

Verses composed on the confession and execution of

THOMAS W. PIPER,

THE CONVICTED BELFRY MURDERER.

It was on the twenty third of May  
In eighteen seventy five,  
When little mabel went to church  
Led at her aunty's side!

But ah alas they little thought  
As they to church did go,  
The sexton of that holy house  
Would lay dear mabel low!

Thy listened to the word of God  
The music soft and sweet,  
But when the services were out,  
Her aunt, a friend did meet?

She stoped to press her goodly hand  
And pass the time of day,  
And while thus talking to her friend  
Sweet mabel strayed away!

She strayed back to that holy place  
That house of God and prayer,  
The innocent and loving child  
She met her murderer there!

He led her by her little Hand  
Into the Belfry High,  
And with the bat he dealt a blow  
That made dear mabel Die.

For one who'd been a lovely child,  
Was lying nearly dead!  
And near her was a pool of blood  
From the blow upon her head!

Beside her lay the dreadful bat  
Had left the murder'ous hand!  
Ah that was there!—also the wretch  
That Justice did demand?

Ah soon the child is recognized,  
And bitter tears are shed?  
The beautiful, the musical,  
Sweet mabel was quite dead!

Boston looked sad with the dawning of morn-  
ing;  
The lifeless girl's body was laid in the Hall;  
And many fierce words full of vengeance were  
spoken,  
And Piper was hated, cursed, loathed in them  
all!

From many a village the people did gather  
To look on the form that in death did repose;  
And many a merciful mother and father  
Had hearts that to Piper the murderer froze.

O'er gentle little mabel's grave  
When grass is growing green,  
May fond ones weep—a nobler child,  
The earth has seldom seen!

Strew flowers over mabel's form,  
Which now the earth does cover.  
Her spirits free from every harm!  
God is her kindest lover!

A FEW WORDS

to

THE READER.

The public will doubtless remember the wandering Poet Byron DeWolfe, of Nashua N. H., who passed away some five years ago of congestion of the lungs; he still seems to feel his presence needed here in regard to composing Poetry on various subjects, as he was in the habit of Doing while here on this earth, and has selected the medium Miss Lillie as the most reliable and powerful medium to control. I wish it to be distinctly understood that these verses were composed by me Byron DeWolfe, through the mediumship of Miss Lillie, the Physical and test medium in about 2 hours and a half Parties wishing to consult the medium will find her one of the best test mediums the world can produce; she is an independent medium. Her present place of business is 35 Hanover St., where she can be seen and consulted.

Byron DeWolfe.

Now in the dark embracing earth,  
Does sleep sweet mabel's form;  
But she the mild and beautiful.  
No more can feel the storm!

Sleep, mangled form, in the cold earth be  
sleeping;  
Rest, gentle spirit, in sunshine and love;  
Mother afflicted, O, answer though weeping,  
Don't Mabel now wait for your coming, above?

An angel she seem'd when on earth she was  
living,  
Made her beautiful home all sunshine within;  
An angel she is, with "OUR FATHER" in  
Heaven,  
And free from surroundings of sorrow and sin.

Is human life so frail a thing,  
That fiends can murder so,  
And through the land from North to South  
One day unpunished go?

O, watch and wait, and trust and pray!  
To sweet hope fondly cling!  
Till he, who's hands have known her blood,  
Shall on a gallows swing!

Pity for fiends such as Thomas Piper,  
His cruelty to a kind mother and mild,  
Who wishes some spot neath the beautiful  
Heaven,  
That's safe for her darling and innocent child!

Pity there can be in one does illumine  
With sunshine and earth and the breast of the  
sea,  
But pity for fiends,—O it never was human,  
And never through the coming ages can be!

Fiend in the prison cell, who would remove you  
From it to be free on this bright earth again?  
Who, when that deed more than devil does  
prove you,  
What mother would plead your freedom obtain?

There's not a spot in the far arctic regions,  
As cold and as pitiless as thou hast been!  
There's not a devil amid countless legions,  
So wicked—so cruel—so abject—so mean!

Some parties were working for his commutation,  
Thinking possibly he might innocent be,  
When his council, one Sunday, called and told  
him:  
He feared he could never again be set free!

He then confessed all to his good faithful coun-  
sel,  
Telling him of the three murders he'd done.  
And for the first one he named little Mabel,  
Then Bridget Landregan and Mary Tynan!