

Apparitions of Dogs

By Elliott O'Donnell

One of the most extraordinary cases of hauntings by the phantasms of dogs is related in an old Christmas number of the *Review of Reviews*, edited by the late Mr. W. T. Stead, and entitled "Real Ghost Stories."

"The most remarkable," writes Mr. Stead, "of all the stories which I have heard concerning ghosts which touch is one that reaches me from Darlington. I owe this, as I owe so many of the other narratives in this collection, to the Rev. Harry Kendall, of Darlington, whose painstaking perseverance in the collection of all matters of this kind cannot be too highly praised. Mr. Kendall is a Congregational minister of old standing. He was my pastor when I was editing *Northern Echo*, and he is the author of a rebook, entitled *All the World's Akin*. The following narrative is quite unique in its way and fortunately he was able to get it at first hand from the only living person present. Here we have a ghost which not only strikes the first blow, hitting a man fair in the eye, but afterwards sets a ghostly dog upon his victim and then disappears. The narrative was signed by Mr. James Durham as lately as December 5th, 1890." Mr. Stead then proceeds to quote the account which he had from Mr. Kendall, and which I append *ad verbum* from the *Review of Reviews*. It is as follows: "I was night watchman at the old Darlington and Stockton Station at the town of Darlington, a few yards from the first station that ever existed. I was there fifteen years. I used to go on duty about 8 p.m. and come off at 6 a.m. I had been there a little while—perhaps two or three years—and about forty years ago. One night during winter at about 12 o'clock or 12.30 I was feeling rather cold with standing here and there; I said to myself, 'I will away down and get something to eat.' There was a porter's cellar where a fire was kept on and a coal-house was connected with it. So I went down the steps, took off my overcoat, and had just sat down on the bench opposite the fire and turned up the gas when a strange man came out of the coal-house, followed by a big black retriever. As soon as he entered my eye was upon him, and his eye upon me, and we were intently watching each other as he moved on to the front of the fire. There he stood looking at me, and a curious smile came over his countenance. He had a stand-up collar and a cut-away coat with gilt buttons and a Scotch cap. All at once he struck at me, and I had the impression that he hit me. I up with my fist and struck back at him. My fist seemed to go through him and struck against the stone above fireplace, and knocked the skin off my knuckles. The man seemed to be struck back into the fire, uttered a strange, unearthly squeak. Immediately the dog gripped me by the calf of my leg, and seemed to cause me pain. The man recovered his position, called off the dog with a sort of click of the tongue, then went back into the coal-house, followed by the dog. I lighted my dark lantern and looked into the coal-house, but there was neither dog nor man, and no outlet for them except the one by which they had entered.

"I was satisfied that what I had seen was ghostly, and it accounted for the fact that when the man had first come into the place where he sat I had not challenged him with any enquiry. Next day, and for several weeks, my account caused quite a commotion, and a host of people spoke to me about it; among the rest old Edward Pease, father of railways, and his three sons, John, Joseph, and Henry. Old Edward sent for me to his house and asked me all particulars. He and others put this question to me: "Are you sure you were not asleep and had the nightmare?" My answer was quite sure, for I had not been a minute in the cellar, and was just going to get

something to eat. I was certainly not under the influence of strong drink, for I was then, as I have been for forty-nine years, a teetotaler. My mind at the time was perfectly free from trouble. What increased the excitement was the fact that a man a number of years before, who was employed in the office of the station, had committed suicide, and his body had been carried into this very cellar. I knew nothing of this circumstance, nor of the body of the man, but Mr. Pease and others who had known him, told me my description exactly corresponded to his appearance and the way he dressed, and also that he had a black retriever just like the one which gripped me. I should add that no mark or effect remained on the spot where I seemed to be seized.

“(Signed) JAMES DURHAM.

“*Dec. 9th, 1890.*”

Following the above statement Mr. Stead appends Mr. Kendall's reasons for believing that what James Durham experienced was objective psychic phenomena, and neither produced during sleep nor by hallucination.

The arguments used strike me as being so concise and sensible that I think it will not be out of place to reproduce them.

“First,” Mr. Kendall says, “he (James Durham) was accustomed as watchman to be up all night, and therefore not likely from that cause to feel sleepy. Secondly, he had scarcely been a minute in the cellar, and, feeling hungry, was just going to get something to eat. Thirdly, if he was asleep at the beginning of the vision, he must have been awake enough during the latter part of it when he had knocked the skin off his knuckles. Fourthly, there was his own confident testimony. I strongly incline to the opinion that there was an objective cause for the vision, and that it was genuinely apparitional.”

So interested was Mr. Kendall in the case that he visited the spot some short time later. He was taken into the cellar where the manifestations took place, and his guide, an old official of the North Road Station, informed him he well remembered the clerk—a man of the name of Winter—who committed suicide there, and showed him the exact spot where he had shot himself with a pistol. In dress and appearance Mr. Winter corresponded minutely with the phenomenon described by James Durham, and he had had a black retriever.

Mr. Kendall came away more convinced than ever of the veracity of James Durham's story, though he admits it was not evidential after the high standard of the S.P.R. I do not know whether the S.P.R. published the case, and I certainly do not think Mr. Kendall need have minded if they did not—for after all there is no reason to suppose the judgment of the S.P.R. is always infallible.

Mr. Stead does not comment on the apparition of the dog, which leads one to suppose cases of animal phantasms were by no means uncommon to him.

The Grey Dog of — House, Birmingham

According to a story current in the Midlands, a house in Birmingham, near the Roman Catholic Cathedral, was once very badly haunted. A family who took up their abode in it in the 'eighties complained of hearing all sorts of uncanny sounds—such as screams and sighs—coming from a room behind the kitchen. On one occasion the tenant's wife, on entering the sitting-room, was almost startled out of her senses at seeing, standing before the fireplace, the figure of a tall, stout man with a large, grey dog by his side. What was so alarming about the man was his face—it was apparently a mere blob of flesh without any features in it. The lady screamed out,

whereupon there was a terrific crash, as if all the crockery in the house had been suddenly clashed on the stone floor; and a friend of the lady's, attracted to the spot by the noise, saw two clouds of vapour, one resembling a man and the other a dog, which, after hovering over the hearth for several seconds, finally dispersed altogether.

A gasfitter, when working in the house, saw the same figures no less than nine times, and so distinctly that he was able to give a detailed description of both the man and dog.

The house seems to have been well known in Birmingham, and was certainly standing as recently as 1885. Many theories were advanced as to its history, the one gaining most credence being that it was occupied, in 1829, by a man who supplied the medical students with human bodies.

It was noticed at the time that many people who were seen to enter the house in the company of the owner were never seen to leave it, which accords well with the theory of resurrection men.

No suggestion has been offered to account for the animal, which may very easily have been the phantom of the murderer's dog, or, what is rather less likely, the dog of one of his numerous victims.

Anyhow, explanation or no explanation, the fact remains the house was haunted in the manner described, and F. Grey, a Warwickshire Chief Constable, in his *Recollections*, published 1821, alludes to it.

The Dog in the Cupboard

Miss Prettyman, whom I met some years ago in Cornwall, told me she once lived in a house in Westmorland that was haunted by the apparition of a large dog, enveloped in a blueish glow, which apparently emanated from within it. The dog, whilst appearing in all parts of the house, invariably vanished in a big cupboard at the back of the hall staircase. Miss Prettyman, her family, several of their visitors, and the servants all saw the same phantasm, and were, perhaps, more frightened by the suddenness of its advent than by its actual appearance.

The theory was that it was the ghost of some dog that had been cruelly done to death—possibly by starvation—in the cupboard.

How the Ghost of a Dog saved Life

When I was a boy, an elderly friend of mine, Miss Lefanu, narrated to me an anecdote which impressed me much. It was to this effect.

Miss Lefanu was walking one day along a very lonely country lane, when she suddenly observed an enormous Newfoundland dog following in her wake a few yards behind. Being very fond of dogs, she called out to it in a caressing voice and endeavoured to stroke it. To her disappointment, however, it dodged aside, and repeated the manœuvre every time she tried to touch it. At length, losing patience, she desisted, and resumed her walk, the dog still following her. In this fashion they went on, until they came to a particularly dark part of the road, where the branches of the trees almost met overhead, and there was a pool of stagnant, slimy water, suggestive of great depth. On the one side the hedge was high, but on the other there was a slight gap leading into a thick spinney. Miss Lefanu never visited the spot alone after dusk, and had been warned against it even in the daytime. As she drew near to it, everything that she had ever heard about it flashed across her mind, and she was more than once on the verge of turning back, when the sight of the big, friendly-looking dog plodding behind, reassuring her, she pressed on.

Just as she came to the gap, there was a loud snapping of twigs, and, to her horror, two tramps, with singularly sinister faces, sprang out, and were about to strike her with their bludgeons, when the dog, uttering a low, ominous growl, dashed at them. In an instant the expression of murderous joy in their eyes died out, one of abject terror took its place, and, dropping their weapons, they fled, as if the very salvation of their souls depended on it. As may be imagined, Miss Lefanu lost no time in getting home, and the first thing she did on arriving there was to go into the kitchen and order the cook to prepare, at once, a thoroughly good meal for her gallant rescuer—the Newfoundland dog, which she had shut up securely in the back yard, with the laughing remark, “There—you can’t escape me now.” Judge of her astonishment, however, when, on her return, the dog had gone. As the walls of the back yard were twelve feet high, and the doors had been shut all the while—no one having passed through them—it was impossible for the animal to have escaped, and the only interpretation that could possibly be put on the matter was that the dog was superphysical—a conclusion that was subsequently confirmed by the experiences of various other people. As the result of exhaustive enquiries Miss Lefanu eventually learned that many years before, on the very spot where the tramps had leaped out on her, a pedlar and his Newfoundland dog had been discovered murdered.

This story being true, then, there is one more link in the chain of evidence to show that dogs, as well as men, have spirits, and spirits that can, on occasion, at least, perform deeds of practical service.

A Precentor’s Story

The late Mr. W. T. Stead, in his volume of *Real Ghost Stories*, narrates the following, which by reason of its being witnessed by three people simultaneously, may be regarded as highly evidential.

In reply to Mr. Stead’s request to hear the anecdote the precentor says (I quote him *ad verbum*)

“I was walking, about nine years ago, one night in August, about ten o’clock, and about half a mile from the house where we are now sitting. I was going along the public road between the hamlets of Mill of Haldane and Ballock. I had with me two young women, and we were leisurely walking along, when suddenly we were startled by seeing a woman, a child about seven years old, and a Newfoundland dog jump over the stone wall which was on one side of the road, and walk on rapidly in front of us. I was not in the least frightened, but my two companions were very much startled. What bothered me was that the woman, the child, and the dog, instead of coming over the wall naturally one after the other, as would have been necessary for them to do, had come over with a bound, simultaneously leaping the wall, lighting on the road, and then hurrying on without a word. Leaving my two companions, who were too frightened to move, I walked rapidly after the trio. They walked on so quickly that it was with difficulty that I got up to them. I spoke to the woman, she never answered. I walked beside her for some little distance, and then suddenly the woman, the child, and the Newfoundland dog disappeared. I did not see them go anywhere, they simply were no longer there. I examined the road minutely, at the spot where they had disappeared, to see if it was possible for them to have gone through a hole in the wall on either side; but it was quite impossible for a woman and a child to get over a high dyke on either side. They had disappeared, and I only regret that I did not try to pass my stick right through their bodies, to see whether or not they had any resistance. Finding they had gone, I returned to my lady friends, who were quite unnerved, and who, with difficulty, were induced to go on to the end of their journey.”

One of his companions, Mr. Stead goes on to explain, who heard him tell the story at the time, corroborated the fact that it had made a great impression on those who had seen it. Nothing was ever ascertained as to any woman, child, or Newfoundland dog that had ever been in the district before. When they got to Ballock, they enquired of the keeper of the bridge whether a woman, a child, and a dog had passed that way, but he had seen nothing. The apparition had disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared. Mr. Stead's article ends here. Of course, one can only surmise as to the nature of the phenomena. No member of the Psychical Research Society could do more—and in the absence of any authentic history of the spot where the manifestations occurred, such a surmise can be of little value. Since the phenomena were seen by three people at the same time, it is quite safe to assume they were objective, but it is impossible to lay down the law as to whether they were actual phantasms of the dead—of a woman, child, and Newfoundland dog who had all three met with some violent end—or phantasms of three living beings, who, happening to think of that locality at the same time, had projected their immaterial bodies there simultaneously. But whichever of these alternatives be true, the same thing holds good in either case, viz, that the Newfoundland dog had a spirit—and what applies to one dog should assuredly apply to the generality, if not, indeed, to all.

Phantom Dog seen on Souter Fell

Miss Harriet Martineau, in her *English Lakes*, refers to certain strange phenomena seen from time to time on Souter Fell.

In 1745, for example, a Mr. Wren and his servant saw, simultaneously, a man and dog pursuing some horses along a razor-like ridge of rocks, on which it was obviously impossible for any ordinary being to gain a bare foothold, let alone walk. They watched the figures until the latter suddenly vanished, when Mr. Wren and his servant, thinking, perhaps, the man, dog, and horses had really fallen over the cliff, went to look for them. They searched elsewhere, but despite their vigilance, nothing was to be found, and convinced at last that what they had seen was something superphysical, they came away mystified, and no doubt somewhat frightened.

There is no suggestion to make here other than the manifestations may have been the phantasms of a man, dog, and horses that at some former date had been killed, either accidentally or purposely, in or near that spot.

The Jumping Ghost

Mr. George Sinclair, in his work *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, gives a detailed account of hauntings in a house in Mary King's Close, Edinburgh.

The house, at the time Mr. Sinclair writes, was occupied by Mr. Thomas Coltheart, a law agent. Seated one afternoon at home reading, Mrs. Coltheart was immeasurably startled at seeing, suspended in mid-air gazing at her, the head of an old man. She uttered some sort of exclamation, most probably a cry, and the apparition at once vanished. Some nights later, when in bed, both she and her husband saw the same head, which was presently joined by the head of a child, and a long naked arm, which tried to catch hold of them.

On another occasion, a member of the Coltheart family was greatly alarmed by the sudden appearance of a large dog, which leaped on the chair by her side, and as suddenly disappeared.

Every effort was made to lay the ghosts. Ministers—and one knows how pious Scotch clergymen are—were called in, but their exhortations, instead of dispelling or even minimizing

the phenomena, only increased them. It was a case of more prayers, more spooks; which state of affairs, however complimentary to the ministers' powers of address, was scarcely as comforting to the Colthearts, who, unable to bear the strange sights and noises any longer, evacuated the premises. As no other tenants could be found, the house was eventually pulled down, and a row of fine modern buildings new occupy the site. As the history of the place could never be traced with any degree of authenticity, one can do no more than speculate as to the cause of the disturbances, which, I am inclined to think, were due to the phantoms of people and animals that had once actually lived and died there.

Dogs seen before a Death

Mrs. Crowe, in her *Night Side of Nature*, mentions the case of a young lady named P—, who saw a big black dog twice suddenly appear and disappear by her side, immediately before the death of her mother.

In *The Unseen World* a story is also told of the phantasm of a big black dog appearing on the bed of a Cornish child, doomed to die shortly afterwards, the same dog invariably manifesting itself before the death of any member of the child's family.

There are so many cases of a similar kind—one hears of them nearly everywhere one goes—that one is led to believe some of them, at least, must be true. There is no more reason to believe all ghost-story tellers are liars, than there is to believe all parsons are liars—and this being so, additional proof is afforded of the continuation of the dog's life after death; for these family canine ghosts are more than probably the phantasms of dogs that once belonged to families—maybe centuries ago—and met their fate in some cruel and unnatural manner.

A Dog scared by a Canine Ghost

A friend of mine, Edward Morgan, had a terrier that was found one morning, poisoned in a big stone kennel. Soon afterwards this friend came to me and said, "I have got a new dog—a spaniel—but nothing will induce it to enter the kennel in which poor Zack was poisoned. Come and see!"

I did so, and what he said was true. Mack (Morgan gave all his dogs names that rhymed—Zack, Mack, Jack, Tack, and even Whack and Smack), when carried to the entrance of the kennel, resolutely refused to cross the threshold, barking, whining, and exhibiting unmistakable symptoms of fear. I knelt down, and peering into the kennel saw two luminous eyes and the distinct outlines of a dog's head.

"Morgan!" I exclaimed, "the mystery is easily solved; there's a dog in here."

"Nonsense!" Morgan cried, speaking very excitedly.

But there is," I retorted, "see for yourself."

Morgan immediately bent down and poked his head into the kennel.

"What rot," he said. "You're having me on, there's nothing here."

"What!" I cried, "do you mean to say you can see no dog?"

"No!" he replied, "there is none!"

"Let me look again!" I said, and kneeling down, I peeped in.

"Do you mean to say you can't see a dog's face and eyes looking straight at us?" I asked.

"No," he answered, "I can see nothing." And to prove to me the truth of what he said, he fetched a pole and raked about the kennel vigorously with it. We both, then, tried to make Mack

enter, and Morgan at last caught hold of him and placed him forcibly inside. Mack's terror knew no limit. He gave one loud howl, and flying out of the kennel with his ears hanging back, tore past into the front garden, where we left him in peace. Morgan was still sceptical as to there being anything wrong with the kennel, but two days later wrote to me as follows

"I must apologize for doubting you the other day. I have just had, what you declared you saw, corroborated. A friend of my wife's was calling here this afternoon, and, on hearing of Mack's refusal to sleep in the kennel, at once said, 'I know what's the matter. It's the smell. Mack scents the poison which was used to destroy Zack. Have the kennel thoroughly fumigated, and you'll have no more trouble.' At my wife's request she went into the yard to have a look at it, and the moment she bent down, she cried out like you did, 'Why, there's a dog inside—a terrier!' My wife and I both looked and could see nothing. The lady, however, persisted, and, on my handing her a stick, struck at the figure she saw. To her amazement the stick went right through it. Then, and not till then, did we tell her of your experience. 'Well!' she exclaimed, I have never believed in ghosts, but I do so now. I am quite certain that what I see is the phantom of Zack! How glad I am, because I am at last assured animals have spirits and can come back to us.' "

In concluding the accounts of phantasms of dead dogs, let me quote two cases taken from my work entitled *The Haunted Houses of London*, published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, of Fawside House, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., in 1909. The cases are these:—

The Phantom Dachshund of W— St., London, W.

In letter No. i my correspondent writes:—

"Though I am by no means over-indulgent to dogs, the latter generally greet me very effusively, and it would seem that there is something in my individuality that is peculiarly attractive to them. This being so, I was not greatly surprised one day, when in the immediate neighbourhood of X— Street, to find myself persistently followed by a rough-haired dachshund wearing a gaudy yellow collar. I tried to scare it away by shaking my sunshade at it, but all to no purpose—it came resolutely on; and I was beginning to despair of getting rid of it, when I came to X— Street, where my husband once practised as an oculist. There it suddenly altered its tactics, and instead of keeping at my heels, became my conductor, forging slowly ahead with a gliding motion that both puzzled and fascinated me. I furthermore observed that notwithstanding the temperature—it was not a whit less than ninety degrees in the shade—the legs and stomach of the dachshund were covered with mud and dripping with water. When it came to No. 90 it halted, and veering swiftly round, eyed me in the strangest manner, just as if it had some secret it was bursting to disclose. It remained in this attitude until I was within two or three feet of it—certainly not more—when, to my unlimited amazement, it absolutely vanished—melted away into thin air.

"The iron gate leading to the area was closed, so that there was nowhere for it to have hidden, and, besides, I was almost bending over it at the time, as I wanted to read the name on its collar. There being no one near at hand, I could not obtain a second opinion, and so came away wondering whether what I had seen was actually a phantasm or a mere hallucination. No. 90, I might add, judging by the brass plate on the door, was inhabited by a doctor with an unpronounceable foreign name," etc. etc.

I think one cannot help attaching a great deal of importance to what this lady says, as her language is strictly moderate throughout, and because she does not seem to have been biassed by any special views on the subject of animal futurity.

Correspondent No. 2 (who, by the way, is a total stranger to the writer whose letter I have just quoted) is candidly devoted to dogs, regarding them as in every way on a par with, if not actually superior to, most human beings. Still, notwithstanding this partiality, and consequent profusion of terms of endearment, which will doubtless prove somewhat nauseating to many, her letter is, in my opinion, valuable, because it not only refers to the phenomenon I have mentioned, but to a certain extent furnishes a reason for its occurrence. The lady writes as follows:—

“I once had a rough-haired dachshund, Robert, whom I loved devotedly. We were living at the time near H— Street, which always had a peculiar attraction for dear Robert, who, I am now obliged to confess, had rather too much liberty—more, indeed, than eventually proved good for him. The servants complained that Robert ruled the house, and I believe what they said was true, for my sister and I idolized him, giving him the very best of everything and never having the heart to refuse him anything he wanted. You will probably scarcely credit it, but I have sat up all night nursing him when he had a cold and was otherwise indisposed. Can you therefore imagine my feelings when my darling was absent one day from dinner? Such a thing had never happened before, for, fond of morning ‘constitutionals’ as poor Robert was, he was always the soul of punctuality at meal times.

“Neither my sister nor I would hear of eating anything. Whilst he was missing, not a morsel did we touch, but slipping on our hats, and bidding the servants do the same, we scoured the neighbourhood instead. The afternoon passed without any sign of Robert, and when bedtime came (he always slept in our room) and still no signs of our pet, I thought we should both have gone mad. Of course, we advertised, selecting the most popular and, accordingly, the most likely papers, and we resorted to other mediums, too, but, alas! it was hopeless. Our darling little Robert was irrevocably, irredeemably lost. For days we were utterly inconsolable, doing nothing but mope morning, noon, and night. I cannot tell you how forlorn we felt, nor how long we should have remained in that state but for an incident which, although revealing the terrible manner of his death, gave us every reason to feel sure we were not parted from him for all time, but would meet again in the great hereafter. It happened in this wise: I was walking along W— Street one evening when, to my intense joy and surprise, I suddenly saw my darling standing on the pavement a few feet ahead of me, regarding me intently from out of his pathetic brown eyes. A sensation of extreme coldness now stole over me, and I noticed with something akin to a shock that, in spite of the hot, dry weather, Robert looked as if he had been in the rain for hours. He wore the bright yellow collar I had bought him shortly before his disappearance, so that had there been any doubt as to his identity that would have removed it instantly. On my calling to him, he turned quickly round and, with a slight gesture of the head as if bidding me to follow, he glided forward. My natural impulse was to run after him, pick him up and smother him with kisses; but try as hard as I could, I could not diminish the distance between us, although he never appeared to alter his pace. I was quite out of breath by the time we reached H— Street, where, to my surprise, he stopped at No. 90 and, turning round again, gazed at me in the most beseeching manner. I can’t describe that look; suffice it to say that no human eyes could have been more expressive, but of what beyond the most profound love and sorrow I cannot, I dare not, attempt to state. I have pondered upon it through the whole of a midsummer night, but not even the severest of my mental efforts have enabled me to solve it to my satisfaction. Could I but do that, I feel I should have fathomed the greatest of all mysteries—the mystery of life and death.

“I do not know for how long we stood there looking at one another, it may have been minutes or hours, or, again, but a few paltry seconds. He took the initiative from me, for, as I leaped forward to raise him in my arms, he glided through the stone steps into the area.

“Convinced now that what I beheld was Robert’s apparition, I determined to see the strange affair through to the bitter end, and entering the gate, I also went down into the area. The phantom had come to an abrupt halt by the side of a low wooden box, and as I foolishly made an abortive attempt to reach it with my hand, it vanished instantaneously. I searched the area thoroughly, and was assured that there was no outlet, save by the steps I had just descended, and no hole, nor nook, nor cranny where anything the size of Robert could be completely hidden from sight. What did it all mean? Ah! I knew Robert had always had a weakness for exploring areas, especially in H— Street, and in the box where his wraith disappeared I espied a piece of raw meat!

“Now there are ways in which a piece of raw meat may lie without arousing suspicion, but the position of this morsel strangely suggested that it had been placed there carefully, and for assuredly no other purpose than to entice stray animals. Resolving to interrogate the owner of the house on the subject, I rapped at the front door, but was informed by the manservant, obviously a German, that his master never saw anyone without an appointment. I then did a very unwise thing—I explained the purpose of my visit to this man, who not only denied any knowledge of my dog, but declared the meat must have been thrown into the area by some passer-by.

“ ‘No one in dis house trow away gut meat like dat,’ he explained, ‘we eat all we can git here, we have nutting for de animals. Please go away at once, or de master will be very angry. He stand no nonsense from anyone.’

“And as I had no alternative—for, after all, who would regard a ghost in the light of evidence?—I had to obey. I found out, however, from a medical friend that No. 90 was tenanted by Mr. K—, an Anglo-German who was deemed a very clever fellow at a certain London hospital, where he was often occupied in vivisection.

“ ‘I dare say,’ my friend went on to remark, K— does a little vivisecting in his private surgery, by way of practice, and—well, you see, these foreign chaps are not so squeamish in some respects as we are.’

“ ‘But can’t he be stopped? ‘ I asked. ‘It is horrible, monstrous that he should be allowed to murder our pets.’

“ ‘You don’t know for certain that he has,’ was the reply, ‘you only suppose so from what you say you saw, and evidence of that immaterial nature is no evidence at all. No, you can do nothing except to be extra careful in future, and if you have another dog make him steer clear of No. 90 H— Street.’

“I was sensible enough to see that he was right, and the matter dropped. I soon noticed one thing, however, namely, that there were no more pieces of meat temptingly displayed in the box, so it is just possible K got wind of my enquiries, and thought it policy to desist from his nefarious practices.

“Poor Robert! To think of him suffering such a cruel and ignominious death, and my being powerless to avenge it. Surely if vivisection is really necessary, and the welfare of mankind cannot be advanced by any less barbarous system, why not operate on creatures less deserving of our love and pity than dogs? On creatures which whilst being nearer allied to man in physiology and anatomy, are at the same time far below the level of brute creation in character and disposition.

“For example, why not experiment on wife-beaters and cowardly street ruffians, and, one might reasonably add, on all those pseudo-humanitarians who, by their constant petitions to Parliament for the abolition of the lash, encourage every form of blackguardism and bestiality?

This concludes the letter of correspondent No. 2, and with the sentiment in the closing paragraphs I must say I heartily agree—only I should like to add a few more people to the list.

One other case of haunting of this type is taken from my same work.

“One All Hallow E’en,” wrote a Mrs. Sebuim, “I was staying with some friends in Hampstead, and we amused ourselves by working spells, to commemorate the night. There is one spell in which one walks alone down a path sowing hemp-seed, and repeating some fantastic words; when one is supposed to see those that are destined to come into one’s life in the near future. Eager to put this spell to the test, I went into the garden by myself and, walking boldly along a path, bordered on each side by evergreens, sprinkled hempseed lavishly.

“Nothing happening, I was about to desist, when suddenly I heard a pattering on the gravel, and turning round I beheld an ugly little black-and-tan mongrel running towards me, wagging its stumpy tail. Not at all prepossessed with the creature, for my own dogs are pure-bred, and thinking it must have strayed into the grounds, I was about to drive it out, and had put down my hand to prevent it jumping on my dress, when, to my astonishment, it had vanished, It literally melted away into fine air beneath my very eyes. Not knowing what to make of the incident, but feeling inclined to attribute it to a trick of the imagination, I rejoined my friends. I did not tell them what had happened, although I made a memorandum of it in one of my innumerable notebooks. Within six months of this incident I was greatly astonished to find a dog, corresponding with the one I have just described, running about on the lawn of my house in Bath. How the animal got there was a complete mystery, and, what is stranger still, it seemed to recognize me, for it rushed towards me, frantically wagging its diminutive tail. I had not the heart to turn it away, as it seemed quite homeless, and so the forlorn little mongrel was permitted to make its home in my house—and a very happy home it proved to be. For three years all went well, and then the end came swiftly and unexpectedly. I was in Blackheath at the time, and the mongrel was in Bath. It was All Hallow E’en, but there was no hempseed sowing, for no one in the house but myself took the slightest interest in anything appertaining to the superphysical or mystic. Eleven o’clock came, and I retired to rest; my bed being one of those antique four-posters, hung with curtains that shine crimson in the ruddy glow of a cheerful fire. All my preparations complete, I had pulled back the hangings, and was about to slip in between the sheets, when, to my unbounded amazement, what should I see sitting on the counterpane but the black-and-tan mongrel. It was he right enough, there could not be another such ugly dog, though, unlike his usual self, he evinced no demonstrations of joy. On the contrary, he appeared downright miserable. His ears hung, his mouth dropped, and his bleared little eyes were watery and sad.

“Greatly perplexed, if not alarmed, at so extraordinary a phenomenon, I nevertheless felt constrained to put out my hand to comfort him—when, as I had half anticipated, he immediately vanished. Two days later I received a letter from Bath, and in a postscript I read that ‘the mongrel’ (we never called it by any other name) ‘had been run over and killed by a motor, the accident occurring on All Hallow E’en, about eleven o’clock.’ ‘Of course,’ my sister wrote, ‘you won’t mind very much—it was so extremely ugly, and—well—we were only too glad it was none of the other dogs.’ But my sister was wrong, for notwithstanding its unsightly appearance and hopeless lack of breed, I had grown to like that little black-and-tan more than any of my rare and choice pets.”

The following account, which concludes my notes on hauntings by dog phantasms, was sent me many years ago by a gentleman then living in Virginia, U.S.A. It runs thus

The Strange Disappearance of Mr. Jeremiah Dance

“Twenty pounds a year for a twelve-roomed house with large front lawn, good stabling and big kitchen gardens. That sounds all right,” I commented. “But why so cheap?”

“Well,” the advertiser—Mr. Baldwin by name, a short, stout gentleman, with keen, glittering eyes—replied, “Well, you see, it’s a bit of a distance from the town, and—er—most people prefer being nearer—like neighbours and all that sort of thing.”

“Like neighbours!” I exclaimed. “I don’t. I’ve just seen about enough of them. Drains all right?”

“Oh, yes Perfect.”

“Water?”

“Excellent.”

“Everything in good condition?”

“First rate.”

“Loneliness the only thing people object to?”

“That is so.”

“Then I’ll oblige you to send someone to show me over the house, for I think it is just the sort of place we want. You see, after being bottled up in a theatre all the afternoon and evening, one likes to get away somewhere where it is quiet—somewhere where one can lie in bed in the morning inhaling pure air and undisturbed by street traffic.”

“I understand,” Mr. Baldwin responded, “but—er—it is rather late now; wouldn’t you prefer to see over it in the morning? Everything looks at its worst—its very worst—in the twilight.”

“Oh, I’ll make allowances for the dusk,” I said. “You haven’t got any ghosts stowed away there, have you?” And he went off into a roar of laughter.

“No, the house is not haunted,” Mr. Baldwin replied. “Not that it would much matter to you if it were, for I can see you don’t believe in spooks.”

“Believe in spooks!” I cried. “Not much. I would as soon believe in patent hair restorers. Let me see over it at once.”

“Very well, sir. I’ll tale you there myself,” Mr. Baldwin replied, somewhat reluctantly. “Here, Tim—fetch the keys of the Crow’s Nest and tell Higgins to bring the trap round.”

The boy he addressed flew, and in a few minutes the sound of wheels and the jingling of harness announced the vehicle was at the door.

Ten minutes later and I and my escort were bowling merrily over the ground in the direction of the Crow’s Nest. It was early autumn, and the cool evening air, fragrant with the mellowness of the luscious Virginian pippin, was tinged also with the sadness inseparable from the demise of a long and glorious summer. Evidences of decay and death were everywhere—in the brown fallen leaves of the oaks and elms; in the bare and denuded ditches. Here a giant mill-wheel, half immersed in a dark, still pool, stood idle and silent; there a hovel, but recently inhabited by hop-pickers, was now tenantless, its glassless windows boarded over, and a wealth of dead and rotting vegetable matter in thick profusion over the tiny path and the single stone doorstep.

“Is it always as quiet and deserted as this?” I asked of my companion, who continually cracked his whip as if he liked to hear the reverberations of its echoes.

“Always,” was the reply, “and sometimes more so. You ain’t used to the country?”

“Not very. I want to try it by way of a change. Are you well versed in the cry of birds? What was that?”

We were fast approaching an exceedingly gloomy bit of the road where there were plantations on each side, and the trees united their fantastically forked branches overhead. I thought I had

never seen so dismal-looking a spot, and a sudden lowering of the temperature made me draw my overcoat tighter round me.

“That—oh, a night bird of some sort,” Mr. Baldwin replied. “An ugly sound, wasn’t it Beastly things, I can’t imagine why they were created. Whoa—steady there, steady.”

The horse reared as he spoke, and taking a violent plunge forward, set off at a wild gallop. A moment later, and I uttered an exclamation of astonishment. Keeping pace with us, although apparently not moving at more than an ordinary walking pace, was a man of medium height, dressed in a panama hat and albert coat. He had a thin, aquiline nose, a rather pronounced chin, was clean-shaven, and had a startlingly white complexion. By the side of him trotted two poodles, whose close-cropped skins showed out with remarkable perspicuity.

“Who the deuce is he?” I asked, raising my voice to a shout on account of the loud clatter made by the horse’s hoofs and the wheels.

“Who? what?” Mr. Baldwin shouted in return.

“Why, the man walking along with us!”

“Man! I can see no man!” Mr. Baldwin growled.

I looked at him curiously. It may, of course, have been due to the terrific speed we were going, to the difficulty of holding in the horse, but his cheeks were ashy pale, and his teeth chattered.

“Do you mean to say,” I cried, “that you can see no figure walking on my side of the horse and actually keeping pace with it?”

“Of course I can’t,” Mr. Baldwin snapped. “No more can you. It’s an hallucination caused by the moonlight through the branches overhead. I’ve experienced it more than once.”

“Then why don’t you have it now?” I queried.

“Don’t ask so many questions, please,” Mr. Baldwin shouted. “Don’t you see it is as much as I can do to hold the brute in? Heaven preserve us, we were nearly over that time.”

The trap rose high in the air as he spoke, and then dropped with such a jolt that I was nearly thrown off, and only saved myself by the skin of my teeth. A few yards more the spinney ceased, and we were away out in the open country, plunging and galloping as if our very souls depended on it. From all sides queer and fantastic shadows of objects, which certainly had no material counterparts in the moon-kissed sward of the rich, ripe meadows, rose to greet us, and filled the lane with their black-and-white wavering, ethereal forms. The evening was one of wonders for which I had no name—wonders associated with an iciness that was far from agreeable. I was not at all sure which I liked best—the black, Stygian, tree-lined part of the road we had just left, or the wide ocean of brilliant moonbeams and streaked suggestions.

The figures of the man and the dogs were equally vivid in each. Though I could no longer doubt they were nothing mortal, they were altogether unlike what I had imagined ghosts. Like the generality of people who are psychic and who have never had an experience of the superphysical, my conception of a phantasm was a “thing” in white that made ridiculous groanings and still more ridiculous clankings of chains. But here was something different, something that looked—save, perhaps, for the excessive pallor of its cheeks—just like an ordinary man. I knew it was not a man, partly on account of its extraordinary performance—no man, even if running at full speed, could keep up with us like that; partly on account of the unusual nature of the atmosphere—which was altogether indefinable—it brought with it; and also because of my own sensations—my intense horror which could not, I felt certain, have been generated by anything physical.

I cogitated all this in my mind as I gazed at the figure, and in order to make sure it was no hallucination, I shut first one eye and then the other, covering them alternately with the palm of

my hand. The figure, however, was still there, still pacing along at our side with the regular swing, swing of the born walker. We kept on in this fashion till we arrived at a rusty iron gate leading, by means of a weed-covered path, to a low, two-storied white house. Here the figures left us, and as it seemed to me vanished at the foot of the garden wall.

“This is the house,” Mr. Baldwin panted, pulling up with the greatest difficulty, the horse evincing obvious antipathy to the iron gate. “And these are the keys. I’m afraid you must go in alone, as I dare not leave the animal even for a minute.”

“Oh, all right,” I said. “I don’t mind, now that the ghost, or whatever you like to call it, has gone; I’m myself again.”

I jumped down, and threading my way along the bramble-entangled path, reached the front door. On opening it, I hesitated. The big, old-fashioned hall, with the great, frowning staircase leading to the gallery overhead, the many open doors showing nought but bare, deserted boards within, the grim passages, all moonlit and peopled only with queer flickering shadows, suggested much that was terrifying. I fancied I heard noises, noises like stealthy footsteps moving from room to room, and tiptoeing along the passages and down the staircase. Once my heart almost stopped beating as I saw what, at first, I took to be a white face peering at me from a recess, but which I eventually discovered was only a daub of whitewash; and, once again, my hair all but rose on end, when one of the doors at which I was looking swung open and something came forth. Oh, the horror of that moment, as long as I live I shall never forget it. The something was a cat, just a rather lean but otherwise material, black Tom; yet, in the state my nerves were then, it created almost as much horror as if had been a ghost. Of course, it was the figure of the walking man that was the cause of all this nervousness; had it not appeared to me I should doubtless have entered the house with the utmost sang-froid, my mind set on nothing but the condition of the walls, drains, etc. As it was, I held back, and it was only after a severe mental struggle I summoned up the courage to leave the doorway and explore. Cautiously, very cautiously, with my heart in my mouth, I moved from room to room, halting every now and then in dreadful suspense as the wind, souging through across the open land behind the house, blew down the chimneys and set the window-frames jarring. At the commencement of one of the passages I was immeasurably startled to see a dark shape poke forward, and then spring hurriedly back, and was so Lightened that I dared not advance to see what it was. Moment after moment sped by, and I still stood there, the cold sweat oozing out all over me, and my eyes fixed in hideous expectation on the blank wall. What was it? What was hiding there? Would it spring out on me if I went to see? At last, urged on by a fascination I found impossible to resist, I crept down the passage, my heart throbbing painfully and my whole being overcome with the most sickly anticipations. As I drew nearer to the spot, it was as much as I could do to breathe, and my respiration came in quick jerks and gasps. Six, five, four, two feet and I was at the dreaded angle. Another step—taken after the most prodigious battle—and—NOTHING sprang out on me. I was confronted only with a large piece of paper that had come loose from the wall, and flapped backwards and forwards each time the breeze from without rustled past it. The reaction after such an agony of suspense was so great, that I leaned against the wall; and laughed till I cried. A noise, from somewhere away in the basement, calling me to myself, I went downstairs and investigated. Again a shock—this time more sudden, more acute. Pressed against the window-pane of one of the front reception-rooms was the face of a man—with corpse-like cheeks and pale, malevolent eyes. I was petrified—every drop of my blood was congealed. My tongue glued to my mouth, my arms hung helpless. I stood in the doorway and stared at it. This went on for what seemed to

me an eternity. Then came a revelation. The face was not that of a ghost but of Mr. Baldwin, who, getting alarmed at my long absence, had come to look for me.

We left the premises together. All the way back to the town I thought—should I, or should I not, take the house? Seen as I had seen it, it was a ghoulish-looking place—as weird as a Paris catacomb—but then daylight makes all the difference. Viewed in the sunshine, it would be just like any other house—plain bricks and mortar. I liked the situation; it was just far enough away from a town to enable me to escape all the smoke and traffic, and near enough to make shopping easy. The only obstacles were the shadows—the strange, enigmatical shadows I had seen in the hall and passages, and the figure of the walker. Dare I take a house that knew such visitors? At first I said no, and then yes. Something, I could not tell what, urged me to say yes. I felt that a very grave issue was at stake—that a great wrong connected in some manner with the mysterious figure awaited righting, and that the hand of Fate pointed at me as the one and only person who could do it.

“Are you sure the house isn’t haunted?” I demanded, as we slowly rolled away from the iron gate, and I leaned back in my seat to light my pipe.

“Haunted!” Mr. Baldwin scoffed, “why, I thought you didn’t believe in ghosts—laughed at them.”

“No more I do believe in them,” I retorted, “but I have children, and we know how imaginative children are.”

“I can’t undertake to stop their imaginations.”

“No, but you can tell me whether anyone else has imagined anything there. Imagination is sometimes very infectious.”

“As far as I know, then, no; leastways, I have not heard tell of it.”

“Who was the last tenant?”

“Mr. Jeremiah Dance.”

“Why did he leave?”

“How do I know? Got tired of being there, I suppose.”

“How long was he there?”

“Nearly three years.”

“Where is he now?”

“That’s more than I can say. Why do you wish to know?”

“Why “ I repeated. “Because it is more satisfactory to me to hear about the house from someone who has lived in it. Has he left no address?”

“Not that I know of, and it’s more than two years since he was here.”

“What! The house has been empty all that time?”

“Two years is not very long. Houses—even town houses—are frequently unoccupied for longer than that. I think you’ll like it.”

I did not speak again till the drive was over, and we drew up outside the landlord’s house. I then said, “Let me have an agreement. I’ve made up my mind to take it. Three years and the option to stay on.”

That was just like me. Whatever I did, I did on the spur of the moment, a mode of procedure that often led me into difficulties.

A month later and my wife, children, servants, and I were all ensconced in the Crow’s Nest.

That was in the beginning of October. Well, the month passed by, and November was fairly in before anything remarkable happened. It then came about in this fashion.

Jennie, my eldest child, a self-willed and rather bad-tempered girl of about twelve, evading the vigilance of her mother, who had forbidden her to go out as she had a cold, ran to the gate one evening to see if I was anywhere in sight. Though barely five o'clock, the moon was high in the sky, and the shadows of the big trees had already commenced their gambols along the roadside.

Jennie clambered up the gate as children do, and peering over, suddenly espied what she took to be me, striding towards the house, at a swinging pace, and followed by two poodles.

"Poppa," she cried, "how cute of you! Only to think of you bringing home two doggies! Oh, Poppa, naughty Poppa, what will mum say?" and climbing over into the lane at imminent danger to life and limb, she tore frantically towards the figure. To her dismay, however, it was not me, but a stranger with a horribly white face and big glassy eyes which he turned down at her and stared. She was so frightened that she fainted, and some ten minutes later I found her lying out there on the road. From the description she gave me of the man and dogs, I felt quite certain they were the figures I had seen; though I pretended the man was a tramp, and assured her she would never see him again. A week passed, and I was beginning to hope nothing would happen, when one of the servants gave notice to leave.

At first she would not say why she did not like the house, but when pressed made the following statement:—

"It's haunted, Mrs. B. I can put up with mice and beetles, but not with ghosts. I've had a queer sensation, as if water was falling down my spine, ever since I've been here, but never saw anything till last night. I was then in the kitchen getting ready to go to bed. Jane and Emma had already gone up, and I was preparing to follow them, when, all of a sudden, I heard footsteps, quick and heavy, cross the gravel and approach the window.

" 'The boss,' says I to myself; 'maybe he's forgot the key and can't get in at the front door.'

"Well, I went to the window and was about to throw it open, when I got an awful shock. Pressed against the glass, looking in at me, was a face—not the boss's face, not the face of anyone living, but a horrid white thing with a drooping mouth and wide-open, glassy eyes, that had no more expression in them than a pig. As sure as I'm standing here, Mrs. B—, it was the face of a corpse—the face of a man that had died no natural death. And by its side, standing on their hind-legs, and staring in at me too were two dogs, both poodles—also no living things, but dead, horribly dead. Well, they stared at me, all three of them, for perhaps a minute, certainly not less, and then vanished. That's why I'm leaving, Mrs. B—. My heart was never overstrong. I always suffered with palpitations, and if I saw those heads again, it would kill me."

After this my wife spoke to me seriously.

"Jack," she said, "are you sure there's nothing in it? I don't think Mary would leave us without a good cause, and the description of what she saw tallies exactly with the figure that frightened Jennie. Jennie assures me she never said a word about it to the servants. They can't both have imagined it."

I did not know what to say. My conscience pricked me. Without a doubt I ought to have told my wife of my own experience in the lane, and have consulted her before taking the house. Supposing she, or any of the children, should die of fright, it would be my fault. I should never forgive myself.

"You've something on your mind! What is it?" my wife demanded.

I hesitated a moment or two and then told her. The next quarter of an hour was one I do not care to recollect, but when it was over, and she had had her say, it was decided I should make enquiries and see if there was any possible way of getting rid of the ghosts. With this end in

view, I drove to the town, and after several fruitless efforts was at length introduced to a Mr. Marsden, clerk of one of the banks, who, in reply to my questions, said:

“Well, Mr. B—, it’s just this way. I do know something, only—in a small place like this—one has to be so extra careful what one says. Some years ago a Mr. Jeremiah Dance occupied the Crow’s Nest. He came here apparently a total stranger, and though often in the town, was only seen in the company of one person—his landlord, Mr. Baldwin, with whom—if local gossip is to be relied on—he appeared to be on terms of the greatest familiarity. Indeed, they were seldom apart, walked about the lanes arm-in-arm, visited each other’s houses on alternate evenings, called each other “Teddy” and “Leslie.” This state of things continued for nearly three years, and then people suddenly began to comment on the fact that Mr. Dance had gone, or at least was no longer visible. An errand-boy, returning back to town, late one evening, swore to being passed on the way by a trap containing Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Dance, who were speaking in very loud voices—just as if they were having a violent altercation. On reaching that part of the road where the trees are thickest overhead, the lad overtook them, or rather Mr. Baldwin, preparing to mount into the trap. Mr. Dance was nowhere to be seen. And from that day to this nothing has ever been heard of him. As none of his friends or relations came forward to raise enquiries, and all his bills were paid—several of them by Mr. Baldwin—no one took the matter up. Mr. Baldwin pooh-poohed the errand-boy’s story, and declared that, on the night in question, he had been alone in an altogether different part of the county, and knew nothing whatever of Mr. Dance’s movements, further than that he had recently announced his intention of leaving the Crow’s Nest before the expiration of the three years’ lease. He had not the remotest idea where he was. He claimed the furniture in payment of the rent due to him.”

“Did the matter end there?” I asked.

“In one sense of the word, yes—in another, no. Within a few Weeks of Dance’s disappearance rumours got afloat that his ghost had been seen on the road, just where, you may say, you saw at. As a matter of fact, I’ve seen it myself—and so have crowds of other people.”

“Has anyone ever spoken to it?”

“Yes—and it has vanished at once. I went there one night with the purpose of laying it, but, on its appearing suddenly, I confess I was so startled, that I not only forgot what I had rehearsed to say, but ran home, without uttering as much as a word.”

“And what are your deductions of the case?”

“The same as everyone else’s,” Mr. Marsden whispered, “only, like everyone else, I dare not say.”

“Had Mr. Dance any dogs?”

“Yes—two poodles, of which, much to Mr. Baldwin’s annoyance (everyone noticed this), he used to make the most ridiculous fuss.”

“Humph!” I observed. “That settles it! Ghosts! And to think I never believed in them before! Well, I am going to try.”

“Try what?” Mr. Marsden said, a note of alarm in his voice.

“Try laying it. I have an idea I may succeed.”

“I wish you luck, then. May 11 come with you?”

“Thanks, no!” I rejoined. “I would rather go there alone.”

I said this in a well-lighted room, with the hum of a crowded thoroughfare in my ears. Twenty minutes later, when I had left all that behind, and was fast approaching the darkest part of an exceptionally dark road, I wished I had not. At the very spot, where I had previously seen the figures, I saw them now. They suddenly appeared by my side, and though I was going at a great

rate—for the horse took fright—they kept easy pace with me. Twice I essayed to speak to them, but could not ejaculate a syllable through sheer horror, and it was only by nerving myself to the utmost, and forcing my eyes away from them, that I was able to stick to my seat and hold on to the reins. On and on we dashed, until trees, road, sky, universe were obliterated in one blinding whirlwind that got up my nostrils, choked my ears, and deadened me to everything, save the all-terrorizing, instinctive knowledge, that the figures by my side, were still there, stalking along as quietly and leisurely as if the horse had been going at a snail's pace.

At last, to my intense relief—for never had the ride seemed longer—I reached the Crow's Nest, and as I hurriedly dismounted from the trap, the figures shot past me and vanished. Once inside the house, and in the bosom of my family, where all was light and laughter, courage returned, and I upbraided myself bitterly for this cowardice.

I confessed to my wife, and she insisted on accompanying me the following afternoon, at twilight, to the spot where the ghost appeared to originate. To our intense dismay, we had not been there more than three or four minutes, before Dora, our youngest girl, a pretty, sweet-tempered child of eight, came running up to us with a telegram, which one of the servants had asked her to give us. My wife, snatching it from her, and reading it, was about to scold her severely, when she suddenly paused, and clutching hold of the child with one hand, pointed hysterically at something on one side of her with the other. I looked, and Dora looked, and we both saw, standing erect and staring at us, the spare figure of a man, with a ghastly white face and dull, lifeless eyes, clad in a panama hat, albert coat, and small, patent-leather boots; beside him were two glossy—abnormally glossy—poodles.

I tried to speak, but, as before, was too frightened to articulate a sound, and my wife was in the same plight. With Dora, however, it was otherwise, and she electrified us by going up to the figure, and exclaiming:

“Who are you? You must feel very ill to look so white. Tell me your name.”

The figure made no reply, but gliding slowly forward, moved up to a large, isolated oak, and pointing with the index finger of its left hand at the trunk of the tree, seemingly sank into the earth and vanished from view.

For some seconds everyone was silent, and then my wife exclaimed

“Jack, I shouldn't wonder if Dora hasn't been the means of solving the mystery. Examine the tree closely.”

I did so. The tree was hollow, and inside it were three skeletons!

* * *

Here followed an extract from a local paper

“Sensational Discovery in a Wood near Marytown

“Whilst exploring in a wood, near Marytown, the other evening, a party of the name of B—discovered three skeletons—a human being and two dogs—in the trunk of an oak. From the remnant of clothes still adhering to the human remains, the latter were proved to be those of an individual known as Mr. Jeremiah Dance, whose strange disappearance from the Crow's Nest—the house he rented in the neighbourhood—some two years ago, was the occasion of much comment. On closer examination, extraordinary to relate, the remains have been proved to be

those of a WOMAN; and from certain abrasions on the skull, there is little doubt she met with a violent end.”

A second extract taken from the same paper runs thus:—

“Suicide at Marytown

“Late last night Percy Baldwin, the man who as under arrest on suspicion of having caused the death of the unknown woman, whose skeleton was found on Monday in the trunk of a tree, committed suicide by hanging himself with his suspenders to the ceiling of his cell. Pinned on his coat was a slip of paper bearing these words ‘She was my wife—I loved her. She took to drink—I parted from her. She became a dog-worshipper. I killed her—and her dogs.’”

Phantasms of Living Dogs

I could quote innumerable cases of people who have either seen or heard the spirits of dead dogs. However, as space does not permit of this, I proceed to the oft-raised question, “Do animals as well as people project themselves?” My reply is—yes; according to my experience they do.

Some friends of mine have a big tabby that has frequently been seen in two places at the same time; for example, it has been observed by several people to be sitting on a chair in the dining-room, and, at the same moment, it has been seen by two or more other persons extended at full length before the kitchen fire—the latter figure proving to be its immaterial, or what some designate its astral body, which vanishes the instant an attempt is made to touch it. The only explanation of this phenomenon seems to me to lie in projection—the cat possessing the faculty of separating—in this instance, unconsciously—its spiritual from its physical body—the former travelling anywhere, regardless of space, time and material obstacles. I have often had experiences similar to this with a friend’s dog. I have been seated in a room, either reading or writing, and on looking up have distinctly seen the dog lying on the carpet in front of me. A few minutes later a scraping at the door or window—both of which have been shut all the while—and on my rising to see what was there, I have discovered the dog outside! Had I not been so positive I had seen the dog on the ground in front of me, I might have thought it was an hallucination; but hallucinations are never so vivid nor so lasting—moreover, other people have had similar experiences with the same dog. And why not? Dogs, on the whole, are every whit as reasoning and reflective as the bulk of human beings! And how much nobler! Compare, for a moment, the dogs you know—no matter whether mastiffs, retrievers, dachshunds, poodles, or even Pekinese, with your acquaintances—with the people you see everywhere around you—false, greedy, spiteful, scandal-loving women, money-grubbing attorneys, lying, swindling tradesmen, vulgar parvenus, finicky curates, brutal roughs, spoilt, cruel children, hypocrites of both sexes—compare them carefully—and the comparison is entirely in favour of the dog! And if the creating Power (or Powers) has favoured these wholly selfish and degenerate human beings with spirits, and has conferred on certain of them the faculty of projecting those spirits, can one imagine, for one moment, that similar gifts have been denied to dogs—their superiors in every respect? Pshaw! Out upon it! To think so would mean to think the unthinkable, to attribute to God qualities of partiality, injustice and whimsicality, which would render Him little, if anything, better than a James the Second of England, or a Louis the Fifteenth of France.

Besides, from my own experience, and the experiences of those with Thorn I have been brought in contact, I can safely affirm that there are phantasms (and therefore spirits) of both

living and dead dogs in just the same proportion as there are phantasms (and therefore spirits) of both living and dead human beings.

Psychic Properties of Dogs

Some, not all, dogs—like cats—possess the psychic property of scenting the advent of death, and they indicate their fear of it by the most dismal howling. In my opinion there is very little doubt that dogs actually see some kind of phantasm that, knowing when death is about to take place, visits the house of the doomed and stands beside his, or her, couch. I have had this phantasm described to me, by those who declare they have seen it, as a very tall, hooded figure, clad in a dark, loose, flowing costume—its face never discernible. It would, of course, be foolish to say that a dog howling in a house is invariably the sign of death; there are many other and obvious causes which produce something of a similar effect; but I think one may be pretty well assured that, when the howling is accompanied by unmistakable signs of terror, then someone, either in the house at the time, or connected with someone in the house, will shortly die.

Dogs in Haunted Houses

When I investigate a haunted house, I generally take a dog with me, because experience has taught me that a dog seldom fails to give notice, in some way or another—either by whining, or growling, or crouching shivering at one's feet, or springing on one's lap and trying to bury its head in one's coat—of the proximity of a ghost. I had a dog with me, when ghost-hunting, not so very long ago, in a well-known haunted house in Gloucester-shire. The dog—my only companion—and I sat on the staircase leading from the hall to the first floor. Just about two o'clock the dog gave a loud growl. I put my hand out and found it was shivering from head to foot. Almost directly afterwards I heard the loud clatter of fire-irons from somewhere away in the basement, a door banged, and then something, or someone, began to ascend the stairs. Up, up, up came the footsteps, until I could see—first of all a bluish light, then the top of a head, then a face, white and luminous, staring up at me. A few more steps, and the whole thing was disclosed to view. It was the figure of a girl of about sixteen, with a shock head of red hair, on which was stuck, all awry, a dirty little, old-fashioned servant's cap. She was clad in a cotton dress, soiled and bedraggled, and had on her feet a pair of elastic-sided boots, that looked as if they would fall to pieces each step she took. But it was her face that riveted my attention most. It was startlingly white and full of an expression of the most hopeless misery. The eyes, wide open and glassy, were turned direct on mine. I was too appalled either to stir or utter a sound. The phantasm came right up to where I stood, paused for a second, and then slowly went on; up, up, up, until a sudden bend in the staircase hid it from view. For some seconds there was a continuation of the footsteps, then there came a loud splash from somewhere outside and below—and then silence—sepulchral and omnipotent.

I did not wait to see if anything further would happen. I fled, and Dick, my dog friend, who was apparently even more frightened than I, fled with me. We arrived home—panic-stricken.

Over and over again, on similar occasions, I have had a dog with me, and the same thing has occurred—the dog has made some noise indicative of great fear, remaining in a state of stupor during the actual presence of the apparition.

Psychic Propensities of Dogs compared with those of Cats

Though dogs are, perhaps, rather more alarmed at the Unknown than cats, I do not think they have a keener sense of its proximity. Still, for the very reason that they show greater—more unmistakable—indications of fear, they make surer psychic barometers. The psychic faculty of scent in dogs would seem to be more limited than that in cats; for, whereas cats can not only detect the advent and presence of pleasant and unpleasant phantoms by their smells, few dogs can do more than detect the approach of death. Dogs make friends nearly, if not quite, as readily with cruel and brutal people as with kind ones, simply because they cannot, so easily as cats, distinguish by their scent the unpleasant types of spirits cruel and brutal people attract; in all probability, they are not even aware of the presence of such spirits.

It would seem, on the face of it, that since dogs are, on the whole, of a gentler disposition than cats, that is to say, not quite so cruel and savage, the phantasms of dogs would be less likely to be earth-bound than those of cats but, then, one must take into consideration the other qualities of the two animals, and when these are put in the balance, one may find little to choose—morally—between the cat and the dog. Anyhow, after making allowance for the fact that many more cats die unnatural deaths than dogs, there would seem to be small numerical difference in their hauntings—cases of dog ghosts appearing to be just as common as cases of cat ghosts.

Apropos of phantom dogs, my friend Dr. G. West writes to me thus:—

“Of the older English Universities many stories are told of bizarre happenings,—of duels, raggings, suicides and such-like—in olden times but of K., venerable, illustrious K. of Ireland, few and far between are the accounts of similar occurrences. This is one, however, and it deals with the phantom of a dog:—

“One evening, towards the end of the eighteenth century, John Kelly, a Dean of the College (extremely unpopular on account of his supposed harsh treatment of some of the undergraduates), was about to commence his supper, when he heard a low whine, and looking down, saw a large yellow dog cross the floor in front of him, and disappear immediately under the full-length portrait that hung over the antique chimney-piece. Something prompting him, he glanced at the picture. The eyes that looked into his blinked.

“ ‘It must be the result of an overtaxed brain,’ he said to himself. ‘Those rascally undergraduates have got on my nerves.’

“He shut his eyes, and re-opening them, stared hard at the portrait. It was not a delusion. The eyes that gazed back at him were alive—alive with the spirit of mockery; they smiled, laughed, jeered; and, as they did so, the knowledge of his surroundings was brought forcibly home to him. The room in which he was seated was situated at the end of a long, cheerless, stone passage in the western wing of the College. Away from all the other rooms of the building, it was absolutely isolated; and had long borne the reputation of being haunted by a dog, which was said to appear only before some catastrophe. The Dean had hitherto committed the story to the category of fables. But now,—now, as he sat all alone in that big silent room, lit only with the reddish rays of a fast-setting August sun, and stared into the gleaming eyes before him—he was obliged to admit the extreme probability of spookdom. Never before had the College seemed so quiet. Not a sound—not even the creaking of a board or the far-away laugh of a student, common enough noises on most nights—fell on his ears. The hush was omnipotent, depressing, unnerving; he could only associate it with the supernatural. Though he was too fascinated to remove his gaze

from the thing before him, he could feel the room fill with shadows, and feel them steal through the half-open windows, and, uniting with those already in the corners, glide noiselessly and surreptitiously towards him. He felt, too, that he was under the surveillance of countless invisible visages, all scanning him curiously, and delighted beyond measure at the sight of his terror.

“The moments passed in a breathless state of tension. He stared at the eyes, and the eyes back at him. Once he endeavoured to rise, but a dead weight seemed to fall on his shoulders and hold him back; and twice, when he tried to speak—to make some sound, no smatter what, to break the appalling silence—his throat closed as if under the pressure of cruel, relentless fingers.

“But the *Ultima Thule* of his emotions had yet to come. There was a slight stir behind the canvas, a thud, a hollow groan that echoed and re-echoed throughout the room like the muffled clap of distant thunder, and the eyes suddenly underwent a metamorphosis—they grew glazed and glassy like the eyes of a dead person. A cold shudder ran through the Dean, his hair stood on end, his blood turned to ice. Again he essayed to move, to summon help; again he failed. The strain on his nerves proved more than he could bear. A sudden sensation of nausea surged through him; his eyes swam; his brain reeled; there was a loud buzzing in his ears; he knew no more. Some moments later one of the College servants arrived at the door with a bundle of letters, and on receiving no reply to his raps, entered.

“ ‘Good heavens! What’s the matter?’ he cried, gazing at the figure of the Dean, lolling head downward on the table. ‘Merciful Prudence, the gentleman is dead! No, he ain’t—some of the young gents will be sorry enough for that—he’s fainted.’

“The good fellow poured out some water an a tumbler, and was proceeding to sprinkle the Dean’s face with it, when, a noise attracting his attention, he peered round at the picture. It was bulging from the wall; it was falling! And, Good God, what was that that was falling with it—that huge black object? A coffin? No, not a coffin, but a corpse! The servant ran to the door shrieking, and, in less than a minute, passage and room were filled to overflowing with a scared crowd of enquiring officials and undergraduates.

What has happened? What’s the matter with the Dean? Has he had a fit, or what And the picture? And—Anderson? Anderson lying on the floor! Hurt? No, not hurt, dead! Murdered

“In an instant there was silence, and the white-faced throng closed in on one another as if for protection. In front of them, beside the fallen picture, lay the body of the most gay and popular student in the College—Bob Anderson—Bob Anderson with a stream of blood running from a deep incision in his back made with some sharp instrument, that had been driven home with tremendous force. He had, without doubt, been murdered. But by whom? Then one of the undergraduates, a bright, boyish, fair-haired giant, named O’Farroll, immensely popular both on account of his prowess in sport and an untold number of the most audacious escapades, spoke out:

“ ‘I saw Anderson, about an hour ago, crossing the quadrangle. I asked him where he was going, and he replied, “To old Kelly. I intend paying him out for ‘gating’ me last week.” I enquired how, and he replied: “I’ve a glorious plan. You know that portrait stuck over his mantel-shelf? Well! In poking about the room the other day, when the old man was out, I had a great find. Directly behind the picture is the door of a secret room, so neatly covered by the designs on the wall that it is not discernible. It was only by the merest fluke I discovered it. I was taking down the picture with the idea of “touching up” the face, when my knuckles bumped against the panels of the wall, touched a spring, and the door flew open, revealing an apartment about six by eight feet large. I at once explored it, and found it could be entered by the chimney. An idea then struck me—I would play a trick upon the Dean by hiding in this secret chamber one

evening while he was feeding, cutting out the eyes of the portrait, and peering through the cavities at him. And this,' O'Farroll continued, pointing at the fallen picture, 'is what he evidently did after I left him. You can see the eyes of the portrait have been removed.'

'That is so, shure,' one of the other undergraduates, Mick Maguire—six feet two in his socks, every inch—exclaimed. 'And, what is more, I knew all about it. Anderson told me yesterday what he was going to do, and I wanted to join him, but he said I would never get up the chimney, I would stick there. And, bedad, I think he was right.'

At this remark, despite the grimness of the moment, several of those present laughed.

" 'Come, come, gentlemen!' one of the officials cried, 'this is no time for levity. Mr. Anderson has been murdered, and the question is—by whom?'

" 'Then, if that's the only thing that is troubling you,' O'Farroll put in, 'I fancy the solution is right here at hand,' and he looked significantly at the Dean.

"An ominous silence followed, during which all eyes were fixed on John Kelly, some anxiously, some merely enquiringly, but not a few angrily, for Kelly, as I have said before, had made himself particularly obnoxious just then by his behaviour to the rowdier students; and, as has ever been the case at K., these formed no small portion of the community.

"The Dean hardly seemed to realize the situation. The dignity of office blinded him to danger.

" 'What do you mean?' he spluttered.. 'I know nothing of what happened to Mr. Anderson! Really, really, O'Farroll, your presumption is preposterous.'

" 'There was no one else in here but you and he, Mr. Kelly,' O'Farroll retorted coolly. 'It's only natural we should think you know something of what happened!'

On the arrival of the police who had been sent for somewhat reluctantly—for the prestige of the College at that date was very dear to all—the premises were thoroughly searched, and, no other culprit being found, first of all Dean Kelly was apprehended, and then, to make a good job of it, his accuser, Denis O'Farroll.

"All the College was agog with excitement. No one could believe the Dean was a murderer; and it was just as inconceivable to think O'Farroll had committed the deed. And yet if neither of them had killed Anderson, who in God's name had killed him?

"The night succeeding the affair, whilst the Dean and O'Farroll were still in jail awaiting the inquest, a party of undergraduates were discussing the situation in Maguire's rooms, when the door burst open, and into their midst, almost breathless with excitement, came a measly, bespectacled youth named Brady—Patrick Brady.

" 'I'm awfully sorry to disturb you fellows,' he stammered, 'but there have been odd noises just outside my room all the evening, and I've just seen a queer kind of dog, that vanished, God knows how. I—I—well, you will call me an ass, of course, but I'm afraid to stay there alone, and that's the long and short of it.'

" 'Begorra!' Maguire exclaimed, 'it can't be poor Bob's ghost already! What sort of noises were they

Noises like laughter!' Brady said. 'Loud peals of horrid laughter.'

" 'Someone trying to frighten you,' one of the undergrads observed, 'and faith, he succeeded. You are twice as white as any sheet.'

" 'It's ill-timed mirth, anyhow,' someone else put in, 'with Anderson's dead body upstairs. I'm for making an example of the blackguard.'

" 'And I,'— 'And I,' the others echoed.

"A general movement followed, and headed by Brady the procession moved to the north wing of the College. At that time, be it remembered, a large proportion of K. undergrads were in

residence—now it is otherwise. On reaching Brady's rooms the crowd halted outside and listened. For some time there was silence; and then a laugh—low, monotonous, unmirthful, metallic—coming as it were from some adjacent chamber, 'and so unnatural, so abhorring, that it held everyone spell-bound. It died away in the reverberations of the stone corridor, its echoes seeming to awake a chorus of other laughs hardly less dreadful. Again there was silence, no one daring to express his thoughts. Then, as if by common consent, all turned precipitately into Brady's room and slammed the door.

" 'That is what I heard,' Brady said. 'What does it mean?'

" 'Is it the meaning of it you're wanting to know?' Maguire observed. 'Sure 'tis the devil, for no one but him could make such a noise. I've never heard the like of it before. Who has the rooms on either side of you?'

" 'These?'" Brady replied, pointing to the right. 'No one. They were vacated at Easter, and are being repainted and decorated. These on the left—Dobson, who is, I happen to know, at the present moment in Co. Mayo. He won't be back till next week.'

" 'Then we can search them,' a student called Hartnoll intervened.

" 'To be sure we can,' Brady replied, 'but I doubt if you'll find anyone.'

"A search was made, and Brady proved to be correct. Not a vestige of anyone was discovered.

"Much mystified, Maguire's party was preparing to depart, when Hartnoll, who had taken the keenest interest in the proceedings, suddenly said, 'Who has the rooms over yours, Brady Sound, as you know, plays curious tricks, and it is just as likely as not that laugh came from above.'

" 'Oh, I don't think so,' Brady answered. 'The man overhead is Belton, a very decent sort. He is going in for his finals shortly, and is sweating fearfully hard at present. We might certainly ask him if he heard the noise.'

"The students agreeing, Brady led the way upstairs, and in response to their summons Belton hastily opened the door. He was a typical bookworm—thin, pale and rather emaciated, but with a pleasant expression in his eyes and mouth, that all felt was assuring.

" 'Hulloa!' he exclaimed, 'it isn't often I'm favoured with a surprise party of this sort. Come in'; and he pressed them so hard that they felt constrained to accept his hospitality, and before long were all seated round the fire, quaffing whisky and puffing cigars as if they meant to make a night of it. At two o'clock someone suggested that it was high time they thought of bed, and Belton rose with them.

Before we turn in, let's have another search,' he said. 'It's strange you should all hear that noise except me—unless, of course, it came from below.'

" 'But there's nothing under me,' Brady remarked, 'except the Dining Hall.'

" 'Then let's search that,' Belton went on. 'We ought to make a thorough job of it now we've once begun. Besides, I don't relish being in this lonely place with that laugh "knocking" around, any more than you do.'

"He went with them, and they completely overhauled the ground floor—hall, dining-room, studies, passages, vestibules, everywhere that was not barred to them; but they were no wiser at the end of their search than at the beginning; there was not the slightest clue as to the author of the laugh.

* * *

"On the morrow there was a fresh shock. One of the College servants, on entering Mr. Maguire's rooms to call him, found that gentleman half dressed and lying on the floor.

“Terrified beyond measure, the servant bent over him and discovered he was dead, obviously stabbed with the same weapon that had put an end to Bob Anderson.

“The factotum at once gave the alarm. Everyone in the College came trooping to the room, and for the second time within three days a general hue and cry was raised. All, again, to no purpose—the murderer had left no traces as to his identity. However, one thing at least was established, and that was the innocence of Dean Kelly and Denis O’Farroll. They were both liberated.

“Then Hartnoll, who seems to have been a regular Sherlock Holmes, got to work in grim earnest. On the floor in Maguire’s room he picked up a diminutive silver-topped pencil, which had rolled under the fender and had so escaped observation. He asked several of Maguire’s most intimate friends if they remembered seeing the pencil-case in Maguire’s possession, but they shook their heads. He enquired in other quarters, too, but with no better result, and finally resolved to ask Brady, who belonged to quite a different set from himself. With that object in view he set off to Brady’s room shortly after supper. As there was no response to his raps, he at length opened Brady’s door. In front of the hearth in a big easy chair sat a figure.

“ ‘Brady, by all that’s holy,’ Hartnoll exclaimed. By Jupiter, the beggar’s asleep. That’s what comes of swotting too hard! Brady!’

Approaching the chair he called again, ‘Brady!’ and getting no reply, patted the figure gently on the back.

“ ‘Be jabbers, you sleep soundly, old fellow!’ he said. ‘How about that!’ and he shook him heartily by the shoulder. The instant he let go the figure collapsed. In order to get a closer view Hartnoll then struck a light with the tinder box.

“The flickering of the candle flame fell on Brady’s face. It was white—ghastly white there was no animation in it; the jaw dropped.

“With a cry of horror Hartnoll sprang back, and as he did so a great yellow dog dashed across the hearth in front of him, whilst from somewhere close at hand came a laugh—long, low and satirical. A cold terror gripped Hartnoll, and for a moment or so he was on the verge of fainting. However, hearing voices in the quadrangle, he pulled himself together, approached the window on tiptoe, and, peering through the glass, perceived to his utmost joy two of his friends directly beneath him. ‘I say, you fellows,’ he called in low tones, ‘come up here quickly—Brady’s rooms. I’ve seen the phantom dog. There’s been another tragedy, and the murderer is close at hand. Come quietly and we may catch him!’

“He then retraced his steps to the centre of the room and listened. Again there came the laugh—subtle, protracted, hellish—and it seemed to him as if it must originate in the room overhead.

“A noise in the direction of the hearth made him look round. Some loose plaster had fallen, and whilst he still gazed, more fell. The truth of the whole thing then dawned on him. The murderer was in the chimney.

“Hartnoll was a creature of impulse. In the excitement of the moment he forgot danger, and the dastardly nature of the crimes gave him more than his usual amount of courage. He rushed at the chimney, and, regardless of soot and darkness, began an impromptu ascent.

“Half-way up something struck him—once, twice, thrice,—sharply, and there was a soft, malevolent chuckle.

At this juncture the two undergraduates arrived in Brady’s room. No one was there—nothing save a hunched-up figure on a chair.

“ ‘Hartnoll!’ they whispered. ‘Hartnoll!’ No reply. They called again—still no reply. Again and again they called, until at length, through sheer fatigue, they desisted, and seized with a sudden panic fled precipitately downstairs and out into the quadrangle.

“Once more the alarm was given, and once again the whole College, wild with excitement, hastened to the scene of the outrage.

“This time there was a double mystery. Brady had been murdered.—Hartnoll had disappeared. The police were summoned and the whole building ransacked; but no one thought of the chimney till the search was nearly over, and half the throng—overcome with fatigue—had retired. O’Farroll was the discoverer. Happening to glance at the hearth he saw something drop.

For Heaven’s sake, you fellows!’ he shouted. ‘Look! Blood! You may take it from me there’s a corpse in the chimney.’

“A dozen candles invaded the hearth, and a herculean policeman undertook the ascent. In breathless silence the crowd below waited, and, after a few seconds of intense suspense, two helpless legs appeared on the hob. Bit by bit, the rest of the body followed, until, at length, the whole figure of Hartnoll, black, bleeding, bloodstained, was disclosed to view.

“At first it was thought that he was dead; but the surgeon who had hurried to the scene pronouncing him still alive, there arose a tremendous cheer. The murderer had at all events been foiled this time.

“ ‘Begorrah!’ cried O’Farroll, ‘Hartnoll was after the murderer when he was struck, and shure I’ll be after him the same way myself.’ And before anyone could prevent him O’Farroll was up the chimney. Up, up, up, until he found himself going down, down, down; and then—bedad—he stepped right out on to the floor of Belton’s room.

“ ‘Hulloa!’ the latter exclaimed, looking not a bit disconcerted, that’s a curious mode of making your entrance into my domain! Why didn’t you come by the door?’

“ ‘Because,’ O’Farroll replied, pointing to a patch of soot near the washstand, ‘I followed you. Own up, Dicky Belton. You’re the culprit—you did for them all.’ And Belton laughed.

* * *

“Yes, it was true; overwork had turned Belton’s brain, and he was subsequently sent to a Criminal Lunatic Asylum for the rest of his life. But there were moments when he was comparatively sane, and in these interims he confessed everything. Anderson had told him that he was going to hoax the Dean, and filled with indignation at the idea of such a trick being played on a College official—for he, Belton, was a great favourite with the ‘Beaks’—he had accompanied Anderson on the plea of helping him, intending, in reality, to frustrate him. It was not till he was in the chimney, crouching behind Anderson, that the thought of killing his fellow-students had entered his mind. The heat of his biding-place, acting on an already overworked brain, hastened on the madness; and his fingers closing on a clasped knife in one of his pockets, inspired him with a desire to kill.

“The work once begun, he had argued with himself, would have to be continued, and he had then and there decided that all unruly undergraduates should be exterminated.

“With what measure of success this determination was carried out need not be recapitulated here; but with regard to the phantom dog a few Words may be added. Since it appeared immediately before the committal of each of the three murders I have just recorded (it was seen by Mr. Kelly before the death of Bob Anderson; by Brady, before the murder of Maguire; and by

Hartnoll, before Brady was murdered), I think there can neither be doubts as to its existence nor as to the purport of its visits.

“Moreover, its latest appearance in the University, reported to me quite recently, preceded a serious outbreak of fire.”

National Ghosts in the form of Dogs

One of the most notorious dog ghosts is the Gwyllgi in Wales. This apparition, which is of a particularly terrifying appearance, chiefly haunts the lane leading from Mousiad to Lisworney Crossways.

Belief in a spectral dog, however, is common all over the British Isles. The apparition does not belong to any one breed, but appears equally often as a hound, setter, terrier, shepherd dog, Newfoundland and retriever. In Lancashire it is called the “Trash” or “Striker”; Trash, because the sound of its tread is thought to resemble a person walking along a miry, sloppy road, with heavy shoes; Striker, because it is said to utter a curious screech which may be taken as a warning of the approaching death of some relative or friend. When followed the phantom retreats, glaring at its pursuer, and either sinks into the ground with a harrowing shriek, or disappears in some equally mysterious manner.

In Norfolk and Cambridgeshire this spectre is named the “Shuck,” the local name for Shag—and is reported to haunt churchyards and other dreary spots.

In the parish of Overstrand, there used to be a lane called “Shuck’s Lane,” named after this phantasm.

Round about Leeds the spectre dog is called “Padfoot,” and is about the size of a donkey, with shaggy hair and large eyes like saucers. My friend Mr. Barker tells me there was, at one time, a ghost in the Hebrides called the Lamper, which was like a very big, white dog with no tail. It ran sometimes straight ahead, but usually in circles, and to see it was a prognostication of death. Mr. Barker, going home by the sea-coast, saw the Lamper in the hedge. He struck at it, and his stick passed right through it. The Lamper rushed away, whining and howling alternately, and disappeared. Mr. Barker was so scared that he ran all the way home. On the morrow, he learned of his father’s death.

In Northumberland, Durham, and various parts of Yorkshire, the ghost-dog, which is firmly believed in, is styled Barguest, Bahrgeist, or Boguest; whilst in Lancashire it is termed the Boggart. Its most common form in these counties is a large, black dog with flaming eyes and its appearance is a certain prognostication of death.

According to tradition there was once a “Barguest” in a glen between Darlington and Houghton, near Throstlenest. Another haunted a piece of waste land above a spring called the Oxwells, between Wreghorn and Headingley Hill, near Leeds. On the death of any person of local importance in the neighbourhood the creature would come forth, followed by all the other dogs, barking and howling. (Henderson refers to these hauntings in his *Folk-lore of Northern Counties*.)

Another form of this animal spectre is the Capelthwaite, which, according to common report, had the power of appearing in the form of any quadruped, but usually chose that of a large, black dog.

“The Mauthe Doog”

One of the most famous canine apparitions is that of the “Mauthe Doog,” once said—and, I believe, still said—to haunt Peel Castle, Isle of Man.

Its favourite place, so I am told, was the guard-chamber, where it used to crouch by the fireside. The sentry, so the story runs, got so accustomed to seeing it, that they ceased to be afraid; but, as they believed it to be of evil origin, waiting for an opportunity to seize them, they were very particular what they said or did, and refrained from swearing in its presence. The Mauthe Doog used to come out and return by the passage through the church, by which the sentry on duty had to go to deliver the keys every night to the captain. These men, however, were far too nervous to go alone, and were invariably accompanied by one of the retainers. On one occasion, however, one of the sentinels, in a fit of drunken bravado, swore he was afraid of nothing, and insisted on going alone. His comrades tried to dissuade him, upon which he became abusive, cursed the Mauthe Doog, and said he would d—d well strike it. An hour later, he returned absolutely mad with horror, and speechless; nor could he even make signs, whereby his friends could understand what had happened to him. He died soon after—his features distorted—in violent agony. After this the apparition was never seen again.

As to what class of spirits the spectre dog belongs, that is impossible to say. At the most we can only surmise, and I should think the chances of its being the actual phantasm of some dead dog or an elemental are about equal. It is probably sometimes the one and sometimes the other; and its origin is very possibly like that of the Banshee.

Spectral Hounds

As with the spectre dog, so with packs of hounds, stories of them come from all parts of the country.

Gervase of Tilbury states that as long ago as the thirteenth century a pack of spectral hounds was frequently witnessed, on nights when the moon was full, scampering across forest and downs. In the twelfth century the pack was known as “the Herlething” and haunted, chiefly, the banks of the Wye.

Roby, in his *Traditions of Lancashire*; Hard-wick, in his *Traditions, Superstitions, and Folklore*; Homerton, in his *Isles of Loch Awe*; Wirt Sykes, in his *British Goblins*; Sir Walter Scott, and others, all refer to them. In the North of England they are known as “Gabriel’s Hounds”; in Devon as the “Wisk,” “Yesk,” “Yeth,” or “Heath Hounds”; in Wales as the “Cwn Annwn” or “Cyn y Wybr”; in Cornwall as the “Devil and his Dandy-Dogs”; and in the neighbourhood of Leeds as the “Gabble Retchets.” They are common all over the Continent. In appearance they are usually described as monstrous, human-headed dogs, black, with fiery eyes and teeth, and sprinkled all over with blood. They make a great howling noise, which is very shrill and mournful, and appear to be in hot pursuit of some unseen quarry. When they approach a house, it may be taken as a certain sign someone in that house will die very shortly.

According to Mr. Roby, a spectre huntsman known by the name Gabriel Ratchets, accompanied by a pack of phantom hounds, is said to hunt a milk-white doe round the Eagle’s Crag in the Vale of Todmorden every All Hallows Eve.

These hounds were also seen in Norfolk. A famous ecclesiast, when on his way to the coast, was forced to spend the night in the King’s Lynn Inn, owing to a violent snowstorm. Retiring to

bed directly after supper, he tried to forget his disappointment in reading a volume of sermons he had bought at a second-hand shop in Bury St. Edmunds.

"I think I can use this one," he said to himself. "It will do nicely for the people of Aylesham. They are so steeped in hypocrisy that nothing short of violent denunciation will bring it home to them. This I think, however, will pierce even their skins."

A sudden noise made him spring up.

"Hounds!" he exclaimed. "And at this time of night! Good heavens!"

He flew to the window, and there, careering through the yard, baying as they ran, were, at least, fifty luminous, white hounds. Instead of leaping the stone wall, they passed right through it, and the bishop then realized that they were Gabriel Hounds. The following evening he received tidings of his son's—his only son's—death.

I have heard that the "Yeth Hounds" were seen, not so long ago, in a parish in Yorkshire by an old poacher called Barnes. Barnes was walking in the fields one night, when he suddenly heard the baying of the hounds, and the hoarse shouts of the huntsman. The next moment the whole pack hove in view and tore past him so close that he received a cut from "the whip" on his leg. To his surprise, however, it did not hurt him, it only felt icy cold. He then knew that he had seen the "Yeth Hounds."

Spectral Pack of Hounds in Russia

A gentleman of the name of Rappaport whom I once met in Southampton told me of an experience he had once had with a spectral pack of hounds on the slope of the Urals. "It was about half-past eleven one winter's night," he said, "and I was driving through a thick forest, when my coachman suddenly leaned back in his seat and called out, 'Do you hear that?' I listened, and from afar came a plaintive, whining sound. 'It's not Volki, is it?' I asked. 'I'm afraid so, master,' the coachman replied, 'they're coming on after us.'

"'But they are some way off still!' I said.

"'That is so,' he responded, 'but wolves run quick, and our horses are tired. If we can reach the lake first we shall be all right, but should they overtake us before we get there—' and he shrugged his great shoulders suggestively. 'Not another word,' I cried. 'Drive—drive as if 'twere the devil himself. I have my rifle ready, and will shoot the first wolf that shows itself.'

"'Very good, master,' he answered. 'I will do everything that can be done to save your skin and mine.' He cracked his whip, and away flew the horses at a breakneck speed. But fast as they went, they could not outstrip the sound of the howling, which gradually drew nearer and nearer, until around the curve we had just passed shot into view a huge gaunt wolf. I raised my rifle and fired. The beast fell, but another instantly took its place, and then another and another, till the whole pack came into sight, and close behind us was an ocean of white, tossing, foam-flecked jaws and red gleaming eyes.

"I emptied my rifle into them as fast as I could pull the trigger, but it only checked them momentarily. A few snaps, and of their wounded brethren there was nothing left but a pile of glistening bones. Then, he away, and they were once again in red-hot pursuit. At last our pace slackened, and still I could see no signs of the lake. A great grey shape, followed by others, then rushed by us and tried to reach the horses' flanks with their sharp, gleaming teeth. A few more seconds, and I knew we should be both fighting, back to back, the last great fight for existence. Indeed I had ceased firing, and was already beginning to strike out furiously with the butt end of my rifle, wherra new sound arrested my attention. The baying of dogs! 'Dogs!' I screamed,

‘Dogs, Ivan!’ (that was the coachman’s name) ‘Dogs!’ and, in my mad joy, I brained two wolves in as many blows. The next moment a large pack of enormous white hounds came racing down on us. The wolves did not wait to dispute the field; they all turned tail and, with loud howls of terror, rushed off in the direction they had come. On came the hounds—more beautiful dogs I had never seen; as they swept by, more than one brushed against my knees, though I could feel nothing save intense cold. When they were about twenty yards ahead of us, they slowed down, and maintained that distance in front of us till we arrived on the shores of the lake. There they halted, and throwing back their heads, bayed as if in farewell, and suddenly vanished. We knew then that they were no earthly hounds, but spirit ones, sent by a merciful Providence to save us from a cruel death.”