

Extract from the, 'KENTISH POST', 22nd to 25th June, 1737:—

*'Last week the Famous Turpin met Sir Charles Turner one of the members of Lynn, upon Epping Forest, as he was returning into Norfolk, and saluted him after this manner.*

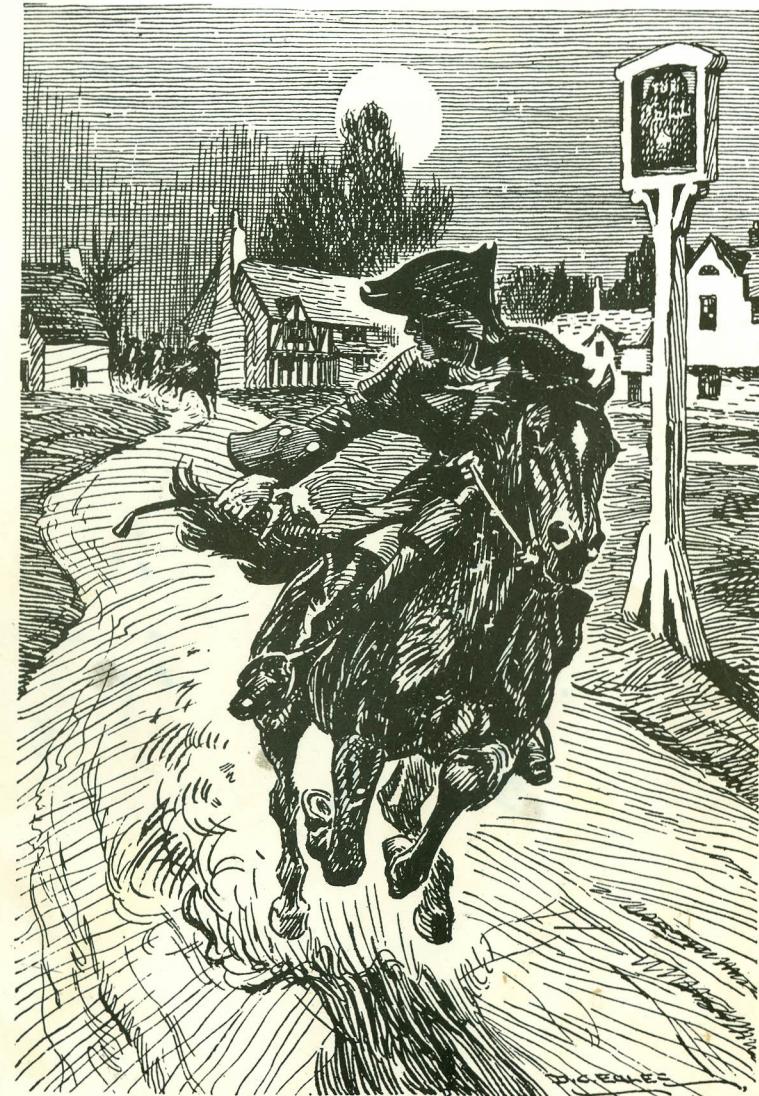
*"Sir Charles Turner, I am Turpin, and do not design to offer you any Incivility or rob you of anything. In a little time I shall come to the Gallows, and hope that when I have Occasion, you will do me your best Service." '*



ABBAY DENE PUBLICATIONS  
LONDON

# THE TRUE STORY OF DICK TURPIN

KENNETH PHILLIPS



## DICK TURPIN

'Mine host,  
Tell us a true tale about  
Highwaymen, the tricorn hat,  
The mask, cloak and cravat,  
Ready mounted, with horse —  
Pistols primed for attack.'



'Yes, I'll tell you a stirring story,  
Told quite truly from England's past,  
About England's greatest Highwayman,  
So that the truth will live and last.

Now when I was just a young lad,  
A rare grand good listener I was,  
I heard tell of 'High Toby' day  
The road — the steed — no boss.

## DICK TURPIN

Do you recall Dick Turpin, Black  
Bess, and his legendary ride to  
York, though many said he didn't,  
But some agree he paid no fee o'er  
Turnpike with the North the limit.

Dick was born at Hempstead in Essex in  
September of 1705, his father a butcher,  
That trade he followed and at twenty and  
Three wed Betty an honest man's daughter.

Times were hard so Dick took a  
Risk and became a jolly poacher,  
Which for a while did cause to  
Keep him contented as a butcher.

The farmer's guessed that he blessed  
His shop with another's valid cattle,  
So sought to detain this easy care  
As a mother removes a child's rattle.

They failed as so often they do  
Because they used brawn not brains,  
And Dick became a smuggling man  
Rather than rot in prison chains.

From bad to worse he seemed to go  
And joined Sam Gregory's Gang,  
But then little did Dick know  
That Gregory was going to hang.

## DICK TURPIN

They covered Epping Forest thoroughly,  
Robbed the rich in their large houses,  
Entered farms and plundered roguishly,  
With no one to stop their approaches.

In 1735 Gregory in boldness grew,  
And with Turpin and lads did view  
A house at Edgwarebury in Middlesex,  
With intent to maraud and accrue —

As much as they could,  
Which was quite understood  
In the ways of the past,  
The ways that they knew —

They didn't find the wealth they sought,  
So punished the maid and the owner old,  
For not supplying them with their want  
Of jewels, valuables and coins of gold.

The populace angry and very tired of  
The ravages of Gregory and his race,  
Caught and hanged him at Tyburn Tree,  
The outraged mob threw mud at his lace,  
But Dick, ah! Dick Turpin went free.

A broad shouldered man was Dick,  
About five foot nine in his socks,  
Fresh coloured, pockmarked, a light  
Natural wig to cover his manly locks.

## DICK TURPIN

Turpin, with his friend Rowden,  
Became 'Gentlemen of the Road'  
With spoils for a pistol's jaw,  
All South London they haunted,  
They rode quite undaunted, Barnes  
Common and Wandsworth they saw.

'Stand and deliver,' they cried,  
Then, 'Your money or your life,'  
Coachmen cursed and ladies sighed,  
But paid all, afraid of strife.

On parting, things were getting  
Warm, Dick to Essex did hie,  
And there held up a gent' high  
Born, and Tom King did cry —

'What! dog eat dog? Come let us  
Drink to compliment our number,  
We ride together now I think,  
Less chance for a buss to blunder.'

Tom's name was really Robert,  
And he had a brother Matthew,  
But not now is the time to plow  
The rut of relations for you.

At Bungay, in Suffolk, two  
Fair damsels they espied and  
Held them for their money,  
But some say money couldn't  
Pay for that taste of honey.

## DICK TURPIN

Turpin and King scoured Finchley Common,  
The Heaths of Putney, Hounslow, Hampstead,  
The inns gave them rest and refreshment,  
And then back on the road wherever it led.

At Hackney they stopped a man  
Who'd only one and sixpence,  
They gave him half a crown  
To remove his sorry frown,  
And sent him on his merry way  
Back hence to his home town.

Off to Regent's Park went Dick,  
All clad in his brightest linen,  
He kissed a beauty, Mrs. Fountayne,  
And told her, 'Remember Turpin.'

The 'Runners' could not find him,  
For in Epping Forest was a cave  
In which he dwelt, and maybe knelt  
To thank his God, who gave such  
A splendid life of luck to one  
Whom others would set in a grave.

His horses shoes were circled  
Shod, or nailed back to front,  
To confuse the bounty ones  
Who rode a fugitive to hunt.

Now Dick stole for Tom  
A strongly built steed,  
So that when pursued  
They both would lead.

## DICK TURPIN

O'er night they left the horse  
At the 'Red Lion', Whitechapel,  
And it was recognised of course  
By its proper owner and a hunter  
Who yearned to trap and capture  
These High Tobymen of adventure.

Matthew King collected the steed  
And was caught in the very deed;  
He told them where Dick had gone,  
And that he was with brother Tom.

They came up on the rare two  
Of immortal revue, and the  
Hunter, Dick Bayes, shot Tom,  
As he fell wounded he cried,  
'Shoot Dick else we're done.'

On horse Dick charged the foe,  
And fired a ball from on high,  
But by accident, my friends,  
It pierced Matthew's thigh.

In May 1737 a man of Epping in  
Vain tried to take Dick's freedom,  
In self-defence Turpin shot the man  
And more hunted he did become.

In the New Prison at Clerkenwell  
That very same May month Tom died,  
Not by the noose of a hangman but  
By the ball of Dick Bayes' pride.

## DICK TURPIN

Dick Turpin travelled Northward,  
And in Lincolnshire he stayed, but  
Destiny or fate drove him onward,  
And to Yorkshire he then did ride.

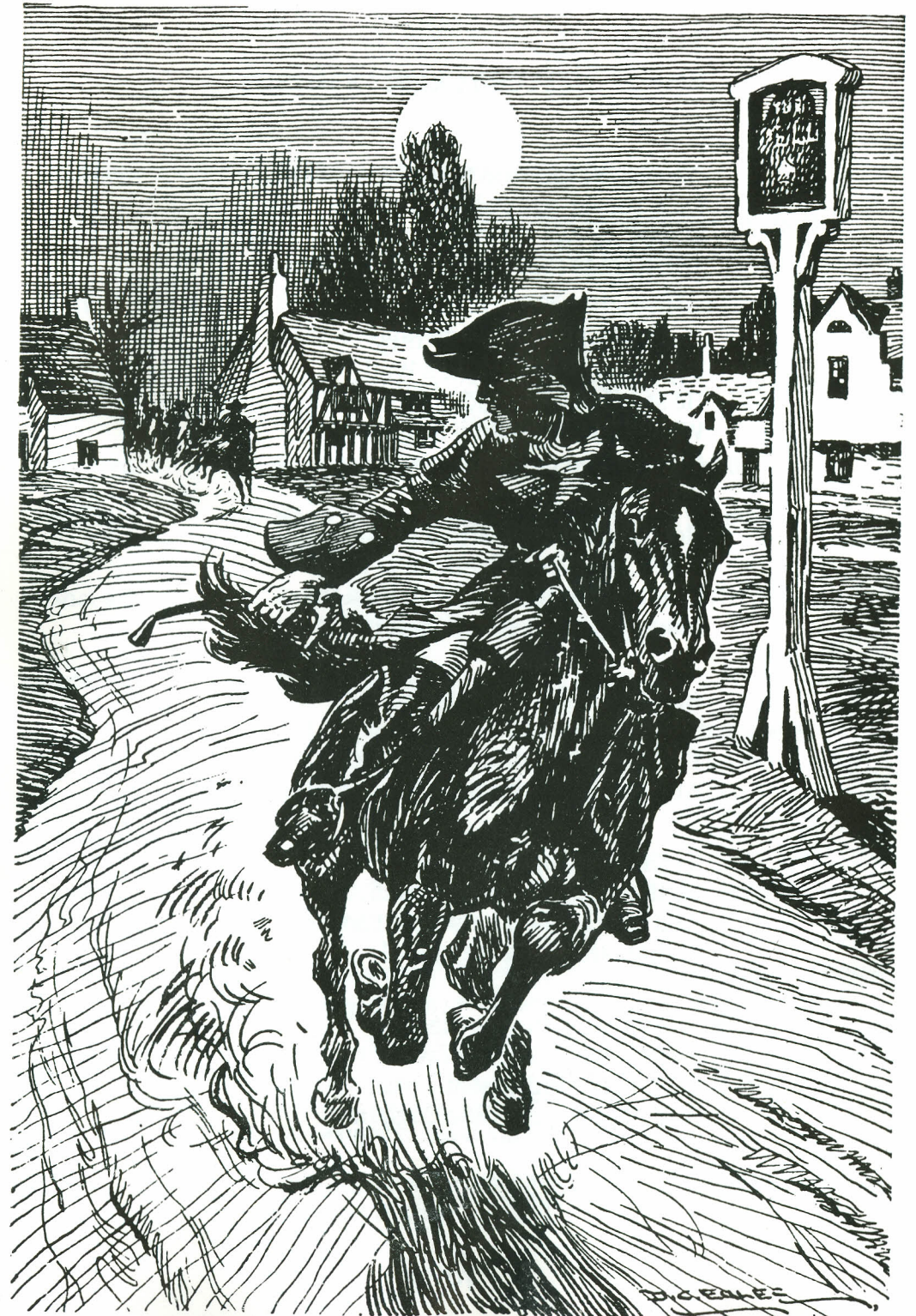
A Mr. Palmer, of affluent order,  
Dick decided that he would be,  
Popular, well liked, a sportsman,  
No 'Knight of the Road' was he.

His temper sometimes rather high,  
After a hunting, drinking, day,  
Made him shoot his host's cockerel  
And insult a neighbour, who had  
Commented on this unseemly play.

To the Justices they took him,  
For killing a bird, not his,  
And suspicions began to grow  
At this conduct rather amiss.

Yes, suspicions began to grow and  
Certain investigations were done,  
'Palmer' was held for horse theft,  
And the law, so strangely, had won.

To his brother-in-law Dick  
Wrote, but, alack that day,  
Dick's letter went astray,  
And Dick's old schoolmaster  
Did open the missive and say —



## EXTRACTS FROM NEWSPAPERS OF THE TIMES

Extract from the, 'COUNTRY JOURNAL', 24th May, 1737:—

*'Yesterday at 11 o'Clock in the morning Turpin robb'd two Coaches on Epping Forest and Last Saturday he robb'd a Gentleman upon Buckworth's Hill near Epping Forest of his money and a mare and then told the Gentleman that he desired to kill but two Persons, then he did not care if he was taken. ....'*

NB. The two persons were no doubt Dick Bayes, who shot Tom King, and John Wheeler of Gregory's Gang, who had turned King's evidence and betrayed the Gang to save himself from the gallows. KP.

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Extract from the, 'LONDON GAZETTE', 7th June, 1737:—

*'Yesterday in the afternoon, about Three O'clock as the Saffron Walden and Bishop Stortford Stage-Coaches were coming to Town they were stopp'd about a Mile and a Half this side of Epping, by Turpin the Famous Highwayman, who took from the Walden Coach about Six Pounds, and from the Stortford Coach about Four Pounds. He used the Passengers with a great deal of Civility, and although there were above twenty Persons in and about both Coaches, and a Chaise in Sight, he made off through the Wood without being taken.'*

§ § §

Extract from the, 'GENERAL EVENING POST', 11th June, 1737:—

*'On Wednesday Turpin robb'd several coaches and Persons alone not far from the Powder Mill on Hounslow Heath, particularly a Gentleman and his Lady, who live in Cork Street Burlington Gardens and were coming to Town, from whom he took upwards of thirty guineas.'*

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## OTHER BOOKS ABOUT DICK TURPIN

ROOKWOOD, Harrison Ainsworth.

REMARKABLE TRIALS, L. Benson.

THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE LIVES AND ROBBERIES OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS HIGHWAYMEN etc., A. Smith.

STAND AND DELIVER, E. Villiers.

HIGHWAYMAN'S HEATH, G.S. Maxwell.

IMMORTAL TURPIN, A. Ash & J.E. Day.

HIGHWAYMEN, C. Hibbert.

STAND AND DELIVER, THE STORY OF THE HIGHWAYMAN, P. Pringle.

DICK TURPIN AND THE GREGORY GANG, D. Barlow.

HIGHWAYMEN OF ENGLAND, PICTURESQUE BIOGRAPHIES etc., C.G. Harper.

THE NEWGATE CALENDAR, Sir N. Birkett.

HERO ON A STOLEN HORSE etc., H. & M. Evans.

THE CRIMSON BOOK OF HIGHWAYMEN, P. Newark.

HIGHWAYMEN AND OUTLAWS, J. Gilbert.

DICK TURPIN, York Castle Museum.



## POEMS

O, RARE TURPIN, Anon.

DICK TURPIN AND THE LAWYER, Anon.

EPIGRAM ON TURPIN, Kentish Post, April 1739.

BONNY BLACK BESS, Anon.

BLACK BESS, Eliza Cook.

THE BALLAD OF DICK TURPIN, Alfred Noyes.