

and contumely, often in poverty, sometimes even in an ignominious death."

"There are means then," rejoined Lambert, "by which future events may be projected on the eye, and the forms of the absent and remote be made palpable to the waking sense?"

"Means," added Fleetwood, "which imply no confederation with nor assistance from the Evil One and his agents?"

"I have said," replied the woman. "But ere ye go farther, beware how ye tamper with powers which however innocent in themselves and their operation, have not in your eyes the clear evidence of right. I will tempt no man to overstep the line of conviction which his own conscience has drawn around him. That alone is the circle within which each one walks in safety; wider it may be with some, narrower with others. But who can tell, that hath once set his foot beyond it, to what illusions he may be exposed? what powers of darkness and error may be waiting to ensnare and destroy him?"

Fleetwood and Lambert looked doubtfully at one another for some moments. At length the latter spoke: "Woman," he said, "we came not hither to tempt or to be tempted; neither to commune with the agents of Satan nor to palter with an idle curiosity. I have said already that divisions and differences have invaded the councils of God's people and peril the safety of His holy cause.—On a token from the future (if such might be) much would depend. There are hands which would not hesitate to do the work of the Lord promptly and thoroughly, even as Elisha smote Eglon, were the signs of danger made plain and unequivocal. It has been told us that to you and your science the righteous cause has been already indebted for revelations which have snatched it from unsuspected dangers, and opened the way to decisive successes. A practice in which Satan was the prompter would have been employed, not on the side of the Lord's host, but on that of pride, sin and prelatry. Whatever then may be within the compass of your art we fearlessly abide; knowing not the limits that have been appointed to human science, but scorning and defying every counterfeit work of the devil and his angels."

No more was said; but the woman leaned forward on the table, with her hands covering her face. In a few moments the whole scene seemed to fade from sight; the apartment grew dimmer and dimmer; at length it was plunged into total darkness. This continued for some time, accompanied by unbroken silence. Then although the body of the apartment remained in obscurity, a light faint at first, but gradually growing in intensity, gleamed from the side opposite to which I was stationed. The drapery there had been withdrawn, and clouds of lurid vapor seemed rising as from an abyss. The mistress of the spell was herself no longer visible; but as the folds of vapor gradually assumed consistency, the following spectacle projected itself on the eye with a distinctness and vivacity at once wonderful and appalling.

A room was seen hung with symbols of the deepest mourning. In the centre, a pall of black velvet rested on a coffin, at the head of which were placed lighted flambeaux. Around the room, in attitudes of silent grief, were disposed persons whom I immediately recognised as some of the confidential servants of the king. Suddenly a form rose, or rather embodied itself, beside the coffin. It stood, the living presentment of CROMWELL in air, person, features; and seemed to bend on the uncovered face of the dead a look of gloomy but gratified interest. After a short interval, this part of the vision was changed. Another form (whose, I knew too well, for the eyes were not now bent upon the corpse, but directed full upon myself,) occupied the place of the first. In one hand the fatal axe, and in the other, lifted by the hair from its cerements, was the severed and bloody head! Enough; it was the EXECUTIONER, painted faithfully after his own thought, and the VICTIM through whose veins were still coursing the warm currents of life! Yet had the terrible reality to come nothing more real to sight than the life-like and startling distinctness of that ghastly phantasm.

Confronted as I was by images to which my mind had long been familiar, I yet could not but close my eyes momentarily on what seemed a frightful realization of my own secretly-cherished ideas. When I recollected myself, the spell had passed away; the light was extinguished; darkness and silence alone seemed to occupy this theatre of unhallowed sorceries, if not of wicked and damnable delusions. Presently however, a voice as at my side, spoke in tones which I easily recognised, though heard so lately for the first time: "Listen," it said, "to you the vision has been vouchsafed. Heaven has accepted you as its instrument. Not now, however, is there need of force and violence; policy must finish what the sword has failed to terminate. As your injuries have been deep, deep and irreparable, be pitiless, resolved, but circumspect. Depart hence, and following the passage which you first entered, entrust yourself without questioning to those who await you. Seek not to know more at present; the time will come when all shall be fulfilled and all be made clear."

SERENITY IN DANGER.—In rounding Cape Horn a few months ago, a vessel whose passengers and crew amounted to fifty persons, was brought into circumstances of extreme peril. An irresistible gale, which had been blowing for some days, was driving them towards the shore, and at eight o'clock in the evening, the captain's computations assuring him that about three in the morning the ship would strike, and all aboard descend into the watery grave, he thought it right to inform the passengers of their danger. His own heart was heavy too; he had beloved relatives in England, on whom he thought with emotion, while all on board was silence, and the wind continued to blow with unabated fury. "Never shall I forget the scene," he writes, "when at night Mrs. A., one of the cabin passengers, kissed her children before they were put to bed, then turning to me, with tears in her eyes, said, 'captain, shall I ever kiss those dear children again?' He had no words of encouragement to offer! The prospect of speedy death for all on board seemed

certain; but the language of the Psalmist occurred to his mind—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Entering his cabin, he sat down and wrote as follows—

Shall I fear when I am dying?
Shall I shrink from death's cold tide?
Hark! an angel voice replying,
Jesus Christ is at thy side.
Evil from thy path shall flee,
He is here to comfort thee.

In my heart, his love I'll cherish,
Sinking in the swelling seas
Father, shall thy children perish,
Who have put their trust in thee?
No; thy Son has crossed the flood,
And will bring them home to God.

Still my hope, my strength shall rally,
When I yield my farewell breath;
Through the gloom of that dim valley,
Darkened by the shade of death,
Nothing shall my heart then fear
Christ, my Lord, is ever near.

At about eleven o'clock, however, the gale broke, the wind shifted, and now the exertion made to avoid the shore was successful, and gratitude succeeded to fear.—"Next morning," says the captain, "when I saw the lines I had written the night before, I was led to shed tears over them; I found the Lord had indeed been with me, and had answered my prayers."

PAT'S LETTER.—A short time ago, an Irishman inquired at one of the Post Offices in Danvers, if there was a letter for him there. The postmaster asked his name, and the reply was "Patrick."

"Patrick what?" inquired the officer.
"Sure, you will find it on the letter," was all the reply he could elicit from Pat.

Being unable to obtain any satisfaction on this point, and withal of an accommodating disposition, the postmaster proceeded to overhaul all the Patricks in his office, reading as he came to them, until finally he pronounced Pat's own, and the delighted Irishman at once acknowledged the corn. But the postmaster's mission was not yet accomplished.

"Faith, sir," says Pat, "and will you rade it to me?" The postmaster's good nature yielded, and he complied with that request, puzzled out the hieroglyphics as well as he was able, and to the satisfaction of his listener.—Having concluded, he was again put to his stumps by Pat, who insinuatingly asked:

"Plase, sir, my memory is short, and won't you rade it once more, so that I shan't forget it?"

The postmaster humored him, and, at the second conclusion, Pat capped the climax of his requests, by desiring the officer to fold up the letter, lay it on his shelves, and "kape it safe, for may be he'd call for it again!"

Pat mizzled, and the postmaster grew fat in his enjoyment of the humor of the scene.—*Salem Register.*

"Tommy," said a toping father, a little "tight," to his son—"Tommy, hic—my boy, mind your daddy, and ever walk in his—hic—footsteps." "That might do, perhaps," replied the juvenile, "if I wanted to go into the corkscrew, or Virginia fence business." The paternal guardian raised his cane, but Tommy dodged it.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

ACCIDENT AND LUCKY ESCAPE.—As the ferry steamer was leaving the landing in Carleton about 5 1-2 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, having on board the scholars belonging to the two Baptist Sunday Schools in this City, numbering about 120, one of the children opened her parasol directly in front of a horse which had been driven on board by Mr. E. D. Jewett, which was attached to a wagon in which was Mr. J. and one of the men employed at his Mills. The horse instantly took fright, and in spite of the exertions of the driver, plunged furiously and dashed over the front of the boat into the water, carrying the body of the wagon and the two who were into it, over with him. Capt. Smith, who happened to observe the disaster, instantly stopped the steamer, and threw over a lifebuoy, which the working man caught and held on to until he was rescued. Mr. Jewett, with much presence of mind, let go of the reins after he was into the water, and swam to the boat, and they were both taken on board. The horse instantly sunk to the bottom. As the children were scattered all over the steamer, and directly in front of the spirited beast, it is considered almost miraculous that they escaped uninjured, and had not Mr. Jewett, exhibited great coolness and self-possession, a number of the children must have been trampled upon and swept overboard. We understand that Mr. J. was so grateful that none on board was hurt, that he expressed his unconcern for the loss of his horse, which was a very valuable beast.—*New Brunswick.*

AFFAIRS WITH CUBA.—IMPORTANT!—Authentic advices, of the latest dates from Cuba, are not of a satisfactory character. Gen. Campbell had not received an official copy of Mr. Clayton's instructions of the 1st of June, but was in possession of a copy sent by telegraph to Mobile which was imperfect. Upon this unofficial copy, and others in the newspapers, he had made a request for the release of the Contoy prisoners, which had not been acceded to.

Unless an arrival should, within a few days, bring news of a change of purpose on the part of the Capt. General, after the receipt and presentation by General Campbell of his official instructions, the President will make a positive demand for their liberation. The Vixen is now being fitted out for the purpose, and Commodore Morris,

or Commodore Warrington, will be sent out to assume the command of the squadron.

FROM WASHINGTON.—A despatch from Washington to New York, under date of the 1st inst. says—"The steamer Vixen sailed from this Navy Yard this morning with despatches for the squadron off Cuba. She was fitted out in great haste, workmen being employed night and day. Commodore Morris left in her for Havana, charged by the President with a firm and positive demand upon the Capt. General for the release of the Contoy prisoners."

AMERICAN BREADSTUFFS AND BRITISH CALICOES.—It is stated, on the most reliable authority, says the Lawrence (Mass.) Courier, that the entire exports of breadstuffs from the U. S. to England in 1849, will not be sufficient to pay for one-half the Calicoes imported from that country during the same period! In the year 1848 we imported from Great Britain alone, over \$12,000,000 worth of Calicoes! Meantime the heaviest calico manufacturers in the United States have failed.

Twenty new steamboats have been built and fitted out at Pittsburg during the last five months.

Kentucky papers of the 6th inst., state that the prevailing dry weather had proved very disastrous to the young tobacco plants all over the State, or at least within a range of 200 miles.

In Batavia, N. Y., the centre of the great Genesee wheat country, flour is \$7 per barrel, and wheat from 11 to 12 shillings per bushel; while in the city of New York pure Genesee flour on the 10th was but \$6 19, and wheat in proportion. The shipping of a cargo of flour from New York to New Orleans excites much remark.

SEVERE SENTENCES.—John McNamee, convicted at Charleston of stealing a slave, and also with aiding a slave to escape, has been sentenced to be hung on the 13th September. He has, however, been recommended to Executive clemency. James Cantley, convicted of grand larceny and arson, has been sentenced as follows:—To be imprisoned until the first day of January next; during the interim, to receive in the public market place on the first Friday in July 20 stripes, on the first Friday in August 20 stripes, and on the first Friday in December 20 stripes.

THE FISHERIES.—Her Majesty's sloop *Sappho*, the Hon. Captain COCHRANE, has returned to this Port after a cruise in the Bay of Fundy, with reference to the Fisheries.—Her Majesty's steam vessel *Plumper*, is expected to arrive here in about ten days, to remain on this station, when the *Sappho* will return to Halifax.

We learn that the Board of British Fisheries at Edinburgh, by their Secretary, the Hon. Mr. Primrose, has addressed a very complimentary letter to M. H. Perley, Esq., expressing their approbation of his Fishery Report, and their anxiety to aid in the development of the Fishery resources of this Province. The Board has forwarded to Mr. Perley a variety of valuable documents, with reference to the most approved modes of taking and curing fish now in use, and stated their readiness to furnish any further information or explanations which may be required.

The Board of Emigration Commissioners in London have also addressed a letter to Mr. Perley, stating their satisfaction with his Report, and have forwarded to him a valuable set of Parliamentary Reports relative to the Fisheries, with working plans of all the fishing boats now in use, on the coasts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, as also plans of model fishing boats furnished by Mr. John Peake, Naval Architect at the Royal Dock Yard, Woolwich, well known as the builder of the "Xarifa," and other of the fastest yachts in England.

It is very gratifying to learn that Mr. Perley has already succeeded so well in drawing the attention of the Public Departments in the United Kingdom to our valuable Fisheries, and obtained the promise of further assistance towards promoting the prosecution of those Fisheries on an extensive scale, as a matter of national consideration.—*St. John's Courier.*

A letter from Jamaica, dated the 11th June, says:—"The British Admiral in command of the Gulf squadron has received orders to have every vessel in his command ready for active service at an hour's notice. The Island of Trinidad is the rendezvous, where one ship of the line, three frigates, one sloop and fourteen gun-boats are now ready for sea. It has been whispered that they will sail for Cuba very soon."—*Id.*

MILITARY CATECHISM.—Ensign Pope, late Adjutant to the Reserve Battalion, 44th Regiment, has hit upon an admirable expedient for inducing Officers to acquire a knowledge of the various Military works connected with drill and discipline, including the Regulation, Finance Warrants, Mutiny Act, &c. He has devised and published a series of opposite questions, *Without the answers*, leaving the latter to be supplied by the student. The scheme is excellent. Every Officer and Non-Commissioned Officer should possess, and study, this catechism.—*United Service Gazette.*

Mr. Pope's nearest relations live in this city, and he has many friends besides, who are proud of him.

SITUATION OF NEW ORLEANS.—Few Persons who have never visited New Orleans have any correct idea of its position, and why a crevasse makes timid people nervous. The city is in a valley, with the levee,—which is a high embankment that keeps the river from flowing in on the town,—on one side, and the Metairie ridge on the other. The average depth of the valley is fifteen feet below the high water line of the Mississippi, five feet below the crest of the Metairie ridge, and about one foot above the ordinary tides of Lake Ponchartrain.

COMMERCE OF MONTREAL.—The number of arrivals at Montreal during the present year, up to the 14th inst., is 390; number of tons 166,916. More this year than last; during the same period, by 52 vessels, 37,360 tons.