

and affectionate father and mother who have often wept and prayed for this their prodigal—or from a wife and dear children who are left without a protector, to become the unhappy inmates of a bastille, and subject to the rebuffs of an unfeeling world—and all this, be it remembered, traceable to this one crime, *intemperance*. But we have not done yet—the reader must accompany me to the parting scene, where the convicted creature is brought for the last time to behold, face to face, all whom he once held dear in this world. They meet—they stand—and for some moments interence is impossible; at length those scalding tears, which nature seems to reserve for extraordinary occasions, come to their relief; the feeble old father and mother crying, “Oh, my son! my son! would we had buried thee in thine infancy, or that thou hadst taken our advice; instead of bringing our grey hairs with disgrace to the grave, thou wouldst have been a support and consolation to our declining years.—Fare thee well! God bless thee! Our prayer is that thou mayest yet prosper.” Then comes a care-worn young woman, bending beneath the load of a sucking child, one or two more by her side, clinging close to their mother’s gown—the husband and father is brought and he once more, perhaps for the last time in this world, beholds the actor of his bosom and the children of his loins. The children who through ignorance have no knowledge of their loss, are always the first to speak, and their expressions are such as generally strike deeper into the wound already made; such as “Daddy, what are you doing there? daddy, come home? mother, don’t cry; we have found daddy!” “Yes, darling,” sobs out the almost heart-broken wife, “we have found him, to love him for ever.” The language of despondency—the fearful apprehensions of the future—poverty, disgrace, misery, and privations—and then the thought of what he and they might have been, and a dark cloud gathers over his countenance; and there they weep bitterly—until the children tell these parents not to cry. The man who would see this unmoved is indeed a hardened and unfeeling one, and when drunk is known to be the cause of such misery, he who would not aid in removing such an evil, scarcely deserves the name of Christian or philanthropist.

I have found that almost without exception, the cases of manslaughter are committed while the parties, one or both, are under the influence of intoxicating liquors. These men are in general of a more respectable station than the others. Let not any person take upon himself to say such will never be his case, though he indulge in his glass or so—as scarcely any have ever been committed for manslaughter, who, one half-hour before committing the crime, thought himself capable of such a thing. But who can answer for another man? There is a conundrum that asks—When is a man two men? Another, “When he is beside himself.” Now, as drunkenness is a derangement of the intellect, the drunkard must be a man beside himself—or, in other words, two men; and how can the man sober answer for the man drunk? The following expressions were made to me by an unfortunate man condemned to death for the murder of his wife; “I was drunk,” said he, “when I did it; I cannot tell how it happened; it was drink that separated me from my wife—we met—at our meeting we got drunk, quarrelled, and I sent her into eternity—and here I am waiting the awful completion of that sentence brought upon me through intemperance. Oh! that accursed drink.”

I have attended the execution of six unfortunate beings, and drink was the cause of each of their crimes. I have also been informed, by a person who has resided longer at the Castle than myself, of one man, who having been undermined in his business by a fellow-workman, set off to drink, and drank for a fortnight—returned to his shop to work not having been sober during the whole time he was absent—when they quarrelled, and the man perpetrated the deed which brought him to the scaffold. This man was formerly a member of the Methodist Society, a man of considerable learning, and of an engaging and most amiable disposition when sober.

JAMES COANING.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

The subject of the following narrative, was a native of ——— His father was a wealthy man and an extensive merchant of the place, and, as is often the practice with such men, sent him to the first schools, and gave him plenty of spending money. The consequence was, that he chose rather an opportunity to squander his money, than to ad-

vance in scholastic lore. His father was insensible to the necessity of a correct, moral, and religious instruction; and considered not, that to a young man, an unblemished character, added to a mind well stored with a practical knowledge of the every day concerns of life, are of far more value than all the treasures which a parent in the fondness of affection, could amass through years of vexatious toil. The boy often fell into the hands of injudicious instructors, who were either ignorant or regardless of the importance of fostering and keeping alive the tender sensibilities of the human mind.

It is believed, that he was in the habit of associating with many bad companions, who indulged at times in intemperance, and its consequent vices. Thus one by one the finer feelings were bruised and blunted, until they seemed to be almost entirely crushed. He was expelled from school after school, not however, until the “bitch and black strap” had been exercised to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned, without producing the desired effects.

By this time he had attained the age of fifteen years, and so notorious was his conduct, that he was called the ring-leader of a band of reckless associates; and it may well be supposed that he was fully ripe for all the iniquity of grog shops, and street marauding. His father who had already bestowed on him some hundreds of dollars, deemed it most expedient to withhold from him all his usual funds. This act instead of retelling beneficially, only induced him to add another vice to his black catalogue of crimes, for he would watch an opportunity, and supply himself stealthily from his father’s drawer. Having been dismissed from every school in the city and self-banished from all respectable associates. He has been heard to declare that “his back was callous with blows,” and doubtless his heart was equally so. Being now beyond the reach of a father’s counsel, a mother’s prayers, and sister’s tears, he was left to the full experience of his unrestrained passions; and was goaded on by Rum to the commission of lawless and brutal outrages.

The following account of a transaction, which took place about this period of his life we had a few years subsequently from his own lips.

He had been out one day on a hunting excursion in the country, and when arriving near the city on his return, he saw an individual who had circulated some false and infamous report concerning him; his gun was loaded with fine shot, he raised it to his shoulder, took a deliberate aim at the head of his enemy, the next instant its contents were wizzing in the air. The distance, however, was so great that the injury was but slight, although the heart was equally steeled for a dark deed.

We find his father as father’s should always be, still hoping against hope: having obtained a situation for him in a select country school: at a considerable distance from any place where his greatest enemy could be obtained. Here among strangers, and under the immediate care and attention of a family whom he respected, and whose counsel in his sober moments he valued. In this situation, he improved in every particular during several months. “Oh!” said his mother as she concluded a letter one evening at the tea table from his preceptor, speaking in encouraging language, concerning him. “Oh! father, what joyful news, me thinks our James will yet reform. I want to go out to see him, When can we go?” His heart was, as her’s who spoke. He wiped the manly tear, and turned away to weep for joy. Time began to pass more pleasantly away. Soon the daughter returned from school and added not a little to the flow of happiness. How well it is, that the future is hid from human discernments.

“For oft’ the most destructive storm,
Succeeds the fairest, brightest, morn.”

But our school boy had again become impatient of restraint, and determined to have neither rule nor master over him,