

demonstration, more demonstrative than ocular demonstration; or, what a pity Mr. Rae had not, in his promenade, that evening, taken with him a pocket almanack, to have prevented those eyes of his from becoming unwarily the dupes of his lively and sportive imagination. This is the more to be regretted, as this untoward oversight tends to break a link—in seeming not a little solid—in this chain “of strong and conclusive evidence;” nay, I am fearful, that if it has not knocked out altogether the adjacent link, it has, to say the least, sorely shattered it; and it is melancholy to reflect, that the testimonies of Mr. Rae and Mr. Cheney, so nicely fitted and compacted together, each lending strength and support to the other, and at the same time happily combined in harmonious union, with that of their friends, the female witnesses, should thus cruelly be severed from another and from the whole; and that so fine a contrivance, by which any defect in the light of the farthing candle of the latter gentleman, was luckily supplied by the fine bright moon, which Mr. Rae had conjured up so timeously, so that with Mr. Rae and the moon without, and Mr. Cheney and the candle within, I should not only have been discovered and identified, but absolutely taken captive and brought a prisoner before the Committee of Session. —What a pity, I say, a train of circumstances so well contrived, and combined for so goodly a purpose, should all be deranged and defeated, because that changeful and capricious divinity, the moon, would not deign to smile upon the plot, or to be present when invoked by Mr. Rae, to aid him in a cause, so worthy of celestial interposition; (“*si Deus intersit, dignus sit vindice nodus*”) then, indeed, might Mr. Rae, after reading his declaration, have persisted with less fear of contradiction, in its containing the whole truth. We will also read over again this testimony, that we may mark how the light, that led him astray from truth, “was not light from Heaven.”

It is, I humbly think, a circumstance rather unaccountable, that not one of the triumvirate of the Committee of Session, in catechising Mr. Cheney, or Mr. Rae, thought of putting to them the trying and decisive question, what were the precise day and date of this adventure, sufficiently extraordinary, one should think, to have been marked in their calender. Was it through an inadvertency, or was it not rather a “*non mi ricordo*” on the part of those, who knew well, all of them, that a similar occurrence to that, which forms the subject of Mr. Cheney’s testimony, had taken place on a former occasion, so like it in every particular feature, that the coincidence is more than striking, and can scarcely fail to suggest a suspicion, that both could not be accidental, but that the one had been the model, upon which the other had been artfully and industriously fashioned; how strange, nay, how mysterious is it, that, with the knowledge of all this, which one would think impossible they could have forgotten, on the present occasion, none of them started the question of the precise date, as a necessary and indispensable test.

Were these gentlemen more willing to put such questions as tended to effect the end, which we accuse them of having pursued,

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