

them, crying, "They are carrying a corpse." They nevertheless got her safe delivered. Hare could sleep well after a murder, but Burke kept a "twopenny candle" all night by his bedside, and a bottle of whiskey. If he awoke, he sometimes gulped half a bottle at a draught, and that made him sleep. When their money was spent, they pawned their clothes, and took them out again as soon as they got a subject.

After the trial, when Burke was removed to the Lock-up house, he had scarcely been seated, when, looking round, he said to the officers: "This is an infernal cold place you have brought me till."

He then said Hare was the guiltier of the two, for he had murdered the first woman, and persuaded him (Burke) to join him, and he should regret to his last hour that he did not share the same fate. He then prayed; and when some chapters of the Bible were read to him, remarked, "That passage touches keenly on my crimes." When he was removed to Calton-hill Jail, he wished the turnkeys good-bye. "Though I should never see you again," he said, "you will see me on the 28th at the head of Libberton's Wynd. I have now only five weeks to live, and I will not weary greatly for that day." He then grew composed, cheerful, and talkative. In his sleep he sometimes raved and ground his teeth, but on awaking recovered his composure.

It was discovered by the numerous biographers of Burke that he was a native of Tyrone, and had served seven years in the Donegal militia. When he came to Scotland, he turned canal labourer, then pedlar; he had tried his hand at weaving, baking, and cobbling. Burke was thought a lively harmless man, fond of singing, and kind to children, whom he used to encourage to dance, by hiring a street-organ to play to them. He was once seen to shudder when some one told him of a child's face having been lanced for a tumour. To account for his money, he pretended that he smuggled "small still" whiskey; while his wife used to boast of legacies and small annuities. Burke had been at one time a regular attendant during the "revivals" at the open-air prayer meetings in the Grassmarket, and had possessed a small library of religious books.

The excitement in Edinburgh during this trial was unequalled in intensity. The mob shouted for the blood of Hare, the two women, and Burke's other accomplices. Two guineas were offered the turnkeys for one peep at the murderer. Eager enthusiasts paid enormous sums for Burke's shoemaking hammer, and Hare's whiskey-bottle brought a high price. The blood-soaked bed was cut up into relics, and the chairs were hollowed into snuff-boxes. Mrs. Burke, venturing back into the West Port, was nearly torn to shreds, and was besieged in the watch-house. Finally, she left the town and went to Glasgow. Mrs. Hare, alias Lucky Log, was pelted nearly to death with snowballs, mud, and stones; was nearly killed also at Glasgow; and eventually escaped to Belfast, quite indifferent to her husband's fate.

It was felt to be a plot on Edinburgh, and a stain on Scotland; for although the two men were Irish, the woman who had been deepest in it was a native of Maddiston, in the county of Stirling. The populace were savage, also, against the doctors. The night of the trial, Dr. Knox and Dr. Munro's class-room windows were broken, and, but for a stormy night, their houses might have been destroyed.

During this agitation, Burke was composed and almost apathetically calm. He regretted one or two of his murders, and showed one touch of humanity in his anxiety for his wife, to whom he sent some money and an old watch. He shut himself up daily with two Catholic priests, and expressed his belief in the efficacy of full repentance and perfect faith. He declared to the turnkeys that he was glad of his sentence, for it had brought him back to religion. He was suffering much from a cancer, which was probably supposed to have been caused by a death bite from Daft Jamie, but which was really the result of fatigue and dissipation in former years. He was kept chained to the guard in the condemned cell, and was guarded day and night, to

prevent his committing suicide. His great anxiety seemed to be to get from Dr. Knox the five pounds still unpaid for the beggar-woman's body, and buy some clothes to appear in on the scaffold. "Since I am to appear before the public," he said, "I should like to be respectable."

He betrayed no emotion till his "dead-clothes" were brought him to put on, on the morning of his execution. He slept soundly for five hours before this. He then grew impatient, and said: "Oh that the hour were come which is to separate me from the world!" At half-past five the smith removed his chains. When they dropped off, he looked up to the ceiling and said, "So may all earthly chains fall from me." At half-past six, the priest prayed with him. At seven, Burke came with a firm step into the keeper's room, and sat in an arm-chair by the fire, sighing once or twice deeply, when a priest said to him: "You must trust in the mercy of God." He exhibited no emotion at seeing the executioner; merely said, "I am not ready for you yet;" and in a minute or two submitted silently to be pinioned.

Invited to take a glass of wine, he bowed and drank "Farewell to all present, and the rest of my friends;" then thanked the magistrates, bailie, and jailor for their kindness. When the magistrates appeared in their robes, and with their rods of office, he rose instantly, and walked on, conversing calmly with the priest. As he passed up Libberton's Wynd, in crossing from the Lock-up house, he picked his way through the mud (it had rained) with the greatest care.

The night before, the gibbet had been raised by torchlight. An immense crowd remained till two in the morning, cheering as every fresh beam was fixed. Hundreds slept in the adjacent closes and on stairs, and at the windows of neighbouring houses in the Lawmarket. Many well-dressed ladies were among the spectators, and half-a-crown for a single hasty look from a window was freely given. By seven o'clock the rain had almost ceased. When the raw, cold day had begun, every avenue to the High-street was thronged, and the area between the West Port and the Tron Church was one close-wedged mass of heads. About forty thousand persons were waiting eagerly for St. Giles's clock to strike eight. There were crowds on the Castle-hill and in Bank-street, and stragglers as far as the Advocate's Library. The rough and ribald jests and street-cries changed to a demoniacal roar of joy when Burke appeared ascending the stairs to the platform; then there rose yells, savage curses, and stormy cries of "The Murderer!" "Burke him!" "Choke him, Hangie!" "Hang Hare, too!"

An Edinburgh mob is always fierce, and now their deepest passions were thoroughly aroused. Burke stood before them at last, a thickset, cadaverous man, with very light hair, an old black coat too large for him, a white neckcloth, and mouldy boots. He turned deadly pale, and shook when he heard the appalling shouts; but he still cast at the heaving mob one look of fierce and desperate defiance. He then knelt and prayed, with his back to the people, and told the priest that he died in the full assurance that he should be saved. When he arose, he took up the silk handkerchief on which he had knelt, and carefully put it into his pocket. He looked at the gallows, and took his place on the drop, giving a withering scowl at a man who pushed him a little on one side. He told the hangman how to untie his neckcloth. As he put on the white cap, the yells grew tremendous. "Don't waste rope on him," they cried. "You'll see Daft Jamie in a moment." But the murderer stood unflinching, and even manifested a repugnance to the cap being drawn over his face. He then said the Belief, uttering a cry to God, and, jerking the signal handkerchief from him angrily, fell and died with hardly a struggle.

Not one said "God forgive him," or "May he find mercy!" The whole dark mass below the scaffold shouted, clapped their hands, waved their hats, and roared applause; that was heard as far away as the roads of the suburbs. Many cried ferociously, "Off with the scowl. Let's see his face." Every time the corpse moved, a shout rose again. The men on the scaffold

threw shavings and chips from the coffin among the people, and the workmen scrambled for them and for the rope. There were a few shouts of "Let's have him to tear to pieces!" and there was a defeated attempt made to lead the mob to Surgeon's-square, to pull down the class-room.

On Thursday, Burke's body was exhibited by Dr. Munro, Mr. Liston, Mr. George Combe the phrenologist, Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Joseph the sculptor, and others. Phrenologists found Burke's organ of Benevolence to be as large as that of Destructiveness. On the Friday, thirty thousand persons visited the Anatomical Theatre, to see the corpse.

Hare had a narrow escape at Dumfries, where he was besieged in an inn by the furious populace, who kept calling out, "Burke him!" "Give us the murderer!" "Hell's over gude for the like of you. The very devils wadna let ye in, for fear of mischief!" The mob then pursued him to the jail, and threatened to burn down the door with peat and tar-barrels. Eventually, Hare escaped from one of the Cumberland ports, and got safely to London. There, however, a terrible vengeance fell on this branded wretch. The scoundrel obtained work under a feigned name at a tanner's. His terrible secret at last coming out, the men seized him and tossed him into a lime-pit, which burned out his eyes. According to a London paper, Hare died a few years ago, in Canada.

DR. STRAUSS, the author of a novel described by the *Athenaeum* as "vulgar, profane, and indelicate," has brought an action against that journal for libel. An action on the same ground was tried at Kingston, England, some time ago, and settled by the withdrawal of a juror. The plaintiff moved the Court of Queen's Bench to put aside this settlement, on the ground that it was without his knowledge and consent; but this was refused. He has now, however, had an opportunity of going into the facts of the case again; the *Athenaeum*, it was alleged, having repeated the libel in some comments on the first trial, in its number for the 7th of last April, and made other injurious statements. The trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, a few weeks ago, resulted in a verdict for the defendant. Some passages from the book (which is called "The Old Ledger") were read in court, and the jury could hardly be persuaded to hear the plaintiff's counsel, Mr. Kenely. In summing up, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn said:—"It was all very well for the plaintiff's council to contend that literature should be free and unfettered. Be it so. But then, if you give, on the one hand, the utmost latitude to literary composition, there ought to be at least the same latitude to literary criticism, on the other." This is very true and excellently put.

We select the following for publication from the poetical replies received to Enigma in No. 81.

ANSWER TO WILLIE'S ENIGMA.

Impossible! What can it be? I said,
Can fly beyond where Fancy ever fled!
Leave Thought of all her glittering laurels stripped,
Imagination, too, completely whipped!
But most of all,—and what I never could see,—
How can a power, without a substance, be?
To find the answer,—which in vain I've sought,
I'll hitch "Old fancy" to a train of thought,
And o'er Imagination's rails I'll fly,
To find what once had birth and never may die
Upon the train, breaks off, and I'm away,
Beyond creation and the blaze of day:
Here on creation's boundary-line I pause,
To see the working of the great first-cause,
Chaos and darkness, into order come,
And bright, new worlds, around their centres
hum,
Great, burning suns, of polished darkness made,
To light and warm the spheres that round them
played.
Who is the architect, of this new sphere?
I asked a workman that was passing near.
He said, "Imagination drew the plan,—
I know of no other power that can."
I journeyed round and down—almost to hell!
And asked of all I saw, but none could tell,
But all confessed that they could never see
Where such a power as this, concealed, could be,
So back to earth, perplexed, I steamed,
Believing that the author must have dreamed!

LAURENTIA.