

on earth made him look death and daggers at me?

Here was another mystery.

"I should be so happy to meet Mr. Muff," I remarked.

"And pa would be so glad to see you," said Marjory. "Pa is so quiet, you know, and so fond of conversation; and there is only one person on earth, I think, who troubles him, and that is cousin Tom."

"Confound cousin Tom," I murmured to myself, at the same time biting my lips with vexation.

"Might I be bold enough to ask?" I remarked, "how, why your dear cousin?—ahem."

"Oh, you must know, Mr. Pinky," interrupted Marjory, "pa and cousin Tom can never, never agree, and pa doesn't wish cousin Tom to come to the house any more. Pa is so passionate, you know, and the other day he made cousin Tom run down stairs in an awful hurry, and then he informed him that if he came again he would have him carried to the brewery and drowned in a vat or blow all his brains out with a cannon. Pa keeps a blunderbuss, you know, Mr. Pinky. O, poor cousin Tom!" and Miss Muff hereupon buried her beautiful eyes in her handkerchief for nearly five seconds.

I could hardly stand this. Philosophers tell us that we do not really know that we love until we have occasion to feel a little jealous; and I, at this moment, discovered the appalling fact that the shaft with which Cupid had pierced my poor heart must, indeed, have been a spear about three feet long.

"It is most melancholy," I observed, "to have such a terrible state of feeling exist between uncle and nephew."

"Yes, and poor cousin Tom was always so nice."

"Indeed," I remarked, rather abstractedly, at the same time consoling myself with the wish that cousin Tom was at the bottom of his uncle's vat. I did not relish too much of this aggravation, so I essayed to change the subject. I started into poetry, poets and flowers, and for about twenty minutes we kept up a high-toned dialogue, during which I came out in some of my fine quotations, and rambled successively through Julius Caesar, Homer, and Paradise Lost. From Paradise, Miss Marjory Muff wandered into painting, and Raphael and Michael Angelo, in their turn, became our victims. A fine copy of Corregio's "Magdalene" was hanging near the door, and, upon Marjory calling my attention to it, I arose for the purpose of having a closer inspection. I placed my hands behind my back, and was just in the act of uttering some admiring remark with regard to the beautiful penitent, when the door suddenly opened, and before I had time to turn around, I felt the snake-like folds of a horse-whip entwined themselves around my legs, and a voice, hoarse with passion, shouted in my ear:

"You here again! you hemp-deserving young rascal! after all my warnings! after all I've told you! Now, then, take that!—and this!" and another crack of the villainous whip caused me to spring three feet from the ground.

"Hold on!" I roared. "Man! fiend! devil! what's this?"

Miss Marjory began to scream like an owl. "Oh, pa! pa! pa! it's not him, it's Mr. Pinky, indeed it is!"

But the infuriated old lunatic would listen to nothing. He belabored me incessantly. I dodged between the tables, jumped over the chairs, and ran all round the room; but yet he followed me.

"Speak to him, for heaven's sake, if you love me!" I shouted to Marjory.

But she only screamed, wrung her hands, and retreated towards a comfortable ottoman in the corner for the customary purpose of fainting.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend me!" I bawled at the top of my voice.

"Scamp! imp! rascal! I'll thrash every bone in your ugly body!" roared old Muff behind me.

At length I managed to reach the door, and bowed to the lobby. Just then the nasty ideas of the brewery vat and the blunderbuss rushed upon my bewildered brain, and made me feel inclined to make my retreat a doubly hasty one. I caught sight of some white apparition bundling down the stairs, and a voice came screaming from it:

"Oh! oh! it's not Tom. Muff, Muff, what are you doing?"

In my headlong and heedless flight I came into collision with the screamer, whom I suppose must have been Mrs. Muff, and the result was that the apparition fell all in a heap against the opposite door. My pitiless tormentor also met with a mishap, for, in the blindness of his fury, he struck his nose against the door-jam, and while he paused to examine the quality of his claret, I took the opportunity to grab my hat and make for the street, fervently thanking heaven for my escape, and wishing all the Muffs in Christendom had never been born. I struck out for aunt Jerusha's as quick as my poor sore limbs would permit me, and almost caused the good old lady to go out of her senses when she beheld me.

I galloped up to my room, and after breaking three geranium-pots and flinging the kitten over the banisters, I ordered my clothes to be packed and everything got ready for an early start. Before daylight I was far on my road to Brookdale, imagining all the way that old Muff and his cursed whip were after me, and even to this day I fancy I can feel the stings and smart that attended the closing scenes of my first and last attempt.

## EMILY'S CURSE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Black Martha told me this story. As nearly as possible, I have given it to you in her own words. I presume it is quite true. Had some one who could read or write given me the same story, I might have suspected some romancing; but Martha is only a poor ignorant woman, once a slave, who has no idea of what romancing is, and who entered into the narration just as you or I would tell a bit of gossip about a neighbor.

She understood that it was somewhat tragic, but then it was such a common piece of tragedy to her; and her text was, that when people stepped out of their places, or were lifted out, trouble generally came to them.

"I remember Em'ly mighty well," she said. "Em'ly belonged where I did. Some of us niggers was black enough, dat's sartin'; but Em'ly was pretty near as white as white folks. Mighty pretty too. Old Miss she'd bought her for a seamstress; sew and all dat, you know. And when old Miss was dead and gone, and her son Massa Charles come home to settle things off, why, Em'ly wasn't seamstress no more. She kep house, and was married to Sam, as was as white as Em'ly."

"Dere wasn't no lady in de house, and she give out stores and sich. Massa Charles thought a heap of her. She had silk dresses and bonnets and parols. Wouldn't knowed but she was as white as chalk when she went out, totin' her dress so with one hand, and totin' her parol with t'other, so. Hi! no, you wouldn't."

"Always had been a pet, Em'ly had. Niggers didn't have no right to talk, but Em'ly was sot up. Hi! I never see no nigger sot up so—never did."

"Massa Charles was good enough; but slaves is slaves, and massas is massas."

"Fur as I know, Massa Charles was always as soft as silk to Em'ly, and he never done miffin but jes' cuff me when coffee was muddy, or like dat ar. Only ole Jude she use to say: 'Kil niggers, Massa Charles jes like ole massa. He'll get harder an' harder as he gets older.'"

"Poor ole Jude! She use to sit and rock and rock dar in de cabin, and when we'd come wid our troubles she'd say:

"'Nebber mind, chillun. You all be free some day.'"

"We'd laugh, an' say Jude was chillish; but it come true."

"Jude could tell what was comin' mighty smart. When we uns would go and tell how sot up Em'ly was, she'd say:

"'Won't last—won't last. I see de end—end's a comin'.'"

"But it didn't come for a good while."

"I was jest fifteen when Massa Charles done come home, and I was mos' twenty when Sam—dat was Em'ly's husband—died, and I was clean gone twenty when I stood by de gate one day, and saw Em'ly come out of de house looking wild like, and go down into de garden, kinder puttin' her hands out so, like she was blind."

"She had on a black silk dress and gold bracelets, and a chain on her neck with a locket on it. Whether she'd took and throwed it down, or whether she dropped it, I don't know; but when she'd gone by, I saw dat chain and locket on de grass."

"'Em'ly,' says I, 'done loss your locket?'"

"She jus gave a kind of scream, and went on de same way."

"Dat gal's gone crazy at last," says I. "But jest then out of de house comes her two chillun, two pretty little gals. She had another, but it was a little baby. And one of 'em calls, 'Mammy,' and then she runs back and takes 'em by de hand, and goes into de house."

"I went in too, and dere, down on her knees on de floor, was Em'ly at Massa Charles' feet."

"'Been too sassy at last. Dat gal has, I reckon,' says I to myself."

"'Bout dat time niggers began to talk. Massa Charles was going a courtin'. Massa Charles was going to be married. Mighty fine lady; mighty rich; mighty pretty."

"Massa Charles was off every day, all dressed up fine as fifty; and Em'ly she was sick or something; couldn't tell what ailed her."

"Any how Massa Charles was going to be married sartin, and we was to have a missus. But all de same, winter coats was to be cut out; and Massa Charles bought de stuff, and Em'ly was outtin' them out in de big sewing room, and two seamstresses—dat was Sue and Fan—dey was bastin'." And while she was up dere, Massa Charles he came along wid a strange gempleman.

"Massa Charles looked kind of pale and queer like; kinder shamed too. I noticed dat are, but I didn't think much of it. Em'ly's children was setting on de grass a playin', and de gempleman he stopped and looked at 'em. Mighty pretty children; didn't wonder at dat; den he went into de house."

"His wagon it stood dere at de gate, and Tom he held de horse. Arter a while he came out of de house and got in; and Massa came wid him, puttin' away his pocket-book. He sets dere in dat wagon and calls to de chillun:

"'Hi! hi! come here. Want a ride?'"

"'Yes,' says de poor chillun."

"'Jump in,' says he. 'Here, put 'em in, girl.'"

"And I did what I was tole, of course. I put Em'ly's chillun in de wagon. Dey crowed and laughed. 'Mammy come too,' says de littlest gal; and off he drove, laughing."

"Massa Charles stood leaning against de fence, lookin' arter 'em. I jest laughed, for I reckoned dey'd come back pretty soon; but I waited and waited, and dey didn't come."

"'Massa Charles,' says I, 'pears like dem chillun is gone quite a spell.'"

"Den Massa Charles looked at me—looked kinder like de debbil might, you know. And he swore a big swear, and went into de house. And I turned sick, and began to shake all over, for I knowed Em'ly's chillun was sold."

"I went away and hid myself. I was skeered. Fear I'd say suffin sassy if I stayed, and I couldn't help cryin'. Em'ly was sot up, but dem was her chillun."

"Pretty soon I heard her callin'—callin' her babies. 'Come to mammy,' says she, soft like—'come to your mammy!' Then she begins to holler louder, kinder screaming like: 'Chillun! Chillun!'"

"Dere was hard cryin' all over de whole plantation dat night. Em'ly had been sot up, but, laws! to hear her scream, 'Chillun, chillun! Oh, my chillun!' de whole night through."

"Next morning dere was a wagon at de gate. Em'ly was sold too. Not with her chillun; she was sold by herself. She didn't scream none, but she looked ashy. She stood dere on de porch, and begged Massa Charles jes for dat little baby. He couldn't or he wouldn't buy it back for her. Lord he knows which. Den she turned around and stood up straight."

"'My curse on you,' says she. 'My curse on you, Massa Charles. You know what you have done to me,' says she. 'If I am a slave, I am human; and God knows all. My curse on you. And listen: De time will come when you dat stand so high will be low down, like de lowest trash,' says she. 'De time will come when you'll stand barefoot at a nigger's door and ask for food. I see it—I see it. I don't know how, but I see it. Curse you! curse you! curse you!'"

"Massa stood here, looking furious."

"'Massa Peyton,' says he, 'dat woman is yours; but you'll oblige me by having her flogged before you take her off.'"

"'Sorry I can't 'blige you, sir,' says de gempleman; 'but you see dat gal is pretty well cut up now, and I don't want no lash marks on her to-morrow, a fancy lot like dis,' says he."

"And off he drove, and none of us eber see Em'ly no more."

"And dere was a great merry-making, and presents given out to everybody next week, when de bride come home. Mighty nice woman young Missy was."

"But somehow trouble kinder seemed to fall on Massa from dat day. Crops failed, and niggers died off. At last come dat war. I was hired out in Richmond den. Massa had to hire some ob us out—got mighty poor. And dere was firin' an' crashin' kinder far off. And one mornin' I looks out of window and see strange sojers in de streets."

"'What's dat, Pomp?' says I to Massa Griff's Pomp, dat was out on de street starin' round."

"'Hi!' says Pomp. 'Yankees come; we's all free.'"

"So dey had. So we was. Couldn't bleef it at first, but so we was."

"And Missy, a good spell arter, when I was hirin' myself out and keepin' house for my ole man and chillun, somebody comes knock, knock at our own door. I looked out. Dere was Massa Charles. His clothes was ragged; and dough he had shoes, his toes was bare. He hadn't a cent in his pocket, and he'd walked from de plantation. His wife had gone back to her people, I reckon; and his house was burnt down. He hadn't anything but just de bare ground, and he was mighty miserable. He wanted break-fast, and I made him a mighty nice one; and I waited behind his cheer, and I never said nuffin sassy, but I kept a thinkin' all de while, 'Ah, Massa Charles, Em'ly's curse has come at last. You's come barefoot to a nigger's door to ask for victuals.' And so he had, Missy; and I allers shall think dat Em'ly's curse brought it about—dat am de Lord's will."

## THE GHOST.

BY PROFESSOR PEPPER.

Public opinion long ago determined and settled it as a fact that it was quite possible to see a spectral image which should simulate the human form divine. Classical histories tell of phantoms rising before the astonished vision of heroes to warn them of impending disasters and death. Shakespeare continually uses "the Ghost," as one of his great dramatic accessories, employing spectres to affright the eyes and menace three murderers, viz., Brutus, Macbeth and Richard the Third. The ancients were not, however, bold enough to manufacture or produce a patent ghost, they had no learned works to instruct them upon the laws of light and optics; but still the human mind, ever restless and yearning after the truthful and the beautiful, brought them very near to a modern experimental ghost when they embodied the idea of reflection in their mythological and poetical fables. The reflection of sound is illustrated in the fate of the nymph Echo who, daring to assist Jupiter in deceiving Juno, was punished by the Queen of Heaven and changed into an echo, and as if the laws of reflection were to be still further illustrated, the silly nymph Echo fell in love with Narcissus, (a name synonymous with a pretty flower), but as her love was not returned, she pined away in grief, and fading gradually left behind Vox, (A Voice) et praterea nihil, (and nothing besides.)

Mark, oh patient reader, the fate of Narcissus. Just as poor dear pretty Echo subsided into the reflection of sound and exchanged her corporeal existence for a voice, so Narcissus meets the same unhappy end by the reflection of light, for Dr. Clarke informs us that Narcissus was a beautiful (? handsome) youth, and that he was the son of Cephissus and Liriope; but unfortunately for poor Echo was inaccessible to the feeling of love. Echo enamoured of the cold creature died of grief.

But Nemesis, to punish Narcissus, caused him to see his own image reflected in a fountain, whereupon he became so enamoured of it, that he gradually pined away, until he was metamorphosed into the flower which bears his name. Narcissus saw his own ghost and died.

Thus we are convinced that the ancients illustrated poetically the reflection of sound and light.

Echo died of the reflection of sound. Narcissus of the reflection of light.

The ghost is a reflection; and now for a little philosophy à la nineteenth century.

Light distributes itself from all luminous bodies like radii drawn from the centre of a circle. The smallest portion of light separable is spoken of as a ray of light, and provided this ray remains in the same medium of the same density no change occurs in its path or direction; but directly it passes out of that medium into another of a different density or into any other solid, fluid, or gaseous body, it may undergo other changes, but especially may be reflected and indeed a portion of it is always turned back.

On any irregular surface such as a cloud, or snow, or paper light is scattered and so generally diffused that it will illuminate a large space. If however it falls upon a polished surface of steel, silver, gold, nickel, platinum or other metallic surface, the ray is thrown off in a certain and fixed direction, and now instead of being scattered it illuminates brilliantly a limited space.

The reflection of light takes place in obedience to certain fixed laws of which the fundamental one is that, "The angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection," or, "the incident and reflected rays always form equal angles."

The second law is that the incident and reflected rays, always lie in the same plane—i. e., if the path of the incident ray corresponds with the top of a table and is horizontal, the reflected ray will be the same. If the incident ray is perpendicular or in a plane corresponding with the legs of the table, then the reflected ray is identical with that plane.

If a ray of light strikes a surface in a perpendicular direction it returns upon itself and retraces, as it were, its steps. If the ray falls slantingly, then it darts off the reflecting surface in an oblique direction.

It is easy to take pencil and drawing-paper and trace out the direction a ray of light ought to take in obedience to these laws. First, draw a straight line to represent the reflecting surface, then draw a perpendicular to the surface, when the ray is represented as striking the surface. It is easy to complete the angle of the incident ray and to draw the reflected one exactly alike on the other side of the perpendicular.

A hole in a closed shutter will admit into a shaded room a beam or ray of light with which the young experimentalist may operate. The dust in the room by irregular reflection shows the path of the ray, and by taking some plane or flat surface, such for instance as a piece of plate glass, the student may soon learn the very simple principle upon which the more complicated illusion called "The Ghost," is produced. First, he may hold the glass so that the ray is exactly perpendicular to the reflecting surface, when he will notice the ray retrace its own course. Secondly, he may incline the glass and then observe that whilst a considerable portion of light goes through the glass, a still larger one is thrown off or reflected. And now it is only necessary to imagine a highly illuminated object, such as a plaster of Paris bust or a living being standing before the perpendicular or inclined glass, and the reflection of the real figure will be the spectral image or ghost. When we walk past large plate-glass windows in shops we may see our own "ghosts" walking amongst the silks and satins, or hams, cheeses, butter, &c., within. The ghosts are usually clear and distinct because they are produced by perpendicular reflections, which are always the best and free from any displacement—bending or unnatural distortion. The beautiful photograph of the "Mirror Lake" in Yosemite Valley, is an admirable illustration of the principle of "a Ghost," or of the story of Narcissus. The only difference is that the reflecting surface is water and not glass. As the light from an illuminated object must travel to the surface of the glass and then come back again, it is evident that the reflection will appear just as far behind the glass as the real one is distant from it in front. Nature thus most perfectly registers distances, and art, by the employment of a Theodolite, applies the principle. The amount of light reflected varies, as already stated, according to the position of the glass. Thus 25 rays only out of a 1,000 are returned from glass when they fall in the perpendicular line, about 400 if they fall upon the glass placed at an angle of 80 degrees. At an angle of 89 degrees the plain unsilvered glass would reflect nearly all the light and quite as much as if coated with quicksilver amalgam at the back. It is on account of this fact that the startling "ghost effect" produced