

Youth's Warning-Piece; 19

OR, THE TRAGICAL

HISTORY

OF

GEORGE BARNWELL,

WHO WAS

Undone by a Strumpet,

THAT CAUSED HIM

To Rob his Master, and
Murder his Uncle.

By others harm learn to be wise,
And ye shall do full well.

STIRLING:

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1803.

George Barnwell.



And behold there met him an Harlot, subtle of heart, and she kissed him and said unto him, I have decked my bed with fine linen, come, let us take our fill of love until the morning.

7979
Sarah Milwood.



The lips of a strange Woman drop as an
they comb, and her mouth is sweeter than
: but her end is bitter as wormwood,
arp as a two deged sword.

THE

HISTORY

OF

GEORGE BARNWELL.

GEORGE BARNWELL was the son of Mr *Wm. Barnwell*, a very eminent and wealthy Goldsmith in Lombard street. George's father dying whilst he was very young, he was left to the care of an uncle, who lived near London. This gentleman had a great affection for George, and having no children, treated him as his son, giving him a very liberal education, and when he was old enogh, put him apprentice to Mr *Thoroughgood*, a Merchant, with whom he lived three or four years, behaving himself in such a manner, as endeared him to the whole family.

Mr *Thoroughgood* had an only daughter named *Maria*, beautiful and virtuous, and about the same age as *Barnwell*. George was tall and handsome, of a modest genteel deportment, and *Maria* was particularly sensible of it.

Mr Thoroughgood had also another apprentice whose name was Trueman, with whom George lived in such friendship, that neither did any thing without the other's advice ; till an affair happened in which all youth think themselves too wise to take counsel : such is the frailty of human nature !

Mrs Millwood, a lady of the town, who long had a design upon George, took care to meet him in Cheapside. She made a full stop, and gazing at his face, asked him his name ? He blushed, and bowing very low, answered, George Barnwell.—She begged his pardon for the freedom she had taken, but told him he was the person she had long wished to see, and to whom she had an affair of importance to communicate, at a proper time and place. He named a tavern, but she talked of honour and reputation, and invited him to her own house ; he swallowed the bait, and promised to come, which he did, and was received with seeming modesty.

After some talk he wanted to be gone, but she begged him to stay supper, which he with much entreaty consented to ; and after supper she prevailed with him to stay all night, and to give her a considerable sum of money which he had about him of his master's. A strange infatuation ! when youth once gives way to the arts of a designing

woman, he is irrecoverably lost. He who but once submits to gaze upon their sophistical beauties, puts himself in their power, and is no longer master of himself! Thus fell as hopeful a youth as any of his time; and in this manner must every giddy unexperienced youth be exposed.

Every one in the house was in the utmost confusion at Barnwell's absence, fearing some accident had befallen him, for none could suspect the true cause. At his return Trueman went to receive him with open arms, but Barnwell was so sensible of his fault, that he turned from him, and could not speak; but Trueman by his kind expressions brought him a little to himself, and their former friendship was renewed.

His master soon after came to chide him for staying out, but was prevented by seeing how sensible he was of his crime; and after a few kind exhortations not to do so again, he left him: when Barnwell reproached himself in the severest terms for his fault, and resolved never to see Millwood more.

Alas! how frail the resolves of youth, when an artful woman had an interest in the breach of them! Millwood had too good an opinion of Barnwell's pocket to part with his person. As she found he did not renew his visits, she took an opportunity with her

said Lucy to visit him at his master's, pre-
 tending a message from his uncle. She soon
 prevailed on him to promise another visit,
 which he performed, and another till he had
 no power to keep from her. Her whole de-
 sire was money, and his passion for her got
 the better of his principles, for soon after
 that he brought her. His infatuation was too
 deeply rooted, reason had no place in his
 mind; his peace was gone, and her's only
 employed his thoughts. At length the fatal
 day arrived! Thoroughgood, punctually him-
 self, expected equal justice from all about
 him; nor had his honest heart the least sus-
 picion of any unfair dealings, when he or-
 dered his books to be settled, and each of
 his servants to deliver up an account of what
 had been entrusted in his hands.—George
 was thunder-struck, to make up his accounts
 was impossible, to see his master under such
 circumstances was worse than death.—He
 flew to his ruin for succour, but left a let-
 ter for Trueman, informing him of the cause
 of his absence, and the sum deficient.

Trueman, astonished at the letter, revol-
 ved in his mind what could be done in so
 critical a point: to preserve the character of
 his friend was the first wish; to endeavour
 to secret from his master the knowledge of
 the one who had so much injured him shocked.

him; as he thought one who concealed a guilt in another, took part of the crime to himself.—In this dilemma he shewed the letter to Maria, lamenting the fall of his unhappy friend. Doubly unhappy! as his false step now imbittered the sweats of the happiest family in the world; for all was peace and confidence! those who possess no guilt suspect none. Maria enquired the sum deficient, and if there wae any means of replacing it, that Barnwell's fault might escape her father's know:edge. Trueman undertook to set the account right, and Maria furnished the money. But alas! Barnwell was not to be found. so that all their endeavours to save him from ruin failed.

Barnwell having now no longer an opportunity to supply Millwood with Thoroughgood's cash. she resolving to make him still subservient to her avarice (which was her ruling passion) by degrees made him consent to rob and at length to murder his ucle. Miserable wretch! the bounds of virtue once overleaped, no guide remains: and one vice crowes on the back of another, till the ruin is complete, and death alone can hide from himself the wretch whose actions cannot bear his own inspection.

At the naming of the murder of his ucle he flew into a rage, and called her monf-

ter devil, and said she was born for his destruction. She thought it would not answer her end to meet his rage with her's, but affected a most passionate fit of grief. She told him necessity had no law, nor true love no bound: that therefore he never truly loved, but meant in her necessity to forsake her. She kneeled down and swore that since by his refusal he had given her cause to doubt his love, she never would see him more, unless to prove true he would rob his uncle to supply her wants, and murder him to keep it from discovery. He stood speechless but in his face might be read the various passions that tore his soul. At length he cried out, "Thou cursed woman! have I not already given dreadful proofs of my love: what drew me from my youthful innocence, and stained my then unspotted soul, but love of you? what caused me to rob my worthy and gentle master, but love? what makes me now a fugitive from his service, but love of you? and what love makes me resolve (continued he, tearing his hair) to kill my uncle.

Having thus brought him to consent, she made him set out immediately, for fear the few sparks of grace which yet remained in him, should make him abandon his design. Barnwell set out with all the reluctance

imaginable; and though he was sensible to the minutest degree of the horricness of the fact he was going to perpetrate, and made several efforts to return, yet his intatuation for her who sought only the destruction of every man in her power, in revenge for the loss of her own reputation and peace of mind, hurried him on to his own ruin, in the murder of his dearly loving and beloved uncle.

Being at length arrived at the village where his uncle lived, he waited in a secret place till the he time knew he would be by himself at his meditations in the garden, (as was his daily custom to ballance accounts with heaven, that he might always be prepared for that moment in which he might be called) and then masking himself, went to meet him. George presented a pistol, and was going to shoot him, but his concience gave him such a check he could not do it, but threw away the pistol: the uncle hearing it fall, and seeing a man so near him masked, was going to draw his sword, which George perceiving immediatly stabbed him. The old man prayed heaven with his last breath to bless and prosper his nephew, and to forgive his murderer, George, overcome with his goodneles, discovered himself. The reader may imagine what astonishment th

uncle was in, at seeing his nephew was the person who had murdered him. He could not speak, but kissing him, yielded up his breath. Barnwell's agonies were prodigious; he fainted away on the body, and when he recovered was going to kill himself, only he remembered the laws of christianity forbid self murder.

Lucy, who was Millwood's servant, and well trained in the paths of vice, had yet so much tenderness left, she could not bear the thoughts of her mistress's barbarity, and sending Geoge to destroy his best friend, in whose fall himself must be involved. She resolved if possible to prevent the mischief from being carried into execution, and to that end waited on Thoroughgood, telling him the errand that George was gone about, and among other things informed him of his own loss. Thoroughgood was unwilling to believe her, as he found no deficiency in his cash, and therefore was in hopes that the other part was as false as his having embezzled the money; but she assuring him it was true, he sent one of his servants to the uncle's house. But alas! it was too late.

George, as soon as the murder was over, retired to Millwood's. his fear being so great that he could not stay to take any money from him, and Millwood finding he had not

brought her any, sent for an officer, and delivered him up, accusing him of murder.

Soon after Thoroughgood coming to see her, she with a most contuminate impudence denied it and said, "I have seen him with my maid servant several times, and have been informed that he had a violent passion for her, and she for him, but until then I thought it innocent. I know my maid to be very poor and given to excessive pleasures and therefore I imagine that she influenced him to commit the murder to supply her extravagancies."

This and more arts she used to persuade him of her innocence, and with all urged her betraying him, but Lucy had too well informed him of her arts for him to be deceived by her. at length she said, "I have an evidence within my house that will silence all objections against my conduct" While she was gone in, Lucy and Trueman arrived bringing with them some officers to secure her, which they did, as she was returning to Thoroughgood with a pistol in her hand. She was immediately sent to Newgate, and lay till the ensuing sessions.

The trial was mournful: Barnwell's youth and modest deportment drew tears from every eye. When placed at the bar, with many tears and interrupting sobs, he confes-

ed and aggravated his offences, without in the least accusing Millwood, the infamous author of his ruin. She stood shameless and unconcerned by his side, viewing with pride and contempt the numerous assembly, who all with sympathizing sorrow wept for the unfortunate youth. She, when called upon to answer, loudly insisted upon her innocence, and made an artful and bold defence. But finding all in vain, how did she curse herself her judges, and all mankind! But what could that avail, she was condemn'd, and must suffer.

After the trial Thoroughgood sent a Divine, whose abilities he well knew, to Barnwell; nor was Millwood forgotten, but she, unhappy woman, continued obstinate, and refused all assistance.

While he was in prison his master visited him, and found him preparing for his long and last journey; but the good old man was so affected with his misfortunes, that he could not stay long with him.

Trueman then came whom he wished much to see but George's grief was so great that he could not speak to him for some time, however at length he did, and then fell to aggravating his crimes, which Trueman desired him not to do: but to make himself as easy as his circumstances would permit;

aying, 'My dear friend, had you trusted me when first the fair seducer tempted you, all had been well.' Then answered George, 'O talk not of what might have been, for I have not taken one step since first I saw that false fair one, but what has tended to my ruin.'

While they were discoursing Maria came, who among other efforts to restore him a little to his peace of mind, for the short time he had to live, told him that she must and would partake of his grief. He begged her to make herself happy, and added, When he was dead he should quickly be forgotten. She answered, You will never be out of my memory whilst life lasteth, for my love is as sincere as disinterested. They were interrupted by the officers summoning Barnwell to his death; which so affected Maria that she fainted away. George begged them to pray for him, and said, Early my race of wickedness began, and soon has reached the summit, ere Nature finished her work, and stamped me man; just when others began to stray, my course is finished. And justice in compassion to mankind, cuts off a wretch like me; by one example to secure thousands from future ruin.' Thus he parted from Trueman and Maria.

Never were greater instances of innocence and wickedness than in Barnwell and Millwood, when going to die. Barnwell praying all the way he went, and Millwood blaspheming. Barnwell tried all possible means to make her sensible of the mercy of the Omnipotent Power; but she told him, 'Mercy is above my hope, and almost above my wish; for I have sinned above the reach of mercy.' And hearing him pray to heaven to grant her his grace before she died, she said, 'If thou wilt pray, pray for thyself, and not for me.'

In this manner they arrived at the place where a period was to be put to all their miseries in the world. George there made a very pathetic speech, exhorting all young men to have a care of the wiles of lewd women; but in a more particular manner he desired them to leave off all deceits for the time to come, in relation to women; for it was their own falsehood in debauching them on a promise of marriage and to deserting them that made them give themselves up to all manner of wickedness, and do their utmost to ruin every man in their power.

George Barnwell,

AN EXCELLENT

OLD BALLAD,

SETTING FORTH THE

Weakness and Folly

OF

YOUTH,

In following the Step of

Lewd Women,

Which always lead to

DESTRUCTION.

STIRLING:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY C. RANDALL.
1803.

The London Prentice.

A London lad I was,
a merchant's prentice bound,
My name's George Barnwell that did spend
my master many a pound.
As I upon a certain day,
was walking through the street,
About my master's business
a wanton I did meet ;
A gallant dainty dame
and sumptuous in attire,
With smiling look we greeted me
and did my name require.
In faith my boy, said she,
such news I can thee tell, -
As shall rejoice the very heart,
so come where I do dwell
Good Barnwell, then quoth she,
do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for Mrs Millwood's house
next door unto the gun.
At night I knocked at the door,
and she herself came down,
Ruffling in most rich attire,
her hood and silken gown.
She took me by the hand
and with a modest grace,
Welcome sweet Barnwell, then said she,
unto this homely place.

Since I then have thee found
 as good as my word to be,
 A homely supper ere we part
 thou shalt here take with me.
 O pardon me, quoth he,
 sweet mistress now I pray;
 For out of my master's house,
 so long I dare not stay.
 Alas! good Sir, said she,
 are you so strictly ty'd,
 You may not with a dearest friend,
 one hour or two abide?
 I supped with her that night,
 with joys that did abound,
 And for the same paid presently,
 in money twice three pounds.
 An hundred kisses then
 for my farewell she gave,
 Crying, sweet Barnwell, when shall I,
 thy company again have?
 O stay not too long my love,
 sweet George have me in mind,
 Her words bewitched my childishness
 she utter'd them so kind.
 I oft to her did go
 and got her store of coin,
 Yea, sometimes fifty pounds,
 all which he did purloin.
 And thus he did pass on,
 until his master then,
 Did call to have his reckoning
 cast up among his men.
 Then from his master straight,
 he ran in secret sort,

And unto Sarah Millwood then
 his case he did report.
 But how she us'd this youth,
 in this his extreme need,
 The which did her necessity
 so oft with money feed.
 The second part behold,
 shall tell it forth at large,
 And shall a strumpet's wiley ways,
 with all her arts discharge.

P A R T II.

HERE comes Barnwell unto thee,
 Sweet Sarah my heart's delight,
 I am undone unless thou stand
 my faithful friend this night.
 Our master to command accompts,
 has just occasion found,
 And I am now behind hand
 above two hundred pounds.
 And knowing not at all,
 what answer him to make,
 Nor his displeasure to escape,
 my way to thee I take
 With that she knit her brows,
 and looking all awry,
 Quoth she, what can I have to do,
 with any prentice boy?
 And since you've stolen and gave
 your master's goods away,
 Your case is bad, and therefore here,
 you shall no longer stay.
 Is this the love and friendship that
 you did to me profess?

Is this the great affection which
 you seemed to express?
 False woman then farewell,
 whilst twenty pounds do last,
 My anchor in some other port
 with freedom I will cast.
 when she perceived by his words
 that he had money store,
 That she had gall'd him in such a sort
 did grieve her heart full sore.
 Wherefore to call him back again,
 she did suppose it best,
 Stay George, said she thou art too quick,
 for man I did but jest
 Dost thou think for all my speech
 how I would let the go?
 Faith no, said she my love to thee
 I wist is more than so
 You wont dead with prentice boys
 I heard you just now swear,
 Wherefore they shall not trouble you;
 my George hearken thine ear.
 You'll not go to night said she,
 let what chance will befall;
 But man we'll have money for thee,
 or else the devil take all.
 So I was by strong frauds deceiv'd,
 and snared with fancy still,
 But had no power to put away,
 or to withstand her will.
 My father's rich and then said I,
 shall I want store of gold?
 For with a father, a son, said he,
 may very well make bold.

Likewise an uncle old I have,
 at Ludlow he doth dwell;
 He is a grazier, and in wealth
 doth all the rest excel.
 Ere I will live in lack, quoth he,
 and have no coin for thee:
 I'll rob his house and, murder him,
 why should you not said she?
 Was I a man, ere I would want,
 or live in poor estate,
 On father, friends, and all my kin,
 my talent I would grate.
 For without money, George, said she,
 a man is but a beast;
 But bringing money, thou shalt be
 my ever welcome guest.
 For say should you pursued be
 with twenty hues and cries,
 And with a warrant searched for
 with Argus' hundred eyes:
 Yet in my house you safe should be,
 such privy ways there be,
 That if they sought a thousand hours
 they never could find thee.
 And so carousing in their cups,
 their pleasure to content;
 George Barnwell had in a little time
 his money wholly spent.
 It being gone, to Ludlow then
 he did provide to go,
 To rob his rich old uncle,
 his minion would have it so.
 Directly for his uncle's then
 he rode with might and main,

And with a welcome and good cheer
 she did him entertain.
 One fortnight's space he stayed there;
 until it chanced so,
 His uncle with his cattle did
 unto the market go.
 His kinsman needs must ride with him,
 where he did see right plain,
 Great store of money he had took,
 when coming home again ;
 Most suddenly within a wood
 he knock'd his uncle down,
 Then beat his brains out of his head,
 so sore he crack'd his crown.
 Then eighty pounds of ready cash
 out of his purse he took,
 And coming up to London town,
 the country quite forsook.
 Unto Millwood then he came,
 shewing this store of gold ;
 And how he had his uncle slain
 to her he plainly told.
 Pish, 'tis no matter, George, said she,
 since we the money have,
 For to have good cheer in gallant sort,
 and deck us fine and brave.
 Now this they liv'd in filthy sort,
 till all his store was gone,
 What means to get him any more
 we wist poor George had none.
 Now therefor thus in wailing sort,
 she thrust him out of door ;
 Which is the just reward of those
 that spend upon a whore

O! do me not this foul disgrace,
 in this my need, quoth he,
 She call'd him thief and murderer,
 with all the dispight that might be.
 And to the constable she sent;
 for to have him apprehended;
 And shewed how fair in each degree
 he had the laws offended.
 When Barnwell saw the drift,
 to sea he got straightway;
 Here fear and dread of conscience
 continually on him lay.
 Unto the mayor of London then
 he did a letter write,
 In which his own and Sarah's fault
 he did at large recite.
 By which she apprehended was,
 and then to Ludlow sent,
 And there was she condemn'd and hang'd
 for murder incontinent.
 And there this gallant queep dy'd
 which was her greatest gains,
 For murdering his uncle
 was Barnwell hung in chains.
 Lo! here's the end of wilful youth
 that after harlots haunt;
 And in the spoil of other men
 about the streets do flaunt.

FINIS.

Handwritten text, possibly a title or reference number, located above the illustration.

