

trance of the jailer, who had come to put an end to the interview.

The arms of the mother and son were linked in a last embrace, and they parted forever!

'And am I indeed the guilty wretch they tell me?' were the thoughts of Thornton, after the door of his cell had closed upon the mother whose advice he had scorned until too late.—'Am I indeed a murderer? Yes—it is no delusion; I am the inmate of a cell from whence I may never depart but to the scaffold! Well, I deserve my fate. Had I listened to my poor mother's instructions it had not been thus. But dissolute companions, and a propensity for strong drink have been my ruin. It is a hard death to die; to be taken forth in the face of the assembled multitude, and hung by the neck until life has departed—to be cursed in the public journals and scoffed at by the crowd—' A dreadful thought came into his brain! He glanced at the bars of his cell; and—

#### CHAPTER V.

'I must see the Governor!'

'Madam, it is impossible!'

'No—no, not impossible; if he knew my errand he would not refuse me.'

'He is not accustomed to receive visitors at so early an hour.'

'But my business is urgent.'

'It must be postponed.'

'It is of life and death!'

The saucy menial was moved by her entreaties and admitted the mother to the presence of the Governor.

'I fear my dear madam, that it is not in my power to serve you,' was his reply, in answer to the widow's petition for the life of her son.—'I will do my best, however to serve him, if the case is as you say.'

And the mother departed.

She stood at the door of the court—she dared not enter—a man advanced towards her—

'Is he saved?'

'Madam your son is pardoned.'

The door was thrown open for the mother to enter the cell; eager to communicate the joyful tidings, she sprang forward. But why that startling scream, and what means the dead silence which follows it?

The officers entered the cell; suspended by his neck from the bars of his prison window was the body of the lifeless Thornton—and beneath him lay the prostrate form of his mother.

The pardon had come too late—the culprit was dead!—*Daily News.*

#### THE FOUR COLLEGIANS.

At a meeting of the Broadway Washington Temperance Society on the 5th ult. Mr. J. H. Green gave a deeply interesting account of four collegians who, eight years ago, graced one of the highest literary institutions of the country. They were aristocratic in their birth and feelings; young men of bright intellects and splendid powers, and strongly bound together. After study they usually met in each others' rooms, where champagne and cards were introduced, and where all became corrupt and dissolute. One of the young men, after he left college, entered a lawyer's office, but soon died of the delirium tremens. His physician told him that if he continued to drink he would soon fill a drunkard's grave. His mother stood by him and urged him to abstain. She, alas! had early fed him from the wine cup. In her presence, he deliberately made up his mind

that he would not abstain and in three months from that time he filled a drunkard's grave.

A second reformed from his drinking habits the second year and became a minister of the gospel.

The third studied medicine, but became notoriously intemperate and sunk very low; but a letter had recently been received from him, in which he says, "I am a redeemed man. I have signed the Washingtonian pledge."

The fourth, of whom Mr. G. said he would give a more particular account, after leaving college entered a lawyer's office where he remained two years and a half:—almost every night he spent at a grog shop, drinking so bad that he could not live among those who were his friends and who were acquainted with him. He left home and went to a land of strangers, determined that, removed far from every person who ever knew or had heard of him before, he would now become a sober man. But away from all restraint, he became worse than before. Alcohol would rise up before him and tempt him every day, and his employers told him they could keep him no longer. His father wrote to him urging him to come home. He felt that his father was watching over him. But that son wrote to his father that he was doing well. He would rather tell a lie than have his true state known; one of the sure results of drinking alcohol. Thrown out of employment he became a school teacher, in the midst of his drunkenness—a thing that might appear surprising here, but was not so there in the far west, where there were few, in fact, who were sober men. The judge was often drunk on the bench, the jury were drunk in their boxes while trying a criminal for his life, and therefore nothing strange was thought of the schoolmaster being drunk. Being however somewhat prospered, he came into St. Louis with 500 dollars in his pocket; but after a season of carousal with cards in one hand and a bottle in the other, he soon found himself forty dollars in debt with only fifteen to pay. He threw himself *incaeg.* into a steamer for Pittsburgh, spending ten dollars on his passage, so that when he arrived there he had but five dollars. He soon drank it all and wandered in the streets of Pittsburgh with no money, no friends, no home. In this emergency he went to a jeweller and sold his watch for fifty dollars; but alcohol was his master and it soon robbed him of twenty-five of that. Waking up to some sense of his debasement and wretchedness, and unwilling to be seen by the eye of any one who had ever known him before, he resolved to find his way to New York and throw himself beyond the seas. When he reached Philadelphia he was reduced to his last dollar, and twenty-five cents of that he spent for drink. How should he get to New York? The lowest fare was three dollars. He started on foot and when he reached Jersey City, he had not a cent in his pocket. The wide river lay between him and the object he had in view. Once more he was reduced to the deepest humiliation. He asked the toll-man what he could do to earn enough to pay his ferriage. "Step," said he, "into the coal-yard and shovel coal five minutes and you may go over." He did so—a man of public education and reputable family. He entered the city penniless, homeless, friendless; and had he had a friend here, would he have called on him? No. He wandered through the streets of this great city without a place to sit down, and in his wanderings passed by the good Samaritan Benevolent Temperance Society. The name struck him forcibly. It seemed to speak to him. It invited him to enter. It promised to meet his wants. But he felt that he should be disgraced by entering. A vacant seat near the door allured him. He took it. A reformed man was telling his history, how from the depths of degradation he had risen by signing the pledge to comfort and respectability. If that man, said he, could be reformed and saved,