

We do not of course vouch for the above story, but for the purposes of illustration it is as good as if authenticated by affidavit. How many a young gobbler "of the rosy wine," or "subtle spirit," has been plucked, pigeoned, cleaned out, and then, pitched out of doors by his decoys, we may not tell; but many a family, many a stricken father and sorrowing mother, bowing their grey hairs towards the grave, refusing all comfort, can attest the verity of our statements. Long ago, when we were a little shaver, we remember seeing our own then dear and now sainted mother weeping with exceeding distress over an occurrence of this kind,—not on her own account, for at that time her children were too young to create such misery. The facts, as our memory retains them, were to this effect:

A wealthy English farmer had sent his own first horn, and as we think only son, to a market town with a waggon load of flour in sacks, the proceeds of which, together with some £500 in money, were to be applied towards the payment of an instalment then about becoming due upon a landed purchase. Now by persons who have not seen the amazing English waggons and horses used by the better class of English farmers, no idea can be formed of the value of such a load of flour. Suffice it that it is a small cargo, and that the one in question might be worth some £200. The young man arrived in the afternoon, and put up at an hotel where the farmers resorted, intending to transact his business on the next day. Having some leisure in the evening he addressed himself to his toilet, and assumed the character and appearance of his caste; while smoking his pipe and enjoying his pot of porter he was accosted by a polite and intelligent gentleman, and in the course of con-

versation the young man made known the object of his journey. After a while a stroll about town was proposed, and the polite gentleman, who was one of the scouts of a gambling fraternity, introduced him to his set, who treated him with marked respect. They all went together to the theatre, and adjourned to a private house to take a snack, where our young farmer was gently but successfully pressed to drink, &c. &c. The tale need not be elaborated—it goes on to tell of excess, of cards, dice, &c.; of shilling stakes, then of pounds, of tens, and of hundreds,—the young man being allowed to win freely—then of a grand stake, when in a moment he lost his own money, winnings and all. He was then tempted to stake the waggon, the load and the six horses, against a sum that would repair his fortunes, and this he lost. After giving an order in form for the delivery of the property, he was conducted to his lodging house, and the next morning, search being made for him, he was found hanging in an out-house attached to the Inn—DEAD!

The father was written for, and told first of the loss of his property; but this did not seem to affect him in the least—he wanted his son, his own always dutiful son, the son of his pride and of his hopes. No one seemed to have the courage to tell him the truth, and the good old man in his anxiety ran about the house until he pushed open a door where the strangled corpse of his late manly and high minded boy was stretched upon a mattress.

Who will paint the anguish of this father, the mortal agony of the mother and sisters, or the silent withering sorrow of one fond young heart affianced to the murdered youth? Alas that this should be a sad reality! Would God that such facts were mere creations of the imagination, and not