

# THE EVANGELICAL REGISTER.

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**SLAVES.**  
They are slaves who fear to speak,  
For the fallen and the weak,  
They are slaves who will not choose,  
Hated, scolded, and abused,  
Rather than in silence shrink,  
From the truth they need not think;  
They are slaves who dare not be,  
In the right with two or three.  
*Western Christian.*

**AGNES BEAUMONT.**  
A TRUE NARRATIVE OF JOHN BUNYAN AND HIS TIMES.  
(Continued.)

All her efforts, as well as those of her sister and brother-in-law, proved ineffectual in pacifying the old man. She describes him as of a hasty temper, insomuch that his anger had often made her glad to get out of his sight, yet when his passion was over, few exceeded him in kindness. He showed no symptoms, however, of yielding now, refusing even to give up her Bible and patterns when she asked them, and vowing she should never have a penny, or a penny's worth, as long as he lived, or at his death.

Her efforts were renewed again and again with the same result, and she was forced to take up her abode with her sister. On returning from the meeting on the following Sabbath, she resolved once to plead with her father to be reconciled to her. Her brother-in-law brought her on the way to remember "that she was now brought on the stage to act for Christ," and warned her against consenting to her father's terms. She declared her resolution rather to beg her bread, but her father's stern adherence to his first resolve, and the temptation of his offers and the fear of his threats, at length gave the promise, that without his consent, she would never again go to a meeting while he lived.

She had gained her desire, but at the sacrifice of her conscience and peace of mind; and her misery was even greater than before. Her disposition of her father's disposition proved to be true; he was struck with the marks of grief and dejection in her appearance, and at length asked her what was the cause. She burst into tears, saying, "O father, I am distressed at the thought of my promise." He was so moved that he wept like a child, bidding her not let that trouble her; they should not disagree, and adding, "It was your own doing behind John Bunyan that made me so angry."

On the second evening after this reconciliation, the old man sat by the fire conversing cheerfully with his daughter, while she was engaged in spinning. He complained of the cold, and spoke of retiring to rest. She offered to get up, and he went to bed, and after he had smoked a pipe, he went to bed, seemingly in his usual health. During the night, Agnes Beaumont was awake by groans and cries, which she at first thought proceeded from the farm-yard. She speedily discovered that it was her father's voice, who told her that he had been seized with cholera, and that he was in his last gasp, and she should die presently.

She immediately rose, put on a few clothes, and procured a light. She found him sitting up in bed, in great bodily suffering and distress of mind. She knelt by his bedside, and prayed with him, although she had never before done so. Her father joined in her petitions with the greatest earnestness. He recovered sufficiently to rise and dress himself; but while she was attempting to kindle a fire, she heard him fall, and rushing into the room, she found him lying motionless on the floor.

All her efforts proved in vain to raise him, and she could perceive no symptoms of life. "At length," she says, "I opened the door and rushed out. It had snowed in abundance, and lay very deep. Having no stockings on, the snow got into my shoes, so that I made little progress; and at the style in my father's yard, I stood, calling in vain for my brother. I then got up, and the snow caused my shoes to come off, and I ran barefoot up the chest, my mind filled with many undefined terrors."

At length she reached her brother's house, and succeeded in awakening him, and the whole family for her cries. She besought him to come quickly for she feared her father was dead. He listened impatiently, and when she came to the house, while he followed them as fast as she could. They had lifted him from the ground to his bed, and just as she reached her dwelling again, he expired. "O dismal night!" she exclaims, "had not the Lord wonderfully supported me, I must have died to."

As soon as the neighbours heard of this sudden event, many of them crowded to the house; the women more especially sought to comfort Agnes Beaumont, who still was stupified with terror, in the state in which she had rushed out through the snow to call for aid. Among the other visitors, Farry entered, and on learning that the old man was dead, he exclaimed, "It is more than what I looked for."

No notice was taken of this at the time. The following Thursday was fixed on for the funeral, and the relatives and friends invited to attend. But on the Wednesday night Mr. Farry sent for the brother-in-law, and much to his amazement, asked him if he thought the old man died a natural death? "Yes," he replied, "I know he died a natural death." Mr. Farry replied, "But I believe he did not, and I have had my horse out of the stable three to four to fetch Mr. Hatfield, the surgeon, but considered that you are an officer of the parish, and therefore I leave it to you; pray see and do your office." Upon his asking how he thought the old man came to his end, if he did not die a natural death, he answered, "I believe your sister has poisoned him."

The family, it may be readily believed, were filled with the utmost grief and consternation at this horrible accusation; they concealed it till the following day from Agnes, feeling unwilling to increase the anguish she already suffered from the terrible scenes she had witnessed; but her sister and brother-in-law, with another friend, spent nearly the whole night in anxious consultation and prayer.

On the following morning her brother-in-law called her to him, and said, with tears, "Sister, pray God help you, for you are like to meet with hard things." She looked at him anxiously, and asked, "What could be worse than that she had already suffered?" "Yes," replied he, "Mr. Farry says he thinks that you poisoned your father!" Her feelings at so cruel a charge are not easily described; but the funeral was deferred, and the surgeon immediately sent for to investigate the case. He made the minutest en-

quires as to the previous habits and actions of the deceased; and after examining the corpse, he went to Mr. Farry, and told him that he wondered how he could entertain such thoughts ascribing him there were no just grounds for his suspicion. Mr. Farry, however, was not to be moved from his belief; and the surgeon finding all arguments unavailing, returned, and told them that they have no choice but submit to the investigation of a Coroner and Jury.

The malignity of Farry became more and more apparent. The Coroner was summoned on Friday morning; but he now interfered, and urged on the friends to have a private meeting with the Coroner at Biggleswade, and arrange with him, if possible, to hush up the whole matter, as otherwise it would certainly be proved that he had poisoned her father, and that Bunyan had given her the stuff to do it with, so that she, at least, would certainly be burnt.

The poor girl's mind was filled with the most fearful apprehensions at the thought of poisoning the stake by so terrible a death, and for such a crime; but her courage, and confidence in God, did not fail her; and when it was proposed to her to stop the enquiry, she said she would have the Coroner to Edwinton, though it would cost her all her father had left her.

At length the Coroner arrived, and a jury was summoned. Agnes Beaumont's mind could not but be filled with the utmost anxiety and apprehension at such a time; and this was greatly increased by the Coroner's proceedings. After having viewed the corpse, on coming into the room where she sat, he fixed his eyes steadily on her, and asked, "Are you the daughter of the deceased, and the person who was in the house alone with him when he was stricken with death?" On her replying in the affirmative, he shook his head at her, and withdrew without speaking; while she immediately dreaded the worst, not doubting but that he believed her guilty.

Mr. Farry was the first witness summoned before the Coroner. He was put to his oath, and then the Coroner said to him, "As you are the occasion of our coming together, we would know what you have to say about this man's murdering her father, and on what grounds you accuse her." To this the witness replied, in a confused account of the recent difference between her and her father. He then produced a bundle of papers, which he said were the account of doings adding, with cunning innuendo, that her father's death occurred only two nights after her re-admission. The Coroner, on his concluding, said to him, "But this is nothing to the matter in hand; what have you to accuse this young woman with?" And as it appeared he had nothing more definite to offer in evidence, he dismissed somewhat angrily by the Coroner, and Agnes herself called before the Jury. Her examination is thus narrated:—"Come," said the Coroner, "tell us where you was that night your father shut you out?" I answered, "Sir, I was in the barn all night." "And were you there when he died?" "Yes, Sir, I had nothing to do with his death, and he died in the barn all night." "Where did you go next morning?" "Sir, I staid in the barn till nine or ten o'clock, entering my father to let me go in, but he would not."

After a few further investigations on this point, the Coroner goes on to enquire—"How long did he live after your return?" "He lived three nights, Sir." "Was he well that day?" "Yes, Sir, as well as ever I saw him in my life, and as he was hearty a dinner." "In what manner was he taken ill, and at what time?" "Near midnight, I heard him groan, and all haste to light a candle, when I found him sitting up in bed, and crying out of a pain in his heart, and he said he would die. He shook his head and prodded 'Where did you go next morning?' 'Sir, I staid in the barn till nine or ten o'clock, entering my father to let me go in, but he would not."

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She further related the occurrences that have been already told; and after the Jury had examined such evidence as offered, they returned without hesitation a verdict of natural death.

The Coroner then addressed Mr. Farry—"You, Sir, who have defamed this young woman in this public manner, endeavouring to take away her good name, yes, her life also if you could, ought to make it your business now to establish her reputation." She has met with enough in being alone with her father when seized with death; you had no need to add to her affliction and sorrow; and if you were to give her five hundred pounds, it would not do an amends."

The malignity of her disappointed suitor had indeed been overrated to establish her innocence; it cannot but be viewed as a remarkable instance of circumstantial evidence tending so strongly to exonerate an innocent party. The Coroner very justly concluded his address on the occasion, by turning to her and saying, "Bless God that the malice of this man broke out before thy father was buried."

The hatred, however, which this man had conceived for her was not exhausted by the failure of his base attempt. He sought, by means of his knowledge of her father's arrangements, which he had himself drawn out, to stir up strife between her and her relatives; and to induce them to oppose the will, and deprive her of the little fortune left by her father. But this she happily defeated by her own generous conduct to her brother and sister. He sought, by spreading a report, about a month after her father was buried, that Agnes Beaumont had confessed that she poisoned her father, and had gone guilty distracted. This report gained some belief in the neighbourhood, and was still further disseminated by his industrious malice, on the following market-day, at the town of Biggleswade. But unfortunately for his credit, he entered into rather minute details of her confession. Mr. Bunyan being a widower, as it appeared from his reports, had counselled her to poison her father, that he might marry her; and the entire plot was concocted between them as they rode together to Gamlinghay. As it turned out, however, that Mr. Bunyan had a good wife living at the time, the story speedily became the subject of general mirth, and Mr. Farry found himself laughed at instead of believed. As soon as the story reached her, she took occasion to ride into Biggleswade on the market-day, and receive there the salutations of numerous acquaintances, who congratulated her on her freedom from the distraction in which she was reported to have fallen.

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wholly of a domestic character,—one of those striking realities whose simplicity tends to shame the high-coloured extravagancies of fiction. But the story is possessed of peculiar interest, as affording us a glimpse of John Bunyan amid his quiet pastoral duties in Bedfordshire; and of the people among whom he laboured. The simplicity and faith of his young disciple shines out beautifully in contrast to the satanic malice of her defamed accuser; and the whole narrative seems to link us anew, as by the ties of natural sympathy, to the men of that age, the humble followers of Bunyan, whom we thus behold, as it were, in their daily avocations, farming and marketing, and riding together, as opportunity offered, to some lowly place of meeting, to hear the words of life from the lips of him

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## MOONLIGHT AND MIDNIGHT IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Few persons are aware of the varied scenes which are exhibited, by day and by night, in the midst of the half a million of people who are clustered around the mouth of the Hudson river. A few evenings ago, at the close of one of the most sultry days in June, in the deepening twilight, a party of seven gentlemen, all teachers in Abbott's institution, and fifteen young ladies, members of my family, took a Bleecker street coach, and riding far up town, proceeded down to the North River. We there found a row-boat, of very large dimensions, capable of conveying our whole party in safety. We were soon all seated, in most social compactness, and four strong pairs of arms, pulling at the oars, took us rapidly out into the middle of the stream. Not a breath of air rippled the mirror-like surface of the water; the twilight faded away into majestic night; one after another, the stars, in the twinkling of an eye, came above us; and soon the moon, round and clear, rose in the east, and illuminated the whole scene with that indescribable charm, which the moonbeams alone can give. We soon approached the Jersey shore, and gilded along the Sylva's Cave, and the Elysian Fields. Across the river, the sunbeams, in the twinkling of an eye, came above us; and soon the moon, round and clear, rose in the east, and illuminated the whole scene with that indescribable charm, which the moonbeams alone can give. We soon approached the Jersey shore, and gilded along the Sylva's Cave, and the Elysian Fields. Across the river, the sunbeams, in the twinkling of an eye, came above us; and soon the moon, round and clear, rose in the east, and illuminated the whole scene with that indescribable charm, which the moonbeams alone can give.

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Mr. Farry was the first witness summoned before the Coroner. He was put to his oath, and then the Coroner said to him, "As you are the occasion of our coming together, we would know what you have to say about this man's murdering her father, and on what grounds you accuse her." To this the witness replied, in a confused account of the recent difference between her and her father. He then produced a bundle of papers, which he said were the account of doings adding, with cunning innuendo, that her father's death occurred only two nights after her re-admission. The Coroner, on his concluding, said to him, "But this is nothing to the matter in hand; what have you to accuse this young woman with?" And as it appeared he had nothing more definite to offer in evidence, he dismissed somewhat angrily by the Coroner, and Agnes herself called before the Jury. Her examination is thus narrated:—"Come," said the Coroner, "tell us where you was that night your father shut you out?" I answered, "Sir, I was in the barn all night." "And were you there when he died?" "Yes, Sir, I had nothing to do with his death, and he died in the barn all night." "Where did you go next morning?" "Sir, I staid in the barn till nine or ten o'clock, entering my father to let me go in, but he would not."

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Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.  
And again—  
Merrily, merrily goes the bark,  
Before the gale she bounds;  
So darts the dolphin from the shark,  
Or the deer before the hounds.

About 11 o'clock, we landed upon the Jersey shore near the Palisades. It was a very beautiful and romantic spot. A gentleman who had been seated with his family, under the piazza of his country seat, enjoying the cool night air, and the music from the water, seeing us land, very politely came to the boat, expressed his delight at the music he had heard, and invited us to make ourselves entirely at home upon his cultivated grounds. The moon shone down through the majestic trees, upon the gravelled walks and flowering shrubs of the garden, and we wandered in every direction at pleasure. After traversing the grounds in this manner for nearly an hour, the unknown guests occasionally regaling their unknown host with a serenade, and at one time a portion of the party going in the boat about half a mile from the shore, leaving others upon the land, to sing in response from the distance prepared for our return. The hour of midnight had now approached.

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The Coroner asked, "Was there nobody in the house with you?" "No, Sir, I had none with me but God."

She further related the occurrences that have been already told; and after the Jury had examined such evidence as offered, they returned without hesitation a verdict of natural death.

The Coroner then addressed Mr. Farry—"You, Sir, who have defamed this young woman in this public manner, endeavouring to take away her good name, yes, her life also if you could, ought to make it your business now to establish her reputation." She has met with enough in being alone with her father when seized with death; you had no need to add to her affliction and sorrow; and if you were to give her five hundred pounds, it would not do an amends."

The malignity of her disappointed suitor had indeed been overrated to establish her innocence; it cannot but be viewed as a remarkable instance of circumstantial evidence tending so strongly to exonerate an innocent party. The Coroner very justly concluded his address on the occasion, by turning to her and saying, "Bless God that the malice of this man broke out before thy father was buried."

The hatred, however, which this man had conceived for her was not exhausted by the failure of his base attempt. He sought, by means of his knowledge of her father's arrangements, which he had himself drawn out, to stir up strife between her and her relatives; and to induce them to oppose the will, and deprive her of the little fortune left by her father. But this she happily defeated by her own generous conduct to her brother and sister. He sought, by spreading a report, about a month after her father was buried, that Agnes Beaumont had confessed that she poisoned her father, and had gone guilty distracted. This report gained some belief in the neighbourhood, and was still further disseminated by his industrious malice, on the following market-day, at the town of Biggleswade. But unfortunately for his credit, he entered into rather minute details of her confession. Mr. Bunyan being a widower, as it appeared from his reports, had counselled her to poison her father, that he might marry her; and the entire plot was concocted between them as they rode together to Gamlinghay. As it turned out, however, that Mr. Bunyan had a good wife living at the time, the story speedily became the subject of general mirth, and Mr. Farry found himself laughed at instead of believed. As soon as the story reached her, she took occasion to ride into Biggleswade on the market-day, and receive there the salutations of numerous acquaintances, who congratulated her on her freedom from the distraction in which she was reported to have fallen.

We cannot but think that this simple story will be considered as possessing many features of interest. The circumstance occurred at a remarkable period, and at least one remarkable character is involved in them; yet they are

Thus in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.  
And again—  
Merrily, merrily goes the bark,  
Before the gale she bounds;  
So darts the dolphin from the shark,  
Or the deer before the hounds.

About 11 o'clock, we landed upon the Jersey shore near the Palisades. It was a very beautiful and romantic spot. A gentleman who had been seated with his family, under the piazza of his country seat, enjoying the cool night air, and the music from the water, seeing us land, very politely came to the boat, expressed his delight at the music he had heard, and invited us to make ourselves entirely at home upon his cultivated grounds. The moon shone down through the majestic trees, upon the gravelled walks and flowering shrubs of the garden, and we wandered in every direction at pleasure. After traversing the grounds in this manner for nearly an hour, the unknown guests occasionally regaling their unknown host with a serenade, and at one time a portion of the party going in the boat about half a mile from the shore, leaving others upon the land, to sing in response from the distance prepared for our return. The hour of midnight had now approached.

—whose pilgrim points the road,  
And marks the progress of the soul to God.  
Men were they, and women also, of like passions with ourselves; with loves, and hates, and jealousy, and malice, and evil speaking, with all the stains to so terrible a death, and for such a crime; but her courage, and confidence in God, did not fail her; and when it was proposed to her to stop the enquiry, she said she would have the Coroner to Edwinton, though it would cost her all her father had left her.

At length the Coroner arrived, and a jury was summoned. Agnes Beaumont's mind could not but be filled with the utmost anxiety and apprehension at such a time; and this was greatly increased by the Coroner's proceedings. After having viewed the corpse, on coming into the room where she sat, he fixed his eyes steadily on her, and asked, "Are you the daughter of the deceased, and the person who was in the house alone with him when he was stricken with death?" On her replying in the affirmative, he shook his head at her, and withdrew without speaking; while she immediately dreaded the worst, not doubting but that he believed her guilty.

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