

APPENDIX.

THE CASE AGAINST TORRENCE AND WALDIE.

AT page twenty-four *ante* a brief note is given of the case against Torrence and Waldie for the murder of a boy for the purpose of disposing of his body to the surgeons. The account there given is founded upon a brief jotting in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, and, as the case is one of considerable interest, the following more lengthy record is taken from the *Scots Magazine* for 1752:—

“Helen Torrence, residentifier, and Jean Waldie, wife of a stabler’s servant in Edinburgh, were tried, at the instance of the King’s Advocate, before the Court of Justiciary, for stealing and murdering John Dallas, a boy of about eight or nine years of age, son of John Dallas, chairman in Edinburgh. The indictment bears, that in November last the pannels frequently promised two or three surgeon-apprentices to procure them a subject; that they pretended that they were to sit up with a dead child, and after the coffining, slip something else into the coffin, and secrete the body; but said afterwards that they were disappointed in this, the parent refusing to consent; that on the 3rd of December, Janet Johnston, mother to the deceased, having come to Torrence’s house, was desired by her to sit down; that Waldie, who was then with Torrence, soon left them, on pretence of being ill with the colic, and went up stairs to her own house, which was immediately above that of Torrence; that thereafter, on hearing a knock upon the floor above, Torrence went up stairs to Waldie, staid a short while with her, then returned to Janet Johnstone, and invited her to drink a pint of ale in a neighbouring house, which invitation she accepted of; that after they had drunk one pint

of ale, Torrence offered another; that this second pint being brought in, Torrence went out of the ale-house; that then both or either of the pannels went to the house of the above-mentioned John Dallas, chairman, stole away the poor innocent boy in the absence of its parents, and murdered it; that Waldie immediately after went and informed the surgeon apprentices that Torrence and she had now found a subject, desiring them to carry it instantly away; that on this the apprentices came to Waldie's house, and found the dead body stretched on a chest; that having asked what they should give for the subject? would not two shillings be enough? Both pannels declared they had been at more expense about it than that sum; but that upon their giving Torrence tenpence to buy a dram, she and Waldie accepted of the two shillings in part payment; that, at the desire of the apprentices, Torrence carried the body in her apron to one of their rooms, for which she received sixpence more; and that when the pannels were apprehended, some of the facts were confessed by them, by Torrence before one of the Bailies of Edinburgh, and by Waldie before the Lord Provost; Waldie in particular, having confessed that Torrence told her, that should this boy die, he would be a good one for the doctors; that, at Torrence's desire, she frequently went to see how the boy was; that thereafter, Torrence having asked her how he was? and she having answered, that he continued much in the same way, Torrence replied that it would be better to take him away alive, for he would be dead before he could be brought to her house; that accordingly, after the boy's mother had seen Waldie upstairs to her own house, 3rd December, Torrence came and told her that she and the mother were then drinking a pint of ale, and that it would be a proper time for Waldie to go for the boy; that Waldie accordingly went, found the boy looking over a window, took him up in her arms, and carried him directly to her own house, whither she was immediately followed by Torrence; that, before Torrence came in, Waldie had given the boy a drink of ale, but it would scarce go over, and he died six minutes thereafter; and that Waldie, at Torrence's desire, went for the surgeons, and sold the dead body to them, as above. On missing their child, the parents

made inquiry for him. In about four days, the body was found in a place of the town little frequented, but with evident marks of having been in the surgeons' hands. The parents were thereupon taken up, and likewise the pannels. The pannels were examined, the parents set at liberty, and the pannels kept in prison. Their trial came off on the 3rd February. After debates, the Lords found the libel relevant to infer the pains of law. A proof was taken on the same day. Among the witnesses were the boy's parents, and the surgeons' apprentices. Next day the jury returned the following verdict:— 'Found, that the pannels are both guilty, art and part, of stealing John Dallas, a living child, and son of John Dallas, chairman in Edinburgh, from his father's house, at the time and in the manner libelled; and of carrying him to the house of Jean Waldie, one of the pannels; and soon thereafter, on the evening of the day libelled, of selling and delivering his body, then dead, to some surgeons and students of physic.' Counsel were heard on the import of this verdict on the sixth, when all defences were over-ruled. Both pannels were sentenced to be hanged in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, on the 18th March. They were executed accordingly. Waldie, in her last speech, says, that Torrence prevailed on her, when much intoxicated, to go and carry the child alive from its mother's house; that she carried it in her gown-tail to her own house; that when she arrived at home, she found the child was dead, having, as she believed, been smothered in her coats in carrying it off; that it really died in her hands; that she acknowledges her sentence to be just. Torrence declines saying anything about the crime."

On page 152 of MacLaurin's *Remarkable Cases*, under date February 3, 1752, there is a short account of the pleadings at the trial. The following is a note of the matter contained there, with the exception of the finding of the jury, which has already been given:—

His Majesty's Advocate against Helen Torrence and Jean Waldie.

"They were indicted for stealing and murdering John Dallas, a boy about eight or nine years of age, son of John Dallas, chairman, in Edinburgh, on the 3rd December, 1751.

“The counsel for the prisoners represented, that however the actual murder might be relevant to infer the pains of death, yet the stealing of the child could only infer an arbitrary punishment. And as to the selling of the dead body, it was no crime at all.

“*Ans.*—Though the stealing the child when alive, when disjoined from the selling of it when dead, might not go so far; yet, when taken together, they were undoubtedly relevant to infer a capital punishment.

“The court pronounced the usual interlocutor.”

AN INTERVIEW WITH BURKE IN PRISON.

The following appeared in the *Caledonian Mercury* early in the month of January, 1829 :—

“The information from which the following article is drawn up we have received from a most respectable quarter, and its perfect correctness in all respects may be confidently relied on. In truth, it is as nearly as possible a strict report, rather than the substance, of what passed at an interview with Burke, in the course of which the unhappy man appears to have opened his mind without reserve, and to have given a distinct and explicit answer to every question which was put to him relative to his connection with the late murders.

After some conversation of a religious nature, in the course of which Burke stated that, while in Ireland, his mind was under the influence of religious impressions, and that he was accustomed to read his Catechism and Prayer-book, and to attend to his duties. He was asked, ‘How comes it then that you, who, by your own account, were once under the influence of religious impressions, ever formed the idea of such dreadful atrocities, of such cold-blooded, systematic murders as you admit you have been engaged in—how came such a conception to enter your mind?’ To this Burke replied, ‘that he did not exactly know; but that becoming addicted to drink, living in

open adultery, and associating continually with the most abandoned characters, he gradually became hardened and desperate; gave up attending chapel or any place of religious worship, shunned the face of the priest, and being constantly familiar with every species of wickedness, he at length grew indifferent as to what he did, and was ready to commit any crime.'

"He was then asked how long he had been engaged in this murderous traffic, to which he answered, 'From Christmas, 1827, till the murder of the woman Docherty in October last.' 'How many persons have you murdered, or been concerned in murdering, during the time? Were they 30 in all?' 'Not so many; not so many, I assure you.' 'How many?' He answered the question, but the answer was, for a reason perfectly satisfactory, not communicated to us, and reserved for a different quarter.

"'Had you any accomplices?' 'None but Hare. We always took care when we were going to commit a murder that no one else should be present; that no one could swear he saw the deed done. The women might suspect what we were about, but we always put them out of the way when we were going to do it. They never saw us commit any of the murders. One of the murders was done in Broggan's house while he was out, but before he returned the thing was finished and the body put into a box. Broggan evidently suspected something, for he appeared much agitated, and entreated us to take away the box, which we accordingly did. But he was not in any way concerned in it.'

"'You have already told me that you were engaged in these atrocities from Christmas, 1827, till the end of October, 1828. Were you associated with Hare during all that time?' 'Yes, we began with selling to Dr. — the body of a woman who had died a natural death in Hare's house. We got ten pounds for it. After this we began the murders, and all the rest of the bodies that we sold to him were murdered.'

"'In what place were these murders generally committed?' 'They were mostly committed in Hare's house, which was very convenient for the purpose, as it consisted of a room and kitchen. Daft Jamie was murdered there. The story told of

this murder is incorrect. Hare began the struggle with him, and they fell and rolled together on the floor; then I went to Hare's assistance, and we at length finished him, though with much difficulty. I committed one murder in the country by myself. It was in last harvest. All the rest were done in conjunction with Hare.'

"By what means were these fearful atrocities perpetrated?' 'By suffocation. We made the persons drunk, and then suffocated them by holding the nostrils and mouth and getting on the body. Sometimes I held the mouth and nose, while Hare went upon the body; and sometimes Hare held the mouth and nose, while I placed myself on the body. Hare has perjured himself by what he said at the trial about the murder of Docherty. He did not sit by while I did it, as he says. He was on the body assisting me with all his might, while I held the nostrils and mouth with one hand, choked her under the throat with the other. We sometimes used a pillow, but did not in this case.'

"Now, Burke, answer me this question:—Were you tutored and instructed, or did you receive hints from any one as to the mode of committing murder?' 'No, except from Hare. We often spoke about it, and we agreed that suffocation was the best way. Hare said so, and I agreed with him. We generally did it by suffocation.'

"Did you receive any encouragement to commit or persevere in committing these atrocities?' 'Yes; we were frequently told by Paterson that he would take as many bodies as we could get for him. When we got one he always told us to get more. There was commonly another person with him of the name of ——. They generally pressed us to get more bodies for them.'

"To whom were the bodies so murdered sold?' 'To Dr. ——. We took the bodies to his rooms in ———, and then went to his house to receive the money for them. Sometimes he paid us himself; sometimes we were paid by his assistants. No questions were ever asked as to the mode in which we had come by the bodies. We had nothing to do but to leave a body at the rooms, and go and get money.'

"Did you ever, upon any occasion, sell a body or bodies to

any other lecturer in this place?' 'Never. We knew no other.'

"'You have been a resurrectionist (as it is called) I understand?' 'No. Neither Hare nor myself ever got a body from a churchyard. All we sold were murdered, save the first one, which was that of the woman who died a natural death in Hare's house. We began with that: our crimes then commenced. The victims we selected were generally elderly persons; they could be more easily disposed of than persons in the vigour of health.'

"Such are the disclosures which this wretched man has made, under circumstances which can scarcely fail to give them weight with the public. Before a question were put to him concerning the crimes he had been engaged in, he was solemnly reminded of the duty incumbent upon him, situated as he is, to banish from his mind every feeling of animosity towards Hare, on account of the evidence which the latter gave at the trial; he was told that a dying man, covered with guilt, and without hope except in the infinite mercy of Almighty God, through our blessed Redeemer the Lord Jesus Christ, he, who stood so much in need of forgiveness, must prepare himself to seek it by forgiving from his heart all who had done him wrong; and he was emphatically adjured to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, without any attempt either to palliate his own iniquities, or to implicate Hare more deeply than the facts warranted. Thus admonished, and thus warned, he answered the several interrogations in the terms above stated; declaring at the same time, upon the word of a dying man, that everything he had said was true, and that he had in no respect exaggerated or extenuated anything, either from a desire to inculcate Hare, or to spare anyone else."

THE CONFESSIONS OF BISHOP AND WILLIAMS,
THE LONDON "BURKERS."

The following are the confessions of Bishop and Williams, the London "Burkers," an account of whose case is given in

chapter XLI. They were emitted in presence of the Under-Sheriff on the 4th of December, 1831, the day before their execution :—

“ I, John Bishop, do hereby declare and confess, that the boy supposed to be the Italian boy was a Lincolnshire boy. I and Williams took him to my house about half-past ten o'clock on the Thursday night, the 3rd of November, from the Bell, in Smithfield. He walked home with us. Williams promised to give him some work. Williams went with him from the Bell to the Old Bailey watering-house, whilst I went to the Fortune of War. Williams came from the Old Bailey watering-house to the Fortune of War for me, leaving the boy standing at the corner of the court by the watering-house at the Old Bailey. I went directly with Williams to the boy, and we walked then all three to Nova Scotia Gardens, taking a pint of stout at a public-house near Holloway Lane, Shoreditch, on our way, of which we gave the boy a part. We only stayed just to drink it, and walked on to my house, where we arrived about eleven o'clock. My wife and children and Mrs. Williams were not gone to bed, so we put him in the privy, and told him to wait there for us. Williams went in and told them to go to bed, and I stayed in the garden. Williams came out directly, and we both walked out of the garden a little way, to give time for the family getting to bed : we returned in about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and listened outside the window to ascertain whether the family were gone to bed. All was quiet, and we then went to the boy in the privy, and took him into the house ; we lighted a candle, and gave the boy some bread and cheese, and, after he had eaten, we gave him a cup full of rum, with about half a small phial of laudanum in it. (I had bought the rum the same evening at the Three Tuns, in Smithfield, and the laudanum also in small quantities at different shops). There was no water or other liquid put in the cup with the rum and laudanum. The boy drank the contents of the cup directly in two draughts, and afterwards a little beer. In about ten minutes he fell asleep on the chair on which he sat, and I removed him from the chair to the floor, and laid him on his side. We then went out and left him

there. We had a quartern of gin and a pint of beer at the Feathers, near Shoreditch Church, and then went home again, having been away from the boy about twenty minutes. We found him asleep as we had left him. We took him directly, asleep and insensible, into the garden, and tied a cord to his feet to enable us to put him up by, and I then took him in my arms, and let him slide from them headlong into the well in the garden, whilst Williams held the cord to prevent the body going altogether too low in the well. He was nearly wholly in the water in the well, his feet just above the surface. Williams fastened the other end of the cord round the paling, to prevent the body getting beyond our reach. The boy struggled a little with his arms and his legs in the water; the water bubbled for a minute. We waited till these symptoms were past, and then went in, and afterwards I think we went out, and walked down Shoreditch to occupy the time, and in about three-quarters of an hour we returned and took him out of the well, by pulling him by the cord attached to his feet. We undressed him in the paved yard, rolled his clothes up, and buried them where they were found by the witness who produced them. We carried the boy into the wash-house, laid him on the floor, and covered him over with a bag. We left him there, and went and had some coffee in Old Street Road, and then (a little before two on the morning of Friday) went back to my house. We immediately doubled the body up, and put it into a box, which we corded so that nobody might open it to see what was in it; and then went again and had some more coffee in the same place in Old Street Road, where we stayed a little while, and then went home to bed—both in the same house, and to our own beds as usual; we slept till about ten o'clock on Friday morning, when we got up, took breakfast together with the family, and then went both of us to Smithfield, to the Fortune of War—we had something to eat and drink there. In about half-an-hour May came in—I knew May—but had not seen him for about a fortnight before,—he had some rum with me at the bar, Williams remaining in the tap-room. [The condemned man then described the movements of himself and Williams, and May during that day, in course of which they

were principally occupied in visiting public houses, though they called upon two lecturers on anatomy and offered them the body, but were refused.] At the Fortune of War we drank something again, and then (about six o'clock) we all three went in the chariot to Nova Scotia Gardens; we went into the wash-house, where I uncorded the trunk, and shewed May the body. He asked, "how are the teeth?" I said I had not looked at them. Williams went and fetched a brad-awl from the house, and May took it and forced the teeth out; it is the constant practice to take the teeth out first, because, if the body be lost, the teeth are saved; after the teeth were taken out, we put the body in a bag, and took it to the chariot; May and I carried the body, and Williams got first into the coach, and then assisted in pulling the body in. . . ." [The rest of this part of the confession is simply a record of "having something to drink," and visiting lecturers, who refused to purchase the body. It concludes with an account of the apprehension of the men at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, with the body in their possession.]

In an addition to this confession of the murder of the boy, Bishop made this further statement:—

"I declare that this statement is all true, and that it contains all the facts so far as I can recollect. May knew nothing of the murder, and I do not believe he suspected that I had got the body except in the usual way, and after the death of it. I always told him I got it from the ground, and he never knew to the contrary until I confessed to Mr. Williams [a clergyman] since the trial. I have known May as a body-snatcher for four or five years, but I do not believe he ever obtained a body except in the common course of men in the calling—by stealing from the graves. I also confess that I and Williams were concerned in the murder of a female—whom I believe to have been since discovered as Fanny Pigburn—on or about the 9th of October last. I and Williams saw her sitting about eleven or twelve o'clock at night on the step of a door in Shoreditch, near the church. She had a child four or five years old on her lap. I asked her why she was sitting there. She said she had no home to go to, for her landlord had turned her out into the

street. I told her that she might go home with us, and sit by the fire all night. She said she would go with us, and she walked with us to my house, in Nova Scotia Gardens, carrying her child with her. When we got there we found the family abed, and we took the woman in and lighted a fire, by which we all sat down together. I went out for beer, and we all took beer and rum (I had brought the rum from Smithfield in my pocket); the woman and her child laid down on some dirty linen on the floor, and I and Williams went to bed. About six o'clock next morning I and Williams told her to go away, and to meet us at the London Apprentice in Old-Street Road, at one o'clock. This was before our families were up. She met us again at one o'clock at the London Apprentice, without her child. We gave her some half-pence and beer, and desired her to meet us again at ten o'clock at night at the same place. After this we bought rum and laudanum at different places, and at ten o'clock we met the woman again at the London Apprentice, she had no child with her. We drank three pints of beer between us there, and stayed there about an hour. We would have stayed there longer, but an old man came in whom the woman said she knew, and she said she did not like him to see her there with any body; we therefore all went out; it rained hard, and we took shelter under a door-way in the Hackney Road for about an hour. We then walked to Nova Scotia Gardens, and Williams and I led her into No. 2, an empty house adjoining my house. We had no light. Williams stepped into the garden with the rum and laudanum, which I had handed to him; he there mixed them together in a half-pint bottle, and came into the house to me and the woman, and gave her the bottle to drink; she drank the whole at two or three draughts; there was a quartern of rum, and about half a phial of laudanum; she sat down on the step between two rooms in the house, and went off to sleep in about ten minutes. She was falling back; I caught her to save her fall, and she laid back on the floor. Then Williams and I went to a public-house, got something to drink, and in about half-an-hour came back to the woman; we took her cloak off, tied a cord to her feet, carried her to a well in the garden and thrust

her into it headlong; she struggled very little afterwards, and the water bubbled a little at the top. We fastened the end to the pailings to prevent her going down beyond our reach, and left her and took a walk to Shoreditch and back, in about half-an-hour; we left the woman in the well for this length of time, that the rum and laudanum might run out of the body at the mouth. On our return, we took her out of the well, cut her clothes off, put them down the privy of the empty house, carried the body into the wash-house of my own house, where we doubled it up and put it into a hair-box, which we corded and left there. We did not go to bed, but went to Shields' [a street porter] house in Eagle Street, Red Lion Square, and called him up; this was between four and five o'clock in the morning. We went with Shields to a public-house near the Sessions-house, Clerkenwell, and had some gin, and from thence to my house, where we went in and stayed a little while, to wait the change of the police. I told Shields he was to carry that trunk to St. Thomas's Hospital. He asked if there was a woman in the house who could walk alongside of him, so that people might not take any notice. Williams called his wife up, and asked her to walk with Shields, and to carry the hat-box which he gave her to carry. There was nothing in it, but it was tied up as if there were. We then put the box with the body on Shields' head, and went to the hospital, Shields and Mrs. Williams walking on one side of the street, and I and Williams on the other. At St. Thomas's Hospital I saw Mr. South's footman, and sent him up stairs to Mr. South to ask if he wanted a subject. The footman brought me word that his master wanted one, but could not give an answer till the next day, as he had not time to look at it. During this interview, Shields, Williams, and his wife, were waiting at a public-house. I then went alone to Mr. Appleton, at Mr. Grainger's [Anatomical Theatre], and agreed to sell it to him for eight guineas, and afterwards I fetched it from St. Thomas's Hospital, and took it to Mr. Appleton, who paid me £5 then, and the rest on the following Monday. After receiving the £5, I went to Shields and Williams and his wife, at the public-house, when I paid Shields 10s. for his trouble, and we then all went to the Flower Pot in Bishopsgate, where we had something

to drink, and then went home. I never saw the woman's child after the first time before mentioned. She said she had left the child with a person she had taken some of her things to, before her landlord took her goods. The woman murdered did not tell us her name; she said her age was thirty-five, I think, and that her husband, before he died, was a cabinetmaker. She was thin, rather tall, and very much marked with the small-pox. I also confess the murder of a boy who told us his name was Cunningham. It was a fortnight after the murder of the woman. I and Williams found him sleeping about eleven or twelve o'clock at night, on Friday, the 21st of October, as I think, under the pig-boards in the pig market in Smithfield. Williams woke him, and asked him to come along with him (Williams), and the boy walked with Williams and me to my house in Nova Scotia Gardens. We took him into my house, and gave him some warm beer, sweetened with sugar, with rum and laudanum in it. He drank two or three cups full, and then fell asleep in a little chair belonging to one of my children. We laid him on the floor and went out for a little while, and got something to drink and then returned, carried the boy to the well, and threw him into it, in the same way as we served the other boy and the woman. He died instantly in the well, and we left him there a little while, to give time for the mixture we had given him to run out of the body. We then took the body from the well, took off the clothes in the garden, and buried them there. The body we carried into the wash-house, and put it into the same box, and left it there till the next evening, when we got a porter to carry it with us to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where I sold it to Mr. Smith for eight guineas. This boy was about ten or eleven years old, said his mother lived in Kent Street, and that he had not been home for a twelvemonth and better. I solemnly declare that these were all the murders in which I have been concerned, or that I know anything of; that I and Williams were alone concerned in these, and that no other person whatever knew anything about either of them, and that I do not know whether there are others who practise the same mode of obtaining bodies for sale. I know nothing of any Italian boy, and was never concerned in or

knew of the murder of such a boy. . . . Until the transactions before set forth, I never was concerned in obtaining a subject by the destruction of the living. I have followed the course of obtaining a livelihood as a body-snatcher for twelve years, and have obtained and sold, I think, from 500 to 1000 bodies; but I declare, before God, that they were all obtained after death, and that, with the above exceptions, I am ignorant of any murder for that or any other purpose."

Williams, whose proper name was Thomas Head, confirmed the confession given above as altogether true.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

The following songs and ballads were published at the time the news of the West Port tragedies was agitating the people of Scotland. They are rude and unpoetical for the most part, but they are fairly representative of a very extensive class, in which the feelings of the common people are not unfaithfully mirrored.

RHYMES

On reading the Trial of William Burke and Helen M'Dougal, for Murder, 24th December, 1828.

AN EXPOSTULATION.

"Thou can'st not say I did it!!!"

AH!—can'st thou, with cold indifference see
The hand of execration point to thee?

Can'st thou, unmov'd, bear a whole nation's cry,
 To cleanse thyself from the polluted sty
 Of Burke, and Hare, and all that fiendish crew,
 Who, for mere gain, their fellow-mortals slew,
 And sold to thee, as thou hast not denied,
 Such bodies as by students were descried
 Ne'er to have been interred, nay, bore, some say,
 Strong marks of life, by violence reft away?
 And thou didst not attempt the truth to find,
 Though oft it must have flash'd across thy mind;
 But with a reckless carelessness, receiv'd
 Whate'er was brought,* and any lie believ'd,
 Told by the gang, whose very forms do show
 They would not tell thee aught thou did'st not know,
 Or should'st have known, if true thy Science says,
 That marks of death by *Murder* any ways
 May well be seen, when the dissecting knife
 Opens all the sure and secret seats of life.†
 Art thou a Scotsman — ? then haste to prove
 That patriotic feelings can thy bosom move;
 Haste to wipe out the stain thy country shares,
 While such a stigma fair Edina bears.
 Art thou a son of Science? quickly, then,
 Show she does not make brutes of *lect'ring* men.
 Art thou a Father? then thy child may plead,
 To cleanse thyself from this unholy deed.
 Art thou a husband? ask thine honest wife,
 If 'twere not better to descend in life,

* *Vide* the evidence produced on the trial of Burke, &c. It has been told as a fact, that this gang carried off to — one of their slaughtered victims in such a hurry, that the body actually *groaned* in the box on the porter's back. No doubt the half-strangled being would be dead enough after a night in the — cellar.—*Original Note.*

† The — is understood to be profoundly skilled in Anatomy; consequently, it is one of the bitterest satires that can be uttered against the utility of the Science, to say that he was *ignorant* that the bodies supplied by Burke and his gang had come to their death by violence.—*Original Note.*

Than traffic with the basest, vilest band,
 And thus for — soon's the deed is plann'd ;
 A ready market keep—and hide away
 An *old tea-box* ; that's all which you can say.
 Art thou a Christian ? think'st thou this avails
 With Him on high, who, with unerring scales,
 Weighs all the thoughts, and words, and deeds of men,
 And searches through, ev'n the soul's inmost *ken* ?
 If this dread argument will not prevail,
 Nought can thy cold obdurate heart assail.
 Yes, time mispent, and surely worse than vain,
 'Tis to attempt to rouse, by my poor strain,
 The proud rich man, hedg'd round by many a friend,
 Whose voice th' applause of hundred youths attend.
 If his own conscience will not wake and cry,
 Assert thine innocence, REPLY, REPLY,
 To all the accusations lately rais'd
 'Gainst thy fair fame, till ev'n — has gaz'd,
 And gaz'd in vain to see thee — come forth,
 Arm'd with thy ——— thy ——— and thy ———
 * * * * *Cetera desunt.*

WILLIAM BURKE.

O BURKE, cruel man, how detested thy name is !
 Thy dark deeds of blood are a stain on our times.
 O savage, relentless, forever infamous,
 Long, long will the world remember thy crimes.

Thrice ten human beings, weep all you who hear it,
 Were caught in his snares and caught in his den,
 The shades of thy victims may elude thy vile spirit,
 O Burke, cruel monster, thou basest of men,

The weary, the old, and the way-faring stranger,
Were woo'd by his kindness and led to his door,
But little knew they that the path led to danger,
O little knew they that their wanderings were o'er.

Little knew they that the beams of the morning,
To wake them to brightness, would shine all in vain,
And little their friend knew, who watched their returning,
That they were ne'er more to return back again.

O gather the bones of the murdered together,
And give them a grave in some home of the dead,
That their poor weeping friends with sad hearts may go thither,
And shed tears of sorrow above their cold bed.

Ye great men of learning, ye friends of dissection,
Who travell'd through blood to the temple of gain,
And bright human life for your hateful inspection,
O give the poor friends the white bones of the slain.

But woe to the riches and skill thus obtained,
Woe to the wretch that would injure the dead,
And woe to his portion whose fingers are stained
With the red drops of life that he cruelly shed.

Tho' Burke has been doom'd to expire on the gallows,
The vilest that ever dishonoured the tree,
Yet some may survive him whose hearts are as callous,
O, who will be safe if the tigers be free.

Let none e'er reside in the crime marked dwellings,
For ever disgraced by Burke and by Hare,
May the cold damp of horror lie dark in their ceilings,
And their pale ghastly walls still be dismal and bare.

Let their guilt and their gloom speak of nothing but terror,
 Some dark deeds of blood to the stranger declare,
 And ages to come ever mark them with horror,
 For the ghosts of the murdered will still gather there.

ELEGIAC LINES WRITTEN ON THE TRAGICAL
 MURDER OF POOR DAFT JAMIE.

ATTENDANCE give, whilst I relate
 How Poor Daft Jamie met his fate ;
 'Twill make your hair stand on your head,
 As I unfold the horrid deed ;—

That hellish monster, William Burke,
 Like Reynard sneaking on the lurk,
 Coy-duck'd his prey into his den,
 And then the woeful work began ;—

“ Come, Jamie, drink a glass wi' me,
 And I'll gang wi' ye in a wee,
 To seek yer mither i' the toun—
 Come drink, man, drink, an' sit ye down.”

“ Nae, I'll no' drink wi' ye the nou,
 For if I div 'twill make me fou ;”
 “ Tush, man, a wee will do ye guid,
 'Twill cheer yer heart, and warm yer bluid.”

At last he took the fatal glass,
Not dreaming what would come to pass;
When once he drank, he wanted more—
Till drunk he fell upon the floor.

“Now,” said th’ assassin, “now we may
Seize on him as our lawful prey.”
“Wait, wait,” said Hare, “ye greedy ass;
He’s yet too strong—let’s tak’ a glass.”

Like some unguarded gem he lies—
The vulture wants to seize his prize;
Nor does he dream he’s in his power,
Till it has seized him to devour.

The ruffian dogs,—the hellish pair,—
The villain Burke,—the meagre Hare,—
Impatient were their prize to win,
So to their smothering pranks begin:—

Burke cast himself on Jamie’s face,
And clasp’d him in his foul embrace;
But Jamie waking in surprise,
Writhed in an agony to rise.

At last, with nerves unstrung before,
He threw the monster on the floor;
And though alarm’d, and weaken’d too,
He would have soon o’ercome the foe;

But help was near—for it Burke cried,
And soon his friend was at his side;
Hare tripp’d up Jamie’s heels, and o’er
He fell, alas! to rise no more!

Now both these blood-hounds him engage,
As hungry tygers fill'd with rage,
Nor did they handle axe or knife,
To take away Daft Jamie's life.

No sooner done, than in a chest
They cramm'd this lately-welcom'd guest,
And bore him into Surgeons' Square—
A subject fresh—a victim rare!

And soon he's on the table laid,
Expos'd to the dissecting blade;
But where his members now may lay
Is not for me—or you—to say.

But this I'll say—some thoughts *did* rise,
It fill'd the students with surprise,
That so short time did intervene
Since Jamie on the streets was seen.

But though his body is destroy'd,
His soul can never be decoy'd
From that celestial state of rest,
Where he, I trust, is with the bless'd.

MRS. WILSON'S LAMENTATION ON HEARING OF THE
CRUEL MURDER OF HER SON.

WHY didst thou wander from my side,
My joy, my treasure, and my pride?
Though others little thought of thee,
Though wert a treasure dear to me.

I little thought when thee I left,
So soon of thee to be bereft ;
Or that when after me you sought
You would by ruffian men be caught.

Thy playful manners fill'd with joy
The aged sire and sportive boy ;
Of real joy you had enough,
When you could give or take a snuff.

The tricks you play'd with childish art,
Bound you the closer to my heart ;
Thy kindness to thy mother prov'd
How dearly she by thee was lov'd.

What horrid monsters were these men
Who lur'd thee to their fatal den ;
That den, whose deeds as yet untold,
Were done for sake of sordid gold.

But they alone were not to blame ;
For when these dauntless monsters came
With human creatures scarcely cold,
The doctors took them, we were told.

Nor did they leave the doctor's door
Without an order to bring more !
But Justice stern aloud doth cry—
“Let all who wink at murder die !”

And justice shall to me be done,
On all who murder'd my poor son ;—
I'll make appeal to Britan's King,
That one and all of them may swing.

But that will not restore my son,
 Or remedy the mischief done ;
 He murder'd is—no peace I have,
 I shall go mourning to my grave.

DAFT JAMIE.

The following is a chap-book version of the ballad quoted at pp. 205-6.

O! dark was the midnight when Hare fled away,
 Not a star in the sky gave him one cheering ray,
 But still now and then, would the blue lightnings glare,
 And some strange cries assail'd him, like shrieks of despair.

Over vale, over hill, I will watch thee for ill ;
 I will haunt all thy wanderings and follow thee still.

But, lo! as the savage ran down the wild glen,
 For no place did he fear like the dwellings of men,
 Where the heath lay before him all dismal and bare,
 The ghost of Daft Jamie appeared to him there.

Over vale, &c.

I am come, said the shade, from the land of the dead,
 Though there is for Jamie no grass-covered bed,
 Yet I'm come to remind you of deeds that are past,
 And to tell you that justice will find you at last,

Over vale, &c.

O! Hare, thou hast been a dark demon of blood,
But vengeance shall chase thee o'er field and o'er flood;
Though you fly away from the dwellings of men,
The shades of thy victims shall rise in thy den.

Over vale, &c.

When night falls on the world, O! how can you sleep,
In your dreams do you ne'er see my poor mother weep?
Sadly she wept; but, O! long shall she mourn,
E'er poor wandering Jamie from the grave shall return.

Over vale, &c.

From the grave, did I say, and though calm is the bed
Where slumber is dreamless, the home of the dead,
Where friends may lament, there sorrow may be,
Yet no grave rises as green as the world for me.

Over vale, &c.

O! Hare, go to shelter thy fugitive head,
In some land that is not of the living or dead;
For the living against thee may justly combine,
And the dead must despise such a spirit as thine.

Over vale, &c.

O! Hare fly away, but this world cannot be
The place of abode to a demon like thee,
There is gall in your heart—poison is in your breath,
And the glare of your eyes is as fearful as death.

Over vale, &c.

When the blue lightnings flash'd through the glen, and it shone,
 And there rose a wild cry, and there heaved a deep groan,
 As the Ghost of the innocent boy disappear'd,
 But his shrieks down the glen, in the night breeze were heard.

Over vale, &c.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

In No. XXIX of *The Emmet*, an old Glasgow periodical, published on Saturday, 18th October, 1823, is the following:—

“The Resurrectionists, a Tale (in Blind Alek verse) Humbly Inscribed to the Editor of the ‘Glasgow Chronicle.’ Printed for John Smith, 25, Gallowgate.

“ ORIGINAL.

“ This *elegant* poem was put into our hands as we were going to press, so we must be excused for passing it over more slightly than such a performance *deserves*. In fact we have only room for a single extract. It opens as follows, in a style which leaves Lewis, and Ratcliffe, and all our writers on the horrible, far in the rear. John Starke himself, with his ‘*Thesaurus of Horror*,’ never penned anything so deliciously frightful.

‘Twas a cold winter night, and dark *was* the clouds,
 And the dead men lay quietly still in their shrouds ;
 The worms revelled sweetly their eyeholes among,—
 It was a rout night, and there was a great throng :
 Some fed upon brains, others fed upon liver,
 Had we e’er such a feast, all cried out, O ! no, never.’

“ We suspect our readers will think we have given them enough of this feast; if they pant for more of it, let them turn to the work itself. More disgusting trash never emanated from the press. Blind Alek is a Milton compared with the blockhead who would sit down and pen such a mass of loathsomeness. . . . Lord preserve us from this imitator of Blind Alek.

‘ Some heads replete with strange bombastic stuff,
Think words when rhym’d poetical enough.’”

THE LAMENT.

“ Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed.”—GENESIS, ix. 6.

“ Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days.”—PSALM, lv. 23.

“ Depart from me therefore, ye bloody men.”—PSALM, cxxxix. 19.

“ Now thou son of man, wilt thou judge, wilt thou judge the bloody city?”—EZEKIEL, xxii. 2.

“ The voice of thy brother’s blood crieth unto me from the ground.”—GENESIS, iv. 10.

O WOE for bonny Scotland,
For murder is abroad,
And we must flee for refuge,
To an avenging God.
For we have seen that Law alone,
Can do us little *gude*,
As it has let three demons loose,
To work *mair* deeds of *blude*.

Ye bloody fiends, ye hellish fiends,
 Dare ye here yet be seen,
 With the mark of blood upon your brows,
 And murder in your *een* !
 O woe for my *ain* Scotland,
 For thou art now the land,
 Chosen for such deeds of darkness,
 As man before ne'er plann'd.

Alas for Mary Paterson,
 Cut off in her young days,
 Wi' a' her sins upon her,
 And in her wicked ways ;
 While steep'd in drunk stupidity,
 And overcome by sleep,
 On his devoted victim
 Burke took the dreadful leap.

And alas for the old woman,
 Entic'd to revelry,
 Under the mask of country kindness,
 By a Judas for his fee ;
 That he might sell her body,
 When he had done the deed,
 And with the price of human blood,
 His *loathsome* carcass feed.

O'hon for poor *Daft* Jamie,
 Whom we shall miss away,
 In his own happy *idiocy*,
Sae gude-natur'd and gay !
 O ! who shall cheer the mother
 For the want of her poor boy,
 By's simpleness the more endear'd
 To her—her only joy.

But our all-gracious Maker
 Will surely soon look down,
 On this detested murder
 With his all-powerful frown !

* * * * *

In search of his dear mother,
 Burke found him wand'ring then,
 And for to see his parent,
 Was lur'd to Hare's dread den ;
 Where he was ply'd with liquor,
 (And all by coaxings prest),
 Till he was quite o'erpow'red,
 And laid him down to rest.

The two fell fiends they watch'd then,
 Until he soundly slept,
 Then Hare upon his destin'd prey
 With murderous purpose crept.
 And having fastened on him,
 Hare strove his life to take ;
 Which recall'd his long lost reason,
 And did his senses wake.

He shook the butcher from him,
 And seeing no help there,
 He fought with all the frenzy
 Of madness and despair.
 His cowardly assassin,
 Did crouch beneath his blows,
 And called on Burke his comrade
 To give the murderous close.

They two, conjoin'd together,
 Depriv'd him of his life ;

But not before he left them
Marks of the desperate strife.
In his tremendous struggle,
Though weaken'd much by drink,
He showed how men do fight for life,
When on death's dreadful brink.

His body, it is said, (if true,
Let those who bought beware)
Was sold to an Anatomist ;
And some one did declare,
When it lay on his table
For the dissecting knife,
That it was poor *daft* Jamie,
Whom he saw strong in life

But yesterday ; and more 'twas strange
As all knew passing well,
He was a stout and hearty youth,
The rest I may not tell ;
But loudly it's been whisper'd,
That damning marks of strife
Show'd clear that death by violence
Had *twinn'd* him of his life.

'Tis told, that then the body
Was laid in spirits strong,
To remove all such suspicions,
And hide the cruel wrong.
If so ! O righteous Heaven,
To thee we look for aid ;
Nor will thy kindling anger
Be longer much delay'd !

Thou art the *poor's* avenger,
The *idiot's* only guard,

The *childless* mother's helper,
The good man's high reward.
To Thee then we are looking,
To appease the cry of blood
Which runs throughout our city,
Like a portentous flood !

AND WE DO HOLD THY PROMISE,
WE SHALL NOT LOOK IN VAIN ;
FOR WHOSO SHEDDETH MAN'S BLOOD,
HE SURELY SHALL BE SLAIN !

THE END.