

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor]

Vol. XVI.—No. 40.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1869.

Whole No. 820.

ALBION HOUSE.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.

NEW GOODS,
For Autumn and Winter,
PER STEAMSHIPS "ACADIA,"

FROM GLASGOW,

AND "CALEDONIA,"

FROM LIVERPOOL.

One hundred cases and bales of DRY
GOODS, being received, which com-
pletes the Stock for this season, com-
prising,—

A LARGE AND WELL-SELECTED

STOCK OF

NEW AND FASHIONABLE

GOODS.

DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

FANCY

AND

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

TO WHICH

WE RESPECTFULLY INVITE

THE

ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS.

JOHN THOMAS.

Frederickton, Sept. 24, 1869.

MAY 1869.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Successor to

SHERATON & Co.,

FREDERICKTON,

HAS NOW COMPLETED HIS SPRING STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

DRESS GOODS,

Prints, Cottons,

Sheetings, Table Linens,

CARPETINGS,

Lace Curtains, Oil Cloths,

GLOVES,

HOSIERY, RIBBONS,

Silks and Velvets.

LACE GOODS,

Parasols,

Sec., Sec., Sec.

NEW BRUNSWICK WARPS.

An inspection is respectfully so-
licited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Queen Street.

Frederickton, May 27, 1869.

The Intelligencer.

ARCHDEACON SANDFORD ON TEMPERANCE
AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

The following is taken from an eloquent sermon
preached recently in Worcester Cathedral by the
Ven. Archdeacon Sandford:

That the abuse of drink is a national evil—I
might almost say the characteristic and curse of
our country—there will be few to dispute. That its
consequences are damaging and degrading, and the
ruinous beyond all influences for evil, and the
source and intensifier of most of them, may be
readily affirmed. The youngest amongst us know
this to a certain extent. The aged and the world-
wise have had sad and humiliating acquaintance
with it all their days. And yet, till the matter is
investigated, hardly any one is aware of the ter-
rible extent to which intemperance prevails, or
the havoc it spreads—how it devours the vitality
of our population, and demoralizes its nature, and
impairs its strength, and paralyses its industry,
and wastes its wealth, and ruins souls—how it is
the cause of vice, and pauperism, and disease,
and crime, and the loss of reason, and the loss of
life—how it fills our goals, and our work-houses,
and our lunatic asylums, and feeds our galleys—
and, more than any other cause whatever, ob-
structs the missions and the progress of religion.
And this, observe, not on the testimony of a few,
and those excitable and fanatic persons, as they
are sometimes represented, but of the gravest,
the most disinterested, and trustworthy in our land,
who by enquiry, and investigation, and personal expe-
rience, have ascertained and can vouch for its truth.
It is the complaint of our judges, the testi-
mony of our coroners, the evidence of our con-
stabularies, the invariable and unanimous lament of
our magistrates, of the chaplains and governors
of our goals, of our clergy and medical men, of
the commanders of our armies and the captains of
our fleets, of our missionaries abroad and our
missionaries at home, of all who investigate the
condition or minister to the ills of our countrymen
in this land and throughout the world. Our judges
tell us that but for indulgence in drink there
would hardly be a criminal population at all. Our
magistrates complain that almost every offence
brought before them is the product of intempe-
rance. Our coroners report some sixty thousand
that they can vouch for as sacrificed every year.
Our medical men tell us that multitudes—and
these in the middle and even upper classes of so-
ciety—indulge in secret and solitary excesses,
that end in misery and destruction. While we
have humiliating testimony from foreign lands
that a main reason why Christianity makes so
little progress amongst the heathen—why the
Cross is despised by the Goyas—is that Pagans
and Mahomedans abstain from what Christians are
enslaved by.

For years I had dealt
with this question as others do—as many estimable
persons, as most of the members and minis-
ters of religious bodies are doing now. I knew
that drunkenness was in the land—that it defiled
it—that it was the cause of much misery and
of much sin—that it was the ruin of individuals
and of families—and that it was the sorest hindrance
I had to contend with in my efforts for the good
of my people in this world and in that which is
to come. But I argued, as multitudes do, that
the only remedy for human frailty is the Gospel,
that measures of restriction must be left to the
magistrate; and when, on one occasion, urged to
total abstinence as an example, had pleaded medi-
cal prescription, and my Christian liberty to use
in moderation what I viewed as a gift of God.
But when the longer I lived, the more I learnt of
the last for drink and the ruin it wrought; how
the counsels of religion and the restraints of law
were both ineffectual to restrain it; how women
of station—and they admitting that it was ruin
to both body and soul—could not or would not
refrain; and that there is no means in this coun-
try as in America to restrain such persons from
self-destruction by shutting them up. I felt that I
had no alternative—that to face and to grapple
with a case like this was the duty of every one,
more especially of a man of God, and that I should
be guilty of my brother's blood if I remained any
longer passive in what has been well designated,
and that by a vendor of liquor, as "the war that
is raging on every side of us between heaven and
hell." I did what my friend the vicar of Windsor
did when a lamb of his own fold, weltering in
her blood, and that shed by her own father in his
drunkenness, met his eyes—what any man that
has the heart of a man should do—I went into
the matter thoroughly. I traversed it in its length
and its breadth. I explored the annals of our
criminal courts and the annals of our prisons, and
the records of our lunatic asylums, as far as they
were accessible, and I tried to stir up the Church,
of which I am a minister, to stand between the
living and the dead, and to face the great de-
stroyer; and I have accumulated evidence, unani-
mous and conclusive, that to stand aloof from a
cause like this is to be partner of other men's
sins and guilty of other men's blood. For oh,
my brethren, contemplate for a moment the ruin
and the wrongs that drink inflicts, and is inflic-
ting at this moment, in the homes—that are no
homes—of your own fatherland—wrong on in-
fants, whom it deprives of bread and clothing and
education, and turns adrift to be the Arabs of our
streets and the tenants of our kennels, and the
helpless and hopeless inmates of our prisons;
wrong to woman, whom it robs of comfort and
of peace, and of the means of livelihood, whose
natural protector it degrades and brutalises, and
infuriates against her till he tramples her beneath
his feet and slays her, and even, as I have known,
drags her from her coffin and leaps on her insen-
sate corpse; wrong to the country that is stained
by such atrocities—wrong to religion, which it
outrages and neutralizes and ignores—wrong to
him who bought us with his blood, whom it
spoils in the travail of his soul, and with whom
it peoples hell, from which He died to save them.
To me they left no alternative, as I believe they
will leave none to any one who duly ponder them,
and are resolved in the fear of God, and in the
love of God, and in the strength of God, to cleanse
our land from such enormities as these. Remed-
ies and corrections, many and various and plan-
sible, are in themselves agencies supplemental and
auxiliary, good and praiseworthy, and demanding
the help of the benevolent and the immediate con-
sideration of the Legislature. Cheap, diffused,
and, if needs be, compulsory education of the
people, decent and comfortable dwellings for the

people, the regulation and the closing of public
houses on the Lord's day, the providing means of
mental improvement and innocent recreation, the
abolition of beer-shops and such like. But all
these are mere accessories, and demand time, and
depend on other wills and other agencies than
our own. And our business is to stand between
the living and the dead, for the plague is raging;
and to do this each must act for himself. And
with multitudes the only refuge and the only re-
medy is total abstinence. The governors and
chaplains of prisons throughout Great Britain—for
I have consulted them almost to a man—say that
the pioneers in the arduous but necessary
work of temperance reformation, who have a
right to speak, and speak with authority—for they
have explored the mischief and grappled with it,
and know whereof they affirm—say this. Three
thousand eight hundred witnesses, whom a single
Christian lady, by the grace of God, has been in-
strumental in reclaiming from drunkenness, and
many of whom are now devout and consistent
Christians and regular communicants, say this.
Let others stand on their Christian liberty, and
plead for and practice moderation. I judge them
not. For myself, I am content to follow out the
dictates of my conscience and the snailings of my
heart, and, if needs be, to be classed with weak-
lings and enthusiasts, and to show my awe of God
and my love of my fellow-men by an act of self-
denial, not dictated by my own necessity, but as
an example to the weak. I say with St. Paul, who
first brought the Gospel to these shores, and it is
his spirit that must revive it—and he was not
weak, and no fanatic, but a man of strong sense
and masculine intellect, and mighty courage in the
cause of God—"I am content to be a fool for
Christ's sake, to be esteemed weak for Christ's
sake, to be despised for Christ's sake. All things
may be lawful, but not expedient. For meat, de-
stroy not the work of God. All things are lawful
unto me, but all things are not expedient. I will
not be brought under the bondage of any man, that
I should offend. It is good neither to eat flesh nor
drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stum-
bleth, or is offended, or is made weak. And happy
is he that condemneth not himself in that he al-
loweth." But for the present necessity, those
who have experience in this matter, to whom I
gratefully and reverently defer, say that the in-
dulgence of the clergy and the well-to-do are a stum-
bling-block to our own flesh and blood of the work-
ing classes; that it deprives our pleadings of their
force; that they all follow as we go before; and
for thousands of them total abstinence is the only
cure. Well, I must not have liberty to come
a stumbling-block to them that are weak. I
would not that through my knowledge the weak
brother perish, for whom Christ died. Enough
for me, the precept of St. Paul: "If meat make
my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while
the world standeth, lest I make my brother to
offend." And then as to enthusiasm! I speak to
wise men—what great work was ever achieved
without it? It is the world's nickname for en-
ergy in the cause of God. David, when he went
out, unarmed and alone, to confront the Philis-
tines, was cheered by his brethren for the price
and largeness of his spirit. Paul was assisted
for enthusiasm when he counted all things but
loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ.
Luther was an enthusiast when he stirred the
heart of Germany and heralded the dawn of the
Reformation. Ridley and Latimer, when they
lighted that candle in the fire at Oxford that
shall never be put out. Howard, when he explored
the fever wards of Europe. Wilberforce, when
he abolished the slave trade. Fry, when he pen-
etrated the cells at Newgate. Florence Nightingale,
when she led that glorious band of nurses
to the slopes of Sanitary. And if you would work
winningly for Christ, you must follow their example.
For, oh, dear brethren, there is nothing to be
really effected for the reformation of society with-
out trading in the steps of them that have wit-
nessed in the face of opposition and obloquy, and
taken the kingdom of heaven by violence, without
self-surrender. Nothing but the consecration of
ourselves, spirit, soul, and body, as a living sacri-
fice unto God—the living temperately, soberly,
and joyfully in this present world—the crucifixion
of our affections and lusts, the bearing our cross
and rejoicing in our cross for the cause of Christ.
Are you prepared for this? Regenerated men
alone can regenerate humanity. Christ's service
requires consecrated men. The hope we have for
the world if we are to adopt the maxims and follow
the example of the world, if we are to plead ob-
stacles as insurmountable, and weigh worldly inter-
ests and selfish opposition against plain and po-
sitive duty. What are we asked to do? What we
have to do is to put down drunkenness in our land,
to wipe out our national plague. If we are to
suffer for our faults to do so, so much better
for the cause; and how infinitely better for our-
selves!

"IF YOU LOVE ME, YOU WILL LEAN HARD."

In the memoir of Miss Fiske, we find
the following interesting incident, which we give
in her own words. She says: "A few Sabbaths
since I went to Georg Town with Mr. Stoddard.
It was afternoon, and I was sitting on a mat near
the middle of the church, which has no seats, and
only a floor of earth. I had been to two exercises
before going to the church, one the Sabbath school,
and the other a prayer meeting, with my girls. I
was weary, and longed for rest, and, with no sup-
port, it seemed to me that I could not sit there
till the close of the service; nor could I hope for
rest even when that was over, for I must meet
women readers of the village, and encourage them
in reading their Testaments. I thought how I
would love to be in my church; but God took
the thought from me very soon, for, finding that
there was some one directly behind me, I looked,
and there was one of the sisters, who had seated
herself so that I might lean upon her. I objected;
but she drew me back to the firm support she
gave, saying, 'If you love me, you will lean hard.'
Did I not then lean hard? And then there came
the Master's own voice, 'If you love me, you will
lean hard'; and I leaned on Him too, and felt
that He had sent the poor woman to give me a
better sermon than I might have heard even with
you. I was rested long before the church ser-
vices were finished; and I afterwards had a long
hour with the women readers, and closed with
prayer. A little after sunset we left, to ride six
miles to our home. I was surprised to find that
I was not at all weary that night, nor in the morn-
ing, and I have rested ever since, remembering
the sweet words, 'If you love me, lean hard.'
And does not the sympathizing Saviour say to
each one of his friends, 'If you love me, lean hard.'

How many are the emergencies in which they feel
the need of leaning on one stronger than they? I
How often, under the pressure of responsibilities
and cares, duties and trials, are they worn and
weary—well-nigh crushed? They sensibly re-
alize that their strength is weakness. They faint
and are ready to fall.

But the compassionate Saviour beholds them.
He well knows all their necessities, and his kind
invitation to them is, 'Come unto me all ye that
labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you
rest.' Nor is this a mere mocking invitation.
Multitudes both in heaven and earth can bear witness
to its faithfulness. In their need, they have
taken the Saviour at His word. They have shown
their love to Him by confiding in Him. They
have leaned hard upon Him, and they have found
that He was both willing and able to sustain them.
Waiting on Him, they have renewed their
strength.

And Christ would have His people avail them-
selves of this privilege to a much larger extent
than they do. He well knows the number and
the weight of their burdens, and He would not
have them bear them alone. He would have them
come to Him, and He would have them lean
upon Him. And, if they will, He will impart to them abundantly of His
infinite grace. And thus shall they find in their
own blessed experience, that when they are weak
then are they strong, and that they can do all
things through Christ, who strengtheneth them.

Solomon, in his matchless song, represents the
Church under the image of a woman, coming up
from the wilderness leaning upon her beloved.
The people of Christ are passing through the wil-
derness of this world, on a pilgrimage to a better
home beyond. It is a long and weary pilgrimage,
and they often tire and faint. Sometimes it seems
to them as though they should sink beneath their
burden. But Jesus, their Almighty and ever-
faithful Friend, is with them. Unseen, he goes
with them all the weary way. He never leaves
them, nor forsakes them. It is their privilege at
all times to lean on Him. In loving confidence,
they may lean hard. The harder they lean, the
better will he like it. He will take it as a token
of their affection. And thus leaning they will be
refreshed. The strong arm of their Saviour will
lighten their burdens, help them over the rough-
ness of the way, and give them all needful sup-
port in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

H. S.

GIVING, A SOLEMN ACT OF WORSHIP.

We were never so fully impressed with the
conviction that giving to the Lord's work is a
solemn act of worship, as when, a few months
since, we witnessed this service in a freed-men's
church in Georgia. The Sabbath spent in this
congregation is one of precious remembrance. As
we entered the pulpit, the first thing which at-
tracted our attention was the schedule of collec-
tions, not simply for every 'first day of the week,'
but for each of the three services of every Sab-
bath. The paper was pasted on the side of the
pulpit facing the corner. Here is a copy:—
Worship, ten and a half o'clock in the morning;
collection for support of the pastor. Worship,
three o'clock in the afternoon, collection one Sab-
bath for the poor and afflicted, the next for the
support and education of orphans. Worship, seven
o'clock in the evening, collection for the church
building; once a month the missionary collection.
Evidently there was here no lack of injuring the
church by the frequency of calls to give for pious
purposes.

But we were especially struck with the solemn
manner in which the collections were made. Af-
ter the service and the prayer following, the vener-
able colored pastor arose, and stated in a few
words the necessities which demanded a generous
collection, 'The Lord's call to give,' as he called
it. Then the scriptural rule, 'according as God
has prospered you,' with a few solemn words in
which all were exhorted to do their part, and no
more than their part, because the Lord did not
ask for all they had. He then announced the
hymn, 'Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?' As he
led the hymn the elders arose, and with solemn
step moved the table used on communion occa-
sions, out in front of the pulpit, and one of
them, the clerk of session, sat beside it with book
and pen to write the names of those who would
give during the week, but had not the money
with them. Then the singing began, the pastor
reading two lines at a time, and such singing as
we have heard only among those poor of Christ's
flock. As they sang with the heart, their singing
touched the heart. The people arose one after
another and came forward, as of old our people
came to the communion table, and each spread
out his offering that all might see it, and laid it
on the table. One came with two dollars, and
another laid ten cents beside it. All sang as they
brought their offering to the table, and on their
return to their places. One old man arose and
walked across the house to his wife, took her by
the hand as if she were a child, gave her a bill
and held one himself, and they walked up together,
and laid their gifts upon the altar. As the hymn
was ended, the chorister and the pastor placed
their gifts on the table, and the clerk of
session arose and announced the collection, seven-
ty-eight dollars; then, with a short prayer, the
congregation was dismissed.

More than three thousand dollars have been
laid on that table during the last year, and per-
haps half that amount would purchase the whole
property of the members of the congregation. As
we walked away from that humble house of God,
with the last strains of the dear old hymn, 'I
sweeping in solemn cadence all about us, we realized,
as never before, that 'Giving to the Lord is
a solemn act of worship.' What a day of blessing
to our churches all over the world it would be, if
the collection were thus made a part of the public
worship of the Sabbath! Yes, a part of every
service. Let the hymn of consecration bear this
external seal of truth, in every congregation, and
there will not only be no lack in the Lord's treas-
ury, but a new experience of blessing in every
true worshipper's soul. If our churches would
know the real blessing of giving, let them make
their collections a solemn act of worship.—Record.

Bible promises are like the beams of the sun,
which shine as freely in at the window of the
poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace.

Prosperity makes friends and adversity proves
them.

There is no sin so little as not to kindle an
eternal fire.

THE BLACK RIVER MURDER.

The interest manifested in the inquest over the
bodies of the woman and child found at Black
River, continues unabated. A wonderful array of
evidence has been presented against the prisoner
Monroe. The identity of the woman Vail and
her child seems proved beyond the shadow of a
doubt. We devote a considerable space this week
to the publication of the evidence as reported for
the daily papers:—

Wednesday, Sept. 12, 1869.

SARAH JANE COLLINS.

Sworn:—Am unmarried, and reside in the Parish
of Simonds. I was at home at Collinsville on the
Black River Road last summer, fall and winter,
or the whole of last year. Our place is about
a mile and a half from Bunker's. There was no
woman or child came to our house during that
time. I am not acquainted with any woman
named Mrs. Clarke. I never heard of any woman
and child named Clarke having been in the neigh-
borhood. No woman and child have been miss-
ing from any person at our house without my
knowing it, as I was the only housekeeper during
that time. There is no other family of the name
of Collins living in my vicinity or on that road.
There is a family named Porter, but no such per-
sons have been there; they live a short distance
away. No woman or child with a man ever called
at our house last fall.

The inquest adjourned till 2 P. M. Thursday.

CYNTHIA DYKEMAN.

sworn, says: I reside in Carleton; am a dress-
maker; two years ago this summer I made two
dresses for Sarah Margaret Vail; one was a blue
cotton or lute, I do not remember which; the
other was an orange brown; I also made a blue
grey saque of Witney cloth; this was shortly after
I made the dresses; Miss Vail belonged to Car-
leton; I think I would recognize the saque; it
was trimmed with two strips of the same material
upon the shoulder with three buttons; the mate-
rial shown is that of which I made the saque, and
I do not hesitate to say so; the buttons shown
are not the buttons, they were larger; I was ac-
quainted with her in the way of business; I have
never seen her since I made the saque for her;
I heard that she had a child; the child's dress
shown is not part of the material of which I made
her dresses; I have seen her since she was a baby,
and that was on the street; the bottom of the
saque was bound with black braid; the braid
shown is such as that with which it was bound;
I know her teeth, but should not like to look at
her remains; I think I saw her have such work
in her hand as that shown as an embroidered
skirt; I bought two yards of that same pattern
from her; I have seen her with this work on her
drawers; I have seen her with it on the street;
I heard she went away to the States; she had
brown hair; I think that shown is her hair; she
always wore it braided behind when I saw her;
she generally wore it plaited at the back; the hair
shown is very much like hers; I did not receive
any compensation for my services; her teeth were
very good; there is nothing about the teeth
shown that I particularly recognize; I frequently
spoke to her sister about her, and three months
ago she told me she had come back from the
States and that Mr. Monroe had hid her away in
St. John somewhere, and said, 'I'll find her if she
is to be found'; that was the day before she went
to Halifax; that sister's name was Mrs. Crear;
she was certain she had not gone back to the
States, but Mr. Monroe had got her hid away;
she has a number of relatives living in Carleton;
one sister lives close by where she did, but they
had not spoken to each other for some time.

SARAH LAKE

sworn, says: I belong to this city; Mrs. Clarke,
as near as I can recollect, came to my house,
Union Hotel, about the latter part of October,
on Monday afternoon, and said she wanted to stay
till Thursday morning, when she would leave in
the American boat for Boston; on Wednes-
day afternoon she told me that Mr. Monroe did
not wish her to go to Boston until the first of the
week; she said Mr. Monroe was coming there
to take her out driving; on Saturday following
between 10 and 11 o'clock, Mr. Thomas Worden,
coachman, came; I saw her ten minutes before
the coach came; she was standing by the window,
and said she was waiting for Mr. Monroe to come
to take her out driving; there was another lady with
her; shortly after I returned to the room,
Mrs. Clarke had gone; I asked the lady if Mrs.
Clarke was coming back; she replied that Mrs.
Clarke said she was coming back; Mrs. Clarke
while at my house talked a good deal about her
money; she was visited by a man she said was
Mr. Monroe; I saw the man once but should not
recognize him again; she said Mr. Monroe said
she had better not go on in the Thursday boat as
it looked like a storm; she told me she had no
money, about \$500, property left her by her father,
but it was gone; I asked her what had become
of her money; she said her husband got it; I did
not know who her husband was; she said if he
would only give her back her money she would
be all right; although she called herself Mrs.
Clarke I never supposed that was her name; she
had dark brown hair; that shown is like it, but
it looks a little lighter; the child had light flaxen
hair, short and slightly curled; she brought the
child with her when she came to my house; the
inside of that shown is the same color as near as
can be to that on the child's head; Mrs. Clarke
was dressed in a black cotton dress; the mate-
rial was poor in quality; while at my house she
bought a new skirt to wear next her dress; it was
blue-grey at the top with red around the bottom;
that shown answers the description of that she
bought, and which she put on the Saturday morn-
ing before she left; she bought a new santon;
I cannot describe the color; one Berlin santon
shown I recognize as that worn by the child; she
bought while at my house; it went over the
shoulders and tied behind, she sewed those
strings on at my house; the child wore a drab
cotton dress; had two dresses on while at my
house; that shown is like one of them as one
dress can be like another; both dresses were alike
in color, but one had two tails, the other, one at
the bottom; this has two frills; I did not know
which she had on the child when she left; she
also bought a new santon; she also bought
something Berlin to wear on the child's head; I
do not recollect the color; she also bought a pair
of blue-grey stockings with white tops; the stock-
ing shown is as near in color and quality as can
be to those Mrs. Clarke brought to my house and
shown to me; the child wore a pink tie which
buttoned round the neck; that shown is like the
one it wore; I saw her trunk; it was large with
a small one inside of it, she also had a little black
valise; I saw some of the things in her trunk,
she had a blue dress in it and a parasol; I saw
no other dresses; a man came on the Monday
morning and said Mr. Worden sent him for Mrs.

Clarke's trunk; he got the trunks, they were one
inside the other, and the valise; her board was
paid on Wednesday up to Saturday; it was paid
to Mr. Lake; I have not seen Mrs. Clarke since
that Saturday morning about 10 o'clock; she
wore a black brooch, but I saw no jewelry; I do
not know what name she gave the child, but she
talked to it as if it was a boy; it was about 10
months old I should think, it could not walk but
would stand a moment beside a chair; it sat on
the floor; the white skirt she wore before she
bought the grey and red one had a good deal of
crochet insertion; Mrs. Clarke had a splendid row
of teeth; she talked about Mr. Monroe a great
deal while at our house; she said the last time
of her while she was in the city; she said she
expected to come back to go on the boat on Mon-
day morning; she wore a brown dark hat, but I
cannot describe it.

JAMES OLIVE.

sworn, says: I reside in Carleton; am a ship-
wright; on the 31st of October, 1868, I was called
to the house of Miss Vail to acknowledge a deed;
I went there, and saw her with two other females;
after I had been there about twenty minutes, Mr.
John C. Littledale, who had purchased land from
her, came there, and a deed was executed; Mr.
Littledale paid me the money; I counted it out
and handed it to Miss Vail; it was \$500; she
took the money and put it in her bosom; she
then got a needle and thread and sewed it up; I
advised her to take good care of her money, to
invest it in getting an education or learning a
trade; she said she was going to the United
States; I had written the deed previously and she
then paid me for doing so and for acknowledging
it; I have not seen anything of her since; her
name was Sarah Margaret; she had dark hair;
it looked darker than that shown; she had a child;
it was five or six months old I should think;
it had light flaxen hair; it was something the color
of that shown.

DR. M. H. PETERS.

sworn, says: I was called professionally on the
4th February, 1868. I went to Miss Vail's house
in Carleton; while I was there she was confined
of a female child; she told me the father was Mr.
John Monroe the architect; the child had what
is called an umbilical hernia; I subsequently or-
dered a bandage to be put upon it, and as the
simplest remedy I ordered a nutmeg to be cut in
two, to sow half of it into a little pocket and bind
it against the stomach; I showed how I wanted
it done, and before I left she sent for the nutmeg
for that purpose; I saw the child some few days
after and it had the bandage on; that was some
time in March; I saw Miss Vail on the street af-
terward, but I did not question her about it; I
never saw the piece of lead shown; it is about a
year since I saw her; her sister told me she had
gone to the States with Mr. Monroe; she had told
me on a previous occasion that she had gone to
the States with him; the bandage put on the
child was of common cotton; Miss Vail's hair
was very dark; she used a large quantity of oil;
she generally wore it plaited at the back; the hair
shown is very much like hers; I did not receive
any compensation for my services; her teeth were
very good; there is nothing about the teeth
shown that I particularly recognize; I frequently
spoke to her sister about her, and three months
ago she told me she had come back from the
States and that Mr. Monroe had hid her away in
St. John somewhere, and said, 'I'll find her if she
is to be found'; that was the day before she went
to Halifax; that sister's name was Mrs. Crear;
she was certain she had not gone back to the
States, but Mr. Monroe had got her hid away;
she has a number of relatives living in Carleton;
one sister lives close by where she did, but they
had not spoken to each other for some time.

WILLIAM LAKE

gave evidence corresponding with the testimony
of his wife, Mrs. Sarah Lake.

JANE McLEARN.

sworn, says: I was acquainted with Margaret
Vail. I used to nurse her baby; I used to carry
it out last summer about this time; I used to
dress the baby; I have often put on its bandage;
there was a little round hard lump on it about so
large (describing about the size of a half dollar);
I think it was there to keep its little belly in;
there was a lump there. No one lived with
Miss Vail when I was there but myself. A young
man used to come back and forwards there; to
the best of my knowledge there he is (pointing
out Mr. Monroe from the crowd in the Court
Room). The last time I saw Miss Vail is about
a year ago; she was then leaving her own house;
she said she was going to Boston. She had on
a black dress and an embroidered petticoat, a
woollen cloth winter saque, light brown, a black
straw hat with flowers on the left side. The
child used to wear a little brown dress with a
sort of quilting round the bottom (dress shown);
that is the baby's dress; she put that dress
upon the baby when she was going away (con-
tention); I am sure that is the baby's dress. I stay-
ed with her until she left. Her hair was light
brown (hair shown); that is her hair to the best
of my knowledge; she wore it plaited up in a
sort of waterfall. Her drawers were embroidered
(article shown); that is something like the work.
Baby wore a pair of kid boots. She wore a fin-
ger ring with a lump on the back; she wore a
black brooch; the brooch was a pin she wore in
her saque. The child wore no beads around its
neck. Miss Vail's dress had black buttons upon
it (buttons shown); those are the very buttons
she wore upon her gaiter (up the front). The
gaiter was black, the same as