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# Double Executions.: John William Anderson, at Newcastle' and Richard Charlton, at Morpeth, both for murdering their wives.

Author Unknown

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# DOUBLE EXECUTIONS.

John William Anderson, at Newcastle and Richard Charlton, at Morpeth, both for murdering their wives.

On Wednesday morning, John William Anderson was hanged at Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the murder of his wife. Anderson and his wife lived at the West-end of Newcastle, where they kept a shop, and on the night of the crime they quarrelled. The murdered woman took up a knife in the shop and struck at her husband with it, but he took it from her and stabbed her with it seven times. Having killed her, he went to the nearest station and gave himself up, telling the constable in charge

that he had murdered his his wife. The execution was witnessed by about a dozen persons in all, including the prison officials. The culprit, who had slept well during the night, made a good breakfast before going to the scaffold, and walked firmly from the pinioning room to the gallows, where he stood with great firmness till the bolt was drawn. Death was instantaneous. He expressed great sorrow for the crime he had committed.

Thursday last, Richard Charlton, twenty-eight years of age, farm labourer, was executed at Morpeth for the murder of his wife, Sarah Charlton, at Dinnington, on the 3rd of June last. After the birth of their first child she left him and went to live with a sister. Notwithstanding his repeated entreaties she would not return home. With a loaded revolver he went to his sister-in-law's house, shot his wife, wounded his sister-in-law, and shot himself in the right side of the head. The self-inflicted wound produced paralysis of the right side, and for a time the

prisoner was unable to use it. Marwood was the executioner. Rising at half-past on the Thursday morning, Charlton shortly after partook of breakfast. He was then taken to the gaol chapel where prayers were read by the chaplain, from who he received the sacrament. He was pinioned, and at eight o'clock walked a distance of fourteen yards to the scaffold, which was level with the ground. On the drop there was no delay, and death was almost instantaneous. Exactly at eight the black flag was hoisted, and an hour afterwards the body was cut down.

## The fearful executions

Shows the sad increase of crime,  
The dreadful scene has been enacted  
At Morpeth, and Newcastle-on-Tyne  
Yes, on the fatal scaffold,  
Has died two wretched men,  
Each for the murder of his wife,  
The facts to you'll pen.

Richard Charlton he at Morpeth died,  
And at Newcastle we find,  
William Anderson he met his fate,  
May God forgive their crimes.

At Newcastle William Anderson,  
He lived as you shall hear,  
With his wife Elizabeth  
Whom he once loved so dear.

In August last they quarrelled,  
And then his wretched wife,  
In a passion at her husband flew,  
And struck him with a knife.

Then Anderson he seized the knife,  
May God forgive his crime,

And in a rage flew at his wife,  
And stabbed her seven times.  
To the police-station he then went,  
And his crime he did declare,  
He said I am a murderer,  
I have killed my wife so dear.

He was tried, and was found guilty,  
And was condemned to die,  
Altho' to save the poor man's life,  
Both rich and poor did try.  
But for him could no mercy get,  
He a murderer's death did die,  
Let's hope he will more mercy find.  
With his Judge who dwell on high

Now Charlton lived at Dinnington,  
But was left by his wife,  
And lived with her sister,  
Which was the cause of strife.  
He entreated her for to come home,  
And she refused we find,

Which led to her unhappy end,  
And his most dreadful crime.

He with a loaded pistol went,  
And sad, oh sad to tell,  
Then with the same he shot his wife,  
That wife he loved so well.  
Then the weapon on himself he turned,  
And skught his own life to take,  
But for awhile his life was spared,  
To meet a murderer's fate.

Now a lesson take both one and all,  
As these few lines you read,  
And be not led on by passion,  
To commit such dreadful deeds.  
And women your husbands strive to  
love,  
For on this you may depend,  
It was hard words that brought these  
men  
To their unhappy end.