"THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD."

Mrs. Cunningham (or Cunningham Burdell) is undoubtedly a "smart woman,"—in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Her smartness carried her through the ordeal of the Coroner's Inquest, and left a load of odium upon the head and shoulders of Dr. Connery, which he has never been able since to shake off. Subsequently, on her trial, she was considerably smarter than the public prosecutor, and came out of court with a verdict of "Not Guilty," notwithstanding a chain of circumstantial evidence against her quite as strong as that which led Prof. Webster to the gallows in Boston a few years since. From her successes in these several instances, it is not to be wondered at that she should be emboldened to attempt almost anything else in her career of crime; but, fortunately, there is a law of our nature that vice shall not be perpetually progressive. In meditating the stupendous fraud of improving a suppositional infant, with a view to possess herself of the property of the unfortunate man whom she is supposed to have murdered, she made a great blunder, in supposing that every man as well as every woman, had his price,—and that all the world was at heart just as corrupt as she is. From this blunder in theory, she went on to blunder in practice. Her secret was divulged before she was sure enough of her instruments and accessories. There were a hundred ways in which she might have baffled suspicion—and escaped discovery, perhaps—but there was a blindness in her very boldness, which led her to the bar of justice before she was aware of it.

Redemption has overaken her at last,—and if she be still a human being, with any of woman's sensibilities or a mother's feelings, I think she must lament that she had not been convicted of the murder of Dr. Harvey Burdell, and paid the penalty, long ere this, with her worthless life. For, apart from the new shame, and disgrace and humiliation,—which this last crime of this miserable woman has brought upon the heads of her grown-up daughters and her two younger children, the public judgment now reverses the verdict of the jury in the Court of Oyer and Terminer—reasoning that a woman who is wicked enough to have conceived and executed a scheme so daringly bad, must likewise have been daring and wicked enough to have slain her friend and benefactor, if not her husband, under his own roof. This conclusion may be uncharitable and wrong; but, we venture to say, that it is the deliberate conviction of nine-tenths of the community,—of everybody, indeed, who has formed any opinion at all upon the subject. Hence, whatever punishment may await Mrs. Cunningham, as the penalty of her present transgression,—whether it be five years, or ten years, in the State Prison,—it is as nothing, in severity, compared with the judgment which is now morally declared against her,—even by many who, before, were disposed to give her the fullest benefit of the doubt. Truly "the way of the transgressor is hard."—Express.