty Pounds, left her by a Sister, he made bold to greet her in the profitable words of *Stand and Deliver*, as she was in the Coach, but she refus'd to oblige him at first, and swore (for she knew *Cox*, and *Cox* her) that she would certainly Hang him, if he robb'd her. *You double Pox Salivated B—ch*, (quoth *Cox*) *you deserve Hanging and D—nation too, for ruining both Body and Soul of many a poor Man and Woman, whom you procure to work Iniquity for your own Profit. You old Haradan! your Envy is like that of the Devil, to have all handsome Women like you, who's following your Teeth, which have been gone these*

these Thirty Years and better; and because it is impossible they should be as ugly as yourself whilst Young, you hurry them to it by Diseases. You B——ch in grain! there's no body stands your Friend, but the Justice's Clerk, who, for a Bribe may work your Peace with his Master. But z--ns, why do I stand spending my Breath about such a Toad as this, who's the common Nusance of a civiliz'd Neighbourhood? Come, come, you B--ch, deliver your Money, or else your Life must be a Sacrifice to my Fury. Then Madam *Box* delivering her Money, she abus'd him most prodigiously, and *Cox* as heinously resenting her Saucineſs, he took the extraordinary pains of stripping her stark naked too, from the Crown of her Head to the Sole of her Foot, to put her in mind, that as she came naked into the World, so she must go naked out of it; and then he rid away as fast as he could, to seek another Booty on the Highway.

Not long after, this same Mr. *Cox*, who fancied an Irregular Life better than a Sober one, and placed his *Summum bonum* in living upon the Ruine and De-

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

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

Another time *Cox* lying at an Inn at *Reading* with two of his Comrades, there happen'd to lye alſo there that Night, a certain Nobleman, with two or

or three Footmen attending on him; and next Day proceeding on his Journey, *Cox* rid alone after the Noble-Man, who was pleas'd to hold some Discourse with him, as being accoutred very much like a Gentleman; but just as they came to *Maidenhead-Thicket*, *Cox*'s Companions set upon them with Sword and Pistol, insomuch that an Engagement happen'd betwixt them, wherein *Cox* behav'd himself very bravely in his own Defence, as he pretended, tho' it was a design'd Plot, and after some short Skirmish the two Highway-Men sheer'd off, without getting any thing. The Noble-Man being thus clear'd of his Antagonists he mightily applauded *Cox*, as being a great Instrument in putting them to the Rout; and invited him by all means to honour him with his good Company to a Person of Quality's House, where he should lie that Night. Mr. *Cox* with a great deal of seeming Modesty accepted his Proffer, and arriving at the Place, he was entertain'd with much respect and Civility, when the Nobleman told the other how he had escap'd being robb'd that Day, by the extraordinary Valour

and

and Manhood which that Stranger shew'd, for they were vigorously attack'd by a couple of Rogues on Horseback. Now whilst they were at Supper, a Bargain was made to ride out a Hunting the next Morning, which being agreed to by the Travelling Nobleman, he requested Mr. *Cox* to participate with them in the Sport; to which he acquiescing, as soon as it was Light, Preparations were made by the Huntsmen and other Servants for the Diversion of these Noblemen; but in the hot pursuit of their Game, those that were after it being separated some one way, and some another, *Cox* and the Nobleman who was his Friend, were got into a sort of an obscure Thicket, which the said *Cox* taking to be a place advantageous for his Purpose, he pull'd out a Brace of Pistols, and holding one of them at the Nobleman's Breast, he swore with all the greatest Imprecations imaginable, that he was a Dead Man unless he deliver'd what he had. The Nobleman was in a great Surprize to see this sudden Alteration in one whom he took to be a very honest Person; and began to upbraid

braid him with Ingratitude, but to no purpoſe; for *Cox* told him that he had hunted long enough for a Prey, and that if he did not Deliver preſently, he would have no more Mercy on him, than they would on the poor Buck that was Hunting. Hereupon the Nobleman delivering what he had, which was a Rich Diamond-Ring, a Gold-Watch, and about an Hundred Guineas, *Cox* ran his Horſe through (not ſhooting him, for fear the firing his Piſtol might give miſtruſt of ſomething to thoſe that heard it) and then tying the Nobleman Hand and Foot, he rid away in ſuch haſte, that he took no Conſideration of being provident in ſaving Horſe-Fleſh. But in leſs than an Hour after, the Hounds ſtill chaſing the Buck, which made into this Thicket, it ſo happen'd that the other Nobleman, who own'd the Park, Rid, with ſome other Gentlemen Recreating themſelves with this Paſtime, juſt by the place where Quality lay ty'd Neck and Heels, in a decent manner; and asking him how this came to paſs, he ſaid, *By keeping ill Company; for he whom I took for an honeſt Man, prov'd a Rogue*

a Rogue at laſt, and took all I have from me. At which the other Nobleman heartily laughing, quoth he, *I think you have fell now out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire.* To which the other reply'd, *True; but for this Trick, I'll never put any Confidence in Mankind again, till he's Dead; and then to be ſure he cannot deceive one well.*

Thus *Cox* being ſucceſsful in his Villanies; it inſpir'd him with the greater boldneſs to purſue them ſtill; and meeting on the Road, with an old Rich Graſier, returning home with about Three-hundred Pounds in Gold and Silver, which he had receiv'd for Cattle; he, after ſome ſhort Reſiſtance, made bold to borrow it of him, without fixing any time for Payment of it again; but when he found what Money he had got was a good heavy bulk, he fell a caning the Graſier as if the D—l was in him, which made him cry out, *What a dickens is the meaning of this? Have you not got Money enough for only ſaying thoſe miſchievous Words,* Stand and Deliver? *Yes* (reply'd *Cox*) *you old Curmudgeon, Son of*

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a Whore, you Toad's Harſlet, I have got too much of you, and that makes me lay Cane upon Abel; *for who the Pox is oblig'd to tire a good Horſe to carry your Load?* Quoth the Graſier, *Why a murrain on you give it me again, I'll not think much of carrying it. Nor I neither* (reply'd *Cox*) *but, you old ſurfeited Son of a B—ch, I hate to be put upon.* So ſetting Spurs to his Horſe, he left the Graſier to make the beſt of a bad Market.

The laſt Robbery which he committed was on *Hounſloe-Heath*, where he robb'd a Farmer of about Twenty Pounds; but about a Week afterwards, the ſaid Farmer being in *London*, he eſpy'd *Cox* (whom he knew again) coming out of his Lodgings in *Eſſex-ſtreet* in the *Strand*; and crying out, *Stop Thief*, he was apprehended in St. *Clement's Church-Yard*, and being carried before a Magiſtrate, he made his *Mittimus* for *Newgate*, where he liv'd at a very extravagant Rate in the *Preſs-Yard*; but being Caſt for his Life, at the Seſſions following, held at *Juſtice-Hall* in the *Old-Baily*, he was hang'd at *Tyburn* on *Wedneſday* the 3d of *June*, 1691.

1691. in the Twenty-ſixth Year of his Age; however, he was reſolute to the laſt, for before he was turn'd off, Mr. *Smith* the Ordinary deſiring him to join with the reſt of his Fellow-Sufferers in Prayer, he ſwore a great Oath to the contrary, and kickt him and the Hangman too off the Cart.

NED BONNET, *a Highway-Man.*

Edward Bonnet was born of very good and reputable Parents, in the Iſle of *Ely* in *Cambridgeſhire*, who beſtowing ſome ſmall Education upon him, as Reading, Writing, and Caſting-Accompts, about the Fifteenth Year of his Age, he was put an Apprentice to a Grocer living at *Potton* in *Bedfordſhire*, whom he ſerv'd honeſtly. When he was out of his Time he married a Neighbour's Daughter, by whom he hath now two ſmall Children, and ſet up for himſelf in the Country, being

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

After he was grown a good Proficient in the Gainful Art and Myſtery of Robbing on the Highway, he oftentimes attempted to Rob by himſelf, for he was an excellent Horſeman, kept the beſt of Horſes, which would leap a Hedge, Ditch, or Five-bar Gate with

with him on his Back, and knew the Road, by Day or Night, in that Country, as perfect as if he was directed by a Compass; so one time meeting a Young *Cantabrigian*, who had more Money than Wit, recreating himself abroad in a Calash, with a brisk jolly Courtezan, belonging to Bawdy *Barnwell*, a little Village within a Mile of the University of *Cambridge*, well stuft with such sort of Cattle, who'll sell the foul Disease to a Gentleman, at a very moderate Price, he made up to these Gallants, and commanding them to Stand, he very civilly demanded their Money; which they refusing, he took the Summ of Six Pounds, or thereabouts, from them by Violence, and because they gave him some Trouble before they would part with what they had, he was resolv'd to put them to some shame; for presenting a couple of Pistols towards them, he swore they should suffer no less than present Death, if they did not strip themselves stark naked; whereupon, to save their sweet Lives, they obey'd his Commands; then tying their Hands behind them, he bound their Legs one to the other,

other, and ſlaſhing the Horſe, away he run upon a full Trot with theſe *Adamites*, home to his Inn in *Cambridge*; but as ſoon as they came into the Town, ſuch a multitude of Men, Women, and Children were hallooing and hooting after them, that the like, to be ſure, was never ſeen after the Lady *Goditha*, when ſhe rid naked thro' the City of *Coventry*. But their Shame did not end here; for the Young Gentleman being call'd to an account by the Vice-Chancellor, for this Scandal which he had brought on the Collegians, by his publickly keeping Company with Lewd Women, he was expell'd the Univerſity; and the Strumpet ſent to the Houſe of Correction, to do farther Penance by way of Mortification for the Fleſh.

Having perform'd this Exploit, and removing his Quarters on t'other ſide the Country, he met with his Taylor and Son, who had lately arreſted him for a Summ of four or five Pounds, which he ow'd Mr. *Stitch*; and now reſolving to be reveng'd on him, he requeſted him to deliver his Purſe; but

but the Taylor not approving of his Propoſition, he us'd a great many Words and Ceremonies to divert *Ned Bonnet* from his Project; who not being to be Tongue-padded, he by Force of Arms took Thirty-ſix Pounds away from his former Creditor, and rid off; which made the Son ſay to his Father, *I wonder what theſe Fellows can think of themſelves? Surely they muſt go to Hell for committing theſe notorious Actions. God forbid* (reply'd the Taylor) *for to have the Converſation of ſuch Rogues there, is to have me quite ruin'd, Sirrah.*

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

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

Another time *Ned Bonnet* and his Associates meeting with a Person of Quality attended by a good Retinue, on the Descending of a Hill into a hollow Way, the one side whereof was inclos'd with a craggy shatter'd Rock, and the other with a large Wood, rising considerably higher than the Road, here they thought it very proper to assault the Nobleman and his Attendants, whom they commanded to Stand and

Deliver what they had. At this the Perſon of Quality ſmil'd, thinking, or at leaſt diſſembled he thought ſo, that they were only in jeſt, and told them, he believ'd they were Gentlemen only upon a Frolick, therefore if they would accompany him to the next Town, they ſhould be entertain'd with the beſt the place would afford. To this *Ned* and his Comrades reply'd ſurlily, They muſt convince him by ſtronger Arguments, if he perſiſted not to deliver his Money, which, *nolens volens*, they were reſolv'd to have, ſo having made ready, bore up to ſeize his Horſe's Bridle. Upon which, perceiving they were in earneſt, a ſharp Diſpute began betwixt 'em; but being overpower'd by number, they were forc'd to ſurrender themſelves Priſoners at Diſcretion; and taking from the Nobleman a Purſe full of Gold, a Gold Snuſh Box, a Gold Watch, and rich Diamond Ring, they carried him and his Servants into the adjacent Wood, where tying them Hand and Feet, they left 'em; but ſaying, That they would bring 'em more Company preſently. Accordingly *Ned* and his Comrades were

were as good as their Words, for in leſs than two hours they made the Nobleman and his four Servants juſt a dozen Perſons, whom alſo binding, quoth *Ned Bonnet*, *There are now twelve of you, all good Men and true, ſo bidding you farewel, you may give in your Verdict on us as you pleaſe, when we are gone, for tho' it will be none of the beſt, yet to give as little Trouble as may be, we ſhall not ſtay now to challenge any of you: So once more farewel.*

Ned Bonnet and his Comrades now going to their Place of Rendezvouz, to make merry with what they had got, which was at a bye ſort of an Inn ſtanding ſomewhat out of the high Road between *Stamford* and *Grantham*, it happen'd that at Night, it alſo Raining very hard, that one Mr. *Randal* a Pewterer, living near *Marygold-Alley* in the *Strand*, before it was burnt down, was oblig'd to put in there for Shelter, calling for a Pot of Drink, whereon was the Inn-keeper's Name, which was alſo *Randal*, the Pewterer call'd him, as being his Name-ſake, to ſit and bear him Company; but they had not been long chattering e're *Ned Bonnet* and

of his Comrades, with a Trull, came down Stairs and plac'd themſelves at the ſame Table, and underſtanding, by the Means aforeſaid, what this Stranger's Name was, one of the Rogues fixing his Eyes more intent than ordinary upon him, in a deal of ſeeming Joy, he leapt over the Table, and embracing the Pewterer, quoth he, *Dear Mr.* Randal! *who would have thought to have ſeen you here? 'Tis ten Years, I think, ſince I had the Happineſs to be acquainted with you.* Whilſt the Pewterer then was recollecting whether he could call this Spark to mind or not, for it came not into his Memory that he had ever ſeen him in his Life, the Highway-Man again cry'd out, *Alas! Mr.* Randal, *I ſee now I'm much alter'd, ſince you have forgot me.* So being here arriv'd to a *Non plus ultra* how to go on, up ſtarts *Ned Bonnet*, and with as great ſeeming Admiration, ſaid to his Companion, *Is this* Harry, *the honeſt Gentleman in* London, *whom you ſo often us'd to praiſe for his great Civility and Liberality to all People? Surely then we are very happy in meeting thus accidentally with him.* By this Diſcourſe they would almoſt have perſwaded

ſwaded Mr. *Randal* that they perfectly knew him; but being ſenſible of the contrary, he very ſeriouſly aſſur'd 'em, that he could not remember as ever he had ſeen any of them in his Life. *No!* (ſaid they, as ſtruck with Admiration) *that's very ſtrange we ſhould be alter'd ſo much within theſe few Years.* Then Mr. *Randal* began to ask the Spark, who pretended to know him ſo well, ſome Queſtions, which he was certain he could not poſitively anſwer; but the Trull fearing they ſhould then be put to a Non-plus, ſhe wav'd 'em, by ſaying, *I ſee the Gentleman has quite and clear forgot you, therefore lay this Diſcourſe aſide till another time, for Supper is juſt laying on the Table.* She had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but up they ſtarted, and ſtrain'd Compliments with Mr. *Randal* to Sup with 'em, which all his Refuſals could not avoid. By that time they had Supt, in came four more of *Ned*'s Comrades, who invited them to ſit down, and thunder'd for more Proviſion, which was as quickly brought, and they as quickly devour'd, but not without the Hoſt's Scoring for it as well up: For when the Fury of conſuming half a

dozen good Fowls and other Victuals was over, beſides ſeveral Flasks of Wine, there was not leſs than three Pounds odd Money to pay. At this they ſtar'd on each other, and held a profound Silence, whilſt Mr. *Randal* was fumbling in his Pocket, in expectation of the Birth of Mountains; but when they ſaw he only brought forth a Mouſe, which was only as much as came to his Share to pay, he that pretended to know him, ſtarted up, and proteſted he ſhould be excus'd for old Acquintance ſake; but the Pewterer, not willing to be beholden, as indeed they never intended he ſhould, to ſuch Companions, leſt for this Civility they ſhould expect greater Obligations from him, preſſed them to accept his Dividend of the Reckoning, ſaying, If they thought requiſite he would pay more. At laſt their Trull taking the Wink, ſaid, *Come, come, what need all this ado? Let the Gentleman, if he ſo pleaſes, preſent us with this ſmall Treat, and do you give him a larger at his taking his Farewel in the Morning.* Mr. *Randal* not liking this Propoſal, it was agreed that he and

Ned

Ned Bonnet ſhould throw Dice to end the Controverſy, and fearing he was got into ill Company, to avoid Miſchief, he acquieſced to throw a Main for who ſhould pay the whole Shot, which was ſo manag'd, that the Lot fell upon *Jonas*, for, putting the Change upon him, the Dice they threw with ran all Fives and Sixes on *Ned*'s Side, and but only Fours and Fives on the Pewterer's Side; which he perceiving, and going to detect 'em, their Mort, that is to ſay, their Strumpet or Trull, (in the canting Tongue) ſnatch'd 'em up, and, by the Art of *Hocus pocus*, converted them into regular ones; whereupon, having the Voice of the whole Board againſt him, he was deputed to pay the whole Reckoning; tho' the diſſembling Villains vow'd and proteſted they had rather it had fell to any of them to have had the honour of Treating him, with alſo making large Promiſes what great Things they would do the next Morning, to make him amends. Mr. *Randal* diſſembled his Diſcontent at theſe ſhirking Tricks, as well as he could; and they perceiving he would not engage in Gaming, but counter-

feiting Drowſineſs, and deſiring to be a Bed, the Company broke up, and he was ſhew'd to his Lodging, which he barricado'd as well as he could, by putting old Chairs, Stools and Tables againſt the Door. So going to Bed, and putting the Candle out, he fell aſleep; but was ſoon awaked with a capering up and down the Room, and an Outcry of Murder and Thieves. Upon this ſurprizing noiſe he leapt out of Bed, and ran to the Door, to ſee whether it was faſt or not; and finding nothing remov'd, for the High-way-Men came into his Chamber by a Trap-Door which was behind the Hangings, he wonder'd how the Noiſe ſhould be there in his Apartment, unleſs it was Inchanted: But as he was about to remove the Barricado to run and raiſe the Houſe, he was ſurrounded with a Crew, which tying and gagging him, they took away all his Cloaths, and left him to ſhift for himſelf as well as he could. A little after the Inn-keeper, the better to colour the Buſineſs, came thundring at the Door, demanding what was the Cauſe of this Clamour at that time of Night?

But

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

profecute his intended Journey, for want of Money to defray his Charges.

Another time *Ned Bonnet*, in a Rencounter on the Road, meeting with the misfortune of having his Horſe ſhot under him, he was oblig'd to follow his Trade on Foot, till he could get another, which was ſoon obtain'd, by taking a good Gelding out of the Grounds of the Man who now keeps the *Red-Lyon-Inn* in *Hounſloe*; and riding ſtrait into *Cambridgeſhire*, a Gentleman one Day overtaking him on the Road, who had juſt like to have been robb'd, and hearing *Ned* to be Tuning ſomething of a Pſalm, he thereupon took him to be ſomewhat of a Godly Man, and deſiring his Company to ſuch a place, to which he ſaid he was alſo going, (for a Highwayman is never out of his way, though he's going, againſt his will, to the Gallows.) But at length, *Ned* coming to a place convenient for his Purpoſe, he obliged him to Stand, and Deliver his Money; which being above Eighty Guineas, he had the Conſcience to give him Half a Crown to bear his Charges, till he

he had Credit to recruit himself again: But the Gentleman ever after could not endure the Tune of a Psalm; for he had as great an Aversion against *Sternhold*, *Hopkins*, *Tate*, or *Brady*, as the D—l has to Holy Water.

At length, one *Zachary Clare*, whose Father keeps now a Baker's Shop at *Hackney*, being apprehended for Robbing on the Highway, and committed to *Cambridge* Goal, to save his own Bacon, he made himself an Evidence against *Ned Bonnet*, who being also secur'd at his Lodging in *Old-street*, he was sent to *Newgate*, where remaining till the Assizes held at *Cambridge*, before Mr. Baron *Lovel*, he was carried down thither, and being Condemned, he was Executed before the Castle, on *Saturday* the 28th of *March*, 1713, to the general Joy and Satisfaction of all the People in that Country; where above Five-hundred on Horse-back met him on the Road, when he was going down, to conduct him safe to Prison: But before he was turn'd off, he shew'd himself very much troubled for the poor Condition in which he left his Wife

Wife and Children; and own'd that his Shameful Death was no more than what he deſerv'd, in that he had been Condemn'd for his Life not above three Years before, at *Chelmsford* in *Eſſex*, and was pardon'd for the ſame; but not making good uſe of that Royal Mercy which was extended towards him, the juſt Judgment of GOD had now overtook him for all his Wickedneſs.

JACK WITHERS, *a Murderer and Highwayman.*

John Withers was born at *Lichfield* in *Staffordſhire*, and ſerv'd out an Apprenticeſhip with his Father, who was a Butcher by Trade; but when his Time was expired, coming up to *London*, and being out of Employment, he got into a Gang of Thieves, by whoſe Converſation he got quickly into *Newgate*, from whence he was ſent into *Flanders* for a Soldier. Here being put to

to his Shifts, by his Belly being often full of Emptineſs, (if I may uſe that Expreſſion without the Cenſure of a Bull) he one Day going into a Church at *Ghent*, where the People were all at high Maſs; and ſeeing moſt of 'em caſt Money into a Box that ſtood under an Image of the Virgin *Mary*, it made his Fingers itch to be fingering the Coin; ſo watching a fair Opportunity, with a crooked Nail he ſoon pickt the Lock, and cram'd as much of the Treaſure as he could into his Pockets: But doing it over-haſtily, and dropping ſome of the Pieces, they made ſuch a jingling on the Marble Pavement, that, as ill luck would have it, he was diſcover'd, ſeiz'd and dragg'd before a Great Cardinal then in that Town; who examining the Witneſſes as to the Fact, and finding it plain, he exclaimed prodigiouſly againſt him, by the Titles of *Rogue*, *Raſcal*, and *Sacrilegious Villain*; and was juſt going to Condemn him to a ſevere Puniſhment, when *Jack Withers* falling on his Knees, with up-lifted Hands, and Tears in his Eyes, he begg'd His Eminency to hear him; which, after much Storming,

ing, he granted, and Silence being made, he in a piteous Tone, told him, That being a vile wicked Wretch, bred up a Proteſtant, wherefore he thought himſelf an Heretick, and being in great Diſtreſs, he had made his Prayers before the Image of the Bleſſed Virgin, to relieve him in his hard Neceſſity; and in conſideration thereof he would turn Roman-Catholick, and ever be her Votary, when all on a ſudden the Box under her Image flew open, and ſhe pointed with her Finger to the Money, making alſo a dumb Shew with nodding her Head, for him to ſupply his Neceſſities out of it, which he had thankfully done, with a Reſolution of keeping his Vow for ever. This Relation being heard with much Patience and Attention, the Cardinal cry'd out, *A Miracle! a Miracle!* which all the reſt gabbled out aloud; and concluded that none had more Right to diſpoſe of that Money than the Virgin, to whom it was offer'd; whereupon *Jack Withers* was carried back to the Church in ſolemn Proceſſion, and round it on Mens Shoulders in Triumph, whilſt *Ave Maria* was ſung by the Prieſts, and he

he placed before the High Altar, after which he was diſmiſſed with great Applauſe.

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

But a little after the playing of this Prank *Jack Withers* running away from his

his Colours, he came into *England* again, where, preferring an Idle Course of Life before any lawful Employment, he took to the Highway; and one Day meeting with an old Usurer upon the Road, who was his Father's Neighbour, he commanded him to Stand and Deliver what he had, or otherwise he was a dead Man. The old Usurer, who lov'd no good Deeds but what are Seal'd and Deliver'd, nor wisht for any thing to thrive in the Country, but Bee-Hives, because they make him wax Rich, being surpriz'd, he pleaded great Poverty, in hopes of saving his Money, which was about an Hundred Guineas and Broad-Pieces of Gold, which he had in the Pockets of his Wide-knee Breeches, containing Cloath enough to make a Gentlewoman a hoop'd Petticoat; but all his whining and pining prevailing nothing with *Jack*; he was for coming to Composition with him, by giving one half of his Money to save t'other; but *Withers* swearing a great Oath of the first Rate, that he would not abate him a farthing of *Cent. per Cent.* the Old Man fumbling a good while in his Pocket, at length he

he lugg'd out his Purſe and pair of Spectacles, which putting on his Noſe, he gave his Money to *Jack Withers*; who asked him whether his Sight was ſo bad that he could not give him his Purſe without the Advantage of uſing four Eyes? Quoth the Uſurer, *I hope your D---n-meſhip will grant me the Liberty of ſeeing to whom I give my Money. Ay, ay, and welcome,* (reply'd *Jack Withers*) *but I'll have you to know, Sir, that you don't give me this Money, you do but lend it me, and I'll be ſure to pay you again when the D---l's blind.* So he riding one way, the Uſurer rid another, with a very heavy Heart, for the loſs of his Gold; which he reckon'd his *Summum bonum*, not only in this World, but alſo in the other.

One time *Jack Withers* and two of his hopeful Comrades, having been all Night a Raking in the Country, as they were coming a foot over the Fields by *Mary-bone*, by four of the Clock in a Summer's Morning, they obſerv'd a Gentleman walking all alone, making all the Geſtures imaginable of Paſſion, Diſcontent, and Fury, as caſting up

up his Eyes to the Sky, displaying his Arms abroad, and wringing them then together again, which happen'd to be one Mr. *Vanbruggen* a Player, getting his Part: But they not knowing who he was, suppos'd he might be in Despair for Love, or some other Cause, and so in that Condition might lay violent Hands upon himself. Hereupon they watch'd his Motions at a distance; but Mr. *Vanbruggen*, at length, espying them, he, for the more Privacy, went thro' a Hedge into another Field; at which these three Sparks running as fast as they could, for fear he should do himself a Mischief, they found him by the side of a Pond, expressing in a very passionate manner these Words of *Varanes*, in the Tragedy of *Theodosius*, or, *The Force of Love*.

I charge thee not! ——— ———
But when I am dead take the attending slaves,
And bear me, with my Blood distilling down,
Strait to the Temple; lay me, O! Aranthes,
Lay my cold Course at Athenais's *Feet,*
And say, O! why, why do my Eyes run o'er!
Say with my lateſt Gasp I groan'd for Pardon.
Just here my friend, hold fast, and fix the sword;
I feel

I feel the Artery where the Life-blood lies;
It heaves against the Point —Now, O! ye Gods,
If for the greatly wretched you have room,
Prepare my place, for dauntless lo I come!.
The force of Love thus makes the mortal wound,
And Athenais *sends me to the Ground.*

Now *Jack Withers* being foremost, he cry'd out to his Comrades, *Make haste, by G--d, 'tis e'en as we thought; the poor Gentleman is just going to kill himself for Love.* So making all up to *Vanbruggen*, one taking him by one Arm, and another by the other, they said, O! *pray, Sir, consider what you are going to do; what a sad thing will it be for you to drown yourself here! pray be advis'd, and have better Thoughts with you.* Mr. *Vanbruggen* not knowing their meaning, quoth he, as they were pulling and haling him about, *What a Plague is all this for? I arn't going to Hang, Stab, nor Drown my self for Love; I arn't in Love; I'm a Player only getting my Part.* A Player (reply'd *Withers*) if we had thought that, you should e'en have drown'd yourself, and been d---n'd too, before we'd have took all this pains to follow your A--se up and down: But to make

us

us amends for our Trouble, we ſhall make bold to take what Money you have. So, being in a bye place, they ty'd his Hands and Legs together, and took from him about Ten Shillings and a Silver-hilted Sword.

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

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

WIL-

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

THis wretched Criminal, *William Holloway*, was born at *Newcastle-under-Line* in *Staffordshire*, and was bred up to Husbandry; but liking not his Occupation, he came up to *London*, where falling into such Company who had rather be the Devil's Soldiers than fight under the Banners of Honesty, he soon became such an Enemy to Vertue, that being absolutely possess'd with Sin, he would cry out with the *Dæmoniack* in the Gospel, *What have we to do with Thee, JESUS thou Son of GOD? Why art Thou come to Torment us before our Time?* So giving himself up to all manner of Wickedness, no sort of Theft miss'd his Inclination, to support himself in the Extravagancies of a most licentious Course of Life. First he went upon petty matters of Thieving, in which he was very successful, for one Day going to a Knight's House

Houſe in *Bloomsbury-Square*, with an Apron before him juſt like a Scourer, he had the Impudence to go up Stairs and take three or four Footmens Liveries; but juſt coming out with 'em on his Arms, the Coachman ſtopping at the Door with his Coach, he ſtopt *Holloway*, and askt him, Whither he was going with thoſe Coats and Waſte-coats? Quoth *Holloway*, *The Parliament being to Sit within this Week, and his Maſter willing his Mens Liveries ſhould look ſomewhat freſh and decent, the Steward had order'd him to Scour them againſt then. Here, here, then* (ſaid the Coachman) *take my Cloak too, and Scour it well.* So ſtepping on his Coach-Box, he took his Cloak off the Seat, and gave it *Holloway*, who never took the pains to bring it back again: But the poor Coachman was ſadly jeer'd about it, for wherever the Boys met him, who knew of the Trick, they would cry to him, *Here, here, take my Cloak too.*

Another time there being a great Stop of Coaches in *Fleet-ſtreet*, Mr. *Holloway* ſtept up ſto a Gentleman's Coach, and pretending to have ſome earneſt

earneſt Buſineſs with him, whilſt *Holloway* was talking to the Gentleman as he lean'd over the Door of the Coach to him, one of his Comrades took out a rich Coach Seat, and got clear off with it in the Dark; and whilſt the Gentleman turn'd his Head out of the other Door to look after it, *Holloway* ſnatch'd off the other Seat, and in the Crowd went away with that. The Gentleman being in a great Surprize to ſee how ſuddenly he had loſt both his Seats, he call'd out to his Coachman, ſaying, *Tom*; *haſt thou got the Horſes there?* Quoth *Tom*, *Yes, Sir. Ay, but* (ſaid the Gentleman) *are you ſure you have them?* Why yes, Sir, (reply'd the Coachman) I'm ſure I have them, for their Reins are now in my Hand. *Well* (quoth the Gentleman) *ſee and keep 'em then, for I've loſt the Seats out of the Coach; and by Heavens if you've not a ſpecial Care you'll loſe my Horſes too.*

Not long after this Exploit, Mr. *Emes*, who kept the Punch-Houſe in *Hemlock-Court*, before he died, having been one Day recreating himſelf in his

his Calash, *Will. Holloway* observing it to come a soft pace on the Road betwixt *Turnham-Green* and *Hammersmith*, he perceiv'd the Driver thereof, who had been drinking very hard where he had been, to be fast asleep, hereupon *Will* stopt the Horse, which was but one, and softly steppng up, rifled Mr. *Emes*'s Pockets, unfelt of him, of a Watch and 2 Guineas, and so sneakt off from him, as supposing that was all the Booty he could get at that time, unless he stript him of his Cloaths too, which he could not then well carry off without some Suspicion, in that place. However, the Road being clear of Passengers, and finding the Driver in a profound Sleep, he ty'd his Legs together, and that he might have the Pleasure to see what would be the Issue of it, if possible, he pull'd the Pins out of the Axel-Tree of the Wheels, and set the Horse a going, which he had not done above an hundred Paces but the Wheels flew off, and down came the Booby-Hutch, which awakened Mr. *Emes* in a great Consternation, whilst *Holloway* lay peeping behind a Hedge, and could perceive his Sur-

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

Now *Holloway* having caſt all Honeſty and Goodneſs quite out of doors, he was reſolv'd to proſecute his Villany to the higheſt Degree; ſo from committing ſmall Matters of Theft, he was reſolv'd to turn Highwayman, and being accoutred for this Purpoſe, as having a good Horſe, Hanger and Piſtols, he ſet out for ſuch Enterprizes. The firſt Action he went upon was upon the Road betwixt *Faringdon* and *Abingdon* in *Berkſhire*, where meeting with a Country Farmer, and asking him the time of the Day, he told him it was about twelve a Clock; *Why then* (quoth *Holloway*) *it may be about high time to ask one Favour of you.* What's that? (ſaid the Farmer.) *Why truly* (reply'd *Holloway*) *underſtanding that you receiv'd*

receiv'd Ten Pounds at the Inn from whence you now came, for I was drinking in the next Room when 'twas paid you, Neceſſity obliges me to borrow it, therefore if you are not willing to lend it me by fair Means, you muſt by foul Means. The Farmer being a Man of ſome Courage, preſently drew his Hanger in his own Defence, but that being no ſecurity againſt Piſtols, which could kill at a Diſtance, *Holloway* ſhot his Horſe under him, ſo diſmounting his Antagoniſt, and riding up to him with another Piſtol ready cockt, and preſenting it to the Farmer's Breaſt, he lent him his Money without taking a Note of his Hand for't.

Another time *Holloway* meeting with a Gentleman on the Road, who had like to have been robb'd but a little before, he told the ſaid *Holloway*, as ſuppoſing him to be an honeſt Man, that there were ſome Highway-men before, wherefore he advis'd him, if he had any Charge about him, to turn back. Quoth *Holloway, I have no great Charge about me, Sir, however I'll take your Advice for fear of the worſt.* So as they

were riding along, ſaid *Holloway* again, *Perhaps we may meet with more Rogues of the Gang by the way, for this is an ugly robbing Road, therefore I'll ſecure that little I have, which is but three Guineas, by putting it in my Mouth.* Now the Gentleman thinking him not of that Profeſſion, quoth he, *And in caſe we ſhould be ſet upon, I have ſecur'd my Gold in the Rowls of my Stockings, which is no ſmall Quantity, which I receiv'd this Day of ſome of my Tenants for Rent.* They had not gone above half a Mile farther, e'er they came into a very bye place, where *Holloway* bidding the Gentleman Stand and Deliver, he was in a great Surprize, however there was no Remedy for preventing the Loſs of his Gold, which was about Eighty Guineas; and for fear he ſhould have more of the ſame Metal in his Boots too, he ript them from top to bottom; but finding none there, he left the Gentleman curſing and ſwearing for diſcovering where he had laid up his Hoard.

Holloway for a long time had been very ſucceſsful in many Robberies on the

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

wards he was also Hang'd in Chains at a Place call'd *Holloway* on one side of *Islington*. At the place of Execution, he own'd he never had any Antipathy against the Person Deceas'd, and did not know what he did, as being in Drink. Thus we may evidently see the fatal Consequences of *Drunkenness*; which odious Vice is now become so fashionable, that we may too often behold Sots contending for Victory over a Pot, and taking the measure of their Bravery by the Strength of their Brains, or Capacity of their Bellies. Taverns and Alehouses are the common Academies of Sin, where Drunkards make themselves expert in all those Arts whereby they gratify *Satan*, and, as it were, in so many open Bravadoes, challenge the *Almighty* into the Field, and dare him to do the worst he can. Doubtless *Satan* hath but too much Power over these Men when they are most sober, they need not give him the Advantage of finding them so often Drunk; except in a Bravado they desire to shew the World how boldly they dare defy Heaven, and how much they scorn to owe their Ruin

Ruin to any but themſelves. Nay, it ſeems very evident, that even theſe *Bacchanalians* make this ſottiſh Paſtime their beloved Recreation, and only account him fit for their Company, that can take off his Cups handſomely, and is verſed in all the Methods and Maxims of this helliſh Art. Indeed they have made it a kind of Science, and have given it ſo many Rules and Laws of late, that he that will now be expert in it, had need to ſerve out an Apprentiſhip, to learn all the Circumſtances and Terms, tho' he be never ſo perfect in the Subſtance before.

Dick Adams, *a High-way-Man.*

THis unhappy Perſon, *Richard Adams*, was born of very good and reputable Parents in *Glocesterſhire*, who beſtow'd ſome ſmall matter of Education upon him, as Reading, Writing and Caſting of Accompts;

then coming up to *London*, he got into the Service of a great Dutcheſs at St. *James*'s, in which he continued about two Years; when for ſome Miſdemeanour quitting his Place, he contriv'd to live by his Wits; for having a general Key which open'd the Lodgings in St. *James*'s Palace, he went one Day to a certain Mercer's on *Ludgate-Hill*, and deſir'd him to ſend, with all ſpeed, a parcel of the richeſt Brocades and Sattins, and other Silks, he had in his *Shop*, to his *Dutcheſs* to make choice of ſome on an extraordinary Occaſion. The Mercer knowing him to have come often upon ſuch a like Errand before, he preſently ſent away ſeveral Pieces by his Man and a Porter, and being come to St. *James*'s, *Dick Adams* brought them up to a Door of ſome of the Royal Lodgings, where he order'd them to wait, till he, ſeemingly, went to acquaint his Dutcheſs of their waiting without. In ſome ſhort time after, coming out again, quoth he, *Let's ſee the Pieces preſently, for my Dutcheſs is juſt now at leiſure too look on 'em:* So the Mercer's Man giving him the whole Bundle, he convey'd it away backwards,

wards, and went clear off thro' St. *James*'s Park. Now the Mercer's Man and the Porter having waited two or three hours, and receiv'd no anſwer about their Goods, they began to make a ſtrict Enquiry after them; and finding they were trick'd, were forc'd to go home much lighter than they went out. About a Month after, *Dick Adams* having been Drinking ſomewhat hard in the City, and forgetting the Prank he had plaid the Mercer, he came by his Houſe one Afternoon, and he being accidentally ſtanding at the Door, and eſpying his Chapman, he preſently ſeiz'd him, ſaying, *Oh! Sir, have I caught you; you are a fine Spark indeed to cheat me out of Two-hundred Pounds worth of Goods, but before I part with you, I believe I ſhall make you pay dearly for them.* Indeed Mr. *Adams* was much ſurpriz'd at his being ſo ſuddenly apprehended, and without doubt, curs'd his Fate to himſelf for being ſo forgetful as to come into the very Mouth of his Adverſary; but ſeeing the late Biſhop of *London* at ſome Diſtance riding along in his Coach, and having a good Preſence of Mind

at the same time, quoth he to the Mercer, *I must acknowledge I have committed a Crime to which I was forc'd by meer Necessity, but I see my Uncle the Bishop of* London *is coming this way in his Coach, therefore hoping you'll be so civil as not to raise any hubbub of the Mob about me, whereby I shall be expos'd and utterly undone, I'll go speak to His Lordship about the matter, if you please to step with me, and I'll engage he shall make you Satisfaction for the Damage I've done you.* The Mercer liking his Proposal, as thinking it far better than sending him to Jayl, he stept along with Mr. *Adams*, who boldly calling out to the *Coachman* to stop, he approached the side of the Coach, and desir'd the Favour of speaking a few Words with the Bishop. His Lordship seeing him have the Mein and Habit much of a Gentleman, he was pleas'd to hear what he had to say; so leaning over his Coach Door, quoth *Adams*, *Begging your Lordship's Pardon for my Presumption. I make bold to acquaint Your Honour, that the Gentleman standing behind me is an eminent Mercer, keeping House just by here, and is a very upright Godly Man; but being a great Reader in*

Books

Books of Divinity, especially Polemical Pieces, he hath met therein with some intricate Cases which very much trouble him, and his Conscience cannot be at rest, 'till his Doubts and Scruples are clear'd about 'em; therefore I humbly request Your Lordship would vouchsafe me the Honour of giving my Friend some Ease before he run farther to Despair. The Bishop being ready to serve any Person in Religious Matters, he order'd *Adams* to bring his Friend to him the next Day. But said *Adams* again, *It will be more satisfactory to him, if Your Lordship would be pleas'd to speak Yourself to the Gentleman to wait upon You.* Whereupon His Lordship beckoning to the Mercer, who stood some Distance off, whilst they discours'd together; when he came up to the side of the Coach, quoth the Bishop, *The Gentleman hath inform'd me of all the matter about you, and if you please to give your self the Trouble of coming to Morrow to my House at* Fulham, *I'll satisfy you then in every Point.* The Mercer making twenty Bows and Cringes was very well pleas'd with his Security; and taking *Adams* to the Tavern gave him a very

good

good Treat. Next Morning *Adams* came again to the Mercer, who was drawing out his Bill to give to the Bishop, and pretending that his coming in haste to go along with him to his Uncle, had made him forget to put Money in his Breeches, he desir'd the Mercer to lend him a Guinea, and put it down in his Bill; which he did very willingly; and then taking Water, away they went to *Fulham*, where acquainting the Bishop's Gentleman, that according to his Lordship's Order over Night they were come to wait upon him at the time appointed; the Gentleman introduc'd 'em into the Hall, and having Regal'd them there with a Bottle or two of Wine and a Neat's Tongue, the Mercer was admitted into His Lordship's Presence, and in the mean time Mr. *Adams* made the best of his way by Water again. Now the Mercer being before the Bishop, quoth His Lordship, *I understand that you are, or at leastwise have been much troubled, how do you find yourself now, Sir?* The Mercer reply'd, *My Trouble is much abated since Your Lordship was pleas'd to order me to wait on you.* So

pul-

pulling out a Pocket Book, he gave his Lordſhip the following Bill.

Mr. *Adams*'s Bill, *April* the 20th, 1711.

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
For a Piece of Green Flower'd Brocade, containing 23 *Yards, at* 1 *l.* 9 *s. per Yard.*	33	70	00
For a Piece of White Strip'd Damask, containing 26 *Yards, at* 14 *s. per Yard.*	18	04	00
For a Piece of Cloth of Gold Tiſſue, containing 18 *Yards, at* 4 *l.* 15 *s. per Yard.*	85	10	00
For a Piece of Black Water'd Tabby, containing 29 *Yards, at* 4 *s.* 8 *d. per Yard.*	06	15	04
For a Piece of Blue Sattin, containing 21 *Yards, at* 16 *s. per Yard.*	16	16	00
For a Piece of Crimſon Velvet, containing 17 *Yards, at* 1 *l.* 18 *s. per Yard.*	32	06	00
For a Piece of Yellow Silk, containing 25 *Yards, at* 8 *s. per Yard.*	10	00	00
May *the* 17th. *Lent Your Lordſhip's Nephew.*	01	01	06
Sum total,	203	19	10

His

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

lend-

lending a Man, that had once cheated him, a Guinea to cheat him again.

After this *Dick Adams* got into the Life-Guards, but his Extravagancy not permitting him to live on his Pay, he went on the *Highway*; and one Day he and some of his Accomplices meeting with a Gentleman on the Road, they took from him a Gold Watch, a Silver Snush-Box, and a Purse in which was 108 Guineas; but *Adams* not contented with this Booty, and seeing the Gentleman whom they robb'd had a very fine Coat on, he rid a little way back again, and saying to him, *Sir, you have a very good Coat on, I must make bold to change with you*; he stript him of it, and put him on his. As the Gentleman was riding along after he was robb'd, and hearing somewhat jingle in the Pocket of the Coat which *Adams* had put on him, he felt therein, and, to his great Joy, found his Watch, Snush-Box and Guineas again, which *Adams*, in a Hurry and Confusion, had forgot he had put in his own Coat-Pocket when he chang'd Coats with the Gentleman. But he and his Comrades

rades coming to an Inn to ſnack their Booty, when they found what a Miſtake had been made, there was Swearing and Staring, Curſing and Raving, Damning and Sinking, with one another, as if they would have ſworn the Houſe down, but above all they were ready to knock *Adams* on the Head for his Forgetfulneſs: However ſince it could not then be helpt, and *Adams* promiſing to be more careful in his Buſineſs for the future, his Negligence was pardon'd for that time.

Dick Adams going out the ſame Day again with his Comrades, they ſtopt the *Canterbury* Stage Coach on the Road betwixt *Rocheſter* and *Sitringborn*, in which were ſeveral Gentlewomen; and for the Miſtake they made laſt, they were very ſevere and boiſterous upon theſe Paſſengers, one of which ſaying to *Adams*, as he was ſearching her Pockets, *Have you no Pity nor Compaſſion on our Sex? Certainly ye have neither Chriſtianity, Conſcience nor Religion in you.* Right, Madam, (reply'd *Dick Adams*) we have not much Chriſtianity nor Conſcience in us, but for my part you ſhall preſently

ſently find a little Religion in me. So falling next on ſome fine Jewels hanging to her Gold Watch, and a fine pair of Bobs in her Ears, quoth *Adams*, *Indeed, Madam, ſuppoſing you to be ſomething of an* Ægyptian, *I muſt beg the Favour of you, as being ſomething of a* Jew, *to borrow your Jewels and Ear-Rings for the preſent.* Thus having rifled all the Gentlewomen, to above the value of Two-hundred Pounds in Money and Goods, they left 'em to proceed on their Journey, with very ſorrowful Hearts for their ſad Miſchance.

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

Hold

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

Mr. AVERY, *a Highway-Man.*

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

One

One time *Avery* going out to look for a Prize on the Road, he got one by the bye, and to make ſure of what he had, for you muſt know it's a Maxim in Politicks, that 'tis a harder matter to keep a Kingdom than to Conquer one; he rid all bye Roads till he came into a Field where ſeveral Country Fellows were ſtanding at a Gate. Now was he in a quondary what to do, thinks he, ſhould I Ride back again in any Precipitation, it will give them ſome Miſtruſt, therefore he was reſolv'd to put on a good Face, which was pretty well brazen'd, and rode up to the Men; but the Gate being lockt he could not get out. However one of the Men who had the Key of it, wanting a young Colt which he had in the Field, he told *Avery* that if he would catch that Colt, he would open the Gate for him. *Avery* rid up and down the Field after the Colt, and had a long Chaſe before he could catch him; then bringing him up to the Owner, he let him out. Now *Avery* being in the Road, quoth he to the Man that own'd the Colt, *What muſt I have for catching the Colt for you? Have*

(re-

(reply'd the Countryman) *O! dear, Sir, what can you expect for such a Matter? Why I think that was a Kindness to let you through the Gate, or else you must have rid a great way about.* *Avery* swore most horridly he would be paid for his trouble. The Countryman seeing him in a great Passion, he promis'd him a Pot or two of Ale, if he would accept it. But this would not satisfy *Avery*, for pulling out his Pistols, he swore he would not take all that Pains for nothing about his damn'd Colt, therefore if they did not all deliver what they had presently, he would shoot 'em every Man. The poor Country-Fellows being in a great Consternation, and almost frighted out of their Wits, at the sight of his murdering Implements, they all pull'd out their Leather Purses, and gave him what they had; after which he rid away in great Triumph for robbing half a dozen Men by himself. And without doubt he had made his Brags thereof to some of his intimate Cronies; for when he was going to be hang'd, one of them meeting him in the Cart, as he was riding up *Holbourn*, he thus call'd out to him,

So ho!

So ho! Friend Avery, *what, are you going to catch another Colt?* But truly Mr. *Avery* had then ſo much Buſineſs on his Hands, that he could not make him any Anſwer.

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

him, and cutting the Girts and Bridle of his Horſe he rid as faſt as he could for *London*.

Money growing ſhort again with Mr. *Avery*, he was forc'd to ſeek his Fortune as uſual on the Road, and meeting with an Exciſeman on *Finchley-Common*, whom he knew very well, but was not known by the other; by reaſon he was very much diſguis'd, as having a Mask on his Face; *Avery* follow'd him at ſome diſtance, and a fair opportunity favouring his Deſign, he rid up to the Exciſeman, demanding his Money at once. The aſſaulted Perſon being ſomewhat ſullen and obſtinate, he would not deliver any thing till *Avery* ſhot his Horſe dead upon the Spot, and threaten'd to kill him next if he made any farther Refuſal. The Exciſeman being daunted at his high Words, and almoſt frighted out of his Wits, to hear what dreadful Vollies of Oaths came out of his Mouth, he ſtopt it as faſt as he could with a dozen Pound, ſaying, *Here take what I have, for if there is a Devil, certainly thou art one. It may be ſo* (reply'd *Avery*) *but yet*

yet as much a Devil as I am, I ſee an Exciſeman is not ſuch a good Bait, as People ſay, to catch him. *No, he is not* (quoth the Exciſeman) *the Hangman is the only Bait to catch ſuch Devils as you.* But *Avery* giving the Loſer leave to ſpeak, he rid away for fear of being caught indeed.

And it was not long after that he was Apprehended, and ſent to *Newgate*, with one *Waterman*, that was condemn'd likewiſe for aſſiſting him in theſe Exploits on the Highway, but he was repriev'd: And *Avery* being to die without his Comrade, he made what Friends he could to ſave his Life alſo, which he had often forfeited for his Villany; beſides ſending ſeveral Petitions to the Queen and Mr. Recorder, in hopes of obtaining Mercy for his manifold Crimes; but being all rejected he was executed at *Tyburn*, on *Saturday* the 31ſt of *January*, 1712-13.

JACK OVET, *a Murderer and Highway-Man.*

THis moſt notorious Malefactor, *John Ovet*, a Shoe-maker by Trade, was born at *Nottingham*, where his Abode was for four or five Years after he had ſerv'd his Apprenticeſhip, in that Town where he receiv'd his unhappy Birth. But being always of a daring audacious Diſpoſition, his unruly Temper induced him to keep very lewd and quarrelſome Company, and depending on his Manhood, it inſpir'd his Inclination with the Thoughts of laying aſide his mechanical Employment, to tranſlate himſelf into a Gentleman, by maintaining that Quality on the Highway. Now equipping himſelf, as a Highwayman ought, with a good Horſe, Hanger, and Piſtols, he rid towards *London*; and on the Road had the good Succeſs of robbing a Gentleman of Twenty Pounds; who being one of great Courage, told *Ovet*, that if he had not came upon him

him unaware, and ſurprized him at a Diſadvantage, he ſhould have given him ſome trouble before he would have parted with his Money. Quoth *Ovet* then, *I have ventur'd my Life once already in committing this Robbery; however, if you have the Vanity to think yourſelf a better Man than me, I'll venture my Life once more; for here's your Money again, let it be betwixt us, and whoever of us is the beſt Man, ſhall win it and wear it.* The Gentleman very willingly accepted the Propoſal, and making uſe of their Swords on Foot, *Jack Ovet* had the *Fortune* to kill his Antagoniſt on the Spot.

Not long after he kill'd another Man in a Quarrel at *Leiceſter*, but flying from Juſtice, he ſtill cheated the Hangman of his Due, and without any dread purſued his unlawful Courſes to the higheſt pitch of Villany; for one Day meeting the Pack-Horſes of one Mr. *Rogers*, who goes from *Leominſter* in *Herefordſhire* to *London*, and being in great want of Money, he turn'd one of 'em out of the main Road into a narrow Lane, where cutting it open, he found therein about 280 Guineas in

Gold, beſides three dozen of Silver-hafted Knives, Forks, and Spoons, which he carried off. The Pack-Horſes were gone above two Miles before Mr. *Rogers* miſs'd this; and then making a ſtrict Search after it, he found it ty'd to a Tree, and the Pack thrown off his Back and rifled of what was moſt valuable; but not knowing who had done this great Injury, he was forc'd to make the Loſs good to the Owner of the Plate and Money.

Another time *Jack Ovet* being drinking at the *Star-Inn* in the *Strand*, he over-heard a Soap-boiler contriving with a Carrier how he ſhould ſend an hundred Pouſds to a Friend in the Country; at length it was concluded upon, to put the Money into a Barrel of Soap; which Project was mightily approv'd of by the Carrier; who ſaid, *That if any Rogues ſhould rob my Waggon, which they never did but once, the Devil muſt be in 'em if they look for any Money in the Soap-Barrel.* Accordingly the Money and Soap was brought to the Inn; and next Morning the Carrier going out of Town, *Jack Ovet* was with

with him in the Afternoon, and commanding him to ſtop, or otherwiſe he would ſhoot him and his Horſes too, he was oblig'd to obey the Word of Command. Then, quoth the honeſt Highwayman, *I muſt make bold to borrow a little Money out of your Waggon, therefore if you have any direct me to it, that I may not looſe my Time, which you know is always precious.* The Carrier told him he had nothing but cumberſome Goods in his Waggon, as he knew of; however, if he would not believe him, he might ſearch every Box and Bundle there if he pleas'd. Then *Jack Ovet* getting into the Waggon, threw all the Boxes and Bundles about, till at laſt he came to the Soap-Barrel which feeling ſomewhat heavy, quoth he to the Carrier, *What a Pox do you with this naſty Commodity in your Waggon? I'll fling it away.* So throwing it on the Ground the Hoops burſted, out flew the Head, and the Soap ſpreading abroad, the Bag appear'd; then jumping out of the Waggon, and taking it up, he ſaid again, *Is not he that ſells this Soap a cheating Son of a Whore, to put this Bag of Lead into it, to make the Barrel weigh heavy? If*

I knew where he liv'd, I'd go and tell him his own; however that he may not succeed in his Roguery, I'll go and sell it at the next House I come to, for it will wet ones Whistle, to the Tune of two or three Shillings. So riding away, quoth the Carrier, *Hold, hold, Sir, that is not Lead that is in the Bag; it is an hundred Pounds, for which (if you take it away) I must be accountable. No, no,* (reply'd *Jack Ovet*) *this can't be Money; but if it is, tell the Owner that I'll be answerable for it if he'll come to me. Where, Sir,* (said the Carrier) *may one find you? Why, truly,* (reply'd *Jack*) *that is a Question soon asked, but not so soon to be answered; for i'faith, you may find me in a Goal before Night, and then perhaps you may have again what I've took from you, and forty Pounds to boot; so hoping you'll use, for the future, Wash Balls instead of Soap, I'm oblig'd to bid you farewel, because I must now go somewhere else to make Hay while the Sun shines.*

Another time *Jack Ovet* meeting with the *Worcester* Stage-Coach on the Road, in which were several young Gentlewomen, he robb'd them all; but one of them being a very hand-

some

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

MADAM,

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

ſcribe myſelf Your moſt humble Servant to command for ever.

John Burton.

The Gentlewoman's Anſwer.

Sir,

YOurs I receiv'd with as great Diſſatisfaction as when you robbed me, and admire at your Impudence of offering me your ſelf for a Husband, when I am ſenſible 'twould not be long e'er you made your Spouſe a hempen Widow. Perhaps ſome fooliſh Girl or another may be ſo bewitch'd as to go in White to beg the Favour of Marrying you under the Gallows; but indeed I ſhould neither venture there nor in a Church to Marry one of your Profeſſion, whoſe Vows are treacherous; and Smiles, Words and Actions, like ſmall Rivulets, thro' a thouſand Turnings of looſe Paſſions, are at laſt hurried in the dead Sea of Sin: Should you therefore diſſolve your Eyes into Tears, was every Accent a Sigh in your Speech, had you all the Spels and Magick Charms of Love, I ſhould ſeal up my Ears that I might not hear your Diſſimulation.

You have already broke your Word in not ſending what you villainouſly took from me; but not valuing that, let me tell you, for fear you ſhould have too great a Conceit of yourſelf, that you are the firſt, to my Remembrance, whom I ever hated; and ſealing my Hatred with the hopes of quickly reading your Dying Speech, in caſe you die in London, *I preſume to ſubſcribe myſelf yours, never to command,*

D. C.

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

WILL

WILL BEW, *a High-way-Man.*

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

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

An-

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

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

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

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

Gentlewoman. I thank you, Sir, for your good Opinion of me; but 'tis an old as well as true Saying, *That hot Love is soon cold*; and therefore you must pardon my Rudeness, telling you, whosoever reads the Records of the faithless Protestations of Men, their perjur'd Promises, and feign'd Love, can-

cannot but view a poor *Ariadne* abus'd, a *Medea* mockt, and a *Dido* slighted.

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

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

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

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

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

Gentlewoman. It would appear boldness in me to accept of Strangers Com-

Company; for it is not for me to entertain all Shews and Offers of Kindneſs; however I can but thank you for your good Will.

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

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

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

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

When *Will Bew* firſt turn'd Highway-Man, he committed a very great Robbery and Rape on the Road, for which he was oblig'd to fly into *France*, where being one Day recreating himſelf in a Bawdy-Houſe at *Paris*, he was ſo enamour'd with one of the Strumpets belonging to this *Brothel*, that he would needs lie with her all Night. The Bargain was made betwixt 'em, and to Bed they went; but ſhortly after wanting a Chamber-Pot, and none being in the Room, his Miſtreſs directed him to a Cloſe-Stool in a Cloſet by them, where he was no ſooner enter'd, but chancing to tread on a Board which was looſe, and laid there purpoſely as a Trap to catch ſuch Woodcocks, as would delight in ſuch baſe Houſes, he and the Board fell inſtantly into the Vault, yet, tho' it was very deep, receiv'd no hurt thereby, but only was up to the Arm-pits in Sir-Reverence. *Will* call'd out to his *Jelliver* for a Light, who

who never intended he ſhould have any, but ran away with all Speed with his Breeches, in which was above Fourſcore Guineas and Piſtoles. Now perceiving that his calling and bawling was to no purpoſe, he at length got out of this naſty place into the open Street, and going to the Door of the Houſe, he made a loud knocking, but all in vain; for none would anſwer him, but a grim-fac'd Bully, who, looking out of the Window, ſaid, that if he came down he would run him through the Guts, in caſe he made ſuch a noiſe and bouncing there as he did. Theſe Threats, with the Perſuaſion of the Neighbours, who knew the Nature of this Ruffian, affrighted him ſo much, that he preſently departed towards his Lodging, in the greateſt Vexation imaginable, for the Loſs both of his Cloaths and Money: But eſpying two Men with a Lanthorn coming towards him, whom he ſuſpected to be the Watch, he ſtept aſide, to avoid them, into an old empty Houſe hard by. Theſe Men coming in there likewiſe, one of them laid down divers Iron Inſtruments, and, by the Lanthorn,

horn perceiving *Will Bew* crowded up into a Corner, they demanded who he was; then giving them an Account of the whole Adventure, they commiserated his Misfortune, and said, *Honest Fellow, we cannot but pity thy Condition; yet if thou wilt join with us in a matter we have in hand, we doubt not but fully to repair all the Loss thou received, with much Advantage.* Now *Will Bew* perswaded himself he could not possibly be in a worse Condition, and therefore resolv'd to venture with them in their Enterprize, which was this. The Day before this unlucky Night an Archbishop had been buried in the Church of St. *Dennis* at *Paris*, in his richest Pontifical Robes and Ornaments, and a Ruby Ring on his Finger, worth Five-hundred Duckats; this dead Body they design'd to rifle, and acquainting him with the whole Design, he, in hopes of Gain, freely join'd with 'em in this sacrilegious Attempt. On they marched towards the Church, but the Scent of *Will*'s Shirt was so offensive to them, that fearing a Discovery by the Smell, they resolv'd to let him down in a Well, wherein the Water was not very deep,

that

that he might there wash and cleanse himself. Being come to the Well, they found the Rope and Pulley, but the Bucket, for Security, was taken away; whereupon they fasten'd the Rope about his Middle, and let him down; but the Watch walking their Rounds, and the Season being very hot, they came to get a little Water at the Well to quench their Thirst, upon which the two Fellows ran away to hide themselves. Then one of the Watchmen haling the Rope, supposing the full Bucket had been at the end of it, *Will* was pull'd up to the Mouth of the Well, on the brim whereof he took hold, for his better security; but the Watch was so terribly affrighted at the sight of him, that imagining him to be the *Devil*, they fled so hastily as to to leave all their Staves behind 'em. *Will* was as much amaz'd as they; but finding his new Comrades of Iniquity, they went to the Church, where easily entring, they, with their Instruments, rais'd up the Tombstone so high that a Man might go in, and obliging *Will Bew* to enter, or else they would kill him, he went down, and gave them all

all the rich Garments, with a Silver Crofs and fine Mitre, but the Ruby Ring he kept himſelf, ſwearing he had none on. Now theſe Fellows being as cunning as he, they perſuaded him to ſearch farther, and watching their Opportunity, took away the Props that ſupported the Tombſtone, and left him there buried alive. Thus *Will* being in a worſe Condition than ever, he conſider'd that he muſt either die of Famine or Putrefaction, or if any came to the Tomb, he ſhould be ſeiz'd, and hang'd for a ſacrilegious Thief: But whilſt he continu'd in theſe melancholy Contemplations, he ſuddenly heard the noiſe of ſeveral Men in the Church, whom he ſuppos'd came about the ſame Employment he and his Comrades had been concern'd in, and truly he was not miſtaken; for theſe Perſons having open'd and ſupported the Stone with Iron Crows, and one of 'em deſcending into it, with his Feet firſt, *Will* ſitting upright in the Tomb, and reſolving to make uſe of this Opportunity, catch'd hold upon the Fellow's Legs, as if he would have pull'd him in; whereupon he roar'd out aloud; and

and getting up again, he and his Companions ran away, as if purſued by a thouſand Evil Spirits, and leaving the Stone rear'd up, *Will Bew* made a ſhift to crawl out, and get through the ſame place of the Church where he enter'd. Now Day-light beginning to appear, he went ſtrait to his Lodging, where by means of his Landlord diſpoſing of the Ruby Ring, he bought new Cloaths, and made all the haſte he could to *England*.

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

ARTHUR CHAMBERS.

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

son

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

Notwithſtanding this, *wicked* and *licentious Men* will not take this wholeſome Advice, as appears by *Arthur Chambers*, who began very early, for he took to the Art and Myſtery of *Thieving* when he was but in Hanging-ſleeve Coats, and ſo continued in the unlawful Occupation till he grew to Man's Eſtate, by which time, having been often puniſht at hard Labour in *Bridewell*, which beating of Hemp the Thieves call *Mill-Dolly*; whipt at the Cart's Arſe, which they call *Shove the Tumbler*, or *Crying Carrots*; and burnt in the Hand, or Face, which they call *Glimming*, he had an Inclination to leave

leave it off, for fear the *Nubbing-Chit*, that is to say, the Gallows, should catch him at last.

But the extream Poverty of his Parents depriving him of the Advantage of having any Education bestowed upon him, or of being put to a Trade, he was still obliged to maintain himself by his irregular Courses, and so betook himself to the passing or uttering false Money for good, for which Employment he was allowed three Shillings and six Pence in the Pound, by the Coiners with whom he dealt; also in his Progress up and down the Town, he would often light, where he was drinking, with naughty Sixpences, Shillings, Half-Crowns, or Crowns, which he bought for a small Price, and put them off again for good, by feaging them.

But it is an old Saying, *The Pitcher never goes so often to the Well, but it comes home broke at last*, for having follow'd this illegal Practice about a Year, he was then caught, and sent to a Country *Quod*, that is, a Goal, which was *Launceston*, in the County of *Cornwal*; where, when the Assizes came, being Con-

Convicted, and a good Fine laid on him for the ſame, he was Impriſon'd above eighteen Months before he got his Fine remitted, or elſe he had been ſtarv'd in Priſon; whereupon, obtaining his Liberty, he made the beſt of his way for *London*, and falling there again into his old Acquaintance of Thieves, he purſued his old Courſes of going on the *Top* or *Hoiſt*, that is, breaking into a Houſe in a dark Evening, by getting in at a Window one Story high, which they perform by one Thief ſtanding on the Shoulders of another: Thus *Arthur Chambers* being one Night got into a Houſe in St. *James*'s Street, where a dead Child was laid out on a Table, with a white Cloth over it, after he had ranſack'd all the Room, and throwing the Booty on the Corps, he bundled them up altogether, as ſuppoſing that which appear'd white on the Table was a parcel of Linen, and threw it out to his Comrades; then going ſtrait to a *Lock* or *Fence*, who is one that buys ſtoll'n Goods, and knows them to be ſuch, they were in a great ſurprize, when they found a dead Child in the Bundle; whereupon they

they were in as great a Council as the *Grand Seignior* in his *Divan*, to know what they would do with the Corpse; one was for throwing it into a Privy, another for cutting it to pieces and throwing it into the *Thames*, but quoth *Arthur Chambers*, *as I ſtole the Child I'll diſpoſe of it as I pleaſe.* So taking his Fellow-Men to an Ale-houſe in *Holbourn*, after they had nail'd the Corps up in a Deal Box, they order'd a Porter to be call'd, to whom giving the Box, to be deliver'd at the Houſe which they had robb'd, and to bring them an Anſwer; the Man of Carriage went ſtrait away with his Burthen, which muſt needs be heavy, and finding out the Houſe he deliver'd the Box, and deſired an Anſwer. The People were at firſt ſomewhat ſcrupulous of opening it, as not knowing from whom it came; but the Porter being poſitive it muſt be deliver'd there, and preſſing them to open the Box, they then broke it up, and found therein their dead Child, which put them into a great Conſternation, and going preſently up Stairs, where they found Cheſts of Drawers, Scrutores, and Cabinets broke

open,

open, and ſeveral things of Value ſtollen, they apprehended the Porter, who inſiſted on his Innocency, and declar'd where he receiv'd the Box: The People went in all haſte with a Conſtable to the Houſe where he was employ'd to carry this Box, but the Birds were flown, and the poor Porter was ſent to the *Gatehouſe* at *Weſtminſter*, where it put him to great Charges for following his Occupation.

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

Landlord to bring him thither, he provided a very good Elm Coffin full of Hindges, with ſmall holes pierced in one of the ſides, for Reſpiration; into which *Arthur Chambers* was put, with a Winding-Sheet over his Cloaths, and convey'd by Night in a Hearſe, from no farther than an Acquaintance's Houſe in *Holbourn*, to *Soho-Square*, where being placed in the Dining-Room, the Live-Deceaſed's Comrade went out with pretence of going to an Undertaker to provide for his Funeral, but not coming home by Twelve a Clock at Night, all the Family went to Bed, excepting the Maid, who ſat up to let him in; ſo matters being brought to this paſs, *Arthur Chambers* ariſes from his Manſion of Death, for his Comrade had taken the Screws out of the Lid, and going down Stairs into the Kitchin with his Winding-Sheet about him, he ſets himſelf down in a Chair, oppoſite to the Maid, which frighting her out of her Wits, ſhe fell a ſcreaming out, and crying, *A Spirit, a Spirit, a Spirit*: Then ſhe ran up Stairs as faſt as ſhe could, telling her Maſter, That the Gentleman's Brother walkt; which Story,

Story, and seeing the Maid's Hair stand an end, and her sweating till one Drop follow'd another, made them tremble like *Aspen-Leaves*. In the mean while the Ghost was not idle, for, after rattling the Pewter, which made the People of the House cry, *The Ghost is throwing all the Pewter and Brass about*, he went and unlockt the Street Door, and let in half a Dozen of his Accomplices; then going pat, pat, without his Shoes, up two pair of Stairs, he enter'd the Chamber where the Landlord and his Wife were in Bed, and the Maid shivering and trembling by them, and sitting down on a Cane-Couch, he lookt very earnestly on them, and very gastful as having his Face all over dusted with Flour, which made them presently cover themselves over Head and Ears in the Bed-Cloaths, as not daring to speak to him. In this Posture he fixt himself for half an hour, and then he marches down Stairs again, opening and shutting all the Doors to drown the noise which his Consorts made then in robbing the House, for in two hours time they had clear'd the House, from the Dining-Room Floor

down to the Kitchin, of moſt things that were of any value, as Braſs, Pewter, Plate, Linen, Money, and Wearing Apparel, computed to the value of Six Hundred Pounds, and then the Ghoſt vaniſh'd. But Day-Light appearing, the People of the Houſe began to take ſome Courage, and the Maid ventur'd down to call ſome Neighbours, whom her Maſter had order'd, and telling them what had happen'd, it was his Fear, that it would coſt him a great deal of Money to have this Spirit laid; indeed all the People were ſurpriz'd at the Relation, withal, ſaying, That they ſhould be afraid to ſtir out of Doors a Nights; and then the Maid came up open Mouth'd to tell her Maſter that the Spirit had robb'd all the lower part of the Houſe. *Phoo*, (quoth he) *Spirits don't uſe to rob Houſes.* But, going down Stairs, he found the Maid's Words too true, to his Sorrow; and when they found the Coffin empty they were convinc'd of the Impoſition; but it was then too late to find a Remedy.

This

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

Man to call a Coach, into which he ſtept, and *Jack* after him, *Hold, hold*, cry'd *Arthur, you muſt ride behind*, Jack; and accordingly he did till he came to the *Bell-Tavern* in *King-ſtreet Weſtminſter*, where he waited till his Maſter went to Dinner; but he was ſo civil to his Man as to call him in, and give him good part of a Fowl, with a Glaſs or two of Claret; and then *Arthur* ſaid, Jack, *I am going this Afternoon to wait on a Perſon of Quality, where it is cuſtomary for Gentlemens Servants, when they meet together, to get into Gaming, therefore you being a Younker, may eaſily be drawn in; to prevent this, if you have any Money, put it into my Hands, and as you want it 'tis but ask and have it.* Now *Jack* taking his Maſter, for this Caution, to be an honeſt Gentleman, he lugs a Leather Purſe out of his Pocket, with Nine and Forty Shillings in it, and gave it to *Arthur*; who then ſending him to call a Coach again, he paid the Reckoning out of *Jack*'s Money, and riding into *Fleetſtreet*, and lighting at the *Temple-Gate*, he bid *Jack* pay the Coachman, who having a good Oaken Plant in his Hand, he laid upon Mr.

Switch

Switch like a D—l, and the Coachman, in his own Defence, whipt and flasht like another; which sudden Engagement presently raising a great Mob, it gave Mr. *Chambers* the favourable Opportunity of going clear off, whereby poor *Jack* was well lickt, and lost a good Master into the Bargain.

One Day *Arthur Chambers* being drinking with some of his Gang at an Alehouse near *Clare-Market*, he borrow'd a blue Apron of the Tapster, and leaving his Hat behind, he went to buy a Pig of a Woman, who shew'd him a very fine one, done nicely up in a white Cloath; but quoth *Arthur*, *good Woman, I'll leave the Price of the Pig in your Hands, and take it home just by here, to see if my Guests like it, and if they do not, I'll bring it strait back again.* The Woman let *Arthur* have the Pig, who bringing it to his Comrades, took it out of the Cloath, and put in a dead Dog, which carrying to the old Woman, and saying his Guests wanted one a great deal bigger, she return'd his Money. Not long after, another Chapman wanting a Pig of the same Wo-

man, ſhe was commending the dead Dog, as ſhe took it up, for a curious white Pig, but when ſhe open'd the Cloath, and ſaw what the Pig was turn'd into, ſhe was in a great Surprize; and the Trick put upon her rais'd ſuch a Laughter and Hooting among the Neighbours, that the poor Woman being quite aſham'd, ſhe was forc'd to pack up her Awls and be gone from her Stand for that Night.

Another time *Arthur Chambers* being in the Country, very ſhort of Money, as he was walking melancholly along, early in the Morning, he eſpy'd, at a good Diſtance, a couple of Fellows driving two Oxen, whereupon putting a Cord which he had in his Pocket, about his Neck, he got into a Tree, and ſo intangled himſelf among the Boughs, as if he had been really hanging. When the two Drovers came up to the Place, and ſaw this lamentable Spectacle, they were in no ſmall Admiration, and wonder'd why the Man ſhould hang himſelf; one ſuppoſing it might be for Love, and the other imagining he might lay violent Hands on himſelf,

himself for Grief at great Losses and Crosses in the World; but the former made the truest Guess at the Cause of his seeming Disaster; for indeed he did hang himself for Love, but it was for the Love of their Oxen; as you shall hear by the sequel of the Story: For after they had done gazing at him, and proceeded on their Journey, *Arthur Chambers* came down from the Tree, and making the best of his way in the Foot-Path over the Meadows, he got before them about half a Mile, and put himself in the same hanging Posture in another Tree, to which when the Drovers were come, they were in a greater Admiration than before, especially one of 'em, who swore it was, the same Man whom they saw last hang'd; but the other alledg'd, That tho' his Cloaths were like t'ther Man's, yet 'twere impossible for the same Man to be hang'd in both Places: whereupon a strong Controversy arising betwixt 'em about the Matter, and a Wager of a Shilling laid about being the same and not the same Man, they went both back again to the former place for decision of their earnest Dispute; And,

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

This notable Thief being once at *Briſtol*, and in great want of Money, he hir'd himſelf as a Clicker to a great Shoemaker, tho' he knew nothing of the Trade, but to hide that Defect, he made his Bargain not to enter upon actual Buſineſs till that Day ſeven-night; however he had conſtant at the Shop a Days, with his Apron before him, that he might be known by other Shoemakers that he was one of the Gentle-Craft belonging to that Houſe, and ſo on the Day that he was to begin to act the Part of a Cordwainer, he goes to ſeveral Shoemakers Shops in Town, and telling them at every Place, that a Gentleman being at his Maſter's Shop who wanted a pair of Boots of the Eighth Size, his Maſter having none of that Size by him, deſired them to ſend him one to try on; thus none miſtruſting the Meſſenger, as thinking that a Man could not be ſerv'd with one Boot alone, all to whom *Arthur* went,

went, lent his Maſter a Boot, which he put, as he got, at a certain Houſe where he was acquainted, and having got about Forty Boots of the ſame Size and Laſt, he privately found out a Chapman that took 'em all off of his Hands. But after three or four Hours the odd Boots being not return'd, the Owners thereof went to *Arthur*'s Maſter for them, who knew nothing of the Matter; which made them raiſe ſuch a Hurricane about his Ears, that poor *Criſpin* thought *Billingſgate* a quieter Place than his Shop: However, as he was ignorant thereof they were all oblig'd to ſit down by the Loſs of their odd Boots, and go home, for fear Mr. *Chambers* ſhould go and fetch the others for Fellows to his.

One time *Arthur Chambers* being at an Alehouſe with ſome of his Comrades in the *Hay-Market*, and ſomewhat Peckiſh, that is, Hungry, he borrow'd a blew Apron there, and going to an adjacent Bakehouſe, he got a good Pudding with a Leg of Mutton in it, for a Penny, and brought it to his Aſſociates, who were very merry over

over it. But ſhortly after, the Woman that own'd it going to the Bakehouſe to fetch it home, and finding it was loſt, ſhe read the Baker ſuch a Juniper Lecture, that he really wiſht his Ears (as they ought to have been) both off; and was forc'd to appeaſe her Eternal Clack by paying for her Loſs.

Mr. *Chambers* being once in the Country, and ſeeing a Gentleman at ſome Diſtance riding along, he bethought himſelf of a Leather Purſe which he had in his Pocket, and filling it full of Stones, he threw it into the Track which the Gentleman muſt keep, and planted himſelf behind a Hedge. Afterwards, when the Gentleman came up to the Place, and happen'd to ſee the Purſe lie before him, he alights, and as he ſtoop'd to take up the Purſe, in which he ſuppos'd there was a good Sum of Money, by its Bulk, *Arthur Chambers* jumpt nimbly out of the Hedge upon the Gentleman, and knockt him down with a great Stick; then ſtrait Mounting his Horſe, he rid up to *London*, where he ſold it for Ten Pounds.

One

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

and

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

There being an Old, Rich, Covetous Gentleman, who had much Money by him, thro' marrying a Young Gentlewoman who was a great Fortune, and his Houſe ſtanding alone a-

bove

bove a Mile from the Town of *Huntington*, Mr. *Chambers* and his Comrades had often made an Attempt to rob it, but were as often fruſtrated in their Deſign, which made the Gentleman keep ſeveral Fire-Arms in his Bed-Chamber. However, *Arthur Chambers* being very loath to let this Houſe eſcape his Rifling, he gets together a great many Rags, and an old Coat, Waſtecoat, and Breeches, with other Materials, as Shoes, Hat, Stockings, and Periwig, which he maid up much like ſuch a Figure, which was wont to be hung up for a Show on St. *Tuſſy's* Day; and one Night going to the Gentleman's Houſe and ſetting a Ladder againſt the Window of his Bed-Chamber, he aſcends with this Scare-crow ſupported before him: but the Gentleman hearing ſome ſmall Noiſe, and ſtanding by one ſide of the Window, with a Blunderbus ready cock't, as ſoon as this diſmal Figure appear'd againſt the Window, which he perceiv'd by the glimmering of the Moon, he inſtantly diſcharged the Piece, and down dropt the ſuppoſed Man on the Ground. Then *Arthur Chambers* deſcending

ſcending and hiding himſelf, whilſt the Gentleman was telling his Lady how he had kill'd the Rogue, at length, having dreſt himſelf in his Breeches, Night-Gown, and Slippers, he came out with a Cord, which tying about the Neck of this kill'd Thief, as he thought, he dragg'd him over his Grounds with a Pick-Ax and Spade faſten'd alſo to him, to dig a Hole to hide him, for near a quarter of a Mile off, to bury him, rather than be at the Charge of Interring him otherwiſe. In the mean while *Arthur Chambers* aſcended the Ladder again, for the Gentleman had lockt the Door after him, and nimbly undreſſing himſelf, went to Bed to his Lady, who, tho' handſome, was none of the wiſeſt, and perform'd her Husband's Duty; then, in a ſoft Voice, ſaying to her, *Perhaps this Rogue's Ghoſt may walk out of Spite, and come and rob us ſtill, pray, my Dear, give me your Diamond Rings, and your Gold Watch by you, into my Cuſtody,* Which ſhe did; and then telling her that he had only laid the Rogue in a Field behind the Houſe, he would riſe again to bury him, for fear he ſhould be brought in-

to

to some Trouble about killing him; so quickly dressing himself; and taking a small Cabinet fill'd with Gold and Jewels, with pretence to hide it in the next Room, he went down with it, into the Yard, where his Comrades were standing Centry for him, and march'd clear off. They had not been gon long but the Gentleman return'd home, and whipt into Bed, so very cold, that his Lady cry'd, *My Dear, you are much colder than when you came to Bed just now, alas! what made you rise again?* Quoth the Gentleman, *You are in a Dream, Love, I have not been in Bed since I first went out, which is above an Hour ago. Truly* (reply'd the Lady) *it is not much above a quarter of an Hour that you was in Bed, and had my Diamond Rings and Gold Watch of me, for fear the Rogue's Ghost should Walk in Spite, and come and Rob us still; by the same Token too, you gave me that due Benevolence which we Married Women require, better than ever I had it of you yet.* Quoth the Old Gentleman then, in a great Passion, *Is the Woman mad? Or in a Dream? What Diamond Rings, what Gold Watch, what Benevolence do you talk of? I had no Dia-*

mond

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

At length *Jack Hall*, the Chimney-Sweeper being apprehended for a Fact of which he was guilty, to ſpin the Thread of his Life a little longer, he made

made himself an Evidence against *Chambers*, and Calling him on his Information, he was Executed at *Tyburn* in the Year 1706, with two other notorious Offenders, *Dick Moris* and *Jack Goodwin*. Thus fell this great Villain, who had reign'd many Years in his Roguery, tho' he died but in the twenty eighth Year of his Age; and after he had led a most lewd Life for many Years, with one *Moll Pines* a most notorious Shop-lift, who hath been Condemn'd for her Life; but now lives with one *Yeoman* a Thief, who lately receiv'd the Benefit of Her Majesty's Pardon, for his irregular Courses.

MOLL RABY.

THis second *German* Princess being one of St. *Giles's* Breed, who is better to hang than to feed, her Talent originally lay in bilking Lodgings, at which she was as dexterous as ever Mad *Ogle* was in bilking Hackney Coaches.

Coaches. Her first Exploit in this kind, was at a House in *Great-Russel-Street* by *Bloomsbury-Square*; where passing for a great Fortune, who was oblig'd to leave the Country by reason of the important troublesomness of a great many Suitors, she was courteously entertain'd with all the Civility immaginable; but this seeming honest Creature, who was a Saint without, but a Devil within, had not been there above a Fortnight, making a very good Appearance as to her Habit, (for to be sure she had a Talley-Man in every quarter of the Town) and understanding that all the Family was to take their Pleasure, as to Morrow, at *Richmond*, when they were all gone, excepting the Maid, she desired her to call a Porter, and gave him a sham Bill drawn on a Banker in *Lombard-street* for One hundred and fifty Pounds, which she desir'd might be all in Gold; but fearing such a quantity of Money might be a Temptation to make the Porter dishonest, she privately requested the Maid to go along with him, and she, in the mean time, would take care of the House; the poor Maid, think-

thinking no harm, went with the Porter to *Lombard-Street*, where they were ſtopt for a couple of Cheats; but they alledging their Innocency, and proving from whence they came, a Meſſenger was ſent home with 'em, who found it to be a Trick put upon the Servant to rob the Houſe, for before ſhe came back, *Moll Raby* was gone off with above Eighty Pounds in Money, One Hundred and Sixty Pounds worth of Plate, and ſeveral other things of a conſiderable Value.

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

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

After the Death of her Husband, *Moll* turn'd arrant Thief, and in the first Exploit she went then upon, she had like to come scurvily off, for going upon the *Night-Sneak*, she found a Door half open, in *Downing-Street* at *Westminster*, where stealing softly up Stairs into a great Bed-Chamber, and hiding herself under the Bed, she had not been there above an Hour, before a couple of Footmen brought Candles into the Room, and made a Fire, whilst the Maid, with great Diligence, was laying the Cloath for Supper. The Table being furnisht with two or three Dishes of Meat, five or six Persons sat down, besides the Children that were in the House; which so affrighted *Moll*, that she verily thought, that if their Voices and the Noise of the Children had not hinder'd them, they might have heard her very Joints smite one against another, and the Teeth chatter in her Head. Moreover there being

ing a little Spaniel running about to gnaw the Bones that fell from the Table, and one of the Children having thrown him a Bone, a Cat that watch'd under the Table, being more nimble, catch'd it, and ran with it under the Bed, where *Moll* lay *incognito*; the Dog ſnarling and ſtriving to take the Bone from her, the Cat ſo well us'd her Claws, to defend her Prize, that having given the *Ruffer*, that is their canting Name for a Dog, two or three Scratches on the Noſe, there began ſo great a Skirmiſh betwixt 'em, that, to allay the Hurly-burly, one of the Servants took a Fire ſhovel out of the Chimny, and flung it ſo furiouſly under the Bed, that it gave her a Blow on the Noſe and Forehead, that ſtun'd her for near half an Hour; the Cat ruſh'd out as quick as Lightning, but the Dog ſtay'd behind, barking and grinning with ſuch Fury, that neither her Fawning nor Threatning could quiet him, till one of the Servants flung a Fire-fork at him, which chas'd him from under the Bed, but gave her another unlucky Blow croſs the Jaws. At length Supper was ended, but the

Dog

Dog ſtill growling in the Room, the Fear of his betraying her rais'd ſuch a ſudden Looſeneſs in her, that ſhe could by no means avoid diſcharging herſelf, which made ſuch a great ſtink that it offended the People, who ſuppoſing it to be the Dog, they turn'd him out, and not long after they all withdrew themſelves; when *Moll* coming from under the Bed, ſhe wrapt the Sheets up in the Quilt, and ſneaking down Stairs, ſhe made off the Ground as faſt as ſhe could.

Another time *Moll Raby* being drinking at an Alehouſe in *Wapping*, ſhe obſerv'd the Woman of the Houſe, who was ſleeping by the Fire-ſide, to have a good Pearl Necklace about her Neck, at which her Mouth ſadly water'd; ſo having drank a Pot of Drink with a Conſort which ſhe had alſo in her Company, ſhe ſent the Maid down in the Cellar to fill the Pot again, and in the mean time cut off the Necklace with a pair of Sciſſars, and taking the Pearls off the String, ſwallow'd them. But before they had made an end of that Pot of Drink, the Woman awaking

king, she miss'd her Necklace, for which she made a great Outcry, and charged *Moll* and her Comrade with it; they stood upon their Innocency, and going into a private Room stript themselves, but nothing being found upon 'em, the Woman thought her Accusation might be false, and so was forc'd to lose it.

This *Mary Raby*, alias *Rogers*, alias *Jackson*, alias *Brown*, was Condemn'd for a Burglary committed in the House of the Lady *Cavendish* in *Soho-Square*, the 3d of *March* 170$\frac{2}{3}$, upon the Information of two Villains, namely, *Arthur Chambers* and *Joseph Hatfield*, who made themselves Evidences against her. At the Place of Execution at *Tyburn*, on *Wednesday* the 3d of *November* 1703, she said she was thirty Years of Age, born in the Parish of St. *Giles*'s in the Fields, that she was well brought up at first, and knew good Things, but did not practice them, having given up herself to all manner of Wickedness and Vice, namely, Whoredom, Adultery, and unjust Doings. But as for the Fact she stood Condem-

ſied for, ſhe only own'd ſo much, and no more of it, than this, That ſome part of the Goods ſtoll'n out of that Lady's Houſe, being brought to hers, in the *Spring-Garden*, where ſhe then liv'd, ſhe underſtood, the next Day after the Robbery was committed, and not before, whoſe Goods they were. She farther ſaid, That ſhe had a Husband, ſhe thought, in *Ireland*, if ſtill alive, but ſhe was not certain of it, becauſe it was now ſix Years ſince he left her. However ſhe was very ſorry ſhe had defiled his Bed, and deſired him to forgive her that Injury. She begg'd alſo Pardon of all the World in general, for the Scandalous, Impious, and Wicked Life ſhe had led. And ſhe pray'd, That all wicked Perſons, eſpecially thoſe ſhe had been concern'd with, would take Warning by her, and might have Grace ſo to reform and amend their Lives betimes, that they might not be overtaken in their Sins. Before ſhe was turn'd off, being again preſs'd to ſpeak the whole, in relation to the Fact ſhe was now to die for, ſhe perſiſted in what ſhe had ſaid before about it: But ſtill own'd that

ſhe

she had been a very great Sinner indeed, as being one that was guilty of Sabbath-breaking, Swearing, Drinking, Lewdness, Buying, Receiving, and Disposing of Stoll'n Goods, and harbouring of Ill People.

Dick Morris, *a Housebreaker.*

ONE time *Dick Morris* drinking at an Inn in *Winchester*, and overhearing a couple of Gentlemen declaring their Misfortunes in loving two Gentlewomen, by whom they were utterly slighted, he putting on a bold Face, which he always had, forc'd himself into their Company, which was not unacceptable to them, by reason he pretended, that they should obtain their Sweethearts thro' his Means; for having liv'd with an Astrologer, who was also a great Magician, he had learnt of him many Secrets in matters of Love, which were so infallible, that if the Ladies Hearts whom they lov'd, were harder than an *Adamant*, yet would he make them softer than Wax: But then they must help him to some of the

Hairs of the Parties beloved, with which, and some Ceremonies that he would perform, he would engage both the Gentlewomens Hearts should be put in such a Flame, that they should never rest, Day nor Night, till they granted them their Desire. This News pleas'd the Gentlemen to that degree, that between them, they kept *Dick Morris* very splendidly, both at Bed and Board, and also Money in his Pocket, till he perform'd his Promise, which was to be within a Week, when the Moon was just encreasing, as the most proper time for his Undertaking. Next, according to *Dick*'s Orders, the two Gentlemen bought a new Sack, a small Cord, another Hempen one bigger, and four Ells long, a New Knife, a Chain and a Brush, which were deliver'd into his Custody; and they thought every Minute an Age, till the time of Conjuration came: But long lookt for being come at last, and the Night approach'd wherein the Gentlemen were to be made for ever Happy, they were dress't, according to *Dick*'s Directions, in their richest Apparel, giving each of them a Lock of their scornful Lo-

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vers Hair into his Hands, *With which* (quoth our Conjurer) *I will ſubdue your Miſtreſſes, for were their Hearts more frozen than the* Alps, *I will turn them into Mountains of Fire, hotter than thoſe of* Veſuvius, *or ever burning* Ætna. Then all three taking Horſe, they rid about two Miles out of *Wincheſter*, and alighting at the place where this Magical Tryal was to be put in Execution, and tying their Horſes to a Tree, *Dick* making ſtrange ſowre Faces, which lookt as crabbed as the Letters of the *Arabick* Alphabet, he drew a Circle on the Ground, in which muttering many cramp Words, and turning himſelf in ſtrange Poſtures, ſometimes towards the *Eaſt*, and ſometimes towards the *Weſt*, withal uſing moſt ſurprizing Ceremonies with his Hands and Feet, he made the Gentlemen no leſs aſtoniſh'd than fearful. After this, *Dick* began with the firſt Spark, making him to ſtrip himſelf, and at the ſame time teaching him to ſay certain inſignificant Words in pulling off each parcel of his Cloaths; which he pronounced ſo exactly, that he loſt not one Syllable, as believing that if he had miſs'd in one jot, he ſhould have ſpoil'd

all the Buſineſs. With this Ceremony *Dick* ſtript him to his Shirt, and tho' it was in the depth of Winter, yet he order'd him to pull off that alſo; then giving the Gentleman a Knife into his Hand, he commanded him to make ſome Stabs towards the four Quarters of the World, and to go into the Sack; which he did as quiet as a Lamb. Thus having done with him, after he had ty'd the Mouth of the Sack faſt, and bid him not to ſtir Hand nor Foot for half an Hour, for then the Inchantment would be at an end, nor to ſpeak a Word, for if he did, he would be in *Barbary* in the twinkling of an Eye; he then addreſs'd himſelf to the other Gentleman, who, in a great Chafe, ſaid to *Dick*, *I'll be hang'd if thou haſt not forgot ſomething of my Buſineſs, for here I ſee neither Sack nor Knife for me, as for my Friend.* Whereupon *Dick* told him, there was no need of a Sack for his Matters, becauſe his magical Operations were made ſtronger or weaker, according to the greater or leſſer Cruelty that Gentlewomen have; and underſtanding his Friend's Miſtreſs was the moſt diſdainful of their two Sweethearts, he made

the

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

ſuſpected this Ceremony to be rather the Fact of a Robber than a Magician: however, as ſecuring his Hands was enough for his Purpoſe. he took all their Cloaths and Three Horſes, and was in *London* before break of Day. In the mean time the Flames of *Cupid* which raged in theſe Gentlemens Breaſts, were pretty well allay'd by next Morning, for when they were releas'd from their Enchantments by ſome Paſſengers that happen'd to paſs that way, they were almoſt periſh'd with Cold; but when they got home, they ſwore the Poets had a very good reaſon to feign Love Blind, becauſe if they had not been ſo, they ſhould have perceiv'd all the pretended Magician's Promiſes to be nothing but Wind, and that the means which he propounded to them for obtaining their Sweethearts Favours, was only to obtain for himſelf their Cloaths and Equipage.

Another time *Dick Morris* being at *Northampton*, within half a Mile of which Place was a Meeting Houſe, and not above a quarter of a Mile farther dwelt a rich *Presbyterian* Parſon, who was a ſingle Man, he had once or twice attempted

tempted to rob him, but prov'd unſucceſsful in his Deſign. However, *Dick* thinking he could not go to *London* with a ſafe Conſcience, unleſs he could outwit this Diſſenting Preacher, he procures a Wagoner's old Linen Frock, and dawbing it thick with Paſte, he goes on a *Saturday*, to the Meeting-Houſe, and had the Opportunity of getting *incognito* into the Pulpit, whilſt an old Woman was cleaning it againſt *Sunday*; then putting on the Frock, ſtuck full of Card Matches, he ſet 'em all on Fire by the help of a Tinder-box which he had in his Pocket; then ſtanding upright, quoth *Dick*, *Woman, Woman, hearken to my Voice.* The old Woman ſeeing this blazing Spectacle, was running out in a great Fright; but that *Dick* calling after her and ſaying, *Woman, unleſs thou comeſt back and hearken to my Voice, thou ſhalt preſently periſh*, ſhe return'd, and, in a trembling Condition, gave great Attention to *Dick*'s Words, who bid her not to be fearful, for he was an Angel come to order her to go forthwith to the Parſon of that Meeting-Houſe, and tell him, that he was come to require his

Soul of him that very Day, therefore he must bring all his Money and Plate along with him, but to be sure must not come with a Lye in his Mouth, for if he did, it would be the worser for him. The poor old Woman dropping a Low-Church Curtesy to this dark Angel, she went with all Speed to the *Presbyterian* Parson's House, and told him all that had happen'd in the Meeting-House; but to be certain that the old Woman deliver'd her Message, *Dick* having laid aside his flaming Garment, he follow'd at a distance, and softly stepping into the House after her, he heard the Parson, fetching a great Sigh, say to his Maid, who was with Child by him, *Well, my Dear, my appointed time is come, I find; so taking what Money and Plate I have along with me, I must bid you farewel for ever in this World.* Quoth the Maid, *I hope, Sir, you will not leave me in this Condition, you know my Reckoning is almost out, and that I have nothing to keep me in my Lying-in. That's true,* (reply'd the Parson) *and I pity you with all my Heart; however, there's Ten Pounds in that Silver Tankard, go take it, for perhaps the Angel mayn't know of that.* Then the

the Parſon tying his Riches up in a Napkin, and putting it under his Cloak, he made the beſt of his way to the Meeting-Houſe, where *Dick* was got before him, in his former fiery Poſture; which the Parſon beholding with great Aſtoniſhment, he made his Obeiſance to him; and the ſuppoſed Angel telling him he was come to fetch him into another World that Night, he ask'd, Whether he had brought all his Money and Plate along with him? The Parſon, in a very faint Voice, anſwer'd, *Yes.* Quoth *Dick* then, *Where's the Ten Pounds that was in the Silver Tankard?* *Ah!* (reply'd the Parſon, trembling) *I ſee now thou art an Angel, for thou knoweſt the Secrets of Mens Hearts.* So telling *Dick* he would go and fetch it, he ran ſtrait home to his Maid, ſaying to her, *Oh!* Hannah, Hannah, *you muſt let me have the Ten Pounds again, for the Angel knew I had not brought all my Money.* The Maid reſtor'd it him, for fear it ſhould be a hindrance to his Salvation; and bringing it to *Dick*, put it with the reſt of the Money and Plate into a Bag, and then opening a great Sack, quoth *Dick*, *Come into this, and if you meet with any*

Diffi-

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

again, but above Six-ſcore Pounds worſer in his Pocket than when he left her.

In fine, *Rich. Morris* had been a moſt notorious Offender, and one Day going to *Canterbury*, within a Mile of the City, he accidentally lit into an old Woman's Houſe, to refreſh himſelf with a piece of Bread and Cheeſe and a Pint of Ale, and looking very dejected, the old Woman took notice thereof, and asked him the cauſe of his ſad Countenance; ſo ſhaking his Head, he told her, that Money was very ſhort with him, and that he ſhould be very glad if ſhe could help him to any Work, he being a Stocking-Weaver by Trade. The old Woman Taking Compaſſion on him, helpt him to a Maſter in *Canterbury*, where he had about five Months Work, at eleven Shillings *per* Week, leaving, all that while, his Wages in his Maſter's Hands, becauſe he would receive it all in a Lump, and then would pay the old Woman together, who all that time found him in Meat, Drink, Waſhing and Lodging. At length, when the heat of Buſineſs was over,

Dick

Dick Morris was paid off, and going ſtrait home to his Landlady, he told her, with a great deal of Joy, that he had receiv'd all his Money, and the firſt thing he did in the Morning, ſhould be to pay her what he ow'd her, to a Farthing. *Ay, ay,* (quoth the old Woman) *I don't queſtion thy honeſty,* Richard. So bidding the old Woman good Night, *Dick* went to Bed, and early in the Morning he comes down Stairs in a great *Diſabilee,* as his Coat and Waſtecoat unbutton'd, and having no Garters, Wig, nor Neckcloth on, for he had them in his Pockets, then ſaying, *Come, Landlady, let's do nothing raſhly, we'll have a Full Pot of humming Ale before we reckon, and a Toaſt.* The old Woman, no doubt, was well pleas'd at this, and going into the Cellar to draw the Drink, *Dick* ſtept ſoftly to the Door, on the outſide of which was a Bolt, and bolted her in, where ſhe was ſquawling and bawling for ſome Hours, before any body came by to let her out of her Confinement.

But *Dick* was got quite off of the Ground; and betwixt *Sittingborn* and *Rocheſter,*

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

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

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

JACK

JACK GOODWIN, *a House-breaker.*

WHen Silver Tankards were more in vogue in the Alehouſes than they are at this preſent, this *Jack Goodwin* going into one to Drink, he call'd for a Tankard of Ale, which being brought, he drank it off, and having cut out the bottom of it, paid the Victualler for his Liquor, who ſeeing the Tankard on the Table, had no ſuſpicion that any Damage had been done it. But ſhortly after ſome other Company coming in, and the Tapſter running into the Cellar to fill 'em that Tankard, which Mr. *Goodwin* had been fingering, the Fellow wonder'd to ſee the Cock run and the Tankard never the fuller, whereupon turning it up he could find no more Bottom in it, than Mariners can in the Ocean.

Once *Jack Goodwin* being in the Country as far as *Durham*, and deſtitute of Money, he happen'd to meet with another Idle Companion, with whom he

he made a Bargain to beg their way up to *London*; and in order to excite People's Pity the more, his new Companion was to act the part of a Blind Man, and he was to be his Guide, instead of a Dog and a Bell. So getting a pennyworth of Searing Wax, with which Taylors sear the Edges of Silks and slight Stuffs, *Jack Goodwin* mollifying it over a Candle, he dawb'd his Comrade's Eye-lids therewith, insomuch that he could not open them: Then proceeding on their Journey, they had by their cruising or begging thro' the Countries, pickt up about the Sum of Four Pounds sixteen Shillings, by that time they had got up to *Ware*: Next making the best of their way up to *London*, within Ten or Eleven Miles of the same, being to cross a small Brook over a narrow wooden Bridge, with a Rail but on one side of it, for the Conveniency of Foot-Passengers, when they were upon it, *Jack Goodwin* threw his Blind Comrade into the Water, where he stood up to the Neck, but moving neither one way nor t'other, for fear of drowning. In the mean time his Guide went strait to *London*,

and

and afterwards ſome Paſſengers coming by, who took Pity on the Fellow, as ſuppoſing him to be really blind, they helpt him out of the Brook, and ſetting him on *Terra firma*, he preſently, by their Directions, arriv'd at a Houſe, where getting ſome warm Water, he waſht his Eye-lids; which being then open'd, he marcht after his Fellow-Traveller to *London*, where he might hunt about long enough before he found him out, for *Jack* was got into ſome ill Houſe or another, where he was as ſafe as a Thief in a Mill.

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

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

This *John Goodwin*, alias *Plamp*, was Condemn'd when he was but Eleven Years old, for picking a Merchant's Pocket of One hundred and fifty Guineas; next committing a Burglary in Company with another when he was but Eighteen Years of Age, he was apprehended and carry'd before Sir *Thomas Stamp*, Knight and Alderman of *London*, where, after he was examin'd, being search'd, several Cords were found in his Pocket, upon which his Worship asking *Goodwin* what Trade he was? he reply'd, *A Taylor*. Then Sir *Thomas* taking up the Cords, and looking very wistfully on them, quoth he, *You use, methinks, very big Thread. Yes Sir* (said *Goodwin*) *for it is generally coarse Work which I'm employ'd about.* Next, searching his Comrade, *Henry Williams*, a Pistol was found loaded

loaded in his Bosom, upon which Sir *Thomas* asking what Trade he was, he reply'd, a Taylor too, *What, both Taylors?* (said his Worship) *and pray what Implement is this belonging to your Trade?* Quoth *Williams, That Pistol, Sir, is my Needle Case.* But for their Impudence Sir *Thomas* made their *Mittimus* for *Newgate*, and being Try'd at *Justice-Hall* in the *Old Baily*, the Sessions following, they were both Condemn'd to Die, but receiv'd Mercy once more, that is to say, the former of these Criminals, for the other had not receiv'd Mercy before.

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

MOLL

MOLL HAWKINS, *a Shoplift.*

THis unfortunate Creature permitting her Inclination to introduce her very early into all sorts of Vanity, and to give Sense the Preheminence above Reason, her Wits were always put on the Rack of Invention, to support her in Actions which ever tended to meer Debauchery; for the greatest Darkness that ever muffled up our Hemisphere in Obscurity, could not exceed the Blackness of her Soul, which had been dead and rotten in Trespasses and Sin, long before she made her *Exit* on the Triple-Tree. Adultery and Fornication were her common Recreations, as well as Shop-lifting, for which last Crime, altho' she had seen many of her Acquaintance Monthly made Examples, yet would she not forbear nor desist from such Irregular and Life-destroying Courses, till it had brought her to the like miserable Catastrophe. But before *Moll Hawkins* projected Shop-

lifting,

lifting, she went upon the *Question-Lay*, which is putting herself into a good handsome Dress, like some Exchange Girl, then she takes an empty Band-box in her Hand, and passing for a Milliner's or Sempstress's 'Prentice, she goes early to a Person of Quality's House, and knocking at the Door, she asks the Servant if the Lady is stirring yet; for if she was, she had brought home, according to order, the Suit of Knots, (or what else the Devil puts in her Head) which Her Ladyship had bespoke over Night; then the Servant going up Stairs to acquaint the Lady of this Message, she in the mean time robs the House, and goes away without an Answer. Thus she one Day serv'd the Lady *Arabella Holland*, living in *Soho-Square*, when the Maid going up Stairs to acquaint her Ladyship that a Gentlewoman waited below with some Gloves and Fans, *Moll Hawkins* then took the Opportunity of carrying away above fifty Pounds worth of Plate, which stood on a Side-Board in the Parlor, to be clean'd against Dinner-time.

Moll

Moll Hawkins, otherwise call'd *Fudge*, from her living with a Fellow of that Name, who was a moſt notorious Pick-pocket, was Condemn'd on the 3d of *March*, 170$\frac{2}{3}$. for privately ſtealing Goods out of the Shop of Mrs. *Hobday* in *Pater-noſter-row*. She having been repriev'd for nine Months, upon the account of her being then found to be with quick Child, tho' ſhe was not, ſhe was now call'd down to her former Judgment. When ſhe came to the Place of Execution at *Tyburn*, on *Wedneſday* the 22d of *December* 1703, She ſaid ſhe was about twenty-ſix Years of Age, born in the Pariſh of St. *Giles's* in the Fields; that ſhe ſerv'd three Years Apprenticeſhip to a Button-Maker in *Maiden-Lane*, by *Covent-Garden*, and follow'd that Employment for ſome Years after; but withal gave way to thoſe ill Practices which ſhe now finds to be the Cauſe of her ſhameful Death.

TOM

TOM SHARP, *Murderer and Houſe-Breaker.*

HE was not only *Sharp* by Name, but alſo ſharp by Nature, as appears once by dreſſing himſelf in an old Suit of black Clothes, and an old tatter'd canonical Gown, then going to an eminent Tavern in the City, where at that Time was kept a great Feaſt of the Clergy-men, he humbly beg'd one of the Drawers to acquaint ſome of the Miniſters above Stairs, that a poor Scholar was waiting below, who crav'd their Charity; accordingly the Drawer acquainted one of the Divines there was a poor Scholar below in a Parſon's Habit; who going down, and commiſerating his ſeeming Poverty, he introduc'd him into the Company of all the Clergy-men, who made him eat and drink very plentifully, and gather'd him betwixt four and five Pounds, which he thankfully put into his Pocket; then one of the Divines asking him at what Univerſity he was bred? *Tom Sharp* told them, he was never bred

at any. *Can you ſpeak* Greek? the Divine ask'd again. No, reply'd *Tom*. *Nor* Latin? the Divine ask'd. No Sir, ſaid *Tom*. *Can you write then*, quoth the Divine? *No, nor read neither*, reply'd *Tom*. At which, they fell a Laughing, and ſaid, *He was a poor Scholar indeed*. But *Tom Sharp* bruſh'd off with their charitable Benevolence, as thinking himſelf not fit Company for ſuch learned Sophiſters.

This poor Scholar afterwards, uſing the *Vine* Ale-Houſe at *Charing-Croſs*, which was then kept by a rich old Man, who knew not that he was a Thief, he brought ſeveral of his Gang there once a Week, to keep a ſort of a Club up one Pair of Stairs, with a Deſign to rob the Victualler; and accordingly, they had ſeveral Times ſtruck all the Doors above Stairs with a *Dub*, that is, a Pick-lock, but could never light of his *Mammon*; whereupon, one Night, *Tom Sharp* puts the Candle to the old rotten Hangings that were in the Club-Room, and ſetting them in a Blaze, he and his Company cry'd out *Fire*. The Alarm brings up the old

old Man in a Trice, who in a great Fright ran up to ſecure his Money; *Tom* runs ſoftly after him at a diſtance, to eſpy where his Hoard was, and in the mean Time, his Aſſociates, with two or three Pails of Water, having quench'd the Flame, which had done no great Damage, the old Man, at the News, return'd down with a great deal of Joy, leaving his Money where it was before. Then, the Night following, *Tom* and two of his Companions having a great Supper there, with each their Laſs, they took the Opportunity of taking away 500 Pounds in Money; which, when the old *Cove*, that's the old Man, miſs'd, he was ready to hang himſelf in his own Garters.

His chiefeſt Dexterity lay in robbing Waggons, which, in their canting Language they call *Tumblers*; and to this End, they who follow this ſort of Thieving, do generally wait in a dark Morning, in the Roads betwixt *London* and *Bow*, *Black heath*, *Newington*, *Iſlington*, *Highgate*, *Kenſington Gravel-Pits*, or *Knights-Bridge*, and going in at the

Tail of a Waggon, they take out Packs of Linnen or Woollen Cloth, Boxes, Trunks, or other Goods. But one Time above the reſt, *Tom Sharp* and his Accomplices following a Waggon along *Tyburn* Road to St. *Giles's* Pound, they had no Conveniency at all of entring it, by Reaſon a Man drove the Team before, and the Maſter and his Son, a Lad about 13 Years of Age, rid behind on one Horſe; ſtill they follow'd the Waggon 'till it came juſt under *Newgate*, when *Tom Sharp*, who was a luſty hale Fellow, ſnatching the Boy off the Horſe, he ran down the *Old-Baily* with him under his Arms, at which the Father cry'd out to his Man to ſtop the Waggon, for a Rogue had ſtollen away his Son; ſo whilſt he rid after *Tom Sharp*, the Man runs after his Maſter, and in the mean Time, one of *Tom's* Camrades ſlipt two Pieces of Woollen Cloth out of the Waggon; however, the Man got his Son again, for *Tom* drop'd him at the Seſſions-Houſe Gate.

Under this ſort of Thieving, is alſo comprehended the robbing of Coaches

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in the Night-time in *London*, by cutting Trunks and Boxes which are ty'd sometimes behind them; and also the *Chiving* Bags or Port-mantles from behind Horses, that's cutting them off; for *Chive*, among Thieves, signifies a Knife: And one Night *Tom Sharp*, and another like himself, following a Man on Horse-back quite from *Charing-Cross* beyond the *Royal-Exchange*, they had no Opportunity of getting his Port-mantle, because he held one Hand on it all the Way; but coming just under *Aldgate*, acute Mr. *Sharp* took the Man a grievous Rap over the Knuckles, crying out at the same Time, *What a Pox, will you ride over People?* So whilst the Fellow clapt 'em to his Mouth to suck for Ease, *Tom*'s Camrade cut off the Port-mantle, in which was good Linnen, and other Things of Value, which pretty well made amends for the long Fatigue they had after him and his *Prancer*, as they call a Horse.

This *Thowas Sharp* had been an old Offender long before the committing the Murder for which he suffer'd Death;

and had been 18 Times in *Newgate*, which diſmal Priſon is enough to deter all Men from doing an ill Thing, if they would but conſider, that it is a Place of Calamity, a Dwelling in more than *Cimmerian* Darkneſs, an Habitation of Miſery, a confus'd *Chaos*, without any Diſtinction, a bottomleſs Pit of Violence, and a Tower of *Babel*, where all are Speakers, and no Hearers. There is mingling the Noble with the Ignoble, the Rich with the Poor, the Wiſe with the Ignorant, and Debtors with the worſt of Maleſactors. It is the Grave of Gentility, the Baniſhment of Courteſy, the Poyſon of Honour, the Center of Infamy, the Quinteſſence of Diſparagement, the Confuſion of Wit, the Snare of Pretences, the Paradiſe of Couſenage, the Hell of Tribulation, the Cloud of Truth, the Treaſure of Deſpair, the Refuge of Vengeance, and Den of Foxes. There, he that Yeſterday was great, to Day is mean; he that was well fed abroad, there ſtarves; he that was richly clad, is ſtark naked; he that commanded, obeys; and he that lay in a good Bed, is forc'd to reſt himſelf on the bare Boards,

Boards, or cold Stones. There Civility is metamorphos'd into Insolence, Courage into Subtilty, Flattery into Eloquence, Lies into Truth, Modesty into Boldness, Knowledge into Ignorance, and Order into Confusion: There one weeps, whilst another sings; one prays, whilst another swears; one sleeps, whilst another walks; one goes out, another comes in; one is condemn'd, another absolv'd; one demands, another pays; and in fine, one shall hardly find two Persons of one Mind and Exercise. There Hunger is their Appetite; their Times of Meals, always when they get any Thing to eat; their Table the Floor; their Sauce, the filthy Stinks of their Wards; and their Musick, nothing but snoring, sneezing and belching. The Hangings of their Chambers are ever in Mourning, adorn'd with large Borders of Cobwebs; their Seats the Ground; and they live Apostolically, that is, without Scrip, without Staff, and without Shoes. Many of their Collars are edg'd with a piece of peeping Linen, to represent Neck-cloths, but indeed it is only the for-

lorn Reliques of their Shirts crawling out at their Necks; and ſome of the Priſoners have their appointed Hours, wherein they fight with their Bodily Enemies, and evermore obtain the Victory, by continually bearing in Triumph the Blood of the Vermin they deſtroy on their Nails.

He was, indeed, a very great Gameſter, eſpecially at *Dice*, and to cheat all with whom he play'd, he never was without his *High-fullums*, which ſeldom run any other Chance than four, five, and ſix; and his *Low-fullums*, which run but one, two, and three: But this Courſe of Life being not poſſible to ſupport him in his Extravagancy, he committed thoſe Irregularities which had often brought him, by Vertue of a *Mittimus*, to *Newgate*, where Priſoners live very miſerable, for Sighs are their chief Air, Coldneſs their Comfort, Deſpair their Food, ratling of Chains their Muſick, the Deſtruction of Vermin their Recreation, and Death and Damnation their ſole Expectation; whilſt a Turn-key, with the grim Aſpect of his Countenance, makes them tremble

tremble with fear of a new Martyrdom; tho' the insulting Rascal, in the Height of his Pride, need not screw his ill-favour'd Face to a Frown, because he knows not how to look otherwise; which so dejects the Spirits of those poor impriſon'd Slaves, who fear him, that the Condition of their Looks, seems to implore his Smiles; whose flinty Heart having renounc'd any Remorse, casts a Defiance in their sad and pitious Faces. Altho' *Tom Sharp* had as many Names as are Months in the Year, yet, go when he would to *Whittington*'s College, the *Janizaries* of that Nursery for Hell, knew him well enough. He was one that could tell how to live by his Wits, as well as Mr. *Any-Body*; for one Day going into *Godlington*'s Coffee-House, formerly at the Corner of *Parker*'s-*Lane*, in *Drury-Lane*, and sitting down at a common Table, as the Room is to all Commers, a little after came in one of his Camrades, and sate himself down too. *Tom Sharp* at the same Time was looking on a curious Gold Medal, which he had sharp'd somewhere, and one Mr. *Hitchcock*, an Attorney of *New-Inn*, sitting opposite

to him, he desir'd the Favour of looking on't; which being deliver'd to him, and the Gentleman having view'd and commended it for a choice Piece, his Camrade, whom he seem'd not to know there, must needs have a Sight of it too from the Attorney, who thinking no Harm gave it into his Hands; after he had fairly look'd on it a while, he as fairly march'd off with it: *Tom Sharp* saw him, but would not in the least take Notice thereof, as knowing where to find him; and all this while the Gentleman imagin'd nothing but that the right Owner had receiv'd it again. A little while after, *Tom Sharp* demanded courteously his Medal, excusing his Detention thereof upon the account of Forgetfulness. The Gentleman starting, repy'd, *Sir, I thought you had it long since.* He told him, he had it not, and as he deliver'd it unto him, he should require it from no other Person: The Gentleman pish'd at it, and in the Conclusion, bad *Tom* take his Course: And so he did; for having first took Witnesses of the Standers by, he su'd him, and recover'd the Value of the Medal twice over.

Another

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

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

But his Inclination to Wickedneſs, did not ſtop its Career in ſuch Crimes, which could only be puniſh'd with a Fine

Fine and Pillory; but being a Man of an undaunted Mind in acting any ſort of Villany, he was often wont to ſay, That that Man deſerv'd not the Fruition of the leaſt Happineſs here, that would not, rather than go without it, venture his Neck. Thus Sin, if it be dreſs'd up in ſpecious Pretences, may be entertain'd as a Companion; but when it appears in its own Shape, it cannot but ſtrike Horror into the Soul of any, if not really ſtupify'd. And indeed this Fellow was ſtupify'd in his Sins; for to maintain himſelf in an idle Courſe of Life, he would perpetrate any notorious Action; ſo getting into a Gang of Coyners, he learn'd the Art of making *black Dogs*, which are Shillings, or other Pieces of Money made only of Pewter, double waſh'd. What the Profeſſors of this helliſh Art call *George Plateroon*, is all Copper within, with only a thin Plate about it; and what they call *Compoſitum*, is a mix'd Metal, which will both touch and cut, but not endure the fiery Teſt.

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

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

In the Time of this Hurly-burly, *Tom* got clear off; and being afraid of

of apprehending for this Escape, he was oblig'd to lie *Incognito* in a Garret in St. *Andrew's-street*, by the *Seven Dials*, where also dwelling in the same House one *Baynham*, a poor illeterate Taylor, who was lately turn'd an *Astrologer*, and had a mighty great Conceit of his own natural Parts, which were very extraordinary in ordinary Things, they became intimately acquainted one with another; and hearing this Star-Gazer often wish he could speak *Arabick*, for the understanding *Albumazar*, *Messahalah*, *Abdilazus*, *Ulugh Beighi*, and other Authors, who had written on the Art of *Astrology* in that Language, *Tom Sharp* pretended he had that Tongue as perfect as his own, and would teach it him in three Months for 40 Shillings, one half in Hand, and the other when he had perform'd his Bargain. *Baynham* was very glad of this Opportunity, and giving *Tom* 20 Sillings, he was to procure *Erpenius's Arabick* Grammar, which he understood no more than a wild *Indian* did *Welsh* or *Irish*; but in the mean Time he taught his Pupil a deal of canting Words, telling him *Autem* was

Arabick

Arabick for a Church; *Borde*, a Shilling; *Bube*, the *Pox*; *Buffer*, a Dog; *Bellycheat*, an Apron, *Cokir*, a Liar; *Cuffin*, a Man; *Canke*, dumb; *Cannakin*, the Plague; *Deuse-avil*, the Country; *Ferme*, a Hole; *Flag*, a Groat; *Glymmer*, a Fire; *Gar*, a Lip; *Gybe*, a Pass; *Harmanbeck*, a Constable; *Jigger*, a Door; *Kinchin*, a Child; *Libege*, a Bed; *Make*, a Half-penny; *Nab*, a Hat; *Prat*, a Thigh; *Quarron*, a Body; *Ruffin*, the Devil; *Swag*, a Shop; *Slat*, a Half-Crown; *Trine*, the Gallows; *Win*, a Penny; and *Yarum*, was Milk. With this Jargon and mere Gibberish, invented by Villains to shroud their wicked Intentions from the Knowledge of honest People, he deluded the cunning Man, who being an apt Scholar, could in less than Four and twenty Hours, very significantly express himself, and tell the meaning of *Bite the Peter or Roger*, that is, steal the Portmantle or Cloak-bag; *Tip me my Earnest*, that's give me my Part or Share; *Pike on the Leen*, that's, run as fast as you can; *Plant your Whids*, that's, have a care what you say; *Stow your Whids*, that's to be wary; *The Mort tip'd me*

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a Wink, that is, the Whore gave me a Wink; or, *Tip the Cole to Adam Tyler*, that's, give what Money you have pick'd out of the Man's Pocket, to the next Party. But *Tom Sharp* made him to believe, that they were Terms belonging to the Art of *Aſtrology*, as *Sol* is in Oppoſition to *Luna*, *Saturn* in Conjunction with *Mars*, *Venus* was Aſcendant in the Cuſp of the ninth Houſe, *Mercury* was in Quartile to *Jupiter*, the Moon was got into *Aquarius*, the Sun and *Venus* are come to a Trine, and the Sun would ſuffer a great Eclipſe, as *Tom* did; for in two or three Days abſconding from his Lodging, not one Digit of his Body was to be ſeen there after. Thus he trick'd the poor *Aſtrologer*, as nicely as he had the Daughter of a Printer, out of above 50 Shillings, in telling her five or ſix Years ago, ſhe ſhould have a Husband in a ſhort Time, and the poor Creature is not marry'd yet.

Afterwards *Tom Sharp* equipping himſelf in a Cloak, he went to the *Portugueſe* Chappel in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, and having thrown in a Paper of *Lamp black* into

to the holy Water plac'd by the Door, he went up to the Altar, where juſt within the Rail ſtood a Silver Baſon, which he chang'd for a Pewter one which he had under his Cloak, after he had at a convenient Opportunity privately pour'd the Water out of one into the other, and put the *Lamp black* likewiſe into that. Afterwards the Prieſt coming out and croſſing himſelf, he preſently turn'd towards the Crucifix, and having ſaid a ſhort Ejaculation to himſelf, the Spiritual Jugler aroſe and look'd towards his bigotted Congregation, to bleſs them with a *Pax vobiſcum*, but when he ſaw them all have black Croſſes on their Foreheads, and the People ſeeing one on his, there was ſuch ſtaring one upon the other, as if they would have ſtar'd thro' one another. At length, they found they were impos'd upon by ſome *Heretick*, who was got far enough off before now; whereupon, highly reſenting the Prophanation of that which they thought ſufficient Proof againſt the D——l and all his Works, they preſently went to curſing of him with their greateſt *Anathema* of Bell, Book, and Candle; but

but *Tom* being curs'd to their Hands, he valu'd not their Revenge at all.

He was a *Glover* by Trade, born at *Rygate*, in the County of *Surry*, of very honeſt Parents; but he had not been long out of his Apprenticeſhip, ere, getting into ill Company, he was ſo harden'd in Wickedneſs, that no wholeſome Advice, nor Threats, could reclaim his Viciouſneſs. Thus for ſome Years, he led a moſt wicked Courſe of Life; and at laſt ſhooting a Watch-man, who oppos'd him in breaking open a *Shoe-maker*'s Shop, the Corner of *Great Wild-ſtreet*, facing up *Great Queen-ſtreet*, he was apprehended and condemn'd for the Murder: But ſuch was his Impiety, whilſt under Sentence of Death, that inſtead of Thanking ſuch who had ſo much Chriſtianity in 'em as to bid him prepare for his latter End, he would bid them not to trouble his Head with the idle Whimſies of Heaven and Hell, for he was more a Man than to dread or believe any ſuch Matter after this Life. But when he came to the Place of Execution, which was at the End of *Long-Acre* in *Drury-Lane*, and the Halter was put about his Neck,

Neck, he then chang'd his Tone, and began to call out for Mercy, with such a sorrowful Voice, which could not but awake the most lethargick Conscience that ever the Devil lull'd asleep. One there might plainly see by the Deluge of Tears which fell from his Eyes, what Convulsion-Fits his poor Soul suffer'd, whilst his own Mouth confess'd how grievously his afflicted Spirits were stretch'd on the Rack of horrid Despair. Now was the Time that the voluminous Registers of his ill Conscience, which formerly lay clasp'd in some unsearch'd Corner of his Memory, were laid open before him; and the Devil, who hitherto gave him the lessening End of the Prospective-Glass to survey his licentious Courses, turn'd the magnifying End to his Eye, which making him now implore Heaven for a gracious Pardon of his manifold Transgressions, he was turn'd off the Cart on *Friday* the 22d Day of *September* 1704, aged 29 Years.

ANNE

ANNE HOLLAND, *a Pick-Pocket.*

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

Names, whoſe Delight is to be Gentlemen and Gentlewomen without Rents, to have other Folks Goods for their own, and diſpoſe of them at their own Will and Pleaſure, without coſting them any more than the Pains of ſtealing them. But as concerning *Anne Holland*, her uſual Way of Thieving, was the *Service-Lay*, which was hiring herſelf for a Servant in any good Family, and then, as Opportunity ſerv'd, robb'd them: Thus, living once with a Maſter-Taylor, in *York-Buildings* in the *Strand*, her Miſtreſs was but juſt gone out to a Chriſtening, as her Maſter came Home booted and ſpurr'd out of the Country, and going up into his Chamber, where ſhe was making his Bed, he had a great Mind to try his Manhood with his Maid, and accordingly threw her on her Back; but ſhe made a great Reſiſtance, and would not grant him his Deſire, without he pull'd off his Boots; whereupon ſhe firſt pluck'd one off, and whilſt ſhe was pulling off the other, one knocking at the Door, ſhe ran down Stairs taking a Silver Tankard off the Window, which would hold two Quarts, ſaying,

ſhe

ſhe muſt draw ſome Beer, for ſhe was very dry: However, ſhe returning not preſently, poor *Stitch* was ſwearing, and ſtaring, and bawling for his Maid *Nan*, to pull off his t'other Boot, which was half on and half off, but being extraordinary ſtrait, could neither get his Leg farther in nor out: And there he might remain 'till Doomſ-day for *Nan*, for ſhe was gone far enough off with the *Wedge*, that's to ſay, Plate, which ſhe had converted into another Shape and Faſhion in a ſhort Time.

And once *Nan*, having been at a Fair in the Country, and coming up to *London*, ſhe lay at *Uxbridge*, where being a good Pair of *Holland* Sheets to the Bed, ſhe was ſo induſtrious as to ſit up moſt part of the Night, to make her a couple of good Smocks out of one of 'em; ſo in the Morning, putting the other Sheet double towards the Head of the Bed, ſhe came down Stairs to Breakfaſt. In the Interim, the Miſtreſs ſent up her Maid to ſee if the Sheets were there, who turning the ſingle Sheet a little down as it lay folded, ſhe came and whiſper'd in her Miſtreſs's Ear,

Ear, that the Sheets were both there; ſo *Nan* diſcharging her Reckoning, ſhe brought more Shifts to Town than ſhe carry'd out with her; and truly ſhe had a pretty many, or elſe ſhe could not have liv'd as ſhe did for ſome Years.

This unfortunate Creature, at her firſt launching out into the Region of Vice, was a very perſonable young Woman, being clear-ſkinn'd, well ſhap'd, having a ſharp piercing Eye, a proportionable Face, and exceeding ſmall Hand; which natural Gifts ſerv'd rather to make her miſerable, than happy; for ſeveral lewd Fellows flocking about her, like ſo many Ravens about a Piece of Carrion, to enter her under *Cupid*'s Banners, and obtaining their Ends, ſhe ſoon commenc'd and took Degrees in all manner of Debauchery; for if once a Woman paſſes the Bounds of Modeſty, ſhe ſeldom ſtops, 'till ſhe hath arriv'd to the very Height of Impudence.

However, it was her Fortune to light on a good Huſband; for one Mr. *French*, a Comb-maker, living formerly on *Snow-hill*, taking a Fancy to her in a Coffee-houſe where ſhe was a Ser-

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

Nan Holland being thus metamorphos'd, from a House-keeper, to a Vagabond, she was oblig'd to shift among the Wicked for a Livelihood; for

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

Aftr this Loſs of a good Husband, *Nan Holland* being well apparell'd, ſhe, in Company with one *Triſtram Savage*, who had lain under a Fine for crying the ſcurrilous Pamphlet, entitled *The Black-Liſt*, about Streets, a long Time in *Newgate*, where they became firſt acquainted, went to Dr. *Trotter* in *Moore-fields*, to have her Nativity calculated. When they were admitted into the Conjurer's Preſence, who took 'em to be both of the Female Sex, becauſe *Savage* was alſo dreſs'd in Womens Clothes, and being inform'd by *Nan* what ſhe came about, he preſently drew a Scheme of the 12 Houſes, and filling them with the inſignificant Characters of the Signs, Planets, and Aſpects, diſplay'd about the Time and Place of her Birth in the middle of 'em: That the *Sun* being upon the Cuſp of the 10th Houſe, and *Saturn* within it, but five Degrees from the Cuſp, it denoted a Fit of Sickneſs, which would ſhortly afflict her; but then *Mercury* being in the 11th Houſe, juſt in the Beginning of *Sagitarius*, near *Aldebran*, and but ſix Degrees from the Body of *Saturn*, in a Mundane Square to the *Moon*

Moon and *Mars*, it ſignify'd her ſpeedy Recovery from it. Again, *Cancer* being in a zodiacal Trine to the *Sun*, *Saturn* and *Mercury*, ſhe might depend upon having a good Husband in a ſhort Time; and moreover, it was a ſure Sign, that he who marry'd her, ſhould be a very rich thriving Man. Thus having gone through his Aſtrological Cant, quoth *Triſtram Savage* to Dr. *Trotter*, *Can you tell me, Sir, what I think?* The Conjurer reply'd with a ſurly Countenance, *It is none of my Profeſſion to tell Peoples Thoughts. Why then*, (ſaid *Savage*) *I'll ſhew 'em you.* Whereupon pulling a Piſtol out of his Pocket, and clapping it to the Doctor's Breaſt, he ſwore he was a dead Man, if he made but the leaſt Outcry; which ſo ſurpriz'd him, that trembling like an Aſpen Leaf, he ſubmitted to whatever they deſir'd. So whilſt *Nan* was buſy in tying him Neck and Heels, *Savage* ſtood over him with a Penknife in one Hand, and his *Pop*, that's what they call any Thing of a Gun, in t'other, ſtill ſwearing, that if he did but whimper, his preſent Puniſhment ſhould be either the Blade of his Penknife thruſt

into his Wind-pipe, or elſe a Brace of Balls convey'd thro' his Guts. But, to be ſure of preventing the Conjurer's Cackling, they gagg'd him, and then riffling his Pockets, they found a Gold Watch, 20 Guineas, and a Silver Tobacco-Box, which they carry'd away, beſides taking two good Rings off of his Finger. After theſe good Cuſtomers were gone, the Conjurer began to make what Noiſe he could for Relief, by rowling about the Floor like a Porpoiſe in a great Storm, and kicking on the Boards with ſuch Violence, that the Servants verily thought there was a Combat indeed betwixt their Maſter and the Devil. But when they went up Stairs, and found him ty'd and gagg'd, they were in no ſmall Aſtoniſhment; and quickly unlooſing him, he told them how he was robb'd; whereupon they made a quick Purſuit after *Nan Holland* and the other Offender, but to no Purpoſe, for they were got out of their Reach, and the Knowledge of all the Stars in Heaven.

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

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

STEPHEN BUNCE, *a House-Breaker.*

THIS unfortunate Malefactor took to all Unluckiness and Theft, even in his very Childhood, for playing very often with one of his Neighbour's Children, whose Father was a Charcoal-Man, he would privately fill his Pockets with that black Commodity, and vend it for Codlings to an old Apple-Woman that kept a little Bulk or Stall in *Newtner's-Lane*; but at

length, being weary of this petty thieving, he would once have ſo many Codlings before Hand, and allow for them in the next Bargain; but he deſign'd, when he had them, to merchandiſe no more with her; and the old Woman miſtruſting as much, would not give him Credit. *Stephen* was very angry to himſelf, that ſhe ſhould ſcruple his Honeſty, and reſolv'd to be even with her; ſo one cold froſty Morning, bringing her a good Parcel of Charcoal, whoſe Concavity or Hollowneſs thro' the Middle, he had fill'd with Gun-Powder, and ſeal'd up at each End with black Wax, he had for it what the old Woman thought fit to give him in her Ware; ſhe preſently thruſt an Heap of it under her Kettle which was boiling, and being hard bitter Weather, ſhe ſat hovering over it with her Coats almoſt up to her Navel; but at length the Gun-Powder conceal'd in the Charcoal, taking Fire, up bounc'd the Kettle, out flew the Codlings and Water about her Ears, whilſt in the midſt of Fire and Smoak, the old Woman was hideouſly crying out Fire and Murder, which brought a great Mob about her preſently, to aſſiſt

assist her in her great Distress; however, it was the Goodness of her kind Stars, to let her come off in this imminent Danger, with the Damage only of burning a large Hole through her Smock, and the Trouble of picking up her Codlings again.

After *Stephen Bunce* was grown to Years of Discretion, he then undertook great Exploits, for being one Day very genteely dress'd, and going into a Coffee-House, where an old Gentleman had then a Silver Tobacco-Box, which open'd in two separate Parts, lying on the Table where this Sharper sate, after turning the News-papers over and over, whilst he was drinking a Dish of Tea, he paid for the same, and went privately away with the Lid of the Box, and had his Cypher presently engrav'd thereon; then returning back to the Coffee-House, and very courteously pulling off his Hat, quoth he, *Gentlemen, have not I left the Bottom of my Tobacco-Box behind me?* So rumbling among the News-papers, he there found it, crying, as he clap'd the Lid on, *Oh, here it is!* At which, the Owner thereof claim'd

it for his; but *Stephen* impudently ſhewing his Cypher on it, he challeng'd it for his, and kept it for his own, which put all the Company in the Coffee-Room into a great Conſternation about what ſhould become of the other Gentleman's Box.

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

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

to go Home without a Sermon, as well as their Parſon without his Gown and Horſe, which *Stephen* to be ſure had ordain'd for another-guiſe Uſe, than to ride to Church to preach in.

Another Time this pickled Blade being upon his Patrole in *Eſſex*, as he was on one ſide of the Hedge, he eſpy'd at ſome Diſtance, a Gentleman very well mounted on a good Gelding; ſo getting into the Road, he lay all along on the Ground with his Ear cloſe to it, 'till the Gentleman came up; who aſking him the Reaſon of that Poſture, *Stephen* held up his Hand to him, which was as much as to bid the Gentleman be ſilent; but the Gentleman being of a haſty Temper, quoth he, *What a Pox are you liſtening to?* Hereupon *Stephen* ſitting on his Breech, he ſaid, *Oh! dear Sir, I have often heard great Talk of* Fairies, *but I could never have the Faith to believe there were any ſuch Thing in Nature, 'till now; for indeed, here in this very Place I hear ſuch a moſt raviſhing and melodious Harmony of all ſorts of Muſick, which was enough to charm me to ſit here, if poſſible, to all Eternity.* This Story made

made the Gentleman presently alight to hear this ravishing Musick too; so giving *Stephen* his Gueldíng to hold, and laying his Ear to the Ground, quoth he, *I can hear nothing.* Mr. *Bunce* bid him turn t'other Ear; so his Face being from him, he presently mounted his Gelding, and gallop'd away with all Speed, 'till he came within Sight of *Rumford*, then alighting, he let the Gelding loose, supposing that if the Owner us'd any Inn in that Town, he would make to it, as accordingly he did, and *Stephen* at his Heels, which made the Hostler, who was at the Door, cry out, *Master, Master, here's Mr.* Bartlet's *Horse come without him*: So *Stephen* by this Stratagem having got the Owner's Name, quoth he to the Inn-keeper, *Mr.* Bartlet *being engag'd with some Gentlemen in Play at* Ingerstone, *he pray'd him to send him* 15 *Guineas, and to keep his Gelding in Pledge thereof 'till he came himself, which would be in the Evening. Aye, aye,* (reply'd the Inn-keeper) 100 *Guineas if he wanted 'em*; so giving *Stephen* 15 Guineas, he made the best of his Way to *London*, when in about four or five Hours, the Gentleman came puffing

puffing and blowing in his great Jack-Boots to the Inn, and the Inn-keeper ſtepping up to him, he ſaid, O, *dear Sir, what need you have ſent your Gelding, and ſo put your ſelf to the Trouble of coming this ſultry Weather on Foot, for the ſmall Matter of* 15 *Guineas, when you might have commanded ten times as much without a Pledge?* Quoth the Gentleman, *Hath the Fellow then brought my Gelding hither? A Son of a Whore! He was pretty honeſt in that; but I find the Rogue hath made me pay* 15 *Guineas for hearing his d—n'd Faries Muſick.*

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

To-

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

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

ſwept about 50 Pounds into his Hat, and went off with it.

It is a true Saying, *That what is got over the Devil's Back, is always ſpent under his Belly*; for *Stephen* going that Night to a Bawdy-Houſe in *Colſon's-Court* in *Drury-Lane*, he lit into a Strumpet's Company, call'd, for her great Bulk, like a *Coloſſus*, the *Royal Sovereign*, who pick'd his Pocket of 20 Pounds, and vaniſh'd away with it in the Twinkling of an Eye. This Diſaſter made him fret, fume, and ſtorm, like a mad Man, and vent more Oaths and Curſes, than any loſing Gameſter at the Groom-Porter's. But all his Exclamations being to no Purpoſe, he began to vent his Paſſion next with a general Railery againſt all the Female Sex; ſweating there was not a Woman on Earth but what was a Crocadile at Ten, a Whore at Fifteen, a Devil at Forty, and a Witch at Threeſcore. So ſpending the Remainder of his Money in a Day or two, for Vexation, Neceſſity (which is always the beſt Whetſtone to ſharpen the Edge of a Man's Invention) compell'd him to contrive

Ways

Ways and Means for a freſh Supply; then going to one of his Camrades, whom the Sight of Line, Rope, or Halter, could not daunt with the Fear of coming Home ſhort at laſt, they went one Night, when the Shop was juſt ſhut up, to one Mr. *Knowles*, a *Woollen-Draper* in *King-Street*, *Weſtminſter*, where, whilſt *Stephen* was bargaining for three Quarters of a Yard of Cloth to make him, as he pretended, a Pair of Breeches, his Companion had the Opportunity of taking the *Feather*, as Thieves call it, or Key, out of a Pin in the Window, then going away, but without buying any Thing, and the Man not thinking any otherwiſe than that his Shop was faſt ſhut, as having ſecur'd all before, they came in the Dead of the Night, which was very dark by reaſon the *Wheadler*, that's to ſay, the *Moon*, did not ſhine, and taking the Pin out which had no Key, they had an eaſy Acceſs into the Shop, from whence they took away as much Cloth as came to above 80 Pounds.

When *Stephen Bunce* was but a Lad about 14 or 15 Years of Age, he was a Tapſter

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

Houſe, and popping a Shilling into his Hand, he very formally ſet himſelf down in a Chair, laid half a Sheet of white Paper before him, and then taking a Pen in his Hand, he made thereon ſeveral Triangles about a Square, which he call'd the 12 Houſes, and ſaid, *Jupiter* being Lord of the Aſcendant, ſignifies good Luck for the gaining your Tankard again, did not *Mars* interpoſe with an evil Aſpect towards *Mercury*. Now, *Venus* being on the fiery Trigon, denotes the Party that had it, lives either *Eaſt* or *Weſt*; and *Saturn* being retrogade, and in the Cuſp of *Taurus*, it muſt needs be that it is hid underGround either *North* or *South*. Then he aſk'd *if there was not a red-hair'd Man at the Houſe that Day?* They told him, *No. Nor a black-hair'd Man neither?* Said he. They ſtill anſwer'd, *No. Nor was there not a brown-hair'd Man there, with grey Cloaths, not very tall, nor very low?* They told him, *Yes.* Then he aſk'd *whether they knew him, or not?* They anſwer'd, *No. The Sun* (ſaith he) *being ill poſited in the* 11*th Houſe, and* Mercury *in Trine with* Virgo

go, *it was without all Doubt a brown-hair'd Man that had the Tankard.* Then *Stephen* ask'd, *Whether it might not be a Woman, as well as a Man?* This put the Conjurer something to his Trumps; but when the Maid said, *that could not be, for there was never a ſtrange Woman in the Houſe all that Day,* he grew bold, and ſaid, *No* too; for *Venus* being weak in Reception with *Gemini*, and the *Moon* in her Detriment, both feminine Planets, does plainly tell, that it was a Man, and one betwixt 40 and 50 Years of Age. *Upon my Life,* ſaid the Maid, *I ſaw the Party then that had it; he was a curl'd-pated Fellow, with a ſad-colour'd Suit, and about that Age; he drank in the* Roſe, *but if ever I ſee the Rogue again, I'll teach him to ſteal Tankards, with a Murrain to him.* *Stephen* could not but laugh in his Sleeve at the Maid's Confidence; ſo taking their Leave of the *Aſtrologer*, they went homewards, with a deal of News to tell their Maſter; but by the Way, *Stephen* dropt the Maid, to go and take Share of his Booty, and never went any more to his Place.

This

This notorious Fellow being once, by an Order of Court at the Seſſions-Houſe in the *Old-Baily*, ſent for a Soldier into *Spain*, there, in an Enemy's Country, he was ſo much upon the Duty of Faſting, that the civil War which the Wind made in his empty Stomach, oblig'd him very often to look out ſharp for ſome Employment for his Teeth; ſo one Day *Stephen* and his Camrade, being as hungry as two Tarpaulins kept upon ſhort Allowance, but altogether Monyleſs, they went loitering up and down the Market in *Barcelona*, to ſee what Fortune might offer for Relief of their Bellies, which had been mere Strangers to any Suſtenance for above 48 Hours. At length they eſpy'd a Country-Man going out of Town on an Aſs; they follow'd him at ſome Diſtance, and about half a Mile from the Town, there being a very high Hill, the Country-Man alighted, and led the Aſs up leiſurely by a looſe Bridle; hereupon *Stephen Bunce* going with his Camrade ſoftly after them, he dexterouſly ſlipt the Bridle off the Aſs's Head, and puts it on his own; then the other going off

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

who had already chang'd the Aſs again into Money, to put their Teeth in Uſe once more, for Fear they ſhould forget the Way of Eating; whilſt the poor Country-Man was oblig'd to return to the Town again, to buy him another Aſs to carry Home; ſo going into the Aſs-Market, he eſpy'd his old Aſs again; whereupon, ſtepping up haſtily to him, and whiſpering in his Ear, he ſaid, *Oh! Pox on you, you have committed another Sin againſt the Virgin* Mary, *I find; but I ſhall take Care how I buy you again.*

He was lawfully marry'd at *Plymouth* to a Victualler's Daughter, who had ſo much Education beſtow'd upon her, as to read, ſew, and mark on a Sampler; after which, ſhe was kept at Home to ſit in the Bar, and keep the Scores; which Poſt pleas'd the young Woman very well, becauſe there was great Variety of Gueſts us'd the Houſe, eſpecially merry drunken Sailors, who, when they had Liberty to come Aſhore, would luſtily booze it, and ſing and dance all Weathers. But *Stephen*, within a very little While after

after he was enter'd into the State of Matrimony, catching the Gunner of the *Swiftsure* Man of War boarding his Wife, he quickly ſhew'd his Spouſe a light Pair of Heels, and came up to *London*; where growing debauch'd to the higheſt Degree, he was very ſeldom out of the Powdering-Tub; nevertheleſs, the impairing of his Health after this profligate Way, did not alienate his Inclination from keeping Company with ſuch Cattle, who ruin both Body and Soul; and for the Maintenance of lewd Women, he car'd not what Hazards he underwent, as he confeſs'd when under Sentence of Death. Therefore, as common Whores were his Ruin, he would, but then too late, exclaim againſt 'em, and ſay, a Strumpet was the Highway to the Devil; wherefore, he that look'd upon her with Deſire, began his Voyage to inevitable Deſtruction; he that ſtay'd to talk with her, mended his Pace; and he who enjoy'd her, was at his Journey's End.

He had been an old Offender, and was ſuch a debauch'd Fellow in his Converſation, that he could invent no other

other Method of gracing his Discourse, and make it taking, but by a complaisant Rehearsal of his own, and other Mens Uncleannesses; in fine, he could not find half an Hour's Talk, without being beholden for it to a common Whore; but his Wickedness made its *Exit* in 1707, with *Jack Hall* and *Dick Low* at *Tyburn*.

Dick Low, *a House-Breaker.*

THis Person took to thieving in his Minority; so that one Time, when he was about 11 or 12 Years old, creeping privately in an Evening behind a Goldsmith's Compter in *Cheapside*, the Goldsmith comes from a back Room, and goes himself behind the Compter, insomuch, that *Dick Low* had no Opportunity of going out invisible; whereupon he cries, *Whoop, whoop*; at this the Goldsmith cry'd, *Hey, hey, is this a Place to play in at Whoopers Hide? Get you gone, you young Rogue, and play in the*

Streets. But *Dick* yet lying ſtill, cry'd again, *Whoop, whoop*; which made the Goldſmith in a great Paſſion cry, *Get you gone, Sirrah, or I'll Whoop you with a good Cane, if you want to play here.* Whereupon *Dick* went away with a Bag of 50 Pounds, which the Goldſmith miſs'd next Day.

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

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

When *Richard Low* was a Foot-Soldier in *Flanders*, he and his Camrade being one Day very peckish, and meeting with a Boor in *Ghent* loaded with Capons,

pons, Partridges, and Hens, they ſtruck up a Bargain with him for half of them, which *Dick*'s Camrade carry'd off, whilſt he was fumbling and pulling out all his Things in his Pockets to find out his Money, which being nothing anſwerable to the Poultry he had bought, he order'd the Boor to follow him, 'till at length he brought him into a Cloyſter of *Capuchin Fryers*, where ſome of them were confeſſing Folks; then telling the Boor, that the Proviſion he had bought of him, was for this Houſe, and a certain Father who was there confeſſing, was the Superior, to whom he would go and acquaint his Reverence, that he muſt pay him; accordingly going up to him, and privately putting ſix Pence in his Hand, he whiſper'd him in the Ear, ſaying, *Reverend Father, this honeſt Country Man, here is a particular Acquaintance of mine, who's come hither to be confeſs'd; but living ſix Miles off, and Buſineſs requiring him Home this Evening, I beſeech you to be ſo kind as to confeſs him as ſoon as you can. The good Father oblig'd by the Alms given aforehand, promis'd him, that when he had ended the Penitent's*

Penitent's Confeſſion whom he had at his Feet, he ſhould diſpatch him preſently: And at the ſame Time calling to the Boor, quoth he, *Go not hence, and I'll perform what you want preſently.* So *Dick* going after his Camrade, when the aforeſaid Penitent had made an End of his *Canterbury* Story to the Prieſt, the ſpiritual Jugler call'd the Clown to him, who ſtood bolt upright, looking very wiſhfully on the Confeſſor, to ſee if he put his Hand in his Pocket to pay him; the Father Confeſſor look'd as wiſhfully on the Boor, to ſee him ſtand with ſo little Devotion to be confeſs'd; but imputing the Cauſe thereof to his Simplicity, he bids him kneel, which the Clown did with ſome Reluctancy, as thinking it to be an inſulting Ceremony for a Man to kneel to receive his own Money; but obeying the Order with Grumbling, the Prieſt bids him make the Sign of the Croſs; at which, the Boor being out of Patience, believing the Confeſſor to be out of his Wits, he chatter'd, and rav'd, and ſwore, like a mad Man, which made the Confeſſor imagine the Boor was poſſeſs'd with the Devil;

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

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ed the *Boor*, by Bell, Book, and Candle.

There being one Mr. *Pemmel*, an Apothecary, living in *Drury-Lane*, it was his Misfortune to have a Wife who kept Company with one *Davis*, a Glasier; but bad Circumstances obliging him to fly for Sanctuary to *Thornbury*, in *Glocestershire*, his *Madona* was in great want of another Gallant; however, she being naturally prone to Liberality, and always extravagantly rewarding Kindnesses of this Nature, it was not long e'er a particular Acquaintance of her's undertook to supply her with a new Lover, which was *Dick*. As soon as he was introduc'd into the Company of the Apothecary's Wife, she took a huge Fancy to him; for he behav'd himself so pleasantly, and his Caresses were so agreeable, that his Mistress esteem'd herself the happiest Woman in the World, in the Enjoyment of a Person so facetious, and accomplish'd with all the Mysteries of Love. Whenever he came to her House, which was always when her Husband was from Home, she enter-

tain'd him with ſuch an unreſerv'd Freeneſs, that ſhe conceal'd nothing from her Spark, that might either pleaſe his Fancy or Curioſity. But one Day opening a Cheſt of Drawers, to take out ſomewhat, *Dick* eſpy'd a couple of Bags of Money, at which his Mouth ſadly water'd; for altho' his Miſtreſs told him, that as long as one Penny was in them, his Pockets ſhould never be unfurniſh'd, yet he wanted to be Maſter of them preſently; and indeed it was not long before he had 'em at his Command; for Buſineſs requiring the Apothecary in the Country for about a Week, *Dick* then lay in his Houſe at Rack and Manger; and having two other Rogues like himſelf at a great Supper prepar'd for 'em there, they began about 12 of the Clock at Night to declare their Intention with Sword and Piſtol, ſaying, *That whoever preſum'd to ſpeak but one Word, ſuffer'd preſent Death.* Then to Work they went, gagging and tying firſt the Procureſs; in the mean Time the Apothecary's Wife ſeeing how her Friend was ſerv'd, ſhe fell on her Knees, and heartily beſeech'd 'em not to uſe her

her ſo. Quoth *Dick*, *No, no, Madam, we'll only tye your Hands, leſt you ſhould ungag that ſerious, and now ſilent Bawd there.* After ſhe was ſecur'd, they went down into the Kitchen, and gagg'd and ty'd the Maid and Apprentice; then rifling the Houſe, they carry'd away 250 Pounds, and Plate, to a conſiderable Value. But *Dick* thinking it unmannerly to go away without ſaying any thing, he went to his late belov'd Miſtreſs, and giving her a *Judas* Kiſs, quoth he, *Dear Madam, farewell, and when I'm gone, ſay, I've done more than ever your Huſband did, for I have bound you to be conſtant now.*

After this, *Dick Low* going one Morning into the *Roſe and Crown* Ale-Houſe, kept by one Mr. *Nayland*, in *Clare-Court* in *Drury-Lane*, he deſir'd a private Room, by Reaſon he had ſome Company coming to him about ſome Buſineſs. A private Room was ſhew'd him, and a double Pot of Drink brought, with a Silver Cup to drink out of, and being alone, the Man of the Houſe ſat with him chatting, 'till they were both weary. At laſt *Nayland* was wanted

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

fetch'd, he was carry'd before Juſtice *Negus*, where the Loſer marking his Complaint as truly the Matter was, and *Dick Low* alledging his Innocency, the Magiſtrate was in a Quandary how to do Juſtice; *for*, quoth he to the Complainant, *here's a Cup loſt, and the Priſoner doth not deny but he had it; but then it was miſs'd whilſt he was in the Houſe, and he ſearch'd without finding any Thing about him; beſides, he had no Body with him, therefore it could not be convey'd away by Confederacy; ſo unleſs you'll lay point-blank Felony to his Charge, I can do no otherwiſe than diſcharge him.* Then the Victualler who was an *Iriſh* Man, reply'd, *Tiſh fery true, Shir, what you ſhay; but by my Shalvaſhion, rader dan he ſhould go without hanging, I will ſwear twenty Felonies againſt him; or any ting elſe what your Worſhip pleaſe to command me, for I love to oblige any ſhivel Shentlemen as you be.* *Indeed*, ſaid the Juſtice, *you will not oblige me in hanging a Man wrongfully.* And there being no plain Proof to juſtify *Dick Low* either had the Cup, or convey'd it away to another, and that he was charg'd in Cuſtody before ever he went out of the Houſe, he came off

with

with flying Colours, and ſoon ſent another of his Clan to fetch off the Cup, by going to drink in the ſame Room, and removing it from under the Table into his Breeches, without any Suſpicion, paying for his Liquor, and fairly returning that Cup that was brought to him.

This Fellow, when he was but ſeven or eight Years old, was one of thoſe Urchins whom a Rogue habited like a Porter carrying on his Shoulders in a great Baſket, would, as a Gentleman came by him in an Evening, put out his Hand, and ſnatch off his Hat or Perriwig, and ſometimes both; which would make the Perſon robb'd look and ſtare about like any wild Man, and ſwear to think what ſhould become of 'em, for he hath no Miſtruſt of the Porter with the Load on his Back, who ſtill keeps going on, as if he knew nothing of the Matter. But when *Dick* was grown too big for this unlawful Exerciſe, he induſtriouſly apply'd himſelf to *Diving*, that is, to pick Pockets; and one Day, he and two others of that Profeſſion, having been eight or nine

nine Miles in the Country, where they were ſo extravagant as to ſpend all their Money, as they were coming into *Hammerſmith*, they bethought them on the following Stratagem to get more before they enter'd *London*. Two of 'em acting the Part of a drunken Man in the Town, reeling, tumbling, and abuſing ſeveral People; who, believing them to be really drunk, let them paſs on without much Interruption. Hereupon their ſober Companion *Dick Low* ſeeing no Body would take them up, he was reſolv'd to do it himſelf; ſo meeting 'em, as if by Chance, they gave him the Joſtle, which he not taking ſo patiently as the others had done, not only had high Words with them, but from Words, they fell to Blows, inſomuch that two being againſt one, it was thought unequal, and they having been abuſive to others, a great Company was aſſembl'd, and among 'em the Conſtable, who ſeizing on all three, carry'd them before a Juſtice, who hearing the Matter, and finding by the Teſtimony of the People who went with 'em, that only the two who were drunk, were wholly to blame, his Worſhip

Worſhip order'd them to be ſet in the Stocks for two Hours, and diſcharg'd *Dick Low*. This Order was obey'd, and the Delinquents were preſently put into the Stocks, where they behav'd themſelves ſo pleaſantly in fooliſh Diſcourſe, that a great Number of People hover'd about 'em; the mean Time *Dick* was not idle, for he made ſuch Havock among their Pockets, that in the two Hours Time which they were in the Stocks, he had gain'd about eight Pounds by the Frolick, then coming to *London*, they fell into hard Drinking, like ſo many drunken *Germans*; but in the midſt of their Cups, they had the Civility, every now and then, to drink the Health of all them by whom they had far'd the better.

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

JACK

Jack Hall, *House-breaker.*

THIS most notorious Villain was bred a Thief from his Mother's Womb; and there is no sort of Theft, but what he was expert in, as House-breaking, going on the Foot-pad, Shop-lifting, the *Sneaking-budge*, or pilfering any small Matter that lies in the Way, nay, if it was but Mops and Pails; the *Drag*, which is, having a Hook fasten'd to the End of a Stick, with which they drag any thing out of a Shop Window in a dark Evening; and *filing a Cly*, which is, picking Pockets of Watches, Money, Books, or *Wipes*, that's to say, Handkerchiefs; to this End, they haunt Churches, Fairs, Markets, publick Assemblies, Shews, and are very busy about the *Play-house*: And he that performs this Part of Thieving, commonly gives what he takes to another, that in Case he should be took with his Hand in any Man's Pocket, he might prove his Innocency, by having nothing about him,

him, but what he can juſtify to be his own.

Truly *Jack Hall* was as dexterous in picking a Pocket, as ever he was in ſweeping a Chimney; for on a Market Day once in *Smithfield*, a Graſier having receiv'd ſome Money for his Cattel, and put it into his Coat Pocket in a Bag, this nimble Spark, to whoſe Fingers any Thing ſtuck like Bird-lime, obſerving the ſame, he ſoon became Maſter of it, and brought it to his Camrades that were drinking at an Ale-Houſe hard by; and to ſhew his farther Dexterity in *filing a Cly*, emptying the Bag, he untruſs'd a Point in it, and finding out the Man, who was ſtill in the Market ſelling off the reſt of his Cattel, he put it into his Pocket again. A little after which, a Perſon coming to the Farmer for ſome Money, he went with him to his Inn, and pulling out his Bag, and putting therein his Hand for Money to pay the Creditor, he eagerly pluck'd it out in a ſad ſtinking Pickle, ſwearing, that he had 30 Pounds in his Bag but juſt now,

now, but woundekins, it was now turn'd to a T—d.

Another Time, meeting with a Man who knew what Profeſſion he was of, he ſaid to *Jack*, *I wonder how People could have their Pockets pick'd? For he was ſure no Body could ever pick his.* Quoth *Jack*, *If you will lay a Wager of ten Shillings to be ſpent here for the Good of the Houſe, and your Pocket ſhall be pick'd in* Weſtminſter-Hall *by to Morrow Noon, if you'll be there.* The Stakes on both Sides were laid down in the Hands of the People of the Houſe, and the Perſon who defy'd having his Pocket pick'd, went next Morning to *Weſtminſter-Hall*, which being Vacation Time, there was no Body in it but two little Boys whipping a Top, who every two or three Times, as the Man paſs'd by 'em, blew Quills of Lice upon his Cloths, and then ſaying to him, *O! Sir, you are all louſy*; which he perceiving, he deſir'd the Boys to pick 'em off; which Office they perform'd with great Aſſiduouſneſs, 'till one of 'em pick'd his Pocket of a Purſe with ſome certain Pieces of Silver which he had laid

laid he would not looſe. The Boys then carry'd it to *Jack Hall*, and the Man having walk'd in *Weſtminſter-Hall* his appointed Time, he went to the People in whoſe Hands the Stakes were depoſited, to claim his Money; but *Jack Hall* being there at the ſame Time, told him, he had loſt the Wager, becauſe his Purſe was there before him; ſo giving it him again, he was in a great Surprize, to think how he ſhould come by it; and they had the Wager ſpent with great Satisfaction on both Sides.

Jack Hall having a Deſign once to rob a great Merchant in the City of *London*, he went oftentimes hankering about his Houſe, but could never effect it; whereupon he bethought himſelf of this Stratagem, which was, to be put into a Pack done up like a Bale; and by the Contrivance of his Camrade, who was very well apparell'd, he was laid into this Merchant's Houſe in the Evening, as ſo much Silk, which he was to ſee next Morning, and to buy off of his Hands, in Caſe they agreed. Accordingly this Bale full of Iniquity, wedg'd

wedg'd inwardly on all Sides with coarse Cloth and Fustian, was laid up in the Ware-house; but Night being come, and the Apprentices weary, two of 'em, whilst their Master was at Supper, went to rest themselves, and by Accident lay along on this Bale, which was plac'd by some others, insomuch, that the extream Anguish of their Weight being very heavy upon *Jack Hall*, who could scarce fetch his Breath, he drew out a sharp Knife, and making a great Hole in the Fillet of the Bale, he also made a deep Wound in the Buttocks of him that lay most upon him, which made him rise, and roar out, his Fellow Prentice had kill'd him; so ran out to his Master, and his Fellow-Prentice along with him, who was innocently secur'd, 'till a farther Examination of the Matter. In the mean while *Jack Hall* made his Escape out of a Window, with only taking two Pieces of Velvet along with him. At the same Time the Merchant seeing his Apprentice in a very bloody Condition, and fearing if the Bale of Silk he lay on should be spoilt with the Blood, he must be forc'd to pay whatever

ever Price was requir'd, he ran presently into the Ware-house to prevent any Damage coming to it, where finding it mightily shrunk in its Bulk, it rais'd some Suspicion of Roguery in him; for opening it, he found therein nothing of Value; and then searching about his Ware-house, and missing the two Pieces of Velvet, he plainly perceiv'd some Rogue had been pack'd up in the Bale, with an Intent to rob his House when he and Family was in Bed; whereupon the accus'd Apprentice was set at Liberty, and a Surgeon fetch'd for the wounded one, who cost his Master above five Pounds before he was well.

He was also very good for the *Lob*, which is going with a Consort into any Shop to change a *Pistole* or *Guinea*, and having about half of his Change, quoth his Consort, *What need you to change? I have Silver enough to defray our Charges where we are going.* Upon which, the other throws the Money back again into the Money-Box, but with such Dexterity, that he has one of the Pieces, whether Shilling or Half-Crown, sticking

ſticking in the Palm of his Hand, which he carries clean off, without any Suſpicion of Fraud. Again, he was very expert at the *Whale-bone-Lay*, which is, having a thin Piece of Whale-bone daub'd at the End with Bird-lime, then going into a Shop with a Pretence to buy ſomething, whilſt they make the Shop-keeper, by wanting this and that Thing, to turn his Back often, they then take the Opportunity of putting the Whale-bone ſo daub'd with Bird-Lime, into the Till of the Compter, which brings up any ſingle Piece of Money that ſticks to it. After which, to give no Miſtruſt, they buy ſome ſmall Matter, and pay the Man with a Pig of his own Sow.

The Year before *Jack Hall* the Chimney-Sweeper, was hang'd, having committed Sacriledge at *Briſtol*, in robbing *Ratcliff-Church* in that City, he made the beſt of his Way for *London*; where, after a little while, his Extravagancies reducing him to the want of Money again, to recruit his Pockets, he went with ſome of his wicked Aſſociates upon the *Running-Smoble*, which is,

is, in a dark Evening for one of them to go into a Shop, and pretending to be drunk, after ſome troubleſome Behaviour, he puts the Candles out, and taking away whatever comes firſt to Hand, for all's Fiſh that comes to Net with ſuch Villains, he runs off, whilſt another flings Handfuls of Dirt and Naſtineſs into the Mouth and Face of the Perſon that crys out to ſtop Thief, which puts him or her into a ſudden Surprize, it gives 'em an Opportunity of going off without apprehending.

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

Friend that he ſhould bring along with him. The Life-Guard Man promis'd he would be ſure to wait upon him; but aſking his Friend whether he liv'd in the ſame Place ſtill, *Yes, yes*, quoth the Lawyer, *I ſtill live within three Doors of the* Feathers Ale-houſe, *in* Shandois-ſtreet. They then parted, and now *Jack Hall*'s Wits were on the Tenters for making ſome Advantage of this Invitation, which he had heard given; ſo the next Day, above an Hour before the Time, when hungry Mortals whet their Knives on Threſholds and the Soles of Shoes, he was lurking thereabouts, and at laſt, ſetting his Eyes (as penetrating as thoſe of *Lynceus*, which could ſee through Stone-Walls) on the Life-Guard Man, whom he knew again, he was no ſooner enter'd into his Friend's Houſe, but *Jack* was at his Heels, and enter'd alſo with him, with as much Confidence as if he had been an Acquaintance of the Lawyer's. There were above half a Score Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, among whom he ſate down, and ſoon after, Dinner being ſet on the Table, with great Variety of Dainties, the ſtrange Gentleman, *Jack Hall*, did eat

eat as heartily, and talk as boldly, as any there. All the while the Life-Guard Man took him to be one of the Inviter's Acquaintance, and the Inviter ſuppos'd him to be the Life-Guard Man's Friend; but in the End, he prov'd to be neither of their Friends, eſpecially the Lawyer's; for waiting his Opportunity, he went to the Side-Board, which ſtood in a convenient Place, and putting a Dozen of Silver Spoons, and as many Silver Forks, into his Pocket, and walk'd off *incognito*. The Life-Guard Man ſoon after miſs'd *Jack*, and the Lawyer miſs'd his Friend's Friend, as he thought him; but it was not much longer ere the Spoons and Forks were miſſing, and altho' ſtrict Search was made for them, yet were they not found; therefore none but the Friend thought for on both ſides, being miſſing, the Lawyer aſk'd the Life-Guard Man for him; but the Life-Guard Man telling the Lawyer he was none of his Friend or Acquaintance, it was concluded, *nemine contradicente*, that the abſent Perſon was the Rogue that had converted the Lawyer's Plate to his own Uſe.

Another

Another Time, *Jack Hall* being very well dreſs'd, and pretending to be a Country Gentleman, he took Lodgings at the Houſe of one *Dogget*, a Quaker, and Button-ſeller, living in *Burleigh-Street*, in the *Strand*; where he behav'd himſelf very ſoberly, 'till an Opportunity offer'd to out-wit the Quaker, who thought it no Harm to out-wit every Body; for the Key of his Bed-Chamber being left one Day in the Door, he took the Impreſſion of it in Clay, and had another made by it; a little after which, old *Dogget* and his Wife going to their Country-Houſe, for two or three Days, leaving none at Home, but a wanton Kinſwoman, a 'Prentice, and Maid, *Jack* in the mean Time had the Conveniency of entering their Bed-Chamber, when all in the Houſe were in Bed, and opening a Trunk, he took out above 180 Pounds in Money and Plate, and opening the Street-Door, went off with it. But when the old Folks came Home again, and found what had happen'd, the Houſe was all in an Uproar; there was powerful *Holding-forth* by the Man, who ſtorm'd and rav'd, and fell a kicking

the Trunk about like a Foot-Ball, which he did with a great deal of Eaſe, becauſe it was as full of Emptineſs as ever it could hold.

After this Exploit, *Jack Hall* flying through the vaſt Region of Wickedneſs, 'till all his ill-got Money was melted like Butter againſt the Sun, he went upon the *Faggot and Storm*, which is, breaking into People's Houſes, and tying and gagging all whom they find in 'em. So one Day, he and *Stephen Bunce*, and *Dick Low*, going upon an Enterpeize at *Hackney*, about 12 of the Clock at Night, they, by the Help of their Betties and ſhort Crows, made a forcible Entry into the Houſe of one *Clare*, a Baker, whoſe Journey-Man being ty'd Neck and Heels, they threw him into the *Kneading-Trough*, and the 'Prentice with him. *Jack Hall* ſtood Centry over them, with a great old ruſty Back-Sword, which he found in the Kitchin; and ſwearing with a great Grace, that their Heads both went off as round as a Hoop, if they offer'd to ſtir or budge: In the mean Time, *Dick Low* and *Stephen Bunce* went up to Mr. *Clare's* Room, whom they found in Bed with his Wife,

Wife, and ty'd and gagg'd the old Folks, without any Conſideration of their Age, which had leſt 'em but few Teeth to barricade their Gums from the Injury they might receive from thoſe ugly Inſtruments that ſtretch'd their Mouths aſunder. But afterwards finding not ſo much as they expected, the old Man they ungagg'd again, to bring to a Confeſſion where he hoared his Money; but extorting nothing out of him, *Jack Hall* being then come up to them, for fear they ſhould ſink upon him, which is an uſual Thing among Thieves, to cheat one another, he he took up in his Arms the old Man's Grand-Daughter, about ſix Years old, lying in a Trundle-Bed by him, and ſaid, *D—n me, if I will not bake the Child preſently in a Pye, and eat it, if the old Rogue would not be civil.* Theſe ſcaring Words made Mr. *Clare* beg heartily that they ſhould not hurt the Child, and he would diſcover what he had; ſo fetching, by his Order, a little Iron-bound Cheſt from under the Bed, and unlocking it, they took what was it, which was about 80 Pounds; then obſcuring their dark Lanthorns,

they bid the Baker good Night, and to return them Thanks that they ſpar'd his Ears, which is againſt the Law for any of their Occupation to wear.

Another Time *Jack Hall* going to one Mr. *Aſpin*, a Robe-Maker, living in *Portugal-Street* by *Lincolns-Inn* back Gate, he pretended that he had Occaſion for a Gown for his Brother, who was a Parſon in the Country, but he would have a very good one, though it coſt him the more Money. *I can furniſh you with all Sorts and Sizes*, ſaid Mr. *Aſpin*; and thereupon fetch'd ſeveral, and ſhew'd him. *Jack* turn'd many of them over, but ſtill deſir'd to ſee better; at length one was brought, which he ſeem'd to like; but ſaid he to the Robe-maker, *I doubt it is too ſhort? No*, (quoth he) *it is long enough in all Conſcience*; and thereupon he was for trying of it upon *Jack*, who ſaid, *Alas! that will be no certain Meaſure by me; for my Brother is taller than I am by the Head and Shoulders; but as he is a Man about your Pitch, I deſire the Favour of you to put it upon your ſelf, and then I ſhall gueſs the better whether it is long enough, or no.* Mr. *Aſpin*, to ſatisfy his Cuſtomer, did

ſo,

ſo; but as he was putting it on, *Jack* took up a Barriſter's Gown, and ſhew'd him a fair Pair of Heels. Mr. *Aſpin*, without putting off the Gown, purſu'd him; in the mean Time two of his Companions, who laid Perdue, acted their Parts, for *Stephen Bunce* went into the Shop, and taking the next Parcel of Goods which came to Hand, he march'd off; and *Dick Low* fearing that if the Shop-keeper kept his Pace, he might overtake *Jack Hall*, he having plac'd himſelf in the Way on purpoſe, catches hold on Mr. *Aſpin*, and ſays, *O! dear Doctor* Croſs, *who thought of ſeeing you? I am glad I have met you with all my Heart: But pray, Sir, what makes you run in this diſtracted Manner about the Streets? Piſh*, (quoth Mr. *Aſpin*) *let me go, I'm no Parſon, you are miſtaken in the Man, for I'm running after a Rogue that has robb'd me.* Then *Dick Low* reply'd, but ſtill holding him, *I beg your Pardon, Sir, for my Miſtake, for you are as like my Friend Doctor* Croſs, *as ever I ſaw two Men in my Life like one another.* So letting him go, *Jack* before now was turn'd the Corner of a Street or two, and was quite out of

Sight. By this Time alſo ſeveral of the Neighbours being gather'd together, they were in an Admiration to ſee old *Aſpin* in a canonical Habit, ſome ſaying, *Surely he was not going to chriſten his own Child himſelf, which his Maid* Betty *lay in with!* whilſt others perſwaded him to go Home, and put off the Gown, and then make an Enquiry after the Thief, ſince he was at preſent got clear away. Mr. *Aſpin* took their Advice; but when he came to his Shop, he found a ſecond Loſs, which made him more angry than before, and ſwear, that the Fellow that met him, might well call him Doctor *Croſs*, for, d—n him, if he had not all the Croſſes in the World come upon him at once.

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

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

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

CApt. *James Hind* was the Son of a Sadler living in *Chipping-Norton* in *Oxfordshire*, where he inhabited many Years in good Credit and Reputation; and sending this his Son to School to learn to read *English*, and to write, he was, when 15 Years of Age, bound an Apprentice to a Butcher in the same Town; but his Master being a very surly, cross Man, who led *Hind* a weary Life, he ran away from him before he had serv'd two Years of his Time, and getting about three Pounds of his Mother, who intirely lov'd this her only Child, he went for *London*, where getting drunk one Night, he was took up by the Watch, and sent to the *Poultry Compter*, which he did not like when he came to be sober: But here getting acquainted with one *Thomas Allen*, a noted Highway-man in those Days;

when they were at Liberty, they went a robbing together on the Road, and at *Shooters-hill* meeting with a Gentleman and his Servant, *Hind* had the Courage to rob them of fifteen Pounds without the Aſſiſtance of his Companion, who ſtood at a Diſtance to be aiding as Occaſion ſhould require. However, our new Highway-man, for Handſel ſake, was ſo generous as to give the Gentleman twenty Shillings of his Money, to bear his Charges on his Journey; which Generoſity made *Tom Allen* very proud, to ſee his Camrade rob a Perſon with a good Grace.

Another Time, Capt. *Hind* meeting *Hugh Peters* in *Endfield-Chace*, he commanded that celebrated Regicide to ſtand and deliver; whereupon he began to cudgel this bold Robber with ſome Parcels of Scripture, ſaying, *The eighth Commandment commands*, That you ſhould not ſteal; *beſides, it is ſaid by* Solomon, *Rob not the Poor, becauſe he is poor.* Then *Hind* recollecting what he could remember of his reading the *Bible* in his Minority, he began to pay the Preſbyterian Parſon with his own Weapon, ſaying, *Friend, if you had obey'd God's*

God's Precepts as you ought, you would not have presum'd to have wrested his holy Word to a wrong Sense, when you took this Text, [Bind their Kings with Chains, and their Nobles with Fetters of Iron] *to aggravate the Misfortunes of your Royal Master, whom your curs'd Republican Party unjustly murder'd before his own Palace.* Here *Hugh Peters* began to extenuate that horrid Crime, and farther to alledge, for the Defence of his Money, other Places of Scripture against Theft: To which *Hind* reply'd, *Pray, Sir, make no Reflections on my Profession, when* Solomon *plainly says,* Do not despise a Thief. *Therefore deliver your Money presently, or else I shall send you out of the World in a Moment.* These scaring Words frighting *Hugh Peters* almost out of his Wits, he gave *Hind* thirty broad Pieces of Gold, and then they parted. But *Hind* being not satisfy'd with this Booty, he rid after *Hugh Peters* again, and overtaking him, said, *Sir, now I think on't, this Disaster hath befel you, because you did not observe that Place in the Scriptrue, which says,* Provide neither Gold, nor Silver, nor Brass, in your Purses, for your Journey. *And truly, Sir, you must*

now pardon me for taking away your Cloak and Coat too, becauſe the Scripture ſays in another Place, And him that taketh away thy Cloak, forbid not to take away thy Coat alſo. Accordingly *Hind* ſtript him of both: And the Sunday after, *Hugh Peters* deſigning to preach againſt the Sin of Theft, he took theſe Words for his Text, *I have put off my Coat, how ſhall I put it on?* Cant. Chap. 5. Verſ. 3. But an honeſt Cavalier being juſt by him then, who knew of his Miſchance, he cry'd out aloud, *Upon my Word, Sir, I can't tell, unleſs Capt. Hind was here.* Which ready Anſwer to *Hugh Peter's* Scriptural Queſtion, put the Congregation into ſuch an exceſſive Fit of Laughter, that the Fanatick Parſon being aſham'd of himſelf, he quitted his Chattering-Box without proceeding any farther in his Sermon.

One Time Capt. *Hind* meeting a Gentleman's Coach on the Road betwixt *Petersfield* and *Portſmouth*, fill'd with Gentlewomen, he robb'd the ſame of about 3000 Pounds in Gold, which was the Portion of one of the young Ladies therein, going to be marry'd; but the Money being loſt before ſhe perform'd the

the Rites of Matrimony, the Sport was all ſpoil'd, for her Sweet-heart's Love was not ſo hot, but this News quickly cool'd it; which evidently ſhews, that Money in thoſe Days too was the chief-eſt Drug to get a young Woman a Huſband. And not long after the purchaſing of this great Booty, which caus'd ſeveral Hue-and Cries after him, but to no Purpoſe, he and *Tom Allen* his Camrade, ſetting upon that infamous Uſurper *Oliver Cromwell*, as coming from *Huntington* to *London*, they were ſo over-power'd by Number, for there were not leſs than ſeven Men along with old *Noll*, that *Hind* had much ado to make his Eſcape, being oblig'd to leave his Partner behind, who was apprehended, and ſhortly after hang'd.

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

fright *Hind* by telling him who he was; quoth *Hind*, *I fear not you, nor never a King-killing Son of a Whore alive; therefore if you do not give me your Money presently, I'll in a Moment send you out of the World without any Benefit of Clergy at all.* The Sergeant's Conſcience now flying in his Face, for the horrid Murder of his lawful Sovereign, and dreading his being ſent out of the World without Repentance for ſo horrid a Crime as dooming his King with a *Mene Tekel*, he gave *Hind* about forty Shillings in Silver; but not being ſatisfy'd with that Sort of Metal, he ſwore he would ſhoot him through the Heart, if he did not find other Coin for him. Whereupon, to ſave his Life, he gave him a Purſe full of *Jacobuſes*. At the Sight whereof, quoth *Hind*, *I, marry, Sir, this is the Metal that wins my Heart for ever! O! precious Gold, I admire thee as much as* Bradſhaw, Pryn, *or other ſuch Villains, who would for the ſake of it, ſell our Redeemer again, were he now upon Earth. Nay, I'm ſure this is that incomparable Medicament which (as a Friend of mine tells me) the Republican Phyſicians call,* The Wonder-working Plaiſter; *truly*

Catholick

Catholick in Operation, ſomewhat of Kin to the Jeſuits Powder, but more effectual. The Virtues of it are ſtrange and various, it makes Juſtice deaf, as well as blind, and takes out Spots of the deepeſt Treaſons, more cleverly than Caſtle-Soap does common Stains. It alters a Man's Conſtitution in two or three Days, more than the Virtuoſo's Transfuſion of Blood in ſeven Years. 'Tis a great Alexipharmick, and helps poiſonous Principles of Rebellion, and thoſe that uſe them. It miraculouſly exalts and purifies the Eye-ſight, and makes Traytors behold nothing but Innocency in the blackeſt Malefactors. 'Tis a mighty Cordial for a declining Cauſe; it ſtifles Faction and Schiſm as certainly as the Itch is deſtroy'd by Butter and Brimſtone. In a Word, it makes Fools wiſe Men, and wiſe Men Fools, and both of them Knaves. The Colour of this precious Balm, you ſee, is bright and dazling; and being apply'd privately to the Fiſt, in decent Manner, and a competent Doſe, infallibly performs all the aboveſaid Cures, and many others, too long now to be mention'd. Then pulling out his Piſtols, he farther ſaid, *You and your infernal Crew have hitherto ran on* Jehu *like, therefore 'tis Time now to ſtop your Career.* So

ſhooting

ſhooting all the ſix Horſes belonging to *Bradſhaw*'s Coach, *Hind* rid off as faſt as he could, to ſeek for another Prey.

Now, this bold Robber having reign'd a long Time in this Courſe of Life, even nine or ten Years, an intimate Acquaintance of his at laſt diſcover'd his Lodging, which was at one Mr. *Denzie*'s, a Barber, living over againſt St. *Dunſtan*'s Church in *Fleet-ſtreet*, and where he had lodg'd about a Month, by the Name of *Brown*. Here being apprehended, and carry'd before the Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, living in *Chancery-lane*, he was, after a long Examination, committed, with Fetters on his Legs, to *Newgate*; where one Capt. *Compton*, who convey'd him thither, ſhew'd the Keeper of the Goal a Warrant for his Commitment, and ſuch cloſe Impriſonment, that no Perſon whatſoever was to have Acceſs to him 'till farther Orders. On Friday the 12th of *December* 1651, Capt. *James Hind* was brought to the Bar at the Seſſions-houſe in the *Old Baily*, where nothing being prov'd againſt him to reach his Life, he was convey'd in a Coach from *Newgate* to *Reading* in *Berkſhire*, on the

the 1st of *March* 1651-2, where he was arraign'd before Judge *Warberton*, for killing one *George Sympſon* at *Knole*, a ſmall Village in that County; and the Evidence being plain againſt him, he was found guilty of wilful-Murder; but next Day an Act of Oblivion being iſſu'd out to forgive all former Offences, except Indictments againſt the State, he was in great Hopes of ſaving his Life, 'till by an Order of Council he was ſoon after remov'd by Virtue of a Writ of *Habeas Corpus*, to *Worceſter* Jayl, where a Bill of High-Treaſon being preferr'd againſt him, he was there drawn, hang'd, and quarter'd, on Friday the 24th of *September* 1652, aged 34 Years; and at the Place of Execution, confeſs'd, that moſt of the Robberies which he ever committed, were upon the Republican Party, of whoſe Principles he had ſuch an Abhorrence, that nothing troubled him ſo much as to die before he ſaw his Royal Maſter eſtabliſh'd in his Throne, from which he was moſt unjuſtly and illegally excluded by ſuch a rebellious and diſloyal Crew, who deſerv'd hanging more than him. After he was executed, his Head was ſet on

the

the Bridge-Gate, over the River *Severn*, and his Quarters on other Gates of the City, where they remain'd 'till Time and Weather had reduc'd them into nothing, except his Head, which was privately took down and bury'd within a Week after it was set up.

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

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

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

When *Jack Shrimpton* was out of his Time, his Inclination not ſuiting with the Temper of getting a Livelihood by his honeſt Induſtry, he led a rakiſh Courſe of Life, and went into the Army, where he was ſome Time in the Troop

Troop of Horſe commanded by Major General *Wood*; but not finding ſuch Preferment as he expected, by being a Soldier, he came into *England*, and took to the Highway, but did always the moſt Damage betwixt *London* and *Oxford*, inſomuch that ſcarce a Coach or Horſe-man could paſs him without being robb'd. One Time overtaking a certain Barriſter at Law, of the *Middle-Temple*, in the Woods betwixt *Wickham* and *Stoken-Church*, the Gentleman lik'd *Shrimpton*'s Horſe ſo extreamly well, that he was pleas'd to proffer him 30 Guineas for it at firſt Word. But *Shrimpton* valuing his Horſe at a higher Rate, would not take under 50 for him; whereupon the Gentleman telling his new Companion, whom he had pick'd up on the Road, he had no more Money about him, than what would bear his Charges to the Place whither he was going; however, becauſe he had a great Fancy for the Horſe, he would give him a Note to be payable upon Sight in *London*, for 10 Pounds more. *Shrimpton* refus'd his Chapman's Offer, ſaying, Sir, mine is a Horſe worth its Weight in Gold; and, if you

you was to know all, has procur'd me more Money than ever Bucephalus *got for* Alexander; *therefore I ſhall not part with him upon any Terms:* But *indeed, Sir, you muſt part with your* 30 *Guineas nevertheleſs, or otherwiſe we muſt diſpute the Mattor preſently at Sword and Piſtol.* The Barriſter was much ſtartled at theſe Words; but *Jack Shrimpton* being very reſolute in his Demand, he was oblig'd to part with his Money without having the Horſe, which he ſo much admir'd to his Coſt.

Some Time after the committing of this Robbery, Mr. *Shrimpton* (whoſe Practice in this unlawful Courſe of Life, plainly ſhew'd his main Induſtry was a Deſign to ruin himſelf, in following a Profeſſion which demonſtrated an open Defiance to his Happineſs) being in *London*, he accidentally lit into the Company of the Common Hang-man, where he was taking a Glaſs of Wine; and coming to the Knowledge of his Occupation, he aſk'd him this Queſtion. *What is the Reaſon, when you perform your Office, that you put the Knot juſt under the Ear? for, in my Opinion, was you to fix it in the Napetof the Neck, it would*

would be more eaſy for the Sufferer? The Hang-man reply'd, *If one Chriſtian may believe another, I have hang'd a great many in my Time, but upon my Word, Sir, I never had any Complaint as yet. However, if it ſhould be your good Luck to make Uſe of me, I ſhall, to oblige you, be ſo civil as to hang you after your own Way.* But *Shrimpton* not approving of the Hang-man's Civility, he told him, *that he deſir'd none of his Favours, becauſe they generally prov'd of a very dangerous Conſequence.*

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

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

SIR,

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

J. Parker.

Another Time, *Jack Shrimpton*, who alſo call'd himſelf *Parker*, meeting a Couple of Bailiffs beyond *Wickham*, carrying a poor Farmer to Goal, he deſir'd to know what the Debt might be; and being told ſix Pounds odd Money, he requeſted them to go with him to the

the next Ale-house, and he would pay it. They went along with him, where taking a Bond of the Farmer, whom he knew very well, he paid the Bailiffs their Prisoner's Debt and Fees, and then parted. But *Jack Shrimpton* way-laying the Bailiffs, he had no more Mercy on them, than they had on the Farmer, for he took away what Money he paid 'em, and about 40 Shillings besides; after which, he rid back again to the Farmer, and regaling him with a Treat of a Guinea, cancell'd his Bond, and then went in Pursuit of new Adventures.

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

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

Thus this notorious Malefactor purſu'd his wicked Courſes a long While, 'till at laſt being at *Briſtol*, where he reſided for ſome Months, he was drinking one Night very late at a Baudy-Houſe in St. *James*'s Church-yard, when a Watch-man going his Rounds, and hearing a great

great Noiſe of Swearing and Curſing in the Houſe, he compell'd *Shrimpton* to go along with him to the Watch-Houſe; but as they were going through *Wine-ſtreet*, he ſhot the Watch-man through the Body, and flung his Piſtol away, that it could not be found; but ſome Men happening to go by at the ſame Time, they apprehended *Shrimpton*, and the Watch-man dying on the Spot, they ſecur'd him 'till Morning; when carrying him before a Magiſtrate, he was committed to *Newgate* in *Briſtol*, where he behav'd himſelf very audaciouſly. But at length being brought to a Tryal, he was convicted not only for wilful Murder, but alſo for five Robberies on the Highway. After Sentence of Death was paſs'd upon him, he was very careleſs of preparing himſelf for another World, whilſt under Condemnation; for two Divines coming to him to admoniſh, and give him good Advice about his latter End, he ſaid, *You need not be ſo officious as ye are about my Soul, for 'tis Time enough to take Care of that when I come to the Gallows.* So the Divines ſeeing him harden'd in his Sin, they left him to take his own Meaſures; and when he came to the Place of Execution at *St. Michael's-Hill*, he was turn'd off without ſhewing any Sign of Repentance, on *Friday* the 4th of *September* 1713. Thus dy'd this incorrigible Offender, altho' he had ſeveral Great Men to make Interceſſion for the Queen's Pardon.

FINIS.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM