

MRS. SLOANE IS CAUGHT AT LAST.

Do stop a moment pray
I'll delay you scarce a minute,
Each word is trush you'll say,
That is when I begin it,
Old Mother Sloane they're caught,
And to London they have brought
her,
And to Newgate they have walked,
This chip of old nicks daughter.

Mother Sloane remember well,
Jane Wilbred den't forget her,
But like that poor starved girl,
I hope they'll give you pepper,

When you first took your flight,
And got amongst the Frenchmen,
Thinks you I am all right,
I've justice give the slip then,
But you have got your match this
time.
That will suit you to the letter,
You infernal imp of crime,
Pray is your ancle better.

What did you want in France,
How could you get your living,
Was it to learn the skeleton dance
Or to take in Orphan Children,
You must have been forlorn,
Though cheep are wine & custard,
Your stomach for to warm,
For of course you took no mustard

I dare say you felt quite well,
And easy in your mind too,
When the Frenchmen you did tell,
A shelter they'd not give you,

And when aboard the Ship
The trunk no doubt you will own,
I trust you had a pleasant trip
In your journey back to Folkstone,

Mother Sloane how was your head,
On leaving the salt water,
When the officers they said
Here is the brute we have caught
her,
Did the Railroad go too fast
When coming up to London,
Did you once think on the past,
On the cruel deeds you had done.

One thing you can't forget,
The facts they must be named there
Was it not quite a treet
To see the judge's chambers,
Was't there music in the words,
When the judge to you he did state
Old girl your case we heard,
So I'll pop you into' Newgate,

Now keep yourself alive.
You have not long to wait now
The time will soon arrive
When you will know your fate now,
I hope you'll get enough
To make you wish yourself dead,
You old Inhuman Crone
Just think of poor Jane Wilbred.

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drew Street, Seven Dlals,

