

THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
DAVID HAGGART.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,  
WHILE UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH;

WITH AN  
ACCOUNT OF HIS EXECUTION.



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# THE LIFE

OF

# DAVID HAGGART.

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DAVID HAGGART was born at a farm-town called the Golden Acre, near Cannon-mills, Edinburgh, on the 24th day of June, 1801; his father was a game-keeper, but afterwards a dog-trainer. He was early put to school, where he acquired a good knowledgo of English grammar, writing, and arithmetic. About the ago of ten, a trifling accident occurred, which, for fear of punishment from his father, determined him to leave home, and from that moment he dated the commencement of his sinful career. Ho had made no wicked acquaintanco as yet, but committed several depredations by himself.

The first of these was stealing a bantam-cock from a woman at the back of the New-Town, Edinburgh. Having taken a fancy to it, he offered to *buy*, but the woman would not *sell*; ho fell on the scheme of putting another cock of his own a-fighting, and then came off with his prize. He also tried shop-lifting, and carried off the till of a poor woman, who lived near Stock-bridgo. One of his next plays was with a boy of the name of William Matheson whom he had accompanied to the village of Currie, and on their return, being some miles from town and tired, he mounted a poney which was grazing on the road side, and rode home;

he put the poney into an outhouse which was formerly built for a cuddie; he kept it there for several days, until the owner found it out by accident. At Leith Raees, in 1813, he enlisted in the Norfolk Militia, and learned the drum and bugle-horn; the regiment was disbanded in about a year afterwards, and he was discharged. His father was then living in the south back of the Cannongate, Edinburgh, and he went home, when he was put as an apprentice to the millwright and engineering business, with Cockburn and Baird, in the Cannongate, where he behaved with honesty, and was very well liked by his employers, Mr. Baird particularly had a great liking to him, he was entrusted to pay in and draw out considerable sums at the Bank, and was in every respect a confidential servant. The affairs of his masters having been involved in bankruptcy, he was thrown idle, and of course, a burden upon his parents.

At this time he got acquainted with many worthless characters, among whom was one Barnard M'Guire, an Irishman, a darling of a boy, who had been bred a tailor in Dumfries; he was older than Haggart, of great bodily strength, and a most skilful pickpocket.—Barnoy put him up to a number of tricks, and they agreed to travel together, in August, 1817, when just on the point of going to England, they past a day at Portobello Races, and picked a gentleman's pocket of eleven pounds, the first ever Haggart attempted in day-light; with this they took outside places on the Jedburgh coach, and got themselves genteelly dressed. They attended St. James' fair at Kelso, and picked twenty pounds from two persons. From thence they went to Dumfries, and stopped three weeks; they attended Lockerby fair, and going into a public-house,

a farmer and drover were casting out, when Barney blew the coal, upon which they fell a-fighting, and both tumbled. Barney picked the farmer's pocket of twenty-three pounds. Haggart called for the waiter, appeared in a violent passion, paid for a bottle of porter, abused him for putting them into such company, and immediately left the house. They departed next morning, and went to Langholm fair, where they took from a sheep-farmer £100 in ten pound notes, and £101 in twenty-shilling notes. About half an hour after they saw John Richardson, a Dumfries officer, running about, but he did not notice them. They took a post-chaise, and went to Annan, and next day took the coach for Carlisle.

They lived in Carlisle about four weeks, during which time they did not attempt any business, but amused themselves with riding in the mornings, and passed the evenings at gambling-houses, and twice or thrice went to dances. About this time a fair was held at Kendal, to which they repaired; but did no business till the afternoon when they found themselves £43 richer by one transaction. They remained in Kendal all night, and set off next day to attend Morpeth fair, which was to be held two days afterwards, they appeared early on the ground, but took nothing till the after part of the day, when they obtained £32 by two separate adventures.

They started next morning for Newcastle on the top of the coach, where they took private lodgings, passing themselves for gentlemen travelling on pleasure; they took about £70 in whole during their stay in Newcastle. They then went to Durham, and at night broke a lonely house on the road to York; they got £30 here. They were appre-

hended for this act, tried, found guilty, and sent back to prison, to be brought up for sentence of death at the end of the assizes. They broke the prison that night, but Haggart only escaped; he travelled back to Newcastle in company with a Yorkshireman, and remained there a day, during which time he was occupied in obtaining a fiddlestick for Barney. This being got, they were returning to Durham, when they were pursued by two constables, and just as one was apprehending Haggart, he laid him low with his pistol; the Yorkshireman knocked down the other, and both got clear away. They got safe to Durham, and in the night-time Haggart got over the back wall of the Jail by means of a rope-ladder, and succeeded in giving Barney the fiddlestick. He made his escape that same night, by cutting the iron bars of his cell window, and came off together to Newcastle.

They next went to Coldstream fair, and Barney being found attempting a farmer's pocket, got three months in Jedburgh jail. Haggart went to Newcastle again, and to the same lodgings, where he was treated like a son; little did the people know to whom they were so kind. He did numerous tricks here, and then proceeded to Edinburgh, where he carried on the same line but did not live in his father's house. In September he started for Perth, with one Henry, and had some adventures. They returned to Leith, and were taken by the police for some crimes; got bail, and were liberated.

Haggart had a number of adventures in Edinburgh and neighbourhood, and was put four months in Bridewell. After being released, he met with some of his companions, and took a trip through the North: he was in Aberdeen jail for some time,

and after committing more depredations, he returned to Edinburgh.

They broke into several houses in Edinburgh and Leith, and on New-year's morning 1820, Haggart had for his share five silver watches and a gold one, taken on the South and North bridges. He remained in Edinburgh till the 18th, when he was taken up and put into the Lock-up-house to find bail. He got out and one night paid a visit to the Lock-up-house, and gave the keeper so much drink, that he got the key, and liberated six prisoners.

He went to Leith the night following and took lodgings in Cuper Street, and lived with a woman of the town. While here he committed various acts in Leith, Edinburgh, and neighbourhood, by tying some shop-doors, and thrusting his hand through the windows and grasping whatever goods lay in his road, breaking into numerous houses, picking pockets of watches, &c.—In the course of these operations he removed to different lodgings.

On the first of March, while sitting in his lodgings with a pick-pocket of the name of Forrest, in Johnston Street, North Leith, Captain Ross, of the police, and one of his men, came in upon them; Ross seized Forrest and carried him off, leaving Haggart in charge of the policeman. When left alone, the policeman opened a bed-room door, and was looking into it, when Haggart forced him in, locked the door, and was making his way down the stairs, when he was met by Ross and another policeman; a struggle commenced, but the two overpowered Haggart, and he was carried to the police-office streaming with blood. He was kept here two days, and then put into the jail to stand trial.—On the 27th March he got a small file, and

cut the chains off his legs, penetrated through two thick walls with his handcuffs, liberated Forrest, and got to the outside about five o'clock next morning. When on the outer stair, he saw a man coming up Queen-street, and he prepared to give battle; but the man only said, "Run, Haggart, run, I won't touch ye." Haggart took hold of Forrest's hand, and ran even on to Dalkeith, without stopping. He staid there all night, and stole twelve yards of blue cloth, started at two o'clock next morning for Kelso, robbed a farmer of £4 and set off for Dumfries. They were joined by two other pickpockets, one of whom was hanged shortly after at Glasgow.

In Dumfries he picked several pockets, and entered several dwelling-houses, here he fell in with his old friend Barney M'Guire, never having seen him since they parted at Kelso in 1818. They were intending to leave Dumfries that night, but Barney was taken up. Haggart started for Carlisle next morning, but was overtaken and carried back to Dumfries. Captain Ross arrived in a few days and carried him back to Leith jail.

Barney was transported for fourteen years. Haggart was tried at Edinburgh on the 12th of July, but got off; he was then sent to Dumfries, to stand trial at the cirenit there for housebreaking; his trial did not go on, and he was sent back to jail. — Here he got acquainted with a lad, John Dunbar, who was under sentence of transportation. He also got acquainted with some people belonging to the town, who seemed willing to do him a favour: so Haggart made the plan of four keys, and a person was to get them made for him, there being four doors betwixt his cell and the street. Having thus, as he thought, secured his liberty, he was too easily



ed into another scheme with Dunbar. Haggart thought himself certain of his own liberty, but he thought it would be a grand thing to clear the jail of all the prisoners. Laurie, another prisoner, proposed getting a stene, and tying it in a napkin, and some morning to knock down Hunter, the head jailor, and take the keys from him. Haggart was not fond of using the stone, as he did not want to hurt the jailor; and he proposed, when Thomas Morrin came up to the man under sentence of death, to gag him into a closet at the head of the stairs, and take the keys from him; Dunbar and some others got the stone and put it into a bag. On Tuesday, the 10th of October, about twelve o'clock, they noticed Hunter the head turnkey, leave the jail to attend the Raees, and shortly after, Morrin came up with two ministers, whom he locked in the cell with M'Grory, who was under sentence of death. Shortly after, Haggart placed himself in the closet at the head of the stairs, where he had previously put the stone and bag. Dunbar called up Morrin to let out the ministers. He came up accordingly with a plate of potatoo soup for M'Grory, and when he got up to the top of the stairs, Haggart came out upon him from the closet, and the pushing open of the door knocked the plate out of his hand; he then struck him one blow with the stone, dashed him down, and without the loss of a moment, pulled the key of the outer door from his pocket; he gave only one blow with the stone and threw it down. Dunbar picked it up, but no more blows were given, so that Morrin must have received his other blows in falling. Haggart observed Dunbar on the top of him, rifling his breast for the key which he had got. Simpson had a hold of Morrin's shoulders, and was beating his back upon the steps

of the stairs. Haggart rushed past them, crossed the stairs as steadily as he could, pulled the key from his pocket, and opened the outer door.

On getting out at the door he ran round the east corner of the jail wall, and then walked rapidly round the back street, and round a great part of the town, till he came to the back of the King's Arms Inn. Dunbar made up to him, and that very moment they saw a policeman coming right up to meet them; on this they wheeled about and ran, but Dunbar was taken before he ran ten yards, and Haggart had the mortification to see his fellow adventurer secured. He once thought of bolting among them to rescue him, but the mob was too great for him. He went up through the yard of the King's Arms without meeting any body, crossed the High Street, and ran down the Vennel to the Nith. He kept along the water side till he got away to the east of Cumlungan Wood, having run nearly ten miles in less than an hour. He then got on the high road to Annan, when he saw a post chaise at full gallop almost within twenty yards of him. Upon this he buttoned his coat, and leapt a hedge into a field where some people were raising potatoes. They all joined the policeman who had got out of the chaise in pursuit of him; he crossed the field at a slapping pace, and made for Cumlungan Wood, he bolted over a very deep ditch covered with briars, and ran a few steps along the side of the hedge, to make the policemen think he was going into the wood; he then wheeled round, flouted, and when they went up one side of the ditch he ran down the other; little did they know he was so near them, he could have breathed upon John Richardson as he passed him. In this way he came to the cross road, which leads from the Nith

to the public road, and never did a fox double the hounds in better style.

He then made for Annan, and getting on a mile or two on the Carlisle road, he went into a belt of planting. Watching an opportunity, he dived into a hay-stack, and lay there till next day at two o'clock in the afternoon, when he heard a woman ask a boy if "that lad was taken who had broke out of Dumfries jail," the boy answered, "No; but the jailor died last night." On hearing this, Haggart lay insensible for a good while. He left the stack, and seeing a scare-crow in a field, he took some of the old clothes, and put them on to disguise himself. On Wednesday night he slept in a hay-loft; in the morning two men were feeding their horses, and he overheard them speaking about him; he started for Carlisle, which he reached that evening, hearing that a search had been making for him there, he left the next day for Newcastle, where he stopped for some days along with one Fleming, and picked £22 in the market from a man; here he passed close to Richardson, who was in quest of him, but was not noticed. He left Newcastle for Scotland, got upon the Berwick coach, then took a ticket for Edinburgh, but went only to Dunbar. Next morning set off for Edinburgh, where he met with a gentleman, and took the same lodgings with him in the Lord Duncan Tavern, Canongate. After separating from the gentleman, he stopt at Jock's Lodge with a friend; while here he visited his father and some acquaintances, disguised in women's clothes. One night, dressed in his own clothes, taking a walk from Portobello to Leith, he met Capt. Ross of the Leith police; their eyes met, and both stood motionless, till Haggart feigned to pull a pistol from his breast. Ross knowing

him too well before, quickly took to his heels, and Haggart instantly turned through the field, and made to Jock's Lodge. Then, crossing the Forth, he went through Cupar to Dundee, disguised in sailors' clothes; there he committed a number of depredations, then returned to Newhaven, and went up to Edinburgh. Here the first thing he saw was a bill posted up, offering 70 guineas reward for his apprehension. This determined him to go north again. He arrived in Dundee, and from thence went to Perth, and attended the fairs in Perth, Dunkeld, Kemmore, &c., and robbed some catle-dealers to a considerable amount. One night, in his lodgings in Perth, two policemen came in upon him, but the determined manner in which he received them, made them hesitate in apprehending him, and Haggart gained an opportunity to escape. He left Perth for Glasgow, and made up his mind to go to Ireland, and started in the steam-boat. Here he was recognized by the Provost of Kirkaldy, who went ashore at Lamnish; Haggart, suspecting all was not right, was ready to jump overboard, but the boat went off without the Provost. He landed in Belfast, where he attended fairs, &c., and was in continual scenes of robbing and knocking down. At Drummore market he was seized and taken before a magistrate. When asked what name he had, he answered, it was John M'Colgan, from Armagh. He was cross-examined, and shown a Dublin paper, with a description of his person; he denied being a Scotsman, and passed off the brogue so well, that the magistrate was in doubts, but he was ordered to be detained, and three yeoman sat in the court-house to guard him. He plied them so well with drink, that he prevailed on them to let a young woman bring him some supper; and

when she came, he got leave to speak with her privately, behind the boxes of the court, where there was a large window; he bolted right through the window, without being hurt by the fall; he crossed the street, and got into an entry, where he saw his keepers below the window staring at each other. He started for Belfast, which he soon reached, having ran fifteen Irish miles in two hours and a quarter. Next morning he took the coach for Newry, where he arrived about mid-day, and the same evening picked a gentleman's pocket of £5; after remaining two days he took the coach for Armagh, where he spent Christmas-day, and at one adventure took £17. He next went to Dublin, where he remained a short time in respectable lodgings; having made up his mind to go to America, he went down to the Pigeon-house and paid £3 10s. for his passage. While waiting the sailing of the vessel, he met an acquaintance named O'Brien, he changed his mind, and lost his passage-money rather than cross the Atlantic. They agreed to go in company, and, before leaving the quay, they robbed a man of ninety-five guineas in gold. They remained in Dublin about ten days, and one evening, at the theatre door they picked a gentleman's pocket of £54. Having got themselves finely dressed, they hired a jaunting-car, and, in company with women of bad fame, took a tour through the counties of Fermanagh, Cavan, and Derry. They were a full month on this excursion, during which time they spent upwards of £190.

During their stay in Derry, they went to attend a cock-fight, and when in the pit, they saw a gentleman taking bets with every one, two to one. He appeared to gain every bet he took, and was quite uplifted with success. Haggart getting

alongside of him, and thinking he was unobserved; eased him first of his pocket-book, next of his purse, and lastly of his watch. On moving round the pit, a gentleman accosted him, and said, "you are the switcher, some take all, but you leave nothing." He answered, "If I had lost him an halfpenny, he would have gained all the money in the pit in the twinkling of a bod-post." The gentleman replied, "he believed it was true, for he has got all mine, or at least, you have it now." They immediately left the pit, and heard no more about it. O'Brien witnessed the whole conversation, and Haggart never got another name from him (after but the Switcher.

After their return to Dublin they remained about ten days; finding their cash getting scarce, Haggart resolved on taking a journey by himself, and started on foot to Mullingar, where a famous cattle market is held; here he pickod a gentleman's pocket, but only got £13 by the adventure. Next morning he started for Tullamore, and arrived at night. A fair was hold the following day, which he attended, and was not long on the ground till he eased a gentleman of £7. Towards the evening he observed a pig-drover putting a large sum of monoy in his pocket, which was too tempting for him to let pass. He priced a pig, and of course could not agree; but during the discourse he picked his pocket, and then went off.

About an hour afterwards, while walking through the market-place, he got a bat on the ear with a shillelah, which brought him to the ground. Getting up, and looking round him, he asked who had done it. The pig-drover, flourishing his sprig, said, "By jappers, it was me, my boy; you have taken my *muny* from me." "By jappers, you're a

liar, but here's at you; and at the same time he levelled him in return. Haggart then let him up, and he became quieter when he found who he had to deal with. Haggart asked him again why he struck him. He then charged him with the theft in presence of a number of people. Haggart asked him if he would know his own notes: he said he would; upon which he turned out the whole of his money into a gentleman's hand, and desired him to look at it there, and see if he could find any of his amongst it. He looked, and said there was not. Haggart then insisted on being searched; the gentleman said he would not allow him to be searched there, as he had the appearance of a gentleman, and proposed going to a house. They went accordingly, and nothing was found on him. He then insisted on taking the pig-drover before a magistrate, and put him in charge of two policemen, the gentleman going arm in arm with him, to bear witness before the magistrate how ill he had been used. The judge heard the case; he said that the pig-drover was liable to punishment, but recommended him to withdraw his complaint, as it was evident the ill usage had arisen from mistake; that he knew him to be an honest man, and he had been a great loser already. Haggart assured the judge it was not money he wanted; he only wished to show the man his error, and prove his own honesty. He left it to the gentleman to say what he should do, as he had seen the whole affair. He recommended him to accept of an apology, which he did, after giving the man of pigs a severe reprimand. An apology was made, he declared himself satisfied—bowed to the judge, and retired.

He started for Newry on the afternoon of Monday, and got there in the evening, where he re-

mained a few days, during which St. Patrick's day was celebrated.

He left Newry on foot by himself, with the intention of going to Belfast, to take shipping for France. He got the length of Castle-William, where, unfortunately, he heard of a fair to be held next day at Clough, about six or eight miles distance. He resolved to attend it, and practise his profession for the last time in the British dominions. It was the last time indeed. He accordingly repaired to the ground, and had not been long there, when he observed a pig-drover putting a bunch of bank-notes in his breeches pocket. He priced one of his pigs, but, as usual, they could not make a bargain; but, having got an opportunity, he picked his pocket, and left him, and had just got time to hide the money in the neck of his coat, and return to the ground, when he was seized by the drover, and two of his companions. He was charged with the theft, and of course denied the charge. Having been strictly searched, none of his money was found upon him; but he persisted in the accusation, and said he would take his oath that he was the person who had taken it. He was taken before a magistrate, and underwent an examination. He was asked his name, and where he was from? he answered, "Daniel O'Brien, I come from Armagh." The drover made oath that he had taken his money, and he was committed to Downpatrick jail, to stand trial at the next assizes.

While he was in jail, he sent for the pig-drover, and made the matter up with him, by returning his money, and £2 additional to mollify him, and he promised to say nothing against him on his trial.

On the 29th of March he was put to the bar,



and the indictment being read over, he said he was not guilty, and demanded a copy of it, but it was refused him. The drover and another man were brought against him in evidence. The drover kept his word, and swore he did not know whether he was the boy, or not, who took the money. The other witness was sure that he was the person that was taken up for it. This closed the evidence, and, while the Judge was addressing the Jury, the jailor prompted him to speak for himself. He immediately rose, and asked liberty to speak a word for himself. The Judge replied, "Surely."

He then addressed the Jury nearly as follows:—"Gentlemen, I hope you will look well into this case, and not return a thoughtless verdict, which would involve an innocent man, by ruining his character, and depriving him of his liberty. Gentlemen, I acknowledge that I have been perfectly proved to be the person who was apprehended at Clough, on suspicion of picking this man's pocket; but you see clearly that none of his property was found upon me, and more than that, the man himself has sworn in your presence that he is not certain whether I was the person or not; taking this simple statement into your deliberate consideration, I feel perfectly confident of receiving a verdict of acquittal from you.

The Judge then asked him, "Don't you come from Armagh, sir? and have you not a father and a brother?"

He answered that he had both.

All of your own profession—pickpockets," replied the Judge.

He said he was perfectly mistaken, for neither he nor they were ever guilty of such a thing. He was right as to them, but I will leave the world to

judge with what truth he spoke of himself. The Judge, in an angry tone, said, "Will you hold up your face and tell me that, sir? was you not tried before me ten days ago at Dundalk, and about four years ago at Carrickfergus? I know you well, and all your family."

He declared that he never was before a Court in his life till then, and sure enough he never was before him.

The Judge then addressed the Jury; he said, it did not signify whether they were clear of his being guilty of the present crime, for he could assure them that he was an old offender, and, at all events, to return a verdict of felony at large. He sprung up and declared he was getting no justice; and said there was no proof of his being a felon; and added, "How can I be brought in as a felon, when not a single witness has made oath to it?"

The Judge, in a violent rage, said, that he would make oath if necessary; and the Jury in a moment returned a verdict of "Guilty of felony at large." He was then sentenced to banishment for seven years; the Judge at the same time telling him, that if he would produce his father, and show to him that he had mistaken him, he would change the sentence to twelve months' imprisonment. He told him he would rather go abroad than let his friends know any thing of the matter; that he was sending him among pickpockets, where he would likely learn the art himself, and the first man's pocket he would pick on his return would be his.

He was removed to the jail, and that same afternoon, Mr. Blackart, the clergyman and magistrate of Drummore, who had formerly examined him, came into the pross-yard, where he was walking among a number of other prisoners. He distin-

guished him in a minute, and asked him if ever he was in Drummore? he said, "twenty times." He then asked him if he recollected him, or of bribing a constable, and breaking away. He said he had never seen him before, or been in custody in Drummore in his life. He then asked if ever he took the name of John M'Colgan? he answered, he never did; and did not know what he meant. He then told the jailor, if he did not clap the irons on him, he would be off in half an hour. The jailor said, he knew well enough that my name was O'Brien, and he certainly was mistaken; but Mr. Blackart was too sure of him to listen to the jailor. He was immediately loaded with hand-cuffs and irons, and remained in that state three days, when he was removed to Kilmainham jail, and was three days upon the road. When he arrived there, he was put amongst a great number of convicts of every description; he was but a few days there, when he thought of effecting his escape, and began digging the back wall, with the assistance of some others, having first secured the entrance-door to their apartment. But some of the prisoners, who did not care about joining them, gave information; and, being the first man who made his appearance through the hole, he got a bat from the outside with a shillelah, the mark of which was visible ever after, and disfigured his right eyebrow. The boys rushed after him, but having still a high wall to get over, they were all secured by a party of soldiers, and locked up in their cells.

Next day the whole of the prisoners were called out into the court-yard, and in a few minutes John Richardson from Dumfries made his appearance, and began his examination. He passed him once, but upon a second look over he recognized him,

and said, "Davie, do you ken me?" Haggart turned to the jailor, and in a master-piece of Irish brogue, said, "What does the man say? Don't you know him?" was the answer; he said he did not, but John persisted that he did. On the second day he was put in irons, and conducted by John and an Irish officer to Dumfries. They were three days and three nights on the road, and he experienced great kindness from the officers.

On their approach to Dumfries, which was in the dark, there were many thousands of people on the road, many of them with torches in their hands, waiting his arrival, and when he got to the jail-door, it was scarcely possible to get him out of the coach for the multitude—all crowding for a sight of Haggart the Murderer. Some seemed sorry, and some terrified for him; but there was not one of them all so sorry or so terrified as he was. He plunged through them, rattling his chains, and making a great show of courage, but his heart was shaking at the thought of poor Morri. As he went up the narrow stair to the cells, he had to pass the very spot where he struck him; and, oh! it was like fire under his feet.

He was locked up in his old cell, and the greater part of the Irish irons were taken off him. He was kept at Dumfries about three weeks, during which he was twice examined before the Sheriff; but they could not get what they call a *declaration* out of him, for he knew that would be used against him, so he thought it as well to keep his tongue within his teeth; but when the examination was over, he offered to tell the whole of his story to them *privately*, and he did tell a good deal of it.

From Dumfries he was conveyed to Edinburgh Jail, and placed once more under the charge of

Captain Sibbald, the kindest and the best jailor in the world. He was soon after indicted to stand his trial before the High Court of Justiciary, for the murder of Thomas Morrin.

In about a fortnight the day of his trial came. He had been carried the evening before from the Calton Jail to the Lock-up-house in the old town, and he was taken into the Court about ten o'clock, on the morning of the 11th of June. Many witnesses were examined against him, and some of them did not speak the truth; but he said nothing against them, for perhaps they were only mistaken. He was fully as wicked as they made him. There was *one witness* who should have said that he knew of their plan, and that their only object was liberty, not to murder poor Thomas Morrin. But this would have made no difference, for it was the pleasure of God Almighty that he should come to an end.

All that man could do was done for him at his trial, and he had good hopes till the Judge began to speak; but then his spirits fell, for his speaking was sore against him. He did not altogether despair when he saw the Jury talking together—but oh! when they said *Guilty*, his very heart broke: but he was even then too proud to show his feelings, and he almost bit his lip through in hiding them. When the Judge was passing the awful sentence, he turned dizzy, and gasped for breath. They say he looked careless, but they could not see *within* him. He did not know what had happened, or where he was—he thought of every thing in a minute—he thought of his father—he thought of his mother, who died of a broken heart—he thought of escape, and very near made a plunge over the heads of the crowd—then he could have

cried out. When the sentence was over, he gathered his thoughts, and his heart was as hard as ever; for he said, "Well! the man that is born to be hanged, will not be drowned!" This was very wicked, but he could not help it, for he had no command of his thoughts or words.

After being brought back to the Galton jail, the wickedness of his heart was still great, and he had so little thought of his awful situation, that he made the following lines, just to show that his spirit could not be conquered:

Able and willing you will me find,  
Though bound in chains, still free in mind;  
For with these things I'll ne'er be grieved,  
Although of freedom I'm bereaved.

In this vain world there is no rest,  
And life is but a span at best;  
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,  
Shall all lie low before its long.

I am a rogue, I don't deny;  
But never lived by treachery;  
And to rob a poor man, I disown,  
But them that are of high renown.

Now, for the crime that I'm condemn'd,  
The same I never did intend;  
Only my liberty to take,  
As I thought my like did lie at stake.

My life by perjury was sworn away,  
I'll say that to my dying day;  
Oh treacherous S—, you did me betray,  
For all I wanted was liberty.

No malice in my heart is found,  
 To any man above the ground ;  
 Now, all good people that speak of me,  
 You may say I died for my liberty.  
 Although in chains you see me fast,  
 No frown upon my friends you'll cast,  
 For my relations were not to blame,  
 And I brought my parents to grief and shame.  
 Now, all you rambles in mourning go,  
 For the Prince of Rambles is lying low ;  
 And all you maidens who love the game,  
 Put on your mourning veils again,  
 And all your powers of music chaunt,  
 To the memory of my dying rant—  
 A song of melancholy sing,  
 Till you make the very rafters ring,  
 Farewell relations, and friends alſo,  
 The time is nigh that I muſt go ;  
 As for foes, I have but one,  
 But to the ſame I've done no wrong.

But theſe wild and wicked thoughts ſoon left him. Every body was very kind to him. This kindneſs was an awful leſſon to him, but it did his heart good, for it was the ſoreſt puniſhment he met with in this world. He was viſited by ſeveral clergymen, they prayed much with him and for him. He told them he had no words to pray, but they taught him, made him read the Bible, and gave him hopes of mercy in Heaven—at leaſt, ſuch hopes as a poor miſerable ſinner like him could have, for his ſins ſtuck cloſe to him.

## EXECUTION.

Early on the morning of his execution, David Haggart joined earnestly in devotional exercises with his ministerial attendant. After the Chaplain of the Jail had given a prayer, one of the officers of justice appeared, and requested all the persons present to retire, as he had something to communicate to the unhappy prisoner. Haggart immediately exclaimed, in a hurried tone, "Oh! I suppose it is the executioner." His firmness for a moment abandoned him, and he walked rapidly across the cell, with his arms folded, and with dark and hence despair strongly painted on his countenance. He speedily, however, regained his composure, and when the executioner did appear, at once allowed his arms to be bound. He was then removed to a hall in the lower part of the Lock-up-house, where he was received by two of the clergymen of Edinburgh, and the magistrates. After prayers, the procession proceeded to the scaffold. The conduct of the unfortunate youth in this last and trying scene, was in the highest degree becoming. While the beneficial influence of religion was apparent in his whole demeanour, his natural firmness of character never for a moment forsook him. He knelt down,—uttered an earnest prayer, and, after addressing a few words of deep and anxious expectation to the great multitude by whom he was surrounded,—met his fate with the same intrepidity which distinguished all the actions of his short, but guilty and eventful life.

FINIS.

ЯЗНУ ВЕДІ ЯЗУАН ЗДОРОДІ

МАРАІІІ