

old Cæsar,' said he, and sobbed out aloud as he said it. I began to fear that he was going; and, as I thought how kindly he had always used me, and what a miserable wife I had been to him, I could not help shedding tears. But I said nothing, for still I thought he only wanted to try me. When he got to his mother's, I saw his chest outside the gate. We went in, and the old woman began to shed tears, but said not a word. I then thought he meant to leave me. He looked at the clock, and said it was about time for the stage to come; and turning to me, he took my hand, but it was some time before he could speak. At last, he mastered his feelings, "Fanny!" said he, "there is but one way to convince you that I am in earnest, and that is to leave you. I took you for better or for worse, but I did not take you for a drunkard, and I cannot live with you as such. You have often said you was willing to part, and could support yourself, if I would support the children, and you have agreed that they should live with their grandmother. I have sold my tools and some other matters, and raised a few pounds, which I have placed in her care for their use; and if God spares my life they shall never want. When she writes me word that you have kept clear of this habit for six months, I will gladly come back, but never till then. While he was speaking, the stage arrived, and I saw them laughing on his chest. I then had no longer a doubt. He kissed the children and his mother, and rushed out of the house. I followed him to the door. "O, dear John," said I, "do not go, John, do try me once more;" but he never looked back: and the stage was soon out of sight.—'He is a cruel, cold-hearted man,' said I, as I sat down on the threshold of the door.—'Fanny,' said his mother, as she sat wiping her eyes, 'will you abide by these words at the great judgment day?' 'No,' said I, after a short pause, 'he is the kindest and best of husbands and fathers.' 'Then try,' said she, to kill that sinful habit, and win back your happy fireside.' 'I will try,' said I; 'and I have tried, but how poorly have I succeeded, every person acquainted with me knows too well.'

When the poor creature had finished her narrative, which bore irresistible marks of truth, in the manner of its delivery, the Englishman gave her the most admirable counsel. The old Dutchman turned round and gazed upon her, while the tears trickled down his weather-beaten features. "Mine Got," he exclaimed, taking off his hat with an air of the deepest reverence, while he spoke, "ven will dere pe an end of dish accursed trade! Ven vill a pody leave off selling de fires of hell to hish neighbour, in exchange for de poor leetil childers' pread?"—*Stage Coach.*

### THE MURDERER.

We copy the following painful description from a Scotch paper, of the awful consequences resulting from the common use of strong drink, as exhibited in the sad experience of James M'Wheelan, who was convicted and sentenced to death for murder at Forty-acres, near Kilmarnock, in May last, at the Circuit court of justiciary, held at Ayr, Scotland, and who underwent the extreme penalty of the law, in front of the county prison.

We omit the particulars of the trial, and confine our extract to the conduct of M'Wheelan in prison.

At times, he was thoughtful and contemplative, and seemed to penetrate the dread reality which lay before him. The various ministers of the town visited him in his cell. He had, however, imbibed the pernicious doctrines of scepticism—and worse, Socialism—amid his wayward life. He had no regard for religion—he regarded the Bible as the work of priestcraft—he could debate, though he never read a line, upon the sanguinary principle of capital punishment, reasoning that as Cain was set loose into the world with a mark set upon his forehead, so that he himself ought to be equally set loose. These, and more than these, were the influences against which his spiritual instructors had to combat and subdue. M'Wheelan, who naturally possessed a strong mind and a retentive memory, was at times cool, callous, and indifferent regarding his final end. It was at this time, and during the visitations to him by a number of gentlemen, he was urged to make a confession of his crime. This he refused; and in a communication dated 18th Oct., addressed, but not forwarded, to one of his clerical visitors; he persisted in his innocence. Knowing that his days were drawing nigh a close, he was latterly anxious to take a general retrospective view of his life—to express gratitude to those who had benefited him in his forlorn condition—to counsel youth to "walk in wisdom's ways," and not the slippery path which has led to his own untimely end—and to urge upon all public authorities the necessity of suppressing the haunts of vice and dissipation.

In allusion to the magistracy, M'Wheelan, in a letter dated 22d Oct., says;—"None can give an advice better than those who have gone through the same scenes of life like myself. Nothing leads a man faster astray than intoxicating liquors and bad company. Those public-houses that keep open late on Saturday nights, early on Sabbath mornings, and during the Sabbath-day itself, lead to destruction. Were the keepers of those houses severely punished for so doing, it would be a great means of preventing one-half of the crime in this country. They have been the ruin of me for the last ten years. I can safely say that they have been the very means of bringing me to this shameful end, as well as many unfortunate men similarly placed as myself. I, therefore, hope that the magistrates of this town, as well as those in every other town throughout the land, will endeavour to suppress irregular hours in public-houses. They are the means of leading many a sinner to shame and disgrace. Whisky-drinking and bad company, I repeat, is the ruin of thousands of souls. I hope the Magistrates of this town will never be troubled with a case similar to my terrible situation. It cannot be a pleasure to see one of the human race brought to so disgraceful an end. I hope that God will have mercy on my poor soul. \* \* \* I sincerely trust that every other man beginning a sinful life may see his folly before it is too late."

The obstinate manner of the man sank, however, within the last 48 hours, under the attentions of his spiritual guides—the Rev. Messrs. John Graham, of the reformed Presbyterian Church, and James Knox of the