

We subjoin such portion of Miss W.'s evidence as bears directly on the question at issue.

Mary Louisa W. sworn:—"I reside in Prescott, and am a member of the Church of England. I know the Reverend Richard Lewis—he visited at my father's house very frequently during the fall and winter of 1859 and 1860; as often as three times a week, and one week when my father was from home, Mr. Lewis came every day. I went out riding with Mr. Lewis very often, at his request. When he called at our house he asked for my mother, but he has told me to come into the room although not asked for. His conversation was generally about ladies, their dress, their eyes, &c. He used to read poetry to us, and sometimes repeated it from memory. It was generally from Byron, Mrs. Hemans, and Moore. The poetry was almost always about love: I do not remember his ever speaking on religion. I went on the cars to Brockville to make a visit. My father accompanied me to the station to see me off. Mr. Lewis was also at the station. The cars were behind their time, and my father and myself returned home. Mr. Lewis left the station at the same time, and when we returned in time for the train we found Mr. Lewis there again. I think he came to see me off. He asked me where I was going. I told him I was going to stay at Brockville at Mr. B.'s. He then asked me where Mr. B. lived." We here omit the young lady's account of the Brockville visit: as we have given it on a previous page. In another part of the evidence Miss W. says; "I went with him in the Fall in a covered buggy to Johnstown. I had on a thick veil. He desired me to raise my veil, and said that if I did not do so, he would kiss me. I did not raise my veil, and he kissed me through it." (Here again is a dilemma, but we think that the young lady selected the proper alternative. She was certain to be kissed whether she raised her veil, or not: but the kisses administered through a thick veil were probably less nauseating than they would otherwise have been. We continue our extracts.) "Mr. Lewis requested me to wear a black veil when I went driving with him, that people might think it was Mrs. Lewis. He has kissed me more than once. He had a kind of fascinating\* influence over me whether present or absent. He wanted to mesmerize me, and on one occasion when driving in a

\* Much capital has been made by Mr. Lewis and his friends out of these few simple words uttered on the spur of the moment by Miss W. during her evidence. We have not hesitated to repeat them here, inasmuch as we conscientiously believe that they do not contain any damaging admission. Brow-beaten by smart lawyers, and stared at by a multitude of eyes, a young lady could not choose her terms as nicely as she might desire. Moreover everyone knows how difficult it is to define accurately any mental emotion. The whole difficulty lies in the use of the word *fascinated*, which is what logicians call a '*vox ambigua*'. By this term Miss W. did not mean that she was pleasantly affected by Mr. Lewis: such a notion is physically improbable: but that she was troubled in his presence by an uneasy and confused sensation—which sensation existed in a minor degree even in his absence, if anything chanced to recall his image to her mind. It is difficult to define the feeling, but it is easy enough to understand it. An uneasy