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the bloody scythe after him, with which it is supposed the deed was committed. She stopped and told him the circumstances of the murder, showing at the same time the manner in which she had done it. Mrs. McCrean also testified to the female prisoner telling her how she had committed the deed. This was all in the presence of her husband. The witness Isabelle McCrean, to whom the unfortunate prisoner refers in her declaration made in the presence of J. P. McDonnell May, swore that in a conversation with the female prisoner in the presence of her husband, she stated her intention to tempt Munro over to her door-step, and back up and shoot him on her threshold, and leave him dead at her door, when her husband could testify in her behalf, while if he killed Munro, she could not testify for him. It was mainly the evidence of this witness that established the malice necessary

to the crime of murder, together with the terrible expressions which the witnesses swore were made use of by her after the deed was committed, such as "May God Almighty increase his pains," and that "Dick had shot young Muldo, and if he is not dead, I hope he is." There is no doubt, as the Counsel for the prisoners remarked, that if she had not furnished the evidence against herself there was none to convict her; and this leads us to the statement made by the prisoners, that all this was false. It is almost impossible to conceive how so many seemingly intelligent witnesses, without some reason (and we have heard of none), could conspire together to take the lives of these unfortunate people without the slightest provocation; and yet such would be the case if the testimony of Mrs. Aylward is to be believed. (God forbid we should say the prisoners died with a lie on their lips and in their hearts, or that the whole of those witnesses committed perjury. We have the matter in the hands of a higher power, and if not even a sparrow falls untended, may we not hope that he will judge between the witnesses and the culprits, and mete out to both the strict justice which truth man failed to do.

From an early hour in the morning, and even the day before, large sleigh loads of passengers were seen on the streets, and the streets were crowded with their own passengers

for a long while, and John Roddy kicked me; he swore at the same time he thought it as good to take both of our lives as one. They then went away, and said the next time they came they should fetch something that would kill him besides kicking, as he could not be killed by kicking. In my lonely cell forgive them, and leave them in the hands of God. I hope God will do justice to them, although they failed to do justice to me and my husband, and used us badly. I leave the Judge who sentenced us, and the Jury who sat on our case, to God; it is best known to them, let us see whether they did us justice or not. I leave my blessing to Mrs. Grant and family, and to my own children, my dear Mary and Eliza, and Sida, my infant daughters, who I leave destitute in this world to-day,—and to all my best friends I leave my love and blessing.

I protest before God and man that the unfortunate blow I struck was in defence of my husband on my own soil, and near my own house, among my own helpless children. I say in my lonely cell and on the brink of the grave, that I had not the least thought of killing Munro,—that I did not premeditate the unfortunate blow,—and all that Miss Isabelle McGraw swore at the trial was false—not a word of truth in it. What she said I said I never said; the scythe was sharpened for cutting underbrush, and not for any other purpose. I suspect that Munro did put a dead dog in my own wall or where I was taking water and asked me how I liked the soup of it.

(Signed) MARY AYLWARD,  
Wife of Richard Aylward,  
RICHARD AYLWARD,  
Anna Dufoe, and Zenas Dufoe.

In presence of J. P. McDonnell, Mrs. Grant, Anna Dufoe, and Zenas Dufoe.

The prisoners, since their confinement, have been constantly attended by the Rev. Mr. Brennan, to whose instructions they are indebted for the happy frame of mind with which they met their doom. They forgave all their enemies, and expressed themselves as perfectly resigned to their fate, relying on the mercy of the great Judge of hearts, to whom their souls were committed.

men, said Munro. No said Pa, I did not, but I will kill them the next time they come in, if you do not keep them out. He staid at the door quite awhile, and I told him to go home and mind his own business; he said I will not until I get ready; come out and put me from the door if you dare you if — d w — e. I said, now Munro go home and don't be calling names. He said, he would not go from the door, until you put me from it. Well stay then if you like, I said. He said, all I want is to get one of you outside the door. No one went out, so he and his son walked away quite a piece up the road hallooing back to your Pa, the hens are in there now, if you want to drive them out. So your Pa took the gun and pistol and went out through the woodshed, and up to the wheat, and Munro and his son crossed the fence into the wheat; they came close to him, and they commenced kicking him and threwed him down. He had the pistol in his bosom. I heard Munro telling Alex. to pick up the pistol and shoot him, and then your Pa halloood for me. I heard Munro swearing by his Jesus that he would shoot him with his own gun, in place of him shooting his hens. I was going to run away, and your Pa called and said, don't you see Alex. is going to shoot me with my own pistol. I turned back and run up towards your Pa, when I saw Alex. having the pistol cocked. I saw the old scythe laying on the ground, a few rods ahead of me, I took it and ran up towards him; your Pa was down, and I ran up and hit Munro one stroke. I did not know which one I had struck at the time. Your Pa sprang backwards, and the next thing I heard was a shot, and Pa turned around and asked me if I was shot, I said no, are you, and he said no. Alex. and his father ran away. I will go and get my pistol from him, he said; no you will not go, for he might shoot you, he has but one shot left, says your Pa, for he fired one shot at you or me. I looked after Alex. and saw his back on fire, and I told your Pa that Alex's back was on fire, and to look at his gun. I did not mean to kill Munro, for it was in my own husband's defence that I struck the blow. I did not think you would be left orphans so young. You are the oldest, and must take care of your little sisters.

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