

beat down; and a deep flush upon her cheek, and a trembling of her slight form, bespoke agitation. Kate Morris entered unperceived, and stealing to her side, threw her arm around her.

"Inez! sweet Inez! why this cloud upon your brow to-night? Tell me, dear, when next and next you shall see me, why this fearful eye?—this burning cheek? Come, my sweet friend, don't you forget me, and let me weave that chaplet of pale roses in your dark hair."

"Oh! Kate, I would fly far from this gay scene. My place ought not to be amidst the wealthy and proud who will throng these halls to-night, I wish mamma would excuse my appearing," and again she rested her head upon her hand.

"He heard the gay die from the castle hall, But was not in mood for the festival,"

exclaimed Catherine, in a lively tone: "A trace to these sombre fancies?" and half by ridicule, half by earnestness, she roused Inez from her despondency. "There, sweet one," she exclaimed, "as she sat at her toilet, 'do I not play tire-woman to perfection. The *tout ensemble* is exquisite; only this pale cheek chimes that white wreath.—Come."

Never had Inez been so touchingly beautiful as on that evening, and none passed by that shrine of loveliness without bestowing the meed of voluntary admiration. Ernest Laurence, since the day of his introduction to her, had ever lingered by her side when they met, as if under the influence of some fascinating spell. Ernest, the gifted, proud Ernest, could not conceal from himself, that the protégée of Mrs Audley, was the bright star to shed its beam upon his wayward destiny. Yes! Ernest loved—not with the love of man, that is as the meteor's gleam; but with a deep passionate love, that worshipped its idol in the remotest recesses of the devoted heart; but she

"Coldly passed him by."

"Do you never dance, Miss Audley?" asked Ernest, as he hovered near her.

"To be sure she does," replied Constant. And meeting her glance—"Nay, my dear Inez, that from whom comes you not. There, Ernest, take her hand and join you gay circle."

Inez could not without infringing every rule of etiquette, refuse, and an *expose* of her unwillingness to receive even trifling attention from him, her good sense taught her to avoid in so public an assembly; therefore, she suffered him to lead her to the dance.

There was a smile of triumph upon Kate Morris's lip, as they took their places, opposite Rose Laurence, (who, as a child of one that was dear to Mrs Audley, had been invited to the *fete*), upon whose beautiful brow a dark cloud lowered. Beautiful and graceful were they, as they stood together in that lordly room. He with his glorious brow upon which intellect had set its signet; and a light in the raven eye breathing of the noble soul within, now bent in admiration upon the sweet face that was so pensive in its deep loveliness. He was murmuring a few words of thanks for her favor, and

"His voice had that low and lute-like sound, Whose echo within the heart is found."

"Is not Inez Audley lovely?" asked Kate Morris, as she and Rose were standing together. "Methinks my friend Ernest owns the siren's spell."

"Listen to me, Kate Morris. I would rather see my brother, proud and gifted as he is, and dearly as I love him, stretched in the last deep sleep, than wedded to you low-born girl. You think of a bonny bride, but mark me, if you dream of one, I will war it. And with these bitter words, she swept away.

Catharine stood as if spell-bound. She would not believe that such fierce passions could reign in the heart of a woman. "Oh! she cannot hate Inez," was her involuntary exclamation, as she gazed upon the sweet face of her friend.

"And who does hate one so good and faultless?" asked Mrs. Audley who overheard her. Catherine started, and eagerly detailed the conversation that had passed.

"God shield her!" cried Mrs. Audley. "From the shaft of woe. This bitter hatred Miss Laurence bears. She may yet be humbled."

The light of a winter sunset was gleaming full upon the crimson curtains of a gorgeously furnished room; and gazing out upon it, with an eye of abstraction, was Inez Audley. The shadows grew deeper, and yet she stirred not. She had dashed the cup of happiness from her lips. Ernest had that morning breathed in her ear the deep passionate words of love. And even whilst he was present, over the confession, that that love was returned, even then did she bid him farewell, forever. "I will share no man," said she proudly; and Ernest Laurence, least of all, you. Go win for your bride one amongst the gifted and beautiful of your own land, and forget you ever knew one, whose destiny has been so wretched." And Ernest went from her presence, to roam far from his own home, so painful were its memories.

And months rolled on, and Inez's voice was almost in the song, and her step in the dance. Shade after shade gathered upon her white brow, and the rose-tint on her cheek had long faded away. Day by day, she administered to the comfort of those around her, and whispered in tones of fondness to the kind friends of her youth; but they saw that change was upon that young face.

It was midnight, and alone in her chamber, sat Rose Laurence. The moonlight was gleaming full upon her beautiful face, as she lingered, buried in deep thought. Her windows opened upon a piazza, and the soft air of a southern clime, stole gently in. A step started her, but she was not given to fear, and ere she had time to retreat, the form of Kate Morris, closely veiled, stood before her. Rose started back in evident amazement at her appearance at such an unwonted hour. Catherine was pale as death. An exclamation of surprise burst involuntarily from her companion. "Nay, Rose Laurence, heed me not. My cheek may be pale; but the cheek of one more gentle and good, is paler yet. There is one even now, bowing beneath the blast—One sweet flower, crushed to the earth. Come with me, Rose Laurence, to your chamber," pointing to a window in Mrs Audley's dwelling, (which was adjacent) and from which a faint light streamed. "Come, and see the change your pride has wrought in all that was bright and lovely."

Unable to resist the impetuosity of Catherine, who had caught up a shawl, and thrown over her and averted in spite of herself, she mechanically followed her through the garden, that communicated with Mrs Audley's grounds, and through them to the house. They entered by a side door, and ascending the staircase, Kate opened the door of a chamber, from which proceeded muffled sounds. Rose Laurence shrank back appalled at the scene before her. She had been brought up in the midst of luxury and affluence and had never seen sorrow or sickness, in any of its various forms. Supported in the arms of the nurse, who was vainly trying to soothe her, was Inez Audley. Her long hair streamed upon the pillow, and her eyes lighted up with a brilliancy, terrifying to the beholder. Her cheeks were flushed to crimson, and her voice, so so musical, was now discordant in its shrillness. The physician was holding her pulse, and Mrs Audley, worn out with watching, slumbered on a distant sofa. Kate approached the bed, and gently took the place of the nurse. Inez caught a glimpse of Miss Laurence's form, and her wild scream rang for many a week in the ears of the proud girl; then she sang snatches of songs that Ernest had loved, and turning to her, murmured softly:

"It is a beautiful spirit come to watch over me. Did you ever love, lady I love me, whose place was in stately halls, and his proud kindred made you rue it." Then clasping her pale hands, she would exclaim Rose not to fear him from her; and sob, till it seemed that the heart of the stricken one was indeed breaking.

Again the chamber door slowly opened, and another was added to the group around that bed.—Ernest Laurence stood, with a countenance on which many a passion was contending for mastery, just shaded by the curtains. The physician grasped his arm, and whispered, "Stir not—her life is at stake." Rose was kneeling apart, her face buried in her hands, her humbled and penitent soul going up in prayer.

The sobs of Inez gradually subsided, and towards morning she fell asleep. Oh! they who have kept the vigil of fear and love by the couch of the dear can alone tell the mingled sensations of such hours. They stirred not from their places, even to relieve Catherine, upon whose bosom Inez was leaning, lest they should break that sleep. Deeper and deeper it grew, till they held their breath in fear.

The sun was many hours high, when Inez woke from that slumber. The physician laid a cordial to her lips, but a smile was on her face. He held her pulse, and motioning them to take advantage of this slight unconsciousness, said softly, "She will live!" And one by one, they stole forth to pour out the fullness of their hearts in prayer.

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Soft was the song of the summer bird, and the perfume of fragrant flowers, borne on the wings of the wind, stole in at the open window. The rich curls that half shaded Inez's yet pale cheek, moved gently as the light breeze met them. But there was joy in her dark eye, and a smile upon her lip. Ernest's hand smoothed the pillow upon which her head rested, and he bent over her couch, with a look of anxious love. There was gathered round her, all that was rich and rare, to cheer and amuse an invalid. She smiled as Ernest held up his watch and whispered fondly, "You must talk no longer, dearest; here comes Rose."

And that once proud girl held the cooling draught to her lips and kissed her brow, as she thanked her sweetly. Yes—Rose Laurence, on her benighted knees, besought her forgiveness, and rose not till she gave her promise to be her sister. And in after years, when her own form was bowed with disease, and her reduced fortune made her an inmate of her brother's dwelling, then did she bless the hour, when he had chosen as his bride, the once poor flower girl. Kate, too, the generous Kate, met her reward in the endearing and devoted of the noble heart of Constant Audley, to whom she had been many years wedded.

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after the accident, leaving nothing to be seen but her chimneys and a small portion of her upper works.—A scene of distress and confusion immediately ensued, that altogether baffles description. Most of the sufferers are among the lands of the boat and the steered passengers.

It is supposed there were about TWO HUNDRED PERSONS on board, of which number only fifty to seventy-five are believed to have escaped, making the estimated loss of lives about ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FIVE.—Oh! tale of woe.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.—We take the following particulars in relation to the late Steam Boat accident from the Cincinnati Wing of Thursday evening, April 25th.

THURSDAY, 1 o'clock P. M.—We have just returned from the scene of horror occasioned by the explosion, and the account above published instead of being in the slightest degree exaggerated, (as has been intimated by a few,) falls far short of the dreadful reality. The fragments of human bodies are now lying scattered all along the shore, and we saw the corpse of a number so mangled and torn, that they have scarcely any resemblance to the human form.

We also saw several with their heads and arms entirely blown off, others with only a part of the head destroyed, and others with their lower extremities shivered to an apparent jelly. Fragments of the boilers, and other portions of the boat, were thrown from fifty to two hundred yards on the shore, some of them having passed entirely over the two rows of buildings on the street, and a portion of the boilers tearing away the public end of a stable situated high up the steep hill in the rear of the houses, at least two hundred yards from the boats.

A large house on the street, entering through the windows on one side and passing out at the other. It is positively stated that one man was picked up this morning on the Kentucky side, having been blown completely across the river.

The wreck of the boat now lies near the Steam Works, (about 3/4ths of a mile below where the accident occurred) having her chimneys and about half of her upper works above the water. A great many persons are employed in gathering the bodies, and one or two have been taken today from the boat, viz. a German woman and her two children, and another small boy. The number of dead and mangled bodies, altogether, that have been recovered, is about twenty, as nearly as has yet been ascertained. A number of persons, severely wounded, have been sent to the hospitals, but whose names we have not yet heard. One young man of the name of Edward Sexton, from Connecticut, was seen in a neighboring house, dreadfully scalded; but his physician thinks will certainly get well.

The lower deck of the boat is yet entirely under water, and when the boat shall be raised, a very large number of persons, it is expected, will be found. There are no doubt many persons lost than we have stated. We conversed, a while ago, with Mr Broadwell, the Agent of the Boat, who says positively, that there were ninety-five deck passengers, whose names were entered on the boat's register, at Pittsburg, Wheeling, and other towns on the river above this place, for Louisville, St. Louis, and other places below. Here then are one hundred and thirty passengers that must have been on board, exclusive of the very large number who took passage at this place.

The boat was unusually crowded, and Mr Broadwell thinks the whole number on board, at the time of the accident, cannot be little (if any) short of THREE HUNDRED persons. From the best information we can gather, it does not appear that more than 30 or 40 of this number are known to have been rescued. It is therefore probable, that the whole number drowned or destroyed, is somewhere in the neighborhood of TWO HUNDRED OR TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY OR FORTY PERSONS. It is impossible that any accurate detail of the dead and missing can ever be made, or the precise number ascertained. A very large portion of them were deck passengers, whose humble sphere in life, will preclude the possibility of finding out their names.

In addition to those we have already mentioned as having been lost or killed, we have ascertained the following: Col. Forde, U. S. Army, on his way to Florida—family resides in Washington—body not found, but several articles known to be his. David James, Loudon county, Virginia—he had a boat person \$25 in cash. John G. Freeman, Middletown, Ohio—had in his pocket book, \$122. George Gasser, Cincinnati. James Barnett, Rolla county, Missouri. James B. McFarland, Knox county, Ohio—had about him \$45.

Robert Watts, a young man whose father resides in Newport Ky. We saw the father weeping over the corpse. James Douglass, merchant of Chillicothe, Ohio—had \$20. Colly Dillon, boat hand. Mr Burns, a young man, book binder, from Philadelphia—his mother was weeping over the body.

Two of the Engineers—One named Jas. Madden, a boy learning the engineering business, was near the others but escaped. The chief and second Clerks—The latter is stated in our extra to have escaped—but this proves to be incorrect—he was found alive but has since died, as we understand. The name of one of the clerks is Bowman, but we have not ascertained which one. Calvin R. Stone, Shrewsbury, Massachusetts—had \$100.

Miss Dunham, daughter of a Methodist clergyman living in the Miami. Mr Chapman, a young man—saddler—of Cincinnati. Henry Casey, a young man—boat maker—Cincinnati. B. Mitchell, bar-keeper of the boat. These are all the particulars we have as yet been able to ascertain. The names of several of the dead bodies found, have not been discovered.

WITCHES GHOSTS AND FAMILIAR SPIRITS. OR RESURRECTION OF SPIRITUAL BEINGS.—We copy the following account partly to amuse our readers and partly to illustrate how far delusion will sometimes lead very intelligent people. We are, however, at a loss to believe in the Reverend author of the supposed epistle with charity enough to believe it is altogether delusion which actuates him in all his spiritual manifestations. If he is sincere in this alluding to the "Ghost of Helen Jewett," he is equally to be pitied as he ought to be detected if it is one of his manœuvres to frighten the credulous to expose the cause of "Bartholomew."

From the New York Conservative. Ghost of Ellen Jewett. Immense excitement in Thomas Street. We stop the press to give insertion to the following epistle from the Rev. Jeremiah Barckard.

Dear Sir—The importance of the series of facts, the first of which I communicated to you last week, and the necessity of checking the increasing depravity of the rising generation, induces me to request that you will give the earliest possible notice of the vision of Providence that has kept all Thomas Street in an uproar for several days. The friends of the Presbytery church, I know you to entertain, induce me to address you rather, than any other conductor of the press.

We have, my dear friend, fallen upon awful times. There are no less than four theaters in this modern Babylon, all of them schools of lawlessness and profanity. Every second house is a tavern or a tipping shop, and cards and billiards and other games are openly tolerated and practiced. Immorality is so common that it is not regarded as a disgrace. May the awful truths I am about to communicate, prove a warning to the thoughtless and inconsiderate of both sexes.

You cannot but have heard, with horror and disgust of the awful murder of a barlet, named Jewett, at a house in Thomas Street, in the 5th ward of this city and of the agonizing of the poor girl, who was, I trust justly, suspected of the fatal slaughter. The house, having been purified of its former inhabitants, is now occupied by your worthy sister in the church, Mrs. Tipton, who entertains several young ladies as boarders, who live by the use of their needles, virtuously and in the fear of the Lord. It is to be feared that they will

be obliged to leave the house, and in fact, that it will be necessary to raise it to its very foundation. You know that I am not superstitious, and that I have always maintained that at the present day, supernatural visitations are of very rare occurrence. To deny that they may take place would be impious, for Scripture assures of the existence of ghosts and familiar spirits. The witch of Endor and the apparition of Samuel is a direct case of this nature.

The apartment in which the unhappy woman Jewett was first butchered and afterwards half consumed in the flames, which were a type of what it is supposed she is to exist in through time and eternity has never since been occupied though it has been repaired. Two young ladies, Miss Phoebe Doty and Miss Polly Post sleep in the same bed in the chamber immediately beneath. For a week or more, their slumbers have nightly been disturbed by the sound of a deadly struggle over head, the sound of blows, and the most touching appeals for mercy, followed by what seemed to be groans of the dying. The voice seemed to be that of a female. The first time this strange clamor took place, the ladies, with a virtuous courage that does them the highest honor, rose in a moment and went to the aid of the supposed sufferer, but to the room was empty. Supposing that it had been but a dream, they returned to their couch and after bending their knees in supplication, resigned themselves to slumbers again, and again to be interrupted in the same fearful manner. The same was the case for three successive nights, upon which fear came upon them and trembling. The neighbors on the opposite side of the street saw a light in the room, and a figure white, and heard the most appalling outcries. Though Mrs. Tipton alleges that there has been no light in it for several years, nor can she at all account for the matter. She sent a note to me, however, requesting the prayers of the church, which, of course, she obtained, but they had no effect. The disturbance continued, and excited the attention of all the people in the street, so that a crowd was every night collected before the door, and many hundreds witnessed the same appearance. Five of the boarders left the dwelling. Under these circumstances, Mrs. Tipton applied to me for advice and assistance.

From the National Intelligencer. THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.—We are happy to perceive, at length, a gleam of light through the gloom and mist which have hovered over the relations between the United States and Mexico. The danger of immediate hostile demonstrations on either side has passed away. Upon this change in the prospect before us we have a right to congratulate our readers.

A Message was yesterday presented in the House of Representatives from the President of the U. S. States, transmitting a report, in partial compliance with a resolution of that body, calling for such further information as the President might be disposed to communicate from our relations with Mexico. The documents which make part of this report being in the hands of the Committee of Foreign Relations, we cannot now obtain a copy to publish them at large. We have glanced an eye over them, however, and we learn from them that a direct proposition has been made by the Government of Mexico to refer the differences between that Republic and the United States to the arbitration of a third power, and that the offer has been accepted by the President of the United States.

As far back as the 20th December last, it appears, Mr. Martinez, the Mexican Minister to the United States, communicated official information of the law passed by the General Congress of Mexico on the 29th of May last, authorizing the President of that Republic to submit the differences between it and this Government to the arbitration of any friendly Power.

Very recently, under date of New Orleans, April 7, Mr. Martinez has addressed an official letter to Mr. Secretary Forney, declaring the readiness of the Executive of Mexico to carry that law into full effect, and assuring our Government that his Government will with pleasure, and with the utmost good faith, submit to the decision of the Power, which may be chosen by common accord. To this frank and friendly offer the Mexican Minister adds, for his Government, that "it is always disposed to a definitive and formal settlement, by means of which new difficulties between the two nations may be avoided, and the differences which have disturbed their harmony may be redressed."

To this letter Mr. Forney replied, in a despatch, from which we transcribe the following essential and important passages: "I have had the honor to receive, and have laid before the President your note of the 7th instant, proposing a reference to a third Power of the relations of the Government of the United States and the Mexican Republic. I am directed to acquaint you in reply, that whatever may be the anxiety of this Government to obtain satisfaction for wrongs inflicted upon its citizens, it appreciates too highly the principles of philanthropy to which you allude, to be desirous of proceeding to extremities when they can be honorably avoided, and without doing injustice to those whose interests it is bound to protect. Your proposition, which you state to be based on the first article of the law of the Mexican Congress of the 29th of May, a copy of which was communicated with your note to this Department of the 23d of December last, which is in these words: [Here follows, in Spanish, a copy of the article of the law alluded to.] is consequently accepted, and I will be ready to enter with you into the negotiation of a convention, upon the basis of that article, for the purpose of settling the particulars of the arbitration, whenever you shall present yourself clothed with competent powers. The posture of the relations between the two countries makes it proper that this should be done immediately, as the President will not feel himself authorized to recommend any suspension of the action of Congress, to whom this whole subject has been referred, before a convention of arbitration has been concluded between the two Governments."

Go to Church. There is no one thing which helps to establish a man's standing in society, more than a steady attendance at church, and a proper regard for the first day of the week. Every head of a family should go to church, as an example to its members, and every branch of a family should go to church, in imitation of the example of parents who loved them, and watched over their best interests. Lounging in streets and taverns on the Sabbath, is a ruinous, and a very evil recreation; because it lays the foundation of habits which ruin one's body and soul.

Many a young man can date the commencement of a course of dissipation which has ruined him to himself and friends, and an object of pity in the sight of his neighbors, to the Sunday debauchery. It begins in the habit of drinking on the Sabbath as soon as the people generally, on a fine day; if it be not properly kept, it will be the drunkard's cup of woe. It is good to keep the Sabbath, however, the laws of God and of man ordain that it should be so kept.

Go to Church.—If you are a young man just entering on business, it will establish your credit—what capital would not sooner trust a young beginner, who, instead of dissipating his time, his character, and his money in dissipation, is seen to be industrious, and to be a business day, and on the Sabbath appears in the house of his God? Go to Church, with a contrite heart, and bending a knee at the throne of your Maker, pour out a sincere thank offering for the mercies of the past week.

Singular and Interesting Occurrence. A respectable woman having left her child an infant of two years of age, to play about the door until she attended to some household duties, went, when she was discharged, and she expected to find it in the street, if it be not properly kept, it will be the drunkard's cup of woe. It is good to keep the Sabbath, however, the laws of God and of man ordain that it should be so kept.

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