



THE  
NEWGATE STREET  
**PETITION**  
TO MR. MAYOR.

ALACK! and well-a-day!

Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor;  
We are all to grief a prey,

Mr Mayor:  
They are pulling NEWGATE down,  
That Structure of renown,  
Which so long hath graced our town,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

Antiquarians think't a scandal,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor;  
It would shock a Goth or Vandal,  
They declare:

What! destroy the finest *Lion*  
That ever Man set eye on!  
'Tis a deed all must cry fie on,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

Saint Andrew's Parishioners,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,  
Loud blame the Jail-Commissioners  
Mr Mayor;  
To pull down a Pile so splendid,  
Shews their powers are too extended  
And *The Act* must be amended,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

If *Blackett Street* they'd level,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,  
Or with *Bond Street* play the devil  
Who would care:  
But on *Newgate's* massive walls,  
When Destruction's hammer falls,  
For our sympathy it calls,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

'Tis a Pile of ancient standing,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,  
Deep reverence commanding,  
Mr Mayor;  
Men of *Note* and *Estimation*,  
In their course of *Elevation*,  
Have in it held a station,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

'Tis a first-rate kind of College,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,  
Where is taught much useful know-  
ledge!

Mr Mayor:  
When our fortunes "gang aglee,"  
If worthy Mr Gee,  
Does but on us turn his key,  
All's soon well, Mr Mayor!

In Beauty, nought can match it;  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,  
Should you think, we *throw the*  
*Hatchet*;

Mr Mayor,  
John Ad——n, with ease,  
(In purest *Portuguese*)  
Will convince you, if you please  
To consult him, Mr Mayor.

He'll prove t'ye, in a trice,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,  
'Tis a Pearl of great price,  
Mr Mayor:  
For, of ancient wood or stone,  
The value—few or none,  
Can better tell than John,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

Of this Edifice bereft,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,  
To the Neighbourhood what's left?  
Mr Mayor,  
The *Nun's Gate*, it is true,  
Still rises to our view,  
But that Modern Babel, few  
Much admire, Mr Mayor.

True, a Building 'tis, *Unique*,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,  
A charming *fancy-freak*,  
Mr Mayor,  
But candour doth impel us,  
To own, that Strangers tell us,  
The *Lodge* of our *Odd-Fellows*,  
They suppos'd it, Mr Mayor.

Still, if *Newgate's* doom'd to go,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,  
To the *Carlol Croft*—heigho-ho!  
Mr Mayor,  
As sure as you're alive,  
(And long, Sir, may you thrive,)  
The shock we'll ne'er survive,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor.

Then pity our condition,  
Mr Mayor, Mr Mayor,  
And stop it's demolition,  
Mr Mayor;  
The Commissioners restrain,  
From causing us such pain,  
And we'll pay, and ne'er complain,  
The *Jail-Cess*, Mr Mayor.

N. B. Due Notice will be given when the Petition will lie for Signatures.

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