

met both the ladies running back again with great trepidation and alarm. He hastily inquired what was the matter. They told him as hastily, that they had been grossly insulted by the complainant, Simon who still stood chuckling at the gate. He naturally felt very angry, and immediately went up to Simon, and taking him gently by the lappel of his coat, he said to him,—“Now, my good fellow, unless you make an apology to the ladies, for your insult, I certainly will chastise you. “Boo!”—said the boorish Simon—“I’ll see ‘em d—d first!” and as he said this he threw his arms up in such a manner that his elbow struck the Captain on the chin; whereupon the Captain knocked him down, as above stated; and he submitted that any other man would have done the same under similar circumstances.

The magistrate viewed the matter in the same light. He told Simon, his conduct to the lady was extremely impertinent; and his manner, when remonstrated with, grossly insolent; and therefore he should discharge the warrant leaving him to seek a remedy at the Quarter Sessions, if he thought proper.

Simon stared, and appeared inclined to reply, but seeing it was useless, he left the office in silence, wondering more than ever; and his bob-wigg’d friend slowly followed him.

BOW-STREET—Two gentlemen of pretty considerable respectability—one tall, and the other short—were charged with having assaulted the police; and not fewer than five “Peeler’s” appeared, to testify against them.

Patrick Finnagan was the first in order. He said he found the two gentlemen at the door of an oyster-shop in James-street, Covent Garden, between one and two o’clock in the morning, kicking up a great row with a hackney coach and two ladies. He told them to go home to bed, and not be making such a bother as all that, when the short one laid hold of his staff, and tried to twist it out of his hand, whereupon he sprung his rattle for assistance, &c.

John Roberts was the next. He was a smart, upright, *Corporal trim*-like sort of Peeler, and his discourse was somewhat “stuffed with epithets of war.” He heard the rattle call of his comrade, and advanced to his relief—he made his approaches with caution in order to reconnoitre the party—having so done, he challenged the offenders to surrender, and received the point-blank charge of a fist in the belly—saving his worship’s presence.

“What are you?” asked the magistrate, struck by the novelty of his phraseology.

“I have been a soldier, your honour,” he replied; “but since I was discharged from the army, I have endeavoured to fulfil the part of a cobbler.”

Michael O’Neal, a six-foot Emerald Islander, with an astonishing perpendicular expansion of countenance, was the third in order. He heard the lubbaboo as he was peaceably walking his bate, and went, right on end, to larn the rights of it; and the biggest of the two—without saying “by yer lave,”—took him a mighty decent stroke over the jaws.

The other two policemen followed; but, as they said, they only came in at the tail of the row, and therefore they did not see the beginning of it. However, they bore testimony to the extreme repugnance of the gentlemen to go to the station house.

The gentlemen were now called upon for their defence, and the short one undertook the task of making it. It appeared that he and his tall friend were out so late because they were eating oysters, consequently the oysters were solely to blame, as far as late hours were concerned. Then, as they were coming out of the oyster shop, they found two ladies, who also had been up stairs eating oysters, sitting in a hackney coach at the door. There was nothing extraordinary in this; but somehow or other the coachman had got it into his head that these two unlucky gentlemen had ordered the coach for the use of the ladies, then uncomfortable sitting therein, and of course he looked to them for the fare. The ladies themselves encouraged the coachman in this “iniquitous idea,” and seemed to enjoy it very much; but oyster caters were not to be had in this way. They re-sisted the “abominable demand,” the coachman persisted, the ladies laughed, the police came up, and the oyster-eaters were hauled off to durance, most unjustly. As to the blow on the belly, the decent stroke on the jaws, &c., they denied all that sort of thing in toto.

They were nevertheless held to bail for their appearance at the sessions; and doubtless, should they ever be taken with an oyster fit again, they will try to get it over earlier.

LITERARY NOTICE—*Psellus’ Dialogue on the Operation of Demons.* Translated into English from the original Greek, by Marcus Collison. Published by James Tegg, Printed by D. L. Welch. We have been favoured, by the translator, with a copy of this little publication, which confers much credit both on himself and his publisher. Although the subject of *demonology* seems rather out of date, at the present day, that, by no means, detracts from the industry and research bestowed upon it by Mr. Collison. We trust the sale of this little book will reward Mr. C. for so curious a classical addition to colonial literature.

Confessions of an Highwayman.

HENRY SIMMS was tried and executed for a highway robbery in 1743. After conviction, he gave the following account of his exploits:—

“I will begin,” says he, “with my nativity: I was born in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex, and should be thirty-one years of age, were I to live to next October; my parents, who were honest people, died when I was an infant, and, after their death, I was taken into the care of my grandmother, who lived in St. James’ parish, Westminster, who was the wife of a commissioned officer in his late Majesty’s land-forces, and is still living, and receives a widow’s pension from the Crown.

This good old woman, when I was but six years of age, put me to school to one of her own religion, she being a Dissenter, but not approving of his way of teaching, she took me from him, and sent me to an academy in Charles-street, St. James’, where I learnt arithmetic throughout, and some French and Latin, but frequently playing truant, I often ran into vice, before I was nine years of age, and frequently laid out at nights with other boys as wicked as myself, for which ill-practices my grandmother used to correct me severely.

The first act I ever committed was before I was ten years old. My grandmother went to pay a visit to a Dissenting minister, at one Mr. Palmer’s, a soap-boiler, in Crown-court, St. Ann’s, and whilst she was in company with him, I got to the shop till, and took out about twenty shillings in silver, but was detected, and got a severe beating.

I frequently used to pick my grandmother’s pocket of two or three shillings, which she seldom missed, or, if she did suspect me, or challenge me with it, I had always something to say to prove my innocency. By my laying out at nights, I soon got into bad company; and they led me to the worst of houses, particularly the *Two-penny Runs*, in St. Giles’ parish. This company persuaded me to rob my grandmother; and one morning I opened a large chest in her house, and took away about seventeen pounds in gold and silver, and my best clothes, all of which I carried to my new companions, and distributed the money very liberally among them, for which they greatly carressed me, made me very drunk, and carried me to their houses, as they called it, in Church-lane, St. Giles, where they put me to bed, and as soon as I was asleep, they strip me start naked, leaving me alone, and when I awaked in the morning, I found they had left me nothing but rags to cover my nakedness.

What to do I could not tell, for it was impossible for me to go home to my grandmother’s; at last I proposed to go to the “*Two-penny Run*,” in Vine-street, to enquire after my companions, but could hear nothing of them. The landlord took compassion on me, and gave me some victuals, and went to my grandmother’s, to let her know where I was. The old gentleman came crying, ready to break her heart, and after being a little composed, she asked me what I had done with her money, and how I had disposed of my clothes? I told her several very impudent lies, and seemed very sorrowful for my fault, though I sily laughed in my sleeve to think I had bit the old woman. The landlord was more ingenious than I was, and told her who had brought me thither. The names of my hopeful companions were, Wry-neck Jack, George Monk, Nunkey Watson, and several more, all pilfering thieves, and petty pickpockets.

None of these gentry could be found; so the old gentlewoman took me with her, and caused me to be chained to the kitchen grate with an iron chain and a padlock she had bought for the purpose; in which confinement I was kept for three months, all day long, but was indulged with a bed at night time, and a strict watch kept over me.

On my promise of amendment, I was released, and more new clothes were bought me, which, when I got I went to my old haunts, and this being the time of Tottenham-court fair, I went there, and saw my companions tossing for money. They soon recollected me, and were glad to see me, so I went with them to a music-booth, where they made me almost drunk with gin, and began to talk their flash language, which I did not understand.

Night coming on, and I wanting to go to sleep, they took me to the brick-kiln in Tottenham-court-road, and the kiln being burning, they boiled some meat, and made me eat part of it.

We had not been long here, when several women came to us, who were all ragged; they brought with them a keg of gin, which they had stolen, and began to sing their flash songs, and I was as merry as the rest of them.

The women were very fond of me, and being drunk I began to swear, which pleased them wonderfully. One of them took a silk handkerchief out of her pocket, and taking off my stock, in which was a silver buckle, she put the handkerchief about her neck, and then unbuckled my shoes, and unbuckled the knees of my breeches, and tied my garters below knee, telling me that was the way the Bowman boys wore them.

As soon as my companions found me asleep, they stripped me of all my clothes, and everything else, except my shirt, and on their taking leave, threw some water over me, for when I awaked, I found myself sadly wet, and almost perished with cold. I began to cry and lament sadly, when two or three women came

up, and offered me their service to go and find out the people who robbed me, and carried me to a place where they sift sinders, and got two old shoes, which I put on, and was going with them towards Tottenham-court fair; but in the long field I saw my grandmother’s man come running after me, upon some intelligence the old woman received where I was. On his seizing me the women ran away.

Being now at home with my grandmother, I behaved pretty well for some time, and she proposed to put me apprentice to a breeches maker, one of her own religion, and a very honest man. To him I was bound, but being, wicked, lazy, and unruly, he beat me heartily, so I ran away from him in less than three weeks.

I went home to my grandmother, and taking the opportunity of her being abroad. I took all my best clothes, went to Rag Fair, and spent the money among my old companions.

My grandmother, finding that I was not to be reclaimed, removed from her own house to Lady Stanhope’s, where she continued while her ladyship was in the country; and thither I went, and because I could not directly obtain admittance, I broke a great many windows, and the old woman was obliged at last to let me in. There lived a silversmith next door, and one day, whilst the workmen were gone to dinner, I got over the wall, and stole a silver candlestick and a stand for a tea-kettle, which I carried off, with all the lady’s housekeeper’s linen, and went directly to Mary-le-bone Park, to a barn, which me and my companions harboured in, where I found Jack Sutton, Jack Skinner, and two or three women, and to them I produced my booty, at the sight of which they seemed greatly rejoiced, and told me they were sure I should turn out a very promising young fellow. We sold the things in Peter-street, Soho, and had nine pounds for the plate and linen.

The plate being missed, my grandmother and several neighbours were after me, and I was seized in Paradise-row, Tyburn-road, and brought home, and threatened with justice. I confessed where the plate and linen was sold, but the woman was gone, and could not be heard of, so they never were recovered. This affair was made up by means of Lady Stanhope, but my grandmother for ever afterwards excluded me the house; so I went to my old companions at Mary-le-bone, and concluded the same night to rob any one we met; which we did, and picked up some small sums.

About a fortnight after I was taken up on suspicion of being concerned with them in divers robberies, and was committed to Newgate to take my trial; but there being no proof against me, I was acquitted at the sessions. My grandmother was so kind as to get me out of gaol, and take me home, where I continued not long before I broke out again, and got acquainted with Henry Chamberlain who used to write incendiary letters; and he persuaded me to write a threatening letter to Mr. Dawson, in the Mint, near the Tower, which I did, and demanded five guineas.

For this piece of villany I was apprehended, and sent to the Tower Gaol; but disguising my hand, and saying a man gave me a shilling to carry the letter, after three days’ confinement, and several examinations before the Governor of the Tower, I was discharged.

My next acquaintance was with two brothers, named Toon, and one James Mahony, and we committed several robberies together; they were taken up and transported, but I had the good luck to escape; though their fate gave me some uneasiness, and I thought of relinquishing all vice, and told my grandmother my intention, she promised me, if I would keep my word, she would love me more tenderly than ever; and on my promising faithfully to do so, she took me home again, and I tarried with her about four months, and did nothing but divert myself at duck hunting, and bear-bating, where I got acquainted with thieves from all quarters of the town, who soon perverted me from my good resolutions.

Being one day washing in Mary-le-bone Basin, I perceived an elderly gentleman walking through the park, and by a bye place, called the Bear Garden, and following him, met with Jack Robinson, and Joe S—e, and we agreed to rob him, and accordingly knocked him down, and took his silver watch, a gold ring, a gold headed cane, and silver snuff-box, his hat and wig, about forty shillings in silver, tied him, and flung him into a ditch, left him, then made off, and divided the booty between us.

Abundance of my companions being either transported or hanged, I began to think of another course of life, and being recommended to the late Mr. Blunt, he hired me as a postillion. The business made me acquainted with almost all the roads in England, so that no one was ever better qualified for a highwayman than myself, and having a good share of impudence, I thought the highway would make me a gentleman at once; however, I deferred this dangerous undertaking for some time. After Mr. Blunt’s death, I served Mr. Tatloe, who succeeded him; I was hired as postillion to a noble duke, where I remained but a short time.

I now got again into very bad company about Covent Garden, and turned a great gamester, and was every night at my lord’s, unless when I had no money and then turned out to seek my fortune in the streets, At the gaming-table, I had good luck, and always

appearing genteel, the gamblers gave me the name of Young Gentleman Harry. There was one Henry Moythen, whom they called Old Gentleman Harry, used the same table, and as he taught me to cheat at play, they insisted I should answer to his name. My father (as he was called) not long after our acquaintance, met with a very unlucky accident at a public-house in Russell-street, Covent-garden, where having some words about a law-suit, with one Dick Hodges, a distiller, Hodges was so unkind as to run a knife into his guts, so that he was sent out of the world without so much as having time to say his prayers. I was very sorry to hear the news of my father’s fatal catastrophe, but it was no more than I expected, for our acquaintance used to tell us that neither of us would die in our beds, and now, to my sorrow, I find their words too true.

Amongst my many female acquaintances, on whom I spent my money and time, Will M—rg—m’s wife was my greatest favourite, though I got myself into some trouble on her account, for Will indicted me at the Old Bailey for a robbery, but the court finding there was no evidence to convict me of the charge, I was acquitted and discharged from Newgate. To do justice to the woman, I shall take the whole blame on myself; I persuaded her to take the things, and they were as much her property as her pretended husband’s.

Before this, I and Tom Casey had committed several robberies in the county of Kent, in 1743. The first robbery we committed was attacking a gentleman on Shooter’s Hill, and robbing him of seventeen pounds. About a week afterwards, I myself attacked a lady in a chariot upon Blackheath, and took from her a purse with gold and silver in it, and two diamond rings. I was pursued by some butchers as far as Lewisham Water, who there dismounted me, tore off the cape of my coat, and were going to knock me down, but I recovering myself, presented my two pistols at them, on which they drew back, so that I made the best of my way along the road that leads to New-cross turnpike, leaving my horse, which was an exceeding good gelding behind me. I secreted myself in a corn-field till after midnight, and then came to town. The purse and money I hid in a tree, and in a day or two, fetched my store, and regaled plentifully till all was gone.

(To be Continued.)

AN UNNATURAL FATHER.—At the Berrima assizes, a publican named John Cooper, late of Gunning, was indicted for attempting to murder his own daughter, Elizabeth Cooper, on the 25th of January last, upon the evidence of the girl it appeared that the knife with which the wound was inflicted had been thrown at a cat and struck her accidentally. But the evidence of all the other witnesses proved that the act was done in a moment of inebriated fury, when the unhappy man was unconscious of the horror of the deed he was perpetrating. He was convicted of a common assault only for want of sufficient evidence, and received sentence of twelve months imprisonment and hard labour, the last month to be kept in solitary confinement. After the father had been disposed of, the daughter was addressed, with great solemnity, by the learned judge who tried the case, on the enormity of the crime of which he said he felt satisfied, she had been guilty, for the purpose of screening her wicked parent from merited punishment; and then committed her to prison there to await her trial for the wilful and corrupt perjury of which, it was manifest, she had been guilty, before the court, that day. She has since been discharged on bail.

A CARD.

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(Formerly of George-street, Sydney.)

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March 17, 1843.

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York-street, March 21, 1843.

Parramatta.

MR. ALEXANDER WILLIAMSON, Temperance Coffee House, takes the opportunity of informing the Inhabitants of Parramatta, and its vicinity that he has become Agent for the SUN Newspaper, and will be happy to supply them regularly.

Surry Hills.

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THREE SINGLE GENTLEMEN can be accommodated, at a cheap rate, by applying at the office of this paper.

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