

emitted a murderous shout, blending together all that is appalling in sound, but his tongue refused its office. He would have started to his legs, but they failed him in his need. They were powerless. His vital energies were locked up with terror, he was chained to the spot by it; and all that he could do was to stare with suspended breath, dilated nostrils, and frightful distended eyeballs, on the hideous phantom. It approached. Bob's head began to swim, his eyes became dim, and in the next instant he was unconscious of his situation and of the appalling presence he was in. He had swooned.

Andrew, in the meantime, wholly unaware of the powerful effect he was producing, moved on towards the place of concealment he had fixed upon, and having arrived at it, stretched himself down at full length parallel to Bob by the side of the adjoining stone, to await in this situation the approach of his rival. The matter thus disposed of, all remained quiet for some time. At last Bob recovered a sense of his horrible predicament, and had begun to stare around him again in quest of the appalling vision that had blasted his sight, but not seeing it, he gradually raised himself on his elbow to command a wider view, and finally raised his head above the surface of the stone behind which he was concealed. Now, it happened that Andrew becoming impatient at the non-appearance of his victim, raised his head above the level of his stone at the very same instant, and thus two pale faces and sheet-hooded heads fairly confronted each other, and at the distance of only a few yards. It was an awful moment. Petrified with horror, they stared at each other for several seconds in motionless agony of overwhelming, inexpressible terror; but at length both sprung to their feet, and each thinking the other was about to come to closer quarters, both gave a desperate and unearthly shout, and took to their heels in opposite directions. Bob, whose route was inland, flew over the churchyard with an amazing speed and lightness of foot, but unhappily stumbled frequently in his route. He in truth came down every two or three paces, some of his falls were severe; but so rapid were his motions—under the influence of the maddening terror by which he was impelled—that they scarcely seemed to interrupt his progress for the shortest imaginable space of time. He was on his feet instantaneously, and away, again, like the wind. The churchyard wall, for it was walled at the upper end and at one of the sides, he cleared at a bound, sheet and all, and away over the open country he went, clearing hedges and ditches with the agility of a harlequin.

Andrew, in the meantime, had gained the road, amongst which he, too, was flying with desperate speed, and with horror and distraction in his looks. The two wayworn figures finally arrived, in most piteous plight, at their respective homes, but both having taken the precaution to divest themselves previously of their sheets. It was not for some time certainly known what had happened to them, as

they would divulge nothing themselves. That they had got some dreadful fright or other, however, was the first conviction of both the families to which they respectively belonged; their horror-stricken looks, when they arrived, and the fact of both keeping their beds for nearly a week after, strongly confirming this view of the case. Both heard of each other's mysterious adventure and subsequent illness, together with a whisper that they had seen something "no canny," but this, in place of leading them to a discovery of the fact, only confirmed their previous impressions; both believing that they had encountered the same object. We need hardly add, that neither Andrew nor Bob ever went near Winnlestead again. They durst not go in daylight, for a reason already mentioned; and for another reason, which the reader will readily guess, they would not go after dark for all the wealth of the world. It may not be unnecessary to state, that in less than three months after the exhibition in the churchyard, Betty Hamilton and Geordy White were married, and that, soon after that event, the real facts of the story, as we have told it, got abroad, to the great confusion of the unlucky "gomerals" who had been the victims of it.

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**GROUNDS OF RECOGNITION.**—A man went to a restaurateur's (or chophouse) in France, to dine. He perceived another man in the room and hurried away to tell the master. "If you do not, Sir, order that man who is dining alone at the table in the corner out of your house, a respectable individual will not be able to sit down in it."—"How is that, Sir?"—"Because that is the executioner of R——." The host, after some hesitation, at length went and spoke to the stranger, who calmly answered him: "By whom have I been recognized?"—"By that gentleman," said the landlord, pointing out the former. "Indeed, he ought to know me, for it is not two years since I whipped and branded him."

**PIGS.**—One day when Giotto the painter was taking his Sunday walk, in his best attire, with a party of friends, at Florence, and was in the midst of a long story, some pigs passed suddenly by, and one of them, running between the painter's legs, threw him down. When he got on his legs again, instead of swearing a terrible oath at the pig on the Lord's day, as a graver man might have done, he observed, laughing, "People say these beasts are stupid, but they seem to me to have some sense of justice, for I have earned several thousands of crowns with their bristles, but I never gave one of them even a ladleful of soup in my life.—Lanzi.

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