

'No, if you mean to kill yourself, we will do it together; we will both drown ourselves.' Upon this suggestion, her remorse and excitement appeared to have suddenly subsided; and she exclaimed, 'For God's sake, George, don't think or talk any more in this way; I'll think no more of it if you don't, and I will continue the acquaintance as it has been, and do all I can to please you, if you promise not to drown yourself.' And now, the prisoner said, the thought first occurred to him of murdering her and then drowning himself—a thought which, he constantly reiterated, would never have entered his mind if his passions had not been maddened by his being 'full of beer.' Notwithstanding this appeal, Carnt declared that if she did not drown herself he would drag her into the pond. Upon this his victim, in a still more earnest and impressive manner, cried out, 'George, George, if you thus act, what will become of us hereafter? I am not prepared to die, and I am sure if you do this you cannot be. For God's sake don't attempt it.' Deaf even to this remonstrance, the prisoner, in his frenzy, seized her, and commenced dragging her into the pond, she struggling with all her strength to prevent him, and screaming as loudly as she could. Worn out with struggling and screaming; she faintest, and resistance being suddenly withdrawn, he fell over her, and holding her firmly by the arms, retained her in this position until life was extinct. He then attempted to destroy himself, but the instinctive love of life prevented him.

On Monday, his cousin, two aunts, and a sister saw him in the goal. It transpired, in the course of conversation, that the cousin had ridden to Bury on an engine which had been engaged at the fire at Lawshall. Carnt appeared to observe that his cousin had been drinking, though he was not in any way intoxicated. He directly turned to him, and with much earnestness and emotion seized him by the hand, and said, 'Now let me warn you against one thing—you know I never was a great beer drinker; I never could be called, nor never was called a drunkard, yet I took enough to lead me to this. Do let me implore you, as a dying man, baptised at the same font, on the same day, as you were, to avoid drunkenness. Attend to your Sabbath duties, and above all things, avoid drinking habits on that day.' When this cousin was about leaving the condemned cell, he again reiterated his exhortations, and, still retaining hold of his hand, said, 'Now look me full in the face, and promise me that these words, "Avoid Drink!" shall never get out of your mind.' With these words sounding in his ears the cousin left. The culprit seemed particularly interested in Mr. Payne's fire, and grieved that so respectable a man should have been thus treated, and when he was informed of the name of the prisoner in custody on suspicion of setting fire to the place, he said to his friends—'There, there it is again; there's another crime through drink; if that was John Farrow, I'll warrant he had been drinking all the night before.'

On Wednesday the prisoner's father, step-mother, brother, and sister, took their leave, and during the interview, he begged that his example might be a warning to all, especially addressing himself to his brother to avoid habits of drinking; adding, 'I am sorry enough for your sakes, and for her friends, and for myself; but I have had temptations which few men are aware of. There was no occasion for this to have taken place, and however it came to be done, I don't know, for at any other time I could not have but a hair of her head.'

The unhappy man described the moral power which the deceased had over him as generally capable of leading him in any direction, and he was confident that the crime was attributable to nothing else, but the effects of drink operating upon his passions and blinding his judgment.

On Monday morning the Reverend Mr. Wells, the Chap-

lain, delivered his last discourse on this awful occasion, to the culprit and his fellow-prisoners in the Goal Chapel. His text was taken from Psalm 79, verse 11:—'Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou those that are appointed to die.' After dwelling upon the solemnity of the occasion, and the awful transaction which was to take place on the morrow, but which would only be a prelude to a more awful one, the preacher observed—'A more awful warning against a most degrading vice can scarcely be presented to your notice than the case of your fellow-prisoner; for, in his case, drunkenness has been the means of destroying two lives; it led him to commit a crime which, in his sober senses, I have reason to believe, he never would have committed; and now his own life is forfeited to the laws of his country, on account of the crime he has committed. Take warning, oh, drunkards, from his fate. Whether you have indulged much or little in this enslaving vice, take warning! If you have hitherto been preserved from so fatal an end as that which awaits him, it is not on account of any care or caution on your part; for the man who draws his reason in drink cannot say to what excesses in crime he will not run; but if you have been preserved from that crime which drunkenness has brought nigh to, it is of the Lord's goodness that you are not consumed, and because his compassions fail not. While, then, you pity and pray for your unhappy fellow-prisoner, forget not to pray for yourself, that from the instance before you of a victim to the sin of drunkenness, you may seriously be impressed with the heinousness of your sin, and, casting yourself with all earnestness at the footstool of Divine mercy, may obtain pardon for your past transgressions, and strength to enable you to walk for the time to come, not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, lest your sin find you out when it is too late to retrace your steps, and you mourn at last in endless despair, when hope and mercy are for ever fled away.'

The culprit was deeply affected by this discourse, weeping bitterly during its delivery, and for some time after; and many of the prisoners appeared to be duly impressed by its solemn appeals.—*British Temp. Adv.*

The Home of the Desolate.

It was night—the storm howled sadly by, and the mother sat in silence by the scanty fire that warmed the wretched cottage—once in brighter days her happy home. She had divided to her starving babes the little bread remaining to her, yet scarcely sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger; little thought they that they claimed a mother's all! She hushed their sobs—soothed their sorrows—and returned to her sorrowful vigil. The night wore away and still sat the mother waiting; the coming of him whose returning footsteps once caused a thrill of joy—once he promised at the altar to love and cherish her, and nobly awhile did he redeem his pledge—his cottage was the home of comfort, and his wife and infants divided his love. But ah, how changed; he had become a drunkard; his business neglected—his home was deserted—and his late return was but the harbinger of woe; he came to curse the innocent partner of his misery, as the author of his wretchedness. Where waits he now? what delays his return? Alas! the low haunt which has nightly witnessed the shameful revel, surrounded by boon companions while his wretched wife still keeps her lonely vigil by her cheerless hearth. Stillness—solemn stillness like the grave, reigns in that dreary habitation. But now the tempest of her feelings has grown too large to be repressed—her bosom heaves with the wild emotions of her soul—and her thin hands seem endeavoring to force back the torrent of her tears. The clock struck the hour of midnight and he