The Father's Crime; or Fatal Curiosity.

AN AFFECTING AND TRUE HISTORY

OF

The Unnatural Murder

OF

JAMES ANDREW MACAULEY, a Young Sailor,

For his Wealth, and who proved, on the Morning after the Fatal Deed, to be the MURDERER'S LONG-LOST and ONLY SON!

Some time since, there lived a man named Macauley, at Parry in Cornwall, who had been blessed with a happy disposition and inertial taste; unhappy only in a younger son, who, taking liberty from his father's bounty, joined with a crew like himself, who, weary of the land, went rose to sea, and, in a small vessel, northward stood pitz of all whom they could master; and so increased in wealth, number and strength, that as they were entering in the Stour they ventured upon a Turkish cease of war, where they got great treasure; but their power by circumstance taking fire, our hero, trusting to his skill and management, got to open upon the Isle of Rhodes, with the best of his jewels about him, when he afforded none of them for sale to a Jew, who knew them to be the governor of Algiers, when he was apprehended, accused him in the gallery as a pirate along with other Christians, who with him seized some of their officers, and released themselves. Macauley got safe on board an English ship, and arrived in London, where, from the experience he had in surgery, he was engaged by a surgeon, who after a while sent him to the last before there, by his talent, he gain much money; when he resolved to return to his native town in Cornwall. Being about fifteen years he learned his father was much reduced in circumstances, and in debt. His sister finds married to a merchant, a master match than her birth promoted. To her he first appeared as a poor author, but after awhile privately reveals himself to her, shewing her what jewels and gold he had come across in a belt about him; and concluded that the next day he intended to appear to his parents, yet he kept his disgust, till she and her husband should come thither, to make their common joy complete.

Being come to his parents, his humble behaviour, suitable to his poor suit of clothes, united the old couple into so much compassion, as to give him shelter finding its cold season, under their roof; and, by degrees, his stories of his travels and sufferings, told with such passion to the aged people, made him their guest, so long by the kitchen fire, that the husband found these good nights, and went to bed. Soon after this, his true story of working compassing him a weaker vessel, she said, and so did he; yet, until he, taking pains to her comfort, comforted her with a piece of gold, which gave her assurance that he preserved a lodger, which she assisted him; and seeing this, he stowed her his wealth, which was greedily aimed at him, which he told her was sufficient to relieve her husband's wants, and to spare for himself and so being weary, he fell asleep.

The old woman being tempted with the golden bait that she had received, and greedily drinking after the enjoyment of the rest, she went to her husband, awakening him, presented him with the news, and her confessions what further to do; and, with much agitation as he at first refused, yet her pressing encomiums [Eva's entreaty] moved him at last in concert, and to rise to be master of that wealth, by murdering the owner thereof, by stabbing him; this he accomplished; till, and then received the body with clothes, till opportunity served for carrying it away.

The early morning brings the sister to her father's house, where with sighs of great joy, she required a young sailor that should lodge there last night. The old folks at first denied that they had seen any vessel, till she told them that he was her brother, and last together, which she knew naturally, by a paper upon his arm, with a sword in his youth, and they had determined to meet there that morning, and be happy.

The father hearing this, hastily runs up into the room, and finding the mark, as his daughter had told them, with inward regret for this monstrous murder of his own son, with the same knife wherein he killed him, he cut off his own throat, and thrown himself over the waggled body of his murdered boy. The mother, soon after, going up to consult with her husband what to do; in a strange manner, bounding them both changing in their usual, with and against finding the instrument of death at hand, immediately laps herself open.

The daughter, wandering at their delay in returning, sees about for them, whom she found too soon; and with the sad sight of this bloody scene, being overcome with horror and unspeakable for this deed of destruction, she sank down and shortly after died of a broken heart. Such was the fatal end of this wretched family.

COPY OF VERSES.

Printed by Suterhead, T. Foster, and sold also by B. Davis and William, Little Destin Street. —TAXED AT STATIONERS' HALL. 

The mother in the father went, With the same smile as on earth: The mother in the father went, To tell of the treasure, she had seen Among the stranger's wealth.

The father then, by Susan, he Was fair, he was good to the heart. And she his equal in a way, Which soon caused his heart to smart.

And some see the parents both Her mother was the one's right. Their daughter now with joy to ask: Of the sailor who kept then night?