

ored as the beloved guest in the private society, at the public dinners and grand entertainments of kings, queens, and princes, noblemen and ladies of the highest distinction, and, generally, at all feasts and parties of pleasure of professing Christians, to be brought up as a felon in frozen Quebec, and tried like a malefactor by a cowardly, assuming, and unrelenting set of enemies, calling themselves Sons of Temperance, most of whom he has been on intimate terms of friendship with—and for acts committed solely in self-defence, makes your Petitioner (with great respect to your Lordship) tremble with indignation.

Your Petitioner, therefore, humbly hopes your Lordship will take into your favorable consideration the great benefits he has conferred on mankind, the abuse he has received, while acting in self-defence, from those he so often served, and allow him to be discharged, free of punishment.

And your Petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever *Fight*.

S E N T E N C E.

Prisoner, after a patient investigation, you have been found Guilty, by a Jury of your fellow-countrymen, of the crimes laid to your charge. Some extenuating traits in your character, and the recommendation of the Jury in your behalf, together with the petition read by your Counsel, relieve me of the painful duty of passing upon you the extreme sentence of the law.

The sentence of the Court upon you is—that you be branded as a poison, and banished from the dwellings of men as the greatest curse that ever came upon the human family—and that you be kept in solitary confinement, on the Apothecary's shelf, during the term of your natural life, except in cases of extreme emergency, when your services may be required for the public, by your Gaoler, who will see that your brand is placed in such a conspicuous position as will prevent your doing future mischief.

Clerk of the Crown—"Sheriff, remove the Prisoner."

