

THE RELEASE OF W. M. HABRON.

It's of the cruel fate of innocent William Habron,
Who was condemned to die for a deed he never done;
For the murder of a Policeman at Whalley Range near
Manchester.

He was tried and convicted though not the guilty one,
Upon the day that he was tried he stood by his two
brother side:

Altho' I have been wild he cried, I no one did annoy
But alas he was condemned, and to penal servitude did
send.

Innocent William Habron, the poor young Irish boy.

The Government they did agree, to set young William
Habron free.

His freedom and his liberty, once more he will enjoy,
And with a kind and welcome hand, when he goes to
his native land,

They will receive poor Habron, the innocent Irish boy

They ought to be more careful before they swear mens
lives away.

Or take from us our liberty which we so dearly prize,
They do not care or feel the smart, of breaking his poor
fathers heart,

Who went back to old Ireland in death to close his
eyes;

If Charles Peace had not confessed to relieve his guilty
breast,

Poor Habron by his sorrow oppress'd his hard fate
would bewail,

A dreary life of servitude, in misery and solitude,
Poor William Habron would have lived and died in a
gaol

We know he fervently did pray that he might live to
see the day.

When this dark cloud would pass away and the murder-
er be found,

He's had to suffer years of pain, although he never did
complain,

He only wanted to clear his name to all his friends a-
round,

The evidence it was not clear, but it nearly cost him
life so dear,

The gallows to him it seem'd so near he was prepared
to die;

Was it not a dreadful shame to brand him with a
murderers name,

And send him away from home and friends, in a convict
gaol to lie.

No one knows but those who feel the pressure of the
tyrants heel,

Which every day and hour reveals in Penal Servitude;
Charles Peace, as you do know, would rather die than
he would go,

The gallows did no terrors show, like that fearful
Solitude;

Many a man is suffering there, in misery and dark
despair;

Who perhaps had never had a share, in what he's sent
there for,

Tis' hard to be in such a place, & to have the name of
such disgrace,

Like innocent William Habron, whose troubles now
are o'er.

Charles Peace the burglar done his best, to relieve poor
Habron so oppress'd,

The wrong he done he has redress'd and got him free
once more,

But the troubles that he has gone through, and the
slavery work he's had to do;

The confinement he's been subject to, who's to pay
him for,

Sent away on this pretence, of comfort robbed in every
sense,

He ought to have some recompence, to fill his heart
with joy,

A hundred pounds they should pay down, the people
say in every town:

For the cruel false imprisonment, of a poor Irish boy.

John White, Printer &c, Ross Place, Liverpool.

THE SAD FATE OF CHARLES PEACE.

The scaffold now has done its duty,
And sent a murderer from this world,
Charles Peace he has been executed,
And to eternity is hurried.

On the 25th of February,
Upon the drop Charles Peace did stand
To be sent before his heavenly Maker,
For breaking of the Lord's command.

For the murder of Mr. Dyson,
Charles Peace has met an awful doom

And his career at length has ended,
He sleeps for ever in a felons tomb.

He made a full and free confession,
When he found his guilt was known,
That his crime so sad and cruel
Upon his trial was clearly shown.
He had no mercy for his victim,
And none to him the judge could give.
He had disgraced the name of man,
And was no longer fit to live.

Day and night he has been guarded,
By the warders in his cell,
As each lonely day departed,
With fear of death his courage fell.

He's been a burglar and a murderer,
But his career it now is run,
At Armley he was executed
And suffered for the deeds he's done.

From his cell out to the scaffold,
Thro' the chilly morning air,
The Banner-cross murderer was con-
ducted,
And looked a picture of sad despair,
His sad career was quickly ended,
As the fatal bolt was drawn,
Beneath his feet the drop descended,
And Charles Peace died a death of
sorrow.

What deeds of daring we must tell the like was never
seen

The Banner-cross murder brings to light;
In every town in England such commotion has
been.

When they read the murderers fierce determi-
n'd Charles Peace you'll understand, has been a terror to
the land,

Like Dick Turpin, and Jack Sheppard of renown
He was the Prince of robbers, he never join'd no band
But his guilty deeds at last have brought him
down.

Charles Peace has suffered death, and with his latest
breath,
He acknowledged that he well deserved his
doom.

He's been a villain all his life, and caused trouble, pain
But now he moulders in a murderers tomb

There's never been his equal in defying of the law,
The detectives he used to laugh to scorn,
His wild career is over he cannot rob no more.

It were better that he never had been born,
A bold ingenious man, it always was his plan,

To plunder people for ill-gotten gain,
Had he used the gifts God gave him like an honest man
His character would never had a stain.

The murder of Mr. Dyson, there is no one can defend.

Life is sweet to every one we know;
He had no cause to bring his victims life unto an end,
We have at his love for Mrs Dyson he would show.

No right to judge, but every one must say
That perhaps the murderer was not all to blame
But he has had to suffer the fruits of being gay,
And on the gallows died a death of shame.



MRS. DYSON.

With courage so determined no man ever knew,

When travelling down to Sheffield on the line,
The window of the express train the convict he leapt'd
through

Hoping that his life he could resign.
His time it had not come, his race it was not run,

Tho' bleeding from the wounds upon his head
On the line they saw him lying, Charles Peace was
nearly dying.

And in his heart he wished that he was dead.

On more than one occasion he has boldly fought for
life.

With his revolver fastened to his hand,
He commenced all his troubles when he forsook his
wife,

As all you married women understand,
Neath a dismal beam of wood, upon the drop he stood

A picture of death and misery,
Upon that Tuesday morn, the fatal bolt was drawn,

And Peace was launched into eternity.