

fied by the affection of a united, sober, and industrious family. Such was the home and household of Mr. Charlston.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlston, their two sons and three daughters, were on that night comfortably seated in their little sitting room after tea; the mother and her daughters engaged at needle-work; the father and his eldest son, George, reading the newspapers, while Frederick, the younger, was reclining upon a sofa. An infant of a year old was sleeping in a cradle; a little kitten was nestling at its feet, and purring as if trying to soothe the dreamy slumbers of its tender companion.

Mr. Charlston was about fifty-five years of age, in physical appearance tall and nervous; with sharp, prominent features, and well-defined head, denoting energy and perception. His wife was apparently about fifty years; well proportioned in form and feature, her face expressive of sensibility and affection. The little furrows around her dark eyes, and the streaks of gray hairs, had already denoted the footmarks of elder age; nevertheless, she was still possessed of a considerable share of that beauty which in her younger years had distinguished her as the "Belle of Elton," the village in which she had formerly resided. The daughters in appearance somewhat resembled their mother, the eldest of whom was then in her twenty-first year. George, the first-