

Leaving the body by the side of the pond, and old Ben and the blacks to guard it, Mr. Grafton cantered up to Fisher's house. Smith was not only in possession of the missing man's property, but had removed to Fisher's house. It was about a mile and a half distant. They inquired for Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, who was at breakfast, came out, and invited Mr. Grafton to night; Mr. Grafton accepted the invitation, and after a few desultory observations, said, "Mr. Smith, I am anxious to purchase a piece of land on the other side of the road, belonging to this estate, and I would give a fair price for it. Have you the power to sell it?"

"Oh yes, sir," replied Smith. "The power I hold from Fisher is a general power; and he forthwith produced a document purporting to be signed by Fisher, but which was not witnessed.

"If you are not very busy, I should like to show you the piece of land I allude to," said Mr. Grafton.

"Oh, certainly, sir. I am quite at your service," said Smith; and he then ordered his horse to be saddled.

It was necessary to pass the pond where the remains of Fisher's body were then exposed. When they came near to the spot, Mr. Grafton, looking Smith full in the face, said, "Mr. Smith, I wish to show you something. Look here!" He pointed to the decomposed body, and narrowly watching Mr. Smith's countenance, remarked—"These are the remains of Fisher. How do you account for their being found in this pond?"

Smith, with the greatest coolness, got off his horse, minutely examined the remains, and then admitted that there was no doubt they were Fisher's. He confessed himself at a loss to account for their discovery, unless it could be (he said) that somebody had waylaid him on the road when he left his home for Sydney; had murdered him for the gold and bank-notes which he had about his person, and then thrown him into the pond. "My hands, thank Heaven!" he concluded, "are clean. If my old friend could come to life again, he would tell you that I had no hand in his horrible murder."

Mr. Grafton knew not what to think. He was not a believer in ghosts. Could it be possible, he began to ask himself, that old Weir had committed this crime, and—finding it weigh heavily on his conscience, and fearing that he might be detected—had trumped up the story about the ghost—had pretended that he was led to the spot by supernatural agency—and thus by bringing the murder voluntarily to light, hoped to stifle all suspicion? But then he considered Weir's excellent character, his kind disposition and good nature. These at once put to flight his suspicion of Weir; but still he was by no means satisfied of Smith's guilt, much as appearance was against him.

Fisher's servants were examined, and stated that their master had often talked of going to England on a visit to his friends, and of leaving Mr. Smith to manage his farm; and that though they were surprised when Mr. Smith came, and said he had "gone at last," they did not think it at all unlikely that he had done so. An inquest was held, and a verdict of wilful murder found against Thomas Smith. He was thereupon transmitted to Sydney for trial, at the ensuing sessions, in the Supreme court. The case naturally excited great interest in the colony; and public opinion respecting Smith's guilt was evenly balanced.

The day of trial came; and the court was crowded almost to suffocation. The Attorney General very truly remarked that there were circumstances connected with the case which were without any precedent in the annals of jurisprudence. The only witnesses were old Weir and Mr. Grafton. Smith, who defended himself with great composure and ability, cross-examined them at considerable length, and with consummate skill. The prosecution having closed, Smith addressed the Jury, (which consisted of military officers) in his defence. He admitted that the circumstances were strong against him; but he most ingeniously proceeded to explain them. The power of attorney, which he produced, he contended had been regularly granted by Fisher, and he called several witnesses, who swore that they believed the signature to be that of the deceased. He, further, produced a will, which had been drawn up by Fisher's attorney, and by that will Fisher had appointed Smith his sole executor, in the event of his death. He declined, he said, to throw any suspicion on Weir; but he would appeal to the common sense of the jury whether the ghost story was entitled to any credit; and, if it were not, to ask themselves why it had been invented? He alluded to the fact—which in cross-examination Mr. Grafton swore to—that when the remains were first shown to him, he did not conduct himself as a guilty man would have been likely to do, although he was horror stricken on beholding the hideous spectacle. He concluded by invoking the Almighty to bear witness that he was innocent of the diabolical crime for which he had been arraigned. The judge (the late Sir Francis Forbes) recapitulated the evidence. It was no easy matter to deal with that part of it which had reference to the apparition; and if the charge of the judge had any leaning one way or the other, it was decidedly in favor of an acquittal. The jury retired; but after deliberating for seven hours, they returned to the court, with a verdict of Guilty.

The judge then sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on the following Monday. It was on a Thursday night that he was convicted. On the Sunday, Smith expressed a wish to see a clergyman. His wish was instantly attended to, when he confessed that he, and he alone, committed the murder, and that it was upon the very rail where Fisher swore he had seen the ghost sitting, that he had knocked out Fisher's brains with a tomahawk. The power of attorney he likewise confessed was a forgery, but declared that the will was genuine.

This is very extraordinary, but is, nevertheless, true in substance, if not in every particular. Most persons who have visited Sydney for any length of time will no doubt have had it narrated to them—Household Words.

BILL JOHNSON'S PLEDGE.

The Rev. John Abbot, the sular preacher, addressed the Washingtonians of Poughkeepsie on Saturday evening, Sept. 17. After animadverting upon the conduct of clergymen and other persons who refuse to sign the pledge, because they love to drink a little wine occasionally, and illustrating the influence which the example of such individuals exerts on society, gave the following simile:—

During the last war with Great Britain, an American soldier expressed a strong desire to have an opportunity of displaying his valor, but when the opportunity offered itself, he was the first to seek a hiding place. His eye caught the sight of an old hollow tree, in which he snugly ensconced himself and watched the

movements of the red coats through a knot hole, with the same interest that the Texan lover did, when he beheld his gal sewing bear skin petticoats though with very different feelings.

At last when they passed, he sighed, "I hope every one of them will be taken prisoners!"

His whole heart was in the cause, like many people who say they are the friends of temperance; but when kindly solicited to lend the influence of their names and examples to the good cause they advance reasons for refusing to do so, as futile and cowardly as the soldier of hollow-tree memory.

Mr. Abbott concluded with the story of Bill Johnson, who was raised from the pit of debriation through his instrumentality.

Mr. Johnson, at the close of a cold water lecture, intimated that he must be permitted to sign the pledge his own way, which he did in these words: "I, William Johnson, pledge myself to drink no intoxicating liquor for one year." Some thought he wouldn't stick three days; others allowed him a week; and a few gave him two weeks. But the landlord who knew him best, said he was good stuff, but at the end of the year Bill would have a real bender.

Before the year was quite gone, Mr. Johnson was asked by Mr. Abbot, "Bill, ain't you going to renew the pledge?"

"Well, I don't know, Jack, but what I will, I have done pretty well so far, will you let me sign it again my own way?"

"O yes, any way so that you wont drink rum."

He writes, "I, William Johnson, sign this pledge for nine hundred and nine-y-nine years, and if living at the end of that time, I intend to make out a lease for life."

A day or two after, Johnson went to see his old landlord, who eyed him as a hawk does a chicken. "Oh landlord!" whined Bill, accompanied with sundry contortions of the body as if enduring the most excruciating torments, "I have such a lump on my left side."

"That's because you have stopped drinking; you wont live two years longer at this rate."

"If I commence drinking, will the lump go away?"

"Yes. If you don't yo will have another just such a lump on the other side."

"Do you think so, landlord?"

"I know it, you will have them on your arms, back, breast and head; you'll be covered all over with lumps."

"Well, may be I will," said Bill.

"Come, Bill," said the landlord, "let's drink together;" at the same time pouring out the red stuff from a decanter into his glasses, gog, gog, gog.

"No," said Johnson, "I can't for I have signed the pledge again."

"You hain't though! You're a fool."

"Yes, that old sailor coaxed so hard I could'n't get off."

"I wish the devil had that old rascal; well, for how long a time do you go this time?"

"For nine hundred and ninety-nine years," whimpered Bill.

"You wont live a year."

"Well, if I drink, you are 'sure the lump on my side will go away?"

"Yes."

"And if I don't drink, I will have just such a lump on the other side?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I wont drink, here is the lump, continued Bill, holding up something with a hundred dollars in it, "and you say I'll have more such lumps—that's what I want!"—Michigan Temperance Advocate.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then, is relished by the wisest men.

A Mrs. Boots, of Pennsylvania, has left her husband, Mr. Boots, and strayed to parts unknown. We presume these pair of "boots" are rights and acts. We cannot say, however, that Mrs. Boots is "right," but there is no mistake Mr. Boots is "left."

A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, said—"In the time of Moses, I have no doubt I was the golden calf." "Very likely," replied a lady, "time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

THE PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING.—A young lady has been turned out of society at New Jersey, for having upon the thapody of the moment, exclaimed at a tea-table, "How pleasant it is to travel! When you are at sea, what can be more delightful than a smack—or on land than a good 'bus."

A very neat method of asking subscribers to pay up is adopted by an editorial friend of ours, who says—

"We had sweet dreams the other night, When all around was still— We dreamed we saw a host of folks Pay up their printer's bill!"

"Go it, old fell w," said two of the scapegraces to an honest laborer at work—"Walk away while we pay—sow and well reap"— "Very likely, my lads," replied the old man coolly, "I'm sowing hemp."

The Washington correspondent of the Pennsylvanian has heard an amusing definition of "old tozy." It is one who sits on the short tail of progress and cries—wo!

When woman's rights are stirred a bit, The first reform she pitches on, Is how she may, with least delay, Just draw a pair of breeches on.

THE REASON—"Say, Sammy, why don't your mother mend that rip in your breeches?" "Oh! she's gone away to the sewing circle, to make clothes for the poor children."

A singer in the northern corner of Iowa, recently dislocated his jaw in attempting to sing "high B." It appears there was a contest between the victor and a rival teacher as to which should be employed to teach a certain singing school, and the former made such desperate efforts to astonish the natives as led to the lamentable result above mentioned—but he got the school.

"Madam," said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to paradise, their tongues would make it a purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practise there," replied the lady, "would soon make it a desert."



Ladies' Department.

CORSET RHYMES

When I was over by your town A week ago, or more, I saw a very snug pair there, I never saw before. 'Twas hanging in a window-esse, I put a string in a criddle— Look'd something like an hour glass, And some thing like a saddle. I asked of several 'city gents' Who chanced to be at hand, "What was it?" but their gibberish I could not understand. One fellow called it "a restraint, On certain parties placed, Like a decree in Chancery, To stay the tenant's waste." Another, just the queerest chap Of any in the swarm— Said, "It wasn't the glass of fashion, but 'Twas the mould of form."

Another said, "'twas a mischief A lady used to her, To bring her life and form into The very smallest figure." At last a little girl came out, And think of my amaz! She asked me "If I would please To buy a pair of stays." Of course, I'd heard of 'stays' before, But strike me dead and dumb, If ever I until that hour, Suspected "them was um." Well—Isn't it exceeding strange, That any maid or wife, Just for a "little taper," should Put out the "lamp of life?" I know that lunatics must have Strait jackets put about 'em, But women in their wits should make A shirt to do—without 'em!

A MATRIMONIAL HINT.—We remember somewhere to have read a story of a youth who, hesitating in his choice between two ladies, by both of whom he was beloved, was brought to a decision by means of a rose. It happened one day, as all the three were wandering in a garden, that one of the girls, in attempting to pluck a new-blown rose, wounded her finger with a thorn. It bled freely, and applying the petals of a white rose to the wound she said smiling, "I am a second Venus. I have dyed the white rose red." At the moment they heard a scream; and feared the other lady, who loitered behind, had met with an accident, hastened back to assist her. The fair one's scream had by en called forth by no worse an accident than had befallen her companion. She had angrily thrown away the offending flower, and made so pertentious and fretful a lamentation over her wounded finger that the youth, after a little reflection, resolved on a speedy union with the least handsome, but more amiable of the two friends. Happy would it be for many a kind-hearted woman did she know by what seeming trifles the affection of those whom she loves may be confirmed or alienated for ever.

MAN'S WEAK PART.—In the course of a book lately published at New York, entitled the "Reveries of an Old Mad," we are told that the weapons to subdue man are not to be found in the library, but in the kitchen! "The weakest part of the alligator is his stomach. Men is an alligator. Let the young wife fascinate her husband with the teapot! Let her, so to speak, only bring him into habits of intoxication with that sweet charmer, and make honey-suckles clamber up his chair back and grow about the legs of his table—let the hearth-rug be a bed of heart's ease for the feet in slippers, and the wickedness of the natural enemy must die within him." What excellent wives some of those old maids who write books would make!

MONKEY STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.—The Cleveland Herald says that on the 1st instant, some thirty women well backed by gentlemen proceeded to the grocery of Anthony Jacob's, in Ashland, and asked him to discontinue the sale of liquor and the use of a bagatelle board which had injured many of the youth and some of the married men from their homes. He refused and the ladies chopped his bagatelle table into kindling-wood, and emptied his liquor into the street. They then visited another grocery and a tavern both of which capultated.

THE FOLLIES OF GREAT MEN.—Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, changed color, and his legs shook under him, on meeting with a hare or a fox. Dr. Johnson would never enter a room with his left foot foremost. Julius Caesar was almost convulsed by the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get in a cellar, or under ground, to escape the dreadful noise. To Queen Elizabeth the simple word "death" was full of horrors. Even Talleyrand trembled and changed color on hearing the word Marshal Saxe, who met and overthrew opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter the Great could never be persuaded to cross a bridge; and though he tried to master the terror, he failed to do so. Whenever he set foot on one, he would shake out in distress and agony. Byron would never help any one to talk at the table, nor would he be helped himself. If any of the article happened to be spilled on the table, he would jump up and leave his meal unfinished. The story of the great Frenchman, Malesbranche, is well known, and is well authenticated. He fancied he carried an enormous leg of mutton at the tip of his nose. No one could convince him to the contrary. One day a gentleman visiting him adopted his plan to cure him of his folly, he approached him, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Ha! your leg of mutton has struck me in the face!" at which Malesbranche expressed regret. The friend went on "May I not remove the encumbrance with a razor?" "Ah, my friend! my friend! I owe you more than life. Yes, yes; by all means cut it off!" In a twinkling the friend lightly cut the tip of the philosopher's nose, and adroitly taking free under his cloak a superb leg of mutton, raised it in triumph. "Ah!" cried Malesbranche, "I live! I breathe! I am saved! My nose is free, my head is free, but—but—it was raw, and that is cooled." "Truly," but then you have been seated near the fire; that must be the reason." Malesbranche was satisfied, and from that time forward he made no more complaints about any mutton-leg, or any other monstrous protuberance on his nose.

ARABIAN COURTESY.—An Arabon having brought a bush of a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her, "My feet have planted roses in your cheeks, why forbid me to gather them?"—the law permits him who sows to reap the harvest."