

Mr. Collins, as I said before was a man possessed of a degraded nature, being much addicted to intemperance. Widow Hazledon had married him after a brief acquaintance. She had felt the necessity of a fatherly assistance and protection in the rearing of her young family; but in Collins she discovered when too late that she had mistaken his character. She, however, continued to make the best of a bad bargain. He was a carver by trade, and commanded good wages; but every Saturday night, he got drunk. His Sabbaths were generally devoted to the worship of Bacchus. Sometimes he would continue drinking for several days, until every penny was exhausted. Then he would make demands at home for more money, which if refused, he was sure to abuse his wife and family. He was not only a drunkard; he was a scoffer at religion, and considered it a mark of honor to take the name of God in vain.

On the following day after Frederick's interview with Clara, Collins came home partly intoxicated, and demanded more money to help him, as he said, to finish off a spree with an old comrade whom he had not seen for several years. Mrs. Collins expostulated with him, but to no purpose. He became, at length, exasperated, and threatened to turn them all out upon the street, and burn the house down. Clara attempted to pacify him, which only made him the more out-