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B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR. OFFICE CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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Poetry and Miscellany.

GENTLENESS.

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted—
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted!
But on the harp, or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again,
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice or song could cheer thee,
Still, still, he may be won
From the skies, to dwell near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea,
Thou hast thrown a gun unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may grow
Tingling, leaves their bloom revealing;
But if thou hast a cup overflowing,
With a bright draught filled—O, never
Shall the earth give back that lavish wealth
To coat thy parched lips' fever.

The heart is like that cup,
If thou wast the love it bore thee,
And like the jewel gone—
Which the deep will not restore thee—
And like the spring of harp and lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered—
Gently, O gently touch the cords
So soon forever scattered!

A NIGHT IN THE BELL INN.

Through few men are themselves on visiting terms with their ancestors, most are furnished with one or two decently-authenticated ghost stories. I myself am a firm believer in spectral phenomena, for reasons which I may, perhaps, be tempted to give the public whenever the curtain in printing is allowed to have been happily revived; meanwhile, as they will not bear compression, I keep them by me, and content myself with now and then stating a fact, leaving the theory to suggest itself.

Now it has always appeared to me that the apostles of spectres (if the phrase will be allowed me) have, like other men with a mission, been, perhaps, a little precipitate in assuming their facts, and sometimes find "true ghosts" upon evidence much too slender to satisfy the hard-hearted and unbelieving generation we live in. They have thus brought scandal not only upon the useful class to which they belong, but upon the world of spirits itself—causing ghosts to be generally so discredited, that fifty visits made in their usual private and confidential way, will now hardly make a single convert beyond the individual favored with the interview; and in order to reinstatement in their former position, they will be obliged henceforward to appear at noon-day, and in places of public resort.

The reader will perceive, then, that I am convinced of the equal impolicy and inappropriateness of resting the claims of my clients (ghosts in general) upon facts which will not stand the test of an impartial, and even a skeptical scrutiny. And, perhaps, I cannot give a happier illustration of the temper of my philosophy, at once candid and cautious, than is afforded by the following relation, for every title of which I solemnly pledge my character at once as a gentleman and as a metaphysician.

There is a very agreeable book by Mrs. Crowe, entitled "The Night Side of Nature," and which, among a *duisana* class of authentic tales of terror, contains several which go to show the very trivial causes which have from time to time caused the reappearance of departed spirits in this gross world. A certain German professor, who, for instance, actually presented an old college friend with preternatural visitations for no other purpose, as it turned out, than to procure a settlement of some small six-and-eightpenny accounts, which he owed among his tradespeople at the time of his death. I could multiply, from my own notes, cases still odder, in which sensible and rather indolent men, too have been at the trouble to re-cross the awful frontier between us and the invisible, for purposes apparently still less important—so trivial, indeed, that for the present I had rather not mention them, lest I should expose their memories to the ridicule of the unreflecting. I shall now proceed to my narrative, with the repeated assurance, that the reader will nowhere find in it a single syllable that is not most accurately and positively true.

About four-and-thirty years ago I was traveling thro' Deuonshire upon a mission which needed dispatch. I had, in fact, in my charge, some papers which were required for the legal preliminaries to a marriage, which was about to take place in a family of consideration, upon the borders of that county.

The season was winter, but the weather delightful—that is to say, clear and frosty; and, even without following the country through which I passed was beautiful. The subject of my journey was a pleasant one. I anticipated an agreeable visit, and a cordial welcome; and the weather and scenery were precisely of the sort to second the cheerful associations with which my excursion had been undertaken. Let me not, therefore, suggest that I was predisposed for the reception of gloomy or horrible impressions. When the sun set we had a splendid moon, at once soft and brilliant; and I pleased myself with watching the altered, and, if possible, more beautiful effects of the scenery through which we were smoothly rolling. I was to put up for the night at the little town of —, and on reaching the hill—over which the approach to it is conducted, about a short mile from its quaint little street—I dismounted, and directing the postillion to walk his jaded horse leisurely up the winding road, I rode on before him in the pleasant moonlight, and sharp, tracing air. A little by-path led directly up the steep acclivity, while the carriage-road more gradually ascended by a wide sweep—this little path, leading through fields and hedgerows, I followed, intending to anticipate the arrival of my conveyance at the summit of the hill.

I had not proceeded very far when I found myself close to a pretty old church, whose ivied tower, and countless diamond window panes, were glittering in the moonbeams—a high, irregular hedge, overtopped by tall and ancient trees inclosed it; and rows of funeral urns showed black and mournful among the village dead. It was so struck with the glimpse I had caught of the old church-yard, that I could not forbear mounting the little stile that commanded it—no scene could be imagined more still and solitary. Not a human habitation was near—every sign and sound of life was reverently remote; and this old church, with its silent congregation of the dead marshaled under its walls, seemed to have spread round it a circle of stillness and desertion that pleased, while it thrilled me.

No sound was here audible but the softened rush of waters, and that sweet note of home and safety, the distant baying of the watch-dog, now and then broken by the sharp rattle of the carriage wheels upon the dry road. But while I looked upon the sad and solemn scene before me, these sounds were interrupted by one which startled, and, indeed, for a moment, froze me with horror. The sound was a cry, or rather a howl of despairing terror, such as I have never heard before or since uttered by human voice. It broke from the stillness of the church-yard; but I saw no figure from which it proceeded—though this circumstance, indeed, was scarcely wonderful, as the broken ground, the trees, tall woods, and tomb-stones, afforded abundant cover for any person who might have sought concealment. This cry of unpeopled agony was succeeded by a silence; and I confess, my heart throbbed strangely, when the same voice articulated, in the same tone of agony.

"Why will you trouble the dead? Who can torment us before the time? I will come to you in my flesh, though after my skin-worms destroy this body—and you shall speak to me face to face."

This strange address was followed by another cry of despair, which died away as suddenly as it was raised.

I never could tell why it was I was not more horror-stricken than I really was by this mysterious, and, all things considered, even terrible interpellation. It was not until the silence had again returned, and the faint rustling of the frosty breeze among the cypress weeds crept towards me, like the stealthy approach of some unearthly influence, that I felt a superstitious terror gradually inspire me, which hurried me at an accelerated pace from the place. A few minutes, and I heard the friendly voice of my charioter hallooing to me from the summit of the hill.

Reassured, as I approached him, I abated my speed. "I saw you standing on the stile, sir, by the church-yard," he said, as I drew near, "and I ask your pardon for not giving you the hint before, but they say it is not lucky; and I called to you loud and lusty to come away, sir; but I see you are nothing the worse for it."

"Why, what is there to be afraid of there, my good fellow?" I asked, affecting as much indifference as I was able.

"Why, sir," said the man, throwing an uneasy look in the direction, "they do say there's a bad spirit haunts it; and nobody in these parts would go near it after dark for love or money."

"Haunted!" I repeated; "and how does the spirit show himself?"

"Oh! haunts, sir, in all sorts of shapes—sometimes like an old woman almost doubled in two with years," he answered, "sometimes like a little child going along a full foot high above the grass of the graves; and sometimes like a big black ram, strutting on his hind legs, and with a pair of eyes like live coals; and some have seen him in the shape of a man, with his arms raised up towards the sky, and his head whirling down, as if his neck was broke. I can't think of half the shapes he has took at different times; but they're all bad; the very child, they say, when he comes in that shape, has the face of Satan—God bless us! and nobody's over the same again that sees him once."

By this time I was again seated in my vehicle, and some six or eight minutes' quick driving whirled us into the old-fashioned street, and brought the chaise to a full stop before the open door and well-lighted hall of the Bell Inn. To me there has always been an air of industrious cheer and comfort about a substantial country house, especially when one arrives, as I did, upon a cool winter's night, with an appetite as sharp, and something of the sense of adventure and excitement which, before the days of down-trains and tickets, always in a greater or less degree, gave zest to traveling. Greeted with the warmest of welcomes for which I was, alas! not celebrated, I had soon satisfied the importunities of a keen appetite; and having for some hours taken mine ease in a comfortable parlour before a blazing fire, I began to feel sleepy, and betook myself to my no less comfortable bed-chamber.

It is not to be supposed that the adventure of the church-yard had been obliterated from my recollection by the suppressed bustle and good cheer of the "Bell." On the contrary, it had occupied me almost incessantly during my solitary ruminations; and as the night advanced, and the stillness of repose and desertion stole over the old mansion, the sensations which in this train of remembrance and speculation were accompanied became any thing but purely pleasant.

I felt, I confess, restless and uneasy—I searched the corners and recesses of the oddly-shaped and roomy old apartment—I turned the face of the looking-glass to the wall—I poked the fire into a roaring blaze—I looked behind the window-curtains, with a vague anxiety, to assure myself that nothing could be lurking there. The shutter was a little open, and the ivied tower of the little church, and the tiled tops of the trees that surrounded it, were visible over the slope of the intervening hill. I hastily shut out the unwelcome object, and in a mood of mind, I must confess, favourable enough to any freak my nerves might please to play me, I hurried through my dispositions for the night, humming a gay air all the time, to re-assure myself, and plunged into bed, extinguishing the candle, and—ah! I acknowledge the weakness—nearly burying my head under the blankets.

I lay awake some time, as men will do under such circumstances, but at length fatigue overcame me, and I fell into a profound sleep. From this repose I was, however, aroused in the manner I am about to describe. A very considerable interval must have intervened. There was a cold air in the room very unlike the comfortable atmosphere in which I had composed myself to sleep. The fire, though much lower than when I went to bed, was still emitting flame enough to throw a flickering light over the chamber. My curtains were, however, closely drawn, and I could not see beyond the narrow tent in which I lay.

There had been as I awakened a clanking among the fire-irons, as if a palisade had been striving to arrange the fire, and this rather unaccountable noise continued for some seconds after it had become completely awake.

Under the impression that I was subjected to an accidental intrusion, I leaped out, first in a gentle and afterwards in a sharper tone.

"Who's there?"

At the second summons the sound ceased, and I heard instead the tread of anxious feet, and it seemed to me, upon the floor, pacing to and fro, between the hearth, and the bed in which I lay. A superstitious terror, which I could not combat, stole over me; with an effort I repeated my question, and drawing myself upright in the bed, I expected the answer with strange sort of trepidation. It came in terms and accompanied with accessories which I shall not soon forget.

"The very same tones which had startled me in the church-yard the evening before, the very sounds which I had heard then and there, were now filling my ears, and spoken in the chamber where I lay.

"Why will you trouble the dead? Who can torment us before the time? I will come to you in my flesh, though after my skin-worms destroy this body," and you shall speak to me face to face."

As I live I can swear the words and the voice were the same I had heard on the occasion I have mentioned but (and mark this) repeated to no one. With feelings which I shall not attempt to describe, I heard the speaker approach the bed—a hand parted the bed-curtains and drew them open, revealing a form more horrible than my fancy had ever seen—an almost gigantic figure—marked, except for a shadow—stood close beside my bed—the livid and cadaverous—grimed as it seemed with the dust of the grave and staring on me with a gaze of despair, malignity, and fury, too intense almost for human endurance.

I cannot say whether I spoke or not, but this infernal spectre answered me as if I had.

"I am dead and yet alive," it said, "the children of perdition—in the grave I am a murderer, but here I am a Revolt. Fall down and worship me."

Having thus spoken, it stood for a moment at the bed side, and then, turned away with a shuddering moan, and I lost sight of it, after a few seconds it came again to the bedside as before.

"When I died they put me under Morry's tombstone and they did not bury me. My feet lie towards the west turn them to the east and I will rest—may be I will rest—I will rest—rest—rest."

Again the figure was gone, and once again it returned and said.

"I am your master—I am your resurrection and your life, and therefore, fall down and worship me."

It made a motion to mount upon bed, but what further I know not, for I fainted.

I must have lain in this state for a long time, for when I became conscious the fire was almost extinct. For hours that seemed interminable I lay, scarcely daring to breathe and afraid to get up lest I should encounter the hideous apparition, for ought I knew, lurking close beside me.— I lay, therefore, in an agony of expectation such as I will not attempt to describe, awaiting the appearance of day-light.

Gradually it came, and with it the cheerful and reassuring sounds of life and occupation. At length I mustered courage to reach the bed-chamber, and having rung lustily, I plunged again into bed.

"Draw the window-curtains—open the shutters," I exclaimed as the maid entered, and these orders executed, "look about the room," I added, "and see whether a cat or any other animal has got in."

There was nothing of the sort; and satisfied that my visitor was no longer in the chamber, I dismissed the man, and hurried through with my toilet with breathless precipitation.

Hastening from the hated scene of my terrors, I escaped to the parlour, whither I instantly summoned the proprietor of "the Bell," in propria persona. I suppose I looked scared and haggard enough, for mine host looked upon me with an expression of surprise and inquiry.

"Shut the door," said I.

It was done.

"I have had an uneasy night in the room you assigned me, sir; I may say, indeed, a miserable, night," I said.

"Pray," resumed I, interrupting his apologetic expressions of surprise, "has any person but myself ever complained of being disturbed in that room?"

"Never," he assured me.

I had suspected the ghastly old practical joke so often played off by landlords in story-books, and fancied I might have been deliberately exposed to the chances of a "haunt ed chamber." But there was no acting in the blank look and honest denial of mine host.

"It is very strange," said I, hesitating; "and I do not see why I should not tell you what has occurred.— And as I could swear, if necessary, to the perfect reality of the entire scene, it behoves you, I think, to sift the matter carefully. For myself, I cannot entertain a doubt as to the nature of the truly terrible visitation to which I have been subjected; and, were I in your position, I should transfer my establishment at once to some other house as well suited to the purpose, and free from the dreadful liabilities of this."

I proceeded to detail the particulars of the occurrences of the night, to which he listened with nearly as much horror as I recited them with.

"Merry's tomb!" he repeated after me; "why that's down there in L.—the church-yard; you can see from the window of the room you sleep in."

"Let us go instantly," I exclaimed, with an almost frenzied anxiety to ascertain whether we should discover in the place indicated, anything corroborative of the authenticity of my vision.

"Well! I don't say no," he said, obviously bracing himself for an effort of courage; "but we'll take Pauline, and James, the helper, with us; and please, sir, you'll not mention the circumstance, as has occurred, to either or 'em."

I gave him the assurance he asked for, and in a few minutes our little party were in full march upon the point of interest.

There had been an intense black frost, and the ground, reverberating to our tread with the hollow sound of a vault, emitted the only noise that accompanied our rapid advance. I and my host were too much preoccupied for conversation, and our attendants maintained a respectful silence. A few minutes brought us to the low, grey walls and bleak hedgerows that surrounded the pretty old church, and all its melancholy and picturesque memorials.

"Morry's tomb lies there, I think, sir," he said, pointing to a corner of the church-yard, in which piles of rubbish, withered weeds, and brambles were thickly accumulated under the solemn, though imperfect shelter of the wintry trees.

I exchanged some sentences with our attendants in Welsh.

"Yes, sir, that's the place," he added, turning to me.

And as we all approached it, I thought me that the direction in which, as I stood upon the stile, I had heard the voice on the night preceding, corresponded exactly with that indicated by my guide. The tomb in question was a huge slab of black marble, supported, as was made apparent when the surrounding brambles were removed, upon six pillars, little more than two feet high each. There was ample room for a human body to lie inside this funeral post-house; and, on stooping to look beneath, I was unexpectably shocked to see that something like a human figure was actually extended there.

It was, indeed, a corpse, and what is more, corresponded in every trait with the infernal phantom which, on the preceding night, had visited and appalled me.

The body, though miserably emaciated, was that of a large-boned, athletic man, of fully six feet four in height; and it was, therefore, no easy task to withdraw it from the receptacle where it had been deposited, and lay it, as our assistants did, upon the tombstone which had covered it. Strange to say, moreover, the feet of the body, as we found it, had been placed towards the west.

As I looked upon this corpse, and recognized, but too surely, in its proportions and lineaments, every trait of the apparition that had stood at my bed-side, with a countenance animated by the despair and malignity of the damned, my heart fluttered and sank within me, and I recoiled from the edge of the demon with terror, second only to that which had thrilled me on the night preceding.

Now, reader—honest reader—I appeal to your own appreciation of testimony, and ask you, having these facts in evidence, and upon the deposition of an eye and ear witnesses, whose veracity, through a long life, has never once been compromised or questioned, have you, or have you not, in the foregoing story; a well-authenticated ghost story?

Before you answer the above question, however, it may be convenient to let you know certain other facts which were very properly established upon the inquest that was very properly held upon the body which in so strange a manner we had discovered.

I purposely avoid details, and without assigning the depositions respectively to the witnesses who made them, shall restrict myself to a naked outline of the evidence as it appeared.

The body I have described was identified as that of Abraham Smith, an unfortunate lunatic, who had, upon the day but one preceding, made his escape from the neighboring parson-work-house, where he had been for many years confined. His hallucination was a strange, but not by any means unprecedented one. He fancied that he had died, and was condemned; and, as these ideas alternately predominated, sometimes spoke of himself as an "evil spirit," and sometimes importuned his keepers to "bury him;" using certain phrases which I had no difficulty in recognizing as among those which he had addressed to me. He had been traced to the neighborhood where his body was found, and had been seen and recognized scarcely half a mile from it, about two hours before my visit to the church-yard! There were, further, unmistakable evidences of some person's having climbed up the trellis-work to my window on the previous night, the shutter of which had been left unbarred, and, as the window might have been easily opened with a push, the cold which I experienced, as an accompaniment of the nocturnal visit, was easily accounted for. There was a mark of blood upon the window-sill, and a scrape like that of the body corresponded to it. A multiplicity of other circumstances, and the positive assertion of the chamber-maid that the window had been opened, and was but imperfectly closed again, came in support of the conclusion, which was to my mind satisfactorily settled by the concurrent evidence of the medical man, to the effect that the unhappy man could not have been many hours dead when the body was found.

Taken in the mass, the evidence convinced me; and though I might still have clung to the preternatural theory, which, in the opinion of some persons, the facts of the case might still have sustained, I candidly decided with the weight of evidence, "gave up the ghost," and accepted the natural, but still somewhat horrible explanation of the occurrence. For this candour I take credit to myself. I might have stooped short at the discovery of the corpse, but I am no friend to "spurious gossells;" let our faith, whatever it is, be founded in honest fact. For my part, I steadfastly believe in ghosts, and have dozens of stories to support that belief; but this is not among them. Should I ever come, therefore, to tell you one, pray remember that you have to deal with a candid narrator.

"You've broken the spine, Herbert," said Danvers, "the cannot spring. You may finish him at your leisure for he is unable to rise, having no power to turn his body."

"I see," said Herbert, "he has only, by those desperate efforts drawn himself half around; but he faces me and I will put him out of misery. Is that gun re-loaded, Choat? Very well then; reserve your fire, all of you.—Those horrid cries will bring the lionesse to the rescue.—She will be much the most active and formidable of the two; and we must be well prepared, as, in her fury, she may storm the tree."

He then once more descended a few feet, and leveling his gun at the lion's forehead, between the eyes (for his ball were not made of mere lead,) he took a calm, delicate aim, whilst the lion glared at him with firey blood-shot eyes, his huge distended mouth dripping with gore. He fired, and sprang up again into the centre of the tree with the agility of a young and active seaman.

Meanwhile, Tandy, whose curiosity had overcome the very slender stock of prudence which Dame Nature had bestowed upon him, wondering what Herbert could hesitate so long about, after his first shot, and still more that the lion did not rise, though evidently still alive, had continued creeping farther and farther out, maddened by an imperfect view of the great event, till, at the very instant when the grisly monster sank under the last shot, with a fearful groan, Mr. Tandy's branch gave way with him, and down he came upon the hind quarters of the dying lion.

In an instant Chochoow was down at his side, snatched him up and sprang into the tree with him, with an effort of strength and agility which excited the wonder and admiration of the whole party. At this very moment the lionesse rushed upon the scene, and made a spring at Chochoow and his burden. One moment sooner on her part, of one particle less of exertion on the part of Chochoow, both he and Tandy would have fallen victims to her vengeance. She reached a large bow just beneath them, foaming with rage, they would have spared her, but it was impossible. She made no effort to retreat; received several shots without appearing to feel them; and never for a moment relaxing her grasp, or her threatening attitude, till pierced to the brain by one of Herbert's fatal balls, she fell lifeless by the side of her sly lord—faithful unto death.

IN HUNTING DEEB BEWARE OF TARTERS.

The following story from the "Petra" is founded on fact. A hunt in Africa, similar to the one recorded below, actually came off—only the original one was attended with a broken limb, in places of —; but read the exciting story.

It was in Northern Africa, on a high hill, in a ravine, where a ship's crew accidentally found pure water, after being for weeks without it. During one jaunt, they found it the resort of fowls, fat deer. I Now to the tale—

Whedding Argus.

The party arrived upon the ground an hour before sunrise—Chochoow, and two trustworthy men, with Herbert, Danvers, and Mr. Tandy, the latter somewhat disgusted that he was not permitted to carry a musket. Their guns and ammunition were soon secured in convenient situations, amply afforded by a very large tree. Herbert took his place in the centre of the tree, with a large arm in front of him, which, when the foliage and small boughs had been lopped away, offered a commodious rest for the heavy guns. Everything in a direct line below their fire close to the very foot of the tree, if necessary, it was there that the track or path lay. Chochoow was placed behind Herbert, in charge of the heavy artillery; Danvers with his friend, who likewise had a rifle. On the farther side of each of the officers was a man with a musket; and Tandy was perched considerably higher up in the tree; to watch for and give notice of arrivals.

"Now mark what I say," began Herbert. "No person is to fire, under any circumstances whatever, till I give the word and then only at a time. I shall probably let a considerable number of the animals pass before we attack them, not only because the leaders will be 'lough old bucks, who will take a deal of killing and be good for nothing when killed,' but because our fire, when many of them shall have gone by, will throw the whole herd into confusion in attempting to retreat by this narrow path, so that they cannot escape us. One word more—whoever is called upon to fire must select a good sized bass, and fire at his head if possible, between the eyes; for as they will be quite close to us, every shot ought to bring down its bird; and now we must retreat quiet.—Mr. Tandy, a good look out aloft; the slightest noise may undo all!"

About two hours after sunset, Tandy gave notice of some moving object well up the pass. It was a fine star-light night, the tall leaders of a herd were soon after advancing slowly and cautiously. They hovered as they approached the tree, tossing their heads and sniffing the air audibly. It was quite clear that they had taken alarm for a moment it was doubtful whether they would not retreat altogether. To secure twenty three of the herd, who were then possible, and the temptation was great; but Herbert exerted all his self command and discipline to restrain the rest of the party. Even a whisper, or the slightest rustling in the tree which he evidently became an object of alarm to the timid and wary leaders, would spoil all; but whilst the foremost on the narrow path hesitated, masses from behind them, where the ground was more open, pushed steadily on, and the leaders almost of necessity advanced. About fifty were allowed to pass, when Herbert, having selected his victim, gave the word, and fired his rifle; Danvers and the others followed in slow and orderly succession, as directed so that each man might take deliberate aim, and be followed by the time it came to him to fire again. A fearful scene of confusion ensued amongst so large a number of animals crowded into so narrow a pathway; the ground was soon covered with the slain, and as no more slaughter had been contemplated than would supply their necessities, the fire of the party ceased, and the trembling fugitives were permitted to retreat, as best they might. A few words of congratulation on their success were interrupted by a terrific roar within a few yards of them which, in the calm, still night, vibrated upon every nerve. Even the boldest felt for one moment, when thus surprised, as if already in the reach of the jaws of the ferocious monster, whose roar is so wildly expressive of strength and ferocity.

The excitement of the deer hunt was lost, forgotten, for at the very foot of the tree which concealed the party, and within twenty feet of Herbert, the majestic lion, of whom they had once before had a distant view, lay crouched with a huge animal beneath his murderous grasp. Whilst his terrible claws pierced its flanks, his bloody jaws crunched audibly the bones of the neck of his prostrate victim; his back being turned to the rest, as he lay perfectly quiet, apparently quelling the life-blood of his prey, with a deep purring of satisfaction.

There was neither alarm nor confusion among the little party; all proper measures of security had been taken. Herbert rested his heavy gun in the crotch of the branch, but he was anxious to strike a vital part, and the animal's front was altogether covered, as he lay at his full length so close before his hidden foe, with his tail almost touching the tree. After a moment's consideration, Herbert resolved to aim at the spine, the whole length of which was exposed to him in a direct line, so that a little more or less elevation would not baulk him; if he could keep the line of fire accurately. There was no need for haste, for whilst growing in low deep tones, the brute seemed to enjoy his occupation intensely, and never moved, except that his tail lashed gently, as if it were with enjoyment. The muzzle of Herbert's gun was within a few feet of the animal's body, and the aim was taken with a pulse as calm as if firing at a snipe.

It was a moment of deep interest to the lookers-on, all of whom, the foliage below them having been cut away, could see distinctly every thing that passed, except poor

Tandy, who, blinded by the thick foliage beneath his lofty station, and possessing quite as much curiosity, as all the rest put together, had crept further and further out upon his branch with cat-like silence and dexterity, till he, too, had obtained a partial glimpse of matters below. At length Herbert fired, the huge beast sent forth a yell, more hideous far than any thing they had ever heard, giving full expression to its rage and agony.

Herbert had sprung back to his former station, the instant he had fired, and seized his second gun, expecting that the wounded lion would face around and spring at him, and thus expose his front for a death wound. Nor was he much out in his conjecture; for, dipping his mangled prey, the furious beast made a desperate effort to turn and attack his assailants; but his object was only very imperfectly accomplished, and that obviously with extreme agony, the yells produced by which were frightful.

"You've broken the spine, Herbert," said Danvers, "the cannot spring. You may finish him at your leisure for he is unable to rise, having no power to turn his body."

"I see," said Herbert, "he has only, by those desperate efforts drawn himself half around; but he faces me and I will put him out of misery. Is that gun re-loaded, Choat? Very well then; reserve your fire, all of you.—Those horrid cries will bring the lionesse to the rescue.—She will be much the most active and formidable of the two; and we must be well prepared, as, in her fury, she may storm the tree."

He then once more descended a few feet, and leveling his gun at the lion's forehead, between the eyes (for his ball were not made of mere lead,) he took a calm, delicate aim, whilst the lion glared at him with firey blood-shot eyes, his huge distended mouth dripping with gore. He fired, and sprang up again into the centre of the tree with the agility of a young and active seaman.

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Caught in the Act.

We saw a funny spectacle the other day. A dozen omnibuses, with a live freight were about starting on a picnic, when a young woman ran hastily up and said to a gentleman of the party, who had just seated himself cosily by the side of a pretty girl:

"Here sir, I want to know what right you have to be going on pic-nics, and your wife and child at home?"

"Hush Mary," whispered the gentleman, hastily getting out of the omnibus, "hush the people will hear you."

"Who cares if they do? Why didn't you think of the people, or of me or your child, instead of running off to pic-nics with other women?"

"Well—there—now—don't—"

"But I will though!—And for you; Miss, if you ever dare to look at my husband again I'll—"

"I don't look at him, ma'am," tremblingly replied the poor girl; "I thought he was a single man, when he asked me to go on a pic-nic with him."

"So you have begun your dildoes, have you my lady?" exclaimed the wife; "you have begun your dildoes, have you? So, so, I'll give you a lesson you will remember (—taking him by the ear)—now walk home with me!"

The poor fellow writhed and implored, but his better half kept her hold and walked him off home, the laughter and jeers of the whole party ringing in his ears at every step.

Contempt.

Contempt is commonly taken by the young, for an evidence of understanding; but no habit of mind can afford this evidence, which is neither difficult to acquire, nor meritorious when acquired; and it is certainly very easy to be contemptuous, so it is very useless, if not very pernicious. To discover the imperfections of others is gratifying, to hate them for these faults is contempt. We may be clear-sighted without being misanthropic, and make use of the errors we discover, to learn caution, not to gratify satire, that part of contempt which consists of acuteness, we may preserve; its dangerous ingredient is censure.

"Why have you volunteered?" said rather a careworn looking highly-colored volunteer to a fine looking young country soldier. "Why I volunteered because I had no wife and god in for war," was the unqualified reply; and now why have you volunteered?" he added.—"Al! the care-worn countenance little man—for he was a little man—with a significant smile, 'I volunteered because I have a wife, and god in for peace!'"

Patrician—Some poor fellow is in for it by running after the calicoes. Just hear him:

Prætor heron a walking,
In her hands à la rare,
And it ain't no use talking,
Her's 'numpkins' and 'a few'—
She glides along in beauty,
Like a duck upon a lake,
One 'd be all love and duty,
If it only was a drake