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it was empty. At twelve o'clock, Mr. Hodgson, Q. C., entered and took his usual seat. A few minutes afterwards Millman was placed in the dock, and the Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Peters and Mr. Justice Hensley took their seats on the Bench. The Attorney-General arose and asked the Court to pronounce judgment upon the prisoner.

Mr. Weeks, the Clerk of the Crown, then addressed the prisoner:—

"William Millman, you have been indicted for the murder of Mary Pickering Tuplin. Upon that indictment you have been tried and found guilty. What have you to say why the Court should not pronounce sentence against you according to law?"

The prisoner seemed hardly able to control his feelings. He looked towards his counsel, but Mr. Hodgson gave no sign. The Chief Justice taking up a manuscript and arranging it in order, was just about to commence addressing the prisoner, when Mr. Hodgson quietly arose and said:

"MY LORD,—I know that my client's silence at this time, and my silence, will not be misinterpreted by your Lordship. Whatever may be generally understood to be the meaning of the words addressed by the Clerk of the Crown to the prisoner, the Court knows that they only call for the interposition of any legal objection to the passing of the sentence. The prisoner has much to say, I have much to urge, not why sentence should not be pronounced, but why it should not be carried out. At the proper time, and in the proper quarter, this shall be duly submitted. I therefore abstain from addressing your Lordship, because the verdict imposes upon you but one last solemn duty."

His Lordship then addressed the prisoner in the following terms:

WILLIAM MILLMAN,—You have been tried and convicted of the crime of a murder, of the deepest dye,—one for which a parallel can scarcely be found in the criminal annals of British North America? When it was first discovered that this crime was committed. I was for a considerable time under the impression that the criminal must have been some stranger, some person from another country—from some populous city where vice and crime in their lowest depths are not so unfamiliar to human experience as here; and when I heard of your arrest, I still encouraged the hope that one so young, a native of this Province, brought up amongst a Christian community, could not be the perpetrator of this terrible crime. Facts, however, were gradually brought to light, by which a strong suspicion although wavering at times, ultimately rested on you. About nine o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, the 28th of June last, Mary Tuplin, a daughter of John Tuplin, a respectable farmer of Margate, and residing with her parents, went outside of the house apparently on some very temporary absence, going out in an ordinary indoor dress, without any covering on her head, and without any intimation as to what direction she intended to proceed. Between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock she had not returned. The lateness of the hour increasing without any appearance of her, and not answering to several loud calls of her father made at some distance from the house, he proceeded to a neighbor's residence, but failed to obtain any intelligence of his missing child. The following day a more general search was made, and continued during the remainder of the week, by a large number of the inhabitants of the settlement and vicinity; but proved unsuccessful. A white pocket handkerchief, however, identified as that of the missing girl, being found on the shore; the river was carefully dragged, when on Monday, the fourth day of July, the body of the unfortunate girl was raised from the bottom of the river, attached to it, by a short rope, a large stone of eighty or one hundred