



Llofruddiaeth Caerfyrddin

Thomas yn cael ei Grogi.

Cymerodd yr olygfa olaf yn y stori waedlyd uchod le yn Ngharchar Caerfyrddin am wyth o'r gloch boreu dydd Mawrth, Chwefror 13, 1894. Wedi y prawf, ceisiwyd atal y ddedfryd drwy apelio at yr Ysgrifenydd Cartrefol, ond yn ofer; ac felly cariwyd allan pob parotoad er cyflawniad y gyfraith. Ymddangosodd y carcharor yn hollol ddigyffro, a gwynebodd ei ddiwedd heb yr ymddangosiad lleiaf. Nid oedd neb yn bresenol ar yr achlysur ond y swyddogion.

Tra y codai haul y boreu,
 Adar bach a byncient gân,
 Prydferth oedd holl weithiau natur,
 Pawb yn moli, mawr a mân;
 Ond yn nywyll cell y carchar
 Mae rhyw ddyn mewn trybliog hun,
 Tra breuddwydion erch ac hagr
 Rhedant trwy ei feddwl blin.

Dyma'r swyddog yn ei gyffro,
"Cwyd yn awr, mae'th awr ar ben,
Ti gei gysgu hyd y mynot
Yn y bedd, dan gwg a sên."
Wedi gwisgo, dyma'r person
Yn dwyn iddo gair y Nef,
Tra'r carcharor yn ei wrando
Heb un teimlad ar ei wedd.

Buan aeth mynudau heibio,
Dyma'r crogwr yn dod mewn,
Tra mae cloch hen eglwys Pedr
Yn rhoi maes galarus swn.
Llywydd y carchardy hefyd,
Doctors a siryddion mawr,
Ymgasglasant i gael gweled
Cledd dialedd'n syrthio i lawr.

Maent yn symud 'nawr i'r grogbren,
Thomas dan ei rwymau'n dŷn,
Tra'r offeiriad yn dwys adrodd
Geiriau cysur i'r dyn blin;
Cnwl y gloch sy'n llanw ei glustiau,
Pwy all ddweyd ei deimlad ef,
Pan yn sefyll cyn gwynebu
Iawn digofaint mawr y Nef?

Dros ei wyneb tynwyd capyn,
Neidiodd Billington naill law,
Ac yn sydyn hyrddiwyd Thomas
I grafangau brenin braw;
Bu y cwbl drosodd 'n union,
Codwyd baner du i lan,
Ac am awr bu'r corff yn hongian
Tra swyddogion yn gwyllo'r fan.

Bellach, mae y cwbl drosodd,
Yn ein cof bydd hyn yn byw,
Ac fe fydd yn rhybudd i ni
Byth i gerdded llwybrau Duw.
Bechgyn ieuainc Gwlad y Bryniau,
Gwylwch rhag temtasiwn ffol,
Neu daw Satan â'i rith-wenau
I'ch cofleidio yn ei gôl.

Carmarthen Murder.

The Execution.

The last act in this awful Tragedy was played in Carmarthen Goal at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, Feb. 13, 1894. After the trial, efforts were made to get the sentence repealed, but to no effect. Billington arrived on Monday afternoon, and found the arrangements complete. The chaplain arrived in the goal early in the morning and remained with the prisoner till the end. The procession to the scaffold was formed a few minutes before eight, and as the clock struck eight the black flag was seen arising over the gates, signifying that the dread act had been accomplished. No persons were allowed to witness the execution except the officials.

Fair arose the sun on Tuesday,
While the birds sang in the air,
Fair was nature's pleasing prospect,
No one seemed to have a care;
But in yonder gloomy dungeon
Lies a man in broken sleep,
Who can tell the dreams and visions
Which do through his memory creep?

See, the Warder now awakes him:—
"Rise up now, your time is come,
Soon you'll sleep a deeper slumber,
Undisturbed by rising sun."
Ere he's dressed, the chaplain comes in
To direct his thoughts on high,
But the prisoner without motion
Hears all that he has to say.

Swiftly are the minutes flying,
Now the hangman's at the door,
While the bell of old Saint Peter's
Slowly tolls out evermore;
There's the governor and doctors
And the sheriff's come to see
The sharp sword of justice falling
As our country's laws decree.

Now they move on to the scaffold,
Thomas there is safely bound,
While the chaplain is repeating
Words of deep and solemn sound;
Loud the bell tolls from the steeple,
Who can tell the prisoner's thought,
As he stands beneath the gallows
Where his crime has thus him brought.

A white cap his face encloses,
Billington then jumps aside,
In an instant, when the bolts pulled,
Does the platform then divide;
All is over in a moment,
A black flag is raised on high,
For an hour the corpse is hanging
In the spot where he did die.

Now this Tragedy is ended,
In our memory long 'twill dwell,
It will be to as a warning
To resist the sins of hell;
O young men of this our country
Keep from all temptations wrong,
Learn to walk in paths of virtue,
In the struggle be thou strong.