Pt. from Francis Edwards

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

JOHN THURTELL,

WHO WAS

EXECUTED AT HERTFORD

On FRIDAY, the 9th of JANUARY, 1824;

FOR MURDERING

MR. W. WEARE:

INCLUDING VARIOUS ANECDOTES, AND AN ACCOUNT OF HIS DEMEANOUR AFTER SENTENCE WAS PASSED.

ALSO,

THE CONDEMNED SERMON,

AND

A CORRECT VIEW OF THE EXECUTION,

Taken on the Spot by an Eminent Artist.

BY PIERCE EGAN,
AUTHOR OF LIFE IN LONDON, &c. &c.

BEING

An Appendix to his Account of the Trial,

Which may now be had, Price 2s.

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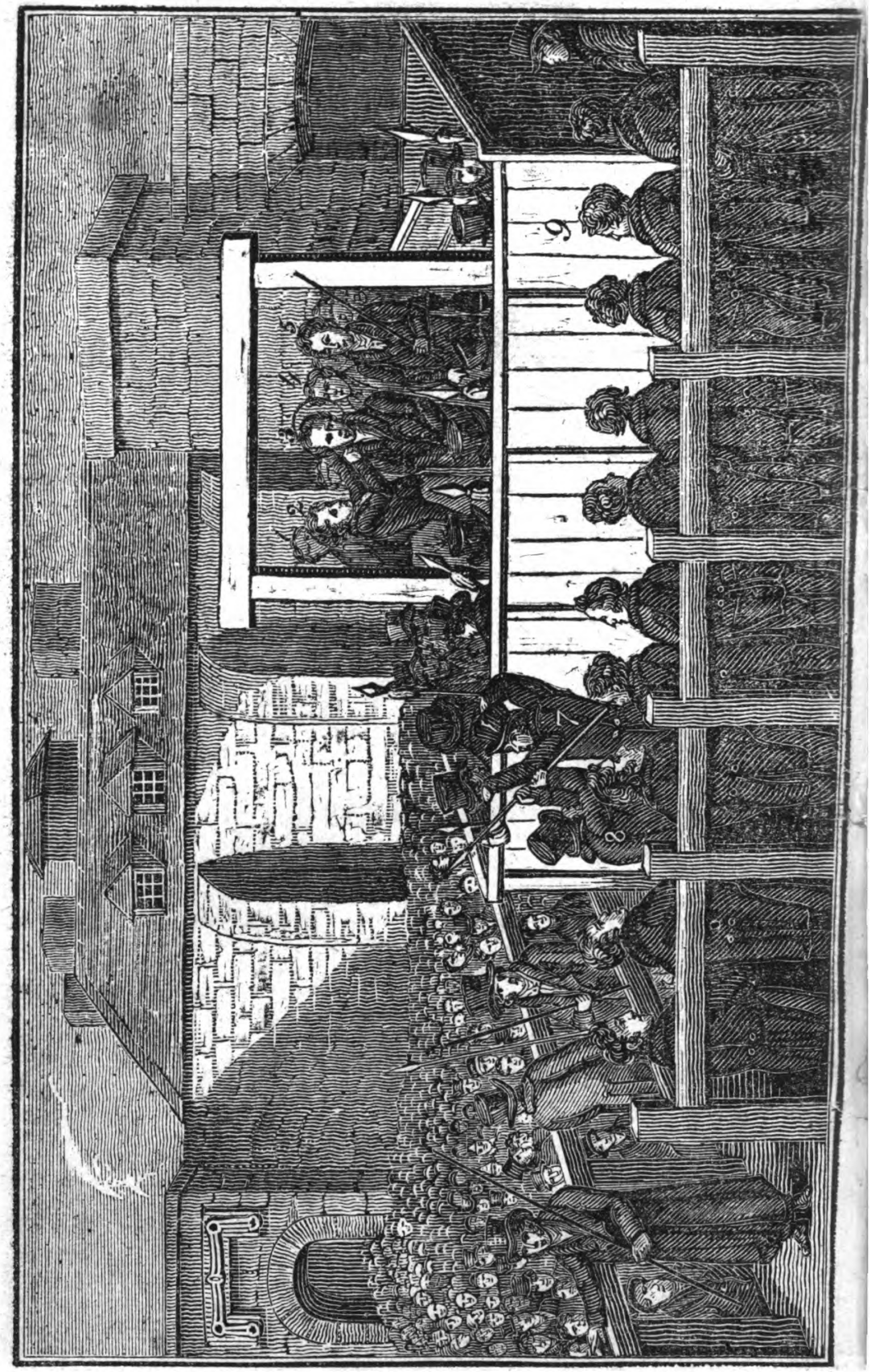

1. The Under Turnkey.
2. The Executioner.
3. John Thurtell.
4. Mr. Wilson, the Gaoler.
5. Mr. Nicholson, the Under Sheriff.
6. Dr. Burnett, the Phrenologist.
7. One of the Reporters to the Morning Chronicle.
8. A Javelin Man beating down an indecorous Reporter.
9. A person well known in the Sporting circles.

APPENDIX.

Containing an Account of the Conduct of the Prisoners before and after their Trial and Condemnation. Execution of THURTELL. HUNT'S *Confession; and* PROBERT'S *Statement before the Coroner. First and Second Interview of the* EDITOR *with* THURTELL. *An Outline of the Condemned Sermon.* RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LIFE OF JOHN THURTELL. *Sketches of* HUNT *and* PROBERT. *Character of* Mr. WEARE. HUNT'S *Letter to his mother. Including a Variety of Interesting and authentic Anecdotes respecting* THURTELL; *combining, altogether, a* COMPLETE *and* VALUABLE DOCUMENT *of this horrid Transaction.*

Thurtell, from the first moment of his arrival at Hertford Gaol, adopted a uniform deportment and course of action altogether inconsistent with those of a man conscious of guilt. To his most intimate friends he expressed his detestation of the crime attributed to him, as well as his confidence in proving his innocence to perfect demonstration on his trial; and notwithstanding the damning and conclusive facts which had appeared in evidence on the inquest against him, his manner and declarations were such, to all who conversed with him, that they could not resist the impression of its being possible that his was not the hand that committed the murder; and finding the impression which a cool and manly firmness produced, he never for a moment allowed his fortitude to forsake him, but most sedulously applied his time in preparation for a great effort to defend himself on the trial. He first procured such books as were likely to aid him in composing his address, particularly the public speeches of Mr. Charles Phillips, the barrister, and having arranged and reduced his defence to a written form, he lost no time in learning it by heart, and then practised its recitation. His rehearsals were performed in the night, and before he commenced, he placed Randall, a fellow prisoner, who was a sort of companion or guard with him for the night, to act as judge; he next selected a part of the room which was supposed to be the jury, and then went through the whole of his speech, to the no small astonishment and surprise of Randall, who being throughout the day in the same yard as Hunt, frequently told him, that Mr. Thurtell would make such a fine speech as was never before heard, and which would be sure to get him off, adding, "Mr. Thurtell is only sorry I can't read, because then I could hold the paper, and see whether he spoke it correct to a word."

In the early part of the business, and while Hunt was expected to be a witness, Thurtell expressed his disgust at his pusillanimous conduct; but when Thurtell found that he was rejected, and that Probert had consented to give evidence, his indignation was greatly aroused against the latter, and he appeared to commiserate Hunt, saying, he readily forgave him, because he owed him no obligations; but he could not forgive the rascal Probert, whose family, as well as himself, he had supported.

At Christmas, Mr. Wilson had some friends spending the evening with him, and Hunt, to entertain them, voluntarily sung a plaintive song. Thurtell, who was in a room beneath Hunt, joined in the applause bestowed upon the singer, and, in a friendly tone, called out, "Joseph;" and on Hunt asking what he wanted, Thurtell replied, "I will thank you, Joe, to give me my old favourite—you know what I mean." Hunt immediately complied: the song was "The Look Out, or Old Conwell the Pilot," and at its conclusion Thurtell expressed his thanks, and clapped his hands for some time in token of approval.

During the first day of the trial, Hunt, whenever he could get an opportunity of speaking to Mr. Harmer, his solicitor, anxiously inquired how the case was going on, and in the early part of the day, the notes which he sent to his counsel, suggesting questions, or observing on the evidence, were confused, and ill written, but as the case proceeded his suggestions were much more intelligible, and better written.

At the conclusion of the first day's proceedings, Thurtell and Hunt were brought back in the same carriage to the prison, when Hunt thus addressed Thurtell. "Why, I was told, you were to make a fine long speech, but you have scarcely said a word, and what little you did say was spoken in such a manner that no one could scarcely hear or understand you, and I do not think you will be able to make any speech worth hearing." Whereupon Thurtell said—"Wait till to-morrow, my boy, and hear me, before you give your opinion, and only see if I do'nt astonish you."

While the judge was summing up, the contrast between the prisoners was very striking. Hunt appeared ready to sink whenever any strong observation was made against him, and his demeanour betrayed the greatest timidity and depression. Thurtell, however, preserved a manly firmness, which was evidently not forced or constrained. He was in full possession of his faculties, and his mind keenly on the alert to seize and avail himself of any opportunity to benefit his case, and if possible induce a belief of his innocence. He did not hesitate frequently of his own accord, to interrupt the learned judge, and endeavour to obviate or explain some of the strong points in the evidence against him, and on which he found particular stress was laid. Hunt, on the contrary, could not be induced to say a word, although urged by his solicitor to state to the judge the communication he was making to him, namely, that Mr. Probatt, the innkeeper, was certainly mistaken in his evidence; for in the first place he had been long acquainted with Mr. Reece—he had not only used his house frequently, but visited him when a prisoner in the Fleet, consequently he could not have wanted to know who he was; and that, so far from meditating any harm against him, he had a respect and regard for him for many kindnesses he had received at his hands.

Notwithstanding the firmness displayed by Thurtell, and the composure with which he was evidently prepared to meet his fate, he had nevertheless a great anxiety to gain a short extension of time; for, almost immediately after the jury withdrew to deliberate on their verdict, he asked Mr. Platt, one of his counsel, whether he thought the judge would postpone the execution until after Sunday, and being answered in the negative, he presently after made a similar inquiry of Mr. Harmer, who was then close to the bar conversing with Hunt, who gave him the same opinion as his counsel. Thurtell then asked, with some apparent surprise "What! has not the judge the power to respite for a few days?" Mr. Harmer said, the judge certainly possessed the power, but he had never known it exercised in cases of murder, unless some doubt was entertained as to the correctness of the conviction; still, however, there would be no impropriety in his respectfully soliciting the judge to grant him that indulgence.—Thurtell then remarked, "It is not on my own account I wish for the time to be delayed, for if I am to suffer, the sooner it is

over the better, and I am prepared even at this moment, but I have some affairs of others, living at a distance, which I wish to settle and arrange, and cannot do it without seeing them. I am anxious for a few days, to give them an opportunity of coming to me."

Thurtell after this joined in a general conversation with several persons who were immediately around him. It was remarked by one, that his address to the court and jury was very powerful and energetic, not only as to its composition, but its delivery; and Thurtell frankly avowed that he had compiled it from various sources, and said, "what did you think of the conclusion; was it not very fine?" and being answered in the affirmative, he said, "that I took principally from Phillips's speeches; it is in the defence he wrote for Turnor, the bank clerk!" Thurtell heard some one remark that the worst man of the three had escaped punishment altogether, and he directly said, with great emphasis, "I would rather suffer death, twenty times over, than be Probert and live!" and he particularly ridiculed the idea of Probert's evidence being true, as to his having stated that Weare had nearly got the better of him; for, said he, "Weare was a very little man; and to think it possible that such a person could get the better of me, is all nonsense." A friend of Thurtell's observed—"At all events you cannot be accused of betraying your companions." "No," replied the prisoner, with marked expression, "before any one could have got the secret from me, he must have torn my heart from my breast." His friend, thinking perhaps this observation rather too strongly implied an admission of his guilt, and apparently wishing him to alter its import in that respect, said, "You mean if you had been concerned." Thurtell answered—"Yes, of course." He inveighed with much bitterness against one of the witnesses to whose testimony alone, he said, he should attribute his conviction, if the jury found him guilty; and he with great ingenuity, pointed out the improbability of his evidence being true, from the relative situations which the witness described himself and him (Thurtell) to be in when he undertook to speak to the fact deposed to.

A gentleman complimented him on the firmness and talent he had displayed, and said, whatever was the result, no one could dispute his title to those qualities. Thurtell replied, "I think I have taken a little of the sting out of the poisoned shafts levelled against me, and I know that the lads of the village will be pleased with my conduct."

When the jury came into court, Hunt was much agitated: Thurtell drew himself up into an erect posture, placed his hands loosely in each other, and seemed to look very intently at each juryman as he entered, and he heard the verdict without betraying the slightest emotion; the foreman, however, was so overcome, that he could scarcely articulate the word "guilty," and was some seconds before he recovered himself sufficiently to deliver a similar verdict as to Hunt.

When the judge concluded the sentence, Thurtell leant over the bar, and very heartily shook the hand of a gentleman who had spoken to his character, and said, "God bless you, remember me to all friends;" and then turning to Mr. Wilson, presented his wrists to the handcuffs, which were ready to secure them, and immediately left the court.

On Wednesday night, after Thurtell returned to the gaol, he was treated by Mr. Wilson with the same kindness and indulgence by which his treatment has been characterized from the first. And after taking what refreshment he required, he was visited by the Rev. Mr. Franklin, the chaplain of the prison. The Rev. gentleman found him sitting in the cell bathed in tears, and evidently oppressed by great mental anguish. The moment Mr. Franklin entered, he became composed. Mr. Franklin asked him whether he felt contrition for the past; he answered him in the affirmative; he then asked him whether he was ready to make his peace with God? to which he replied that he was. He felt, he said, that this

world had already closed upon him, and that he had but a few hours to live; that he was perfectly ready to meet death in any shape, but that he could not contemplate so awful an exit without recollecting those near and dear connexions to whom his death must be a source of affliction and shame. From the state in which the wretched man's mind then was, it was evident that, had he been pressed, he would have made an ample disclosure of all he knew connected with the horrible occurrence for which he was to suffer. The Rev. gentleman felt that under such circumstances, however, it would be unfair to press him, and therefore abstained from putting any questions. He pressed upon him the necessity of devoting the few hours he had to live in preparing himself for death, and left him in a state of deep dejection; not, apparently, arising from any apprehensions of personal suffering, but from a conviction of the disgraceful situation in which he was placed. The Rev. Mr. Franklin promised to see him again at an early hour the next morning, and on quitting the cell was himself sensibly affected. He afterwards visited Hunt, who was crying bitterly; but as the fate of this prisoner may be considered in some degree uncertain, his stay was not long.

After the chaplain's interview with Thurtell, handcuffs were produced and placed upon his wrists. This seemed to affect him a good deal, but he made no remonstrance. Three men were then introduced, who, he was told, were to set up with him all night. Thurtell made no reply, but threw himself on the bed in his clothes. One of the men covered him with the rug, and he soon after dropped into a sound sleep. He waked once or twice during the night, and at one time exclaimed to one of the men, "William, are you there?" On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said, "that's right;" and turning round, again slept most profoundly. At seven o'clock he desired them to assist him to rise; and on being got out of bed, he sat on a stool near the fire, which had been kept in all night. There were a bible, a prayer-book, and a volume of religious tracts on the table, the latter of which he took up, and read for a short time with perfect calmness; he then laid it down open, and mused a few seconds. At half-past seven Mr. Wilson entered his room, and finding him up, asked him how he felt? Thurtell replied, rather cheerfully, "Very well, Mr. Wilson; never better in health." He evidently derived pleasure from the presence of Mr. Wilson. After breakfast, Mr. Wilson informed him they were going to chapel, and that he was to be present. Thurtell said, "Very well; I am ready." On again alluding to the time of execution, Mr. Wilson informed him it would not be so soon as he anticipated; on which he expressed his regret, and said, "The sooner the better, for I have taken my leave of this world; as my doom is fixed, the sooner I suffer the better." Mr. Wilson, and every member of his family, betrayed a strong feeling of regret for the man; for although a murderer, there was a manliness and a correctness in his general conduct which won their respect.

As a proof of the kindly spirit which had taken possession of Thurtell's mind, he desired to have a last interview with Hunt. He was told they would meet a short time before they went to chapel; and upon their meeting, Thurtell went up and shook him by the hand in the most cordial manner. He said he sincerely forgave all that was passed, and that he desired to die in peace with him and with all mankind. Hunt was considerably affected, and wrung his hands with great warmth.

At half-past eight o'clock, Mr. Wilson ordered all the prisoners in the gaol to be conducted to the chapel, in order that they might be present during the service that was about to be performed. The prisoners proceeded at a slow pace to the chapel. Thurtell walked with a firm step, and looked perfectly composed. Hunt looked the picture of despair, his mind seemed to be completely prostrate. On entering the chapel, they were conducted to a seat appointed for their reception, and which was in

ull view of all the other prisoners. No other persons were allowed to be present, strict orders having been given by the High Sheriff that no one whatever would be admitted to the gaol, without his permission. Upon this principle, one individual, who came to the gaol accompanied by a Magistrate, and who represented himself to be a friend of Thurtell's family, was distinctly told he could not be introduced. We ought to add, that Mr. Clutterbuck, the Magistrate, had an interview with Thurtell in the course of the day, by consent of the High Sheriff. The Rev. Mr. Franklin, the chaplain, performed the service in the most impressive manner, and introduced several prayers appropriate to the occasion, in which Thurtell and Hunt joined with great devotion; in fact, Thurtell seemed in all respects anxious to perform his religious duties. After prayers, the chaplain delivered an excellent and eloquent discourse, taking his text from the 2d chapter, 10th verse of the Corinthians.

"We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

The Rev. Chaplain said, that in the beginning of the chapter, St. Paul expressed an earnest desire to quit this earthly tabernacle for a house not made with hands, and to be present with the Lord; but that, however the Almighty should dispose of him, he should make it a constant labour and study so to conduct himself, that both in this world, and at his presentation in the next, he might hope to be approved and accepted by his God; and that to this end his actions were daily governed and directed. He then enforced upon the prisoners the simple and expressive rule of St. Paul, and emphatically pointed out the force and value of attention to it. He implored the prisoners to consider the certainty of a future judgment. Not to dwell on the persuasion and belief of all heathens and pagans in every age and country, in this respect, on the dictates of every man's natural conscience, his self-approbation of secret virtue, his self-condemnation of secret vice, the hopes and fears that agitate every man's breast on account of his most private actions, and the inmost thoughts of his heart, were all, he said, so many proofs of his belief in a future judgment.

In the second place, he said, that neither was it necessary to take an extensive view of the unequal distribution of happiness and misery in this life: how virtuous and holy men were often afflicted in this world, and that too, even for righteousness sake: and that profligate, daring, and impious men, often flourish and prosper; they came not into trouble, neither were they plagued like other men; hence the justice of God seemed to require, that at the final consummation of all things this seeming injustice should be rectified, and that God would one day fully vindicate the righteousness of his government; acquit the honour of his justice; and that there would be held a general assize of all men that ever breathed on the face of the whole earth, when they would all have a fair and open trial, and God would render to each according to his works. The Chaplain then enforced the truth of the divine judgment, and after making a powerful impression upon his auditory by the eloquence of his argument, he exclaimed, "Hear the words of your Redeemer: 'The day is coming, in which all who are in their graves shall hear the voice of their Judge, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.'" He remarked upon the astonishing indifference of some persons to the divine declaration, and the impossibility of their conducting themselves in the manner some did, were they impressed with its truth. He was particularly solemn and impressive in dwelling upon the profligacy and profaneness of some, who were

not deterred by a sense of religion from the commission of sin; just as if eternal justice were asleep; just as if all their wicked actions would be buried with their dead bodies, and should never rise again in judgment against their immortal souls. He contrasted with such impious indifference the calmness, the consolation, and hope of a true christian, who built his hope on the fundamental belief of happiness hereafter, and illustrated the value of such a bope by the practice of St. Paul, and the serenity and piety of his life. The Chaplain then said, that it would be easy to draw a terrific picture of the great and terrible day of judgment; but he preferred the arguments which cool reason suggested, to those which terror and amazement inspired. He invoked the attention of the prisoners to the plain and powerful expression of the Holy Scriptures. Suppose then, said he, that "you saw the heavens opened, and the Son of Man coming in great power and glory, and all his holy angels with him. Suppose that you heard the mighty cherubim, in burning rows, sounding the loud trumpet of archangels, and a mighty voice piercing the heavens and the earth—'Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!' Suppose you saw the throne set, and the great Judge sitting upon the throne of his glory; and all nations gathered before him; and all the dead, both small and great, standing before God; the books opened, and the dead judged out of the things written in those books; suppose you heard the respective sentences upon all mankind pronounced by the mouth of Christ himself: 'Come, ye, blessed of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world!' and, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.'," "Would not this," continued the reverend gentleman, "be an appalling scene? and did not the gospel positively declare that it should come to pass?" He asked then, why was not that dreadful fact operative upon human conduct? Why, then, such insensibility to human interests—why stifle the voice of conscience—why labour to drown its cries, by the din and riot of worldly cares and pleasures?

After dwelling forcibly on this topic, the reverend gentleman exclaimed, "Let this present season of Advent constrain us all to look carefully and steadily to our last great account; and seeing now, with our own eyes, the awful spectacle before us, where human justice is about to vindicate the violation of her laws, let us lift up our hearts to higher views, and raise our thoughts from earthly to heavenly subjects. Let us argue thus:—"If the day of God's judgment be so dreadful at a distance, that I can hardly now bear the very thought of it, from the recollection of my sins, how insupportable will the thought itself be, when it eternally does come!" He, in conclusion, contrasted the times of ignorance of the heathen and the Christian world, and, as St. Paul said, "the ignorance of the former God winked at, but now all men were commanded to repent, because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world." "Oh then, at once," said the chaplain, with great fervour and earnestness, "repent! let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him turn unto the Lord, who will have mercy upon him, and unto our God, who will abundantly pardon, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour."

Repeatedly, during the delivery of the sermon, the chaplain was affected to tears. Thurtell at times evinced uncommon emotion; his manner was extremely penitent, but his fortitude was still maintained, and he awaited with composure his impending fate. He hoped, he said, to meet it with the firmness of a man, and the resignation of a Christian.

In the course of the service, the chaplain read the Litany, though out of order, very properly judging there were parts in it more applicable to the case of the prisoners than occurred in the rest of the service.

When the following prayer was read, Hunt seemed dreadfully affected, and his head dropped upon the front of the pew :—

"That it may please Thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed."

John Thurtell maintained his usual firmness, and while he expressed an anxious desire for the arrival of that period which was to terminate the anguish of his mind in this world, he applied himself with becoming devotion to meet the awful hour of his exit. The Chaplain returned to his room, after a short absence, at nine o'clock, carrying with him a few oranges, and, after some religious discourse, found his mind calm and collected. When about to depart, at ten o'clock, Thurtell intimated a strong desire that his late wretched associate (Hunt) should be allowed to pass the night in his apartment. To this the Reverend Chaplain saw no objection; but, on the contrary, felt that the lesson which would be thus afforded would tend to make a lasting impression on the feelings of Hunt, who, although professing a full sense of his past conduct, and manifesting an apparent sincerity of devotion, still did not exhibit that pure spirit of repentance which characterized every word and action of the unhappy Thurtell. He also hailed the circumstance as an additional proof of T.'s having discarded from his mind every feeling of hostility to this partner of his guilt. The worthy gentleman proceeded to Mr. Wilson, and begged that the wish of Thurtell might be complied with, after which he quitted the prison. Mr. Wilson's son then supplied his place in Thurtell's room, and with the most charitable and humane feelings, remained with the unfortunate culprit for an hour, during a part of which time he read to him several portions of Scripture, as well as extracts from some excellent sermons furnished by the Rev. Chaplain. Thurtell also read extracts from the sermons and other religious books, and seemed to derive considerable consolation from the holy doctrines contained in them. Upon Mr. Wilson's retiring for the night, Hunt was introduced: he was received by Thurtell with a strong manifestation of cordiality. Thurtell took him by the hand, and said, "Joe, the past is forgotten. I stand on the brink of eternity, and we meet now only as friends. It may be your fate to lose your life as ignominiously as myself; but I sincerely hope the Royal mercy will be extended to you, and that you will live to repent of your past errors, and make some atonement for the injuries which you may have done to me or others. Although you have been my enemy, I freely forgive you." Hunt, who had entered the room with feelings bordering on apprehension that some unfortunate turn had taken place in his affairs, and that he was himself to suffer, was suddenly relieved by this address, and squeezing Thurtell's hand most vehemently, he burst into tears; he then sat down by the fire, and Thurtell and he continued to pray, and to read the admirable works which were before them, until one o'clock. Thurtell had previously partaken of tea and a small portion of bread and butter, and occasionally during the night sucked an orange. Soon after one, he showed symptoms of fatigue, and laying himself on the bed, uttered a fervent prayer to the Almighty for strength to meet his approaching execution with the firmness of a man, and the resignation of a Christian. In a few moments afterwards he dropped into a profound sleep. Hunt continued to sit by the fire reading, but soon followed the example of Thurtell, and fell asleep on his seat. The three attendants as usual, remained in the room, and one of them, by Thurtell's desire, threw the coverlid over his (Thurtell's) head.

While matters were thus situated within the prison, the workmen continued their labours without, in erecting the scaffold and its inclosure. This machine was constructed under the direction of Mr. Nicholson, the Under-Sheriff, and had been commenced before the day appointed for the trial. Some objection was made by the magistrates to the use of it, upon the ground that it might be considered indelicate to commence

such a work, as it were, in anticipation of the conviction of the prisoners. The fact, however, of there being no other fit machine of the sort in existence in the county having been communicated to the high sheriff, that gentleman, on his own responsibility, determined to adopt it, and it was by his direction finished, and used on the present occasion. The drop was ingeniously suited to the purpose for which it was intended, and was calculated to terminate the existence of the unhappy culprit in the shortest possible period. There was a temporary platform with a falling leaf, supported by bolts, and upon this the prisoner was to be placed. The bolts were fixed in such a manner as to be removed in an instant, and as instantaneously the victim of his own crimes would be lanched into eternity. Above this platform was a cross-beam, to which the fatal cord was to be affixed. The whole was solidly and compactly made, and capable of being taken asunder and removed in a very short time. The inclosure consisted of boards seven feet in height, and dovetailed into each other, so as to close every crevice. The extent of the space thus embraced was about thirty feet in length, and fifteen feet in width. The platform was approached by a short flight of steps, which led directly from the door of the prison. The boards and all the other machinery being painted black, presented a very gloomy appearance. At eight o'clock the whole was completed, and the workmen retired. Soon after this it was suggested to Mr. Nicholson that a place should be railed off for the accommodation of the gentlemen of the press, and by his directions, in a very short time, the inclosure was completely surrounded by strong posts and rails, fixed at a distance of about three yards, within which the gentlemen in question, the officers of the sheriff, Ruthyen, Bishop, and Upson were stationed, and were thus completely protected from the pressure of the multitude.

During the whole of Thursday afternoon, persons of all ranks were seen driving into the town of Hertford in all directions, evidently brought by the desire of being present at the execution; and influenced no doubt by an expectation that some extraordinary declaration would be made by Thurtell, in his dying moments. All the inns in the town were completely filled, and the place of the crowds who had departed after the trial, were filled by a new order of visitors. It would seem from the appearance of some of these persons, and the jaded state of their cattle, that they had come long distances; and indeed we know that many hundreds of them had actually come from Worcester, the scene of the late extraordinary contest between Spring and Langan. Among these we noticed several persons distinguished as leaders in the sporting circles, whose intimate acquaintance with Thurtell rendered the approaching tragedy still more attractive. Independently of these individuals, many persons were pointed out as having actually come from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Ireland, and other distant parts of the United Kingdom, under similar feelings of curiosity. Many of these persons were incapable of procuring beds, while others would not submit to the extraordinary prices demanded for such convenience. In this state of things, scarcely a public house was closed for the night, and parties remained engaged in drinking and gambling till the light of day burst upon them. As the morning approached, fresh arrivals added to the bustle which prevailed; the roads from London, Cambridge, St. Albans, and elsewhere, were covered with vehicles of every description, filled with that sort of company which is usually observed on the move towards fights and such exhibitions. In fact, all the rabble who are wont to frequent scenes of this description, seemed to have congregated in Hertford upon this occasion. In many instances, where persons could not afford to pay for a conveyance to the spot, they walked from considerable distances, and submitted to no ordinary fatigue and inconvenience, in order to be present at the execution.

At day-break, a crowd began to assemble in front of the gaol, taking their stations upon every elevated spot which presented itself to their notice. The road between the prison wall and the opposite hedge may be about twenty yards in width. This was soon completely choked up with spectators; the hedges, and the fields beyond, were also thickly thronged by the anxious multitude. Immediately in front of the scaffold, in a field within the hedge, stood a large barn, the property of Mr. Wilson, the governor; this was an antiquated edifice, thatched with straw, which, from its appearance, must have been of long standing. So desirable an elevation could not long escape the notice of the curious, and in a short time the roof was literally covered with men and boys, whose apparently comfortable situation excited no small envy in those who had not been so fortunate as to arrive in time to attain so excellent a seat. Some few, however, from their knowledge of the frail materials of which the building was constructed, did not hesitate to apprize those who were upon it, of the danger they incurred by remaining in such a situation. These suggestions were received with jocularity and treated with contempt. In a short time, however, they proved to be but too well founded; for, at about half-past ten o'clock, the whole thatch and the rafters by which it was supported gave way with a tremendous crash, and the crowd which were upon it were precipitated into the body of the building, covered with dust and dirt. A feeling of horror instantly pervaded the crowd, as apprehensions were entertained that some serious injury must have been experienced. Prompt assistance was immediately afforded to the sufferers, and after some time the whole of them were extricated from their perilous situation, many of them exhibiting in their appearance rather a ludicrous aspect, some few having reason to regret their temerity, in remaining on the roof after the warning they had received. Among these were two lads, named Fraley and Mullins, one of whom had his thigh broken, and the other his knee dislocated; they were immediately removed for surgical assistance into the town of Hertford. The consequences would, in all likelihood, have been more serious, had it not happened that the barn at the time was nearly filled with straw. Many of the crowd still maintained their stations on the walls, one of which subsequently gave way, but luckily without producing further mischief.

At eleven o'clock, the mass of spectators had greatly increased. The road at each end was completely blocked up, so as to prevent the possibility of any person passing, and the coaches going to and coming from London, were obliged to take a circuitous route. Soon after that hour, Robert Sutton, esq. the High Sheriff, accompanied by Mr. Nicholson, the Under Sheriff, arrived at the house of the Rev. Mr. Franklin, which is situated within the walls of the Blue-coat Establishment. Mr. Nicholson was then requested to proceed to the gaol, and to inform Thurtell that the High Sheriff was in attendance in the neighbourhood, and was ready to wait upon him if he was desirous of an interview, but that otherwise he had no wish to interrupt his devotions.

At half-past six Mr. Wilson, jun. entered the prisoner's room, and found him on the bed, fast asleep, and snoring loudly. The prisoner Hunt was also in a deep slumber, sitting by the fire-side. Mr. Wilson, unwilling to disturb their repose, retired, and at seven o'clock returned again with his father. The wretched men were still asleep, unconscious of the scene which was so shortly to be acted, and in which one of them was to take so prominent a part. Mr. Wilson approached the bed of Thurtell, and found his face covered over with the rug, and so profound was his sleep at this moment, that he could not hear him breathe. He immediately uncovered the prisoner's face, and called him by name. Thurtell started up, and for a moment seemed lost to his situation, not even knowing where he was. Mr. Wilson addressed him, and his recollection immediately returned. Mr. Wilson asked him how he felt him-

self; and he said, Very well; I have had an excellent night—I have slept since one o'clock; I have dreamt several odd things, but I have never dreamt any thing about *this business* since I have been in Hertford. Mr. Wilson then asked him if he felt refreshed, and if he felt inward comfort? He replied, "Yes, I feel very well, and very comfortable." During this conversation Hunt awoke, and casting a look of despair toward the bed, seemed to shudder within himself, and then became extremely dejected. Thurtell arose, and asked for some water to wash, which was forthwith brought to him by one of the attendants. Having bathed his face, his breakfast was brought in: it consisted of some tea and bread and butter, but he partook only of the former, and that but slightly.

At eight o'clock the chaplain arrived—he shook hands with Thurtell, and addressed him in the most humane and soothing language, expressing at the same time his gratification at finding the unhappy man in a frame of mind so firm and composed. Mr. Wilson retired, taking with him the three attendants. The Reverend Chaplain, on being left alone with Thurtell and Hunt, called upon them to join him in prayer, which they did with their accustomed devotion. Having concluded the prayer, Thurtell desired to be permitted to read aloud one of the sermons in his possession, to which the Reverend gentleman at once acceded. He read in a clear and audible voice for some time, when some conversation took place between him and the chaplain as to his belief in the truths of Christianity, and as to his hopes of pardon hereafter, through the mediation of our Saviour? The answers of Thurtell were such as to give entire satisfaction to Mr. Franklin.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Nicholson entered the prison, and on being conducted to Thurtell's room, communicated to him the message of the high sheriff. Thurtell said he had no desire to give that gentleman the trouble of an interview, and was only desirous of renewing his thanks for the benevolent and humane attentions which he had received at his hands from the first moment of his being committed; and he desired at the same time to express to Mr. Nicholson, the sense which he entertained of his kind feelings during the same period. Mr. Nicholson intimated to Mr. Wilson, that the period was fast approaching which had been fixed for execution, and suggested whether it might not be prudent to conduct the prisoner to the chapel, in order that he might receive those last religious consolations which his awful situation demanded. He then left the room, and the chaplain and the prisoners were again left alone to prayer.

At half-past eleven o'clock, Thurtell and Hunt were conducted by the chaplain and Mr. Wilson into the chapel, where they were met by Mr. Nicholson. The Rev. Mr. Franklin then prepared to administer the sacrament to the prisoners, of which both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Nicholson intimated a desire to partake. During the communion service Thurtell read the appropriate prayers in a distinct and audible voice, and seemed fully impressed with the importance of this solemn rite. At its conclusion, Thurtell turned round to the prisoner Hunt, and grasped his hand repeatedly, and renewed in the most forcible terms the assurance of his perfect forgiveness of the past, and of his being about to die in peace and charity with all the world. The chaplain and Mr. Nicholson now retired from the chapel, leaving Mr. Wilson and the prisoner Thurtell alone. Hunt had previously been reconducted to his cell, overpowered by his feelings. Mr. Wilson, then turning to Thurtell, said, "Now, Thurtell, as there is now no eye to witness what is passing between us but that of God, you must not be surprised if I ask you a question." Thurtell turned round, and regarded him with a look of surprise. Mr. Wilson continued—"if you intend to make any confession, I think you cannot do it at a better period than the present." Thurtell paused for a few moments. Mr. Wilson then went on to say, "I ask you if you acknowledge the justice of your sentence." Thurtell immediately seized

both Mr. Wilson's hands, and pressed them with great fervour within his own, and said "I am quite satisfied, I forgive the world; I die in peace and charity with all mankind, and that is all I wish to go forth upon this occasion." Mr. Wilson next asked him whether he considered that the laws of his country had been dealt to him justly and fairly; upon which he said, "I admit that justice has been done me—I am perfectly satisfied."

The chaplain then returned to the prisoner, and offered him some further words of comfort, asking him, whether there was any thing he (Mr. Franklin) could do to ease his mind with respect to his family and friends. Thurtell replied, that he was anxious the rev. gentleman should write to his father, and inform him of his extreme contrition, resignation, and penitence, which Mr. Franklin promised most faithfully to do. The unfortunate man then uttered a short prayer, that the minds of his family might be strengthened under the deep affliction they must feel, and of which he had been the unhappy author.

At twelve o'clock precisely, Mr. Nicholson tapped at the door with his wand, as the signal that the hour of execution had arrived. Mr. Franklin's countenance betrayed the deep sorrow with which he heard this sound. Thurtell observed the change in his countenance, and said in a firm and manly voice, "Sir, I am ready;" he then seized Mr. Franklin's hands, and in terms of gratitude thanked him, not alone for all the personal kindnesses for which he was indebted to him, but for that contrite and christian spirit with which he was about to depart this world. Mr. Franklin returned the salutation and burst into tears. The chapel-door was then thrown open, and the prisoner went forth with a steady and assured step. He looked round with perfect calmness. The distance from the chapel-door to the door leading to the scaffold was not more than ten yards, and thither he was accompanied by the chaplain, the under sheriff, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Webb, an assistant of Mr. Wilson's, and the upper turnkey. The church-bell mournfully tolled as he advanced. On their arrival at the door, Thurtell again squeezed Mr. Franklin's hand, and again exclaimed, "God bless you, Sir; God bless you." He then shook hands with Mr. Webb, and mounted the steps, preceded by the under sheriff and the executioner, and followed by Mr. Wilson and the head turnkey.

The scaffold was surrounded by a body of the javelin-men, whose motions were observed by the crowd without, and some persons in an elevated situation, having intimated the approach of the prisoner, there was a sudden exclamation from the surrounding multitude, and almost all present took off their hats. Thurtell, on taking his station under the gallows, looked round with a countenance unchanged by the awfulness of his situation.—His manner was firm and undaunted, at the same time that it betrayed no unbecoming levity. After regarding the crowd for a moment, he appeared to recognize an individual beneath him (we believe Mr. Pierce Egan), to whom he bowed in a friendly but dignified manner. He afterwards bowed generally to all about him. Previously to his mounting the scaffold, he had begged of Mr. Nicholson that as little delay as possible might take place in his execution after his appearance upon the platform.

The prisoner was attired in a dark brown great coat, with a black velvet collar, white corderoy breeches, drab gaiters, and shoes. His hands were confined with handcuffs, instead of being tied with cord, as is usually the case on such occasions; and, at his own request, his arms were not pinioned. He wore a pair of black kid gloves, and the wrists of his shirt were visible below the cuffs of his coat. As on the last day of his trial, he wore a white cravat. The irons, which were very heavy, and consisted of a succession of chain links, were still on his legs, and were held up in the middle by a Belcher handkerchief, tied round his waist.

The moment he placed himself under the beam, the executioner, in compliance with the wish which the prisoner had previously expressed, proceeded to the performance of his melancholy office. He commenced by taking off his cravat and temporary shirt-collar. During this operation he stood perfectly calm and unmoved, holding out his neck in order to facilitate the hangman's duty. A white cap was then put upon his head, and drawn over his eyes; this cap was so thin as still to afford the wretched man a view of those about him, and he continued to look round in various directions. The rope was then placed round his neck, and while the executioner was attaching the other end to the beam above, Thurtell looked up, and turning to him said, "Give me fall enough." The hangman replied, "that he might be assured he should have plenty of fall, and that all would be right." Thurtell next turned to Mr. Wilson, and repeated the same request, and that gentleman assured him, that his wishes had been fully attended to. All being now in readiness, Mr. Wilson drew close to the prisoner, and squeezing his hands, exclaimed, in a tone of unaffected feeling, "Thurtell, God Almighty bless you;" the prisoner, pressing his hands in return, responded, "God bless you, sir."

Mr. Wilson then stood back upon some boards placed immediately behind the drop, and the executioner having previously retired, the under sheriff, with his wand, gave the last fatal signal; the drop suddenly fell without the slightest noise, and the unhappy man was in an instant launched into eternity. His sufferings were but momentary, for, with the exception of a few convulsive motions of his hands and legs, he seemed to be deprived of all sensation.

It was calculated that at this period there were not less than 15,000 persons present, some of whom fainted from the pressure of the crowd, and were removed from situations of danger with great difficulty. Upon the whole, however, the motley assemblage, vast as it was, was characterized by the most orderly and decorous behaviour.

The body remained suspended for one hour, during which time the greater part of the multitude remained. At the expiration of the hour, the upper turnkey unscrewed the handcuffs from the wrists of the deceased, and the irons from his legs. A plank was then placed across the space through which the body was hanging, and the executioner ascended, and untying the rope at the top, gradually lowered the corpse into the arms of three javelin-men who received it beneath.

The body was then carried into the chapel, where a platform was prepared for its reception in one of the pews. The under sheriff followed, and under his directions, it was immediately stripped. When the cap was first removed, the countenance was somewhat discoloured, but in a short time assumed the ordinary hue of death. The eyes were open, and the lips were unusually prominent. Some moisture had exuded from the mouth, and wetted one side of the cap. The ends of his fingers were livid, and the mark round his neck was stronger than is usually observed. This may have arisen from the violence of the fall, by which it appeared that the vertebræ were completely dislocated. The form of the unfortunate deceased was, in the highest degree symmetrical and muscular, and was spoken of by the surgeon who was present, as distinguished for every indication of strength and activity.

An application was made by the friends of the deceased to have the body, for the purpose of being interred at Norwich—an application which was seconded by Thurtell himself, who earnestly prayed that the operation of dissection might not be performed upon him. He disclaimed however, any personal prejudice on the subject, and observed, that he cared nothing for his remains after life had become extinct; that there was another and a strong ground on which he made the request—he was anxious to be given to his friends, in order that a fond and doat-

ing mother might at least have the satisfaction of knowing where to find his grave. The unhappy prisoner when he made this allusion appeared more than usually affected, and made use of his handkerchief to hide the tears which were rolling down his cheeks.

The under sheriff felt, that consistently with his duty, and the terms of the sentence which had been passed on the prisoner, he could not comply with these wishes, and therefore resolved that the law should be complied with in every respect. Mr. Colbeck, the surgeon of the goal, was directed by him to see that the body should be anatomised, and took a receipt from him to that effect. In giving these directions, Mr. Nicholson felt it his duty to take the solemn pledge of Mr. Colbeck not to allow a cast to be taken from the head of the deceased. He was the more strongly induced to demand this pledge, in consequence of the objections which the deceased had himself made to such a proceeding—objections founded upon an apprehension, that if such a cast were taken, a bust might be made, and circulated through the country. "And," said Thurtell, "if this should be the case, the bust may perhaps meet the eyes of some of my family, and renew in their recollection the memory of a man who had caused to them not alone the deepest grief, but who had exposed them to shame and disgrace."

It was afterwards understood that the body should be partially dissected in the county of Hertford, and should then be conveyed to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where the dissection is to be finished, and where the skeleton is to be preserved.

In the course of the afternoon an application was made from the Phrenological Society, in London, for leave to take a cast of the back part of the head of the deceased, with a view to the illustration of their scientific theory. This application was granted upon the express condition that the cast should not extend to the face; that there should be only one, and that one should be confined solely to the use of the Society.

Upon these occasions, when the body of the deceased is stripped, the clothes usually become the perquisite of the executioner. In this instance, however, the under-sheriff departed from that practice, and directed that the clothes of Thurtell should be sent to his brother, and that a compensation in money should be given to the executioner. It will be recollected, that, on searching the lodgings of the deceased, after his arrest, an air-gun was found by, and now remains in the possession of, Upson, the Bow-street officer. Thurtell, on the evening before his death, sent it, as his last request, to the high sheriff, that the gun should be given to Mr. Wilson, senior, as the only token of gratitude which he had it in his power to bestow for the many favours conferred upon him by that gentleman, during his confinement.

While alluding to this subject, it may not be uninteresting to state, that on the Thursday night, when Mr. Wilson, jun., was taking his leave of Thurtell, he begged to be favoured with a lock of his hair. Thurtell smiled, and readily assented, observing, that he was sorry to say that was the only property now in his possession; suddenly recollecting himself, however, he said, "Oh yes, I have got a snuff-box, a plain one certainly, but I hope you will accept it for my sake." Mr. Wilson accepted the box, and left the room deeply affected.

HUNT'S CONFESSION BEFORE THE CORONER.

In consequence of an indictment against John Thurtell and Thomas Thurtell, for defrauding the County Fire Office of 1,900 and odd pounds, Thomas and John Thurtell left the Cock Tavern in the Haymarket, and took their residence at a Mr. Tetsall's (the Coach and Horses), in Conduit-street, Bond-street. I was invited to dine with them. I called there on the Friday morning, Oct. 24, when John Thurtell invited me to take a walk. I walked with

him as far as High-street, Mary-le-bone. We stopped at a jeweller's shop; while we were looking there John Thurtell observed a pair of pistols, which he said he would go and look at, for he wanted to purchase some. They were marked 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* John Thurtell asked me after dinner if I knew where I could get a gig. He gave me 1*l.* 10*s.* for the gig. He told me not to say that the gig was going to Hertford, but to Dartford. I returned with the gig to the Coach and Horses about a quarter before five. John Thurtell immediately got into the gig, said he could not wait any longer, as he had a gentleman to meet. After he was gone, Mr. Probert said to me, as John Thurtell has gone down to the cottage, have you any objection to take a seat in my gig, as he (John Thurtell) is obliged to be out of the way, in consequence of the warrants being out against him for the conspiracy: most likely we should spend a pleasant evening together. About six o'clock on Friday evening Mr. Probert's gig was brought to the door of the Coach and Horses. I took a seat in the gig: we proceeded as far as Oxford-street. Mr. Probert said we must take something home for supper: we stopped at a pork-shop, where I got out and purchased a loin of pork. We proceeded from there as far as Mr. Harding's, a publican in the Edgware-road, where he had a glass of brandy and water. From thence we proceeded as far as a Mr. Clarke's, another publican, and had two more glasses of brandy and water; from there we proceeded to this house (the Artichoke.) We had three, but from what appears from the landlord, (Mr. Field,) we had five more glasses. We did not get out of the gig here.—Mr. Probert observed to Mr. Field, that the friend that was with him could sing a very excellent song. Mr. Probert wished me to sing a verse, but I declined. We proceeded from this house about a quarter of a mile. Mr. Probert stopped the gig and said to me, "Hunt, you get out and wait my return;" I did so. About half an hour or more might have elapsed when Mr. Probert returned, and desired me to get into the gig. When we arrived at the cottage, John Thurtell was in the stable. Mr. Probert said to me, "Hunt, take that loin of pork out of the gig." I took the pork into the kitchen, and remained in the kitchen about ten minutes, when John Thurtell and Mr. Probert followed. We went into the parlour. I was introduced to Mrs. Probert. John Thurtell then called me and Mr. Probert into the garden, and said, "I have killed that —— that robbed me of 300*l.* at *blind hookey*" (a game at cards.) "Good God!" said Mr. Probert, "John, surely you have not been guilty of so rash an act?"—John Thurtell immediately took from his pocket a very handsome gold watch, and said, "Do you believe me now? and if you will go with me, I will show you where he lies dead behind a hedge." Mr. Probert then said, "This has taken such an effect on me, that I must retire and get some brandy." We then went into the parlour; the supper was brought in, which consisted of pork chops, the loin I brought down having been cut into chops. I eat five chops, and so did Mr. Probert. John Thurtell declined eating any, as he complained of being extremely sick. Mr. Probert and I then went into the garden again, when Mr. Probert said to me, "Surely, Hunt, this man has not been guilty of murder?" I observed, it looked very suspicious, he (John Thurtell) having so valuable a watch. John Thurtell followed, and asked Mr. Probert and myself if we would accompany and assist him in carrying the dead man. During this time Mrs. Probert was gone to bed. John Thurtell said, if neither of you will assist, I will go myself. He accordingly went by himself, and was gone about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. During the time he was gone, Mr. Probert said to me, "If this is the case, Hunt, that John Thurtell has murdered the man, it will, ultimately, be the ruin of me and my family." After this conversation was over between me and Mr. Probert, John Thurtell returned, saying—"This —— is too heavy for me; and if you wont assist me, I shall put the bridle on my horse, and throw the dead man across his back." He accordingly put the bridle on his horse for that purpose. Mr. Probert and me, while he was gone the second time, went into the parlour, and he said to me, "Hunt, this

has taken such an effect of me, and I am so agitated, that I don't know what to do." He said, what will my wife think? John Thurtell then returned to us in the parlour, and said to Mr. Probert and myself, "I have thrown the dead man into your fish-pond." "Then by ——, Sir," said Mr. Probert, "I insist upon your immediately going and taking him away off my premises, for such conduct will evidently be my ruin." Me and Mr. Probert, and John Thurtell went to the pond, where we saw the toes of a man. John Thurtell then got a line or rope and threw it round the feet, then dragged it to the centre of the pond. John Thurtell then said to Mr. Probert, "Don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness, the man shall not remain here long—you well know, Probert, that I would not do any thing that would injure you or your family." We then went into the parlour; J. Thurtell threw himself upon some chairs; Mr. Probert went up to his wife, I believe; I sat in an arm-chair. Next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Probert said, "you are going to town" (to me and John Thurtell,) "but I shall expect you will return to-morrow (Sunday) to dinner," which I promised, and did. Mr. Probert said to John Thurtell, "mind and bring a piece of roast beef with you, or we shall have nothing for dinner." We then left the cottage and went to London. I left John Thurtell at Mr. Tetsall's (the Coach and Horses) with his brother Thomas. On Sunday morning we left Mr. Tetsall's in a horse and gig, taking with us a piece of roast beef and two bottles of rum. John Thurtell said to me, when we got as far as Tyburn, "my brother Tom is a-head and Thomas Noyes." (Thomas Noyes is the brother-in-law of Mr. Probert.) When we got to the bottom of Maida-hill we took up Thomas Thurtell, who joined us for the express purpose of seeing his two children, that had been on a visit to Mr. Probert's. When we had travelled three or four miles from Maida-hill, we met Thomas Noyes. John Thurtell got out of the gig, leaving me and Thomas Thurtell together in it, to make the best of our way to the cottage, in order that Thomas Thurtell might put Mr. Probert's horse into his gig to fetch John Thurtell and Mr. Noyes. When we arrived at the cottage, the horse that we went down with was taken out of the gig and Mr. Probert's put in. After Thomas Thurtell was gone to fetch Mr. Noyes and John Thurtell, Mr. Probert said to me, "I have not had a moment's peace since I saw you last, in consequence of that man lying in my pond." My reply was, "I am sure you have not had a more restless night than myself." Shortly after that, Thomas and John Thurtell and Mr. Noyes arrived at the cottage. We then, I mean the whole four of us, (Hunt, Thomas and John Thurtell, and Noyes,) walked across a ploughed field into a lane, and returned to the cottage. When we arrived at the cottage, there was a gentleman whose name I do not know, but I believe him to be the gentleman that owns the estate, came in.—J. Noyes, the Thurtell's, and myself, walked about the grounds till we were called in by one of Thomas Thurtell's children to dinner. After dinner we had some rum and water, and sat for the space of three hours, and then had tea. After tea we had some more rum and water, and then we went to the stable to see the horses. We then had supper. John Thurtell, myself, Thomas Noyes, and Mr. Probert, sat up till about half-past one. Mr. Probert and Thomas Thurtell then went to bed, leaving me, John Thurtell, and Noyes up.

About half an hour after they were gone to bed, Thomas Noyes followed, leaving John Thurtell and myself in the parlour. I said to J. Thurtell, I shall lay down on the sofa. He said he would sit up and smoke. I left him smoking by the fire, with his back towards me, and I laid down, pulling my great coat over me. About half-past six in the morning the servant came into the room. J. Thurtell asked if the boy Jem was up. The servant said "No." During this time, Mr. Probert came down stairs, and the boy followed. He desired the boy to put the horse in his own gig, which was done immediately, and Thomas Thurtell and myself came to town, bringing with us the boy called "Jem." When we got as far as the Bald Faced Stag, we breakfasted. From thence we went to Mr. Tetsall's, where Thomas Thurtell

was informed, that the bail he had put in was not accepted. About half-past eleven I called at my mother's, in Cumberland-street, New-road. After I had seen her, going from the New-road towards the Yorkshire Stingo, I met John Thurtell, Thomas Noyes, and Miss Noyes, his sister. John Thurtell asked me if the bail was accepted? I said "No." He then got out of the gig, and Thomas Noyes and his sister drove away. I and John Thurtell walked to Mr. Tetsall's. T. Thurtell asked me if I would return on that day and inform Mr. Probert that his bail had been refused, to which I consented; about half-past four I started; as I was going along, John Thurtell came to the end of the street to me, and said, "if you are going to Probert's I may as well go with you, and get that man away" (meaning the man that was left in the pond). I said, "if you are going upon that business, don't expect me to aid or assist in any way." We came and stopped at this house; and went to Mr. Probert's. I informed Mr. Probert, in the presence of his wife, that Thomas Thurtell had requested me to come down, as that evening, to know whether he could appoint any other person to become bail? Mr. Probert said, it was useless for him to write, for that he would be up in town as early as possible the following morning; we then had part of a cold duck and some ale; J. Thurtell then called Mr. Probert out; Mr. Probert was absent about ten minutes, and then returned by himself; shortly after that, J. Thurtell asked me and Mr. Probert if we would put his horse in the gig, and take it round to the second gate? We put the horse to, and did so. John Thurtell then came across a small field, with a dead man in a sack, with his legs hanging out; he then asked Mr. Probert to assist him to put the dead body in the chaise, which Mr. Probert refused to do; Mr. Probert immediately ran away, and said, I cannot stop any longer, my wife will think it very strange; he then asked me to assist him; I refused, saying, the sight of a dead man was quite enough, without touching it; John Thurtell then put the corpse in the chaise, and tied the feet to the dashing iron; he asked me if I would get into the gig, but I declined, and told him that I would walk on, and he would overtake me; when I got within a short distance of this house, John Thurtell told me that he had thrown the corpse into that marshy pond I had just passed. I then got into the gig, and left John Thurtell about two o'clock that morning, at the house where he then lodged, and went home myself immediately. That, gentlemen, is the whole of the evidence I have to give to-night.

Coroner. Now, Mr. Hunt, I will ask you a few questions arising out of your statements, which I think I have a just right to do.

The following examination, which seemed rather to arise out of facts which had previously come to the Coroner's knowledge, than from the statement just concluded, then took place: I do not observe that you stated that any property was divided between you? There was 6*l.* given to me, which I considered as paying me for my professional duties. What professional duties? I was taken down there to sing to Mr. Probert and his company. Who gave you this sum? Mr. John Thurtell. Did he give money to any one else? He gave the same sum to Mr. Probert. Was any agreement made with you by Mr. Probert, before you went out of town; did you go down to the cottage for the purpose of singing? Yes, Sir, certainly. Where was this agreement entered into? It was talked of when we were at Mr. Tetsall's, at the Coach and Horses. Myself and Mr. John Thurtell and Mr. Probert were present. Did you observe Mr. Probert lend Mr. John Thurtell any money that afternoon? No, Sir. Then when Mr. Probert asked you to go down to the cottage, you considered you were going down for the purpose of singing? Certainly. Did you sing? Yes, Sir. To whom? To Mrs. Probert, her sister, Thomas and John Thurtell, and Mr. Noyes. Were Mr. Probert and Mr. John Thurtell in the room? Yes, Sir. What day was this? This was on the Friday night, or more properly speaking, early on the Saturday morning; it was after twelve. Was that after John Thurtell came into the room, and informed you and Probert that the murder had been committed? Yes. Did

you hear John Thurtell say he kept 6*l.* for himself? No, Sir. Then after John Thurtell had called you and Probert out, and told you of the diabolical deed, you returned quietly to sing in the parlour? Yes, Sir. How long were you absent? About ten minutes. You did not say any thing in your statement to-day of your being employed to sing? No, I did not. Did you not go out with a lantern? No. Did Mr. Probert go out with a lantern? Not to my knowledge: I never saw any lantern, with the exception of that in the stable. Who was in the stable? The boy cleaning the horses. And no further conversation passed about the murder? None whatever. I was introduced to Mrs. Probert, she knew very well on what business I had come down. You werefully a ware of the murder? I was not fully aware of it: I was told of it by John Thurtell. You saw the watch? Yes, and I thought that was suspicious. In the presence of Mr. John Thurtell, Mr. Probert, &c. and after the former had told you he had murdered this unfortunate person, you amused yourself singing? Yes, Sir. And you made yourselves merry during the evening? Yes, Sir. And you considered that the 6*l.* you received was for your exertions on this evening? I was there on the Sunday. Did you consider that you received the 6*l.* for no other reason? No, certainly not. You have stated that you saw the pistols bought. After he bought them, did nothing pass between you and him? Nothing whatever. Do you know where the sack was bought? Yes. Who bought it? I did. Do you know where the cord was bought? Yes. Who bought it? I did. Where did you buy the sack? In Broad-street, Blooomsbury, near Hind-street. After you bought the sack, what did you do with it? I took it to John Thurtell: he said it was for the purpose of putting game in. The cord, what was that far? I am sure I can't tell you, to tie up the game, I suppose. Did you see him start? Yes, Sir. Where from? The Coach and Horses. Where did he say he was going to? He said a gentleman was to meet him, but he did not say where he was going to. Did he say any thing about Mr. Probert's house at the time? No. You received the 6*l.* from Mr. John Thurtell? Yes. Where did he take it from? From a pocket-book. Were you going away after you got the 6*l.* and finished your professional labours? No, Sir; it was too late an hour: it was one or two in the morning: it was after Mrs. Probert had gone to bed. He did not take the money from his pocket? No; it was from a sort of note-case: he paid Mr. Probert with a 5*l.* note and a sovereign. Do you know what he gave Mr. Probert money for? No, Sir, I do not. Was there any observation made by Mr. John Thurtell when he paid this money? No. Nothing respecting the murder? Nothing passed the whole of the evening about that business. You were all extremely cheerful? Yes, Sir. Did you see a purse? John Thurtell had a brown silk purse, as well as the small note-case. What did he do with the note-case? He threw it in the fire. What did he do with the purse? He threw that in the fire also. Did you see any papers put in the fire? There was a little betting-book put in the fire. There was nothing of this in your statement to us. No, Sir. Was the 6*l.* given to you and Mr. Probert as your shares of the money found? Yes, Sir, it was. What passed? I do not recollect. Where did you hire the horse? At Probatt's, at the Golden Cross yard; no relation to the prisoner Probert. Do you know where the clothes of the deceased were put? Not of my own knowledge; I wish I did; but I considered near the pond. Had he any clothes on? No, Sir, they were cut off: the clothes were taken off, for he was naked when he was brought into the lane, and put into the gig. Then you do not know from your own knowledge, or from information, what became of the deceased's clothes? I have not the slightest knowledge. Had you ever any of the clothes of the deceased on your own back? Never. What became of them after he was dead? That I don't know. How do you know they were cut off? Because I was told so by John Thurtell. On Sunday evening had you any other person's clothes on except your own? On Sunday evening I had a suit of black clothes on of John Thurtell's. For what purpose did you exchange your dress? As it was Sunday, I wished to appear decent and re-

spectable. What dress had John Thurtell on? A blue coat, light waistcoat, light small-clothes and gaiters.

Where did you change your clothes? In a little room by Mr. Probert's bed-room. Were you given to understand the clothes you put on at Probert's on the Sunday, were the property of the murdered man? Why, yes, I have since been given to understand so, for I told the officer where to find them. When did you give the information? When I was at Watford. After you were in custody? Yes, on Wednesday last. Had you any reason to believe that the property belonged to John Thurtell? Yes. Did you go up with John Thurtell when he went to London? Yes, Sir. Was there not a carpet bag put in the gig? When we left Probert's, there was a carpet bag put into the gig, and a box-coat, and a gun, and a powder-horn, with a shooting-jacket. Were there any other things in the gig when he left the Coach and Horses on the Friday night? No, Sir. If you did not know what these things were, how did you know how to give a description of them when you ordered them to be given up? I did not say I had not seen them.

Then you knew the contents of the carpet bag? Yes, John Thurtell sorted them up, and put them into my drawers, and desired them to be taken care of: the bag was left in the gig all night, and was brought to my house in the morning. I and John Thurtell walked on Saturday morning through a ploughed field, and broke through a hedge into a lane; it was not so late as seven o'clock: we saw two men in the lane, to whom John Thurtell said, he had lost a handkerchief and a knife; the lane was a quarter of a mile from Probert's house; after leaving the lane, we went to breakfast; I saw no handkerchief; I did not sponge my clothes, but I brushed John Thurtell's clothes, at his request; I took a spade down in the chaise with me; I was requested to do so, but don't know for what purpose: Thomas Thurtell threw it over a hedge near the gate, where the body was brought out by him naked; I did not see it used: I suppose it was brought for Mr. Probert's use; on that day I had black whiskers and mustachios; you may see they are now cut off; I have a hard beard, and cut them off for my own pleasure, I have been in the habit of doing so; I cut them off at my lodgings in London; I have no objection to sign this statement.

What is become of the box-coat? It ought to have been found at my lodgings by the officer, and also a backgammon-board which was left there. Were you and John Thurtell down a lane near Probert's house on Friday night? No, I was not: we walked on Saturday morning through a ploughed field, and broke through a hedge into a lane. What time was this? Not so late as eight o'clock. Did you see two men in the lane? Yes; John Thurtell spoke to one of them. What did he say to the man? He said he had lost a handkerchief and a knife in the lane. How far was this from Probert's house? About a quarter of a mile. Had you and John Thurtell been looking about the lane for the knife, &c. for some time previously to his speaking to the man? No; I didn't know that he had lost a knife till he spoke to the man. Were you in that lane, at any other time, with John Thurtell, after the murder? No. Have you told all the conversation that has taken place between you and John Thurtell in the parlour of Probert on the night of the murder, and elsewhere since the murder? Every word that I recollect. Did John Thurtell not say to you before he went with you down the lane, what he was going to look for? No, he did not. Where did you go after you left the lane? To breakfast at Probert's.

Questioned by a juror: What did John Thurtell say that he was going to do, when he left you for a quarter of an hour on the night of the murder? He did not say where, or what he was going to do; he merely asked me to wait there till he returned, and I did so. Was the sack you bought in St. Giles's the one the body of Mr. Weare was put into after his murder by John Thurtell? I presume it was. Coroner. Have you any thing more to say? Nothing more.

Question by the Coroner. What did Thurtell mean when he said "That

is your share of the money found?" Where was it found? I can't say, I was not present when it was found; I was not very *compos mentis* on that night. When you went down the lane with John Thurtell, you returned with a handkerchief? No, I saw no handkerchief. Did you see a large piece of sponge at Probert's? Yes, I did; it belonged to John Thurtell; he bought it, I suppose; I saw it in the pail in the stable. Did you not sponge some clothes? No, I brushed John Thurtell's clothes.

By a juror. When you came down to Probert's on Friday, you wore black whiskers and mustachios? Yes. What has become of them? Why, you must see that they are cut off. Why did you cut them off? I have a hard beard, and cut them off for my own pleasure. Have you been in the habit of cutting off your beard and whiskers? Yes, I have. Where did you cut them off? At my lodgings in London, prior to my apprehension.

Coroner. Have you any objection to sign this as your voluntary statement? None whatever.

Hunt then signed the statement which he had given, and retired.

During the whole of the above extraordinary detail, Hunt was as cool and collected as possible; he never changed countenance, and while every one shuddered with horror at his dreadful narration, he betrayed not the least emotion. After the examination was over, the handcuffs were put on him, and having thick wrists, as they were being screwed on by the gaoler, he cried out, "Curse it, don't torture me—don't put me in purgatory," and appeared very angry.

PROBERT'S STATEMENT BEFORE THE CORONER.

On Friday afternoon I dined at Mr. Tetsall's, the Coach and Horses, Conduit-street, with the two Thurtell's, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Noyes, and one or two more gentlemen, whose names I do not recollect, were present. Mr. John Thurtell asked me to lend him 5 or 6*l.*; I borrowed 5*l.* of Mr. Tetsall, and Mr. Tetsall gave the 5*l.* to Mr. John Thurtell; I also gave Mr. Hunt 1*l.* for Mr. John Thurtell, which made 6*l.* I think about six o'clock I left to come down to Aldenham, to my home. Mr. Thurtell asked me if I would drive Mr. Hunt to my house; if not, he said he would hire a horse for him; I said that as I was going home, I would drive him. John Thurtell said, I am coming to spend the day with you, and shall bring a friend with me: I said, Very well, and I should be happy to see them. I then left Mr. Tetsall's, and came with Hunt to the Bald-faced Stag, in the Edgeware-road; Mr. Hunt said, I must not go in there, as I have not returned the two horse-cloths borrowed. He walked on to Mr. Clarke's, the tavern-keeper, which is near the Edgeware turnpike, where I stopped and took him up, and drove him very near to Mr. Phillimore's Lodge, and Hunt then said, I must wait here till Thurtell joins me, according to appointment.

Coroner. Did you not call on the way at this house? Probert. I beg pardon; yes, I drove Hunt to this house, and we drank several glasses of brandy and water, and remained here about an hour, we left this house about nine o'clock; I went from here to Mr. Phillimore's Lodge, and Hunt got out and said, I must wait here for John Thurtell, and you may go on. I went on till I was within one hundred yards of my house, and then I met John Thurtell. He said, Where is Hunt? I said I had left him on the road waiting for you. He said, You must turn back then, and fetch him, for I have killed my friend, and I don't want him. I said, Good God, I hope you have not killed any person; he replied, I have, and now I am happy, for he has robbed me of several hundreds. I then returned with Mr. Hunt, and at my gates Hunt said to John Thurtell, Where could you pass me? John Thurtell replied, It don't matter where I passed you, for I have done the trick. I said, For God's sake who is the man that you have killed? John Thurtell said, It don't matter to you, you don't know his name, and never saw him, and if you

ever say a single word about him, by G—d you shall share the same fate, for Joe and I (meaning Hunt and John Thurtell) meant to have had your brother-in-law that is to be, the other day (Mr. Wood), only that he run so fast when he saw the house, and escaped; he also said, I have more to kill, and you will be one of them if you don't do what is right. We then went into my parlour, and had something to eat and drink; afterwards John Thurtell pulled a purse out of his pocket, and said, This is all I have got for what I have done. How much was in the purse I do not know. A gun and a watch he also produced, and several papers. John Thurtell and Hunt both examined the papers, and handed them from one to the other, and afterwards threw them into the fire. I had occasion then to go up stairs to Mrs. Probert, and I did not see any thing more of the papers. John Thurtell said, now we must go and fetch the body, and throw it into your pond. I said, that you never shall do. He said, you must do as I tell you, and I will come and fetch it away to-morrow. They, Mr. John Thurtell and Mr. Hunt, then went and fetched the body, and threw it into my pond. I saw them throw it in. John Thurtell after that produced a note-case made of silk or stuff, and took out of it three 5*l.* notes, and said to me, here is the 6*l.* I borrowed of you yesterday, and he gave me a 5*l.* note and a sovereign. I am positive he said on giving me the money, here is the 6*l.* I borrowed of you yesterday, for which you are answerable to Mr. Tetsall. That is all the money I saw, though there were some sovereigns in the purse. I believe in the course of half an hour I went to bed; I left both Mr. Hunt and John Thurtell in the parlour, with a bottle of brandy on the table. Mrs. Probert and Miss Noyes had then gone to bed an hour and a half. Mrs. Probert pressed them (Hunt and John Thurtell) to go to bed half an hour before she went to bed, and she said Miss Noyes would sleep with Thomas Thurtell's two children. One of them replied, we have got a good deal of night work to do, and want to use ourselves to it. When I went to bed, I thought my wife had been in bed at least an hour and a half: as I entered the room she was not undressed; she was crying; and she said, for God's sake, what is it that Mr. Hunt and Mr. Thurtell and you are doing up? If I knew, I would inform against you. This was about one o'clock in the morning. I said, my dear, I am doing nothing that will hurt me: I am not guilty of any thing. We both then went to bed, and I think I lay till past nine on the Saturday morning, but not an hour did I sleep the whole of the night, nor did Mrs. Probert, for she was fretting all night. I did not tell Mrs. Probert any thing about the murder: I said to her, that I had done nothing that would injure me. When I came down to breakfast, I found Hunt and John Thurtell standing up in my parlour, and the cloth laid for breakfast. About ten o'clock my boy put my horse to the chaise, and they left my house about half-past ten. The boy put the gun in the chaise, and one or two bundles of clothes tied up in handkerchiefs, and a striped carpet bag with a padlock; I can't say if it was locked up; I can't say who these things belonged to; I suspected they belonged to the deceased, but was not certain. As they went out of the yard, they said, we shall come down and dine with you to-morrow, and bring Thomas Thurtell and Noyes, most likely. They all four, John and Thomas Thurtell, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Noyes, came down next day as we were sitting down to dinner. John Thurtell and Mr. Hunt both observed that I did not eat two mouthsful. John Thurtell said, you will never do for a Turpin. This was said before the females, Mrs. Probert and Miss Noyes, who did not know what it meant.

Coroner. They must have known what was meant; Turpin was a notorious highwayman and murderer, and what John Thurtell meant was obvious.

Probert continued: After dinner we walked in the garden; John Thurtell pointing to Hunt said, "See how my Joseph is dressed up to-day, don't he cut a good figure?"

Coroner. What did he mean by this? Probert. He meant that Hunt was dressed up in very good clothes.

Coroner. Give me a description of Hunt's dress at that time.

Probert. He had on a buff waistcoat, and a black handkerchief: they were the deceased's clothes I was told; I said to Hunt, "if they are the deceased's clothes, good God! how can you wear them?" Hunt said, "what is that to you whose clothes they are? they are not yours." This was on the Sunday after the murder.—I will only say that I am not the murderer, and I declare solemnly before my God and Saviour, that I never knew the man, or saw him, nor even knew the name of the man, or that he was coming down from London. God Almighty knows I am not guilty of this horrid murder. I knew of John Thurtell coming down, and as he said to me, with a gentleman, but I did not know who the person was; he said they should shoot on Lord Essex's estate.

Coroner. I have one question or two to ask Mr. Probert. Probert: I will answer. Did you take part of the deceased's money? No, I did not.—Did you see the deceased's clothes taken out of your house? No, my boy put the gun into the chaise.—Did Hunt come down to sing professionally? No.—Did he sing on the Friday night after you had been informed of the murder, in your parlour? I rather think he did sing one song, but I cannot swear.—Did Hunt receive any money from John Thurtell on that night? I think he did, but I am not positive.—Did you order John Thurtell to bring you a new spade down from London? Never.—Did you ever see a spade that he brought down? Yes, I found one on my grounds after the murder.

By a juror. You called at this house on the Friday night with Hunt, about the time of the murder? Yes, I did.—You said to the landlord that Hunt was a good singer? Yes, I did.—Were you both inebriated? A little.—He then withdrew.

THOMAS THURTELL.

After the verdict was returned, the Coroner and Magistrates assembled gave orders for Thomas Thurtell to be brought from the apartment where he was confined, before them. He was brought into the Jury-room handcuffed. They were ordered to be taken off.

The Coroner congratulated him that he was not inculpated in the dreadful transaction that had alarmed the whole county.

Thomas Thurtell, who has an impediment in his speech, endeavoured to reply, but, for some time, such was his agitation, he could not give utterance to a syllable. At last he said, "It was a horrible transaction; but I thank God I had not the remotest idea of the dreadful intentions of my brother, or that the murder was committed, till it was communicated to me after my apprehension."

The County Magistrates then informed him, that they were about to commit him to the county gaol, upon a warrant brought from London, on a charge of conspiring to set fire to some premises in Watling-street.

He declared, that however guilty his brother might be, and he admitted that his brother had led a life the most wicked and dissolute for several years, yet he was himself innocent of the charge upon which he was about to be committed.

The Magistrates lamented that a person who was related to one of the most respectable families in Norwich should have been implicated in such a dreadful accusation.

Thomas Thurtell burst into tears, and said, "Good God! what misery must my poor father and mother endure on hearing of the situation of their children; my brother's fate, I suppose, is sealed; pray God support my father and mother!"

CIRCUMSTANCES RELATING TO THE EXECUTION OF THURTELL.

Thurtell, in the course of conversation, again alluded to Probert. He said, "I forgive Probert, from the bottom of my heart; I hope he will live to repent of his past sins. But, notwithstanding the awful situation in which I am placed, were I to be offered life for one hundred years, with 20,000*l.*, I would rather die, as I am about to do, than live degraded and disgraced like him: a vagabond walking about the streets, pointed at by the finger of scorn. He has always been a wicked man, but my sincere hope is, that he may take warning and turn from his evil ways."

When the Rev. Mr. Lloyd went to seek Probert and his wife at the White Hart, at Hertford, on Thursday, he found them seated with a bottle of wine before them, and apparently callous to the obloquy with which the former had been covered. Upon remonstrating with him upon the impropriety of his remaining in town, Probert said that he intended going up by the coach that evening. Mr. Lloyd observed that such a course would be extremely indelicate, as he must be known at every place where the coach stopped; and recommended him to take a post-chaise, and leave the town as quickly and as privately as possible. To this, Probert replied, that he could not take a post-chaise, as he had no money. "Then," said Mr. Lloyd, "that shall not be an obstacle, for I will furnish you with the means of doing so," and the rev. gentleman immediately presented him with 2*l.* Probert and his wife shortly after quitted town in a post chaise, the blinds of which were up.

When Probert was about to quit the prison, he was compelled to pay a few shillings which he owed to one of the turnkeys; we have since been informed that he departed without paying a few pence (we understand no more than nine-pence) which he owed to a wretched prisoner, to whom that sum, however small, was an object of serious importance.

It was more than once suggested to Probert, that he ought to quit this country and go to America, to which suggestions he replied, "How can I go to America without money? I must remain here; I can't travel without money."

We understand that a considerable property, to which the family of the Noyes's are entitled, is at present locked up in Chancery, and will in all probability be ultimately divided among them.

When Mr. Wilson, jun. took his leave of Thurtell, he (Mr. Wilson) burst into tears. Thurtell turned to him, and patting him on the shoulder, said, in a cheering tone, "Come, come, don't cry, don't grieve—we shall meet again, we shall meet in Heaven."

Among the singularities of this extraordinary case is, that no less a sum than 25*l.* was offered for the pistol with which Thurtell effected the murder of Mr. Weare; and, what perhaps may appear still more singular, the sum of 10*l.* was offered for the rope in which Thurtell was hanged. When the under-sheriff heard of the latter offer, he determined to frustrate the wishes of the proposed purchaser, and ordered the rope to be burnt, and it was burnt accordingly. The pistol is still in the possession of Ruthven, the Bow-street officer.

So deeply affected was Thomas Thurtell at his last interview with his brother, on Thursday evening, that it became necessary to remove him away by force. John Thurtell, beckoning to the turnkeys, said, "Take him away for God's sake, for he unmans me; poor fellow, I wish he had not come here at all."

The two ladies who endeavoured to get into the gaol on Wednesday night, it appears were influenced by a desire to afford religious consolation to the prisoners. They were provided with a large stock of religious

tracts. During the trial on the first day, a waiter at one of the principal inns succeeded in gaining admission for them into the court, for which service they subsequently made him a present of a sovereign.

After the body of Thurtell was taken to the chapel, the platform was removed, and in a short time the front of the gaol presented its usual appearance, and, in the course of a few hours, the town of Hertford, which had but a short time before presented such a scene of bustle and confusion, became as tranquil as if the trial had never taken place.

REMARKS OF THE EDITORS OF THE DIFFERENT JOURNALS, UPON THE CHARACTER OF THURTELL.

"Thus perished John Thurtell, in the thirty-second year of his age; a memorable example of the evil consequences of that attachment to sporting by which so many young men are ruined, and so many more depraved. May some of those who are entering on the path that led to his destruction, take warning by his fate! Atrocious as was the deed for which he justly suffered the dreadful penalty of the law, his fortitude had inspired into the public mind no small share of sympathy for his sufferings. His address to the jury had induced some to believe him a man of talent; his delivery of it was certainly imposing and impressive; but the composition of it has been, we understand, attributed to some rhetorical friend; if so, the merit of it must be confined to his remembrance of it by rote, so as to supersede the necessity of reading it. Whatever may have been his talents, a life of dissipation and the pursuit of pleasure had impaired them; and, although his mind might have furnished the foundation for a clever man, there was no superstructure of useful learning or knowledge raised upon it. His talents could not make him an object of public sympathy; his singular fortitude constituted his chief, and perhaps his only, claim upon the feelings of the public. He looked at death steadily, and met it unshrinkingly. Had the determination of character, the self-possession in danger, and the bold intrepidity which he displayed during the whole trial, and to the moment of his death, been enlisted in a good cause, he would have been an invaluable citizen. He certainly possessed many ingredients of character which go to constitute a great man. In the army, his courage, firmness, and promptitude, might have raised him to a station in which he might have been himself the glory, instead of the shame, of his family,

> 'Had his soul but stirred in virtue
> With half the spirit that it dared in evil.'

The most affecting part of his address to the jury was the contrast which he drew between what he then was and what he might have been. His expression of regret, that he had not fallen in the field in defence of his country, was manly, natural, and energetic. These considerations, in spite of his enormous guilt, have made him an object of public compassion. No one can lament the man, or deplore his fate; but every person must regret, that the fine qualities of mind which he possessed, should have been perverted to the commission of so black a crime as that for which he suffered an ignominious death. That he was not unaffectionate, is proved by his last cares being directed to the feelings of his parents. He fell into evil society, where he met with none towards whom he could cherish any sentiment of regard. This was his misfortune. His unsuspecting generosity, when he entered the "play world," made him the dupe of every sharper he encountered. The victim of his revenge was one of those who early profited by his uncalculating rashness. He has now paid the awful forfeiture of the law, and feelings of abhorrence for the crime are partially immerged in sensations of sympathy for the

criminal. Bold, but not audacious;—guilty, but not base,—the principles of human judicature have necessarily sacrificed him, and preserved worse men, his accomplices, who pollute the surface of the earth, without one virtue to redeem their infamous variety of vices. Public attention had never been so strongly directed towards the murder of an individual, as towards that of William Weare; for never, in the history of any age or of any country, has there been perpetrated a murder of such fiend-like ferocity, without a single mitigatory circumstance to retrieve it from the most condign abhorrence. Great, however, as may be his crime, he is now "numbered among the dead," and the sacred, sad immunities due to the departed, should not be withheld from him. Let us hope that his contrition has been full, sincere and perfect; and let us hope, too, that a disgraceful death and the posthumous celebrity of an infamous fame, which his guilt has earned for him, may be, in the eyes of Him "whose mercy is infinite," a temporal punishment to atone for much of his crime, and facilitate his attainment of 'the brightest gift the Godhead can bestow,—the pardon of a penitent sinner.'"—*British Press.*

"Thus perished in an untimely manner a man, who, but for untoward circumstances and the violence of his passions, might have been an ornament to society, an honour to his country, and the pride of his family. If any thing could have made reparation to mankind for the crime with which his character had been stained, and by which the laws of his country had been outraged, it would be the exemplary piety, and the moral fortitude with which he met his untimely fate. His whole conduct had

——"Set forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it."

"A thrill of horror seemed to run through the multitude at this awful moment, and for a few seconds scarce a sound escaped from the surrounding thousands. Some expectation had been entertained that the unhappy man would have addressed the crowd, and made some disclosures to the prejudice of his former companions, or at least that he would have fully disclosed the part he himself had taken in the transaction which led to his death. Indeed his own declarations on various occasions had justified a belief that this would be the case. It was evident, however, that the religious feelings with which he had been impressed, had taught him, that to enter into any such statement was inconsistent with that Christian charity towards all mankind with which he had been persuaded it was his duty to depart this life."—*Morning Chronicle.*

"We cannot conclude this account of the execution of Thurtell without doing full justice to the courage with which he met the fate which the offended laws of his country assigned to him, on account of the atrocious crime of which he was convicted. In no part of his behaviour on the scaffold was there any thing like either irresolution or bravado. The serenity with which he conducted himself in his last trying hour, would have caused him to be considered as a martyr, had he died for the sake of religion; and would have endeared his memory to his country to the latest posterity, had he, in a period of national degradation, laid down his life for her injured liberties. Dying, however, as he has died, for a murder of the greatest atrocity, established by evidence of the most satisfactory description, we must guard against allowing our admiration of his fortitude to overcome our moral abhorrence of the barbarities he committed. It is evident that he was a man of uncommon energy of mind; and the sympathy of his gaol-attendants, men unused to melt, shows that he must have possessed some kind, and generous, and amiable qualities.

All therefore must regret that such a man should have suffered his nature to become gradually depraved into the possibility of perpetrating deliberate murder. At the same time society must feel relieved by casting off from its bosom a being who, having chosen the path of crime, was equally formidable from the laxity of his principles and the strength of his passions, from the unbounded influence his mental vigour gave him over his associates, and from his utter fearlessness of danger and of death."—*Times.*

Previous to the execution of Thurtell, a gentleman of the name of Richards, a Fellow of one of the Colleges at Cambridge, arrived in Hertford, and immediately called at the gaol, and stated that the Rev. Mr. Colton, of whose mysterious disappearance so much has been said of late, had been a member of the same college with himself, and that having heard of John Thurtell's conviction, he came up for the purpose of asking him whether he knew any thing of that gentleman, and whether he was disposed to communicate what he might know as to his fate. The chaplain, to whom the inquiry was stated, took an opportunity of asking the question of Thurtell, and he distinctly said, he knew nothing of Mr. Colton whatever.

Hunt entertained an opinion that he was to suffer on Friday morning with Thurtell, and under that impression he on Thursday afternoon wrote an affecting letter to his mother, which he sent by the post, inclosed in the following letter to his attorney.

SIR,—I shall feel grateful if you will forward this to my unfortunate mother, as I do not know where she lives.

Yours respectfully, J. HUNT.

The letter to his mother is as follows:—

Hertford Gaol, January 8th, 1824.

My Beloved Mother.—This you must consider as the last acknowledgment of my duty and gratitude to you, for the uniform affection I have experienced at your hands, and the kindness you have manifested during my unhappy situation. I have been from my birth the child of misfortune, but the termination of my untoward life is, indeed, dreadful to contemplate. It is, however, now too late to reflect on the past, and as it has pleased the almighty that I must be prematurely cut off from society, I hope I shall be able to meet *my fate* with confidence and fortitude, and that I shall meet with forgiveness in the *next world*, although I cannot receive it from mankind *in this*. The only regret I feel, is in the disgraceful death I must undergo, because I fear it will render more wretched those whom I leave behind. But do not, I beg of you, my beloved parent, destroy your peace of mind by fretting at my misfortune, but *pray* to *God* for my *forgiveness* when I appear before that great Judge our Supreme Being.

I depart this life in peace with all mankind: and trust that God will forgive all those who are my enemies, as freely as I do.

From what passed when I first made my confession, I did expect my life would be spared, but I am happy to say that I have, notwithstanding, devoted the whole of my time, since my apprehension, to my *God*, not merely because I was a guilty man, but because I felt I had long neglected that duty which ought to be performed by every good christian. Remember me kindly and affectionately to all those I leave behind, and that the blessings of Almighty God may be with you and my *unhappy wife*, my dearest brothers and sisters, is the most fervent prayer of

Your unhappy Son.

On reaching the gaol they were brought into the common room. Both stood together without casting on each other one glance of recognition while they were undergoing the usual process of search. Thurtell's snuff-box appearing to be empty, he turned about to Bishop, the Bow-street officer, who was present, and addressing him said, "Bishop, do let me have some snuff, I shall want a pinch." Mr. Bishop said he was sorry, but he had not any snuff, having never carried a snuff-box. A gentleman present said he had some, and at the same time offered his box. Thurtell, while the snuff was pouring from one box into the other, took some hastily in his fingers and applied it to his nose.

BOW STREET.

Two hours before Thurtell mounted that scaffold on which he yielded up his life to the outraged laws of nature and his country, he wrote the following letter in a free unshaken hand, and with a finely flourished signature, to the high sheriff of the county of Hertford:—

Hertford Gaol, Friday Morning.

SIR,—It is my request that Mr. Wilson should have my air-gun, which is at Bow-street. Many thanks for your kindness; this is the last request of your unhappy prisoner, JOHN THURTELL.

To Robert Sutton. Esq., High Sheriff.

The Mr. Wilson alluded to, is the Governor of Hertford gaol; and the air-gun is that which it was said Thurtell purchased for the purpose of shooting Mr. Barber Beaumont.

The high sheriff promised that he would attend to this last request, and he has kept his word. He came to town on Saturday, Jan. 10, 1824, for the purpose, and immediately waited upon the sitting magistrate at this office, G. R. Minshull, Esq.

Mr. Taylor, the barrister, was also in attendance at his request; by which it would appear that the worthy high sheriff anticipated some difficulty in what he had undertaken; but the magistrate had no sooner read Thurtell's letter, than he ordered the gun to be instantly given up.

Bishop, the officer, who happened to be present, informed his worship that the gun was in the hands of Upson, the patrol, who found it at Thurtell's lodgings, but he would take care that it was forwarded to Mr. Wilson on Monday.

The high sheriff seemed to fear some disappointment, and observed that he would pay any money for the gun rather than fail in doing what he had promised.

"Oh, Sir!" said Bishop, "money is quite out of the question—the gun shall be delivered to Mr. Wilson, on Monday morning, without fee or reward."

It appears, however, that this promise will not be carried into effect after all—for the assignees under Thurtell's bankruptcy, served Upson with a notice not to deliver up the gun, or any other of Thurtell's property to any body but themselves.

PIERCE EGAN'S INTERVIEW WITH THURTELL.

THURSDAY, DEC. 4, 1823.

It was nearly ten o'clock on Thursday morning when I sent my card into Thurtell. He immediately sent an answer that he was dressing, and should be ready to see me in a few minutes, and presently afterwards I was ushered into the office. Thurtell entered. He advanced towards me with a cheerful step and smiling countenance. Mr. Wilson, the governor, was present. I never saw Thurtell look better; in fact, his personal appearance was altogether considerably improved. He was fashionably attired in a blue coat with gilt buttons; a yellow waistcoat, and dark trowsers. His irons, which are rather heavy, were tied up with a silk handkerchief. His shirt and handkerchief white as snow; his pin tastefully displayed; and his collar and wristbands corresponding with the style of the present period. The following dialogue took place the moment he entered:

Thurtell. (*Holding out his hand, with great good humour.*) "What, Pierce Egan, how do you do? This is kind; and I am very glad to see you;" (*and immediately set himself down in a chair*).

E. You look well, Thurtell; nay, you look as if you had been in *training*.

Thurtell. Yes, thank God, I was never in better health and spirits. But you are come down to Hertford to take a few minutes about me, I suppose, (*smiling*).

E. Yes, to cast my eyes around; to report what is going on; you know my forte.

Thurtell. Yes, I have often read many o your sporting accounts with great pleasure; but I suppose you, like the rest of the press, have lashed me severely.

E. No, upon my word, I have not written a single line at present about you to the public.

Thurtell. Well, I feel obliged to you. But what a piece of work this affair has made, an't it? (*feeling for his snuff-box, and looking down at his fetters.*) What a parcel of lies the papers have inserted against me; and in addition to which, they say I am sullen and dejected. Do I appear dejected? (*laughing.*) Those who know me well, know that I have done nothing to be dejected about.

E. You have seen the newspapers, then?

Thurtell. Yes, I am now reading the whole of them. It is too bad; the paragraphs are all false. I never committed any serious crime in my life. My friends know it full well. You may believe me, Mr. Wilson, I never was before a magistrate on any charge in my life till the present. I do the crime for which I am charged, indeed! (*indignantly*).

E. I saw Mr. Weare at Doncaster races. (*The name of Weare did not make any impression, although his eyes met Mr. E.'s*)

Thurtell. There again is another direct falsehood, among 100 others; I never was at Doncaster in the whole course of my life; and I declare to you I have not been in a gambling-house for upwards of two years; it's also nearly three years ago since I was at a prize fight; not since Sanders and Israel Belasco fought. I, indeed, kill Weare, and take his money! It is well known that I have been more duped than engaged in duping others; and when I first entered the sporting world, no person behaved more honourably than I did; or spent his *blunt* more freely. There was but one individual who stood to be shot at like myself—and that was the late unfortunate Elliott. Did I not make a fight at Norfolk for 100*l.* a-side, when I could only collect seven pounds; although I was surrounded by

all the swells from the metropolis, and 35,000 persons were present. *(The recollection of this circumstance seemed to give him pleasure, as he smiled, and was quite animated).*

E. I suppose you mean to read your defence?

Thurtell. No, no! I shall speak for myself—*(and with much energy)*, and I will give some of the papers *pepper* for what they have said falsely against me. But I shall not be tried now—I want three witnesses to complete my defence; but so much prejudice has gone forth to the world, they are afraid to come; they must put it off without they mean to *murder* me. But I do not like Judge Park.

E. I understand you wished to have Mr. Charles Pearson to conduct your defence?

Thurtell. Yes, yes; indeed I did; he is a clever fellow; but he is too much in difficulties to appear in court for me. When did you see him last?—Egan. About a month since, at Brighton.

Thurtell. *(Laughing).* At Brighton; aye, he wished me to appear some time since on the stage, as *Richard the Third*, there.

Thurtell. *(Recollecting himself, and rising from his seat with the greatest indignation.)* Could any thing be more cruel, unmanly, or diabolical, than to publish in a play-bill, at the Surrey Theatre, that the chaise and horse should be exhibited in which it is said I committed the murder? It is a most infamous falsehood; and the press has dealt with me most unfairly.

Mr. Wilson. Mr. Thurtell, I wish to call your attention to a letter I have received from Barber Beaumont. (He wished me to read it to you) he wishes you to answer whether you set your house on fire?

Thurtell. *(With great indignation.)* What do you think of such a fellow, to send such a letter to me—to divert my attention at this period—an answer indeed! To acknowledge setting fire to my house; I should like to break his head into a thousand pieces first, *(clenching his fist.)*

At this juncture, Bishop, one of the turnkeys of Newgate, opened the door; but on Mr. Wilson saying he was engaged, Bishop retired.

Thurtell. Who is that?

Mr. W. He brought your brother down to-day.

Thurtell. I should like to speak to him.

Mr. W. Personally, I have no objection; but the magistrates assert that it would be improper, as your brother is to be called as a witness for the prosecution.

Thurtell. Well, then, I suppose it must be so, but—*(with considerable feeling)* I should like to shake hands with him. To P. E. What do those persons say about me in London to whom I am known; but if they believe the newspapers, I have been condemned long ago without any trial.

E. Can I do any thing for you respecting your trial?

Thurtell. No. Yes. If you should see Mr. Chitty this morning, tell him I wish to consult him respecting my defence.

E. I must now take my leave.

Thurtell. Good bye. I thank you kindly for this visit; but I shall see you again. My trial must be put off. He then returned to his own room with as much cheerfulness as he entered the lodge.

In the course of the conversation, Mr. Wilson observed, I wish to impress on your mind, and I hope you will give me your promise, that on meeting with Hunt, you will behave decorously.

Thurtell. *(His countenance exhibiting various sensations; and in a hurried manner.)* No, No. I will not hurt nor abuse him; I will behave properly you may rely on it.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

SIR,—In Mr. Pierce Egan's account of an interview between himself, John Thurtell, and Mr. Wilson, the keeper of Hertford Gaol, published in the Dispatch of last Sunday, the latter is represented to have said "Mr. Thurtell, I wish to call your attention to a letter I have received from Barber Beaumont. He wished me to read it to you. He wishes you to answer whether you set your house on fire." Now, although I had determined not to notice any more liberties taken with my name in the publications issued on behalf of the Thurtells, until the period of their trial on the prosecution of the County Fire Office, yet I find so unfavourable an impression created by the assertion, that I obtruded such an examination on a man on the eve of taking his trial for murder, that I am compelled to break the silence I meant to have preserved.* I declare, then, that the above statement is grossly false. I deny having desired or authorized any one to read any letter to John Thurtell; and I deny having desired or authorized any one to ask John Thurtell any question whatever. I am, Sir, &c.

I. T. BARBER BEAUMONT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

SIR,—In answer to the above letter of Mr. Barber Beaumont, I have only a straight forward course to pursue, and shall therefore state precisely what passed on the occasion to which he adverts. During the conversation with Thurtell, who sat on the left hand side of the fire place in the lodge; myself being on the right, and Mr. Wilson at the desk near the window, about three yards distant from me.

Mr. Wilson.—Mr. Thurtell, I wish to call your attention to a letter I have received from Mr. Barber Beaumont. *He wished me to read it to you* (taking the letter off his desk and opening of it.) He wishes you to answer whether you set your house on fire. (Then folding it up and laying it down on the desk.) I have now fulfilled Mr. Beaumont's request. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Dec. 13, 1823. PIERCE EGAN.

(*From the Morning Post.*)

LETTER FROM J. W. PARKINS, ESQ. TO MR. WILSON, KEEPER OF HERTFORD GAOL.

SIR,—Having read, on the 1st instant, in Bell's Weekly Dispatch, Sunday Paper, and copied from that into every other paper in London, a dialogue which is said to have taken place in your prison and in your presence, between John Thurtell and Pierce Egan; it stated also, that Bishop the turnkey, and Thomas Thurtell,† whom he had brought from Newgate as a witness for the prosecution, were

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* "Fair Play" is my motto, and I am anxious upon all occasions to do justice to every individual. Truth demands it. The letter read to Thurtell, by Mr. Wilson, from Barber Beaumont, Esq., was done *prematurely*. On Sunday, December 9th, I ascertained, at Hertford gaol, that the intent of Mr. Barber Beaumont's letter was, that it should be read to Thurtell *after* his conviction, and not *before* that circumstance.

† As a proof of the *accuracy*, or rather the *perversion* of the Ex-Sheriff Parkins, we make the following extract from our report in last Sunday's *Dispatch*:—

At this juncture, Bishop, one of the turnkeys of Newgate, opened the door; but on Mr. Wilson saying he was engaged, Bishop retired.

Thurtell. Who is that?—Mr. Wilson. He brought your brother down to-day.

Thurtell. I should like to speak to him?—Mr. Wilson. Personally, I have no objection; but the magistrates assert that it would be improper, as your brother is to be called as a witness for the prosecution.

Thurtell. Well, then, I suppose it must be so, but—(*with considerable feeling*)—I should like to shake hands with him.

also present. No doubt you have read the dialogue, and I will thank you to inform me as to the accuracy or inaccuracy of the same; as from what I have experienced myself of the inaccuracy of certain newspaper reporters, during the time I was Sheriff of London, I do not believe one tenth part of what I read. * * *

I should be glad to hear from you by return of post.

And am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

(Signed) J. W. PARKINS.

No. 9, Essex-street, Strand, London, Dec. 10, 1823.

To the foregoing, Mr. Parkins received the following answer:

Hertford, 11th Dec. 1823.

SIR,—Yours I received this morning, and, as you observe, I have in seen several newspapers, the dialogue which took place between John Thurtell and Pierce Egan, which I believe to be nearly correct, except that part where you mention that Bishop, the turnkey, and Thomas Thurtell being present. They certainly were not, nor any one else, except myself and Egan.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) W. P. WILSON.

SECOND INTERVIEW WITH THURTELL.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1823.

About an hour after the trial was adjourned, I again went to the gaol, and was admitted. Upon entering the yard, the prisoners who were walking up and down retired, and Thurtell, who saw me at a small distance, left the fire-side, where he was smoking his pipe, came out of the room to meet me, offering his snuff-box, to take a pinch of snuff.

THURTELL. I am very glad to see you, Pierce Egan; but I was sure you would give me a call before you returned to London.

EGAN. Yes, I have kept my promise; and I am happy to say, that now, in consequence of this adjournment, you will have plenty of time to prepare for your trial.

Thurtell. Yes, I shall; but I was sure they would put it off; they could not do otherwise. I expected to have seen more persons, I assure you. I recognized lots of the "*family* people" (*smiling*).

E. How did you approve of the exertions made by your counsel?

Thurtell. Chitty was excellent, but Andrews was fine. His language was so good, that he carried his point with the judge. Here is my defence (*taking a long roll of manuscript out of his pocket*), I will read a few sentences to you, for your approval.

E. I should like to hear it.

[Thurtell *then read to me several detached parts of his defence, with strong emphasis*, observing such a *passage was "beautiful,"* another was "*fine,*" and a third "*very good.*"] But I think, said he, I had better read the whole of it to you, and if you can assist me to improve it, I shall feel greatly obliged to you, as I have more *nerve* than *ability*. Write to Mr. Fenton, Austin Friars. If you send any letters to me here, they will be opened.

E. If any thing occurs to me, tending to your advantage, I will, without delay, communicate it to your solicitor.

Thurtell *then read the whole of his defence to me with great animation: but when he came to the passages which spoke of the piety of his mother, and the universal good character of his father*, his tongue faultered, and he put up his hand to wipe his eyes. Indeed, he was very much affected; and I

partook of his sorrow, knowing him under circumstances of a very different description.

E. You have not seen your father or mother for these two or three years past, I suppose?

Thurtell. O, yes; I have, (*giving a deep sigh,*) it is not seven weeks ago since I dined with them at Norwich, in company with Mr. Jay, my solicitor, at my father's house.

E. Since you have been at Hertford, your father has not been to see you, nor any of your relatives, have they?

Thurtell. No, no; I could not see my father. My feelings would not permit me: and if he was to come to that gate, (*pointing to it*) I would not see him. I could not: and I should order the turnkey not to admit him I saw my brother Tom, yesterday; that was quite enough for my feelings to undergo. I wonder what he has been saying of: but he has no *nerve*, poor fellow! He has no strength of mind.

E. *During the time Thurtell was reading his defence, and walking up and down the yard, I observed to him,* That his irons were very heavy, and must be very troublesome to him?

Thurtell. No, no; they do not operate on my feelings: the only thing that is disagreeable to me, is being locked up so early as five o'clock in the evening. But Wilson is a tender-hearted, worthy fellow; yet he does his duty like a man; and no party can find fault with him.

E. I am glad to hear you are so well treated; and I hope you will be able to make it appear "ALL RIGHT" at your trial.

Thurtell. I shall: I only want two of my witnesses to come forward, and if they have any *nerve* at all, I shall get through it. After hearing that a murder had been committed in the neighbourhood, do you think I should be such a fool, if I had been guilty of it, to have had a ball in my pocket, and a pistol about me? I had been shooting some birds, and the blood about my waistcoat pocket was from that circumstance alone.

E. I sincerely hope, Thurtell, you will be able to substantiate in the proper place, what you now assert to be the fact.

Thurtell. I would not attempt to impose on you in the slightest degree. I did not *commit* the murder. I declare solemnly to my God, (*laying hold of my hand and pointing to the sky,*) I did not *commit* it. I repeat to you, (*with great animation,*) by the Great God Almighty, before whom perhaps I shall appear in a short time, I did not *commit* it. But ultimately, I suppose, I shall be convicted; and if so, it shall all come out! It is like my *right* and my *left* hand trying to hang me; (*indignant beyond description,*) two such contemptible, cowardly rascals! wretches! Probert and Hunt; a disgrace to mankind. But during my trial, (*clenching his fist,*) I will hit that Probert to death. I will put such questions to him! Probert has been tried for sheep-stealing, I can prove it.

E. I hope to God you will be able to clear up your character?—

Thurtell. Probert is one of the worst men alive! I lent him money to prevent him from starving in gaol: and when I sent to him the other day to get a little from him in return, when I knew he had received five sovereigns, he sent me two shillings in a snuff-box, which I dashed upon the ground, and had sent back to him. He is such a bad man, so horrid a wretch, that I cannot keep my temper when I speak about him.

E. Are you out of money, Thurtell? Can I———

Thurtell. (*Stopping me, and whispering into my ear*) God bless you, No! But if I had, that wretch Probert would not have advanced any to have kept me from starving.

E. Did you speak to either of them in court; or on leaving it?—

Thurtell. No! Speak to them, indeed; but there are two more b——— rogues,——— and ——, that ought to be *double slanged* here; and so they should be, if I thought it would not prejudice me upon my trial. They, too, have used me rascally. In fact, I do not know who to trust. I have

had one or two persons call upon me; and ask me questions that I did not like. Something like a *plant* upon me: if not, I do not know what they could do it for?

E. I hope you will now make the best use of your time, as you have an opportunity of consulting your friends for a month to come, to collect all your witnesses necessary to your defence.

Thurtell. I shall. But do you think I would have passed so much time in this place, if I had been guilty? No; I would not have lived a week; I would have cut my throat *(putting his hand across it)*; I am not afraid of death, but I am anxious for my family. What have they suffered on my account! *(sighing.)*

E. Yes! Of course they must be afflicted, indeed. As you thought time necessary, I am glad Judge Park yielded to the arguments of your counsel.

Thurtell. Yes, I feel much indebted to my counsel, and particularly to Mr. Andrews: but I should have preferred Holroyd for my judge, he sticks to the legal thing so much; he will have points for his decision. If the judge attacks me for my attachment to sporting, and hits me too hard *(with great warmth)*, I shall repeat to him, that if I have erred in these things, half of the nobility in the land have been my examples, and some of the most enlightened statesmen in the country have been my companions in them.

E. Let me beg of you to conduct yourself with patience and moderation during your trial.

Thurtell. It is my intention so to do. But my enemies assert I committed this murder for the sake of money; I could have plenty of money to set up in business to-morrow, if I wanted it. Mr. Springfield was my first overthrow; because I would not do wrong to my other creditors, and give him an undue preference.

E. Should I meet with Charles Pearson in London, have you any message for me to deliver to him?

Thurtell. Yes; tell him, I should wish to see him, but I am afraid it is impossible. Poor Charley Pearson! I should have liked much to have had him for my solicitor, he writes so finely and speaks so well. His language is beautiful; he is a wonderful clever fellow.

E. Recollect, Thurtell, as I must very soon take my leave of you, whether I can do any thing for you in town or country.

Thurtell. No, nothing at present. But *(with great asperity)* I must repeat to you, that the conduct pursued by Barber Beaumont towards me has been cruel, nay, unmanly. I never had any intention upon his life. The most barbarous lies have been told about me bringing out an air-gun to kill him. It is true I have killed several bullocks with it; shot them dead in an instant; but I have never had the most distant intention of using it against a human being.

E. I am sincerely happy, Thurtell, to hear you make this assertion. I must now bid you good by.

Thurtell. *(Following me to the gate, and taking up the chain and knocking against the lock,)* I'll show the way to get out. Do not *(shaking me by the hand)* forget to tell all the persons that know me I am in good health and spirits. Come, *(taking out his box,)* have a pinch of snuff before you go. Don't be long before you call again.

The gate opened, and I bade him farewell; and rejoined Mr. Harmer in the lobby, who at that instant was also leaving Hunt. Mr. Harmer and I then returned to London.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE LATE

JOHN THURTELL.

" Then I'll look up;
My fault is past; but, oh! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!"

SHAKSPEARE.

GOD forbid that I should become the apologist of a murderer! I again repeat, God forbid that I should in any way offer to *palliate*, or in the remotest degree attempt to *gloss* over, the commission of so diabolical a crime as the recent murder of Mr. WEARE; who had not time enough to exclaim, I am—

" Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account,
With all my imperfections on my head."

Murder admits of no palliation! No cause of revenge can justify the commission of it. All cases of crime portray various *shades* of guilt; but in no instance do I recollect, during my life, nor in the course of reading the memoirs of numerous criminals, a murder of a more, if of so cold-blooded a nature as the one before me. I think it necessary to make this assertion, that no misconception may afterwards arise respecting my opinion of the late John Thurtell. I also wish it most clearly to be understood, that I am not dazzled by his talents; I am not to be misled by his fortitude; neither am I to be deceived by that contempt of death which he displayed on the scaffold, when on the brink of eternity. I likewise most perfectly join in the verdict given by the jury, and the sentence of the learned judge, that although "*the* HAND" was not seen which deprived Mr. Weare of his life, yet that John Thurtell was the person who committed the murder. "It cannot but give great compunction to every feeling mind, that a person who, from his conduct this day, has shown that he was born with capacity for better things; who, according to his statement, received in his childhood religious impressions from a kind and careful mother; who in his youth served his country without reproach, should, notwithstanding, have been guilty of so foul and detestable a crime. For, notwithstanding your repeated and confident asseverations of your innocence, I must declare, that such has been the force of the evidence against you, that I am, in my mind, as confident of your guilt as if my mortal eyes had seen the commission of the crime. And I trust that you will not lay that flattering unction to your soul, that the declarations of your innocence will avail you here, still less before the all-seeing eye, who searches all hearts, and not add to your misfortunes and your guilt by rushing into his presence with a lie in your mouth, and perjury in your right hand."

A multitude of opinions have been promulgated respecting the parts taken in this horrible transaction by Probert and Hunt. Mr. Ruthven, one of the most intelligent and experienced officers of the police belonging to Bow-street, and who first apprehended Thurtell and Hunt, gives it as his opinion, from the circumstances of the case,

that both Probert and Hunt were upon the spot when the murder was committed. That Hunt held the horse belonging to Thurtell's chaise, and Probert laid hold of the horse's head belonging to his own vehicle; few horses being to be found that will stand still at the report of a pistol, fired off close to their heels, more especially strange or hired animals. It is true the above opinion is merely conjecture. It has likewise been expressed by the worthy and impartial coroner for Hertford, that if Thurtell had never known Probert, the unhappy criminal would not have forfeited his life to the offended laws of his country for the murder of Mr. Weare.

I first became acquainted with JOHN THURTELL by his occasional visits to the metropolis, about the years 1818 or 1819, by accidentally meeting with him amongst other sporting characters, at the various houses in London, kept by persons attached to the sports of the field, horse-racing, and the old English practice of boxing. He was well known to be the son of Alderman Thurtell, of Norwich, a man of great respectability, of considerable property, and likewise possessing superior talents. John Thurtell was a bombasin-manufacturer in the above city, at the period I allude to; and viewed as a young man of integrity. But whether owing to habits of extravagance, dissipation, or neglect of business, I am not acquainted with: he, however, became embarrassed; and ultimately was made a bankrupt. Thurtell came to London, it is said, to receive several hundred pounds for goods which he had sold to a respectable house in the city, and was on his return to pay the money amongst his creditors. On his return from London, an account appeared in most of the newspapers, that he had been attacked and cruelly beaten by footpads: but after a most desperate resistance on his part, he was compelled, at the hazard of his life, to part with his property to the robbers. It is a well known fact, that he appeared at Norwich terribly beaten, with a black eye, and his head cut in several places. But his creditors insisted upon it, that it was a story propagated by Thurtell to deprive them of their property; and all his assertions to the contrary could not remove the impression from their minds, that they had been cheated and imposed upon. After this circumstance, it might be said, that his *character* was gone in Norwich; and he therefore left it, to be more at his *ease* in London. But reports, injurious to his fame, followed him to the Metropolis: business was at an end: and *how* his time was occupied, it would be, perhaps, difficult to describe. The *link* of respectability was now broken as a merchant; and he plunged heedlessly into the dissipated scenes which the great city of London affords to every adventurer: mixing at all hours in all sorts of companies; and visiting without thought or reflexion, houses of every description. He was upon the hunt after *knowledge;* i. e. to obtain the title of a leader in the sporting circles: such was his ambition at all events. His acquaintances soon multiplied; and unfortunately for himself and his pocket, Thurtell, like a number of other foolish young men from the country, flattered himself that he was a *knowing, clever* fellow. It was on this rock that he split. Among the *Legs*, he was picked up as a *good flat;* and the rolls of country *flimseys* which he brought with him to town, were soon reduced to a small space in his pockets. Thes *Swell Yokel* as he was first termed, before the familiar name of Jack Thurtell was known to his *pals,* was hailed as a rare customer; and numbers were on the look out to have a *slice* of his *blunt:* till he was ultimately cut up in so many slices, that not the smallest *taste* of his property remained. Unhappily for Thurtell, Mr. Weare was one of this number: (he was what is termed in the sporting world a dead nail), a complete sharper: ready at all times to pick up a flat: either to *nibble* for a sprat, or to *tackle* a heavy Jack. No spider darted with more eagerness upon a poor fly, than

did the cruelly murdered Weare pounce upon the unwary: with lots of money about him at all times, he was never unprepared: and it would have broken his heart to let a chance go by him. Well-dressed at all times; particularly neat and clean in his person, and rather gentlemanly in his manners. In short, he was a gamester by profession: and fortunate would it have been for Thurtell, if he had never met with him.

It is well known in the sporting world, that Thurtell never stood conspicuous on the town as a gambler; that is to say, possessing a strong *penchant* for play. Neither *rouge et noir* nor hazard were his forte; but he was most passionately fond of boxing. We believe his signature was attached to the articles of the great fight between Painter and Oliver, which took place at North Walsham, about sixteen miles and a half below Norwich, on the 17th of July 1820. Thurtell frequently took great pleasure in relating the above circumstance, and that he had been the means of collecting together upwards of 30,000 persons of all ranks, and which had proved of great benefit to the tradesmen of Norwich and surrounding towns.

At a sporting dinner held at Mr. Gurney's, the Bowling Green at Norwich, previous to the fight between Oliver and Painter, at which were present Spring, Oliver, J. Hudson, Purcell, Sampson, Aby. Belasco, Turner, Randall, &c. and numerous amateurs, the following singular circumstance occurred to John Thurtell. During the time a song was being sung by one of the company, Thurtell, to the great surprise of all present, started up from his chair, and seizing by his collar a fashionably-dressed young man, who sat next to him, challenged him with attempting to pick his pocket of his watch. Thurtell saved the seals in his hand, which were broken off his chain in the effort to get it out of his fob. The young man protested his innocence, and the chairman begged of the company to suspend their judgment till a proper inquiry was made into the subject. The young man asserted it must have been the dog which was laying under the table; but Thurtell persisting in his story, the young man went down stairs followed by Bishop, who examined him as to the nature of the fact, when that experienced officer soon found out the *gentleman* in disguise was nothing else but a genteel pick-pocket. Thurtell was extremely angry with Bishop for not detaining him. However, in the course of a few days afterwards, Thurtell accidentally passing by the inn, from which the London stages start, espied the above *gemman* in disguise sitting upon the roof of the coach. Thurtell immediately beckoned the fellow down, and, without further ceremony, pitched into him, and with his right and left hands punished the *gemman* most unmercifully; in fact, till he was quite tired of thrashing him. The fellow, with much *sang froid*, said, "I hope, sir, your are satisfied now?" "Yes," replied Thurtell, "I am: and you may go to London as soon as you like." "I am obliged to you for your *liberality*," replied the prig, "I was afraid you was going to *quod* me." "No," said Thurtell, smiling, "*club law* will do for me this time."

During the same afternoon on which the preceding circumstance occurred, when order was restored, and the song and the glass had been circulated rather freely, some difference of opinion occurred between Abraham Belasco and Thurtell. The former boxer reproached Thurtell with tampering with his brother Israel to fight a × with the Berghampton Groom. This so enraged Thurtell, that he offered to make Josh. Hudson a present of Five Pounds if he would thrash Belasco. The jew retaliated upon Thurtell, calling him a "rascal," and said "that he should live to see him hanged!"

Thurtell, at one period of his life, was attached to theatricals; and his *imitations* of Mr. Kean, were considered very far above mediocrity.

Thurtell was likewise very fond of reciting sentences that operated upon his mind as fine writing or specimens of eloquence. He would frequently burst forth, in familiar company, like some stage-struck hero, and at the conclusion of his heroics ask his companions, if that speech was not delightful? &c.

Thurtell, after experiencing a variety of vicissitudes in money matters in the Metropolis, endeavoured to mend his circumstances, and commenced publican, at the sign of ———, in Long Acre. His ordinary, at five o'clock in the afternoon, was considered cheap and good; and a number of *choice spirits* in the town handled a knife and fork at his table, and took their glass in the evening, in order to give the landlord a turn, who at this period of his life was hailed as a jolly good fellow by most of his associates. His bar was rather attractive to his customers; not merely for the prime liquors it contained, but for the appearance in it of the dashing Miss ——, who officiated in the capacity of bar-maid, under the protection of John Thurtell. But he did not continue long in the character of a publican; and was again lost sight of amongst that vast body of human beings in the Metropolis, whose broken fortunes compel them to resort to those measures for support, which, under more favourable circumstances, they must despise and condemn.

Thurtell, it is said, was the favourite son of a doating mother; and under her peculiar care he passed the first years of his life: indeed, long after his boyhood, until he entered the service of the Marines. In the midst of all his follies and dissipation he spoke of his mother with the most filial affection; and often and often as he had solicited supplies from her purse, he has been frequently heard to say, "God bless the old woman! Much as I have drained her pocket, she has had always a dollar or two in store for me."

That Thurtell was of a good-natured disposition, and ready to serve a person in distress, the following anecdote will speak for itself: He accidently met with Carter, the pugilist, about sixty miles from London, who was much distressed at that time, and endeavouring to make a benefit. Carter wanted some novelty to insert in his bill by way of attraction; but was at a loss for a *star* in the pugilistic hemisphere to produce him a crowded house. "I have it," said Thurtell, smiling, "you shall announce Martin. It is but a week or two since the Master of the Rolls has fought Randall, and that circumstance will render him attractive." "Yes, Mr. Swell," replied the Lancashire Hero, "that will do very well; but how are we to get Martin to come down here." "Nothing so easy," urged Thurtell, "I will personify Martin: nobody knows him here; therefore the thing is done." This deception had the desired effect; a full house was the result; and Carter was congratulating himself on his success. But a London rider, who had attended the exhibition, went up to Carter, and in a low tone of voice, said, "That is not Martin: I know Martin very well: you can't deceive me." "Be quiet for a minute," replied the Lancashire hero, "and I'll soon convince you of your mistake. Here Jack (calling out to Thurtell) this gentleman says you are not Martin." "Do you think (*apparently in anger*) Sir," said Thurtell, "that *one, two* upon your nose would convince you of your error before this company; if not, Sir, you shall have *three, four*." "O yes," replied the frightened rider, "I perceive my mistake. How do you do, Mr. Martin? You may depend upon it I shall be *silent* upon the subject during the remainder of the evening." Thurtell and Carter have often related this anecdote with great laughter.

That Thurtell also was not destitute of charity and benevolence, the following fact will suffice:—a person of the name of John Clark, well known in the sporting circles, had been ill for a long time,

and fresh air was prescribed for him by his physician; a few friends, unknown to Clark, were determined to raise a subscription to send him into the country. Among the number applied to for that purpose, was John Thurtell: at that period, Thurtell was very much distressed in pecuniary matters; however, he pulled out of his pocket the last half sovereign he possessed in the world, and said to the applicant, "Here, take the half of this: *(then recollecting himself)* no, no, keep the whole of it—Clark is in want of money, and I am sure I shall never be poorer for it."

Upon witnessing a quarrel, in which the result had nearly been a fight, between Harry Harmer and Ned Painter, at the house of the former pugilist, the Plough in Smithfield, and which originated through Thurtell, he felt so much hurt in his mind, that he shed tears in reconciling them to each other.

In taking leave of a person, a friend of Thurtell's, who was considered at the point of death, he blubbered like a child, until he was rallied by the afflicted person to compose himself.

When Martin fought Randall, he officiated as *second* to the former; but so much respect did he entertain for his friends at that period, that he begged it as a particular favour, that his name might not be mentioned, and that in the situation he filled in the prize ring he might be designated an amateur.

Thurtell, viewed as a *betting-man*, was considered a complete *novice* among the sporting people; and whatever knowledge he might have possessed of *book-keeping*, according to the rule of three, acquired at school, his *betting-book* has often proved the source of laughter among his companions; in short, as a gambler, he had not talents to win, without his *luck* was ready-made. In some instances, his character was not exactly free from such an imputation.

The remembrance of his birth and respectable connexions in life, sometimes stole across his recollection with much severity; he complained bitterly of the insertion of the following article: nay, more, he insisted upon the manuscript being produced by the editor, that he might lay it before his solicitor, in order to ascertain whether it was not a libellous attack upon his character; and that damages might be obtained by law for its insertion:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY DISPATCH:

11, Redcross-street, London Docks, Oct. 20, 1821.

SIR,—Having understood by a friend of mine, who (at a late meeting of pugilists, at which Mr. Thurtell was present) offered to make a match for me to fight Martin for one hundred guineas, that Mr. Thurtell was pleased to assert I knew nothing of the pugilistic art. Knowing, as I do, Mr. Thurtell is in the fighting list (having once challenged Mr. T. Belcher), I beg, through the means of your valuable paper, to state to Mr. T. that I differ in opinion, and to satisfy him, I will fight either him or Martin (who, from an unseen accident in my shoulder, it will be recollected, beat me some time since), for one hundred guineas a side, within two months; and to add, that my friends are ready to stake fifty pounds for that purpose, at any time and place either Mr. Thurtell or Martin may please to appoint.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOSH. HUDSON.

P. S. J. H. having once in his pugilistic career had the honour to fight a gent.—if he had to choose in this instance, he would prefer Mr. T.'s accepting this challenge, knowing, with due deference to Martin, Mr. T. to be a *gent by birth.*

During the time Hickman was in *training* at Wade's Mill in Hertfordshire, Thurtell not only spent a considerable portion of his time with that celebrated pugilist, but also expended large sums of money in company with the late Mr. Elliot, of sporting celebrity. It was one continued scene of pleasure,—hunting, coursing, and sparring. Thurtell was very much attached to the sports of the field. It is truly lamentable to reflect, that in the short space of Thirteen Months the unhappy fate of the above three individuals. Mr. Elliott put a period to his existence, and Hickman met with a melancholy accidental death, in falling out of a single horse chaise.

In consequence of a misunderstanding between Thomas Belcher, the celebrated pugilist, respecting the fight between Oliver and Painter, John Thurtell offered to fight Belcher for the large stakes of 500*l.* a side; and five huudred pound notes were certainly deposited in the hands of an amateur for that purpose. Belcher declined a public prize battle; but at the Fives' Court, shortly after the above challenge took place, Belcher mounted the stage, and observed, "If Mr. Thurtell was in court, he requested his attention. It is well known," said Tom, "that I have long since declined prize fighting; I have a business to mind, and a wife and child to provide for; but if Mr. Thurtell will come up here, I will set to, with the gloves, with him for any thing he likes, and he that takes the gloves off first shall be considered the loser." Thurtle was in the court, but he suffered the remarks of Belcher to pass over in silence. In consequence of Thurtell's not accepting Belcher's challenge, the *courage* of the former was much questioned at the time by his companions.

Thomas Thurtell commenced business as a bombasin merchant, in Watling-street, and his brother, John, was employed to superintend the concern. The above premises were burnt down; and a charge was made against him by the County Fire Office, with an intent to defraud that institution of 2000*l.*, when the actual loss has been since stated to be not more than 100*l.* Whether the above fire was accidental, or otherwise, the consequence was truly calamitous. Three houses were burnt down by the conflagration; and the property of a Mr. Penny, a wine merchant, who was not insured, was destroyed; as well as the property of another person, whose premises adjoined those of the Thurtells. In order to prevent any improper remarks in the present state of the case, we insert a small sketch of the trial, which took place in the Court of Common Pleas, on Wednesday, June 24, 1823, before Mr. Justice Park:—

THURTELL *v.* BEAUMONT.—Mr. Serjeant Vaughan stated this case to the jury. It appeared that this was an action brought against the defendant as Managing Director of the County Fire Office, to recover a sum of 1900*l.* occasioned by a loss arising from the fire in Watling-street, in January last. The defence was, that the property insured had been conveyed away from the warehouse, and then wilfully set on fire.

Evidence was given by the plaintiff to prove the delivery of goods to that amount, which were on the premises at the time of the fire; and the brother of the plaintiff, to whom the care of the warehouse had been intrusted, was called to show that on the night in question he had (without his brother's knowledge) deserted his charge, and had visited the Opera in company with a friend, after which he went to the Saloon Coffee House, near the Haymarket, where he stayed until nearly five in the morning; and that when he left that place he proceeded to Charing-cross, where he separated from his friend, and proceeded down the Strand, Fleet-street, Bridge-street, Thames-street, to Garlick-hill, where he slept with a woman whom he kept, and that he did not hear of the fire until nearly ten in the morning,

when he was informed of it by a woman who brought some clean linen to the house.

Mr. Sergeant Lens, for the defendant, called evidence to show that much suspicion, at least, was to be attached to the conduct of the plaintiff's brother; and to prove that a short time before the fire, he had been mentioning his distressed circumstances to the woman he kept, who said, "Really, if I was you, I would sell off all the goods, and set fire to the warehouse;" on which he replied, "Now, Mary, don't talk so, for if any one should hear you, and such a thing should happen, they would say that I set it on fire." A witness was also called, who swore that he had been asked by him to take a house, get some property into it, insure it, and then, after taking off the furniture, to set fire to the house. On his cross-examination, he said that he had had a dispute with the plaintiff's brother since, and had threatened to tell all he knew, unless some money due to him was paid. It was also proved, that a short time before the fire the defendant had been in prison for debt, and had petitioned the Court for the relief of insolvent debtors, to permit him to take the benefit of the Act.

To rebut this evidence, as to the presumption that the house had been wilfully set on fire, the gentleman who had accompanied the plaintiff's brother to the Opera, was called, and he proved that they never quitted each other from seven in the evening until five on the following morning; and in order to show that the plaintiff was in a condition to make the purchases which had been proved in the former part of the case, a friend of the plaintiff's was examined, who swore that he had raised for him a sum of above 1000*l.* to enable him to commence business.

The learned judge summed up at a very considerable length; he premised his observations by saying that the Directors, who, he had no doubt, were very respectable gentlemen, had done no more than their duty in submitting a case of suspicion to legal investigation. They were in a manner trustees for the public, and were bound to see that the subject of insurance from fire was not rendered an instrument of mischief and fraud. In the present case, the defence amounted to a charge of arson on the plaintiff, and the plaintiff's case was entitled to all that serious consideration which it would have if he were tried for a felony. If the jury had a doubt, he was entitled to the benefit of that doubt. In conclusion, he said the conduct of John Thurtell was certainly the most profligate that could be conceived, but unless the jury were convinced that the fire was wilfully occasioned by the plaintiff, or by his procurement, he was entitled to their verdict.

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff to the full amount claimed.

In the course of the cause, a question having been put to one of the witnesses by Mr. Serjeant Taddy, who was with Mr. Serjeant Lens, for the defendant, requiring to know when the plaintiff *disappeared* from Norwich,

Mr. Justice Park.—I think that is not a proper question to put to a witness. To disappear, means, as you have put it, to leave clandestinely; now there is no evidence to justify you in putting such a question.

It is decidedly the opinion of Thurtell's most intimate friends, that his conduct for the last two years, had been more like a madman than of a rational being; indeed, I have no doubt, at times, he felt keenly his degradation in society; and that it operated very forcibly upon his feelings.

During his confinement in Hertford gaol, he was well-behaved

upon all occasions, and extremely tractable to the keeper, Mr. Wilson. Sporting was his principal theme; and when he heard that Josh. Hudson had defeated Ward, he jumped up, clapped his hands, and said he was glad of it. Thurtell had appeared as a second in the prize ring several times, but never as a principal.

Previous to his conviction, he politely refused the consolation of the Rev. Mr. Franklin, the chaplain of the gaol, by excusing himself, that he did not wish to take up his time, as he felt himself certain of an *acquittal*. But when sentence of death had been passed upon him, to use the precise words of the Reverend gentleman, "a complete revolution took place in his mind; and he died like a good christian." It is true, that Thurtell made no direct and open confession, but he did not oppose the justice of his sentence. Neither was it absolutely necessary that Thurtell should have replied in words that he was guilty of the crime he stood charged with; and a single nod or a squeeze of the hand would have conveyed equally as strong a meaning, as to his committal of the murder. "He did quite enough," said Mr. Franklin, "to convince me that he was not dissatisfied with the verdict."

The conduct of Thurtell throughout the whole of his imprisonment was very different from what might have been expected from a man committed under the heavy charge of murder. He professed his innocence to every person who visited him; and appeared extremely anxious to remove the dreadful imputation of a MURDERER being affixed to his character. He was rather *facetious* at times, and even went so far as to *joke* upon the apparatus that was to deprive him of his life.

It is rather a singular coincidence exhibited by Thurtell respecting the mode of executing criminals at Hertford, and that he should be the first person to suffer in a manner different from that heretofore practised at that place. The circumstance alluded to is this:—One day, while conversing with Mr. Wilson, Thurtell jocosely said, "Why, I understand that when you *round* (hang) people here, you put them in a *tumbler* (cart), and send them out of the world with a *gee-up, gee-ho*, and I suppose my ears will be saluted with a smack of the whip; but this is rather an old fashioned and ungentlemanly way of finishing a man." Probably this anecdote was communicated to the Magistrates of the County, and they determined to accommodate him by ordering a new drop gallows to be erected and allowing him to hansel it.

When Ruthven first apprehended Thurtell, he was in bed; and, with the utmost coolness, he observed, "is that you, Jack?" He, however, complained of being hand-cuffed, and said, "it was not usual to be served so for such a trifling charge." "Yes, it is," replied Ruthven; "you was never apprehended on such a charge before." Previous to quitting the room, Ruthven observed a spot of blood on Thurtell's coat; "Stop!" said the officer, "you must put on another coat, I must have that under my care." Thurtell instantly complied with the officer's request; but, according to Ruthven's statement, "dropped down on himself," which perfectly satisfied the officer he was implicated in the dreadful charge made against him.

In company, Thurtell was not of a talkative disposition; indeed, he was more reserved than otherwise, till he became quite familiar with his acquaintance. The talents he displayed during his trial, and the becoming fortitude he exhibited at the place of execution, have been the astonishment of all his friends: Thurtell not having been considered to have possessed, in his intercourse with society, either of these requisites above *mediocrity*. He was under thirty years of age, standing about five feet ten inches in height; very strong, but not considered elegantly proportioned. His countenance was rather hard, yet upon the whole his general appearance was that of a gentlemanly

farmer. It is singular, but strictly true, his person improved considerably during his confinement in Hertford gaol; but it was owing to his regularity of living. In any other case but that of MURDER, John Thurtell would not have wanted friends nor advocates to apologize in some degree for his follies; but the bare mention of *murder* is so appalling, so freezing with horror, that every individual shrinks from the sight with disgust and terror. He has however forfeited his life to the outraged laws of humanity, and the ends of justice are satisfied as to JOHN THURTELL. I received his last *nod*, or token of remembrance in this world; and I hope I shall not be despised when I acknowledge that Christian charity teaches me to pity his misfortunes; to drop a tear over his errors and crimes; and to conclude with the words of the learned judge, "May God in his infinite mercy grant him the favour of his indulgence."

The following sketch of Thurtell I am informed, is from the pen of Mr. HAZLITT, which appeared in the New Monthly Magazine of February 1822, immediately after the battle between Neat and Hickman:

THE FIGHT.

——— "The *fight*, the *fight* 's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

"The mile-stones disappeared one after another, the rain kept off; Tom * Thurtell, the trainer, sat before me on the coach-box, with whom I exchanged civilities as a gentleman going to the fight; the passion that had transported me an hour before was subdued to pensive regret and conjectural musing on the next day's battle; I was promised a place inside at Reading, and, upon the whole, I thought myself a lucky fellow. Such is the force of imagination! On the outside of any other coach, on the 10th of December, with a Scotch mist drizzling through the cloudy moonlight air, I should have been cold, comfortless, impatient, and, no doubt, wet through; but seated on the Royal mail, I felt warm and comfortable, the air did me good, the ride did me good, I was pleased with the progress we had made, and confident that all would go well through the journey. When I got inside at Reading, I found Thurtell and a stout valetudinarian, whose costume bespoke him one of the FANCY, and who had risen from a three months' sick bed to get into the mail to see the fight. They were intimate, and we fell into a lively discourse. My friend the trainer was confined in his topics to fighting dogs and men, to bears and badgers; beyond this he was "quite chap-fallen," had not a word to throw at a dog, or indeed very wisely fell asleep, when any other game was started. The whole art of training (I, however, learnt from him,) consists in two things, exercise and abstinence, abstinence and exercise, repeated alternately and without end. A yolk of an egg with a spoonful of rum in it is the first thing in a morning, and then a walk of six miles till breakfast. This meal consists of a plentiful supply of tea and toast and beef-steaks. Then another six or seven miles till dinner time, and another supply of solid beef or mutton with a pint of porter, and perhaps, at the utmost, a couple of glasses of sherry. Martin trains on water, but this increases his infimity on another very dangerous side.

"Follows so the ever-running sun,
With profitable *ardour*—"

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* JOHN. The brother of Thurtell was scarcely known in the sporting world at that period.

"The invalid in the Bath mail soared a pitch above the trainer, and did not sleep so sound, because he had "more figures and more fantasies." We talked the hours away merrily. He had faith in surgery, for he had had three ribs set right, that had been broken in a *turn-up* at Belcher's, but thought physicians old women, for they had no antidote in their catalogue for brandy. An indigestion is an excellent common-place for two people that never met before. By way of ingratiating myself, I told him the story of my doctor, who, on my earnestly representing to him that I thought his regimen had done me harm, assured me that the whole pharmacopeia contained nothing comparable to the prescription he had given me; and, as a proof of its undoubted efficacy, said, that "he had had one gentleman with my complaint under his hands for the last fifteen years." This anecdote made my companion shake the rough sides of his three great coats with boisterous laughter; and Thurtell, starting out of his sleep, swore he knew how the fight would go, for he had had a dream about it. Sure enough the rascal told us how the three first rounds went off, but "his dream," like others, "denoted a foregone conclusion." He knew his men. The moon now rose in silver state, and I ventured, with some hesitation, to point out this object of placid beauty, with the blue serene beyond, to the man of science, to which his ear he "seriously inclined," the more as it gave promise *d'un beau jour* for the morrow, and showed the ring undrenched by envious showers, arrayed in sunny smiles.

"Modesty should accompany the *Fancy* as its shadow. The best men were always the best behaved. Jem Belcher, the Game Chicken (before whom the Gas-man could not have lived) were civil, silent men. So is Cribb, so is Tom Belcher, the most elegant of sparrers, and not a man for every one to take by the nose. I enlarged on this topic in the mail (while Thurtell was asleep), and said very wisely (as I thought) that impertinence was a part of no profession. A boxer was bound to beat his man, but not to thrust his fist, either actually or by implication, in every one's face. Even a highwayman, in the way of trade, may blow out your brains, but if he uses foul language at the same time, I should say he was no gentleman. A boxer, I would infer, need not be a blackguard or a coxcomb, more than another."

JOSEPH HUNT.

Of the above person, who has so recently escaped the effects of the *rope*, and deprived the *gibbet* of exhibiting a picture of "FOLLY and INFAMY," "little is but known" beyond the circle of his companions: and perhaps, "the less the better!" If he had not been known at all, society would have benefitted by his absence; indeed, the recollection of such a *character*, makes even the bad man *tremble*, and terrifies the good one beyond description! It is scarcely possible to conceive, what sort of feelings could exist in the breast of Hunt, to have made up his mind to sing to a company, when he was certain a MURDER had been committed by one of the party. His levity did not desert him while RUTHVEN was conveying him from Bow-street to Hertford; as he indulged himself with several airs during his journey. For the last nine or ten years of his life, Hunt was well known in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross amongst the stage coachmen; and at one period of his life, had the character of being a good natured, but a foolish fellow. His *song* was his principal recommendation in company: but his conversation was considered illiterate, and at times disgusting. It is with feelings of regret, that we have to state, that Hunt is brother to a most respect-

able man, who was a principal singer, about two years ago, at Covent Garden Theatre. A short time since, Joseph Hunt kept the Army and Navy Coffee House, in St. Martin's Lane; or more properly speaking, he was rather put in "to take care of it, while the prorietor was in *durance vile.*" His career as a landlord soon terminated; and his "Refulgent blacking shop" was quickly shut up. He married a respectable woman: but his love of dissipation, added to indolent and lazy habits, ultimately proved his overthrow. Hunt will now have to repent at his leisure, his sentence being commuted to transportation for life.

PROBERT.

If *character* has any weight in society, the one given of Mr. Probert, by the Judge, in his address to the jury, we trust, will suffice:—"With respect to the man Probert, I think it necessary to declare, in the outset, that a *more* INFAMOUS CHARACTER never presented himself in a court of justice. The testimony of the respectable solicitor, who declared, that he would not believe Probert upon his oath, unless, as he judicially added, confirmed by other evidence, does not make Probert half so INFAMOUS as his OWN TESTIMONY has made himself; since it is more wicked to conceal the death of a murdered friend, than to have committed perjury before the Commissioners of Bankrupts." If any thing more is wanting to be known about such aruffian, Probert originally was a clerk to Mr. Bramwell, a wine-merchant, in extensive business at Pimlico. Soon after his marriage he commenced business on his own account, as a wine merchant, taking apartments at the house of Mr. Lambert, silversmith, in Coventry-street, Piccadilly, and opening extensive wine-cellars in the Haymarket, where he continued till the middle of 1818, carrying on his business with apparent credit. He removed from thence to No. 112, High Holborn, into the premises now occupied by Mr. Kleft, the oil-merchant, and where he remained rather more than twelve months, when his circumstances becoming insolvent, he appeared in the Gazette as a bankrupt towards the end of the year 1819. He failed for 22,000*l.* Probert, before his bankruptcy, kept a very elegant establishment, and was perpetually driving about town in his tilbury, attended by a servant lad in livery. During his confinement in the King's Bench Prison, he robbed the till belonging to the Coffee-house; for which theft he was committed to the House of Correction, at Brixton, for six months, and underwent the punishment of the tread-mill!!!

MR. W. WEARE.

Mr. Weare was generally believed to be a man of property, but his time was filled up between the table and the sports of the field. He had no regular occupation. He was fond of sporting, and would go any distance for a day's shooting. He had some good dogs, which he occasionally kept in Lyon's-Inn, where he was often seen airing them. Billiards was a favourite game with him, and he played well. He had a great distrust of banks, and kept his money about his person—a circumstance which perhaps led to the attempt on his life. Some time ago Mr. Noel, his solicitor, induced him to open an account at Morland's, and he lodged 500*l.* He could not be satisfied, however, and drew the whole out to keep it in his own possession. He was paying his addresses to a young lady living at Bayswater, who had 300*l.* a year in her own right, and there was every probability of a union. It was in consequence of his having agreed to make a call on this lady on the Friday evening, that he

appointed to meet John Thurtell at Tyburn-turnpike. He was always remarkably neat in his dress. His elder brother is a highly respectable seedsman at Coventry, and he has another brother, a tailor in the Borough. It was the latter brother that attended the funeral, and he was so deeply affected as to be unable for some time to rise from the grave. It is believed the booty was more than has been admitted.

The unfortunate deceased was well known among the frequenters of the houses of play. He was slow and cautious in his play at the tables, and from his systematic course of action was deemed to have been very successful. It is supposed that it was this uniform success, and some late winnings from John Thurtell, which excited the revenge to which he fell a victim. Mr. Weare was in the habit of carrying, in a pocket inside, and attached to his flannel shirt, a considerable sum of money, to meet the possible exigences of play (if circumstances should prompt him to pursue his speculations,) in the event of his losing the ordinary sum with which he sat down at the table. Upon finding, therefore, (as it is presumed), that his outside pockets were only supplied with his usual travelling sum, the murderer or murderers must have cut away his clothes in the hope of getting at the supposed concealed capital he was sometimes known to carry within his flannel shirt, but which, it is thought, he did not carry into the country on the night of the murder.

Weare was extremely penurious, and generally carried from 500*l.* to 1000*l.* about his person.

FINIS.

B. Bensley, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.