My money was nearly gone and my health impaired. As spring approached, I improved. I seldom thought of Steward; but about the first of May I unfortunately heard such a person was at Windsor, a distance of forty-five miles. I resolved to accomplish my mission; which I did, as stated in court.

Having carried the account of my melancholy career thus far, as accurate as memory serves me, during which I have endeavored to show cause and effect. But, alas! I find the balance is against me; I am satisfied that I deserve no mercy from an earthly court, and whether I may from the eternal one is a question of doubt. I do not wish to live, and still I dread to die. How terrible is my position! when I look to the world, I deserve nothing there; when I presumed to think of the insulted majesty of heaven, I faulter to hope for mercy from that good God who created and endowed me with all the attributes of knowledge, which I abused. Still, while life remains, I will continue to hope in the plenitude of that all-powerful and merciful Redeemer, who forgave those who persecuted him on Calvary."

"Now, sir, will you please to read the manuscript, in order that I may correct some slight errors and mention one or two circumstances omitted." I readily acquiesced. She remarked, that as she then felt, it would be severe on her feelings, but would endeavor to summon all possible courage to withstand it. I read it with as much rapidity as possible, in order to save her feelings and mine too, during which she sat motionless; but at intervals I could easily discover the burning anguish of her heart, perfectly visible in the flushes which rapidly passed from cheek to cheek, as well as in her lovely eyes and countenance, particularly at the mention of that name once so dear to her, and afterwards utterly detestable to every fibre of her heart. When I laid down the paper, she sat leaned and said, "It is faithfully written; you have done more than your duty; while you were reading, I thought of the minutes of the names of the four men convicted for the death of the two soldiers at Dublin. I fear I have lost it; but should you, or any other, deem their names important, the Sheriff's books will supply that." Poor creatures! their fate was a hell to my mind. As for Biglow, I never heard that any one suffered for his death, neither did I hear of any one convicted for the death of Barrett; but strong doubts still linger on my mind relative to the death of Mr. Wilson, as there were two men in prison awaiting trial when I left the country; but were it possible, I would be anxious to know. I assured her that I would write immediately, and communicate the efficient intelligence as early as possible for which she kindly thanked me, and