



Upon going to the condemned room, where the six conspirators who pleaded guilty were confined, Mr. Brown observed a very striking contrast to the scene which he had just quitted, as far as regarded Strange, Bradburn, Cooper, and Gilchrist. He entered with the Recorder's warrant in his hand, which contained cheering intelligence to them. Strange, Bradburn, Cooper, and Gilchrist, seemed struck with consternation; Harrison and Wilson showed no symptoms of agitation, but appeared rather to despise than to pity the deplorable condition of their companions, and uttered not a word expressive of hope or fear.

Mr. Brown then informed them, that mercy had been extended to them, and that their lives were spared.

Strange, Cooper, Bradburn, and Gilchrist, immediately fell on their knees, and, after a pause, gave utterance to incoherent and unintelligible expressions of gratitude. Harrison and Wilson were still silent, and apparently unmoved.

Mr. Brown said, "I have now to show you the dark side of the picture. Your unfortunate miserable companions in crime, who were tried, are ordered for execution on Monday morning; and you, Harrison, Wilson, Cooper, Strange, and Bradburn, are to be transported for life."

Wilson, who before had appeared perfectly calm, now exclaimed, "Ah! not your friends; I am indeed sorry for them." Harrison said nothing; the others were too much occupied with the joy of their own escape to bestow a thought upon those who are to forfeit their lives.

Mr. Brown said, "There is one of the most remarkable circumstances attending your case that ever took place upon any occasion; and if you have any feeling, it must make a deep and indelible impression upon you. Those very persons against whose lives your hands were about to be raised, are the men by whose intercession your lives have been saved."

Gilchrist has been respited, without mention of the commutation of punishment.

Each man was then placed under the care of two persons who were engaged for that purpose. The Rev. Mr. Cotton, the Ordinary of the gaol, had repeatedly commended with them in the course of the afternoon; and he was incapable of making upon them that impression which, as a minister of the gospel, he felt it his duty to attempt. They were deaf to all his arguments; they persisted in asserting their disbelief in the divine origin of Christ, and declared themselves to be confirmed Deists. Mr. Cotton, finding his labours in vain, desisted from his hopeless efforts. At ten o'clock they were locked up for the night.

Yesterday morning, the Rev. Mr. Cotton again paid them a visit, and spent some time in each of their cells, entreating them to a just sense of their awful condition, and in the solemn words of the Chief Justice, "to induce them by prayer, tears, and intercession of their blessed Redeemer, to seek pardon of their God for the crimes of which they had been guilty." Salutations, however, although it had in some measure subdued their hardened spirits, had not produced a stubborn perseverance in their infidelity. Mr. Brown had judged it prudent not to bring them together to public worship in the chapel, from an apprehension, that they might disturb the solemn ceremonies of religion by a display of their infidel opinions. Davidson also seemed to feel the necessity of seeking consolation in religion, and, although he had previously professed himself to be a Deist, he requested that he might be permitted to have the attendance of a Wesleyan minister.

Mr. Brown lost no time in attending to this wish, and immediately sent for a gentleman of that persuasion, who would, it was hoped, be enabled to effect a change in his sentiments. Davidson also begged to be allowed a pen and ink, and a sheet of paper. This was granted, and he wrote a letter to the Earl of Harrowby, which was delivered in the course of the day.

The most heart-rending scenes were yet to be encountered. In the course of the morning, the families of the different prisoners were permitted to enter their cells, and take of them a final leave in his world. The parting between Thistlewood and his son was extremely affecting. They were both plunged in the deepest anguish. The wiles and children of the other prisoners were subsequently introduced, and it is hardly necessary to say, that their sorrow was equally deep. Ings still clung to the hope that some event might yet occur which would save him from his impending fate. It was imagined, from some dark hints which he threw out, that his dependence was placed on the fidelity of some of his associates not yet discovered. Except the families of the wretched men, no other person was permitted to visit them during the day. This was in consequence with the previous order of the Privy Council. Up to a late hour last night, no alterations were visible in the manner of any of the prisoners, except Davidson, whose mind was evidently softened after the interview with his family. Tidd has from the very beginning preserved a uniform and consistent steadiness and solemnity, but free from dejection or fear. Ings has been generally dejected; the rest perfectly indifferent, and even hardened. Not one, except their family, has been allowed to see them. Alderman Wood, for some reason, which it is difficult to comprehend, requested to have an interview with them, but Mr. Brown was constrained to refuse that indulgence.

While these occurrences were taking place within the gaol, the exhibition without was not destitute of interest. The Sunday Papers had announced

the period fixed for the execution, and as this was accompanied by a speculation that a scaffold would be erected on the top of the prison, upon which the ignominious sentence was to be performed, thousands of persons flocked towards the Old Bailey, and continued to do so during the day, assembling in groups for information, and not unfrequently indulging in language disgraceful to themselves, and alarming to those who felt anxious for the peace of the metropolis. Among those persons were many who have long been known as the constant attendants at those famous meetings, the repetitions of which have been productive of so much serious mischief.

It appears, that an intention did exist, in the first instance, to erect a scaffold upon the top of the gaol; but, upon reconsideration, it was considered unnecessary to depart from the ordinary practice, and it was therefore determined to execute the culprits at the usual place, namely, in front of what is called "The Debtors' Door."

That part of the sentence which directed that they should be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution, it was resolved, from the difficulties which would attend its observance, to dispense with. Other active preparations were however in progress which afforded abundant sources of curiosity.

Mr. Sheriff Rothwell, and Mr. Under Sheriff Turner, who had attended at the Office of the Secretary of State on Saturday, to receive their instructions, on their return directed Mr. Mountague, one of the surveyors of public buildings in the City, to make the necessary arrangements for resisting the pressure of the crowd which was anticipated, and for enlarging the ordinary scaffold to such a size as would admit of the performance of the more awful part of the ceremony, that of decapitating the criminals. At the ends of the various avenues leading to the Old Bailey, strong posts and rails were erected, in such a manner as to prevent the distant crowd from throwing the whole of their weight on those in front, and thereby presenting that confusion and danger which otherwise would have been incurred, and which it will be recollected was productive of such melancholy consequences at the execution of Holloway and Haggerly, for the murder of Mr. Steel.

Such was the anxiety of some to witness the execution, that they literally determined to remain in the neighbourhood all night, and hundreds sacrificed their natural rest to the gratification of their curiosity. The windows commanding a view of the scaffold were let out at exorbitant prices. One pound per head was the lowest sum demanded, and even at this price there was a superabundance of applicants.

Lord Sidmouth, Mr. Hobhouse, and other official persons connected with the administration of the affairs of the Home Department, continued at Whitehall the whole of the day, for the purpose of adopting such measures as the preservation of the public peace might seem to demand. This was the more necessary, as several anonymous letters were received, hinting at a projected attack; against which, although *prima facie* impracticable, it was extremely proper to guard. The Magistrates of the various Police Offices were on the alert, and, under their direction, the constables of their respective districts were ordered to be on duty. The firemen of the different Insurance Companies, who have on all occasions been found a diligent and active body, were likewise called out in aid of the civil force—and thus recourse was had to the most praiseworthy precautions. The special constables out, under the direction of the City Marshals alone, amounted to about 700.

The crowd, which had been very great in the course of the evening, diminished after midnight, but long before the first ray of the morning a considerable number of persons took up their stations close to the inner bars, evidently with a determination of remaining there till the close of the awful business of the day.

By four o'clock, the bar, which had previously been hounded but by one rank of spectators, was enclosed by a second, and the assembling populace soon began to assume the appearance of a crowd. They stood 8 or 10 deep by the time the clock struck five. An idea partially prevailed, that the area immediately without the rail which encompassed the scaffold, where an ordinary excessive spectators are allowed to stand, would be cleared out when the constables arrived, and this induced many to take their stations beyond the first barrier. This apprehension turned out to be well-founded, and at a quarter past five, those who had been for hours clinging to the inner rail, were obliged reluctantly to abandon the situations in which they had proposed to witness the execution. No exceptions were made, and none but officers, and those engaged to assist in the preparations, were suffered to remain. Compelled to retire from the immediate vicinity of the scaffold, they attempted to take up a position beyond the first rail, but they were again disappointed, and the officers still pressed on them till they had retreated beyond the second bar, which was placed at the very extremity of the Old Bailey, on a line with Newgate-street.

A great quantity of sawdust was brought out on an early hour, and deposited beneath the scaffold on which the decollations were to be performed. It was shortly afterwards transferred to the top of it, and at the same time black cloth was brought, and the scaffold erected in the rear of the drop was completely covered with it. The posts which sustained the chains above it received the same sable attire; and while these preparations were in progress, every avenue leading into the Old Bailey was carefully secured by strong wooden rails fixed across, and guarded by constables.

At twenty minutes before six, a party of the Foot Guards (sixty-one in number) came out of the prison by the felon's door; they passed down Brown's-yard, opposite Newgate, where they were ordered to remain till their services should be required. At the same time, a detachment moved down Newgate-street towards the City, to secure the peace of the metropolis, should it be in any manner threatened.

Between six o'clock the City Marshals arrived, and Mr. Sheriff Rothwell made his appearance at the same moment. He was not accompanied by his colleagues, the junior Sheriff. He carefully inspected the preparations for the awful business of the morning. The crowd, before repressed beyond the front-door, were about this time compelled to move still lower down towards Ludgate-hill.

The constables now assembled in immense numbers, and the firemen from the different Insurance Offices were among them. Shortly after six, Mr. Brown, the City Marshal, called over the names of the officers in attendance from the different city wards. This done, they were formed into several parties, and their proper stations assigned to each. At this time the Lord Mayor attended, and accompanied by Mr. Wombourne, superintended the whole of the arrangements.

Care was taken to sustain the barriers by placing strong posts against them. In the direction of Smithfield, no fewer than six bars had been erected. The last, which crossed the road just beyond the farthest extremity of Giltspur-street, was enclosed by a row of carts and other vehicles drawn up for the accommodation of spectators. Beyond these, individuals appeared attailing themselves of every trifling elevation to the remotest point from which a glimpse of the scaffold, or even of the prison, could be obtained. The tops of St. Sepulchre's Church, of Newgate, and of all the houses in the Old Bailey, were occupied with numerous spectators. Every window was crowded, and several hundreds took their places on the wall which encloses the yard.

During the time occupied by the preparations above described, the conduct of the countless thousands assembled on this awfully interesting occasion was peculiar in the extreme. Curiosity seemed powerfully excited, but no political feeling was manifested by any part of the crowd, and they awaited the termination of the dreadful scene in silence. Sometimes a low murmur ran through the expecting multitude, as some new object connected with the proceedings was pressed on their attention; but it was a murmur of surprise or interest, which never took the tone of clamorous disapprobation. For a rescue—if it was ever contemplated—all hopes of accomplishing it must have been annihilated by the precautions we have enumerated. The powerful force assembled on the spot must have convinced the most frantic Radicals, that all resistance was vain, and so far from being successful, would have proved fatal and irreparable.

At seven o'clock, four boards to elevate placards on were brought within the rail which enclosed the gallows. Large bills were immediately nailed to them, containing the following words:—"The Riot Act has been read, disperse immediately." These were then laid down on each side of the Debtors' Door. Of course they were not exhibited to the populace, being only prepared to be used in case of necessity, that if unhappily it should become the duty of the Civil Authorities to have recourse to a strong measure, it might be impossible for the multitude to be ignorant of the peril to which they would be exposed by neglecting to yield prompt obedience to the mandate.

A party of the Horse Guards was stationed towards the lower end of the Old Bailey, and a small detachment appeared at the end next St. Sepulchre's church.

Shortly after seven o'clock, the executioner made his appearance on the drop, and placed the steps by which he was to ascend, to tie the sufferers to the fatal beam. The sawdust, which had been previously collected in two small heaps on the second scaffold, was now spread over the boards. The coffins were then brought out, and placed on the sawdust, the foot of each being put so as nearly to touch the platform from which those who were to fill them were to be launched into eternity. The had no lids on them. The coffin of Thistlewood was first lifted out. The third coffin next appeared longer than the others, and was supposed to be intended for Davidson, who was the tallest man, but this conjecture proved erroneous. The persons employed to bring the coffins swept out the large ones, and then proceeded to throw sawdust into them, that the blood of the sufferers might not find its way through. The block was now brought up, and placed by the head of the first coffin. Most of the spectators were surprised at the shape of the block, as, instead of presenting a flat surface, it was slanting off, so that the top of it was quite sharp.

The Under Sheriff, Mr. Turner, at this period stepped into the road from the Governor's house, to ascertain how far the preparations had proceeded. Every thing seemed to be conducted to the satisfaction of the authorities, and the executioner, whose pious zeal to convert them from their avowed tenets of Deism prompted him to visit the gaol in the dead of the night. Here he found them in their separate cells, and went to each, urging every pious argument to reclaim them to the paths of Christianity. On Thistlewood, Tidd, Ings, and Brunt, however, his arguments were unavailing; but on Davidson, his endeavours were crowned with success, and in the most respectful manner the unfortunate man joined in prayer.

The Ordinary ascended the platform, and at a quarter before eight, Thistlewood made his appearance on the scaffold. His step faltered a little as he mounted the platform, and his countenance was somewhat flushed and disordered, as being conducted to the extremity of the drop. His deportment was firm, and he looked round at the multitude with perfect calmness. He had an air of tranquillity in his countenance. He had a blue cap on his head, which it might not be put over his eyes. While the executioner was putting the rope round his neck, a person from the top of the houses exclaimed, "God Almighty bless you!" Thistlewood nodded. The Rev. Mr. Cotton, by whom he was preceded, endeavoured to obtain his attention; but he shook his head, and said, "No; No;" He looked round repeatedly, as expecting to recognize some one in the crowd, and appeared rather disconcerted at observing the distance to which the populace were removed.

Tidd was brought up second. He ran hastily up the ladder. An unusual flash overpowered his face. He bowed to the populace, after looking round, and familiarly nodded to some one who he recognized at a window, with an air of cheerfulness. He also desired that the cap might be put over his eyes, but said nothing. He nodded at different people in the windows. He likewise had an orange in his hand, which he continued to suck till the cap was drawn over his face.

Ings then came up; he was dressed in his butcher's jacket. On reaching the scaffold he gave three cheers, and conducted himself with great hardihood. He turned round several times to the multitude, and smiled at them, and then sang in a discordant voice—"Oh, give me Death or Liberty!" The executioner having tied the cap over his eyes, he exclaimed, "Let me see as long as I can." He followed this by saying to the crowd, "Here we goes, my lads—here's the last moment of James Ings!"

Thistlewood now said to Tidd, "We shall soon know the last grand secret."

Davidson ascended the scaffold with a firm step, calm deportment, and undiminished countenance. He bowed to the crowd, but his conduct altogether was equally free from the appearance of terror, and the affectation of indifference. When he came up, he seemed engaged in prayer—and was immediately joined by the Rev. Mr. Cotton, whose attentions were altogether rejected by the other.

While the executioner was tying up Thistlewood, he again spoke, and said (addressing a person near him), "I have but a few moments to live; I hope you will tell the world I die a sincere friend to liberty."

Ings now addressed himself to a person in front of the scaffold, who was taking notes, and said, "I die an enemy to all tyrants. Recollect, put that down!"

Brunt was the last that came out. He passed hastily up the steps, assisted by one of the officers, and advanced with a laugh on his countenance. While the rope was being adjusted, he looked towards St. Sepulchre's church, and perceiving some one with whom he had been acquainted, he nodded several times, and then made an inclination of the head towards the coffin, as if in devotion of the awful display. His conduct was marked by the same irrational levity to the last. When his neckerchief was taken off, the stiffer fell out, and he kicked it away, saying, "I shan't want that any more."

The last act of Brunt was to take a pinch of snuff from a paper which he held in his hand. He stooped to put it to his nose, and this was only able to effect, by pushing up the cap which hung over his face. He also threw off his shoes.

Ings, who still kept looking about with firmness, again spoke and said, "I am not afraid to go before God or man. I know there is a God, and I hope he'll be merciful." He had a blue cap on his head when he came up, which was immediately removed by the executioner, and its place supplied by a white one.

The executioner now proceeded to pull the caps over their eyes and adjust the ropes. When he came to Ings, the unhappy man said, "Now, old Gentleman, finish me tidily. Tie the handkerchief tight over my eyes. Pull the rope tight; it may slip."

Davidson, who continued to pray with Mr. Cotton, firmly pressed his head.

The executioner then left the scaffold, and in a few seconds after six minutes after 8 the fatal signal was given, and the drop instantly fell. Their sufferings were brief. Thistlewood never moved a limb, nor did he turn, but hung exactly as he had previously stood. Ings was much convulsed for some seconds, but at the expiration of three minutes all earthly suffering seemed to be at an end.

CONDUCT OF THE PRISONERS DURING THE NIGHT, AND PREVIOUSLY TO THEIR ASCENDING THE SCAFFOLD.

During nearly the whole of the night, the wretched men slept soundly, and were only awakened by the unbarring of their cell doors to admit the Reverend and very devout Ordinary, whose pious zeal to convert them from their avowed tenets of Deism prompted him to visit the gaol in the dead of the night. Here he found them in their separate cells, and went to each, urging every pious argument to reclaim them to the paths of Christianity. On Thistlewood, Tidd, Ings, and Brunt, however, his arguments were unavailing; but on Davidson, his endeavours were crowned with success, and in the most respectful manner the unfortunate man joined in prayer.

er with Mr. Cotton for mercy at the hands of his Redeemer. The cells in which these delinquents were confined, though separated by strong walls of stone, were not sufficiently detached to prevent them from speaking to each other, and Ings, speaking during the night of the approaching awful prohibition they were to make, remarked to another of his companions, with savage disappointment, "that there would be plenty of persons present, but I don't see them; they had no plank." Our readers are aware that Davidson had hitherto preserved the same obdurate countenance as his associates in guilt; but during yesterday a manifest change took place in his manner, and he totally abandoned the wish to receive spiritual comfort from a Wesleyan Minister, for whose assistance he had applied in the morning. This person's name is Bennett, who, it seems, had been a journeyman tailor, and had some time preceded among the Wesleyans; and as Davidson had some slight knowledge of him, he expressed a wish for his company. As this man, however, was in a situation in life not well adapted to attend the holy tenets of salvation to a dying man, it was thought more prudent that Davidson should, if he wished, have a regular Clergyman of any persuasion he might think fit. On hearing this proposition again repeated to him, the rays of Christianity burst as it were, through his dogmatical gloom, and he immediately requested the spiritual consolation of the Rev. Mr. Cotton. That Gentleman visited him immediately; and, as we have stated before, went to him in the night.

At five o'clock this morning, Mr. Cotton came again to the gaol, and proceeded to the condemned cells, with the haloed elements of the sacrament, which was administered to and received by Davidson with the greatest devotion. The Rev. Gentleman offered the same means of redemption to the other culprits, who, however, we seriously regret to state, were immutable in their infidelity. Brunt partook of the wine offered to him, but only for the purpose of drinking the King's health, which he appeared to do cordially. Davidson also drank his Majesty's health, and joined fervently in the prayer for the King and the Royal Family, which is in the Established Church Service.

At six o'clock, breakfast was ordered for the wretched men, and all, but Davidson, expressed a desire that they might be allowed to breakfast together. It was known, however, that they would be arranged and mature what each should say upon the scaffold, and therefore Mr. Brown most prudently refrained from complying with this request.

The awful hour now rapidly approached, when they were to quit this world. Davidson continued to pray fervently to the moment of his removal; but the other Prisoners seemed totally unmoved by their approaching fate.

Each conversed freely with the officers who had charge of them, and severally declared that this morning was the happiest of their lives. At length, the moment arrived when they were to prepare for death, and have their irons knocked off. Mr. Sheriff Rothwell and Mr. Sheriff Parkins, accompanied by their Under Sheriffs, Mr. Turner and Mr. Pullen, proceeded to the presence, followed by a group of gentlemen, among whom were Mr. Alderman Wood and Mr. Harcombe.

Mr. Alderman Wood, on first coming into Mr. Brown's office, on his arrival expressed considerable indignation at his not being suffered to commune with the convicts when he called at Newgate yesterday, stating, that the gaol was a no-man's land under the direction of the City, but under that of Lord Sidmouth. Orders had been most properly issued from the Secretary of State's office to suffer no one to see these convicts, unless by a properly authenticated order; and with this prudential and very necessary precaution the worthy Alderman was much displeased, from motives and objects which his subsequent conduct most fully explained.

On their arrival at the lodge from which the Debtors' door leads to the scaffold, a moment's pause took place, while the dreadful paraphernalia of death were adjusted without. Thistlewood, who stood first, clasped his lips, and with a frown strove from the door-way in which he stood the awful preparations for his fate. In a moment they were completed, and he left the gaol for ever.

While the executioner was performing his last offices without to this wretched man, the scene within the Lodge was almost beyond the power of description. The dreadful obduracy of Brunt and Ings filled with horror the small assemblage of persons among whom they stood. Ings, with a hardihood almost indescribable, sucked an orange, with which Mr. Sheriff Parkins had provided him, as well as all the other Prisoners, and screamed, in a discordant voice, "Oh! give me Death or Liberty!" Brunt rejoined, "aye! to be sure." It is better to die free, than to live slaves!"

A Gentleman in the Lodge now admonished them to consider their approaching fate, and to recollect the existence of a Deity, into whose supreme presence a few minutes would usher them. Brunt exclaimed, "I know there is a God!" and Ings added, "Yes, to be sure; and I hope he will be more merciful to us than they are here."

Tidd, who had stood in silence, was now summoned to the scaffold. He shook hands with all but Davidson, who had separated himself from the rest.

Ings again seized Tidd's hand at the moment he was going out, and exclaimed, with a burst of laughter, "Give us your hand! Good bye!" A tear stood in Tidd's eye, and his lips involuntarily muttered, "My wife and I!" Ings proceeded—"Come, on old neck-of-wax, keep up your spirit; it all will be over soon."

Mr. Alderman Wood again asserted his right to interrogate the Prisoner, and Mr. Sheriff Parkins, in pursuance of his inclination to oppose every measure of his colleague, backed the Alderman and seconded the right.

Mr. Alderman Wood then proceeded with his interrogatories, in which, however, he was interrupted by Mr. Sheriff Rothwell, who continued to remind him of the extreme impropriety of such conduct. The Alderman proceeded, however, and again asked Thistlewood when he first became acquainted with Edwards.

Thistlewood replied that he first saw him in the early part of June last.

Mr. Alderman Wood then asked him where he first became acquainted with him.

Thistlewood replied, in an indistinct tone, and in rather an agitated manner, "At Foston's." He was at first understood to mean the town of Preston, in Lancashire, but, on being asked to explain, he said, "No, not Preston, in Lancashire; Preston's, the shoemaker's; who, our readers will recollect, was formerly indicted on a charge of high treason with Watson, Thistlewood, and Hooper."

Mr. Alderman Wood then asked his third question, which was, whether Edwards had supplied him with any money?

Thistlewood answered, "a little money; a one pound note at a time."

This was the sum and substance of all that passed, and the Alderman desisted from further questions, after Mr. Sheriff Rothwell had expressed his determination to stop so improper an interrogation.

The irons of the culprits were then knocked off in succession. Thistlewood requested Mr. Cotton to speak to him, but for no other motive than to request he would observe his conduct had been kindly, and to state that he was perfectly happy, and died in peace with God.

Even to the last moment, the humane attentions of the Reverend Ordinary to the four men whom we have pointed out, were unavailing; to every remonstrance he offered, the only answer was, they wanted no assistance of his, they mind were perfectly made up on religious subjects, and they believed they should receive mercy at the hands of God. Thus will be observed the fatal error produced by that impious and impious religion which has so long reigned from the press, and which, annihilating notions of retribution in the minds of men, make them disregard the consequences of their crimes.

The arrangements being completed, the procession advanced through the dark passages of the gaol, led by the Sheriffs and Under Sheriffs. The Rev. Mr. Cotton came next, devoutly praying the whole time, that the souls of the wretched men might be received with mercy at the tribunal of their God.

Thistlewood came next, with his eyes fixed, as it were, in abstract thought, and apparently lost to his situation. A vacant and unmeaning stare pervaded his countenance, which seemed unmoved by the detestations of the pious Ordinary.

Tidd walked next, and seemed somewhat affected by his situation. He tried, however, to assume an indifference to his fate, and was frequently called by Ings, for his depression.

Ings came next, and we must for ever lament the hardihood with which he approached his fate, laughing without reserve, and using every forced effort to subdue the better feelings of nature, which might remind him of his awful situation.

Brunt, in fixed and hardened obduracy of mind, next advanced, and with a sullen and morose air of indifference surveyed the officers who were conducting him to his fate.

The unhappy Davidson came last, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, praying most devoutly; and the officers of the gaol closed the procession.

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Tidd immediately squeezed his hand, and rushed towards the stairs leading to the scaffold. In his hurry, his foot caught the bottom step, and he stumbled. He recovered himself however in an instant, and rushed upon the scaffold, where he was immediately received with three cheers from the crowd, in which he made a faint effort to join, but the thought of his situation, we presume, seemed to stop this ebullition of affected indifference.

In the interim, Davidson, who had not yet come out, leaned his back against a dresser in the Lodge, and continued with his hands clasped, praying in the most fervent manner, and calling with unfeigned and unreserved piety for the intervention of the Redeemer. Brunt and Ings however continued the same hardihood that they had manifested throughout, and continued venting their thoughts in unreserved ejaculations.

A humane individual, who stood by, remonstrated with Brunt again, and beseeched him to ask pardon of God.

Brunt, with a fierce and savage air, surveyed his adviser contemptuously, and exclaimed, "What have I done? I have done nothing! What should I ask pardon for? The stranger rejoined, "So you say, Brunt; but if you have ever injured any man, or done any thing which your conscience tells you is wrong, ask pardon of God, promptly and sincerely, and you will, I have no doubt, obtain mercy." Brunt replied, "I die with a perfectly clear conscience. I have made my peace with God, and I never injured no man." The stranger proceeded, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ!" Brunt surveyed his humane adviser again, and muttered, "My mind is made up."

"Well done, Brunt!" exclaimed Ings, and was again proceeding to sing.

On giving me death or liberty?"

When he was summoned to the scaffold, he turned to Brunt, and with a smile on his countenance, shook hands with him, and prepared to go. While the hatch was opening, he exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Remember me to King George the Third. God bless him, and may he have a long reign." Mr. Cotton noticed that he had some chains left behind, which he requested might be given to his wife. The wretched man had thrown off the cloth in which he had been tried, and had put on an old butcher's jacket, determining, as he said, that Jack Ketch should have no coat of his!

While he stood on the edge of the steps, at the foot of the gallows, he said to David, one of the turnkeys, "Will, Mr. Davis, I am going to find out this great secret," and then springing upon the scaffold, exclaimed, "Good bye! Gentleman." He gave the remains of an unfortunate man."

Brunt now stood by himself, (as Davidson stood away from him), and muttered about the injustice of his fate. The persons around him insupportably entreated him to alter his religious Creed during the last few moments left, and to believe in the Saviour of the World. Still immutable—still hardened in iniquity, he listened not to the remonstrances of sincere friends, who beseeched him, for his wife's sake, and for the sake of his son, to ask the protection of the Redeemer for them; but he appeared tired of three friendly importunities, and wished to ascend the scaffold next.

Davidson however was summoned before him, and with a composed countenance and a firm step, he passed by his former companion in guilt to his fate, without uttering him.

Brunt now appeared considerably irritated.—"What," he exclaimed, "am I to be the last? Why is this? They can have my blood but once, and why am I to be kept to the last? But I suppose they are afraid I should say something to the people, because I spoke my mind on the trial.—However, I don't care."

Davidson had by this time been tied up; Brunt ascended the scaffold next, and was loudly cheered by the populace.

The composure of this man, particularly yesterday, on taking leave of his wife, was of the most extraordinary description. In the interview she had with him yesterday, he expressed himself in the most unmoved manner, perfectly resigned to his fate, and declared then, as he has done repeatedly since, that this day would be the happiest of his life. The conduct of Ings, too, violent and hardened as it has been, was interrupted but once by any thing like a feeling of nature. On entering the Lodge, before he ascended the scaffold, some person told him to be firm, when he ejaculated, "Firm! I am firm; but we have children, Sir!"

DECAPITATION OF THE TRAITORS.

Exactly half an hour after they had been turned off, the order was given to cut the bodies down. The executioner ascended the scaffold, and drew the legs of the sufferers up, and placed the dead men, who were still suspended, in a sitting position, with their feet towards Ludgate-hill. This being done, the platform was again put up as before, and the culprits were brought out. He proceeded to cut Thistlewood down; and with the aid of an assistant, lifted the body into the first coffin, laying it on the back, and placing the head over the end of the coffin, so as to bring the neck on the edge of the block. The rope was then drawn from the neck and the cap was removed from the face. The last convulsions of the traitor had thrown a purple hue over his countenance, which gave it a most ghastly and appalling appearance, but no violent distortion of feature had taken place. An axe was placed on the scaffold, but this was not used. When the rope had been removed, and the coat and waistcoat forced down, so as to leave the neck exposed, a person wearing a black mask, which extended to his mouth, over which a coloured handkerchief was tied, and his hat slouched down so as to conceal part of the mask, attired in a blue jacket and trousers, mounted the scaffold, with a small knife in his hand, similar to what is used by surgeons in amputations, and, advancing to the coffin, proceeded to sever the head from the body. When the crowd perceived the knife applied to the throat of Thistlewood, they raised a shout, in which exclamations of horror and of reproach were mingled. The tumult seemed to disconcert the person in the mask for a moment, but, upon the whole, he performed the operation with dexterity, and having banded the head to the assistant executioner, who waited to receive it, he immediately retired, pursued by the howlings of the mob. The assistant executioner immediately exhibited the head from the side of the scaffold nearest Newgate-street. A person of the name of Slack attended on the scaffold, and dictated to the executioner what he was to say, and he exclaimed with a loud voice—"This is the head of Arthur Thistlewood, a traitor!" A thrilling sensation was produced in the spectators by the display of this ghastly object, and the hisses and howlings of a part of the mob were vehemently renewed.

The same ceremony was repeated in front of the scaffold, and on the side near Ludgate-street. The head was then placed at the foot of the coffin, while the body, before lifted up to bring the neck on the block, was forced lower down, and, this done, the head was again taken out and put in its proper place, at the upper end of the coffin, which was left open.

The same dreadful ceremony was gone through in succession with the four other heads.

Even in the manner in which the last part of the execution was performed, very little blood was seen on the scaffold. The bodies being placed almost in a sitting attitude in their coffins, the blood could not flow copiously from them at the moment their heads were taken off. It was not till they were laid in a horizontal position, that the vital stream could escape freely from the heart.

The person who wore the mask, and who performed the decollations, is the same person who beheaded Despard and his associates. In performing his dreadful duty, the edge of the first knife was turned by the restorer of Thistlewood, and two others became necessary to enable him to finish his heart-rending task.

The coffins containing the remains of the sufferers were left on the scaffold but for a few minutes after the sentence of the law had been carried into effect. While there, they continued open. At nine o'clock they were conveyed into the prison by the Duties door, and the crowd began to separate.

The crowd dispersed with great quietness. Indeed, such were the formidable preparations which had been prudently adopted for the preservation of the peace, that it would have been almost next to impossible to have indicated the slightest hostility.

There was, however, an angry spirit abroad, and this was repeatedly evinced by cries of "Murder," "Monument brought you to this," and similar exclamations.

PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS—MONDAY, MAY 1.

The LORD CHANCELLOR laid on the table the answer of his Majesty to the Address on his Speech, which was ordered to be entered on the Journals.