

She here made another attempt to rise, but in vain. She then laid down for a little time quite still and motionless, but was again seized with another fit of despair. Placing her eyes fast on the object of her contemplation, in the most terrific and agonizing cries, she exclaimed, that she now "felt the pains of hell searing her very soul!"

The turkey now came in and assisted to support her. For some time she remained in a most exquisite anguish, until she at length sunk back on her pillow, weak and exhausted, and her immortal spirit winged its way, to appear before its eternal Judge, there to answer for the deeds committed in the body, and we hope will, on his, find more favor and mercy, than she did from the human tribunal, which sentenced her to die, according to the civil law, which I hope will still continue to be rightly and justly administered, because, on its administration depends our safety and happiness, as well as civil and religious liberties.

Her death was truly heart-rending and awful, and should serve as a warning to all those who read this account, to be prepared to meet their eternal Judge, to render such an account of their past lives as may stand the test on that great day, when each and every one of us shall have the book of life unfolded; either to our everlasting happiness, or eternal damnation. When we reflect how awful must be the afflictions of the guilty sinner in the last and terrible moments, when, finding their earthly career of mispent time about to close on them for ever, what pride would they then give for a new life, or the opportunity which was so abused; what would then signify the paltry, ill-gotten treasure, which was obtained at the expense of the widow and the cries of the helpless orphan, or at the expense of the life and blood of their fellow being; and, last of all, at the loss of their happiness here, and their immortal souls hereafter.

The ill-fated and long to be remembered Sophia Hamilton breathed her last on the evening of the 15th of April, 1845. Thus terminated the cruel, atrocious, and blood-thirsty career of father, son and daughter. And now, gentle reader, you may contemplate over this melancholy field of human wickedness, which I venture to say, stands unparalleled in the annals of crime. For true it is, that as man lives, he generally dies; as we find Brown did, who was mentioned in the foregoing pages, and whose career ceased with hers; therefore it is to be sincerely hoped that the exposure of the lives of those atrocious beings may be a timely lesson, to those who may read this; that all may learn to avoid a wicked, regardless course of life in youth, lest it might grow up to maturity, and cease only with their mortal career. When we behold the hardened and regardless sinner, who perhaps mocks at the idea of practical religion, as well as the boasting, disdain-