THE Weekly Chronicle.

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

April.	R. Sun.	S.	Moon.	W. H.
27 Saturday,	4 55	7 0	morn.	2 54
28 Sunday,	4 54	7 1	0 29	3 39
30 Monday,	4 53	7 2	1 12	4 21
1 Tuesday,	4 51	7 3	1 45	5 14
2 Wednesday,	4 49	7 4	2 11	6 24
3 Thursday,	4 48	7 6	2 32	7 36
4 Friday,	4 46	7 7	2 50	8 36

First quarter 1st. 9h. 20m. morn.

Public Institutions.

Bank of New-Brunswick.—Solomon Nichols, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: R. F. Hazen, Esq.

Commercial Bank.—Charles Ward, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: William Leavitt, Esq.

City Bank.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office hours, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: Hugh Mackay, Esq.

Bank of British North America.—(Saint John Branch.)—R. H. Liston, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: James Kirk, Esq.

New-Brunswick Fire Insurance Company.—John M. Wilmot, Esq. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

Savings Bank.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday 's.Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

Marine Insurance.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The Committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

Miscellany.

THE MARINER'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

By the Author of "Cavendish," "Gentleman Jack,"

CHAPTER VII.

* * * * * * Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-born beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

One bell in the middle watch had some time since been struck on board the frigate on the night which followed the closing of the last chapter. All the reliefs had been served for the next four hours, and many of those who had retired below, were already fast locked in sleep. Nothing was to be heard below but the creaking of the ship's timbers as she rolled merrily before the gentle breeze that impelled her rapidly through the rushing waters; while the the heavy, monotonous tread of feet on the upper-deck, as the officers drowsily paced to and fro, induced a feeling much more akin to somnolence than vigil. Everything on board seemed rapidly sinking to repose. On the starboard side the moonbeams shot in, and playing along the line of guns, as the ship rolled, produced a startling effect upon the sight—now enabling to see everything with the utmost brightness—now steeping them in the deepest gloom.

It was during these latter intervals that a tall and powerful human figure might have been marked stealing gradually aft from the fore-hatchway on the main-deck towards the captain's cabin. At length it reached the mainmast, and there, in the deep shadow of the ship's pumps that were grouped around it, paused as if for both consideration and concealment.—Whether his views embraced the leisure of the former, we know not; but that they completely effected the latter, was soon evident. The sentry looked towards his hour-glass, and hastily shook its few remaining sands, as if joyous that one-fourth of his duty was over. Little did he know that to another they were the sands of life which he was hurrying. The last grain passed, the sentry turned his glass, and then, with slow and lazy step, set forward for the galley, there to strike the bell. Unknowing who was on the watch, perhaps even with half-closed eyes, he passed the mainmast, and as he did so, the tall figure there ensconced rapidly and noiselessly moved, leaving no more of either sound or mark behind his swift and unshod feet, than would the destroying angel. Quickly as thought he passed between the tiller ropes, where hung the lately reversed hour-glass, adroitly turned the handle of the cabin-door, that already oiled to the nicest point, both at the lock and hinges, opened as silently as can the grave, and long before the half-awakened sentry had returned, the intruder was hidden within the apartment of the sleeping-cabin, and the door once more closed.

Half an hour stole away. To one of the two living beings within the apartment how rapidly they stole away! passed, as they were, in the deep but fast slumber ever to be enjoyed in this world. To the other, what a deep, dreadful gulf of time did those thirty minutes appear! With a stern and powerful mind unnaturally excited—every nerve fixed in the most intense and dreadful excitement—resolutely bound up to a deed abhorrent to his nature—a deed of deliberate murder—how terrible was the pause thus given to all the conflicting emotions of his heart, while the object of his terrific vengeance was sleeping unconsciously, deeply, securely before him!

It did pass. At length he heard the step of the sentry once more going forward. The footfall gradually died away, and then as deliberately rose the tall powerful figure that had hitherto crouched behind the door. A few soft steps, and the destroyer's hand was by the captain's curtain. Without the delay of a moment, that might prove so fatal, it was lifted aside. The stranger looked on his sleeping prey for a moment—drew his breath as if for some great exertion, plunged his large bony and muscular hands upon the windpipe of the slumberer, and the latter, with a deadly effort to cry out, awoke. It was in vain. The murderer knew his strength—felt how rightly his huge thumbs were placed upon the way of life; and while the struggling and wretched captain kicked and plunged without causing any noise that could bring assistance to his aid, his slayer dragged him partly from his hammock, so that, by the moonbeam's aid, his starting eyes might see who was his destroyer; and then, as life gradually ebbed away, in the suffocating bosom beneath his grasp, he returned the corpse to its couch, relaxed the gripe of death, whose deed was too surely done, and sinking down beneath the canvas screen, passed across his cold and dewy forehead the fingers of a murderer!

What might have been the feelings of the only living tenant of that cabin! For a time he seemed lost in the tumult of his own bosom, which laboured convulsively and in silence, as he alternately buried his face in his hands, and then clasped them as if in prayer to that Heaven, one of whose most rigid laws he had violated. The attempt, however, seemed in vain; and lost in the dread reproaches that must have been so loud within him, another half-hour stole away. The sound of the sentry's steps going forward to strike four bells, seemed to startle him from his fearful meditation. With a celerity little according with his former profound abstraction, the taker of life arose—undid the fastenings of the gun-port—dragged the corpse of the late captain from its hammock, and launched it, as gradually as he could, into the bright and sparkling tide below. Little perceptible plashing could, from the nearest part of the vessel, have been heard as the body descended into those waters that bore it towards its deepest caverns, never more to revisit the "precincts of the cheerful day." The projection of the mizen chains prevented the possibility of the act having been detected from above, and when the sentinel returned to the cabin door, the gun-port had been replaced, and its fastening once more secured. With a coolness of nerve that bespoke a heart mighty even in its crimes, he then leaped into the hammock of the captain, and there remained until he heard the steps of the sentry going forward a third time. As six bells, or three o'clock in the morning, pealed forth over the decks of the sleep-locked frigate, the destroyer of its commander re-opened the door of the cabin, and fastening it again with equal silence, glided away unseen to his hammock on the deck below.

(*To be continued.*)

A FEMALE ROYAL ARTIST.

From an article on the French National Museum, in the London Quarterly Review.

But the most original in design, and the best in execution of the sculptures, is one, which, all things considered, does the Royal family most honor, and must give the greatest personal gratification to the founder of the museum—we mean the statue, as large as life, of Joan of Arc, by the *Princess Mary*—the King's second daughter—lately married to Prince Alexander of Wurtemburg.

There is something so extraordinary in any woman, but particularly a young princess, working with tolerable success on such a scale, that one would readily make allowances for many defects; but we saw little to require allowance: it seems to us the most beautiful modern statue that we have seen. Perhaps we might have wished that the countenance of Joan had been more animated; we expected a touch of a higher and wilder enthusiasm, or, at least something more of that inspired cast which Southey so beautifully gives her—

"——Wan the maiden was;
Of saintly paleness; and there seemed to dwell
In the *strong* beauties of her countenance
Something that was not earthly——"

But the artist herself—another *inspired* Maid of Orleans—thought otherwise, and she may be right. It suited her taste—influenced perhaps by feminine feeling as well as national partiality—to represent the heroine as a girl of gentle beauty—impelled (rather than excited) by a sober and thoughtful patriotism, and inspired less by an adventurous enthusiasm than by a calm and considerate sense of religious duty. This, which is at least an elegant conception and by no means inconsistent with historical accounts, is admirably expressed in the rather downwardlook of the beautiful but resolute countenance, and in the modest yet determined folding of the arms upon the cross of the blessed sword of St. Catherine. It must, however, be added, that there is not wanting some expression of more active courage; the lower portion of the figure is in the action of bold advance and the way in which the point of one of the mailed feet oversteps or rather cramps itself to the pedestal marks by a simple and natural circumstance the stifled energy of the character. Such is the design; and the beautiful finish of the execution is quite equal to the conception.

It may be asked whether it can be all her own. To which we answer, whose else can it be? where is the other hand in France which has produced any thing like it, and now that the Princess has passed the Rhine, where is the hand in France that will attempt to rival it. If the Gallery of Versailles had cost Louis Philippe double what it has done, it would have been a cheap purchase for the pleasure which such a work must give to a father who has a heart.

A Rival for Jonathan.—A friend of mine, living on the Surrey Hills, near Goldstone, states that being much in want of a hare for a friend, and having made several unsuccessful shots during the day, he was about to return home, when finding a hare on her form, the would-be sportsman was determined to make himself master of her, but to his dismay, his shot were all gone. He applied to a cobler but without success. The old man observed that he could make him up a ball of wax. No sooner said than done. He returned to the side of the hill (puss still in her seat,) he fired, hit her on the head which only stunned her; she jumped up and started down the hill. The report alarmed one at the bottom, which starting upwards, ran against the other's head with such force, that on his descending, he found them both sticking together and was thus enabled to oblige two friends.—*English paper.*

Two sailors passing by a church-yard, one had the curiosity to examine a tombstone. The epitaph contained an address from a wife to her husband, and concluded with, "I am not *dead* but *sleeping* here." "Now Jack replied the sailor, "I'd scorn to tell lies about these things for when I'm dead I'll own it."

Cheap Filter to cleanse Water.—A bag made of unbleached calico, in the form of an inverted cone, attached to a small wooden hoop, should be first saturated with water, and afterwards pulverised charcoal should be thinly spread over the inside of it with a dredging-box used by cooks. At first a part of the charcoal will pass through the pores of the bag with the water, but by continuing to fill it *full* with the same water, and adding charcoal, in a few minutes it will become clear as spring water. To prevent the charcoal being washed from the pores of the bag in filling it, place another bag inside it, and dredge a small quantity of pulverised charcoal into it. The cost of both bags is under one shilling, and the two will cleanse from 50 to 60 gallons daily, if it be supplied with water from a pipe and regulated by a stop-cock, and more in proportion to the size of the bag: but, as their cost is little, they can be increased in size and in number as may be required.

Coronation of the Queen.—The difference in the forms and ceremonies, that will be the consequence of the Sovereign being female, are already beginning to be discussed, and the officials of the Herald's College would render the Queen an acceptable service if they could find a precedent for dispensing with, or at least altering, the form of the homage of the Peers: as it is, her Majesty will have to receive the kisses of 600 old gentlemen on this occasion! The homage is performed thus:—the Archbishops and Bishops first, kneeling before the sovereign, the Archbishop of Canterbury saying aloud, and the rest of the Bishops following him. "I, William, Archbishop of Canterbury [and so the rest of the Bishops], will be faithful and true, and faith and truth will bear, unto you our Sovereigning Lord [*Lady*], and your Heirs, Kings of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. And I will do, and truly acknowledge the service of the lands which I claim to hold of you, as in right to the Church. So help me God." The Archbishops and Bishops then get up, and kiss the Sovereign's left cheek. Then the temporal Peers (each class seperately) follow. After the oath has been pronounced, the Peers raise, but still remain unbonneted: and each Peer, according to his rank and precedence, singly ascends the throne, and touches with his hand the Crown on the Sovereign's head, and kisses his or *her* cheek.

No Work so Wedding.—On Sunday last, a couple wishing to be joined together in holy wedlock (the banns having been published as usual) attended for that purpose at the altar in Syleham Church. The ceremony had proceeded to that part where the clergyman asked the bridegroom if he would have this woman for his wedded wife? when he received the following answer: "*I don't know. I have a question to ax afore I answer you that. I want to know if we are married to day, and I can't git no work to-morrow, and have to go into the Great house (the Union House) the next day whether we shall be parted.*" The Pastor replied in the affirmative, although he was bound to answer in the words of the ritual, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." The bridegroom immediately put on his hat, saying, "*then I'ont marry to-day, so I wish you good mornin, Sir;*" and made his exit, leaving the clergyman to comfort the disconsolate and disappointed bride with what grace and spiritual advice he could.—*Suffolk Chronicle.*

THE ADDRESS OF THE IRISHMEN OF UPPER CANADA TO THE QUEEN.

To the Queen's most excellent Majesty.

Most Gracious Sovereign.—We, your Majesty's dutiful and loyal Subjects, the Irish Inhabitants of Upper Canada, humbly desire to lay before your Majesty, the fervent and sincere expression of our loyalty and attachment to your Majesty's Person and Government.

Residing in a distant part of your Majesty's Dominions, far from the land of our birth, and our individual connection with it, broken off, beyond the hope of renewel—we assure your Majesty, that we feel it to be our principal consolation and happiness that the land of our adoption still forms a portion of your Majesty's Great Empire; and that we, by the blessing of Divine Providence, are amongst the favored people, who are accustomed to find in fidelity and devotion to one common Sovereign, a bond which is able to unite the interests, affections and energies of millions inhabiting every quarter of the globe, so as to enable this Colony and every portion of your Majesty's Dominions to rest secure in the enjoyment of rational liberty, equal laws, and settled institutions.

We have lately seen with great pain and even momentary alarm, an atrocious attempt to deprive us of these blessings, by a foul and unnatural rebellion. The originators of a wicked conspiracy saw, in the ignorance and national prejudices of a portion of the people of one Province and in the scattered state of the population of the other, opportunities for disseminating falsehood and exciting discontent, which they did not fail to use as the means of gratifying their own rapacious and bloody desires to procure the plunder and extermination of the whole loyal and faithful part of the community. It was said by them that your Majesty's Subjects in the Canadian Provinces, were weary of the Government of a Monarchy; that the allegiance of the people was only maintained by force; that the sympathy and aid of a foreign Nation were already enlisted in the service of rebellion; and, above all, that the powerful Empire to which we belong, looked upon these Provinces with indifference, and was ready to abandon their loyal inhabitants, to what was said to be the overwhelming force of their foreign and domestic enemies. It was amidst the avowal of these opinions, at the commencement of a Canadian winter, without the prospect of timely aid from the Mother Country, without a military force, and trusting only to the protection of divine Providence, and to the true and loyal of your Majesty's Provincial Subjects, that we beheld the standard of rebellion suddenly raised in the colony. The reward offered to treachery and treason, being the plunder of public and private property, while the loyal and faithful were threatened with civil war, rapine and murder, and we saw but too plainly the sincerity of these denunciations in various acts of assassination, burning and robbery.

While we deeply commiserate the situation of many who have been deceived by our enemies, or who, from fear of their threats, have been induced to take part in this unhappy revolt, we cannot disguise our feelings of pride and exultation when we see the vast majority of your Majesty's subjects in this Colony, superior alike to the inducements offered to rapacity, or the terrors held over the heads of the timid. We have had the pleasure to see your Majesty's subjects in this Colony, of all classes, at the first alarm, forsake their families and their peaceful avocations, and voluntarily come forward in defence of the Government and Institutions of the land. And we hope we may be excused for the avowal of our peculiar satisfaction, on our beholding the promptitude, unanimity and enthusiasm which pervaded the whole Irish population of this Province, without distinction of class, of creed, or of party, in their unhesitating display on this occasion of truth and loyalty to your Majesty, their beloved and most gracious Queen.

We lament to say, that though insubordination and rebellion, had but a limited and short existence within the bounds of this Province, the statements of your Majesty's enemies, respecting the sympathy and aid to be expected from many of the citizens of an apparently friendly power have been but too well founded. The fugitive traitors from this Province, their hands stained with outrage and blood, have been received by these citizens with open arms, and have not only been cherished and encouraged, but actually joined by them, so that we have before us the unprecedented spectacle of the inhabitants of a nation professing to be at peace with your Majesty, assembling in arms, and even with the arms and munitions of war belonging to their own Government, upon the frontier of your Majesty's Province, actually invading it, and threatening to make our fertile fields and peaceful homes the scenes of predatory and cruel warfare.

Feeling that we have little of good to expect from the humanity of traitors, or the faith or forbearance of foreigners, and seeing that we in common with others, your Majesty's subjects, inhabitants of this Province, may yet be called upon to defend it in arms—and claiming from your Majesty's protection, assistance and support, we feel assured that your Majesty will not receive with indifference this our humble and dutiful Address. And, therefore, we, the Irish inhabitants of Upper Canada, filled with love and veneration for the time-honored institutions of your Majesty's Empire, and impelled by a universal feeling of fidelity and attachment to your Majesty, approach your Majesty, and with one voice we offer ourselves for the defence of this your Majesty's Province, and we solemnly declare, that with the risk, or to the loss, of our lives, and of all that is ours, we will to our utmost power defend your Majesty's Province against aggression and invasion, against the domestic traitor and foreign enemy.

We most humbly thank your Majesty for the determination expressed by your Majesty's Ministers in Parliment, to protect and defend the loyal inhabitants of Canada, in the possession of the many blessings they enjoy, as a part of your Majesty's dominions. In this determination we see a new commencement of prosperity, an impregnable defence from anarchy, and a prospect of permanency to our institutions, which will not only restore confidence in these Provinces, but will induce thousands of your Majesty's subjects to come amongst us, and partake of the rewards to industry and enterprise, to which they are invited by our fertile but thinly populated country, and its extensive but untried resources. It renews in our minds the hope of yet seeing millions of your Majesty's subjects, many of them from our native land, living in freedom, peace and plenty, under the protection of the British Empire, and your Majesty's mild and beneficent sway.

We are confident that our loyalty and devotion to your Majesty, and our determination to uphold, so far as it is in our power, the unity of your Majesty's Empire, will meet with corresponding feelings, from our brethren in our native country, and we feel assured that in thus addressing a Sovereign, so much and so justly revered and beloved by them, we take the best means of securing their effectual assistance, should impending events render it necessary that the valour of your Majesty's Irish subjects, should be again exhibited, or the blood pour'd forth once more in the defence of Canada.

That Your Majesty's life and reign may long continue, that Your Majesty may long govern a free and happy people, that Your Majesty, and your dominions, may be ever safe from secret treason, and from open enmity, is the most ardent wish and prayer of Your Majesty's subjects of Irish Origin, in Upper Canada.

ADDRESS OF THE HON. CHIEF JUSTICE ROBINSON, ON PASSING SENTENCE OF DEATH UPON SAMUEL LOUNT & PETER MATTHEWS.

From the Toronto Christian Guardian, of April 4.

On Thursday, the 29th March inst., Samuel Lount and Peter Matthews, who on the preceding Monday had pleaded guilty to the indictment preferred against them for High Treason, were again placed at the bar, when the Attorney General moved for Judgment against them. Silence having been proclaimed, his honour, the Chief Justice, pronounced the awful sentence of the Law, preceded by the following impressive address:—

Samuel Lount and Peter Matthews!

You have been arraigned upon several indictments charging you with High Treason. In accordance with the humane provisions of our law, many days have necessarily elapsed between the time of your being indicted and arraigned; and in that interval you were furnished with full and exact copies of the charges preferred against you, together with lists of the witnesses by whom those charges were to be proved, and with the names of the jurors who were to pronounce upon the awful question of your guilt or innocence. Having had all these advantages for disproving the charge, if that were possible, you have each of you upon your arraignment pleaded "guilty;" that is, you have confessed that upon the day named in the indictments, you were in arms against your Sovereign, and did traitorously levy war in this Province, for the purpose of subverting the constitution and government.

You are, neither of you, I dare say, so ill informed of the laws of your country as not to know that the offence of which you now stand convicted, upon your own confession, is the highest in the scale of crimes—so high, that the law annexes to it the severest punishment, and leaves to this Court no discretion to dispense with, or to mitigate its awful sentence. Whatever may have been your thoughts and feelings, while you were engaged in the wicked attempt to involve your country in confusion, nothing appeared in your conduct upon your arraignment to lead the Court to suppose that you are not now sensible of the enormity of your guilt: and I would willingly hope, that after all that you have witnessed, and after the reflections which must have forced themselves upon your minds, within the last three months, you do really see, and in your hearts acknowledge, the folly and the wickedness of your conduct. There is probably little that I could say on that head, which has not already been suggested to each of you by your own conscience,—a most faithful monitor, when it can make itself heard.

It may, therefore, not be necessary (and I hope it is not) that I should insist upon the enormity of your crime, with a view to convince you of the justice of that law under whose severest condemnation you have brought yourselves; nor would I do so from desire to add to the misery of your apparently hopeless situation. That, you may be assured, is not the wish of any who are engaged in the administration of justice on this most painful occasion, however much they must all abhor the crime of which you stand convicted. But it may be of some public service, and possibly may in a small degree assist in turning others from the path which you have followed to your destruction, if I use this occasion for expressing some reflections to which your conduct and its consequences have very naturally given rise.

A few months ago, you were, both of you, living in the enjoyment of health & liberty, under circumstances as favourable, perhaps, to happiness, as the condition of human nature admits of. The wants of life cannot be supplied without labour; and in all countries the great majority of the inhabitants must, in some shape or other, make their living by their own exertion. No form of government can do away with this necessity; nor is that to be wished for, since there is little satisfaction or pleasure in mere idleness. On the contrary, the honest labourer, whose industry raises him above poverty, is frequently found among the most cheerful and contented members of the community; and here, as in all countries, where he is peaceful and well disposed, he is respectable and respected. But if the lot of the mere industrious labourer should seem a hard lot, you were, both of you, raised above that condition. A long residence in this Province had given you the opportunity of acquiring property, and had enabled you to find a suitable field for your exertion.

You were not the tenants of rigorous and exacting landlords; you were not burthened with taxes for the State, further than the payment perhaps of a few shillings in the year, to support the common expenses of the District in which you lived; you held that middle station of life than which none is happier; you were your own masters. Regularity and industry would always have ensured you a competency. Higher rank and greater wealth might have enabled you to live with less actual labour of your hands; but it is not certain that they would have increased your enjoyment. On the contrary, they often bring with them care and anxiety, while they attract jealousy and envy; and whoever will look with candour upon human life, will find that those who possess these supposed advantages, are not by any means the most contented.

When men are raised, as they were, above the danger of want, and above the evils of poverty and dependence, their happiness is for the most part in their own power. It depends upon the disposition of the mind and heart, upon their being grateful and contented, upon their "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking with their God." Without these dispositions no condition of life can give happiness. With them, millions are contented and happy, who have far less to be thankful for than had fallen to your lot. You lived in a country where every man who obeys the laws is secure in the protection of life liberty, and property; under a form of government which has been the admiration of the world for ages. No man could deprive you, by force or fraud, of the smallest portion of the fruit of your labour, but you could appeal to a Jury of your country for redress, with the certainty that you would have the same measure of justice dealt out to you, as if you were the highest and wealthiest persons in the Province. You have, yourselves, I dare say, exercised as Jurors the privilege of dispensing justice to others; and you must well know that in this Province, no man is so rich or so powerful that he can injure his neighbour with impunity, and no man so poor or so humble that he could not appeal with confidence to the protection of the law.—In short, you were living in the enjoyment of as full a security against injury of every kind as any people in the world; and with very many advantages beyond what are possessed by the inhabitants of most other countries.

Consider now, since you were in these circumstances, how many thousands of persons have come to this Province almost penniless, and without the help of relations or friends have raised themselves among strangers by their honest industry to independence and comfort, and are now contented subjects of our Queen, and living in cheerful obedience to the same laws which you have been endeavouring to overturn. Consider also, on the other hand, how many thousands there are; I might almost say millions, of the subjects of the same crown, who, while they have no privilege or advantage which you did not enjoy, but are subject to burthens from which you are free, labouring in dangerous and sickly occupations, in dark and unwholesome mines, or amidst the storms of the ocean, upon rugged coasts, and in the dreary cold of winter, gleaning in contentment a scanty subsistence, by far greater exertion than was necessary to place you, in this favoured country, in a state of ease and comfort, and perhaps of affluence.

If, in that spirit of love to God, and to our neighbour, which the christian religion enjoins, you have reflected upon the condition in which Providence had placed you, and had compared your lot with that of the many millions of your fellow creatures, you would have been convinced that where there was one person who had more to be thankful for than yourselves, there were thousands who would have envied your condition, and who would have tho't themselves happy indeed, if possessed of but a portion of those blessings which you have wantonly thrown away.

But, unhappily for yourselves, and for many others upon whom the guilty project in which you were engaged has brought disgrace and misery, you seem to have allowed discontent and hatred to take the place of thankfulness; and while your fellow subjects in other parts of this Province, and in your own immediate neighbourhood, were following in peace, and as they supposed in security, their several employments, you were wickedly combining to overturn the government; you were collecting and preparing murderous weapons, in order to take the lives of those who had never injured you, and whose only crime in your eyes must have been that they were faithful to their Sovereign; you were conspiring to bear down the laws by violence, and to introduce confusion and bloodshed where nothing should have been found but contentment and peace. You have plead guilty to the charge against you; and this has made it unnecessary to produce in court the evidence of the acts which you are accused of having committed; but though your individual conduct has on this account not been heard from the mouths of witnesses, no one here can be supposed to be ignorant of the principal circumstances of that wicked and most unnatural rebellion, in which you acknowledge yourselves to have borne an active part.

And now, prisoners, I would ask you what right you could suppose you had in the sight of God, or man, to commit these atrocious acts? You enjoy the same laws, the same liberty, the same advantages and privileges of every kind, as your fellow subjects now around you who have been brought here to inquire into your offence. If you had thought proper to deny it, if you really had, or believed you had, wrongs to complain of, they were not to be redressed by murder, arson, and robbery. The christian religion, whatever form of it we may profess, teaches us other duties. But the object for which you took up arms, and rebelled against your Sovereign, has been openly proclaimed in treasonable addresses, put forth in order to seduce others from their allegiance. It was nothing less than to take into your hands the powers of Government, and to destroy the constitution which it was your bounden duty to maintain. If you had persuaded yourselves, or had been persuaded by others into the belief that a Republic, or any other form of government, was preferable to a Mo-