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Weekly Almanack.

AUGUST.		R. Sun.	S.	MOON.	R.	W.
18	Saturday,	4 6	7 2	0 4	10	44
19	Sunday,	4 7	7 0	Sets.	11	20
20	Monday,	5 8	6 58	7 26	ev.	0
21	Tuesday,	5 9	6 56	7 43	0	31
22	Wednesday,	5 0	6 54	7 59	1	7
23	Thursday,	5 1	6 53	8 15	1	32
24	Friday,	5 2	6 51	8 32	2	0

First quarter, 28th. 4h. 10m.

Public Institutions.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Robt. F. Hazen, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: John Boyd.

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CITY BANK.—Thomas Leavitt, Esq. President. Discount Days, Mondays and Thursdays.—Office hours from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes for Discount must be lodged at the Bank before one o'clock on Saturdays and Wednesdays.—Director next week: J. T. Hazard.

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Miscellany.

THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

CHAPTER IX.

'I now hurry over elapse of eight years, during which period I enjoyed as much repose of mind as was compatible with my nature, devoting my attention chiefly to the education of my only child—a fine, auburn-haired boy fresh as the morning, and rosy as the sun-turned cheek of a peach; the very image of his mother, both in person and disposition. In this darling child far more than my own youth seemed renewed. He was the pledge of my redemption—the bow of promise hung out in heaven to wash me that the stormiest portion of my life was past. His grandfather, who died the year after my marriage, had left him a competency when he should be of age, so that I was freed from all apprehension on this score, and could look forward to the time when he should become the main stay of my declining years. Never were spirits so elastic—laugh so joyous, as this dear child's. His very footstep—ah, what music is superior to the approaching tread of one we love?—would come growing on my ear like some jocund melody, or die away, as it retreated, like a faint knell. During my daily walks, for I was an indefatigable pedestrian, he was my constant companion; and as he went bounding by my side, prattling, as this life were one long holiday, and filling my whole soul with sunshine, my very heart went down on its knees to Heaven for having vouchsafed me such a blessing. Often, for hours together, would I sit and watch him from our cottage window as he chased the butterfly across the lawn, or counted the white shining sails upon the lake; and when in the evening he knelt down at his mother's feet, with his little hands clasped in prayer, and his laughing eyes with difficulty subdued to gravity, I began to indulge a conviction that for his dear sake I should in time be pardoned.

'One of his favourite amusements was to accompany me in my sailing boat across the lake. To this however, I would sometimes object, but with little effect, for he would take no denial, and I had not the heart to refuse him. Late one autumnal afternoon when he was seated beside his mother, looking over a small volume of prints which she was explaining to him, she caught sight of me from the window as I was hurrying towards the lake, and bounding out of the room before Marie could stop him, came up with me just as I reached the spot where my boat was moored. The wind being light and regular, I allowed him to accompany me, and putting up a sail, we were soon carried far into the lake. After tacking about for an hour and upwards, I was preparing to return to land, when, before I was aware of it, the sail jibed, and my boy, who was shifting his seat at the moment, lost his balance, and was precipitated into the water. In an instant I plunged after him; caught him as he was in the act of sinking for the last time, with difficulty regaining the boat, deposited my senseless burden at the bottom, with his head pillowed on my own coat; shook out every reef in the sail and shot shore-ward, with the speed of an arrow.

'On reaching home I sent off for a medical neighbour, by whose timely aid my darling was soon recovered; but, alas! about a week after the accident, we found his appetite begin to fail, and his laughing eye to grow dull, while a numbing leaden apathy succeeded his former vivacity.

'Tis the scarlet-fever he has got,' said the physician, in reply to my anxious enquiries; 'nevertheless, there is no cause for apprehension; his constitution is in his favour; and in a few days, by good nursing, I have no doubt we shall bring him round.'

'Accordingly by day and night Marie and myself held one long unbroken vigil by our child's bed-side, and never was child so patient—so grateful for our attention. Even when exhausted with pain he had still a languid smile for us; and when he saw my apprehension, bury my head in the pillow, he would endeavour to raise himself, and flinging his arms about my neck, whisper he was sure he should soon be well.

'On the fifth day the fever had made such alarming progress that the physician warned me to prepare myself for the worst. Oh God, I could not—dared not do so. What, the pride of my manhood—the hope of my age—the main link of the chain that held me to existence—the loved and lovely boy in whose welfare two hearts were bound up;—what, this child go, and leave us behind? No, no—it could not be—I would not believe it.

'It was late in the evening, when we were keeping our usual watch by his pillow, that on waking from a short feverish doze, we saw our child's eye begin to wander. Delirium had come on him, and he no longer knew us, though even in his ravings the words 'Papa'—'Mama' were constantly on his lips. My wife was the first to mark the change, which I no sooner saw, than I flung myself on my knees beside the bed, and prayed in a paroxysm of agony that the bitter cup might pass away. 'Great God,' I cried, spare this child! If one must suffer, let me be the victim. I am the guilty one. On me then shower down all the vials of your wrath, but for his innocent mother's sake, spare, oh spare this child!' Vain prayer! The sluggish night crawled on—day broke—attained its meridian—and travelled westward—yet still no change. There he lay, wholly unconscious of who watched beside him, freshening his parched lips, and pressing him to their heart of hearts, as though death could never seize him in that embrace.

'The next day wore on, and still no change; but towards evening his delirium began visibly to abate, and when our medical friend called, he comforted us by the assurance, that if he had but strength enough to bear up, he might possibly recover. In an instant—so excited had been our feelings—we sprang from despair to confidence; and in the wild glee of the moment, I insisted on Marie, who was now worn out with fatigue, taking a few hours' repose. With some reluctance she complied, and I sate up alone—no, not alone, for hope was with me, pouring balm into my troubled spirit.

'My boy, meantime, slept on, and I felt that such sweet slumber must be the harbinger of his recovery. Presently I saw his move, and the faint semblance of a smile light up his faded eye. Merciful powers! there was intelligence in his glance, and as I bent over him, the tears of gratitude dropping fast down my cheeks, he put out his pretty pouting lip, and whispered, 'Don't cry, Papa. I shall be better soon;' and then, as if the effort were too much for him, sunk again into slumber.

'Oh, what a load was lifted from my mind when I beheld this encouraging symptom! 'Come,' said I, 'I too have earned the right of a few minutes' repose; I can afford to relax a little now,' and following Marie's example, I leaned back in my chair, and slept. How pleasant was that sleep, brief though it was, and snatched from the depths of despair! I dreamed that it was a cool, fresh, spring morning, and that I was taking a walk with my darling through meadows fed by cheerful waters, on whose surface the green dragon-fly sported; and which no sooner caught the young rogue's eye, than, attracted by its glitter, he flew after it, ankle deep in flowers, shouting and laughing with all the irrepressible glee of childhood, while the wind blew about his glossy ringlets, and health's ruddiest glow blushed on his sweet face. Proud was I to witness his happiness; proud to hear the neighbours, as we returned home to breakfast, congratulate me on his recovery; and proud—oh very proud!—to see his fine, dark, earnest eyes thank them eloquently for their kindness to 'Papa.'

'From this exhilarating dream I was roused by the loud scream of Marie. 'Edward, Edward,' she said, wringing her hands in anguish—'look at our child! He does not stir! He does not even breathe! Can he be'——

'Hush hush, you silly girl, you will disturbe him; and I put my ear close to his mouth, to hear if I could catch even an indistinct respiration, while my wife rushing to the table, snatched up the candle, and held it over the features of the unawakening child. Long and earnestly she gazed; but alas! without avail; for there was not the slightest movement; not so much as a single pulsation. He lay, like some exquisitely chiselled marble, with the ringlets thickly clustering on his wan, transparent brow; the heavy lids closed over his eyes, and a smile on his face, such as that which we see in the west, when the serene summer sun has just set. Driven to desperation by his perfect stillness, I shook him—raised up his head—called him wildly by his name. Still no symptom of vitality, Maria could bear this no longer; and early as was the hour,—it was but just daybreak,—hurried off for the physician. Ah, long before she returned, the truth was but too well ascertained. My child was dead! Darling—darling boy! He had died in the very moment when in dreams his father had restored him. Yes, he through whose purer nature I had trusted to make atonement to society; he whom I had so proudly reared as a hostage for my future conduct; he who had just taught me what it was to be a parent; who had almost reconciled me to myself; and who, I had hoped would have closed my own eyes;—he, that white soul without a stain; whose eye had never looked otherwise than as his smiles nature prompted—he—the happy—the beautiful—the affectionate—was gone for ever. Perhaps in his last agony he had awoke, and looked round for that heartless—heartless parent who lay indolently sleeping beside him. Perhaps he had attempted to call on my name and stretch out his feeble arms to give me one parting embrace, but finding me not, had passed away into eternity, thinking himself deserted. And the next day was his birth day!—Man—man, were you ever a father?

'When my wife returned with the doctor, she found me, stretched, a raging lunatic, on the floor. I laughed—I shouted—I blasphemed—I invoked curses on myself and the whole world; and seizing the phsician with the grasp of a lion, kept demanding him to surrender up my boy, till my strength failed, and I was carried senseless to bed.

'It was weeks before I fully regained my consciousness; but when I did wake, I woke an altered man. My boy was gone; I had nothing henceforth to live for. True, my wife still survived, but she could not be to me what he had once been. She could not fill up the void his loss had made in my heart. I loved her—dearly loved her—but my child was the object of my idolatry. I lived but in him. I had hope but through him. He had strengthened and confirmed all the nobler sensibilities which his mother had first called forth; and his humanizing influence removed, my old sullen habits, having no longer any thing to divert them, came back, in the fuller force that they had been so long dispelled.

'Though I strove as much as possible to repress these feelings, yet Marie soon discovered that I was a changed man, and even increased my moroseness, by the meek, but mute upbraidings of her countenance. Often I caught her in tears, returning from my boy's grave, and on these occasions—strange as it may seem—a maudlin peevishness would steal over me, just as though I were jealous of a mother's affection for her son.

'But another feeling of a far worse character now began to steal over me. With the suspicion inseparable from guilt, I took into my head that during my delirium I had revealed that awful secret which I dared not even whisper to myself. When once this idea crossed my mind, it is astonishing how deep it struck its roots there. 'How grave,' said I, 'Marie looked this morning at breakfast! Methought, when she addressed me, there was something almost of sternness in her manner. There must be some cause for this,' and thus I went on tantalizing myself, attributing that to abhorrence on my wife's part, which, had not my mind been perverted, I should have known was the combined result of grief, and my own altered conduct towards her. Ah, when confidence between man and wife is once blighted, it never blossoms again! The transcient frankness that may spring up afterwards are but as the scanty gleanings after the full harvest has been reaped.

'A whole year had now elapsed since my boy's death, and though still attached—how could it be otherwise?—to his mother, yet I had ceased to feel that deep, unreserved affection for her, which I had once felt. We were no longer *one* but *two*. Never was man more wretched than I at this period, for the one bright episode in the story of my life having been brought to a close, my thoughts relapsed into their old channel, no longer dwelling with hope on the future, but even in despair on the past. Whenever I now addressed Marie, it was with a grave—not to say a formal—air, as if I were under a perpetual fear of committing myself; and this (so it appeared to her) studied coldness soon began to have a visible effect on her health. Our medical neighbour was the first to perceive this alteration, and attributing it to the shock occasioned by our child's death, warned me that if I did not change the scene, he would not be answerable for my wife's life.

'To this I unhesitatingly assented, and as Marie embraced the proposal with equal eagerness, in the hope that it might be beneficial to us both, we let our cottage, and after visiting Switzerland, Italy, and the Low Countries, took up our abode for three years in the south of France.

'During the first year or two of our wanderings, the incessant bustle in which we lived, seldom remaining more than a month in a place, produced an evident improvement in my wife's health; but when we had come to settle at Avignon, and had returned to our usual monotonous way of living, my gloom returned too, and with it, my wife's indisposition. Yet, for a while, except in her hollow eye, and the subdued tones of her voice, once so joyous in their music, there were no outward traces of decay. The wound that was wearing her to the grave bled inwardly.

''Edward,' she said to me, one evening, pressing gently my arm, 'it is useless longer to hide from you what you must too soon know. I am dying. You start, but it is even so. The shaft that pierced you, has pierced me too, and in a short time we shall know each other no more. Yet I do not bewail my lot, for circumstances, to which I need not allude more particularly, have long since forced on my mind the sad conviction that I have not only lost my child, but my husband also.'

''Lost me!' I replied, 'not so; I never loved you dearer than at this very moment, when you imagine me estranged from you. But grief, Marie, grief—undying grief has soured my temper, and made me seem what I am not, and never can be, my love, to you.'

'The evident sincerity with which I said this, was not without its effect on my wife, and she resumed,—'I do not blame you, Edward. Heaven knows, I acquit you of want of feeling, but oh! I fear something dreadful, of which I must know nothing, has long been preying on your mind. I ask not your confidence, but, believe me, I am not unworthy to share it.'

'I was staggered by her earnestness, and for the moment hesitated what reply to make. But soon my stern, indomitable pride decided me. Should I confess all; sink myself for ever in my wife's esteem, and perhaps break her heart by the communication? No, I would not. Be the consequences of my reserve what they might, I was resolved to preserve my character untarnished to the last.

'In pursuance of this determination I endeavoured to laugh away Marie's suspicions, but the very way in which I did so, only served to strengthen them, and she replied, 'I would fain believe you, Edward but in spite of myself, my heart misgives me. During that dreadful illness of yours, which followed our'——

'Hah! What of that illness? Speak, woman. Did I say any thing? Did I confess any thing in my delirium?'

'No, no,' she answered evasively, 'I meant not that. You said nothing—indeed you did not. Pray pray look more kindly on me.'

'Her manner, though it did not altogether banish my distrust, yet for the time restored me to composure; so I contented myself with again conjuring her to dismiss all idea that I had ceased to love her, or that aught beyond grief was preying on my mind and then turned the conversation to the state of her own health.

'She listened to me attentively, and with apparent conviction, and then, as if by mutual agreement we dropped the subject for ever. That same week however, the malady increased upon her, and made such rapid inroads on her strength, that at the month's end she was hardly able to leave her chamber. Bitter—most bitter—were my reflections at this moment. When I marked my wife's attenuated figure; her lustrous eye; the one burning, hectic spot—death's crimson banner—on her cheek I felt that I was her murderer—I, who was born to be the curse of all connected with me.

'After a few months of suffering, borne with that patient, uncomplaining gentleness of which nothing could deprive her, her disorder seemed to have sustained a check, and she seized the opportunity of requesting me to return with her to Constance.

'Edward,' she said, 'I shall never live to see another spring; let me go back then to our dear, dear lake, and be buried in the same grave with my child. 'Tis a silly fancy,' she added with a wan smile, 'but I do not think I could rest in peace elsewhere.'

'Her dying wish was complied with, and the very next day we set out on our return to the cottage whose threshold my poor wife was never again destined to pass alive. Yet she struggled to the last with her malady, holding out hope, for my sake, when hope was not, till at length the golden bowl was broken, and she quitted her transient home to take possession of her eternal one. The evening before her death she grew perceptibly better; she even rose from her bed for the purpose, as she said of paying a farewell visit to her child's grave; but the effort was beyond her strength: a relapse took place, and before morning her pure spirit had passed away. She died in my arms, conscious to the latest moment of existence; her last glance fixed on me, her spectral hand clasped in mine; her last words breathing unalterable affection.

'And now all were gone! Wife—child—and with them, love—hope—happiness—all, all had passed away, and I stood in the autumn of my life as in its spring, a blighted, solitary being. My heart leafless; the green sap in my thoughts was dried up; I was a thunder-splintered yew withering alone in a churchyard. Constance, once so loved, henceforth hateful to me; I remained, therefore, but to witness the last rites paid to Marie, then quitted it for ever. Day was just breaking, when from a neighbouring height I turned round to take one parting glance at the spot where reposed the ashes of the only two beings I had ever loved—who had ever loved me. Bright fell the sunshine on that still churchyard; yet they felt it not; henceforth twas deepest night with them—an eternal, dreamless sleep; the laughing voice of spring—the raging winter wind—the chirp of birds—the stir of human footstep above their heads—sunrise with its golden pomps, and twilight with its lengthening shadows, nothing should wake them more. They were gone to that phantom world, where sense is not—nor light nor sound!—nor joy, nor grief—nor hope, nor despair! Casting my eyes in another direction, I could see my own cottage, with the early smoke ascending from its chimney; and the white sails of the fishermen glistening on the bosom of that lake which I had so often crossed with Marie and her child. Blessed Elysium,' said I, as the carriage slowly bore me away, 'how many happy days have I not owed to you! There, in the sequestered silvan dwelling, with the the lawn sweeping down towards the water hope first stirred within me! There I first sought repose of mind, and found it. But the charm is broken now. Dear wife, still dearer child, farewell; we have parted to meet no more, for where you have gone, I must never come,' and as this wintry conviction swept howling across my brain, my heart became ice, and I felt as if all humanity were chilled for ever within me!"

CHAPTER X.

When the stranger had come to an end with his narrative, he rose from his seat, and paced hurriedly up and down the room, as though he were desirous of banishing the many tender and mournful recollections it had conjured up. But for a while his efforts were fruitless. The father—the husband—got the better of the stoic and the misanthropist; he seemed chocking with grief; and at last retiring to a corner at the further extremity of the room, he fairly gave himself up to his emotions, and sobbed and wept like an infant. Bursts of tenderness like these, when they break out in dark, rugged natures, like sunshine in the midst of a thunder-storm, for the moment sweep all before them. Who forgot the anecdote of Napoleon and the village bells of Brienz? He was riding late one day over a battle-field, gazing stern and unmoved on the dying and the dead that strawed the ground by thousands about him, when suddenly 'those evening bells' struck up a merry peal. The Emperor paused to listen; his heart was softened; memory was busy with the past; he was no longer the conqueror of Austerlitz, but the innocent, happy school-boy at Brienz; and dismounting from his horse, he seated himself on the stump of an old tree, and to the astonishment of Rapp, who relates the circumstance, burst into tears.—The rock was smitten, and the living waters came gushing from it.

The attorney, affected by the stranger's anguish, was about to approach him, with a view of consoling him, after his own blunt, homely fashion, when the wretched man, roused by the sound of his tread, turned fiercely round, and indignantly brushing the tears from his eyes, said—'Resume your seat, sir, for I have yet much to tell you.'

'Not now—not now—I have heard to much already; spare yourself then, if not me; these emotions will kill you else.'

'My emotions!' replied the stranger scornfully, 'you are yet but a shallow judge of character, Mr. Evans.' My late show of softness has, I fear, deceived you! However, be that softness what it may, remember, it was not I who volunteered a confession of it, but you who wrung it from me, and such being the case, you quit not this room till you have heard me to a close.'

'As you please, sir,' said the attorney, disgusted with the stranger's inflexible pride and sternness, even while he compassionated his sufferings. Pride indeed, or rather revenge—two vices by no means uncommon in the Welsh character—were, after all, the only things of native growth in his heart. His was one of those fierce, unyielding characters, which, like the oak, defy the tempest that has left them bare and branchless. As for the gentler sensibilities, they had been so effectually kept down and trampled on during his infancy and a great portion of his manhood, that when they did strike late root in his breast, their growth, though rapid and promising while it lasted, was but brief, like that of seeds dropped on an uncongenial soil, which scarcely make their appearance above ground, ere they droop and pass away.

When both parties had resumed their places, Evans finding that the stranger, despite his well meant hint to the contrary, was bent on making what he called, 'a clean breast of it,' took the opportunity to ask him—though his voice faltered a little while he put the query—what could possibly have induced him to return to a spot fraught with so many frightful recollections.

This question startled the stranger, who was sunk in reverie. Rousing himself, however, and looking steadily at his catechist, while he pointed to the lamp on the table, he replied, 'do you see that blind, predestined moth, impelled by the strange instinct of nature, upon the very death which it must dread? Just the same instinct, or fascination—call it by what name you please—that is now luring that insect to its destruction, lured me also to this spot. Fain would I have found a grave elsewhere, but an invisible monitor was ever at my elbow, whispering in my spell-bound ear that *here* my days were destined to have an end: that detection in this sure disguise which sorrow had flung around me was impossible; and that if I hoped for pardon, here, where the crime was committed, here must the expiation be made. And am I not hourly making this expiation? I, who in order to acquit myself with eclat'—and here the stranger laughed convulsively—'forgoe even the tempting luxury of suicide? What compared to this, is the penance of your catholic devotee? He scourges his body, I, my soul. He, the fanatic, braves the midnight in the lone chapel before the cross—I, the murderer, brave it in the haunted home of the murdered! But enough of this, continued the desperate man, assuming an abrupt gaiety, which was even more withering than his despair; "discoursing with my guest, I must not forget that I am his host;" and so saying, he quitted the room.

He was absent only about ten minutes, yet when he returned, his manner, and even his countenance, had undergone a startling change. His cheeks were white as those of a corpse; there was a fixed, stony stare in his eye; and his whole air was that of one in whom the promptings of a better nature have been struggling, but in vain, with some inflexible tenacity of purpose. Evans looked at him with astonishment. "Can this be the man," he thought to himself, "who but a short while since was melted to almost woman's weakness? Why he's no more like what he was when he was telling me about his child, than I am like a goat! Well, grief plays strange tricks with us all."

Mean time, the stranger had resumed his seat at the table, and placing on it a bottle nearly full of red wine, together with two of those capacious goblets which were in fashion among the Welsh squirearchy during the last century, he filled them both with wine, and handed the smallest of the two to Evans; but as if instantly recollecting himself, he exchanged it for the larger one, saying, with a forced effort at cheerfulness. "Take this, man, this—nay, no excuse; you are my guest, you know, and the best that I have is of course yours," and bowing with an air of studied courtesy to Evans, he emptied his own goblet at a draught.

The sudden familiarity of the stranger's manner, together with the visible trembling of his hand as he handed the glass to the attorney, at once revived all the latter's distrust. He hesitated accordingly to follow his example—more especially when he saw, or fancied he saw, that the wine in his own goblet was of a deeper tint than that in the bottle—and he was about pleading indisposition as an excuse, when a noise apparently in the lawn below, drew his hosts attention to the window. Evans seized the favourable opportunity, and emptied his glass quietly and dexterously into the dust and ashes on the hearth, just as the stranger, satisfied that his ears had deceived him, had returned to his place.

'So,' said he, looking at the emptied goblet, while his eyes gleamed with a sudden wild light like a maniac's when his fit is coming on him, "you have done justice to the good wine, I see.'

'Yes,' replied the attorney, smacking his lips with well affected relish, "and capital it is.'

'Yet it is apt to disagree with *some* constitutions,' replied the stranger, with a sneer, then raising his voice, he continued, "do you remember the old Spanish legend of the monk and the devil?'

'No,' said Evans, wondering what was to come next.

'Listen, then. Confident in his own superior sagacity, the ghostly father one day took it into his head that he could fathom the character and designs of the Tempter, who had assumed the disguise of an anchorite, and taken up his abode in a lone cave near the monk's convent. 'Twas a foolish curiosity, and how, think you, was it rewarded?'

'I know not.'

'Why, the Devil allowed himself to appear the dupe; lured the officious fool to his cell; and then'—

'Well, and what then?'

'*The monk was never seen alive again!*' was the reply, delivered in a low thrilling whisper, like an adder's hiss, 'for the floor of that solitary cave kept well its secret, as the vaults of this house may do. Yes, fool,' pursued the stranger with frantic vehemence, 'meddling mischievous fool, that monk's fate is yours! It was to throw you off your guard that I revealed to you my life's tragedy, which, stamped as it was throughout with truth, I was resolved you should never live to make public. Did you imagine that I would have betrayed that awful secret to you which I withheld from the wife of my own bosom? Surrender up my pride—my character—nay, my very life itself into your custody, if I had not made sure of my victim! I hated you from the first moment I beheld you; and I now hate you with a deadlier rancour than ever, for your knowledge of my crime, and the weakness into which you have betrayed me.'

'Mr. Glendovery,' replied Evans, calmly interrupting this frenzied burst, 'I have given you no cause for such hatred. True, when I first sought you, it was with hostile feelings; but I have since heard your confession, and I pity more than I condemn.'

'Pity, wretch! I scorn your pity—I defy it—I loathe it—as I do all that wears the human form, and you worst of all, for that mean, mischievous curiosity which has forced me to wrench open the cells of memory, and expose the ghostly objects that lie there. But you shall rue it, fool, to exult in your triumph. No, at this very moment death is at work within you. In the draught you but just now drained to the dregs, lurked a subtle poison which I had reserved for my own use, but which'——

'What, you confess, then?' said Evans eagerly.

'Yes, fool; but to whom? To the dead, and they tell no tales.'

'The dead!' said the attorney, starting from his seat; 'not so, man of blood. Though you feel persuaded that you have perpetrated a second murder—and on him, too, who, despite his conscience, would have stood between you and the scaffold, yet your craft has for once overreached itself. The poison you designed for me now lies among those ashes.'

For an instant the stranger stood like one stupified; at length, 'Hah, is it even so?' he shouted, while his red, dilated eye, kindled like a live coal; 'there is then no way left but this;' and rushing on Evans, and seizing him like a tiger by the throat, he was within an ace of throttling him—so sudden had been his assault, and such energy had frenzy lent to his emaciated frame—when the man by a desperate effort shook off his grasp, and hurrying to the window, gave a long, shrill whistle.

'Lost—irrecoverably lost—Oh God!' exclaimed the stranger, while at that moment a rush of footsteps was heard on the staircase; the door flew wide open, and the sexton and the apothecary entered the room.

'Seize that murderer,' said Evans.

The man advanced to arrest the maniac—for such he now really was, baffled revenge having given the last stunning shock to a brain already more than half shattered—but glaring on them as if his very look had power to kill, they were so shocked by the expression of his countenance, that they stood stock still, as if rooted to the ground.

'Hah! hah!' shouted the madman, pointing towards Evans, who stood in deep shadow near the door, hesitating how to act, 'so you have come at last. Well, I have been a long time expecting you. They told me you were dead. But what of that? The dead can walk. Is it not so, brother? Yet wherefore that spectral look? I have not yet done the—hush, not a word—what we do, we must do quietly. Draw the curtains—draw them close—closer still, I say—how can I kill him, with that white, glittering moon looking in upon us? Now!—now strike. Oh God, I dare not!' The pale—pale phantom with the child in her hand, rises between me and him! See, she draws nearer—nearer—the little arms too are stretched out to—wife, child—I knew they would not die, and leave me all alone. Hah, that threatening form again? Off, fiend—I defied you living; I defy you dead,' and tossing his arms wildly above his head, the stranger staggered—fell—and when Evans and his companions, recovering their self-possession, hastened forward to raise him from the floor, they found that life was extinct. In the violence of his paroxysm, he had burst a blood-vessel.

He was buried in a remote corner of Plaswynnock church-yard, and to this hour the belated villager never passes his grave, or the Manor-House where his appalling crime was committed, without a quickening of the pulse, as if both were still haunted by his ghost.

Those who heedlessly mix ale and porter with their wine, on many occasions inflict upon themselves much future mischief, for the body becomes quickly bloated, and an inordinate quantity of fat is always deposited in the cellular substance of those who drink these products of fermentation at the same period.—*Lancet.*

CURIOUS NOTION OF DISCOUNT.—It chanced one gloomy day, in the month of December, that a good-humored Irishman applied to a merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long, though not an unusual date; and the merchant having casually remarked that the bill had a great many days to run. "That's true," replied the Irishman, "but then my honey, you dont consider how short the days are at this time of the year."

TYPE WASHING.—We published a day or so since a new receipt for effectually washing type in a printing office. The receipt stated a quantity of rain water used to be two Scotch pints. It should have been stated at the time, by way of explanation, that a Scotch pint is half a gallon of our measure.—*Albany D. Adv.*

From the Jersey Patriot.

EMIGRATION TO NEW SOUTH WALES.

ACCOUNT OF THE COUNTRY.

Our attention has repeatedly been drawn, both by public writers and private communications, to the subject of emigration to that part of the Australian continent, known by the name of New South Wales but not being altogether satisfied with the arrangements connected with the supplying of convict labourers to the colony, or the accounts given of the social condition and prospects of the settlers, and also fearing that the trouble and expense of transit would be greater than could possibly be encountered by the majority of persons in the humbler walks of life, we have hitherto abstained from saying a single word on the subject. Causes for objection having now been in a great measure removed, we propose to present our readers with two or three articles descriptive of the New South Wales colony, and the chances of success which would attend a removal thither. We are the more inclined to take up this question at the present moment, in consequence of the state of affairs in Canada and the United States of America, which are too well known to require particular notice. While thus the door of American emigration has shut, that of Australian emigration has opened; and we may now expect to see as steady a flow of settlers proceeding to New South Wales, as ever set in on Upper Canada or Michigan.

Australia is an immensely large island—so large as to be called a continent—situated in the Pacific or Indian Ocean. In extent it measures two thousand miles from east to west, and seventeen hundred in breadth from north to south. By far the greatest part of the country in the interior is unexplored. It now possesses three distinct British settlements—New South Wales, which stretches about fifteen hundred miles along its eastern coast, and some hundreds of miles inland; South Australia, on its southern shore, which has been but recently opened for emigration; and Western Australia, or Swan River Settlement. Van Dieman's Land is another British settlement, and consists of an island lying to the south of Australia, in the same manner that England lies near the coast of France. Each of these settlements has its peculiar advantages; but, meanwhile, we are to treat exclusively of New South Wales, while it is the oldest and most populous of the Australian colonies. New South Wales lies at the distance of sixteen thousand miles from Great Britain, and its capital, Sydney, to which most vessels proceed, is reached in from 100 to 120 days' sailing. Lying on the opposite side of the globe from us, its seasons are reversed in relation to ours; its winter is in May, June, and July, and its summer in November, December, and January. Its climate is one of the finest in the world—far superior to that of England or Scotland, and perhaps only comparable to that of Italy and Turkey. Snow is never seen except in the higher regions, and in the lower parts there bloom an eternal spring and summer. "For eight months during the year (says Dr. Lang) namely, from the first of March till the first of November, the climate is peculiarly delightful. The sky is seldom clouded; and day after day, for whole weeks together, the sun looks down in unveiled beauty from the northern heavens. In ordinary seasons, refreshing showers are not unfrequent." Such is the weather in that part of the year which includes the winter. In summer, from the first of November till the first of March, "the heat (says the same authority) is considerable, but very rarely oppressive, the thermometer seldom rising higher in Sydney than 75 degrees of Fahrenheit." The climate is not only pleasant, but highly salubrious, as is testified by the general health of the colonists. The diseases which occasionally prevail are in most cases the result of excesses, chiefly indulgence in ardent spirits; but for this evil the climate is by no means responsible.

The general appearance of New South Wales on the coast, is not very inviting, but the country improves in proceeding inland. At an average distance of from forty to forty-five miles from the shore, there extends a long range of alpine territory called the Blue Mountains, and it is betwixt this range and the sea that the chief part of the settled country lies. Advancing inland five or six miles from Sydney, the soil improves, and begins to be dotted with tall and stately trees, which soon again thicken into a dense but magnificent forest, indicating, indeed a more luxuriant soil than that passed, but scarcely less discouraging to the settler. Still advancing inwards, however, from six to nine miles farther, another change takes place. You have cleared the forest, and the promised land lies before you: improving now with every step you advance; now presenting an endless variety of hill and dale, covered with the most luxuriant vegetation; now extensive plains, resembling the finest parks in England—a resemblance which is made the more striking, from their being similarly interspersed with magnificent trees, just numerous enough to add beauty to the land, without encumbering it. This scene, which is bounded interiorly by the Blue Mountains already spoken of, is, with few and not very important exceptions, that which the whole of the eastern coast of New Holland exhibits, and, as a general description, is agreed to by all who have spoken of it. The colonised portion of New South Wales is divided into nineteen counties—Cumberland, Camden, Argyle, Westmoreland, Cook's, Bathurst, Roxburgh, Wellington, Philip, Bligh, Brisbane, Hunter, Northumberland, Gloucester, Durham, Georgiana, King's Murray, and St. Vincent's, Ayr, Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, & Camden, have all of them the coast for their eastern boundaries: thence stretching each of them more or less inward.

The central county on the coast is Cumberland. This county, though one of the smallest, and in point of fertility of soil one of the worst in New South Wales, is nevertheless the most important of the whole, from its containing the principal towns in the colony, and amongst these Sydney, the capital. In this county also is situated the celebrated Botany Bay, a name associated in this country with every thing that is infamous. This celebrity it has acquired, however, merely from the circumstance of its having been one of the first penal settlements, or receptacle for banished convicts, which was established in New South Wales. There are many places in that country to which they are now sent as well as Botany Bay; indeed, thousands of them never see the latter place at all, being sent to stations at a great distance from it. The towns in this county are Sydney—the metropolis, as we have already said, of New South Wales—Paramatta, Windsor, and Liverpool. Sydney is situated about seven miles inwards from the head of Port Jackson, one of the noblest harbours in the world. It is built upon two necks of land, with a valley between called Sydney Cove, possessing a depth of water which enables vessels of the greatest burthen to come close to the land. Thirty or forty years ago, the ground on which Sydney stands was a barren desolate wild, covered with wood, and tenanted only by savages and the beasts of the forest. It is now occupied by a large and thriving town, with a population of upwards of 18,000 souls, among whom are to be found more than all the conveniences and luxuries of a British town of the same extent—regular and handsome markets, public seminaries, banks, extensive warehouses, hotels, distilleries, breweries, steam-engines, stage-coaches for different parts of the colony,