

man breast. His soul was the empire of melancholy alone; and seemed to shrink from every thing that partook of a social colour. He had returned to languish for a moment over the tomb of her whom he once loved, and then bury himself in a hermitage for ever.

The son recited the tale of his misfortunes to the father, and implorad his interposition with George, who, he thought could not refuse the request of his father, even though a compliance should deprive him of Julia. He knew too that his father had been the early friend of Mr. Wilmot who was under many obligations to him. But in reply, the father enjoined on him, as he valued the duty of a son, not to disclose what had passed that evening; and then rushed abruptly from the cottage, and disappeared.

Meantime George Carlisle determined to profit by his present success, and put even fate at defiance: for conscious guilt is always fearful of the caprices of time. The marriage night was fixed; the marriage rings exchanged; the marriage supper was prepared; the guests were invited; and, in his own mansion he stood before the pastor of the village, ready to pronounce with triumph the vows of love to her who stood pale and weeping by his side.

"Poor Julia," thought every one, "she looks so unlike a bride." With her eyes fixed on the floor, her heart still with James in his humble cottage, and while the tremor of her lovely form was visible to every one, she heard not the holy man begin the marriage ceremony; and hardly did she hear a bolder voice exclaim "Old man, would you have your daughter reject a fortune to marry a beggar?" The clergyman dropped his book, and the guests started, and the father of Julia, recognizing the countenance of an old friend whom he had long supposed to be dead, hastening to embrace him exclaiming "Carlisle, the long lost Carlisle!" "Have mercy, Heavens!" exclaimed George, "Is this my father's face?" "Aye, and your father's voice too, that pronounces you a beggar," returned the old man; and then continued "Go from my presence—I utterly disown you—James is the heir of my fortune, and the destined husband of her for whom you have sold your brother to despondency."

The wedding was suspended, for indeed it was no delusion. Mr. Carlisle had been pressed on board a man-of-war at Quebec, having been mistaken in one of his reckless strolls for a mere vagrant. This additional misfortune had rendered him so desperate that he took no measures to get released, but sullenly submitted to the obscurity into which he was thrown. A series of extraordinary adventures had

succeeded his discharge from the navy, all of which had been calculated to render his feelings more callous towards man; and he just escaped from a cruel captivity in Algiers, and returned to America in season to save his James from the triumphs of envy.

The sequel of that day presents a picture rarely met. A bride relieved from the vows of one whom she could never love—a father dead to every emotion but regret for "man's inhumanity to man"—a son endeavoring to console a father, who returns his attentions perhaps with only a look—a brother brooding hatred against a brother, and cursing the author of his existence—night dropped the curtain and when it rose again, George had left the stage. No one could tell whether he had fled, nor was he ever after heard of.

Not many years after, old Carlisle left a world which he had never loved, but to which he had again become reconciled: and in it left a dutiful son to enjoy his large estates, and with them the hand of Julia Wilmot.

#### A GHOST STORY.

The following incident occurred to a young artist, while travelling, not long since, through Germany. He relates it as follows:

On my way to Vienna, I stopped for the night at a hotel of a village near Gratz. The courtyard was filled with travelling carriages, and as I was ordering the disposal of my baggage, the landlord came to me and politely told me that it was not in his power to accommodate me—that an unusual number of travellers had taken up their abode there for the night, and that there was not a bed in the village that was not pre-engaged. My horses had travelled far during the day, and I was myself so much fatigued that I would willingly have put up with indifferent accommodations; but he assured me that he had already given up his own chamber. "If however," said he, "you are willing to continue your journey two miles further, I can insure you a comfortable bed at old Margarete's. Your horses can remain here, and I can give you a supper; for although dame Margaret passes for a witch, I doubt whether she would provide you with a supper for a gentleman.

I thanked my host, and having made a hearty meal, and hired a horse for the night, packed the ne-

cessary articles for my wardrobe in a portmanteau, and set off for the old woman's cottage.—I followed my landlord's directions, and entered the wood at my right. It was already twilight, and as I advanced into the depths of the woods, darkness soon overtook me. I rode on a mile or two without seeing any signs of habitation.—At length I perceived at a distance the outline of an old grey house, and quickening the pace of my horse, rode him under the shelter of an outbuilding, and tied him there for the night.

I then walked towards the house. There was neither sound or light from within. I knocked at the door, and finding no one answered, ventured to open it, and entered. The door of the inner room stood partly open, and I perceived a faint glimmering light upon the walls, as if from embers on the hearth. I repeated my knock at the inner door. "Come in," was the only attendance I received. I entered and found an old woman seated close to the fire, rocking backwards and forwards, with her arms crossed upon her knees. She was haggard and grey, and by the light of the coals her countenance bore marks of dejection; but there was a piercing, unquiet expression in her dark eye, which brought back forcibly my landlord's illusions to her powers of necromancy. She glanced at me as I entered; and, with a disappointed air, pointed me to a seat on the other side of the fire, and resumed her posture and rocking motion, without making any inquiries as to the nature of my intrusion. I excused myself, however; telling her that the landlord of the hotel had informed me that she could accommodate me with a bed, and being much fatigued, I should be glad to retire immediately. She got up, lighted a candle, and setting it upon the table, pointed to a dish of venison and hard biscuit, which were neatly prepared at the side of the table, on which were the remains of her own meal of porridge. I was not a little surprised at this apparent preparation for an additional person, and declining to take any thing, turned to her and asked