

# THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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**NEW ESTABLISHMENT,**  
On State Street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel. J. LOOMIS & CO. are now receiving from New York and opening at their new store an extensive assortment of Rich and Fashionable JEWELRY, (embracing the latest style of work in watches, clocks, plated and Britannia Ware, Fine Cutlery, Steel Trimmings, Cribbons and Solar Lamps, Looking Glasses, Gold Pens, together with a general variety of Useful and Ornamental articles. Call and see what you will receive. June 26, 1847.

**Cash For Flax Seed.**  
CASH will be paid for one thousand bushels of Flax Seed by CARTER & BROTHER, August 27, 1847. No. 6, Reed House.

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**WESTERN HOTEL,**  
JOHN GRAHAM, Proprietor. The Hotel of subscriber would respectfully inform you, his fitting and the travelling public generally, that he has leased for a term of years this new and commodious House, situated at the Eighth Street Canal Basin. This location renders the "WESTERN" pre-eminently the most convenient and desirable stopping place for all either doing business or traveling on the Canal. There is, also, attached to this establishment a large and convenient Stable for the use of Boatmen and others having horses.  
No pains or expense has been spared in fitting up this house for the convenience, comfort and pleasure of guests. The Proprietor trusts by strict attention to business to receive a liberal share of public patronage.  
Erie, April 21, 1847.

**The Thunderbolt to the Hearth.**  
BY MRS. EMMA E. D. SOUTHWORTH.

A fair Southern city lay reposing on the bank of a mighty river, like Beauty upon the arm of Strength, and smiling upon the beams of a bright summer sun, like Innocence in the love of God. The sky was cloudless and the air was still and filled to faintness with the perfume of flowers. Early in the morning, the dew-drops had been glittering on the leaves of every tree, shrub, and flower, in the lovely gardens of the city, and the air had been vocal with the sweet songs of birds and the glad voices of children; now the dew is exhaled from the flowers, the song of the birds are hushed in the shade, and the children are hushed from the burning heat. "Bright city of the waters! the hour of thy doom has come. The Angel of the Whirlwind is hovering over thee, albeit thou dost not see the shadow of his wings." The hour of the noon passed. Suddenly—in a moment—"in the twinkling of an eye"—the sky grew blacker than night, a noise as the roaring of mighty waters and "the rushing of mighty winds and the beautiful city was a mass of blackened ruins. In one stately mansion, a host had assembled his guests around the convivial board—the wine-glass was in his hand, toast upon his lips—the tornado came in power—and host and guests, with house and board, were hurled in one common ruin. In one dwelling, a gray-haired man, full of years and good deeds, by availing the coming of the Angel of Death. Around him stood his descendants to the third generation—a strong man in the pride and glory of mid-life, a fair matron, a young maiden, and an infant boy. The Angel came, but in the Whirlwind! and the aged grandfathers, and stately son, placid matron, blooming maiden, and laughing infant, were included in his mission. In one happy home, a feeble but delighted young mother pressed her first and newborn infant to her bosom in profound joy, while the husband and father regarded his blessing in deep gratitude. The tornado came in power, and the youthful parents and their cherub babe formed "a holy family" in Paradise. Deep in the fragrant shades of orange groves, a youth and maiden strolled—the youth was pouring out his soul in love and prayer, while the maiden listened with deep joy—the tornado came in power! and the youth and the maiden became one angel in heaven.

There are whirlwinds that scatter our family circles. There are tornadoes that desolate our homes. There are thunderbolts that fall at our sides. I do not here allude to common sorrows, to reverses, to sickness, or death—these may be called the familiar rain and wind, thunder and lightning, of the moral atmosphere sent to soften and fertilize, to renovate and strengthen. But the moral whirlwind, the social tornado, the thunderbolt to the hearth has a deeper and more fearful mission: These warn us of the fleeting nature of riches, of the brevity and uncertainty of life, of the constant overshadowing of the wings of death; these of the instability of human virtue, the frightful power of human passion.

Upon almost any day we may take up a newspaper, and, running our glance over its columns, we may read, here of a suicide, there of a murder. Do we ever reflect that, the day previous, nay, it may be the hour previous, the miserable perpetrator of that murder, or that suicide had as little thought to commit the crime as we have at this; and that his or her family circle was as unprepared for such a stroke of fate as our own is at this moment—are we warned? And when we feel the same passions that maddened the suicide or the murderer stirring in our bosoms, are we alarmed? I think not. We are all too apt to look upon the criminal as a wretch who has fallen into a sink of crime and degradation, which it is impossible he could approach.

Ab! yesterday, perhaps, you murderer walked with head erect, as proudly, and blindly, as ourselves, unknowing of the chasm opening at his feet; and now he is astounded or stunned by his own fall. Are we inclined to believe this, and pity him? No, no; our voices are loud in indignant virtue. Rivet the fetters, close bar the prison door, and erect the gallows! and, in the pride of an irreproachable reputation, we thank God "that we are not as others." Do we ever think of thanking him that we are not tempted as others? It was a pleasant picture, that scene of home comfort. Let me describe it.

It was a middle-aged parlor, the floor was covered with an old-fashioned Turkey carpet, so thick and soft that the foot seemed to sink into the rich oriental flowers that composed its pattern, and which looked so natural one could almost fancy the odor perceptible. Two large front windows were hidden by long and heavy curtains of crimson damask. A grand piano stood in the recess, on the left of the fireplace; a marble-top pier-table, covered with richly-bound annuals, fine engravings, and the magazines for the month, was placed in the corresponding recess to the right, and near the windows. Above the chimney-piece, was a fine old-fashioned mantel mirror, reaching from thence to the ceiling, and reflecting the whole apartment and the full-length images of the group around the hearth. Over the piano, entirely filling up the wall above it, hung a fine oil painting, a winter scene; a companion piece a smiling summer landscape, occupied the space on the wall above the book table; and on every available spot was placed choice specimens of the painter's or the sculptor's art. Now, observe the scene around the comfortable fire of anthracite coal. A round centre table, covered with a rich cloth, is drawn up immediately in front of the fireplace. Above it stands a handsome solar lamp, diffusing a soft bright light over the scene; books newspapers, an elegant work-box, open and in disorder, and a pair of

goldrimmed spectacles, lying between the leaves of a pocket Bible, to keep the place.— To the left of this table, and between it and the fireplace, stood a sofa, not one of those hard, uncomfortable, horse-hair concerns, ycleop spring-bottomed, but a soft-luxurious lounge, well supplied with silken cushions filled with down, that might have been the delight of a sultana. Upon this lounge reclined a young woman. She is not, indeed, "beautiful as a poet's or a painter's dream," unless poets and painters dream of large, fleshy young ladies, who love butter better than Byrons, oysters more than Ossian, and even prefer a basket of fine strawberries to the best-executed painting of the same. But she was a beauty for all that. She was young, not above nineteen, and, as I have hinted, rather on a large scale; tall, full-formed, with a round, fair face, large, lazy-looking, brown eyes, full lips, and soft, chestnut hair, parted over her forehead and gathered into a knot behind. She wore her fine hair thus, not from a love of simplicity, but merely because it was too much trouble to dress it any other way.

She had pushed away the tabouret from under her feet, it was so hard, and having rolled down over it the downy cushions of the lounge, she sunk the dainty little members in its softness. Near the feet of this young woman, an infant of three years old, the very image of his mother, sat like a lazy little Turk, cross-legged, upon a cushion, nursing a lapdog, which was sleeping in his lap. A babe of eighteen months, of a more vivacious temperament than her brother, who had been crawling about the floor, upsetting every one's comfort and temper, had, in her "exploring expedition," found a splendidly-bound annual, which, after the manner of greater Powers, she appropriated in "right of discovery," and sat down quietly to read it. Opposite the sofa, in a large easy chair, reposed an old man, with white hair. Near him sat a young man, his son; he was the husband of the indolent young lady, and the father of the infant boy and girl. I must pause to describe this young man, the centre of so many dear affections, the support of so many loved and helpless ones.

He was a strongly-marked specimen of the nervous and sanguine temperament, tall rather thin, with light hair, light blue eyes, and a complexion as delicate, transparent, and variable as any woman's. Yet there was nothing effeminate in his. "The broad brow, the and strongly marked Roman nose, the spirit, fire, and authority of the eyes, formed at once ensemble the very type of effeminacy. It was well I told you that the young man was the husband of the young woman upon the sofa; you would never guess it from his manner to her, which is quite as attentive as it would be towards any other lady. He is leaning in his chair now, his arms are folded, and his glance is fixed in sadness on a full length portrait occupying the space between the two windows. There was a wild, startling, unearthly aspect in that portrait. It represented a young girl, of fourteen years of age, of supernatural beauty, thin in form, and dark in color, with a wealth of long, black, shining hair, descending in tangled ringlets even to her feet, and eyes so large, so black, so bright, as were never seen in a sane creature. One dark arm supported a harp, the other was clasped across its chords; the face, stony with expression, was faded; the crimson cheek; the bright lips were breathlessly apart; and the large eyes were thrown up, glowing, blazing, sparkling, as though they would explode. A visitor once called this picture the Music Fiend, as though they would explode. A visitor once called this picture the Music Fiend, as though they would explode.

The old man closed the Bible in which he had been reading, and, removing his spectacles and folding them together, placed them, with the book, upon the centre-table. The young husband drew a newspaper from his pocket and commenced reading it aloud.— Here he entertained his listeners with a speech reported from Congress; there an account of some destructive fire; here the proceedings of a Temperance meeting; there a criticism on some popular lecturer; and frequent and critical were the remarks of the old man, and even of the lazy beauty; on the various topics of the paper. At length, another matter, was an account of a street rencontre between two young men, which resulted in the death of one of them, and the arrest and imprisonment of the other. This paragraph was read and heard without comment—it was so common—and the reader passed on to other matters, until the newspaper was finished, folded up, and put away. No presentment whispered to that man's proud heart, that ere another hour, he himself would from the subject of another such paragraph; that, in another hour a thunderbolt would descend upon his heart, and make desolate his home. Having put away his newspaper, he arose and reached his hat to go out. The indolent beauty raised herself without an effort, and, passing into the dining-room, poured out a glass of brandy and water, which she brought in and handed to her husband, saying— "Drink this, dear; it will fortify you against the cold."

The young man thanked her and emptied the glass at a draught. I would she had not given him that glass of brandy! In a neighboring street, not far from the mansion of the Reeds, two young men met and passed; in an instant, however, one turned sharply around, and, laying his hand roughly on the shoulder of the other, wheeled him round, so that they stood face to face. He exclaimed, "Ho! villain, has the Devil deserted you at last, and left you to my vengeance?" The stranger stepped back, drew himself up haughtily, and said, sternly through his perfect self-possession— "Who are you, sir; and what mean you by making such assault upon a gentleman?" "Who am I? The avenger of—of—of— your victim. Who am I? Your executioner," said William Reed.

"Ah!" said the stranger, laughing, sarcastically, "I know you now; the foolish lover of that silly girl who fluttered around a certain brilliant light until her wings were singed.— Well what do you mean to do?" "Miscarriage! to punish you as you deserve!" "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Vinton, (for it was he.) "Well set about it; only be quick for a wedding party and a bride await my coming." "Sarcastic devil! you go not to that wedding party, you embrace, not that bride.— Answer! for your life hangs upon your answer, where is your victim?" "I do not wish to harm you my good fellow," said Vinton, with cool contempt, "let me pass."

Reed raised and leveled a pistol, as he hissed between his teeth— "Where is Ida de Rozia?" "Do you not really know then? Have you never chanced to meet her in the streets at night?" "Fiend!" roared Reed, "the foulest ever yet let loose upon earth. Where is she?— Tell me, and then descend to perdition!" "You may find her—at the Five Points," said Vinton, suddenly thrusting Reed aside, and passing on.

Delirious with passion, Reed raised his pistol and fired. Vinton fell shot through the heart. A crowd gathered; the murderer gave himself up, and was thrown into prison. Come with me to another home, o'er which the storm-cloud lowered, yet cast no warning shadow. It was a stately mansion; from its lofty windows streamed a blaze of brilliant light. Rich strains of music floated through its halls; before its gates a crowd of carriages were drawn up. Agnes Ray, the only daughter and heiress of that house, was about to be given in marriage. Let us enter the bride's dressing room. It is on the first floor—this handsome mahogany door—the right will admit us. You will fancy yourself in the bower of some royal Eastern beauty. Large mirrors, in highly polished frames of costly wood, reflect and multiply the gorgeous furniture; curtains of rich crimson silk drape the windows; the cushions and ottomans, covered with the richest velvet, lay scattered upon the soft carpets. Fresh flowers are blooming in costly vases, and the perfume of gorgeous toilet, by placing above her bright ringlets the wreath of orange-flowers. She is standing before the mirror, but her gaze is not fixed upon the beautiful and queenly form reflected there. Her large dark eyes are tenderly shaded by her long lashes; her rich lips are gently severed, and a rosy bloom is stealing into her cheeks. A still, bright joy is breathing from her face. A step approaches, an arm encircles the waist of Agnes, while a sweetly modulated voice addressed the maidens saying— "Leave us alone a few moments, dear girls, remain in the hall until the arrival of the bridegroom and his friends; it will not be long; the Bishop is already in the drawing room."

The young ladies retired, and left Agnes alone with her mother. This lady was still in the prime of womanhood and in the pride of beauty. Her graceful and majestic figure was set off by a rich and tasteful costume.— Drawing Agnes to her bosom, and smiling through her starting tears, she said— "You are very, very happy! my own darling; it is not so?" "Fearfully happy, dearest mamma; I tremble lest it should not last. Is it not ominous? I feel as though in some blissful dream, from which I dream to be awakened."

"Long mayst thou dream, Agnes." The mother and daughter sat in a silent embrace some minutes, the hearts of both too full, the minds of both too busy for conversation. At length approaching steps and agitated voices were heard in the hall, and the mother, embracing and releasing her daughter, said— "They have come, Agnes. Are you quite ready, my own girl?" "Quite ready, dearest mamma." "Then I will call the girls. The people in the hall are making more noise than necessary, it seems to me. Really, it is very bad taste." The lady walked towards the door. The steps and voices approaching the door from the hall; a voice was heard, in hurried tones, exclaiming— "Oh! not in there! not in there! it is Miss Ray's room." At the same instant, a shriek burst from one of the maidens in the hall. The door was thrown open, and Fanny, the youngest of the bridesmaids, rushed into the room, exclaiming— "Oh! Mrs. Ray! Mrs. Ray! Mr. Vinton has been murdered—shot through the heart by a man in the street—and they are bringing him here!" There was a sound of hurrying feet at the same instant, and even while she spoke, the ghastly and blood-stained corpse of Vinton was borne into the room. With the sharp cry of one who had received a death wound, Agnes fell.

"Oh, God! what cruel thoughtlessness.— You've killed her," groined Mrs. Ray, as she flew to raise her stricken daughter, and she flew upon a couch. The men had retreated roughly on the shoulder of the other, wheeled him round, so that they stood face to face. He exclaimed, "Ho! villain, has the Devil deserted you at last, and left you to my vengeance?" The stranger stepped back, drew himself up haughtily, and said, sternly through his perfect self-possession— "Who are you, sir; and what mean you by making such assault upon a gentleman?" "Who am I? The avenger of—of—of— your victim. Who am I? Your executioner," said William Reed.

"Call in the domestics, dear Emily; we will have prayers," said the old man. "Will you not wait for William's a little longer, father? You know he does not often tax your patience." "No, my dear; it is twelve o'clock and these late hours don't agree with me." The servants were summoned, the evening's devotions concluded, and the old man took his lamp to retire to rest; turning to Emily, he said— "Emily, my dear child; do not sit up. You will injure your health. Go to bed, love." "I am going, father," said she. "You are not one of those fretful women, who are all anxiety and nervousness, if their husbands are absent after hours." "No, indeed, dear father; but it is strange!" "It is your serene temper, my love." "Yet, indeed, father, I would prefer sitting up for William, only he has enjoyed me not to do it; and though he never says anything unkind, he looks annoyed when he finds me waiting."

Emily went to bed, and, having set up beyond her usual hour, soon fell asleep. Dawn was peeping in at the windows when Emily awoke. Missing her husband from her side, the consciousness of his unaccountable absence fell like lead upon her heart. Rising up, she gazed around, but no vestige of his presence, no hat, gloves, or cane, were there. She rung the bell, and proceeded to dress.— Her maid came in. "Is Mr. Reed below?" inquired Emily. "No, madam," was the answer. With a mountain of anxiety upon her mind, yet possessing too much delicacy to make inquiries of the servants, on a subject of such questionable propriety as her husband's mysterious absence all night, Emily descended to the breakfast-room. The windows in this apartment looked out upon the street. She took her station at one of them, from which she continued to gaze up and down the pavement. Thus passed three weary, heavy hours, and then the breakfast equipage was brought in, and soon after the old gentleman came down, in his dressing-gown. But, my love, you look really ill. What is the matter?" "Oh! father," said she, taking her place at the head of the table, "William did not come home at all last night; and he has not come home yet; and I am so uneasy."

"Do you know anything that can have kept him out all night?" "No, indeed; I wish I did, father." "He never was so unaccountably absent before?" "Yes, you know, once, father, he was unexpectedly called upon, while out, to sit up with a dying friend, and he sent a note by a boy, but the boy never brought it, and so I was very uneasy." "Yes, I remember. Oh! well, something of the same kind has happened now; you may depend. We shall see or hear from him presently. Your uneasiness is groundless; for, of course, if anything had happened to him, you would have known it before this. Had news travels quickly, you know, my child." "Yes," said she, "had news travels quick," but not such bad news as awaited this doomed father. It was curious, was it not, that, while all the city rang with the murder, and the names of the parties, the family most fatally interested in the dire event remained in total ignorance of its occurrence! It is easily explainable, though. All of their friends and acquaintances had heard of the affair, but all and each took it for granted that the stricken family must be more thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances than any one else, and they refrained from intruding upon the wife and the father, in the first hours of their grievous affliction.

"And so you think there is no ground for uneasiness, dear father?" "I do, my love. Now pour out my coffee." She did as he requested, but her own cup remained empty. "Are these the morning papers, Job?" inquired the old gentleman of the waiter, as he received from him several newspapers. "Yes, sir," answered the man. The old gentleman selected one, and began to read it. Column after column passed under his review; at last, a paragraph met his eye, and riveted his gaze. "My God!" exclaimed he, "what is this?" He let fall the paper, and, bowing his head upon his hands, groaned aloud. "What is it, my dear father?" inquired Emily, anxiously. "Oh! Mrs. Ray! Mrs. Ray! Mr. Vinton has been murdered—shot through the heart by a man in the street—and they are bringing him here!" There was a sound of hurrying feet at the same instant, and even while she spoke, the ghastly and blood-stained corpse of Vinton was borne into the room. With the sharp cry of one who had received a death wound, Agnes fell.

looking upon her face, he saw his mistake. We have hinted that Emily Reed was not of that nervous temperament that gives various outward indications of feeling, or of that demonstrative manner that breaks forth into loud expressions of grief. There was no fainting, no shrieking, no wringing of the hands, no, nor even the contracted brow, or quivering lip—yet there was that unmistakable impress of heart breaking sorrow upon the marble face, more painful to the beholder than all.

We will not sketch the meeting between William Reed and his family. It is sufficient to say, that he was very much shaken, the old man wept, and that Emily was the deepest though the most quiet sufferer of all. Emily obtained permission to pass as many hours in her husband's cell, by day or night, as she could spare from her children. The day upon which the Court was to sit drew near. The friends of William Reed grew more anxious as the time of the trial approached, yet their lawyer spoke assuredly of getting an honorable verdict. His parishians talked loudly and indiscreetly of their sanguine expectations. This provoked opposition. Attacks were made upon them, both by the mouths of the people and by the press. "Oh, yes!" it was said, "he is a 'ruffled-shirt' rascal," and can do as he pleases!" "Hang one of the 'upper ten thousand,' indeed! If it had been a poor man, now, they would not have waited for judge or jury, but strung him up at the first lamp post."

"To be sure; but he is a crumb of the 'upper ten,' and the criminal code was only made for the poor." The trial came on. The public mind being so excited against the prisoner, it was long before an unprejudiced jury could be empanelled. At length this was effected, and the case commenced. The witnesses on the part of the Commonwealth were chiefly summoned from among the crowd who saw the termination only of the reconter. Their testimony did not, however, bear fatally upon the prisoner. At length, towards the close of the sitting, a witness was called, who swore that upon a certain day, he had heard the accused declare, with an oath, that, if ever he met Vinton, he would "shoot him as a mad dog."— "He would shoot him as a mad dog,"— On the evening of the fourth day from the commencement of the trial, the case was finally given to the jury.

The next day, when the Court met, the room was crowded to suffocation. The verdict was expected to be rendered. The crowd are breathless with expectation. See! the doors are thrown open; the foreman of the jury advances, followed by his colleagues.— "He carries a sealed packet in his hand; he hands it to the judge upon the bench. 'It is the verdict.' Observe the prisoner. He is sitting with his counsel; he is perfectly still; his manner appears quite composed, yet without an affectation of indifference or stoicism, for his looks are steadily fixed upon the judge as he receives the packet. The kindly disposition among the crowd in the court-room and among the reporters on yonder seats, will probably represent his manner to have been dignified and self-possessed, while the censurings of their number will report the prisoner hardened and insensible; but—draw near, it is not—see, as the judge arises, the keenly anxious gaze of the prisoner's eye—observe, the bright hectic spot has gone in from his marble cheek, and a slight tremor agitates his frame. Near him sits his wife and the old father; but look not on that group, it will unman you. The judge is on his feet; his countenance is stern and sad.

"Let the prisoner be placed at the bar." All was over, then! Reed arose, and having pressed the hand of his wife, which had been lying in his own, attended by an officer, he took the indicated place. The judge addressed the prisoner— "William Harvey Reed! you have been fully and impartially tried for the dreadful crime of murder, and in accordance with the evidence, a verdict of guilty has been rendered by a jury, carefully selected from among your fellow-citizens. Hence, it becomes my most painful duty to announce to you the sentence of the law." Here, placing upon his head the black cap, (that grim piece of frivolity), he proceeded to pronounce the death sentence. That sentence, with its revolting minuteness of detail, is too familiar to all, to need a repetition here. Children I now it by rote. William Reed received it with an unflinching brow, and, at its close, upon the command, "Remove the prisoner," he turned with perfect self-possession, and yielded himself to the custody of the officers in waiting. Passing near where his wife was lying on the bosom of his father, he asked— "Has she fainted?" "The old man looked up with a bewildered smile! "The old man was an idiot!" "Better so, better so," groined William Reed, as he followed the officers from the room. A petition was set on foot, which, having received the signatures of hundreds of the most respectable citizens, was sent to the Governor. But the people were bitter against the condemned; they demanded his life; they would have a spectacle! It was an "election-crying crisis." The pardon was refused; the death-warrant was signed, and the Governor rose in popularity. It was early in the morning, about two months after his condemnation, that Reed was sitting on the edge of his mattress, Emily kneeling beside him, an open Bible on the bed before her, when the warden of the prison said the sheriff entered the cell with the final decision of the Governor and the death-warrant. Guessing their dreadful errand by their looks,

Emily went to bed, and, having set up beyond her usual hour, soon fell asleep. Dawn was peeping in at the windows when Emily awoke. Missing her husband from her side, the consciousness of his unaccountable absence fell like lead upon her heart. Rising up, she gazed around, but no vestige of his presence, no hat, gloves, or cane, were there. She rung the bell, and proceeded to dress.— Her maid came in. "Is Mr. Reed below?" inquired Emily. "No, madam," was the answer. With a mountain of anxiety upon her mind, yet possessing too much delicacy to make inquiries of the servants, on a subject of such questionable propriety as her husband's mysterious absence all night, Emily descended to the breakfast-room. The windows in this apartment looked out upon the street. She took her station at one of them, from which she continued to gaze up and down the pavement. Thus passed three weary, heavy hours, and then the breakfast equipage was brought in, and soon after the old gentleman came down, in his dressing-gown. But, my love, you look really ill. What is the matter?" "Oh! father," said she, taking her place at the head of the table, "William did not come home at all last night; and he has not come home yet; and I am so uneasy."

"Do you know anything that can have kept him out all night?" "No, indeed; I wish I did, father." "He never was so unaccountably absent before?" "Yes, you know, once, father, he was unexpectedly called upon, while out, to sit up with a dying friend, and he sent a note by a boy, but the boy never brought it, and so I was very uneasy." "Yes, I remember. Oh! well, something of the same kind has happened now; you may depend. We shall see or hear from him presently. Your uneasiness is groundless; for, of course, if anything had happened to him, you would have known it before this. Had news travels quickly, you know, my child." "Yes," said she, "had news travels quick," but not such bad news as awaited this doomed father. It was curious, was it not, that, while all the city rang with the murder, and the names of the parties, the family most fatally interested in the dire event remained in total ignorance of its occurrence! It is easily explainable, though. All of their friends and acquaintances had heard of the affair, but all and each took it for granted that the stricken family must be more thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances than any one else, and they refrained from intruding upon the wife and the father, in the first hours of their grievous affliction.

"And so you think there is no ground for uneasiness, dear father?" "I do, my love. Now pour out my coffee." She did as he requested, but her own cup remained empty. "Are these the morning papers, Job?" inquired the old gentleman of the waiter, as he received from him several newspapers. "Yes, sir," answered the man. The old gentleman selected one, and began to read it. Column after column passed under his review; at last, a paragraph met his eye, and riveted his gaze. "My God!" exclaimed he, "what is this?" He let fall the paper, and, bowing his head upon his hands, groaned aloud. "What is it, my dear father?" inquired Emily, anxiously. "Oh! Mrs. Ray! Mrs. Ray! Mr. Vinton has been murdered—shot through the heart by a man in the street—and they are bringing him here!" There was a sound of hurrying feet at the same instant, and even while she spoke, the ghastly and blood-stained corpse of Vinton was borne into the room. With the sharp cry of one who had received a death wound, Agnes fell.

"Oh, God! what cruel thoughtlessness.— You've killed her," groined Mrs. Ray, as she flew to raise her stricken daughter, and she flew upon a couch. The men had retreated roughly on the shoulder of the other, wheeled him round, so that they stood face to face. He exclaimed, "Ho! villain, has the Devil deserted you at last, and left you to my vengeance?" The stranger stepped back, drew himself up haughtily, and said, sternly through his perfect self-possession— "Who are you, sir; and what mean you by making such assault upon a gentleman?" "Who am I? The avenger of—of—of— your victim. Who am I? Your executioner," said William Reed.

"Call in the domestics, dear Emily; we will have prayers," said the old man. "Will you not wait for William's a little longer, father? You know he does not often tax your patience." "No, my dear; it is twelve o'clock and these late hours don't agree with me." The servants were summoned, the evening's devotions concluded, and the old man took his lamp to retire to rest; turning to Emily, he said— "Emily, my dear child; do not sit up. You will injure your health. Go to bed, love." "I am going, father," said she. "You are not one of those fretful women, who are all anxiety and nervousness, if their husbands are absent after hours." "No, indeed, dear father; but it is strange!" "It is your serene temper, my love." "Yet, indeed, father, I would prefer sitting up for William, only he has enjoyed me not to do it; and though he never says anything unkind, he looks annoyed when he finds me waiting."