

cent of this offence; and the writer of the memoir doubts not, from the corresponding circumstances, which are too tedious to mention, that he was not guilty of the alleged crime. Hart was so much spited at being thus punished, for an offence never committed, that he resolved to break the gaol, and, if possible, to make his escape. At the expiration of three months after his confinement, he succeeded in his design, and effected his escape, in company with two others. His hour of liberty was very short, for on the fourth day after breaking the gaol, he was retaken, about sixty miles from Quebec, in company with his two colleagues.

At the time Hart and his compeers were apprehended, he had in his possession several valuable articles which had been previously stolen from the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Quebec. This led to a strong and reasonable supposition that Hart was concerned in the robbery. He was consequently brought to trial, and after a minute investigation of every particular connected with the disgraceful and sacrilegious act, Hart was found *guilty*, and sentenced to be hanged on the tenth day of November, 1826.

While he was under the sentence of death, the writer of this memoir took every opportunity of visiting him, and was often deeply affected by the different changes which were easily traced in his countenance. To one who had never before witnessed the like, these appearances were in the highest degree affecting; to sit and contemplate in a gloomy cell the various workings of a mind labouring under the painful certainty of a disgraceful death—at one moment half-willing to die; at another, flattering himself with the hope of pardon—could not fail to awaken in the heart every feeling that compassion and misery are capable of exciting; the clanking of his iron chains, as he restlessly moved from corner to corner in his narrow dungeon—the broken sigh, and the story of his misfortune;—all conspired to increase the most distressing and heart-rending sensations. He willingly acknowledged his numerous crimes, and hoped that his death would be a wholesome warning to all young men, who heedlessly run the race of profligacy