

# The Trials OF ALL THE PRISONERS

AT THE

## Old Bailey,

Commenced WEDNESDAY, Feb. 17th. 1820.

**J**ohn Rathery was indicted for killing and slaying Thos. Coakley, on the 1st Feb. in the workshop of Mr Jones, (near Ratcliffe-highway) with a hot iron:—Manslaughter.

Charles Elliot, a boy aged nine years was indicted capitally for stealing six handkerchiefs privately, from the shop of Mrs Martha Blakeman, on the 8th of Feb. inst.

The prisoner set up the defence usually adopted by the most hacknied thieves.—He was going along rather quick, he said, down Oxford-street, and saw another boy, exactly of his own size, run very swiftly before him. Immediately he heard the cry of 'stop thief,' when the boy dropped a parcel; he (the prisoner) picked it up, and cried out "You have lost your handkerchiefs!" The boy instantly turned round and desired him to keep them, when at the moment an officer came up and took him into custody.

Mr Justice Richardson summed up the evidence, and the Jury, with little hesitation, found the prisoner Guilty—DEATH.

William Smith was capitally indicted for stealing two cows, value 36l. on the 9th Feb. the property of William Morris. Mr Baron Graham addressed the Jury and the prisoner was found Guilty—DEATH.

Robert Smith was capitally indicted for assaulting Edward Weller, Shadwell, and taking a silver watch.—Death.

James Griffiths and William Jennings, each aged 20, were indicted for uttering a forged 1l. note: Both prisoners were found Guilty—DEATH.

Charles Harris, aged 21, was capitally indicted for uttering a forged 5l. Bank of England note, with intent to defraud J. Almarer, White-chapel—DEATH.

### A COPY OF VERSES.

**P**RAY give attention to this tale,  
Of woe and misery,  
To draw forth tears it will not fail,  
From every mother's eye.  
In Newgate's dismal cells we're told,  
In bitter grief doth lie,  
A little Boy of Nine years' old,  
Who is condemn'd to die.

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

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

Catnach.

Pringle, 2.

South-Court.

7 Dials.