

more distinctly. Slightly pointing over his shoulder, Solomon elevated his eyebrows and nodded a silent inquiry to Joe whether this was the case. Joe shaded his eyes with his hand and peered into the corner, but could make out nothing, and so shook his head.

"It was just such a night as this; blowing a hurricane, raining heavily, and very dark—I often think now, dearer than I ever saw it before or since; that may be my fancy, but the houses were all close shut and the folks in-doors, and perhaps there is only one other man who knows how dark it really was. I got into the church, chained the door back so that it should keep ajar—for to tell the truth, I didn't like to be shut in there alone—and putting my lantern on the stone seat in the little corner where the bell-ropes is, sat down beside it to trim the candle.

"I sat down to trim the candle, and when I had done so, I could not persuade myself to get up again and go about my work. I don't know how it was, but I thought of all the ghost stories I had ever heard, even those that I had heard when I was a boy at school, and had forgotten long ago; and they didn't come into my mind one after another, but all crowding at once, like. I recollected one story there was in the village, how that on a certain night in the year (it might be that night for anything I knew), all the dead people came out of the ground and sat at the heads of their own graves till morning. This made me think how many people I had known were buried between the church door and the churchyard gate, and what a dreadful thing it would be to have to pass among them and know them again, so earthly and unlike themselves. I had known all the niches and arches in the church, from a child; still I couldn't persuade myself that those were their natural shadows, which I saw on the pavement, but felt sure there were some ugly figures hiding among 'em and peeping out. Thinking on in this way, I began to think of the old gentleman, who was just dead, and I could have sworn, as I looked up the dark chancel, that I saw him in his usual place, wrapping his shroud about him, and shivering as if he felt it cold. All this time I sat listening and listening, and hardly dared to breathe. At length I started up and took the bell-ropes in my hands. At the minute there rang—not that bell, for I had hardly touched the rope—but another!

"I heard the ringing of another bell, and a deep bell too, plainly. It was only for an instant, and even then the wind carried the sound away, but I heard it. I listened for a long time, but it rang no more. I had heard of corpse candles, and at last I persuaded myself that this must be a corpse bell tolling of itself at midnight for the dead. I tolled my bell—how, or how long, I don't know—and ran home to bed, as fast as I could touch the ground.

"I was up early next morning, after a restless night, and told the story to my neighbours. Some were serious, and some made light of it: I don't think anybody believed it real. But that morning, Mr. Reuben Haredale was found murdered in his bed-chamber, and in his hand was a piece of the cord attached to an alarm-bell, outside the roof, which hung in his room, and had been cut asunder, no doubt by the murderer, when he seized it.

"That was the bell I heard.

"A bureau was found opened, and a cash-box, which Mr. Haredale had brought down that day, and was supposed to contain a large sum of money was gone. The steward and gardener were both missing; and both suspected for a long time; but they were never found, though hunted far and wide. And far enough they might have looked for poor Mr. Rudge, the steward, whose body—scarcely to be recognized, but by his clothes, and the watch and ring he wore—was found, months afterwards, at the bottom of a piece of water, in the grounds, with a deep gash in the breast, where he had been stabbed with a knife. He was only partly dressed; and people all agreed that he had been sitting up reading in his own room, where there were many traces of blood, and was suddenly fallen upon and killed, before his master.

"Everybody now knew that the gardener must be the murderer, and though he has never been heard of from that time to this, he will be, mark my words. The crime was committed this day two-and-twenty years—on the nineteenth of March, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-three. On the nineteenth of March; in some year, no matter when—I know it, I am sure of it, for we have always, in some strange way or other, been brought back to the subject on that day ever since—on the nineteenth of March, in some year, sooner or later, that man will be discovered."

When the clerk brings his tale to a close, the stranger immediately leaves the inn, and, heedless of the darkness and the weather, mounts his jaded roadster, and dashes recklessly towards London, in his progress meeting with various adventures, to detail which would tax our space too greatly. The name of the story is that of "Barnaby Rudge," the idiot son of the murdered steward, and the instrument by which the destroyer's destiny is to be accomplished. We promise ourselves and our readers much pleasure, in quoting occasionally from the numbers of this work, as they appear.

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE LAWS OF CANADA—BY N. B. DOUCET, ESQ.

MANY months ago, on the publication of the prospectus of these "Fundamental Principles," we had the pleasure of conveying to the public an able article, from the pen of a valued contributor, containing the happiest anticipations from their publication. Since then, the book has often been anxiously inquired for by many persons deeply interested in the important subjects it is designed to elucidate.

It is now before us—and we confess we have found it very different from what we had expected. It is indeed, we take the liberty of suggesting, inappily named—the title conveying a totally inadequate idea of the vast range of research and thought which the compilation of this book must have required from its indefatigable and untiring author. Indeed, if this first