

**PARTICULARS OF THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF  
GEORGE PARTRIDGE, AGED 21.**

*April 13, 1829.*  
Who was Executed at Bury-St.-Edmund's, on Monday last, for the Wilful Murder of GEORGE ANSELL, aged 9 years, within a few miles of Polstead, the late scene of Maria Martin's Murder.

**Also, the Prisoner's CONFESSION.**

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One trial will prove the fact.

**G**EORGE PARTRIDGE, aged 21, was found guilty of the Wilful Murder of George Ansell, a boy of nine years of age. The following particulars appeared on the trial:—Wm. Woodgate, sen. of Midling, near Polstead stated that on the 4th of November last, the boy, who was a servant to him, was sent into the fields to fetch the cows home, and his not returning in time, he went to look after him; on going into the field called the Lower Bloomfields he saw something lying on the ground like a hat; he went up to it, and found it was the body of Ansell, lying on his back; he went up to it, and the face was bloody, his hands were also covered with blood, and his throat was cut. Suspicion fell upon the prisoner who was seen by several persons that morning near the place where the Murder was committed and on his being arrested, and searched, a large clasp knife was found upon him, with marks of blood visible upon the blade, and also finger marks upon the handle.—Mr. Birch, the surgeon, stated, that he examined the body of the deceased, and found two incisions in the throat, about three inches wide, and two deep. The windpipe was completely severed. It appeared to have been done by a sharp instrument, and a great deal of violence used.

After the prisoner's committal, he made the following voluntary confession to the Clergyman of the goal:—That he went to work about six o'clock on the Tuesday morning; that his brother Thomas accompanied him as far as Mr. Woodgate's field, adjoining the moat-field; and after working a short time he left off and went to look for a swingell, which he had left before the harvest, when in going across the field he saw the deceased, who asked him what he did there, as he had no business across that field; that he replied—"What is that to you, I shall go where I please; and if you ask me again, I will give you a clout or two on the head;" that nothing else passed, and he (Partridge) went to look for

the swingell; on his return to his work, he again saw the deceased, who accused him of stealing Mr. Poole's house lamb; that he went up to him, took him by the top part of his head, held it back, and cut his throat.—Not having done it effectually, the deceased got up and ran towards home, when Partridge followed him, and inflicted another wound in the throat, when he fell, and never rose again. Not a word passed between them before he perpetrated the dreadful deed; that the deceased had days before, and often, taunted him with having stolen Mr. Poole's lamb; he did not know why the deceased had done so, but supposed he had heard it said that he (Partridge) had stolen Mr. Poole's sheep; that he was not concerned in stealing Mr. Poole's sheep; that he did not murder the little boy Ansell (brother to the deceased) last year; that he should not have gone out of his way to have caught the deceased; and that he had not sharpened his knife for that purpose.

The Jury consulted only a few minutes and then returned a Verdict of "Guilty." Mr. Baron Vaughan then passed sentence of Death upon him, and ordered him for execution, and his body to be given for dissection. The prisoner heard the sentence without betraying the least emotion, and walked firmly out of the dock with unaltered sullenness of countenance.

After condemnation this unhappy man conducted himself with a little more propriety than on his trial. He paid attention to the divine instruction of the Clergyman who attended him; and prayed for forgiveness for the sins he had committed: At the usual hour he was conducted to the place of Execution, where, in the view of an immense number of spectators, he was launched into eternity, an awful example to ungovernable passion.

The parents of the deceased have drunk deeply of the bitter cup of misery. They were formerly in better circumstances. A little more than a year since they had to mourn the loss of a child a little boy about seven years old, who came by a violent death; and whose body was found some time afterwards in an open ground, near the spot where the present murder was committed. Just before last harvest the poor man had the misfortune to break his leg; and, to complete their afflictions, another child has been barbarously murdered.

**COPY OF VERSES.**

A CRUEL act of Murder dread,  
Near Polstead has been found,  
Where Corder on his victim late,  
Did mark the guilty wound;  
George Ansell was a Farmer's boy  
But nine years old was he,  
Sprightly and gay of heart he was,  
From vice and mischief free.

On Tuesday morn to fetch the cows,  
The lad was bade to roam,  
And much the master wondered long,

He did not hasten home:  
At last they sought the field, and there  
The lifeless Boy they found,  
His throat was cut from ear to ear,  
A sad and horrid wound.

And marks of blood beyond were seen,  
As in his dying pain,  
The bleeding Boy strove to return,  
But found it all in vain:  
George Partridge was suspected soon  
To do the bloody deed.

And for him in pursuit they sought,  
With diligence and speed.

On him a large clasp'd knife they found,  
The handle dy'd all o'er,  
The blade too like a razor seem'd,  
All stain'd in crimson gore.  
The worthy Rector sought the wretch,  
With prayer and peace to bless,  
And to the worthy man he did  
His guilty deed confess.

**SOME ACCOUNT OF PARTRIDGE THE MURDERER.**

This wretched criminal paid the earthly penalty of his crimes on Monday last, without the wall of our goal. He was visited on Saturday by the Rev. J. Gee Smyth, to whom he confessed that he was guilty, not only of the crime for which he was to suffer, but also of the murder of James Ansell, a boy about seven years of age, the brother of his late victim, whose body was found in an open-ground in the parish of Midling, in August, 1827, after he had been missing for several days. This confession, as it affects other persons still at large, was retained by Mr. Smyth; but the main facts were subsequently divulged by the prisoner to others.

Partridge was one of a family of 15 children, of whom 15 are still living. His parents, who have always borne a good character, and five of his brethren and sisters, visited him on Sunday morning. His father had heard on the road the report of his confession, and said to him, "Why, George, Ted Partridge (the man acquitted on the charge of driving over a woman at Walsingham) says you killed little James." The prisoner said, "Yes, father, I killed both the boys." "Good God, George," exclaimed the unhappy father, "how came you to do that? I would have laid my life you never did it." "Oh, father," said the prisoner, "my run was all from being acquainted with them girls, the ——— (persons living near his father). He then stated that he had been repeatedly connected criminally with these three girls, but in particular with Bet, who was within a few days of her confinement when she married; that this woman (for what reason he did not then state, but it is understood in consequence of James A. still having been a witness of more than they approved) urged him to kill the boy, which he at first refused, but that she afterwards gave him a knife, and persuaded to yield to his wishes as often as he liked, for nothing, if he would cut the boy's throat; that in consequence of this he went in search of the boy, and found him sitting on the brow of a ditch, without his jacket, near the open-ground, where he stabbed him; that the poor child made some little noise, but was soon dead. Whilst committing this cold-blooded crime, he saw two boys, brothers of Bet ———, playing at some distance, but thought they did not see him. The boys, however, found the body, and went and told their sister, who, as the prisoner believed,

threw the body into an open field all night, and then put on the jacket and carried it into the open-ground. Bet's mother, as he supposed, thinking the children might get into trouble, went and helped her daughter in removing the body. The prisoner stated, that he returned the knife to the head that retained him to the crime, and who, he said, from that time always kept him poor, by catching his money under threats of informing against him. The prisoner persisted in declaring that he did not steal Mr. Poole's coat and hat; and his father said he believed him, for he had never brought any matter into their house, as he knew it would not be taken in, and he had no other place to cook it, and he had of late been unable to pay for a week for his board, as he used to do. The prisoner also denied at that time, that he had intended to do any violence to young Hawkins, son of a respectable farmer in the parish, who was way-laid by him some years before, as he was returning home from Blythston with change for a 100. some, about dusk.

On Sunday night, however, about 10 o'clock, this notorious villain told Mr. Orridge that he had something more to say to him, and he then acknowledged that, in consequence of young Hawkins having checked him about going about with "those girls," he had intended to murder him; that he pulled him off his donkey, and was feeling for his knife, but could not find it, when he was alarmed by some person coming up. The culprit informed Mr. West that he had lately been in the habit of attending a Methodist meeting, frequently three times on a Sunday, though his parents went to church. He declared that he went with serious motives himself, but that the abandoned woman before alluded to, retained there for no other purpose than to meet with young men.

Eagerly do we wish that this man's fate may be productive of salutary effects upon the minds of the young of both sexes; but it is a melancholy discouragement to the hope of such benefit, that George Partridge, with the guilt of one murder already on his conscience, was actually a spectator of the execution of Curlew—Bury Post.