

A GHOST STORY.

We remember two friends who were "regular story tellers." Mr. O'Brien had a store of Irish legends (of these hereafter). Mr. T. Smith had a variety of ghost stories. Of one of these a haunted house was the scene—a whole family of ghosts the dramatic persons. We must premise, that at the time referred to, it was the fashion to wear "pig-tails," and Mr. Smith who had eschewed "pigtail" and patronized "short cut," or crop, used to say, when asked what he had done with his pig-tail, that "thereby hangs a tale," which joke he retailed at every opportunity. We may also intimate that a good "ghost story" was in those days a valuable little property. Mr. Smith seldom dined at home, and always passed his evenings at other people's firesides. In truth, for more than three parts of the year, his "ghost story" procured him "bed, board, and lodging," gratis, including "coal and candles." Now then, let the reader imagine a small, cosy party seated round the fire, on a winter's evening, and let Mr. Smith tell his own story in his own way.

I was staying (he began) some years back at Squire Galt's, at Danglewich Hall, near Nantwich, in Cheshire; my friend, O'Brien here was also a visitor. ("Sure I was," says Mr. O'Brien with a grin—he was a merry fellow that O'Brien!) One evening the conversation turned upon Clay-hill, an old deserted mansion, that was reported to be haunted. Strange sights, strange sounds, and strange stories, filled the neighbourhood with alarm; and what surprised me at that time was, that all the Danglewich people seemed afraid to believe in them. Being a little elevated, I entered the family upon their ridiculous fears—I have since learned to pay more attention to other people's opinions—and so engaged the squire that he offered to bet fifty guineas to one that I would not dare to sleep in that house for one night. No more said than "Done," cried I, and proposed to go immediately. The Squire instantly ordered the servant to get the key from the old woman at the park lodge, to light a fire in the blue-room, and to provide, besides a pipe and tobacco, a good bottle of brandy. The whole party, in a merry mood, sallied forth to conduct me to my quarters. Soon after I wished them all good night, and fastened the door. I had a brace of pistols and a good sword stick, I drew my sword and went over the house at once, to see that the fastenings were secure—although not afraid of ghosts, I objected to being surprised by robbers.

Everything was in a dilapidated state, but I ascertained that the locks and bolts, although rusty, were sufficiently strong to resist an intruder. I was also certain, that no one was concealed. I then proceeded to my apartment, which was on the first floor at the back of the house. I slowly ascended the large staircase. The sound of my footsteps echoed through the empty mansion. As I approached the landing I was startled by a sudden noise, like the slamming of a door, and recollected that one of the upper rooms was without a fastening. All was silent again. I could hear myself breathe. I then held up the light, and looked first up, and then down, the long staircase, and began to feel that I had done a rather foolish thing—there might be after all a secret staircase, might be robbed, murdered. But it was too late to recede; and the fear of being laughed at overcame every other fear.

I now entered my chamber and secured the door. The bright fire and the candles gave a cheering look to a room otherwise dreary enough. It was of large dimensions, and its color was a deep dingy blue. At one end stood a huge four-post bedstead, hung with dark blue patterned damask curtains, edged with black; the head of each post was ornamented with a ragged plume of dark blue feathers, which gave to it rather a queer appearance. I examined every part, and beneath the bed perceived a large chest, which I found to be firmly locked. Examining it aside, I proceeded to explore the two closets that flanked the fire-place. Amongst a quantity of loose lumber, wax boxes, hat boxes, and old slippers, I discovered an old black letter volume (a good deal mangled), but, as Sir Walter Scott says, "worth its weight in gold for all that; it was 'God's Revenge against Murder.' I just gave it a browse upon the table to knock out the dust. The blow produced a most tremendous noise that nearly stunned me, and was echoed apparently from every corner of the building, followed by the rattling of a falling mortar behind the window, and a scampering of fifteen thousand rats were flying in all directions. The cloud of dust almost suffocated me; but not quite overcome, I applied myself to my broody, and fished my pipe, stirred the fire, snuffed the candles, opened my book, and began to read. I read on in silence, broken only by the regular puffing of smoke, the ticking of my watch, and the sizzling, or rather sizzling, of the kettle. The book absorbed my whole attention. I was innocently moved by its revelations. I was so worked upon by it that I felt a kind of lifting of the chair beneath me, and a peeping shadow appeared erebefore between the candle and the page. Suddenly, at a most exciting point, I heard a gentle rustling of the bed curtains. On looking round—horror never to be forgotten!

I distinctly saw a tall figure enveloped in a long night dress, which touched the ground. It was standing side ways towards me, so that the face was hidden by a large feminine cap, which, however, it removed and threw upon the bed, discovering a most fearful and ghastly profile. It went through the operation of making its toilet before a small glass, then looked towards the trunk, and then to the bed. After a moment's hesitation, the trunk was opened, and it proceeded to put on an old-fashioned brocade dress. The figure then, after surveying itself in the mirror, slowly turned round, and moved towards me. I felt my blood curdle, my flesh crawl. It passed the front of the bed, and advanced towards the door. The eyes were cast down; the hand was upon the fastenings. At this instant the village clock struck, or rather tolled out twelve—and as the last stroke of the bell floated on the breeze, the figure gradually raised its head, and fixed upon me a pair

of horrible glaring eyes that turned my heart to ice. A sharp sliding noise on the wall opposite made me turn to look, and the two portraits, a lady and an officer in a blue uniform, appeared to be leaning out of their frames, and watching me intently. The figure then hastily passed out of the room, uttering a screaming note, wilder than the morning wind. This was answered seemingly from the ceiling by a most hideous long drawn howl, followed by the rattling of locks, bolts, and chains, and a confusion of strange unearthly sounds. I sprang up and seized my pistols. There was a dead silence. I could distinctly hear a whispering, not only on the stairs, but in the closets, the doors of which were slowly pushed open, and more than one pair of eyes flashed upon me from the dark; in an instant the door of the room cracked slowly, and I beheld two or three parchment faces, with fiery eyes, gazing at me. I made now a desperate effort, and leveling a pistol either way, uttered a fierce menace, threatening to fire if they advanced. This threat was answered by a queer sort of uttering and snuffling, in desperation I pulled the triggers; the result was a double flash in the pan, which overspread the room like a sheet of blue lightning. Then broke forth—a laugh—ten times more horrible than the laughter of a herd of hyenas—I could endure it no longer, and sunk into the chair, the pistols dropping from my hands.

There was a dead pause, and I heard something like the moving of a cat, yet seemed it like the voice of a child in distress; and my attention was attracted by the appearance of a black skeleton of a cat, who was setting up its back, growling and spitting. It then slowly advanced and prowled round the fire-place, and sitting down opposite to the fire with its back towards me, turned its head and its fearful green eyes met mine. I next heard the whelping of a cur, and the distant, hollow, wolf-like baying of a watchdog. The sounds approached; the dog chain rattled up the stairs I tried to seize my sword, but was paralyzed. I could just glance towards the door, whence came a strange, shuffling sound, and the next moment I saw an extraordinary figure enter, with a large carving-knife in his hand. He was dressed in blue livery, with tags—a round punch—high bony shoulders, and spindle-shanks—he wore a blue Welsh wig—and his nose, which was of enormous size and hooked, was of a deep blue also; it was like burning ironsides. He was followed by a skeleton-like figure, also in livery, and armed like his fellow. These stood and stared at me. They were followed by a figure, marching into the room with an air of consequence. He was not prepossessing, dimly glancing saucer eyes, with a decided cast in them; a small dimpled bit of blue nose; a spurious mouth, with a tooth or two exposed; the look of age diffused over all. He was wrapped in a blue dressing gown, and wore a large curled blue wig. As he entered, all appeared blue—the candles, and the fire, whose flames curled themselves into the likeness of some ghastly thing. The whole company, for there were now many intruders, seemed covered with blue mould; they were the children of Mildew and Decay; they looked damp and slippery. The veteran in the dressing-gown advanced to the fire side with dignity, and looked at me with a withering scowl. I guessed at once that he was, or had been, the minister of the mansion, and politeness prompted me to rise. He motioned me to be seated, and then took a chair. A little boy was at his side, and the stately figure of a lady also stood near him—other faces peered over his chair. My venerable host then bent forwards, and placing his hands upon his knees, looked sternly in my face and said, in senesclitich ton,—"Pray, sir, did you ever hear that this house is haunted?"

I was thunderstruck! What answer could I make? Not a moment was allowed me for reflection, for I instantly felt a violent tug at my pig-tail behind, and the brimstone nose half-rising in my upturned face, exclaimed, "And you don't believe in ghosts?" My terror was at its height. I heard no more; but I saw I saw the knife flashing, and felt that my head was not off my pigtail was gone! Shouts of exulting malice rent the air.

But here Mr. Smith was interrupted by a shout of exulting laughter from one of his listeners. It was Mr. O'Brien. "Oh, ho!" screamed that gentleman; "I'll be kill entirely. A mighty ingenious tale you've made off it, Mr. Smith. And sure I must tell the truth, if you hate me for it. Sure and wasn't it the day after we had the staghunt and didn't you get so over head and ears in honor that you went sleep-walking about the house all night, disturbing the people that were fast asleep; and the night after, sure didn't we tie your pig-tail to the bell-rope at the head of the bed, to keep you still, or give us notice of your rambles—and a pretty good notice we got, by the powers! for what wild the bell ringing up your hairline, we thought the house was on fire. I'll never forget seeing you pulling me away, and the bell pull pulling the other—and all we could do, we could not keep you any, till we undid your tail; so faith it was Betty, the cook, I remember, who whipt out her scissor, and cut the knot. Oh! oh! oh!—and that's the true way you lost your pigtail, Mr. Smith."—Crutchank's Omnibus for October.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.
DURING the Summer the Quebec Post Office will be open to the public from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. On SUNDAYS, in the Morning for Two Hours after the arrival of the Western Mail, and in the Afternoon, from 3 to 5 o'clock.
By order of the Deputy Post Master General,
General Post Office,
Quebec, June 1841.

NOTICE.
RUSSIAN STOVES.
THE Russian Stove Company is now ready to receive orders for the erection of this useful and economical Stove. A sample of them can be seen at the Auction Rooms of Mr. G. D. BALSANETTI, every day from 5 to 6 o'clock, where orders will be received, or at the Manufactory Establishment, No. 59, St. Vellier street.—30th Sept. 1841.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.
THE Court of Directors hereby give notice, that a half yearly Dividend of Twenty-two shillings sterling, per share, will become payable on the 30th July, during the usual hours of business, at the several Branch Banks.
The Dividend is declared in Sterling money, and will be paid at the rate of Exchange current, on the 30th July, to be then fixed by the Local Boards.
The Books will close preparatory to the Dividend, on the 15th July, between which time and 30th July, no transfer of Shares can take place.
By order of the Court,
(Signed,) GEO. DE BOSCO ATTWOOD,
London, 1st June, 1841. Secretary.

JUST RECEIVED.
AND FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.
25,000 Regalia Cigars,
30,000 Cruz Brand, No. 1, Principe,
15 Cr " " No. 2,
" " " No. 1,
" " " No. 1,
Matthew Congress,
2,000 Blondo Congress,
10,000 Virginia,
2,000 Gales,
1,000 Manila Cheroots,
24,000 Mend sea & Garcia,
5,000 Trabucoo,
25,000 Regatta, No. 1, Canada Manufacture,
30,000 Matthew half Reg. ditto,
Marscabio Knar or Tobacco, Fine mild old Petit Knaster Vuelta de Abajo, Fin. Leichter Porto Rico, Cut Tobacco, Strasburg Snuff, French Rappee, Fine Moccoboy, American Gentlemen, Natchitoches Mixture, Cigar, Cases of different sizes, & Patent Matches.
—ALSO—
A very large stock of sole and upper Leather E g in French, Irish and Canada manufacture, &c.
CHS. F. PRATT & BROTHER.
Foot of Mountain Street, Quebec.
2d June 1841.

MANUFACTURE OF RUSSIAN STOVES.
By a Company under the direction of
MR. SMOLINSKI,
Who has introduced from Poland a number of workmen whose trade is the manufacturing of these Stoves.
59, St. Vellier Street, Quebec.
SUCH Gentlemen of the Clergy, or others, as may have experienced any difficulty about the Chimneys, will, by writing (post paid) to the above establishment, have the necessary directions forwarded to them.
As it may be impossible to meet all the demand, it is deemed proper to notify that the first applications will be first attended to.
Quebec, 14th June 1841.

FOR SALE.
3,400 Bars round No. 3, Iron, assorted sizes,
1,200 ditto ditto,
500 Coils best Castings,
17 Cwt. 5-16 Chain, short linked,
3 Chain Cables and Anchors with a complete range of standing and running Rigging, Blocks, D'advers, &c. to suit a vessel of 300 tons Register.
Apply to
Commercial Chambers,
18th August 1841. H. N. JONES.

NOTICE.
TO PERSONS DESIROUS OF SETTLING ON THE LAMBTON AND KENNEBEC ROAD.
NOTICE is hereby given that it is the intention of the Government at once to take the necessary steps for settling the Kennebec Road, in conformity to the provincial Statute 5 Geo. 3rd cap 31.
Lots of 50 Acres of Land each will be laid out on each side of the road.
Settlers 21 years of age and upwards who have never obtained a grant of Land from Government, may obtain a Lot of 50 Acres on the following conditions—
1st.—They are to make application to the Emigrant Agent at Quebec, or to the resident Agent, whenever they shall be ready to become residents, on the tract to be granted.
2nd.—Upon giving a satisfactory account of their means of providing for themselves until a Crop can be raised from the ground, they will receive a Ticket from the Emigrant Agent entitling them to locate the land.
3rdly.—Upon application to the resident Agent in the first place he will forward a statement to the Emigrant Agent, of the applicant's age, family, and means of settlement, upon which, if approved, authority for location will issue.
4thly.—The Tickets issued will be useless to any but the applicants, and unless presented to the resident Agent within one month from the date, they will not be received by him. Any person who shall receive a Ticket, and who shall not proceed to his Settlement within one month, or who, having been placed upon land, there shall abandon it, will be considered as having lost all claim to receive land.
5thly.—Settlers will be required to clear and place once under Crop, one third of the land located, and to reside on the land until this settlement duty is performed, and after one third of the great shall have been cleared and under crop, the settler shall be entitled to his Patent, free of expense.
6thly.—The settlement duty is required to be done within four years from the date of the Ticket.
7thly.—Settlers who are under the necessity of being temporarily absent from their Locations, will apply to the resident Agent stating the length of their intended absence, and the reason for it, which will be entered on the Agent's Book if the reason for absence seems sufficient, and any person who shall absent himself without being permitted to do so by the Agent or who shall remain away from the settlement, for a longer time than such permission shall authorize, will be considered as having forfeited his location.
8thly.—An assignment or attempt to assign any Ticket or Location, will also be considered as a forfeiture of all right in the Location or Assignee; or if it shall appear that the Location has previously obtained a Grant of Land from Government, his new Location shall be forfeited.
9thly.—In all cases of abandonment of Location, the located land will immediately be considered open for new location or sale.
10thly.—As it is not the intention of the Government to offer the settlers any assistance further than the free grant of land, applicants are specially desired to consider for themselves whether or not, they have the means of maintaining themselves and their families until Crops can be raised from the ground.
Mr. C. TASCHEREAU, the Agent for the Settlement of the Kennebec Road or Mr. BUCHANAN, Agent for Emigrants at Quebec, will furnish any further information which may be required.
THOS. C. MURDOCH,
Chief Secretary.

ORANGE MARMALADE,
FOR SALE BY
G. SCOTT,
Commissioner.
Quebec, June 8, 1841.
FOR ALL BY THE SUBSCRIBERS:
TWENTY-FOUR Crates assorted Earthenware, now landing on "Alexander Wise," from Liverpool.
20 pipes, 10 hbd. Martell's Cognac Brandy,
10 hbd. Pale do do do
200 best quality French Barr Stems,
100 1/2 lbs Ship Biscuit,
100 1/2 lbs Prime Beef,
50 hbd Prime Mena Beef,
60 hbd Prime and Prime Mass Pork,
50 krgs Lard
25 casks Upper Canada Whiskey,
46 bags Candlewick.
BAIRD & CO.
No. 1, St. Peter Street.
Quebec, May 27th 1841.

FOR SALE.
300 BOLTS of the best Patent Canvas, 100 Coils of do. Cordage, various sizes.
WILLIAM CHAPMAN & CO.
Gibb's Wharf.
Quebec, May 24, 1841.

J. W. LEAYCRAFT, DUNSCOMB & CO.
OFFER FOR SALE.
HOGSHEADS of Bright MUSCOVADO SUGAR.
—AND—
Punchons CUBA RUM,
Now landing ex brig Southampton, from Havana de Cuba.
—AND—
Canada Prime and Prime Mena PORK.
Quebec, 20th May 1841.

SUPERIOR LEMON SYRUP
Manufactured and sold by
WM. PATERSON,
Grocer.
No. 18, Notre Dame Street, Quebec.
JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE.
50 Gross of the well known celebrated JOHN'S MARISSA—nothing equal to them in the Canada.
CHAS. F. PRATT & BROTHER.
Quebec, 27th Aug. 1841.

REMOVAL.
THE Subscriber begs to intimate that he is now devoting particular attention to the manufacture of Gunmetal, and will always have on hand a large supply, which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms.
—Also—
Superior, Fine, and Midding Fl. w,
Pot and Pearl Bar-y,
Favine Entree, Press Oats, Bran, &c. &c.
—AND—
A large assortment of very superior QUILLS.
GEORGE BISSET,
Quebec, 23rd July, 1841. Hunt's Wharf.

REMOVAL.
THE Subscriber takes the present opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to his friends and the public in general for the liberal support in business he has hitherto enjoyed and begs leave to inform them that he has removed to the premises formerly occupied by Messrs. Gibb & Shaw, No. 18, Notre Dame Street, opposite the Store of Mr. Castro, Watch-maker, where he intends to keep a general assortment of Groceries, Wines and liquors of the best quality, and at moderate prices, and hopes to merit a continuance of public patronage.
WM. PATERSON.
Quebec, 7th May 1841.
N. B. Daily expected a choice assortment of China & Earthenware.

FOR SALE BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.
50 CASKS WHISKEY.
100 boxes Glass 24 by 24 in half boxes
40 do Dishy Herring
20000 Common Cigars, in hundreds
15 kegs Snuff
10 do, best Plug 16.
16000 Sites Cigars, 10 y are old
2000 Ladi s do.
600 large dry Hides
354 heavy green Calf Skins.
CHAS. F. PRATT & BROTHER.
Quebec, 20th June, 1841.

ARNOLD'S VICTORIA HOUSE, No. 18, Notre Dame Street, Lower Town, near the market Place.
—Ordinary from 3 till 4 o'clock, P. M.—supper and Chop at all hours. Large Storage for the convenience of Boarders.
Quebec, 4th May, 1841.

FOR SALE.
ONE English Barrel COAL TAR. Apply to the subscriber.
J. WESSITT,
25th May, 1841. St. Roch.

FORWARDING.
FERGUSON & MCGIBBON, MONTREAL.
MCGIBBON & FERGUSON, KINGSTON.
THEIR business is conducted altogether by way of the St. Lawrence, by which route sufficient dispatch can be given to goods wanted. GOODS forwarded from Quebec to their care, destined to any other part of the Province beyond Kingston, or on the line of the St. Lawrence below that place will meet with prompt attention and despatch.
Montreal, 15th May 1841.

RAGS, ROPES, CANVASS, & OAKUM.
THE highest price paid for Old Ropes, Rags and Canvass.—A constant supply of Writing, Printing and Wrapping Papers, always on hand, at the Warehouse of
MILLER, McDONALD & CO.
Hunt's Wharf.
N. B.—A supply of superior machine-made Oakum for sale.
Quebec, 2nd April, 1841.

FOR SALE.
1000 BARRELS CANADA FINE FLOUR.
Apply to
THOS. CRINGAN & Co.
Wellington Wharf.
5th May 1841.
QUEBEC.—Printed and published by A. JACQUES
No. 29, SAINT-AP-MARTIN STREET.