

'This I also repeated several times, but there was no reply—all was silence.

'I now bethought me of a plan common among the country people when they happen to feel themselves in circumstances similar to mine. They are of opinion that the act dissipates or neutralizes any evil influence that may have been cast over them, and restores them to a clear perception of their position and of the localities about them. Remembering this, I at once stripped, and began to turn my coat inside out; but whilst doing so I felt as if a hand had been gently pressed upon my right shoulder. It is true I might have been mistaken, but my convictions were all in the affirmative. The pressure in this instance, I thought, was less, but still more distinct than the first. The effect upon me was indescribably frightful. I trembled from head to foot, and the perspiration poured from me in torrents. To feel in a midnight desert, far from the contiguity of your fellow creatures, that you have a supernatural being at your side, and to experience this by both touch and hearing, is such a trial to human fortitude as no philosopher, safe and comfortable in his study, could at all conceive. In the meantime I felt that the sooner I got myself out of this fearful position the better, and for that purpose I thought there was less risk in advancing than remaining stationary; and as I felt anxious, moreover, to ascertain whether the turning of my coat was likely to prove in any way beneficial to me, I walked on steadily in what I conceived to be the right direction. Still, however, although a little more composed, I felt in no sensible manner relieved by the act, unless it might be that I proceeded at a brisker pace, and with more confidence than before. Whether I was going towards home or from it, I could not for the life of me guess. At all events, I advanced at a rapid pace, and after about two hours and a half's toil, I had the satisfaction to find myself upon some kind of path that seemed like one that had been made by human labour.

'I stooped down and examined it with my hands, in order to determine if possible whether it actually was a pathway or not. The darkness, however, prevented me from ascertaining the fact in a satisfactory manner; it might be a path or it might be only one of those natural rutty passes, from one hill range to another, that are instinctively formed by the mountain cattle, when changing their pasture, or seeking the sheltered side of the uplands.

'I had now been nearly three hours in the mountains, and when the reader is informed that for the last four months I had been reading for a fellowship, at the rate of sixteen hours a day, without of course having taken twenty minutes exercise during that time, he will not wonder that I began to feel both faint and feeble. I felt, besides, a grievous want of food, for I had taken nothing since four o'clock, at which hour the coach stopped for a tantalizing dinner at ——. In addition to my other terrors, the dread of perishing from hunger now came upon me, and I am satisfied that imagination, strengthened by alarm, made both the sensation and the dread resulting from it incomparably greater than under ordinary circumstances they would have been. Be this as it may, I soon experienced a sense of relief which it is impossible adequately to convey to the reader. In going up an ascent, I discovered that I was among a flock of cattle—and I can solemnly say, that the strength I derived from the simple fact could be understood by no human being who had not been in a situation similar to mine. I now felt as if I were safe—as if something belonging to man were near me—as if the great prerogative of social security was within call; this, however, I felt only in my spirit, for my body was weak, my knees tottering, and my physical strength almost gone. Indeed were it not for this most gratifying incident I do not think I could have proceeded much farther, from want of strength, but must have fallen down and perished. As it was, I followed the pathway or rut which went over a little ascent—and, behold, on cresting it, I perceived light, in what I supposed must have been a human habitation. The distance appeared to be about a quarter of a mile, but I cared not—I felt that my strength, aided by hope and the prospect of human intercourse, might sustain me until I reached the light in question. I accordingly pressed on, and in proportion as I approached the house, I felt my courage revive and my confidence return so strongly, that I said aloud, 'where now is that voice that dared to whisper, 'Chadwick' in my ear? and where is the hand that touched my shoulder?' The words were scarcely uttered when, in a close, firm, compact voice, I heard as before at my right ear my own name pronounced a third time—'Chadwick'—and at the same moment the pressure of a hand, as before, was laid gently upon my shoulder. I felt like jelly, and would have gladly sunk into the earth if I could: this was beyond the force of imagination or any coincidence that might arise from natural causes. But, heavens! what a slight cause for terror did it present, when compared with the terrific scene which I was doomed to encounter in the habitation I felt so anxious to enter.

'The house in question was now not more than two hundred yards from me; but I must admit that short as the distance was, I would have given a million of money, had I been master of so much, to find myself within its walls. As it was, I felt disposed to lie down and die if I could, from exhaustion and terror; but the voice and the pressure on my shoulder drove me onward, and I found myself at length within a few yards of the door.

'Having knocked, I exclaimed, 'well, thank God, I am safe at last.' I heard a noise within, the door was quickly opened—and a handsome looking woman of the humbler kind stood before me. 'Will you allow me to rest myself here for the night,' I said.

'Come in, Sir,' she replied. 'I accepted her offer—oh! with what ecstasy I went in, but before I did so, 'Chadwick' was once more pronounced in my ear, and the pressure distinctly felt upon my shoulder. The woman perceived me start as my name was uttered, but she immediately placed a chair for me before a good fire of mountain turf, and again looking in my face, she asked, 'was there any one along with you, Sir?'

'No,' I said, 'none; at least none that I am aware of.'

'Because,' she proceeded, 'I thought I heard another voice as you were coming in.'

'I strove to conceal my terrors, but still I felt a dreadful curiosity to hear more upon the subject; and I asked her, with parched tongue and gasping mouth, if she saw any one along with me.

'She said that, by the light of the candle she thought she caught a glimpse of a person that she knew; but—and she got pale as she spoke.

'But what?' I asked with difficulty.

'I would rather not say who it was,' she replied, 'besides, I know it was only fancy—he being so lately before my eyes, too.'

'Who?'

'My unfortunate—no—no,' she proceeded, 'I saw nothing—I only thought I did.'

'Hunger, and weakness resulting from it now overcame every other thought and feeling, and I asked her if she could give me anything to eat, that I might gain strength.

'Thank God, I can,' she replied, 'and indeed you have hunger, and more than hunger in your face; you look to be at death's door, itself—but any how it was good fortune, I hope, sent you to me.'

'She then placed before me two or three large pieces of wheat cake, some butter, and a jug of cold new milk; and, sooth to say, gourmands may talk as they will about luxury, but such an epicurean meal as that perhaps was never, or at least seldom made.

'Having amply satisfied my appetite, I felt my spirits revive and my fortitude return with a reaction proportioned to my former terrors; for there proceeds an excitement from a healthy meal, which especially to the youthful—exhibits itself in an exhilaration of spirits that casts out all fear. I could now understand that 'Chadwick' and the pressure on my shoulder, were merely the consequences of a warm fancy, wrought into a morbid feeling by the darkness and solitude around me, and a predisposition to over-excitement occasioned by a course of long and intense study. I had often under nervous exhaustion occasioned by hard reading and severe mental labour, seen my bed surrounded at night by faces of almost every hue of complexion and beauty. By reasoning on and analyzing these matters, I consequently regained both my fortitude and composure, and so far as my mind was concerned, felt perfectly satisfied and well. It was different with my body, however, for without experiencing any disposition to sleep, I felt my limbs stiff and nearly helpless from unaccustomed fatigue.

'Whilst engaged in these reflections, so natural to one in my position, the woman of the house sat also in a ruminating attitude, smoking a pipe which from time to time she took out of her mouth; suspending, as it were, her enjoyment in consequence of some pressure of thought, after which she put it into her mouth again, slowly and abstractedly, and once more resumed her smoking.

'Thank goodness,' she at length ejaculated, 'thank goodness that he confessed it before he died. But sure, God help the wretch, every one knows he did it, and wasn't it by some crack his counsellor found in the law, that he escaped hanging.'

'Of this, as it was by no means designed for me, I did not feel myself justified in taking any notice. I understood nothing of the subject to which she made allusion, and I consequently felt no interest whatsoever in it.

'At length she rose up, and throwing a cloak round her shoulders and putting on her bonnet, she addressed me as follows.

'I hope,' she said, 'that it was Providence sent you to me this night; and I said so when I saw you. I'm going a distance of four miles to bring a young man—a friend of mine—here that he may keep house to-morrow, till I let the neighbours know what has happened.

'Why,' said I, 'what has happened?'

'My husband,' she replied very calmly, 'was seized this evening with a cholera, and he's now lying a corpse in that room there,' pointing to it as she spoke, 'It's not lucky to leave a corpse in the house without a livin' bein' along with it—because every one knows that when such a thing happens, the next kin will die before twelve months. Now, I'm next of kin to him, and, if you hadn't come to the place, I might a' sot here this fortnight to come, before a livin' bein' would darken the door. Nobody liked to come next or near the house, knowing who lived in it.'

'Why?' I asked, moved now by peculiar interest, 'who lives in it, or who did live in it?'

'Did you never hear,' she replied, 'of Darby Dogue?'

'Merciful God! I exclaimed, 'is it Dogue that murdered Murray's daughter from Glencuil, and who was saved from the gallows by a point of law?'

'The very same,' she replied, 'and it's a satisfaction at any rate he acknowledged the murder to me this very evenin' a few minutes before he departed. As you were coming in,' she proceeded, in a musing and uncertain tone, 'I thought I saw—but that could not be, surely.'

'What did you think you saw,' I asked.

'Why,' said she, 'throth, I thought I seen him laying his hand upon your shoulder.'

'Contrary to what might be supposed, the tone of feeling produced by her words was anything but one of terror. So far from that, the idea of any community or intercourse, natural or preternatural, between me and the murderous ruffian her husband, filled me with indignation and defiance. I had heard of him, and of his infamous life and crimes, and as I was conscious of no secret guilt or other heavy offence against either God or man, I felt, in this instance, no fear whatsoever.

'Go my good woman,' said I, 'bring your friend here, and be not uneasy on my account. I shall remain till your return—provided you are back by daylight, for after that, whether you come or not, I shall take my departure.'

'I'll stay away only as short a time as possible,' she replied, 'but I can't be here in a hurry either because the nearest livin' house to this is four miles away.

'She then closed the door after her, and having first bade me good bye, she proceeded to fetch her friend.

(To be concluded next week.)

A CURE FOR DEAFNESS.—The Boston Bee tells the following story of Joe H., who formerly drove an express wagon from the head of Commercial Wharf. Joe was not only deaf but stuttered. He likewise had the failing of borrowing money and forgetting to pay it again. One morning he was dunned by a person to whom he owed five dollars:

'Come, Joe, can't you pay me that money to-day?'

'T-t-t-the horse has gone to the b-b-blacksmith's.'

'I don't want the horse, I want your money.'

'T-t-t-the truck is down to L-L-Lewes' wharf for a l-l-load of p-p-pork.'

'I don't want the truck,' said the man, 'I want those five dollars you owe me.'

'I m-m-made,' replied Joe, 'a good spec to-day on s-some boards I sold the sugar refinery.'

The man then wrote what he wanted on Joes' slate. 'I-c-c-can't see,' said Joe: 'I-l-left my specks at h-h-home.' Finding all his efforts useless, the man asked Joe in a low voice—'What will you have to drink?'

'A l-l-little b-b-brandy and water,' replied Joe promptly.

MONEY.—Money, now-a-days, covers a multitude of sins. Vice, when associated with gold, loses, in the estimation of the world, half its hideousness; but when clothed in rags, it becomes the veriest monster, at which old age shudders and youth faints. A wise man of old said—'with all thy getting, get understanding,' but at that day 'worth made the man'; now money is the enchanting wand, whose magical touch changes darkness into light, opens the avenue to the select circle, and crowns its possessor with honor and preferment. Would this were no fancy!

A cotemporary compares some of his subscribers to cats! He says, 'You may stroke the fur the right way for years—talk and write to please them, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on a tail, say something that comes in contact with their fault, prejudice, or interest, and what a scratching and clawing there will be.'

How many fond mothers and frugal housewives keep their pretty daughters and their preserves for some extra occasion—some 'big bag' or other—till both turn sour.

THE OLD WOMAN'S RACE WITH A LOCOMOTIVE.—In a cottage not very far from the well known village of Ecclefechan, which can boast of more bridges than even the metropolis itself, there resides a gude wife who is now in her 92d or 93d year, and is able notwithstanding, to read without the aid of spectacles, and to use her legs with more vigor than many of her juniors by a score of years. From her cottage she commands a view of the Caledonia railway for nearly five miles, and often amuses herself with watching the trains careering along, speculating on the unco' changes which have taken place since the days of her girlhood. While discussing these matters the other day, she made a bet of a crown piece with her son that she would start from her house, which is three quarters of a mile from the line of railway as soon as the mail train came in sight and reach an accommodation bridge which it crosses before the train came. The proposal agreed to, she kilted up her petticoats as soon as the locomotive showed its fiery nose, and away she ran, three-fourths of a mile against four and three-quarters; but for the one a very elderly pair of legs, for the other the steamed steed rushing along with more than the velocity of the race horse. For once, however, even steam was too slow and with wind in very fair order, the nonagenarian gained the bridge, ran below and back again, ere the ponderous train whizzed above the arch. During her race she met a younger female acquaintance who