

flowed from a great, frightful gash in his head, from which the life seemed to have just gone. As the white face of the murdered man was upturned to the light—cut, bloody and disfigured as it was, Sybil—I recognized myself once more. As heaven hears me, I saw it as plainly as I see yonder pale, fair moon now. A white, ghostly form, whether of woman or spirit I know not, seemed hovering near, darting, as it were, in and out among the trees. Even as I gazed it grew thin and shadowy, until all was gone again.

“For the fourth and last time, the Egyptian threw the strange incense on the fire, and ‘spoke the words of power,’ and a new vision met my horrified gaze. I seemed to behold an immense concourse of people, a vast mob, swaying to and fro, in the wildest excitement. A low, hoarse growl, as of distant thunder, passed at intervals through the vast crowd, and every eye was raised to an object above them. I looked up, too, and beheld a sight that seemed freezing the very blood in my veins. It was a scaffold, and standing on it, with the ignominious halter around her white, beautiful neck, was she who had stood beside me at the altar, whom I had seen chained in her prison cell, doomed to die by the hand of the public hangman now. Her beautiful hands were stretched out wildly, imploringly, to the crowd below, who only hooted her in her agony and despair. The executioner led her to the fatal drop, a great shout arose from the crowd, then all faded away; and, looking up as if from an appalling dream, I saw the interpreter beckoning me from the door. How I reeled from the room, with throbbing brow and feverish pulse, I know not. Everything seemed swimming around me; and, in a state of the wildest excitement, I was hurried home by my companions. The next day the Egyptian left the city, and where he went after I never heard. Such was the glimpse of the future I beheld. It was many months after before I completely recovered from the shock I received. How to account for it, I do not know. Certain I am that I beheld it, truly, as I have told it in every particular—for the impression it made upon me at the time was so powerful, that everything connected with it is indelibly engraven on my memory. It may seem strange, absurd, impossible; but that I have nothing to do with; I only know I saw it, incredible as it