

have the signals set for stopping the train; and after a few minute's delay the train was off again to Dublin, carrying Kate and the Squire on their errand of love.

While they are coming to him as fast as steam can bring them, let us take our story-teller's privilege and fly swifter even than that to poor Dick's cheerless chambers. There he lay sleeping peacefully, heedless of the bitter cold and the fast-expiring fire, heedless of the miseries of yesterday, heedless of the certain awakening to the miseries of to-morrow. And so hour after hour of the night passed on; and now it is five o'clock, and the college gates are opened to let the servants in, and they bustle about and make a feeble show of life in the dark quadrangles. Another hour passes, and Dick still sleeps on; and the mail has reached Dublin, and Kate and his father are hastening to him through the gloomy streets. But gradually, under the restoring power of sleep, the careworn look has faded from the lad's face; and now, as he is nearing the waking hour, he begins to dream. He dreams that he is going home for the Christmas as he used to go. He gets out at the well-known station; there is old Tom Ryan waiting for him with the dog-cart. Now he is up and has the reins in his hands, and they are off along the old road to Allenstown; and Tom is explaining to him that 'Miss Kate would have come to meet him, but has to entertain the people on her birthday; but sure he'll be home in time for lunch.' And now, with the speed of a dream, he is within the Allenstown gates and dashing up the avenue. A moment more and he is in the hall, and there are his father and Kate—But what is this? The sleeper is dimly conscious of some break in his dream; there is a moment of vague bewildering effort to awake; and then Dick struggling to sit up, finds his hand clasped in his father's, and hears the well known voice, 'My poor Dick, my poor Dick!' And then a muffled figure comes to the front, and before Dick is well awake he is in Kate's arms. When he was fully awake and realised the whole scene, he fairly broke down and burst into tears, and there was a queer huskiness in the Squire's voice (he had seen the laudanum bottle on the table) as he said, 'Dick, old fellow, we've both been hasty; but we'll say no more about that. Come along; there'll be just time to get some breakfast at the Gresham, and then we'll catch the 8.30, and be at home for luncheon.' And so Dick was in time for luncheon, and spent a fairly merry Christmas; and I have never heard that Kate caught any cold or other ailment from her midnight trip to Dublin.

VARIETIES.

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK, ETC."—It is strange that this misquotation has obtained so wide a currency. It is stranger still, that the meaning of the passage seems to have been totally misunderstood, or rather, reversed. Into this vulgar error, no less a character than "Punch," has fallen. In the last half of the year 1872 "Punch" gives, what is called in the *Index*, "a large engraving," representing two men, with swords drawn, in conflict; beneath this are the words at the head of this article.

Now, every one knows, that the correct quotation from Lee's tragedy of "Alexander the Great," is, "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war." This passage, which is true to history, comes from the mouth of Clytus, in the play, who, when drunk, is chaffing Alexander, for which he was killed by the latter, but the blunder lies in supposing the allusion to be to that of a conflict between Greek and Greek.

At a battle of Cheronea, nearly a century before that to which the play has reference, the Atticans and Boeotians were opposed to each other in deadly strife; but, to repel the common invader, Philip of Macedon, they joined each other in the later battle of Cheronea, B. C. 338, which Milton describes, as—"that dishonest victory at Cheronea, fatal to liberty."

This, then, is the meaning of the quotation, viz., that when "Greeks joined Greeks," that is, when the Boeotians and Atticans joined are against Philip, "then was the tug of war." Any other construction, besides being false to history, would make the Macedonian a Greek, which would seem to be absurd.

SOCIAL DRESS.—In *Appleton's Journal* we find the following on the fine young American gentleman, all of the modern time. I can remember the time when all Americans of any station were attired in Hamlet's customary suit of solemn black—black cloth coat and trousers and black silk waistcoats and black beaver hats. But tweed suits and coloured walking-coats and light trousers are now as prevalent in New York as in London, and—marvellous revolution! the gentleman now agree to dress for dinner, for the opera, and, to some degree, for the theatre. The rough-and-ready American of the past has not been banished with the buffaloes to the far West, and it is absurd for an Englishman to infer, as many of them do, that the typical American gentleman is one of the few relics of bygone days that struggle in from the prairies, as it would be for Americans to mistake for typical Englishmen some of the rural squires we meet at the cattle-show. The ceremony of dressing for dinner implies a great deal—social refinement, for instance, and cultivation, and a respect for polite conventionalities. Thirty years ago Americans were amazed at the ceremoniousness of English society and the rules of precedence and the terribly formal processions from the drawing-rooms to the dining-rooms, but they have the same ceremonies in their own houses now.

THE ARGUMENT IN FAVOUR OF GHOSTS.

I have always been under the strong impression that the argument in favour of ghosts has failed to receive a sufficient amount of serious attention. The Spiritualists complained greatly that Faraday would not bestow any serious attention on the phenomena whose existence they alleged. For the rapping department of Spiritualism, I have personally as much contempt as Faraday could have; but I think it a great pity that when a scientific issue was sought, the challenge was not seriously taken up. I think there is a much stronger argument in favour of the ghosts themselves than there is for their spirit-rapping. For instance, if Milton and Shakespeare condescend, by an elaborate but clumsy process of knocks, to make some extremely common-place observations, I must greatly regret that their mental calibre has so deeply degenerated since the days they were in the flesh. And, indeed, if their remarks were of a better quality, I should still prefer limiting myself to their human publications. I grieve to say that there are still some sonnets of Shakespeare's about which my mind is not made up, and still some of the obscurer prose writings of Milton with which I am unacquainted. I should therefore venture to say to the rapping spirit: 'Illustrious rapper, I shall be exceedingly obliged to you for your communications as soon as I have finished the works composed by you while in a former state of existence. As soon as I have mastered those, I shall be grateful for any further communications.' Milton, by the way, may not unfairly be claimed as a Spiritualist. We remember his words:

'Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth
Unseen, when both we sleep and when we wake.'

At Christmas time, whether we believe in ghosts or not, we talk over ghost stories—talk over them, telling story after story, giving tradition upon tradition; very bold while the logs are heaped high and the wassail cup is going round; but perhaps the boldest slightly shy as he creeps along the long shadowy corridors of a country house, and into big bedrooms where everything is shrouded in deep gloom, out of which anything might come. A great deal of the conversation consists in ghost stories, more or less articulated—generally, I am bound to say, less so—which each person has to relate. It is observable that every individual gives the story at second-hand. Nevertheless, I have met with one or two persons who have told a ghost story straight off. The remarkable ghost story relating to the late Theodore Alois Buckley, chaplain of Christ Church, Oxford, the translator of a good many Greek and Latin works for Bohn's series, is familiar to very many. Similarly I knew a most admirable and homely clergyman who used to tell what I may call a domestic ghost story. An old gentleman of his acquaintance dropped in to smoke a pipe with him one afternoon, and gave him some excellent and seasonable advice. Two items were that he should never omit to have family prayers, and to say grace before dinner. The third item he always kept to himself. It transpired afterwards that his old friend had died at the very time when he entered the room and commenced the conversation. There is something like this in the ingenious story fabricated by De Foe of the apparition of Mrs. Veal, in order to get a circulation for *Drelincoort On Death*.

I observed that in all our argumentation there was a constant reference to the Good Book. Although some of our modern philosophers desire to improve it off the face of the earth, and think that we have reached a stage of civilisation in which it may be safely laid aside, it somehow seems that every discussion of this kind is incomplete without it. Indeed our young people showed a creditable knowledge of chapter and verse. Of course we heard of the old lady at Endor raising the ghost, and of people fancying that there might be the angel of Peter. However, I do not enter into the theological argument. Nevertheless, it may be fairly observed that scriptural authority is not to be alleged against the theory, but, on the contrary, so far as it goes, is in its favour.

The real argument is of a threefold character. First, there is no *a priori* improbability against the theory. Rather, like the biblical argument, the probability is in its favour.

Secondly, there is an enormous amount of uniform tradition in its favour.

Thirdly, there are various cases sufficiently authenticated according to the rules of evidence.

Now, without caring to be dogmatic, I venture to say that these considerations constitute an argument well worthy of attention in favour of the ghost theory.

I do not venture to expand the argument, familiar to very many, that in every material body there is a spiritual body intermingled; and that when the material body decays there is a spiritual body which is liberated from the thrall of the flesh. I believe that Mr. Serjeant Cox is one of the most eloquent exponents of this theory. According to him, the disembodied spirit is in a sense embodied, although the embodiments are not recognisable by our senses. But this does not signify, as there are many most potent real things which we cannot see, such as currents of the air and electricity. It is allowable to suppose that for good and sufficient reasons these forms may at times be permitted to be visible. We may believe that the blessed spirits will have something else and better to do than to take up that tangled skein of earthly affairs of which they must be heartily tired. Dean Ramsay tells a curious story of two old

Scotchwomen, one of whom was dying: 'And if ye see our Jean in heaven, ye'll jest tell her we all be biddin' well.' 'Hist, woman,' returned the worthy saint, 'I can't go cleckin' all over heaven after your Jean.' *O sancta simplicitas!* Without being anthropomorphic, we may believe, on the one hand, that while the liberated spirits will not do our errands, on the other hand, there may be great crises and emergencies for humanity, or for their dear ones—'*si quid mortalia tangunt*'—when they will have the will, if they have the desire, to manifest themselves. The first argument may be thus briefly summarised: Unless we are sheer atheists we believe that souls are immortal; then there is the probability that they have ethereal bodies capable of visibility, and the possibility that they may at times be visible to ourselves.

Of the vast mass of tradition existing on the subject it is unnecessary to speak. There is no century or country, no family, hardly any individual, where some traditions of the kind are not to be found. The most simple and rudimentary form of the supernatural appearance is the dream; 'for the dream is from Jove.' Every night of the year there are multitudes of us who see visions and dream dreams with a remarkable fidelity which no waking effort could achieve; all the old surroundings revive in marvellous detail; the form of him who, himself beloved, loved us, comes forth with gracious voice and benignant aspect. Now no doubt these dreams are mainly reminiscence, the revival of old scenes photographed forever upon the brain. But we need not suppose that this phantasmagoric procession that sweeps through the chambers of the mind is altogether purposeless and unreal. Have none of us found the rush of revived affections, the solemn influence of the revival of old impressions, the coming forth from hidden rooms of the mind of matters that altogether escaped our recollection, 'the burial places of memory give up their dead?' The *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* of theologians especially applies to ghost stories. There is a universal consensus in their favour. The mass of tradition is simply overwhelming. To treat the general instinct and conviction of mankind with contempt is both unhistorical and unphilosophical. The spiritual machinery of our greatest dramatists, the most stirring legends, yes, and some chapters of authentic history, must disappear if we reject the unwavering tradition. If the old proverb is true that there is no smoke without fire, how are we to account for the uniform existence of the body of accepted tradition on the subject, without at least admitting the existence of a nucleus of truth? Many of our readers have read of Lord Lytton's *Scin Leca*, and there are various corresponding traditions in Norse and Scandinavian literature. I believe that the *Strange Story* embodied some of Bulwer Lytton's deepest convictions, not to say experiences. Talleyrand used to say that there was something wiser than the wisest person, more eloquent than the eloquent, more far-sighted than the shrewdest, and that was prevailing sentiment and public opinion. It is to the detecting and reproducing of this floating public opinion that the *Times* has owed its marvellous success. I do take the sentence as entirely true; for there have been times when the opinions of a Bacon or a Shakespeare or an Aristotle have been pretty well worth the thoughts of all other writers put together. But this universal feeling and constant abiding tradition has always been, with Lord Beaconsfield, 'on the side of the angels,' on the side of supernatural appearances.

Next, what is the amount of positive testimony, of evidence that will sustain cross-examination, that we have in favour of the popular theory? In our scientific day we can only proceed according to facts accurately stated and vigorously sifted. It is utterly unscientific to laugh the theory out of court, and to pooh-pooh all the witnesses. Science has only been able to make its sure advances by accepting facts, when shown to be facts, even of the most contrarian character, satisfied that they will be reconciled on a higher plane. If the evidence given on behalf of alleged supernatural occurrences cannot be received, there is an end of such things as evidence on the one side and conviction on the other. Many an important litigation has been settled on less conclusive testimony than supports many an instance of apparition or second sight. What is especially remarkable is, that these ghost stories, as we may call them generically, instead of vanishing away in the increasing light of the nineteenth century, may almost be said to show an increasing frequency; at least there are increasing facilities in their becoming known. In the recent memoirs of Lady Georgiana Chatterton she mentions how, when she sat by the side of her dead mother, her soul was filled with a solemn gladness, and she was convinced that her mother's spirit was with her. She gives also some remarkable and authentic instances of second sight. I myself, within the range of my own personal knowledge, could give some remarkable instances of this kind. In recent cases, such as have happened within the last few years or months, there is generally an unconquerable and natural aversion on the part of the living to publishing details respecting their deceased relatives. Just to mention a few salient cases. No one can question either the good sense or good faith of John Wesley. He entertained the strongest belief in the supernatural, and his narrative of the weird occurrences at Epworth has always been accepted as authentic. I need only allude to the cycle of spiritualistic phenomena in connection with Swedenborg. There is a remarkable account of Richardson, in

his northern voyages, finding the words written on a blank sheet of paper, 'Steer north'; and doing thus he saved a number of lives. There has been the dream about shipwrecked sailors which has led to a boat being pushed off next day to neighbouring rocks, and there rescuing the sufferers just in time. Various cases of second sight stand upon indisputable authority. While residing at Cardiff I knew the case of a policeman stabbed by a butcher; the poor widow had seen the whole thing in a dream the night before. The remarkable instance of a gentleman in Cornwall seeing by second sight the assassination of Mr. Perceval in the lobby of the House of Commons is firmly established. But finally, to return to our friends the ghosts; and, indeed, I call them our friends, for, to quote pious old Ruddle (to whom a 'visible and suppliant ghost' foretold the Plague of London six months before), 'what pleasures and improvements do such deny themselves who scorn and avoid all opportunity of intercourse with souls separate, and the spirits glad and sorrowful, which inhabit the unseen world?' Take the historical ghost of 'the bad' Lord Lytton. This story has been lately told by two authors with great carefulness—the Rev. F. G. Lee and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald; and the late Lord Lytton, than whom a more honourable and able man never existed, devoted great pains to its thorough investigation. The pith of the story is that, three days before his death, he saw in his house, in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, a fluttering bird, and afterwards a woman appeared to him in white apparel, and said to him, 'Prepare to die; you will not exist three days.' The remarkable thing about this story is the number and variety of independent witnesses to the truth of the occurrence. The extraordinary story of the apparition of a member of the Hell-fire Club of one of the colleges at Oxford—in imitation of Wilkes's Club at Medmenham Abbey—was related to the writer when an undergraduate at Oxford, and since then the evidence has been sifted and arranged. The figure of an undergraduate was seen scaling the college at the very moment when the man had fallen down in the midst of a drunken orgy. Of course many supernatural stories admit of a perfectly naturalistic interpretation. For instance, in that charming story of *Marmorne* (is it possible that it can have been written by the present Lord Lytton?) there is a man playing the ghost, who receives a bullet in his shoulder, which leads to the discovery of a murderous conspiracy. Moreover, a every serious chapter might be written on cases of insanity or death caused by foolish people simulating the honours of ghostdom.

At all events we, sitting cozily over our Christmas hearth and telling our mutual ghost stories, fully indorse the expression that 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy'; and are resolved that we will not speak unsympathisingly or carelessly of the doctrine of apparitions.

THE GLEANER.

JENNIE JUNE writes thirty-three fashion letters a week.

LORD HARDWICKE declares that "writing to newspapers is one of the greatest curses of modern times for the readers."

MR. BRET HARTE, the American humourist, is on a visit to England, and is now enjoying the hospitality of the Duke of St. Albans, at Bestwood Lodge.

THE beautiful studio which the Princess Louise was having erected at Kensington is not nearly completed, but will be slowly proceeded with during the absence of her Royal Highness.

MR. COXWELL, the celebrated aeronaut, is preparing six large balloons for military purposes. He is now a resident at Seaford, and has engaged extensive premises there to carry out the work.

A LIKENESS of Oliver Cromwell, that for some time hung from day to day at the door of a second-hand bookshop in Oswestry, was sold for thirty shillings. We hear that the old picture was sold lately in Manchester for £300.

THE last relative of Thomas Hood has just passed away. Mrs. Frances Freeland Broderick, only daughter of the humourist, died on the 3rd inst., at Clevedon, in the 49th year of her age. In conjunction with her brother, Tom Hood, the late editor of *Fun*, she wrote and published the life of her father.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

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