

# A MARKED LIFE;

OR,

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CLAIRVOYANTE.

BY

"GIPSY."



London:

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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WE do not feel that any apology is needed for issuing the following account of the life of a lady who seems to be gifted with somewhat remarkable powers ; but consider that it is sufficient to mention that we have satisfied ourselves of the respectability and *bona fides* of many of those who bear testimony to the benefits received by them, and whose cases have previously been considered incurable by regular practitioners. For the rest we leave the reader to form his own conclusions.



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I HAVE one desire—that the readers of this book and the public do not confound me with the Spiritualists: I am not a Spiritualist, simply a Clairvoyante, and I make no attempt to explain the power given me.

The facts contained within these pages are a truthful record of actual experience, fully substantiated by the good I have been able to accomplish during my residence in London.

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# A MARKED LIFE.



## CHAPTER I.

### GIPSY ORIGIN AND BIRTH.

BELIEVING that truth is often stranger than fiction, I have resolved to record some of the actual experiences of my life both in the normal and clairvoyant state.

Without an attempt to ascertain the cause or source of my second sight, I will content myself with a simple statement of facts as they have occurred to me and been transcribed by the curious both in England and America.

My parents were of gipsy origin and traced their ancestors back to the Nomadic tribes

who once wandered through Great Britain and the continent. To escape the advance of civilization, their people emigrated to America, and my father's parents were among the first settlers of the state of Vermont, where they led a quiet pastoral life among the green mountains.

My mother's people settled in the Mohawk Valley, New York State, among the tribes of Cherokee and Mohawk Indians, who at that date inhabited this territory, already widely known for the fertility of its soil and the picturesque beauty of its scenery.

Eight years of my father's early life were spent at sea. After his return he commenced trading with the Indians, and opened a post at Manhattan, Ohio, on the Maumee River, where the city of Toledo now stands. It was on one of his excursions to a neighbouring band of Indians that he met my mother, then a mere child, but already the pet of the gipsies, and selected to be their

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queen, owing to her remarkable beauty and commanding presence.

She was sixteen years of age, with a wealth of black flowing hair, which hung over her sloping shoulders, contrasting with the pure olive skin characteristic of her race. Her eyes, a clear deep brown, were full of expression, and the black drooping lashes gave the upper portion of the face a striking appearance.

The lips of her full mouth, arched like the graceful curves of an Indian bow, revealed a pearl-white set of teeth, which came to view at the slightest movement of the lips. Her small hand and fingers tapered into an arm of faultless mould, hanging half concealed by the folds of her flowing sleeves.

My father was a powerful man of muscular frame, with a sun-burned skin, black hair, and a glittering dark eye. He was considered the best rifle shot on the western

frontier, and was celebrated for his many exploits of skill and daring.

An incident occurred at this meeting which resulted in uniting the destinies of the Indian trader with the bright-eyed gipsy girl.

The current of the river at the point where the camp was located ran swift and deep. It was the Spring of the year, and a logging company was engaged in running lumber from the woods to an old saw-mill ten miles below the encampment. Owing to an overflow in the river a raft of logs had been tied up not far from the gipsies' resting place.

My mother, while crossing the raft, fell into the water and was rapidly being carried away with the stream, when my father, who was a good swimmer, plunged in and rescued her. An attachment was the result, and two years following my mother consented to forego the honours her tribe were desirous of bestowing on her, and removed to my father's trading



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post, where they were united in marriage by a circuit preacher.

This was the home of my infancy, and in the log-cabin on the banks of the Maumee River for several years my father conducted a thriving trade in merchandise and fur with the Indian tribes who inhabited the trackless woods of this undeveloped wilderness.

Our forest home, as I recollect it, was one of the wildest spots imaginable, located at the junction of two cross roads on the borders of a dense wood. The river, which was two hundred yards from my father's cabin, afforded an easy landing for the Indians who made our store and post the seat of their trading operations, and twice a year paid my father a visit in canoes, to exchange their furs and game for powder, beads, and rum.

The forests which surrounded us on every side were boundless wastes, inhabited only by red men and wild animals. My earliest remembrance turns to the sharp dismal howl



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The forests which surrounded us on every side were boundless wastes, inhabited only by red men and wild animals. My earliest remembrance turns to the sharp dismal howl

of the wolves at dusk and the mournful screeching of the night-birds in the grim trees which surrounded the clearing.

In this wild spot I was born one cold blustering night in the month of January, 1845, a year ever to be remembered by the settlers of the far West for the scourge of small-pox which well-nigh depopulated the settled districts.

I have it from my father that on the night of my birth a driving snow-storm raged over the land. The sleet blew down the open fireplace of our cabin in gusts and extinguished the burning logs. By the light of a dim lantern and with the assistance of an old squaw I was ushered into this world.

A peculiar feature of my birth was a veil or caul which covered my face. The old Indian squaw at the moment remarked, in the language of her tribe, "This pappoose make much fuss," meaning that my life would be marked by an unusual destiny, filled

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with vicissitudes and productive of great benefit.

While yet an infant commencing to walk, hostilities broke out between the Cherokee tribe of Indians and the Mohawks. My father was friendly to both tribes, and spoke their language fluently. With the latter tribe he was known to be on special terms of friendship, and their chief was a frequent visitor at our cabin.

My father while hunting found one of their tribe seriously wounded from the explosion of a musket, and took him home to our cabin, where, under the care of my mother, whose skill in doctoring with herbs had extended her name among the Indians and settlers, Buckskin, as he was called, rapidly recovered, and became attached to our family, where he persisted in remaining, and worked at our post tanning furs and skins. He was a faithful follower, and continued with my father long after we moved away from the state.

He died at our house at a good old age, and my father defrayed the expenses of the funeral and buried the old brave, after the customs of his ancestors, with his blanket and tomahawk, his face to the rising sun, on the banks of the Menominee River, where the wild birds' songs in Spring are a fitting requiem for the red man of the forest. The Cherokees were very treacherous, and regarded the white settlers with jealousy.

One day my father was compelled to leave home on business, and informed my mother of his own misgivings as to the disposition of the Cherokees and the prospect of trouble between the tribes. That very day a band of Cherokees in war paint called at our post on a marauding expedition.

My mother was alone and at the mercy of the savages. She realized the danger, and knew that the slightest evidence of fear on her part would wake the lurking devil in the red men. Addressing them in their own

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tongue, she invited them into the post. They complied, grim and sullen, and my mother, who was well acquainted with their habits, saw the threatening danger in their eyes.

I was playing on the floor and attracted the attention of the chief: he put out his hand to me, and, unlike most children, I ran to him, put my arms around his neck and kissed him. This simple act so pleased his fancy that he became from that moment a friend to our house, instructing all his followers to abstain from doing us harm in any way. They remained until my father's return, and he was much surprised to find the dreaded warriors quietly seated around the cabin, smoking the pipe of peace.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MIDNIGHT APPARITION.

IN the disasters which followed to the white settlers from this tribe our post was signally free, and my parents both said that my action to the heartless Indian had saved their lives and property.

My own recollections of my childhood in this wild spot are not very distinct, as my parents' health was affected by the miasma arising from the river, and before I was three years of age they decided to move farther west. These first years of my life were spent under the supervision of my mother and the old Indian nurse, who formed a strong attachment to me, and made our cabin her home.



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I have frequently heard my parents relate a circumstance connected with my childhood in the old cabin. I was very fond of bread and milk, and every day about noon I took my dinner in a bowl away from the hut to a wood-pile. My mother, wondering at this singular action, followed me, and secreted herself to watch the proceedings. Seating myself near the wood-pile, I commenced calling "Chucky Chucky," when out came a wood-chuck without the least fear, showing his delight by running over my shoulders and kissing my chubby cheeks, then jumped into my bowl of bread and milk and helped himself. I hit him familiarly with the spoon when I thought he had had enough, and every day for many weeks I shared my dinner regularly with the timid animal. My father was called to see the strange sight, and my familiarity with the denizen of the backwoods afforded many a laugh at my expense years after.

I was surrounded by strange faces who

constantly stopped at our post to trade, and especially by the Indians, who looked upon me as one of their own and frequently asked my father how many pelts he would take in exchange for the pappoose.

In early spring our family sold out the post and journeyed westward along with a company of pioneers who had taken up a tract of land in the state of Wisconsin, again bringing us in contact with my old friends the Indians.

At five years of age I commenced to display the peculiarities of my organization: somnambulism was the first feature of my development. I was frequently found walking about the house at night, much to the annoyance of the family, and especially my father, who tried the effect of punishment in order to break me of what he was accustomed to call my wild freaks.

I was entirely unconscious in my wanderings, and on returning to my normal state

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would be very much ashamed for having made a disturbance. I tried to break myself of the habit, but found that my own will had nothing whatever to do with the spells which would come upon me periodically.

On one of these occasions I walked to my mother's bed-side after midnight, and stood shivering in the cold, pointing with my finger to a chair in the room which once belonged to my mother's father, saying, "See him ; there he is." Being asked who it was, I replied, "Grandpa." A week following we received the announcement of his death. The time was compared and found to agree within an hour of the sleep-walking apparition.

The verifications of my visions so disturbed my father that he one night in a moment of anger threw a pitcher of cold water over me while I was unconsciously walking through his room. I can never describe the effect of this heartless bath.

It almost killed me. I was seized with the most frightful convulsions, and a neighbouring physician had to be called to relieve the spasms which prostrated my senses.

My habit of wandering about in sleep became the talk of the country round, and I was discussed among the settlers as a child possessed of the evil one. My father was in the habit of turning the subject off jocosely, with the remark that it all came of bringing a child into the world in an Indian settlement, he being unable to find any other solution of the singular phenomenon.

My school life commenced at this time and with it a change in my sight-seeing.

My father had a valuable Durham cow which pastured in a field not far from where we lived; as was the custom in the new settlements, this cow had a bell attached to her neck. One evening the cow could not be found, and a diligent search failed to reveal where she had wandered. My father,

thinking that this would afford a good test of my powers, said, "Come Gipsey, tell me where Bess is."

Without a moment's hesitation I instinctively put my hand to my eyes, and pressing upon them, I saw the cow a long distance from the pasture, with her bell off.

I gave the direction she had taken and described minutely the spot where she would be found. My father, having little confidence in what I said, resolved to follow my directions. The animal was found as I had described, minus the bell.

An incident now occurred which brought me into extensive notice :—Next door to my father's house there lived a Mr. R——, who was the parent of a beautiful boy five years of age. One summer morning the child was missing ; the village was searched and every effort failed to discover what had become of him. He was last seen at ten o'clock in the morning, in the front yard, playing with his toys.

When I returned from school in the afternoon, the father of the child, in a frantic state of mind, came to our house and asked me if I could tell them where to find "Josie." I put my hand to my eyes as I had done before, and to my horror I saw the child lying at the bottom of the cistern—dead.

The child was thus found, and I saw his body when he was taken out. His bright innocent face had a sweet childish look, and his flaxen curly hair hung over his dimpled shoulders. The little limbs were stiff and cold, and in one of his hands he grasped a toy, while the other was thrust into his pocket.

The impression it left upon my mind time has failed to destroy. I resolved never to make another attempt at seeing, and my nerves received a severe shock.

My fame increased and I was besieged on every hand by curiosity seekers; they all acknowledged my wonderful seeing powers.

Not long after this event I was one day engaged at school with my class on a sum of addition. Each member of the class were trying their skill and rapidity in obtaining the result. The teacher placed the figures on the black-board, calling on the best scholar to give the answer. Before he had completed the last row of figures I gave the result. He was so taken by surprise that he said I was wrong. My answer proved correct, however, and the experiment was repeated with the same success.

The teacher then required me to turn my back from the board until the sum was written. I turned away and gave him the answer without glancing at the figures. The look of astonishment which came over his face I shall never forget, and the good Mr. J—— to the present time may be puzzling his brain over my mode of reckoning.

The visiting committee of the school-board

were invited by the teacher to examine into my case, but were utterly at a loss to account for what they were pleased to term a wonderful phenomenon.



## CHAPTER III.

### STARTLING DISCLOSURES.

MY powers of second sight never deserted me, although I was opposed to exercising them. Our house was the resort of the curious, who were eager to ask me all manner of questions pertaining to their own private affairs. My mother rather encouraged me, while my father, who was inclined to be superstitious, looked upon my gifts with mingled fear and distrust.

I was constantly having visions which would appear to me both during the day and night, much to my own annoyance. I was not afraid of what I saw, and made my mother my *confidante* in all that transpired.

I told of events which were noted at the time and subsequently came true. I dis-

covered lost articles for my own family, and told what to do if any one was ill, giving directions as though I was an experienced nurse. My powers continued to increase, and my sleep-walking propensities returned at intervals.

The village where I lived was growing into a prosperous town, and the Indians, who continued to trade with my father, had been slowly driven into the interior.

Among the gentlemen who called at our house to see the "Gipsy Wonder" was a Doctor P——, a man of scientific education and the first physician of the town. He organized a committee, composed of three prominent physicians, a judge of the Supreme Court of the State, and the editor of our village newspaper. They were cordially received by my mother, who expressed herself willing to afford them all the assistance in her power to find a solution of the mystery she had been unable to solve.

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The events of this night produced another change in my clairvoyante faculties, and after a series of experiments, which I went through with my customary success, one of the doctors proposed the use of mesmerism, to see what effect it would have upon me. Instructing my mother, who was a novice in this science, how to make the passes, the company waited expectantly to see the result.

The delightful sensation I experienced while being mesmerized can scarcely be described. Her fingers were lightly placed on my forehead, touching me over the eyes. I felt a subtle tremor run through my nervous system, pervading every vein of the body, extending to the feet from the head. Her fingers appeared to be electric poles, and the current of magnetic force permeated my brain. A dreamy forgetfulness stole upon my thought and senses, robbing me of the power to use my limbs.

I was conscious that I still existed, although

no longer confined to my surroundings. My body appeared to be a part of me, but a distinct and individual self, possessing the material organization of which I was the inhabitant. I fancied I was outside of my body and saw my form seated in my grandfather's chair ; I could also distinguish others who were in the room.

A veil was then drawn over my sight and I lost the power of thought. What followed my mother recounted to me after I became awake.

I told correctly what various persons had in their hands and pockets. I was asked to describe the interior of a physician's house some fifty miles from our home, in a city I had never visited. Among other articles on his table I described a phrenological bust which he was expecting to receive from the East by express. It was a curiosity in those days, and the first introduced into the West. I had never seen one in my waking state, and

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my discovery was considered more wonderful from the fact that when the gentleman left his home the package had not arrived.

The physician received a letter the next day from his wife confirming my statement, adding that the curiosity was, one of the most attractive ornaments on the parlour table. My eyes were tightly bound with a black silk handkerchief to prevent any deception on my part. One of the doctors went into an adjoining room and remarked when he returned that he had secreted a piece of gold which would belong to me if I could find it in five minutes. Without hesitating I walked to a large centre table, took up one of the legs and found the money.

The experiment was repeated, and the money secreted outside of the house under a well-curb. I walked to the spot and took the gold out, and returning, handed the money to my mother, who had remained

seated in the room. To reach the well-curb it was necessary to pass through two rooms, a hall and wood-shed, which I did in the dark, without assistance and with my eyes covered.

I was asked to examine one of Doctor P——'s patients who was troubled with a disease which had defied all medical skill. After giving an accurate description of the man I examined every organ of his system in order, and found the seat of the disease, which did not correspond with the result the doctors had obtained after a careful study of the man's complaint.

Notes were carefully taken by the physicians present, and the remedies I prescribed, with the effects they would have on the patient. The physicians held a consultation the day following, and the man was again examined. They concluded that I was right in locating the disease, and my directions were followed.

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The man recovered and came to me himself. I had predicted that he would come and thank me for his cure. With the editor, Mr. B——, I discussed national and state politics, questions of trade and commerce, and displayed a knowledge of social and religious affairs of which to this day I am in utter ignorance.

The research committee of that evening did not withdraw until almost daylight, and the next day the editor's paper contained a complete account of all that had taken place, giving a shorthand report of my remarks on local politics, with the prospect and adaptability of the various candidates in an impending election, not one of whom I had ever seen or had the slightest knowledge of.

The article created a commotion in the village and I was the subject of general discussion. People came from towns and cities to examine for themselves, and our house was the resort of scientific investigators.

My father's fortune in the meantime had been accumulating, and among his other investments he erected the first theatre in M——. Here I was destined to appear in another capacity. I grew tired of the constant demand for an exhibition of my clairvoyant faculties, and sought to escape callers by taking long rides on a pony I had received as a gift from an Indian trader. These rides were my principal enjoyment.

I had inherited a passion for the woods, and longed to be free as the air. I could shoot with a rifle, row a boat, and swim; and by degrees my childish diffidence wore away, I became dissatisfied with the demands on my time and patience to satisfy the curious, and it was with the utmost difficulty my mother could persuade me to be mesmerized.

My hair was jet black and extended below my waist; I refused to tie it up, and became identified as "the gipsy" from my manner



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and appearance. This last peculiarity of our race I retain to this day.

My parents took pride in the fame I had brought to our family and never refused my wishes. No expense was spared in my education or dress. I detested study, although I never missed a recitation and always had my lessons.

## CHAPTER IV.

### A FOOTLIGHT SHADOW.

I WAS now twelve years of age. My father was organizing a stock company to bring out the new drama, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and asked me one evening how I would like to take the part of "Topsy." I was delighted with the offer, and said I would be ready at the next rehearsal.

In two days I committed the part and went through with the character to the admiration of the company. I shall never forget the night of my first appearance before the footlights.

My father expected me to make a hit, and relied on me to win the popular approval.

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He had purchased new property in order to set the scenes, and had billed me extensively, expecting to run the piece on the success I made. I experienced only one difficulty in my make up, and found that my hair was too long for the wig Topsy was required to wear. I wanted to cut it off, and my mother had trouble to prevent what she looked upon as a threatened calamity.

I waited anxiously for the night to come, and determined to show the public what a gipsy could do. Our house was in a state of excitement, and my father came to me in the dressing room after I reached the theatre. His face wore an anxious look and his mouth twitched nervously as he whispered in my ear, "Do your best to night, Gip, and our fortunes will be made."

The house was packed that evening, and long before the curtain was rung up the aisles were filled. I watched from the wing the opening act of the play, and could hardly

wait until Aunt Ophelia called me from the kitchen.

I made my entrance with a hand-somersault, adding the grace of a professional acrobat, and landed in the centre of the stage amid a storm of applause. It was some seconds before I realized the situation, but my way of breaking the ice had captured the sympathy, and a lighter-hearted darkey never kept an audience at the pitch of excitement.

I made a character of my own and sustained the rôle with all the self-assurance of a professional actor. The house was wild with enthusiasm, and a shower of bouquets greeted me as I was called from behind the curtain. My father led me out and my success was complete.

Foremost among the gentlemen who came behind the scenes to shake hands with Topsy were the doctors who had officiated the first night I was mesmerized. The press

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and public opinion vied with each other in crediting me with marvellous originality, and said that I had created a new character. My other peculiarities of clairvoyance were recounted in connection with the flattering notices I received, and I was looked upon as one of the marvels of the day and age.

The theatre was crowded nightly for months, and my father's financial success kept pace with my increasing reputation as the rising actress. I was cast in other characters, and made a decided success in "Margery," "Lazzerello," "Madam Deschappelles," "Actea," in "Ingomar," and others.

In the midst of my successes a dark cloud crossed my path, which was destined to divert my course of life and put a temporary end to all my ambition on the stage.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." I felt a heavy weight upon my once happy spirits, and a dread of some impending evil.

The stage had lost its attractions, the applause of the crowd echoed in my ears with a hollow sound. I was dead to myself and the multitude of friends who surrounded me.

I requested my father to withdraw my name from the boards, and the announcement was sent to the press that I was suffering in health from overwork. Night and day the shadow was ever present. I positively refused to be mesmerized, and was afraid of the disclosures I would have revealed to me. My mother was anxious about my welfare and sought to restore my natural cheerfulness. I communicated my feelings to her and she appeared strangely affected, although she attempted to conceal the fact from me.

The shadow fell at last—in the death of my idolized mother.

I kissed her fondly that bright morning 'as I mounted my pony for a ride to the woods. A strange feeling of utter lonesomeness came

over me before I had gone far, and the impulse to return I could not resist. As I neared the house my father was standing at the door. In his pale face I saw the reflection of my own feelings ; his voice trembled as he whispered :

“ My child, your mother is dying.”

Like one in a dream, I followed him into the parlour, and found my mother reclining on a couch.

She lifted her face mournfully to mine. I dropped at her side, and pressing my lips to hers, sobbed,

“ Mother don't go and leave me alone.”

Her large eyes turned to me ; in their luminous depths I saw the sorrow which throbbed with her declining pulse. Her lips moved, and in a stifled whisper, she breathed her last words :

“ Gipsy, be a good girl.”

Her eyelids closed ; the face turned to transparent white ; her hand grew cold.

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“Mother! Mother!” I called again, “come back to me.”

The closed eyes moved as she heard my despairing cry and made a faint attempt to answer with a look.

A tremulous shudder moved her form; her head turned slightly, and her fingers pressed to mine, closed in a farewell grasp. It was over.

From that silent form I could not move. My affliction was terrible and deadening, and cast my soul into a stupor that locked up the senses, making the tongue mute and the eye tearless.

I was taken speechless from the body.

That night, while the silence of death filled the house, I crept softly down stairs and stole, into the room, dimly lighted with a candle, to be alone with my grief and the dead.

Kneeling at the bier, I placed my mother's pulseless arm around my neck, and laying my



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head upon the breast that had ceased to beat, I answered her dying admonition with trembling lips.

“Mother, I will be a good girl!”

No answer came. The night-watchers were dozing in a room at the rear of the house, and uninterrupted, I talked myself to sleep in the arms of a corpse.

Many friends called at the house next day to give us their consolation, but words fell on our ears with hollow sound, and lips were dumb to answer their solicitude. I remained in that dreary room until a dark blue spot discoloured my mother's snow-white neck.

The day of the funeral followed: each friend had taken the farewell look. The minister who performed the service took me by the hand and led me to the bier, handing me the flowers which lay upon my mother's bosom, and whispered:

“It will do you good to cry, my child.”

The undertaker was about to close the

coffin lid, when I realized for the first time that the face I loved was about to be banished from my sight for ever. With a wild cry of "Mother, Mother, take me with you," I passed my arm around her neck and throwing my form at the side of the dead I prayed and sobbed for the lips to kiss me once again.

From the coffin I was lifted unconscious and carried into another room.

A grief-stricken father and motherless girl followed all they held dear on this earth, to a quiet grave in those North-western woods, and returned with aching hearts to a once happy and joyous home, now desolate, deprived of its life and light.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE OUTSTRETCHED HAND.

THE current of my existence now drifted me into the many vicissitudes of a marked life, and the hard realities of a chequered career beset the pathway of my faltering footsteps.

I was young, and to my knowledge of the world was united a childish innocence of heart and purpose. The watchful eye of my mother no longer warned me of approaching evil, and my father was too busily occupied with business affairs to bestow upon me more than a passing thought.

He professed to love me, but the love of gold had taken the place of parental affection : from the day that coffin was covered with earth I was left alone to pursue the bent of my inclinations.

Month after month passed without develop-

ing a purpose for my restless spirit. I was courted for my appearance and talents; and a well-known theatrical manager offered my father a liberal sum for the privilege of preparing me for the stage with a thorough course of study, and went so far as to offer to adopt me as his own child. To-day that gentleman is one of the first managers of America.

I neglected my study, and the footlights lost their power of attraction. I developed a passion for music; the piano, guitar, and the banjo were my constant companions. I was fond of reading, and took my books to the woods, where I peopled a world in my imagination with such objects as touched my girlish fancy.

While paddling on the river one day my birch bark canoe capsized in the rapids above the town: there was no one at hand to render assistance. I swam ashore and walked home dripping wet.

My father and I had frequently searched the house for a diary left by my mother, containing some of her peculiar adventures in the backwoods. One evening, after I had ransacked every corner during the day to find the missing papers, I was going to bed.

The moon was shining through a window into a room formerly occupied by my mother ; the door was open, and before the bureau I saw a transparent form half turned to me ; a face the exact image of my dead mother, with her accustomed smile, her arm outstretched pointing to the bureau. It was the first apparition I had seen of her, and she looked so life-like that for a moment I doubted my senses. Instinctively I moved to her, with the word "Mother" on my lips, when the form faded and I was alone.

I hurried downstairs and informed my father of what I had seen. Lighting a candle, he went to the room with me, and taking out

the drawers of the bureau, we found the lost journal at the bottom of the chest.

Among the many admirers whom I had met during my early stage life, there was one man decreed by fate to play an important part. He was an English actor of considerable talent and a descendant of an old and respectable family of the Jewish persuasion.

He was fifteen years my senior, and bestowed upon me a regard and attention which resembled my mother's solicitude. He was a thorough man of the world, with a tinge of its dash and experience, and readily discovered the one point of my nature calculated to arouse my slumbering sympathies—love for the memory of my dead mother.

It was with this key that he opened a way to my confidence and esteem. I had other suitors, younger in years, less calculated to detect the one thought nearest my heart. M—— found the chord, and ingratiated himself in my mind from the first; treating

me as a child, he humoured all my whims and gratified my fancies.

My father was opposed to the influence he exerted over me and objected to his attentions, on the ground of his pecuniary situation, and his nationality. I was then fifteen years of age; my healthy life and exercise had aided in my development and I was in the bright bloom of girlhood.

I had never been away from home, and my knowledge of the world was confined to the friends of our family. I had a general impression of men, but was ignorant of the motives which may underlie a human action, or the slumbering passions so often concealed beneath the mantle of a simulated affection.

I loved this man as a sister might love a brother, and looked to him as the only friend I had who could sympathize with my loneliness. My father was outspoken in his dislike and refused to admit him to the house. This action cemented the bond be-

tween us, and our meetings were made without my father's knowledge or consent. I had an impression that my father was half right in his estimate of the man's true character. This did not deter me, and after repeated entreaties I promised to marry him, with or without my parent's consent.

My father at this time was engaged in extensive wheat speculations, and his business called him to a neighbouring city. He left a special charge to my governess not to admit M—— into the house, and ordered her to watch me closely and prevent a meeting if it was possible. Little did I dream of the snares that beset my path, or the consequences of the rash act I was about to commit.

At his solicitation I promised to meet my intended. At a preconcerted signal I left the house the morning of my father's departure, and found the object of my infatuation waiting for me. He was always well dressed,



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but displayed indifference to his appearance ; and sparkling diamonds glittered unnoticed on his hands and breast. His figure was a perfect model of physical strength, a keen dark eye, full nose, and resolute lips covering a glistening white set of teeth, gave him a striking appearance, and to my girlish imagination he was in every particular a handsome, perfect man.

His manner possessed a peculiar charm of disinterestedness, and he appeared to regard my happiness as the only object of his solicitude. He greeted me with his accustomed shake of the hand and a searching look. He read my feelings at a glance, and with a magnetic power possessed by few men, he drew me irresistibly into the purpose he had determined to accomplish.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MY FATE.

IN a matter-of-fact way he proposed a marriage, and explained to me how we could then overcome my father's opposition. The affair was to be secret, and I was to remain at home until my parent's anger subsided. He would leave in the boat that night for the city, where he then had an engagement, and return for me after the marriage was announced through the press.

With me to think was to act, and I gave my consent at once, and promised to be ready at seven o'clock that evening.

The hour arrived, and in my customary dress I repaired to the house of a lady friend and relative of my intended husband. Together we rode to the residence of an obscure

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minister, and my companion, with an air of self possession, informed him of the object of our visit.

The old man looked at me, and requested to know my age. I was about to reply, "Fifteen," when M—— who had hold of my hand, pressed it tightly, and answered "Eighteen."

I was taken by surprise, and was about to correct his mistake, when I felt the hand which held me tighten. The question was put to the lady, and she answered, "Yes—I believe so."

The latter part of the sentence never reached the good man's ear, and M—— added that I was an orphan, without father or mother.

Expressing surprise at my childish actions, the man of the church said that greater evils might come to me alone in the world, and proceeded with the ceremony. It was hastily performed, and without much ado we

left the house and proceeded to the wharf, where my husband took the boat half an hour later for Chicago.

Little did I realize my position : no warning voice told me of the misery that night's act would bring upon me. I returned to my father's house in a maze, and seating myself at the piano tried to sing away the depression which overshadowed my spirit. Did I love him ? did he love me truly ? were questions I had scarcely stopped to ask.

On that first night of June a change came over my girlish life—I had met my fate.

I felt the wrong I had committed, yet was unable to find a reason for my upbraiding conscience. I saw as distinctly as I do today the gulf through which I was to pass, yet could not persuade myself that such was the destiny in store for me.

I would love my husband and be faithful to him ; in return he would love and respect

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me. I had a vague sense of womanly duty, and a jealous regard of his affection for me. I had exalted notions of a true home, and felt that I possessed domestic qualities to make such happiness as my mind had pictured. With the man I loved, a life in the woods would be happiness, could I but receive love and constancy in return.

I was brave and strong, the struggle for subsistence had no terrors to my inexperienced hand. With the full wild blood of my mother's race, I longed to prove the faithfulness of my trusting nature ; with that blood too I had inherited a jealous hatred of all that conflicted with my aim or happiness. I knew that I possessed a slumbering passion for good or evil, yet never dreamed to what extent in the future these conflicting elements would test my power of will.

My father was shocked a few days after his arrival home to receive a letter from M—— informing him of what had taken

place during his absence, and asking for permission to come and get his wife.

My father handed the letter to me and asked if it contained the truth. I replied that it did, and was about to ask his forgiveness with a kiss when he turned away.

From that hour his coldness increased towards me. He refused to talk of the subject, and waved me into silence whenever I tried to approach him. His only answer to my solicitations was :

“ You have selected your home, now make the most of it.”

My husband came to the house and tried to persuade my father that I should be well provided for. He would scarcely hear him through, and replied that he would not be answerable for the consequences of my rashness. Our united efforts produced no effect on his obdurate disposition, and without even a blessing from his lips I left my home that night for C——, in company with my husband.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A GAMBLER'S WIFE.

My life now commenced in earnest. We moved into a comfortable house, well furnished, and I was installed to superintend. Meantime my husband had left the stage and opened a mercantile business, through the assistance of some influential friends.

He prospered to all appearance, and made a large display of goods on extended credits. I knew nothing of his life or habits away from home. He frequently remained out until late at night, and always excused himself on the ground of settling up his books and writing letters connected with his business. I was left alone, and having no desire for company, the days and nights were very long.

I turned again to books, but found the contents had lost their interest for me. I bought a canary bird, and trained the little fellow until his skill in tricks and musical variations were unequalled. I perfected myself in music on my favourite instruments, and committed a hundred ballads to memory. Fancy needlework was one of my pastimes, and I filled the house with ornaments of every description.

I was cheerful when my husband returned, and always attributed his late hours to overwork. I did my utmost to comfort him, and pictured the future when his business would allow him to devote more time to me and my happiness. I had implicit faith in him, and never questioned his truthfulness in reply to my questions about his affairs, which he continued to assure me were in a prosperous state, and likely to soon place us in an independent position.

The horrible truth had not yet dawned on me.



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In his excited and flushed face I could see nothing but care and anxiety for our present and future. I felt that I was neglected, although my home was provided for, but found an excuse for his absence from me only in his eager desire to place us both in a position of competence. I received a weekly allowance for my personal expenses, which had accumulated, owing to my life at home. I conceived a fancy for dress, and thought that a new diversion would relieve the monotony of my isolation.

One evening, after I had selected an elegant and costly wardrobe, I persuaded my husband to take me to one of my favourite operas. It was the first time I had visited a theatre since my withdrawal from the boards, and the old scenes came back to me again in all the freshness of my early ambition.

We occupied a prominent part of the house, and I attracted general attention, from my mode of dress and striking manner.

I could feel my pulse quicken as my thoughts went back to days when I, too, won the public applause and flattering Press comments. My husband took notice of the marked attention I received from the audience, and for the first time displayed the jealous temper which was to bring me so much misery.

I tried to avoid the storm I saw in his scowling face, and assured him that I was annoyed by the opera-glasses which were levelled at me. He persisted that it was owing to my conduct, and insisted on leaving the house between the acts : I was compelled to follow.

From that evening I commenced to see the true character of the man I loved ; and I reviewed in silence the many nights I had been left at home alone. His jealous rage knew no bounds ; he accused me of imaginary wrongs, and built himself a structure of suspicions from his own condemning conscience. He went so far as to command me to remain

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in the house, and threatened to mar my face to prevent others from seeing any attraction in it.

We were frequently invited to social entertainments which my husband refused, always giving the excuse that I was averse to society. I was seldom allowed in the street unless in his company, and was confiding enough to think that he knew what was best for me.

The effect of this restriction on my free nature cast me into a constant gloom. For two years this life continued without a variation, except occasional returns of my clairvoyant powers, which I dare not confide to my husband, as he was opposed to it, being of a superstitious nature.

At the expiration of this time a change occurred in our hopes and fortunes. My husband returned home late one night in early fall, with his coat over his arm. He was excited and flushed with wine; drops of

perspiration covered his forehead, and his manner indicated an unusual nervousness. I tried to ascertain the reason for his peculiar action, but found that my questions only increased his temper.

That night he was attacked with a raging fever, and a physician was sent for. The case proved to be a combination of diseases, which resulted in pleurisy. My husband lost his reason, and for many long nights I watched at his bed-side.

His ravings were confined to imaginary conversation with wine-room companions over card tables, and in his disordered brain he lived again the nights he had absented himself from home. The truth began to appear to me, and for the first time I realized that my husband had one passion which transcended his love for me.

He was a gambler ; and in the whirlpool of this most destructive of all vices, he had risked his happiness and mine. To what extent I was soon to discover.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE DIAMOND BROKER.

DURING his entire sickness my husband displayed the same irritable jealous disposition, and would allow no one to watch at his bedside but myself. He refused all help proffered him by brother members of the Odd-Fellows Lodge, and kept me at his side constantly night and day.

He recovered slowly, and one morning while convalescent a letter was handed him from the office of a well-known lawyer. I saw the despair in his emaciated face as he fell back on the pillow, and handed me the note, saying :

“ Read it, I cannot see.”

Taking the letter from his trembling hand,

I announced the blow that left us destitute and penniless.

The stock in the store had been seized for debt, and was in the hands of the authorities, to be sold by public auction. The letter contained the statement of this fact in a cold hard way, with the signature of the counsel employed to prosecute the case.

My husband looked at me, then turned his face to the wall to hide his feelings. Subsequently he confessed to me the truth, and said that his losses were partly the result of an unfortunate speculation, and that his troubles had been increased by a hopeless attempt to win at the gaming table.

The house furniture was also seized and sold, with every available article the law would allow ; and we found ourselves without a home.

I was too proud to inform my father of our circumstances. My husband was yet an invalid, and having lost the confidence of his

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friends who had suffered in the failure, they turned a deaf ear to his requests for help. We were without money and reduced to the last extremity. I now had a chance to prove my faithfulness, and determined to seek the stage once more.

One day I called at the house of a French dancing-master, related to my husband by marriage, and stated my true circumstances. He expressed a dislike for my husband in no complimentary terms, and said that his reckless gambling had been the talk of the city for months. He tendered me a benefit entertainment at his dancing-hall, and said that I might have the gross receipts.

I accepted the kind offer at once, and went to work with a will to make it a financial success; and proved my powers by clearing four hundred dollars, after defraying all expenses. The sale of photographs of myself in a dramatic costume were a prin-

cial feature of the evening, and realized a handsome profit. My husband during the time was unable to leave his room, and his face lighted up as I returned that night with the money and placed it in his hands.

He determined to change his fortunes by moving to New York, and as soon as he was able we left Chicago and journeyed east.

We reached the metropolis with a small sum of money and registered at a fashionable hotel. Here I was called on to assist my husband out of difficulty through my clairvoyance, and gave him the lucky numbers, six, ten, forty, by which he won six hundred dollars in a game of "Policy."

He promised to give up gambling; and on this assurance, through the assistance of Jewish friends and his brother, he commenced business as a diamond broker on Broadway.

Luck here followed him, and his trade increased rapidly. He was the originator of a



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novelty in the Jewellery line, and the first to introduce what are known as the "Alaska" diamonds into the United States. The name followed him, and to this day he is known as the "Alaska man."

Money poured into his sale-rooms, and within a year he had established branch offices in various parts of the city, and received a large return from each. He took pride in my appearance, and presented me with diamonds and silks without limit. I was always dressed in the height of fashion, and attracted general attention; so much so that my husband was besieged with remarks about my beauty.

The attentions I received at the hotel, although I did my utmost to escape them, aroused his old jealousy, and we removed to parlors in Fifth Avenue in order as he affirmed to keep me from public observation.

My husband again resumed his old habits, and formed a new circle of acquaintances

among the sporting fraternity of New York. He joined a fashionable club, and at once took foremost rank for his lavish waste of money and proverbial good luck, which followed his passion for cards.

He was prominent on the race-courses, and won money on every bet. Fisk, Morrissey and Tweed, Heenan, Pool and Lozier, were among his companions. In various circles he was courted for his good luck, and played with a reckless daring that astonished all beholders.

I frequently warned him of the dangers we were exposed to by his fast life, and besought him to save money while he had the opportunity. His business prospered, and the success of the "Alaska" was without a parallel in the history of novelties. He considered himself "in luck," and was prodigal of the favours the fickle goddess showered upon him.

His friends were numerous, and in the

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secret workings of the "Tammany Ring" he had an influential voice. I saw little of him during these three years of prosperity, except an occasional ride to the park or races, behind one of the fleetest pole-teams on the road. He had rooms in a fashionable hotel, where his nights were spent with companions and cards.

I was regarded by my husband's friends as the cause of his good fortune, and they frequently sought me to give lucky numbers or name the winning horse. My life at home was dreary, and I waited patiently for the returning wave that I knew would take me from a palace to a hovel.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A TURN OF THE WHEEL.

I SAW it all, and prayed that my sufferings would not be greater than I could bear.

My husband came home intoxicated one night, and with an oath asked me to change his luck, and threatened to beat me if I did not give him a winning card. I refused, and begged on my knees that he would give up his gambling. I told him of the misfortunes I saw coming to us, and warned him of the disasters which threatened his business.

He grew livid with rage, and accused me of being the cause of the difficulties I had predicted. He answered my entreaties by felling me to the floor senseless, and left the house. I recovered and found the blood

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streaming over my costly dress to the velvet carpet, and my jewellery clotted with the crimson stream.

The cut in my head was not serious, and the next day I was able to be about my room. My husband did not make his appearance for several days, but returned one night in a dilapidated condition, having gambled away a diamond ring and pin, a valuable watch and chain, and every dollar of his money.

He was in a delirium from the effects of liquor, and fell into the room as I opened the door. I took care of him, and never mentioned the effect of his conduct or the pain I had experienced from the blow he had given me.

The flood had reached us ;—before my husband had fully recovered from the effects of the debauch, the failure of his house was announced.

With it his old contrition again returned, and the tears came to his eyes, as he told me

of the extent of his liabilities, and those he had involved in his ruin. He was again hopelessly bankrupt, and his friends disappeared in a night. My own health was impaired with constant worry and nursing of my infant girl.

We were forced to sell the last piece of furniture we possessed, and one by one, my dresses and jewels went to provide us with food. My friends tried to persuade me to leave my husband; but I turned a deaf ear to their suggestions, and preferred rather to follow him to poverty, than desert him in the hour of need.

We removed to cheap lodging-rooms in an obscure part of the city. Here our poverty increased day by day. My husband could get no occupation, and wandered through the streets, deserted and friendless. From the day of the failure he would not touch a drop of liquor, and his face became pale with anxiety, care and remorse.

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I suffered with him, and uttered no word of complaint. I tried to encourage him, but all my efforts were of no avail. My health grew worse, and the few friends who occasionally called to see me declared that consumption had taken hold of my wasted frame.

The civil war between the North and South was declared during this time, and troops were enlisting in New York to go to the front.

One evening my husband returned to our room, and displayed unusual excitement. His face was deathly white, and his eyes stared at me vacantly. He walked the floor for some moments, and then threw himself into a chair and burst into tears, exclaiming,

“Has it at last come to this? If I had never been a slave to gambling, and had only listened to you! Must I leave you alone and unprotected in this great city? We may never meet again!”

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I tried to quiet him, and sought to know the cause of his grief. With stifled breath he informed me that he had enlisted as a common soldier in the ranks.

It was now my turn to break down, and I forgot the past in my grief for the present, and the loss of the man I loved. He roused himself and started up, saying,—

“ I must go, our regiment is ordered off to-night, and the country is on the eve of a great battle.”

He kissed the baby, and handed me a small sum, all the money he possessed. I insisted on remaining with him to the last; and taking the child in my arms, we went in silence to the depôt.

It was the first volunteer regiment of the war, and a sad picture was presented at the railway station.

In the dim light of flickering lamps, bowed forms were bending for the last time on shoulders which had sustained the burdens



of life—mothers with their only sons, aged fathers, helpless wives with lispng children, and sorrow-stricken lovers, mingled their grief in the hurrying throng.

I was there friendless and alone—the man with whom I had suffered in wealth and poverty was about to leave me sick and destitute.

He tried to comfort me, and upbraided himself for his conduct, condemning his own sins, and picturing my happiness after being released from a worthless wreck. His carelessness of life only added to my desolation, and I could not reply to his forced raillery.

He was anxious about my future action, and above all he cautioned me to remain true to myself, and let my father know at once of my actual condition.

The bell sounded for the departure of the train: my head dropped on his shoulder and my arms encircled his neck. I tried to say farewell, but the words caught in my

throat : with a convulsive shake of the hand, a hurried kiss, and the words, "Good-bye, Gipsy" on his lips, his form disappeared in the crowd, and I stood speechless and alone.

## CHAPTER X.

### ALONE.

AN utter desolation came over me that night as I dragged myself and child back to my bleak and cheerless room, and threw myself on the bed, where my aching heart found vent in useless tears.

“Alone! alone!”

The very thought that this was my only reward for the days and nights I had watched and waited, for the abuse I had suffered, for the ambitions I had cast aside, to be thus deserted, to beg or starve! Could this be the return for my faithfulness, my constancy, my love? Was my early life, which promised so much, to prove so little?

My thoughts returned to the mother who once loved me, and in my despair I called to her to come back and be with me again.

“I am here my child,” came the familiar voice which in other years had comforted my earliest sorrows, and before me once more stood the shadow I had seen the night my father and I had found the missing record.

I called again and reached out my arms to the figure standing at my bed-side; with a smile that chased away my fears the form advanced, and I heard distinctly the welcome greeting,—

“Don’t despair, I’ll not desert you, Gipsy.”

The apparition vanished—the bitter night-wind shook the casement—the lamp had burned out, and the child in my arms had fallen into a quiet sleep.

Once more I was alone and helpless in a crowded city, with poverty staring me in the face.

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I could not sleep that night, and a damp frosty morning found me shivering for want of fire and food. I was too proud to call in my distress on the friends who had known me in my prosperity, and concluded to write to my father.

My cough had returned, and a dull, aching pain about my heart warned me that no time could be wasted if I ever expected to see my home again. I took my child in my arms and went to the shop of a neighbouring grocer to replenish my empty closet. The proprietor was a good-natured German, and for the kindness he showed me I shall always be grateful. He heard my story, and looked at me sharply when I explained my circumstances, and asked for credit until I could get help from my father. He turned to his wife and said, "Take this poor child in, and give her whatever she wants; her face is too pretty to be left in this city alone."

I found a good friend in this honest heart,

and a week following a letter came from my father with money to buy my passage home.

My broken-down health was sufficient excuse for a railway agent to impose on me, and I purchased a third-class ticket to Chicago over the Erie Road, paying the full price of first-class carriage. After settling my bill at the grocer's, and packing my scanty clothing in a satchel, with my baby in my arms I started west again, to return to my home, as I then believed, to die.

The snow had commenced falling, and winter had set in. My cold increased, and with constant coughing I grew thin and weaker every day. One incident happened to me on my journey which is calculated to show the sympathy often expressed for the helpless wives of soldiers during the late rebellion :—

The conductor on the first part of the journey made no objections to my occupying a seat in the first-class car after hearing my

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story, and said that I had been the victim of an imposition frequently practised on persons ignorant of the rules of the Company. At a station in Ohio the train filled up with Union soldiers, just before dark, on their way to a western post. I retained the seat which I had occupied from New York, although a new conductor was in charge of the train. On looking at my ticket he commanded me, in a very insolent manner, to take up my child and go into a third-class car at the end of the train.

I was too weak to change my place, and tried to explain my state of health, and how I had been the dupe of an imposition. He ordered me to move on, or get off at the next station. It was far into the night, and my child was sleeping comfortably. I had no one to assist me, and feared the effect of the frosty air on my bleeding lungs. I waited with trembling, and became very much excited at the prospect before me.

A soldier noticed the tears I could not keep back ; coming over to my seat, in a very friendly voice he asked me the cause of my trouble. I explained fully my situation, and added that my husband had just gone south with his regiment as a volunteer. Without any solicitation for his protection on my part, he stood up in the middle of the car, and turning to his comrades, said,—

“ Boys, here is a soldier’s wife sick and without money, on her way home with her child, travelling alone, and the conductor wants to put her into a third-class car. What do you say, shall we let him do it ?”

“ No ! no !” responded fifty voices, mingled with one who answered,—

“ I have left a wife and child at home, and would like to see the man who would turn her out in the cold at this time of night.”

I needed no protection for the rest of my journey, and every want was supplied by the kind-hearted “ boys in blue,” who showed me



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the utmost respect and attention until we parted at Chicago, where three cheers were given for me as I tried to thank them for the help they had given a volunteer's wife.

Once more I found myself in the old familiar home of my childhood. A dog that had played with me in early school days, and followed my pony on many a long ride, growled suspiciously as I opened the gate at the foot of the pathway leading to the house.

I could see no change: the hedge and the trees had grown a little, and the dog was a trifle worn with age; stone flags had taken the place of the board sidewalk, and the house had received a coating of paint;—this was all.

My old governess opened the door with a look of blank astonishment in her face, and taking me in her arms, carried me with my baby to the same chair in which the apparition had been seen by me the night my grandfather died. The glowing embers in

the open fireplace, sparkled into a flame as a fresh log was thrown across the burnished hand-irons, and the crackle of days gone by sounded a new welcome in my distracted ears.

“Make yourself comfortable, my poor child, while I get you something warm,” said the good old soul: “why, as I do believe, you look like you hadn’t a bit to eat this six months, and the baby. Well! well! I never heard tell of the like of this; never mind now, I reckon we can take good care of you.”

I was sure of one friend in my faithful old nurse; and as she hurried off to fulfil her kindly welcome, my head fell back in the cozy arm-chair, and looking into the fire my courage returned with the happy thought that I was not altogether alone.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

My father was expecting me, and had been to the station with a carriage, but had missed the train ; he entered the house while I was ruminating over the fire, and caught me in his arms as I rose to greet him. I saw a tear trickle down his furrowed cheeks as he drew me to him, and his voice trembled as he exclaimed,—

“ Thank God, you are home again.”

He was a man trained to suppress emotion, and the rugged path of his life had given him perfect self-control. I could see by his manner that his feeling for me was deeper than he cared to show, while his kindly

welcome assured me that I still had a place in his heart.

Once more surrounded with comfort, the power of will that had sustained me for years gave way, and I was taken to my old room helpless, where I was confined to bed for many long weeks, with hæmorrhage of the lungs and prostration of the nerves.

I had the best medical attendance to be obtained and constant attention from many old friends, every want was anticipated by my anxious father and faithful governess, whose quaint expressions of honest sympathy for my distress often revived my old spirits and aided me materially in recovering health.

The ice and snow of that northern winter, under the rays of the spring sun, were running in rivulets down the bare slope fronting our house before I was able to walk about and return once more to my piano, guitar, and banjo.

Meantime I had received no word from

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my husband, and began to fear that his forebodings the night of our separation in the depôt had been verified, and that I would never see him again.

My father said very little to me on the subject, and on one occasion when I thoughtlessly mentioned my husband, he became very much excited, and swore that if he ever crossed his path again I might expect serious consequences, and that as far as I was concerned, if he ever heard of any correspondence between us that I would have to leave his roof.

A circumstance shortly followed which proved how far this threat was carried out.

One day a soiled letter came to me written in pencil from one of the Union hospitals at the South.

It was from my husband, telling me of his being wounded and captured by the Confederate troops, of his imprisonment in a deadly southern swamp, of his starvation and

destitute condition ; his final exchange and his subsequent sickness in a Union hospital, where with the greatest difficulty he had been able to forward the lines which begged me to intercede with the government and procure his discharge, giving me information of the steps necessary to accomplish this result.

I could not conceal my feelings, and as I finished the letter my heart ached for his distress. My nurse noticed my agitation, and wanted to know the cause of my new trouble. I told her all, and read her the letter, asking her advice. She promised to assist me, and recommended bringing my husband home to my father's house, and said she would assume all the responsibility.

I worked with a will and forwarded a petition with the signatures necessary for my husband's release. It was well received, and, contrary to my expectations, secured the discharge.

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One evening, while a company of friends were assembled at our house, a ragged, lame, and care-worn soldier knocked at the door; instinctively I opened it, and before me stood a pale, hollow-eyed face and shattered form, leaning on a crutch.

“Don't you know me, Gipsy?” asked a familiar voice, and in an instant my arms were around his neck, and the weary head was pillowed on my breast.

There we stood in the moonlight, the white folds of my evening dress in painful contrast to the soiled and faded army blue.

A flood of recollections streamed through my heart of days gone by; and I offered a silent prayer that the sorrows of the past might be forgotten in the joy of the future.

The picture we presented that night in the parlor enlisted the sympathies of the company, and my father among the rest did all that he could to give my husband a hearty welcome.

That night we reviewed the past together, and recounted our experiences since the hour of the lonesome separation. My husband once more took a solemn vow never again to visit a gambling-table, and said if his life was spared he would soon place us both back in affluence.

His recovery, owing to good nursing and care, was rapid, and through the assistance of my father he formed a partnership with his brother, trading in dry goods and notions for furs with the Indians who continued to inhabit the wilds of Wisconsin and Minnesota. I accompanied him on these expeditions, and some of the happiest hours of my life were spent driving through these states with a lively span of horses.

The country was new and unsettled, and our long journeys were frequently beset with dangers.

On one occasion my clairvoyant powers saved us from an accident that must have



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proved fatal. We were driving north, and stopped late one afternoon to rest the horses at a country tavern.

We expected to cross the Big Eau Claire River that night about dark : bridges were unknown in that section, and the rivers were crossed by fords, where the water was shallow and rippled over gravelly beds. A heavy flood had been reported up in the woods ; but no rain had fallen on our road, and the tavern-keeper said we would have no trouble in crossing the river at the ford after the moon was up.

While jogging along before dusk I asked my husband to stop, saying that I saw trouble ahead : he laughed at what he called my superstitious fears, but consented to halt. I placed my hand over my eyes for a moment, and distinctly saw a man and boy with a team of horses in the ford we expected to cross ; they came to the middle of the river and sank out of sight in the strong current of water.

I saw them again just below the ford appear above the water struggling for life. I could see the man entangled in the lines still holding the horses, while the boy was washed to the bank, where I saw him crawl up dripping wet. The man and horses disappeared out of sight.

My husband, while I was recounting what I saw, commenced laughing, and insisted on completing the journey and crossing the ford that night. I refused to go farther, and said I preferred to remain in the road all night, or walk back to the tavern, rather than attempt to cross the river.

At last my husband consented to drive back to the tavern, where he informed the proprietor of what I professed to see, and my vision was the subject of general derision among the occupants of the house.

That night, after the house had closed and the inmates retired, a lad came to the hotel, and startled the sleepers with the report that

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his father, with a team of horses, had been drowned while crossing the ford, and that with great difficulty he had reached the opposite bank, after sinking several times.

The body of the man entangled in the harness with the dead horses was found the next day a short distance below the ford.

We mutually congratulated ourselves on the narrow escape from certain death, and my superstitious husband said that in the future he would pay more attention to my warnings. He consulted my impressions about his business affairs, and invariably found that I was right, though I might differ from his own judgment.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE PHANTOM HORSE.

ANOTHER singular incident happened to us, which to this day I have not been able to explain. We frequently travelled far into the moonlight nights to reach our destination.

One Saturday evening we were hastening along to get to a settlement before the tavern closed. My husband was driving; the moon was struggling through clouds, revealing distinctly the road before us, then hiding it in darkness. There was no farm-house to be seen on either side, although the forest had been cut away for some distance and the clearing protected with a rude fence made from stumps of trees.

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Simultaneously we both saw a spotted horse enclosed in a pasture. The animal came close to the fence which bordered the road, and neighed sufficiently loud to startle the horses we were driving. We took no particular notice of the animal, except to remark that it appeared lonesome. For several miles this horse followed by our side, jumping over fences with the greatest ease. My husband remarked this fact, and expressed surprise at its astonishing feats.

We could distinctly see the horse more plainly in the dark shadow, and coming to a thick forest I remarked that we must here drop our companion ; but this was not the case.

He continued to follow through thick under-bush and gigantic trees, which appeared to offer no obstacle to his progress. The woods contained no path and were perfectly impenetrable, yet the horse followed on.

My husband stopped and asked me to

hold the lines, while he jumped out and walked to the trees. As he neared the edge of the forest, the apparition, for such I must regard it, disappeared before our eyes. He came back deathly pale, and reported that there was no path through the trees, and no sign of a horse to be seen.

We reached the hamlet late that night, but for many weeks after tried in vain to explain the mystery of the phantom horse.

During the few delightful months we were travelling, my husband accumulated a small capital, with which he once more returned to Chicago, and started in the Alaska diamond business again with his brother.

Omaha was at this time the centre of attraction, and leaving me comfortably provided for in Chicago, he went to that city and located a branch of the profitable diamond trade. The venture was made at my direction, and proved the wisdom of following my impressions. He made money at

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every turn and reaped a handsome profit in real estate speculations.

Reports reached me that he had resumed his old habits, and that his reckless losses at the faro-tables were the talk of the town. I wrote to him, threatening to dispel his luck if he did not return home. He had been losing money when he received the letter, and my warning had the effect of bringing him back at once.

Our financial affairs continued to improve, and at my suggestion my husband started a project to open branch firms for the sale of the Alaska diamonds and general stock of jewellery in the south and west. He successfully inaugurated a branch in Memphis and New Orleans.

During his absence in the latter city I met with one of the many incidents continually recurring in my marked life.

It was a cold winter's day ; I had a strange sensation of impending evil on rising in the

morning, and tried in vain to banish the thought from my mind that some calamity was about to befall me. The day dragged heavily on my depressed spirits, and at night my uneasiness increased.

A heavy snow-storm had already filled the streets, and a strong wind was blowing from the northwest. I locked my house carefully after the servants had gone to bed, and saw my two little girls asleep in their room, then sat down in front of the grate to think of my absent husband and speculate on the strange feeling that possessed me. About midnight I retired with the heavy weight upon me, and fell into a troubled sleep.

I was aroused by a sense of suffocation, and found my room filled with a dense black smoke. In a moment I realized the situation, and knew that the house was on fire. I could distinctly hear the crackling of the flames on the stairs leading to the front door, and knew my escape was cut off in that



direction. I rushed to the children's room adjoining mine, and seizing them in my arms, hurried to the extreme end of the hall, through blinding smoke, to a window which opened on a balcony.

It was locked. The creeping flames had already reached the rooms we had left, and were dancing wildly in the south end of the hall-way. Pressing my weight against the folding sash with a despairing effort, I forced the iron clasp, and stepped on the narrow platform facing the street, and cried for help.

Fortunately the firemen saw my figure through the smoke and flame: in a moment brave hearts and strong arms were putting forth every effort to save us. I pressed the children to my breast and looked at their frightened faces, with a prayer that they might escape the flames that now enveloped us and scorched our unprotected bodies with the heat.

It was fast approaching—a moment more and we must be saved or lost.

“Here, lady, let me take the children, and you come down the ladder,” was the joyous greeting of the courageous fireman, as he lifted us from the railing, and together we descended to the ground in safety, myself and little ones with only our night-dresses to protect us from the snow and cold biting wind, as a shout of joy at our rescue went up from the excited spectators.

I telegraphed to my husband the next day of our narrow escape, and that we had lost everything by the fire. He forwarded me a cheque, and said his business would not permit him to return north until spring. I moved with the children into a comfortable boarding-house, and with my own hands replenished the garments we had lost by the fire.

Spring came, but my husband's letters were more vague and unsatisfactory. His remittances failed to arrive with the same regularity, and I began to suspect that he was wasting his money gambling.

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I now resolved to put my talents to some advantage, and if possible place myself in a position to avoid being reduced again to poverty by his recklessness and extravagance.

I applied to a successful theatrical manager of Chicago, and impressed him favourably with my powers and appearance; and under his auspices I made my *début* in the character of "Camille."

I was supported with a full stock-company, and the flattering notices the play received from the press crowded the house nightly.

I had my own conception of the character, as Dumas intended the original:—a woman chaste in love, sympathy, and feeling, forced by a combination of worldly circumstances into the vortex of an unnatural life, through desperation and necessity to become the victim of excess.

My very life—neglected and deserted by the man to whom I had ever remained

faithful—afforded me a study of the character in its truest light, and enabled me to dispense with every objectionable feature, and present a Camille cast by the iron hand of Society beaconless upon the shore where she was wrecked.

I made a decided hit in this *rôle*, and once more hoped to place my name on the list of popular favourites.

The Fates had otherwise decreed, and in the midst of my success my husband returned from the South to find me fairly on the road to fame and fortune. He again played the sycophant, and with both persuasion and threat sought to divert me from my settled purpose.

I was hesitating, and undecided what course to pursue, when another event occurred in my chequered career, involving myself and family, with three-fourths of the entire population of a great city, in utter and well-nigh hopeless ruin—the Chicago Fire.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE CHICAGO FIRE.

IT was a dull October day, the atmosphere was thick and heavy, and a black pall, having the appearance of smoke, hung over the city many weeks, shrouding the inhabitants in gloom. No rain had fallen, and the streets were filled with dust ; the water-supply of the city was insufficient to meet the increased demand, while man and beast suffered from the unusual drought.

At night the light of the full moon was totally obscured by the black cloud, and the doomed city presented a weird and ominous aspect.

We were living on the south side, in a

fashionable quarter overlooking Lake Michigan. A little after ten o'clock the alarm-bell sounded, and a bright light in the southwestern part of the city revealed the fact that an extensive fire was raging.

The wind came up simultaneously with a general alarm, which summoned the entire fire brigade of the city to the spot. Before the progress of the fire was checked a new alarm sounded from the court-house situated in the very centre of the city, and surrounded by large and costly buildings. The violence of the wind increased, and fanned the flames into a furnace of fire, which, unopposed, swept all before it.

My husband returned from the scene of the fire at midnight, and reported the flames creeping against the wind in the direction of his store, and told me that fire had been discovered in other parts of the city, and that the water-supply had given out. No power on earth could prevent the impending de-

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struction, and the fated city must burn to ashes.

The Tribune building, Custom-house, Post-office and Reservoir were in ruins ; powder took the place of water, and was used to blow up entire blocks in the line of the flames, and the dull smothered explosions told of the devastation going on.

I was left with the children, and told to watch the flames, and make our escape to the Lake Front before the fire reached the house, while my husband hurried to his office to save what valuables he could.

The wildest confusion prevailed in the streets, and the population were fire mad : women half dressed, wringing their bare arms and screaming, men fighting and swearing for a passage through the crowd, crying children and neighing horses, wild with the din and roar, mingled their fears in the general tumult.

The air was full of burning brands, and

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long before the main column of fire reached us our block was in flames. Hastily throwing on a hat and shawl, with the children holding my hands, I joined the panic-stricken throng in search of a place of safety.

The horror and suffering of that night is fresh in my memory—borne irresistibly on with the crushing crowd, it became a struggle for life, my children were torn from my grasp and would have been trampled to death had I not taken the youngest in my arms and by superhuman effort forced my way along.

The smoke and dust blinded our eyes, and our faces were black with soot. We were literally surrounded by fire, and burning blocks hemmed us in on every side. One avenue of escape was left us across the only bridge not destroyed by the flames leading to the west side. This bridge we fortunately reached in advance of the flames, owing to the direction of the wind, and we crossed in safety.



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One poor woman, worn out with fatigue and fright, threw herself from the railing into the river. No effort was made to rescue her, and with a despairing cry she sank out of sight, amid the burning timber which floated with the current. In the confusion my dress and skirt had been almost torn from my back, and once across the river I stopped to recover breath.

Faint streaks of early morning gleamed through the fire and smoke, the roar of the flames continued, and the wind increased in violence. I thought of my husband, and the fear that he had been swallowed up in the fiery gulf was augmented by the report that hundreds of victims had perished while vainly attempting to reach the river, before the bridges went down.

An old gentleman with snow-white hair streaming in the wind, without a hat or coat, came to the steps where I was resting, and, looking at me closely, said,—

“ I thought you were my wife. I left her at home last night with my two little nieces while I went to my store to save what I could. The fire drove me from block to block, and I could not get back to the house ; but that is gone now, and God knows what has become of my poor family : I was a rich man yesterday, to-day I am a beggar, and the work of my life has been swept away.”

Half distracted, he disappeared in the multitude, too much occupied with his own grief to render me the least assistance. After much difficulty I procured a cup of water for one of the children, and again continued my weary journey, in order to escape the flames which threatened to cross the river and overtake us.

A pitiful sight, and one which attracted my attention in the confusion, was a husband attempting to carry his crazy wife. The woman was raving mad from the effects of that night of horror, and insisted on returning

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to the south side, where the flames had possession, to recover a child who had been lost in the confusion. In her ravings the mother had torn the clothes from her body, and her naked figure covered with dirt presented a sickening sight.

Along the streets I dragged myself and children, worn out and ready to drop from exhaustion, but determined to reach a place of refuge : every vacant spot of ground was occupied with household effects, and in the streets beds were made by those who could go no farther.

At Union Park I found a family who, like myself, had lost all they possessed, with the exception of a quantity of bedding, and this they kindly offered to share with myself and children. We covered ourselves as best we could, and at once fell asleep.

The day was half spent when we awoke, and the cold air was blowing with a bitter chill. I could not realize our situation, and it

was some moments before I could persuade myself that the night of horror through which I had passed was indeed a reality.

The fire raged furiously all that day, and prayers were offered from many lips that it might be confined to the south side of the river, and that the hand of God, which some professed to see in the wreck and ruin, might be stayed against them.

Night found us camping in the park with the family who had kindly befriended us, and with whom we had shared our scanty meals. All day I watched the faces that passed, in hope of discovering my husband. As darkness settled over the unprotected and houseless multitude, the cruel elements combined with the remorseless flames to extend our miseries.

The weather increased in coldness and a piercing wind penetrated our half-clad bodies. The lurid flames again broke out to the north, and our consternation was increased

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as the report came to us that the fire had crossed the river, and that the entire north side was in possession of the demon.

That night sleep did not visit our eyes, for a change of the wind would have hurried the devouring whirlpool down upon us. We prayed for rain, and in the bright light which reflected our faces in a ghastly glow we told of our escapes from death.

One family, neighbours to my generous friends, moved their goods and furniture to the centre of a vacant block, where they were surrounded by the fire, and perished—the husband, wife, and four children; another family, carrying their children across one of the burning bridges, were precipitated into the river as the structure fell, and were all drowned, while crying in vain for help,

It was the scene of death and destruction, and each had a sorrowful picture to present. The night was long, and morning found us exhausted with fatigue and anxiety.

I was revived in spirits the next day by discovering my husband, seated on his trunk in a dray, driven by a negro. He was almost as black as the driver, and was searching the crowd for myself and children.

Our joy at the reunion afforded another side of the scene through which we had passed, and my kind friends congratulated me on my good fortune. It was now my husband's turn to recount his experiences ; and sending the driver to get food for the horse, he joined our company, after depositing the trunk under his watchful eye.

For two days and nights he had searched the city for us. The horse and dray he purchased for three times their value before the fire reached his office, and packing the most valuable jewels in the trunk he locked the safe to return to our house, but found the block had been destroyed. The flames drove him with the trunk to the north side, where they had again forced him to continue

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the journey after searching in vain for his family.

He trusted his impressions, which told him I would be equal to the task of caring for the children, and expected to find me safe and sound. For fear of losing the trunk, he had been compelled to hire a driver, to whom he had paid an exorbitant sum, while he guarded his property pistol in hand.

On his route he was frequently offered fabulous prices to assist others in removing valuables, but he turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties. The trunk contained over ten thousand dollars in property, which was the foundation of our return to prosperity after the fire.

Before night we removed to a house in the western suburb of the city, far enough out to escape to the prairies in case the fire veered in that direction. Its mad career was checked that night by a heavy fall of rain, but not until the flames had spent their fury

by licking up every house on the north side.

The morning of the third day found the garden city of America a mass of indistinguishable ruin. Where once costly churches had lifted their spires, no stone remained. Hotels, the boast of the continent, had returned to dust ; buildings of iron, considered fire-proof, had melted away in a seething stream. Shipping in the river and harbour augmented the holocaust, in which many a life was lost while hopelessly attempting to find a place of safety. A quarter of a million inhabitants had been left penniless, and without a home, on the verge of a cold northern winter. Martial law was declared, and government soldiers paced the streets, to prevent any one from smoking or lighting a match. The total area of the burnt district was three miles and a half square ; containing seventy-three miles of streets and eighteen thousand buildings, with a loss of one hundred and ninety-six million dollars.



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The fire was regarded as a national calamity, and generous hearts from all parts of the world did much to relieve and mitigate the suffering which followed.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A WANDERING JEW.

My husband consulted me about his business affairs, and determined to take his stock of Chicago goods to the store in Memphis. I told him he would be successful if he went to C——, Ohio, although I had no knowledge of the city, or its facilities for transacting business. He reluctantly consented to follow my advice, and to this city we moved at once, while the ruins of our home were yet smouldering.

It was here I was destined to live again my life of neglect and cruelty, interspersed with many unusual and startling incidents. My husband's temper was the source of con-

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stant trouble, and I was in the midst of continual excitement.

The first month of his opening he had a dispute with the proprietor of the building in which his show-rooms were located, and an attempt was made to dispossess him, through a technicality of the law. In his rage he seized two revolvers and stationed himself near the door, where he defied the city authorities for twelve hours, and threatened to kill the first man who attempted to interfere with him.

I was sent for, and found him coolly waiting to put his threat into execution. After some trouble I succeeded in pacifying him, and took the pistol from his hand.

The affair occasioned a sensation in the local newspapers, where I figured as a mediator in a quarrel between the Jews and Gentiles. It was finally settled in the courts, after a tedious lawsuit, resulting in a verdict of one cent damages and the costs against my belligerent husband, who lost nothing by

the notoriety he gained with a large faction of friends, who sustained him to the end for the justice of his cause.

His business increased with wonderful rapidity, and at my direction he rented the largest and most expensive store in the city, under the W— House, fronting on two streets, with elegant display windows. His commercial credit had recovered, and his exhibition of stock attracted universal attention, and increased his prosperous trade. We moved once more into a fashionable house, which I furnished throughout to conform to my own taste.

We had horses and servants, and once more I returned to my old passion for exercise in the open air.

Riding was my favourite pastime. My two girls always accompanied me, and we frequently sailed on Lake Erie in a yacht I owned, bearing my name "Gipsy." One of my sailing trips well-nigh proved fatal.

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We had been down to Rocky River for a day's picnic, and were returning home under full sail. A stiff breeze was blowing off shore. Captain E—— held the tiller and was tacking into the narrows, when a strong gust took us aback; carried away the boom pennant, and left us at the mercy of the waves.

In an instant we were struggling in the water. With a mother's instinct I seized the children as they came to the surface, and holding them above water pushed them to the yacht keel, and told them to hold on. The captain held one of the girls and I assisted the other, while the white caps dashed over us at every swell. Our disaster was witnessed from shore, and aid sent to rescue us without delay.

I was a good swimmer and perfectly at home in the water. My only fear was that the children would be washed from the yacht; and laughing, I encouraged them to hold fast for a few minutes, until the boat

came. We were lifted from the water in safety, having sustained no greater injury than a severe wetting and the loss of our summer hats. The captain commended my pluck, and was interviewed by a reporter from an evening paper, who again publicly commented on my presence of mind, and made me the central figure of a thrilling adventure.

Another startling incident occurred to me a few months following. My husband was in New Orleans on business and had left me at home with the children. I had retired to rest one rainy September night, and could not sleep, my restless premonition of trouble returning.

At the sound of some one moving about the house, I took my pistol in hand, and went to the head of the stairway, and listened for the footsteps which I could hear creeping through the hall below. The house was still, while the wind and storm without raged fitfully. I stood fixed as a statue, with my

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arm pointing the pistol in the direction of the muffled tread.

It advanced nearer and nearer, and my blood congealed at the thought of killing even a burglar. The thief was on the point of ascending the stairs, when a gleam of lightning blinded my eyes;—before I had time to shoot I heard a muttered oath; the sound of retreating feet echoed from the basement, and a hurried scramble over the garden railing left me in possession of the field.

My white figure in the flash frightened the unsuspecting burglars, who probably mistook me for a denizen of another world, and left me their booty without stopping to ask questions.

I made many warm friends during the years I resided at C——, among all classes of society. Our house was always open, and I was sought for my peculiar talents as a clairvoyante, actress, and reader. My gipsy

nature continued to assert itself in a flow of exuberant spirits.

I never turned beggars from the door, but directed the servants to give them all a good meal. In every movement to relieve the poor and suffering I was ready to give my help and means; and my talents were constantly in demand for dramatic entertainments devoted to charitable purposes.

Without a knowledge of medicine, I was called on to prescribe for the sick, and perfected cures where patients had been given up by the medical faculty. Physicians with desperate cases called to see me in order to get my advice, which I always gave gratuitously. I exercised my seeing powers simply to do good, never for pecuniary gain.

In several instances I assisted the chief of police in discovering criminals. I warned a family of personal friends of the Asthabula railway disaster, and prevented them from returning home on the unlucky train, which



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sent three hundred souls into eternity. My directions and warnings, with the predictions I frequently made, were no longer the subject of jest or ridicule ; for my self-sacrificing nature, and pecuniary position, precluded any possibility of a sinister motive.

My husband's affairs prospered, and he successfully conducted three branch houses in C——, one each in Louisville, Memphis, and New Orleans. He was again on the top wave of prosperity. The Alaska diamond "Mazuka" was dedicated to me, and I was looked upon as a wonderful contributor to his success.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE ADAMS'S EXPRESS ROBBERY.

AT intervals I was subject to ill-treatment from my husband, who returned again to his passion for gambling, and once more I felt that we were drifting into the fatal flood which had so often washed away our domestic hearth. He was a good husband and kind father when sober, but a demon possessed him when excited with wine and cards.

Again I warned him with prophetic sight of the cloud forming on the horizon, and begged him to take heed and avert the storm. Time and again he solemnly promised to turn from his fast companions, and leave the gaming-table. As often were his

promises broken, and his frequent absence from home confirmed the impressions I with many bitter tears was forced to accept. During his fits of rage my face and person were the principal objects of his insane brutality.

The storm-cloud burst at last—in the calamities which followed; I seek not to condemn or excuse, simply stating the case as it appeared in public. One evening in autumn I was seated on the vine-clad porch fronting the house; a full harvest-moon gilded the waters of the lake, and a gentle breeze rippled a feathery film along the sandy shore. My little girls were to take part in a musical rehearsal given that evening at one of the churches.

My spirits were depressed; a shudder came over me as I kissed their rosy cheeks, and helped them into the carriage. The sound of the wheels echoed in the distance as I turned back alone to the house, breathing

a prayer that their innocent hearts might escape the sorrow of a neglected and desolate life.

With the shivering moonbeams glinting through the vines, I threw myself into a favourite rocking-chair and mused on the present, the past, and the future. As I looked back on my life of vicissitude, with its many changes, its transitory joy and lonesome grief, I felt that my destiny was not yet fulfilled. I longed to give up the task of living, and had grown tired of wandering ghost-like through the world. I could see a dim outline of the future before me, and knew that the past was but a reflection of the struggle to come.

My reverie was interrupted by the children's laughing voices as the carriage drove up to the gate, and the dear ones each had a glowing account to give of their happy evening. I tucked them away that night in the nursery with tears in my eyes, and left

their room hastily in order to hide the sorrow which weighed heavily on my heart. In my own room I gave vent to the depression which had taken possession of me, and tried in vain to find the cause of my strange state of mind.

I little dreamed that on this quiet peaceful night a new tide of turmoil was about to sweep me once more into a troubled sea.

I had scarcely recovered from my agitation when the servant announced a strange gentleman, who had declined to give his card, waiting in the parlour with important information for me. A shudder came over me, and I felt that I was soon to know the reason for my unaccountable feelings. I dreaded to go downstairs, and knew that some evil had befallen my husband.

As I entered the room a cold, searching eye met mine, and a gentlemanly-appearing man, about forty years of age, advanced from his seat, and closing the door behind

me apologized for the abruptness of his manner.

“You will excuse me, madam,” he said, again seating himself, “but I am acting for your good; at the same time I am in the legal discharge of my duty as a detective of the United States Secret Service. To be brief, I have arrested one Adams, a baggage-master on the through-express, for extensive robberies perpetrated for the past two years, involving many thousand dollars. He has made me a confession, and accuses your husband of having received the stolen goods. I have been under the painful duty of also placing him under arrest, and he is now in the hands of the authorities. To oblige him I have called to notify you of this fact, in order that you may be able to procure bail for him, and thus prevent him from being locked up over night.”

With my cup of sorrow running over, I suppressed a sense of dizziness which came

upon me, and thanked the detective as best I could for the kindness he had shown me.

In getting my hat and shawl I had to pass the children's room; they were fast asleep, with their snow-white arms entwined about each other, and their angel faces in the moonlight arrested my faltering footsteps. I kissed their rosy cheeks, and burying my face in the coverlet, at the foot of the bed, I prayed that their lives and name might not be tainted by the disgrace which had befallen us. I left them undisturbed in their innocent dreams, and hastened to the gaol, where I found my unfortunate husband waiting my arrival in anxious fear. He told me of his arrest, just before closing the store, and professed to be the victim of a conspiracy instigated by jealous rivals, who found that their business was suffering from his trade and competition.

With a peculiarity of my gipsy race, I did not stop for an instant to question his guilt, but

formed the settled conclusion to set him free, and not leave him until the prison-bars closed between us. I had some difficulty in procuring the bail, which had been fixed at three thousand dollars. His friends knew of his gambling propensities, and were afraid that the evidence might be too strong against him, and that he would not attempt to bring the case to trial.

After a fruitless search among his friends I ordered my coachman to drive to the residence of the ablest lawyer in the city, and stating my case, I so enlisted his sympathy that he proceeded directly to the gaol, and procured my husband's release.

The case had a hearing the week following, on three informations filed by the district attorney. Adams confessed in open court to perpetrating the thefts, and implicated my husband by testifying that he had bought, and promised to purchase all the goods that were brought to him without questioning.



The Court directed the case to be tried before a jury, and ordered my husband to prepare for trial on the indictment, increasing the bail-bond with two sureties to the sum of five thousand dollars.

The arrest of Adams, and his confession, was the subject of extensive comment through the press, and the United States detectives received many compliments for having worked up one of the most difficult cases on record.

Public opinion was divided as to the extent my husband was involved with Adams, and much sympathy was expressed for myself and the children, who in any event were regarded as innocent sufferers. It was principally through my influence that the best criminal counsel in the State was secured to conduct my husband's defence, and in the exciting trial which followed I worked faithfully to achieve my purpose.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

SUFFICIENT time was allowed to prepare for the trial. The morning it was called the court-room was densely crowded. My husband's position, as the most prosperous jeweller in the city, added interest to the case, as well as the rumour that many other respectable dealers would be implicated in the testimony of the thief; all were anxious to hear the confession Adams would be called on to make before the jury.

The testimony of the detectives was taken first, and occupied three days. It included letters and telegrams received by the Railroad Company from all parts of the country, noti-

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fyng them of losses passengers had sustained while travelling on their road. These letters flooded the central office, describing the stolen property, and threatening to bring suits unless a searching investigation was made, and the thief or thieves discovered.

For over a year the case had been in the hands of the officials, who at last tracked Adams to my husband's store, where they saw him dispose of some valuable diamonds and a pearl set. The detectives also testified that after they had arrested Adams, he made a full confession, and took the officers to his house in an obscure part of the city, where he surrendered stolen property to a large amount, the house being filled with goods of every description, including silks, jewellery, velvets and clothing.

He also testified to arresting my husband, and finding some of the stolen goods for sale in the show-windows of our store. Adams's confession was the most exciting

feature of the trial. He was one of the old employés of the road, and had worked his way up to a position of responsibility and trust. He was considered a sober, industrious man, with a wife and child, and was also a relative of one of the directors of the Company.

He told of his temptation to steal, and how he conceived a bold plan to rob the trunks which were constantly passing through his hands. For this purpose he took wax impressions of the locks attached to the most valuable trunks, and had keys made to fit various sizes. With these keys he opened the baggage at his leisure, and after taking out the valuables, locked up the trunks.

In order to escape detection he rifled only those trunks which he knew to be checked through to long distances, in order that the owner could not tell on what part of the journey the valuables had been stolen. So

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ingenious had been his thefts, that for many months the officers could get no clue to the perpetrators of the robberies.

Adams added in his confession that he had made a bargain with my husband to sell him all the jewellery, and that my husband had positive knowledge that the goods were stolen, and with such knowledge he had frequently purchased the stolen property.

Among a long list of articles he enumerated as having sold my husband, there was a set of solitaire diamond ear-drops, valued at one thousand dollars.

My husband denied having purchased the goods Adams enumerated, with the exception of a few articles he accounted for by a reference to his office-books, including the goods he had exposed for sale in the show-window, and a diamond set he swore to having purchased from the wife of the thief, who came to the sale-rooms and took the jewels from her ears, offering to sell

them cheap, owing to her pressing circumstances.

The thief testified that his wife was present the night he sold my husband the solitaire set. My husband denied having purchased them, and the wife was called. The woman sustained my husband, and declared she was not present. No trace of the diamonds could be found, and it became a question of veracity.

A strong point was here made by counsel for the defence, that the evidence of a self-convicted thief could have no weight in court, and if they were to convict a respectable business man on the sole testimony of a felon no honest man was safe.

Pending the trial Adams's wife had procured a divorce, and her evidence tended to place her husband in no favourable light. I attended the court-room regularly, and watched with interest the progress of the testimony.

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The excitement of the trial aroused my husband's insane passion, and his fits of rage knew no bounds; without the slightest provocation on my part, he would come home late at night and vent his anger on myself and the children. He was constantly under the influence of liquor, and nightly wasted his money at the gambling-tables. In one of his mad freaks he seized a carving-knife from the dining-table, and hurled it at my head. The murderous instrument grazed my face and shattered a clock on the chimney-piece.

He swore that he would give the authorities some pretext for sending him to the penitentiary, and that I would not live to witness the scene of his disgrace. He stripped me of my jewels and tried to destroy my dresses; he broke up the most expensive furniture in the house, and vented his wrath on all who came in his way. I was forced at length to appeal to the authorities for

protection, and a private officer was detailed to watch our house and prevent violence.

The trial dragged on wearily for three weeks. Opinion was equally divided as to the verdict of the jury, and bets were made among the gamblers in my husband's favour. The day arrived for the judge's charge to the jury, and my husband forgot in the excitement to exercise his accustomed cruelty. He loaded a revolver that morning before leaving the house, and told me that in the event of the verdict being rendered "guilty," he would put a finale to the case by shooting himself dead in the court-room.

I went directly to his counsel and notified him of the intended suicide, and said that I did not hesitate to believe that he would execute his threat.

Meanwhile, Adams had received the sentence of the Court and been sent to the State penitentiary for a term of years.

The court-room presented a striking pic-



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ture while waiting for the return of the verdict. My husband was the central figure, and he sat there determined and sullen. His face was a shade paler, and his eyes wandered constantly to the part of the room where I was seated with my little girls. His white fingers played nervously with his black moustache, and brushed through the lock of hair which fell over his forehead. He was intensely excited, but with a stoical indifference, sometimes assumed by men of the world, he presented a dogged calmness to the end.

The verdict would declare him a free man, or send him to a convict's cell. It would restore us to our position of respectability, or cast a blight for ever on the name my children bore. It was an hour of terrible suspense, and I grew sick at heart with the fear that my innocent girls would be compelled to suffer from the finger of scorn.

Hundreds of eyes were on us as we sat

there, waiting for the return of the jury, and a mocking silence pervaded the atmosphere. The foreman of the jury returned from the anteroom, and informed the Court that the jury had found a verdict.

A whisper came from the crowd of spectators; my husband rose from his seat; my children clung to my arms with a shudder, my blood grew cold.

"You may state your verdict," answered the judge, without the movement of a muscle in his impenetrable face.

"We find the accused Not Guilty on any of the counts contained in the indictment," was the answer given clear and distinct by the speaker.

Despite all efforts a shout of applause went through the court-room, and my husband advanced to meet me with a smile, while the children threw their arms about his neck in a hug of childish affection.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### TO THE MADHOUSE.

THE result of the trial was publicly regarded as a vindication of my husband's business integrity, and his trade continued to prosper. It had no salutary effect on his private habits, and he became more dissolute than ever.

By my clairvoyant power I saw what the end would be, and again tried to dissuade him from the circle of fast companions he had gathered around him. He answered my requests with savage oaths, and said that my prophecies had always been disastrous to him, and that I had much to do with the streaks of bad luck which followed him. His conduct became more inhuman.

One night he staggered into the house

intoxicated and came to my room. I was watching as usual for his return. He advanced to my chair, and seizing the book I was reading threw it into the fire. He took a pistol from his pocket, and pointing it at me said that he had made up his mind to break my heart or kill me.

I looked at his bleared eye, and saw his unsteady finger play with the weapon. I realized the danger I was in, and feared the consequences of his carelessness more than a premeditated act of murder. I also knew that fearlessness on my part would do much to overcome a brutal nature, and rising from my chair I walked to the arm that was pointing to my head and placing the muzzle of the revolver to my heart dared him to fire.

This act of bold determination startled him, and he dropped the revolver to the floor with a curse on his lips, and throwing himself into a chair muttered between his clenched teeth,—

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“ No ! I will find a better way than that to bring your proud spirit into subjection, and before many days you will find that this show of bravery will not count for much.”

His manner of expression and his action startled me for an instant, and it was some moments before I began to realize the threat that had been uttered.

What would this maniac do ? could it be possible that he meant to assassinate me in cold blood, or was the expression only the result of drunken cowardice ? Other ways, more horrible than instant death, might be devised to dispose of me, yet I could not believe that he actually intended to put his threat into execution.

I left him in a drunken stupor, and locking myself in the room with the children for the remainder of the night, with many strange fancies filling my imagination of the possible danger I might be in, I determined to exercise all my powers to defeat his evil designs.

My health was affected by the strain upon my nerves, owing to constant worry and anxiety I had undergone, and I was in the habit of taking drives into the country, sometimes on horseback accompanied by my girls, often alone. On one of these drives I discovered the infamous plot invented by my husband to carry out his threat to break my heart, or kill me.

It was a refreshing spring morning, the grassy slopes of Euclid Avenue, released from the mantle of snow and ice, turned a velvet surface to the bright warm sun, and the variegated hyacinths lifted their starry eyes to greet the passer-by with a gentle nod, as the mild May wind whispered through the leafing trees. The waters of Lake Erie reflected the blue sky peering through fleecy clouds, and scudding sails glinted in the sunlight far at sea. With all the fresh enthusiasm of my heart, I drank the new life of reviving nature, and felt the blood tingling

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to my cheeks as I viewed the scene of animation.

In the midst of my joy the veil was again lifted, and I saw with my second sight the frightful chasm which threatened to engulf me.

The plot, with its instigator and his assistants, were marshalled before my eyes, with a method to baffle their infamous purpose, and I resolved at once to catch them in their own pitfall, and allow their machinations to be exposed to the light of public criticism.

At that moment my coachman was intent on performing his part of the programme, and I noticed a peculiar agitation in his manner. Without giving him reason to suspect that I was aware of the plot, I ordered him to drive to the office of our family physician, a man in whose honour and integrity I had the utmost confidence.

I confided to him the impressions I had

received, and told him of the attempt I was anticipating to put me into a public mad-house. After hearing my story, he said he could scarcely believe that such an outrage would be attempted, although he had received intimation of such a desire from my husband, who had sought his medical advice on this point, and wanted the doctor to sign a certificate that I was insane. This he had promptly refused, and had plainly told my husband that such an act would be a criminal proceeding.

The doctor confirmed my impressions, and kindly volunteered to assist me in bringing the perpetrators of the plot to justice. I requested him to follow my carriage at a convenient distance in his own buggy, and note carefully all that transpired, and in any event to be present at the climax of the scene. This he promised faithfully to fulfil, and said he would aid me with both money and influence.



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I was at the highest pitch of excitement, and burning with indignation at my husband's perfidy. I took my seat in the carriage determined to turn the tables on my persecutors, and if possible bring them all to justice. The driver, utterly unconscious of the knowledge I possessed, proceeded along one of the avenues leading to the asylum.

A shudder ran through my veins at the thought of a possible failure in the tragical part I was enacting. Should the doctor be prevented from reaching the asylum, or through some technicality be unable to prevent my incarceration, I might be compelled to remain for days or weeks in the company of maniacs, whose mad eyes already stared at me wildly through iron bars, and whose frightful screams I could hear echoing in my sensitive ears.

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air of authority, and ordered the coachman to quicken speed. From the window of the carriage I could see the faithful doctor in the distance, and my nerves regained composure as I saw that he had taken note of my new assistant, and was hastening to keep within a reasonable limit.

Our course was direct to the asylum, and the grim walls loomed out ominously over the tops of the trees. We reached the entrance, and a shrivelled old man with an inquisitive eye opened the rusty iron gate. A high brick wall, surmounted with an iron railing, protected the enclosure from public observation, and once within, all hope of escape was instantly dispelled.

The gate closed after us with a dismal, jarring sound, as I caught a last glimpse of my defender hastening to rescue me from the hands of the mercenary vultures.

It was with great difficulty that I subdued the indignation which prompted me to give

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vent to my feelings, and my better judgment told me that self-composure would be necessary to play the part I had assumed. The carriage stopped, the driver's companion opened the door for me, and taking off his hat with satanic politeness, said with a triumphant smile on his sickly face,—

“I beg your pardon, madam, I am Doctor —; at your husband's request I have brought you to this hospital, where you will have the best of care and attention, and soon, I hope, be able to regain your wasting strength.”

He handed an assistant of the house a document, with the remark, “Take that for examination, they will find it all right,” and turning ushered me indifferently into a reception-room adjoining the hall. Here I remained waiting anxiously for the rescue. My dress and appearance contrasted strangely with the surroundings, and I sat there carelessly twirling my parasol as though I

was on a visit of inspection, and not in immediate danger of becoming an inmate.

My wily abductor looked at me in astonishment, having prepared himself for a scene of passionate remonstrance, through which he no doubt expected to impress the madhouse authorities with the proof of my mental aberration.

The new arrival caused a commotion among the house attendants, and the doctor in charge of the asylum soon entered the room and advanced to my chair, shaking hands with me kindly, and inquiring about my health. I could not resist a smile, and laughing, replied, "I never felt better in my life, and I expect a friend to arrive soon who can give you full particulars on this point."

I had scarcely finished the sentence when Doctor ——, my rescuer, was announced. I turned to the superintendent and continued,—

"This is my friend, he will explain the plot, and assist me in bringing the principal

actors to the courts of justice to answer for their criminal conduct."

My determined resolute manner, my quiet indifference, and apparent self-possession, staggered the miscreant M.D., who attempted to explain his action, but was waved into silence by my protector, whose word was law, both in and out of the asylum, on all questions of sanitary importance.

He expressed his indignation in round terms, and vented his wrath on my husband, and the physicians who had abetted the outrage he had so fortunately been able to prevent.

The superintendent was not a party to the scheme, and after hearing the true state of the case, refused to recognize the sworn certificates of the doctors who had pronounced me insane. He complimented me on my presence of mind and my ability as an actress, while he regretted the laxity of laws which made such an outrage possible.

I rode home with my friend in need, the doctor, as the afternoon sun streamed in golden lines from the western sky, and silver bars of cloud floated listlessly in a sea of crimson light. Worn out with the excitement of the day, I had formed a settled conclusion in my mind to forgo all hopes of domestic happiness, cast my dream of love away as a worthless bauble, and, though my heart should break, apply for a divorce.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE DREAM DISPELLED.

AT the supper-table that night I mentioned the failure of the plot to my husband, who had appeared very much surprised to see me at home, although he tried to hide his astonishment. With all the sarcasm at my command, I asked him to be sure and purchase the newspapers of the day following, as I expected they would contain full accounts of the abduction, with the names of all the parties concerned; I added also that the next favourable pretext which offered I would apply to the courts for a divorce.

He was completely staggered by this unexpected assault, and for an instant hesitated





vent to my feelings and my better judgment told me that self-composure will be necessary to play the part I had assumed. The carriage stopped, the driver unlocked and opened the door for me and taking his hat with servile politeness said with a triumphant smile on his sticky face—

"I beg your pardon, madam, I am Doctor —; at your husband's request I have brought you to this hospital where you will have the best of care and attention and soon I hope, be able to regain your usual strength."

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My health was affected by the strain upon my nerves, owing to constant worry and anxiety I had undergone, and I was in the habit of taking drives into the country, sometimes on horseback accompanied by my girls, often alone. On one of these drives I discovered the infamous plot invented by my husband to carry out his threat to break my heart, or kill me.

It was a refreshing spring morning, the grassy slopes of Euclid Avenue, released from the mantle of snow and ice, turned a velvet surface to the bright warm sun, and the variegated hyacinths lifted their starry eyes to greet the passer-by with a gentle nod, as the mild May wind whispered through the leafing trees. The waters of Lake Erie reflected the blue sky peering through fleecy clouds, and scudding sails glinted in the sunlight far at sea. With all the fresh enthusiasm of my heart, I drank the new life of reviving nature, and felt the blood tingling

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At that moment my coachman was intent on performing his part of the programme, and I noticed a peculiar agitation in his manner. Without giving him reason to suspect that I was aware of the plot, I ordered him to drive to the office of our family physician, a man in whose honour and integrity I had the utmost confidence.

I confided to him the impressions I had

received, and told him of the attempt I was anticipating to put me into a public mad-house. After hearing my story, he said he could scarcely believe that such an outrage would be attempted, although he had received intimation of such a desire from my husband, who had sought his medical advice on this point, and wanted the doctor to sign a certificate that I was insane. This he had promptly refused, and had plainly told my husband that such an act would be a criminal proceeding.

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A shudder ran through my veins at the thought of a possible failure in the tragical part I was enacting. Should the doctor be prevented from reaching the asylum, or through some technicality be unable to prevent my incarceration, I might be compelled to remain for days or weeks in the company of maniacs, whose mad eyes already stared at me wildly through iron bars, and whose frightful screams I could hear echoing in my sensitive ears.

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My determined resolute manner, my quiet indifference, and apparent self-possession, staggered the miscreant M.D., who attempted to explain his action, but was waved into silence by my protector, whose word was law, both in and out of the asylum, on all questions of sanitary importance.

He expressed his indignation in round terms, and vented his wrath on my husband, and the physicians who had abetted the outrage he had so fortunately been able to prevent.

The superintendent was not a party to the scheme, and after hearing the true state of the case, refused to recognize the sworn certificates of the doctors who had pronounced me insane. He complimented me on my presence of mind and my ability as an actress, while he regretted the laxity of laws which made such an outrage possible.

I rode home with my friend in need, the doctor, as the afternoon sun streamed in golden lines from the western sky, and silver bars of cloud floated listlessly in a sea of crimson light. Worn out with the excitement of the day, I had formed a settled conclusion in my mind to forgo all hopes of domestic happiness, cast my dream of love away as a worthless bauble, and, though my heart should break, apply for a divorce.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE DREAM DISPELLED.

AT the supper-table that night I mentioned the failure of the plot to my husband, who had appeared very much surprised to see me at home, although he tried to hide his astonishment. With all the sarcasm at my command, I asked him to be sure and purchase the newspapers of the day following, as I expected they would contain full accounts of the abduction, with the names of all the parties concerned; I added also that the next favourable pretext which offered I would apply to the courts for a divorce.

He was completely staggered by this unexpected assault, and for an instant hesitated

what tack to pursue. His face betrayed him, and the puzzled look he gave me told that my shaft had hit the mark.

True to the instinct he possessed, and the knowledge of my nature when once aroused, he allowed me to remain mistress of the situation. With a forced laugh he tried to persuade me that the whole affair was nothing more than a ruse, and that he had not entertained a serious thought of confining me in the madhouse.

Like a dangerous animal when brought to bay, his craven fear returned once more, and with tears of contrition in his eyes he begged me not to destroy his business, which, he said, had suffered from the trial. He was now fully convinced that the gulf was widening between us, and appeared anxious to make amends for his treacherous conduct.

I coldly informed him that I was waiting for the progress of events which I could foresee, although I consented to withhold



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the exposure of the madhouse plot my faithful doctor was preparing for the public prints.

Notwithstanding the secrecy I maintained in relation to the affair, the full particulars became known in social circles, and I received much sympathy from my personal friends, who tried to persuade me that my life was in constant danger under the same roof with my husband, and that they would not be surprised at any moment to hear of a frightful tragedy at our house.

During an interval of some months my husband, through fear, abstained from his accustomed cruelty and abuse, while his absence from home frequently extended for several days at a time, and reports of his inconstancy and prodigal extravagance constantly reached my ears.

Fate once more was about to turn the wheel of my domestic fortunes for the last time, and remedy the one mistake of my life.

I felt that it must come, and with the intuition so often my truthful guide, I saw the day approaching that would leave me free to fulfil the more important parts of my peculiar destiny.

It was the fall of '75 ; the two political parties of the United States were struggling desperately to secure the Presidential election, and both were sanguine that their candidates, Hayes and Tilden, would carry the day.

Our city was in the furor of excitement attending such events in America, and the business of the city had been given up to casting votes for the respective tickets. Private residences were illuminated at night, and houses were thrown open for the entertainment of friends by the Republicans and Democrats. My sympathies were on the Republican side, while my husband had taken an active part with the Democrats. At his direction I had furnished a portion of the supper for the Tilden league ; at the same

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time I assisted a lady-friend and neighbour in an entertainment given to the Hayes club.

My husband was betting heavily on the result, and for two weeks pending the election remained almost entirely away from home both during the day and night.

At the solicitation of my friend I remained at her house, to assist in receiving some of the most prominent Republican politicians in the city. I was frequently solicited to sing, and play on the piano and guitar, my favourite instruments.

The early part of the evening passed pleasantly, when instantly my feelings warned me of some threatening danger, and I told my friend that I must hasten home, as I expected trouble if my husband returned intoxicated. Our houses were but a few doors apart, and throwing my lace shawl over my head I quickened my footsteps, with the old faint feeling about my heart, and a tremor of fear possessing my nerves.

As I entered the house my husband advanced to meet me with an unsteady step, his blood-shot eyes filled with drunken madness.

With an oath, he seized my hair and pulled it over my shoulders, throwing my head back, and without a word of warning struck me with his savage fist full in the face. The force of the blow stunned me for an instant, and I fell to the floor, with a stream of blood pouring down my neck and clothes. Again he struck me, and my brain became confused in a dizzy whirl.

My little girls heard the fall and came running into the room, one of them crying,—  
“Oh, papa! papa! you have killed mamma.”

With a desperate effort I seized my shawl, regained my feet, and before he had time to intercept me, fled to the house of my friend, and staggering into the parlour I had just left—with a stifled sob on my lips, I dropped senseless in the centre of the room.

It was the only time in my life I ever

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fainted, but the constant strain upon my nerves was more than I could bear. When I recovered I found myself reclining on a couch, surrounded by sympathizing friends, and the family doctor to whose kindly offices I once more owed my restoration to life. The two little girls were at my side, crying bitterly.

The diamond ring my husband wore had cut deep into my forehead, and a frightful gash disclosed a dangerous wound near the right temple. My white evening dress and diamond jewels stained with blood presented a ghastly sight under the brilliant chandelier, and my black streaming hair contrasted strangely with my pale, bloodless skin.

My fear on regaining consciousness was that my husband would follow me, and I begged the attendants to prevent his entrance into the house, as I was satisfied that he was bent on murder. The indignation of my friends was expressed in a determined threat,

and several of the gentlemen volunteered to go to our house, and visit him with the punishment he deserved.

One of the servants came to the house of my friend with a message from my husband, ordering me to return home at once, or take the consequences. To his threat I made no reply, and as I lay there, faint and sick from the loss of blood, a panoramic view of my course was again revealed to me. The direction I was to take, with every act accompanied by a result, I could see as distinctly as though the work had already been accomplished.

It was my fate, and I could not avoid meeting it.

Through all the years of my domestic trouble I fancied I could see the guiding hand and ever-watchful eye of my dead mother cheering me when discouraged, and holding bright visions before my second sight of happiness yet to come. To her I

felt I owed the warnings and premonitions that had constantly impressed my mind and rivetted my sight, enabling me to face dangers with firm nerves, and out-wit all my persecutors.

The hour had come when I must separate from my husband, and the dead leaves of my domestic life be scattered to wandering winds for ever.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### DIVORCED.

I PROCEEDED at once to the lawyer who had conducted my husband's trial, and made an application for a divorce, on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment. My face was sufficient evidence of the truth of the affidavit, and my deposition was taken at once.

In order to save the household property I was entitled to by law, it was necessary for me to live in the same house with my husband pending the hearing of the application. There was no legal authority by which my husband could be restrained from living in this house in the meantime, and for six weeks I was put to a test of my will-



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power by solicitations on his part to withdraw the action I had commenced.

Finding that I had determined to carry out my object, he sought by every art in his power to commit me to a condonement of his acts, and thus destroy the suit I had instituted. He used both persuasion and threats, and for the first time during our married life came home regularly at night, and gave up, for a time at least, his midnight carouse at the gambling dens.

My little girls were with me constantly, and for their sake alone my heart sank within me when I thought of the possible influence the act I was taking might have upon their after-life. I saw no way open to me to continue the comfortable home of luxury they had been accustomed to, and I was fearful of the pitfalls that might beset their feet.

I loved them with all the impetuosity of my nature, and the constant prayer on my lips was that no misfortunes might darken

their happy spirits, or drag them restlessly through the temptations and trials of my chequered career. I was tempted to suffer on when they came to me with word from their father, and at his direction tried to persuade me to withdraw the suit, telling me how sorry they would be to leave papa and their nice home.

My grief at what I saw to be inevitable was often relieved in many a silent tear. Through all the dark clouds the faithful finger of destiny disclosed to my doubting mind a bright scene on the ever-changing horizon.

There was but one course for me to pursue, and relying on the impressions I had never known to fail, I set my will to the work before me, confident that my faithful mentor would guide me safely to the end.

While the suit was in the attorney's hands my husband made an assignment of all his goods in favour of creditors, and secretly

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transferred his outside property in order to prevent me from collecting any judgment rendered by the court.

The day of the suit came at last, and accompanied by my two children I once more appeared in the court-room, not this time in defence of the man who had forced me to this unhappy necessity.

My counsel and witnesses were present and ready to proceed. My husband's attorney entered the room shortly after the court was open, and asked for a continuation of the hearing, as the defendant in the case could not be found, and it was reported that he had been called away from the city on important business.

My husband's character was too well known, and the Court at once refused the request, intimating that his non-appearance was an apparent attempt to evade the examination, which was ordered to proceed, and I was called to take the witness chair.

In the simplest manner possible I stated my case, referring to times and circumstances of his ill-treatment, including his attempt to confine me in a madhouse. This portion of the evidence the counsel for the defence attempted to rule out, but failed, as the judge expressed a desire to have the facts in the case thoroughly sifted.

The principal testimony was the evidence of his cruelty the night of the election, and my friends volunteered to state the case as it appeared to them in all its revolting features. My eldest girl was called to the stand, and reluctantly testified to finding me on the floor of the parlour, with my person covered with blood. She also saw him strike me after I fell. When asked if she loved her father the tears came to her eyes, and she replied that she loved both her father and mother.

The doctor gave his voluntary evidence in my favour of the cuts and bruises he had

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found, and of the physical and mental sufferings I had endured for years in silence; also the assistance he had rendered me in my rescue from the lunatic asylum, not failing to stigmatize the atrocious act and all concerned in it; adding, notwithstanding objections from the defence, that I had suffered quite enough to make an ordinary woman hopelessly insane.

My friends whose home had afforded me a refuge from my husband's passion confirmed previous witnesses, and gave other damaging evidence as to his drunken habits and insane rage, which had at various times aroused the fear and indignation of neighbours living in the immediate vicinity of our house.

My waiting-maid testified to many facts, and said that my husband had offered her a sum of money for evidence to be given in his favour, which she had refused; whereupon he had threatened to discharge her, with all the servants in the house, if they declined to swear as he instructed.

The sympathy of the large crowd of spectators who filled the court-room was with me, and my husband's counsel failed in a weak attempt to impeach the evidence of several witnesses, and had no testimony to rebut the allegations made by a host of friends. The case occupied three days, and resulted in the finding of a true bill against my husband. The prayer for alimony was granted, and fixed by the court at five thousand dollars.

Meantime my husband had settled his business affairs in Louisville, Memphis, and New Orleans, and had transferred all his property. My lawyer was unable to get out an attachment in consequence, and I was left with a responsibility of debt on my shoulders, with only the house furniture awarded to me, with the care of the two children.

From that day to this I lost sight of the man to whom I had devoted those years of my life, with all the faithfulness of an ardent loving nature, trusting him as a child, and

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remaining true to him long after I discovered the deceit and perfidy he so ill-disguised, enduring without a word of complaint the neglect and abuse that had well-nigh crushed out my physical vigour, and enshrouded my hopes in an atmosphere of mental despair.

I turned to my consciousness of having fulfilled my duty, and could find nothing to reproach myself with, in the action I had taken. The world might form its own opinion, and gossip as it chose. I had passed through the fire and the hem of my garment had not been touched with the singeing flame of suspicion.

To my children my duty was not yet fulfilled, and to them my deserted heart turned with all the fondness of a mother's love; and for their happiness and comfort, I renewed once more my determination to win a way to the place and position indicated by my destiny.

The man I once loved and aided with my

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resolution and courage, when the storms of adversity tossed us from weal to woe, no longer directed by his guiding star, drifted hopelessly in the whirlpool of dissipation, without the determination to regain a standing in the commercial world; his courage gone, surrounded by the dissolute companions he had chosen to be his associates, the remainder of his fortune soon melted away at the haunts of vice.

He became a professional gambler, I was informed, and for a time remained in the southern cities, where he was well known for his reckless hazards against desperate odds; which at length drove him, with a throng of case-hardened adventurers, to Deadwood, in the Black Hills, where I part with him for ever, a ruined man—waiting for the last turn of the wheel.



## CHAPTER XX.

### ON THE STAGE AT LAST.

My life and hope returned once more, and my resolution remained unshaken to overcome every obstacle that might impede my progress. I saw the way, and the bright rim of a silver-lined cloud lifted the gloom from my tempest-torn heart. The experiences of early years had inured me to the trials and temptations of the world, and I was not unmindful of the difficulties to which my new position would necessarily be exposed.

With confidence in my ability to achieve distinction, I turned again to my first love, the stage, and resolved to continue the battle so propitiously commenced, yet so often di-

verted by the flank movements of unrelenting fate. My friends remained true to me, and offered to do all in their power to further my interests in whatever direction I saw fit to exercise my various gifts.

I was tendered a lucrative position by a popular physician to diagnose diseases through my clairvoyant powers, and the chief of the police offered to remunerate me if I would devote my second sight solely to detective purposes. Another gentleman of scientific predilections was eager to advertize me as a phenomenon, and guaranteed me a salary to exhibit what he termed a mysterious and supernatural art.

All these offers I firmly refused, preferring to devise a plan of my own in order to advance my fortunes and place me again in a position to win public esteem.

The many incidents that brought my name into the daily newspapers greatly assisted me in the venture I was about to undertake, as it

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also made me the recipient of many notices from the editors, who commented favourably on the courage and pluck I had displayed while undergoing some very trying ordeals.

I was not without ardent admirers among some very wealthy and influential gentlemen, who did not hesitate to let me know that they were without incumbrances, and ready at any moment to bestow upon my unprotected head their life-long fealty. My experiences in this direction were not calculated to excite much sympathy for their distress, and I allowed them to entertain no serious thought that I could listen to their forlorn hopes.

I remained in my house for the winter and supported myself and the children, by giving private lessons in elocution. My classes were largely attended and proved a source of profit as well as pleasure.

During this time I was making efforts to organize a comedy company, with a view to

travelling through the States on my own responsibility. My two girls had both inherited my passion for the stage, and begged me to introduce them in some part suited to their capacity. The elder child was a natural musician and played several instruments with surprising skill, while the younger daughter had a sweet voice, and sang very many popular ballads. Both girls were pretty and attractive in their manners, and perfectly at home before an audience.

Spring opened and found me prepared to embark in the new enterprise. A mortgage was held on our house by the attorneys who had conducted my husband's trial, and receiving a good offer for the entire property, including the household effects, I transferred our old home, not without a pang of regret at parting with the luxuries and comforts we had enjoyed beneath its roof, as well as the many remembrances clustered about its vine-clad portals.

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My company were effectually drilled, and under my tutelage sustained their respective parts with thorough proficiency. The line of plays I had selected consisted of light comedies, preceded by a farce, in which my girls introduced their songs and musical accompaniments. I was always the leading lady, and insisted that every member of my company should be well up in their parts, and allow no hitches to interrupt the even working of the minutest details.

It was to this particular regard for points so often neglected by promiscuous theatrical companies, that we owed the success which invariably followed our first appearance in the towns and cities where we had been advertized. The press and public gave us their support, and bestowed many compliments on the ability and training of each individual member of the troupe. I superintended the greater portion of the business, and had charge of the finances, keeping

watch over the receipts and disbursements.

I indicated the route best adapted to financial success, and with my usual good fortune I was able to select only those points where we were able to do a paying business, and to pass by the towns I saw would be unprofitable to us. Being asked one day by one of the company why I passed by a well-known city in the State of Michigan, I replied that it was a losing point for our company, and that I could not yet afford to be at any unnecessary expense.

The interrogator laughed at this, and offered to show me the fallacy of giving way to what he regarded as a mere superstition. Moreover, he said that this particular point was always favoured by theatrical companies, owing to the generous support extended to them, and he offered to make good any loss that I might sustain by stopping at this place.

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To satisfy myself, as well as test the reliability of my clairvoyant power in this direction, I consented to try the venture, and we were extensively announced to appear on several days at the largest and most fashionable place of amusement in the city.

A combination of circumstances united to bring my prediction to pass, and the elements assisted in verifying my impression. We lost money, and my poor friend was in a hopeless dilemma over the prospect of being held to his agreement. I absolved him from the obligation, but ever after determined to follow my own dictation, even at the sacrifice of all established precedents.

My good star was in the ascendant and my company made money. We travelled through the western and southern States, visiting the principal towns and cities, and everywhere we received a paying and encouraging support. My health improved and the colour returned to my cheeks; my spirits revived under the excitement, and I

concluded that constant activity was my natural state.

My mind, released from the trouble and anxiety of an unhappy marriage, now exercised its pent-up force to some purpose, and I was capable of an immense amount of hard work. My figure grew round and plump, and my gipsy-black hair and dark eyes were the objects of attention and comment whenever I appeared in public.

My little girls, ten and twelve years of age, were my constant companions, and persons unacquainted with my life expressed surprise at the girlish appearance of their mother. During the two years we were constantly travelling my life was continually varied by many pleasant as well as disagreeable incidents connected with the dramatic profession. Our journeys by land and water were attended by no accident of a serious nature, and good fortune favoured us with crowded houses.

Again I was seized with discontent at the



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path I had been following, and my intuitions plainly told me that another way had been marked out by fate for my restless spirit, and that the work I was destined to fulfil had not yet been commenced. A desire to visit the Old World filled my mind, yet for what purpose or object I was utterly at a loss to discover.

For many days I questioned the propriety of what appeared to me only a visionary and unprofitable scheme, the product of my wildest imagination, possibly produced by a lingering memory of ruined castles, knights errant, and chivalry, I had pictured to my earliest fancy in the land beyond the sea.

From a monetary point of view I could not possibly better my position. I was independent and free, with every prospect before me of rapidly securing a fortune. I had a costly wardrobe for the characters I played, and my jewels were the envy of all beholders.

The success I had met with was due to the labour and perseverance I had expended, and every member of my company turned to me for suggestions and advice, while they looked upon my clairvoyant faculties as the touchstone of my worth.

They were all endeared to me from my knowledge of their personal merits, and the many experiences we had passed through together united us with ties that were hard to sever.

Destiny urged me on ; not without doubts and misgivings for the future, coupled with fond recollections of the past. I could not stem the current of life that was urging me to a foreign shore, and bearing me, despite my will and inclinations, to new scenes, for a purpose yet unrevealed.

I had followed my unseen guide from childhood with perfect confidence, and as I reviewed the tortuous windings of my marked life I could find no occasion in which my best

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impressions had failed to direct me safely to the right. The curtain was partially drawn one winter evening while I sat musing over a cosy fire, and a dissolving view of the way before me was again presented to my preternatural sight.

At length I resolved to visit Europe, contrary to the advice of every member of my company, who predicted all manner of disasters and misfortunes, and tried their utmost to dissuade me from undertaking what appeared to them a hazardous venture, fraught with great risks and almost certain financial ruin.

I did not see at this time how truly their utmost fears would be realized. The bright side of the picture had only been presented to my second sight, while the dark threatening storm-clouds impending over me had been withheld from the vision. Relying on the aids I had ever found at my disposal to take me safely through, I disbanded my company

and made preparations to bid farewell to the old familiar scenes, and visit the land of song and story—England, with her beautiful isles and sunny sloping hills.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### AROUND THE LAKES.

I PLACED my girls at school under the watchful eye of my faithful old nurse, whose lifelong constancy had endeared her to my heart, and whose regard for me had won my truest affection. I parted from my children with the tears streaming down my cheeks, and as I kissed them in the last good-bye my resolution wavered.

The thought that I might never see them again, and that the remorseless waves might deprive them of my love and care, for an instant shook my doubting determination, and filled me with the inclination to retrace my steps. The line had been marked out, and it was now too late to follow the momentary impulse of a mother's heart.

“Never fear,” came the answer to my silent questioning, and I felt again the invisible presence of my dictator, keeping me steadfast in the path of duty.

It was a bright day in May when, in company with my agent and a party of theatrical friends en route for New York, we left M—— for a week’s trip down the great lakes which divide our country from the Queen’s dominions. The propeller “Lawrence,” under the command of Captain S——, steamed out of the straight-cut pier into the bay of M——, leaving a long wake of foam glistening in the rays of the rising sun.

The gentle slopes of Prospect Park were carpeted with green, and the palatial residences along the bluff stood out in bold relief in the clear atmosphere against the pale blue of the morning sky. A slight swell tossed the crystal waves from the cutting prow, and the line of black smoke

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from the furnace rolled landward with the wind blowing in shore.

Numerous sailing-vessels, taking advantage of the breeze, were standing into port under full sail, unmindful of the watchful little tugs waiting for a tow. Rounding the North Point lighthouse we caught a last glimpse of the receding city, now growing dim in the distance.

I stood on the deck until my old home faded from sight and the white tower of the lighthouse was lost to view. All that day the sandy head-lines of the western shore of Lake Michigan remained in sight, sometimes indistinctly outlined in the distance, then appearing nearer, and the tall dark form of the northern pine-trees could be distinctly seen looming from the primeval forests.

The villages along the lake ports present many peculiar and interesting characteristics. Oftentimes they are located at the extremity of boundless woods, with no link to connect

them to civilization except the steamboat that stops for a few moments to deliver the mail and unload provisions for the supply stores. Lumbering is the principal occupation of the inhabitants, and the limitless forests of timber afford a field to supply the world for years to come.

As the propeller makes a landing the deep bass sound of the whistle wakes the echos for miles around, and rouses the inhabitants of the sleepy village to something like a show of physical activity. The landing is crowded with rustic spectators, who gaze with an air of satisfaction on the scene, and look expectantly at the letter-packet as the village postmaster throws the bag over his arm and walks off, with the hopes and fears of the entire population at his disposal.

A straggling Indian, with a gun over his shoulder and a tattered blanket clinging to his unprotected limbs, views the bustle in moody silence, reverting, no doubt, to the



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time when his ancestors held undisputed sway in the hunting-fields now occupied by the logging camp.

During the winter months the steamboat traffic is entirely suspended, and these lonesome villages are completely blockaded with snow and ice, and all communication with the outside world is suspended.

Wild game is an important item in the transportation company's freight-books, and at a landing on the Michigan shore our cargo was increased with three hundred crates of live pigeons, captured in nets a few miles from the pier.

The Straits of Mackinaw, a narrow strip of water opening a passage into Lake Huron, are celebrated for the delicacy of the lake trout caught in this vicinity, resembling in flavour the Canadian salmon, though differing in colour. These straits abound in wild game, and as our propeller ploughed along, flocks of water-fowl, startled from their

billowy beds with a shrill cry, darkened the air for a moment and then disappeared on the waves nearer the shore.

The three Manitow Islands lifted their glistening sandy banks in the sunshine to the left. On one of these islands the Mormons, driven out of the State of New York, settled in early years, and, free from persecution, built up a prosperous village. Many of their buildings remain in good preservation, to-day, and are now occupied by a hardy race of fishermen.

The soil is very fertile, and our captain had a laughable story to tell of the enormous size of the potatoes found growing there after the Mormons departed for the Mississippi River. The straits are covered with ice in the depth of winter, and fishing is extensively carried on by the islanders through holes cut in the crystal surface.

At Port Huron we met with difficulty in reaching the pier after dark, and struck a

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sand-bar at the mouth of the harbour, where we grounded. With the assistance of a tug that answered our signal of distress we were got off. The weather continued fair, and our days were spent joyously imbibing new vigour from the pure, bracing air; much of our time was passed on deck sighting points of interest through the captain's glass, and listening to instructive information concerning objects replete with romantic adventure and Indian legends that cling to this picturesque locality.

The captain's head was full of historical facts and incidents; he had sailed the lakes from early boyhood, and was possessed of a prodigious memory for dates and circumstances connected with his active life on the inland seas. At Detroit we were delayed to repair the engine, that had been damaged while getting off the sand-bar at Port Huron.

The propeller remained several hours at C—, and I could not resist the temp-

tation to take a parting stroll through the park and a hasty look at the scenes once so dear to me. I had not been forgotten, and the first familiar face that met my eyes was the portly figure of the United States Marshall, who kindly invited me to take dinner with his wife and family, who had always been my faithful friends and often assisted me in the hour of trouble.

The boat left the wharf at one o'clock that afternoon, and I could not accept the proffered hospitality of my old neighbours. The wind was fresh as we steamed out of the river, and the white-capped waves danced merrily over the blue waters as we rounded the crib and left the forest city of America gleaming in the sunshine far astern.

We entered the Welland Canal the night following, and commenced the tortuous descent of twelve hundred feet through a combination of forty locks. The passage is attended with much difficulty, and often danger,

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from collisions with the crowded traffic hurrying to secure a first position.

During the two days and one night occupied in passing the locks, the captain informed the passengers that they were at liberty to visit the Niagara Falls, and meet the propeller twelve miles below. At breakfast a polite hackman presented himself and offered to act as guide to convey us through, for the modest sum of twenty dollars.

Our party of four divided the cost, and set out to visit the spot, justly celebrated on both continents for its overawing grandeur and surpassing beauty. Table Rock, the Cave of the Winds, the Tower, the Sister Islands, the Rapids, and the whirlpool below the Falls were visited.

I enjoyed a pleasant chat with a bright-faced Indian girl, who sold bead-spun trinkets on the Canadian side, and who offered to take me to her wigwam not far from the Falls, which offer I would gladly have accepted

had our time not been limited. I shall always retain my sympathy for the dusky inhabitants of the forests now being driven to extermination in the land they rightfully possess, and I know well the nature of the proud spirit that never forgets a favour, or forgives a wrong.

The weather became colder before we reached the end of the canal, and on Lake Ontario we encountered one of the unpleasant storms frequently to be met on the northern lakes. The wind blew a gale, and the short choppy seas presented a defiant front to our trusty boat as it pitched from wave to wave. Black clouds of hail and snow filled the air, and drove us all shivering to the comfortable fires within.

A great portion of the passengers were deathly sick, and it was almost impossible to sit at the dining-tables. For twenty-four hours we battled with one of the severest gales of the season. The captain remained

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at his post constantly, day and night, and displayed his knowledge of the dangerous coast by running into the harbour at Oswego in the darkness while the storm was at its height.

It was here our lake journey ended, and we parted with the captain and our steam-boat companions with a general hand-shaking, amid the best wishes for our future safety, and a determination not to forget the pleasant recollections connected with a happy two weeks trip around the lakes.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

SUNDAY was passed quietly at Oswego, where we attended church in the morning. In the evening a musical levée was held in the hotel parlours. The proprietor of the house and his family presented me with a costly guitar, and were so interested with my gipsy appearance, and my skill on this instrument, that they offered to get up a private entertainment at the hotel for my benefit, if I would remain over the following night. My time would not permit me to take advantage of their generous proposal, and I was compelled to decline, owing to my previous arrangements to leave New York on an early steamer.



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The next day found us whirling along the beautiful valley of the Mohawk River, in the State of New York, the home and birthplace of my gipsy mother. For many miles the line of railroad wound its way through one of the most prosperous agricultural districts of the United States, and one of the fairest spots of nature on the continent.

Numerous farm-houses looked out smiling over the grassy uplands, gently sloping to the banks of the river, and the bright green meadows were dotted with contented cattle browsing in the pastures. The fields of grain, freshened by the spring rains, waved in burdened undulations, that gave promise of a bountiful harvest, and the happy plough-boys marked out their day's work in the furrowed cornfields.

Flocks of sheep, frightened by the hurrying train, scampered over the hills, and the shining hoofs of frisky horses glistened in the sun as we dashed over the resounding culverts,

away from the fascinating scene of peace and plenty.

From the elevation we could see the Erie canal winding its length along the valley, bearing lazy freight on innumerable barges in the old-fashioned way. As we emerged from the farm-lands into the towns, the mild spring air was burdened with the bloom of early flowers from the cultivated gardens on either side, and an enterprising lad entered the car with an arm full of white and purple lilacs, which found ready sale among the passengers.

At Albany we decided to take the boat for New York, to enjoy a moonlight view of the Hudson River. The delightful day was followed by a balmy night, and the moon in the third quarter promised to reveal in all its resplendent glory the scenery of the noble river.

To my imagination the shadows of night alone present a picture in its truest colouring, and leave sufficient scope for the mind to

revel in all the delights of wayward fancy. The faces in the moon are not altogether the product of a superstitious brain. Your dimly lighted rooms and mouldering abbeys to me are often peopled with unknown forms, whose life-like figures come and go, yet leave no token of their silent visitations.

As the palatial steamer "Daniel Drew" moved majestically from the landing, a band of musicians on the upper deck struck the familiar strains of "La Somnambula." The moon peered out from scudding clouds, and a flood of liquid light danced on the rippling water. The echos answered back from the hilly shores;—the lights of sailing craft glimmered in the distance, and hung like fire-flies in the dreamy air.

With my cloak around me, I remained without, and watched the rocky bluffs, lone sentinels looming in all their grandeur, clothed in the lights and shadows of the wayward moonbeams; now full, then half dis-

pelled by intercepting clouds, that chased each other through the star-lit sky :—a time for fairy fancies, for on the bosom of the placid water a midget queen might float her leafy bark, and call her elfin subjects to the feast of Hallowe'en.

Again the rugged Catskills contained the mystical pirate crew, and Rip Van Winkle slept away the fleeting years unmindful of the blustering Gretchen or the sorrow-stricken Mina.

“ The Crow's Nest ” and the grim “ Prophet of the Mountains ” lifted their black domes to the clouds and presented a beetling front to the peaceful river that glided quietly along the base, kissing their jagged feet in whispering ripples, and laving their sides in maternal admonition.

It was late at night before I left my seat, and the dew had stealthily covered the deck while I was musing on the fascinating picture ; the silvery beads glistened in mellow

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light, and spangled the stanchion rails with diamond chips.

I retired to my state room with the transformation scene before my eyes, and the visions that had filled my head conjured another world, wherein I roamed at will, in search of other scenes more bright than this.

The rising sun found us at the New York dock, where the bustle and hurry of removing baggage had already commenced, and the steaming of the river traffic told of a busy world without. My thoughts reverted to the lonely days and weeks I had once passed in this city, and the scene in the depôt the night of the first departure for the war: to the trials and triumphs I had successfully encountered since then, and the purpose I was now bent on accomplishing.

Propitious fortune had thus far favoured my endeavours, and I hoped for the future the aid of the past.

The travel abroad had already commenced,

and every outgoing steamer was crowded with passengers, en route for Europe and the Paris Exposition, which offered more than ordinary inducements to restless Americans bent on rest and recreation.

The agents' books were full, and desirable berths could not be procured for several weeks on three of the most popular routes. I had no desire to remain in New York, and resolved on taking another line less frequented, though offering the same accommodation. To do this, I was much pressed for time, and had to prepare to embark immediately, as the steam-ship "Idaho," of the Guion Line, Captain Holmes, was announced to leave the dock at eight o'clock a.m. on the following Tuesday morning.

During the interim I had not consulted my second sight about the journey I was preparing to take across the treacherous sea. I felt that the end could not be diverted by the means, and that my life and property

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were in the hands of other powers to finish, or continue the chequered experiences that marked my existence.

I even neglected the precaution to insure my valuable wardrobe, thinking if it went to the bottom that I must certainly be lost, and if my time had come that all the assistance of this world could not divert the dial-point of destiny. My spirits were light and my heart free from the care and distress that a few years before sent me wandering through these self-same streets, a deserted wife and disconsolate mother.

Now the future appeared bright before me, and in my strength and vigour I felt a power to achieve my aim, provided the shuttle-thread of life was not to be snapped by ruthless fate.

More than once I had suffered mental and physical shipwreck, and a bark that had contained my treasures was already stranded and going to pieces on the quicksands of a dissipated life.

The sea could show no terrors to a soul inured to storm and tempest, and in the mad hurricane my heart found weird and consoling music, while my admiration went out to nature's elements, proving the greatness of their merciless power, by whipping into fragments the handiwork of man.

I had faith in my courage to stand the severest test, and an exercise of will and power to nerve myself for any emergency.

Little did I dream that even then death was staring me in the face ; that my very existence hung by a slender thread, that threatened to snap my hold on life ; and that before another fortnight passed away I would once more find myself bereft of fortune, battling for life in the cruel sea.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A STORM AT SEA.

THE day of my departure was dark and disagreeable, the rain poured in torrents, and a biting cold wind, accompanied by penetrating mists, swept along the streets, and sent a shiver through all exposed to the damp chilly air. The early hour of the morning had not yet filled the city with the hum and rattle of occupation, and the huge commercial houses of Broadway, with their massive shutters tightly closed, gave the streets a grim and deserted look.

At the wharf I found my friends waiting under dripping umbrellas to bid me the last good-bye. It was a cheerless picture ; a thick

fog from the river, mingled with the escaping steam, blew into our faces and penetrated our heavy ulsters, which afforded little protection from the raw air. The steamer, moored to the pier, was drenched with the wet, and the deep breathings from the furnace told of the struggle going on below to get steam up.

The officers and men on duty were protected from the weather in oil-skin suits, and streams of water poured from their clothing as they hurriedly checked the baggage and hoisted it under cover. The passengers had disappeared in the cabins to avoid the storm without, and there was a noticeable absence of the hand-shaking and hugging usually attending such a scene.

The bustle increased for a moment, and the command was given to "Cast off." My friends stepped ashore and waved me a fond farewell.

I stood on the deck in a pelting rain, and the steamer moved majestically into the

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stream, as a thick cloud of mist shut out from my sight the beckoning forms. I peered through the fog as it lifted, and once more caught a fleeting glimpse of the retreating shore, and the dim outline of the fading figures disappeared from view.

The fog grew thicker as we steamed into the bay, and with the exception of a transient glimpse of Staten Island, this impenetrable white wall opposed every attempt at sight-seeing, and drove all but the most persistent into the cabin below. I remained on deck until we passed the quarantine and were fairly standing out from land. The wind freshened and the long steady swell of the ocean could be plainly distinguished in the altered motion of the vessel, as it glided gracefully into the open sea.

As I turned to go down the companion-way, a warning sense of some impending trouble seized my nerves, and with the same feeling of insecurity that had often before impressed

my mind, I felt the electric current chill my blood.

If in days gone by this oppressive feeling had clogged my breath, now it shook my very body, and I entered the saloon mechanically weak from nervous exhaustion. I had never been sea-sick, and through the severe storm on the lakes my spirits were as light as a bird ; it could not be this that had for a moment paralyzed my limbs, and I knew only too well that these peculiar sensations foreboded disaster.

Was I at last to find an unknown grave in the remorseless waves ? had the hand that ever guided me aright finally lured me to my destruction ? why had I failed to consult my monitor before leaving New York ? was this doom to fall on me because of a proud and haughty spirit, and would the elements that I professed to love soon leave my bones whitening in the swirling sand ?

The wind increased in force as night set in,

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and at the supper-table the captain facetiously remarked to the doctor, for the benefit of passengers already sea-sick, that "it would be a rough night outside."

The ship's motion did not affect me in the least, and my appetite increased rather than diminished with the rising waves.

I retired early, with the impression clinging to me that some unusual event would transpire before the voyage was completed. I could not sleep, and the dull swashing of the water at the port-holes, as the waves chased each other along the sides of the ship, answered the dreary monotone of the whistling wind.

The ponderous screw beat the angry waves with ceaseless revolutions. The piping of the hands and the rattling rudder-chains assisted in driving sleep from my restless brain : mingled with the confusion, the dismal fog-horn sounded above the roar and warned the coast-bound craft of threatening danger.

I pictured to myself the mighty force of the

elements as the iron-bound steam-ship creaked and wrenched through the trough of the sea.

Thus I was musing : my eyes were closed in a vain attempt to sleep, when again I saw a vision with my second sight. I looked upon it without the least thought of fear, and all my senses were in a most passive state. It was the interpretation of my peculiar feelings on first entering the cabin, and eagerly I watched the waking dream as it passed slowly before my eyes.

I could see a steam-ship stranded on a rocky ledge, with the foam and waves lashing over its battered sides ; the decks covered with men and women struggling to escape by the ship's boats, and working with the energy of despair : among them I stood, a quiet spectator of the wild scene. I saw the water creeping into the helpless vessel now heeling over on her side, and watched unmoved the terror that seized the passengers as they crowded into the life-boats, until every soul

was saved. Into the last boat I stepped, and as we pulled from the wreck the deserted ship righted, and with a shivering plunge went down, down, till she was quite out of sight.

Slowly the vision vanished, while I heard the old familiar voice of my mother whisper softly in my ears, "Don't be afraid, Gipsy, you will come out safe."

This was all. In vain I looked for the finale: adrift in a stormy ocean miles from land in open boats was an unpleasant prospect, notwithstanding the consolation that we should come out safe.

I fell asleep, and the watch-bells preceding breakfast roused me from a refreshing night's rest. The apparition was fresh in my mind, and I soon satisfied myself that it was not an uncertain dream.

The storm and wind continued throughout the day, and the seas rolled mountains high. The dining-tables were well-nigh deserted, and I was the only lady who occupied her

seat throughout the entire voyage. The sea was so rough that the wine-glass rack emptied its contents on the breakfast-table. No one except the officers and crew ventured to go outside, and the waves frequently washed the decks from the fore-castle to the wheel-house.

The day was dreary, marked by no particular incident, with only the call to meals to relieve the tediousness. At night I thought again of my vision, and slept in my clothes to be prepared for the disaster I felt must surely come. The third night from Sandy Hook found us still breasting a turbulent storm.

About midnight I was startled from sleep by a crash, which shook the steamer and almost dashed me from my berth. The engines stopped instantly and were reversed. I went to my state-room door prepared for the wild scene that had been revealed to me. Several gentlemen hurried to the stairway to go on deck, when one of the officers quieted our anxiety by the information that the vessel



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had only struck on an ice-floe, and that no damage had been received.

We were then off the dreaded Newfoundland banks, and my mind pictured the destruction of some unfortunate fishing schooner, with her crew gone down in the gloom, without a moment's warning to prepare for eternity.

The steamer stopped for a few moments, then continued its way, and the passengers returned to their berths.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### SHIPWRECKED.

OUR passage continued very rough, and the storm did not abate; the sun was totally obscured; and the captain remained on duty almost constantly, night and day. Few of the passengers ventured out, although I was determined to have a good view of the angry waves, and wrapping myself in a water-proof cloak, with the assistance of the surgeon, I repaired to a position near the wheel-house to watch the storm.

The vast expanse was a field of seething foam, the top of each mountainous swell a crested peak, torn and broken by the gale as it lashed the spray high into the air. The

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hilly waves with their feathery crowns resembled ice-capped mountain-tops, filling the atmosphere with drifting snow; the black clouds, low in the heavens, threw a shadow over the water and increased the whiteness of the ghostly wave-forms that shook their garments in the wind.

Looking down the steep declivity, a yawning chasm seemed about to swallow us in its fathomless depths, as our good ship rose and sank from each succeeding valley of foam.

Anon the turbulent ocean, as if enraged at the escape of its prey, with mad delight dashed a fleeting wave over the dipping prow, and sent the swell rolling along the decks.

The violence of the wind increased and threatened to carry us bodily into the hissing caldron of bubbling, seething destruction. The roar of the sea drowned our voices as they mingled with the confusing whirl and were lost in the tempest.

It was a fascinating sight, and the wild pic-

ture transcended all my previous conceptions of its startling grandeur and overpowering force. There was a charm to me in the mad struggle of the contending elements, and I watched the strife with quickened pulse and glowing admiration for the pent-up strength of universal nature.

Disasters they say never come single-handed ; through my life of constant changes, I have noticed that a wave of good or bad fortune is generally followed by two succeeding waves. As I stood on the steamer's deck I noticed that the storm swells of the ocean follow each other in threes. A peculiar verification of this idea presented itself in the unexpected appearance of three porpoises, which kept pace with the ship for the greater portion of that day.

Fifty head of horses formed a part of the ship's cargo ; out of this number three died from the effects of the rough weather. Twice since my departure I had been startled from

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my berth at night by a crash: calmly I waited for the third and last, which I knew must come.

In the course of a general conversation one day in the cabin, I remarked that I had seen in a dream the first night out from New York a disaster threatening to befall our ship. I was laughed at for my superstitious fears, and told that our vessel was one of the most seaworthy on the Atlantic, and that for thirteen years it had battled through storms, some of which could not be compared for violence to what we were then experiencing.

I made no mention of the fact that I possessed second sight, and turned the conversation by opening the piano and playing one of my liveliest airs.

One gentleman in particular, Mr. Peter Doremus, was much distressed at what I claimed to have seen, and he quietly informed me that he had implicit faith in dreams, as a peculiar circumstance in his life had made him a firm believer in the power of certain individuals to foresee coming events.

He questioned me anxiously as to the time of the fulfilment, although I could give him no positive assurance, and tried to laugh off his evident fear that my dream would be verified.

Sunday found the condition of affairs unaltered, and the weather continued rough. Morning Service was conducted in the cabin by the doctor, the captain being unable to preside, owing to the constant demand for his presence on the bridge, where he remained faithfully up to the last moment of the unlucky voyage.

For the entire week the sun had withheld its rays, and the sea and air were thick with the foaming rack. Saturday morning:—this being the eleventh day of our voyage, the fury of the storm abated, and the welcome cry of "Land, ho!" brought the passengers to the deck. The sun for the first time broke through the clouds and shed a cheerful light over all who were not too sick to leave their state-rooms.

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The arrowy dome of Bally Cotton lighthouse lifted its white peak into the breaking clouds as we steamed along the rock-bound Irish coast.

At Queenstown the tender was waiting to receive the mail and a few passengers whose business or destination required them to land. The weather was rapidly clearing and the rough sea had settled into a full but less angry commotion.

The life of the passengers and officers revived under the genial rays of the warm sun, and the prospect of a safe arrival at Liverpool on Sunday morning.

The ship's crew occupied their time in cleaning and repainting the railings, tarring ropes, and drying sails; the cabin steward had already commenced taking up the mats and removing curtains from the state-room berths.

We were on deck as the Queenstown tender came alongside, and my friend who

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had expressed faith in dreams came up to me smiling, with the remark that my vision did not seem likely to come true; nevertheless, he said he had taken the precaution to remove two valuable paintings he expected to exhibit at the Paris Exposition from his trunk, and placed them near at hand.

We entered into a discussion as to the relation of dreams and impressions in connexion with the movements and actions of life; and as I had received assurance that we would arrive safe, my friend concluded that my premonition could not relate to the present voyage, but some passage soon to follow.

I had an inclination to leave the steamship at Queenstown, but the bright sunshine banished it from my mind. The day passed joyously, and most of our time was spent on the deck, where we entered into the ship's games with life and vigour.

It was the 1st of June—a day almost fatal to me.



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Once before in my marked life on the 1st of June, I had shipwrecked my affections on the uncertain sea of marriage. Little did I dream at that moment another shipwreck was about to engulf my fortune, and leave me friendless, without a penny, in a foreign land.

A happy company of travellers were out on the steamship's deck, watching the green pastures of the Emerald Isle through the captain's telescope, or throwing scraps of bread to the sea-gulls that hovered about us, filling the air with their shrill cries; some were playing at the several games in progress, and a musical quartette, in which I assisted, were indulging in a round of jolly songs.

The afternoon sun had gone down in the western waters, trailing its golden fingers along the craggy cliffs and dipping in the glittering sands that now and then stretched down to meet the sea.

In an instant the speeding ship was enveloped in a dense fog, which increased as the darkness gathered, and heavy drops of rain drove us all below.

As I entered the stairway leading to the saloon once more my old sensation seized me with redoubled force, and I remarked aloud,—

“ This ship is fated.”

Before I could cross the cabin floor my vision was fulfilled, and the ill-fated “ Idaho ” struck, with a convulsive, rasping, grating sound, on Connebeg Rock.

## CHAPTER XXV.

“TAKE TO THE LIFE-BOATS.”

THE scene that followed defies description.

As the steamship struck she heeled over on her port side, throwing us all with violence against the state-room doors, the tables, and the cushioned seats. The glass fell from the racks over our prostrate bodies, adding to the consternation and danger by covering the floor with broken fragments.

The wildest confusion ensued. Mothers with children screamed for their little ones, men called in despair to their wives and families, children cried, and all, with that instinct common in the hour of peril, felt the extent of the danger which threatened. I

expected with the rest that the vessel would turn completely over, and before we could reach the deck bury us in the sea.

A moment following the crash a mad rush was made for the upper deck, and the passage leading to the stairway was blocked with the terror-stricken throng, who fled without stopping to save a coat or a bonnet.

I waited, calmly viewing the wild flight, and followed the passengers out of the cabin to the upper deck, where the panic increased in proportion as the immediate prospect of destruction became known.

I stood at the binnacle, and without the tremor of a nerve, faced the picture of death I saw before me.

The foaming waves gnashed their white teeth around the black peak of the rock that appeared above the water on the starboard side, and dashed hissing on the deck of the stranded steam-ship.

The black smoke, glowing with sparks,

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issued in a thick column from the toppling stack, and told the story that sealed the "Idaho's" doom.

The water had reached the engine-room, and was already putting out the fires. No help could aid her now, and in a few short moments the sea would claim its own. Above the cries and prayers of the passengers the voice of the captain sounded loud and clear, and the command was given,—

"Take to the life-boats."

The fears of the crowd increased as officers and men bent every energy to obey the order. A few women, driven by insane fear, were about to throw themselves into the sea; and one poor creature was raving mad from the shock, and ran up and down the deck tearing her hair and calling on the Mother of God to save her.

The power to move deserted another, and she had to be carried bodily and placed in a boat. One insisted on remaining by the

sinking ship, and refused to trust her life in the small boats until an officer forced her to follow the rest.

I could not stand idle at such a time ; and as I watched the water creeping up the ship's side, and saw the decks settling for a last plunge, I seized an axe overlooked in the excitement, and aided the men in cutting away two of the life-boats, into which I assisted both men and women.

While thus engaged I caught the captain's eye fixed on me in astonishment. He gave me a nod of encouragement, and threw off his coat while cutting away the last boat. The water was then streaming into the port-holes and filling the cabin ; the struggle of the horses could be distinctly heard, and their mournful neighing, mingled with the escaping steam, added to the horror of the moment.

Never did faithful officers and brave men work with nobler courage in a struggle with death.

Five life-boats were safely launched, each commanded by an officer or competent seaman, with instructions to stand by until every soul was saved.

Into the last boat I stepped at the captain's direction, as he remarked,—

“This is our only chance.”

The first officer, with a boat containing the crew, was tossing in the waves: the command was given,—

“Pull for your lives.”

Together our boats darted from the wreck.

I watched the noble steamship only a few yards away, and saw it slowly settling.

With a shiver that shook the vessel from stem to stern, it righted for an instant—a gurgling sound of water filling in came from between the decks—the waves danced fitfully as if eager for the victim—the rigging quivered, and with one last effort to avoid the doom, the faithful storm-beaten “Idaho”

sank for ever beneath the waves, twenty minutes after she had struck.

My vision was verified, and in the midst of the wildest tumult I thought of the warning voice, and the only remaining hope that we should reach Liverpool in safety.

The darkness had settled over the water, and a light breeze increased the ocean's swell, which threatened to swamp our little boats.

We were yet ten miles from land, and without the assurance of ever reaching it, should the sea increase its violence. The captain retained command of the men, and ordered each boat to remain in hailing distance and follow each other, setting our course for the nearest point of land.

The rain and fog fell damp and cold on our exposed forms ; some of the passengers having escaped in their slippers, without a shawl or hat to protect them from the disagreeable night.



I saved a hand-bag containing a few trifling articles, but aside from this I lost everything—wardrobe, jewels, and money.

Our boat contained the captain, doctor, six of the crew, and four passengers, including myself; and we took the lead for shore. The women in one of the boats continued crying; and in order to dispel the gloom, I started, as the “Dublin Times” remarked, “one of the familiar songs of home,” in which the doctor joined; and our merry voices did much to encourage hopefulness in faint hearts and trembling nerves.

Occasionally the captain fired a signal of distress, which cast a weird light over the dark waves, revealing the boats and their occupants straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of the shore; their white eager faces appearing in the spectral light like visitants from another world.

On we rowed for three weary hours, until the first sound of the rolling surf greeted our

ears and revived our depressed spirits: nearer and nearer we cautiously approached, until with the aid of a rocket the dim outline of the land loomed up in the fog.

A pistol-flash, followed by a long halloo, echoed from one of the boats, and died away in the sound of the sea beating the shore.

Again and again it was repeated, until at length a thrill of joy pervaded us as the faint sound of an answering voice was caught by our listening ears.

“Land around the point,” was the happy salutation from the high bluff, as we cautiously approached the rocks and made into a sheltered bay, free from the waves that lashed the headland.

A shining light glittered like a star along the shore, as our land-guide directed the boats into a well-protected cove and came down to the beach to render assistance.

The waves rolled in, and it was found necessary to carry the ladies through the

surf, while the men were obliged to wade ashore.

A reflecting light placed near the landing covered the shipwrecked mortals with its bright gleams, while one hundred and fifty-one of us stepped once more on the welcome land of the Great Saltees Islands, ten miles from the town of Kilmore, on the Irish coast.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### ON A FOREIGN SHORE.

THE caretaker of the Island was the only inhabitant on the land which so fortunately afforded us a refuge for the night, and directing us to follow, he led the way to his abode. It was a two-story stone hut thatched with straw, containing two rooms, one on the ground floor and one above. A drift-wood fire burned in an open chimney-place extending across the room—a bed of straw, one table and two benches, constituted the entire furniture.

The only light was a candle-wick dipped in a saucer of fish oil, and the flames from the chimney, which now and then threw a gleam

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into the dark corners of the hut. In this narrow space our company huddled, and an attempt was made to stir up the smouldering fire with the addition of sticks and straw.

The caretaker of the Saltees was a gruff, grizzly old man, with straggling locks of grey hair and beard covering his weather-beaten face. He had a stoop in his broad shoulders and walked a little lame, as though too many tempestuous gales had strained his timbers, and left the hulk of his constitution much the worse from exposure. He was courteous to the best of his ability, and provided a room on the second floor for the ladies and children, offering us all he had in the house to eat—a loaf of black bread and a pan of milk.

It was midnight before we were settled and the ship's purser completed his task of checking off the names of the passengers saved. I tried in vain to sleep, but my restless brain kept revolving the experiences of the night,

and the scene of destruction through which I had passed.

What fate was next in store for me ? Why had I been selected to undergo another loss of all I possessed ? Why thus thrown again helpless on my own resources, with the disadvantage of being in a foreign country, to commence anew the battle I had fought and won ?

Was the propitious star of my destiny alluring me with bright promises, always to go down in the contending elements ? Had the powers of heaven conspired to rob me of subsistence, in order that I might fulfil the purposes of a marked life ? The prophecy of my old Indian nurse had thus far been fulfilled.

The morning light found me ruminating on the past, and speculating hopefully for the future. The captain entered the room, and requested the ladies to prepare to take to the life-boats once more, as we were about to continue the journey to the main land. We were hungry, cold, and tired, but the prospect

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of a warm meal at Kilmore, and comfortable quarters, instilled new life into our weary limbs.

The day threatened rain, and a cold, chilly wind from the ocean rolled the waves on the bleak and desolate shore. The sea-birds startled from their nests in the cliff by the unusual commotion, circled about our heads, uttering their plaintive cries, and settling on the rocky peaks to watch the proceedings.

A foggy mist hung over the water, and after we were once more seated the boats proceeded with caution, following the order of the previous night. The rain commenced falling soon after we started and added to the general discomfort.

It was a long ten miles before we caught a glimpse of the shore, but at last the spire of the village church topping the hill, lifted above the fog bank, and a flag of welcome cheered us on.

A crowd of villagers assembled at the pier to see us land, and stared with astonished faces

as we trooped along the shelly road leading up to the town. Never before had such a curious medley of humanity besieged the place.

Sailors and men without coats or hats, with bits of canvas tied about their heads, women with aprons and sacks thrown over their shoulders to protect them from the rain, children half clad in mothers' arms, crying with hunger and cold, filled the narrow street and formed the motley group that straggled up to the village inn.

Here the kind host did all in his power to relieve our distress, and a generous table of bread and meat was provided to appease our hunger, while clothing was collected to cover the children. The news of our disaster had already preceded us, and crowds of lookers on assembled from the neighbouring country with the enthusiasm characteristic of the race, and expressed in all manner of exclamations their sympathy at our misfortunes.

While we were awaiting conveyances from



Wexford the sun drove away the clouds, and the emerald green farm-lands of Ireland, set with bushy hedges, stretched out their velvet verdure to the peaceful rolling hills.

An invitation was extended to us by the owner of Ballytrigue Castle to visit this picturesque and historical spot. After dinner a small party of us accepted the hospitable offer and set out to wander through the ivy-mantled towers and mouldering arches of the forgotten past.

The afternoon was drawing to a close when we returned to the inn, and found a jaunting-car in waiting to convey us to the nearest railway station. It was a pleasant ride of eighteen miles along the smooth and shady road, lined with arching trees, through which the molten rays of the setting sun stole softly, throwing its comfortable light on the thatched roofed cottages that dotted the way.

My friend, whose faith in dreams had saved him from the loss of the pictures, which he

still carried under his arm, occupied the same car with me, and he whiled away the time in a discussion of his favourite topic, clairvoyance, and the innumerable subjects connected with this branch of neglected science.

The shadows of a calm and quiet Sunday evening fell on the flower-decked pastures as we rolled along past numerous farms, and entered the town of Wexford, and proceeded to one of the principal hotels, where a sumptuous hot supper had been prepared for us.

The inhabitants of Wexford turned out *en masse*, and blocked the streets in their eagerness to have a good look at the survivors of the wreck. The assembly increased, and before the hour of leaving the railway station the authorities found it necessary to open a way for the passengers and crew, who walked through the streets to the train. Cheer after cheer went up for our benefit, and a demonstrative but orderly multitude followed us

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to the platform, where a special train was in readiness to hurry us off to Dublin.

The next morning found us shivering in a cold waiting-room, where we had been compelled to spend the greater portion of the night.

Our passage from Dublin to Holyhead was again made gloomy by a dismal fog that covered the sea, and once more I was startled from a restless sleep by the ominous sound of the fog-whistle, bringing back to our relaxing nerves the scenes of horror through which we had passed the night of the shipwreck.

The captain came to me on our passage over, and wanted to confirm the report he had heard of my vision previous to the wreck, as my friend with faith in dreams had devoted his time to circulating what he regarded as a startling revelation of supernatural power. The captain commended the bravery I had displayed in the hour of

danger, but said he was at a loss to account for my peculiar second sight.

From Holyhead we were rapidly whirled to Liverpool, where a large assembly again met us at the station, the excitement having been augmented by the full accounts reported by the daily press of our miraculous escape, and the fact that all the officers and a greater part of the crew resided in this city, and their wives and families had watched anxiously for the arrival of the train.

The gipsy hat and theatrical slippers in which I had made my escape from the sinking steamship continued to attract general attention ; and in the jostling throng, I formed a leading feature of the public exhibition we were forced to make of ourselves while undergoing the scrutiny of the curious throng ; while I felt that I was friendless and alone, on a foreign shore.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### TO LONDON.

HOPE never for a moment deserted me, and although I fully realized my financial condition, I set at once to work to devise a plan for mending my fortune, which had disappeared before my eyes.

The Steamship Company disclaimed being responsible for my baggage, and informed me that all personal property was shipped at the owner's risk unless insured against accident before leaving port. My trunks contained not only my wardrobe, but letters of introduction, newspaper notices, steel plates, lithographs, and advertizing bills, as well as many other necessary accompaniments to my

professional career which it was impossible to replace.

Many a person less resolute, in my position, would have succumbed at the prospect before them and given up the fight. With me the exigencies of the case only instilled new courage into a nature that had become steeled to adversity; and in the many ordeals through which I had passed I found no such word as fail.

In my chequered life the clouds were ever darkest before the dawn. I still had faith in the good fortune that had always resulted from my efforts, and following the impressions I knew would lead me right I determined at once to begin the battle.

There were obstacles to overcome that threatened to block the way, but the business experience I had acquired with my American company came to my aid in this trying emergency.

Without delay I negotiated for one of the

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most fashionable halls in the city, for a series of evening entertainments. I proceeded to the American Consul, and from him secured letters of introduction to members of the Liverpool Press. I plainly stated my case and met with encouragement, and their offer to do all in their power to assist me.

Through my exertions I succeeded in obtaining the support of professional musical and dramatic talent, and I extensively announced my appearance in well-selected dramatic impersonations from my favourite plays and writers, interspersed with musical selections both instrumental and vocal. The Guion Line, and all the officers of the "Idaho," gave me their personal assistance in the sale of tickets for the entertainment.

The Press extended their heartiest sympathy, and remained true to their promise to help along a shipwrecked mortal pulling hard against the stream.

My friends remained steadfast, and worked

faithfully to further my pecuniary interest. The first night of the performance a full house greeted my appearance, with a most enthusiastic welcome to the land of my new-found friends.

The officers of the ill-fated steamship presented me with an elegant and costly basket of flowers, with a card attached, as—

“A token of the courage, tact, and presence of mind displayed in the hour of peril and danger.”

The Press contained favourable notices of my finished artistic talent, also mentioning my attractive personal appearance. Mention was also made of my assistance in getting away the life-boats the night of the disaster, and my endeavour to cheer the passengers with songs while rowing from the wreck.

The Dublin, Liverpool, and American Papers contained compliments to the presence of mind I had shown in the distressing hour of common peril, and on the other side



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of the Atlantic my help at the life-boats was made the subject of illustrated cuts sensationally headed—

“The daring of an Actress.”

My entertainments were a financial success, and afforded me a very favourable introduction to the English people, whom I have always found warm and generous friends, ever ready to extend a helping hand to those they deem worthy of confidence. I realized a considerable sum from the sale of my photographs, taken in my gipsy hat and shawl, as I escaped from the wreck.

I received two favourable offers to join theatrical companies for a summer's engagement through the provinces, and was hesitating before embracing the opportunity, when the veil of my second sight was again lifted, and the course I was to take once more disclosed to me.

“Through rough ways to the stars,” came the gentle whisper of a much-loved voice,

and again the sense of the hallowed presence of my silent protector came over my half-unconscious spirit; as in the early years of my childhood, I felt myself again uplifted into a world of happy thoughts and pleasant dreams.

“Have no fear, for we will guard you,” was the admonition borne on ethereal sound waves to my clairvoyante senses, while the moving picture, light on realms of cloud-land, came and went with the prismatic shadows as they passed before my sight.

I determined to follow my impressions. Many of my friends called to see me before my departure from the hotel, and presented me with acceptable tokens of their kind regards. One and all wished me good fortune and predicted success in the future.

With my hopes and ambitions once more revived, and a feeling that a triumphant finale awaited me in the future, despite the trials which at times had assailed me during the troubled course of a Marked Life—with steadfast faith

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in the star of my destiny, and with the tenacity of my gipsy nature unshaken—I found myself one bright morning whirling away over the sunny hill-slopes of Merry England, to the metropolis of the world—London.

THE END.

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