

with lock-jaw, or at least the suspension of his thinking faculties. Of Carlyle himself, the "Country Parson" remarks, that "he cannot see anything to admire in his writings." I tried to read "Sartor Resartus," and could not do it. I confess further that I would rather read Mr. Helps than Milton, and that I value the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" more highly than all the writings of Shelley put together." Samuel Rogers had no admiration of Shakespeare, and would often quote Ben Jonson's reply to the players who boasted that in all Shakespeare's writings he had never blotted out a line. "Would that he had blotted out a thousand," Byron should have said to Rogers what he said to Moore. "Well, after all, Tom, don't you think Shakespeare was something of a humbug?"—The specimens we have given of Mr. Jacob's manner show that he has rambled to advantage through wide ranges of books and letters, culling many flowers and various fruits on the way, not always with a dainty taste, but usually with a healthy appetite, and if he contributes little to the solid banquet of literature, he brings abundant confectionery for the dessert.

### CERF VOLA, THE ESQUIMAUX DOG.

Captain Butler, in the account of his recent travels, through the boundless wastes of the Saskatchewan and the Peace rivers, gives some most interesting sketches of the character of this dog, which was a most faithful well-trying servant and companion to him, not only during his later travels in the "Wild North Land," but also throughout his arduous exploration of the "Great Lone Land." Speaking of the numerous changes, incident on the colonisation of a new territory, that had taken place since he was last in the district referred to, he says:

"Amidst all these changes of scene and society, there was one thing still unchanged on the confines of the Red River. Close to the stream, at the place known as the Point of Frogs, an old friend met me with many tokens of recognition. A tried companion was he through many long days of wintry travel. There, as fresh and hearty as when I had parted from him two years before, stood Cerf Vola, the Esquimaux dog who had led my train from Cumberland, on the Lower Saskatchewan, across the ice of the great lakes. Of the four dogs he alone remained. Two years is a long time in the life of any dog, but a still longer period in that of a hauling dog; and Cerf Vola's comrades of that date had gone the way of all earthly things.

"To become the owner of this old friend again, was a work of necessity. Strong and stout of bone, clean-limbed, long-wooled, deep-chested, with ears pointed forward, and tail close curled over his broad back, Cerf Vola still stood the picture of an Esquimaux.

"Of all the dogs I have known he possessed the largest share of tact. He never fought a pitched battle, yet no dog dared dispute his supremacy. Other dogs had to maintain their headship by many a deadly conflict, but he quietly assumed it, and invariably his assumption was left unchallenged, nay, even upon his arrival at some Hudson Bay fort, some place wherein he had never before set foot, he was wanted to instantly appoint himself director-general of all the Company's dogs, whose days from earliest puppyhood had been passed with him in the palisades. I have often watched him at this work, and marvelled by what mysterious power he held his sway. I have seen two or three large dogs flee before a couple of bounds merely made by him in their direction, while a certain will-some-one-hold-me-back kind of look pervaded his face, as though he was only prevented from rending his enemy into small pieces by the restraining influence which the surface of the ground exercised upon his legs.

"His great weight, no doubt, carried respect with it. At the lazy time of the year he weighed nearly 100 pounds, and his size was in no way diminished by the immense coat of hair and fine fur which enveloped him. Had Sir Boyle Roche known this dog he would not have given to a bird alone the faculty of being in two places at once, for no mortal eyes could measure the interval between Cerf Vola's demotion of two pieces of dog-meat, or pemmican, flung in different directions at the same moment.

"During the three months which had elapsed since his arrival at the fort, Cerf Vola had led an idle life; he had led his train occasionally to Fort à la Corne, or hauled a light sled along the ice of the frozen rivers, but these were only desultory trips, and his days had usually passed in peace and plenty.

"Perhaps I am wrong in saying peace, for the introduction of several strange dogs had occasioned much warfare, and although he had invariably managed to come off victorious, victory was not obtained without some loss. I have before remarked that he possessed a very large bushy tail. In time of war this appendage was carried prominently over his back, something after the manner of the plumes upon the casque of a knight in olden times, or the modern helmet of a dragoon in the era of the Peninsular war.

"One day, while he was engaged in a desperate struggle with a bumptious new-comer, a large ill-conditioned mongrel, which had already been vanquished, seeing his victor fully occupied, deemed it an auspicious moment for revenge, and, springing upon the bushy tail, proceeded to attack it with might and main. The unusual noise brought me to the door in time to separate the combatants while yet the tail was intact; but so unlooked-for had been the assault, that it

was found upon examination to be considerably injured. With the aid of a needle and thread, it was repaired as best we could, Cerf Vola apparently understanding what the surgical operation meant, for although he indulged in plenty of uproar at every stitch, no attempt at biting was made by him. He was now, however, sound in body and in tail, and he tugged away at his load in blissful ignorance that fifteen hundred miles of labor lay before him." These, however, and a thousand more added to them, he accomplished, always keeping at the head of the team, and oftener than not drawing more than his share of a heavy load. By this untiring perseverance he was justly rewarded with a well-purchased freedom; and although he took readily to civilised life, "there were two facts in civilisation which caused him unutterable astonishment—a brass band and a butcher's stall. He fled from the one and howled with delight before the other." So attached was Captain Butler to this gallant old dog that he is not content with only eulogising him in prose, but sets forth the excellent qualities of his dumb companion in some pleasantly-written verses.

## A TRUE GHOST STORY.

### CHAPTER I.

A large blue envelope, directed to me, "Austin Dale, Esquire, 13, Larch Hill, Pentonville," where I was the happy occupier of two small rooms. When I entered the parlor where my breakfast was laid in Mrs. Crimmin's best style, there lay the letter, addressed in a strange hand. I took it up, wondering who it was from, and saw the post mark, "Moulesland," a place quiet unknown to me.

I laid the letter aside, knowing that if it contained bad news I should not take my breakfast, and I had a hard day's work before me. There it lay, while I ate my toast and drank my coffee. Then I opened it, and read its contents in a whirl of wonder.

"Austin Dale, Esquire,

"DEAR SIR,—

"We beg to inform you that by the death of the late Theodore Dale, Esq., of Tatton Hall, Moulesland, Cumberland, you succeed to the whole of his property, including Tatton Hall, money in the funds, railway shares, and other moneys, a full description of which will be found in his will. We have long acted as solicitors to your late relative, and hope for the honor of serving you. We are, Sir, yours obediently,

"GRIME & EGERTON, Carlisle."

I read that letter over twenty times at least, and then was as far as ever from understanding it. Suddenly it occurred to me that I had heard my father speak of a distant cousin he had living somewhere among the wilds and fells of Cumberland. A cousin in whose life there was some mystery or tragedy—I could not remember which. Years ago, before my father died, I remember to have heard him express some wonder as to who would inherit this distant kinsman's wealth.

In my own busy struggle for life I had forgotten all about it, and now it seemed that I myself, in all probability the nearest of kin, was the heir. What was Tatton Hall like? how much money had he in the funds, this dead man who spoke to me, for the first time, from his grave?

I went straight to the office. I was head-clerk to Stourton Brothers, the celebrated merchants in Great St. Helen's.

The senior Mr. Stourton was already in his place. I placed the letter in his hands.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Dale," he said; "there is no doubt you have succeeded to a very nice fortune. You want to go at once, of course. Saunders shall take your place."

That was not my only difficulty; he seemed to guess it by instinct.

"Shall I advance you a hundred pounds?" he asked. "You can repay me when you arrange your affairs. If there is anything in which we can be of service to you, command us."

He gave me ten bank-notes for ten pounds each, shook hands with me, wished me good luck; then I hastened away. I caught the mid-day mail for the north, and was soon seated comfortably in a first-class carriage.

I went direct to Carlisle, thinking it better to see Messrs. Grime and Egerton first. They were very kind to me, but could tell me very little about the late Theodore Dale.

"He was a wealthy man," said Mr. Grime. "We managed his property for him, invested his money, and all that kind of thing, but we never saw him; all our business was managed by letter. The last ten years of his life he never left the doors of Tatton Hall, not even for a walk in his own woods."

"That was strange," I said.

"He was very eccentric. He had a great trouble in his life—the loss of his wife. Did you never hear of it?"

"No," I replied; "we were perfect strangers. I never even heard his name above once or twice in my life."

"He married a very beautiful girl, and brought her home to Tatton. Some said he was very happy with her; others that he was jealous of her. There were rumors of quarrels and high words. At last she ran away. He advertised

for her, he offered large rewards for anyone who would bring him news of her, alive or dead. He was like a man distracted. When he found it was of no use, he shut himself within the walls of his house and never left it."

"And has nothing ever been heard of her since?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied. "You will find in the will that should she ever re-appear, there is ample provision for her. That money will go to your children, if she is dead."

They had no more to tell me except that Tatton was in charge of an old housekeeper, who had lived the greater part of her life with her master; there was an annuity left for her, and strict commands in the will that she should live always at the Hall.

I remained with the solicitors some hours, then went on to Tatton. The Hall was built, I found, about two miles from the pretty little town of Moulesland. There was a station at Moulesland, and I hired a carriage to drive over to the Hall. It was a pleasant journey. From all that the solicitors told me, I found my income would amount to quite five thousand per annum. I should be able to keep a nice carriage of my own then.

Tatton Woods were in wild disorder—there had been no timber cut for a number of years; the park was the same; the gardens were overrun with weeds, in the midst of which bloomed thousands of fragrant flowers. The paths were all moss-grown; the pleasure-grounds were a luxuriant wilderness; the orchards full of ripe fruit, little of which had been gathered; the hot-houses were all in disorder and disarray. The fountains were all dried up; the whole aspect of this place was one of utter desolation.

Nor did the house look much better; it was a grand old building, that must have been lonely when in proper order. It was surrounded by terraces, neglected; most of the windows had beautiful light balconies, round which it was easy to see blooming flowers had once clung.

I was charmed with the place; its size, its grandeur amazed me. A dozen good workmen, and it would be soon in excellent order again.

I drew up to the front entrance—there was a noble flight of steps, and a large Grecian portico. Then I dismissed the carriage and the man. I stood looking round me in mute wonder—could it be possible all this was mine?

Then I rang the bell; I remember the loud clang that sounded through the empty house. In a few minutes the door was opened by a tall, strong, elderly woman, who asked very respectfully if I were the new master.

"Mr. Grime wrote to me, sir, to say you would be here this evening, sir. I have dinner laid in the library, and I have prepared one of the spare bedrooms for you."

I thanked her, lingered to look round the grand old entrance-hall, with its groined roof, then I followed her to the library.

Although it was September she had a cheerful fire blazing in the grate, and soon served me a recherché little dinner—a chicken, a delicious pudding, jelly as clear as crystal, with a bottle of the finest sherry I ever tasted.

"The cellars are full of wine, sir," she said, "when you have time to examine them."

"Have you no one to help you in this great house?" I asked.

"No. My late master never allowed a stranger's foot to cross the threshold. I have not attempted to keep it all in order—the western wing has been closed for many years."

After dinner the housekeeper showed me all over the house. I was amazed at its size—the rooms were all lofty, large, magnificently decorated, and cheerful. There was a drawing-room containing four windows; a noble dining-room; a large, lofty library; a pleasant morning room; a long picture-gallery; a study, in which my late kinsman seemed to have passed the later years of his life; bedrooms innumerable. The western wing, so long closed, consisted of the state apartments, a beautiful ball-room, an elegant boudoir—rooms that had been used by the wife of Theodore Dale, and which had been kept closed exactly as she left them.

"I never go near that part of the house myself," said the housekeeper, "it looks so dreadfully desolate."

"Were you here when Mrs. Dale ran away?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I lived here when my master brought her home. She was the loveliest lady I ever saw, and master worshipped her."

"Why did she go, then?"

"She never loved him, sir. The house was full of servants in those days, and they did say she had been forced to marry him against her will, while she loved some one else. My poor master was as patient as an angel with her; he gave in to all her whims; he humored her every caprice; she was always haughty and cold to him."

"Once or twice—always when my master was from home—there came a very handsome melancholy gentleman to see my mistress. The servants, who knew everything, said she was her old lover; I cannot tell. One afternoon my master came back unexpectedly, and found him here. I do not know what passed, but, according to my solemn belief, from that hour he went mad. I shall always think so."

"The gentleman came again; one of the servants saw him with my mistress in the grounds; she was crying bitterly. That very night she disappeared; there can be no doubt that she ran away with him. My master thought so; he offered heavy rewards for news of her—none ever came. She went away with her old lover, there is no doubt; she may be dead, or she may be living with him still. It is just twelve years ago. My master never recovered his health or

his spirits; he shut himself up, and he would neither see nor be seen.

"Is there any portrait of her?" I asked.

"Yes, one; but it is in what used to be her own boudoir in the western wing. I will find the keys and show it to you."

We went: a long, beautiful corridor led into this closed-up western wing. When the great oaken door was opened there came an earthy, damp, unpleasant odor.

"Are these rooms ever aired?" I asked of the housekeeper, who followed me.

"To tell you the truth, sir, I go into them as little as I can. It may be fancy, but it seems to me I hear strange noises in my lady's rooms."

We went through a most beautiful suite of rooms, a bed-room fitted up with blue velvet, a bath-room, a dressing-room, where the open wardrobe doors gave glimpses of costly dresses hanging within, into a boudoir where art and money seemed to have done their utmost.

"Nothing has been touched here," said the housekeeper, "since my lady disappeared; the very day after my master ordered them to be looked up; he never entered them again. This is the portrait, sir."

Looking up I saw the dark, passionate face of a most beautiful woman, with dark eyes and a mouth like a rose; a face full of life, passion, power, and genius, but not the face of a woman likely to spend her life in the quiet discharge of her duties by the side of Theodore Dale. Beautiful, with a rich, growing, passionate beauty that stirred my heart as a gaze upon it.

It was almost pitiful to look around; there were the books she had used, the music she had played; there was a lace shawl thrown carelessly aside, a glove that looked as though it had just been taken from a little hand; the remnants of withered flowers were still in the vases.

"Come away," I said to the woman, with a shudder; "it makes me quite faint and ill to stop here."

### CHAPTER II.

The bedroom prepared for me was large and cheerful; there were long white-lace curtains to the windows, the bed too was hung with a deep green carpet, the furniture was all in excellent repair; one door opened into the bathroom, the other into a pretty little dressing-room. The housekeeper, Mrs. Glynn, had evidently taken the greatest pains to prepare them for me.

Before I went to sleep, I thanked God heartily for this great gift given to me. I promised to be a faithful steward of the great wealth entrusted to me. I remember looking at my watch as fatigued by the long day, I lay down to sleep—it was just half-past eleven.

I do not know how long I had slept, but I was aroused by the most terrible scream I had ever heard in a woman's voice—a cry of surprise and deadly fear—it was succeeded by long-drawn, gasping sighs, which faded into what sounded like faint, feeble breathing, then all was still. I was literally petrified with fear—my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, the blood ran like ice in my veins—there was something so appalling in that awful cry. My first impression was that thieves had broken in, and the housekeeper was being murdered. I jumped up hastily, opened the door, and ran out. As a matter of precaution, I had fortunately asked her where she slept. I knocked at the door.

"Is anything the matter?" I said. She answered, in a sleepy voice, "No, sir."

"Did you scream loudly just now, Mrs. Glynn?"

"No, sir, I have been fast asleep; I heard no noise. Is there anything wrong?"

"I must have been dreaming. I thought I heard you crying for help; I am sorry I disturbed you. Good-night."

I went back to my own room, fairly terrified; the fluttering breathing still sounding in my ear.

I can hardly expect anyone who reads what follows to believe me. I vouch for the truth of it. When, with a sinking heart and failing courage, I re-entered my room, a woman stood there—a woman in a curious white dress—and, oh, God! such a face! I pray that I may never even in my dreams see such another. She was standing at the foot of my bed, looking at it. When I entered the room, she turned and looked at me, she raised one finger and beckoned me. She went slowly out of the room—not walking but floating—still beckoning me to follow her. I saw the terrible face, the white figure, and the up lifted finger go slowly down the long corridor, always looking back to see if I were following.

I fell on the floor half dead, more than half dead, with fear. I lay there some little time; then, when I could stir, I rushed down the broad staircase, through the hall, out at the great entrance door; the cool night air, the darkling skies, the tall trees, anything, was welcome after that fever of horror.

Mind, I do not wish to be mistaken for a superstitious man. I am not that. I spent the rest of the night in walking up and down the long terrace in front of the house, and I can swear that when I looked at the western wing I saw a faint light glimmering there.

I thought of many things during that long night. One was, it would never do for my beautiful place to get the reputation of being haunted. If there was any possible means of accounting for what I had seen and heard, it should be done. If, as I truly believed, it was supernatural, I would still do my best to rectify any wrong that had been done. I did not say one word to my housekeeper of what had passed. She asked me about the disturbance in the night, and supposed being tired I had dreamed,