# The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

VOL. 10. CHARLOTTE, N. C., DECEMBER 3, 1861. NO. 36.



MRS. T. J. HOLTON,
EDITRESS AND PROPRIETRESS.

TERMS:

The North-Carolina Whig will be afforded to subscribers at TWO DOLLARS in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if payment be delayed for three months; and THREE DOLLARS at the end of the year. No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (fifteen of less, this size type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements and Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; and a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-weekly 75 cents per square for each time.

Persons who are sending in their advertisements must mark the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.



J. G. WILKINSON & CO.
DEALERS IN
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
SILVER and PLATED WARE,
AND
FANCY GOODS, &c.
No. 5, Granite Row, opposite the Mansion House,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Attention given to Repairing Watches & Jewelry.
June 7, 1861. 1361

MARKET HOUSE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his friends and customers and the public generally, that he has opened a HOUSE, under the above name, in the building formerly occupied by Brown, Gibbs & Williams, two doors below Messrs. J. Y. Boyce & Co., where he will be pleased to see his old customers and friends.

Family Groceries,

Vegetables, Butter and Eggs, Confections, Figs, Candies, Nuts, Pickles, Crackers, Wines, &c.

Superior Tobacco and Segars,
Crockery and Glassware,
Hats and Caps,
Ladies' & Gentlemen's Shoes,
Calicoes, Delaines, Shirtings,
Pant-Stuff, Ticking, &c.,

and numerous Fancy Articles, all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices for cash or Country Produce.

F. W. AHRENS.

N. B. In addition to my stores, I intend to be in the city of Newville, a large and commodious room in my Confectionery, where I shall be pleased to see my friends and patrons at any time. It will be my aim to make it a place of pleasant resort.

F. W. AHRENS.

N. B. The highest price paid for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Country Produce and most Provisions generally, at the Market House.

F. W. AHRENS.

October 14, 1861. 3m

West Green Nurseries.
300,000 Select Fruit Trees
FOR SALE.

A LIBERAL number of the Southern States above, and the Northwestern States the ensuing fall and spring, for sale at the Nurseries, one mile West of Newville, Franklin County, Pennsylvania. The trees are all of the best varieties for this climate, and are warranted true to name. Dealers and others will find it to their interest to call and examine for themselves. Their trees are all grown in the open air, and are free from the disease which so many Southern trees are now affected with. Their Nurseries are well known to be among the largest and most extensive in the Union, and they have been for years in the habit of supplying the Southern trade. Their trees are all warranted to be as represented, and they will make good on their part any such representations. Their prices are as low as any other first class Nurseries, and they will furnish purchasers with a catalogue of their prices, on application, if they prefer it to a personal visit. Their trees are packed with the utmost care, and forwarded to any part of the country they may be ordered to, free of charge for boxing or packing. Orders may be left with Mr. Jno. Wilson, Druggist, Charlotte, N. C., who will receive and forward them to the Nurseries. Catalogues furnished on application to the undersigned, or to Jno. Wilson, Druggist, Charlotte, N. C.

WETHERBOW & MENDENHALL.

Newville, Pa., Nov. 1860. 3m-41

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the name of ALEXANDER & McDOUGALL, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Money Accounts in store collection in settle the business of the late firm.

HENRY ALEXANDER.
MALCOLM McDOUGALL.

June 27, 1861—tf.

The business of the FOUNDRY and MACHINE SHOP will be continued as usual by the undersigned. He respects a continuance of the patronage heretofore extended.

HENRY ALEXANDER.

June 27, 1861—tf.

Carriage Materials.

HAVING recently added a large stock of the above goods, consisting of Springs, Axles, Hubs, Rims, Spokes, Shafts, Curtain Frames, Screws, Bolts, Locking Nuts, Hammers, Hatchets, Augers, Chisels, Files, Rasps, Enamelled and Patent Leathers, Silk Lining Cloth, Oil Carpet, Paint of all colors, Copal Varnish, Turpentine, Linseed Oil, Tyre and Axle Iron, Bolts, and everything in the way of Carriage Trimmings, at prices that cannot fail to please, at the Hardware Depot of

A. A. N. M. TAYLOR,
Opposite the Mansion House.

Blacksmith Tools,

SUCH as Bellows, Anvils, Hand and Vice Hammers, Vices, Bellfounders, Farriers' Rasps, Screw plates, Screw dies, Blacksmith's Punches and Tongs, Rasps and Files of every kind, cut horse shoe and Nail Rods, Horse nails of all sizes, with a full stock of Iron and country manufactures, such as plows, hoes, hoe and spading steel, &c., for sale very cheap at

TAYLOR'S,
Opposite the Mansion House.

Mecklenburg IRON Works,
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
ALEXANDER & McDOUGALL.

THE undersigned beg leave to inform the citizens of Charlotte and vicinity and the public generally, that they have purchased the above Establishment at the foot of Trade street, adjoining the track of the North Carolina Rail Road and opposite John Wilkes' Steam Mills, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of

MACHINERY,

at short notice and on reasonable terms.

STEAM ENGINES
From 8 to 80 Horse Power.
BOILERS, &c.
AND
BLACKSMITH'S WORK
OF ALL KINDS.
REPAIRS

of their own manufacture promptly attended to. Their FOUNDRY is in full operation, and

Cast Regularly Twice a Week,
Wednesdays and Saturdays.

They are prepared to furnish all kinds of

CASTINGS IN IRON, BRASS, &c.,

AND

SAW AND GRIST MILL GEARING,
GIN WHEELS,
SAW DUST BURNERS,
ANTI-FRICTION PLATES AND BALLS
FOR
COTTON PRESSES.
CAST IRON RAILING,

For Grave Enclosures, Dwelling Houses, Private Burying-grounds, Factories, Cemetery Lots, &c., &c.

IMPLEMENTS

For carrying on the business in all its branches. These have MODELS FREE WITH GREAT CARE, and are good style and finish.

IMPROVEMENTS

Required to do their work in a

FIRST RATE MANNER.

Agents for the Celebrated Mr. Winship's Patent Steam Engine Boilers, combining the advantages of a locomotive and stationary boiler, which may either Mill or Locomotive be run by Steam, Water or Horse Power. The Boiler may be seen at the Company's works.

HENRY ALEXANDER.
MALCOLM McDOUGALL.

N. B. Old Iron, Brass, Copper, &c., bought or taken in Trade.

October 22, 1861. 3m

HARDWARE! HARDWARE!
A. A. N. M. TAYLOR

EARLY BUYERS will find it to their interest to call at the Hardware Depot, where they will find the largest and most complete stock of

Stoves and Tinware,

to be found in this section, which for variety and cheapness cannot be surpassed. Their stock of HARDWARE consists in part as follows:

Carpenters' Tools.

Carpenter, cast steel, all kinds, Hammers, Pincers, Chisels, Gouges, Drawing Knives, Planes, Augers, Gimlets, Screwdrivers, Bits, Saws, Axes, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Forks, Rakes, Grass Scythes, Sickles, Cradles, Rifles, Shot Guns, Pistols, Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches, Percussion Caps, Ammunition of all kinds, Stove Furniture, Stove Pipe Elbows and Tin Ware Depot, opposite the Mansion House, Charlotte, N. C.

June 7, 1861. 1361

DISSOLUTION.

The firm of FULGHAM SPRINGS & Co. was dissolved by mutual consent on the 1st January, 1861. The business will be continued under the name and style of FULGHAM & SPRINGS, and they hope, by integrity and strict attention to business, to merit and receive some patronage. Indebted to the firm are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them for settlement.

The recent financial crisis and the uncertainty of business, on account of the war, have induced us to adopt the cash system. Those indebted to us will do us a favor by calling and settling their accounts promptly, as it is absolutely necessary that our business be specially closed up. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Feb. 19, 1861. 42tf

Dr. H. M. Pritchard

WILL LEAVE his residence in Charlotte, and may be consulted at his office, in Fremont, Davidson County, N. C., on the 1st Monday in each month, and remain a week, or longer if necessary.

☞ The poor prescribed for without charge.

August 31, 1859. 23tf

Roofing Guttering & Job Work,

Of all kinds, promptly attended to at

TAYLOR'S
Hardware Store opposite the Mansion House.


## Poetry.

### The Circuit Preacher.

BY MATILDA.

Gently fold ashe the curtain
Let the sunlight's gleams
Softly steal into the chamber
Where the preacher sits and dreams.
Let thy songs be sweet and holy,
Break not then the spell of thought
That is swelling in his bosom,
While high in pious and holy wrought.
Very gently let thy footstep,
Very gently let thy lute,
As in gathers from the heart-cells
Thought to purify thine own.

Speak then kindly to the preacher,
Tains now lonely he must be
Parted from his home and loved ones,
Toiling on life's wearisome way!
Think how oft he has spoken gently
For others, but never for thee and mine.
Shove, oh shrine, by gentle answers,
All his sorrow to begone.
Hearts are delicate as harp strings,
Touch them lightly as you may,
For the slightest touch will sever
Where the awakening, discord lay.

Oh, I speak kindly of the preacher,
Whatever he may do or say,—
Think then kindly while on earth
Fain would we live to love.
Breathe them not among the many—
Breathe them not upon the crowd,
Let the story be in secret,
Found in God's holy shroud.

Pray for him—earth prayer is needed
Turning through life's wearisome way—
Pray that he may never falter,
Pray that his faith may never fail!
Then continued on my part spread
Through everlasting years,
Where the pain is not and sorrow,
Darkness and all Grief's sighs cease.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE WIDOW WILKINS.

My name is Twombly, Hezekiah Twombly, and I am driven on by emotions of anger and revenge to pen this narrative. My feelings must have some vent, or I shall explode like the boiler of a Mississippi steamboat, and leave Mrs. Twombly a wretched widow. I have been absolutely goaded to desperation. I'd like to take the law of somebody, or knock somebody down, or do something horrible, but it would never do to wreak my vengeance on the real subject, unwinning creature, if I could discover her whereabouts; and heaven forbid that such thoughts should enter my mind with regard to Mrs. Twombly. In my dilemma, my eye lights upon my portfolio, and a bright thought strikes me. Has not Richelieu said that "in the hands of men truly great the pen is mightier than the sword?" I seize my goose-quill and begin.

I am a small man. Between you and I, Mrs. Twombly is the taller of the two, and, in the present costume, quite eclipses me when we go out for a promenade. I am a timid man, also, and very soft hearted. I tremble when a woman weeps, and would do anything to conciliate her out of the hysterics. Therefore, I always endeavor to agree with Mrs. Twombly in case and all of her opinions, even when I inwardly have some objections.

It was through this amiable weakness that the Widow Wilkins became a resident beneath our humble roof. Had I been a stern and obdurate spouse, I should have vetoed the proposition of a boarder at once, but being what I was, I reasoned, after a few faint objections, and the widow was the consequence. She was looking for a home in a nice, genteel family, "where there were no other boarders," and Mrs. Twombly, charmed with her appearance, jumped at the proposition—she would so much company during the day—it would be so delightful to hear her sing and play.—How could I be such a bear as to object to such an angel? Mrs. Twombly was surprised at me—she sometimes wept. I could not stand that, and accordingly signified my approval, and went to a tremendous expense to fit up the second floor front room in a style suitable for the accommodation of the fashionable Widow Wilkins.

When all was completed, our boarder arrived, one morning, in a cab. Her valises were the richest, her eyes the brightest, her traveling trunk the largest, and her curls the longest and the blackest I had ever seen.

Mrs. Twombly and herself had met but once, but after the singular fashion of the fair sex, they immediately fell in each other's arms, and embraced and kissed in the most passionately affectionate manner. Then my wife remarked: "My husband, Mrs. Wilkins," and the lady turned, bowed, and offered me her hand. What a graceful and impressive hand it was, and what soft white fingers those were to shake. I ducked my head in return, but was too much overcome to speak. Was this the creature to whom I had been brutally objecting? I had imagined her fat, ill-favored, and fifty five at least.

We sat down to dinner, when the hour arrived, in the most friendly mood imaginable. I carved, of course, and when I offered a portion of the turkey's breast to Mrs. Wilkins, she accepted the offer with such a melting glance as would have moved a heart of adamant. I never saw such glances as that woman could give in all my life. Mrs. Twombly was delighted at the change in my opinions, and boasted of her good fortune in obtaining so delightful a boarder for two good hours after Mrs. Wilkins had retired for the night.

"If I had left it to your choice, Hezekiah," she said, "we should have had some disagreeable old bachelor or some dissipated young gentleman, who would have smoked cigars until the ceiling was the color of mahogany, and sung comic songs until we were both deaf. Just think of the difference between such creatures and our dear, sweet, lady-like Mrs. Wilkins! Confess that I have some judgment, Mr. Twombly, just for once."

"I always have confessed the superior tact and delicacy of your sex, my dear," I murmured, "and I know that you are gifted with even a greater portion of these qualities than most women possess. I certainly applaud your choice, and admire Mrs. Wilkins exceedingly."

"Sir," said Mrs. Twombly, sternly.

"What is the matter, my dear?" I gasped.

"You are a married man, Mr. Twombly," said my wife.

"Yes, my dear," said I.

"And have no right to *admire* any lady," continued Mrs. Twombly.

"It was a mere slip of the tongue," I answered. "I assure you it was, my dear. I meant to say I *respected* Mrs. Wilkins."

"I am glad to hear it," responded my wife, in dignified tones, as she took up her bedroom candlestick—"very glad indeed."

The next day, on my return from business, I found myself unexpectedly *tete-a-tete* with Mrs. Wilkins, my wife being occupied in delivering a lengthy oration to the servant on the subject of burning the meat. The widow sat beside the window, and I naturally sat beside her. I spoke of the weather, which was pleasant, and she responded blandly. Then we were both silent for a few moments, and I was wondering what I should say next, when she suddenly leaned towards me, and resting the tips of her beautiful white fingers on my arm, said softly:

"Mr. Twombly, I want to ask your advice."

"I am honored, I am sure," I answered, with a low, "Pray proceed. I am all attention."

"Then, my dear sir, you must know that I have a—a little property—money, if I must speak plainly on so coarse a subject—and being alone and unprotected, I really do not know what to do with it. I might be robbed and murdered for it, you know, and—really, I know so little about the world—where can you put it in a bank, if you were me?"

"Seriously, I would advise you to do so, Mrs. Wilkins," I answered.

"Ah, thank you! Gentlemen always know just what is right," sighed the fair widow. "Ah! this is a dangerous life for a woman, unless she has a friend to guard her interests, and I have none."

She put her white kerchief to her blue eyes, as she spoke, and I could not help saying, "Every one who knows you must become your friend and protector, Mrs. Wilkins."

"Ah! I fear you flatter me," sighed the lady. "But since you are so kind, please tell me what I must do, and which bank would be the best for me to choose. I should much prefer the one you patronize, for you have so much judgment."

I confess I felt flattered and important. I had a small sum—three thousand five hundred dollars—in the G—— bank, in addition I immediately mentioned to my fair friend, adding all the necessary advice as to the proper method of proceeding in making a deposit. When I ended, she laid both hands in my own, and, looking up into my eyes, thanked me so sweetly that, but for the sedate conduct required of a married gentleman, I know I should have kissed her.

Just at this moment the door opened, and Mrs. Twombly entered. She glanced daggers at me, and said, in that tone of impressive politeness which women always adopt when they are beginning to grow angry, "I presume, sir, you did not hear the bell?"

Indeed I had not. I do not believe I should have heard a gong.

People who are not accustomed to certain pictures will scarcely appreciate the apprehension which I felt as the clock told the hour of retiring, or the scudder which ran through my frame when Mrs. Twombly uttered, from behind her night-cap, the awful words: "Sir, I am ashamed of you."

"Ashamed of me, my dear?"

"Yes, sir! Don't dear me, if you please," replied my better half. "I'm really shocked. What will Mrs. Wilkins think of you?"

"Mrs. Wilkins?" I repeated.

"Yes, sir, Mrs. Wilkins," said my spouse. "She has been used to refined society, and is not accustomed to being aroused by the hands in such a rude manner. For my part, I can't see what prompted you to such a forward act."

"I assure you, my dear, that Mrs. Wilkins put her hands in mine," I began.

"Stuff and nonsense!" interrupted Mrs. T. "She do such a thing. I know better."

"Indeed! I assure!" I ejaculated.

"Mr. Twombly," said my wife, "I won't hear another word on the subject; but I must request that you will treat Mrs. Wilkins with respect, if not for her sake, for your own."

I groaned in spirit, and was silent.

I never shall forget the days which followed. The widow was confidential and enchanting, and Mrs. Twombly would insist upon considering it all my fault. It was not, I am sure. I leave it to any gentleman who has been placed in the same position, whether it was possible for me to say to Mrs. Wilkins—"Madam, I am a married man, and you must not whisper to me," or "Take your fingers off my arm, and do not squeeze me when we shake hands." Neither could I refuse to answer her, or turn upon my heel when she smiled up into my face. Common courtesy was all of which I was guilty, yet Mrs. Twombly was continually shaking her head warningly, and holding up her hands in horror, under the impression that I was roaring lion, seeking whom I might devour—I, Hezekiah Twombly. Verily, there is no idea too horrible for the brain of a jealous woman to nourish.

I knew that Mrs. Wilkins admired me—was fond of my society, looked up to me as her guide, counselor and friend, and, perhaps, had we both been free, might have loved me; but could I help that? Mrs. Twombly might have had more sense.

The particulars of the week are too harrowing to dwell upon. I pass them over as hastily as possible, and come to Saturday morning, when the fair cause of this mischief had been with us exactly seven days.

On that morning my wife descended to breakfast with a look of mingled triumph and reproach upon her countenance, and shaking her head mysteriously across the table at me, as she poured the coffee service in order, said, with emphasis:

"Mrs. Wilkins is going."

"Going!" I ejaculated.

"Yes. Your absurd notions have driven her away," sighed my wife. "She takes her departure to-day."

I was distressed by the accusation, but relieved by the fact, so I said nothing, but arose to place a chair for the widow, who just then made her appearance. We had a very pleasant chat over the breakfast table, and, at the conclusion of the meal, Mrs. Wilkins arose and sought the parlor, whither I followed her to get my hat.—The moment I entered, she turned to me, with tears in her eyes.

"So we part to-day, Mr. Twombly," she said.

"I am sorry to hear that such is your resolution," I replied.

"My resolution! Ah, Mr. Twombly, you don't know what circumstances, what emotions have—but I am saying too much.—Farewell, Mr. Twombly, farewell forever."

Our hands were together again—both of mine in both of hers. When she withdrew the taper fingers of her right, and took from her pocket a slip of paper and a pencil. "On the eve of our eternal separation, my friend," she began, "I must have some memento of the pleasant days we have passed together. Give me your autograph—only write your name just here," and she pointed to the blue line upon the paper, "and I will never part with it until I die."

With a trembling hand and a palpitating heart I penned the words "Hezekiah Twombly"—just in time to see the folded scrap hidden in the blushing lady's pocket, ere Mrs. Twombly entered.

She left us that day—the fair, angelic, fascinating widow. At parting she wrung my hand, and wept on Mrs. Twombly's bosom. Her big trunk and little portmanteau were strapped on behind the coach, and her kerchief waved towards us until she was out of sight. Whereupon Mrs. Twombly immediately hurled reproaches on my head for driving so angelic a creature from our dwelling. For myself, when my wife had left the house to do some shopping, I sat down to the piano and played and sang, involuntarily, that touching song, beginning:

"Had I met thee in thy beauty,
When my heart and hand were free,
Ere another claimed the duty
That I fain would give to thee."

Yes, there was a sore spot in my heart.—Although I blamed myself for the feeling, I thought of Mrs. Wilkins night and day for one whole week.

I have thought of her ever since. For, exactly eight days subsequent to her departure, I discovered that my little nest-egg, my three thousand five hundred dollars, put by for a rainy day, had irretrievably vanished.

It was drawn with a forged check presented by a very handsome lady in deep mourning, and my name—my autograph—written with my own hands upon the folded slip of paper, which was to be preserved by Mrs. Wilkins until her death, was at the bottom of the document.

It has been a shock to me, I confess.—All vanity has departed from my soul, and I am the humblest of mankind in the presence of triumphant Mrs. Twombly.

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Hibernian—"Is Mr. B. within?"

Waggish gent. (very gravely,—"He died last night."

Hibernian—"Och hont, I'll attend his funeral, tell him so."

### THE PADDED ROOM AT DEEPWATER.

BY MARK W. STANLEY GIBSON.

It was nearly dark when I reached Deepwater, and I was glad enough to see the "fly" of the "Ten Jolly Drovers" waiting at one end of the station as I stepped out upon the other. The "Ten Jolly Drovers" was a gem of a country inn. And the plump, comely woman, in a widow's cap and gown, who stood courtesying in the porch, with a great silver tankard of "home-brewed" in her hands, to "take the dust out of the gentleman's throat"—what of her? Why, she was a gem of a country landlady, to be sure.

I mentioned, when my pen first touched this paper, that it was nearly dark when I reached Deepwater Station. A supper of fried eggs with Jim, the ostler, had made it still more neat, and by the time I entered the vacated parlor every soul had gone to roost, and lamps were extinguished in the kitchen and the hall. Candles had been taken into a room at the right, just beyond the bar, for me, and the sight of a tempting table for a meal, half supper and half tea, made me so hungry that I actually "fell to," feasted like a king, and then went to bed and slept without the least vexation of nightmare.

The week which I had allotted for my holiday passed rapidly away. I congratulated myself on having found the quiet rainy—this home-like place—so comfortable—these friendly people—so free from the worry of rambling and hurry I had begun to say I had come to shun.

But "all to most things must come to an end," says a wise Eastern proverb, and I must call no place a paradise lest you see the angels. For places, like people, have their good and bad attributes, as I found to my cost before my sojourn at the Ten Jolly Drovers was over.

On the last night of my stay, I sat late in my little parlor behind stairs. When I took my candle to go up stairs, the house was shut up. Mrs. Bell had retired to her bed-room on the third story, and I could hear my friend Jim snoring on his settee in the kitchen, where he always slept, with the house dog at his feet, ready to defend the place if burglars should take a sudden fancy to visit it during the small hours of the night.

The day crawled, but heavily my mind, gave a kind of sullen groan, and had to stand himself to slumber again. I threw open the creaking sash. A gust of air coming from the barking place nearly blew my light out, and, shading it with my hand, I saw that a small arched door, opposite the stairs, which I had never noticed before, stood ajar. It opened on half-dozen a narrow passage—and wondering much how it could have escaped my notice, I stepped in. Another door, strongly barred with iron, was just before me. I hesitated a moment—but something strange, more than mere curiosity—a kind of breathless fear, not, that startled me, I'll have one. I opened it. Not easily, however—it was suddenly wrenched from my hand by some one inside—so suddenly that I almost fell into a large square room, hung with dark curtains, and only lighted by an iron lamp in a wire case, that hung high on the wall.—The door closed gently behind me, but I could see no person in the room. Yet something certainly wrenched it from my grasp.

I suppose I felt afraid. I remember I was very much inclined to scream and run—just as I used to be when in my teens I used to pass a lonely churchyard at night. I walked into the middle of the room, and put my lamp down on the floor, because there was no chair or table on which I could leave it. Then I took a long look at my surroundings, feeling more and more like running every moment.

Not a picture hung on the wall—not an article of furniture made the place more homelike. A low divan ran around the room; at one end it widened, and was furnished with blankets, counterpanes and pillows, now turned into a pentagonal heap.—The windows were heavily barred, and wired—the shutters, panes and sashes had been removed, alas the Sunday—the floor felt strangely beneath my feet, and I found myself walking on it. It was padded! and covered over with coarse matting. I looked the walls, too, and found them also padded and covered with a coarse material and feeling like matting. What a strange mystery is this, in this quiet one of the very place? Why, walls, floor, ceiling, even the ceiling, I remembered, was far out of reach! I sat down on the divan and waited at my destiny.

At last, as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness of the place, I saw something stir near the bed—a moment later I heard a low sigh.

"Who sighs so?" I asked, with a sinking heart.

A tall, dark figure rose from the ground. It seemed composed of long glittering of mist, but it spoke anything but romantic tones.

I was almost frightened to death, and had no power to speak or stir, as it advanced slowly towards me. Could it—[illegible] of a strange mysterious [illegible] gain, stand and [illegible] here, and a hand [illegible] the speech at me a moment in silence, and then signed again heavily. I gathered up my courage

[illegible]