

thought her strangely altered, and wished she might not be going to be ill.

Thus matters went on for some years. The oddest thing was the periodicity of the visits. In winter they were rare; but there was generally a short series in or about January, after which they ceased till the end of March, or the beginning of April. They went on through nearly the whole summer, with one or two intervals of about a fortnight. The servants never suspected even the existence of the mystery. Their ladies never mentioned it; and no article was ever displaced at night. The ladies became in time so accustomed to the appearance as to bear it almost without uneasiness. It occurred to them sometimes, how odd it was to be living under the weight of such a mystery; and they were silent when ghosts were talked about, and felt and looked very serious when they were laughed at: but their alarm had subsided. The Thing never did them any harm; and they had got merely to open drowsy eyes, to see if it was there; and to drop asleep the moment it was there no longer. This may seem strange to those who have not (and also to those who have) seen ghosts; but we none of us know what we may come to; and these two ladies reached the point of turning their heads on their pillows, without much beating of the heart, under the gibbering of a hideous ghost.

One circumstance worth noting is, that the Thing once spoke. After one of its mocking nois, it said, "I come to see you whenever I please." When Mr. Gurney was told this, he asked whether the language was English, and what sort of English it was. It must have been English, as the ladies did not observe anything remarkable. As to the dialect, it had made no particular impression upon them, but when they came to remember and consider, they thought it must have been the broad dialect of the district, which they were accustomed to hear in the kitchen, and in the streets and shops every day. This was all. Amidst the multitude of nightly visitations, no explanation—no new evidence—occurred for several years. Mr. Gurney was not fond of being puzzled. His plan was to dismiss from his mind what puzzled him. He seldom inquired after the ghost; and when he did, he always received the same answer.

One morning, after this lapse of years, Mr. Gurney called to ask the ladies if they would like to join a party to see a glasshouse. The residents of manufacturing towns cannot intrude in such places at their own pleasure, but (as is well known) take their opportunity when an arrival of strangers, or other such occasion, opens the door of any manufactory. Mr. Gurney was the first man in the town, in regard to doing the honours of it. All strangers were introduced to him; and the doors of all show places flew open before him. He was wont to invite his friends in turn to accompany him and his party of strangers to these show-places; and he now invited the Whartons to the glasshouse. Miss Wharton was unavoidably engaged at the school, but her mother went.

When the whole party were standing near one of the furnaces, observing the coarsest kind of glass-blowing—that of green-glass bottles.—Mrs. Wharton suddenly seized Mr. Gurney's arm with one hand, while with the other she pointed, past the glare, to a figure on the other side of the furnace.

"That's the face!" she exclaimed, in great agitation; "Keep quiet, and pull down your veil," said Mr. Gurney in her ear. She drew back into the shadow, and let down her veil, feeling scarcely able to stand. Mr. Gurney did not offer an arm; he had something else to do.

"Who is that man?" he inquired of the foreman, who was showman at the moment. The man inquired about looked scarcely human. He was stunted in figure, large in face, and hideous,—making all allowance for the puffing out of the cheeks, as he blew vigorously at the end of the long pipe he was twirling in his baboon-like hands.

"That poor fellow, sir? His name is Middleton. He is a half-wit,—indeed, very nearly a complete idiot. He is just able to do what you see—blow the coarsest sort of glass."

Mr. Gurney wished to speak with him; and the poor creature was summoned. He came, grinning; and he grinned yet more when he was requested to show the glasshouse to the gentleman. Mrs. Wharton, with her veil down, hung on her friend's arm; and they followed the idiot, who was remarkably light-footed (for a wonder), to the place he was most fond of. He took them down to the annealing chamber; and then he observed that it was "a nice warm place o' nights." Being asked how he knew that, he pointed with his finger at Mrs. Wharton, and peeping under her bonnet. Being advised to look him in the face, she raised her veil; and he sniggered and giggled, and said he had seen her many a time when she was asleep, and many a time when she was awake; and another lady too, who was not there. He hid himself down here when the other men went away,—it was so warm! and then he could go when he pleased, and see "her there," and the other, when they were asleep.—Mr. Gurney enticed him to whisper how he managed it; and then with an air of silly cunning,—he showed a little square trap-door in the wall, close by the floor, through which he said he passed. It seemed too small for the purpose; but he crept in and out again.—On the other side, he declared, was Mrs. Wharton's cellar. It was so. Far distant as the glasshouse seemed from her house, it ran back so far, the cellar running back also, that they met. No time was lost in sending round to the cellar; and, by a conversation held through the trap-door, it was ascertained that when Mrs. Wharton's stock of coals was low, that is, in summer, and before a fresh supply came in in mid-winter, Middleton could get in, and did get in, almost every night. When he did not appear, it was only because the coals covered the trap-door.

Who shall say with what satisfaction the ladies watched the nailing up of the trap-door, and with what a sense of blissful comfort they retired to rest henceforth! Who shall estimate the complacency of the good clergyman at the complete solution of the greatest mystery he had ever encountered? Who will not honour the courage

and fortitude of the ladies, and rejoice that their dwelling escaped the evil reputation of being a Haunted House?—Lastly, who will not say that most of the goblin tales extant may, if inquired into, be as easily accounted for as that appertaining to the good Mrs. Wharton; which has this advantage over all other ghost stories:—it is perfectly and literally true.

[From Cumming's Five Years' Adventure in South Africa.]

ENCOUNTER WITH A LIONESS.

The lioness having had a long start of me, we went over a considerable extent of ground before I came up with her. She was a large, full-grown beast, and the bare and level nature of the plain added to her imposing appearance. Finding that I gained upon her, she reduced her pace from a canter to a trot, carrying her tail stuck out behind her, and slewed a little to one side. I shouted loudly to her to stop, as I wished to speak with her, upon which she suddenly pulled up, and sat on her haunches like a dog, with her back towards me, not even deigning to look round. She then appeared to say to herself, "Does this fellow know who he is after?" Having then sat for half a minute, as if involved in thought, she sprang to her feet, and, facing about, stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving her tail slowly from side to side, showing her teeth, and growling fiercely. She next made a short run forward, making a long, rumbling noise, like thunder. This she did to intimidate me; but, finding that I did not flinch an inch, nor seem to heed her hostile demonstrations, she quietly stretched out her massive arms, and lay down on the grass. My Hottentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and, drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples, and put on our caps. While this was doing the lioness sat up, and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness. She looked first at us, and then behind her, as if to see if the coast was clear; after which she made a short run towards us, uttering her deep-drawn murderous growls. Having secured the three horses to one another by the reins, we led them on as if we intended to pass her, in the hope of obtaining a broadside. But this she carefully avoided to expose, presenting only her full front. I had given Stofolus my Moore rifle, with orders to shoot her if she should spring upon me, but on no account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to stand ready to hand me my Purday rifle, in case the two-grooved Dixon should not prove sufficient. My men as yet had been steady, but they were in a precious stew, their faces having assumed a ghastly paleness; and I had a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them. Now, then, for it, neck or nothing. She is within sixty yards of us, and she still keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to her. I knelt on one side, and taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder, upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us. At this moment Stofolus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, dauced about like a duck in a gale of wind. The lioness sprang upon Colesberg and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches with her horrid teeth and claws; the worst wound was on his haunch, which exhibited a sickening, yawning gash, more than twelve inches long, almost laying bare the very bone. I was very cool and steady, and did not feel in the least degree nervous, having fortunately great confidence in my own shooting; but I must confess, when the whole affair was over I felt that it was a very awful situation, and attended with extreme peril, as I had no friend with me on whom I could rely. When the lioness sprang upon Colesberg, I stood out from the horses, ready with my second barrel for the first chance she would give me of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for, seeming satisfied with the revenge she had now taken, she quitted Colesberg, and slewed her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me, taking one step to the left. I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in another second the lioness was stretched on the plain a lifeless corpse. In the struggles of death she had turned on her back, and stretched her neck and fore arms convulsively, when she fell back into her former position; her mighty arms hung powerless by her side, her lower jaw fell, blood streamed from her mouth, and she expired. At the moment I fired my second shot, Stofolus, who hardly knew whether he was alive or dead, allowed the horses to escape. These galloped frantically across the plain; on which he and Kleinboy instantly started after them, leaving me alone and unarmed within a few paces of the lioness, which they, from their anxiety to be out of the way, evidently considered quite capable of doing further mischief.

CONJUGAL ENDEARMENTS.

"My dear, I'll thank you for a little more sugar in my coffee, if you please."

"My dear! Don't dear me, I'd as soon have you call me my devil as my dear."

"Well, my devil, then, I'll thank you for a little more sugar in my coffee."

At this proof of affection on the part of her husband, Mrs. Snapdragon burst into tears. She had got up, as the saying is "wrong end foremost," that morning, and nothing could please her. She was not better pleased with being called my devil, than my dear, though she had a moment before declared that she preferred it. On the contrary, she took her husband bitterly to task for his ready compliance with her suggestion.

"Oh, you vile, wicked, good for nothing!" she exclaimed. "Is it thus you treat your affectionate wife? Is it thus you apply names to her, names which I dare not mention?"

"My devil, you did mention it just now. You suggested the idea, you put the words in my mouth, and I always like to comply with your wishes you know. So my dear—my devil, I mean—a little more sugar if you please."

"Sugar! I won't give you a grain more. I'll see you hanged first. You use more sweetening than your neck is worth."

"I've acquired that habit from having so sweet a wife. Besides, I pay for it with my own money."

"Now, reproach me with that, do you? If I did not bring you any money, I brought you respectable connections, and—"

"True, you brought all your connections," snorted—

"Now you reproach me with that do you? I dare say you grudge my relations every mouthful they eat while they are here."

"I grudge you nothing, my dear—I would say dev—"

"Don't use that word again, Mr. Snapdragon—if you do I'll leave the table."

"Thank you my love; then I'll help myself to sugar."

"Yes, and you would help yourself to another wife I dare say, if I was gone."

"I am afraid there is little chance of that. But my coffee is cooling while I'm waiting for the sugar."

"Then it will be like your love, which has been cooling ever since we were married."

"Thank you, my love, there's nothing like a sharp acid for a cooling draught."

"Sharp acid! do you call me a sharp? I'll not endure your taunts any longer. I'll go home to my connections. I'll have separate maintenance."

"Whenever you please, my dear darling."

"I won't take such pesky language from you."

[Going with the sugar-bowl in her hand.]

"My dear, leave the sugar-bowl, if you please."

"Here; take it!"

[Throwing it at his head, and exit.]

A SECOND ULYSSES.—An old man, of very acute physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought before the police court in Philadelphia. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second handed in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business do you follow, Wilmot?"

"Business? None! I'm a traveller."

"A vagabond, perhaps?"

"You are not far wrong—travellers and vagabonds are much the same things. The difference is that the latter travels without money, and the former without brains."

"Where have you travelled?"

"All over the continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure, and very much to laugh at."

"Umph! and what do you commend?"

"A handsome woman that will stay at home, an eloquent preacher that will preach a short sermon, a good writer that will not write too much, and a fool who has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man who marries a girl for her fine dancing a workingman who believes in the sympathies of professional gentlemen, a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands, and people who elect a drunkard or blockhead to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and qualifications do not merit."

"Oh, I perceive you are an utterer of pithy sentences; now, I am about to utter one that will surprise you."

"A pithy sentence from your honor would indeed be a matter of astonishment."

"My sentence is, that you discontinue travelling for the term of thirty days, while you rest and recruit yourself at Moyamensing," (the country prison.)

This retort was a poser, and Mr. Wilmot submitted to the requirement of the "vagrant act," and retired from the hall of justice, in company with a sheriff, without uttering a syllable.

THE WINDOW.—Is there any character in life so interesting as a young and beautiful widow? Not a flirty, coquettish one, who even amid her sorrows, has an eye to future wedded happiness with another; but one of genuine heart, wedded to her husband's urn, pensive, but not sad, her grief softened to placidness.

"devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure."

We met one of this fashion last week. Her sorrows had served only to soften her charms, as age mellowed a picture. Brilliant eyes, which I have oft-time seen dance with joy, had lost none of their power, but they were more subdued—they seem to be looking beyond the grave, longing to join her liege lord in one eternal bliss of wedded love!

"When your good husband died," said I, "earth lost a bright ornament, but heaven gained a saint." A tear of sorrow stood in the widow's eye, but a gleam of religious hope and resignation melted it away. "I need not tell you," continued I, "that, search the wild world over, you cannot find his fellow—you already know that full well."

The fair bereaved one clasped my hand convulsively; I had touched the right cord—nature burst forth—a very torrent of tears gushed from her eyes—like unto an earthquake heaved her breast, even the "counterfeit presentment" of Niobe upon her cameo seemed to catch the "soft, infection," and rain alabaster tears! and in sweet and broken accents the beautiful mourner thus sobbed out—

"I'll bet I do!"

George Washington Napoleon Pius Republican American Fourth of July Jean Jacques Crapeau, were the appellations bestowed the other day by a patriotic Frenchman of Cincinnati, at a public christening, upon his son, who had been ushered into the world amid the "cannon's loud roar," during the Fourth of July, 1849.

FOR TYPOS.—"of my existence, give me an —" said a printer to his sweetheart. She immediately made a — at him, and planted her — between his lips. "Such an outrage," said Faust, looking at her, "is without a —."