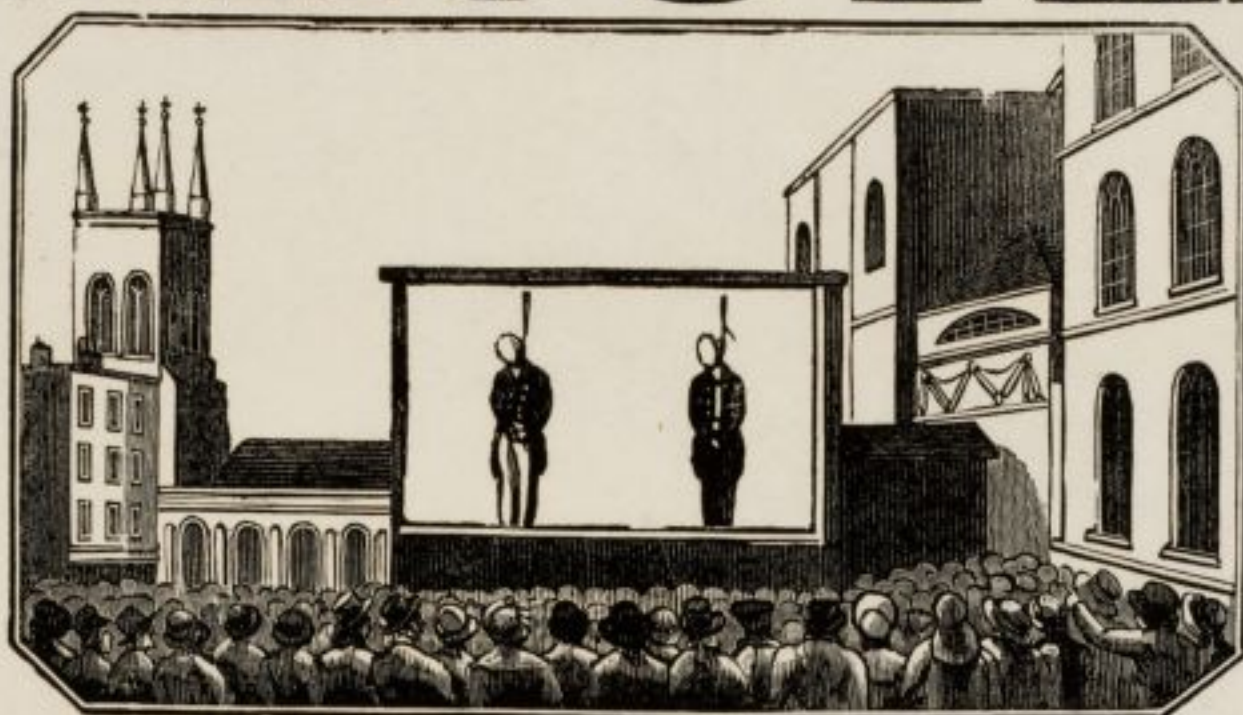


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THE
Trials and Behaviour
 OF
GEORGE CROPPER, and WILLIAM ALLEN,
 WHO WERE
EXECUTED



This Morning, December 26, 1833,
 In Front of the New Sessions House, Maidstone, Kent.

IT is happily now an event of very rare occurrence, that three culprits should be ordered for execution at one time; but no person will be surprised, if they peruse the Kent Goal Calendar of the last assizes, and they will be convinced of the necessity of making such a public and melancholy example—the perusal of the various heinous and dreadful crimes there enumerated, makes the heart sicken at the depravity of human nature. If females are not to be protected from the unbridled passions of man, the sooner society is broken up, the better. Where is Woman to look for succour and protection, if she find it not in Man? whose bounden duty it is to cherish and to guard her from every ill, and not by taking advantage of her unprotected state, worse than murder her, merely to gratify his devilish and damnable lust!

The crimes of which the above wretched men were found guilty, being of such a disgusting and frightful nature, we are precluded from entering into the details of their respective trials, being unwilling to insert anything that should not meet the public eye. It must therefore suffice to say, that the following are the names and the crimes of those who were ordered for execution.

George Cropper,

A soldier, aged 27, was charged, together with Charles Pike, another soldier, aged 18, with having feloniously committed an abominable offence at Deptford, and found guilty. Pike was acquitted.

William Allen,

Labourer, aged 25, was found guilty of having committed a rape upon Ruth Roffe Austen, wife of Jeremiah Austen, at Lydd.

Thomas Turner,

Labourer, aged 18, was found guilty of a capital assault on the body of Emma Carrot, a girl of 11 years of age.

It appeared, that the child had been desired by her mother, on the 13th of November last, to go in the fields to gather acorns, and she accordingly proceeded to a place called Laurence's Field, near Tunbridge, and not finding many, began to pick up wood: the prisoner, who was working in a different part of the field, then came up, and said, "there is a nice bough in the wood," and endeavoured to entice her into it, but she would not go. Prisoner proceeded into the wood, and brought the bough, he then caught hold of her by the head and heels, and threw her down (she then detailed the circumstances of the assault) when he got up, prisoner told her, if she acquainted her mother, she would be beaten, and he, the prisoner, would beat her too. When she got home, she was unable to speak for half an hour, through fear and agitation, but afterwards told her mother about it, upon which the mother went for a doctor, who, when called proved the completion of the capital part of the charge.

At the conclusion of the assizes, Mr. Justice Gaselee, in the most impressive

but firm manner, pronounced the awful sentence of the law. Allen was in a most pitiable state of grief. He was obliged to be supported by two persons, and uttered the most heart-rending cries for mercy. While the learned Judge was passing sentence, one gentleman fell down in a fit, and was carried out, struggling violently, and every one present was considerably affected.

William Allen while under sentence of death, and awaiting his awful doom, suffered under a severe hysterical affection, which, it was thought could not allow him to live out the time allotted him.

A Respite during His Majesty's pleasure, arrived at the Goal on Sunday morning last, for **THOMAS TURNER.**

Cropper was executed at 10 o'clock in the morning: he acknowledged his guilt, and seemed penitent. Allen not before 1 o'clock: he seemed a very powerful man, and left a family of two children and a wife in confinement. There were from 6 to 7000 persons present to witness the sad scene, the majority of them being women.



COPY OF VERSES.

OUR thoughts on awful subjects roll,
 Damnation and the dead;
 What horrors seize the guilty soul,
 Upon a dying bed!
 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay,
 Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away.
 Then swift and dreadful he descends,
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Among abominable fiends,
 Himself a frightful ghost.
 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains;
 Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.