

"No, soldier," replied the host: my father kept it at that time, and I was but about thirteen or fourteen years old."

"Then I must ask you another question, rejoined the soldier. Look at me—straight at me—in my eyes—all over. Now, after a pause, can you remember a face that you saw twenty years ago? Or has it grown too haggard to look human yet?"

"Why you are not the soldier that was said to be murdered from this house twenty years ago, are you?"

"No, not I:" replied Jacob, with a bitter smile. "Would that I had been! Now, look at me again. Look hard, man; and do not be afraid nor ashamed, for I shall not hurt you. No, I shall never kill a single living thing again! I am not that soldier; but I am the man that killed that soldier! I am the man that sat in that seat with him, twenty years ago; that drank the ale he gave me; that talked with him; that went out late with him, that murdered him! I am the man! Believe me. I tell no lies and have walked through England here to surrender myself. Fetch somebody here to take me to jail, for the gallows is better than the life I have led ever since. Nay; do not hesitate. I would not kill a mote, nor tell a lie again in this world, for all the world has in it.

The bewildered tavern-keeper knew not what to do but comply. The constable arrived, and Jacob Fearn was conveyed to Salisbury jail. On his own confession, which was repeated and persisted in, he was eventually hanged, and afterwards gibbeted, on the very spot where the remains of his sister's lover were found under the heap by the road-side.

As for the fate of that sister herself, when she found that her lover never returned, as he had promised, she sickened and pined; but when the discovery of his bones was made known to her, she rushed frantically to the spot, and died in a frenzy on his unhallowed grave; while her old mother overcome by these troubles, soon followed to the same everlasting rest. Neither of them, happily, lived to witness the ignominious end of Jacob Fearn.

### The One Failing.

Deacon Upright was a man very highly esteemed in his neighborhood. For years he had been pointed to as one worthy of all imitation, both in temporal and religious matters. He supported the Church, he was upright and straightforward in all his dealings, punctual in his promises—benevolent and kind to the poor—pleasant in his family, and indulgent as a parent. In short, his many virtues made him a subject of remark by all who became acquainted with him. But the good Deacon had *one failing*. Those who knew him best were aware that he loved a drop—and that he was seldom without a little of the *ardent* about the house. This, however, every farmer kept, and nothing was thought of it. Few had ever seen him even slightly intoxicated, and none ever saw him drunk. His family knew that when the cider was out, which was generally before new supplied its place, the deacon took a little tanzey bitters in the morning to give him an appetite. After he had strengthened his stomach, he would take his Bible, read a chapter, and make his morning offering to the "bountiful giver of all good." Thus passed several years of his life, until he was brought to his fifty-fifth year.

About this time the temperance cause began to attract public notice. The Deacon read the accounts, and readily fell in with the principle of abstaining from *distilled* liquors as a beverage. It was only when the cider was gone that he habitually used rum; and this difficulty could be easily got over by substituting wine, or by one or two more barrels of cider in his cellar.

No one was more active than the Deacon in circulating the pledge, in getting up temperance meetings, or in distributing tracts. In fact, the people had become so habituated

to his taking hold and leading in all benevolent matters, that they would have felt that the cause was not well founded, or the end to be obtained not justifiable, had it been otherwise.

But in process of time, it was clearly ascertained that this scheme had failed to accomplish the object. If some were *restrained*, few were *reformed*, and the evil, on the whole, was increasing. Appetites had been nursed and cultivated with wine, beer and cider, until they ceased to gratify the gnawing at the stomach, and many had taken a degree, and were again indulging in distilled liquors. Among this number was the Deacon Upright. He was growing old, and really thought that he required something; stronger to support his sinking frame. Experience he was sure had convinced him he was right in this opinion, and although he "believed in temperance as much as any man," yet he did not believe in "carrying the matter too far." The tee-totalers, he contended, were entirely overdoing the thing. He did not believe in people carrying everything to a "fanatical extreme." True, the drunkard should be reclaimed, and the vending of *distilled* liquors as a beverage discouraged. But then a man who knows when he has enough, and can "use it or let it alone," need not make a fool of himself by "signing away his liberty," so that he cannot take a glass of cider and wine. These and like fallacious arguments were used by Deacon Upright, when it was announced that a *reformed drunkard* would deliver a lecture in the neighborhood, on the true Washingtonian Total Abstinence principle. He was one who had been reclaimed from the gutter, and knew, by sad experience, the awfulness of a life of drunkenness.

The Deacon said people might go and hear him, but for his part, there was no need of his going—he had examined that subject, and for one he believed with Paul that it was good to take a little now and then "for the stomach's sake, and for often infirmities," and he was satisfied that properly used, it was beneficial in keeping off diseases, and in preventing one from taking cold if exposed to the weather when inclement. The Deacon when young possessed a remarkably fine and healthy constitution. His parents were both healthy, and lived to an advanced age. The Deacon had never been sick a day in his life, yet now he felt infirmities creeping upon him. The stand however which he took against tee-totalism began to create surmises and inquiries, and people began to discuss the real cause. *He loved a drop*. This was the secret. Not that he had changed as a citizen, as a Christian, or as a philanthropist. No—so far as you could judge of the outward man, all was correct. When the subject became more exciting, and the whole neighborhood and country seemed to be alive to it, many wondered why Deacon Upright did not take an active part. At last he attended a meeting, and as the horrors of the drunkard were depicted in language such as only the reformed can use, the Deacon found it gave him sleepless nights; and when on one occasion the influence of the temperate drinker was dwelt upon and the fact clearly set forth that all drunkards were once temperate drinkers, and that no temperate drinker ever meant to become a drunkard, and yet did, the Deacon's resolution was overcome, and he was induced to sign the pledge.

Numbers who had withheld, and said that they were satisfied by imitating the example of Deacon Upright, who had lived honored and respected—who had always been blest with good health—and no doubt many thought as well as the Deacon, that it was owing to a clear conscience and the moderate use of cider, &c.—were astonished.

But when the Deacon had signed the pledge, he said he never had such a burden off his mind, and strange as it may appear, though only one year has elapsed since this event, yet the Deacon is free to acknowledge that in feeling he is renewed more than twenty years—that many of those feelings which he believed to be the infirmities of age, are all