

for thoughtful persons. The vulgar ghost story is a poor contemptible thing, fitted chiefly to amuse a Christmas party sitting round the yule log, and enjoying the excitement of a little harmless mystery; but it is impossible to class as mere vulgar ghost stories all the tales that have been told concerning the appearance of persons deceased; there is a curious consistency, and an abundance of individual and independent instances of the same kind of phenomenon, which make it impossible to ridicule the whole subject, and, on the other hand, give a value to any attempt to render it more thinkable. —Condensed from article by THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE in *The Contemporary Review*.

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## SKETCHES IN THE SUNNY SOUTH.

## I.

THE Senate was complaining of the shabby conduct of France and Germany towards the American hog. The negro population, who largely fill the galleries of Congress during the session, were indignantly discussing the unseemly haste with which the great negro champion, Frederick Douglass, at the ripe age of 73, had passed by all the dusky belles of the capital and suddenly married a young white girl. So we left the broad, clean streets and "magnificent distances" of Washington, and in the very early morning took a railway ride across the Potomac into the "Old Dominion." Our English party were routed out of bed before daylight on a cold, frosty morning to catch the train, and behold a brilliant sunrise as we crossed the river on the "Long Bridge," and briefly halted at the ancient and not very active Virginia city of Alexandria. Then as the day advanced we rode along the border of the "Wilderness"—that barren and unattractive, but historically famous portion of Eastern Virginia, where some of the fiercest conflicts of the Civil War were fought. Here Grant and Lee manoeuvred, and Stonewall Jackson, the typical Southern