

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER

Give an Irish peasant, after the labors of the day, a comfortable turf fire—place him around it with all the young and old of his acquaintance—let the tale of ghost and goblin go around—let him listen to the mad and adventures that happened while the blood of youth are yet upon its cheek, and he will deem himself happier than the sons of the noble and wealthy of the land, for he has the good mansion things in splendid magnificence, while the sounds of merriment and rivalry re-echo through its halls.

There is no country ever abounded more in tales of the wonderful than Ireland; not associated with the recollection of some preternatural occurrence. Walk with a peasant through any part of the country, and this was the residence of a Ghost—that was the shade of the Faries, here a horrid murder had been committed, which accounts for its being shunned by the weary traveler, and there some faithless dame had broken the pledged vow, while even hence her white shadowy form is seen to glide in the moonlight across the green sward, which had been witness to her perfidy. Superstition is natural to man, and it has existed in all ages; it is strange, however, that all nations, though characterized each by a superstition peculiar to themselves, yet agree in one point—namely, a firm belief in the existence of a mysterious connection between the visible and the world of spirits. Philosophy may endeavor to prove the fallacy of such opinions, and no doubt can do so to a considerable extent, but yet some regard must be paid to the general occurrence of mankind, and in deference to it, it is vainly vain to imagine, that one period of the world, the grave was not the source from which no traveler returns, but that the spirits of the dead have frequently been permitted to re-visit the scene of their earthly pilgrimages, Ireland, however, the land of fay and fairy—of glen and of valley, peopled with strange and incorporeal beings, is more filled with wondrous stories that excited in us thoughts beyond the reaching of our souls, than any other country perhaps in the world. After all, it may not be unprofitable that such things should have been believed in; by means of them semblances of its early national character have been preserved, and a knowledge of the manners and customs of its original inhabitants, which would otherwise have been lost, has come down to us, lighted through the dark vista of successive generations, by the adventures of its legendary legends. The diffusion of Christianity saw tends to weaken and almost to destroy our credulity, but nevertheless, it is pleasing occasionally to lift the veil of oblivion, which time has spread over the events of by-gone days, and view the state of the human mind before the light of revelation has spread its influence over the world.

In the western part of Ireland, stands a large and beautiful Castle, the residence of a very old and wealthy family. It is finely and romantically situated; it is beauties of nature seem to be clustered together in rich profusion around it; a large lake rolls its glossy waters in front, thickly planted around with trees of all kinds, which in some parts rising their vast foliage to a considerable height, are reflected back in sombre relief from its clear and mirror-like surface. Behind it, at some distance, a long range of mountains, in some parts thickly planted in their summit, rise in sublime grandeur till they almost lose themselves in the clouds; the Castle itself, which has been built by the same family, except what may be made of the shell, would never be discovered, but for the night watches, which were long and more confined than any on the third night, which was to determine the event, the noise increased, a dense body of smoke issued from the room, and towards the approach of morning, a terrible crash, which shook the house to its foundation, was heard, and the priest came out exulting in his victory; the devil had sprung through the wall and had caqued the fissure, which never could be filled up while one stone of the old wall remained. The priest was handsomely rewarded, the fame of the occurrence soon spread over the kingdom—long was the spot through which the devil had escaped pointed out to the spectators. The form of all, however, is now changed; never since have any noises been heard, and people sleep in it, forgetful that even once it had been the scene of an extraordinary occurrence.

Witch-work. Scrape old and new pasted together. Miss Lizzy Sparkle, in the School Girl's Experiment, advertises her heart for sale. What a brilliant, flashing, blazing creature she must be, eh? Thermometer at 57 in the shade—yet a roasting idea!

A learned clergyman down east, was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who despised education: 'Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?' 'Yes, sir,' was the reply. 'I am thankful,' rejoined the former, 'that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning.' 'A similar event,' replied the latter, 'took place in Balsam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day.'—That was into him about a fish!

The modern definition of 'honor' is—Shooting a friend through the head whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you despise and hate. That's it!

Tailors are a facetious set of men. We wish some one would inform us how they can shorten the legs of a pair of pantaloons without cutting off any from the top or bottom.

Cupid is a thief, and we always thought so. One of his sweethearts, Miss Love, is in prison at New Orleans for stealing a march on time—that is, a watch.

BY DOES MY FATHER STAY? Why does my father stay so long, Oh mother, tell me why? For does he not return again? Why do you keep and sigh these months, you said, he would remain, And he will never come again? Yet, by the winter's storm and snow, Twelve months ago, past and gone!

THE GREEK GIRL'S SONG. My own bright Greece! My sunny land! No more the olive beneath my hand How bound the chords beneath my hand The myrtle branches wave above my brow, And glorious memories throng around me now!

For Alexander's Weekly Messenger. THE COTTAGE OF PEACE. BY CATHERINE H. WATERMAN. Half hidden by trees in a shelter'd retreat, I saw the white gleam of a Cottage's home, And voices of welcome forbade me to roam.

WHAT A WIFE SHOULD BE—and what a good one may be—is beautifully portrayed by a little French translation which we analyze. It is his happiness to be ignorant of all the world calls pleasure; her glory is to live in the duties of wife and mother; and she consecrates her days to the practice of social virtues.

Independence and Economy are more intimately connected than people generally seem willing to admit. The man who can 'cut his coat according to his cloth'—who can satisfy his appetites with cheap though, at the same time, nourishing diet—has little dread of overtrading, suspensions, or the thousand other evils to which he who has not the power of self-control is constantly exposed.

THE FLOWER OF INNOCENCE. There is a little, pale, blue flower, common in New England, known by the name of Innocence, and Forget-me-not, (Houstonia Coriacea). It is familiar to the eye of every child; and becomes associated in the mind with the happy hours of childhood. A lady of New England, at a distance from her native place, was one day walking out in quest of her little favorite, and had almost given up the search as fruitless, when, to her great delight, the banks of a purring rivulet appeared dotted over with the flower of Innocence.

THE FAMILY ALTAR. COTTAGE SCENE. BY MRS. SIGOURNEY. I SAW A CRIBBLE at a cottage door, Where the fair mother, with her cheerful wheel, Chafed so sweet a song, that the young bird, Which stood near by, perch'd on the wooden peg, As if to listen. A child, who had just been, Nestled in her arms, and the wooden peg, That o'er the lattice shone, a cheerful gleam, Came leaping from its airy height, and pounc'd its little feet on the wooden peg, and the whole, Whistlingly said, the musical business played, Tinkling with its feet, brought shimmering blossoms down, Starting earth with sweetness, and I came.

THE TOWER AND ATLANTIC SOUVENIR, for 1840, has the following from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney: "SHOW US THE FATHER." BY MRS. SIGOURNEY. Have you seen Him when through parted snows, Wake the first kindlings of the vernal green? Whose breath is modest, and the orb of heaven, When the wild rook, that asks no bird's care, Unfolded its rich leaves, have you not seen him there?

THE TOWER AND ATLANTIC SOUVENIR, for 1840, has the following from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney: "SHOW US THE FATHER." BY MRS. SIGOURNEY. Have you seen Him when through parted snows, Wake the first kindlings of the vernal green? Whose breath is modest, and the orb of heaven, When the wild rook, that asks no bird's care, Unfolded its rich leaves, have you not seen him there?

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Handwritten notes and signatures in the right margin, including 'Mrs. Sigourney' and '1840'.