







Interesting Miscellany.

RING OUT THE OLD! RING IN THE NEW!

BY ALFRED TENNYSON. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

PEARLS OF POESY.

A CHEERFUL LOOK, AND A BROKEN HEART. What an expressive and touching smile is this from Percival: "I saw on the top of a mountain high, A gem that shone like fire by night; It seemed a star that left the sky, And dropt to sleep on the mountain's height."

ON HUMAN LIFE.

Our life is but a winter's day, Some life's but breakfast and away; Others to dinner stay, and are full fed; The oldest man but supps and goes to bed; Large is his debt who lingers on the day, Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A story is told of two travellers in Lapland which throws more light on the art of being happy than a whole volume of proverbs and aphorisms. Upon a very cold day in winter they were driving along in a sledge, wrapped in furs from head to foot.

FASCINATION.—It is my firm belief, says Rev. Mr. Borrow, that certain individuals possess an inherent power, or fascination, over certain creatures, otherwise I should be unable to account for many feats which I have witnessed, and, indeed, borne a share in, connected with the taming of brutes and reptiles.

Would you be avenged on your enemy? Be virtuous, that he may have nothing to say against you.

To the truly poetical soul evil and wrong are repulsive; they are mutations of the pure and perfect and beautiful, which alone it loves.

THE LADY IN THE SACQUE.

In days long past there stood on the borders of the New Forest a splendid mansion, which had been erected during the reign of the Plantagenets. It was a curious building, filled with odd nooks and winding passages, branching hither and thither, and bewildering the uninitiated stranger with their labyrinth mazes.

"Forester's Hall," grinned the peasant; "there can have him if thee likes. Squire Russell wants to be rid of the old place." "And who is Squire Russell?" asked the younger lady, turning her sparkling eyes upon the rustic.

"I have no objection," returned her aunt, "provided the Hall is sold at a bargain." Then addressing the wondering laborer, she said, "Where does this Mr. Russell live?" "Squire Russell's house lies half a mile on your right," cried the countryman.

They found Ashdown Farm a dreary place, although its master, Mr. Everard Russell, received them with the utmost courtesy, offering to send a servant early next morning to open the Hall, that they might have ample opportunity of inspecting the property.

Next day saw Everard Russell in waiting at Forester's Hall; large fires had been lighted by his order in each capacious chamber, so that when Mrs. Irving and her niece arrived, there was quite an air of comfort diffused throughout the crumbling pile.

Miss Irving (or as she better loved to be designated, Mrs. Irving) was a lady in receipt of a considerable income, but which, large as it was, she somehow contrived to get through.

When Mrs. Irving and Eugenie were duly installed at Forester's Hall, they discovered the situation of which they had made choice almost too dull. Although not far from the village of Boldre, few calls were made by the residents, and one or two families with whom they had formed an intimacy invariably departed long before nightfall.

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a certain hour beneath its roof. Mrs. Irving felt much chagrined; faint would she have relinquished the dreaded abode, had she not feared by so doing she might incur the reproach of nourishing a superstition she was far from entertaining.

Mr. Russell was a constant guest at the Hall, but his mother excused herself, alleging ill health as a plea for declining the repeated invitations given her by their new neighbors.

While tossing one night to and fro upon her restless couch, and thinking of the sudden and unwished-for change in her position, Eugenie fancied she heard a rustling sound as if caused by the flutter of a silken garment, and looking up he saw, by the faint gleam of her expiring taper, standing between the bed and window, the figure of a beautiful and stately woman.

"Not so, dear aunt," replied Eugenie. "I am sufficiently well not to disappoint Everard of his ride. He is to be here at one o'clock."

"Your lightest wish, Miss Boyd, to me is law," he returned; "nor will I press the present fulfilment of your promise; still, on a future occasion, I trust I may not be treated with such mortifying coldness."

"Believe me," said Eugenie, "I am truly indisposed; but some other day I will strive to make amends for my present conduct."

The apartment occupied by Miss Boyd was situated at the back of the Hall; beneath its window was a gloomy copse, so wild and tangled that the meanest peasant boy would hardly venture within its precincts.

More than ever convinced the intruder must be some individual bent upon a frolic, Miss Boyd felt no terror; a sense of insulted dignity upheld her; and she commenced a searching investigation to try whether there was not some private outlet.

"Lawk, miss," faltered out the damsel, and at the same time growing pale with fright, "I could not sleep here for the world! Why, this is the room where the poor lady was murdered some many years ago. Yonder, too, just by that window, is the stain of blood—it will never come out; I took care to cover it that it might not make you nervous, although I never supposed the ghost would trouble one so good."

During several months the faithful girl shared the couch of her young mistress, without either being disturbed by the mysterious apparition. Eugenie had long learned to consider the shade a mere chimera of an over-excited imagination, and won by her aunt's persuasions, she had delighted Everard Russell by naming the bridal day. Time flew rapidly, and the eve of the wedding came.

The clock had tolled forth the hour of midnight, and all beneath the roof of Forester's Hall were fast locked in balmy slumber, except Eugenie, who lay watching the fantastical figures cast by the flickering fire upon the ceiling. A deep sigh arrested her attention; by her side stood the ghostly phantom, beckoning with its thin white hand; slowly then it crossed the room, pointing with its fingers towards the antique, worm-eaten wardrobe, which sign it repeated three times, and then faded from her sight.

At daybreak the trembling Miss Boyd aroused Martha, but their united efforts proved insufficient to remove the heavy piece of furniture; panting and weary, they relinquished their undertaking, and after mature reflection, Eugenie decided upon calling the groom, Stephen, who was her maid's avowed admirer, and taking him into their confidence.

"Do you then recognize this corpse?" questioned the agitated Eugenie. "It is a long tale, miss," answered the groom; "a tale of sin and sorrow, which I will relate anon. Let us search this place still more narrowly."

"Gracious Providence!" cried Eugenie, clasping her hands, "what is this you tell me?" "Miss Boyd," replied the man, "it ill becomes a poor fellow like me to speak against those whom fortune has placed far above him. It is now three years since Miss Alice Brindley disappeared, and although rumor pointed at Everard Russell, as being in some manner connected with her loss, there was no proof that he did in reality possess the slightest clue to her fate.

"Will you remain with Martha in the ante-chamber, while I consult my aunt on the most proper steps to be taken?" said Miss Boyd, as she flew to Mrs. Irving's room.

The old lady was aghast with consternation, but she quickly furnished a summons to the officers of justice, who had no scruples about apprehending Everard Russell.

On the person of Alice was found a note written by Everard, appointing an interview for the evening which witnessed her melancholy end; nor could he dispute one tittle of the evidence, but delivered himself to the authorities without a word.

At the sitting of a circle a short time since, Dr. Charles Main being present and having at the time a patient under his care that had long baffled his medical skill, the remedy was discovered by him which would prove for the case in question. The spirit gave his name (as having formerly been well known as a celebrated physician in the earthly sphere) and replied, "Go to Dr. Cheever's, No. 1 Tremont Temple, Tremont street, and procure his Life-Root Medicine." This was done by the Doctor, and used with complete success.

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