

mind was as firm as the rock which has stood unmoved the shock of the ocean for a thousand years.

The prisoner and the rest of the party returned in safety to Antigua.

Colonel Manly, finding that the fate of the unfortunate Snell was certain, determined to devote his attention to the good, the charitable office of preparing him for a future state, that he might be enabled to meet his death with calm and Christian fortitude, produced by the conviction of being about to obtain eternal life in the blessed abode of the Redeemer and Saviour of Mankind. For this purpose, he called in the aid of the Garrison Chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Halton, a truly pious and meek man, who, far from assimilating to some of his fox-hunting brethren, indulged in no rioting, or licensed any amusements that were not strictly moral. He was beloved for his unostentatious life—his consolations to the distressed, and the charity he bestowed in private.

The endeavours of two such individuals had their full and delightful share of success. William Snell, like most young people, had never indulged in much reflection on the instability of life—like others, he tried to enjoy it as if there were no termination to its existence; but now that that event was certain, the awfulness of eternity presented itself to his imagination in the most dreary aspect; and he felt like one brought to the brink of a precipice, with the alternative of being saved by repentance, or by a stubborn adherence to error, to be dashed to destruction down its yawning gulf. In this state of feeling the Colonel and Mr. Halton came, like ministering angels, to drag from certain misery to certain happiness. His heart being properly disposed, and the kindness of those gentlemen melting him into the most affecting gratitude, he early seized the opportunity of their assumed mediatorial office to seek that repentance which alone could render him acceptable to Heaven; and in the brief space of his existence, he found, from their unceasing exertions in prayer and supplication, and his own ardent and sincere faith and hope in the merits of his Saviour, that peace which this world cannot give. The two gentlemen remained in fervent prayer with the prisoner during the whole night previous to his execution. He now no longer desired life. Happy in possessing God's favour in redeeming him from sin, and at peace with all mankind, he longed for the hour which would loosen the bonds of this life and consummate that bliss which Heaven affords to all true believers.

At last the fatal morning arrived: the sky was clear with the exception of a few clouds, which, in passing, shed a few drops, or tears, as it were, of sympathy for the approaching untimely end of the prisoner, and then it smiled forth in all the golden tints of the rising sun, as if to hail with delight another hallowed spirit so soon to become an inhabitant of its celestial and happy regions.

On an intervening space of level ground between the Block House and Shirley Heights, all the troops in garrison were drawn up into three sides of a hollow

square. The prisoner, habited in a shroud, and kneeling on his coffin, was stationed with the Chaplain on the fourth or blank side, and the firing party, 24 in number, in the centre.

By a well-timed expedient, either of these men, as an individual, could not exactly lay it to himself that he had a part in killing the culprit. Twenty-four muskets were loaded half with ball, and the other half with blank cartridges—then being mixed, each man was permitted to choose one indiscriminately from the number.

A solemn silence reigned on all around—every spectator of the mournful ceremony remained as motionless—every muscle of their features as unmoveable—as if they were so many statues divested of life, so much were all present impressed with its melancholy import.

Rising from earnest prayer, Snell, with a countenance beaming with holy resignation, and wholly void of fear, and, with a firm and manly voice, addressed a few words to the troops:—"Fellow Soldiers and Brethren, I am now about to suffer death in just expiation of my crime. I conjure you, whatever may be your trials, whatever the injuries you may receive, never let your feelings of irritation or animosity overcome your better judgment. Fly to God in your hour of temptation and he will sooth your afflictions and render them tolerable. I thank God that my desire of revenge was foiled, and that I am not a murderer. If I have at any time offended or hurt any of you, I implore your forgiveness. May the same power of infinite mercy which has snatched me from utter darkness to view the true light as it is in God, bless and protect you all and your families during your remaining pilgrimage through this vale of tears, and conduct you from thence to the Heavenly abode where no sorrow enters.—Farewell!" Having engaged in prayer with Colonel Manly and Mr. Halton, for about a quarter of an hour, he then took a most affectionate leave of these gentlemen, who were both greatly moved; then, signifying that he was ready, the Provost Serjeant adjusted the cap over his face, and retiring, the firing party having received the awful word, "present," he dropt the handkerchief, the usual signal for the word, "fire,"—and William Snell fell a lifeless corpse—a Victim of Tyranny.

The fate of this young man threw a gloom over the Regiment for some time. The circumstance deeply afflicted Colonel Manly—he shut himself up for two days, and refused to see any one.

Lieutenant Riddell's health being much impaired, and as he was anxious to quit a place, every association of which only served to keep alive the anguish of his mental sufferings, obtained leave of absence and returned to England.

Ensign Burgh having been ordered home was placed on half-pay. I am happy to add, in conclusion, that, with due care and precaution, he again recovered the use of his arm, and, through the influence of Colonel Manly, having been once more reinstated in the Regiment, has since been promoted to the rank of Captain.