

# EFFECTS OF GAMBLING.

Being an account of JOHN JONES, esq., a Gentleman in Lancashire, who being reduced to poverty by Gambling, and riotous living with wicked Harlots, Killed his Wife and Children, and afterwards hung his Mother: with the remarkable words he spoke at the place of execution.



Y<sup>OUR</sup> parents all, who since these lines do read  
Observe them well, for sure you'll shed a tear  
The life of this man's not was known, (near)  
The world it is as very wicked grew.

Is Jonathan, a wealthy man did dwell,  
He had one only son, 'tis known full well,  
His parents they did greatly him adore,  
And he, indeed, was held to all their store.

His tender father, as we understood,  
Was much pleas'd by Death's most cruel hand,  
Before his son arriv'd sixteen years,  
Leaving his loving wife in floods of tears.

She very tender was of her son dear,  
The best that could be bought, this son most dear  
And all that he lov'd she never let decay,  
At length he grew to such a height of pride,

At cards and dice her substance he consumed,  
Nothing but vice did in his youth abound,  
He all would waste he suffer'd to his face,  
When she did tell him of his wretched case.

At length with a charming maiden fair,  
Married he was, the truth I now declare,  
Six thousand pounds he had with her 'tis known,  
After her parents they were dead and gone.

He in her words he lov'd her as his life,  
Till his bad company caus'd all his strife,  
He as a wicked harlot took an eye,  
And never was happy but in her company.

All sorts of costly robes he did her buy,  
Which made this wicked young man's money fly,  
All he maintain'd her in her wanton pride,  
Nothing that she did not must be deny'd.

At length his wife of this state did hear,  
Then waked courses that you take in time,  
To poverty they will bring me and mine.

Two lovely children by his wife he had,  
Which might have been a father's heart glad,  
But he was barbarous, cruel, and severe,  
To his wife, his children, and his mother dear.

At last his substance very short did grow,  
Yet to his wicked habits he would go,  
And when his money, it grew very scant,  
His Alms grew cold, and seemed discontent.

Saying, this trade will never do for me,  
Then to his wife and children he would flee,  
Their rags and clothes and all that he could find  
He'd bring to her, their cries he did not mind.

At last, this course he could no longer run,  
His wife, poor soul, her substance it was gone,  
His aged mother, had but little left,  
And about of her son's was bereft.

One day as first and he together were,  
She in a passion said, I do detest,  
If you some money do not get for me,  
I will no longer keep your company.

He is a fury to his wife went then,  
And found her with her babes making sad moan,  
Some money I will have, so her did say,  
Or else 'till murder you this day.

My dear, said she, 'till you come to give to you,  
With that he in a passion straightway drew,  
And barring up the door, to her did come,  
And threw her on the floor there all alone.

Then gag'd her mouth, and bound her every  
At length one of the children said to him, (think)  
Father, do not my mother kill I pray,  
For one bit of bread, we have not eat to day.

He heard about, and at the child did gaze,  
The devil did his reason much amaze,  
He with a knife that was both keen and sharp,  
Did stab his tender babe upon the heart.

His loving wife she saw the deed her do,  
While tears from her eyes like fountains run,  
What dost thou thus, to see thy darling die,  
I will dispatch thee likewise immediately.

Then with the knife that kill'd her infant dear,  
Her throat he straight did cut from ear to ear,  
The other infant there aloud did cry,  
To see his mother there a bleeding lie.

He straightway went and took him by the hand,  
While the poor babe did trembling stand,  
His life I fear would save he to it did say,  
But do fear that thou will me betray.

But five years old, this infant was no more,  
He also laid it wallowing in his crimson gore,  
And then to search the house he did begin,  
But no money he could find therein.

So then straightway out of the house he went,  
The door did fasten being discontent,  
With his aged mother he then did go,  
Whom tender heart was overwhelm'd with woe.

The mother straightway ran to her son to meet,  
And personally fetch'd him food to eat:  
Saying, you're welcome, my dear son;  
I'm sorry, he replied, for what I have done.

For joy his aged mother wept again,  
And with his son, his wickedness refrain;  
That I may comfort have in thee, my son,  
But little did she think what he had done.

At last, this cruel wretch, as said of grace,  
He with his head did strike her on the face,  
And gag'd her mouth in dismal sort also,  
And by the hair he dragg'd her to and fro.

Unto the orchard he did drag her there,  
And on a tree hang'd her up by the hair,  
Tying her aged arms likewise behind,  
Saying, now thy money, 'till go and find.

When he had taken all he could find,  
Unto his harlot, straightway he did bind,  
And told her all the things that he had done,  
And how his mother on a tree was hung.

She answer'd why did not you kill her too -  
Come instantly to London let us go,  
He cried, my dear, it shall be so,  
But God above the matter all doth know.

Next day one of the neighbours did spy,  
His mother hanging on a tree so high,  
The same did raise her down the sight to see,  
Who took her breathless corpse from off the tree.

And running straightway for to call her son,  
As soon as ever unto the house they came,  
They found it fasten'd and no answer made,  
While put their heads in further fear and dread.

The door they then broke open with all speed,  
A sight would make a heart of stone to bleed,  
To see a mother and her infants dead,  
Lies in their gore, Lord what a sight was there.

Murder, O Lord, is punish'd so by sight,  
Thy divine providence brings it to light,  
The murderer was taken in the road,  
And unto justice brought with one accord.

He was condemn'd to suffer for the same,  
And after death for to be hung in chains;  
As soon as he came to the fatal hour,  
He wept and wrang his hands most bitterly.

Saying Christian all, pray for my sinful soul,  
My sins indeed are very gross and foul,  
My wife, my children, and my mother dear,  
For murdering them I now must suffer here.

My infants blood for evermore now doth cry,  
My virtuous wife she stands before my eyes,  
My aged mother too, methinks I see,  
You graceless children all be wam'd by me.

He saw you thus your fathers company,  
You with a virtuous wife may happy be,  
But I, vile wretch, her blood most dear did spill,  
Who never did nor thought me any ill.

How can I cast my eyes to heaven high,  
Oh, blessed Saviour I do not me deny,  
I bring, good Christian, for my soul you'll pray,  
When thou do speak the both was drawn away.

You parents, and likewise you children pray  
Observe what I do say to you this day,  
You children mind your parents, serve the Lord,  
A crown of glory, will be your reward.

## A Copy of Mournful VERSES.

Y<sup>OUR</sup> tender parents that while, he what I have to do  
And such a cruel tragedy, the best we have of law  
To see what the cause of Jonathan, the dreadful deed was done,  
Enough to make your blood to chill, & melt a town of stone.

His mother, Jonathan, the wretched soul, I pray  
He married a young maid, she seem'd as true as day,  
Such a virtuous young woman he had in his life,  
But gambling he was so fond, he did his grave dig.

At cards and dice, he waste his goods, his substance did he squand  
And in a very little time he was all gone,  
Such a virtuous young woman he had in his life,  
But gambling he was so fond, he did his grave dig.

He had two young children, he lov'd them as his life,  
But he was so fond of his harlot, he did his grave dig,  
The first he lov'd was his wife, and his virtuous maid,  
Whom he lov'd as his life, but she was all gone.

Then he did see his mother, he lov'd her as his life,  
And he did see her face, and he did see her eyes,  
Which were so full of tears, he did his grave dig,  
Which were so full of tears, he did his grave dig.

His mother was so kind, she lov'd him as her life,  
But he was so fond of his harlot, he did his grave dig,  
The first he lov'd was his wife, and his virtuous maid,  
Whom he lov'd as his life, but she was all gone.

He then was so kind, he lov'd her as his life,  
But he was so fond of his harlot, he did his grave dig,  
The first he lov'd was his wife, and his virtuous maid,  
Whom he lov'd as his life, but she was all gone.

For all your sins, I pray you, pray for my sinful soul,  
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For all your sins, I pray you, pray for my sinful soul,  
For all your sins, I pray you, pray for my sinful soul.

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