

a casket, of an elegant exterior, and accompanies his engine of destruction with his compliments. The knave proposes loans under stipulated threats, - and the debased villain approaches innocence with a drawn dagger pointing to a precious reputation as the price of any refusal to contribute to the degradation already made detestible by guilt. In this sketch we do not speculate, we take no poet's license. We are contemplating the sad realities of life, - as we have recently seen them developed in almost every part of our extensive country. And here we pause to consider the trying position of the prisoner at the bar.

He has been accused of a crime of the most aggravated character. From a high position in society he has been dragged to the felon's cell, the now stands before you in the criminal's box to be tried by his country for an offence which brings death upon the offender.

No one saw him commit the deed. No one heard the altercation, the blows, the fall, or the death struggle. No one has seen the blood of the victim in the place where the crime is said to have been committed. No one has produced the instrument, or instruments of death employed by the murderer. No one has been able to say what they were, or where they are. No one has been able to ascribe sufficient motives to convict the accused of being the author of such an act, or to explain how such a man could have so suddenly become the agent of such infernal passions.

We are only called upon to read the uncertain language of circumstance. To determine by chance speculations the amount of our knowledge, - & to endeavor to do justice by what we only know by inference. In view of