

**TALES FROM
"BLACKWOOD"; BEING THE
MOST FAMOUS SERIES OF
STORIES EVER PUBLISHED;**

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Tales from "Blackwood"; being the most famous series of stories ever published; by H. Chalmers Roberts

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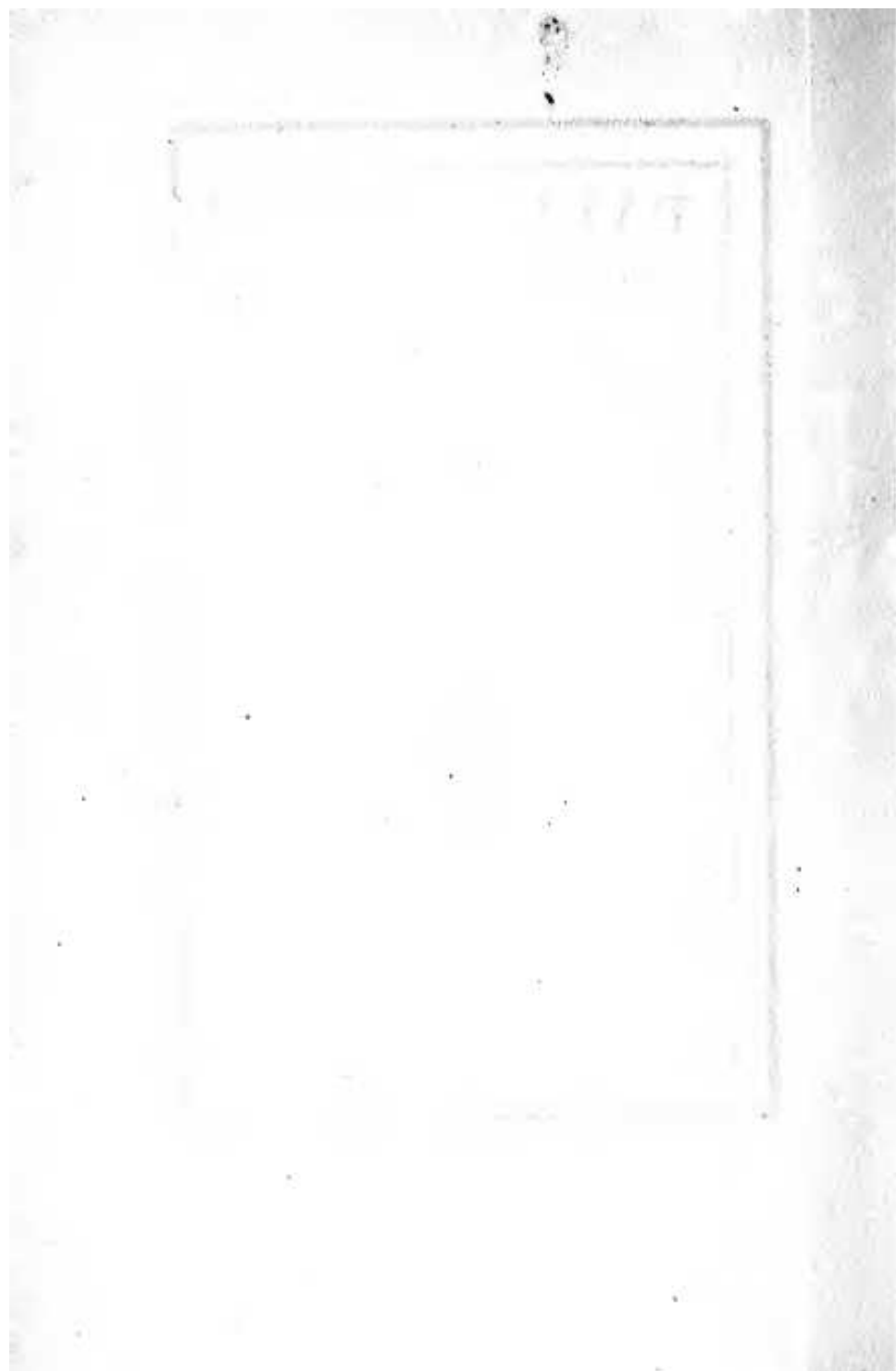
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H. CHALMERS ROBERTS

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TALES FROM
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Being the most Famous Series
of Stories ever Published
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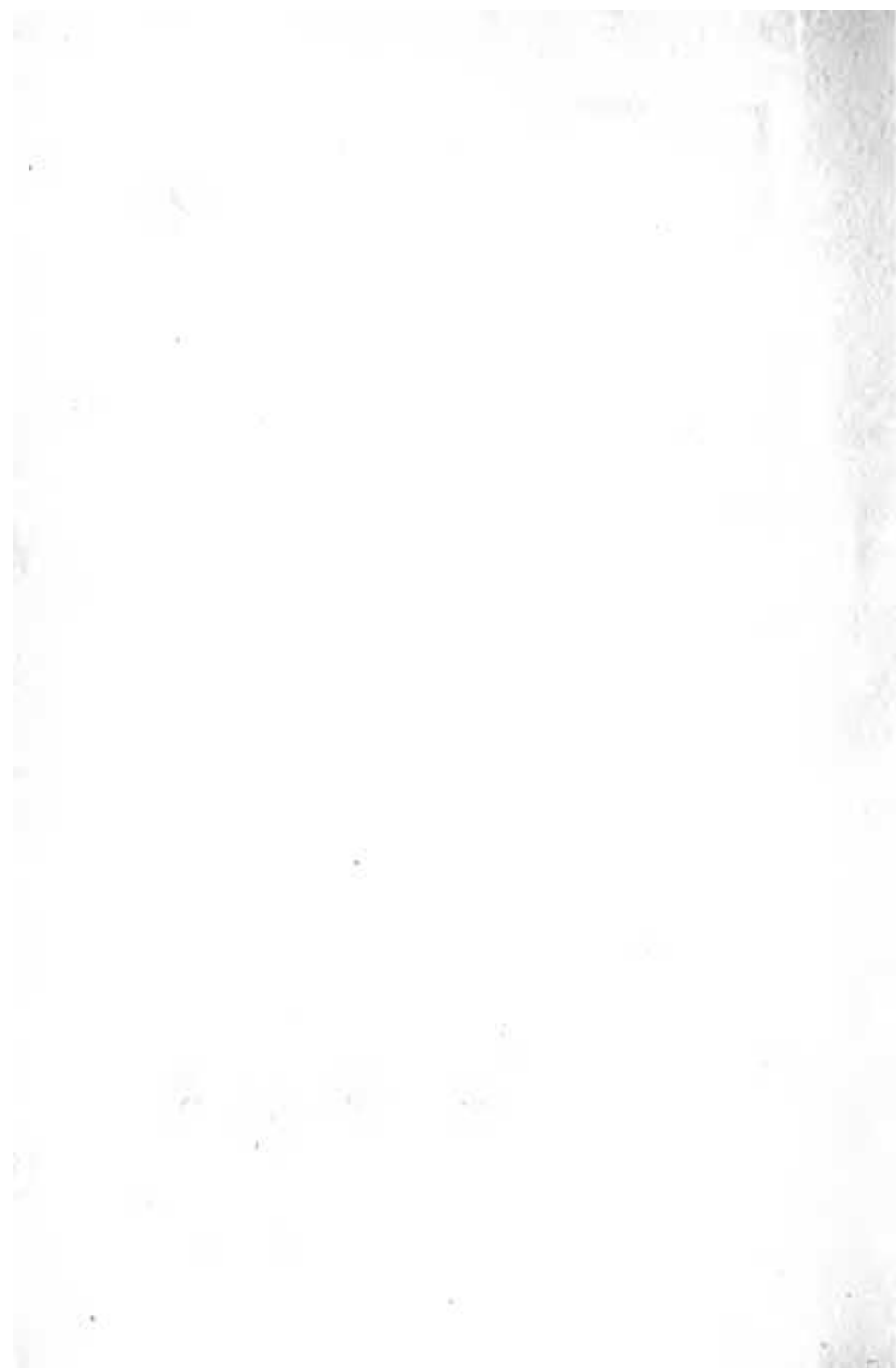
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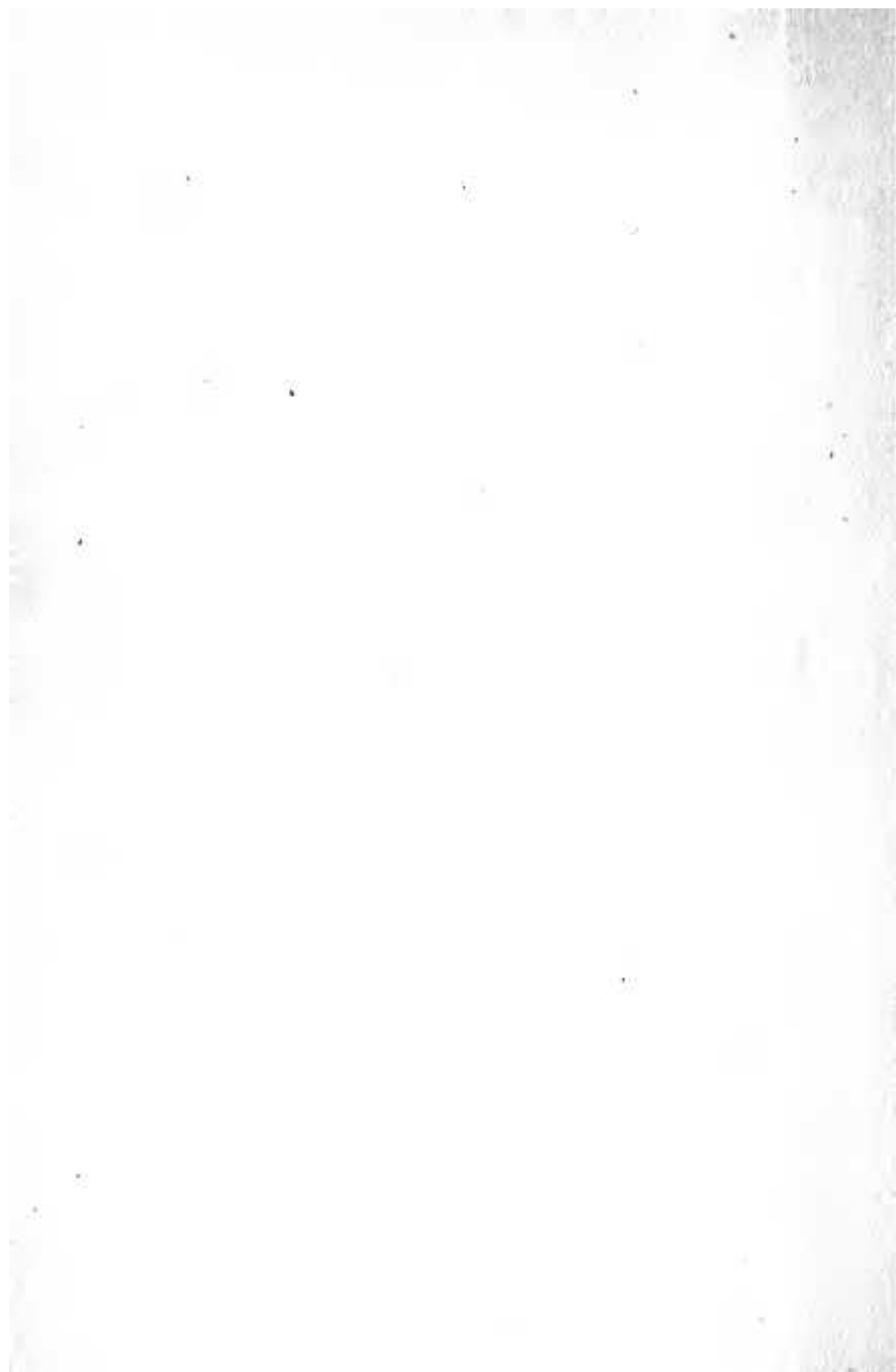
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TALES FROM "BLACKWOOD."



A MEDIUM OF LAST CENTURY.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL W. G. HAMLEY,

LATE ROYAL ENGINEERS.

ONE evening last spring my friend Clifton and I found ourselves at his fireside enjoying a bottle of West India Madeira. We had had a pouring wet day with the hounds, no kill, and *such* a ride home! So, there being nothing in the day's adventures to think or talk over with pleasure, we had both been out of sorts since half-past five o'clock, had come in to dinner in anything but high spirits, and had conversed chiefly in monosyllables during the repast. But the nice cosy dinner, and the good wine (Clifton's wines are undeniable), had operated powerfully during three-quarters of an hour, to bring us into something of a genial humour; and by the time the butler had retreated, and we were comfort-

ably arranged flanking the fire, our spirits were raised a little, and our tongues loosed. The rainy day had been followed by a stormy evening. We could hear the hail driven every now and then against the windows with startling violence; the wind roared in the chimneys and howled among the trees, whose branches gave out agonised creaks in the strong gusts. The fireside was decidedly the right place to be in just then. "This is pleasanter than Moscow," said Clifton, with the first attempt at a smile that either of us had made since we sat down. "Decidedly so," I answered; "pleasanter than any other place I can think of at this moment." "Just my idea," replied he. "That row outside—I shall be sure to find some trees down in the morning, but never mind—that row in some way or another greatly enhances the comfort of the hearth. I am glad I told Millett to turn down the lights."

"Yes, the glow of the fire seems the right thing. Lots of shadows and all sorts of unearthly noises. Just the time when one gets into a credulous mood, and can take in tales such as bards

‘ In sage and solemn tunes have sung
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant that meets the ear.’”

"By Jove! yes. Do you believe in ghosts? I can't say I don't; and I don't know that I very distinctly do."