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# A Copy of the Letter

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The Sorrowful and Weeping  
**L A M E N T A T I O N**  
of the Wives and Orphans

Of the late sufferers, Thistlewood, Ings, Brant, Tidd, Davison, who were Hanged, and Beheaded, at Newgate, May 1st. 1820, for High Treason.

Together with a *Warning to Youth.*

**THE LAMENTATION.**

**B**ESTOW attention to these lines,  
All ye that pass by,  
It surely will call forth the tear,  
Of sorrow from each eye.  
Near Newgate's walls a dreadful scene,  
To you I will relate;  
Of five poor wretched souls who've come,  
Unto a woeful fate.

Conducted to the fatal tree,  
Their forfeit lives they paid,  
But they were cut down prestily  
And on a scaffold laid.  
Then with a knife their heads were cut  
From off their bodies quize;  
And streams of blood came gushing out,  
Most shocking was the sight.

When from each head flow'd streams of  
How dismal was the sound, (blood  
Of tender Wives and children dear,  
And Parents weeping round,  
May God on high support their babes,  
And hear the widow's cry;  
And grant them strength to bear the load,  
Of their sad misery.

O sad and dreadful was to see  
Their mangled bodies lie!  
Poor Thistlewood he'll mourn no more  
At his sad destiny.  
But who can tell the bitter grief  
Of their poor families!  
No bounteous hand to give relief  
Most piercing is their cries.  
Their little children sob and mourn  
And to their Mother say,  
Pray Mammy when will Dad return  
Will he come home to-day.  
O never more my Babe she cries  
And clasps them to her breast;  
Each feeling heart will sympathise,  
And pity their distress.

After they had hung half an hour, they were cut down, and their heads severed from their bodies with a large knife, and a person exclaimed, "This is the head of a Traitor."

**A Copy of a Letter,**

Written by one of the unfortunate Prisoners, to his wife and family.

Dear Wife, **M**Y situation at this time is so dreadful that I can scarce express it. The thoughts of dying an ignominious death, and of having my body cut and mangled, is an awful and horrible idea, but bears no comparison with the pangs which I endure on your account and that of my poor Babes. You will be left to the mercy of an unfeeling world, destitute of friends, and sunk in poverty But God, whose mercy is boundless and full of compassion, will, I humbly trust, protect you from your enemies, and be a husband to you, and a father to my children. Hard is my lot, and bitter is my portion, but 'tis the hour approaching that will terminate my earthly sufferings. Farewell, dear unfortunat wife, farewell. A. T.

**A Warning to Youth.**

Charles E'liott, a boy aged nine years was indicted capitally for stealing six handkerchiefs privately from the shop of Mrs M. Blakeman, Oxford-street, London.

Mr Justice Richardson summed up the evidence, and notwithstanding the boy made a most remarkable and astonishing defence, hardly to be credited, the Jury found him Guilty—DEATH. At the last Assizes:

Lamentation of the  
**B O Y.**

**E**ach tender mother lend an ear,  
Unto this tale of woe,  
While by my tears of sorrow, fast  
From ev'ry eye will flow.  
In Newgates dismal cells we're told,  
In bitter grief doth lie,  
A little Boy of Nine years old,  
Who is condemn'd to die.

When he was sentenc'd at the bar,  
The Court was drown'd in tears,  
To see a child so young cut off,  
All in his infant years.  
His Father wept, his Mother tore  
Her hair in agony,  
A heart of stone would melt to hear,  
How bitter she did cry.

Be warn'd my little children dear,  
By this poor boy's downfall,  
Keep from dishonest courses clear,  
And God will bless you all.  
O think how this poor wretched boy,  
Laments his woeful fate,  
Lock'd in a cell—he has no joy,  
How dreadful is his state.

You parents that have children dear,  
Pray buy this little Book;  
Your children's hearts may be renew'd  
While in it they do look.  
They may be brought to feel and see  
Their danger night and day,  
And pray that God would guide their steps  
To shun bad company.

You sisters who have tender hearts,  
Was this your brother's case,  
The world to you would have no joy  
While he was in that place.  
Employ your mind in fervent prayer  
Unto the King of Peace, (end  
To protect each friend from that dreadful  
Of horror and disgrace.

(PRICE ONE PENNY.)

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