

SHOCKING MURDER OF A WIFE, AT EPPING, Trial and Sentence.

At chelmsford last week the labourer Revell took his trial for the murder of his wife by nearly severing her head from her body.

It appears that the prisoner and his wife were dining at her mother's house, and the daughter asked her husband for the 3 shilling he had had out of her money, prisoner refused to give the money, when his wife laid o'd of his collar, saying he should not have any more drink. Prisoner however ran away and deoeased followed him. A man named Hogg, cried run after her, or she'll

be murdered it was the last time she was seen alive.

Police-donstable Tubbs deposed that he arrested the prisoner, who in reply to the charge, said. "Now you've come to the critical point, I might as well tell you I don't deny it. Good luck to her, the sooner the rope's round my neck the better.

The Jury having found the prisoner guilty of wilful murder, the Judge passed sentence of death.

All you that have one spark of feeling,
Just listen to this fearful crime.
Of murder that has been committed,
Poor Hester Revell, in her prime,
On that day with scarce a warning,
Charles koseph Revel killed his young
wife,
His breast with angry passion storming,
Deprived her suddenly of life.
May God forgive his wicked action,
For which he must now deplore,
And his young wife's soul rest with his maker
On that far and brighter shore.
To her parents house they did repair,
About mid day, on the ninth of June,
Bitter word then took place there
That caused her death that afternoon.
To a public house he then went drinking,
The worse for liquor he returned.
That poor young soul little thinking,
That bitter rage in his breast burned.
The house he left poor thing she followed,
To try and stop him but in vain.
God help her broken hearted parents,
She ne'er returned alive again,
With her hear near severed from her body,
Shortly after she was found,

With her young life's blood streaming,
Cold and lieless on the ground,
Their married life proved so unhappy,
They parted for they could not agree,
But were coming to some arrangement,
Togetiher again they thought to be,
No doubt her parents were rejoicing,
And trying to make peace we're sure,
And see them once again together,
That poor young wife now no more.
She struggled hard when they were parted,
Herself and children to maintain,
Like many a wife that's broken hearted,
Poorgoung soul who could her blame,
Day by day perhaps she was thinking,
Of him who should have been her stay,
May God forgive him for the action,
E're he dies on that awful day,
Think what now must be his feelings
As in the prison cell he lies,
Quickly away his time is fleeting,
Very soon he now must die,
Husbands, wives, think of thir murder,
And shan strong drink for of this be sure
It is the curse on many thousands,
And will lead to ruin many more,

