

to the good old man, who was prepared to enjoy his evening pipe. He had evidently been labouring in his business: his heavy boots were yet upon his legs; and he appeared fatigued though not yet exhausted. I saw neither the husband nor the wife.

It was not long before I introduced myself to the 'ancient' fisherman. He remembered me with some difficulty; but when I brought to his mind the simple incidents of our first meeting, and more especially his daughter's song while I listened at the open casement, he gave me his hand and burst into tears. I soon had reason to comprehend his sorrows and his blessings. Mary and her husband were dead! Their two orphan girls were dependent upon their grandsire's protection.

The 'Song of the Fisher's wife, was true in its forbodings to poor Mary: her brave husband perished in a night of storms.—Long did she bear up for the sake of her children. But the worm had eaten into her heart; and she lies in the quiet church yard, while he has an ocean grave!

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

Continued.

2. We hear of many extraordinary appearances, which cannot be accounted for from any known laws of *matter*, but which may be easily explained from the known principles of the *mind*. The wonderful power which imagination has to transform ordinary things, and to call into existence, things which are not, is fully known. A man who is thoroughly frightened, can imagine almost anything. The whistling of the wind, sounds in his ears like the cry of dying men. As he walks along trembling in the dark, the friendly guide-post is a giant; the tree gently waving in the wind is a ghost; and every cow he chances to meet is some fearful apparition from the land of hob-goblins. Who is there that cannot testify from personal experience, of some such freaks of imagination. How often does one wake up in the night and find the clothes upon the chair, or some articles of furniture in the room, assuming a distinctly defined form, altogether different from that which it in reality possesses.

There is in imagination, a potency far exceeding the fabled power of Aladdin's lamp. How often does one sit in wintry evening musings, and trace in the glowing embers, the features of an absent friend. Imagination with its magic wand, will there build the city with its countless spires—or marshal contending armies—or drive the tempest shattered ship upon the ocean. The following story related by Scott, affords a good illustration of this principle.

'Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had

been well known, was engaged during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications, which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual, who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting room opened into an entrance hall rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armor, skins of wild animals and the like. It was when laying down his book and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak, saw right before him, in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye, the peculiarities of dress, and position of the illustrious poet. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment, save that of wonder, at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onward towards the figure, which resolved itself as he approached into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen occupied by great coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as are usually found in a country entrance hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavoured with all his power, to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid.—But this was beyond his power. And the person who had witnessed the apparition, or more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to return into the apartment, and tell his young friend, under what a striking hallucination, he had for a moment labored.'

A lady was once passing through a wood, in the darkening twilight of a stormy evening, to visit a friend, who was watching over a dying child. The clouds were thick—the rain beginning to fall—darkness was increasing—the wind was moaning mournfully through the trees. The lady's heart almost failed her as she saw that she had a mile to walk through the woods, in the gathering gloom. But the reflection of the situation of her friend forbade her turning back. Excited and trembling, she called to her aid a nervous resolution, and pressed onward. She had not proceeded far, when she beheld in the path before her the movement of some very indistinct object. It appeared to keep a little distance in advance of her, and as she made efforts to get nearer, to see what it was, it seemed proportionably to recede. The lady began to feel ra-

ther unpleasantly. There was some pale white object, certainly discernable before her, and it appeared mysteriously to float along, at a regular distance, without any effort at motion. Notwithstanding the lady's good sense and unusual resolution, a cold chill began to come over her. She made every effort to resist her fears, and soon succeeded in drawing nearer the mysterious object, when she was appalled at beholding the features of her friend's child—cold in death—wrapped in its shroud. She gazed earnestly, and there it remained distinct and clear before her eyes. She considered it a monition, that her friend's child was dead, and that she must hasten on to her aid. But there was the apparition directly in her path. She must pass it. Taking up a little stick she forced herself along to the object, and behold some little animal scampered away. It was this that her excited imagination had transformed into the corpse of an infant, in its winding sheet. The vision before her eyes was undoubtedly as clear, as the reality could have been.—Such is the power of imagination. If this lady, when she saw the corpse, had turned in terror, and fled home, what reasoning could ever have satisfied her, that she had not seen something supernatural! When it is known that the imagination has such a power as this, can we longer wonder at any accounts which are of unearthly appearances?

To be Continued.

WEEKLY MIRROR.

FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1835.

The March Packet arrived on Tuesday last, bringing London papers to the 9th ult. Parliament was opened by His Majesty on the 19th Feb.—The House of Commons proceeded to the election of a Speaker.—Sir C. Sutton, and Mr. Ambercromby were proposed—at half-past six the House divided, when the numbers were for Mr. A. 316—for Sir C. Sutton 306.

VIENNA, March 3.—'The Charge d'Affaires of France to the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

'The Emperor of Austria died this morning at one o'clock.'

The French Ministry is broken up. The Duke of Treviso has resigned, and the King has sent for Marshal Soult, who is at the foot of the Pyrenees. Till his return to Paris nothing will be settled definitely. All the other Ministers only hold office provisionally, and it is supposed that certainly neither M. Thiers nor M. Guizot, to whom Marshal Soult has a decided aversion, will form part of the new Administration.

Correction.—In the piece headed 'Popular Superstitions,' in our last number, line 16th for *acquainted*, read *unacquainted*.