

that Luther, my eldest boy, and the two blue eyed babies, were in their graves. Two were drowned in each other's arms—the other died of a broken heart—a mere baby—but it pined itself to death after I disappeared—she told me so, and I believed her—asking for *farler, poor farler*, a hundred times in a day, and whenever it awoke in the night; and dying—literally dying with that word upon its lips. My wife added, that she was coming home. What could I say? I knew that I had wronged her; that I was a fool and a mad man; but what could I say? Well, our arrangements were made and I set off to meet her—leaving my poor little boy at home, with a hired girl to take care of him, until I got back. To be sure that he would not go astray, I had tied a Newfoundland puppy, of which he was very fond, to the post of his cradle bed—telling him to stay there until I returned with his mother, which would be in the course of that afternoon or towards night-fall.

Here he stopped, and his breathing changed; but after a few minutes, began anew, in a low, steadier, though much altered tone.

“Well—Sir—we met once more—and she forgave me; and we were happy. And so, I took her into my arms, lifted her into the saddle, and we started together—two as happy human creatures as there were upon the face of the earth—notwithstanding the self-reproach and heaviness I felt, on hearing the particulars of what I cannot bear to speak of yet, or even think of—the death of Luther and his two elder sisters. Poor Luther—poor baby! Well, we were already more than half-way back to the place where she was prepared to see her little nestling asleep, and dreaming of his mother—his dear new mother as he called her, and persisted in calling her from the moment I told him that she was coming to live with us. Poor little fellow! He had almost forgotten her. Suddenly as we were descending the top of a hill, our horses began to snort—my wife caught my arm, and as I turned toward her, I saw the whole western sky in a preternatural glow. Before I could speak, a strange darkness swept by, and I felt as if the hand of death were upon me, I tried to speak, but I could not. I could only urge my wife to follow—and clapping spurs to my horse I rode straightway toward the fire. Once only, did I turn—and then only to look back and forbid her to follow me further.

Well, I arrived at the place; and there I found—bear with me patiently—first the hired girl, frightened half out of her senses, and hiding under a fence. I asked for my boy. She stood aghast at the inquiry.—Her only reply was a wandering of the eyes, as if in search of something. At last and with great difficulty, she recollected enough to

say, that she had seen the fire in time to escape with my boy—that being dreadfully fatigued, though she had not ran far, she sat down to rest herself, looking toward the path by which we were expected—that some how or other she fell asleep—and that the last she remembered was, something little Jerry had said about going back to untie poor Carlo! My heart died away within me. I knew that I was childless—I *knew it*—don't talk to me—I *knew it*. And it was so. When I arrived at my house, I found it nearly destroyed by the fire and a little way off lay my poor boy, with Carlo watching over him. The child was dead—that is Carlo you see there. My wife is in the madhouse, at Philadelphia—and here am I. Heaven forgive me!—*Family Pioneer*.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

Continued.

When a man is terrified he is always disposed to exaggerate. And if one has been frightened by some trifle, to save himself from exposure to ridicule, he magnifies the trifle into something truly appalling, hoping thus to save his reputation. Though a man may not mean actually to tell a lie, the temptation to exaggerate under such circumstances is too great to be withstood.—This principle, if duly considered, will account for much that is incredible in these narrations. I will here introduce one of the best authenticated ghost stories that ever was told, and which for a long time remained perfectly inexplicable, but which was accidentally explained. This apparition appeared in the town of Plymouth, England. We quote from Sir Walter Scott. ‘A club of persons connected with science and literature, was formed at the great sea town we have named. During the summer months the society met in a cave by the sea-shore; during those of the autumn and winter, they convened within the premises of a tavern, but for the sake of privacy, had their meetings in a summer house situated in the garden, at a distance from the main building. Some of the members to whom the position of their own dwellings rendered this convenient, had a pass key to the garden door, by which they could enter the garden and reach the summer house, without the publicity or trouble of passing through the open tavern. It was the rule of this club, that its members presided alternately. On one occasion in the winter, the president of the evening chanced to be very ill. Indeed, was reported to be on his death bed. The club met as usual, and from a sentiment of respect, left vacant the chair, which ought to have been occupied by him, if in his usual health. For the same reason, the conversation turned upon the absent gentleman's talents, and the loss expected to the society by his death. While they were upon this

in lancholy theme, the door suddenly opened, and the appearance of the president entered the room. He wore a white wrapper, and a night cap around his brow, which had the appearance of death itself. He stalked into the room with unusual gravity;—took the vacant place of ceremony—lifted the empty glass which stood before him—bowed around—put it to his lips—then replaced it on the table, and stalked out of the room, as silent as he had entered it. The company remained deeply appalled. At length, after many observations upon the strangeness of what they had seen, they resolved to despatch two of their number as ambassadors, to see how it fared with the president, who had thus strangely appeared among them. They went and returned with the frightful intelligence, that the friend, after whom they had inquired was that evening deceased. The astonished party then resolved that they would remain absolutely silent, respecting the wonderful sight which they had seen. Their habits were too philosophical, to permit them to believe that they had actually seen the ghost of their departed brother. At the same time, they were too wise men, to wish to confirm the superstition of the vulgar, by what might seem indubitable evidence of a ghost. The affair was, therefore, kept a strict secret, although as usual, some dubious rumors of the tale, found their ways to the public.

To be Continued

WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1835.

Arrivals from England since our last, have brought English papers to the 21st March—Trade is said to be in a prosperous state.—In the House of Peers, Lord Brougham presented a petition from the House of Assembly of Canada, complaining of grievances, &c. Viscount Canterbury (the late Speaker of the House of Commons) has been appointed a Commissioner to Canada. He is generally considered to be well qualified for the office. It is supposed that he would be entrusted with full power to settle all differences, *if he can*.—The report of the Church reform Commissioners was to be presented to Parliament on the 21st March, it is said to be an elaborate and ably drawn up document.—Vice Admiral Sir P. Halket, has been appointed to succeed Vice Admiral Sir G. Cockburn, in the command of the West India and North American Stations.

The French Ministry has been again formed. No further proceedings have taken place in the Chamber of Deputies respecting the American question. The members of the Committee had called for additional papers.

A heavy shock of an Earthquake was experienced at St. Thomas' on 11th Feb. last—the shock lasted about 25 seconds—the report one and a half minutes.