

"The man whom I had gone to see had become my patient in rather a curious way. One day while I was standing at the corner of Wellington Street, debating in my mind whether I should go and see a patient who lived towards the west-end, or walk on to the city, where I had some business, a wretched haggard-looking woman with pinched worn features came up to me, and said:

"You are Dr. Ramsay of Guildford Street, aren't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am. Do you want anything from me?"

"My husband is very ill, and he continually asks me to fetch you."

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"In Seacoal Yard, near Waterloo Road, but I will show you the way, sir, if you will follow me."

"What is your name?"

"My husband's name is Jacob Kerrick. He used to live at Ouselson, and he says he knew you."

"Where did he live there?"

"He was Mr. Pendarvis' groom at the Grange."

"I remember now very well, and I will come with you."

"The woman did not say any more, but having crossed the Strand, walked on rapidly in front of me. We went over the bridge, and having gone down the road some little way, she turned into a narrow lane, and then up a wretched court, over which was written Seacoal Yard. I had noticed on our way that she was thinly and miserably clad, and I was not therefore surprised to find the room into which she ushered me almost destitute of furniture. It was about half-past five, and the evening was cold and raw, but there was no fire. I will not dwell on the wretchedness of the case more than is necessary.

"I found the man to be one whom I had known some years before. He had been a gentleman's groom, had been convicted of theft, and since that had gone irretrievably to the bad. He was very ill, and extremely excitable. After remaining about an hour, I went out to see some of the officials, for the purpose of getting him relieved or admitted into an hospital. I was delayed, and when I returned to his room, it was nearly eleven o'clock. Finding him delirious, and at times quite violent, I had not the heart to leave his wife alone with him while he was in this state. The little kindness I had shown them, such as getting them a fire, &c., appeared to have melted her, and instead of the unwomanly person, whose hard harsh tones had grated on my ear at the corner of Wellington Street, she seemed a different being. I heard her now softly asking her husband to be still, and turning aside, she would try to hide the tears that sympathy, to which she had so long been a stranger, called forth.

"About twelve he fell into a heavy sleep, and telling her that in the morning she would be relieved of the solitary watching, and that I would call on the morrow, I left the house. And now I come to the ghost."

"Oh! yes, now?" said Kate, who was listening with all her might.

"It was a showery night, and rather windy. The moon shone out at intervals, and then was obscured by the heavy masses of cloud which were driven rapidly across the sky. It was doubtless very unprofessional, but as I turned out of the yard into the narrow lane I felt weary and dispirited. The wretched condition of the two with whom I had spent the last few hours had affected me greatly. I must excuse myself on the plea that I was at the time young in my profession, and that I had not acquired the stoical indifference which experience has given, and which enables me to look with calm apathy on any condition however pitiable."

"Nonsense, doctor," said the squire, "you know you are as soft-hearted as a child now."

"I must beg leave to deny the soft impeachment, but we will not discuss that now. As I walked up Waterloo Road, and approached the toll-bar, I suddenly remembered how I had on the previous day received a strange anonymous communication, directing me to meet the writer on the bridge I was about to cross, at a quarter to one, midnight. I knew it was then twenty minutes to one, and it seemed strange to me that I was unintentionally going to keep an appointment to which I had not given a second thought, as I always pitch anonymous communications into the fire. It never struck me that it might be imprudent to cross the bridge, and if the idea of going round ever presented itself, such a proceeding, I am certain from what happened afterwards, would have been quite impossible. Cabs there were none near, so, had I wished it, I could not have ridden home.

"By this time I had reached the bar. I paid the toll, and got fairly on the bridge. The tide was very low, and, excepting where the feeble light from the lamps fell on the water, the river looked like a black and fathomless abyss.

"Before I had advanced a hundred yards from the gate I became conscious that some being, dark shadowy, mysterious, and indefinable, was walking near me. I felt certain it was, and a creeping sensation of fear came over me. In vain I tried to hasten my steps, it was useless. I did not appear to advance faster, and the figure kept up with me. Instead of following me, as it did at first, it had now reached my right side, and I could perceive that its outline was becoming more and more distinct. I was on the river side, as I had started on the left hand pavement looking towards Lancaster Place.

"When we reached the middle of the bridge, a voice commanded me to stop. I was obliged to obey, as also I did the order to be seated, and I sank down accordingly on the stone ledge that runs round each recess. There was not sufficient light from the lamps to distinguish much, but the moon, which had passed under a cloud, now shone forth again, and I saw quite plainly the form of the unwelcome stranger who joined me. The figure was of a gigantic height, this being all the more apparent as it was bending over me while I was seated. The garb was that of a woman, and this tended to increase the effect of the size. The features, although I could trace them on paper, I will not attempt to describe, but their effect on me was to make me long again for the darkness, so that I might not be able to see them. There would have been something ridiculous in sitting thus on that solitary ledge at such an hour had my position been any other than it was; but I was speechless with terror, without any power to move or act, excepting just as I was bid. How long this lasted I know not; but on looking up again, (compelled to do so by a species of fascination,) I saw that this being carried something, what, I could not define. At length I heard a voice:—

"It is your task," it said, "to relieve me of this burden. My hand, though powerless to cast it off, is able to compel you to obey me. Take it."

"I stretched out my hand, resistance was impossible, and it met something cold and clammy. Despite the shudder that passed over me I grasped it, and what I held was heavy.

"Here," said my companion again, "take this cord, and drop the burden into the river." And while saying this, I saw it uncover its neck, and take from it a halter, which appeared to have been tightly bound round it. I did all I was commanded, and having with trembling fingers tied the cord, I lowered the burden over the bridge down towards the water. It stopped in its descent suddenly, and I felt the rope become loose.

"Stay," cried my companion, "it has alighted on the parapet; it cannot remain there." At the same instant I felt the grasp of this being at my throat.

"Oh! release me," I groaned, but it was useless to entreat or struggle. The rope was at my neck, a more than gigantic power raised me in the air, and the next moment I was hanging over the dark stream. I became unconscious, and I remember no more."

I paused, and waited. There was a momentary silence, and then Kate said:—

"But there is more, doctor? do tell us what followed."

"I cannot. I do not know myself."

"Oh! but how did you get home? There must be more, you know, only you don't like to tell us," she rejoined.

"All I know is, that when I recovered consciousness I found myself in bed on a fine frosty morning, and, as it happened, rather late. I had been at an oyster-supper the night before, and perhaps that will elucidate the mystery."

"Doctor, I declare you are worse than Harry! frightening us all, and then only to make fun of us afterwards. It has spoiled it all."

"And now," said the squire, "we will have our cigars."

THE smallest compliment we receive from another, confers more pleasure than the greatest compliment we pay ourselves.

PASSIONS, like horses, when properly trained and disciplined, are capable of being applied to the noblest purposes; but when allowed to have their own way, they become dangerous in the extreme.

PROPOSED NEW CAVALRY REGIMENT.

SIR Edward East, D. C. L., author of the "Annals of the Wars," and of a recent publication "Lives of the Warriors of the Thirty Years War," throws out the following suggestions for a new Cavalry Regiment:

"I propose a cavalry regiment that should consist of twice as many men as horses—say 1,000 men to 500 horses—the rider a lightsome, hardy, active little fellow, who should be as much at home with a horse as a Pampas-man. As he could not be calculated on for close contest, he should be armed only with the best and lightest rifle and revolver; but as he might have also to defend himself on foot from the lance or the bayonet, he might carry a small sword of no great weight, but sufficient to ward a thrust. He should bear his ammunition round a waist-belt or on a bandolier—should be dressed in the best form of sportsman-habilliments, with a skull-cap like that of a police. The men's packs should be carried two together on the crupper-pad, unless when the horse carried double, at which time they should be strapped on the men's backs.

"At the proper time the men thus mounted should be carried briskly to the front, and as near to the enemy's formations as possible, when the hindmost should dismount and open fire—the horsemen retiring out of fire, but near enough to take the men on their saddles or protect them from the approach of cavalry. It is probable that such an irruption, which would bring a deadly fire to bear upon the foe, would be so annoying and intolerable, that, as in the olden time, under the effect of round-shot and grape, they would be obliged to move off the field; and then imagine the effect of these voltigeurs upon the flanks and rear of a retiring column! They would be as moving rifle-pits, and would immensely disturb every operation.

"Such troops might also be usefully employed for other purposes, more especially if care was taken to select them from the more intelligent classes—such, for example, as could speak French, or sketch a plan, or make good observations. As special soldiers are appointed for the duties of the staff corps and for sappers and miners, so these horsemen might be rendered available for aids across the front of the armies—two or more together (ride and tie), obtaining information about forage and supplies, and learning the facilities of a district to nourish and quarter troops. They might also execute many of the duties that have frequently to be sought for and organized after a campaign has been inaugurated, such as the gain of intelligence," &c.

A SAVAGE LEGEND.

MR. Alexander Smith, in a recent publication, "A Summer in Skye," relates many swart legends which he collected during his tour through the remote and little visited Island. While on a visit to Dunvegan Castle, which stands on a rock, surrounded on three sides, by the sea, and which, though portions of it are said to be as old as the ninth century, still contains grim old suits of rooms, with dusky portraits, mouldering weapons and armour, spiral staircase and narrow dungeons, his guide related to him the following savage legend of the Macleods and the Macdonalds:—

"On a stormy winter evening, when the walls of Dunvegan were wet with the rain of the cloud and the spray of the sea, Macleod, before he sat down to dinner, went out to have a look at the weather. 'A giant's night is coming on, my men,' he said when he came in, 'and if Macdonald of Sleat were at the foot of my rock seeking a night's shelter, I don't think I could refuse it.' He then sat down in the torch-light at the top of the long table, with his gentlemen around him. When they were half through with their meal a man came in with the news that the barge of Macdonald of Sleat—which had been driven back by stress of weather on its way to Harris—was at the foot of the rock, and that Macdonald asked shelter for the night for himself and his men. 'They are welcome,' said Macleod; 'tell them to come in.' The man went away, and in a short time Macdonald, his piper, and his body guard of twelve, came in wet with the spray and rain, and weary with rowing. Now, on the table there was a boar's head—which is always an omen of