Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, ADVERTISING, POLITICS, LITERATURE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, AMUSEMENT, &c. &c.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY B. BEATTY.

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Advertising will be done on the usual terms.

Letters to insure attention must be post paid.

THOMAS J. BELL,
House Painter and Glazier,

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he has commenced the HOUSE PAINTING, GLAZING, and PAPER HANGING, in all their various branches, and hopes by strict attention to business and moderate charges to merit and receive a share of public patronage. His shop is in Pitt street, directly in the rear of Stevenson & Dinkle's Drug store.

Carlisle, Oct. 12, 1842 1y.50

VALUABLE
IRON WORKS
FOR SALE.

BY virtue of the powers and authority contained in the last will and testament of MICHAEL EGE, dec'd, I now offer for sale, the

Carlisle Iron Works,

Situated on the Yellow Breeches Creek, 4½ miles east of Carlisle Pa. The estate consists of a first rate

FORGE & FURNACE,
with Ten Thousand Acres of Land.

A new MERCHANT MILL with four run of stone, finished on the most approved plan. About 500 acres of the land are cleared and highly cultivated, having thereon erected

Three Large Bank Barns

and necessary **TENANT HOUSES.** The works are propelled by the Yellow Breeches Creek and the Boiling Spring, which neither fail nor freeze. There are upon the premises all the necessary workmens houses, coal houses, carpenter and smith shops, and stabling built of the most substantial materials. The ore of the best quality and inexhaustible, is within 2 miles of the Furnace There is perhaps no Iron Works in Pennsylvania which possesses superior advantages and offers greater inducements to the investment of Capital. The water power is so great that it might be extended to any other manufacturing purpose. Persons disposed to purchase will of course examine the property. The terms of sale will be made known by

MARY EGE,
Executrix of Michael Ege, dec'd.

Carlisle, Oct. 19, 1842. tf-51

Baltimore Patriot, National Intelligencer, United States Gazette publish in tri-weekly papers, to the amount of $5 and send bills to this office.

THE N. YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE,
By H. Greeley and T. McElrath.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING in New York City, but mailed to distant subscribers on the Thursday preceding, and contains all the News received in New York up to and including that morning. It is a Family and Business Newspaper, printed on a very large sheet of good paper in Quarto form (eight pages per number,) and embodies a greater amount and variety of Political and General Intelligence than any other Weekly Journal. Among its contents will be found—

ORIGINAL AND SELECT LITERATURE: Consisting mainly of the best Tales, Poems, Narratives and Reviews, selected from the cur ent American and Foreign Reviews Magazines and New Publications. Original articles of the same class will more sparingly be given, with brief Editorial Notices of all New Books of general interest;

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE. Proceedings of Congress, reported daily for the Tribune by our own Reporter, who is constantly in attendance on the session; Doings of the New York and other State Legislatures; Political Movements, Conventions, Demonstrations, &c. with early and full returns of all transpiring Elections throughout the Union. In this department, *The Tribune will not be excelled;*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE. Foreign and Domestic full and varied;

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE. Daily and Weekly Reports of the Markets, based on actual sales of Goods, Produce, Stocks, &c. with accounts of the state of Business and of all matters pertaining to Banking and Currency. A full Bank Note Table and Price Current will be given on alternate weeks.

The Editorial conduct of this paper rests with HORACE GREELEY, ably assisted in the Departments of Literary, Commercial and Miscellaneous Intelligence. In its Political course, The Tribune is ardently, inflexibly WHIG, and advocates, with its utmost energies, the PROTECTION OF HOME INDUSTRY, the restoration of a SOUND AND UNIFORM CURRENCY, the vigorous prosecution of INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT, and the election of HENRY CLAY as next President of the United States. Being sent only for cash in advance, the Publishers are enabled to afford it, notwithstanding its great size and the cost of its publication, at the low price of Two Dollars a year, Six Copies for Ten Dollars, or Ten Copies for Fifteen Dollars. Vol. II. commences with over 9,000 subscribers on the 17th of September. Subscriptions are respectfully solicited by

GREELEY & McELRATH, Publishers.

New York, Nov. 9 1842.

Estate of Joseph Connelley, deceased.

Notice

IS HEREBY GIVEN that letters testamentary on the last will and testament of JOSEPH CONNELLY, late of West Pennsborough township, Cumberland county, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, residing in the same township. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement to

SAMUEL M'CORMICK,
Nov. 2d, 1842.—6t *Executor*

Cleaning & Coloring

SILKS, CRAPES, MERINOES,
And Woolens of all kinds.
Also, Wool Dyeing & Scouring.

MRS. JANE M'MURRAY

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Carlisle and its vicinity, that she still continues Coloring and Scouring

Silks, Crapes, Merinoes and Woolens of all kinds;

ALSO, WOOL DYEING AND SCOURING, in all its various branches. She may be found at her residence in Church Alley, opposite Education Hall, where work will be thankfully received, and executed in a neat and handsome manner.

Boots, Shoes and Caps.

MEN'S, Boy's and Youth's Boots, fine and coarse, Men's, Boy's and Youth's Brogans and Shoes, also Men's and Ladie's Elastic and leather over Shoes, furred Ladies silk lined and wadded gaiters, a french article—Bronze & kid slippers, white kid & sattin slippers, and a full assortment of all kinds of Shoes. Mens, Boys and Youths CAPS, latest style. Cheaper than ever for cash.

WM. M. MATEER.

November 2, 1842. tf-53

CHEAP GROCERIES.

JUST received a fresh lot of Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Chocolate, Cloves, Nutmegs, Rice, Ginger, Pepper, Allspice, Cinnamon, &c. &c., all of which I will sell at greatly reduced prices for cash.

CHAS. OGILBY.

October 26, 1842. tf-52

POETRY.

WEDDED LOVE.

ADDRESSED BY A YOUNG WIFE TO A DESPONDING HUSBAND.

Come, rouse thee, dearest!—'t is not well
To let thy spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood!
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser grief, spread real ills:
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The landmarks Hope would else reveal.

Come, rouse thee now!—I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind—
Strange thou should'st thus be shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what Heaven intended thee;
Nor sink beneath the frowns of fate,
But prove thy spirit firmly great;
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly wo.

Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life;
Each spring which can its powers control
Is familiar with thy wife:
For deem'st thou she could stoop to bind
Her fate unto a common mind?
The eagle-like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed with its Promethean flame
The shrine that sunk her so to shame!

Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream
That fetters now thy powers;
Shake off this gloom—hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud that lowers;
And though at present seems so far
The wished-for goal, the guiding star,
With peaceful ray would light thee on
Until its bounds be won,—
That quenchless ray, thou'lt ever prove,
Is fond, undying WEDDED LOVE!

SONG.

BY L. E. L.

My heart is like the failing hearth
Now by my side,
One by one its bursts of flame
Have burst and died.
There are none to watch the sinking blaze,
And none to care,
Or if it kindle into strength,
Or waste in air.

My fate is as you faded wreath
Of summer flowers;
They've spent their store of fragrant health
On sunny hours,
Which reck'd them not, which heeded not
When they were dead:
Other flowers, unwarned by them,
Will spring instead.

And my own heart is as the lute
I now am waking;
Wound to too fine and high a pitch,
They both are breaking.
Silence, forgetfulness and rest,
Late, ay for thee;
And such my lot; neglect, the grave,
These are for me.

THE REPOSITORY.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

We published a few weeks since, says the New York Tribune, a powerful tale from 'Caleb Stukely' in Blackwood—detailing with graphic skill and great ability the slow but constant process of cruelty by which a drunken clergyman had murdered his wife—while the son, a young man, was at school. In the November number it is concluded. The clergyman persuades his daughter to bring home her brother to attend the funeral solemnly promising to abstain from all harsh or irritating language. She consents—visits her brother, finds that he, too, has become the victim of the wine-cup, and returns to her home. The daughter then proceeds with the sad tale.

The morning for my mother's funeral arrived. My pen falters, and refuses to trace the narrative which it sickens me to recall. And yet it must be told. I have brought you to the climax of human wretchedness. Read and believe. I tell you that the strange tale is true—horrible it may be, it is—and yet I have survived it. Who doubts its authenticity? Let him carry it to the drunkard's habitation, and call around him first the miserable wife, and then the sobbing children, and let him astound their ears with the history that is their own. Oh, think not for an instant that exaggeration deforms the unsightly picture. The ugliness surpasses not the truth. Would that both could strike the conscience of one domestic murderer with effectual sorrow and remorse. The morning of the funeral had come. Ten o'clock had struck, and my brother had not yet appeared. He had arrived from school late on the preceding evening, and had retired immediately to rest. I had received him, for my father had gone to his bed some hours before. I told him that our breakfast hour was nine o'clock, and he promised to meet his father at the breakfast table. I did not sleep that night. How could I? I walked restlessly about my room, longing for the morning to come, dreading its approach, and growing more and more anxious and alarmed as the clock warned me at intervals of its advance. At six o'clock I rose. Another sleeper in the house had been disturbed before me, and was already moving. This was my father. I found him in his library. He looked pale and wearied, and his usual tremor unhinged his whole frame. When I opened the door of the apartment, he started from his seat, and was frightened.

"Ah—yes" said he, recovering himself, "it is you;—he seated, Emma. He has come, of course?"

"He has," I answered.

"Well,—and he is well-disposed, is tranquil, as he should be on the sad occasion?"

"He has said little," I replied. "He has not yet risen. It was late last night when he reached home."

"Well, I shall see him soon. Does he return to-morrow?"

"It is his intention."

"Good. He will be soon provided. I have provided for him an appointment in India. Tell him so. It is better that he should pass the little time that he will remain in England away from home. It may save a breach. I cannot brook contradiction. I do not wish to gall and irritate him. He is over-hasty, I have heard. But he seems peaceable, and disposed to keep so, I think you said?"

Early as it was, the wine-bottle was already on the table.

"Father," said I, pointing to it, "what is that?"

"Not another drop," he exclaimed impressively; "not a sup, as I am a living man. I should have shaken to pieces had I not appeased the nerves with *one* draught. But I have swallowed it, and I am quiet. I shall taste no more; take it away." At the very moment that he made this request, and as I approached the table to comply with it, he raised the decanter mechanically, and poured from its contents another glassfull. Without a word or a sign, and as if unconscious of the act, he drank it off. To such an extent was he the slave of habit, that I am satisfied he was ignorant of having transgressed the rule which he had laid down for himself the very second before.

'Father,' said I, 'for Heaven's sake be cautious! Who shall answer for the effects of a single dram? Cease to be master of yourself, and I foresee the consequences. As sure as I am speaking, there will be mischief that never can be forgotten or repaired. Be warned in time, and avoid tonight the furious insensibility, from which you will wake to-morrow to imprecate yourself, and loathe the very light in which you walk. For your own sake be advised, and flee, for this one day at least, from the horrible temptation.'

'Oh, trust me!' answered my father, made uneasy by the terms in which I had ventured to address him, "trust me—I will be wise. Here—take the key of the cellar. Let one bottle of wine remain for dinner. Produce no more. If I ask for more, refuse it. You have me in your keeping.—It is for you to prevent the mischief that you dread.'

I secured the key with eagerness, and taking him at his word, placed beyond his reach every means of gratifying the insatiable lust. Breakfast was announced, and Frederick still absent. I could not eat.—Food had never been acceptable to my father so early in the day. We sat in silence, and the cloth was removed untouched by either of us. Shortly afterward, a rustling and a moving about were heard directly over-head, and subdued talking on the stairs. A chill shot through me. The men had come to prepare the body for its last short journey. I wept, and my father sat over the fire, looking into it, thinking, it may be, on the eternity into which he had hurried the uncomplaining sufferer. What an eternity for him!—I left his presence, and stole to the busiest chamber in the house, desirous of another leave-taking. The coffin was already closed. One person only was in the room, and that was poor Frederick, weeping at the coffin's foot, with the uncontrollable fullness of a heart-broken child. I walked to his side, and placed my hand in his. He closed me in his arms, and we had not a word to say, until the heart had wrung its last tear through his drowned and quivering eye.

'Did I not,' he said at length—'tell me, Emma—did I not obey her?'

'You did,' I answered. 'You never disobeyed her.'

'But did I not offer a hundred times to come to her rescue? Did she not forbid it?'

'You have done your duty, Frederick. She was satisfied you had.'

'If I thought otherwise, I could not live another hour. I am sure she was wrong; but I do not reproach myself for a strict compliance with her wishes.

'She is in heaven,' I rejoined, 'and smiles upon you for your filial love.'

'Where is *he?*' he asked, turning from subject. 'I have not met him yet.'

'He has expected you for the last hour or two. Come to him. He desires to see you.'

'No—not at present. I shall wait here until the ceremony compels me to endure his sight. We are better and safer asunder. We will follow her to the grave in company. That is all he can require of me. I am happier alone. I could not talk with him.'

'You will do nothing harsh and cruel, will you?' I asked, imploringly.

'No good can come of it. I will not give you pain unnecessarily, dear Emma. Death is no punishment to such a man.—Torture for years such as he inflicted, he deserves. It cannot bring her to life again. Would that it might!'

I had many things to do on this eventful morning, and I was obliged to leave my brother sooner than I wished. My anxiety prompted me to be continually at his side, for, in spite of his assurances, I had little confidence in his power of forbearance. I knew that an angry word or look could overthrow a mountain of good resolutions, and render him as helpless as the infant in the hold, and at the mercy of his excited and unfastened passions. I was aware, too, from many observations that had fallen from him, that his code of morality was lax, and justified to his mind acts that were criminal in themselves, and in the judgement of the world. His religious views had become fearfully dimmed, and he needed only the stimulus and the opportunity to become the sport and prey of notions that lead only to destruction. On these accounts I trembled for him, and begrudged every moment that I had passed away from him. Ill-fortified he was to be alone in any place. Here, where he walked in the midst of danger and evil solicitation, he needed a hand ever present to guide him, and to warn him of the mine that one inconsiderate step would set thundering beneath his very feet.

At eleven o'clock, the small procession that constituted the ceremony of my mother's humble funeral was marshaled, and ready to proceed. My father and I were in the library, and waited for my brother. I heard his footstep on the stairs, and my heart beat painfully and quick. He descended slowly, and did not appear to delay or pause. In another moment he entered. I looked at my father, and he winced under the hard trial. He looked uneasily about him—cast his eyes upon the ground—toward me—to the attendants—any where but there where fear, shame, and acute vexation, all commingled, rendered one object intolerable to the sight. Frederick was very pale, but he looked subdued and placid. Perfectly collected, and in a distant manner, he bowed to his father, and the latter returned his greeting with a silent recognition, that betrayed at once the agitation of his mind, and the small ability that he possessed to check and hide the gnawing agony that seared his sinful soul. There was no warmer salutation. Not a word was spoken. The silence of death prevailed in the room, far more crushing, because inconsonant with the occasion, until my father was reminded that it was time to go forward. I saw them depart—I marked them, when they followed side by side the remains of the deceased through the long avenue that led to the church-yard.—Still not a word was exchanged. A handkerchief was in the hand of my father—mourner's ensign! Frederick was overcome, and wept aloud and violently; his sobs and moans were carried through the air, and conveyed to my own distressed and heaving heart. I closed the casement, and escaped them. I was alone. I knew not that it was a useless prayer that nature prompted me to offer up for the safety and welfare of the beloved's soul. Had I been told so, I would not have believed the chilling tale. No sooner had I lost sight of the mournful retinue, than, overborne by an impulse of love, I feel upon my knees, and implored God to give comfort and repose to her He had taken to himself. I did not rise until sweet assurance calmed my spirit, and gave it boundless confidence and hope. I desire no arguments to prove my fabric an unsubstantial and aerial vision. The wise may smile at my credulity, or pity the ungrounded heresy. Reason, stern teacher as she is, must never take from me the hold that Feeling gives me on yon invisible world of beatific spirits, linking me in deep, ineffable communion with the loved of old, and sustaining me with intercourse that knows no break—that has no cloud.

It takes but a little time to seperate for ever the living from the dead, to place the latter in the cold, cold earth, and to render them, as though they had never been, objects for the memory, subjects intangible but by the unbounded never-dying mind. The last office was performed, and father and brother were once more in the house together. I know not what had passed between them during their short absence. Certain it is they had spoken. The partition that had previously seperated them was broken down, and communication, if not of the most friendly character, was, at least, unreserved. In spite of the evident attempts made by my father to appear at ease, awkwardness and anxiety were manifest in every word and movement. Once having addressed Frederick, he could not remain for an instant silent, but turned from one subject of discourse to another, regardless of connexion or relaxation, as if silence were impossible to bear, and the least repose brought with it peril and alarm. Frederick, on his part, was taken by surprise, and by degrees regarded his parent with a kindlier spirit than I had ever ventured to expect from the impassioned boy. He listened to his father's questionings, and he answered with respect. A ray of joy stole across my heart, and, for the moment, I flattered myself with years of unmolested happiness—of harmony and peace. Not a word was said of the sad occasion that brought us again together. That was avoided studiously. But Frederick's future prospects were spoken of, and the nature of his employment explained to him. He seemed pleased with the pursuit, and eager for active, profitable life. Notwithstanding, however, the favorable aspect which matters had assumed; notwithstanding the bright gleam that passed through our home, lighting it up with unaccustomed lustre, I did not lose my timidity, nor wholly rely upon the sudden and violent reaction.—I lingered near father and son, and, as though filled with the presentiment of what was too soon to happen, could not for any interval lose sight of them without anxiety, and an oppressive dread of danger.

The dinner hour arrived. We had no visiters. My father, Frederick and myself sat down to the meal, and the previous conversation gave place to heaviness and ungraceful silence. The solitary decanter of wine was on the table My father drank from it sparingly, but Frederick emptied it with greediness. It was melancholy to behold the family sin taking possession of his soul so early in life; and I would gladly have persuaded myself that a desire to drown present grief, and no habitual vice, displayed itself in the eagerness with which he quaffed, glass after glass, the fatal liquor. Before the close of dinner, the bottle needed replenishing.—My father looked at me inquiringly, but I did not heed him, for at the same time my eye was on my brother, and a glance enabled me to ascertain the heated and perilous condition toward which he was rapidly advancing. I took no notice of the hint. The repast was finished, and without a syllable I left the table. Against my own conviction, I forsook my guardianship, and only to avoid a greater evil. For two hours I remained in my own room. I would not have quitted it again that evening, had not the never absent and tormenting anxiousness that accompanied every hour of my brother's sojourn with us driven me back again to observe the progress of the new-made reconciliation. I tripped confidently to the dining-room opened the door, and was staggered, bewildered, and confounded by the view that I encountered there. Could I trust what my eyes presented to my waking mind! Or did I dream? Had I lost my recollection, my reason, in the conflict that my brain had undergone. The first object that I perceived upon the table was *a key!* the *duplicate* of that which I possessed—the conducter to the wine-cellar. Wine of different kinds crowded the board, some in bottles, unopened; some in the like half emptied, and next to them vessels drained of their last drop. My father was transformed already into the wretched object that wine had ever rendered him.—He had become wild, mad, and ignorant of his acts—his words—his thoughts.—Frederick himself had partaken of the fearful beverage until excitement glared in every feature of his disordered countenance, and his veins swelled with the hot and bounding blood that passed along them. It was an awful season. One inconsiderate word from either—one exclamation—one dangerous half whisper might be destruction to them both. Careless children were the at the mountain's edge, unconscious of danger, and ready to take the step that dashes them to peices. Who should have courage to venture near, and drag them backward from the yawning breach? Who would risk life now for the chance of sparing it? Oh, such a one was needed here to speak the word that might appease and save the helpless men who had ventured to the very brink of ruin! In my father's face, I could not trace mischief. Was it possible that fear had still controlling power, and still protected him when every other feeling had given way beneath the maddening drink? Would for his own sake that it might be so!—Yes, drunken anility and not ferocity seemed to be the prevailing humor. How long it would endure depended on his companion and antagonist. Frederick had grown loquacious, his voice was thick, and it grew hoarse with exercise. There was spleen in every word he uttered, and anger, contempt and bitterness. Ferocity, too, sparkled in his expressive eye, and corrupted every other feature. How he sat there, playing and trifling with his trembling prey, conscious of his power, and sharpening his appetite for mischief with the contemplation of his sacrifice!—So might the young and bounding tiger, and so a human being with unbound passions, burning for revenge, and ripened even for murder, by the hateful and inciting juice. Neither of the men were disturbed at my approach. Each was too busy with his own peculiar thoughts.—The chair of Frederick was drawn close to that of his father—his hand was upon his father's arm—his blood-shot eye was raised toward his father's sottish face. I remained at the door, fixed to the position in which my entrance had first placed me, and fearful of accelerating harm and evil by the progress of an inch.

'Tell me what you preach,' exclaimed Frederick, laughing aloud and unmeaningly; "which side of the question do you espouse? They tell me you are a—what is it? a Calvinist. Who is he? Did he love wine—did he drink as jollily as we do? Oh, you are a rare old sinner! ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed on, and swallowed a glass in the midst of it.

'Do not talk so wildly,' said his father, endeavoring to escape from his side.

'And why not?' answered Frederick, rudely stopping him. 'Who are you to order, and to say how a man is to speak or behave?'

'I do not wish to molest.'

'No, I'll take devilish good care you shan't,' said my brother, interrupting him. 'I say, parson, haven't you broken your heart in fretting after your son? Hasn't natural affection almost killed you? Why, what did you think had become of me?—Do you believe in that black heart of yours, that you are really on the road to heaven? Come, no flinching! Answer me like a man. Here, take your glass, I'll drink to our better acquaintance. We shall know one another better for the future.'

My father writhed under his infliction. He had a character to sustain which he had never studied—for which he was but ill prepared. He burned to burst the chains by which he felt himself enthralled. The dread of consequences kept him as submissive as a beaten slave. Mine was the cruel lot to observe in silence and in horror. A bumper was quaffed in honor of the taunting toast, and Frederick was again pursuing his doomed victim.

'Look there,' said he, pointing to me; 'that's your daughter. I am told you have behaved most lovingly to her. Look at her, man,' he continued, seizing him by the wrist, 'and see what a color your kindness has brought upon her cheek.—Look—she is paler than the lily, and that you know is joy's own color. You'll go to Heaven for that too. Why, you are a noble fellow to preach and pray, and tell us what we ought to do! Look me in the face!'

My father shook with rising passion, and he bit his lips, and drew his breath with difficulty.

'Look me in the face,' continued the infuriated Frederick, for he had lashed himself to rage—'and let me see a pious monster—a religious fiend—a holy devil! Now hear me. I have spent many an hour of my most miserable life—made miserable by you, in longing for this moment. I have walked for half a night listening to the wind screaming among trees, howling about tomb-stones, and over green graves, trying to keep down the horrible temptation that I have felt for years to be your murderer. Hear, and understand me, I repeat it calmly—*to be your murderer.* I have seen the blooming and the young, without a crime, without the feathery burthen of an unconscious fault, cut down in beauty, and removed from the earth which they were just begining to adorn and dignify—and *I knew you*—the tormentor of your kind, the vilest of your race, in whose atmosphere to live was to breath pollution, and to suffer death—I knew you to be alive, glorying in your defilement, pouring sorrow, distress and misery on all who came within your reach, and rendering life a curse to all who had connexion with you. Do you think, I ask, that I could deem it wrong to remove from the world the source of endless woe? One blow could do it. One blow, and in an instant, there was peace for the more deserving. I could have struck you down, I could have dealt the blow without remorse—without one aching thought. Why then came I not to give it? I will not tell you—but there was good reason for my absence. You were preserved not through my forbearance. The cause that interfered between me and my strong desire exists no longer. Now, I am free to act. Now I am here, and monster, what prevents the accomplishment of what I have wished so long?'

'You dare not do it!' cried my father, starting from his chair, and eluding by his suddeness the griping hand of Frederick.

'You lie!' impiously replied the drunken boy, and following him as he proceeded from his seat.

It was my time to act. No longer capable of self-control, I placed myself between the angry men, and entreated the aggressor to desist. My influence and power over the unfortunate man were gone.

'Stay you there,' said he, placing me at a distance from them, 'or be gone, and do not intermeddle. I am tranquil, and am master of myself. We have a long account to settle, and it must be called over item after item.'

'I do not fear you,' muttered my father, gnashing his teeth and looking fiercely at his son. 'I do not fear you, most unnatural villain!"

'Well said, unnatural father!' cried Frederick, in a laughing tone; 'then sit you down, and we'll converse. You need not fear me. You say I dare not punish you for all your guilt; and I say *you lie.* I *dare;* BUT I WILL NOT. The time is past. You have not me to thank for it. Live, die, and be detested, when and where you please.'

The words were grateful in my father's ear, hidious as they fell on mine. He lost dastard timidity with their utterance, and acquired impudence and bluster. Secure of life, he had no motive to withhold his abuse, and it spirted out, as usual upon the head of the powerless and innocent. He aimed his shafts at the coffin of my scarcely-buried mother. Alas! he knew not the holiness with which that mother's memory was enshrined, even in the heart of the irreligious and much-offending Frederick.

'You have had a good instructress!' was the ready sarcasm. 'Your mother'——

'Name her not,' shrieked Frederick; the blood rushing from his cheek at the same moment, leaving it pale, ghastly, and fearful to behold. 'Name her not. I dare not name her. I dare not trust myself to listen to the sound.'

She was punished for the usage I received from her, and so will you be, and so will she,' continued he, pointing spitefully at me. 'You will be smitten both, as she was smitten, when I cursed her for her cruelty—vilest of wretches, as she was.'

'Be warned!' cried Frederick, swelling with anger, and struggling for composure, which he could not find. 'Be warned I say! Speak to him, Emma—save us both!'

'Warned!—warned!' said the roused lunatic, presuming on the assurance he had received. 'Who threatens me? Do you remind me of the past? I have not forgotten it. The curse will wither the hand that was uplifted against your father, as it has visited and destroyed her who bore the miscreant, and taught him lessons that will avail him when he pines in hell. She was born to by my plague; and I glory in my deliverance. Were she here again, again would I be quit of her. I hated and despised her. I have lived to trample on her grave!'

He said more than this—more than I desire to remember or record. He persisted in the same strain, associating the most disgusting epithets with my mother's name, and outrunning sense in his eagerness to vilify her. Drunken, unmeaning gibberish supplied him with terms that would have excited ridicule and compassion within the breast of any one but him who listened to the speaker, enraged and irritated until reason was immersed, and could no longer serve him. One horrible expression, too infamous to be repeated, was fatal to them both. It was but half utered before Frederick leaped from his seat, and siezed his fellow-drunkard and his father by the throat. The latter fell and his assailant with him. One shrieked with terror, and struggled furiously; the other foamed, and held the prostrate man down with a hand of iron. I saw no more but ran from the apartment, screaming aloud for help, and afout to fall with fright and agitation.

The servants had asked permisssion to leave home at the close of dinner, in order to visit the grave of their mistress, before it should be finally and forever shut. It was a request that had its origin in affection, and I complied with it at once. They had been faithful and true friends; for years had shared the affliction of my mother, and on her account had borne anger and submitted to reproach. We were about to lose them now. Ingots of gold would not have purchased their service for my widowed father. They had already set out on their errend of love, and the house was deserted. No one there could help me, and I flew into the village. Within a hundred yards of the parsonage I encountered old Adam. He was the family confidant, and in a few words I made the miserable business known to him.

We reached the house in time to meet Frederick rushing from it vehemently.—He had a wild and vacant look, and he was paler than ever. Old Adam retreated a step or two as the wretched youth approached him. Frederick took no notice of him, but seized my hand, which was steadier than his own, and spoke to me, panting for breath.

'You are a witness, Emma,' he exclaimed. 'I implored him to be quiet. You heard me. He would not. He has himself to thank for it. Oh, the accursed drink! It is the ruin of us all. I vowed that I would use no violence—that I would not be angry, I promised faithfully—for your sake it was right. The wine betrayed me—set me in flames. Oh, Emma, Emma,' he cried out, bursting into tears, 'what is to become of you? What is to be done? All gone—all gone!' I endeavored to pacify him. 'No, no,' he cried, putting me gently from him; 'you mustn't kiss me now. Enter there—there—in that room, don't curse your brother, Emma. I will spare you one trial—you shall not see me on the gallows! Good bye—poor girl—I did not mean it, Emma. It was the drink—the drink!

We did not permit him to proceed. Horrified by his words, I started from him.—Adam had already proceeded me, and we entered the dining-room at one and the same moment. *He was a corpse!* There on the floor where I had left him, he lay a motionless clod.

There were nine weddings in the little town of Ware, Mass. on the late Thanksgiving day.