

*A Sorrowful Copy of verses on the*  
**THE AWFUL DEATH**  
**AND LAST MOMENTS OF**  
**JAMES CONNOR**  
*Who was twice Hanged at Kirkdale Goal, for*  
*the Mill Street Murder.*

It will be remembered that at the late assizes, James Connor was sentenced to death for the murder of James Gaffney in Mill Street on the 11th of August.

The convict who on his trial betrayed little concern, was brought to a sense of his awful position by the daily visits of the Rev. Father Bonte, the zealous Roman Catholic chaplain of the goal.

Shortly before eight o'clock, the Sheriff, as is customary, demanded the body of the prisoner, who was accordingly handed over to the executioner to be pinned. This operation was performed with the utmost expedition, the culprit seeming to afford every assistance in his power. As the clock struck eight, the melancholy procession began to move slowly towards the scaffold. On it goes—the unfortunate man treading with firmness the road over which he will be borne hence, a lifeless corpse.

On arriving at the scaffold, the hangman took out the white cap, put it over the head of the criminal, he then fastened the rope round his neck, and linked;

the other end to the chain above, in a moment after the bolt was drawn, but instead of the man being launched into eternity, to the horror of the spectators, the rope broke and a cry of agony was heard. Connor was immediately observed to have fallen against the side of the scaffold with his feet on the flooring in a partially erect position. He was moaning, and crying "oh! oh!" In a moment all was consternation amongst the officials and Calcraft appeared greatly distressed at the accident. The warders instantly run to the wretched man's assistance, lifted him gently from the hold of the scaffold, and supported him until a chair was brought. After uttering a few deep groans he muttered to Warder Bradley, "What do you think; do you call this murder?" The chaplain recommenced his ministrations, and entreated him in tremulous voice to keep up. At this point Connor, although suffering terrible physical pain, was heard to exclaim in a feeble voice, "After this you should let me off; surely this is enough. I stood it like a brick the first time." A rope having been supplied by Captain Gibbs, the prisoner was placed by Calcraft a second time beneath the fatal beam, and at two minutes after eight o'clock the bolt was drawn again, and after a few convulsions of the body, death ensued.

All you that are christians of every degree,  
 I pray give attention and listen to me;  
 The Mill Street murderer has come to his end,  
 A sad scene of horror his death did attend;  
 In the prime of his life, a strong hearty man,  
 For the use of the knife on the drop he did stand,  
 Altho' the sad deed we deeply deplore,  
 We all must forgive him for now he's no more.

Think of James Connor and his miserable end,  
 What sad scenes of horror his death did attend;  
 His heart-broken mother with feelings undone,  
 Is praying to God for the soul of her son,

A wild wicked life James Connor had led,  
 He'd rather be drinking than working for bread,  
 He was a good tradesman and might have done well,  
 But his youth was neglected his history does tell,  
 To lead a rough life so wicked we say  
 All chance of true happiness, he threw away;  
 In riotous living his time quickly past,  
 At the gallows at last.

On Monday the 8th of September we know  
 As he walk'd to the gallows great courage did show,  
 As he stood on the scaffold he moved not a limb,  
 The horrors of death had no terror for him;  
 From under the drop the bolt quickly flew,  
 When a heart-rending sight met the officers' view,  
 The rope it had broken and then with a bound,  
 The half strangled convict had fell to the ground.

Poor Connor was raised and then he did say  
 "Don't you call this murder, so serve me this way?  
 I stood like a man with unquailing nerve,  
 And to have my life spared now I surely deserve."  
 But the officers knew that the sentence had said  
 That he must be hanged by the neck till he's dead,  
 With courage undaunted he stood up once more,  
 And in a few seconds the sad scene was o'er.

