

A letter from Edmund Wentworth Pearce ... to a noble lord containing a systematic and detailed account of unparalleled atrocities acted by Capt. Thomas Pearce ... lately a prisoner in the King's Bench : comprehending some account of the author's sufferings as a perfectly sane man, at the two insane houses of Bethnal Green.

Contributors

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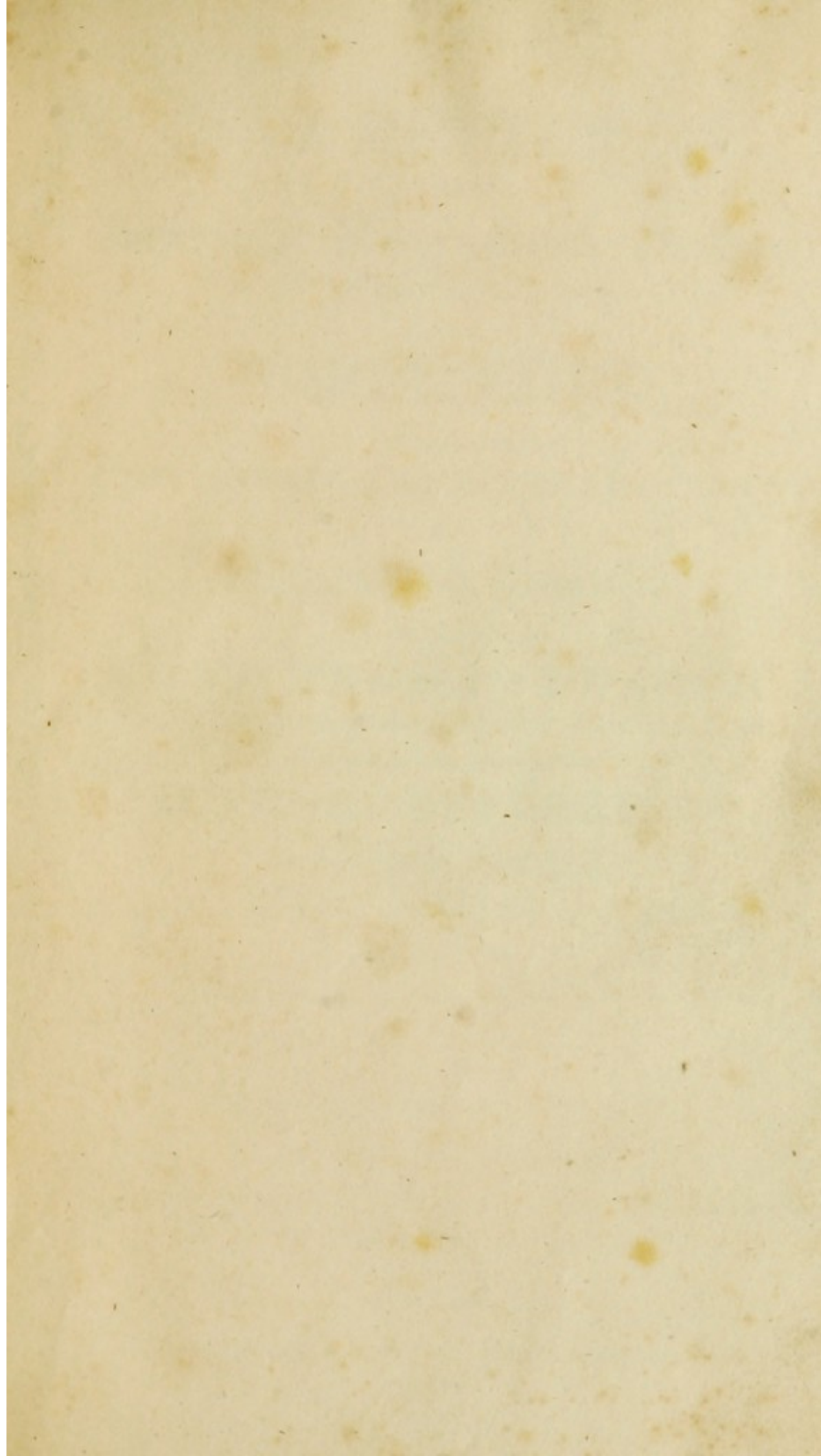
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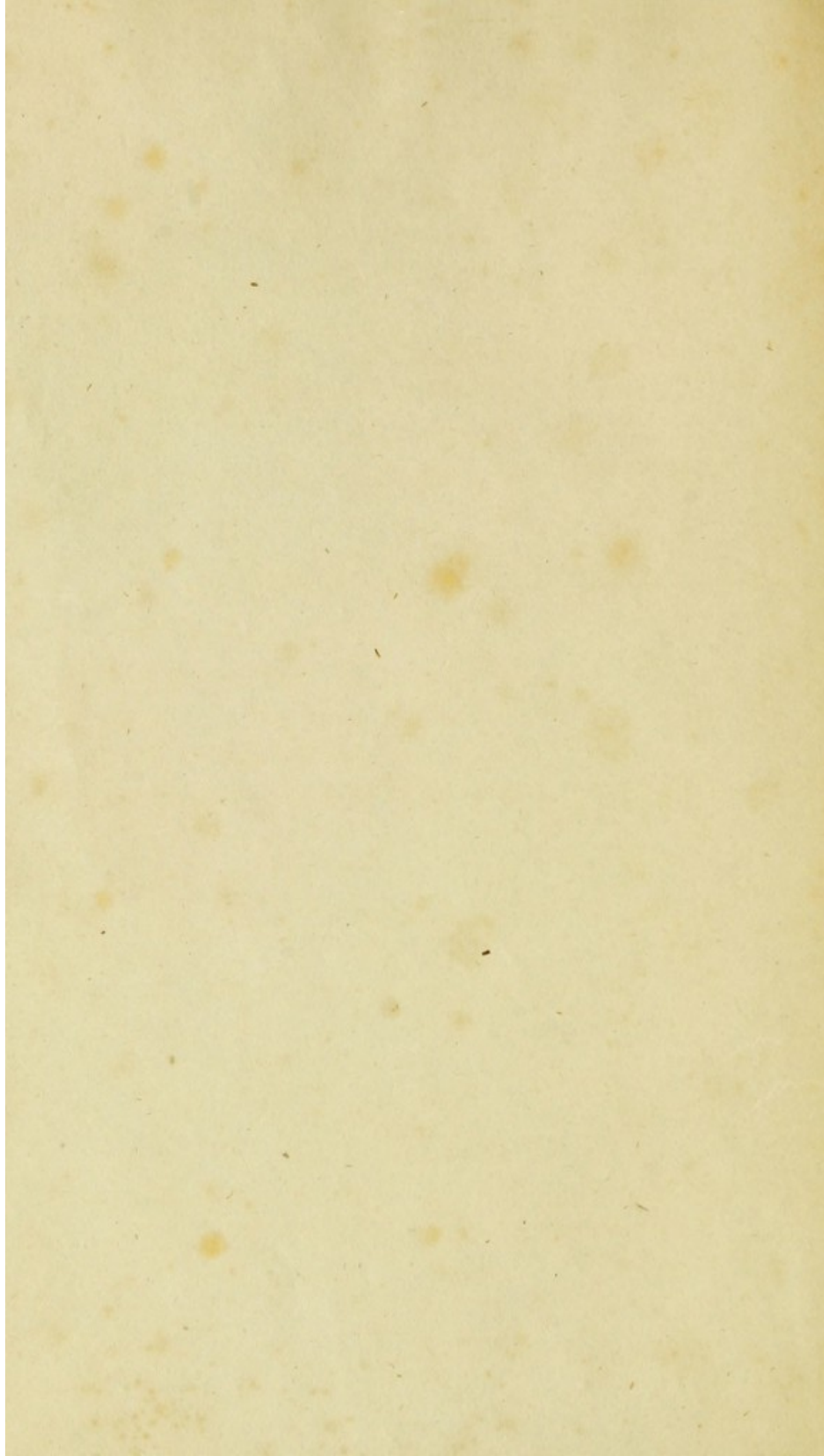
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William Lloyd
1000 St





A LETTER

FROM

Edmund Wentworth Pearce,

of the 94th Regt of the 3d Bn Foot Regtment of Foot.

TO A

NOBLE LORD,

OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A SYSTEMATIC AND DETAILED ACCOUNT

OF

Chaplain's Services

BY

CAPT. THOMAS PEARCE,

of the 94th Regt of the 3d Bn Foot Regtment of Foot, and a Chaplain of the 94th Regt of the 3d Bn Foot Regtment of Foot.

Communicated to the House of Commons.

AUTHOR'S SUFFERINGS.

As a private Soldier.

At the Two 1834-5 HOUSES of COMMONS.

AND

At the Two 1834-5 HOUSES of COMMONS.

BY

Chaplain's Services

Communicated to the House of Commons.

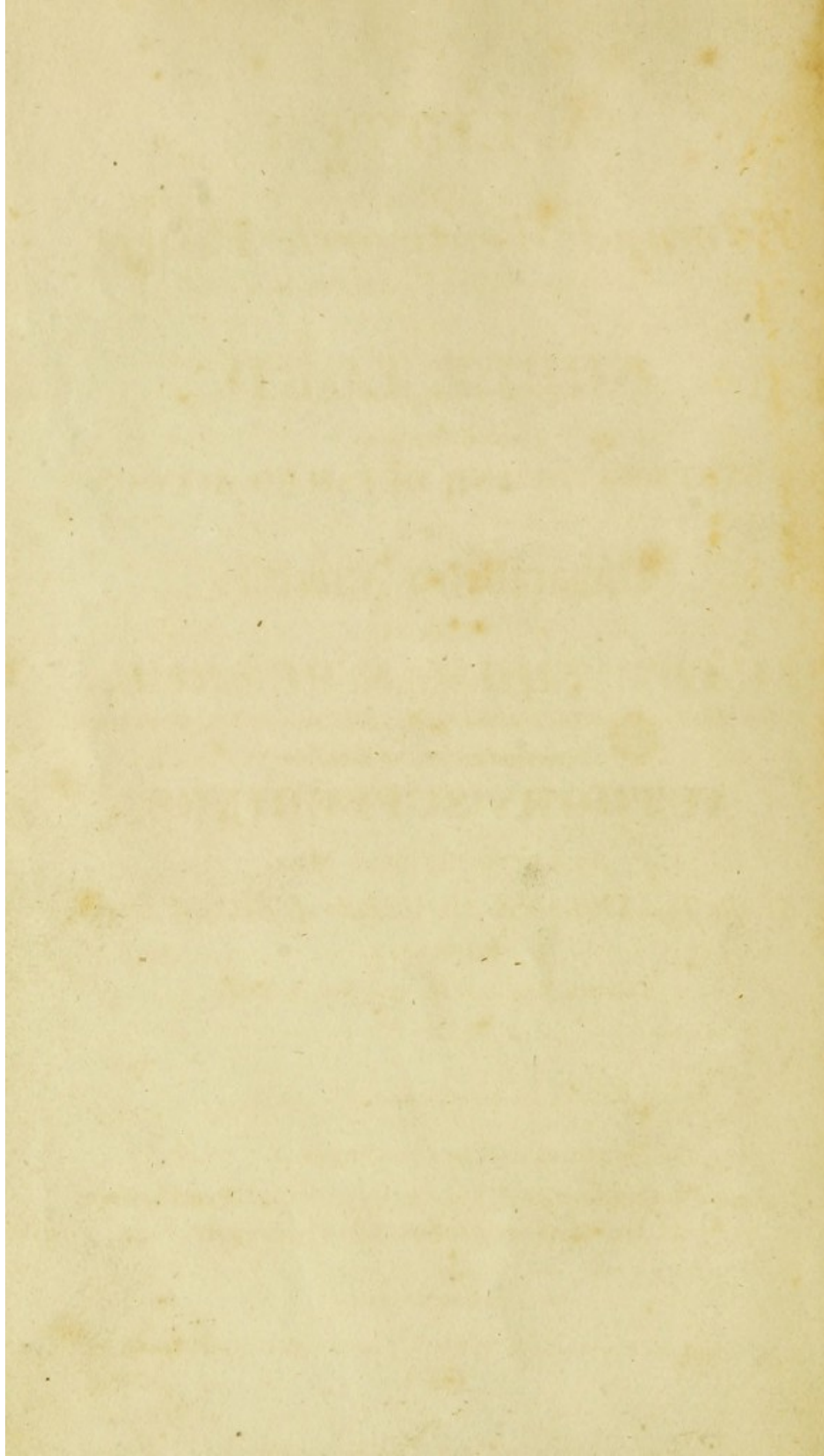
At the Two 1834-5 HOUSES of COMMONS.

At the Two 1834-5 HOUSES of COMMONS.

AND

At the Two 1834-5 HOUSES of COMMONS.

1834



A LETTER

FROM

Edmund Wentworth Pearce,

On the Half-Pay of the 18th Royal Irish Regiment of Foot,

TO A

NOBLE LORD,

CONTAINING

A SYSTEMATIC AND DETAILED ACCOUNT

OF

Unparalleled Atrocities

ACTED BY

CAPT. THOMAS PEARCE,

On the Half-Pay of the Royal Marine Corps, lately a Prisoner in the King's Bench.

Comprehending some Account of the

AUTHOR'S SUFFERINGS,

As a perfectly Sane Man,

At the Two INSANE HOUSES of Bethnal Green,

MIDDLESEX.

Between May 2, 1815, and Nov. 1, 1817,

&c. &c. &c.

TO BE HAD OF THE AUTHOR AT

SANDOE'S Ornamental Tunbridge-Ware Manufactory,
4, Devonshire-Street, Queen-Square,


Printed and Published by E. W. Pearce, Devonshire-Street, Queen-Square.

1818.



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DEDICATION.



MY LORD,

MAY I presume to hope that the advantages which I conceive may be derived by those of your Lordship's noble description, from a perusal of the following pages, added to the profit that may result to other descriptions of individuals, and the necessity of this publication to the peace and justification of one of the most injured and misrepresented men in existence, who, for the present, has no other means of redress, may obtain your Lordship's pardon for the freedom of this Dedication. A number of truths, my Lord, that may serve to undeceive the British Nobility, Gentry, and Shopkeepers, also a series of treatment shewn to myself, unprovoked in cause, novel and most atrocious in its nature, in what I have to progressively submit.

If on perusing my title page there should be any who, to a feeling of some surprise, should add that of some displeasure, at my becoming the public accuser of a man formerly called a brother, I request they will shew me the charity of their silence until they peruse, before they pronounce. Let them strike, but hear.

I hope I may venture to term myself an injured man, without either vanity or arrogance, and I conceive this publication to be a duty I owe to my God, my country, and myself. Were I disposed for one moment to cherish any feeling of regret for the consequences that may result to the subject of it, I have to recollect that he has forced it upon me—I have not the vanity to suppose that any thing it contains coming from an individual like me, poor and obscure as I am, with a name little known, an influence nothing felt, will obtain any considerable portion of attention, or be able to awaken any thing like a lively or permanent interest in favor of a man who has now, alas ! no patron to boast of, to whose influence nothing will be conceded, who must win every inch of ground by fair argument only, and who is no longer able to win his way in a crowd.

I know that by disclosing the following truths I shall sharpen the poniard of the assassin ; personal consequences to myself I disregard ; I may render some little service to others,—and I certainly will disclose them. My object is plain : I hope no less compassable ;—I will observe a proportion between my object and my effort, I wish, unequivocally, to demonstrate what Captain Thomas Pearce, on the Half-Pay of the Royal Ma-

rine corps has been, is, and, presumptively speaking, will continue to be while he continues to exist, his own confession being that it is not in the power of all mankind to reclaim him. I wish to cripple his facilities to future success in his long accustomed line of conduct, also the success of those, if any such can be found, who approve his habits, and wish to live in his example.

As to a concurring testimony in favor of my positions, while stating the truth, if I cannot obtain so much of that as I could wish, I hope some allowance will be made for the infinite pains taken of late years to destroy all written and witnessed *memorials of facts* in my possession ; also for the death of some parties, the unknown residence of others, &c.

Finally, I will call upon Capt. Thomas Pearce (whom, through this pamphlet, I will distinguish by the initials of T. P.) to disprove any part of my assertions, that *circumstances*, which give to all things both color and effect, prevent the *possibility* of my proving otherwise than by assertion.

My Lord, in this publication I will encumber and overlay as little as possible, nothing increasing the bulk without adding to the weight. To such things as knowledge, talent, or ability, I make no pretence : I was not for-

fortunate enough at my birth to draw a prize in the lottery of human intellect. I cannot walk in the territories of science. There are no diamonds in my understanding. Literature, I know, has been called essential to the deliverance of the human mind, and the elevation of human feelings, but I boast it not. If I was born with some little share of native capacity, it may have been assisted by some little application and experience; these added to some truths which the immortal Burke heretofore deigned to point out to me, both personally, and by letter, are all I am able to boast of. Yet I have to recollect that the sun of knowledge may *corrupt* while it illuminates. Education properly applied may be a blessing. Its *misapplication* a curse. Those, indeed, make but a poor exchange who purchase their learning, at the expense of their principles.

I have the honor to be,

My LORD, &c. &c.

EDMUND WENTWORTH PEARCE.

September 1, 1818.

A LETTER,

&c. &c.

IN the following statement of truth relating to Captain THOMAS PEARCE, on the half-pay of the Royal Marine Corps, it is impossible that I should trace him through every stage of existence, and every change of condition, from the number of years that he was born before me, and from the number of subsequent years that, owing to different causes, I could neither witness his conduct, or receive information of it.— He came into the world ill-favoured by nature in personal respects, being born a very small, swarthy, ordinary, and sickly child, and with crooked little fingers, (we are desired to mark those whom God has marked). When old enough to afford some indication of what he was in other respects, he appeared to be such as could excite nothing of interest even in father or mother, beyond what the laws of nature and of necessity serve to inspire. A riper time of life found him guilty of such things, as giving his brother James only one penny out of a shilling, given him by Colonel Marriott to be equally shared between them; his giving the same brother only one shilling out of a guinea also given him by General Baugh, to be equally shared; his stealing six silver tea spoons, and a silver tea tongs from his own father, breaking them in pieces, and then selling them for old silver; his contracting a debt, on account of common gin drinking, with a Mrs. Nesbit, a retailer of spirits, and never paying her; his connecting himself with a gang of thieves at the house of a Mr. Lawes, keeper of the Coach and Horses in St. Martin's-lane, which compelled his father (who had before observed

that T. P. was born a Nero, or Caligula) to take him to Ireland, to avoid consequences—on the road to which he pocketed some young poultry that did not belong to him—himself confessing that nothing could have saved his life but his leaving England; his joining the Plymouth Division of Marines, as Second Lieutenant, with an express declaration that he would never pay tailors, shoe-makers, hair-dressers, &c. &c.; his conduct there, partaking of every species of vice that his limited pecuniary means, added to whatever credit he could obtain, permitted him to enter upon, under the roofs of such persons as a Mrs. Barbott, governess to a warehouse of infamy, &c. &c. &c.—His principal companion here being a Lieutenant Francis Ryves, an abandoned villain, by his own account, and eventually accused of unnatural intercourse with a negro boy in the West Indies;—as to his female attachments, these had for their object the seduction of unfortunate servant girls, whose names I could here state. This conduct was congenial to his nature to pursue. Its ruining consequences could not, at any rate, involve his forced union by marriage with the victim of his treachery, or otherwise compel him to the alternative of risking his life with any friend or relative of those moving in so low a walk of life!

I now lose sight of T. P. till I find him occasionally calling at his father's house, in Cartwright-Street, Westminster;—here I recollect his sometimes beating his sisters, and his father's servant maid; and here occurred a transaction that I have specifically to state:—T. P. at this time belonged to a ship of war called the Lizard Frigate, commanded by Capt. Francis Parry.—He had no money to pay his mess, or purchase apparel with; his agent, Keene Stables, Esq. would not further increase the large arrear of debt already due.—His unfortunate sister Mary, then young, and extremely well to look at, had been for some time watched and followed by a rich Jewish Gentleman, called Nathan Franks, Esq. then living in Great George-Street, Westminster.—T. P. heard of

this ; he contrived that his sister should throw herself in the way of Mr. Franks, enter into conversation with him, and consent to be conducted by him wherever he should think proper. The old debauchee saw the unfortunate girl, spoke to her, and conducted her to a bagnio. A short time after, T. P. entered it, described the parties, found out the apartment they were in, and entered it ; here he affected the utmost anger and surprise, severely upbraiding his sister, desiring her to return home immediately, and terribly threatening the old Gentlemen with verbal exposal, legal prosecution, &c. unless a salve should be applied to his wounded feelings in a proper *pecuniary* compensation made to his sister's loss of reputation. A number of causes had made Mr. Franks such as T. P. could work upon the feelings of. He agreed to pay, and did pay, the sum of one hundred pounds, on condition of T. P. signing an instrument that he had no further demand upon Mr. Franks. Of this money, he gave his devoted sister a small proportion, who laid it out in such wearing apparel, as subsequently led to her utter ruin.

T. P. now finished his tour of sea duty, was disembarked, and sent to Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, on the recruiting service. Here, instead of taking a private lodging, and living in a manner becoming a subaltern officer, who had nothing but his pay, he engaged apartments in the house of Mr. Thomas Badger, resident tavernkeeper, with whom he was presently involved in debt, and otherwise so acted, that in the event he was obliged to fly from Wolverhampton, no less than thirty-six indictments following him to town, where he remained concealed for a long time at the house of his father in Bennett-Street, Westminster, till despair of justice, on part of his pursuers, caused the affair to become blown over.

After the lapse of some time, and with the rank of Captain Lieutenant, T. P. embarked on board the Monmouth line of battle ship for the East Indies. where he arrived safe. Here he again lived infinitely beyond his means of supporting, running in debt near £300 to Arthur Cuthbert, Esq. secre-

tary to Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, who commanded on the station ; also with a Mr. M'Farlane, tavernkeeper of Bombay, near one hundred pounds more ; to both of whom he gave bills upon England. Here, by his own confession, he used to make the young subaltern officers tipsy, and then cheat them at the gaming table. Here his principal companions were such men as Capt. Ludlam, afterwards executed for forgery ; and Capt. Mence, who, at his request, had formerly acted the impious mockery of executing a mock marriage between T. P. and one of his victims, an unfortunate girl, called Polly Clarke. With this girl he lived at a tavern, while he could obtain credit, and then took himself off, leaving her to discharge the account, or remain in custody for it.

He now left India, invalided, taking his passage for England in a ship of war, called the Juno, which stopped at the Cape of Good Hope for some time. Here he lodged at the house of a Dutch merchant, called Mr. Vanderpoel. T. P. made love to his daughter, Miss Petronella Sebastina Vanderpoel. She received his advances ; and, looking upon him as her future husband, rejected all other suitors, and shewed him all possible attention, as the mistress of her father's house. The return he made, was to leave the Cape without paying her father what he owed him, or even meaning to think more of herself. Miss Vanderpoel followed him to England, found his residence, and, from the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Lewin, of Eltham, in Kent, wrote many most affecting letters to T. P. but in vain. Mr. Lewin now took an interference in her favour. T. P. sent his *mother* to argue cases with him, in Eltham, to make his excuses, to beg him off. So much for his execution of engagement with Miss Vanderpoel—so much for the *manliness* of his conduct, relative to Mr. Lewin. It will now be seen that T. P. is returned from India, acquiring the name of taking care of his father's family. I proceed to state why a conduct, imputable on the face of it to affection and generosity, was more the offspring of pride and policy.

On the term family, I will here say a few words. My father was born son to Colonel, and grandson to the Right Hon. Lieut. General Pearce, who died Commander in Chief in Ireland, &c. &c. My mother, who, in all the relations of human life, has ever been an example for all womankind to admire and imitate, was born daughter to Samuel Turner, Esq. of the County Wexford, Ireland, possessing a landed estate of about five or six hundred pounds a year, and universally esteemed and respected by all who knew him. When we speak of a man's family, we are understood to comprehend every individual forming a part of it. When T. P. arrived from India, the family of his deceased father consisted of eight persons, himself included: of these, but three looked to him for support. His mother, to whom he was under such infinite obligations as a friend, as well as a parent, myself, at that time just turned fourteen years old, and his father's favorite, and a sister Charlotte, who, from her infancy, had been a martyr to personal illness. The four remaining parties were, my brother James, a Capt. Lieut. in the Marine Corps; my sister Jane, living with her husband and children; my sister Sarah, residing by herself, and supporting herself; my sister Mary, in lodgings, supported by a Mr. James Cox.

As to T. P.'s support of his mother, me, and his youngest sister, which he took care to accompany with plenty of threat and upbraiding, I cannot see how he could, with common decency, avoid assisting such relations, and so circumstanced; had he absented himself, and suffered such parties literally to starve, he must have been a monster, held up deservedly to the execration of all mankind. He came from India in such a state of health as to require the presence and endeavours of those who took real and personal interest in its restoration. He returned home greatly involved in debt: his agent, after paying the bills he had drawn, must, in justice to himself and his family, have re-imbursed himself, by the the stoppage of instalments. This would have made it im-

possible for him to make T. P. such advances as would enable him to continue a residence at such places as coffee-houses or taverns, where, if he had lived, I firmly believe, that low dissipation would have terminated his existence in less than a twelvemonth—his own confession being, that he was happy to reflect, on returning from India, that he could now make love to white faces, instead of black, and also get tipsy, without fear of falling overboard into the sea.

A private, decent lodging, T. P. would never have submitted to the rule and regulation of.—I have stated the probable issue of his repairing to an hotel, &c. By his undertaking the temporary care of his mother, myself, and his two sisters, Mary and Charlotte, (the former bringing her annual support with her, frightened out of Mr. Cox, whom T. P. soon found to be a subject that could be frightened, and from whom he afterwards accepted presents, and borrowed money never repaid), he obtained the responsibility attached to a housekeeper, comprehending the advantage of voting at elections, with a view to future interest; a reasonable credit from neighbouring shopkeepers; a covering pretext for making applications, &c. at a time when me and my youngest sister had nothing of our own, or my mother a shilling of annual allowance on account of her being widow to my father, he dying upon half-pay.

My dearest mother, T. P. myself, and my two sisters, are now removed from Bennet-Street, Westminster, to Five-Fields Row, Chelsea. Here it was, that, in consequence of one visit to Arthur Cuthbert, Esq. that Gentleman forgave T. P. the whole arrear of debt due on account, such was the impression accustomed to be made by the presence and conversation of my dearest mother, wherever she went. Here it was, that my unfortunate sister Mary was discovered to have contracted a disease of danger and dishonour, in consequence of habits that T. P. was the primary cause of. This unhappy circumstance, T. P. took care to communicate to Mr. Cox, who had, a short time before, confessed that he had serious

thoughts of making the unfortunate woman his wife, who, I really believe, had placed upon Mr. Cox all the regard of which she was capable, who now fell into despair, and died in a dreadful state. Mr. Cox was a man in some little comparative opulence of condition—T. P. probably thought, that by making the discovery alluded to, he should secure something like a future interest with Cox, in case of his *own* future distress: this was the case—he some years afterwards asked and obtained. And here it was, that T. P. was very frequently out till two or three o'clock in the morning, amongst bad company, then coming home tipsy, and bitterly complaining of the assistance he gave to those belonging to him.

We now removed to Ranelagh-Street, Pimlico. Here it was, that T. P. continued to pay his attentions to every servant girl in the neighbourhood, of decent appearance. Here it was that from standing quite undrest at his bed room window, which faced those of Mr. Britton, in Lower Grosvenor-Place, for the purpose of showing himself to that gentleman's daughters and servant maids, he received a visit from Mr. Britton, who repeatedly called him every thing but a gentleman, but which T. P. very quietly put into his pocket. Here it was, that, from his tale of distress to the present Right Hon. Earl of Ashburnham, then Lord St. Asaph, that nobleman agreed to raise, and did raise, a subscription for him, to the amount, I believe, of about £50: the gratitude he met with in T. P. was his observing, that he dared to say, that much more had been received on part of Lord St. Asaph, who, he supposed, had kept the overplus for some kept girl that his Lordship took care of.

While we lived in Ranelagh-Street, a widow lady, of very pretty fortune, conceived an attachment for my brother, Capt. James Pearce, who told T. P. of it.—The use the latter made of this information, was to write anonymous letters to the lady in question, making out Captain James Pearce every thing shocking and contemptible, and earnestly advising her to have nothing to do with him, though he knew Capt. J.

Pearce to be at that time in great pecuniary difficulties, with scarcely a roof over his head. His marriage, however, with Mrs. Rose Hickman soon took place. T. P. now became arrested at the suit of M'Farlane, the East Indian tavern-keeper. Capt. James Pearce generously went bond for him, and liberated him from prison, when T. P. departed from Ranelagh-Street, and took a private lodging at Hammersmith, leaving Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce, myself, and sister, to shift for ourselves, though he knew we had not a shilling in our possession. After some time T. P. returned to us, and leaving Pimlico we came to reside in Church-Court, Kensington, here such things occurred as T. P. extorting the sum of ten guineas from a surgeon Watkins, formerly serving with him in India, on pretence of having there lost some wager laid with T. P. when the Doctor was tipsey; he knew that surgeon Watkins was a man that *could* be served in this manner.—Here it was, that T. P. gave four pounds for a Newfoundland-dog, and prevailed upon Sir John St. Aubyn Bart. who had remembered him at school to accept it as a present, and subsequently made it a pretense to extort the sum of £40 from Sir John, who he probably thought was a man with whom he could *venture* to so proceed.—Here it was, that he compelled his ill-fated sister, Charlotte, to marry a low, drunken fellow, in consequence of which, after going through a series of complicated miseries, she died a most dreadful object. And here it was, that he again deserted my mother and myself, taking his departure into Kent.

The face may sometimes furnish the interpretation of the heart, and we extract character from countenance. In course of applications made by the man I speak of in T. P. he waited upon the late Right Hon. Edmund Burke, the late Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson, Bart. the present most excellent Whited Keene, Esq. not one of the three would ever see him a second time.

T. P. now returned, and we removed to No. 19, Marsham-Street, Westminster. During our stay at this residence, my

dearest mother obtained £25 per annum, by application to the truly excellent William Wilberforce, Esq. in addition to the sum of £5 a year, granted, before we left Kensington, by a family connection of his Grace the late Lord Archbishop of York, which is the whole of any annual relief granted to Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce, that T. P. had the least hand in obtaining. Here it was, that T. P. extorted either £10 or £12 from a Mr. Keily (because he was *able* to frighten him,) and because the latter, whom he had known in India, had requested to have two or three letters directed, and two or three parcels delivered for him, at No. 19, Marsham-Street. Here it was, that he usually slept with Rochester's Poems under his head. Here it was, that he would call up the servant girl into his chamber, while he was quite undrest—on one occasion giving a guinea for six obscene prints, and leaving them on his bed-room table for her to look at, in hopes that the corruption of her mind might more easily be followed by his wished for seduction of her person. Here it was, that he wilfully lost a fair opportunity of bettering his condition, by making his conduct what it should have been, when that great character, William Wilberforce, Esq. did him the honor to place him in a situation admitting his becoming known to such persons of consequence as Mr. Elliot and Mr. Montague, in preference to the honor and happiness of whose company, I have heard him declare, that he should think himself better off, and feel himself better pleased in a common alehouse over a pint of beer, with a servant girl.—Here it was, that he lost his friend Lieut. General Baugh, who, from time to time, had made him such pecuniary advances, as to occasion the transfer, by mutual agreement, of £40 a year out of T. P.'s half-pay, for the purpose of reimbursing the General, but who, prior to his death, ordered this security to be cancelled, also leaving the sum of £60 to Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce. But this sum, meant to be issued through the excellent Charles Greenwood, Esq. of Craig's-

Court (on many occasions the much valued friend of my dearest mother), was, by means of collusion and unfair pretence, obtained by T. P. from Charles Greenwood, Esq. and by him devoted to purposes of low, unprincipled dissipation.

Walpole observes of Goldsmith, that he wrote like an angel, &c. But were I possessed of all human powers of description, I must also obtain angelic ones, before I could convey an adequate idea of the manner in which T. P. now treated his aged, widowed mother, for the sake of an infamous strumpet, in the person of a servant girl, named Molly Goodey, with whom he now became acquainted. The only description of his behaviour is, that it cannot be described. It obtained him the titles of Monster, the Macheath of Westminster, &c. &c. He laid out his money on the object here spoken of, while his truly excellent mother was in the utmost possible complicated distress. He kept her up, night after night, wringing her hands in despair, and shedding her tears of sorrow. He applied the grossest terms of abuse to his own mother,—and to such a mother as she had been to him. He damned her eyes and limbs; threatened her with corporeal punishment—threw her down some steps at one time—down a flight of stairs at another, when, if she had not fortunately laid hold of the bannisters, she might have been killed. This took place at Mr. Randall's, in Bowling-street, Westminster. He held up his gold watch, and his gold seals, close to his aged mother's face, exclaiming, "Look here, damn your eyes, when all my money is gone, these shall go for my dear Poll." This most infernal strumpet, (who perished in early day), afterwards became one of the most prompt and eager instruments to effect his ruin, as I shall have occasion to shew. In Marsham-Street, T. P. became also acquainted with a gang of prize-fighters; at the house of one Ryan, belonging to them, he frequently slept. This man's poor and disconsolate widow, he afterwards swindled out of £3. 4s. of debt due to her husband.

T. P. was now called upon full pay to the Portsmouth Division of Marines, from which time he ceased to live under the roof with me altogether. Prior to this, and during his intercourse with the strumpet Molly Goodey, he, for the third time, deserted his mother and me, leaving us in a starving condition. I say this, because my mother's small annual stipend was not to be paid for many months, and I had hitherto no dependence of my own. T. P. since his return from India, had made but two trifling efforts for that purpose, and they both failed. I have here to observe that, from the time when, on his return to England, he found me in Bennet-Street, to the time that, during my residence in Marsham-Street, I had from him, it is true, a kind of subsistence, (except, as before stated, when, in three neighbourhoods out of four, he deserted my mother and me); but, in point of wearing apparel, I was frequently in rags. I never cost him one shilling on the score of instruction. He very often loaded me with abuse, threat, and upbraiding, and very often called upon me for the performance of things unfit for a gentleman to engage in.

My mother and me now removed to a small house, No. 6, Buckingham-Row, Westminster. T. P. had arrived at Portsmouth, and had commenced a mode of living every thing but what it should have been, and carefully preserving a correspondence with the strumpet Molly Goodey, attended by his remittances of assistance. One circumstance, belonging to the remittances spoken of, I beg leave to state:—A quarter's rent now became due on account of my mother's residence, and mine. At that time she had no demand upon her small income. She offered to refer her landlord to those who paid it. He would not agree to this, or wait for his rent. We tried, but could not possibly raise it, though only £4. One guinea would have appeased and quieted the landlord for the present, but we had it not. T. P. received, on this occasion, a letter from his mother, which, to use his own

expression, was enough to have affected a wolf bred upon Mount Caucasus, but he would not send one shilling of assistance to his distressed and miserable mother, whose small house of furniture was, in consequence, seized upon, and sold for less than a third of their value, and she and I compelled to take a cheap furnished apartment in Bowling-Street, Westminster. I knew the channel of communication and assistance between T. P. and Molly Goodey to be the Golden-Cross, Charing-Cross, I applied to Cox, the book-keeper,, for information, from whom I heard, that on the morning his mother could have received his answer by post, enclosing one guinea, which would have saved her furniture from being seized and sold, Molly Goodey had received a remittance of THREE GUINEAS from T. P. ! — Here was conduct.

T. P. now altered his condition, assigning *that* as a cause why he wished to revoke and cancel the deed of assignment, by which he had, by command of the late General Baugh, transferred the receipt of his arrears of pay for the use of his mother—it must here be recollected that T. P. had been already more than reimbursed the amount of any monies he had employed in the service of those belonging to him, from the conduct of General Baugh, prior to his decease, and from the assistance derived from pleading the necessities of a mother, brother, and sister.—He became married to a poor little girl, called Maria Creswell, whose widowed mother he lodged with, and who had not a shilling of property, or any wearing apparel to appear in, till, by his own confession, he was obliged to take up £20 pounds from his agent for the purpose of cloathing her. A Major Theophilus Boisron, of Marines, residing at Portsmouth, known to, and having a particular respect for my dearest mother, now wrote word to Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce, that T. P. had been absent for three weeks, at the Isle of Wight, with Mis Creswell, so he *supposed* they were married. Others, about this time, as-

serted that he had been compelled to marry her. All I recollect in this matter is, that T. P. told me that he had married his wife at Kingston Church, by means of a clergyman called Doctor Morse.

Supposing his marriage to be the free act of his own will, his motives were—1st, his hope that his marriage might directly or indirectly prevent the future risk of his life on service, his personal residence in foreign countries—his own expression to me being, that he was completely tired of seeing nothing but men and guns, guns and men, saying this with reference to sea duty.—2dly. He wanted power to plead the specious plausibility (in the event of reduction to half-pay) of a sickly wife, a large family of children, a small income in such hard times, &c. &c. He hoped, by these means, to obtain pity and commiseration from that body who, on proper occasions, he knew, were ready to pour down their alms, free as the showers of Heaven—I mean the British Nobility.—3dly. He wished to see a set of unfortunate beings, over whom he could, with impunity, exercise a low, bullying domination, giving them christian names after persons of consequence, &c.—4thly. He hoped to obtain that trust from shopkeepers, on account of a wife and children which might be denied to a single man.—5thly. He was in hopes, from a state of half-pay being favourable to personal retirement, he might be able, after successively swindling the different neighbourhoods of his residence, to obtain, by a series of art and ambi-dexter, that kind of bodily security which might keep his physical person free of bodily confinement within the walls of a prison.—These were some of his causes for his entering into the married state.

About this time, amongst the rest of his habits, were those of living at the marine mess (instead of a private lodging), drinking very hard, losing his money at cards, running in debt, &c. all of which I was informed of by Colonel Bowater, of Marines, then residing in town.

The marriage of T. P. had now rendered desperate his former favorite Molly Goodey.—She went to Portsmouth, and, in face of day, accused T. P. of having, when in London with her, *stolen silver spoons* out of pastry-cook's shops that they went into; taking and pawning the little wearing apparel belonging to her natural child, of which he was the father, &c. &c.

About this time, the discarded kept-girl of a rich old gentleman, named Campbell, with whom T. P. had been acquainted, and attempted to borrow £10 from, came down to Portsmouth, named Miss Patty Truelock, and offered marriage to him, pleading her settlement obtained from Mr. Campbell as an inducement: but this proposal he declined.

T. P. was now called upon for sea duty, but which he evaded on the pretext (confessed to me) that he was afraid of his wife's seduction during his absence.—A pretty reason this, for a military man to assign on his skulking from service.

A combination of causes, naturally issuing from the conduct of a man so acquitting himself, had now embodied a sort of confederacy against him at the Division, having for its object to turn him out of the Marine Corps. He soon heard of this, and pretended to be both indignant and courageous. He purchased a case of pistols to arrest the progress of his accusers, or vindicate himself in private duel—when lo! the mountain in labour brings forth a mouse. He took good care to communicate his *seeming* intention to his marine servant, Michael Cooks, who immediately spreading it, T. P. was of course put under arrest (the very thing he wished for), and thus rendered *incapable* of fighting (so much for his personal courage), and, after remaining a prisoner for three months (never once applying for a court martial, which, he well knew, he could not abide the test of,) he was ignominiously dismissed upon half-pay.

Prior to this result, a motive of curiosity and interest, on

my part had determined me on going to Portsmouth, to see how he was really and truly circumstanced. He had, before he was reduced to half-pay, used the poor, pitiful effort of requesting his mother and me to obtain, for the consideration of the commanding officer (who had predicted that T. P. would yet die in a gaol, and his wife go upon the town), a certificate signed by the different tradesmen in the vicinity of Marsham-Street, saying something in his favour.—This was done, to oblige me and my mother, but, of course, was useless. On my arrival at Portsmouth, I found T. P. what he fully deserved to be,—poor, miserable, and *carefully avoided* by the marine officers of that division. I well knew that his vices, but much more his palpable want of personal courage was the cause of this. I found his wife to be young, naturally pert, and quite uneducated. She seemed to me to be by *nature* vicious, selfish, deceitful, dishonest, ungrateful, and ill-tempered. I staid but a day or two.

T. P. and his wife now came to London. Here to trace them through all their varieties of residence and action, to the last of the former that I saw them in, of Princess-Square, Kennington, would be impossible. I have heard T. P. declare that he had lived at the thirty-six points of the compass.—His conduct at each may be easily conceived. Had he also travelled the different signs of the zodiac, he had certainly fixed in Scorpion. I shall, however, take occasion to speak of some of his abodes.

Me and my mother had now left Bowling-Street, removing to York-Street, and from thence to King-Street, Westminster. It now became high time for me to become provided for. The late Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson, with whom my deceased father had been on service, had already been very kind to me in small pecuniary presents, calling me his dear boy, &c. To him I now applied, and Sir Thomas, through the medium of his son-in-law, the Right Hon. Lord Arden, then one of the Lords of the Admiralty, endeavoured to obtain for me

a Lieutenancy of Marines, but which the late situation and character of T. P. at the Portsmouth division of that corps, was quite enough to prevent. My mother now gave me a strong, impressive letter to the late Right Hon. Field Marshal Conway, to whom my deceased father had become known, through the late Right Honorable Edmund Burke, with whom he had been schoolfellow for many years. The Field Marshal obtained my appointment to an Ensigncy in the 18th Royal Irish Regiment of Foot. A long and severe personal illness now came upon me.—My consequent inability to join my regiment was clearly and unequivocally attested by repeated, strong medical attestations; in consequence of which, the Field Marshal obtained for me one year's private leave of absence, and then obtained permission that I should retire upon the half-pay of £32 per annum. Prior to this, T. P. had proposed to me that I should exchange with some half-pay Ensign, for the sake of the difference in money to be obtained. He offered to negotiate this, that he might obtain the greatest part of said difference for *himself and his wife*. Had I consented to this, it would have prevented any future application for full-pay, and have had the appearance of making the Field Marshal's goodness a matter of barter. I, therefore, totally declined it. He had also formerly proposed to his mother, to sell the small annual resource that she was appointed to.

My health now began to improve. The impossibility of me and my dearest mother living upon our present means, and in such times, became apparant and admitted. I commenced a series of endeavours to improve our pecuniary means—many temporary assistances resulted; and my first yearly success was to obtain that Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce should become an annual participator of the King's Maundy, issued every March or April at the Almonry-Office, Whitehall. In course of application, I presumed on the liberty of addressing myself to the revered and Right Hon. Earl of Liverpool.

then the Right Hon. Lord Hawkesbury. This led to an address being submitted by my mother to the revered and Right Hon. Countess of Liverpool. An enquiry was made into our situation. The consequence was, a consideration of £60, coming through the hands of the late most excellent and ever-regretted Honorable General Harvey.

At following periods of time, Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce and myself had to acknowledge, to the infinite and complicated goodness of the revered and Right Honorable Countess of Liverpool, the following annual additions to our small incomes, which united only made between 60 and £70 a year:—£10 a year granted from the Concordatum Fund in Ireland to my mother: £10 a year granted to her, and 10 more to me, by the late excellent Sir James Pulteney, Bart. but which was not continued after his decease: £20 a year granted to my mother by the Right Honorable Earl of Liverpool, and £30 a year granted to me by the Honorable General Harvey. This latter income became transferred to my mother, some time before the General's death, from the endeavours of T. P. at a time, as will be shewn, when I could not attend to my own interest.

Long prior to the fortunate periods here spoken of, (and of necessity concealed from T. P.) he had wished his wife to become introduced to my mother (hitherto prevented by me), and that we should all live together—with nothing but his half-pay to depend upon, greatly involved in debt, and with the prospect of a large family of children. A nephew of mine, living with me, who had an appointment in the India House. T. P. wished as above stated, thinking, under such circumstances he and his wife and children could not want.—Again, the living under the roof with his mother, would afford further pretext for making applications, and also become a covering sanction to his marriage. I discovered his motives—I spurned and defeated his endeavours; but during which he, on one occasion, proceeded to abuse, assault,

and robbery in my apartments. On these accounts, I obtained the legal remedy of a warrant, from Queen-Square Police Office, directing his personal apprehension, but which he evaded, by absenting himself from home, &c. &c. His mother, from his violence here spoken of, discovered no less than fourteen black marks upon her person the following day. Still, her goodness was such, as to advise me to a compromise with T. P. putting an end to all personal acquaintance with him, rather than visit him with the ruin that must have resulted, agreeably to the magistrate's assertion, if I had continued inflexible—I yielded to the desire of such a mother as mine. I had, early in life, considered the character of T. P. with some little attention. I was at no loss to penetrate the thin-wrought veil of deception, chicane, and finesse, with which he endeavoured to cloak himself.—I found him to be as open as the elements of air or water, to the occasional intervals of close inspection with which I applied myself. It was not more easy to crush the spider's web by the pressure of the finger, than to discover what he was by nature:—He was born what is called, in vulgar phraseology, a sharp, keen child. In early day he received some little scholastic instruction. He lost sight of the boy, and merged into manhood. I became capable of some discrimination. I thought those quite mistaken, who thought him really clever.—For, whatever capability he possessed, seemed, in my opinion, far more capable of use as low cabal and intrigue, serving to work out the arts of a juggling, confirmed, and well-practised cunning, than to answer the objects of a sound and manly policy. Born, with no sense of principle, religion, &c. &c. he endeavoured, by means of froth, flash, and foam, to conceal his poverty of genius, his impotence of understanding, under as specious a disguise as he *could* put on, while, by the assumption of a resolute tenor, a stern, assured exterior, he endeavoured to make bounce, bully, and bluster, pass for real spirit. The accustomed infirmity of

his conduct at length ripening, mellowing, and festering into crime—born, as he was, with no share whatever of what some have called the divinity of this lower world, the foundation, the grace, the charm of all virtue—I mean an imperial discretion, a governing, protecting prudence.

The vices operate like age. They bring on disease before its time; and, in the prime of youth, leave the character broken and exhausted. T. P. did not recollect this. He despised character. He was born with a small flood of native iniquity floating within him.

T. P. now suspected that I knew what he was. In occasional instances, when I became his opponent in presence of others, the collision of resistance served to strike out sparkles of truth before the garish light of day, which he rather wished to remain clouded, and wrapt in darkness. I sometimes threw blight, mildew, and fade upon his projects. This laid the root of an unextinguishable, rankling, personal aversion to me, which soon began to blossom into action. At length the spirit of murder became cherished, as I am prepared to demonstrate. It remained bottled and corked up, till *circumstances* should make it ripe for explosion. The fire of his hatred to me could not be put out—the black smoke still continued to issue out of the chimney of his heart.

All knowledge of, and communication with T. P. was now discontinued by me and my dearest mother. Some time after, we understood him to be in Ireland, serving as Ensign in the Northumberland Fencibles. Here, by his own confession, he swindled the party who supplied him with regimentals and accoutrements. Here he did such things, as to pick up a five or a ten pound note, dropped out of the hand of a Mr. Turner, his mother's family connection, *unseen*, and privately send it to *his wife*, then living in lodgings at Chester; and during one of whose confinements in child-bearing, he confesses to have done a something for the purpose of supplying her wants, the *nature of which* he will never confess till he

is *dying*. I imagine this to be something *uncommonly atrocious*.

The late Irish rebellion was now its very *achmé*. I was apprehensive that T. P. (if he had *courage* to go into *action*) might be killed by the rebel power. I feared that he should die in an unrepented state. I wrote to him in terms forgiving and conciliatory, expressing my readiness to leave that for the oblivious hand of time to obliterate from memory, what could not possibly be *justified* on his part. Shortly after this he came to London, and found his mother and me in William-Street, Adelphi. He returned to Ireland, and again came to London, taking lodgings at No. 12, Chalton-Street, Somer's Town. At his particular request, I now consented to a personal knowledge taking place between my dearest mother and *his wife*. Some little intercourse of visiting—a seemingly good understanding, subject, however, to frequent interruptions, owing to the impossibility of *long* remaining on good terms with T. P. was the consequence.

While he remained at Somer's Town, he profited most considerably by the late Duke of Bedford, and the late Duchess of Devonshire—to the latter of whom I have heard him give every *credis* for the practice of all description of vice, yet confessing that he had no objection to *pocket her Grace's money*. So much for his sense of gratitude. As to talent, he would have discovered quite as little of that, if, agreeably to *his story*, he had accepted a desire confessed to him by the Dowager Countess of Jersey (to whom he had become known through the medium of application), of writing against against the Princess of Wales, in the public papers. Her Ladyship in looking for a head would only have found a pimple.

The occasion of mentioning one name of rank sometimes leads to the recollection of another. In the course of T. P.'s applications, he applied to the present Duke of Richmond. I, on occasion, had addressed the preceding Duke for some

assistance, whose Dutchess I understood to be daughter to Lady Aylesbury, married to my dear departed patron, the Right Hon. Field Marshal Conway, who was pleased to call me his dear boy, &c. I received a negative answer, as T. P. did from the present Duke; who, on understanding this, proposed to me, that I should use the same means to bring before the public *how* the Duke of Richmond came by his estate, as had been taken in the case of the late Right Hon. Edmund Burke, and the late Duke of Bedford—a suggestion impossible for me to attend to for one moment.

T. P. had now left Chalton-Street, Somer's Town, agreeably to custom, in debt to such of the neighbours as would trust him, not only to the injury of many, but the actual decease of one poor woman, named Darley, a widow, who, ruined in her circumstances by the loss of what T. owed her, literally died of a broken heart. In this lodging he left a large old trunk, belonging to him, (which he *boasted* of to me), full of stones, brick-bats, &c. that when his flight was discovered, the people in the house might conceive this trunk to be full of *wearing apparel*, wherefore become less active in his pursuit; this giving him time to prepare against any legal remedy.

It would be endless to follow T. P. through all the houses and lodgings that he resided in. Whenever he engaged the former, it was for the purpose (confessed to me) of keeping the lower part of it in as poor-looking a state as possible, for the purpose of being seen, and reported as such, by servants of any description sent, in consequence of his applications, to ascertain the condition that he lived in, prior to the grant of any relief. One apartment on the first floor, that no enquirers were ever shown into, was kept well-furnished, and ready for the reception of such visitors as a Mr. Thomas Clio Rickman, a warm admirer of *Thomas Paine's* most execrable doctrines, denying that THE LORD JESUS CHRIST WAS THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, AND

THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD. To this false, blasphemous, and hell-born conception, T. P. has been a proselyte for many years; and not long after the early stages of the French Revolution, was in the habit of shewing me such things as representations, in colours, of brute beasts trampling under foot the royal regalia of crown sceptre, &c. as a proof that he looked upon as a blessing for mankind, what noon-day experience has proved to be the greatest curse that ever fell on mankind. I mean the destruction of monarchical power in devoted France.

As to T. P.'s gratitude to the great for favours received, I have already shewn it in reference to the present Right Hon. Earl of Ashburnham, and the late Dutchess of Devonshire. As to the former noble family, I know not whether T. P. was authorised to boast the facility with which he engaged the Right Hon. Lord St. Asaph to enter upon the purpose of equipping his son to join the Marine Corps, (I believe the boy I speak of, obtained his Second Lieutenancy by an interference taken on part of the Right Hon. Earl of Ashburnham, with the Right Hon. Charles Yorke, then First Lord of the Admiralty, who, on retiring, left the boy's name with his successor, the Right Hon. Lord Melville); or whether he had any right to boast that he had obtained any positive promise from the Right Hon. Countess of Ashburnham, to obtain for his wife, Maria Pearce, in case of his mother's decease, the income now allowed to Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce, by the revered and Right Hon. Earl of Liverpool.

I will here state one fact relating to the excellent and Right Hon. Earl Fitzwilliam. To his Lordship my mother is under a series of minor obligations. On one occasion, and during my absence, her necessities causing her further to presume on addressing the Noble Earl; personal illness preventing her writing her own letter; T. P. was present, and offered to write it for her. She agreed to this. The letter was written. But he took care that, in case of an answer, it should come

directed to *his residence* instead of his mother's. It was the pleasure of Earl Fitzwilliam to treat the application with notice. Two £1 notes were enclosed. T. P. opened his Lordship's letter. He kept one of them for *his own use*, and damned the Right Hon. Earl Fitzwilliam for a *paltry rascal* on account of his not sending a larger amount of assistance. I was present and heard this.

One of T. P.'s habits must not be forgotten—that of always keeping some old article of *household furniture* ready for the purpose of bestowing on those avowedly living by all nefarious means, on condition of *their readiness* to help him off with his furniture, from the neighbourhood of his residence, when, from the discontinuance of credit, or fear of legal remedies, he wished to quit the premises with expedition and secrecy.

I have now to state T. P.'s habit of bullying his aged, helpless mother out of different sums of money, on the pretences that he wished to be cupped for violent pains in the side (that he *never felt*), but which he had no money to pay for: as the necessity he was in of buying some article of wearing apparel that he stood much in need of, for the purpose of looking decent when he called for answers to applications, &c.; as the charging me with having injured the epaulette of his son's uniform coat, and sword knot---things which I had no possible idea of doing, only handling them for a mere point of time, and then before his face, &c. &c. In unison with such conduct as this, to which must be added his habit of borrowing a £1 note, and never repaying it, whenever, in any little incidental matter, he could save his mother such an amount as 6d. or 1s. was added the exterior, which frequently caused him to be taken for the captain of a gang of a gang of thieves, an East India crimp, &c.

T. P. now came to fix his residence in Teddington, near Richmond, Surrey. Here he run very greatly in debt, and, agreeably to custom, fled from the neighbourhood without paying it. But, during his stay here, he contrived to be

caught making so free as to pick up a parcel of sticks to make firing of, on the grounds of His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, on purpose that enquiry following detection, might serve to bring his name and *seeming* distress before His Royal Highness, that affording a subsequent *pretence* for private application to His Royal Highness. I have heard him declare that this scheme was successful. While he lived at Teddington, T. P. frequently came to town. On these occasions, he passed much of his time at the low gambling house of a fellow called Ward, a prize-fighter, and one of the greatest villains in existence, in Oxendon-Street, Haymarket. Here he met with sharpers, bravoës, &c. whose habits I suppose he practised, when he was *safe* in so doing; in whose company, no doubt, he felt himself *happy*, and whose mode of expression I have heard him quote with seeming pleasure.

One day, in company with his mother and me, I heard him suggest the idea of leaving one of his youngest children, enclosed in a good sized basket, at the door of some person of consequence, himself, at a short distance, to watch the result. He said this, wishing to be *thought* joking; but I have no doubt, had he actually done so, it would have been with the intention of using the endeavour to *extort money*, on the threat of bringing a *prosecution* for his child having been purloined from his residence. I mean, could he have procured the child to have been *smuggled* within the premises, without himself personally appearing.

The liberality of T. P. was once apparent in his asking the wife of his *own brother* (then at sea), to give him £100 for taking three or four walks of enquiry relative to a landed property that had been left her.

He carries everything to market; sells himself in all things; will serve any purpose for what, in all things, he looks upon as the promoter of happiness, the dispenser of pleasure,---money. The English guinea, the French Louis-d'or, the Spanish doubloon, the Dutch guelder, the Russian rouble,

the Turkish piastre, the Italian semis, the East Indian finam, roupee, pagoda, or mohir, the West Indian joe, or half-joe, the Gibralter Cobb, &c. &c. These are things for which he is at any time ready to scud into the embraces of public ruin or private shame, especially ever since his *marriage*.—In the course of his private applications to the great, his language is in the *patois* of fraud, the cant, the gibberish of a hackneyed and methodized hypocrisy, an insipid mummery, a puling jargon, practised without an atom of real, heartfelt gratitude to the donor of his request.

Of the wife of T. P. I will here say a few words. They are well met. She is by nature a *mere Millwood*. Some idea may be formed of her, by such things as her exclaiming to her husband immediately after the marriage ceremony had been read between them, “Now, Tom, you are dished—you are dished, my lad.” It was her own mother who told me this circumstance. I have been present when she has told T. P. (in *Suffolk-Street, Middlesex-Hospital*, a proper street for such parties to live in), that she wished he might return a cold corse if he went to a neighbouring public house, for a pint of beer.

Some idea may be formed of this woman's connections, by her husband, T. P., informing me that her mother (who, to my knowledge, killed herself by excessive drinking) was a poor creature, named Langden, living with her father many years before he married her. Her sister, a Mrs. Rickman, lived and died an *abandoned prostitute*. The husband of this woman (at once the relative and *associate* of T. P.) was too infamous in nature and conduct to describe. He perished amongst chimney-sweepers at a wretched hovel in the Borough of Southwark. Another sister-in-law of T. P. called Mrs. Cooke, who permitted herself to be seduced by an old *married man*, died in all the agonies of remorse and extreme poverty. As to the legitimate brood of such a couple as T. P. and his wife, it is to be supposed that coming from such

a stock, and with such an example before them, they will grow up the *sweepings of Hell, and the spawn of Gomorrah.*

To state *all* relative to T. P. and his wife, in which there is *much to condemn, and nothing to approve*, would be impossible. I hasten to that period when circumstances admitted T. P. to hope that he should *now* be able to *realize* the Corinthian capital of those wishes he had passed so many years in cherishing and rearing, and in which consisted the life blood of his future prospects.—After stating that when T. P. was apparently dying, I obtained a physician, who, on *my account*, attended him without any payment, and (under Heaven) saved his life.—After stating, that when himself, his wife, and children were *literally starving*, and, owing to the *notoriety of his name*, he could obtain no *agent*, (especially since Mr. Lyte, of No. 10, George-Street, Adelphi, had lost near £100 by him), I obtained him my agent, Mr. Holland, of Essex-Place, near Lambeth Workhouse, Surrey, who, at my request, accepted his power of attorney, and made him an advance of near £20.—After stating that when he was in a state of nakedness almost, I caused *my tailor* to clothe him, but who, as well as my agent, ~~he~~ afterwards paid with an *Insolvent Act*: and after stating that, amongst the rest of his habits was that of frequently abusing those persons in high life, to whom he knew me and my dearest mother to be *most indebted*, by often observing that it was very odd that the HONORABLE GENERAL HERVEY had never gone upon service, or married, but had, *probably*, seduced many a man's wife and daughter in his single state. Also, speaking very slightly of HER Grace the present DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE, though he well knew to whom her Grace *was allied*.—After stating these particulars, I proceed to observe, that it may naturally be supposed, from the connection between the cause and effect, that two persons acting like T. P. and his wife, living infinitely beyond their fair appointed means, in the relative respects of house-rent, wearing apparel,

subsistence, &c. and occasionally finding themselves in great straits, passing much of their time in prisons, &c.—Under these circumstances, persons hitherto in the habit of assisting them, *now* withholding their relief, as times grew worse, and from feeling of disgust at distresses that appeared both complicated and endless, as the family of T. P. became increased, it was natural, I say, for him and his wife to look to the only quarter that, under certain circumstances, might afford to them the prospect of bettering their condition—I mean their coming to a particular knowledge of my mother's affairs and mine, and, from some cause or other, being able to obtain a present *mastery over them*. This they well knew to be totally impossible, while I should remain what I usually was. I was now in a state of tolerable health and spirits—so was my dearest mother. I had a clear income of £62 a year, and there were other reasons why, in the event of my dearest mother being called into the presence of her Maker (my prayers were daily offered up for her long life), I could not be in a distressed condition. I began to enamel the body, and fringe the borders of my prospects. They soon began to gather clouds, to be obscured, and to become wrapt in gloom.

T. P. as will be recollected, had, by his marriage, his half-pay, and his subsequent conduct, prepared for himself, in the event, a scene of ruin, broad, deep, unqualified, and irretrievable, which became apparent to all that knew him, and proofs of which were almost daily occurring and recurring. My situation was infinitely preferable to his—living with the best of mothers—owing no debts of any consequence—avoiding every description of improper conduct, as far as circumstances would possibly permit—by nature, and by habit, contented with my condition, and good prospects before me. T. P. saw and felt this. He really and truly envied me. He felt himself galled and stung by the sharp corrosion of this envy. He knew that the cares of a single man (living with such a mother as mine) was nothing to be compared to those of a

married man like him, fearing the consequences of a heavy accumulation of private debt, and having to supply the numerous wants of a termagant, unreasonable wife, and a large family of craving, necessitous children, on an income totally inadequate to these purposes, as he thought. He most devoutly wished me to be circumstanced as he was, with a mind ever upon the wrack, and from the same *causes*. But he knew that, though no man living could entertain a higher respect for marriage than I did, viewing it as the origin of all relations, the first element of duties, &c. yet I was, in myself, very unlikely to enter into *such* a marriage as *his own*, from my way of thinking, and fortified, as I was, by the able advice of the best of mothers, whose knowledge was as great as her goodness. I had, it is true, entertained serious thoughts of marriage at three different periods of time. My presumption was great; but a recollection of former instances made me conceive success to be possible. The ladies I allude to were, Miss Southby, of Bulford, near Aymesbury, Wiltshire; Miss Lake, daughter to General Lake; and Miss Sutton, then on a visit to Lady Haggerston.

Amidst the habitual relative extortions of T. P. he now practised that of always demanding a *one pound note* whenever he *asked* his *mother* to partake a plain family dinner.—On these occasions, it was common for his wife, Maria Pearce, to observe to me, how smoothly her Tom, as she always calls him, would have gone on through life, had I consented to act the part of what she called his *bully back*, or *bully swagger*. A very pretty office this! and very pretty language this!

Is a co-operation *really sincere* to be expected between a couple united under *such circumstances* as T. P. and his wife, and subsequently so acting? Most assuredly not. Why?—The reason is obvious, even to a common understanding like mine—There is no fidelity to be expected in a confederacy of guilt. I have no doubt but the plan of their future conduct was settled, and arranged in detail, within a month subsequent

to their union, or, at least, immediately after he came to be turned out of his corps upon half-pay. He married her young, and from a *sea-port town*. She might there comprehend, in theory, the conduct of certain descriptions living in the world. Ignorant in herself, and ill-disposed by nature, she no more than he had any objection to the practice of such, when they recollected the numerous wants (which they had not the least idea of squaring by the rule of their income) belonging to themselves and children, however their mode of satisfying those wants might involve the loss, the injury, possibly the *ruin* of the credulous and unwary. They could not plead ignorance. They knew the nature of their relative course of action. They knew it impossible to be justified. They knew how all others *must* view it, who are adequate to judge, and impartial to decide. They were, *themselves*, at moments, disposed to regard it, with more self-loathing than self-admiration, there being but few crimes beyond the reach of all remorse. In their hearts, each accuses the other of being the *greatest* cause; also, in their hearts, they suspect and dislike each other. Their conversation, when alone, is a series of attack and recrimination. Yet they continue to exist together, for reasons too obvious to need the mention of.

I leave T. P. and his wife to their moments of compulsory reflection, with a few compunctious visitings as the consequence. I am *obliged* to again make use of some share of egotism.

It now became the will of Almighty God, that any little powers of thought, action, &c. in me should become paralyzed and benumbed. I grew indifferent to every present good; as to the future, I was equally incapable of any thing like a conduct, resulting from some little understanding, and a well directed pursuit, having for its object the further improvement of my dearest mother's situation or my own. Of one thing I am certain, the misfortune I speak of was never attended by what the calumnies of malice, and the judgments of igno-

rance, now gave me credit for, with a full cry—I mean a deprivation of intellect. My complaint was an overpowering lowness of spirits, unfounded apprehensions, a total disregard to personal appearance, &c. from all of which my bodily health now began to suffer, and from which (with proper treatment) I might soon have been restored—no symptom I speak of being so unpleasant to me as the want of sleep, which I could seldom or never enjoy. I was perfectly in my senses, but I could neither devise nor accept any little occasional advice given to me for my own good in the remedial sense. I always knew what I was about—I assaulted no person—I did no harm to my own—I destroyed no property—I gave none away, either in money or effects. At this time, my extreme disinclination to part with any money in my possession, owing to an idea, on my part, that I should yet come to know real want, often, I confess, subjected my dearest mother to much inconvenience, added to which was, my fear that the monies in question, if in my mother's possession, would soon become coaxed or bullied out of it by T. P. whose wants I knew to be great and complicated, and for which I did not, for a moment, think myself called upon to feel.

The sparrow now become perched upon the chimney-top, with a golden pippin in its mouth, requiring only a steady shot to make it a prize of both game and sauce.—The hook now become fixed in the nostrils of the fish destined for the shore. Now was the time for T. P. to let fly his ancient grudge, to unstring his rancour, to circulate his boarded venom. With the eyes of an Argus, or those of a lynx-like vision, he sought out all in me that had the least appearance of blemish. These he amplified into vices:—on these bestowing all possible publicity. He now thought that he could discover in me a mind dissipated, unhinged, emasculated—a body weak, reduced, and unnerved. This, attended by a languor, and a reluctance to make any effort in my own favor, an unwillingness to retort verbal insolence, or even personal

violence, that he *now* sometimes ventured to use.—Of all this, he wished to make his market.—Of all this he took all possible infamous and ungenerous advantage.

Retirement and quiet were now recommended for me, by some medical men who had been called in. T. P. and his wife now made it a point to call on my mother and me almost every evening, singing songs, and otherwise making as much noise as possible. By some means or other he now came to a knowledge of our *additional incomes*, and by *whom* bestowed. T. P. now thought that I had become spongy, and should easily suck in the sense of fear. In the whirlwind of his unbridled, unparalleled audacity, and in addition to his pumping up the most execrable falsehoods against his mother and me, accompanied by the grossest possible personal abuse, he now threatened to use every possible means in his power to deprive me and my mother of the different incomes we held during pleasure, if we did not agree to *sign a joint power of attorney*, making HIM OUR AGENT; at the same time proposing that we should *live under the roof with him*. To have agreed to all this would have been to incur the penalty of submitting to a domestic treatment much resembling that shewn in slavery at ALGIERS!

T. P. now used all possible lengthened and varied means in his power to give my nervous symptoms, both far and near, the character of personal insanity, requiring personal confinement, within lunatic walls. He wished to see me (who had formerly *so often* spoiled his efforts and his prospects) in a character the most pitied, and the least trusted, also the most helpless; because, in the event of my recovery, he knew that it was I *alone* who could discern, throw damp, and defeat upon his views and endeavours—I mean that of a presumed lunatic. In case of this, he hoped that, from a union of different causes, I might become *really* a deranged man.—At any rate he hoped that, in all exterior respects, I should, owing to the derangement of habit, the counteraction of man-

ner,&c. become lost to *all* that could serve to distinguish from, and elevate above, the gentleman over the plebian. He was in hopes that some frightful and permanent disfigurement would result to my person, from living amongst a set of hapless, unfortunate beings, really pitiable, yet *truly dangerous*. He was in hopes that from the sufferings and privations I should of *necessity* endure, within the walls of a *private* mad-house, added to those resulting from his relative, but *unseen* agency out of doors, I should meet a hastened, premature, and *secret* dissolution, amidst a combination of horrors, none of which should be more terrible than to endure my own insupportable private reflections, as a *perfectly sane man*, which T. P. *well knew* me to be.

In this event, he hoped to be able (having, in the mean time, obtained the *person* of my dearest mother *under his own roof*) to obtain the present receipt, possibly the *future reversion*, for the use of himself, his wife, and children, of all the incomes formerly settled on my mother and me, owing to the scandalous and infamous imposition of falsehood that, in the event of my destruction, he could retail with safety, because, owing to *circumstances*, a clear, convincing, and *circumstantial* refutation of such could issue from *none other* than myself.

I saw the dark devilism of all this; but, my Lord, I found it impossible to oppose to it a cool, politic, vigorous, and effective counteraction, because it was *not possible* for me to shake off the oppression, torpor, and despondency, under which I laboured at *this time*. In this case T. P. asserted his right and duty to interfere. What description of interference? He literally wished it to be written in **LETTERS OF BLOOD!!!**—but God has disappointed him.

During the period here spoken of, my dearest mother, with her accustomed goodness to me, used every possible effort to prevail on T. P. to observe quite a contrary conduct towards me. She might as well have sought for a sky without

a cloud, a humane murderer, an honest thief, a chaste prostitute, a sour sweetness, a crooked straitness, a black whiteness, a dark brightness, &c. Whenever she observed to him that his conduct was oppressing the oppressed, he coolly remarked that such was the way of the world.

The steady approval of T. P.'s conduct towards me, on part of *his wife*, need not be doubted. I had, when in health and spirits, sometimes held up the mirror for her to contemplate herself in. She did not like to frequently see her husband lose ground, and become beaten off his holds in argument in course of different verbal disputations with me. I had sometimes exposed the fallacy of his reasoning, and of hers, laying them open to the discovery and reprobation of those who were present. I had rent the vale of their poor thin sophistry. An idea of this woman, called Maria Pearce, may be formed from one opinion of hers, that I have heard her express, namely, that a man should let his father, mother, &c. go to Hell, or Hackney, when he became married.— Agreeably to the assertion of a naval officer of some rank, this woman was, when young, and tolerably well to look at, usually sent by her husband with letters of application to men of rank, when a *personal interview* with the bearer was likely to accompany the address.

The behaviour of T. P. now became insufferable. I was roused to the endeavour of securing my person, and made some few efforts, languid and intermitting, in other respects, but without any present success. I had, in consequence of his treatment and threats, been compelled to absent myself whole days and nights from home, and from the much wished presence of my dearest mother. My life, or rather my existence, could not possibly continue to be what it was; and, though I sometimes recollected

"*Post tenebras spera lucem,*"

yet I felt myself now compelled to seek a remedy. I applied

to the Police-Office, Queen-Square. The magistrate issued a warrant for the apprehension and appearance of T. P. before him. I told my story, which he answered by a string of falsities in the presence of justice. He was ordered to sign a bond of £200 security and penalty, if he should any further interrupt me. In face of day, he openly violated this engagement, a day or two after.

On Saturday evening, April 15, 1815, T. P. (because he knew that she had £30 to receive on the following 1st day of May), during *my absence*, carried off my dearest aged, helpless mother in a hackney-coach, amidst her cries of enquiry where she was going, and her mention of my name, from her apartments of No. 3, Monmouth-court, Whitcomb-Street, Charing-Cross, to his house, No. 24, Princess-Square, Kennington, and there detained her from me. I knew that a single interview between me and my dearest mother would, on a proper explanation from me, at once serve to reconcile any little difference that had occurred between me and that parent whose favourite I always was, and in whose service I had passed so many years of my life. I wrote to T. P. requesting this interview. I did not care who was present at it. And, after all his execrable atrocity of conduct towards me, even proposing to make up my differences with himself, this could even meet with no success. I prevailed upon different respectable parties in his own neighbourhood to call upon him, stating the condition of torturing anxiety and pecuniary distress I was in, (I had, prior to this, made a reserve of £30 which I lodged in the hands of a respectable shopkeeper, but which he obtained, and detained from me), which an interview with my mother, and adjustment of the quarrel with himself, would serve to remove ; but all in vain.

I now had recourse to the only method which seemed competent to my purpose. I presumed on stating my case to the Right Hon. Countess of Liverpool, most earnestly requesting that her ladyship would have the goodness to send

a message to T. P. directing that I should be admitted to my mother's presence. But

"Verbum emissum volat, litera scripta manet."

Her ladyship deigned to think proper to use the infinite condescension of expressing as much by letter ; but even this T. P. had the unparalleled insolence and presumption to disregard. I had still a dernier resource : I applied to the Surrey magistrates, making them acquainted with my case. One of them, a Mr. Broadley, was good enough to write a few lines to T. P. saying that if he prevented my seeing my own mother by fair means, that legal, coercive steps for that purpose would be adopted. Two runners of Union-Hall in the Borough were made the bearers of this letter. They delivered it in Princes-Square. T. P. became frightened, (there is not a *greater coward in existence*). He sent word by the bearers that himself, his wife, and his mother, would meet me on the same evening at Union-Hall, for the purpose of then, and their coming to a peaceable and final settlement. I took care to be there at the appointed hour of 6 o'clock. I waited till 7, when the office closes for the day ; but none came to meet me.

In course of the following forenoon, T. P. called upon an unfortunate sister whom he knew I was in the habit of calling upon, and told her, that he would send some friends of his to her lodgings at about 6 o'clock, in the evening, when, if I should be there, and would accompany them to Queen-Square Police-Office, he would give me the meeting, and, before the sitting magistrate, come to any fair or amicable agreement that I should desire. Just after he had left his elder sister's apartments, (whom he has always detested because he *knows* that *she knows* what he is, and ever since he could not swindle her out of *two guineas*, in the form of a loan, which he never intended to repay), I entered then. She told me of the proposal. I assented to it. In the evening the parties came. I met them ; and, after putting into my sister's hand, the sum

of £8, that day received on account of my half pay, to prevent the possibility of its falling into the hands of T. P. in case of any deception, I walked down stairs with them. I had no sooner arrived in the street, but, from the two fellows alluded to, walking one on each side of me, I began to entertain some suspicion. I took means of discovery, and soon found myself walking on by means of an impelling power. One of them was now a little behind me, weak as I was, I was going to fell the other to the ground in the hope of a mob collecting, and being able to tell them my story, and make my escape, when, at the instant I was raising my right hand, for that purpose, both my arms were seized hold of. I was hoisted off my legs, and, amidst the struggle of a resistance, bringing a crowd of spectators around me, forced into an hackney-coach, in which sat T. P. whose cowardice, being equal to his villainy, had taken care to keep his *own person undiscovered*, as also a mad-house-keeper, when I was driven to the White-House Bethnal-Green, on the 2nd of May, 1815.

I have attempted to launch and unfold, a descriptive view of the conduct of T. P. Its nature, bearings, and aspect, others will judge, and decide upon.

"Quid de Quoque vivo et cui dicas sapæ caveto"

may sometimes be very proper but not in the present instance.

As to the medical men who signed a certificate introducing me within insane walls, (a thing avowedly very easily obtained for a little money, but which I suspected would be obtained by T. P. and which I endeavoured to render non-effective by obtaining a strong medical attestation of my perfect sanity, on the day prior to the seizure of my person), possibly the Esculapius who taught them, was only furnished with a goat whose milk was pharmacy, and with a dog whose tongue was surgery.

T. P. has long continued to vegetate under that load of infamy to which public opinion consigns him. His heart is

become leprous by his infamies. Crime has planted scorpions in his bosom. The visits of obtrusive reflection draws the curtains of horror round his bed, while the worm of conscience remains gnawing at his heart. He will lie down in his sty of infamy, wallow in the filth of disgrace, and fatten upon the offals and excrements of dishonor; he will wash himself in the puddle of pollution, and finally sink beneath the mire of opprobrium.

An honest man is called the noblest work of God.—To compare T. P. to one is to assimilate the wren to the eagle, the fly to the elephant, the louse to the lion, the periwinkle to the leviathan, the glimmering taper to the meridian sun. I have been thought like him in person, but I hope in nothing else. The bee fixes on a flower, the beetle settles on a nuisance. T. P. has met with charity, and charity he has abused. If he again meets with it, may it be limited. May he find

"Plenissima charitas quam diu, hic homo vivit in æmine est."

I have the honor to be,

MY LORD, &c. &c.

EDMUND WENTWORTH PEARCE.

SUFFERINGS

OF

EDMUND WENTWORTH PEARCE.

MY LORD,

As a public knowledge of the following facts relating to my confinement at Bethnal Green, may be of some service both to others and myself, may I request permission to trespass a Brief Statement of them upon the honor of your Lordship's perusal, when, if any thing coming from an unfortunate man like me should serve to excite any thing like interest, it will add obligation to the high respect with which

I have the honor to be,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's obedient, humble Servant,

EDMUND WENTWORTH PEARCE,

SUFFERINGS, &c.

I HAVE stated myself to have arrived at the White House, Bethnal Green, on the evening of May 2, 1815. I was shewn into the kitchen, where, after for about two hours hearing the conversation of the mad-house servants, made up of extreme vulgarity, low jesting, and obscenity, I was, without any supper, walked up to an eight-bedded room, where seven lunatics were already in bed, and, after being searched from the crown of my hat to the soles of my shoes, to see whether I had any money about me, I was desired to go into the eighth bed, where I lay without one wink of sleep, owing to the different noises made by the lunatics, and from the unceasing apprehension of my person being suddenly attacked and irreparably injured before morning.

Early the next day, in a state of mind truly miserable, and in a state of bodily health corresponding with it, I was obliged to get up, and was conducted across the yard into what is called the long room, where, amongst a set of unfortunate lunatics, who appeared to be of the very lowest description, I sat down to a breakfast of what is called coffee, bread, and butter. The coffee little superior to hog-wash; the bread coarse and stale; the butter salt and rank. On my declining to partake of this fare beyond just tasting it, I was instantly told that I should be forced to take it: I now swallowed some little proportion of it.

About half-past 12 o'clock, I was called to a dinner of hard beef, with some share of vegetables, hardly warm through; a kind of table beer, which appeared to me to be little better than dirty water. Of all this, I partook but sparingly, especially as my attention now seemed necessary to prevent my being played what is there called tricks, but which tricks may serve almost to cripple or disable those they are played upon.

About half-past 4, what is called tea arrives ; that is, about half a pint of something tasting just like warm water, scarcely any sugar or milk, and about two ounces of such bread and butter as I have described.

About half-past 7, comes what is called supper ; that is, about the fourth part of the round of a quartern loaf, with about an ounce of cheese, frequently either rotten or hard as a stick, with a little wash of such table beer as I have spoken of.

At about 8 o'clock, bed time is announced, when the unfortunate inmates are hurried into their miserable apartments, where, without any light being allowed, even in the middle of winter, they fall down to take what rest they are capable of, like heads and points, thrown into a truckle bed, without common order or decency.

To treat of one day in description, is to do so by all, there being one dull and miserable uniformity of treatment unceasingly observed in the respect I have alluded to.

What is the reason that the patients of the long room, for whom I believe the common charge is a pound a week, are, two days in that week, Mondays and Thursdays, served with what is called fry dinners—a dinner which is belonging to the poor parish patients, and made up of such things as clods and stickings of beef, &c. which, without any possible share of nourishment in it, seems to resemble in colour pieces of dry offal leather thrown out of a tan-yard, and is, I suppose, much the same in taste.

In addition to this horrible mode of living, and in *such* company, I now began to discover that *I* was made a subject of selection for every species of ill-treatment that the keepers of the White House, on the most frivolous pretence, and sometimes without any at all, could possibly shew me ; as, also, on part of such of the unfortunate sufferers as had any power of discrimination. In such a situation, fear, grounded on policy, prevented my giving any cause for this. I suspected

it could only arise from the influence of *private direction* on part of T. P. How to be quite certain of this now became an object to me. Thomas Jennings, the head-keeper, I at once discovered to be brutal, selfish, deceitful, and suspicious, more on his guard than a fellow of his description might be supposed capable of. I made some direct endeavours with him that failed; the circuitous mode now occurred to me.—I thought, I might extort as reproach in ill humour, what I could not obtain as information in good humour. I put him in a short lived passion, and during it, as he thought, for the purpose of exposing and vexing me, he upbraided me before patients and fellow servants, with having received orders from T. P. to punish me with every severity on all possible occasions. This was just what I wanted to extort the confession of, with a view of turning it to a subsequent use.

My continuance at the White-house, now seemed to be insupportable, and I wished to obtain better treatment, for the short time I hoped to stay; I presently wrote to T. P. on these accounts, and proposing to agree to any terms of liberation rather than I should continue at the White-house, as a perfectly sane man, and receiving such horrid usage, which I fully stated to him.—I never received any answer.

Doctor Salmon, who professionally attends the White-house, now called there; he was pointed out to me, I instantly addressed him. We retired into a vacant apartment. After giving him as much insight into my peculiar case as time would permit, I requested him to use every fair, accustomed means in his power to ascertain whether, in his judgment, it were necessary for me to become confined within lunatic walls.—The Doctor, after attentively measuring me with his eye, feeling my pulse, and asking me a few questions on different subjects, told me that he saw nothing the matter with me but nervous affections, with a mind harrassed and agitated. He added, that when the College of Physicians next came to the White-house, which they usually did twice a year, he

had no doubt they would order my liberation, on my making them acquainted with my story.

On the subject of better treatment, in the mean time, I now wished to see Matthew Talbot, the acting manager of the White-house, as the delegate of Thomas Warburton, who I understood to be the proprietor. I wanted to see whether, as a simple, executory instrument, I could bend this Talbot to any future fair and equitable purpose of mine. When I came to converse with him, I found he was a man of no information ; too hackneyed in his way of life to lend a favorable ear to any individual particularly aggrieved, pre-disposed against me by T. P. and ill inclined to hear any complaints against the infamous treatment I had received under his roof, being altogether such as could only contemplate with any real interest the prospect of doing good for himself or his employer, while his indifference as to what was going on in the exterior of the private mad-house over which he presided, was shewn by his sometimes not walking through the apartments occupied by the lunatics more than once in a fortnight or three weeks, intent only on making money for himself and his employer. To converse with this man was of no possible service to me.

Nothing of any particular interest occurred during the first fortnight I was at the White-house, or for some time after, but the continuance of all possible means to ill-treat and exasperate me, such as dropping salt into the miserable trash of coffee allowed for my breakfast, pouring medicine over my plate when I asked for a little vinegar at dinner time ;—sometimes giving me meat for dinner hardly warm through, from knowing that I so much disliked it ; sometimes giving me something additional to eat and drink, when real hunger compelled me to entreat it, but putting something on it, undiscovered by me at the moment, which, a few minutes after eating it, caused extreme sickness and violent reaching ; the taking from me by force any trifle of silver that I was able to borrow from Talbot ; the putting a strait-waistcoat upon

me, on pretence of keeping me warm, and throwing me down, then blowing the smoke of tobacco in my eyes and up my nose, knowing how much I disliked tobacco at all times; the pulling a night-cap over my eyes, that I might not be able to discover from whom I then received a number of blows; the causing me to sleep whole nights in strait-waistcoats, which put me to pains and inconveniences impossible here to describe; on my going to bed with my hands secured, owing to the waistcoat I speak of, the striking my head against the wall, and afterwards coming into my bedroom at 12, or 1 o'clock in the morning, stripping off the bed-clothes, under pretence that my bed was wanting for a *new patient* just arrived, finally quitting the room with a loud laugh, leaving me in a state of exhaustion and vexation not to be described, and the next morning, *before* the waistcoat was taken off, causing me to be fed to my breakfast by an unfortunate man in the daily habit of washing his hands in his own chamber lye, &c. &c.

To all this must be added, the extreme risk I ran of receiving a serious injury in being shaved by such hackneyed villains of keepers, they threatening to hackle my whistle (a mad-house term for throat-cutting) if I moved during the operation, from any of the lunatics pushing against the shaving hand of the keeper while using the razor. This was the case several times, and I received several cuts in consequence. And to this must be added, the circumstance of my being unable to purchase an egg or two, a roll or two, a little brown sugar, &c. and turning my back for a moment, without their being run away with, and no punishment inflicted on the prisoner, because the article stolen was mine.

I complained to Talbot on the foregoing accounts. I might as well have spoken to the brick-walls by which I was surrounded. Some idea may be formed of this man by the following fact.—On one evening in particular I felt myself extremely ill from the treatment I had received, with violent

shivering and extreme thirst. Talbot happened to come into the yard. I requested a little water-gruel, and leave to go to bed rather before the usual time. Both requests were refused, but since I was so dry, I was referred by him to a *pump* that stood in the yard, as a means of satisfying my thirst!!

As to wearing apparel, I was kept nearly naked : three articles I never received any kind of—hat, shoes, or gloves ; of what was sent, the far greater part were old things belonging to T. P. whatever was new was of the coarsest kind, and always undersized. Of pocket money he never paid but a £1 note on my account for the year and ten days I was at the White-house, and he is still indebted to Talbot about £4 on my account.

A part of the College of Physicians now called at the White-house. I wished to terminate a mode of living prejudicial to health, ruinous to peace of mind, and dangerous to existence. I wished, by one effort, temperate and uniform, to bring the whole truth known to those in the higher walks of life, who had formerly honored me with some share of attention and patronage. I wished to recover my dearest mother under my care, to reinstate her and myself in our pecuniary affairs. I wished to redeem the promise I had made to some of the hapless, ill-fated inmates of the White-house, by making known to the public, in addition to my own sufferings, what I had seen acted within the captive towers, the horrid walls of that most infernal lunatic recess, where grinding want, dark mistrust, fearful horror, and fell despair, reign triumphant.

I instantly addressed the College on their appearance.—I wished, if possible, to arrest and detain, for about a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes, an undivided attention on their part. I endeavoured, at the moment, to select such terms as might serve to impress conviction in a just cause, and to use such a manner as might excite some little interest.

I could not succeed. My address was received with coldness and equivocation. The answers I received were short, vague, irrelevant, and indefinite. I could be of no service to myself or to others. I now again spoke to Talbot, who answered me by an endeavour to jest away, by a vulgar, unfeeling buffoonery, the solid, existing grievances that I complained of.

Amidst this routine of habitual barbarity, galling ridicule, and faithless promise, on part of Talbot, acting in unison, playing in concert, with an evident, corresponding endeavour, on part of his keepers, and such of the patients as were capable of any thing like design, to bring about the seeming ulterior purpose of goading me into frequent fits of passion, at length becoming habitual, and finally ripening into every exterior symptom of a confirmed, a desperate, and a hopeless insanity, how was one defenceless man to act? I say this, because I know the partiality of some few has heretofore been sometimes pleased to construe any little comparative capability of mine, into a something like competence for action in most conditions. But here I knew not what to do,—if your Lordship is pleased to conceive, that so circumstanced, I should have made use of prayer not ‘loud not deep’ in addressing myself to that God who is from ever, and for ever, who is alone, equal to the origin, advancement, completion, and perfection of all things;—who fills infinity;—who is, and must ever be, what he always has been without any new sentiment, judgment, or operation—to save a sinking individual who, blasted in fame, ruined in fortune, loaded with calumny, with a mind upon the wrack, and a bodily health rapidly impairing, had the prospect before him of perishing amidst the complicated horrors and PRIVACY of a PRIVATE mad-house, though perfectly in his senses, then, with all possible submission, I beg leave to state that this remedy was not in my power. To execute this, required silence on my part (impossible to preserve), as, also, the assumption of some little exterior gravity, which was no sooner observed

than I was suspected of meditating some plan of escape, or of framing some scheme to animate the unhappy sufferers to some unanimous and desperate endeavour, in their own cause, when means were taken to leave me no time for reflection. I had, then, no time to apply myself to my God, but on retiring to what is termed by Cicero that refuge of wearied nature, my bed ; but even here, from the too frequent repetition of the treatment I have mentioned, and from the impossibility of existing without some share of sleep, I had but few opportunities.

My time, then, during the day, was taken up by endeavouring to obtain such of the visible elements as would prevent my being literally starved, and in making my eyes my overseers, and my hands my executors, for the purpose of preventing a studied, frightful, and permanent disfigurement of my person ; while, at night time, I was obliged to become select in the furniture of my memory, to ease it of all trash and lumber, to distinguish and sort out my ideas, to use my retentive powers in clearly recollecting all that had, did, and probably would occur ; and, finally, upon all this to bottom and ground a set of resolutions to be subsequently acted up to, in the event of my personal liberty, with a cool and steady inflexibility. Under my present circumstances, it was extremely difficult to enlist hope into my possession, force it to take the position of reality, thus endeavouring to establish a temporary triumph of mind over matter. The reflecting and well-constituted mind will, I hope, admit that such treatment as I received, shewn to the son of a gentleman, and to an individual perfectly in his senses, was as irreconcilable to the feelings of the sufferer as ruinous, if not fatal in its consequences, but from which I had no appeal !!

To what actually did occur, was now added the information of what *might* occur, namely, my liability to become removed on any Friday in the week from the White-house to St. Luke's Hospital—a situation much worse (as I was told) than the one

I was already in ; also, that if I should die at the White-house, my body would be sold to Mr. Litchfield, the undertaker, of Bethnal Green, and again disposed of at Surgeons' Hall, without any intervention of enquiry, by inquest, as to the cause of decease, &c. I have no doubt but T. P. would have gladly agreed to this.

It is here impossible to detail the infinite number of provocations, minor and unprovoked, that I continued to be assaulted by, such as filling my hat with water, writing on my back with chalk ; picking my pockets of any little matters they contained ; picking vermin out of the heads of the patients and placing them on my shoulders, as *German ducks* ; throwing stones and brick-bats, whenever I had occasion to retire ; calling me, with the utmost haste, from one part of the premises to another, to hear news of my liberation, then, with a loud laugh, saying, they had the *honor* to inform me that I was *not* wanted. On any of these accounts, it was utterly in vain to complain to Taibot ; on the contrary, I have heard him complain to his keepers that they did not keep the strait-waistcoats on *long enough*. I understood that he was formerly employed as a keeper *himself*. He has, probably, more reasons than *one* for wishing to make his common servants also *confidential* ones. I am more inclined to think this, as when I informed him of the purloining manner in which plates of meat, bread, and butter, were disposed of by two of his keepers, William Hunt and John Kempthorne, (than whom two greater villains cannot possibly exist ; the former was generally suspected guilty of unnatural crimes, at the White-house, the latter reported to have lost his place at Hoxton, for stealing wearing apparel), he took no step to prevent the property of his employer, Warburton, from being thus disposed of.

T. P. now came to see me at the White-house, but it was only to add insult to imposition and injury. I told him of the treatment I had received. He laughed at it. I shewed him my certificate of perfect sanity, obtained on the 1st of May,

1815, the day prior to the seizure of my person and conveyance of it to the White-house. He snatched it out of my hand, and I saw it no more. He requested a line from me to his sister, desiring her to deliver to him the £8 I had left in her care. I gave it to him ; but nothing either said or done by me could move him to any purpose favourable to me ; on the contrary, he told me that if I had formerly written to Lady Liverpool, he had *done so* lately, for the purpose of *dishing me with HER LADYSHIP* (one of his cant terms) ; after which he took his departure. A day or two after this, I received the following, written and sent, no doubt, by means of T. P. for the purpose of further insult and irritation :—

“ *Poor EDMUND PEARCE, that whited wall,
Whose gains, alas ! have been but small ;
See Edmund now at Bethnal Green,
A captive wretch, unknown, unseen,
With haggard face and altered mien,
Amidst his sad captivity.*

“ *His brain is simmering and hot,
Like old Medea's iron pot ;
By turns he's mad and surly ;
Ideas with ideas stew,
'Tis nought but hubbub, hubbubboo—
Chaotic hurley hurley.*

“ *I have often wondered that on Irish ground,
No poisonous reptile e'er yet was found,
But nature soon or late completes her work,
She saved her venom to creat a BURKE !!*

“ This day is published, a Letter from the Right Hon. EDMUND BURKE in the Shades, to EDMUND WENTWORTH

PEARCE in the *Sunshine* of Bethnal Green, desiring him to sketch out a comparative Statement of France, under the Five different Forms of Government—a King, a Convention, a Directory, a Consul, and an Emperor.”

The intention of all this was too obvious to need any comment from me.

The Right Hon. Lord Robert Seymour, accompanied by the Right Hon. Lord Binning, and Charles Wynne, Esq. M.P. now thought proper to honor the White-house with their presence—gully-hole of breathing filth as it is. I recollected his Lordship's relationship to my ever lamented patron, the late Right Hon. Field Marshal Conway. I instantly presumed on the liberty of addressing myself to the Right Hon. Lord R. Seymour. His Lordship seemed inclined to hear me with some share of attention; but Talbot came up, laid hold of my arm, and led me away. What I felt at this moment, it is not possible to describe—but I had no remedy.

The College now called at the White-house a second time, but with as little advantage to me as before, though I used the same endeavours. No change in the domestic treatment shewn to me. My situation, as a *perfectly sane man*, truly insupportable.—What was now to done? I began to conceive that were it possible for me to write one letter, and obtain it to be forwarded to the revered and Right Hon. Countess of Liverpool, stating the *whole* and *plain truth*, possibly her Ladyship's humane consideration would use interposition, for the purpose of directing that some persons, competent to judge, and impartial to decide, should take proper means to ascertain whether I ought to be confined on charge of lunacy, or not. I was permitted to write to no one but T. P. How was I to manage the effort I wished to make? I contrived to be one morning so long putting on my clothes, that the bed-maker came into my room to hurry me. I instantly began to indirectly sound this woman. I gave her some little idea of

my case, attended by promises on my part. I was successful. She agreed to provide the materials for letter-writing, and to put the letter safe into the post; but she had no pen-knife. She did not go out for the articles; she had them of her own; but I had to cut a quill into a pen; the use of a pen-knife was now the difficulty to get over. On the following morning (a day that I shall never forget) I was able to borrow one from Jennings, on pretence of cutting my nails. My sheet of paper I had contrived to introduce under the lining of my hat—my wafer I placed in one of my stockings—the pen-knife (which it was not possible to make use of on the day I received it) was in the other. A little leathern convenience, about the size of a lady's thimble, held my ink, which, wrapt in paper, I placed in that part of the cuff of my coat, nearest the palm of my hand. As to the time for writing my address, I had no other time than the very short period *between* the appearance of day-light and the being forced out of my bed-room into the yard, having taken good care that in case I should not finish my letter on one morning, it should be, with pen, ink, &c. lightly sewed under the ticking of a small matrass, placed under my bed by the housekeeper, who lent me needle and thread for that purpose.

I should here state, that at the moment of receiving the means of writing my letter, it was not possible to receive them as above mentioned, because, instead of being placed *there* in the first *instance* they were slipped into my hands on the stair head, and I could not return into my room for an instant of time, without being seen by others, as well as by the bed-maker, I was obliged, for that day, to keep them about me in the manner stated, as also the borrowed penknife.

I had little idea of what was to occur in the evening.—I was in hopes the penknife would not be recollected till the *next day*, but about half an hour before going to bed Jennings asked me for it. I knew the importance of keeping it till next day. I told him that I had lain it on a small shelf near

the window, *really meaning* to do so the next day. He looked, and did not see it. The treatment I then continued to receive for about half an hour is literally indescribable. In addition to the personal violence, and personal abuse made use of, all my pockets were searched, and turned out, but my *secret recesses* (for which I trembled) escaped unnoticed; the rest I endeavoured to sustain with fortitude, owing to the influence of hope. I made my pen, wrote my letter, and it was safely put into the post, but it was not the will and pleasure of the *revered and Right Hon. Countess of Liverpool* to honor it with any notice.

On the following day, Talbot came into the yard, with news for me, that I was to remain at the White-House, *all my life*! This assertion, if true, was opening a mere *iliad* of woes, by which, I should become finally and speedily overpowered. About an hour after, Warburton made his appearance, and told me that His Royal Highness the Duke of York, had directed an enquiry to be made relative to me, to which he (Warburton) had replied that my personal health was *perfect*, and that in my mind I was fast *recovering*. The patience of Job is proverbial. Here, I think, I had some little occasion for a share of it.—My Lord, I am aware that a sense of my unimportance should supercede any disposition on my part to either inform, or convince.

After further stating a few matters both relative and personal, I hasten to the period of leaving the White-House.—My thoughts on my deplorable situation being now usually on the full stretch, I was occasionally less upon the defensive position at meal times, in an instant I received a cut across the right hand, that set two of my fingers a bleeding; as I afterwards heard the unfortunate object who did this mutter out the word "*Right*," it instantly occurred to me, that the lunatic in question had done so, on some hint, that he received resulting from T. P.'s *secret agency*, wishing that the fingers of my *right hand* might be crippled into a piteous *incapability* of

hereafter *holding the pen*, so as to write with it in my own defence, and for his punishment. I took what care I could of my fingers, and they grew well.

The 25th of August now arrived. On the morning of that day I heard read in the Times newspaper the commencement of examination relative to public and private mad-houses, about tea time I was expressing my hopes that something would be speedily effected for the purpose of liberating from mad-houses those who were really sane, as also to soften down, and shade away the insupportable rigours, with which the unfortunate insane had to endure and to struggle,—when the supposed lunatic who stood next to me, a poor creature who was convicted of stealing some articles of plate, for which he had been committed to the Prison of Coldbath-Fields, and from thence *smuggled* into the *White-house*, to prevent the subsequent consequence of public trial, &c. &c. instantly (I suppose from some hint given to him by Hunt, who was present) struck me a violent blow on my right cheek—he was nothing punished, as *I* was the person assaulted. The skin was not cut—the blood was not drawn. I requested a morsel of raw beef to apply to my eye, which had already begun to swell—it was *refused* me. The next morning I had a complete black eye, and also a few moments' leisure to reflect that the injury I had received was pre-concerted, for the purpose of affording a *colourable pretext* for Talbot and his keepers to assert, to any *persons of consequence* calling at the White-house, that I was a low, violent, quarrelsome character, unworthy their notice, on my addressing them.

On the 28th inst. Doctor Dunstan, in the habit of attending the White-house, made his appearance there. He asked me how I came by such an eye; I informed him; for doing this, the moment he was gone I was siezed by the two keepers Jennings and Hunt, taken into a small apartment at the end of the dining-room, and my hands and feet threatened most violently. I recollected that they were not of the coarsest

description. I recollected that personal pain is usually a perverter of temper, sometimes of the *understanding*. I represented, in terms adapted for the ready comprehension of the two villains (for there was not one moment to lose), that the hands and feet, from being the most nervous, were also the most sensible part of the human system. I received no answer, but was waistcoated in such a manner, that the nails on my right thumb, and third finger of my left hand, were torn off by the violence used, while the leg-locks were put on in such a manner as to excoriate the skin, and make the blood fly from both ancles. The pain I felt, both in hands and feet, were extreme. Some tears fell from me in the act of turning up my eyes to Heaven. Let this be viewed through an indulgent medium. They did not fall from the personal torture I felt. The effect here stated arose from reflecting that a man, patronized as I had been, should be subject to such treatment from two such low and infamous scoundrels as Jennings and Hunt, for only answering a question.

The loss of my nails had not occurred, but for the hellish, malignant industry with which the two villains felt over the long sleeves of the strait-waistcoat for my finger-ends (I was not allowed to shut my hands), for the purpose of tying the strings of the waistcoat *exactly over them*; also taking care, when my arms were placed across my stomach, and before the sleeves of the waistcoat were tied behind, to force the shoulders high as possible, by sudden jerks, to render the pain more acute.

Of all this, I minutely informed Talbot.—I might as well have sung psalms to a dead horse. Foams the bull!! and bulls always shut their eyes when they thrust.—Rages the lioness!! Never lioness, awaking from her trances by the touch of the hunter's spear, with eyes like two blazing comets, darting forth flames of rage, menacing destruction upon all around, ever flew upon her; assailants in defence of her young with a courage more true and desperate, a fury more

persevering and effective than my dearest, intrepid, virtuous, generous, humane, affectionate mother would have discovered in my cause, had she been present at the scene of cool-blooded cruelty here detailed, and acted upon him who, of all her children, has been her *favorite through life*—I mean when, in addition to every virtue, merit, and perfection that could adorn a woman, she also, in the prime of life, could boast a bodily power but very seldom met with in her sex; but the monsters knew that I had no friend present—none to bind up and close this bleeding artery of *unprovoked* barbarity. The strait-waistcoat I here speak of was kept upon me till I went up to bed scarcely able to stand,

A few days after this, as I was walking the yard, low, weak, and despairing, a body of lunatics around me required that I should go into the warming-room with them, an apartment opposite the dining room. As I happened to stand near the door, within their means of *pushing* me in, I did go in. The door was shut. They looked at me with stern and ardent gaze. They demanded if I would make their case known, in case I obtained liberty. And whether I would speak of them in Parliament, should I become a Member. As they kept looking at the fire, I was apprehensive of being seated upon it. It instantly occurred to me that as to any mischievous purpose they had in view, my only chance of diverting it was by *fixing* their attention on something novel, till I could get near the door, by an instantaneous effort open it, and run into the yard. I assumed a theatrical attitude, and, with a very grave aspect, told them (unfortunate sufferers) that if ever such good, and respectable persons as *they were*, should think proper to place me in that distinguished capacity of executory trust, that I would endeavour to answer their expectations in all things. I could now discover a momentary complacency in their woe worn, emaciated visages. I heard them mutter in broken accents, “No, no, we wont.” They now proposed to carry me round the room on their shoulders. Fear made

me consent to this ; but my head, as the seat of reason and intellect, I wished to save, in case of being allowed to fall down. I was placed upon the shoulders of a lunatic. I employed my remnant of strength in griping the cape of his coat with my sore hands, intending, if I pitched forwards, to come down upon my hands, if possible ; if backwards, at the instant of my descent, to place my hands under my head, with all possible celerity. I, however, descended in safety.

On the evening of this day, my suspicions of that most infernal villain, Hunt, were realized. There was now in the same room with me, an unfortunate man named Foster,—in lunacy passive and quiescent, in feature mild and well-looking. About a quarter of an hour before it grew dark, I saw Hunt walk this man into the small apartment already spoken of. I instantly left the long-room. I mounted a form placed outside the window of it, the end of which enabled me to peep through the window of the small room—I there saw Hunt in a situation with Foster, to whom he had always been very attentive, not to be described. This execrable scoundrel Hunt was *Talbot's first keeper*.

On laying my head on my pillow, the night of this day, I found I could not remove it from thence without extreme difficulty. Next morning I began to examine the cause. I found that a yellow consistence, in its nature something like glue or bird-lime, had been rubbed over it, which, from my night-cap being ragged and full of holes, soon came in contact with my hair. It instantly occurred to me that this would be made a pretext for shaving my head, when Hunt, through the *agency formerly spoken of*, might find some pretence to apply such matters as might, through the medium of pain or inflammation, serve to stupify or deaden (at least for the present) any little share of clear, unclouded intellect with which it had pleased God to favour me. The next day convinced me that I was right. My head was shaved. After which a filthy, greasy liquid was rubbed all over it. It was then long and

violently rubbed with some brushes, which appeared to me to be only fit to apply to the hides of cattle. At the time, I felt as if a puncture of pins had been running through me; and several small sores began to appear on my head and temples. I informed Talbot of all this. He, as usual, laughed at it.

On the following night, under pretence of my sleeping on a better pillow, I was removed to another bed—the *real cause* being that a poor lunatic, who was in his own person a mere hospital of diseases, might sleep in mine, from the hope entertained that he might leave some of his complaints in my bed cloathes.

May I here request permission to say a few words relating to three unfortunate men named Pampilion, Leaver, and Raban. I understood Mr. Pampilion, to be a young man of very respectable connections, with a handsome appointment in the Bank of England, against whom a combination was formed that placed him at the White-house; he appeared to me to be quite in his senses; he was a young man of very few words; he, however explained to me the extreme cruelty with which he had been used at the White-house; his reduced state of health at length compelled him to take to his bed. One morning in passing through his room he begged to speak with me; I immediately stopped; he most earnestly requested that I would write to the gentlemen at the Bank, informing them how he had been, and still was treated at the White-house, and imploring to be removed to some Workhouse rather than remain *there*! I was most willing to comply with this request, had it been possible—it was impossible, as I could now obtain no pen, ink, or paper whatever, during my stay with him. Mr. Pampilion once shewed me the inside of the sheets he slept in; they were literally as black as coals or shoe leather. At this moment Jennings came into the room to hurry me down stairs—he hastily covered up the sheets from my view. Mr. P.'s last request was for a little common

tobacco—it was refused him—the next morning he was no more. I understood that one of his sisters came to give directions for his funeral. She was, no doubt, told that her brother was *well treated*, and had been taken *every care* of.

Mr. Leaver I comprehended to be a stock-broker, from the neighbourhood of Stockwell, and placed in the White-house by the contrivance of his son-in-law. He appeared to me to be perfectly in his senses. He seemed to be about 60 years of age, of poor bodily health, and in person the shadow of a shade. One day, because he stood wiping his face for a moment before he sat down to be shaved. The keeper called Sam (who, from his extreme brutality of disposition and conduct) was nick-named Sam the Savage) knocked down the old man, who, the next day, was no more, having again received, as I was informed, a violent kick on the night of that day from the said old monster Sam.

Thomas Raban, a poor, quiet, unoffending fellow, bred, I believe, in the farming-line. His madness, if any, was of the religious kind. Under the influence of his sufferings, mental and bodily, he one day gave Jennings a black eye—the latter struck him in the face, producing a copious effusion of blood, Jennings then led Raban from what is called the middle-room to the crib-room, an apartment hardly good enough for horses or asses, during which the poor fellow exclaimed to me, “Oh, Sir, don’t let him murder me.” My feelings were strong, but I could do nothing in his favor. When the parties had entered the crib-room, I went up to the door of it, *seemingly* without design. In Jennings’s hurry, he had left the door a little open.—I listened. I heard the cry of “Murder!” I peeped in, and there saw the ungenerous, cool-blooded villain, Jennings, when he thought himself *quite unobserved*, holding the unfortunate Raban against the wall with one hand, (the poor fellow making no resistance but by cries), and striking him with his clenched fist as fast as pos-

sible, with perfect coolness; after which he kept him confined in a straw crib for I believe near six weeks.

It is hard to pass by the case of one Dean, by profession a shipwright, and between 50 and 60 years of age. One day for only speaking a few words, Sam the Savage knocked him down, and then knelt upon his breast-bone working his knees about for 4 or 5 minutes. The poor man, Dean, got up with looks like a corse, and in great pain; he afterwards told me, that whenever he coughed he felt agony in his chest impossible to express; he became liberated, and I suppose to the last moment of his life will feel the effects of what is here stated.

The life I led in the yard now became intolerable, though the cravings of hunger were sometimes supplied by a poor woman named Hopley, who often threw me pieces of roll, bread and cheese, &c. out of the window. I recollected to have somewhere read that when hope is gone and life a burthen, then death becomes a duty; but I also remembered Doctor Young upon Self Annihilation. Again I could not forget that some share of real fortitude may be discovered in sustaining the ills of life with patience and equanimity, in whatever form they may give the challenge; and, more than all, I could not forget a desire that the immortal *Burke* once deigned to express to me these words; "never succumb under difficulties, Mr. Pearce."

I proposed to Talbot to be removed into the Hall amongst the poor parish patients; he agreed to this; my principal reason was, the hope of *there*, collecting fresh facts for publication, in the event of my liberty, and, if possible, to mature a plan of escape from that part of the building. The keeper here, one Thomas Dalby, I soon found to be full as great a villain as Jennings, Hunt, or Kempthorne. Here I found the parish patients in a state of misery, and subject to a mode of treatment, literally indescribable. Here I understood the case of John Day formerly executing the office of common hangman, who, for a bribe given to him, brought out of the goal

that he served, a prisoner for execution, and did actually execute him, that had only been sentenced to transportation, while the man who was really condemned to die was, in disguise, suffered to leave England in the capacity of a transport. For this conduct (confessed to me by Day) he was tried for his life; he assumed the *madman*; he was declared to be insane, and placed under the *kind* protection of the *White-house*. An instance somewhat similar had occurred in the yard, prior to my leaving it. A young man named Wall, accused of either highway-robbery or house-breaking, had, to avoid legal consequences, been safely deposited at the *protecting* White-house, which is, at all times, a receptacle for all descriptions of what is there termed CRIMINAL LUNATICS, as well as those who are really mad, provided they have *money*, and do not wish to become amenable to the criminal statutes of the country, but rather prefer being *reputed madmen*.

In the Hall, I also saw two poor fellows, named Kilter and Ward beat most unmercifully by the savage scoundrel, Dalby, assisted by the villain Kempthorne, for asking to sit up a little longer. Here I saw a poor fellow, named Tomlin, after he was wrist-locked, knocked down by Dalby for only speaking, and then kicked in the face till it streamed with blood by Dalby and another fellow named Fox. Here I saw a poor man named Richards fall down in a strong fit; he lay on the ground dreadfully convulsed; at this moment, both Talbot and Warburton came across the hall-yard; they never even desired him to be taken up; they passed him as they would have passed a worn-out quadruped in torture, and crying to be put out of its misery. Here I was told of the keeper's suffering one Alexander Larmit to be literally killed upon the spot by one Joseph Kempson, &c. &c. and here my hunger was sometimes so great that I was happy to accept a cold potatoe through the bars of a back window. Every instance of cruelty and oppression I witnessed, I made some memorandum of, on such morsels of paper as I could obtain, written upon by

borrowed bits of pencils, the point of a nail dipped into water and soot, &c. and which I tied round my body, under my shirt with a tape string. It is impossible here to state all that I allude to; and as to such things as the pulling of my handkerchief from my head, when, owing to a severe head-ache, I had tied it on; and when I was leg-locked to a bench, then writing the word *Buonaparte* over my head in derision, &c. they are hardly worth mention.

I now wanted, if possible to make my escape, I had privily been able to obtain 12 sheets of paper since my arrival in the hall, I also contrived to fill them up. Two were directed to the revered and Right Hon. Earl and Countess of Liverpool, but without any success; so were the other ten. I cautiously and indirectly sounded several persons. I met with one of them disposed to serve my purpose. I now anticipated a result from the Hall, impossible to atchieve from the yard, owing to the height of the walls, and from no *outlet* being there. My plan was fast ripening. The poor fellow with whom I communicated seemed to be sincere. I had taken means to ascertain his fidelity, of which he could have no idea, when, on the morning of my intended effort, I was returned into the yard. Hopes bright star now became totally extinguished in my sky; when, on the following evening, T. P. made his appearance at the White-house. Notwithstanding the inexpressible abhorrence, with which I now felt disposed to regard him, I still endeavoured to see and speak to him, for the purpose if possible, of making use of his instrumentality. In his hearing, I repeated to Talbot the treatment I had received, and finally proposed my removal to Mr. Rhodes's (insane house), next door to the White-house. Heaven was pleased that the monster should agree to this, but not till he had respectfully requested a knowledge whether the *worthy man Talbot* had any objection—who had none. No doubt T. P. thought I should find the Red-house as bad as the White-house, or he had negatived my desire. He went away, after promising that in a

week's time, I should receive at Mr. Rhodes's all the necessaries I stood in need of. I will soon shew how he kept his word.

On my returning from what is called the visiting-parlour, I expressed my joy at leaving the White-house; for this I was waistcoated, and in *that* situation received a violent slap in the face from an ungrateful scoundrel, called Bowdler, the keeper, though I had formerly given him some old articles of wearing apparel. I now went to bed, full of extreme apprehensions that during the *last night* I was to sleep at the White-house, I should receive some personal and irreparable injury, yet so contrived that I should be unable to ascertain, with certainty, by whom inflicted. The only thing I could possibly do was to remain awake all night. I continued, however, undisturbed, and in the morning came down to a breakfast of hard bread, salt butter, and horse-bean coffee, which I could not touch. This morning I saw a sight horrible to look at, in one of the lunatics killing two young kittens, by striking them against the brick wall, and in another pulling off the heads of sparrows struck by some shot fired into a tree standing in the yard of the White-house, but only half killed.

As I had seen T. P. whisper to Talbot on the preceding evening, I began to fear that he had *secretly cancelled* his agreement for my removal to Mr. Rhodes's; however, about 12 o'clock, I was sent for into the kitchen, and placed in the custody of *Hunt*, and William Dowden, the keeper, as worthless and deceitful a villain as ever existed, by them walked up to my bed-room, and there stripped to my skin, to see if I had any concealments about me—none were found. I put on my things in a condition that seemed to me to make it impossible for me to survive but a very days, had I continued at the White-house. As I was coming down stairs, Dowden gave me a push, which in trying to save myself from, caused me to knock the skin off the knuckles of my right hand.—

With the few rags of apparel I had, I was then conducted by *Hunt*, at Talbot's desire, to Mr. Rhodes's after having endured at the White-house, for the term of *one year and ten days*, what I may venture to call a *living martyrdom*, in suffering all that I could *possibly* suffer, the actual deprivation of life excepted.

One circumstance, hitherto forgotten, I here beg leave to state.—The 21st of December is the birth-day of that honor to human nature Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce. I happened to mention this circumstance, and my wish of passing *that one day* as agreeably as I could. The distinction made was, that after tea I was taken up to a small dark room, stripped, waistcoated, and in that situation left to take what rest I could upon a bed of straw, with the wind blowing in upon me till morning. This was done by that *white-livered villain*, JOHN KEMPTHORNE!

I have now done with the White-house ; among the customs of which is, as I was told in the Hall, that of throwing pieces of soap into portions of hot water, for the purpose of putting a froth upon it, and then giving it to the poor parish patients for *good BROTH*!

May the cries of the unfortunate, injured, and helpless, who wished me to say something of their cases, in the event of my personal liberty, be attended to by the collected talents of the country, in that august, distinguished body, the House of Commons, also by the still paramount and transcendant court, the House of Lords. To these are committed the last expiring sigh of the hapless, devoted victim, sliding into death, amidst the horrors, the *privacy* of the lunatic dungeon. Around these shall wander the departed spirits of the sufferers, restless and unappeased, crying out for vengeance and repose—may their cries *not be in vain*!

Well, my Lord, I began my residence at the Red-house, Bethnal-Green, on Sunday, May 12, 1816. Here, from finding better treatment, I was better satisfied ; my personal

health soon began to improve—but still I was a prisoner. Here every thing was superior; better living and better served, better sleeping-rooms, better grounds to walk about in; the patients in the room I was put into fewer in number, superior, both in appearance and conversation, to those at the White-house. Mr. Rhodes, Miss Rhodes, and her sister, apparently far superior, in every respect, to the unfeeling Talbot, his besotted wife, and a woman called Miss Ford.

However, I quickly discovered that some of the persons confined with me were extremely vulgar, disposed to ridicule and cabal, and indicating a disposition to teaze me individually. I thought that this might result from some communication contrived to be made from the White-house to the Red-house. On my having some little occasion to send there a day or two after I left it, Talbot informed the messenger that Mr. Rhodes would find me a very troublesome, disagreeable man, that is, because I should ever have presumed to require at his hand either remedy or prevention, on account of the unexampled treatment I had received from his atrocious and scoundrelly keepers, between whom and himself there was, no doubt, that understanding subsisting, from a union of choice and necessity, that so often exists between such kindred beings so circumstanced.

A week had now expired, and nothing arrived for my use from T. P. Necessity compelled me to borrow, from the *parish side* of the Red-house, a *livery coat*, and an *old waist-coat*, which I was compelled to wear for *five months and three days* before any little supply was sent by T. P.—so much for his promise that I should receive what I so much stood in need of, in one week after I left the house of his friend TALBOT.

I found the keepers at the Red-house, far superior to those of the White-house; in the next room to mine a Mr. William Lawrence was keeper, his very looks are enough to obtain an interest in his favor. I soon discovered him to be

infinitely superior to any other keeper I had hitherto met with or heard of ; his conduct to his patients humane, considerate, patient, and obliging ; a pretty method of behaviour ; in his person always neat and clean ; a man of very tolerable information : a good temper and disposition, united with honesty and sincerity ; also an unaffected sense of religion, and nothing disposed to enter into the disputes and cabals going forward. When, from the house allowance being inadequate for me, owing to the increase of my appetite as my health improved, Mr. William Lawrence was often kind enough to give me many a supply, to either eat in the yard, *unobserved*, or carry up and eat in my bed-room. He seems to me to be greatly above the walk of life that I hope he only moves in for the present.

My health and spirits were now much superior to what they had been—still I wanted my liberty, for the reasons above stated ; my situation at the Red-house now becoming extremely disagreeable, from the low and disgusting personality levelled at me, and from the conversation among the patients often becoming truly shocking to hear, especially as they were not in the last stage of lunacy, I made fresh efforts, by writing, but without any success. Some few articles of wearing apparel at length came, but such as I could wear but with much difficulty, and not one shilling of pocket money with them.

On the 8th of August, 1816, the College favored Mr. Rhodes with another visit. I determined once more to try my fortune with them. I addressed myself to Dr. Latham, the President, as I was informed ; he heard me for a few moments, and said that he would proceed to examine me, as a matter leading to my liberation, if Mr. Rhodes, who was present, agreed to it. The looks of Mr. Rhodes spoke disapprobation of the suggestion. I asked him why ; he verbally observed that my health had not yet recovered the shocks it had received at the White-house, it was, therefore, too

soon for me to go out. I could be at no loss instantly to penetrate the mere cobweb disguise of this. It was a mere quibbling subterfuge to detain me. It must here be observed, that such resources are quite habitual with mad-house masters, whether resulting from a *private understanding out of doors*, or from a thirst of lucre, wishing to keep as many within doors as there is any tolerable chance of being *paid for*.

When I found that I failed with Dr. Latham on my own account, I thought it possible that I might in something serve the cause of others, if I could unequivocally demonstrate to him that the present system of mad-house keeping, was a mere matter of traffic and barter, engaged in, and carried on without fear of God, love of justice, or regard to man. I was proceeding to do this in detail, by the simple process of fair, strait-forward reasoning, when I could perceive the the Dr. wished to carry his attention elsewhere. It then occurred to me that I ought to use the endeavour of moving his regard for the *consequence* of those who, in his walk of life, united with him in making occasional calls at mad-houses, in a capacity (as generally supposed) protective and delivering, as well as enquiring. With this view, I brought to his recollection an assertion once made in Parliament by the Right Hon. George Rose, "that the personal attendance of the College of Physicians at insane-houses had been found totally *incompetent to the end of it*." I had no sooner said this, than Dr. Latham changed colour, and retired in silence from my conversation.

Thus continued to be foiled, I still had to remember the words of the immortal Burke, "Never succumb under difficulties, Mr. Pearce." I again determined on the use of pen, ink, and paper; I obtained eighteen sheets of paper, filled up twelve, and caused them to be put into the post on the *same day*, but without any success; even doing this, I found to require some little address on part of a man

who had no weapon of bribery to use, except the use of his tongue.

I had now the greater misery of reading in the Times newspaper, that the revered, and Right Hon. Countess of Liverpool was indisposed, from having burst a blood vessel, a mental trading with Heaven was still open to me. I retired early to rest. I offered up my most ardent prayers to the Almighty, possibly they were heard among others. A few days after I had the infinite pleasure of reading that the Right Hon. Countess of Liverpool, was better and had retired to Walmer Castle, for the benefit of air.

As infamous a young villain as any in existence, named William Edwin Street, now came to live at Mr. Rhodes's; as keeper; from the day of his arrival, he seemed to make it a point to behave as ill to me as possible; this was one reason, among others, why I determined to make my escape, if possible; the facilities for this at the Red-house I had long discovered to be as many as they were few at the White-house. I thought that periods of bustle and occupation were best adapted to my purpose. The play of Mahomet had been acted by the lunatics; dancing and singing were also practised twice a week, in which I occasionally bore a part, to cloak my distress of mind at being still detained among insane persons, and for the purpose of drowning suspicion that I meant to use any endeavour to escape.

On Saturday, September 7, some company arrived at the Red-house, on account whom a dance was to be given in the evening. I determined on now making my effort. I was invited to this dance, but declined, on pretence of pains in my feet. Immediately after tea, I requested to go to bed; my desire was complied with; I walked up to my chamber, and immediately drew close the curtains of my bed, in the hope that Street, who slept in the next bed to mine, would, when he came to bed, about ten o'clock, fatigued with attending on supper, and watching the dancing room, immediately go

into bed, concluding, of course, from the appearance of my curtains, that I was in mine, and not taking the trouble to be certain. In about half an hour, my door was gently unbolted by a female well-wisher. I took off my shoes, and descended the second flight of stairs lightly as possible, and quite unnoticed stepped into a first floor apartment, and placed myself under the bed, the furniture of it reaching from the sacking to the floor, where I lay quite obscured from view, if any body should enter the room, prior to bed time, before which I meant to remove. My anxiety was extreme where I lay; in about half an hour, my well-wisher watched her opportunity, and removed me from my present position down stairs, through a back door, across the yard, and into what is called the straw-room; here, under a quantity of straw and lumber, I remained till about 10; my friend then, with her usual attention, embraced a favorable moment to remove me into an apartment kept for the reception of coals; here I continued till the clock struck half-past 11, by which time all were in bed, and no search had been made for me. My friend again appeared, and, releasing me from where I was, conducted me through a long dark passage to a wooden door, which she opened, and then to an iron gate leading to the avenue at the front of the Red-house, which being also opened, I instantly fell upon my knees, to thank the great Author of all Good for liberating me after a confinement as a *perfectly sane man* within *lunatic walls* from the 2nd of May, 1815, to the 7th of Sept. 1817.

My liberty was now obtained, but my support, till I could obtain right and justice, was not. I now made the best of my way to town, taking care not to appear in haste as I passed the watchman of Bethnal-Green, with my wearing apparel in rags, and not one penny of money in my pocket. I knew that T. P. could not be informed of my escape on the following day (Sunday). I arrived at the west-end of the town between one and two o'clock in the morning, in extreme necessity of

sleep and refreshment, but knew not where to look for it as hospitality, and to obtain it as purchase was impossible, as I had not one farthing to pay for it. I applied to a watchman for leave to take some sleep in his box, which he complied with, but on his leaving his stand, I was awake and obliged to depart. What was now to be done? I was scarcely able to walk. I implored that God, who had delivered me, would also direct me to a friend. He heard my prayers. I enquired for a peace-officer, under whose protection I could for the present place myself. I was directed to Mr. Robert Jefferiss, 26, Wells-Street, Oxford-Street, who, on hearing my sad story, was pleased to credit it, was soon convinced, by reference, of its perfect truth, and then gave me every present assistance that I stood in need of.

My first step was to obtain four strong medical attestations of my perfect sanity of intellect, which, in addition to one of a similar kind, transmitted by the medical board of York-Hospital, Chelsea, before whom I was directed to appear for examination on Friday the 3d of October last, were forwarded for the approbation of the Right Hon. the Secretary at War, between whom and myself, some little course of written communication was now permitted to occur, through the medium of William Merry Esq. of the War-office. I was soon informed of endeavours most rancorous and unceasing, made by T. P. for the further seizure of my person. I thought if I could get him arrested on account of private debt, it would be the means of hastening the settlement of my own affairs. I was advised to do so, and was able to do so on the 6th. of October last.

On that day, accompanied by my dear friend Mr. Jefferiss, and a Sherriffs Officer, named Osborne, (in case of meeting T. P. there,) I went to the War-office on account of my half-pay; T. P. arrived there at almost the same moment, accompanied by his son, a boy called Charles, who, for his time of life, is full as great a villain as his father. Both villians cried out,

"a Madman," &c. and the younger ran toward me, I could not treat the young scoundrel as he deserved, because I had just parted with Mr. Osborne, after whom I instantly ran, for fear that the old villain, (T. P.) should escape us, who, in another moment was seized and secured by Osborne, at the very point of time when he had hoped that I should have been so. T. P. now wished for a coach, forsooth!! but Mr. Jefferiss and Mr. Osborne took care he should walk from the Horse-guards, to Chancery-lane, followed by a mob which had now collected, bestowing upon him proper epithets, &c. &c. I now lost not a moment in obtaining detainers to be lodged against T. P. who, a few days after, was removed by an Habeas to his old quarters, the King's Bench Prison. I need not say that the moment Mr. Osborne had arrested the villain (T. P.), I reverberated in a voice like thunder "hold him, hold him, the Murderer, the Scoundrel, the common swindler," &c. &c.

The 10th. of October now came; on that day I again went to the War-office, attended by my true and faithful friend Jefferiss; but through T. P. was now rendered incapable, yet his blackguard boy Charles, accompanied by the subsequent *companion* of himself and his father, and who now declares that he has been swindled by them (Street the Madhouse keeper), Page and Lavender of Queen-Square, Police-office, and one Smithers, belonging to the Custom-house. I hear, five in number, and confessing themselves to have no *warrant* whatever, were still there watching for me, on our seeing them, Street walked up to me, but my dear Jefferiss who that day was lion-hearted in my defence, instantly collared him, and produced his constables staff, the other four now came up, and began to push Mr. Jefferiss backward and forward, who instantly returned it, and would quickly have settled any one amongst them, whilst I would have gladly closed with any other, but two could not well beat off five; but as he now trembled on my account, he proposed that I should

run for it ; I attempted this, but was overtaken, thrown down and amidst the cries of a mob that Mr. Jefferies instantly addressed on my account, forced into a coach, and for the second time driven to Bethnal-Green.

I now both acted and spoke in such a manner as to lull every apprehension that I had any idea of effecting a second escape, though I fully and immediately intended it. On Saturday evening, Nov. 1, I retired early to bed ; by means of the faithful well-wisher already spoken of, my door was again softly unbolted ; I quickly descended the stairs—day-light was now gone—the back door was opened ready for me ; I made haste through it, proceeded to the top of the garden, mounted the wall by the means which had been *left* there, and dropped on the other side ;—a passage over some fields extremely inconvenient to walk over, brought me into the main Whitechapel-Road. I soon arrived in Wells-Street ; my friend Jefferiss received me with his usual kindness.

On the following Wednesday, that scoundrel Street, accompanied by two other blackguards, called Charles Pearce and Thomas Page, came to the house of Mr. Jefferiss, and, under pretence of asking for me, committed both assault and trespass in the absence of Mr. Jefferiss, who, returning home a few minutes after, made them prisoners, and took them before the sitting magistrate of Marlborough-Street, when, from their not being able to find bail, they were handcuffed and sent to Clerkenwell Prison, kept there some time, and in the event, I believe, put to the expence of near £20.

I now renewed my best endeavours with the Right Hon. the Secretary at War, who, in the event, was pleased to order that the spurious lunatic warrant hitherto in force against me should be totally cancelled, and my half-pay was issued for my use on the 9th of January, 1818. The debt of necessity incurred with Mr. Jefferiss, especially that part of it which enabled me totally to defeat T. P.'s favorite purpose of making a third seizure of my person, came to be such in amount

as the receipt of my half-pay, £27. 9s. barely enabled me to discharge and on account of which no money remained in my hands.

Prior to the course of treatment shewn to me by T. P. that I have described, my dear brother, Major James Pearce, (an honest man), his lady (the *reverse* of T. P.'s wife), and his son, First Lieutenant Thomas Pearce (a fine young fellow, and much attached to me), were no more, two sisters incapable of acting, from circumstances, and my dearest mother become aged and helpless. This was the period selected by T. P.—During my temporary inability for action, he fell into a strong labour, on account of his mother's inconveniences owing to it, amidst the pious throes of which he was delivered of an abundant litter of good wishes in her favour, the **STIMULUS** of which I have endeavoured to shew.

Any persons who have any just claim of debt upon me, may rest assured that I will honestly pay them, if Heaven should put it in my power.—Circumstanced as I now am, I trust they will see all the cruelty, and feel none of the inclination to take any legal steps against me. From the years I have already taken of life, but more from the effects of the treatment shewn to me at Behnal-Green, I cannot suppose that I have long to remain here :—when called upon to depart, I shall quit the possession of life without a sigh ; my inferior nature will then rest in its mausoleum—my superior will mingle in the world of spirits, where I hope to see my father, that living supplement of science, that proud Regent in the Empire of Intellect, that Irish constellation and English Cicero, who lived without shame and died without fear, the immortal Burke, as also my military patrons.

My Lord, since I have thus presumed so far upon your goodness, may I, in conclusion, still presume to say a few words more relative to the revered and Right Hon. Earl and Countess of Liverpool, my dearest mother, and money matters. If the Noble Earl now thinks proper to recollect that

benevolence, like truth, emanates from the Deity ; that Cicero asserts in nothing can a man so nearly resemble God as in an act of charity ; that the sufferings I have experienced were unmerited ; that some have said, that the power of doing good gives a right to do it, and may, possibly, make that right a duty ; and if, from any of these causes, it should *now* be the will and pleasure of the Right Hono. Earl of Liverpool to any thing consider me. I can only say, that my gratitude shall be equal to the manner in which, coming from such a quarter, the benefit must be conferred, taking care that no subsequent use of such goodness on my part should leave any just cause of censure.

I know it is in vain to loook for what philosophers call the chief of good, happiness, the nature of which the Roman author, Varro, asserts there are 288 different opinions upon. Of desires I have but few—desire, I know, is an impassable gulph, an ocean without shores or soundings.—I only entertain a few wishes. I know that the mind of man is too restless and active a principle to settle on the true point of quiet : to be placed above want for the time I have to remain, would render me comparatively happy.

I now presume to say a few words relating to the revered Right Hon. and most truly excellent Countess of Liverpool. I would to God it were possible for my pen to do justice to my opinion and my wishes—may her Ladyship's worth and merits become engraven by the chisel of immortality, in the leaves written upon by recording angels, in the realms of glory—may her Ladyship's days be long, and wrought in threads of gold !! and when called upon to add another and a brighter star to the firmament of Heaven, then, in the society of kindred saints, in that scene of glory everlasting, and of triumph complete, may her Ladyship enjoy a glorious eternity in the presence of her God, bestowing, receiving, and feasting on the smile seraphic, and dispensing mercy to mortals from the bosom of a cloud where only her Ladyship's

happiness can be greater than her goodness here below. These wishes can never cease, till I shall cease to be—may they be realized when this the hand which traces these lines is laid low, forgotten, and mouldered into dust.

I now come to speak of my ever dear and most truly excellent mother, in the person of Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce. If in speaking of her, I had only to speak of a mother, I should not long detain your Lordship's attention, but since in speaking of MY Mother I not only speak of a mother but also of a *woman* who, in all the relations and capacities of human life, has been at once the *astonishment, envy, admiration, and applause* of all who knew her, I trust your Lordship's goodness will so far become indulgent to my weakness as to pardon the following statement. If to be born with a constitution seldom or ever equalled among women, accompanied by a very great share of personal beauty, exact symmetry of form, paramount heighth, and Herculean power of body, added to the most daring, genuine, native, and unparallelled personal intrepidity of heart and soul; if an inborn disposition and temper, the natural sweetness and amiability of which it is impossible to do justice to, and never to be ruffled by any provocation and trials, often and intentionally made; if personal manners the most mild, sweet and captivating; if personal virtue the most inflexible and unconquerable, though often assailed by very great temptations; if humanity without bounds; if generosity without limits; if personal disinterestedness the most evident and uninterrupted; if religion the most sincere, ardent and unbroken; if confidence in her glorious Redeemer the most boundless; if submission to the will of God the most resigned and exemplary, and shewn on the trying occasion of losing her favorite, and most amiable daughter, Miss Catharine Pearce, a young Lady who was all that could endear her to her earthly parents, and prepare her for the reception of her heavenly one; if the most rigid, and unceasing honesty in all things relating to pecuniary concern; if the

frequent and ample testimony borne to her signal and complicated merits by some of the first characters in this country ; if the full and unfading possession of all stated here can place my dearest mother on a pedestal, and render her the mere phœnix of her kind, such has been, and is Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce. Womankind, remember, resemble, persevere.

Immediately after I had secured my own personal liberty, also the present and future receipt of my half-pay, I proceeded to also liberate the person and property of my dearest mother from the power of T. P. This was only to be done by *forcing him* to bring her before Lord Ellenborough, by means of Habeas Corpus. On my doing this, my dearest mother, from means priorly taken by T. P. and easily guessed at, seemed to speak a few words in his favour. Judging of the state she lives in with him, by one incident told to me by his next door neighbour. namely, that she was one day compelled by his mere *Millwood* wife to turn out her pockets to convince her that Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce had not stolen two or three cherries out of their small garden, (In this neighbourhood the boy Villers was declared to be a common thief, and the boy Charles a dirty blackguard, against whom a warrant had been obtained for infamous conduct to a poor woman), surely her life cannot be a happy one. If T. P. will take upon himself to say that my dearest mother is satisfied with the present situation of herself and property, surely it is but fair that her final resolve upon this subject should result *only* from a *full* and *free* verbal communication with me, who, for such a very great number of years, alone took care of her person and interest, and to whom alone she was attached ; herself, and her two surviving daughters, Mrs. Gerety, and Mrs. Parker, entertaining with me as bad an opinion of T. P. as it was possible to conceive, (my brother Major James Pearce had if possible a still worse opinion of him, frequently exclaiming, that he was the greatest thief between London and Dover, ever since the Major sent T. P. to

Mr. Cox his agent for two guineas, when the latter took up *five*, keeping the other three for himself), wherefore, after a separation between me and Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce, continuing from the 15th. of April, 1115. to the present time, it is necessary, prior to her consenting to return to my protection, and from the impossibility of her retentive powers being now as good as ever, that about the last 20 years of her life should become clearly and circumstantially retraced in terms adapted to her ready comprehension, and the infinite number of falsities retailed to her relative to me, from, and since the time I was confined, exposed and refuted; this once done, and attended by an assurance from me that I was extremely desirous and far better able to take care of her than ever, and I have no doubt but her natural tenderness would become *all revived*; and, as the free, unfettered act of her own will, she would gladly consent to return to her favorite son, and which her invincible aversion to the wife of T. P. and long confirmed most infamous opinion of himself, might alone be quite sufficient cause for.

I have now to remark on the scandalous and cowardly disrespect which, during my *late indisposition*, was shewn by T. P. to his aged, venerable mother, in such things as mocking her mode of expression when, agreeably to her native Irish accent, she has not expressed herself after the English manner. Thus, in repeating her terms, he has called the Prince Regent, Prince Rajant—the word material, matarial—the word hero, haro, &c. &c. In union with all this has been the infinitely greater insolence of calling the revered and Right Hon. Earl of Liverpool, Lord Liverstool—the excellent Whisped Keene, Esq. Witty Cain, &c. &c.

It must here be observed that during the residence of T. P. with his mother (during which she was his covering pretext for private applications, his sanction from legal prosecution on account of his numerous personal debts, the solemn plausibility which reflected a temporary credit and consequence

on him which he could never have otherwise enjoyed, and during which her superior judgment, and labours, as a nurse, so often restored him to life and health, under Heaven, when he was apparently dying, from the effects of his own indiscretions), he engaged for her use and mine but the four different residences of, Five-Fields Row, Ranelagh-Street, Church-Court, and Marsham-Street, (his sister Charlotte had been married from Church-Court, and his sister Mary had left Ranelagh-Street, and gone to live at Chatham, in Kent),—from the latter he deserted his mother and me, leaving us in a starving condition, because, though his flight from Marsham-Street was made after my dearest mother had obtained her treasury income, yet, from the time of his departure upwards of nine months was to pass by, before she could again receive it; she had little or no credit in the neighbourhood, or 1 one shilling on which I could certainly calculate.

Between the arrival of T. P. from India, and his latter desertion of his mother, about six years might elapse, but I have employed between 20 & 30 years in the care and protection of her person, and in the advancement of her interest, in contempt of all opinions that I should take better care of *myself*, and to the ruin of what might be conceived my personal interest in fourteen different abodes. Of my dearest mother I am for the present deprived, but will *never agree* to become *finally so*, until I hear *her lips* pronounce that it ought to be so, and *shall* be so.

I should not forget to state that, as one condition of the excessive goodness formerly shewn to T. P. by late General Baugh, (the night of the day that he heard of the General's death, he passed with that infernal strumpet, Molly Goodey, though the day before she had struck him, in St. James's Park, with the iron rings of her pattens in his face, and raised a mob round him, that, on hearing her story, was going to duck him in the canal, because he, not knowing that she was behind him, had entered into conversation with one

of her own description), the General desired that he would, on his last appointment to full-pay, assign over his arrears of pay for his mother's use; he did so, but had hardly been a month or two at Portsmouth, till he wrote to his mother to give him up the assignment; I took care that she should not do this, but for the compensation of £15. Immediately after, the assignment became useless, by his being put upon half-pay.

I here beg leave to state, as a matter hitherto forgotten, that during the residence of my mother in Marsham-street, Westminster, she applied to Mrs. Allanson, of Grosvenor-Square, now deceased. I believe Mrs. Allanson sent Mrs. Pearce £10. The next morning T. P. laid it out in wearing apparel for himself. Shortly after, Sir John Sheffield, of Portland-Place, also sent Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce £10 by T. P. who gave her but £5, and laid out the other £5 on Molly Goodey.

Again, when me and my dearest mother resided in York-Street, Westminster, she gave T. P. £3 to purchase her a second-hand glass and carpet; he neither bought the articles, or returned one shilling of the money.

If relative to the facts here stated, or any of the foregoing ones, there should be any who wish my assertions to be corroborated by those of my dearest mother, I request them to recollect her present very advanced time of life making it necessary that her memory should become assisted by mine, also the necessity of *convincing her* that she may speak the truth without *fearing* any future *inconveniences* from doing so, at the hands of the crew she at present resides with—not one of whom care a cup of cold water for her, but for what they can get by her.

I have stated what I have endured, from which may be inferred what I had reason still to fear. I have not stated the two things that I most feared: 1st. that I should, from the *unseen* agency of T. P. become privately, but *imperceptibly*

poisoned ; 2ndly. that on some evening retiring to bed, I should, from the top of the flight of stairs, by a pre-concerted and instantaneous, yet seemingly accidental movement, become precipitated from the top to the bottom, with a view, in case, if I survived, of my receiving such injuries on my head by the fall, as might serve to totally destroy any little intellectual powers resident there. Against the first mentioned I could not guard myself ; against the second, I endeavoured to take probable security, by striving to be the first that ascended the staircase, and pass on ; when I could not do this, by walking up close by the bannister holding it very fast as I went up, yet in *appearance* doing so without the least design. Some attempts were made to throw me down these stairs, which, at the moment, I defeated, and seemed to treated the endeavour as a joke. Here was a state to exist in for one year and ten days !!

Let it not be forgotten, that though the Red-house, Bethnal Green, is greatly superior, in all things, to the White-house (the character of which T. P. well knew *before* he bargained for *my* going there), yet at the former I endured many privations, and frequent personal assaults. After I had made my second escape from here, all the arts that Hell could suggest, were resorted to by T. P. for a third apprehension of my persons, from the dictates of his cupidity, (deprive him of money, and you bleed him in that vein which is nearest his heart), from the delirium of his disappointed rage, his impoverished and defeated violence, the pusillanimous workings of his soul, in anticipation of the steps which he feared I should take—what but this could have caused the very name of MY being at liberty to make him fly from East-lane, Walworth, to Cambridge-Place, Hackney-Road, and from there somewhere else—what was this but a foundation of guilt—a superstructure of fear ?

He had already acted the part of a Nero—he now wanted to take the part of a Judas (neither Nero, or Judas was a worse

man). He endeavoured to bribe a number among the offal and refuse of society ; he endeavoured to engage such fellows as Pace and Limbrick (they both betrayed him to me) ; he endeavoured to engage the public Police-offices to detain me there, till they sent for him, when I should go there to swear my Quarterly affidavit, that being necessary to the receipt of my half-pay, (poor old fool, possibly his vices may have affected his senses ; he was formerly deprived of them in the East Indies, when there, lashed down in his cot, for eight weeks in a brain fever, owing to his drunkenness, &c. he did not recollect that any respectable magistrate would, on hearing the case, come and receive my oath in my apartments) ; he particularly attempted to bribe that man who is above a bribe, I mean Mr. Robert Jefferiss, and that unfortunate suffering sister of mine, who did all she possibly could do for me, Mrs. Jane Gerety ; but they knew him too well—they felt too much on my account.

I have stated that at the desire of the peerless and Right Hon. Countess of Liverpool, the late Hon. General Hervey thought proper to settle an income of £30 per annum upon me. T. P. was heard to boast that I should not long have this. Some time prior to the General's death, and whilst God was pleased that I should continue unlike what I had once been been. T. P. took all possible means in his power (however infamous) for this income to become transferred to my dearest mother, prior to the securing my person at Bethnal-Green, and the removing hers under his own roof, by the General's will (which on obtaining my liberty I took good care to see) this income in case of my dearest mother's decease (an event deprecated by my most ardent and constant prayers) comes to me ; but as the General only calls me an half-pay officer, with no mention of my Christian name, so T. P. was in hopes and has confessed to my sister that in case I had perished at Bethnal Green he would have asserted himself to be the half-pay officer, meant by the General, thus vilifying the departed principal, and imposing upon the surviving executors.

For the short time that I hope my dearest mother will be with T. P. let none pay any money on account of Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce, unless they see that she is alive; because if, before such monies should become due, her God should be pleased to call her to himself, T. P. or his wife is quite capable of forging her usual receipts, especially if not afraid of being hanged for it.

It gives me great pleasure to understand that the revered and Right Hon. Earl and Countess of Liverpool have deigned to enquire the private character of T. P. and have found my report of it to be a true one. Some idea may be formed of formed of this man's three eldest children by the following :

Charles, the eldest boy, was, some years ago, placed at the Naval Assylum of Greenwich; he ran away from it, thus making his father responsible for some pecuniary conditional engagement customarily entered into with the Governor (late Lord Hood), though this boy then knew that his father was a *poor prisoner*, and, with his mother, brothers, and sisters, in a starving condition, in a small lodging within the Rules of the King's Bench; the boy afterwards became articled, and went to the West Indies in a small trading vessel, called the *William Tell*, the Captain of which treated him as he deserved.

Villers, the second boy, some years ago, happened to hear me speak of some individual greatly in debt; he was then a mere child, yet he intuitively exclaimed, "Oh! Sir, why does he not go into prison, and wait for an Act, as my pa does." This boy, Villers, is born a villain.

The eldest girl, who, I believe, is called Eliza, will never mention her father's Christian name, to an enquirer, from her notion that the dregs of the law cannot be resorted to, unless the plaintiff can obtain the Christian name of the defendant!!

I have stated that T. P. was capable of writing anonymous letters against his distressed brother (then Captain James

Pearce, whom, through life, he behaved ill to) ; in composing these letters, he was overseen by his sister Mary, who was *seemingly* unobserving, and who told me of it. If T. P. should ever assert, in answer to this charge, that he called upon Mrs. Rose Hickman (the lady in question), and recommended his brother to her, I beg it may be recollected that he did this because his brother wished it ; also, that it might blind the latter into a disbelief that T. P. was the author of the letters here spoken of, while it also afforded an opportunity of discovering what effect had attended his anonymous endeavours.

Whilst I was yet a mere child, T. P.'s disposition towards me was discerned by his killing a very fine cat that used to follow me about the house ; also some young guinea pigs of mine. This happened during his father's life time in Cartwright-street, Westminster ; and it was his father who bestowed upon him the nick name of " Gypsey," probably thinking that the darkness of his complexion agreed with the blackness of his heart, and adding that " Master Gypsey would grow up only fit for the bully of a bagnio."

In speaking of his father (who was kept alive, under Heaven, for the last ten years of his life by the almost unmerited goodness, labor, and skill of my dearest mother, whose regard for him, principally founded upon pity, made her make ten thousand allowances for him), I must state that T. P. having written from India in the highest terms relative to his mother, whom he then called an exemplary mother, the pattern of wives, &c. &c. his father on his death bed ordered me to take care of this letter that I might produce it *if* ever T. P. turned out ungrateful to his mother :—for this mother he afterwards declared in Suffolk-street, Middlesex-hospital, that he had not one square inch of room in case she should require it ; but he *then* did not know the *amount* of her *annual pecuniary means* !!

It is hardly worth while to mention such things as his formerly

giving Molly Goodley, an elegant supper at the Red-Lion, Charing-Cross, where his brother Capt. J. Pearce then lodged, while he was on the recruiting service in the neighbourhood of town, and leaving his brother to pay for it; his acting the same relative part at an alamode-beef-honse nearly opposite the Admiralty, in favor of two other unfortunate cyprians, &c. &c. His being the first to throw out his poor wretched gypsey jargon of advice to others, though the practical issue of things—the noon day *result*, served so fully to manifest that he had never yet been able to advise *himself*. His poor, ridiculous, and almost insane boast that he would never marry, but for a large fortune and elegant connections, (I never yet knew him acquainted with a real gentlewoman), &c. &c.

I will here repeat, that though it suited the views of T. P. to say that that I was insane, he never thought me so; he often confessed this to me, when it was his object to extort some little money or property, &c. from me, and as a proof of what I here assert, he always discovered the greatest possible anger whenever, during my indisposition, I made any observations under which he felt himself to tremble. The certificate of perfect sanity that was freely granted to me, were, among others, signed by Dr. Gordon, Physician to His Majesty's Forces of the Army Medical Department, Berkley-Street, Piccadilly; Dr. Bain, of Curzon-Street, May-Fair; Surgeons West, Edwards, and Cox, of Hammersmith and Turnham-Green, &c. &c.

For the last year of my confinement, my half-pay had been increased from £32 to £54 per annum. T. P. most carefully concealed this from me, and boasted to Talbot and Mr. Rhodes that he sacrificed £10 a year for my sake, in paying for me at the rate of £40 a year, while he was robbing me of the difference between 40 and £54 a year. There is still about £4 due to Talbot, and about £16 due to Mr. Rhodes, from T. P. on my account.

Amidst the rest of his conduct, I should not forget to state,

his sister Sarah, many years after her marriage with a Mr. Parker, came to settle with her husband in a fishmonger's shop in Little Queen-Street, Westminster; at this time, they had some little private property in addition to a good business. T. P. (to answer his own purposes), so acted by them that in a short time they were obliged to give up their business, seemed to be ruined, and left the neighbourhood.

Prior to T. P. taking the farther benefit of an Insolvent Act, on the 24th of February last, he had returned an account of private debt upwards of £500 !! I arrested him for the balance of £36. 14s. 2d. but could not recover it, as he had been permitted to take the benefit of the said Act.

As a proof that T. P. is a very weak man by nature, judging ignorantly and erroneously on most occasions, he thought that on his last appointment to full pay, at Portsmouth division, his taking expensive lodgings at a Mr. Young's, Pastry-Cook, in High-street. and there giving entertainments to the Commanding, and Junior Officers, his living at the mess, drinking hard, playing at cards, &c. &c. would serve to establish him in the Marine Corps, by winning favor, &c. Quite the reverse was the consequence—such conduct, whilst he had a mother and her son circumstanced as my dearest mother and me then were, excited nothing but abhorrence and contempt, especially on part of all the old standards, who of Mrs. Jane Maria Pearce always had the highest opinion, and for her the highest respect.

On my first and last escape from confinement, I was advised to take all possible description of legal remedy against T. P. such as prosecution for private conspiracy, illegal confinement, &c. &c. but all these required money, and I had it not. I placarded the walls of town, promising this pamphlet, the paper for which comes to no less than £10 4s. besides the printing, bill-sticking, &c. but for which I could never have obtained credit only from the accustomed goodness of William Paterson, Esq. allowing me to make use of his name. By

its appearance, I redeem the promise I made to the public ; as to T. P. my being alive and well is the death and funeral of his joys, the birth-day of his sorrows ; he dreaded the approaches of truth ; he feared to perish in its embrace, as he would dislike the advances of the vampire coming to drink his blood.

I have stated what the conduct of T. P. *has been*, I could easily sketch the outline of what, in my humble opinion it *should* have been, especially since his return from India. I do not mean the opinion scattered, varying, and fugitive, taken up at hazard, or embraced on trust, shaken by argument, or altered by passion ; but the opinion resulting from a general and mixed communication with others, continued for a good many years, and issuing from long observation, and much impartiality.

T. P. aimed at my destruction ! he did not know how to go about it ; he thought himself clever in its pursuit ; the event has proved him rather mawkishly so. I certainly have cause to wish that his very grave may become sleepless. On my restoration to liberty many advised me to take his life, among these was his own sister, who did not doubt that in such case I should be acquitted, on the *provocation* being considered. I certainly think that many a man has lost his life from less provocation than I received. I never thought T. P. fit to live among gentlemen. I thought he would do better as a waiter at a tavern, a bailiff's follower, a police runner (if he had courage enough for this latter), &c. &c.

I beg leave to express, through the medium of this publication, my most sincere acknowledgements to the Right Hon. Lord Palmerston ; also on account of the College of Physicians, in consequence of a few lines being addressed by me to the Right Hon. George Rose, being requested to call upon me there, before they heard of my escape. To my two dear and ever respected friends, John Buckmaster, Esq. of Burton-Crescent, Russel-Square, and William Paterson, Esq. of

Great Coram-Street, do. are due my most sincere and heartfelt thanks, for all their assistance, professional, pecuniary, and domestic. To the Lady of the former I had the honor of becoming known when Miss Elcock, and to her amiable sister, then Miss Mary Elcock, now the Right Hon. Lady Neville, and daughter-in-law to the Right Hon. Earl of Abergavenny, My particular thanks are also due to Tipping Rigby, Esq. Barrister at Law, who to much public talent unites great private worth.

I take no merit to myself in any thing ; possibly some few may be pleased to recollect the personal demeanor I had to observe, the letters I had to address, the relative interest I had to excite under existing circumstances, subsequent to my two escapes from Bethnal Green.

I have the honor to be,

My LORD, &c, &c.

EDMUND WENTWORTH PEARCE.

Sept. 1, 1813.

4, Devonshire-Street, Queen-Square,

Bloomsbury.

P. S. I trust it will be believed that for the ill-fated inmates of Bethnal-Green I feel fully and strongly. It is with unaffected concern that I hear from Doctor Powell, of Bedford-place, that nothing is yet done for them by Parliament. Doctor Rogers's Pamphlet on the Frauds, Cruelties, and Abuses of Private Mad-Houses, was alone sufficient to warrant the expectation of such, see pages 38 and 41 of this production as immediately applicable to me. I will only add that if it were thought possible for me to become of any service in behalf of the unfortunates, I am willing (as far as the constitution of

my mind and body will permit) to labor by night or by day, at the desk, or in the Forest, in the cause of the miserable, the helpless, and the forsaken, however I might be found an unprofitable servant.

I have stated the matter of fact.—The matter remedial must remain with those who are able to unite power with inclination. I find that T. P. some time prior to my liberation from Bethnal-Green gave out that I was “*no more.*” I have already shewn, or endeavoured to shew that relative to me, T. P. had long lost every thing of human nature—its vice—its form, and its grossness excepted. If he thought that I might still continue to exist at the Mad-house, his wishes overpowered his opinion, and made him propagate that I was *deceased*. For the completion of this object (in addition to his hatred, fear, and envy,) he could only resort to the lees and dregs of the flattest perfidy, conducted without spirit, and even without froth. In unison with his wishes, was the correspondent boast of his friends, Talbot’s keepers, who so often repeated to me that I should only go out of the White-house in a cold-meat-box, as cold-meat, (mad-house terms for coffins and dead bodies).

My Lord, for an adequate idea of this man’s vices, see Cicero’s description of Catiline’s vices, while addressing the conscript father’s of Ancient Rome, and appearing in the works of Sallust : but the *desperate personal courage* of that Roman conspirator must be excepted.

It is true that while I was at the White-house, I always made it a point to address those calling there, with whom there was any prospect of doing the least good, yet was always fearful of being overheard by the keepers. If your Lordship is pleased to conceive, that on the approach of a keeper I should instantly have begun to talk nonsense, and thus have rendered the subject safe by making it nugatory, I beg leave to state that at Bethnal Green such would have afforded a colorable pretext for accusation of insanity. I, therefore,

only deviated from the subject, and still making use of rational terms.

From every neighbourhood that T. P. has lived in since he removed my dearest mother under his roof, and I was placed at Bethnal Green, he has, as usual, absconded in debt, with a name justly execrated, though, in addition to his own half-pay as a Captain of Marines, that of his son as a reduced Second Lieutenant, and what he could obtain by private application, from the execrably false pretence that he had an aged, helpless mother wholly depending upon him for support, he has received as follows, on my dearest mother's account and mine :—

On my account, one year's half-pay at £32 per annum

One do. at £54 per annum, making together £86.

On my mother's account, her annual income of £104 per annum, from May 1, 1815, to September 1, 1818, amounting precisely to £319 sterling, which added to my £86 makes £405, yet T. P. is still permitted to take the benefit of Insolvent Acts, exclaiming, after his liberation by each, "Huzza, my souls, I am again free; now we will keep it up again."—Is this to be permitted in a country like England, and in times like the present? Some time prior to T. P.'s last liberation, I wrote to all his town and country creditors that I could possibly recollect, proposing that they should oppose him in a body. I also addressed Serjeant Runnington at some length; but my endeavours failed. Relative to my dearest mother's incomes I have to observe, that if any persons of respectability wish to be informed by whom they are granted, when and where paid, I am, at any time, ready to supply the information.

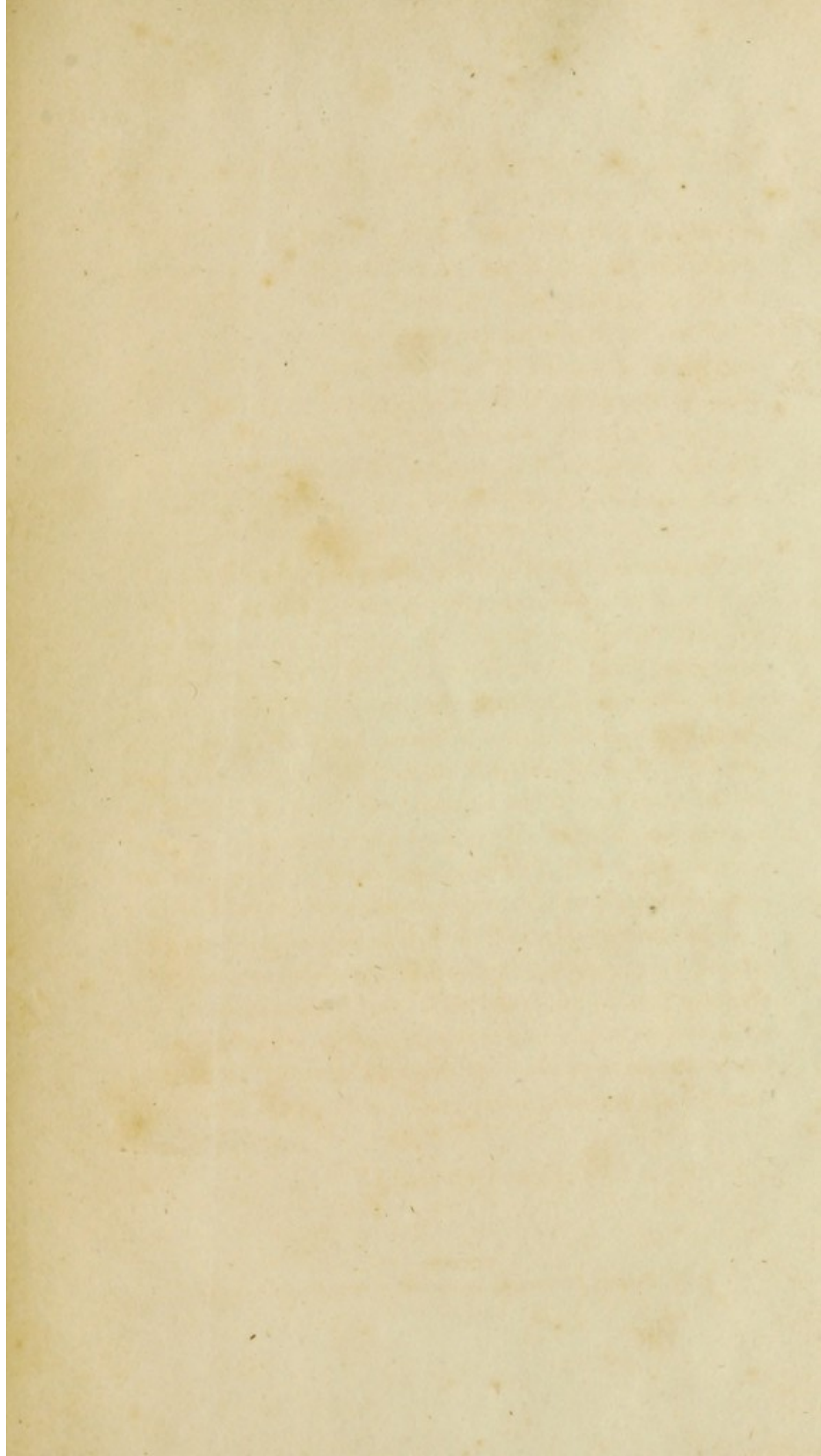
I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

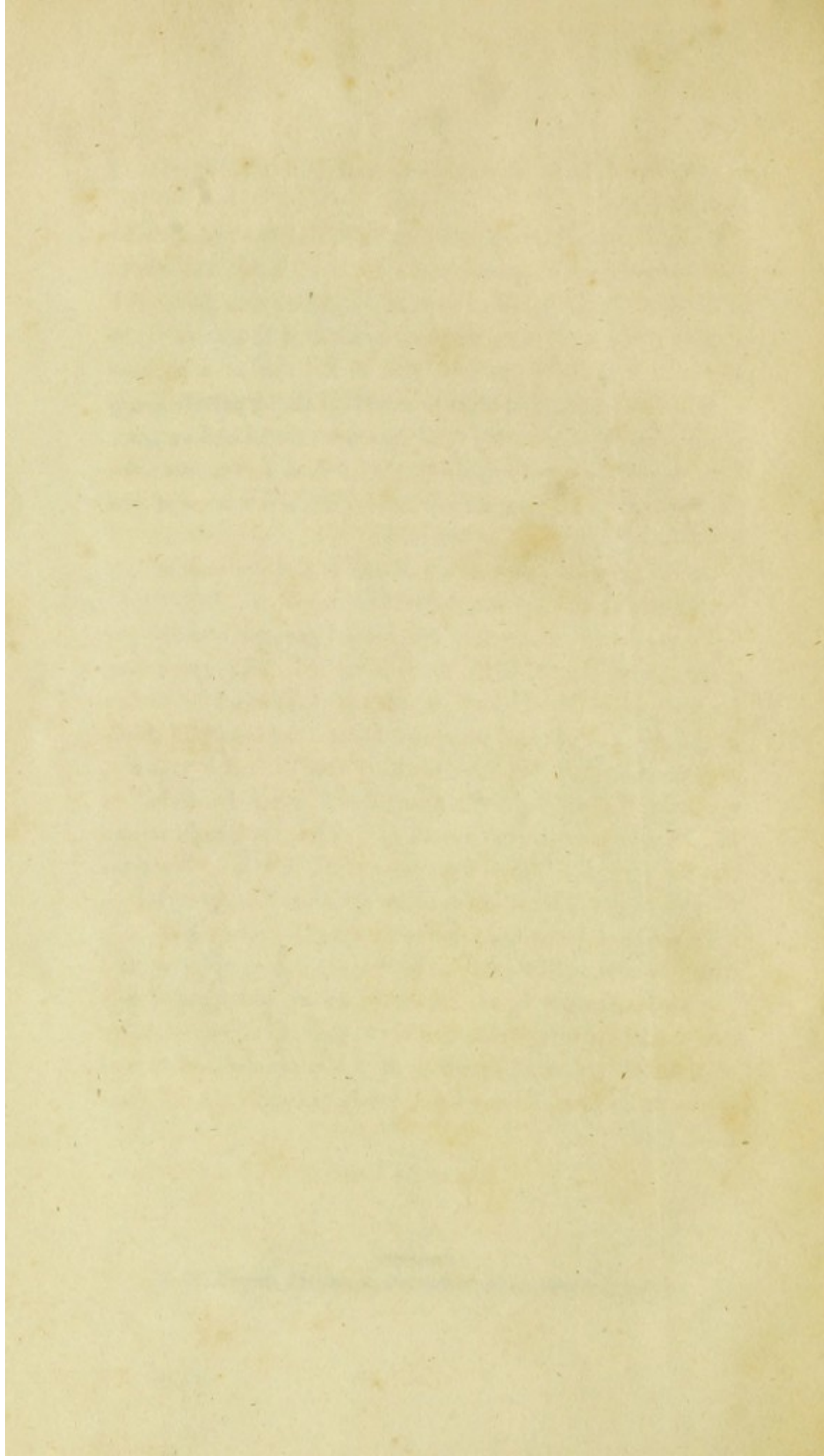
only dictated from the subject, and still making use of rational terms.

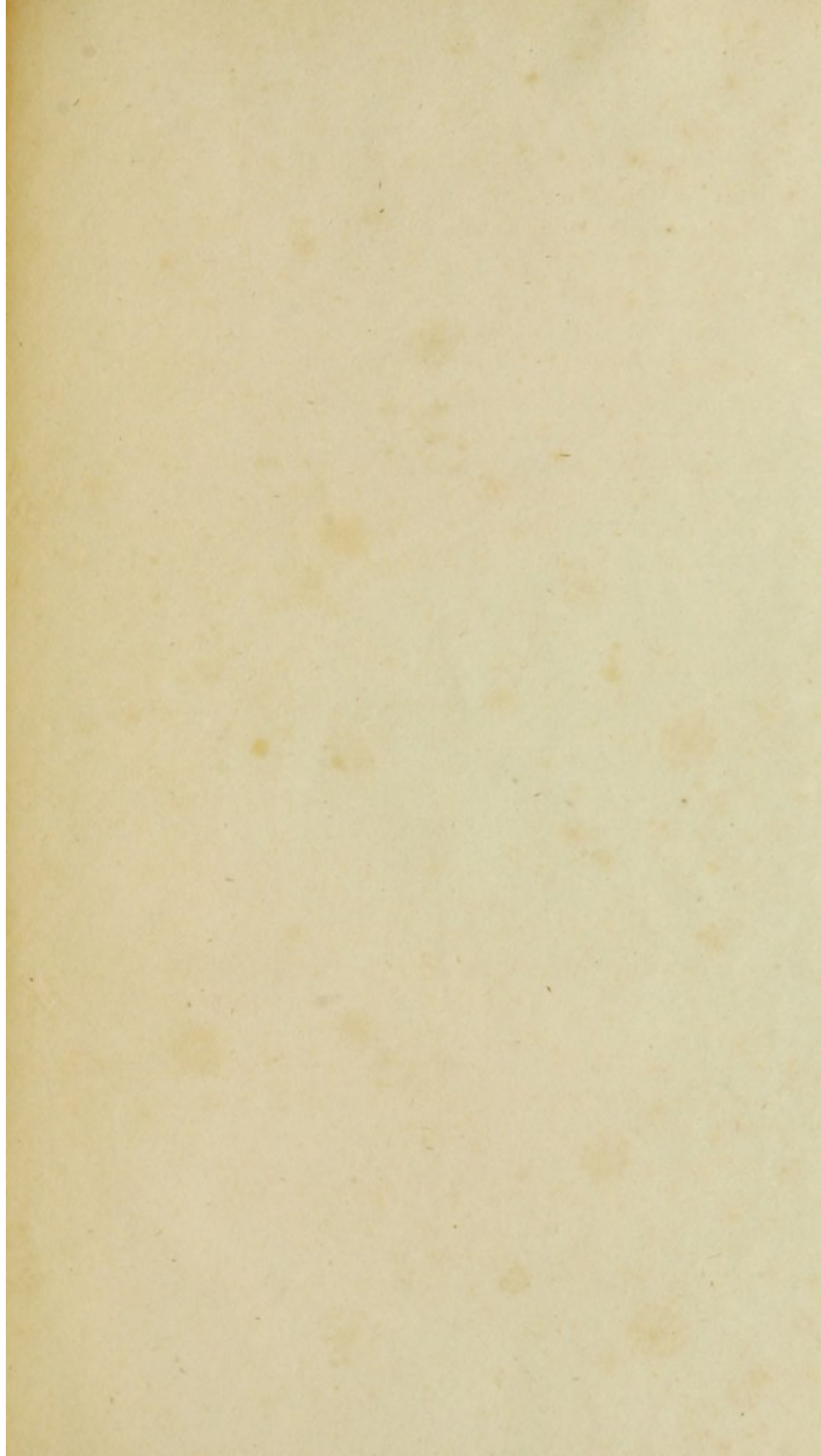
From a very early period, that T. P. has lived in strict accordance with my views, and under his name, and I was placed at the head of the list, as usual, at the end of the list, with a name fully warranted, though, in addition to his own name, my name is placed of his name, that of his son as a regular member of the list, and what he could do in my private application, from the extremely false pretence that he had an agent, but he never had any agent, and upon this point, I have been very much as follows: on my death, my name is placed as follows:—

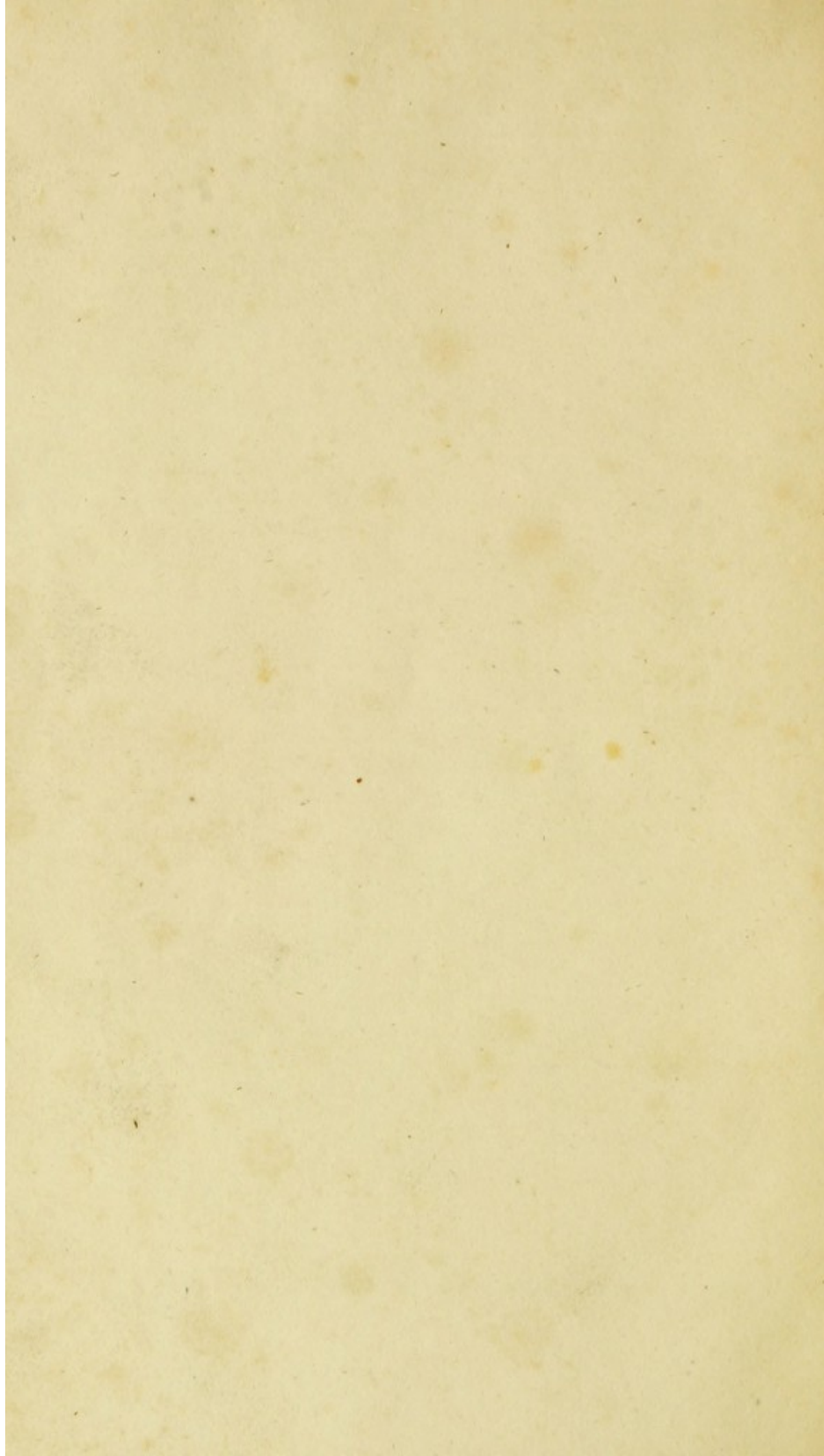
On my account, one year's salary at £25 per annum. One day, at £25 per annum, making together £250. On my mother's account, her annual income of £101 per annum, from May 1, 1815, to September 1, 1816, amounting precisely to £2319 sterling, which added to my £25 makes £2444, and T. P. is still permitted to take the last of last year's Act, exclaiming, after his liberation by me, "I have, my soul, I am again free; now we will keep it up again."—Is this to be permitted in a country like England, and in times like the present? Some time prior to T. P.'s liberation, I wrote to all his town and country creditors that I could not fully recollect, proposing that they should receive him in a body. I also addressed Benjamin Franklin at some length; but my endeavors failed. Relative to my former situation, incomes I have to observe, that if any persons of respectability wish to be informed by whom they are granted, with and where paid, I am, at any time, ready to supply the information.

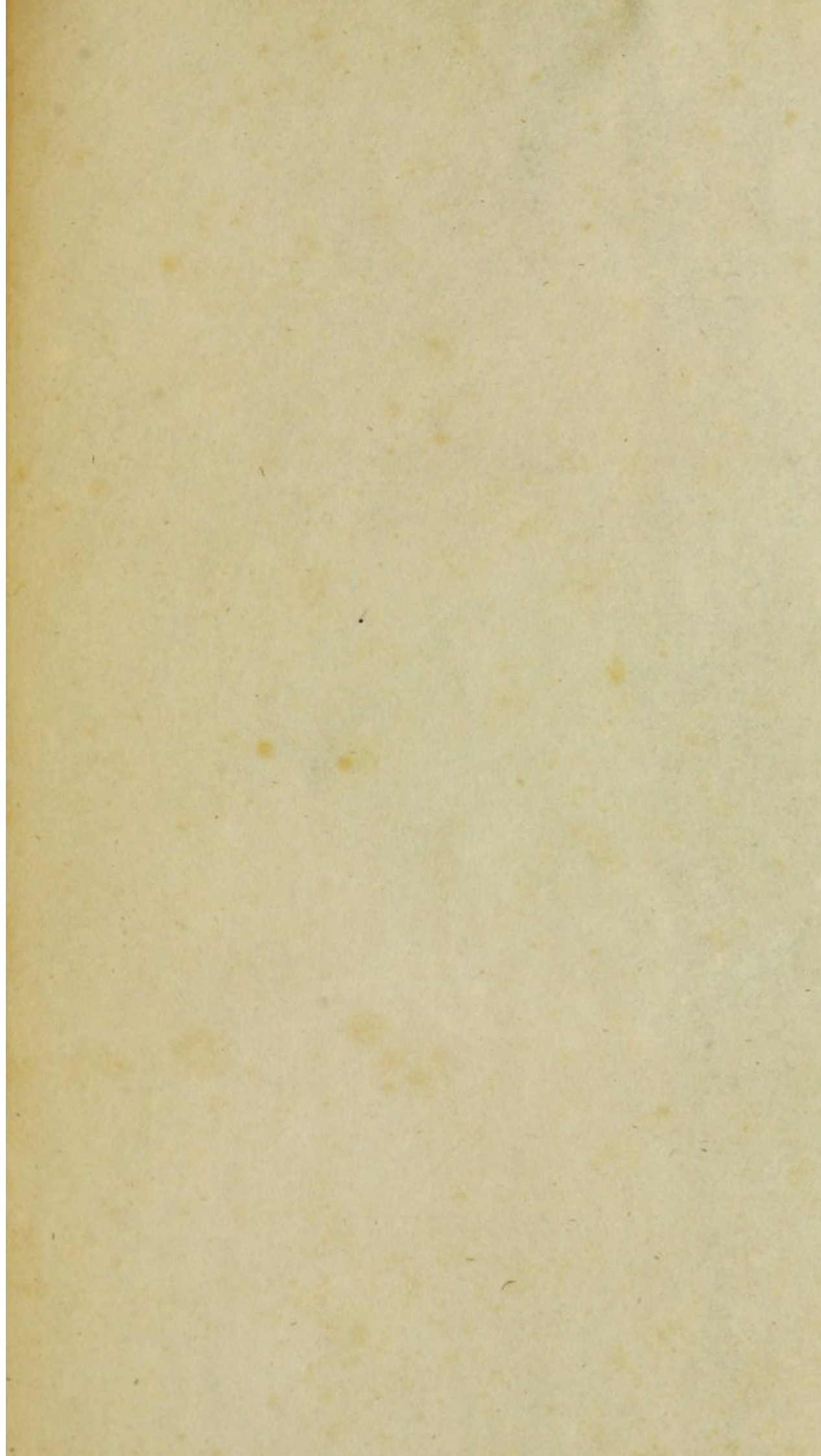
I have the honor to be, Sir, &c.

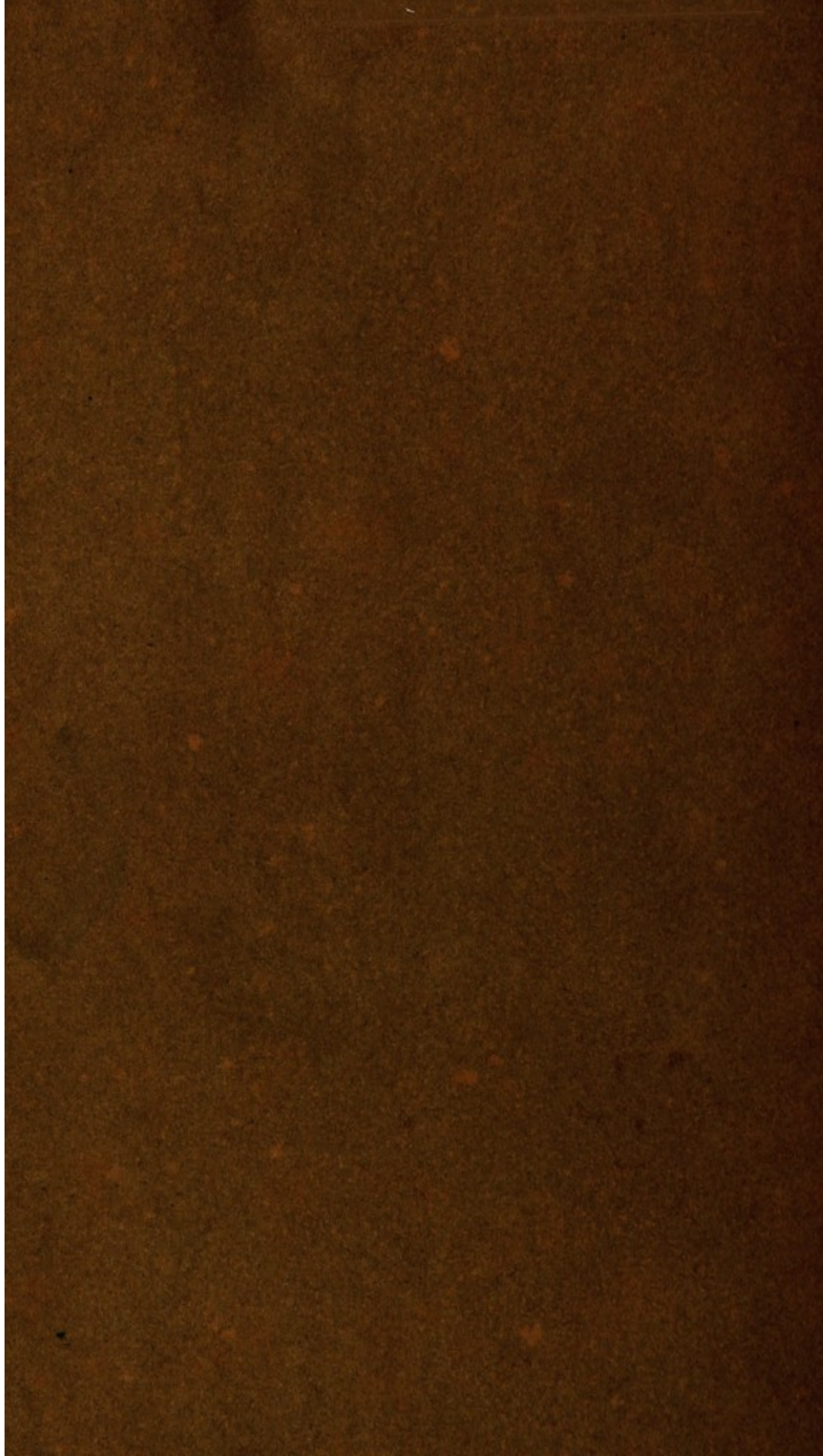












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