

negroes as they came howling on the gale. Whilst I rapidly approached the ruined village which had been the terrific scene of blood. A black cloud thick with darkness overshadowed the picture, and spread a gloomy wildness over every object. The horse buried his hoofs deep in the sand, and, like an arrow from a bow, continued his fleet career; when in a moment, he stopped, threw out his forelegs, and reared upon his haunches, while streaming foam issued from his nostrils. It was with considerable difficulty that I retained my seat; and as the creature refused to proceed, I rode back a short distance and again made an effort to pursue my direct road, but in vain; the animal stopped at the same spot, and flew from side to side of the highway, nor could the whip and spur urge him to advance.

Several times did I repeat the same attempt; and though a chilling awe crept through my veins and made my blood run cold, yet nothing had presented itself to my sight, though it was evident that the eyes of the horse were fixed upon something super-naturally terrific.

At length the moon shed her dim light through a fleecy cloud, and then with horror and amazement I beheld the cause of terror; right in the middle of the road appeared a long black coffin, and the pale beams of the moon glanced on the white escutcheons fixed on the top. Every feeling of the soul was racked to the extreme; every fibre of the heart was nerved to desperation; and, mustering all my breath, I uttered the great and awful name to which both quick and dead must pay obedience. The lid of the coffin was thrown up,—a figure slowly raised itself and gazed upon me, whilst my whole existence seemed quivering on the verge of eternity. The horse pawed the ground with uncontrolled fury; the howling of the gale seemed more dreadful;—when a hollow voice, with distinct utterance, vociferated ‘don’t be alarmed, ’tis only Uncle Joey!’—So, so, poor fellow! so, so!’

The horse bearing a well-known sound

became pacified; and then I ascertained that Uncle Joey, a corporal in the newly-raised volunteers, had been to town to fetch an *arm-chest*, which had been made by a carpenter to deposit the muskets in. Having, however, drank rather freely, he had found himself drowsy on his way back; so getting into the chest (which was painted black with a tin plate on the lid,) and shutting himself in, he had enjoyed a comfortable nap, till the snorting of the animal and my shouting brought about his resurrection.

I hardly need say how much my heart was lightened by this explanation, and that I parted with Uncle Joey and his shell in much better spirits than had attended our meeting. Since that time I have had occasional returns of panic, but they have gradually diminished, and I am now almost as daring as my late excellent father, and except during temporary fits of nervous relaxation, care neither for ghost nor goblin; and I trust, that whilst my readers who are parents will keep a watchful eye that servants do not instill pernicious feelings into the breasts of their offspring, my young readers will rest satisfied on the assurance of an old man, that all ghosts are in reality mere Uncle Joeys.

## BOYS, WORK!

It is one of the besetting sins of young men of this extravagant and intolent age to endeavor to get rid of work—to seek for easy and lazy employment—and the consequence is that many of them turn out worthless vagabonds. Boys, avoid this whirlpool as you would a plague spot; banish from your bosom the dangerous desire to live without work. Labor is honorable, dignified; it is the parent of virtue, health, wealth and happiness; look upon it as an invaluable blessing and never as a burden or a curse—Idleness, on the other hand, is the fruitless source of vice, poverty, degradation and misery; would you escape all these, shun it. Pursue some honest calling, be not ashamed to be useful, go to work! Be a man not a drone.