

An Account of the Murder of Mrs. Henrichson at Liverpool,
 together with her two little Boys. and an Infant she gave birth to before she died of
 her wounds, and also of Ann Parr her Servant, who gave witness before she expired
 in the hospital against a Lodger by the Name of MORRIS, perpetrated in Mar. 1849
 and Prisoner, whose Name is not exactly known, remains to be tried summer assizes.



Correct LIKENESS, of the MURDERER.

Of all the crimes that guilty man,
 Hath wrought since murd'rous Cain,
 No monster hath or ever can,
 Create more lasting pain.
 Than him at Liverpool of late,
 Who a whole family slay'd,
 A mother and three children stave,
 Besides the servant maid.
 A Captain Henrichson, abroad,
 Bound from Calcutta, home,
 Some months ago left his abode,
 To plough the ocean's foam.
 In order to maintain his wife,
 And two young children, dear,
 Who tender lov'd them as his life,
 For them did persevere.
 And she as saving as her sire,
 Let lodgings now and then.
 The last, a fiend of darkness dire,
 Turn'd out the worst of men.
 From good appearance, first he took,
 A bed-room and a parlour,
 Nor did they take him by his look,
 A villain or a broiler.
 One day he struck the boy a blow,
 The servant's heart bewild'ring,
 Told him her mistress wou't allow,
 Strangers to beat her children.
 With that the ruffian was engag'd,
 With a poker knock'd her down,
 Striking her when she was engag'd,
 Clearing the grate 'tis found.
 He next attack'd the eldest child,
 Which likewise lifeless lay,
 Then murder'd the little infant mild,
 That backward run away.



WILSON
 Printer,
 Bideford.

He cut its throat from ear to ear,
 The others seeming dead,
 When Mrs. Henrichson did appear,
 The poker beat on her head.
 The lady had to market been,
 And when the food was brought,
 He took the several baskets in,
 'Midst murd'rous scenes he wrought.
 When the unconscious lady came,
 He finished his work,
 And took the gold watch with the same,
 And left the house---to lurk.
 The police came---a horrid deed,
 These mangled victims shew'd,
 Three of them were not wholly dead,
 But were with blood imbrued.
 The murd'rer at a clothier's shop,
 Was into custody given,
 And will perhaps be on the drop,
 Whilst they inhabit heaven.
 They took him to the hospital,
 Where those poor sufferers lay,
 Ann Parr, the servant knew him well,
 Swore what she had to say.
 Her agonizing mistress gave,
 Birth to a little boy,
 And soon was fitted for the grave,
 With Ann he did destroy.
 Now he's committed to his cell,
 Till summer's next assizes,
 In Kirkdale Gaol, in durance dwell,
 And wait till law chastises.
 And next the funeral moves on,
 The mother and two boys,
 With mourners fifty thousand strong,
 Over departed joys.
 And in the cemetery plac'd,
 Near Huskisson's monument,
 Where the poor mother wept and pac'd,
 And loudly did lament.
 Together with her sorrowing friends,
 The place was filled with tears,
 The minister a mound ascends,
 Exhorts with feeling prayers.
 And show'd by nature prone to wrong,
 How Cain his brother slew,
 That grace, alone, would tempers strong,
 By sovereign power subdue.
 Reminded all that stood above,
 Their awful early tomb,
 They soon as well might victims prove
 Be called to their last home.
 When they would have to stand before,
 The Judge of earth and heaven,
 That they should make election sure,
 And have their sins forgiven.