

the hour appointed, there was nothing like a crowd outside the prison; scarcely a female was to be seen, and of respectable males, there were very few. Nor did the soldiers turn out in the numbers anticipated. There was a sprinkling of redcoats among the spectators, but very meagre: it looked as if when their comrade was handed over to the civil power, they had abandoned all interest in his fate. Such as assembled outside the prison were grave and orderly, except for a few moments after the drop fell. Then some one raised a shout of "run, run," and the people, panic-stricken, took to their heels; but we have heard of no accident resulting, nor do we believe there was any. Inside the prison every thing was conducted with decency and in order. The unfortunate man who since his sentence had slept well and eaten well, was only watched during the last night he had to remain on earth. The Rev. M. Toupin sat up with him, and several of the nuns, who have been more or less with him during every day since sentence was passed. Mawn conversed with them freely; expressed deep contrition for his crime, and said he only prayed he would suffer enough to make ample atonement for it. This, indeed, was the burden of his desires until his last moments. He spoke of his family, and the scandal he had brought upon them, and thanked God his poor mother was dead—that she had not lived to know of this. It appears he has brothers and sisters in the United States, and that his father is still alive, residing in Leitrim. The kind sisters who attended him undertook to convey to his relatives the intelligence of his melancholy fate when all was over, and at this he expressed himself very much pleased. Yesterday morning the Sacrament of Mass was administered to the prisoner; but as he had not been confirmed, His Lordship Bishop Bourget, though seriously suffering from indisposition, arrived at the prison at five o'clock this morning to confer upon him that sacrament. He received it with much emotion, and over and over again exclaimed how happy he was! The writer saw the prisoner about nine o'clock. He had just partaken of his last breakfast, and exchanged his military uniform for a plain, dark-colored citizen's dress, provided, we believe, by the generosity of Mr. McGinn the jailor. The appearance of his countenance would scarcely be believed if we could describe it. Though only a few moments hung between him

and eternity, he seemed to be in ecstatic state of rapture—longing for the time to come—smiling as if he had won a crown, instead of being about to bear his cross.

The writer spoke to him, as did several others, and he expressed to all of them frankly and freely his hopes and his fears. He could not be grateful enough for the kindness with which he had been treated—and oh how thankful he was to Mr. Villeneuve and the sisters. They had taught him what a bad man he had been, and shown him it was better to die than to live! He spoke of the jury who had condemned him, and the Judge who had sentenced him. He said, "how could they do else—I did the deed; and if you mean do I forgive them, I have nothing to forgive." To his counsel he desired to be kindly remembered. He said "he did all he could to save me, but when the case came on I had no hope." All this he said with a smile on his face; he seemed, in fact, rejoiced to meet his fate.—Mr. Deputy Sheriff Sanborn, Mr. Coursol, Judge of the Peace, Mr. Schiller deputy clerk of the Crown and other officials arrived a few minutes before ten o'clock. The scaffold was erected at the south east angle of the jail wall, and executioner and everything else by that time was in readiness. No time was lost. The condemned was taken from his cell into the surgery, where the hangman was introduced. There his hands and arms were pinioned and the rope passed around his neck. The Litany of the Saints was recited while this was being done, and Mr. Villeneuve told the prisoner to speak if he suffered any, "oh no," he said, "I don't suffer at all." He seemed, however slightly to shudder when the hangman masked and shrouded was brought into the room. The Litany over, the procession to the scaffold was formed the nuns chanting the *miserere* as they walked along. On coming to the steps leading from the jail yard the convict was anxious to run up them, and nearly tripped the executioner who had to ascend with him. The rope was scarcely adjusted round his neck, and the Priest on his knees in prayer when the drop fell. A sensation of horror seemed to pervade the crowd—only on the murderer himself was all feeling lost. He scarcely moved a muscle, and in six minutes was pronounced dead.

May his fate be an example and a warning, the like of which we may never have occasion to look upon!