

for pleasure,—and a desire to be considered the most generous of his associates induced him to make heavy drafts upon his parent. When these drafts were not immediately complied with, he was accustomed to indulge in the most abusive language, and threats were not at all uncommon.

The society, also, of the young man was not the most unexceptionable. He had become accustomed to the gaming table, and houses of ill fame were his frequent resort. He quaffed the sparkling cup, and whiffed the prime Havana. His speech was seldom considered as finished, unless polished by an oath.

Although the youth indulged in all sorts of profanation, he was mild in his appearance, approaching to effeminacy. His stature was small,—as yet, also,

“Smooth as Hebe’s, his unrazored lips.

Mr. Shaftesbury saw with pain and mortification, the evil courses of his son. He at length considered it to be his imperative duty to check his career, let the results be what they might. He, therefore, on the first subsequent interview which he had with his son, informed him that for the future his allowance would be limited to one thousand dollars per annum, and that he should receive his remittance monthly.

The young man at the time of announcement made no objection to this arrangement, but when he subsequently found that his father was firm in his determination, his anger knew no bounds.

After much cogitation and reflection, he finally concluded to exercise his military calling on the members of his own family. In order to make things more sure, and to prevent the possibility of giving alarm, he took the precaution to provide himself with a quantity of chloroform. Being intimately acquainted with all the arrangements about his father’s house, he had formed the plan of entering the mansion after the family had retired to rest, and while they were locked in the soundness of sleep, to murder them each successively.

The plan being matured, and all the necessary preparations made, he proceeded to put his diabolical scheme into execution.

Intent upon the fulfilment of his purpose, he left West Point on the night of the 25th of September, 1846. As if to favour his design, the sky was overcast with clouds, and a thick fog covered the face of the country.