

set infidel, who not only mocks, but tramples on the holy ordinances of religion; prostrate on the couch of death, then you will find a contradiction of his previously professed principles. Even the celebrated Ruine, who flung the sacred volume to the wind, how did he feel on the matter, during the close of his earthly campaign? He died like Judas, afflicted with the bitter gall of remorse and sorrow, but not with true repentance. Therefore, we should try to live as we would wish to die, or at least with a conscience as free from moral guilt as possible, in order to render our last moments happy. In giving to the public an abridgement of the life of this atrociously wicked woman, we hope, that our numerous readers, either moral or immoral, will never need such a lesson as that already detailed; but it may be truly looked upon as one of the most astonishing circumstances of the age, in the midst of civilization and morality. Were we to attempt to give even an outline of the melancholy and sad looking scene which the trial presented, it would, we fear, fill the minds of our gentle and tender-hearted readers with horror; but we have endeavored as much as possible to avoid the darker and more disagreeable portion of the cruelty with which this vile creature was charged. We assure you, reader, that we entertain too much respect for the feelings, as well as the moral effect which the exposure of such crimes might have on the weaker minds; and we therefore consider it a duty we owe to the public to lay before the world the foregoing pages.

As regards the truth of the foregoing, we presume the greater portion of our readers throughout the Province and the United States have already seen an outline, if not a detail of her trial, through the columns of their numerous journals, and consequently we were induced to search after and find out a well authenticated account of her parentage, of which we gave an abridged account in the foregoing pages, hoping that it will not be doubted by any incredulous of the truth or authenticity of this narrative. If they will find a Frederickton or St. Johns journal of the middle or latter part of April their doubts will be satisfied. We hope the public will feel satisfied with the account here given, as we were prompted by no other view than that of preserving the honest fame of those who enjoy a moral reputation, and to secure a peace of mind to those who are yet unconscious of offence, as it is well known, to the misfortune of many, that an artful mind, actuated by illusion if not checked in youth, may pass on to acts of fraud and violence, and in some instances to deliberate and cold-blooded murder; as it appears that even the tenderness of the female sex, of which the foregoing pages furnish an example, is converted into the barbarity of the traitor, that she who should make her arm a pillow for