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Dreadfull Murder at Eriswell: Confession of One of the Prisoners

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DREADFUL MURDER AT ERISWELL

Confession of One of the Prisoners.

An outrage by poachers, resulting in the death of a young man named Hight, a keeper in the employ of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has occurred on his Highness's estate at Eriswell, near the the town of Mildenhall. On Friday afternoon, the 31st ult, Hight was seen to enter a plantation in which a shot had just previously been fired, and was never again seen alive. When found he appeared to have been brutally murdered, having on head four wounds inflicted by blows with some heavy instrument which completely smashed his skull.

Two poachers, named Rutterford and Heffer, where seen by a policeman coming from the plantation, from Rutterford a gun was taken, upon which was found marks of blood and human hair. Heffer stated to a policeman, when locked up, as follows—Deceased came up to them while in the plantation, and seized him whereupon, Rutterford knocked the keeper down and then smashed his skull in; he then took him by the feet and dragged his body to the place where it was found, and covered it with brushwood. Prisoners are remanded.

Both young and old, where'er you be,
I'd have you list awhile to me,
Be warned, and shun bad company,
Before it is too late.

A tale I'll state, of a murder done of late,
This crime was done, well known to all,
At Eriswell, near Mildenhall,
And the stoutest heart it will appal,
When I the facts relate,

The wretched murderer does bewail,
Close confined in Bury Gaol,
And loud for mercy he does call,
For the murder done near Mildenhall,
So young remember his downfall,
and be warned 'ere 'tis too late.

To Eriswell two poachers went,
To a plantation they their footsteps bent,
To kill some game was their intent,
On the 31st of December last.
They brought a pheasant down,
But the keeper heard the sound,
Poor John Hight hastened to the ground,
And Rutterford and Heffer found,
But he little thought his life so soon
From him would pass away.

The keeper tried Heffer to take,
It's Heffer's tale that I now stats,
How the keeper Hight met his sad fate,
And the murderous work begun.
James Rutterford, he declares,
With the gun barrel there,
Poor John Hight about the head beat.

The sight was sickening he said,
Then on the turf the keeper laid,
A weltering in his gore.

When had given him his death wound,
He his victim dragged along the ground,
To the spot where poor John Hight was found
A dreadful sight to see.

It would have made your blood run cold,
The sad sight for to behold,
His head was battered, sad to own,
Till his features they could scarce be know
And his friends in sorrow no bemoan,
His sad untimely fate.

The gun was found as you shall hear,
Covered with blood and human hair,
How can this cruel murderer dare,
Ask pardon of his God.

David Heffer he in tears,
Cried tell my poor mother dear,
Not to weep for her unhappy son,
It was not his hand the deed had done,
And trusts in peace to meet her soon,
With hands quite free from blood.

Now these two men do lay in gaol,
And bitterly they do bewail,
And Rutterford he cannot fail,
To look forward for his doom.
But those cursed Game Laws,
Has been the cause,
Of many a life's blood to be shed,
And a warning voice comes from the dead;
Saying, repeal the laws, or live in dread,
Of the great Judgment day.