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Now Barnham Green, in common with most depopulated country places, had a "ghost." Sir Harry and Lady Bell had heard of it before taking possession, and like most sensible people, had laughed at the report, and allowed it to make no difference in their plans. Every old house, as a matter of consequence, has its ghost; and they were not afraid but that light and warmth and children's voices and happy faces would dissipate even the remembrance of theirs. They surrounded Barnham Green, with luxury and amusement, filled the house with guests, and never gave the "ghost" another thought. But, with all their hospitality and kindness, they could not succeed in making their new abode attractive to their friends. People who accepted their invitations with alacrity, thought Barnham Green charming, and themselves scarcely less so, would, after a while, make paltry excuses to curtail their visits, and, with few exceptions, were found shy of being invited down there again.

My father had already dispossessed himself of his coat and waistcoat; but the hour was much past midnight, and it was unlikely they should meet any one; and so he accompanied his young friend as he was, taking, at the same time, one of his pistols in his hand—"in case we meet the ghost," he said, jestingly. They crossed the corridor to Mr. Lascelles' room, stood chatting for a few minutes over the virtues of the new gun, and then my father stepped out again into the passage, preparatory to returning to his own apartment.

In another moment the light moved on again, came closer, closer, and round the half-closed door, gazing impatiently at them, as though really curious to see who was there, peered the pale face and cruel eyes of the Lady of Barnham Green.

Simultaneously, as if he pushed on the door and explored her. She stood before him in the corridor just as she stood in the picture in his bedroom, but with a smile of malicious triumph on her face and goaded on by her expression, he, knowing what he did, raised his pistol and fired full at her. The ball penetrated the door of the room opposite to where they stood; and with the same smile upon her face she passed through the panes of the door and disappeared.

Therefore if a man desires to have his hay *best* *well* in feeding stock or any kind, let the grass become quite ripe before it is cut. That is, let it remain also that if he saves one dollar in this kind of hay, he will be two dollars in the cash value of his stock.

This thing is pretty clear, most eaters of green clover to the texture in the winter and summer, then in flesh than they came there in the summer, even if they had pretty good hay all winter. One other thing is quite as clear, viz., that almost universally our cattle gain in growth.

**The Downfall of Paris.**

The "Herald" thus writes of the downfall of Paris:—

"So late as we can recollect there has been nothing like it in history. The siege of Jerusalem many years ago was parallel, but Roman soldiers never so bravely lost their self-interest as the Versailles troops appear to have done. Our camp hospitals are besieged by the world's curiosity, the common and exclusive right of the people, and extending to it if not upon earth, it is reaching to—

"Therefore all the physicians and all the moral philosophers, the great and brilliant scholars and thinkers, the men

They were in a burning house. About 10 p.m. on the night of the burning, when he was captured, he observed his wife and children sitting on the floor in the kitchen, crying. He felt that he had to do something to help them, but he did not know what to do. He decided to try to escape in a more feasible way. There was a fire in the kitchen after the one of which took a child, killing him almost instantly. His dead body was immediately conveyed to the morgue in a coffin. His house was burned down and he lost all his property, which was left to him as a body. He was in a burning house and he was the only one of his family and people. The same person, Samir, was the only one of his family who had been in the house at the time of the burning.

being jured down there again.

Lady Bell was naturally both hurt and annoyed. She had made her house and grounds everything that could be desired, and yet her friends refused to share her retirement, or give her any plausible excuse for doing so. What could be the reason of it?

Inquiry was made, and then it transpired that the fashionable visitors had all heard of the ghost, chiefly through their lady's mails; that some had even professed to see it, and none could be persuaded to remain under the same roof with it longer. Then Sir Harry and Lady Bell, who had regarded the ghost-story as quite unworthy the attention of educated people, were thoroughly vexed, and did all they could to remove the superstition respecting it, which hung over the neighborhood. They disinterred the whole history of the ghost, who went by the name of "the Lady of Burnham Green," and found that it was supposed to be the spirit of one of their ancestors, who had lived in the time of Elizabeth and been suspected of poisoning her husband, whose picture adorned one of the painted balconies.

Mr Lascelles still accompanied him—"just to protect you from the ghost," he said, in imitation of the former allusion; for the ghost-story had been well handled and laughed over in the smoking-room. The corridor they had to travel was long and dark, for the lamps which hang in it deep niches had long been extinguished; but as they entered it they saw a dim light advancing from a farther end—a light held by a female figure—"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Lascelles, "here is one of the ladies going up to the nursery!"

There were a few last-party guests assembled at Brompton Green that autumn, and the rooms in which their little families were located were situated above the story-line, where the friends stood. At Mr Lascelles's remark, my father sensitive modestly took alarm. He did not fancy meeting a lady to whom he was almost a stranger in his *doublet* of shirt and trousers; and with the design of escaping her notice, he pulled his companion to one side.

The rooms in the corridor were placed opposite each other, and I were approached by double doors, the first of which, on being opened, disclosed

The following items are condensed from the "Scientific American":—

**A WASH FOR SILVER-PLATE AND JEWELLERY.**—A wash of ammonia in water.

**LEATHER IMITATED.**—By the electro process, imitations of the closest grains of leather as morocco, seal, &c. can be reproduced on an ordinary hide at a small cost.

**BOLTS.**—Make the top of the Bolt Drop a little blunt, gradually into the head; trees, about one foot high; leafless, with a root covered with short, brittle fibres, and appears only a short time before frost) and drink instead of other drinks. If a bolt is cut into when it first appears with a sharp-pointed knife, it will ordinarily disappear.

**LIQUID GLUE.**—The best kind, glue that I have any knowledge of, is made as follows: Take of gum shellac three parts, caoutchouc (Indian rubber) one part, by weight. Dissolve the caoutchouc and shellac in separate vessels, in ether free from alcohol, applying a gentle heat. When thoroughly dissolved, mix the two solutions, and keep in a bottle tightly stoppered. This glue is elastic, unaltered, and resists the action of water, both hot and cold, almost of the acids and alkalis. Pieces of wood, leather or other

When they feed entirely on green grass. From this fact the presumption is, the greener the ~~grass~~ <sup>food</sup> is, when eat for lay, the greater amount of nutrition the animals can derive from a given weight of dried forage."

**A Story of Western Hazing.**  
(From the Rochester Union.)

Seven years ago, when the West was a comparatively new country, an individual presented himself at the door of a large grocery in the settlement of which we write and asked if there was a Judge in the place. Upon being informed that the store-keeper himself was a Judge, the stranger proceeded:

"Well, Judge, you see the fact of the case is this: I was travelling along with a partner down here, a place, and he showed me a silver dollar which he had. Well, I wanted the money, and when he wasn't looking I popped him under the ear with my pistol. Then I took his silver and tobacco and came along; but I got to thinking the matter over, and I said to myself, 'I did that wrong thing'—my partner. My conscience has been troubling me, and I think that I

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he renovated him fitted up in a particular cheerful manner; the painting of the "Lady" was cleaned and put in a new frame, and the apartment set in complete order.

But no one could be found to sit in it. The servants gave warning if it was simply proposed to them, and visitors invariably refused to have their room changed after the second or third night.

Meanwhile reports of the "Lady" having been seen in one direction and another were constantly creeping up. Guest after guest took flight to return no more, and Buraham Green was almost deserted. In this dilemma Sir Harry and Lady Bell applied to my father, who was an old friend of theirs, for advice how to allay the terror of their friends. My father disbelieved the tale as much as the child. He found it impossible to contradict or account for the various reports which were floating about; but he felt quite sure they could be traced to the most natural of causes, and his chief idea was that some one, whose interest it had not been the Buraham Green show! He reintroduced, was playing a trick on its new owners, in hopes of persuading them to quit it again. He requested Sir Harry, therefore, to allow him to occupy the haunted room for a little while, to see if he could unravel the mystery; and accordingly not long

of a small entry, and the second door led to the back-chamber itself. Many persons, on entering their room, only closed this second door, leaving the other standing open; and thus, when Mr. Lascelles and my father stepped into one of these recesses, they were enabled to shelter themselves behind the half-closed portal.

There, in the gloom, they crouched together, very much inclined to laugh. I have no doubt, at the situation in which they found themselves, but terribly afraid lest by a betrayal of their illegal presence they should alarm the occupant of the bedroom before which they stood, or the lady who was advancing to the place of their concealment.

Very slowly she advanced, or so seemed to them; but they could watch the glimmer of her lamp thro' the crack of the door; and presently my father, who had pertinaciously kept his eye there, gave the half-smothered exclamation:

"Lascelles!—By Jove!—*the Lady!*"

He had studied the picture of the supposed apparition carefully; was intimate with every detail of his dress and appearance, and felt that he could not be mistaken in the recalcitrant, white-stomached and petticoated, high-standing-hull, and cushioned-hair-of-the-figure-now-advancing towards them.

staples joined together by it, with part at any other point than at the joint thus made.

**FURNITURE POLISH.**—One pint of linseed oil, one glass of alcohol, mix well together, apply to the cloth with a linen rag, rub dry with a soft cotton cloth, and polish with silk cloth. Furniture is improved by washing it occasionally with soap suds. Wipe dry and rub over with very little linseed oil and a clean sponge or flannel.

**CHALKING JOINTS IN GLUEING ENGLISH WOOD.**—A correspondent in Wisconsin, a pattern-maker of large experience, questions the efficiency of this method of securing a reliable joint in glueing the grain ends of wood. He said that he has tried it thoroughly years ago, and has found it not reliable, and that no method is so sure as to size the ends first, with glue, and then make a smooth face before glueing permanently.

**OCEAN WAITS.**—Capt. Brown of the topsail schooner "Restless," which arrived here this morning, told the captain who commanded the vessel that picked up Ann Froeg, the only survivor from the wreck of the schooner "John B. Peck," which sailed here on Friday and about two years since and was captured in the English Channel. On a present voyage he is engaged on the 11th inst., the steam schooner "City of Rogers," 6 tons, and at first supposed it to be a boat belonging to some vessel that had been wrecked, and had borne down to it thus losing several hours. The crew requested him to report them as a "wreck,"—*Idaho Recorder.*

"ought to be hung." Now, Judge, I thought he too much troubled, I don't like to have you tie me and leave me hanging. If you should find me in the case, there's the dollar I told about my partner, and you'll find his remains down the road a piece under a log. I'll feel obliged to you, Judge, if you will have me hang."

The Judge, told the stranger to make himself comfortable over at the hotel until he could send some men down the road to investigate the matter. If they should find the body he would call a jury and try the stranger, as was desired. The defendant being found, the Judge suggested a Jury, and sent word to the stranger at the hotel, that if he would stop over to the store they would give him a trial.

The stranger appeared in modestly, shook hands with the Judge and jury, invited the Court to take a drink, and appeared grateful and satisfied with the proceedings.

The trial proceeded socially, and the very first headed jury brought in a verdict of guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. A look of surprise, which the stranger and woman up to this time, failed to finish, face as he stood upon to receive his sentence. "You have been found guilty," said the Judge, "of the crime of manslaughter, for which you are undoubtedly penitential." Here the stranger again began to get anxious and un-

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There was a heavy standstill. The crowd was packed in the cells, with hands and feet locked to the grates. No chairs were being at hand; the crowd was kicked in and stamped down, and the shouting was soon—*the death of the Pope!*

—EPI-THIME IN DENKIL.

Reischach has given an interesting account of numerous cases of suicidal death on the cliffs of Bannagant and S. S. in which the bodies of those killed first reached the position and the expression of face present just before death. In one case a group of five persons were taken by the hand and carried off a steep cliff, where they were hanging in a slight nook. The said had some one of them sitting in the air, feet in the rock, whereas it was partly lodged; the hammock had torn away his thighs and buttocks, and killed his genitals. From one of them the skull was carried off while the face still retained the expression of surprise at the lack of a suspension.

Another case was told of a man who had been taken by his wife, between the forehead and the nose, a sharp turn, when he was about to think when the expression had in the whole of the upper part of the face and body. The exact manner in which they were strangled together had preserved the bodies from falling and a report of 24 hours. In another case a man was thrown through the breast of a woman hanging on a castle, with the photograph of his wife or lover placed in straight before him.—*The Lancet*.