A Horrid MURDER,

Giving an Account how a Young Woman was outraged while travelling—how she applied at the Cottage of THOMAS JOHNSON for Lodgings for the Night—how the Johnson Monster and his Wife entered the apartment where she slept, with the intention of murdering her, and by mistake Murdered their own Daughter.

THOMAS JOHNSON, left his wife and daughter, the latter of whom was about 17 years old, to go in search of employment. A young woman was left in the house as a lodger, the daughter of Johnson had for some time been ill, and had a desire to get something for the support of this child, more than anything else, urged his wretched man to seek work abroad. At the end of a fortnight Johnson returned, without any money, and found his daughter much worn, while his wife was very pale and languid. He enquired the cause of his wife, and was told, that neither herself nor her daughter had ten anything for the last two days, for that every biding thing they could procure had been devoted to obtain medicine for their child. Her constancy darkened as she spoke, and with a ghastly grin of the most diabolical tendency she drew her husband in silence from the room, and whispered in his ear, that the young woman who at that time lodged in their cottage, had saved up guineas while at service, and proposed that it should be appropriated to themselves. After a long struggle between the idea of murder and their affection for their child, they resolved to dispatch the young woman, and deny the spoils to the subsistence of themselves and daughter. At the dead hour of midnight, they entered their victim, and chanced to find her asleep. She was in a small room where the two females reposed on the same miserable bed, and in order to secure the destruction of their victim, remarked that she was stationed nearest to the door, while their daughter slept next to the wall. Having carefully examined this point they entered an adjoining apartment, and conversed in an audible tone upon the way in which the murderous scheme should be done.

In the mean time the young woman roused by the conversation, and overlearning the frequent repetition of her name, listened in breathless silence, and but too soon became acquainted with the whole plan of the murder. Not a moment was to be lost; she hastily changed places with her sleeping companion, and crept gently over by the cottage wall, which the parents imagined was the corner that their child occupied. All was now silent, but in a few minutes, the door of the room was lifted gently on its latch, and a head thrust forward. The form advanced, and was succeeded by another bearing a dark lantern in its hand. They approached the bed in quiet, but in the agitation of their movements, the lights was extinguished. The young woman continued in the most fearful suspense, and could distinctly hear the shuffleing of the murderer's weapon, and see its blade glittering in the darkness of the room, in an instant it was drawn across the throat of the sleeping girl, and separated the arteries, and the blood swelled in a purple tide from the wound. The body fell to the floor, and the young woman, with a heavy heart, dashed on her own, and with a muffled snore into the grave, as it showed itself on the dead body, revealed the features of their daughter, of that child, for whose safety, murder had been committed. They were roused from their treasons agony by a deep drawn sigh, and the sound of approaching footsteps, and by the blare of the trumpet, and the light of their lantern, behind them stood an old man, with a white beard and staff, who entered the cottage, and ascended the steps with difficulty. The parents imagined it was the sound of their daughter, and seized it with joy. The child to be told the news, for past gall bladder the old man, and hastily open the grave. The parents imagined it was the sound of their daughter, and seized it with joy. The old man, and hastily open the grave. The parents imagined it was the sound of their daughter, and seized it with joy.

NEAR Exeter, in Devonshire,
A couple stood as you shall hear,
In humble spot of lovely scene,
And Johnson was the Putney's name.
One daughter it was their lot to have,
And she on a sick bed lay,
But poverty did her distress,
They could not aid her in great.
And having got no work to do,
Away from home this man did go,
To seek for work, but finding none,
In a forlorn he did retreat.

When he came home, his wife did say,
Our Lodger was a wrong Malt,
And has a guinea in her chest,
She saved that while she was in place.
Then Johnson to his wife did say,
She shall not live till break of day,
But God save us, what is it so,
Her thoughts were on those writhed so greatly.
Which way her precious life could save,
She changed sides with their daughter's care,
And by that means she saved were.

At dead of night they did proceed
To perpetrate this horrid deed,
To her bed in haste she flew,
And in a mistake his daughter slew.
Then to the garden they conveyed,
The body of this murdered girl,
Not thinking that it was their own,
That it ever would be known.
This girl imprisoned him for the deed,
And when that he to justice came,
Was sentenced for this wicked deed.
To die upon a flat top.