

HORRID MURDER

Which was committed on Thursday, MAY, 1838, at Twyford, near Reading, by Henry Thompson, on the body of Mary Stevenson, and her infant Child.

WE have to lay before the public an account of one of the most cold-blooded murders that ever stained the history of this country. The principal actor in this tragic scene is Henry Thompson, a young man above 20 years of age, residing at Twyford, near Reading. It seems he, for a long time, had paid his addresses to Mary Stevenson, of the same village, until she unfortunately proved with child, and being near her time, she pressed him to marry her; when he invited her to take a walk to a place called Long Grove, on pretence of fixing the day for their marriage, and after walking up and down for some time, he seized her by the breast, he having provided himself with a sharp knife, and plunged it into her heart, and, while she was weltering in her blood, she was delivered of a fine boy. The infatuated young man cut the infant's throat immediately and when he went home to his aged mother, he asked if she had seen Mary. His mother perceiving some blood on his clothes; and together with his agitated appearance, she told him she was afraid he had done something amiss, when he immediately fell down on his knees before his mother, and confessed that he had murdered Mary, and her infant. He was immediately taken into custody. The coroner, and a respectable jury, sat over the bodies, and shortly after returned a verdict of 'Wilful Murder against Henry Thompson,' who was immediately committed, on the coroner's warrant to Reading Gaol to take his trial at Assizes.

COPY OF VERSES.

Come all you wicked young men! give ear unto this
Tale,
It's of a dreadful Murder, the truth I will reveal;
Near Twyford town, in Berkshire, this shocking deed
was done,
The very thought of such a Deed would melt a heart
of stone.

'Twas of one Henry Thompson, a young man brisk and
gay,
Likewise one Mary Stevenson fair as the rose in May;
This young man & this maiden in one village they did
dwell,
Soon in love with this fair maid young faithless Henry
fell.

It was this young man's study her heart for to beguile
& soon to her misfortune by him she proved with child,
She being 8 months gone with Child, these words to him
did say;—
Henry, my dearest Henry when will you marry me.

He said, my dearest Mary, my joy, and hearts delight,
The bans they shall be put up, and all things shall be
right;—
She said I think your slight your love, & think no more
of me,
But still you know the father of my baby you must be.

It was upon last Wednesday night, he to her thus did
say;—
Meet me to-morrow evening, just at the close of day,
And at the bottom of Longrove, there we will agree,
Upon the day dear Mary, when we shall married be.
Then in the silent grove they met, where many an hour
they pass'd.

But little did poor Mary think that night would be her
last;
He from his pocket drew a knife that was both long and
sharp,
He seized her by the breast, and plung'd it in her heart.

All in the midst of her dying pains, & sad extremity,
This damsel was delivered of a fine lovely baby;—
He cut her lovely infant's throat as on the ground it
lay,
Then left them bleeding on the ground a shocking sight
to see.

Then to his mother's house he went without delay,
Now tell to me, dear mother has Mary been this way
For I have searched all around but her I cannot find
I fear some harm has come to her, which sadly grieves
my mind.

As near unto his mother this young man he did draw,
A quantity of crimson blood upon his clothes she saw;
She said, my dearest Henry, my dear, my only child,
I fear you've murdered Mary, the damsel you beguiled.

Then before his mother, on his bended knees he fell,
He said the deed which I have done, the truth to you
I'll tell—
I've murdered dear Mary and her tender babe also,
I know not where to wander nor whither for to go.

Now taken is the young man and bound in prison strong
Waiting to take his trial before that it be long;—
So all you men be constant unto the girl you love,
Then you may expect to find a blessing from above.