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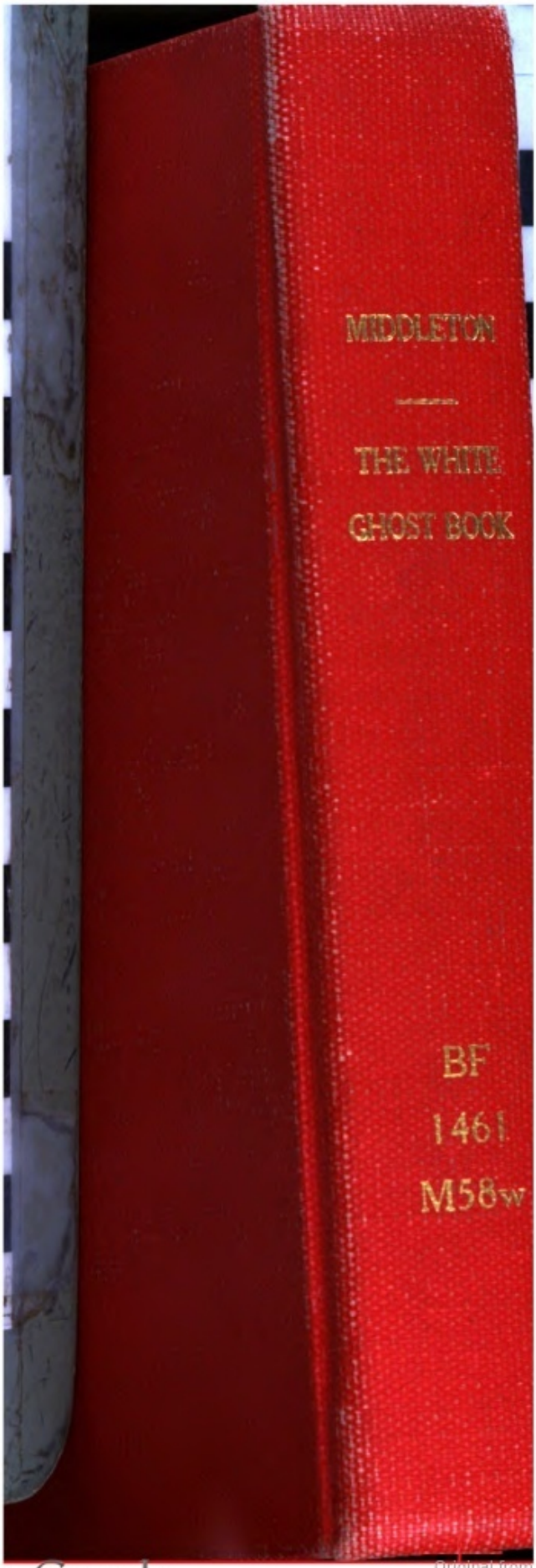

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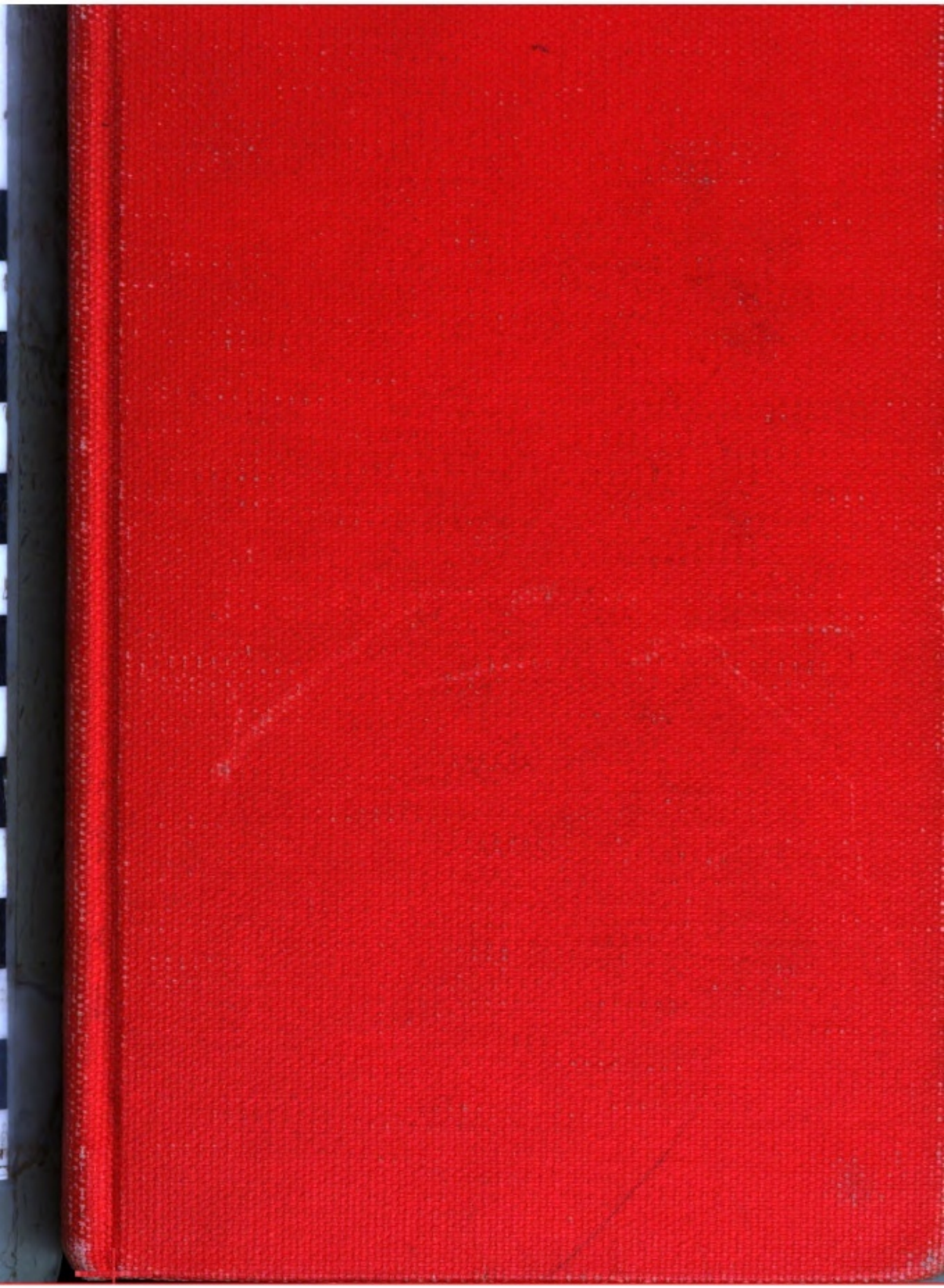

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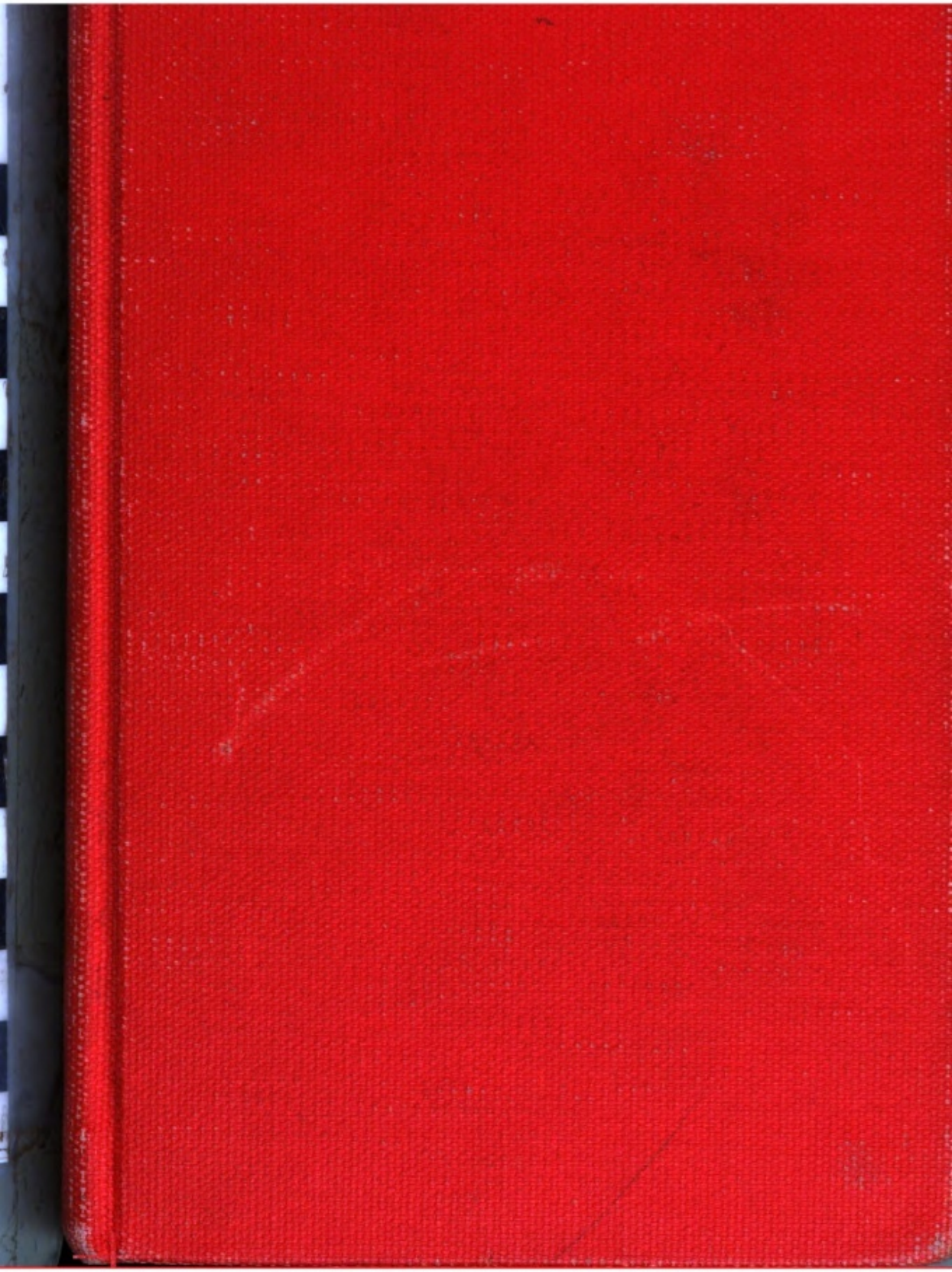

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THE WHITE GHOST BOOK

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Photographing a Ghost

A spirit form is clearly visible against the "sitter's" clothing
(*see* page 5)

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The
White Ghost Book

BY

JESSIE ADELAIDE MIDDLETON

Illustrated with Four Ghost Photographs and other Plates

CASSELL AND COMPANY, LTD
London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne

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FOREWORD

THE war has quickened the latent spiritual life of the nation and aroused new interest in the supernatural. Many instances of apparitions, prophetic dreams, and other phenomena have been reported since the war began, and even those who do not actually profess to believe, admit that the subject is peculiarly fascinating.

A few years ago it was considered old-fashioned and ridiculous to believe in ghosts; now it is old-fashioned not to believe in them. Every day brings us fresh proof and well-founded instances. We hear of marvellous cases of second sight. We are told that on the field of battle the dead fight with the living, and that a place is kept for them in the ranks. People who used to laugh at the mention of anything occult now allow that "there must be something in it, after all."

In publishing the third of my trilogy of ghost books, I have to thank the Press and my readers for much past kindness. I have had letters from all parts of the world and from all kinds of people, some with welcome offers of the writers' own experiences, others giving me additional facts about, or confirmation of, stories I have already written; others, again, asking me if I know that such and such a place is haunted, or that such and such a famous person

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has seen a ghost. All this, coming from strangers, has helped and encouraged me greatly.

The stories that follow are all well authenticated, if not all new. Those that bear real names and addresses—and a number of them do—are of special value, but unfortunately the reluctance to give their real names in print on the part of people I have interviewed has compelled me to withhold names in some cases. Every writer of ghost stories is faced with the same difficulty. Fortunately, in the present collection I am allowed to mention real names in connection with some of the most important stories.

I write as a believer and a serious investigator, and my chief object is to interest my readers. I lay no claim to deep, scientific knowledge. I simply collect facts and evidence of all kinds.

My thanks are due to the Editor of the *Sporting and Dramatic News* for kind permission to republish Mr. W. H. Pollock's interesting story; and to Mr. Ralph Shirley, Editor of the *Occult Review*, for kind permission to include Andrew Merry's story, and "The Phantom House," which appeared serially in that journal; also to those who have allowed me to give their names and addresses; to Frank Hamel, author of "Human Animals"; to Mrs. M. Chester Ffoulkes; and to many correspondents and interested readers who have kindly written me.

JESSIE A. MIDDLETON

LONDON, 1916

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THE WHITE GHOST BOOK

PHOTOGRAPHING A GHOST

I AM well aware that there is a great deal of fraud in so-called "spirit photography," and I have had in my hands photographs of so-called spirits —generally standing well behind the figures of those they are supposed to control—whose obvious art-muslin draperies (supposed to represent the orthodox costumes worn by departed spirits) would not deceive anyone but a person of weak mind or one highly susceptible to trickery.

But instances of genuine ghost photography are by no means rare, and I have seen several fine specimens.

On one occasion, when on a visit to Temple Newsam, the seat of Lord Halifax, Mr. Fletcher Moss, of the Old Parsonage, Didsbury, the well-known President of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society, had a most interesting experience.

In one of the rooms at Temple Newsam, Lord Darnley was born. The room is hung with portraits of his wife, Mary Queen of Scots, and of their son, James I., and contains a wonderful bed and other beautiful old furniture.

Mr. Fletcher Moss and his companion, whom he

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calls "X," took several beautiful photographs of the interior of the house.

"We wondered," he says, "whether there were any ghosts behind the hangings, or the pictures, or the panelling, but they were not likely to show themselves in broad daylight. One of them seems to have been watching us, for when X printed the photograph of the room where Darnley was born, he was delighted to find he had at last photographed a ghost without knowing it.

"There is the face of an old man sitting in the chair by the fire. Who is it? Darnley and his father, and his father's father, his wife (the Queen), and most of her kindred, all had violent deaths. Who sits there watching us? It's a ghostly room."

The photograph in question was originally reproduced in Mr. Fletcher Moss's most interesting series, "Pilgrimages to Old Homes," Vol. V.; and, thanks to his—and Lord Halifax's—courtesy, I am privileged again to reproduce it here (*see* p. 80).

The original, untouched photograph shows very clearly the face of the ghost of an old man, in the armchair by the fireplace. The author of the book is a Justice of the Peace for Lancaster, an Alderman of the City of Manchester, and President of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society, and is certainly the last man in the world to authorise the reproduction of a "faked" ghost photograph in his book.

I have submitted this account to him, and he has kindly read it and allowed me to use the incident from his book.

* * * * *

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Another strange case of ghost-photography was reported in the *Sunday Times*, *Lloyd's Weekly*, and other papers in February, 1916, as follows:

> A strange story is told concerning the funeral of a Grenadier Guardsman, named Jonathan Owen, in the mining village of Risca, Monmouthshire.
>
> The soldier came home wounded from France, and died recently at Harrogate. He was buried in the cemetery of his native village in the same grave as his little daughter, who had just predeceased him.
>
> After the funeral, the relatives thought they would like a photograph of the grave, which was abundantly embowered in foliage and flowers. Then an amazing thing occurred. When the plate was developed the photograph revealed the faces of Owen and his little girl looking out from the foliage.
>
> They are both, it is stated, plainly visible, and the resemblance is convincing.
>
> This mystifying incident has created great excitement throughout the district, and is being investigated by spiritualists and those interested in psychical research.

I myself have investigated this matter, and have found the facts to be as stated above. In the following week's issue of the *Sunday Times* appeared a letter giving a suggested explanation.

* * * * *

Again, when collecting material for one of my books I was offered a very weird photograph to illustrate

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one of the stories which dealt with the ghost of a gigantic monk. The story gave details of how and when the photograph was taken, in the haunted room, and I had the picture in my possession for some time, intending to reproduce it in the book. My publisher decided, however, not to have illustrations, so I could not use it, but happily I am able to reproduce it here (*see* p. 32). It was taken in dramatic circumstances in an old manor house in the West of England.*

It shows the ghost most clearly—tall and grim, with a most malignant face—and the panelling of the room is plainly visible through him.

* * * * *

On page 208 is a really extraordinary photograph which I am fortunately able to reproduce.

The photographer—an amateur—while taking some views of an old farm-house, not far from Acton, "snapped" the farmer, with his wife and family who posed to him for a group in front of the house. Two snapshots were taken, at an interval of a few minutes, and when, later in the day, the photographer developed the films, he saw, to his astonishment, that, in one of them, a face appeared peeping out from a window of the house.

He could not understand this, because he knew there was no one in the house at the time, and, further, that the room in question was entirely empty and locked up, quite unfurnished save for the curtains in the window. Yet, on the film appeared the

* I have told the story in full in "The Grey Ghost Book," p. 77.

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portrait of an elderly woman, in a white cap, looking out of the window on the left-hand side of the door.

Now, the room in question was unused on account of its having the reputation of being haunted. The portrait was that of the ghost.

* * * * *

The photograph which forms the frontispiece to this book was taken in the following circumstances :—

On May 15th, 1905, a photographer living in a small market town took a photograph of a working-man, whom we will call Warner. The plate used was the first out of a new packet, and there was nobody present except the photographer and his sitter. None of the people concerned were spiritualists, and nothing out of the common was seen or expected. Four days later, on the 19th, the plate was developed, and then it was found that, on the left of the sitter's handkerchief, there was a man's face distinctly to be seen. His turn-down collar and tie came out very clearly ; while, lower down, appeared his watch-chain ; and, lower still—a little above the sitter's knee—his hand, with white cuff, showed very plainly.

The face was unmistakably that of Warner's cousin, who at the time was lying in hospital, fifteen or twenty miles away, suffering from a gunshot wound, from the effects of which he died a few days later.

The photograph of him was recognised by his mother and other witnesses who knew him. There was no flaw in the plate, and he had never at any time been photographed by the photographer who took the portrait. Indeed, the latter had previously

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been unacquainted with Warner, and never even knew of his cousin's existence.

The photographer has affirmed on oath that the negative had not been "faked," and the Rev. W. Romney, in whose church his brother was choir-master, and who was well acquainted with the family, has absolute confidence in his honesty and veracity.

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GHOSTS SEEN BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

NAPOLEON I.—LORD BROUGHAM—LADY CHATTERTON—LORD ERSKINE—SIR ALBERT FYTCH—THE HON. G. F. BERKELEY

IN writing about well-known people who have seen ghosts, I am reminded of one of my relatives who wrote to ask me if I knew that the Rev. Charles Kingsley believed in ghosts and actually had seen one, and did I know the story? I did, for Charles Kingsley told it himself in one of his letters:

"Of Button-cap—I knew him well. He used to walk across the room in flopping slippers, and turn over the leaves of books to find the missing deed, whereof he had defrauded the orphan and the widow. Nobody ever saw him; but in spite of that he wore a flowered dressing-gown and a cap with a button on it. Sometimes he turned cross and played Polter-geist, as the Germans say, rolling the barrels in the cellar with surprising noise, which was undignified. So he was always ashamed of himself, and put them all back in their places before morning. I believe he is gone now. . . .

"Perhaps someone had been laying phosphoric paste about, and he ate thereof, and ran down to the pond, and drank till he burst. He was Rats."

And so the story of old Button-cap was exploded. All the same, many well-known people have seen

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ghosts, and have recorded their experiences. Two Lord Chancellors—Lord Brougham and Lord Erskine—are among the number whose ghost-stories, told in their own words, are given here. Lord Castlereagh saw "The Radiant Boy," the famous ghost of Corby Castle. Sir Robert Peel saw a ghost, so did Lord Byron, and so did Mozart. General Garfield, the poet Shelley, Goethe, Napoleon, all saw apparitions.

Napoleon's ghost story, told by General Montholon—his companion in exile—is as follows:

"The Emperor was pretty calm during the night, until about four in the morning, when he said to me with extraordinary emotion, 'I have just seen my good Josephine, but she would not embrace me; she disappeared at the moment when I was about to take her in my arms. She was seated then. It seemed to me that I had seen her yesterday evening; she had not changed; still the same—full of devotion to me. She told me that we were about to see each other again, never more to part. She assured me that. Did you see her?'

"I took great care not to say anything which might increase the feverish excitement, too plainly evident to me. I gave him his potion and changed his linen, and he fell asleep. But on waking he again spoke of the Empress Josephine, and I should only have uselessly irritated him by telling him it was 'only a dream.'"

How often the expression "it was only a dream" is used to explain away any kind of vision or apparition! Dreams can account for much, but I prefer

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to believe that the spirit of the Empress Josephine hovered round the dying Emperor and appeared to him at the last.

* * * * *

In collecting material for my ghost books I am always specially glad to include these instances of ghosts seen by well-known and distinguished people, who have not been afraid boldly to confess their own experiences. I have related many cases of the kind, but have not so far included the Brougham ghost-story, which, although much talked of years ago, may be new to many of my readers.

Henry, Lord Brougham and Vaux, became a member of the Whig Ministry under Earl Grey, on the fall of the Wellington Ministry in November, 1830, as Lord Chancellor of England. He took part with Earl Grey in carrying through the great Reform Bill of 1832, and was the founder of the *Edinburgh Review*. He was Attorney-General for Queen Caroline, and defended her at her trial; was Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and held many other distinguished positions. On his retirement from the Woolsack he published many literary works, and, like Disraeli, he brought his contemporaries, slightly veiled, into a novel.

During his travels in Norway he not only saw a ghost, but wrote down the facts in his journal afterwards, with a subsequent comment in 1862. In his travels he was accompanied by Charles Stuart, eldest son of Sir Charles Stuart, who was the fourth son of John, third Earl of Bute. Mr. Stuart was not only his travelling companion but the most intimate friend

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he ever had. Lord Brougham records his experience as follows:

"December 19. We set out from Gottenburg at nine, determining to make for Norway, in the almost certain expectation of finding a vessel there for some part in Scotland. At Kongelf we stopped to eat some of our cold provisions, and then continued our journey in the dark.

"At one in the morning, arriving at a decent hotel (in Sweden), we decided to stop for the night, and found a couple of comfortable rooms. Tired with the cold of yesterday, I was glad to take advantage of a hot bath before I turned in. And here a most remarkable thing happened to me—so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning.

"After I left the High School, I went with G——, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the University. There was no divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects—among others, on the immortality of the soul and on a future state. This question, and the possibility—I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, *written with our blood*, to the effect that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of 'the life after death.'

"After we had finished our classes at the college G—— went to India, having got an appointment

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in the Civil Service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten him. Moreover, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard anything of them, or of him through them, so that all the old schoolboy intimacy had died out, and I had nearly forgotten his existence.

"I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath, and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat after the late freezing I had undergone, I turned my head round, looking towards the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get out of the bath. On the chair sat G——, looking calmly at me.

"How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was that had taken the likeness of G——, had disappeared. This vision produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it, even to Stuart; but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten, and so strongly was I affected by it that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, 19th December, and all the particulars as they are now fresh before me.

"No doubt I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream, I cannot for a minute doubt. Yet for years I had had no communication with G——, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection; nothing had taken place during our Swedish travels either associated with G—— or with India, or with anything relating to him, or to any member of his

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family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion, and the bargain we had made.

"I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G—— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as proof of a future state; yet all the while I felt convinced that the whole was a dream, and so painfully vivid, and so unfading was the impression that I could not bring myself to talk of it, or to make the slightest allusion to it.

"I finished dressing, and as we had all agreed to make an early start I was ready by six o'clock, the hour of our early breakfast."

On October 16th, 1862, Lord Brougham added:

"I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream. *Certissima mortis imago!* And now to finish the story, begun above sixty years since.

"Soon after my return to Edinburgh there arrived a letter from India, announcing G——'s death, and stating that he had died on December 19th. Singular coincidence! Yet when one reflects on the vast number of dreams which, night after night, pass through our brains, the number of coincidences between the vision and the event are perhaps fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chances would warrant us to expect. Nor is it surprising, considering the variety of our thoughts in sleep, and that they all bear some analogy to the affairs of life, that a dream should sometimes coincide with a contemporaneous or even a future event. This

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is not much more wonderful than that a person whom we had no reason to expect should appear to us at the very moment we had been thinking or speaking of him. So common is this that it has for ages grown into the proverb: 'Speak of the devil . . .'

"I believe every seeming miracle is, like every ghost story, capable of explanation."

Lord Brougham then goes on to tell the story of Lord Lyttelton's ghost (it is related in full detail in my "Grey Ghost Book"), which he says his father told, but coupled with his entire conviction that it was either a pure invention or the accidental coincidence of a dream with the event. The evidence in favour of Lord Lyttelton's strange experience being a genuine visitation from the spirit world is, however, far too strong for it to be explained away as a "coincidence."

* * * * *

Lady Chatterton, who had the following remarkable experiences, was the daughter of the Rev. Lascelles Iremonger, prebendary of Winchester Cathedral and vicar of Goodnorth Clutford, near Andover, Hants. At the end of her first season in London she married Sir William Chatterton. She had the privilege of meeting most of the interesting people of her time, and has left on record a charming account of them.

One evening, when she was dining with Lockhart and his daughter, the conversation turned on ghosts. It was a very pleasant dinner party, the guests being "a set of wits and remarkable people,"

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but after the company had left, her host persuaded her to stay on and relate her ghost story to him. Lockhart told her he had the greatest wish to believe in the existence of ghosts, as showing the reality of a spiritual world, and he made her write down an account of her experiences. This she did, and her story is told in her "Memoirs," edited by her second husband, Edward Heneage Dering, published in 1878. Here is the experience in Lady Chatterton's own words:

"I could scarcely have been four years old when we were staying at Sherborne Castle, an old place belonging to Lord Digley, in Dorsetshire. It was built by Sir Walter Raleigh, and is situated on a height overlooking a large piece of water, with the ruins of an older castle on the farther bank.

"The castle was so full on our arrival that my old Scotch nurse and I were put into a large room, which I afterwards heard was said to be the haunted room. Nobody would sleep in it, and strange noises were heard at night to come from it. My nurse did not know this at the time, nor did my mother.

"My impression is that I was much pleased to find myself in this large room, for it was on the third storey, and the views from its windows over the beautiful terrace garden, which sloped down to the water and the ruined castle beyond, enchanted me.

"I slept in a little cot which had been placed close to a large, old-fashioned bed of carved oak with red velvet curtains, where my nurse slept. In the middle of the night I was awoke by a brilliant

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light that shone upon the wall. As I looked wonderingly at it, figures of men fighting seemed to pass over it, like the reflections produced by a magic lantern. Groups of figures passed to and fro, shouting as they advanced and retreated. The colours were very vivid; I saw red coats and black, and flashing of firearms, and heard horrible noises.

"I was very much frightened, and looked round to my nurse for help. She was sitting up in bed, and to my still greater horror I saw she was not awake, but her eyes were fixed, though she seemed to be making signs to the figures, talking to them and motioning them to go away, while they were yelling and quarrelling.

"I could neither cry out nor move—I was so frightened; but continued to look at the strange appearance. Suddenly it vanished, and all was dark and silent. A feeling of horror and dread, which I still feel when I happen to think of it, kept me awake until the day dawned through the window curtains, when I went to sleep. I never mentioned this horrible scene to my nurse, nor to anybody else, till many years afterwards, when I told her about it, and asked if she had any recollection of it. She answered that she had not.

"We often stayed at Sherborne Castle afterwards, but I never heard of anyone being put into that room to sleep. It was directly over the one my mother generally had, and one night she was roused by a violent knocking overhead. She described it as of dead bodies falling or being thrown about on the floor overhead. My father heard it too, and as there was a little turret staircase that wound up to the floor

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above out of their room, he determined to go and see what it could be.

"He lighted a candle and ascended the narrow winding staircase. He found the door of this large mysterious room open, but no one was in it. He had the courage (as I afterwards thought) to pass through the room and went out at the other door, which opened on the great staircase, and came down again to my mother. The strange noises had ceased, and they never heard them again.

"I often went into that haunted room when I was staying there afterwards. I used to stand near the large, carved oak bedstead, just where my little cot had been, and try to account for the strange effect I remembered so well. The vision or appearance had been on the wall opposite the windows, and I tried to fancy that the moonlight could have shone in and produced some kind of pattern on the wall. But the paper on it was a kind of dull green with a very slight pattern, and I remembered that the dark red damask curtains of the windows had been drawn, so that had the moon been shining no light could have come in, except through some small crevices, and this could not have formed the large vision all along the breadth of the wall, nor the lurid light that awoke me out of my sleep."

* * * * *

On another occasion Lady Chatterton had a mysterious experience, this time at Prebendary House, Winchester. Her mother had been rather ill, but was then convalescent; and she had left her in the drawing room in excellent spirits and

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gone to bed. Awaking in the night, she saw reflected on the white curtains of her bed the figure of her mother, dreadfully pale, lying on her bed with blood flowing from her lips. She touched the curtain, but still the vision remained, although the curtain moved to and fro as she touched it. Throwing on a cloak she rushed to her mother's room and found her just as she had seen her on the curtain, with the sheet covered with blood and two doctors in attendance.

Her mother was delighted to see her, although too ill to speak, and pressed her hand. One of the doctors said that all danger was now over, he hoped, and that her mother had not sent for her because, knowing that she had gone to bed early with a cold, she did not wish her to be disturbed.

Lady Chatterton adds that although these were the only two occasions when she has seen any phenomena, she often had positive perceptions of the danger or death of dear friends.

* * * * *

Lord Erskine, youngest son of the tenth Earl of Buchan, began his career as a midshipman on board H.M.S. *Tartar*, and next bought a commission in the second battalion of the 1st Royal Regiment of Foot. He afterwards decided to go to the Bar, and rose to be Lord Chancellor. The following ghost story is related in his own words:

"When I was a very young man, I had been for some time absent from Scotland. On the morning of my arrival in Edinburgh, as I was descending

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the steps of a close, on coming out from a book-seller's shop, I met an old family butler.

"He looked greatly changed—grey, wan, and shadowy as a ghost. 'Eh, old boy,' I said, 'what brings you here?' He replied: 'To meet your honour and solicit your interference with my lord to recover a sum due to me, which the steward at the last settlement did not pay.'

"Struck by his looks and manner, I bade him follow me to the bookseller's, into whose shop I stepped back; but when I turned round to speak to him he had vanished.

"I remembered that his wife carried on some little trade in the Old Town. I remembered even the house or flat she occupied, which I had often visited in my own boyhood. Having made it out, I found the old woman in widow's mourning. Her husband had been dead for some months, and had told her, on his deathbed, that my father's steward had wronged her of some money, but that when Master Tom returned he would see her righted.

"This I promised to do, and shortly after I fulfilled my promise. The impression was indelible."

Lord Erskine's story can be found in Lady Morgan's "Book of the Boudoir."

In this entertaining book, Lady Morgan gives her first impressions of Lord Erskine, with whom she kept up a correspondence until his death. She had long wished to know him, and had made a hero of him; but when her dream was realised and she met the famous Lord Chancellor, she admits that she was disappointed to find "that he spoke like

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other persons, was a thin, middle-aged gentleman, and wore a brown wig!" However, in spite of this disenchantment, she fell under the spell of his personal magnetism. One day they met at an "elegant salon" of the day, much frequented by the most distinguished members of the Upper and Lower Houses.

Lord Erskine, the Duchess of G——, and Lady Morgan as guests were talking together, and the conversation turned on ghosts and second sight, in the latter of which both Lord Erskine and the Duchess acknowledged their belief. Lady Morgan expressed her surprise at such "superstition," and was promptly snubbed by the Duchess, who afterwards, to convert her, related a curious and romantic tale of second sight in her own family.

Not to be outdone, Lord Erskine thereupon related the above incident, which, as Lady Morgan adds, he evidently believed from the way in which he told it.

* * * * *

Lieut.-General Sir Albert Fytch, C.S.I., Chief Commissioner of British Burma and agent to the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, related the following ghost story in his "Burma, Past and Present," which he dedicated to his cousin, Lord Tennyson:

"A remarkable incident occurred to me at Maulmain, which made a deep impression upon my imagination.

"Believers in the supernatural are laughed at in these days of material science; ghost stories are

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specially derided. And yet, whilst I was residing at Maulmain I saw a ghost with my own eyes in broad daylight, of which I could make an affidavit.

"I had an old schoolfellow, who was afterwards a college friend, with whom I had lived in the closest intimacy. Years, however, passed away without our seeing each other. One morning I had just got out of bed and was dressing myself when suddenly my old friend entered the room. I greeted him warmly, told him to call for a cup of tea in the veranda, and promised to be with him immediately.

"I dressed myself in all haste and went out into the veranda, but found no one there. I could not believe my eyes. I called to the sentry who was posted in front of the house, but he had seen no strange gentleman that morning. The servants also declared that no such person had entered the house. I was certain I had seen my friend. I was not thinking about him at the time; yet I was not taken by surprise, as steamers and other vessels were frequently arriving in Maulmain.

"A fortnight afterwards news arrived that he had died, six hundred miles off, about the very time I saw him at Maulmain.

"It is useless to comment upon this story. To this day I have never doubted that I really saw the ghost of my deceased friend."

* * * * *

The Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, son of the fifth Earl of Berkeley, once saw a ghost, not at Berkeley Castle, as one might imagine, but at Cranford House,

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near Hounslow, Middlesex, one of the dower houses settled by his father on his mother. He tells the story in his "Life and Recollections," to the effect that before he left the Guards he and his brother Moreton, while down at Cranford, were one night sitting up fully armed ready to go out for a brush with the poachers who had been very active lately in killing the keeper's fowls in a neighbouring hen-roost.

"It was the rule of my mother's house," writes Mr. Berkeley, "that all the servants should be in bed at ten o'clock, and on the night of the ghost we were not to go forth till midnight, when there would be enough of a moon to dispel the pitchy darkness induced by a partial fog, that at first was an ample protection to the game. My brother and myself were together, and well armed, in no mood to be nervously excited, and little inclined to be afraid of anything.

"We passed by the still-room, intending, by crossing the kitchen and going through the scullery, to reach the courtyard by the back way.

"The large old house was as still as death when my hand turned the handle of the kitchen door, which, opening, partially admitted me to the room, at the bottom of the long table which, starting from between the entrance where I was and the door of exit to the scullery, ran up to my left in its full length to the great fireplace and tall and expansive kitchen screen. The screen stood to the right of the fireplace as I looked at it, so that a large body of glowing embers in the grate threw a steady, distinct glare of red light throughout the entire length

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of the apartment, making the smallest thing distinctly visible, and falling full on the tall figure of a woman, divided from me only by the breadth of the bottom of the table.

"She was dressed, or seemed to be dressed, as a maidservant, with a sort of poke bonnet on, and a dark shawl drawn or pinned tightly across her breast. On my entrance she slowly turned her head to look at me, and as she did so every feature ought to have stood forth in the light of the fire, but I at once saw that there was, beneath the bonnet, an indistinctness of outline not to be accounted for.

"Holding the door open with my left hand, with the right against the post, I addressed to my brother, who was behind me, simply the word 'Look.' As I uttered this, the figure seemed to commence gliding, rather than proceeding by steps, slowly on up the kitchen towards the fireplace, while I lowered my right arm to let my brother in, then closed the door, locked it, and put the key into my pocket.

"In reply to me Moreton said, 'I see her—there she goes.'

"I had not told him what I had seen, and therefore could in no way have suggested the idea he seemed to entertain.

"After I had thus locked the door, on turning round there was no woman to be seen, so I asked my brother whither she had gone. He instantly replied, 'Up the kitchen towards the screen.'

"'Come on, then,' I cried, 'let's have some fun and catch her to see who it is.'

"Our impression was that it was one of the maidservants, sitting up long after the usual hours, and

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we at once proceeded, each taking a separate corner of the screen, and meeting on the side next the fire —but there was nothing there."

The two brothers then made a most minute search of the kitchen, even looking up the chimney and into every nook and cranny. The windows were tightly shut, and the only other door leading into the scullery was locked with the key in the kitchen side of it.

"Here I offer to my readers," Mr. Berkeley concludes, "a fact impossible to be accounted for—an apparition visible to two persons who, when they saw it, thought that it was a living body, each supposed it to be a woman and, fearless of spiritual agency, pursued it, but in vain.

"The form certainly resembled no one we had ever known; it came to indicate no treasure, nor to point to any spot of perpetrated crime. It came we knew not why, and went we knew not whither."

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GHOSTLY MUSIC

I HAVE often come across instances of ghostly music, both in fact and fiction. One of the best instances in fiction, I think, is the account given in "John Herring" of the bundle of walking-sticks in the eerie old Cornish house that used to play the quaint melody, "Since First I Saw Your Face," whenever any trouble threatened the dwellers in the house.

No doubt the author of the book, the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, being well versed in legend and folk-lore, had heard of some happening of the kind in Cornwall and wove it into his delightful romance.

But two instances of ghostly music have come to my personal knowledge and are related here for the first time. The first one was told me by a lady who vouches for its accuracy, and whom I know to be the last person in the world to "draw the long bow" or in any way misrepresent facts.

"When I was about twenty," she said, "my mother and I were together at the old Rectory (her home). It was a most curious house, with two halls, in one of which was an organ. All the rooms were low and narrow, and the second hall opened into the kitchen. My mother was nervous one night, and asked me to sleep with her. We went to bed rather late and were resting quietly, when about twelve o'clock we both heard faint strains of music coming up from below.

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"'Isn't that someone playing the organ?' said my mother. 'Who *can* it be?'

"Even as she spoke the music became louder and louder, and the full tones of the organ in the hall below swelled out until they filled the whole house. Louder and louder grew the music, while we clung together with fright; then it grew softer, and died away with a sobbing echo.

"We got up and called the governess, who had been awakened by the music, and we all went downstairs and searched the house thoroughly, but all the doors were locked and the maids in bed and everything as quiet as the grave.

"The governess, who was deadly frightened, brought wraps and a pillow into our room and slept on a sofa at the foot of the bed. Just as the dawn was breaking we all three heard the music again, and again searched the house but found no one.

"Later on, a letter came to say that a near relative had died during the night, and I took it to be a sign, for we found that she had passed away just at midnight."

* * * * *

The other instance concerns a vicarage in Hampshire, and I am fortunate enough to obtain a description of it from a lady who heard the music. I wrote to her husband for details, and she replied as follows:

"I am answering your letter for my husband, as he thinks perhaps I could explain what we know of the haunted room at the vicarage. It is only a few people who have ever seen anything there, and I happened to be lying awake in that room one night,

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when suddenly I distinctly heard the door open gently, and it seemed as if a coffin was passing out and a procession of people. They were singing the hymn, 'Hark, my soul, it is the Lord.' I could hear the footsteps, first low and then gradually dying away, and also the voices quite plainly.

"It seems strange that I did not actually *see* anything, but I was so frightened I could not move for a time. When I did I woke my husband and told him. He said he thought I must have been dreaming, but I *know* it was not a dream.

"I also know that a nurse who was nursing my husband's grandmother at the vicarage was sleeping in the room, and she was a stranger and never knew anything about the room being supposed to be haunted; but she asked me if it was, as she had twice seen a coffin, and it looked as if there was someone in a shroud in it."

* * * * *

Another striking instance of the hearing of ghostly music is recorded on p. 77 in the course of the gruesome story entitled "The House of Horror." Miss Hargrove, again, as a result of her own investigations (*see* pp. 163, 164 and 167), found that mysterious music was an essential part of the manifestations at Knighton Gorges.

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STORIES OF HAUNTED HOUSES

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THE HOUSE OF HORROR*

[This story regarding an Irish castle, which I have named Kilman Castle,† calls for some special explanation—which, personally, I am unable to give. Perhaps amongst the younger generation of scientists —who can tabulate and dissect anything, and by analysis explain anything—one will be found to undertake the task of reducing the apparitions at this house of horror to their original elements, but the task is beyond me. I can merely write down the facts as they came to my knowledge.

Two of the people who have seen the elemental apparition here recorded, and the "Captain Gordon" in whose name this tale is told, passed out of this world of speculation very soon after their vision of the uncanny spook.

Fully realising the howls of incredulous laughter with which critics will greet this confession, I here declare that on three separate occasions I have personally verified some of the experiences related, and that

*** For this weird ghost-story—a story which, for sheer horror, is hard to beat—I am indebted to the writer, Andrew Merry, from whom, by way of further testimony to the story's truth, I have just received a letter, in which occur these words: "Since it was written as much again of *facts* could be added to it, including the seeing of the grey Elemental last November by five people, beside myself, at the same time."—J. A. M.**

† The name, Kilman Castle, I may explain, is fictitious. So, also, are the other *names* given in this gruesome story.

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twice I saw the Elemental. Since that vision two very serious accidents have taken me to the gates of the next world—indeed, almost through them.—ANDREW MERRY.]

I

THIS is a story of facts that have occurred and that are occurring.

I admit at once that my tale will be deemed improbable—even impossible. Still, a number of men and women, many of them living, have seen and heard the things I am about to relate. Of course, you may assume that they were all the victims of hysterical delusions—that it is all a matter of auto-telepathic hypnotic suggestions, or any other sonorous collection of syllables you please to string together; but that these things were seen and heard by healthy, intelligent people, and are still seen and heard, is indisputable.

For myself, I do not fancy I am a neurotic, or have a highly-strung, imaginative temperament. I am a captain in a native Indian regiment, thirty-two years of age, sound in wind and limb, and generally "grass" what I aim at, so I imagine my eyesight is not faulty. I have done a good share of active service, and can honestly say I never felt nervous in my life before the month of November last year, when I was staying with my cousin at Kilman Castle, near the west coast of Ireland.

Looking back on the whole matter now that some months have passed, I am still unable to find any possible explanation of this impossible story.

I shall just relate it, therefore, exactly as it occurred, with all the details of my visit, so that

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anyone who in the future reads this record may be able to put himself in my place and visualise somewhat the surroundings and the people concerned.

* * * * *

When I arrived at the railway station of the small Irish county town named Ballykinkope, the daylight of the short November day was gradually sinking into twilight.

A grey-headed porter opened the carriage door and collected my gun-case, rugs, and golf-clubs.

"Another bag in the van? Right, sorr. Will yer 'anner be wanting a kyar?" he inquired. "Where will ye be going to?"

"To Kilman Castle," I replied.

"Then 'twill be you are Captain Gordon that the Castle kyar is just afther comin' for. This way, sorr."

He led me out of the wooden building doing duty as station offices to where a tall dog-cart was waiting, and soon my luggage was stowed away. A wizened little old groom seated himself beside me, driving the raking sixteen-hand horse at a good pace along the greasy road.

"That's a nice traveller," I remarked, nodding in the direction of the horse, and noting the long, easy stride.

"He is that, sorr. His sire was 'Stupendous,' Lord Brosna's cilibrated American trotter," answered the old man. Then he added respectfully, touching his hat, "'Twill be your first sight of the Castle, I think, Captain?"

The man was right. As a matter of fact, I was

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in Ireland for the first time. Since my cousin had married Maurice O'Connoll, the owner of Kilman Castle, I had not been in Europe, but had spent my leave in various hunting and shooting expeditions nearer to my regiment in India.

When at last I had come back to London, I found, amongst the letters welcoming me, one from Betty, telling me to start "at once" for Kilman.

She added: "I have got a dimpled Irish girl for you with a delightful *dot*—the last a rarity nowadays in this distressful country. So be ready for the worst."

I needed no inducements of "dimples" or "*dots*"; the idea of the Green Isle alone was attraction enough.

"You've been with the O'Connolls some time, I suppose?" I asked my ancient Jehu; he had the air and manners of a confidential servant.

"Wid the mashter, and the ould man before him, sorr. I drove the mashter to his christenin', an' I drove him an' the mishtress home when he first brought her from England, an', plase God, I'll live to drive thim to their funeral yit, for there's years of work in this arrum." He spoke in perfect good faith, with tones of the utmost devotion to "the mashter," whose early demise he thus anticipated.

"Shure, it was great divarshuns we had that time," he continued, "when the mashter married—bonfires an' dancing, lashings of porther, and of potheen, all through the night. It took me an' the steward all our time to git the gentlemen, who had taken a sup too much, safe out of the ring before the family was up the next morning."

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The Terrible Monk

Reproduced from a ghost photograph, taken under dramatic circumstances, in an old West of England manor house (*see* page 3)

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"Kilman is a very old place, I think?"

"It is that same, sorr, an' none older round these parts at all, at all. There's been many a bloody battle fought near by, an' for that matther there's one livin' now as was hid in the Castle when the Ribbon boys—God rest their sowls!—were about."

"You've had wild times enough in Ireland often," I said encouragingly, hoping to get him to talk freely. He needed little inducing, and continued:

"That's a fact, sorr. 'Tis often I've heard of my gran'father's gran'father, an' his doings wid the Wild Captain O'Connoll. I can just remind me of my gran'father's telling us the tales—him an ould, ould man, no one knew what age—just as his gran'father tould them to himself. There's one sthory—but belike I'm wearying you wid my talk, sorr."

I reassured him, and he started again.

"Well, sorr, they do say that the Wild Irish had besieged the Castle, and were afther burning the O'Moore's house up beyant the Knockganoc. The Wild Captain an' his yeomen—he had a troop three hundred strong, which did more against the rapparrees than all the King's soldiers put together—was shut up tight in the Castle, wid three or four thousand of the mountain men camped round in the plain. The Maw Houghlal was commanding the rapparrees, a mighty robber chief he was, an' him an' the Wild Captain had many a grudge to sittle whin the saints brought thim together. Well, whin the Wild Captain heard that the Maw had burnt the O'Moore's house over his head, an' killed th' ould man, an' more too, takin' Miss Diana O'Moore

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a prisoner, the Captain wint mad wid rage; for by that token he was thinkin' that the Lily of Avaghoe, as Miss O'Moore was named, would have made a wife for himself. 'Twas said her father had a power of goulden guineas and precious stones, hid up in a big brass pot, for a marriage gift for her.

"So by this an' that the Captain fairly was rale wild, an' he rushed to where his yeomen were feasting an' cried aloud:

"'Who will risk his life wid me to save the Lily of Avaghoe?'

"With a shout you could hear at Croaghaun, every man answered him:

"'Tis meself will!'

"The Wild Captain smiled, and they did be saying a dozen rapparrees had betther be savin' their sowls whinever he smiled.

"'Come, thin,' he says, an' the gates were opened an' they rode out an' fought the Irishers all the day, slaughtering frightful.

"But though they killed an' killed, an' though the Wild Captain's grey horse come home crimson to the saddle-flaps, not one sight did they git of the Lily of Avaghoe, before the twilight come on. So they turned sorrowful into the Castle.

"The Wild Captain ate no mate, but sat wid his head bint, no one daring to pass the time o' day wid him.

"At last he wint for my gran'father's gran'-father. 'Teighe,' says he, 'will ye come to the gates of hell wid me?'

"'I will that same,' says my gran'father's gran'-father, 'and that skippin'.'

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"'Thin git the clothes off two of them carrion an' be quick.'

"So the other he got two set of the mountain men's clothes, an' the two of them put them on an' disguised themselves as strolling beggars, one wid pipes an' the other wid a fiddle. Thin they left the castle unbeknownst to anyone but a sintry.

"'Teighe,' says the Wild Captain, 'if the rapparrees dishcover us we're dead men.'

"'They'll kill us for sartain,' agrees my gran'father's gran'father, 'an' more times than not roast us alive when we're dead first.'

"'They'll be apt to be thousands to one agin us.'

"'Or more, Captain, the Lord be praised!'

"'Teighe, ye can go back now and not one sowl think the worse of ye.'

"'Shure ye know I'd die for you, Captain dear, an' if it's hell you're bound for, it's meself will be thare first, wid the door open for yer honour. Is it me 'ud renaigh?'

"So no more passed between them until they reached the mountains.

"'It's Irish we'll spake,' whispered the Captain whin they saw the light of the ribil fires. Thin they hailed the sintry in Irish, telling him they had escaped the English, an' soon both were warmin' their hands to the fire an' ateing from the big pot that hung over that same.

"After supper they played an' sang ribil songs an' ould haythenish Irish tunes, an' my gran'father's gran'father said the Wild Captain made his fiddle spake; whilst himself, he put his sowl into the

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pipes, until the mountain men wint wild wid delight at the grand tunes of them.

"'It's to the Maw they must play,' the ribils cried, an' soon the two was led further up into the mountains, where the Maw and fourteen of his chieftains sat—an' there, right in the middle of the ribil lot, wid her two pretty hands and her two little fate tied wid a coarse bit of rope, lay the Lily of Avaghoe safe enough.

"Then the two played and sung to the Maw until he grew tired and felt like slapeing.

"'"Tis well you're here,' says the Maw. 'Ye will play at my widding to-morra,' and he grinned as he looked at the prisoner.

"'We will that same, an' dance too,' cried the Wild Captain, smiling up in his face.

"'"Twill be the English will dance,' growled the Maw, 'wid no ground under their feet. I'll make hares of them the day.'

"An' wid this he tould thim how 'twas all planned to surprise the Castle at the break o' day, an' how one of the most trusted of the yeomen had agreed to open a door where he would be sintry, in exchange for Mr. O'Moore's pot of gould and treasure.

"'"Tis a foine skame,' said the Wild Captain, 'an' worthy of the Maw Houghlal. But if it's for the break o' day, shure 'tis slape you'd best be gettin', for it's only three hours off the dawning now.'

"So they all lay round the fire to slape; the Maw an' the fourteen of his chiefs and the two beggars round the one fire, an' the rest of the army a little distance off.

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"The fires died down a bit, and barrin' a sob or two from the Lily of Avaghoe, nothing stirred or spoke.

"Thin my gran'father's gran'father felt a long knife thrust in his hand, an' the Wild Captain whispered to him:

"'Split their throats from ear to ear, that they may not cry out. Cut deep.'

"Slowly the two of them crept around, pausing at each slapeing rapparree, an' littin' his ribil blood flow out on the grass.

"Not one of the fifteen as much as turned over; the Captain killed eight an' the Maw, an' my gran'-father's gran'father killed the rest.

"'Be silent, Diana, me darlint,' whispered the Wild Captain to the Lily of Avaghoe. 'We've come to save you.' Wid that he cut the ropes that bound her, an' telling her to follow him, he crept out of the firelight, she after him, an' my gran'father's gran'father lasht of all.

"The Captain he knew every fut of them mountains, so did me gran'father's gran'father, and, skirtin' round the rapparrees' camp, they reached the Castle in safety. You may be sure, sorr, it wasn't long before the Captain had his yeomen out, and they attacked the ribils still sleepin' in their camp, an' slaughtered a thousand or more before the sun was well up."

"But what became of the treacherous sentry?" I asked.

"Shure he danced—in the air—at the Wild Captain's widding wid Miss O'Moore."

"And what became of the pot of treasure?"

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"Shure the Captain he took that wid his lady, an' they do say——"

"Well?"

"Ah! it's only the country talk, yer 'anner, but they do say the crock of gould is buried somewhere in or near the Castle. Ye see, it fell out this way: the Wild Captain and the English King didn't agree about some little matther, an' the English King sint the ridcoats to besiege the Castle. Now the Castle has a long underground passage between it an' a rath* on the hill near by. In this rath all the cattle an' bastes were kept an' driven down the passage whin they were wanted. Well, the ridcoats dug an' found the passage an' stopped it up wid big rocks an' sich like, so they in the Castle had ne'er a bit or sup for three days. Then the Wild Captain, in the night, he called two serving men and says he to them:

"'Help me to carry this old crock of butter.'

"But what he called the crock of butter was the big brass pot full of gould and jewils. 'Twas as much as the three could do to carry it. So whin they got to the shpot the Wild Captain had chosen they dug a hole an' buried it. Then they all three wint together to the top of the Castle to look at the English below them.

"'Fergus,' says the Wild Captain to wan of the serving-men, 'go down an' bring me my sword from my room; 'tis meself will test it afore to-morrow's battle.'

"So Fergus he wint. Thin the Wild Captain

* A prehistoric earthwork or hill fort in Ireland.

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he says to the other, 'Kiernan, do ye remimber where we hid the ould crock o' butter?'

"'I do, O'Connoll,' says Kiernan; 'twas there an' there we put the gould.'

"'May your soul rist wid it,' says the Wild Captain, an' wid that he knocked him over the edge of the battlemints an' on to the skull on the top of the English ridcoats on the stones below.

"When Fergus brought up the sword, the Wild Captain made pretence of trying the edge wid his finger.

"'Are ye sure ye sharpened it well?' says he.

"'I am,' answers Fergus.

"'Thin may it sind your sowl to Paradise this minute.' An' wid that he chops off the head of him an' throws him over the walls too.

"Thin the Wild Captain, rather than die like a rat in a hole, giv' himself up, an' they took him to Dublin, and condemned him, along with Sir William O'Brien—a grand gintleman livin' sivin miles beyant—to be hung, drawn, and quartered for treason."

"What an ignominious ending for Captain O'Connoll," I observed.

"Oh, they did not hang him, sorr. The King was frighted when all was said an' done, so both gintlemin were pardoned. But they had put such heavy irons on the Captain's legs that he never could walk again, and he died away, not clare in his mind. When he lay dyin' he towld the shtory of the gould to ease his sowl, but no one could ever find the place he meant, tho' they dug an' dug an' dug up.

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"Ah, but it's just a shtory. There, sorr, now we can see the Castle," pointing with his whip to a grey square tower showing over the tops of the leafless trees.

Kilman Castle was a sombre, bare building, consisting of a square keep, tapering slightly to the top, looking, in its grim, grey strength, as if it could defy time itself. Flanking it on each side were wings of more recent date, and beyond one wing was a curious rambling-looking house which my driver told me was called "The Priest's House," and which evidently had at one time been quite apart from the Castle, though now part and parcel of the house, being connected by one of the wings.

Even the trees round seemed to grow in gaunt, weird shapes, probably because their tops caught the full blast of the wind. Their branches creaked and groaned above our heads as we passed under their overhanging shadows.

The gateway was castellated and overgrown with lichens and creepers, and the drive bordered with ancient walls, beyond which were the ruins of other walls or buildings, all overgrown and covered with moss and ferns. Even the topmost branches of the big sycamores were decorated with these same ferns, which grew in endless profusion in every niche and corner.

"'Twill be a wild night," my driver remarked, pointing to the murky red sky through the trees.

As he spoke, a loud mournful cry sounded above us and was repeated three times.

I started at the first cry, then laughed, for I quickly recognised the noise to be the wail of the hoot owl. Often had I heard these birds in India

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and seen my native servants cower panic-stricken, for in some parts of the East the cry of an owl is regarded as a token of coming death to one of the hearers.

"That's a loud-voiced customer," I said. "Are there many of his feather round here?"

"No, Captain; we never had but that one of scracheing kind. He was here all the summer, an' now the winter do be comin' on, he's spoiling the trade of Matt's shebeen beyant at the crass-roads by the same token."

"How on earth can an owl spoil the trade of a public-house?"

"'Tis the mountain min mostly, sorr, goes there, an' ne'er a mother's son of them will put fut outside their cabins afther dark since that gintlemin in the ivy has been hooting. They mountain fellars be rale skeared, for they do be believin' in pish-rogues an' sich like, an' they do be sayin' 'tis an evil spirit keening for a sowl that will die near by. There have been a power o' wakes lately—what wid the influenzy an' the old folks bein' pinched wid the could—in a good hour be it spoken. Here we are, sorr."

A bright light shone through the opened door, and in the warm welcome that Betty and her good man gave me I forgot the bleak night, the hooting owl, and the bloodthirsty traditions the voluble groom had been telling me.

II

The interior of Kilman Castle is quite in keeping with its weather-worn outer walls. I may as well describe it now, though it was not until the next

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morning that I went over the place with Maurice O'Connoll.

The entrance-hall is very lofty, with a gallery running round three sides, and is paved with black and white stones. The walls are pierced—this was evidently done long after they were originally built—by archways leading into the two wings, and are twenty feet thick. They are honeycombed with narrow passages, and at two corners of the tower are circular stone staircases, fine bits of rough-hewn masonry, and both as perfect now as on the day they were built. It was curious to me to note how the inner axles of these winding ladder-like stairs had had the blackened stones polished smooth and bright rubbed by the hands of the many generations that had run up and down these primitive ways.

O'Connoll told me that tradition states that the Castle was originally built by the Irish for the Danes, who seemed to have exacted forced labour from the half-clad barbarians before Ireland was fully Christianised. The story whispered by the country folk declares that the mortar used in its construction was made in a great measure with human blood and human hair, and that therefore it has withstood the ravages of time. Somewhere about the year 800, the Irish, under the leadership of a chieftain named O'Connoll, rose against their oppressors, and took possession of the Castle, where O'Connoll established himself, and soon became a powerful prince. His descendants inhabited this Castle—whether the original building or a more modern one, built of the materials and on the site of the old one, history does not reveal—and, until the advent of the

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English in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, this stronghold was considered impregnable.

Amongst the first of the English adventurers was a young squire—son of an English knight—who hoped to win his spurs at the expense of the wild Irish. The expedition he was attached to, attracted by the rumour of O'Connoll's riches, besieged the Castle, and in a sortie, which the defenders made, the squire was taken prisoner. He was confined in a little room off one of the staircases, and as all the Irish were very busy defending the Castle, the only daughter of the house, one Finnueguolla O'Connoll, was deputed to push what food they allowed the prisoner through a little hole in the walls of his dungeon.

The Englishman made the best use of his opportunity, and by judiciously tender speeches he succeeded in winning the maiden so completely to his side that one day, with a view to abetting his escape, she procured the key of the prison and let him out. As he was running down the twisting staircase he met young O'Connoll, the girl's only brother, coming up. He immediately raised a hue and cry. The escaping prisoner turned and fled upward, eventually coming out on to the battlements of the tower. Seeing that flight any other way was impossible, and preferring the risk of sudden death to the more lingering one his attempted escape would ensure him were he to be recaptured, he gave a mighty jump over the parapet and managed to find refuge, and not death, in the branches of a yew tree growing near the walls, and in the end safely reached his countrymen.

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Eventually, his rather treacherous lover betrayed the Castle to the English. Its occupants were then all hanged in a field—called to this day "The Hangman's Field"—and the English squire married Finnue-guolla, taking her name and the lands of her father by right of marriage and conquest.

Their son, Maurice O'Connoll, was one of the first high sheriffs appointed in Ireland, and his tomb, dated 1601, is still to be seen in the little churchyard near Kilman.

The tower had originally five floors or storeys; of these three exist—the first, a big bricked-up room, under the present hall; then the hall itself; and at the top of the tower a large chapel, with a fine east window and stone altar.

Besides the bricked-up room, there are under the hall dungeons hollowed out of the rock itself, with no windows or communication to the outer air, some of which O'Connoll now used as wine cellars. In a corner of the chapel at the top of the tower is an oubliette, where disagreeable strangers were invited to walk down two steps on to a hinged platform that let them fall below the level of the deepest dungeon, where pointed stakes helped to give them a quick journey to the next world.

"A couple of cartloads of old bones and bone dust were cleared out of that," my host told me, "and buried with due ceremony in the churchyard by some superstitious old ancestor of mine. Amongst others who were said to have been thrown down there was a priest, the brother of a far-back O'Connoll, who offended the reigning head of the family by beginning Mass here one day without him.

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"That particular prince was a beauty. One of his little games was getting a hundred and fifty mercenaries to help him fight the English, and when the enemy were beaten off, to avoid paying his hired friends he treated them all to a poisoned feast in the hall here, and killed the whole lot!

"See these skulls and bits of bones? They came out of the wall when we made a new window. The idea is that when this place was besieged, the garrison had no way of burying their dead, so they cemented the bodies up in the walls. That's one explanation; the other is the twopenny coloured 'walled-up-alive' business. You can pay your money and take your choice. Here, anyhow, are the skulls and bones that came *out* of the wall; I don't trouble my head how they got *in* there."

This rambling description will, I hope, give some idea of the environment of this story, and form the outlines of a mental picture of the quaint old place, which has been inhabited without a break for at least a thousand years.

As for the legends and stories belonging to it, their name is legion—all telling of love, murder, and rapine, as such medieval traditions are always wont to run.

III

My first evening at Kilman passed very quickly and pleasantly. Betty and I yarned over old times until my host passed from the passive remonstrance of ill-concealed yawns to more active measures, by saying, rather sternly:

"Betty, Kenneth had no sleep last night, so we

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must pack him off early to-night. It's getting late —half-past eleven. There go the dogs!"

As he spoke the baying of many dogs, "of high and low degree," broke into a noisy chorus, rising to a crescendo of angry fear, and then dying down into a pianissimo of canine woe.

The big deerhound, Oscar, who was lying on a sheepskin rug in the hall, added a long, deep note of misery to the general orchestra.

"Do these dogs see the moon?" I asked. "What a curious noise they make!"

"There isn't a moon to-night," O'Connoll answered. "But the dogs here always do that. It's one of their little ways that won't bear explaining. They mark half-past eleven without fail; we can set the clocks by them."

"Probably some shadow in the trees at that time," I hazarded.

"So I thought, and we shifted them to the other side of the place, but it was just the same over there. No, don't ask Betty about it, or she'll keep you up all night telling some cock-and-bull ghost story if you do. Now, once more *will* you go to bed, Betty? Think of that poor 'divil' of a maid waiting up for you all this time! Have a whisky and soda, Gordon, before turning in?"

Whilst we were consuming the wine of the country I asked O'Connoll if he knew of any ghost story connected with the Castle.

He looked at me curiously, and then laughed.

"A ghost? We've only a couple of dozen or more, my dear fellow. But surely you are not the cut of Spooky Believer? Don't tell me you

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take a 'Julia' or suchlike familiar about with you!"

It was my turn to laugh now.

My host continued:

"I've been here all my life, often quite alone, and never have I seen what I can't quite explain to myself by natural causes—electricity, you know, and all that. Of course, there are noises enough, but what old house is free from them? It's only rats in a great measure. What I say is, that the only spirits about arise from the too liberal consumption of this spirit"—he tapped the tantalus stand. "The servants get drinking. We've an old cook now who'd see you under the table, but her omelettes cover a multitude of sins—and then they kick up a row themselves, get frightened, swear they see ghosts, and clear off in a body next day. If anything makes me really mad, it's the rot people talk about spirits and apparitions in this house."

"What says Betty to all these things? Does she listen to such folly? Of all the women in the world, one would swear she would not."

My host pulled angrily at his pipe and enveloped himself in a cloud of smoke before he replied:

"She got some idiotic maggot in her brain last year, and has been as nervous as a cat ever since. It's too bad of her; I did think she had some common sense—that was why I married her." This with sublime disregard of any sentimentality common to benedicts of some years' standing. "Just now she has been worrying my life out, trying to get me to go away for this month; it is in November most of these mysterious follies are said to appear—because

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the nights are dark, I expect! Betty would die sooner than go upstairs alone at night. It's too provoking of her; I wish you'd chaff her into common sense again."

I did not believe for a minute that Betty was really nervous. She was certainly playing some deep-laid practical joke upon her husband. I mutely determined to be wary of turnip-headed bogies and booby traps, for in the past my cousin had occasionally indulged in such childish follies.

We went up the broad oaken staircase in one of the wings, and then along the gallery overlooking the hall.

A funny little doorway in the wall, about the height of my shoulders, raised my curiosity, Maurice O'Connoll, taking advantage of his six feet and odd inches, pulled it open to show me the winding narrow staircase it concealed. A rush of cold air nearly put our lights out, and he hastily pushed the door to, which seemed very heavy.

"It's all iron-plated," he explained. "In the rebellion of '98 the family, and, in fact, all the Protestants of the neighbourhood, took refuge in there. However, I won't begin telling you the legends. My wife is the best to do that; if she does not know an appropriate story, she invents one on the spot."

With this parting libel on Betty's veracity, he showed me my quarters, and, after seeing I had everything I needed, he wished me good night and departed.

My room was a long narrow one, with a fireplace across one corner. The floor was of polished poplar, with a couple of rugs on it. To my delight I saw that, instead of the ordinary heavy-curtained bed-

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stead one would picture as appropriate to the house, there was one of modern make, with a wire-wove mattress.

I locked my door as a precautionary measure against bogies—or practical joking—and began leisurely to divest myself of my clothes, when I became conscious of someone breathing heavily in the room.

"Hallo!" I thought. "Here is a hospitable spook manifesting at once for the credit of the house."

Then O'Connoll's remarks about the servant and whisky came back to me. Horrors! If it should be the bibulous cook!

The breathing was now snoring, and came unmistakably from under the bed.

Seizing the poker, I gave a vicious sweep with it, abjuring the snorer to "come out at once."

There was a patter of feet, and out crept an obese and aged fox-terrier of the feminine persuasion, showing her few remaining front teeth in an apologetic grin, and agitating her minimum of tail with cringing affability.

As the old lady seemed an amiable specimen of her race, and apparently had been recently washed with carbolic soap, I determined to allow her to be my guest for the night, even if she were self-invited. So I threw her my rug, which she proceeded to make into a bed for herself in a corner near the fireplace, scratching and turning round and round, and finally, with a grunt of satisfaction, curling into a ball, watching my toilet operations with brazen effrontery and wagging her tail whenever she caught my eye.

I placed a box of matches and a candle by my bedside, and it was not long before I was asleep,

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my last recollection being the sound of the dog's stertorous breathing; then a blissful dreamless unconsciousness came over me.

A cold nose against my cheek, and two long-nailed fore-paws scratching vigorously to get into my bed, awakened me quite suddenly, and I found my friend the fox-terrier standing on my chest, trembling most violently and whining in a distressed fashion.

"You ungrateful little brute!" I said angrily, giving her a far from gentle push on to the floor; but in a second she was up again, doing her best to get under the bedclothes.

"Not if I know it," and again I sent her flying. The room was quite dark, and as the fire had been pretty bright when I went to bed, I guessed I had been sleeping some time.

Thoroughly enraged, when the dog jumped up for the third time, I threw her roughly down, and this time I heard her patter under the bed and creep into the farthest corner, where she sat trembling so violently that she shook my bed.

By this time I was thoroughly awake, and fearing I had hurt the dog, I put my hand out of bed, snapping my fingers to call her and make my *amende*.

My hand was suddenly taken into the grasp of another hand, a soft, cool hand, at a temperature perceptibly below my own flesh.

To say I was astonished would but mildly convey my feelings! After a few seconds of steady pressure the other hand let go, and almost simultaneously I heard a heavy sliding fall, like the collapse of a large body at the foot of the bed. Then in the absolute

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stillness of the room there sounded a deep human groan, and some half-articulated words, or, to be accurate, prayers.

The voice—if it could be called a voice—died away into another groan; the dog under my bed gave a sharp, hoarse bark, and scratched and tore at the wainscoting. Fully convinced that someone in trouble of some sort had got access to my room—by what method I could not imagine—I struck a match and lit my candle, springing from the bed and crying out: "Who's there? What is it?"

My eyes blinked for a little at the sudden light, but when they were steady I looked to the spot where I had heard the groan. There was no one.

The room was absolutely empty and exactly as I had left it on going to bed. Nothing was out of order, nothing was moved, and there was nothing I could see to account for the noises I had heard.

To make certain, I tried the door. It was still locked. I made a tour of inspection round the walls, which were painted, not papered, examined all the furniture, and finally, kneeling at the foot of the bed, held my candle so as to be able to look underneath.

In the corner crouched the fox-terrier, but there was nothing else. The polished boards reflected the light of my candle, and, perfectly mystified, I was getting up, when I noticed that the hand I had been resting on the floor was damp.

I held it close to the light, and saw my finger-tips and the ball of my thumb were reddened, as if with blood, and turning back the rug I discovered

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a dark stain extending perhaps for two feet one way and three or four the other.

Instinctively I looked at the ceiling, but its whitewashed surface showed no corresponding mark. Nothing had dropped from above. The stain was damp, not wet, and yet felt warm, as though the fluid, whatever it was, had been recently spilt. I examined my finger-tips again. The marks were very like blood. Bah! I dabbled my hand in the water in my basin rather hurriedly, then I once more went carefully round my room.

The shutters were barred, the door was locked, there was no cupboard in the wall, and the chimney was still hot from the fire. I tapped the walls carefully and could find no indication of any hollow place that *might* possibly be a secret door; but, as I did so, my common sense revolted at my own folly, they were so innocent of any panellings or dadoes that could conceal an exit.

If a practical joke had been played upon me, where had the delinquent vanished to?

One hypothesis alone was possible, and that I indignantly rejected, for I *knew* I was wide awake in my sober sense, and not the victim of delusion or waking nightmare.

For a minute I contemplated writing the whole thing down, there and then, but the absurdity of the idea flashed across my mind. I looked at my watch and found it was nearly three o'clock. It was better to warm my shivering limbs in bed than chill myself further by writing what no one would believe, for, after all, I had *seen* nothing, and who would credit groans and whispered words

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without one particle of corroborative evidence? The fox-terrier's "mark" to the important document would not enhance its value in the eyes of the Psychical Research Society.

So I crept back to my nest, first enticing the dog from her corner, and in a half-acknowledged wish for company, even if it was only that of the little beast, I took her into bed with me.

I left the candle burning for a short time; then, as there were no further noises, I put it out and prepared once more to woo the drowsy god, and, falling asleep, was not disturbed again.

Next morning, when I had finished dressing, I turned back the rug at the foot of the bed, curious to see what was there. Sure enough, I found the dark stain, just as I had seen it in the night, with this difference—it was no longer wet, but appeared of long standing.

IV

We were to shoot some home coverts that day, and, besides ourselves, O'Connoll expected six guns, a few neighbours, and a sprinkling of officers from the nearest garrison. Betty, too, took me on one side and told me that her friend of the dimples and *dot* was coming, and that I was to be *sure* and not let "dear" Captain Adair monopolise the young woman's attention, but that I was to "go in and win."

Miss Dimples—as I will call the damsel whose charms Betty had painted in such glowing colours—arrived, also "dear" Captain Adair, a tall, dark ruffian, who had basely forestalled me by getting the

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pretty little lady in question to drive him out. I found this warrior was a universal favourite, O'Connoll declaring that he was "one of the few decent soldiers" he knew; whilst Betty—well, Betty was sickening!

Adair and I were told off to a warm corner, where, to my great joy, I wiped his eye over a woodcock. He grassed two longtails that I missed in an unaccountable manner, but everyone knows that one woodcock is of more value than many pheasants.

We had a capital day's sport, plenty of walking, and a most varied, if not a very big, bag, as there were birds of all feathers about. As for rabbits, the whole place walked with them; as one of the keepers said, they were indeed a "fright."

Betty and the Dimpled Damsel lunched with us, and followed the guns in the afternoon. Miss Dimples would have none of me, but tripped gaily after the all-conquering Captain Adair, so Betty took pity on me.

"Did you sleep all right—*really*, Kenneth, last night?" Betty asked me anxiously, as we walked along together.

"Don't you think it likely?" I answered, looking hard at her. "Of course I did. All the same, if it is convenient, may I be moved into a room facing west? My present quarters face east, you know, and I never sleep really well that way."

"Then you *did* see something," she said in a low voice.

"Not a thing," I answered cheerfully.

"Don't try to humbug me, Kenneth; I know you so well that it is impossible."

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"Honest Injun, Betty, never one little ghostie on a postie did I behold." I spoke laughingly; the night was far off still. "But, to be strictly truthful, I did think I *heard* a groan or two, and though it probably was only my fancy, I would much rather not hear them again! By the way, is there any story connected with that room—anything to do with that stain on the floor?"

I saw her colour under my watchful eyes.

"Maurice said nothing to you about it, then?"

I shook my head.

"Well, people have complained before—in fact, we don't generally put anyone there now. The room is called the Muckle or Murder Hole room, and the story goes that the stain on the floor is the blood of a man stabbed there by his brother. Two O'Connolls quarrelled over the ownership of the Castle, and fought, and the dying brother cursed the other, praying that no eldest son should inherit direct from his father. Maurice succeeded his grandfather, you know; and even he had an elder brother. I believe the curse has always been fulfilled. The room had been disused for fifty years or more when we did it up. The stain has been planed off the boards several times, but it always comes up—creeps up from below in a few hours, no one knows how. Maurice won't believe any of these stories, having heard them all the days of his life. He declares that one person tells another, and then, nervous to begin with, of course they imagine a ghost. So, when you were coming, he insisted on your being put in there, for he said *you* could not be prejudiced by any nonsense, and

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that we would be able to prove what folly it all was."

I do not know that I altogether appreciated O'Connoll's kind experiment at my expense. However, I told Betty he was quite right, as no better man could be chosen to "lay" the ghosts.

"I'll have you moved to-night," my cousin continued. "Don't tell me what you saw"—I made a movement of protest—"or heard; for, Kenneth—don't laugh at me—though I hate myself for my folly, I am often more nervous than I can say."

"*You* nervous, Betty! I am ashamed of you! Why, what has come to you?"

She interrupted me quickly:

"I can't explain it. The only description which at all comes near the feeling is somewhere in the Bible, where it speaks of one's heart becoming water. I never felt the least fear when I came here, though, of course, I heard all kinds of stories, and have had, all through, endless trouble with servants leaving at a moment's notice, frightened into fits. When people staying here said they saw things, I only laughed, and declared it was mere nonsense, and though we've always heard quite unexplainable noises, such as the great chains of the front door being banged on the staircase and along the gallery, and endless footsteps, and sighing, and cries, and rustlings, and taps, they *never* frightened me. Even when sudden lights and tongues of flame and letters of fire on the walls came many times—both of us saw them, for Maurice *did* see them too, though he hates to own it—I was only curious and annoyed, because I could not explain it satisfactorily to myself. But, Kenneth, a year ago

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last November I saw IT, and I have never felt the same about these things since, or ever shall."

"November is the height of the season in your spooks' society?" I asked lightly, trying to cheer poor, serious Betty.

"Yes, nearly all the stories are about that month, though odd spirits appear all through the year. It's in November that there is said to be the vision of a dead troop of soldiers drilling in the ring."

"What are your stock apparitions?"

"There are so many, I don't remember them always, but I will try and recall what have been seen within the last six years. First, of course, there is a banshee. She sits on the terrace, and keens for coming deaths in the family. Then there is Earl Desmond's ghost, who howls in a chimney, where he was hiding and got smothered. A monk, with tonsure and cowl, walks in at one window and out at another, in the Priest's House; that is the wing beyond the Blue Room, where I sleep now. He has been seen by three people to my own knowledge—not servants, for, of course, *their* stories are endless, and require more than a grain of salt. Then there is a little old man with green cut-away coat, knee-breeches, stockings, and bright shoe buckles, holding a leathern bag in his hand. Quite a dozen people have seen him. Sometimes he is all alone, sometimes a little old woman, to match him, is there, with skinny hands, long black mitts, old-fashioned dress, and a big head-dress, so they describe her. My mother saw them; and a third figure, an old man, dressed like a priest, with an intensely cunning face. She saw all three together several times."

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"Do these ghosts do any harm or talk to you, or anything like that?"

"The green old man tries to stop people, but no one has been brave enough to interview him yet. Then, in the Priest's House, comes a burly man in rough clothes, like a peasant; he pushes a heavy barrel up the back stairs of the wing, near the servants' bedrooms, and when just at the top the barrel rolls down—a fearful noise, bump, bump, bump—and all disappear."

I fear I laughed heartily at this inconsequent ghost; but Betty went on, unmoved:

"Then there is a woman with very few clothes, and a red cloth over her face; she screams loudly twice, and disappears. That is on the same landing as the barrel man. These have been seen by numberless servants, and——"

"My dearest Betty, do you mean to say you believe those old wives' tales?"

"No, I don't," said Betty candidly. "I don't mind about these one bit. I tell you of them only because I am trying to give a full catalogue of all who have been said to appear in my married life here."

"Go on, my dear."

"Then," resumed Betty, "there is a tall dark woman in the historical scarlet silk dress that rustles. She haunts the Blue Room, which used always to be the nursery, and sobs at the foot of the children's beds. My last nurse and two or three of the maids have seen her. Her story is that she was a poor soul one of the O'Connolls kidnapped, and she had an infant soon after she was brought into the Castle,

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which O'Connoll threatened to kill if she would not marry him, and when she had yielded to him he stabbed the child before her eyes, saying she could not look after him and the baby at the same time. They found her dead next day, having killed herself with the knife that slew her child."

"What nice, cheerful little ways the O'Connolls seem to have had!"

"They were simply robber chieftains, and robbed and murdered without compunction," said Betty. "Then there is a scene on the gallery, seen once in my day, and several times in past generations. Some time in back ages there was a beautiful girl two of the O'Connoll men were attached to. Both often tried to abduct her—one at last was successful. The other brother, returning angry and disappointed to the Castle, found the girl was already within its walls. A violent quarrel ensued between the two men, in the middle of which the girl escaped from the room in which all three were, and ran shrieking along the gallery. 'Let him who catches her keep her,' shouted one man, as they both started in pursuit. The original abductor caught her first, and with a cry of triumph lifted her in his arms.

"'Keep her, then!' cried the brother; but as he spoke he ran his sword twice through her back and killed her. The whole scene is re-enacted in the gallery."

Betty related this pleasing legend with much spirit.

"Oh, Betty," I cried, "do say there is a blue light. That story is nothing without a blue light."

"I don't know if the light is blue," she answered

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simply. "But the keep *is* lighted up, when this apparition is seen, for a minute. When the girl is killed everything disappears. I have *seen* the keep lighted up myself—once."

"How? When? And where?"

"Driving home from a day's hunting at the other end of the county—two girls who were staying here and myself. We were very late, and it was so dark I had to walk the horse up the avenue. When within sight of the Castle I could see the yellow light of the lamps shining through the cracks of the shutters in the wing and from the hall. Of course, as it always is, the rest of the tower was in darkness. Quite suddenly there was a brilliant stream of white light from all the windows and arrow-slits in the keep—from the big chapel windows and all. I had just time to exclaim, 'Oh! look at the light!' when it went out just as suddenly as it started shining."

"Someone taking a look round the place with a torch or something," I hazarded.

"No one would venture up the winding stairs to the chapel at that hour, I can tell you! Besides, I *know* no earthly light but electricity that could produce the strong glare I saw."

"A sudden flash of lightning probably."

"Oh, I never expect anyone to believe it. I *saw* it—that is all I know."

"You tried to find out an explanation?"

"Of course I did," replied my cousin crossly. "Do you think I *like* having that kind of thing happen in a place I am to live in for the rest of my natural life, and my children after me? There,

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Kenneth, I did not mean to snap at you," she added penitently. "But when people talk as if they thought one went out of one's way to invent the very things which make life a burden, I *do* get annoyed. I *never* tell people these stories now, because they simply don't believe one; or, if they do, write one down a weak-minded, self-deceptive, backboneless idiot."

"Betty, you *know* that I——"

"You are 'Kenneth' and not 'people.' But to hark back to the ghostly inventory. There is something heavy that lies on people's beds, and snores, and they feel the weight of a great body pressing against them, in a room in the Priest's House, but see nothing. No one to my knowledge has *seen* whatever does this, only heard and felt it. Then there is something that very young children and cats and dogs see, but no one else. Fortunately, as the children grow out of babyhood they seem to lose the power of seeing this thing. My babies saw it when they were too young to talk, and were sent precious nearly into convulsions. My cats go quite cracked, spit, claw, and run up the curtains; and the dogs—oh! it was only a day or two before you came that Maurice and I were in the smoking-room with four or five dogs, when, without rhyme or reason, they all dashed into the hall, barking furiously. Then, just as quickly they dashed back again, their coats bristling, their tails tucked between their legs, the picture of fright—old Oscar as bad as any of them. Maurice ran out, but could see nothing uncanny, yet no amount of driving or coaxing would bring the dogs out again; they crawled

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under chairs and sofas, shivering, and refused to budge."

"Could your husband make it out?"

"Not a bit. That last often happens. Those are all the ghosts I can remember in the house—except IT. But outside they swarm. Really I am not surprised, for the whole neighbourhood was a veritable Armageddon. We cannot plough anywhere near without turning up skulls galore.

"Why don't you let the place to the Psychical Research people?" I suggested. "With such a delightful assortment of ghosts 'on tap,' they would be charmed to take it."

"I only wish Maurice would," said Betty, "or get someone to come here and investigate. But, like all Irishmen, he adores every stone and blade of grass that belongs to him, and he won't hear of the place being uncanny in any way. Once a friend wanted to send a parson with book, bell, and candle to 'lay' a ghost she saw, and Maurice was furious; and when I suggested inviting a man I know, who is very clever at probing into those kind of things, he would not hear of it. He gets so angry with the country folk when they refuse to come here after nightfall and say that the place is 'dark,' meaning bad. As for me, he thinks I am rapidly becoming fit for the nearest idiot asylum, because I am in such deadly terror of seeing IT again."

"Would you mind telling me what you saw yourself, Betty? O'Connoll told me you had had a fright."

"I'll tell you if you like, Kenneth; but of course you will find some plausible and utterly impossible

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'natural' explanation for it. Maurice says vaguely 'it was after dinner,' which is extra rude, for I am, and always have been, strictly blue ribbon. Still, here are the facts. Remember, I do not expect you to credit one word.

"We had a party for shooting here last November, among others my sister Grace and one of my brothers—dear old Ted, you know. Well, we had tramped with the men all day, so we were all tired and turned up to bed early. I went the round of the girls' rooms, then got into my dressing-gown and had my hair brushed; after that I sent my maid off to bed. Maurice and I were the only inhabitants of the Red Wing, next the room you slept in last night; no one else that side of the tower. I heard a noise in the hall, so went out on to the landing and along the gallery and looked over. There I saw Maurice putting out the lamps himself. He had a lighted candle in his hand, and was evidently just coming up to bed.

"'Maurice,' I called to him, 'will you bring me the last *Contemporary Review* out of the drawing-room, please? I want to read an article in it.'

"'All right,' he called back; 'I am just coming up to bed.'

"He left one lamp burning and went through into the drawing-room whilst I, leaning my elbows on the corner of the gallery balustrade, waited for Maurice to reappear. I recollect I was wondering what kind of sport I should have the next day, when I was going to hunt with Mr. Blakeney.

"Suddenly two hands were laid on my shoulders. I turned round sharply, and saw, as clearly as I see

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you now, a grey 'Thing,' standing a couple of feet from me, with its bent arms raised, as if it were cursing me. I cannot describe in words how utterly awful the 'Thing' was, its very undefinableness rendering the horrible shadow more gruesome. Human in shape, a little shorter than I am, I could just make out the shape of big, black holes, like great eyes and sharp features; but the whole figure—head, face, hands, and all—was grey; unclean, bluish-grey; something of the colour and appearance of common cotton wool. But, oh! so sinister, repulsive, and devilish! My friends who are clever about occult things say it is what they call an 'Elemental.'

"My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and I felt every hair on my head separate and move. Then the spell was broken.

"I wheeled round—fortunately outwards—on to the open gallery, and with something—not myself—in my throat that shrieked continuously, I tore along the passage, down the stairs, through the corridor into the Priest's House, where my sister was sleeping. Once in her room I nearly fainted; but, pulling myself together, I managed to make my husband and brother—who, hearing the shrieks, had flown to the rescue—understand that there was a 'Thing' in the gallery, which had frightened me. They ran up together and searched carefully; but though they hunted up and down, they found nothing. My brother just saw IT for one second, and you know he died. It is said to be a very bad sign of one's luck to see IT."

Betty paused to wipe her eyes for a minute, then resumed:

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"I soon got all right, though my teeth would not stop chattering for half an hour, and I told them quietly what I had seen. Maurice was dreadfully frightened at the time; but now he declares I am hysterical, and that a cat jumped on my back."

Betty had grown quite white as she related her adventure, but managed a smile as she said the word "hysterical."

"It must have been a trick, Betty!"

"Who could have played it on me, or who would be in that part of the house? I grant it is *possible* some unknown enemy conceived the excellent plan of trying to frighten my few remaining wits away, but it's not very probable; and I who saw IT—— Oh! but what's the good of talking? I should like to explain it to my own satisfaction, but I can't. One thing I know, if ever I meet IT again I shall go stark, staring mad or die the very minute. Having no ambitions for Bedlam, I take every precaution to prevent such a fate overtaking me. I have forsaken that wing of the house, leaving those rooms for strong-minded people like you. Also I make my maid sit in my room now until Maurice goes to his dressing-room. There, Kenneth, I have told you, and doubtless you think me an infinite fool—but, oh, Kenneth, if you had only seen IT!"

"Be assured, Betty, if I do, I will put a ·450 revolver bullet into the cotton wool, and make the funny joker's inside sorry for itself. That is all I can say." And I meant it.

Our talk drifted into other channels, and by the time the gathering twilight sent us indoors to tea and hot cakes I was no longer thinking of the galaxy

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of ghosts that my cousin had trotted out for my benefit.

Betty and "dear" Captain Adair, who was staying the night at the Castle, sat after tea on the fender stool in front of the cheerful turf fire, gossiping lazily, so Miss Dimples had perforce, in default of better game, to pay a little attention to me, and by the time the dressing-gong sounded we were discussing mutual affinities, having reached this interesting conversational point by the chromatic scale of dancing, hunting, shooting, plays, books, religious beliefs (Miss Dimples would have been an aggressive agnostic had she known how), first impressions, telepathy, and palmistry (Miss Dimples told my fortune, making an amusing record founded upon the romances of a well-known military novel writer), then to affinities; we agreed that the topic was not properly "threshed out," and should be "continued in our next."

I had been shifted, I found, on going up to dress, into a room next the Murder Hole chamber, and thought my new, bright, big quarters a distinct improvement. The floor was carpeted and looked respectable and comfortable, and not suggestive of bloodstains and murders. I looked forward to a real sound sleep that night.

We spent a merry evening. Captain Adair, who was staying the night, sang us comic songs until we ached with laughter, and Miss Dimples, smiling and fascinating, completed my subjection. Alas! I am not the owner, or ever likely to be, of those dimples and that *dot*.

After dinner we went out in a body to catch the

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half-past eleven ghost and to time the dogs. When we first neared the kennels there was a great deal of pleased sniffing and whining from the dogs, but, to the second correct, the wild howling began.

None of us could see what started the chorus, so that mystery remained unsolved, though we each tried our best to find plausible theories. After many songs, and when the ladies had gone to bed, came whisky—shouting choruses is apt to make one thirsty. Then we turned upstairs to our respective rooms, my little friend, the fox-terrier, whose name I found to be "Nell," accompanying me again.

Tired out after a strenuous day, I was soon asleep, and knew nothing from the time my head was on the pillow until the servant brought my bath-water next morning.

V

Miss Dimples was a laggard at breakfast. Betty was just going in search of her when the door opened, and she came in. Her pretty rosy cheeks had lost their colour, and she looked quite pale and tired, as if she had not slept.

"What have you been doing?" O'Connoll asked, with much severity. "Reading a trashy modern novel in bed—eh, young lady? Or, like that sensible wife of mine, interviewing a ghost?"

No one could accuse Miss Dimples of being pale now; she flushed painfully, a vivid scarlet.

Betty looked at her with troubled eyes, and O'Connoll, seeing the effect of his jesting words, frowned wrathfully. I threw myself into the breach,

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talking fast and intentionally in a loud voice to my host as to the day's prospects.

When O'Connoll, taking Adair with him, had departed after breakfast to consult with his steward —a ubiquitous treasure, whose duties ranged between buying the babies' boots and arranging the various shoots—Miss Dimples, with many more blushes, broke the sad fact to her hostess that she was recalled home.

I was sorry for the poor child, for she was in an agony between inventing a specious lie and not seeming in unseemly haste to quit her friend's roof.

"I am so sorry to go, dear Madam O'Connoll," she said, with tell-tale flaming cheeks, "but I got a letter from mother this morning saying she is not very well, and that she wants me to come home."

Betty did not believe this story—nor did I; and as a very strong motive was evidently behind the girl's many excuses, I resolved to try and extract the truth.

It was arranged that Miss Dimples should depart after lunch, and Betty, jingling a huge bunch of keys in a workmanlike fashion, started "housekeeping," telling her friend to amuse me for half an hour.

"You've been telling terrible tarradiddles, Miss Dimples," I said reprovingly when we were alone, shaking a reproachful finger at the fair sinner. "You never had any letter this morning, but a very obvious bill forwarded on to you. I particularly noticed the blue envelope lying in solitary grandeur on your plate."

"If you did notice, you shouldn't have, and you are horribly rude to tell me to my face I tell stories.

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Those are Indian manners, I presume; now, *dear* Captain Adair——"

Miss Dimples pouted in a provokingly charming manner at me.

"We are not talking of Captain Adair, da—— I should say, bless him!" I interrupted austerely. "But are discussing the infamous conduct of a little lady who, having told several very inartistic fibs within the last five minutes—by the clock—now refuses to confess and receive absolution."

"Certainly I refuse, with *such* a Father Confessor!"

"You will not find a more sympathetic one in all Ireland, including its garrison towns!"

An alarming glare from two heavily curtained eyes made me hasten to add:

"See—I am quite in the right attitude." I sank on my knees, with my hands clasped. "Now, fair ladye, in your mercy tell your devoted knight what wicked monster disturbed your rest, that I may rend it limb from limb!"

"I wish you could," she answered with a frightened glance round. Then in more natural tones: "*Do* get up—don't be so silly! What would the O'Connoll think if he came in? Don't be so silly!"

"People might imagine I was laying my heart at your feet. Shall I?"

"My shooting-boots might hurt the valuable article." She placed *en évidence* an absurd travesty of a "broad-soled" boot. I could have held the two on one hand. "There—the lace is untied! As you are in a convenient position, will you tie it for me, please, Captain Gordon?"

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"If I tie it so that it won't come undone again all day, will you tell me?"

The "shooting-boot" was in my possession, so I was not adverse to parleying with the enemy.

"Will I tell you what?"

"All about everything!"

"What do you mean? You make me shudder with your sweeping questions. Good gracious, no!"

"Then I shall unlace your boot."

I began to carry out my threat.

"You are horrid! Do it up again at once, and when it's *quite* done, I *might* begin to think of telling you something."

Philandering over a minute shooting-boot is very pleasant, but it was not business in this case, so with a smothered sigh I repaired the damage and released the hostage, which disappeared to join its fellow under the leather-bound checkerboard skirt Miss Dimples wore as appropriate to sport.

"Now sit down—no, not here—over in that chair. Well, first you must swear by—by your spurs, not to tell the O'Connoll."

"I swear it."

"Or ever in a horrid club smoking-room."

"I never enter such places; my mamma does not like me to."

"Or ever to tell Madam O'Connoll."

"May not Betty know?"

"Certainly not. It's bad enough my having to be as rude as I am in flying off like this, without my adding insult to injury by telling some stupid story about the house."

"So be it; I won't tell Betty, then—just yet."

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"I went up to bed, you know; you gave me my candlestick. By the way, I believe you made my fingers black and blue." She critically examined her plump little digits. Miss Dimples runs to entrancing hollows, even in her hands. "No, stay where you are—you need not look at them, thank you. Only be more careful next time you hand a person a candlestick. Well, we talked a little, and brushed our hair, and drank some tea——"

"Do women drink tea at that hour? What horrible depravity!"

"You men drink whisky, which is worse. Now, if you interrupt me *ever* again I shall stop altogether—so there! Well, I went to bed, as I said before; my room is called the Clock Room, and it is in the Priest's House. I locked my door quite securely, but I could not sleep for ages—not a wink, though I was dreadfully tired from that awful tramp, and my poor feet"—here the "Number Two" shooting-boots peeped out pathetically to emphasise her remarks—"simply *ached*. I heard all you men go to bed—a nice row you made! Then I heard the servants go past, making those elaborate efforts to walk softly which result in twice the noise of ordinary footsteps. Then I tried counting, but that woke me up all the more. At last I composed two new frocks, and the mental effort *did* make me drowsy, so I tried to recollect Dr. Monaghan's sermon—I was in Ballykinkope last Sunday—and that put me off in a few seconds."

"But, Miss Dimples, with your anti-religious convictions, *do* you go to church?"

"Of course I do. One must give whatever Pro-

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testant tenants one has a good example! Besides, at home I play the organ, and it's such fun composing the voluntaries. You can't think what a beauty 'The Absent-minded Beggar' makes." She laughed merrily.

"Now don't interrupt me any more, or I truly will stop. Just as I was dozing off, great heavy footsteps coming up the stairs woke me up again, heavy steps like a big labourer with clodhopping boots would make. I listened, thinking I was safe, as my door was locked, and wondering who it could be. The footsteps came along the corridor and stopped at my door for a second, and then came on right into my room, as if no door was there at all! I can swear the door never opened, but the footsteps came right on through! It sounds very mad, I know, but it's truly true, Captain Gordon. The footsteps went about the room for several minutes, and I nearly *died* of fright. I kept my eyes tight closed, afraid I might see something and expire; or, worse still, my hair turn white in a single night! However, at last I could not bear the horrible idea of this thing walking about unhindered, and I got strength to open first one eye a teeny, weeny bit, and then both. It was quite light in the room, the turf of my fire having fallen in and burnt brightly.

"Well, I looked about, but could *see* nothing, yet all the time the heavy footsteps went on across the room, to the wardrobe and back to the fireplace —the very boards creaking under the weight of— nothing I could see! At last, to my horror, the footsteps came over to the foot of my bed, and the

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ghost—yes, it must have been a ghost, I am positively certain—sat down plump on the edge of the bed, almost on to my toes. It is a great, big, heavy ghost too, for it made all the springs rattle. Fortunately, the bed in that room is very broad—one of those great, spreading, hospitable beds, you know; and I was lying away from the ghost, with only my feet over to its side; so gradually drawing my toes up—Heaven knows how I had courage—I crept softly out on the other side, and along the floor on my hands and knees, into the corner behind my bath. The big felt mat the maid spreads for me to stand on was folded up there, and I wrapped myself up in it. There I sat all night, shivering with cold and fright, whilst that horrible great, big pig of a ghost lay on *my* bed and snored and snorted most comfortably. You may laugh, Captain Gordon; I only hope it will go to you to-night. I did not feel in the least like laughing, I can assure you. When the morning came and it grew light enough to see, I looked over to the bed, fully expecting to see some hideous monster lying there; yet there wasn't a thing. My door was locked just as I had locked it; but on the second pillow—the one I had not used at all—was the impression of a heavy head, and all along the eider-down quilt there was the mark where the huge, long ghost had lain. I would not sleep another hour in this house—no, not for a million pounds!

"It's not at all kind of you to jeer at me, Captain Gordon, for I am quite in earnest; and really and truly, I was utterly unnerved and never so frightened before in all my life."

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I did my best to comfort the poor little girl, who, evidently enough, had imagined an exceedingly alarming experience, which, whether bred in her own nerves or caused by some spiteful sprite, had succeeded in making her pass a very miserable night.

She was quite shaken, and had only just escaped a bad cold as the result of her night out of bed, and was not at all fit for the fourteen Irish miles she must drive before she got to her own home; but in vain did I urge her to delay her going until the next day. She was stubbornness itself, and as the very suggestion of spending another night in Kilman seemed to give her pain, I refrained from further pressing, and led our conversation into lighter, less nightmarish channels.

O'Connoll and Adair joined us after a bit, and then Betty, with a cloth cap over her eyes and a light 20-bore in her hands.

"I'm one of the guns to-day," she announced airily.

"No, you don't, Betty," replied her husband. "I'm not going to have murder committed on my land, if I can help it. Put that pop-gun away, if you are coming with us. If you *must* shoot to-day, you may go by yourself—not with the rest of us, if I know it."

"Oh, Maurice!"

"It's no good, my dear. Didn't you take the toe off my boot a few weeks ago, shooting rabbits out of the oats?"

"The shot did not go within a yard of your boots, you teasing storyteller."

"Quite near enough to ruin my nerve for the

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rest of the day, anyhow. Here, put up that gun, like a good girl, and help beat to-day. Betty always thinks if she taps an occasional tree she is doing wonders. You'd shoot a beater for a moral certainty, and times are too bad now for me to be able to afford you 'big game.'"

"I've been out dozens of times," his wife replied, with an injured air, "and wiped your eye before now."

"I dare say," said her husband dryly. "I've had many marvellous escapes, I will own. But since the corn-cutting—no, thank you. 'Once bitten, twice shy.'"

"Very well," said Betty, resigning her gun. "I will beat to-day; but to-morrow, Kenneth, you and I will go out together, and you will see what sport we will have."

"If women *must* shoot," remarked O'Connoll dictatorially, "and nowadays they are not happy unless they do everything we do, and lots of things we would be ashamed to do—then let them make up their own parties and shoot each other. There are plenty of superfluous women about."

Miss Dimples rose immediately to his insulting bait.

"You men are just jealous," she declared. "You know, O'Connoll, your wife is a capital shot! Of course, we women do everything better than you men; and in shooting we score because *we* have not sat up half the night making *our* hands shaky with whisky."

"What about tea?" I began, but a fiery glance quelled me.

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"I've known some pretty shots amongst ladies," said the diplomatic Captain Adair.

"My sister is a first-class shot," Betty remarked; "much better than I am. How we laughed at her this summer, though! We used to go out with a little repeating rifle, stalking rabbits, and at first she would start out with a silk-lined skirt and frouey petticoats, that the rabbits could hear rustling a mile off. But plenty of women shoot now—and well too. There's Lady Garry Owen, who is a champion at woodcock; and Lady East Riding knocks all down before her. And do you remember the American widow at the Chenistown shoot last year, Maurice? She showed you men the way."

"With a huge cigar for ever in her mouth, and the tightest of tight rationals on. I should just like to see you doing it, Betty." O'Connoll laughed at the recollection of the transatlantic dame. "Well, come along; here are the others—we must hurry up."

The morning's sport was as varied and excellent as the shooting of the day before. The pheasants were nearly all wild birds, and were mighty strong on the wing. Besides pheasants, we massacred a few snipe and many woodcock; also the usual plethora of bunnies. Hares we saw, but O'Connoll preserves them strictly for Mr. Blakeney's sporting pack of harriers which hunt in the neighbourhood. Betty promised me a day with them.

After lunch came a tender parting with Miss Dimples. She was kind enough to express a hope we might meet again, and murmured comforting assurances that she would keep me some dances at a ball, coming off within the next ten days.

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I never knew if Miss Dimples did keep those dances for me! Anyhow, I fear that lucky beggar, Adair, got the benefit of them, for events crowded, and sent me back across the silver streak long before the ball came off.

VI

Adair left Kilman after dinner that night.

He came into my room, when I was changing my shooting things, and began to chat.

"What a rummy old place this is!" he volunteered. "You never were here before, were you? There are no end of stories going round about ghosts, you know. Not that I believe in such yarns—do you?"

"You never found a moderately old place people did not say was haunted; and as Kilman is immoderately old, of course they are bound to call it so," I answered sententiously.

"Yes; but sometimes you do hear most unexplainable rows here. Why, only last night, I'd have sworn someone was singing in a big cupboard there is in the room I was given."

"Practical joking, I should say."

"I don't know how it was done, all the same, as I searched the beastly place out several times; but no sooner did I get to bed again than the infernal music began once more."

"It's to be hoped your visitor had a pleasing voice," I laughed, at his injured tone.

"The song, if I could call it a song, was wordless—all a jumble of vowels, sung on a succession of minor notes, always ending in a particularly

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piercing tone that gave me a pain behind my eyes, and made me want to sit up and howl like a dog. I feel sure those poor brutes last night heard the same thing when they yelped. Oh! of course, it's all rot. I dare say I dreamt it; but I thought I'd ask you if you had dreamt it too. One doesn't like to ask O'Connoll about the matter, for, though he is the best of good chaps, yet he's a bit touchy on that point. I remember once he was very near knocking my head off because I hinted at something being wrong in another room I was then in."

I assured Adair I had not had "the mysterious minstrels" in my room, and asked for particulars of his other experiences.

"Mind you," he began, "I don't believe in ghosts, not for a second; yet it is funny, I must own. What happened before? Oh! nothing much; only every time I got into bed I was rolled out again. Mind you, I saw nothing, though I looked pretty smartly, I can tell you—with a candle in one hand and revolver in the other; only, as I told you, no sooner did I lie down again than the mattress humped itself up and threw me."

"A bucking mattress is a new and added terror to the history of ghostology."

"I pulled the bally old bed to bits, and at last yanked it all out on to the floor, where I slept in a heap. The man who called me thought me quite mad or very drunk. However, I told him I could not sleep any other way, and cleared that day. O'Connoll would not believe a word of the matter—of course, he did not tell me in so many words—but he laughed and patted me on the back, and

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advised me to have four, instead of three, fingers of whisky next time, and then I would sleep better. Madam O'Connoll laughed too, but promised she would never put me in that room again—and never has. All the talk of spirits is folly; but this is a very rummy place, there's no doubt about that!"

With this he left me, and when he had gone I regretted that I had not asked him if, by any chance, it was in the room I was now in he had been so rudely disturbed; but my mattress, as I punched it, seemed incapable of any such Buffalo Bill tricks.

When Adair had departed after dinner we talked shooting. I told shikari tales and romanced over the tigers I had nobbled, giving the full account, from start to finish, of the exciting sport I had had with the late owners of two fine pelts I was giving to my cousin.

Half-past eleven came and went, heralded as before by the dogs; but in going over the stories of past hunts and big shoots we took no heed of time. It was past twelve when Betty left us, and nearly one o'clock before we thought of turning in.

O'Connoll rang up a servant and asked him if the house was shut up and the household gone to bed.

"They have," said the man.

"Then you can go too; I will put out the hall lamp," answered his master. "Now, Gordon, we'll have one more drink, and then make for bed."

We walked into the hall, and O'Connoll showed me the old-fashioned locks and heavy chains that barred the doors, I mentally wondering how these chains *could* be taken from their staples and dragged

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and rattled upstairs in the way Betty had described. Then he put out the lamps, and with "Nell," the fox-terrier, at my heels, and a favourite cat of his following him, we walked upstairs.

He saw me into my room, gave my fire a poke and made it up, then, wishing me good night, walked across the gallery to his dressing-room, and I heard him open and shut the door.

Left for the night, my first action, as it always is, was to lock my door. Then I put a candle and matches near my bed, and prepared to make my little friend "Nell" a comfortable corner.

The dog and I had grown allies. Betty said she was quite jealous, for "Nell" was a faithful old lady, who did not generally admit new loves into her doggie heart.

"It's one of Betty's tests with new people," O'Connoll told me. "If 'Nell' does not growl at them, they are all right; if she does, nothing will persuade Betty that they are not burglars in disguise, and she will have nothing to say to them."

I threw my rug down again to-night for "Nell," who sat in front of the genial blaze and turned her damp nose up to me in the trustful way that dogs have.

Wheeling a low, roomy arm-chair into a good position for the light of the lamp to fall on my paper, I got my writing-book, and with my legs each side of the fireplace, began to write some letters which it was absolutely necessary should leave by the next day's mail. Up to the present I had really no time for writing, but now it was business, and had to be done.

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Who is the Ghost?

The room in which Darnley was born at Temple Newsam. The "untouched"

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My first letter was to a firm of naturalists, who were setting up some markhor heads and bighorns for me, telling them to send two good specimens and a couple of tiger skins on to Kilman; next I wrote to my gunmakers about an Express rifle I was in treaty for.

Pausing only to light my pipe—I can never get my ideas to run straight without the aid of my old briar—I began a long and rather intricate letter to my lawyer about a monetary matter that had been giving me a great deal of bother lately.

Stooping to replenish the fire—the one drawback to these delightful turf fires is the constant need there is of putting on fresh sods—I looked down to see where the dog was, for I missed her from my feet.

"Nell" had disappeared.

I whistled softly and snapped my fingers. A faint tip, tip, tip, tip of a wagging tail told me her whereabouts. The fox-terrier had hidden under an old secretaire in the corner, and had no intention of coming out. I called her repeatedly, with no result.

"Don't be such a little fool," I said crossly, kneeling down and pulling her out by the scruff of her neck. "You are not going to begin fresh pranks, I trust."

"Nell's" big brown humid eyes looked wistfully into mine, but the moment I relaxed my hold she attempted to creep back under the secretaire again. However, I prevented her, and carried her to the bed I had made for her by the fire.

Then I was just settling down to my writing again, when a scratching at the door caught my attention.

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I looked up to listen; the terrier gave a veritable scream of terror.

The dog was sitting bolt upright on the rug, every hair of her coat bristling roughly, her lips drawn up, showing her brown old teeth, her ears laid flat back to her skull, her eyes fixed on the door, trembling with the same painful rigors of the night she had first been my companion.

The noise at the door continued. At first I fancied some cat or dog was trying to get in, but then I noticed that the scratching kept up a kind of time—one, two; one, two, three; one, two; one, two, three.

I set my teeth. The unknown exponent of the art of practical joking at Kilman had chosen the wrong time for a display of his pranks.

He was safer when he kept to the darkness of midnight. Suddenly awakened out of sound sleep in a black Egyptian gloom, a man is not so formidable a foe as when, with a lamp lighted, candles burning and fire blazing, he catches up a revolver that has often proved its accuracy, and goes forth to inflict condign punishment on the villain or fool attempting to frighten him. I was enraged at the dastardly way poor Betty had been tricked, and resolved that if "he" or "it" who were guilty of these disturbances would only show, they would regret the hour that they tempted their fate.

My revolver was soon taken from the holster case in which I carry it about. I assured myself that it was loaded, then, walking across the room, I unlocked the door and flung it wide open.

There was no one outside,

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The landing and corridor were empty, and beyond, through the half-open door that divided the wing from the tower, I could only see the blackness of the unlit gallery. When I listened, my straining ears seemed to catch the sound of a soft thud, then a rustle, then another soft thud going along the gallery; but as I could not see, I turned quickly into my room, and, catching up the candle from the table at the side of the bed, walked out on to the landing and through the door into the gallery, holding the candle overhead and striving to pierce the dark depths below and around me.

All was still now; only my own breathing broke the silence. I sniffed the air. Faugh! A subtle, unknown, and horribly vile smell filled my nostrils and sent me back quite sickened to my room. There was no more to be done, so I shut and locked my door and turned with a sigh to my bothering letter.

"Nell" welcomed my reappearance with rapture and every demonstration of delight. She jumped on to my knees and tried to cover my face with her frenzied kisses. I felt that she was still trembling violently, so I soothed and petted her for a few minutes before putting her back into her bed.

I had scarcely taken up my pen again when a noise came from the far end of the gallery—thuds and brushing. Whatever caused the noise advanced right up to my door, and fell or threw itself once or twice heavily against the framework. Then the scraping began again. One, two; slow and long scratches right down the panel. One, two, three; shortly and quickly succeeding each other. Then a

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rustling or brushing noise against the door, followed by another thud and more scratching.

I sprang up, sending my papers flying in all directions, rushing to the door, unlocking it and tearing it open. The same sickening smell struck my nostrils; the mat that lay across the threshold was half turned back; but beyond this there was no more to be seen this time than before.

But most unmistakably I heard the rustling, brushing, soft dumping noise at the end of the gallery.

Should I walk across and rouse O'Connoll?

This would entail waking Betty, and her being left alone whilst I carried off her husband to help in the hunt for this mysterious night-bird which was disturbing me. I was the only occupant, I knew, of the Red Wing, the O'Connolls alone in the Blue Wing, and in the Priest's House were the babies and servants.

Should I cross the gallery, I debated, go through the Blue Corridor, down the stairs and into the Priest's House, in search of the butler?

I had no kind of idea which was his room, and my endeavours to discover him might land me in nurseries with terrified, shrieking babies and irate nurses, or in the women servants' quarters, where indignant and hysterical maids would call down vengeance on my devoted head.

Even should I succeed in finding the man's room, what should I ask his aid for—a burglar hunt?

But burglars do not scratch with their finger-nails on people's doors.

A ghost hunt?

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Then I should probably frighten all Betty's domestics into departing next day, besides laying up endless ridicule for myself when nothing came of it. How did I know that Oscar, the deerhound, had not been taught the clever trick of scratching and bumping in correct time?

There was nothing for it but to go back and await further developments.

I shut the door, but did not lock it, put my papers away, all idea of further writing being out of the question, placed the lamp on a chest of drawers exactly opposite the door, lighted every candle in the room, and, revolver in hand, stood by the door ready to wrench it wide open before the practical joker could have time to depart.

The first intimation of the return of my visitant was, as usual, from "Nell," the fox-terrier. Again her coat bristled and her limbs stiffened, the same visible tremor shook her whole body, and her eyes once more fixed themselves with agonised attention on the door.

In a little I, too, heard the bump, bump, bump along the gallery, the rustling and brushing, the thump against the door. Then a sniff under it, and a long scratch, as if with a sharp finger-nail, down the paint.

Breathless with excitement, I flung back the door.

In a moment I knew what Betty had meant when she said her hair "moved." For my flesh, all over my body and scalp, "crept," and every hair on my head stood straight on end.

I must admit, without reserve, that I was utterly

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terror-stricken, and absolutely paralysed with fright. My hand holding the revolver dropped limply to my side when, in the full glare of the lamp, I saw the Creature that squatted in the doorway.

No one who has not experienced the sensation can in the smallest measure understand the absolute weakness that came over me, the seeming cessation of the pulses of life, the grip in heart and brain, the deadly numbness which rendered me incapable of thought, word, or action, when I first saw that awful beast.

I heard a sharp yelp from the terrier just when the door swung back, but after that there was no sound or movement from the dog, and the Creature on the mat and I faced each other in absolute silence. The lamp burnt brightly, the fire fizzed and puffed, and my fascinated eyes took in every detail, every gruesome feature, of the indescribable Horror squatting at my door.

The Thing was about the size of a sheep, thin, gaunt and shadowy in parts. Its face was human —or, to be more accurate, inhuman—in its vileness, with large holes of blackness for eyes, loose slobbery lips, and a thick saliva-dripping jaw, sloping suddenly back into its neck. Nose it had none, only spreading, cancerous cavities, the whole face being one uniform tint of grey. This, too, was the colour of the dark, coarse hair covering its head, neck, and body. The forearms were thickly coated with the same hair, so were its paws—large, loose, and hand-shaped; and as it sat on its hind legs, one hand or paw was raised, and a claw-like finger was extended to scratch the paint.

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Its lustreless eyes, which seemed half decomposed in black cavities and looked incredibly foul, stared into mine, and the horrible smell which had before offended my nostrils, only a hundred times intensified, came up into my face, filling me with a deadly nausea. I noticed the lower half of the creature was indefinite and seemed semi-transparent—at least, I could see the framework of the door that led into the gallery *through* its body.

I cannot tell exactly how long we thus stood, gazing at each other—time seemed to cease and eternity begin—but at last the creature gave a species of hop and landed well inside the room.

Then my hitherto nerveless fingers closed round my revolver—oh! the comfort its cold stock gave me—and covering the Brute carefully between its prominent eyes, I fired.

A crash of lead striking the wood of the large hanging cupboard *behind* the object I aimed at told me I had either missed or my bullet had gone clean through the Thing's head. IT did not seem one bit inconvenienced, merely turning its vile countenance at the sound of the splintered wood.

I took aim once more, desperately determining that if lead could solve the mystery, my bullet should this time.

I *could* not have missed, but another ping of the bullet into the wardrobe was the only result of the second shot.

My flesh crept again, and a stifling tightness clutched my throat. Either my eyesight was failing or the Creature was gradually becoming less distinct. Just as I was preparing for a third shot it reared itself

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upright, and holding its arms rather bent, it took one step forward, as if about to spring upon me.

Was it a trick of my hot, aching eyes, or not? I cannot say, but the horrible, bestial lines of the Creature gradually merged into the grey, featureless shape Betty had described.

Overcoming the strongest physical repugnance at the thought of the Creature touching me, I pressed my revolver right up or *into* its breast—and fired. Springing back to avoid its "hands" clutching me, my ankle twisted, and I fell, something striking me a sharp, stinging blow on the temple.

* * * * *

The next thing I heard was Betty's voice saying joyfully, "He is coming to, now, doctor, I am sure."

My eyelids seemed weighted as with lead, but with an effort I opened them, to see a man I could not recollect having ever met standing over me with a pair of scissors in one hand and a roll of sticking-plaster in the other.

Beside him stood Betty, and Maurice was supporting my head. I was lying on a bed in a small room I had not been in before, but which, from the whips and boots about, I guessed rightly to be O'Connoll's dressing-room.

"You fell and split your scalp against an iron bedpost, old man," said Maurice. "We got Dr. Charterly out to mend you up."

"Not quite so bad as that, O'Connoll," the doctor corrected, smiling. "I expect Captain Gordon has had many a worse head than this. There—that's as neat a job as I can make of it; you'll have to

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wear your hat well over your eyes to hide the 'plashter,' or your friends will say you've been prize-fighting. Want to get up, do you? I would not, if I were you; it's not much more than seven yet, so lie where you are until breakfast-time, and try and get a sleep. Here—drink this up."

"Betty," I called rather weakly, feeling an insane desire to cry, "Betty, are you all safe?"

"Of course, Madam O'Connoll is. Why shouldn't she be?" interrupted the doctor. "It's ruining her complexion she is, stopping out of bed like this. Now, O'Connoll, please, I'll be much obliged if you and your good lady will leave me alone with my patient. With your permission, I will take a couple of hours' rest in this fine chair and then invite myself to breakfast with you, for I'm due at your dispensary at ten, so it's not worth while going home."

My cousin pressed my hand, and she and her husband left me alone with the doctor.

I was beginning to speak when he stopped me. "Look here, Captain Gordon," he said, "I presume you want to get well fast? Then don't be bothering your poor battered brain with thinking. You've had a fall and a fright—no one else was frightened or hurt, and you yourself are not at all bad; if you sleep now, you'll be well when you wake up."

"Doctor," I cried earnestly, "I must get to Dublin to-night, and Madam O'Connoll——"

"And Madam O'Connoll and himself are to go with you—by medical orders!" the doctor said, with a comical twist of his face. "I'm hunting the lot of ye away for a change—babies and all. So unless you want to be left here all alone with the alternative of

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Ballykinkope Union Infirmary, get to sleep and be fit for the journey."

He sat in an arm-chair, wrapped a rug round his feet, and vouchsafed me no more words. My thoughts were confused and chaotic; but before I could arrange them the medicine he had given me did its work, and I went to sleep.

O'Connoll was sitting in the room when I awoke, and a tray with breakfast things was on a table beside my bed.

My head was quite clear now. I was free from aches and pains, and very hungry.

"The doctor said you could get up when you'd eaten something. But there is no hurry, Gordon, as our train does not go until three o'clock. Feel pretty fit again?"

"I'm so awfully sorry, O'Connoll," I began. He stopped me.

"I know what you mean, old man; it's no fault of yours, I suppose. Look here, though—about last night. It's Betty I don't want to have frightened, for it would only make her worse at frightening people like she doubtless frightened you. All her fault again, of course."

"What happened when I fell? I suppose you heard my shots and came in?"

"You let fly three times, didn't you? I didn't hear the first shot. Betty did, and awoke me just at the second. I was half across the gallery when you fired last."

"Then you saw——"

"My dear fellow, I saw nothing; I make a point of *never* seeing anything in this house. I simply

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can't afford to! My father, grandfather, and their fathers before them spent their lives here—deuced long ones, too, judging by my grandfather's. The ghosts were talked of then just the same, and no one was one bit the worse for them that I ever heard of. My idea is, if you leave them alone they will leave you; so I have not seen, and do not see, and never *will* see one of them. But with my wife it is different. So, Gordon, I want you to help me—do tell her a good thumping likely lie, and make her think you were drunk."

"Kenneth can economise that lie," Betty said gently. She had heard her husband's last words as she came into the room.

"I know what you are talking about, and I know Kenneth was not dreaming, and, of course, I know he was not drunk. But I don't want to know or hear another word of the subject. We'll stop in Dublin until November is over, and then—then we'll come home. I am so sorry, Kenneth, that you have proved to be one of the small percentage who 'see.' Many, many people come here, see nothing, and scoff at the idea of there being anything to see. You were less lucky. Now I'm going to pack up. Don't you go into the other wing again; the clothes you want will be brought you here, and the rest packed up. Now be a sensible man and don't go trying to remember about last night" (as if there was the smallest danger of my forgetting it!), "but eat up your breakfast before you move."

"Betty's right," said O'Connoll. "We won't talk of ghosts again. After all, what *is* the good? It all leads to nothing."

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"Where is 'Nell'?" I cried, suddenly thinking of my little terrier friend.

"She is dead," O'Connoll answered shortly. I did not ask for more particulars.

THE MARBLE MANTELPIECE

THE following story concerns a London hotel in the West End, a favourite resort of fashionable people of all nationalities. The incident related occurred to a lady well known to me, and whom I will call Mrs. Hope, for, unfortunately, I am not allowed to mention her real name.

"One summer," said Mrs. Hope, "I came to town to do some shopping and was the guest of a wealthy friend who generally had a small suite at Claridge's. It chanced that Claridge's was quite full, and my friend could not get her usual suite, so she took rooms in another hotel not far off.

"This hotel was also very full, and she had to content herself with rooms on the top floor, not well enough furnished to satisfy her, and the promise that a much better suite below would be vacant in a few days, which she could then have.

"I am entering into these details because they have a bearing on the story.

"My friend was located in the upper suite when I arrived, and we stayed together, spending our days in shopping, sight-seeing, motoring, and so on.

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"The second day of my arrival I went into the sitting-room about two o'clock, when, to my astonishment, I saw a lady dressed in outdoor clothes sitting in an arm-chair. She was extremely pretty, and sat in a graceful attitude, with her hands folded. Her dress was of soft grey material, something like ninon, and she wore a flat, wide-brimmed hat. I saw her face quite distinctly, and noticed that she was very fair and very delicate-looking. I can see her now in my mind's eye.

"We were not expecting a visitor, but naturally I concluded she must be one, and advanced towards her, when suddenly she vanished! The arm-chair stood empty as before, and the lady had disappeared.

"I said nothing to my hostess, simply because I knew she would only laugh at me; but I must confess I felt very uncomfortable, for the figure was not a shadowy one seen in a dim light, but a very real-looking one, seen in broad daylight.

"Next day we moved down into the suite of rooms on the lower floor, the occupants, a Russian prince and princess, having just left. The moment I went into the sitting-room I noticed a beautiful marble mantelpiece, and went nearer to examine it, for in these old London hotels one often comes across exquisite bits of ancient carving and decoration. The mantelpiece reached nearly to the ceiling, and was beautifully carved with wreaths of fruit and flowers —so beautifully that Ruskin's wonderful definition of fine architecture as 'frozen music' rushed into my mind. There were two marble pillars supporting it, and half-way up was a large medallion portrait of a beautiful woman,

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"Then I simply gasped, for on the medallion was the face of the lady I had seen upstairs, flat-brimmed hat and all.

"Seeing me change colour and look startled, my hostess asked me what was the matter, and then I told her about my vision of the previous day. She was much interested and questioned the servants and the people of the hotel, but they professed to know nothing.

"No doubt they knew a great deal more than they cared to say."

THE WHITE LADY OF BOLLING HALL

THE recent marriage of President Wilson and Mrs. Galt (*née* Edith Bolling) has aroused fresh interest in the ghost story of Bolling Hall, Bradford, which is the ancestral home of the bride, and will no doubt be the Mecca of all good Americans on tour when they visit this country in days to come.

Rosamund Bolling, who owned the estate in the sixteenth century, married Sir Richard Tempest in 1502, and brought him the Manor House as part of her dowry, and for generations the Tempests held sway there, the last of them being a desperate gambler, who finally staked and lost Bolling and the adjoining lands at cards.

During the deal that was to have such momentous results, Tempest was heard to exclaim:

"Now ace, deuce and tray,
Or farewell Bolling Hall for ever and aye!"

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It is not surprising that Tempest died in the King's Bench in 1658, where he was imprisoned for debt, and his ghost is said to haunt the ghost-chamber at Bolling, which is a beautiful old room in which are portraits of Sir Richard Tempest and Rosamund Bolling, his wife, painted on panels.

The most famous ghost story of Bolling Hall, however, does not deal with the reckless gambler, Tempest, but with an episode of the Civil War.

An old writer, who was himself in Bradford at the time, tells the story in the course of his description of the horrors of the siege : *

"In the meantime the enemy (the Earl of Newcastle and the Royalists) took the opportunity of a parley to remove their cannon, and brought them nearer the town and fixed them on a certain place called Goodman's End, directly against the heart of the town and surrounding us on every side with horse and foot, so it was impossible for a single person to escape. Nor could the troops within the town act on the defensive for want of ammunition, which they had lost in their last defeat at Adwalton ; nor had they a single match, but such as were made of twisted cords dipped in oil.

"Oh, that dreadful and never-to-be-forgotten night, which was mostly spent in firing those deadly engines upon us, so that the blaze issuing therefrom appeared like lightning from Heaven, the elements being, as it were, on fire, and the loud roaring of the cannon resembling the mighty thunders of the

* "A genuine account of the sore calamities that befell Bradford in the time of the Civil War."

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sky! This same night Sir Thomas Fairfax and the forces in his command cut their way through the besiegers and escaped from the town, thus leaving it more utterly at the Royalists' mercy.

"Now, reader, here stop—stop for a moment—pause and suppose thyself in the like dilemma. Words cannot express, thoughts cannot imagine, nay, art itself is not able to point out the calamities and woeful distresses with which we were now overwhelmed withal! Every countenance was spread with sorrow; every house was overwhelmed with grief; husbands lamenting over their families; women wringing their hands in despair; children shrieking, crying and clinging to their parents. Death in all his dreadful forms and frightful aspects stalking in every street and every corner. In short, horror, despair, and destruction united their efforts to spread devastation and complete our ruin.

"What are all our former calamities in comparison with these? Before, there were some glimmering hopes of mercy from the enemy, but now they are fled—fled in every appearance. Our foes were exasperated with the opposition they had met with from us, but especially the cruel death by which the Earl of Newport's son fell by our unwary townsmen. For behold! immediately orders were issued out to the soldiers by the Earl of Newcastle, their commander, that the next morning they should put to the sword every man, woman, and child, without regard to age, sex, or distinction whatsoever.

"The night before the sentence was to be carried

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out the Earl of Newcastle was sleeping at Bolling, or Bowling, Hall. In the midst of the night a lady, clad in white, gauzy garments from head to foot, entered the Earl's bedroom, several times pulled the clothes from his bed, and then, when he was thoroughly aroused and trembling with fear, cried out with a lamentable voice, 'Pity poor Bradford! Pity poor Bradford!' and disappeared.

"How far this was true I submit it to others to determine. But this much I must affirm—that the hand of Providence never more conspicuously appeared in our favour, for lo! immediately the Earl countermanded the former order, and forbade the death of any person whatsoever, except only such as made resistance.

"Thus, from a state of anguish and despair, we, who were but just ready to be swallowed up, by the wonderful providence of the Almighty were reprieved as criminals from the rack. See what a surprising change immediately takes place: the countenances of those who were but just before overspread with horror and despair began in some measure to resume their former gaiety and cheerfulness—a general joy and gladness diffused itself through every breast; the hearts of those who were ere now overwhelmed with sorrow are now big with praise and thanksgiving to God for the wonderful and surprising deliverance brought about in their favour."

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THE HAUNTED HOUSE AT HINDHEAD

HAVING heard that Miss Marjorie Patterson, the clever young actress and novelist, had had some ghostly experiences, I asked her to give me an account of them. She kindly consented, and this is the story she told me:

"It happened last summer and the year before, when I was staying down at Hindhead. The house was near the Punchbowl, and it was not an old one, as is the case in most stories of haunted houses.

"The second night I slept there I awoke at eight in the morning, and the first thing my eyes rested on was the figure of an old lady sitting quietly by the side of my bed, looking at me.

"I must tell you that I am not one of those people who awake slowly and spend some time in coming gradually back from the land of dreams. On the contrary, the moment I wake up I am quite awake.

"On seeing the old lady there, my first feeling was one of annoyance. There were several old ladies in the house, and I thought it great presumption of this one to invade my room. I was most indignant and sat up in bed to ask her what she was doing there. She was dressed in black, and had on a mob cap which completely hid every vestige of her hair. She was very pale, with hollow cheeks, her nose was short and broad, and her teeth prominent. As I opened my mouth to speak, horrible to relate, her features slowly melted into the form of a hideous skull, and she vanished.

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"I was very frightened. It was eight o'clock on a summer's morning, and therefore quite light, but all the same I could not shake off the feeling of horror and fear. When the maid came in with my hot water, I told her what I had seen and questioned her closely, and she confessed that there *was* something queer about the room, and that a gentleman, who had occupied it not long before, had had to leave it suddenly.

"I knew that what I had seen was not the continuation of a dream, because, as I have said, I wake up thoroughly at once, and do not doze on drowsily as some people do.

"In spite of my shock I determined to stay on in the room, as I was decidedly interested. The next night I went to sleep, but in the middle of the night I was awakened by the sound of two people whispering near my bed. The voices were those of old people. Then something came along and stood quite close to me, still whispering, and I distinctly heard it rubbing its hands together and cracking its joints. The sounds I heard could not have been anybody in the next room, because the walls were solid and I could not hear any sound at any time in that room. There was no wind, and besides—I *felt* the awful thing near me.

"I continued to sleep in the room, wondering what would happen next, and I heard the thing, whatever it was, frequently. Often I would wake and say to myself, 'It's on this side—it's on that side.' One night I called my mother, and, though she saw nothing, she felt it too.

"After its first appearance to me it didn't

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materialise any more, but it never left me alone, and I got exasperated and used to speak aloud to it, and say, 'Do for goodness' sake get out and let me go to sleep.'

"One night I had been down to the bathroom to have a bath, and it was rather late—about twelve o'clock—when I came upstairs with my sponge and towels in my hand. As I entered my room and switched on the light, I felt the usual sensation that *It* was there. In front of the fireplace stood an old wicker chair with its back to the door. I heard the chair creak loudly, and as I looked at it I saw the two arms open out slowly, as if some old person were getting up out of it most laboriously, and the chair moved back and quivered, and rocked over on its back legs.

"The whole of that house, not only my room, was haunted, particularly in the month of September. Vague grey shadows, sometimes running low on the ground like animals, would be seen by people on the stairs. There were very strange influences and uncanny sounds there. Sometimes for days together I heard nothing, and then a queer feeling would come over me, a physical feeling, as if a cold breath passed over my head and ruffled my hair, and I would say, 'It's back here.'

"They say these Elementals are very teasing and mischievous. I accounted for them by the fact that the neighbourhood had in olden times been the scene of murder and other dark deeds done by highwaymen, and we were not far from the spot where the gibbet once stood and the bodies of the murderers used to hang in chains. I have been

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told by psychic people that if you speak to Elementals you ought to wish them happiness.

"One of the last nights I slept in the haunted room I had another experience. It was in the evening, and my mother was with me, and we were talking. Suddenly the electric light was turned off —the knob moved, and we both distinctly heard it click. Then it clicked again, and the light went up. I cried out: 'Mother, *It*'s in the room!'

* * * * *

"That was the end of my Hindhead experiences, but it might interest you to hear of something that happened when I was a child of eight. I was too young at the time to remember it distinctly now, but my mother, who tells the story, always says it made a great impression on her.

"We were living at Scarborough. The town became very crowded during the season, and we drove over the moors to find a little cottage where we could get lodgings away from the town. At last we found an ideal, picturesque little place, covered with jasmine and roses and standing in a dear old-fashioned garden.

"The woman who owned it lived there, and let us the rooms. I had a front bedroom overlooking the garden, with a lattice window and some nice old-fashioned furniture and china.

"One day I was sitting at the window when my mother came in and said, 'Isn't this a fascinating room?'

"'Yes,' I am told I answered, 'but so sad.'

"My mother was astonished, for it was a particu-

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larly sunny, cheerful room; then I added to my mother's astonishment by saying, 'Mother, is there any illness you can have that stops you from moving? I feel as if one side of me was dead."

"Just then, before she could answer, the woman who owned the cottage came in and said, 'Isn't it a pretty view? It was such a comfort to my mother. She had paralysis, and used to sit by that window for hours looking out.'

"Very strange—wasn't it?—that the dead woman's sensations should have been felt long afterwards by a child?"

THE GHOST WITH THE EVIL FACE

The incident related in this story happened to an officer in the Royal Navy, a personal friend of mine. I have his kind permission to publish the story as he told it to me:

"When I was a boy of eight or nine we were living near Alverstoke, in Hampshire. The house was an old one, on a common, with a wall-garden and small lawn. The windows had little old-fashioned square panes, and on one of them a former occupant or visitor had scratched her name, 'Mary Carmoys.' The house had been built on to, and had probably once been, a large cottage. The stable was never used, except as a coal cellar, for the people who lived there before us did not keep horses, nor did we.

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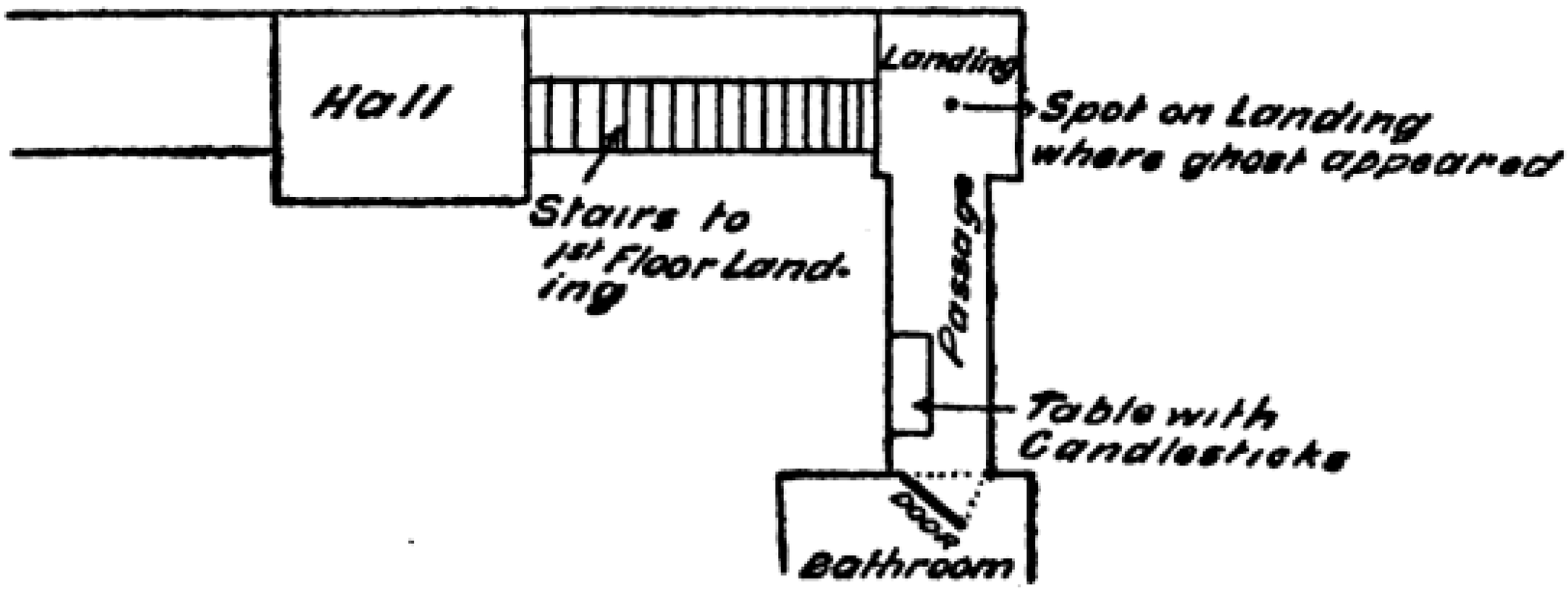
"We rented the house furnished, and had been there for several years before what I am going to tell you took place. My father was away at sea, and there were only my mother, we children, and the servants at home at the time.

"One evening I had not been feeling well, and my mother suggested that I had better go to bed. I went upstairs with her, and she left me at the top of the landing stairs while she went up three steps to the right and along a passage to the entrance to the bathroom, where a table always stood, on which the bedroom candles were kept.

"'You wait here,' she said; 'I'll go and get a light.'

"To make clear the exact position where I was left, I will draw you a rough plan. The hall lamp



was not lighted, nor the landing lamp, so it was fairly dusk, being close on October, about six in the evening.

"As I say, my mother left me while she went to light a candle. When she was gone and I was waiting for her to come back, I saw facing me a man dressed as a sailor in a blue jersey and stocking cap, who stared at me very intently. His expression

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frightened me, and his face was peculiarly repulsive. He looked like a particularly villainous specimen of the loafers one sees on the Hard at Portsmouth.

"As I watched him, shaking with fright, I heard my mother returning. As she came down the steps the man vanished quite suddenly. She noticed that I was upset, and asked me what was the matter. I said: 'There's a man standing in the passage.'

"'Oh, nonsense!' said my mother; but she hunted the whole house and found no one.

"I was so thoroughly frightened at seeing the man that nothing would induce me to sleep in my own room, and so I slept with my mother. I may add that she was very religious and extremely sceptical of anything of the nature of ghosts, but my terror was so evident that she saw I was not humbugging or telling a lie. She had at first believed that I had seen a real man—probably a tramp who had broken into the house, but after she had made a thorough search and had found nothing, she did not know what to make of it.

* * * * *

"Six years later, when we had gone to live in Devonshire, the conversation turned on servants, and I asked my mother why my former nurse and the cook had left so suddenly. She told me they had both seen the man within a few days of my seeing him, and had left the house at once. My mother added that she had since heard that the house was haunted by a sailor who was supposed to have been murdered in it over some dispute about a girl.

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"The house, which stood close to the creek, had been a well known depot for smugglers. This was borne out by subsequent events. Major Graham (as I will call him), who was the next tenant after ourselves, kept horses. The stable, therefore, was cleared out and used. One day, one of his horses fell into a pit on the way to the stable, the ground having given way, and there was found a regular smugglers' hiding-place of the old type, such as you read about in stories.

"That ends my story, but I can assure you I shall never forget seeing the ghost as long as I live. I can remember his horrible malignant expression to this very day."

A GHOST SEEN IN BORROWDALE, CUMBERLAND

DR. HASWELL, of Leamington, had the following strange experience in the North of England, which he has thus described to me:

"Some few years ago, in the month of November, my friend B—— and I were staying at Rosthwaite, in Borrowdale. At the time we were keen on photography, and we found many excellent opportunities of practising our hobby amongst the hills and valleys of this charming place.

"One day we went to the lonely hamlet of Watendlath, and after a fairly successful time with our cameras, were returning to Rosthwaite as the

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mournful autumn sun was nearing the high mountains in the south-west.

"From Watendlath to Rosthwaite the steep hill track passes a plantation of larch on the left. When we reached this place we decided to go round the other side of the plantation in the hope of finding some fresh subject. My friend lingered a few minutes behind, whilst I went forward and found myself on the wrong side of a stone wall. To regain the usual track I had to climb this wall. This I did, climbing to the top and leaving my camera and bag there whilst I jumped down on to the turf. Having secured my apparatus, I waited near the wall till B—— could join me. I then looked towards the west and saw, close to the wall, scarcely fifty yards ahead, the figure of a lady (I use the word 'lady' as distinguished from 'countrywoman') bending over, looking towards the wall as if searching for something on the ground. The lady was dressed in black, or a very dark-coloured material; there was nothing antique or remarkable about her appearance, and I concluded that she must be a tourist. Wondering what she might be looking for, I watched her for a minute or so. It then occurred to me that she might be startled if I went forward, so I remained where I was, waiting for my friend.

"He soon came up and scaled the wall. We then moved on for a yard or two, and it struck me at that moment that I might get a picture looking back in the direction we had come from. To my great astonishment, on turning again towards Rosthwaite *I found the lady had vanished.* I

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immediately said to B——, 'Where is that lady gone?'

"He replied, 'What lady?'

"I answered, 'Didn't you see a lady there looking at the ground?'

"B—— replied that he had seen nobody.

"I then told him that I was sure he must have seen the lady, which was my reason for not having drawn his attention to her sooner. Feeling curious, we both examined the whole place round, but could find no trace of any lady. In fact, there was nobody in sight in any direction. It would have been very difficult for a lady to climb over the wall about there, for it was rather high and the stones loose; and even if it had been done she could not possibly have concealed herself on the other side, where the open fell lay, with pools of water in the foreground. Nor could any person have escaped our observation on the track we followed to Rosthwaite. It was impossible.

"The face of the apparition—for such I concluded the 'lady' must have been—was peculiarly dusky; it may have been partly averted. No solution was ever found, and though I watched carefully for some days to see if any person at all like what I had seen were really living about Rosthwaite, I failed to find any. There was some movement in the figure I saw, though not much; and in point of time it remained visible to me for several minutes."

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THE WESLEY GHOST STORY

THERE is no better authenticated ghost story than that of Epworth Parsonage, the home of the Wesleys, in Lincolnshire, because the whole Wesley family confirmed it, as well as other witnesses. At the time the disturbances took place the Rector was the Rev. Samuel Wesley, father of the celebrated John Wesley, who lived there with his wife and most of the members of his large family. Sam, the eldest son, and John were at Westminster; Charles, another son, was away from home; but the girls, Emilia, Sukey, Molly, Hetty, Nancy, and others, were all at home, and not only did the Rector and his wife suffer many things from ghostly visitations, but all the girls, from Emilia, who was twenty-two, to little Patty and Keziah, who were merely children, as well as the three servants, were scared nearly out of their wits by what they saw and heard.

Years after John Wesley wrote an account of the Epworth ghost for the *Armian Magazine*, a publication which afterwards became the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*. He based it on his own strict investigations, and it runs as follows:

"When I was very young I heard several letters read, wrote to my elder brother by my father, giving an account of strange disturbances which were in the house at Epworth, in Lincolnshire.

"When I went down thither, in the year 1720, I carefully inquired into the particulars. I spoke to each of the persons who were then in the house,

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and took down what each could testify of his or her own knowledge. The sum of which was this:

"On December 2, 1716, while Robert Brown, my father's servant, was sitting with one of the maids, a little before ten at night, in the dining room, which opened into the garden, they both heard a knocking at the door. Robert rose and opened it, but could see nobody. Quickly it knocked again, and groaned. 'It is Mr. Turpine,' said Robert; 'he has the stone, and uses to groan so.'

"He opened the door again twice or thrice, the knocking being twice or thrice repeated, but still seeing nothing, and being a little startled, they rose and went to bed.

"When Robert came to the top of the garret stairs he saw a handmill, which was at a little distance, whirled about very swiftly. When he related this he said: 'Nought vexed me but that it was empty. I thought, if it had been full of malt he might have ground his heart out for me.' When he was in bed he heard, as it were, the gobbling of a turkey-cock close to the bedside, and soon after the sound of one stumbling over his shoes and boots; but there were none there—he had left them below.

"The next day he and the maid related these things to the other maid, who laughed heartily, and said, 'What a couple of fools you are! I defy anything to frighten me!' After churning in the evening she put the butter in the tray, and had no sooner carried it into the dairy than she heard a knocking on the shelf where several puncheons of milk stood, first above the shelf, then below. She

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took the candle and searched both above and below, but, being able to find nothing, threw down butter, tray and all and ran away for life.

"The next evening, between five and six o'clock, my sister Molly, then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining-room reading, heard as if it were the door that led into the hall open, and a person walking in, that seemed to have on a silk nightgown, rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round her and then to the door, then round again; but she could see nothing. She thought: 'It signifies nothing to run away, for whatever it is it can run faster than me.' So she rose, put her book under her arm, and walked slowly away. After supper she was sitting with my sister Sukey (about a year older than her) in one of the chambers, and telling her what had happened. She made quite light of it, telling her, 'I wonder you are so easily frightened. I would fain see what would frighten me.'

"Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked, but could find nothing. Then the iron casement began to clatter. Next the catch of the door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into the bed without undressing, pulled the bedclothes over her head and never ventured to look up until next morning.

"A night or two after, my sister Hetty (a year younger than my sister Molly) was waiting as usual between nine and ten to take away my father's candle, when she heard someone coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going slowly down the best stairs, then up the back stairs

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and up the garret stairs, and at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked, she went in, took the candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning she told it to my eldest sister, who told her, 'You know I believe none of these things; pray, let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick.' She accordingly took my sister Hetty's place, and had no sooner taken away the candle than she heard a noise below. She hastened downstairs to the hall where the noise was, but it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, when it was drumming on the inside of the screen.

"When she went round, it was drumming on the outside and so always on the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knocking on the back kitchen door. She ran to it, unlocked it softly, and, when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it, but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it the knocking began again. She opened it again, but could see nothing. When she went to shut the door it was violently knocked against her, but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced it to, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again, but she let it go on and went up to bed. However, from that time she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture.

"The next morning my sister told my mother what had happened, and she said, 'If I hear anything myself I shall know how to judge.' Soon after my sister begged her mother to come into the nursery. She did, and heard, in the corner of the room, as it were, the violent rocking of a cradle,

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but no cradle had been there for some years. She was convinced it was preternatural, and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber at the hour of retirement; and it never did. She now thought it proper to tell my father, but he was extremely angry, and said, 'Sukey,* I am ashamed of you. These boys and girls frighten one another, but you are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear of it no more.'

"At six in the evening he had family prayers as usual. When he began the prayer for the King a knocking began all round the room, and a thundering knock attended the 'Amen.' The same was heard from this time every morning and evening while the prayer for the King was repeated. As both my father and mother are now at rest and incapable of being pained thereby, I think it my duty to furnish the serious reader with a key to this circumstance.

"The year before King William died my father observed my mother did not say 'Amen' to the prayer for the King. She said she would not, for she did not believe the Prince of Orange was King. He vowed he would never cohabit with her until she did. He then took his horse and rode away, nor did she hear anything of him for a twelvemonth. He then came back and lived with her as before. But I fear his vow was not forgotten before God.

"Being informed that Mr. Hoole, the Vicar of Haxey, could give me some further information, I

* Mrs. Wesley is also referred to as "Sukey"—an abbreviation of "Susannah."

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walked over to him. He said (referring to the bygone disturbances at Epworth Parsonage):

"Robert Brown came over to me and told me your father desired my company; when I came he gave me an account of all that had happened, particularly the knocking during family prayer. But that evening (to my great satisfaction) we heard no knocking at all. But between nine and ten a servant came in and said: 'Old Jeffrey is coming (that was the name of one who had died in the house), for I hear the signal.' This, they informed me, was heard every night about a quarter before ten. It was towards the top of the house, on the outside, at the north-east corner, resembling the loud creaking of a saw, or rather of a windmill, when the body of it is turned about in order to shift the sails to the wind.

"We then heard a knocking over our heads, and Mr. Wesley, catching up a candle, said: 'Come, sir; now you shall hear for yourself.' We went upstairs, he with much hope, and I (to say the truth) with much fear. When we came into the nursery, it was knocking in the next room; when we went there it was knocking in the nursery; and there it continued to knock, though we came in, and particularly at the head of the bed (which was of wood), in which Miss Hetty and two of her younger sisters lay. Mr. Wesley, observing that they were much affected—though asleep—sweating and trembling exceedingly, was very angry, and pull-

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ing out a pistol, was going to fire at the place whence the sound came. But I snatched him by the arm and said: 'Sir, you are convinced that this is something preternatural. If so, you cannot hurt it, but you give it power to hurt you.' He then went close to the place and said sternly, 'Thou deaf and dumb devil. Why dost thou fright these children who cannot answer for themselves? Come to me in my study, that am a man!' Instantly it knocked his knock (the particular knock which he always used at the gate) as if it would shiver the board to pieces, and we heard nothing more that night.

"Till that time my father had never had the least disturbance in his study. But the next evening, as he attempted to go into the study (of which none had the key but himself), when he opened the door it was thrust back with such violence as had like to have thrown him down. However, he thrust the door open and went in. Presently there was a knocking, first on one side, then on the other; and after a time in the next room, wherein my sister Nancy was. He went into that room, and, the noise continuing, adjured it to speak, but in vain. He then said: 'These spirits love darkness; put out the candle, and perhaps it will speak.' She did so, and he repeated the adjuration; but still there was only knocking and no articulate sound. Upon this he said: 'Nancy, two Christians are an overmatch for the devil. Go all of you downstairs; it may be, when I am alone, he will have courage to speak.'

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"When she was gone a thought came into his head and he said: 'If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray knock three knocks, and no more.' Immediately all was silence, and there was no more knocking all that night. I asked my sister Nancy (then fifteen years old) whether she was not afraid when my father used that adjuration. She answered she was sadly afraid it would speak when she put out the candle, but she was not at all afraid in the daytime, when it walked after her, only she thought when she was about her work he (the ghost) might have done it for her and saved her the trouble.

"By this time, all my sisters were so accustomed to these noises that they gave them little disturbance. A gentle tapping at their bed-head usually began between nine and ten at night. They then commonly said to each other: 'Jeffrey is coming; it is time to go to sleep.' And if they heard a noise in the day and said to my youngest sister, 'Hark, Kezzy, Jeffrey is knocking above,' she would run upstairs and pursue it from room to room, saying she desired no better diversion.

"My father and mother had just gone to bed and the candle was not taken away, when they heard three blows and a second and a third three, as it were, with a large oaken staff struck upon a chest which stood by the bedside. My father immediately arose, put on his gown, and hearing great noises below, took the candle and went down, my mother walking by his side. As they went down the broad stairs they heard as if a vessel full of silver was poured upon my mother's breast and ran jingling down to her feet. Quickly after there was a sound

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as if a large iron bell were thrown among many bottles under the stairs, but nothing was hurt. Soon after our large mastiff dog came, and ran to shelter himself between them. While the disturbances continued he used to bark and leap and snap on one side and the other, and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days he used to tremble and creep away before the noise began. And by this the family knew it was at hand; nor did the observation ever fail.

"A little before my father and mother came into the hall, it seemed as if a very large coal was violently thrown upon the floor and dashed all in pieces; but nothing was seen. My father then cried out: 'Sukey, do you not hear? All the pewter is thrown about in the kitchen.' But when they looked all the pewter stood in its place. Then there was a loud knocking at the back door. My father opened it, but saw nothing. It was then at the front door. He opened that, but it was still lost labour. After opening first the one, then the other several times, he turned and went up to bed. But the noises were so violent all over the house that he could not sleep till four in the morning.

"Several gentlemen and clergymen now earnestly advised my father to quit the house. But he constantly said: 'No, let the devil flee from me; I will never flee from the devil.' But he wrote to my eldest brother at London to come down. He was preparing to do so when another letter came informing him the disturbances were over, after they had continued (the latter part of the time day and

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night) from the 2nd of December to the end of February."

Mr. Samuel Wesley's journal confirms this account in every particular, and gives further details. The extracts are unfortunately too long to quote here.

This account is also fully confirmed in a series of letters which passed between members of the Wesley family at Epworth and Samuel Wesley, brother of John, who was at that time an usher at Westminster School. Sam was greatly interested in the family ghost and wrote: "I expect a particular account from everyone." His father, mother, and sisters all sent him thrilling descriptions of the happenings and also to "Jack." All the letters and accounts agree, but details given in some are omitted in others.

On one occasion, when the manservant went into the dining-room "something like a badger without a head" was sitting by the fire and ran past him into the hall. He took a candle and followed it, but saw nothing. Another time it seemed like a white rabbit. On three occasions Mr. Wesley was pushed by an invisible hand, once against a corner of his desk, a second time against a bedroom door, and the third time against the frame of his study door. When he addressed the intruder he was never answered in an articulate voice, but once or twice in "two or three feeble squeaks."

One night, when Nancy Wesley was sitting on the press bed with her sister playing cards, the bed was lifted up, and she jumped down, saying that surely old Jeffrey would not run away with her. She sat down again, persuaded by her sisters, and

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then the bed was lifted up high, several times in succession.

Mr. Wesley, on February 11th, 1717, wrote to his son Samuel :

"DEAR SAM,—

"As for the noises, etc., in our family, I thank God we are now all quiet. There were some surprising circumstances in that affair. Your mother has not written you a third part of it. When I see you here you shall have the whole account, which I will write down. It would make a glorious penny book for Jack Dunton,* but while I live I am not ambitious for anything of that nature. I think that is all, but blessings from your loving father.

"SAM WESLEY."

However, Mr. Wesley was premature in saying that this was the end, for in the following March, when he was dining with his family, his trencher began dancing about on the table. Indeed, "Old Jeffrey" visited Emilia Wesley, then Mrs. Harper, thirty-four years later, and always on the eve of some trouble.

* * * * *

Attempts have, of course, been made to explain away the ghost story of Epworth. The noises have been attributed to several causes. Dr. Priestley, in his preface to "Original Letters of John Wesley," says he thought the whole affair trickery by servants. The servants, however, at that time Robin Brown,

* A relative, who was an author.

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Betty Massey, and Nancy Marshall, were beyond suspicion, and were nearly frightened to death themselves. Dr. Salmon, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, attributes the noises to Hetty, because she was described as a lively girl, and is the only one who gave no evidence. Hetty, however, it will be remembered, was in bed when her father was addressing the ghost, besides which she could hardly contrive a "badger without a head" or the other ghostly sights. If the noises were trickery on the part of Hetty, how could they be heard thirty-four years later by Emilia Wesley (then Mrs. Harper) in London?

On the other hand, Mrs. Wesley, whose strong, noble character has earned her the title of "the Mother of Methodism," firmly believed that the disturbances were supernatural, and wrote full accounts of them herself to her son Sam. Her daughters Emilia, Hetty, Molly, Susannah, and Nancy shared this belief implicitly. The Rev. Mr. Hoole, who prevented Mr. Wesley from firing at the ghost lest it should injure him in return, was also a believer. John Wesley was inclined to think that the ghost was an evil spirit sent to punish his father for the rash vow he had made fifteen years before, and for leaving his wife for a year because she refused to pray for William of Orange.

Southey, who wrote the "Life of Wesley," did the same, and admits that he is "as deeply and fully persuaded as John Wesley was that the spirits of the departed are sometimes permitted to manifest themselves," though he differs from John Wesley in not believing in witchcraft, and in

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doubting the reality of demoniacal possession. He looks upon the occurrences at Epworth as supernatural, and Dr. Adam Clarke, author of "Memoirs of the Wesley Family," takes the same view. In fact, it is impossible to do otherwise, considering the weight of strong evidence given by a family of unimpeachable honour like the Wesleys.

John Wesley was a firm believer in apparitions, and considered them as helping to confirm the truths of the Bible. He has left us this remarkable passage in his writings: "It is true that the English in general, and, indeed, most of the men in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it, and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. . . . They well know, whether Christians know it or not, that the giving up witchcraft is, in effect, giving up the Bible. And they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air—deism, atheism, materialism—falls to the ground."

"Some years since," says a writer in *Notes and Queries*, September 4th, 1909, "when a wing was added to the rectory house at Epworth, the builder showed me some charred timbers which were said to have formed part of the former house in which John Wesley was born. This old house was so far destroyed by the fire that it had to be entirely pulled down, and the new one was built on a different plan, and not exactly on the same site."

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TWO SOUTH AFRICAN STORIES

The Unseen Hand—The Dejected Kaffir

I am indebted for the following true stories to a lady well-known in Johannesburg, to whom the incidents related actually happened. She gave me the stories herself while on a visit to London:

"Some years ago we were living in a seaport town in South Africa. The house was built over a bank, and after the architect had designed it my mother suggested certain alterations in portions of the house, which were carried out. When the incident I am going to describe happened, the house had been enlarged and a landing had been thrown into one room to make it larger.

"My bedroom had been our night nursery when we were children, so I slept in it without fear, especially as we had lived thirteen years in the house and no one had lived there before us.

"One night, however, I woke up suddenly, feeling very queer, and with a conviction that there was somebody in the room. I looked round, and it seemed to me that there was a shadow between my eyes and the pale light of the moon coming in through the cracks of the venetian blinds. The shadow was indefinite in form, but I saw there was something there, and, although terribly frightened, I held my breath and watched it—fascinated.

"As I looked it faded slowly away, and the next thing I knew was that my elbow was grasped firmly by an unseen hand. I was lying in the middle of

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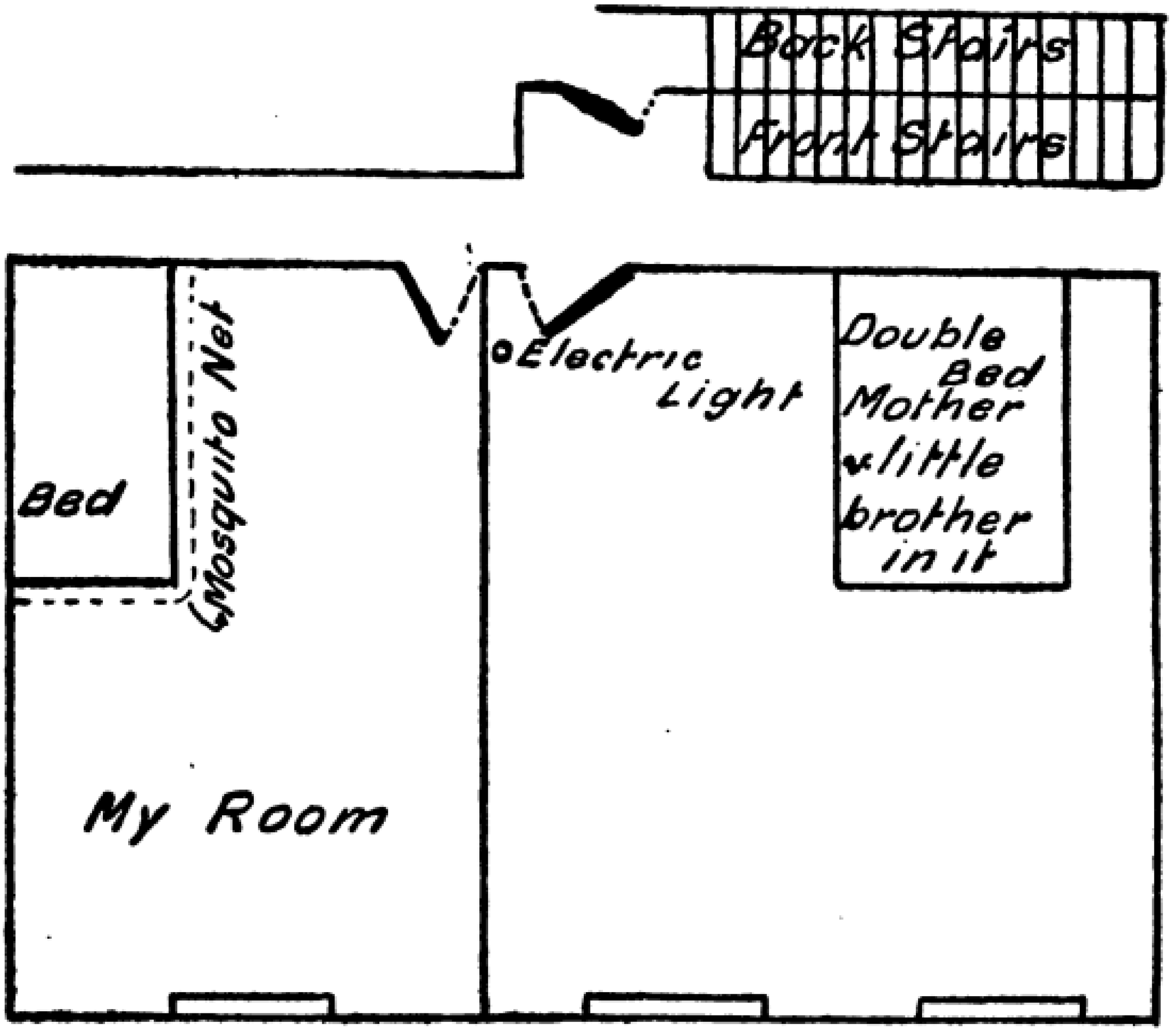
the bed, which was next to the wall, with the mosquito net carefully drawn over it, and my elbow was on the wall side, so no living person could have come into the room and taken hold of it. I will draw you a rough plan of the house to make this quite clear and also to explain what follows.



"Presently the grasp on my elbow relaxed; there was no sound. Everything was deadly still, and in the silence I heard the church clock strike three. I remember nothing more, and must have fainted.

"Next day I said nothing about what had happened—I knew my brothers would roar with laughter and chaff me unmercifully. But my mind was so full of it that the day after that I felt I must tell

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someone, and I told my mother all about it. She is one of the most level-headed, common-sense people I have ever known, and therefore I was surprised when, instead of laughing at me, she looked very serious and questioned me closely. I asked her if she had heard anything that night, as her room was next door to mine, and one of the children slept with her. She said she had, but that she had said nothing about it. Now that I had also had such a strange experience it fitted in, in a most extraordinary way, with one of her own on the same night.

"She was sleeping, as I have said, in the next room with my little brother. The room was a very large one, with a door in one corner. She remembered distinctly having locked the door as usual, which she always did, and she went to sleep soon after.

"She awoke suddenly, feeling the bed heave under her, and at once thought there must be a burglar in the room. She lay still, and in a few moments it heaved again, and so violently that it woke my little brother, who sat up. My mother put her hand over his face and told him to lie down, and he went to sleep again. Meanwhile, all was still. Then my mother got out of bed, and as she did so she heard the clock strike three.

"She went towards the electric light to turn it on, but before she could get to the light the door, which was standing wide open, hit her full in the face. She lighted a candle, and being very fearless, went all over the house, but everything was perfectly quiet, the front door locked, and not the

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slightest trace of anyone having come in. She examined every door and window. My father and four more brothers were sleeping in the house and heard nothing.

"Whatever it was that gave me that fright, frightened us both.

"Most extraordinary of all, I came to Johannesburg eighteen months after to visit some cousins, who had stayed in that same house during the Boer War while we were in England. We were talking one day about ghosts, and I happened to say I had had a funny experience at home one night.

"The girls looked at each other, and one said: 'I bet I know which room it was in.'

"'So do I,' said the other.

"They named the room, and said that not one of them would sleep in it, as there were such extraordinary sounds there. When the house was full they had sometimes slept three in a room rather than go into it."

* * * * *

"Another strange experience I had was about three years ago. My brother and I were looking out for a house, and we heard of one to let furnished in a small mining town at an absurdly low rent, the owner having gone to Durban.

"The rent was so small that I asked my brother if the drains were all right, and he said he had had them thoroughly examined. There were three bedrooms, a sitting-room, dining-room, and kitchen, and a small garden at the back, and it was really a charming little place. We took it for three months and settled in, and for about a month nothing happened.

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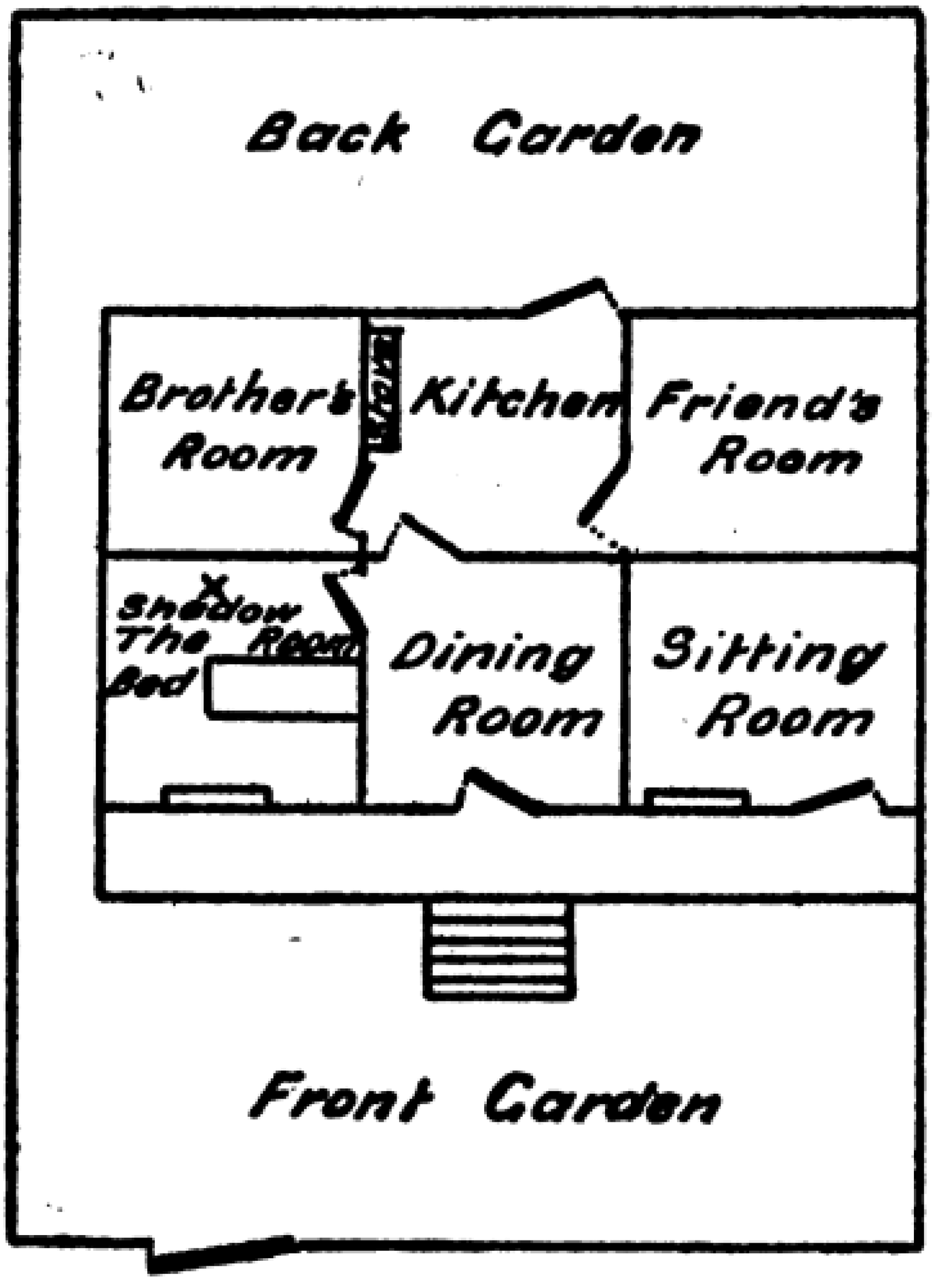
"The room in which what I am going to tell you about took place was my bedroom. I was sleeping alone, my brother and a girl friend of mine occupying the other two bedrooms.

"One morning, very early—it was about five



o'clock but broad daylight—I woke up suddenly and felt someone was in the room. I was lying on my right side, facing the door of the room, and I saw a Kafir boy leaning up against the wall in a very dejected attitude, just inside the door, as if he was being scolded. I sat up and asked him what he meant by being there, but as I spoke the figure vanished. I got up and searched, but the door

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was locked, and there was no chimney or other exit except the window, which the boy had not gone near.

"Next day I asked my friend—I will call her Mildred—to sleep with me, not telling her what I had seen.

"The second morning after, about the same time, the same thing happened. Mildred was asleep, but when I called out involuntarily 'There it is!' she woke up, and asked me what was the matter. So I told her, but by that time the figure had vanished.

"We were both very nervous, but continued to sleep in the room, and for a short time nothing happened. One night, when it was pitch dark, I woke up with a feeling that there was something in the room, and I distinctly heard soft footsteps on the linoleum-covered floor. They came close up to the bed and went.

"I woke up Mildred and also my brother, and we searched the house thoroughly, but found everything locked and undisturbed.

"Next night I told Mildred we would watch. We agreed to stay awake as long as we could, and if I heard anything I would not speak, but squeeze her arm, and if she heard anything she would do the same.

"We half opened the door and barricaded it with a rocking-chair and other furniture, through which nothing could pass; and though nothing happened that night, we repeated the experiment the next and following nights.

"A few nights later I woke up and heard the

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footsteps round the foot of the bed. They passed on towards the door. I squeezed Mildred's arm and she squeezed mine, for the footsteps had awakened her too. I sprang out of bed and turned on the electric light, but there was absolutely nothing to be seen, and the door was still barricaded.

"At the end of the second month Mildred and I left, being very glad to get away from the house. My brother stayed on there with a man friend, but they were also very glad to get out of it when the three months were up, as they were constantly hearing strange noises. The kitchen stove was like a big square iron box, and sometimes at night the heavy iron rings on the top of it would rattle loudly, but when they went to look they could see nothing. They stuck it out, but were thankful to leave and to get into a house that was not haunted.

"About two years later I read in one of the South African papers that some children had been scared in the neighbourhood of the house—in fact, in the next street—by the apparition of a native."

THE GHOST THAT GRINNED

A CORRESPONDENT, whom I know well, has sent me the following:

"This is what happened to me about seven years ago. A great friend of ours, living here with her husband and blind mother, was lying very ill of pneumonia. I used to go every morning to read

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to the blind mother and express my sympathy. One morning there was special need for quiet; no strangers were to be admitted, or bells rung; even doors were not to be shut, but left ajar, so that servants could come in and see to the fires quietly.

"I was reading to the mother when suddenly the door was jerked widely open—it had been ajar—and a most horrible-looking woman stood there. She had a red face, and a tall black hat with the black crape veil thrown back, and her features wore the most diabolical grin you can imagine. She conveyed to me her rejoicing at a calamity, and sniggered as if to say, 'There's plenty of trouble now coming *here*—more even than you imagine.'

"I stared blankly but did not speak, because of the blind lady. Then the creature departed, closing the door with a loud bang. The mother sprang up instantly, crying out, 'Oh, who is it? Who could have done that to wake an invalid?'

"I went to the door, looked out, but saw nobody, and told the poor lady that it must have been the wind or one of the servants' carelessness. Anyhow, I managed to pacify her, and when I said good-bye before going home to lunch, I questioned the three servants closely as to who could have come upstairs and banged the door so loudly. In each instance the reply was practically the same: 'Why, madam, you know that we have the strictest orders to allow no one up the stairs, except yourself, your daughter, and Mrs. H. S.!' So the affair remained a mystery.

"That very Friday afternoon, in January, the blind mother was taken seriously ill, and though

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The Severed Head

Reproduced from a sketch of the ghostly head that was seen in a certain London theatre (*see* page 134)

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she did not die till the following June, she was never really well again. The daughter never rallied, and passed away the Monday following that horrible appearance. It was a great grief to us all, and, of course, the shock helped to kill the mother, who was absolutely devoted to this, her only child.

"The husband has since married again, and now a new wife and baby reign supreme in that once-so-sad house.

"One curious thing in connection with my old friend happened about six weeks before her fatal illness. I was at tea there, and my friend—the blind lady's daughter—was standing beside the piano. Suddenly I noticed she was enveloped in a radiant halo of light, transforming her mere prettiness into absolute beauty. Little thinking of any sequel, I did not hesitate to speak of this momentary transformation. My friend seemed delighted, and the mother, calling me to her, kissed me, saying, 'Thank you, dear, for telling me. I liked hearing of it.'

"Wasn't that strange?"

THE SEVERED HEAD

The following story was told at the time by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, the well-known author and critic, and former editor of the *Saturday Review*, and I am indebted to his kindness in allowing me to reproduce it here.

Apropos of the story, Mr. Pollock writes to me:

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"It is the only instance I know of two people, without any collusion, seeing exactly the same strange appearance in the same way."

"This ghost has certain advantages. It is not the cut and dried ghost familiar to fiction, and especially in old-fashioned Christmas numbers. I am able to repeat it at first hand, and I have an independent and impeccable witness to do the same kind office for it.

"And then it had the privilege—a privilege surely granted to few ghosts in a theatrical audience—of dividing the attention of at least two devoted playgoers between itself and a great actor in the front of whose theatre it made its first appearance.

"Was it its first appearance? Or its last, or its first and last, or is it there every night and never visible twice running to the same person or persons? This last would be good ghostly behaviour, and it is certain that my friend and I have only seen it once, though, not unnaturally, we have been on the look out for it since that once.

"This is how it was seen. One night I went with a very intimate friend to a certain London theatre,* where we had booked a box. We were to have been a party of four or five, and we had the second box from the stage on the O.P. side of the second tier.

"As it happened, only my friend and myself

* For obvious reasons, it is necessary to withhold the name of the theatre, but I will gladly give further information on the subject to readers who may be interested.—J. A. M.

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turned up, and we sat at opposite corners of the box—a fact which is by no means unimportant with regard to the ghost's appearance. The play was one in which both of us were always deeply interested, but on this particular night there was something that distracted my attention from the play—something off the stage that I could not help looking at.

"This something was in the audience part of the house, and when it first caught my eye I could not help starting, so singular, so vivid, and so terrifying in its nature was the illusion, which I thought would vanish as soon as I could make up my mind to take my eyes off it.

"This I accordingly did. I looked closely at the stage for some minute or so and then looked back at the place where I had seen it, fully expecting that my vision would light either on an empty space or in some convolution of a dress or a cloak, which had assumed the fantastic shape I had seen. Not at all; there it was, as vivid, as real, as startling as before. Strangely enough, considering what it was there was nothing revolting or horrible about it; but it was tremendously impressive, and it held the attention chained.

"While I was gazing and wondering, the curtain fell and the lights in front went up; and, with the vanishing of the semi-darkness, *it* vanished also. Half a second before its complete disappearance I glanced round unintentionally at my companion, and saw that he, too, was gazing in the direction where I had seen it.

"Had he seen it, too?

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"Our eyes met, and I saw in his the same doubt and wonder that he had, no doubt, discerned in mine. Then, during the interval, ensued between us a conversation in which each, feeling nearly certain that the other had shared his strange experience, tried hard to get the other to confess first to his belief in the incredible sight which, it so happened, we both had witnessed.

"As thus:

"'See anybody you know in the stalls?'

"'Yes; Mrs. ——, young ——, and one or two others. Did you?'

"'Yes. Very hot and oppressive in the theatre to-night, isn't it?'

"'It is, rather.'

"Then there was a silence, in which we eyed each other suspiciously, and then again our eyes met, just as each of us was on the point of examining closely with an opera glass the spot where the amazing appearance had been seen. Then we both spoke, almost simultaneously, and the burden of the speech of both was:

"'What did you see in the third row*?'

"Then said one: 'What stall were you looking at?'

"And the other replied: 'At the fifth. So were you.'

"At this the first speaker nodded, and then the curtain went up, the lights in front went down, and there, just as before, was the strange presence.

* Subsequent reconstruction and redecoration have been responsible for many changes in the auditorium of the theatre, and the ghost, I believe, has not been seen since.

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"This time there was no attempt on the part of either of us to hide the weird fascination which the thing had. When again the curtain fell and the lights went up, the vision immediately vanished. We both gave a little sigh of relief from the tension of watching and wondering. Then we compared notes.

"'*What* did you see?'

"'Tell me first what you saw. What I saw is so strange!'

"'Very well. It is no use beating about the bush. I feel morally certain that we have seen the same thing. The lady in the fifth stall of the third row is holding a dead man's head, cut off at the neck, on her lap.'

"'Precisely so,' said my companion, and seldom have commonplace words had a more incongruous significance.

"'Somehow it is not shocking,' I replied.

"'Not the least, but it's awful in the old sense of the word.'

"'Yes; it is, of course, some arrangement of the dress or the cloak.'

"'So one would think; but how, then, should both of us, from different angles of vision, and without any kind of collusion, have seen the folds take the same shape, and that so very strange a shape?'

"'True. Remark, also, that the lady has moved slightly, and the slightest movement should be enough to—— Ah! she has moved again. We shall see no more of the ghost. By the by, you said just now we had seen the same shape. That is not yet

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certain. Draw me an outline of the head; there is a pencil.'

"My friend took the pencil and drew exactly the same outline—a fine profile with a Vandyke beard—that I had seen, and that I can see in my mind's eye now.

"'This,' I observed, 'is strange indeed. But, as I said, the lady has moved twice, and we shall see no more of the ghost.'

"The curtain rose for the last act, the lights in front went down again, and as they sank the dead man's head cut off at the neck reappeared again as vivid as ever and in exactly its old position on the lap of the lady in the fifth stall of the third row. Nor did it seem to waver or change in the slightest degree, until, the curtain falling for the last time, the lady rose, readjusted her cloak and went out of the theatre.

"That is the story, so far as it has gone as yet, of the ghost at the —— Theatre. Whether there is 'more to come' remains to be seen. So far I have set down the facts and the conversation within a few words, exactly as they occurred. I was talking of the matter only this morning to my friend, and, oddly enough, neither of us can in the least recall the features of the lady. But here are the features of the ghost, in case anybody should recognise them and have an explanation of the mystery of the fifth stall in the third row." [See illustration facing page 128.]

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A STORY OF ST. JAMES'S SQUARE

THE following story was related to me by Mrs. Charles Mossop, of Peterborough Road, Harrow-on-the-Hill, who has kindly given me permission to use her name and address and vouches for its authenticity. The events related in it happened to a friend of hers, an officer of high rank in the Army, and whose name is well known to me and to the public in general. Here is the story:

A young cadet of nineteen, having completed his course at the Royal Military Academy and been appointed to the Royal Engineers, was spending a few days in London before joining. One night he made up his mind to go to some place of amusement, and putting on his dress-clothes, called a hansom—it was before the days of taxis—and drove to a music-hall in the West End.

During the evening an elderly gentleman, of extremely aristocratic appearance, entered into conversation with him and took considerable interest in his account of himself and his hopes and ambitions. The boy frankly told the stranger that he wanted "to see a little life" before he went abroad, and the latter offered to be his cicerone for the night and introduce him to places to which he could not otherwise hope to be admitted.

Delighted at the prospect, and fascinated by the older man's charm and conversation, the boy gratefully accepted the invitation; and they left the

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Empire together and went off to supper at one of the best restaurants.

After supper—at which the boy drank only lemon squash—they went to several gambling-dens and night clubs, at some of which it was necessary to give a password, and everywhere the man was received and treated with the utmost deference. They did not actually join in any of the doings at the places they visited, but, both being particularly refined and fastidious, preferred to play the part of lookers on. Towards three o'clock in the morning the man asked the boy where he was staying, and hearing that it was in a direction that would not take him out of his way, suggested that they should walk together to St. James's Square, where the speaker lived.

It was a very fine night in summer, and the cool air, after the hot, vitiated atmosphere of the night clubs, was deliciously fresh. The two walked together in the direction of St. James's Square, and as they passed St. James's Church, Piccadilly, the clocks struck three, and the elder man stopped to wind up his watch.

They walked down a side street into St. James's Square, and at the door of one of the large houses in the square the stranger took out his latch-key and said good night, adding that he hoped the boy had had a pleasant evening. With profuse thanks for his kindness, the boy asked permission to call with his father next day, saying he was sure his father would like to thank him in person. Permission was given and cards exchanged. The man then entered the house and the boy went home.

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Next day he told his father what had happened, and they arranged to call at the house in St. James's Square that afternoon.

When they did so the door was opened by a butler, who seemed much distressed and surprised when they asked to see Mr. ——. After some conversation the butler told them that his master had died at three-fifteen that morning, that he had been bedridden for four months previously, and unconscious for twelve hours before his death.

The boy, being unable to believe the story, asked the butler to show him a photograph of his master, which he did, and the boy instantly recognised it. The owner of the house had been a man well known in society, and his funeral a few days later was attended by a large number of members of the fashionable world.

NELL GWYNN'S GHOST—AND OTHER MYSTERIOUS VISITORS

An old friend of mine, who lives in one of the several houses once inhabited by Nell Gwynn, has sent me the following :

"You know Nell Gwynn built this house and lived in it herself for a time," she writes. "About three years ago we had a very confidential elderly maid here called Maria, and a new housemaid, Lizzie—both since gone.

"One day Maria said to me, 'Isn't it odd,

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ma'am? Lizzie says she has just seen, in her bedroom, such a lovely lady, all bright against the wall, with a low dress round her shoulders. She was so beautiful that when she looked at Lizzie, Lizzie was quite sorry when she faded away.'

"The description of the low neck struck me. I remembered I had put away, in the box-room, a framed photograph of the Hampton Court Palace painting of Nell Gwynn. I thought suddenly, 'Perhaps Nell Gwynn doesn't like being hidden away in the box-room,' so I said to Maria, 'Do fetch that photograph and lay it down in the kitchen and say to Lizzie, "Isn't that a pretty face?"' Directly Maria did so, Lizzie exclaimed, 'That is the lady I saw . . . yes, that's her dress—just the same.'

"So I think it undoubtedly must have been."

* * * * *

Mrs. Drayson, a lady living at Hanwell, is very psychic, and has told me some really curious things that have happened to her. Only the other day she was standing near the edge of a platform of some station, thinking hard, when suddenly she was aware of somebody walking towards her. She took no notice until the person got *very* close, and then she slowly looked from the feet upwards to be confronted by HERSELF. She says she stared and blinked her eyes, and then she was gone—or, rather, the other part of her was. She said it made her feel very queer to look slowly up from the feet of another person and find her own face at the top!

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When a girl of fifteen she was staying with some friends and sleeping alone. She woke suddenly with an odd sensation, and on looking up saw a woman in grey with long hair standing by her bed. At first she thought it was a maid in her dressing-gown, but suddenly she realised that she could see right through the woman. With a shriek she slid under the clothes and lay shivering with fright. When she looked again later the figure was gone. In the morning she told her hostess, who said: "Well, we knew there was a ghost, exactly as you describe, but we never knew before which room it was in!"

* * * * *

The following experience occurred to a friend who was living in a certain garrison town in Kent. One morning she opened the staircase window to let in, as she thought, her own pet cat, but instead, in came a beautiful white one that made at once for the dining-room, where her husband was at breakfast. She was surprised, for she knew of no white cat in the neighbourhood; it made straight for her husband, and would notice no one else.

"This happened," she tells me, "nine mornings running. The cat always went for my husband, and somehow disappeared later in the morning. After those visits it was never seen again, nor could I ever discover anyone who owned it. Very shortly afterwards my husband died most unexpectedly, and later on I was told that the servants had commented on this mysterious visit, saying they knew something would happen to their master."

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There is a house in one of the Channel Islands which is haunted by the figure of a lady. Sometimes she walks through the rooms, and on one occasion so frightened a visitor who was staying there by appearing as she was going to bed that she fainted.

On another occasion she opened a door, and a friend who was in the room distinctly felt her touch her arm. When the same friend was leaving there was violent knocking on the window of a room above; no one was in that part of the house at the time, and they only remarked it was the ghost.

This was told to a Catholic lady who had a prayer said for the ghosts in the island, and this particular one has not been seen since.

THE MATRIMONIAL GHOST

THE story of a strange honeymoon adventure has been given to me by a friend. She writes:

"A very few days after I was married we were honeymooning in Scotland. My husband had some old friends living in a wonderful old castle there, and we were asked to spend a short time with them. I was shown to my room—a weird, old-fashioned apartment, containing an enormous four-poster bed, and opposite the bed, in the left-hand corner, was a door at the top of a small flight of steps.

"'You needn't mind that door,' said my hostess; 'it is all locked and barred and leads to nowhere. It's all empty behind there.'

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"All the same, that door rather gave me the creeps, and I said to my husband before dinner, 'For goodness' sake, don't leave me long alone up here!'

"'But I must go to the smoking-room with the other men,' he reminded me, 'though I promise I will not stay longer than I can help.'

"I had gone to bed, but the room was fully lighted still, when that door at the top of the steps opened, and down the steps walked a little old lady. She was a quaint little person, wearing an old-fashioned gown, and I could plainly hear the tap of her high red heels as her tiny feet tripped down the steps.

"Terrified, I jumped up, flung on a wrapper, tore down the stairs and beat on the smoking-room door, screaming for my husband. When we got back to our room, there was nothing to be seen, but next morning my hostess apologised. 'I am so sorry,' she said, 'I put you in that room. You have seen our Matrimonial Ghost, as we call her. She always appears directly anyone here is *engaged*. But I thought you would be immune, being already married —and so very recently. We always think she had a wretched married life herself, and tries to warn people against matrimony. Both our two married daughters saw the ghost directly they became engaged, and, as regards our youngest daughter, we have cause for real gratitude.

"'She was flirting with a very undesirable young man. One day she flew down to me, screaming that she had seen the ghost. "Mary," I instantly said, "you are *engaged* to that man!" She then confessed she had become secretly affianced

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to him the day before. Knowledge is power most certainly under these circumstances, and I am thankful to say we persuaded the misguided girl to give up her ill-chosen lover.' "

GHOSTLY FOOTSTEPS

A CORRESPONDENT at Weymouth has sent me some very interesting experiences, gathered from her own knowledge. She writes:

"Some years ago I was staying in an old house in the north to which had been added a new wing, which was principally used by the family. I was given one of the large bedrooms, which at sunrise was flooded with sunshine. Being a bad sleeper, and unable to bear much light in my room, I moved into a small room in the old part of the house which was reached by a connecting staircase, and, having endured several wakeful nights, when bedtime arrived I went off joyfully to my small den, thinking I was going to get a good night's rest at last.

"But alas for my expectations! The room I chose was the first on a corridor with an oak staircase at my end of it, and no sooner had I settled off to sleep than I was aroused by footsteps coming slowly up this, with the clear tap of high-heeled shoes.

"I knew there could be no one moving about at that hour, so roused myself to listen. The footsteps came nearer, and then I also heard distinctly

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the frou-frou of silk draperies. To my alarm they turned into my corridor and slowly passed my door; then, after walking to the end, began to return. I regret to say I was too much alarmed to wait for more, but called loudly to the occupant of the room opposite—the cook—who came across. Unfortunately, she was deaf, so had heard nothing, but I would not remain longer in that part of the house. Accompanied by her, therefore, I returned to the other wing, where I spent the remainder of the night undisturbed.

"A day or two afterwards my own maid arrived, and knowing her to be a strong, sensible young person, not at all given to imagination, I put her in this room, in order to test the truth of my experience, of which, of course, she knew nothing.

"The next day when she came into my room with my morning tea, she told me of her experiences, which were the same as my own, and she refused to sleep there again. I made many inquiries, but no one seemed able to tell me anything, except that the house had been vacant for many years, and that the former occupant, who built the new wing on to it and had greatly improved it, remained only a short while."

* * * * * *

"Once, when I had occasion to go up to London for a few days with my nurse and little boy, I stayed in rooms at no great distance from Kensington Gardens.

"One night I was awakened by footsteps coming along the passage outside, followed by the sound

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of a chain being dragged along. I was very frightened, and knowing I was alone on that landing and that the door between the sitting-room and bedroom was unlocked, I listened in dread, hoping the footsteps would go upstairs, but to my horror I heard the sitting-room door slowly pushed open, and, whatever it was, entered, dragging the chain after. Slowly it walked round the table, and just as I expected to hear the communicating door open, I heard it sink into a basket chair which was placed against it.

"How long it remained there I don't know, but at last there was a movement as of slowly rising, and to my intense relief I heard the footsteps reach the door, followed by the dragging sound of a chain, go slowly through it and retrace its way along the passage.

"I don't know what this could have been, but it was *not* an animal of any description, and the footsteps were human. Of course, when I interviewed the landlady the next day she declared it was impossible; no one was in the house but her husband and self. However, I was quite sure of what had occurred, so did not prolong my stay."

THE GHOST OF EGMONT CASTLE

ATTACHED to a certain French castle is the story of a famous and well authenticated ghost. It runs as follows:

M. Patris, a soldier of Gaston d'Orleans, went to

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stay at the Castle of Egmont. When the dinner-hour arrived he left his apartment to go to the dining-room, but stopped on the way at the room of a friend, one of monsieur's officers, wishing him to keep him company. As the officer did not appear he knocked at his door and called out to him to ask whether he was not ready for dinner. Patris thought it impossible for him to be in his room, and as the key was in the door, he went in.

His friend was sitting at the table looking terribly agitated. He hurried up to him and asked what was the matter. The officer, coming to himself, said, "You would be feeling quite as astonished as I am if you had seen the book which is on that table there move, and the leaves apparently turning by themselves without my seeing any human agency."

The book was Girolamo Cardan's work, "*De Subtilitate.*"

"Nonsense," said M. Patris. "You imagined what you saw, or you must be dreaming. You probably became so absorbed in what you were reading that you got up, put the book in the place where it is now, and then came and sat down again, and, not finding the book, thought it had moved by itself."

"What I have told you is perfectly true," said the officer; "and as a proof that it was not a mere hallucination, the ghost in the case opened that door and went out, shutting it after him."

Patris went to the door and, opening it, found it led to a long gallery, at the end of which was a large wooden chair, so solid and heavy that two

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men would be required to lift it. Suddenly he saw this solid chair raise itself and move out of its position towards him, apparently supported on air.

Then Patris cried out: "Oh, Evil One, apart from God's will, I am your servant!" At his words the chair went back to the place where it had stood originally.

Patris was much impressed by this incident.

THE RECTOR'S GHOST

At a rectory in the Midlands an apparition in the guise of a former clergyman visits the house on a certain night every year. The family who lived there were cognisant of this appearance, and always arranged to be absent from home on that night.

However, one year the rector's wife was seriously ill, with a trained hospital nurse in attendance, and as the date of the yearly visitation approached it became evident that the patient would not be in a fit state to leave home. It was decided, however, that the family and the rector and all the servants save one should spend the night elsewhere, and that the hospital nurse should be told nothing of the expected apparition, nor had she any idea that there was anything abnormal about the house.

She slept in the same room as her patient, and was aroused about 11 P.M. by someone knocking and opening the door; and she saw, in the dim light of a night-light, a clergyman dressed in cassock, surplice, and stole, walk into the room.

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Although feeling a certain sense of fear, she soon realised that what she saw was an apparition and not a human being, and was able to control herself, and so watch events. The clergyman immediately proceeded to open a cupboard made in a recess in the wall, and after vainly searching therein proceeded to open the various other wardrobes, chest of drawers, etc., which the room contained. Finally he returned to the wall cupboard for a further search. He then left the room, closing the door behind him. Whether he continued the search in other parts of the house is not known.

He is supposed to be looking for a bundle of documents, and he visits his old rectory every year, on the anniversary of the night he died, to search. The room occupied by the patient was once his own.

THE GHOST IN TAVISTOCK PLACE

Surgeon-Major Armand Leslie, one of the surgeons sent out by the British Government during the cholera epidemic in Egypt, who was killed at the battle of El Teb, wrote the following account of an extraordinary experience he had in London, and he sent the letter, which he signed with his name, to the *Daily Telegraph* (autumn 1881):

"In the latter part of the autumn of 1878, between half-past three and four in the morning, I was leisurely walking home from the house of a sick friend. A middle-aged woman, apparently a

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nurse, was slowly following, going in the same direction. We crossed Tavistock Square together, and emerged simultaneously into Tavistock Place.

"The streets and squares were deserted, the morning bright and calm, my health excellent, nor did I suffer from anxiety or fatigue.

"A man suddenly appeared, striding up Tavistock Place, coming towards me in a direction opposite to mine. When first seen he was standing exactly in front of my own door (in Tavistock Place). Young and ghastly pale, he was dressed in evening clothes, evidently made by a foreign tailor. Tall and slim, he walked with long, measured strides, noiselessly. A tall white hat, covered thickly with black crape, and an eyeglass completed the costume of this strange form.

"The moonbeams falling on the corpse-like features revealed a face well known to me—that of a friend and relative. The sole and only person in the street beyond myself and this strange being was the woman already alluded to. She stopped abruptly, as if spellbound; then, rushing towards the man, she gazed intently and with horror unmistakable on his face, which was now turned to the heavens and smiling horribly.

"She indulged in her strange contemplation but during very few seconds, then with extraordinary and unexpected speed, for her height and age, she ran away with a terrific shriek and yell. This woman never have I seen or heard of since, and but for her presence I could have explained the incident: called it, say, subjection of the mental powers to the domination of physical reflex action,

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and the man's presence could have been termed a false impression on the retina.

"A week after this event, news of this very friend's death reached me. It occurred on the morning in question. From the family I learned that, according to the rites of the Greek Church and the custom of the country he resided in, he was buried in his evening clothes, made abroad by a foreign tailor, and, strange to say, he wore goloshes over his boots. . . .

"When in England, he lived in Tavistock Place and occupied my rooms during my absence."

THREE STRANGE STORIES

FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS—THE ORANGE GIRL—GRAVEDIGGERS

A WELL-KNOWN composer—I regret I am not allowed to mention his name—has given me the following true stories:

"When at Cambridge I had rooms not far from the Market Place. I shared them with a friend. He had a bedroom on the third floor. Once, when he was very ill, I sat up with him. Between two and three in the morning I heard a bell tolling. It was a deep-toned bell, and I did not recognise the tone.

"My friend, who had been asleep, woke up and asked what bell it was. It tolled for about twenty minutes, and then stopped. I opened the window, but could not hear it outside. It sounded as if it were inside the house. Each night that I sat up with him, through his recovery, I heard it, and so

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did he. I learnt afterwards that the house was built on the site of an old monastery.

"In the same house I used to hear footsteps at night, and one evening, having been talking about them to a friend, we agreed to sit up and listen. At the same hour as the bell, between two and three in the morning, there were distinct sounds of someone walking upstairs. The footsteps came right up to my door—the third floor—which had three steps leading to it, and then there were two knocks at the door, which we at once opened. There was nothing there, and no sound. We sat up the second night and left the door open, sitting in the dark. The same thing happened, but without the knock at the door. I have never heard an explanation of this.

* * * * *

"The man I sat up with at Cambridge told me a story of a friend of his—a barrister—who took some rooms in, I think, Clement's Inn. He used to sit up late at night reading.

"The first night he was there he noticed late at night a strong smell of oranges, which he could not explain. He noticed it particularly in his sitting-room. The next morning there was no smell there, but in the evening he noticed the smell again, which seemed to get stronger until about eleven-thirty, and then diminish. He got quite accustomed to this. One evening, after he had been in the rooms for about a month, he fell asleep in his chair, and waking up was astonished to see a little girl, rather poorly dressed, sitting at his table eating an orange. The smell was very strong.

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"He jumped up and asked her what she was doing there. As he got up the figure disappeared. On making inquiries, he learnt that some time previously a little girl had been found strangled in the room, which had been empty. She had never been identified. She was poorly dressed, and answered in every way the description of the figure he had seen. When the body was found, tightly clutched in its hand was a portion of a half-eaten orange. As soon as possible after that my friend changed his rooms.

* * * * *

"A clergyman who worked with my father in New Zealand told me that he once took a wooden shanty in New Zealand—a one-floor affair with a passage up the centre, and a door at each end and rooms on each side of the passage. He heard many very odd sounds while he stayed there, one of which was constantly repeated, and he never heard any explanation of it. It was as follows:

"Early after sunset he would hear a sound as if several persons were dragging something heavy up to one of the doors. The door would apparently be opened, and several people would walk along the passage dragging something with them. Frequently he went into the passage while this was going on, and though the sounds seemed quite close to him, he saw nothing.

"The 'something' which was being dragged along would apparently be left, and the footsteps went out at the other door, and for some fifteen minutes or longer he distinctly heard, just outside

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the room which he used as a study, the sound of pick and shovel, apparently digging a hole.

"The footsteps would then return to the house, and dragging out the 'something' to the hole, would drop it in. He always heard the thud, followed by the sound of the earth being filled in. He heard this so many times that he became quite accustomed to it. He never learnt any explanation of it."

THE OLD LADY IN BLACK

THE following story was told me by Miss Winifred Hall, of Cuckoo, Hanwell, W., who has no objection to my using her name in re-telling it here:

"One bright frosty night, about a quarter to seven, when I was going home from London, I arrived at the station and set out to walk to my sister's house in the village. The house has a lamp before it, and beyond it is a long narrow lane. There was not a soul about, but just as I came in sight of the lane I saw someone coming towards me, and naturally thought it was one of the parishioners; but as the figure drew nearer I realised to my horror that *there were no footsteps*.

"The roads were as hard as iron and my own steps rang out with a clang; but the silent figure, that of a little old lady in old-fashioned dress, came straight towards me and walked close past me without the slightest sound. I looked at her, but when she reached the lamp I had passed, she disappeared.

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"Of course, it *might* have been an old lady with felt slippers on, I thought, but, whoever she was, she was most uncanny.

"I was very frightened and told my sister about it, and she said at once, 'Ask the rector about her; your description tallies exactly with that of a ghost which has been seen by the rector and his wife, and his sister-in-law, as well as by many of the villagers. I did not write to you about it because I meant to tell you.'

"Next day I went to see the rector and his wife —old friends of ours—and heard the ghost story. The little old lady haunted the village, and particularly the rectory, which is just close to my sister's house. One day, when the rector's wife was potting ferns in the greenhouse, she looked up and saw the ghost calmly watching her. On another occasion, when the rector was writing his sermon on Saturday afternoon he saw a shadow at the window, and there was the little old lady looking in. Thinking she was one of his parishioners trying to find the way in (this was the first time he had seen her), he got up immediately and opened the door, but there was nobody in sight. The laurel bushes were low and nobody could have hidden in the garden.

"Another time the door knocker went loudly, but there was nobody at the door.

"A resident in the village, who has certain occult powers, has since laid the ghost of the little old lady. He found she had been drowned in the river in a former century. What means he took to lay the ghost I do not know, but he undertook to do it, and he did it most effectually."

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TWO YORKSHIRE STORIES

THE MURDERED GROOM—THE BANKER'S FOOTSTEPS

THESE incidents were communicated to me by a lady living in Yorkshire:

"In the early part of the last century a man was murdered in an upper room over some old stables in a field near my home in Yorkshire. These buildings, which were sadly in need of repair, were seldom used except in case of emergency, as, for instance, for the horses of visitors who had driven over from a distance and were staying at least a night.

"However, a certain groom named Jack Simmons liked to sleep over the stables in the lonely paddock. He preferred doing this to living with the other men at the house, probably because he was above his position and was fond of reading.

"One morning Simmons asked his master for a fortnight's holiday, and on obtaining it went away, but at the end of the fortnight he did not return. His master, however, managed without him for another month, and then his place had to be filled.

"The new man was told that if he preferred he too could use the two rooms over the paddock stables. However, when the rooms were visited the outer door was found to be locked, and on breaking it open Jack Simmons' murdered body was discovered.

"At the inquest three or four people swore that they had seen Simmons in the distance quite lately go in at the paddock gates and about his work as usual.

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"At the time when he was supposed to be away, and always the hour given was somewhere between eight and eight-thirty, one man said he saw Jack and hastened after him, as he wished to speak to him; but when he got to the corner gate the groom was nowhere to be seen. When asked by the coroner why he did not follow Simmons up the paddock to the stables, he replied that unless he had raced across the field he could not possibly have caught him up, and besides, he had felt a 'creepy sensation' all over him the last three times when the groom passed. Asked how he was sure of his man he replied, 'I should know him among a hundred.'

"Since that time the house in question has been said to be haunted by a ghost, which always walked in November.

"One night in the early part of the winter some little time before Christmas, and about eight o'clock in the evening, I was going to visit a relative and had to pass the house, round which was a very deep plantation. Although the leaves were off the trees they were so thickly planted that, even when it was a bright moonlight night, the corner where one turned to go up the hill was perfectly dark; and there was a high wall on the other side. I was walking quickly when I saw a man wearing a felt hat not far in front of me. I felt surprised at the moment, as there was a thick hedge on each side of the road, but I thought that as I was hurrying I had caught him up.

"As he seemed to be a stranger in the neighbourhood, I thought I would walk slowly and let him go up the hill, and I would wait until he came

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into the bright moonlight again at the top and see what he was like. When I got part of the way up I was surprised that he did not arrive at the top, so I waited a while. Still he did not come into the moonlight. I thought, 'I can't wait here all night,' and went on.

"When I got to the top and passed the gate there was no man to be seen. Just then a friend of ours who was returning from the Wednesday evening service at the church came up and said, 'Who are you looking for?' So I told him all about it. He said, 'Why, you must have seen Jack Simmons' ghost!' He told me the story of the ghost, and added that his father was at the inquest, and was one of the men who had said he would not swear to it, but he felt sure he had seen the man within the last month. No doubt, my friend said, his father *had* seen the ghost of Jack.

"Although from my childhood I had always heard that the hill was haunted, I should not have given the matter a second thought had I not met my friend, for the figure was so absolutely real and unghostlike."

* * * * *

"Many years ago in a town in Yorkshire there was trouble at a certain bank, for several thousand pounds were missing. I do not remember the circumstances of the case, but one of the partners—an old man between sixty and seventy, who was in every way trustworthy—felt that in some way people were fighting shy of him, so he asked a friend if he had noticed it. Said the friend, 'As you ask me,

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perhaps I ought to tell you that it is whispered that you are the culprit.'

"This very much upset the banker, and for days he had evidently brooded over the matter. His housekeeper's account was that for three nights he walked up and down his bedroom all night long and greatly disturbed her. Every time he turned in pacing up and down, he stamped his heel down hard on the carpet, and at one end of the room he went beyond the carpet on to the boards, when his heel sounded louder.

"One morning he sent a groom with a note to the bank stating that as it was the anniversary of his wife's death, he would not go to the bank that day. The housekeeper said he did not eat anything the whole day, but paced first his library, in the day-time, then his bedroom at night, stamping his heel louder than ever at the turns. Suddenly the noise ceased, and he seemed to be walking about, then a chair seemed to fall over with a thud, and all was still and she got some sleep.

"In the morning, after waiting some time for his bell, the housekeeper knocked at his door but got no answer, so she thought she would not disturb him for a while. She went again, knocked, and then tried the door; it was locked, so she went to the groom and sent him over to the vicarage which was close by. The master's bedroom door was burst open—or the window, I do not remember which—and the poor man was found hanging from the post of a four-post bedstead, the chair having evidently been kicked away from under him.

"After all the affairs at the bank had been care-

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fully gone through, everything was found to be all right and sound, but from that time the business gradually went down, and the bank had to close its doors a very few years later.

"Every year on December 28th (I think that was the date, but am not sure), at 10 P.M., the walking of the banker's ghost begins, with the stamp of the heel on the carpet, then a louder one on the boards. For two years the housekeeper remained on in the house and heard the pacing up and down from about 10 P.M. until after 8 A.M., when all was quiet. After that no one would sleep there on December 28th. The house is still standing. I have been in the room myself.

"I have heard that several of the poor man's friends (there were about fifteen in the party) determined to sit up one night to test the matter, and that only three could sit it out; the others had to leave in terror, as they could not bear to hear the knocking from above. The house had a bad name and could not be let for many years."

THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS

MRS. HUNTER, the Red House, Laleham, near Staines, has kindly given me the following experience:

"A good many years ago, before I was married, our house, in the suburbs of London, was damaged by a slight landslip, and we had to turn out suddenly. It was December 23rd, and we had about six people

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staying with us in addition to ourselves, so it was rather a task to find a furnished house big enough to hold us all at a moment's notice at that time of year. My father and mother went round to every agent in the neighbourhood, and at last found one not far off. We were a large party of boys and girls, cousins and 'pals,' all very young and in tearing spirits, and certainly not morbid or likely to look for ghosts. This is to me a *great* point.

"We settled in, but that wretched house got on all our nerves, servants included, before we had been there a fortnight. I can't exactly explain the feeling, but it just depressed and took all the gaiety out of us. We snapped and quarrelled and were bored—all things utterly foreign to any of our natures. The experience I personally had was this:

"I had a slight cold and stayed at home one afternoon in the library—a small room to the right as you came into the hall. It was the only room that had a cheerful paper, most of the other rooms being papered in drab, with brown patterns on them; this had gay red roses on a white ground. I was sitting before the fire, tea had just been brought to me (a tea I *liked*), my cold was nearly gone, and I was reading an amusing novel, and felt particularly cheery and cosy.

"Suddenly I thought someone had come into the room; I turned, but no one was there. I could have *sworn* someone came in, and then I became aware (I can only put it in this way) that something incredibly evil was beside me. I truly froze with fright. I thought with horror, 'It's going to jump on me!'

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"I could *see* nothing, but the perspiration poured off my face. I had a mighty struggle against paralysing fear, then I got up and tore out of the room. When I reached the hall all fear left me, and I felt quite safe. I knew how I should be chaffed, so I told no one; but a week later my cousin, who shared my room, dashed in while I was dressing for dinner. She was sick with terror and had had the *same* experience, and my sisters' governess some days later also had this visitor, while she was looking over the lesson books in that room. We had none of us heard the house was haunted, but a story has been told us since that throws light upon it.

"A local doctor, a friend of ours, was called in some time later to attend the daughter of a lady of title, who had taken the house for a time. Afterwards, when he came to see us, he laughingly alluded to the 'hallucinations of illness,' and told us, as a proof of it, that the lady he had been attending had declared the house was haunted, but that he had told her he knew some people who had lived in the house (ourselves) and had never seen anything at all.

"We then told him *our* experience, and he laughed no longer.

"You may certainly mention my name, but I don't want you to locate or name the house, as it is still inhabited, I believe, and it might do the owner harm."

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Photos: G. Ancell, Sandown, Isle of Wight

Knighton Gorges

Showing the old gateway and the site of the "phantom house" as viewed from the rookery (*see* page 163)

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THE PHANTOM HOUSE

The Strange Story of Knighton Gorges

The following strange experiences were given me by Miss Ethel C. Hargrove, F.R.G.S., author of "Silhouettes of Sweden," "The Charm of Copenhagen," etc. etc. :

"Knighton is derived from the Celtic Neithan, the place of a fight. The mere word itself suggests a train of thought; and Knighton Gorges has witnessed many conflicts, bodily, mental, and spiritual.

"The authentic history of the estate dates from the reign of Henry III., when it was held by John de Morville, who founded the north chantry, or transept, at Newchurch Church, afterwards to become the burial-place of the Dyllington family. The de Morvilles came from Cumberland; and, after the death of John, Ralph de Gorges, husband of Ellen de Morville, daughter of John, enjoyed the manor in her right and built a chapel there in the year 1301.

"Their son left an only child, Eleanor, who married the celebrated Sir Theobalde Russel. In 1840, after successfully repulsing a French invading force at Saint Helen's Point, Bembridge, Sir Theobalde was severely wounded, and his retainers carried him from the battlefield to Knighton Gorges, where shortly afterwards he passed over to the spirit world.

"The manor remained in the hands of his descendants until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when one George Gilberte, of Whitcombe, sold it, with other property, to Antony Dyllington, of Poole, in Dorsetshire. His family continued to flourish there till

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early Georgian days, when Sir Tristram, the last male representative of his race, had the misfortune to lose his beloved wife and four children within a few days. The cause of this tragedy was some bad type of fever, and the shock turned Sir Tristram's brain, causing him to drown himself in a little pond hard by the mansion.

"The faithful butler concealed the cause of his master's death, thus retaining the estate * for the two Miss Dyllingtons, sisters of the ill-fated baronet.

"The survivor of the two sisters bequeathed it to General Maurice Bocland. In 1765 it passed on to another family, the Bissets.

"George Maurice Bisset, a man of intellect and culture, kept open house, and the notorious John Wilkes wrote in his diary, 'Knighton Manor supplies me very kindly with melons and other fruit.' Wilkes then lived at Sandown, and it was his custom to attend Shanklin Church on Sunday mornings, and then, after meeting David Garrick and his wife, to walk with them over the fields to dine at Knighton Gorges.

"The house, an ancient ivy-covered building in the Gothic style, contained many fine apartments, and was situate on the edge of a hill. A wayside road at the rear led direct to some antique earthworks attributed to the Danes, but probably of much later date. In the early years of last century it was demolished stone by stone to verify an oath sworn by an irate uncle that his nephew, the next on the entail, should never enter his dwelling. Mr. Bisset died just as the workmen had completed their extraordinary task.

* Had suicide been proved the estate would have escheated to the Crown.

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"Now only the original gateposts, a few stones, and an arbour used as a potting shed in the walled garden remain. Probably David Garrick, Wilkes, and other Georgian wits drank wine and told anecdotes to their genial host on the grass plot that then existed in front of the arbour.

"Since then six skeletons have been discovered within two feet of the surface of the vegetable beds. They were reverently re-interred.

* * * * *

"Apart from the interesting recollections connected with Knighton Gorges, deeper and more psychic associations cling to the deserted spot which is best viewed from the rookery overlooking the walled garden and what was once an avenue of stately trees. Now some of these trees have fallen, and their dismantled trunks are half covered with rank fungi of different species, but the scent of the limes still pervades the atmosphere on summer evenings and the wind sings softly in the leafy recesses of an enormous fig tree.

"But it was a cold, still night when, in company with a sister and three villagers, I walked the mile from Newchurch on New Year's Eve, 1913–14, to experience from ten minutes to twelve and onward a marvellous aural manifestation of a lady singing soprano, then a duet with a baritone, and part songs to the music of a spinet or harpsichord. Lastly came some very dainty and refined minuet airs.

"One summer evening later I was walking on the road that passes the old gateposts, between the hours of seven and eight, earnestly engrossed in

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conversation with a friend, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a very loud noise, apparently made by children playing with wire railings. We could not ascertain the cause, but as there were several schoolboys about we passed on and thought no more of the circumstance.

"It never would have occurred to me to give the matter another thought but for this coincidence. A few days later, on Monday, July 6th, I was sitting on the fallen trunks shortly before 8 P.M. The thought of hearing again the mysterious music was strong within me, but I was destined to hear music of a different kind. Again it delighted my ears, but this time it was the voices of a church choir. I listened with great joy till I was disturbed by conflicting elements—the self-same noise I had attributed to the schoolboys, knocking the wire railings. This time it was simply deafening. 'Children playing again,' I reasoned, but it had in it an affinity to the clashing of swords.

"'Do be quiet,' I shouted, for the sacred music was hardly distinguishable in such a din.

"Finding my remonstrance had no effect, I rose to my feet and approached the spot from whence the tumult proceeded—the corner of the walled garden. When I arrived there it ceased, but neither boys nor railings could be seen.

* * * * *

"'Neithan,' the place of a fight. Surely in days of yore a mortal conflict must have taken place there, and even now the forces of good and evil appear to war against each other.

"Not every day is a manifestation vouchsafed.

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I have often wandered on the rugged hillside without hearing anything beyond the music of birds singing, or the hurried flight of numerous rabbits, or perchance the advent of a round-eyed owl. Every spring primroses and yellow gorse strive to restore the long-lost splendour of the scene, but the atmosphere of 'never more' permeates the deserted shrine of old world life.

"I have been fortunate enough to establish a link of 150 years with the place in the person of an aged farm labourer who told me that nearly seventy years ago, when he was a boy, he knew an old man who said his grandfather used to work for the Dyllingtons in the kitchen, boiling potatoes for the pigs, and, he added, 'then the tongs would move across the room by themselves.'

"The same individual also mentioned a rumour that a fortune composed of gold coins was buried in the grounds of the estate.

"Knighton always had the reputation of being haunted, and the story runs that a Brading priest was once engaged to exorcise the demons.

"Charles I. visited the then owners of the Gorges. Sir John Oglander, who wrote his memoirs in that reign, quotes, 'They had a park thereon ye weste side of ye house,' and 'they had theyre chappel and there manie of them were buried and had fayre monuments; ye chappel is now turned into a brew-house and ye church yarde into an orchard.' The latter fact accounts for the finding of the six skeletons in the walled garden, and a barn at a neighbouring farm is still reported to be the remains of a mediæval chapel.

"Thus years roll on, kingdoms rise and fall, new discoveries made and old faiths questioned, yet the

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Eternal never changes, and events are chronicled to be stored in the gramophone of Nature. What has been remains; actions repeat themselves; melody is stored in waves of ether; God's music of the spheres—

Lingering and wandering on as loth to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yield proof
That they were born for immortality.

* * * * *

"Two years later, New Year's Eve, 1915–16, I determined to revisit Knighton with a friend who had never been there before. We walked from Newchurch with a view of arriving in good time for any manifestations vouchsafed.

"While walking, I heard the sounds of distant music intermingled with the bleatings of the sheep, but I did not at the time make any remark on the subject.

"The night was fine and starlit, and the wind played gently through the bare branches of the trees. There were no lights in the cottages, and even at 9 P.M. the world seemed asleep.

"As we approached Knighton lights were reflected from behind our shoulders, so vivid that we could plainly see our own shadows in dark relief, and I had the sensation that people were following us, but whenever I looked behind the dim gloom was unbroken except for the twinkling of the stars, and there was not a soul in sight.

"We settled ourselves at the old gates to await the trend of events, but a vague feeling of discomfort, and that I was sitting in someone's way, obsessed me, so we decided to move to another gate across

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the road leading into a broad expanse of field, merging into the long range of downs.

"The field was studded with lights, apparently reflected from the windows of a house, and my friend observed she had a strong impression that we were there just in time to witness the advent of some late arrivals; she could hear the deep baying of house dogs and the shriller yap of a King Charles or a Blenheim spaniel.

"As the door opened to admit the guests, my friend plainly saw a square white house with ivy covering the lower part, leaded diamond panes to the windows, and heard all the sounds of welcoming and greeting—a confused murmur of voices. Next a flute and violin could be distinctly heard. Then came silence; and a man's form could be plainly seen standing near a bow window with a tall stemmed glass with a flat bowl raised as if for a toast.

"He was dressed in eighteenth-century costume—black small-clothes, frilled shirt, white silk stockings, his dark hair plainly tied back with a black ribbon. There was evidently cheering and clapping of hands (I heard the two later); then a burst of music, and this time the drum could be plainly distinguished.

"From then up to twenty to twelve there were no sounds except an occasional burst of music, and fainter moving lights spread over a large area. And, still more, reflected on the opposite side of the road, one could plainly see the posts and even the twigs of the bare hawthorns in the hedges.

"I walked up and down the road a little way to keep warm, and when I rejoined my friend twice

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I turned towards the wrong opening, misled by the powerful light.

"At twenty to twelve, when we were standing in the road opposite the phantom house, a full tenor voice lustily gave forth 'God rest you, merrie gentlemen,' and the chorus was joined in by the whole party.

"The lights of the house were soon so dim that one could see nothing, though, curiously enough, the reflections on the far side remained as vivid. We heard nothing more except two weird sounds which my friend thought the hoot of a motor—I took them to be the call for a belated carriage.

"Evidently the revels were at an end, and we lost no time in taking our departure, for we had a lonely walk of five miles across country to Sandown. It was worth it, we declared, although we did not reach our destination until after 2 A.M."

A DIARY OF HAUNTINGS

In another of my books I have re-told the famous ghost story of Willington Mill,* a house standing between Newcastle and North Shields, occupied, at the time the extraordinary happenings took place, by Mr. Joseph Procter, a much respected member of the Society of Friends. Since I wrote the account I have been enabled to read Mr. Procter's own account of the hauntings, and have obtained permission to publish it here. Mr. Procter kept a

* *Vide* "Another Grey Ghost Book" (p. 257).

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careful record of the hauntings, day by day, and his diary is, I think, of very considerable interest.

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Particulars relating to some unaccountable noises heard in the house of J. and E. Procter, Willington Mill, which commenced about three months prior to the present time—viz. 1st mo. 28th, 1885, *still continuing, and for which no adequate natural cause has hitherto been discovered.**

About six weeks ago the nursemaid first told her mistress of the state of dread and alarm she was kept in, in consequence of noises she had heard for about two months, occurring more particularly nearly every evening when left alone to watch the child to sleep in the nursery—a room on the second floor. She declared she distinctly heard a dull, heavy tread on the boarded floor of the unoccupied room above, commonly pacing backwards and forwards, and on coming over the window, giving the floor such a shake as to cause the window of the nursery to rattle violently in its frame. This disturbance generally lasted ten minutes at a time, and though she did not heed it at first, yet she was now persuaded it was supernatural, and it quite upset her.

The latter was, indeed, evident from the agitation she manifested. The kitchen girl said that the nursemaid had called her upstairs sometimes, when frightened in this manner, and had found her trem-

* Mr. Procter's method of dating his extracts requires, perhaps, a word of explanation. "Seventh day, 1st mo. 30th," for example, means "Saturday, January 30th."

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bling much and very pale. On examining her further in reference to this improbable tale, she did not vary in her statement, but as nothing had been heard by the kitchen girl when called up, Annie affirming that the noise ceased when she or her master or mistress entered the room, and on searching the empty room on the third storey there was nothing existing to cause such results, but little credit was attached to the story.

Before many days had elapsed, however, every member of the family had witnessed precisely what the girl described. And from that time to the present nearly every day, and sometimes several times in the day, the same has been heard by one or more of the inmates, varying unimportantly in the nature of the sound.

A few particular instances may here be selected in which imagination or fear could have no influence, and afterwards a few causes which might very naturally be thought likely to produce the noises will be shown to be inapplicable, leaving the matter still enveloped in mystery.

On the sixth day, 1st mo. 23rd, 1885, E. Procter requested one of the servants in the forenoon to sweep out the disturbed room in the course of the day, and, being herself in the nursery after dinner, heard a noise in the room like a person stirring about, which she took for granted was the servant cleaning out the room, when, to her surprise, she came upstairs shortly after from the kitchen where the other girl was, and neither of them had been at all upstairs.

The next day one of the girls, being in the nursery, supposed the other girl was lighting the fire in the room above, as had been desired, from the noises

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she heard, which proved a similar mistake to that on the preceding day. It may also be remarked that the nursemaid first mentioned had left, and a respectable young woman came to assist till the term, from whom the affair was carefully concealed.

A day or two after her arrival she had occasion to enter the nursery, where the other girl was when the noise was making, which she was prevented from observing by her fellow-servant talking and using the rocking-chair. Later, however, the same evening, when she was present, it commenced suddenly, and she, somewhat alarmed, inquired who or what was in the room above. On the first day, the 25th, being detained at home by indisposition, E. Procter was in the nursery about eleven o'clock in the forenoon and heard on the floor above, about the centre of the room, a step as of a man with a strong shoe or boot going towards the window, and returning, and though the noise was louder than before, the window did not shake.

The same day when E. and J. Procter were at dinner, the servant, being with the child in the nursery, heard the same heavy tread (apparently like strong shoes) for about five minutes. She came into the sitting-room to satisfy herself that her master was there, thinking it must have been he who was upstairs.

The following day the dull sound was resumed, and up to this day the boots have not done duty again. It may be noted that frequently the room has been examined immediately after the occurrence of the noise. It has been sat in, in one instance slept in all night, and in every case nothing has been

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elicited. Several of our friends who have waited to hear the Invisible Disturber have all, with one exception, been disappointed. J. R. Procter remained in the room below after the usual period of operation, fruitlessly, but within ten minutes of his departure the nurse was so terrified by the loudness of its onset that she ran downstairs with the child half asleep in her arms. M. Unthank stayed two nights whilst the servants were both favoured with a rattle before she was up in the morning, and E. Procter heard it once gently when alone in the room. All the persons who have heard it (and six have been so far privileged) are confident that the noise is within the room on the third floor, as the precise part of the floor upon which the impression is made is clearly distinguishable through the ceiling below, and the weight apparently laid on, shaking violently the window in the room below, when no other window in the house is affected, and during a dead calm is, of itself, a proof of this.

It is impossible there can be any trick in the case. There is a garret above and the roof is inaccessible from without. The house stands alone, and during most of the time the window was built up with lath and plaster, whilst the only other communication with the outside by the chimney was closed by a fireboard, which was so covered over with soot as to prove that not a pebble or a mouse had passed. The room is devoid of furniture, and for a few days the door was nailed up.

Not a rat has been seen in the house for years, nor at any time anything heard like a scratch or squeak or running between the floor and ceiling;

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nor is it conceived that a hundred rats could shake the floor by their weight, or cause the window below to rattle.

The noise has been heard at every hour of the day, though oftenest in the evening; in the night, rarely. Has no connection with weather nor with the going of the mill. In short, it is difficult to imagine a natural cause having a shadow of pretension to belief.

Those who deem all intrusion from the world of spirits impossible in the present constitution of things will feel assured that a natural solution of the difficulty will be obtained on further investigation, whilst those who believe with the poet that "millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen," and that even in modern times, amid a thousand creations of fancy, fear, fraud, or superstition, there still remain some well-attested instances in which good or evil spirits have manifested their presence by sensible tokens, will probably think this may be referred to the latter class, especially when they learn that several circumstances tending to corroborate such a view are withheld from this narrative.

Additional particulars relating to unaccountable noises, etc., heard at Willington Mill containing the most remarkable from 1st *mo.* 25*th to the present time,* 2*nd mo.* 18*th,* 1885.

Seventh day, 1st mo. 30th. The walking in clamped shoes or boots was again heard by the kitchen girl in the nursery. On first day, night, the 31st, soon after retiring to bed and before going

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to sleep, J. and E. Procter heard ten or twelve obtuse deadened beats as of a mallet on a block of wood, apparently within two feet of the bed curtains on one side, by the crib in which the child was laid.

The next night J. Procter, before undressing for the night, had hushed the child asleep in his crib, and while leaning over it with one hand laid upon it, and listening to some indistinct sounds overhead which had just ceased, he heard a tap on the cradle leg as with a piece of steel, and distinctly felt the vibration of the wood in his hand from the blow. This might be a sudden crack not unfrequent when wood is drying in, but it sounded like a knock on the outside. Since this time the walking in the empty room has not been heard oftener than twice or thrice, of which this afternoon was the last time.

About four o'clock the kitchen girl was going upstairs to dress, and calling for something in the nursery, heard the window rattling, and plainly heard "Fatty," as the supposed old lady had been called, seemingly engaged in the pastime of a country dance. Intimidated by the posthumous merriment, she hastened downstairs to arrange her toilet, the materials for which were brought down by the new nursemaid, hitherto an unbeliever in the supernatural.

On the sixth day, 2nd mo. 18th, the servant heard in the village that the son of the engine-man, an apprentice with an elder brother, a grocer at Sunderland, had twice, when spending the first day of the week with his parents who live in the mill yard, seen a figure in white which he took for a ghost in female form. She was struck with this, as answering

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to what she had herself seen a fortnight ago, which she had not mentioned to her mistress. These were the facts:

Having been up early in the morning to wash, and going out of the front door to lay some things on the grass in the garden (it was about 4 A.M.), she saw what seemed to her a female figure in white glide rapidly past. She ran in and told her companion, a woman from the village, who laughed at her fear, and went out with her into the garden; but nothing was to be seen.

On inquiry of the youth's father, the story was found correct. Between the first and second time of his fancying he had seen an apparition there had some weeks elapsed. He knew nothing the first time, nor did his parents, of the disturbances in the house. I could not learn that any other person had seen anything particular; had any mischievous person been personating a ghost, it is somewhat singular there should have been no more attempts to frighten.

On the same evening, 2nd mo. 13th, J. Procter heard that T. Mann, the foreman of the mill, a man of strict integrity, who has been two years in the employment of Unthank and Procter, had heard something remarkable, and on being questioned made the following statement: It may be premised that Unthank and Procter have a wooden cistern on iron wheels or "rollies" to bring water for their horses; it stands in the mill yard on the side where the engine coals are laid. When in motion, drawn by a horse to be filled, it makes a very peculiar noise, which may be heard a considerable distance—as loud as the wagon, especially when the wheels want

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greasing, and by any person accustomed to it the noise of its going could not be mistaken for that of any other vehicle.

The mill was going all night on the 26th or 27th of first month, and T. Mann's place was to mind the engine till two o'clock in the morning. Going out to fill the barrow with coals, about one o'clock, he heard this machine, as he thought, going along the yard, which did not at the moment strike him as being out of the usual course; but suddenly, remembering the hour, the apprehension that it was being stolen flashed on his mind. It was creaking excessively from want of oil, and was then drawing near the yard gates towards which he accordingly went, when to his astonishment he found it had never stirred from its place!

All outside the yard was still; not a creature was to be found. Afterwards he searched round the premises with a lanthorn, but descried nothing. He was much puzzled, but it was not till the next day that he felt himself compelled to attribute the phenomenon to a supernatural cause. He had not mentioned it to any in the house lest his mistress should be alarmed by this in conjunction with the other disturbances.

More than once, a considerable time ago, J. Procter has heard a sound like someone stepping down the gravel walk, on his coming through the garden at night, and has not been able to discover anyone. For two years before, the servant on going out to bolt the garden gate shrieked out, and running in, said she heard a step close to her, but could see nothing.

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On first day 2nd mo. 15th, J. and E. Procter were informed by their cousins (the Unthanks) that they understood the house, and particularly that room in which the noises now occurred, was said to be "haunted" before they entered it in the year 1806, but nothing they knew of had been heard during their occupancy of twenty-five years.

We are furnished on the best authority with the following particulars of a recent apparition in the same house attested by four credible witnesses.

For about two months before this occurrence there had rarely been twenty-four hours without indications by noises, etc., not in any other way accountable, of the presence of the ghostly visitant to some or all of the inmates. A few days before, a respectable neighbour had seen a transparent white female figure in a window in the second storey of the house.

On the 13th of last month (November), early in the evening, two of the children in the house, one aged about eight years, the other under two, unknown to each other saw an object which could not be real, and which went into the room where the apparition was afterwards seen, and disappeared there.

A near connection of the family on a visit, but for whom for obvious reasons a lodging was obtained at the house of T. M. (many years foreman in the manufactory near the house, and a man much respected by his employers), went out as usual about half-past nine p.m. Soon after going to her bedroom with a daughter of T. M.'s (a servant at the house), and T. M.'s wife going out of the house for some coals, the latter was struck by seeing a figure

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in the window before referred to. She called T. M., who saw it passing backwards and forwards and then standing still in the window. It was very luminous—as the brightest star—and likewise transparent, and had the appearance of a priest in a white surplice. T. M. then called out the relative of the family and his daughter. When they came out the head was nearly gone and the brightness somewhat abated, but it was fully ten minutes before it quite disappeared by gradually fading downwards—assuming, as it grew dimmer, a bluish tinge. Both when standing and walking it was about three feet from the floor of the room. T. M. went close under the window, and also would have informed the inmates of the circumstance, but finding they had locked up, did not then accomplish it.

Willington,
5th mo. 17*th*, 1841.

Since the latter end of the 12th month, 1840, we have been entirely free from those very singular disturbances which have been occurring with some intermission for about fourteen months before, and as we now appear to be threatened with a renewal of them, I here make some memoranda of the circumstances.

Our servants for some time have shown no symptoms of timidity, and seemed to have no apprehension of former visitations. E. Procter has not been well lately, and has thought she observed something in the demeanours of the servants indicative of fear within a day or two past. On being questioned this afternoon, they said the ghost had

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come back, but they wished to keep it from their mistress, as she was poorly.

On 6th evening 14th, Jane Davison, who came this term, was alone in the camp-room when she heard a heavy foot pass over the floor above, and as she knew none of the family were there, she ran hastily downstairs and told Mary Young. They did not tell Bessy Mann, who was in the back kitchen. She went up into the same room about ten minutes after and came running down in a fright, saying there was a heavy step in the room above. (It would be nearly five months since she had heard anything before.) This evening, about nine o'clock, E. Mann was hushing to sleep the youngest child in the camp-room. She rang the bell, and one of the other servants went to her out of the kitchen, and found her pale and agitated. She said she had just heard a treading as in heavy shoes on the boards of the room above.

On the night of the 17th, about half-past eleven o'clock, J. and E. Procter heard one of the servants shrieking in the next room and presently, after one of them knocking through the wall for help, J. Procter went to them and found J. Davies in a state of great agitation from fright; her fellow-servant feared she was in a fit when she knocked for J. Procter.

The three servants slept together in one bed for protection, the baby in a crib alongside. They had only just got into bed when the figure of an individual wrapped up in white was seen by Jane Davies—at the foot of the bed! It was the height

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of a woman, and was looking towards the window. The arms were not distinguishable. Jane Davies had got first into bed, and E. Mann and she were both much frightened before that by hearing a rustling as of a person coming through the door (which was shut) and moving about in the room.

On that occasion they saw nothing and a light was burning all the time. When E. Mann got into bed she put her head down under the clothes, and M. Young was looking to the side where Edmund lay in his crib. It was at that moment that Davies looked up and saw the figure. When J. Procter entered, there was nothing to see or hear, nor was there afterwards during the night. Jane Davies was far from well the next day, and the others much intimidated.

About the 21st Davies was awake at midnight and heard a moan as of one in agony, but not very loud, under her bed. Soon after she heard a flapping in the room as of some article of apparel shaken forcibly.

On the 22nd, all the servants were alarmed by the many noises they heard in the evening upstairs —sometimes on the landing close by, and at other times overhead. A door was clashed, there were blows like those produced by a mallet and dull thumps overhead, noises *in* their bedroom, particularly a rubbing or scratching of the paper nearly all round it.

On the 23rd, J. and E. Procter heard noises in the room over theirs which suddenly came down into their own room. Then steps were heard on the stairs, and a tap at the door. ***Nothing then had been heard by the servants.***

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On the 24th, about seven in the evening, the younger children were put to bed. Just after it, Davies called M. Young's attention to a noise in J. Procter's bedroom, like a "skeel of peas" emptying on the floor. They both went and heard it continue under the bed. Turning frightened, they went downstairs, but curiosity took them again as far as the landing to listen. The room door being wide open, the side of the bed being opposite to it, the blind of the opposite window, against which the sun was then shining, being down, they perceived the shadow of a person move on the curtain from the bottom to the head of the bed, seemingly walking on the bed. No train was passing at the time, nor was there anything discoverable to produce such a phenomenon. J. and E. Procter and the other servant were all downstairs at the time. Various noises were afterwards heard, and in the night too, both by J. and E. Procter and the two elder servants. Another night soon after, Davies heard her curtain rustle, and at one time felt considerable pressure on her feet, as though someone were sitting on them as she lay in bed.

On the 29th, about nine p.m., Davies and E. Mann were washing their feet in the nursery when they heard a noise in the closet as of someone moving crockery ware, and making much noise; then a rustling as of a silk dress came out into the room and something hit the back of the chair in which Davies was sitting. They both ran downstairs in their bare feet. About the same hour one evening, Joseph had been a short time in bed when J. Procter heard him call, and as he was going upstairs heard

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a rustle as of a female running out of Joseph's room into the nursery. Joseph said his name had been called several times from near the foot of his bed in a voice like his own.

At night J. and E. Procter heard a drumming and tapping (lasting for a considerable time) in the garret. This was repeated at intervals; and another night about this time J. Procter heard a thumping in the garret which seemed to descend into the room below and from thence, with a heavy fall into the next room, where it awoke the youngest child, from which it seemed to bounce into the room below on the ground floor.

5th mo. 31st, Davies and E. Mann were in the nursery a little before nine o'clock, in the twilight. Davies called E. Mann to look at a particular white object which she took for paper, whirling round in a singular manner, about a foot above the ground, on the road below the window. It soon changed its appearance to that of a cow's head with horns and large black eyes; then it assumed a heart-like form. After that it turned to a greyhound's head, then a cat's head with well-defined eyes and ears, feet and claws beneath, which were in constant motion. When in the latter form it looked earnestly up at them, and moving quickly along the road, vanished altogether. They were both extremely diverted at the time, and came running downstairs to tell their fellow-servant and J. and E. Procter. They both saw every assumed form exactly the same, except that E. Mann once saw it take the form of a human face which the other (E. Davies) did not notice. The metamorphoses were, indeed,

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very rapid, as it was only in sight some three or four minutes. They did not get to sleep the following night till nearly two o'clock, as there were almost constant noises to be heard—a walking in bare feet at the foot of their bed, on the landing and running up and downstairs. The youngest child was several times roused by the noises.

6th mo. 1st. About half-past two o'clock in the afternoon Mary Young was alone in the kitchen, E. Procter and the two nurses upstairs. M. Young saw a stranger, as she supposed, go past the kitchen door on the way upstairs. She was surprised at this, as she had heard no one come in, and the front door was closed. She therefore went hurriedly to the door, before there was time for the female figure she had seen to reach the first landing, but nobody was to be seen.

She immediately went into the room above the kitchen where E. Procter was, but E. Procter had heard no one come up, though the door of the room was open. She turned pale (and very naturally), becoming sensible that she had seen an apparition. The nursery door was shut, and the two servants within were playing with the children. According to Young's description the figure was rather tall, it wore a light-coloured dress and a lavender shawl. M. Young had observed the shadow of someone in the passage immediately before the figure passed by, apparently bending the body to ascend the stairs.

7th day 11th mo. 13th, 1844, about half-past four p.m., Joseph, now eight years old, was in the nursery with the three elder children. He had

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seated himself on the top of a rather high chest of drawers, and was making a pretended speech to the others, when he suddenly jumped down. J. Procter, in his wife's room at the time, heard him say that there had been a monkey pulling his leg by the shoe strap, and had gone from under the drawers into the opposite room, and under the bed there. He said that as he was sitting with his feet over the edge of the drawers, he saw on a sudden a monkey's head looking up at him, with its fore-feet hanging on by the edge. It withdrew one of them and gave a very smart pull at the strap of his shoe, and then tickled his foot. He did not suppose any other but that it was a real monkey. Edmund, who is under two years of age, was frightened a short while before by what he called "a funny cat," and showed a good deal of timidity all the evening, looking under chairs, etc., lest (it would appear) it should be lurking there. It should also be remarked that he has no fear of a cat.

Where Joseph saw the monkey—at the end of the drawers—was not in view of the other children. When Joseph went to bed, too, he heard a strange noise in the chimney almost as soon as he was left to himself, and presently something squeaked in his ear, and starting up, his ear and the side of his face went against something very soft and hot. He was afraid, but did not call out, though the clothes were pulled off his chest, and when he tried to pull them back, they appeared to be held a little. Then followed the sound of an animal jumping off the bed on to the floor, and by the light carried by someone passing the door, he saw the monkey (?) again on the

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top of the wardrobe. He called out and got the servant to search the room thoroughly, but there was nothing to be found. He tells us, too, that he hears the sound of somebody walking in the room almost every night after being left.

The same evening E. Procter's sister, Christiana Carr, went home to her accustomed lodging at half-past nine o'clock. (Then follows the before-mentioned story of the luminous figure in the window.)

M. Young and E. Mann, being upstairs in the third storey, heard a clattering in the garrets, which made them come downstairs, but E. Mann, looking back, saw the hind part of a figure in white on the garret stairs. Nurse Collard was in J. Procter's room with Jane and C. Carr. Whilst they had their backs turned, an animal, all white, like a cat but larger, ran from the side of the bed. There is no such cat in the village, and it may be recollected that the same appearance of an animal was formerly seen in the window of the same room, from the outside, when the door was shut; and on its being searched nothing of the kind was found. Last year also a white cat was seen in the garden by one of E. P.'s sisters, the head of which resembled a pig's.

On first day, night, eleventh mo., 14th, Thomas Davison, schoolmaster, having heard of the appearances in the house, went along the road by the back. It was about half-past eight o'clock. He soon saw a white cat close to him, and followed it to the conduit, into the gut, about twelve or fifteen yards off, where it disappeared. He went back to the same place behind the house, and presently perceived a white animal close to him, which looked like a

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rabbit. He followed it and it leaped away as rabbits do, till it vanished down the same conduit. Going back to his place behind the house, he saw a larger white animal approach from J. Procter's backyard gate, an animal which had a back as broad as a lamb or goat, and it went in at the mill gates. Feeling now rather alarmed, not knowing what animal might come next, he went home. He is fully persuaded that what he saw were no real animals.

11th month, 28th day. J. Procter went into the engine-room about seven p.m., and on coming out saw what he took to be a grey cat by the fire, which went out just before him, crouching along close by the side of the boiler-house wall. J. Procter saw it apparently enter the wall about the middle, which surprised him, as he did not know of any aperture there, and examining it, found none. The moon was nearly full, but not shining on the wall.

About the beginning of the seventh month the visits of the spirit again became more frequent. A young woman of the name of Flamworth, of Leeds, connected with the Society of Friends, became an inmate with the family for about two weeks. She, with the servants, heard the sound of stepping overhead and various noises which speedily convinced her of the kind of agency that was at work. As J. Procter went into the mill yard at twilight, he saw something about the size of a man's hand, of a light colour, which darted about in a zigzag course before him, a few inches from the ground. He kept his eyes fixed on it as he followed it, but it disappeared. There was no wind at the time.

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7th mo. 9th. Mary Young heard in the night a heavy breathing as of a person under great oppression, but in the morning thought she might have been dreaming, till Davies asked her if she had heard the panting noise in the night as she had been much frightened by it.

7th month, 13th. E. Mann awoke in the night and saw a bright light shining through her curtain and close to it, quite different and distinct from the light of the rushlight. Presently the bed was hoisted up and down from underneath. She called out and awoke Davies, who desired her to come into her bed, where she soon fell asleep. M. Young and Davies heard a hollow voice pronounce a sentence from the middle of the room, but failed to distinguish the words. J. Procter was several times disturbed by knockings the same night.

7th month, 14th. J. and E. Procter both heard the spirit in their own room overhead, making a noise as of hoisting with tackle or rolling, and like the noise produced by setting down a barrel on its end. Also noises in the camp-room, where the servants heard a raking like a coal rake, and a scratching of the curtain or top of the bed. Edmund, who is almost a year and a half old, awakened with every symptom of being frightened; he screamed violently, and was a very long time in closing his eyes again. He frequently awoke in a fright, and would not be put back in his crib—the sight of it recalling his emotions of terror. He became feverish, and so continued the whole of the following day, though perfectly well when he went to bed.

The night before, about nine o'clock, Joseph was

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in the nursery with one servant who was looking out of the window. He saw the head and body of a man (which were black) dart out of the closet door and then back again. After that he looked in and could see nothing. He said nothing to his nurse, but she noticed he was frightened, and he got her to "cover the sheet over his head" and to lock the closet door in his bedroom. About four in the morning he requested J. Procter to pull the clothes up over him, and he said he would tell his papa in the morning by himself why he durst not look up. In the morning he told J. Procter as above, and said he was afraid of seeing something again. The afternoon of the day on which Joseph saw this, the three servants were together in a room on the third storey, and all of them heard the sound of someone walking in the empty room next to theirs, and once "it" seemed to come close beside them in the room where they were, which occasioned them to go downstairs.

8th month, 3rd. Since the last date there have been few nights in which some branch of the family has not heard our visitor. One night J. Procter heard something hastily walk with a step like that of a child eight or ten years old, from the foot of the bed towards the side of the room, and come back seemingly towards the door in a run. Then it gave two stamps with one foot, then there was a loud rustling as of a frock or nightgown. Almost directly after, J. Procter heard a noise in one of the adjoining rooms, and the stamp roused up E. Procter out of her sleep.

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About this time Joseph said he heard, soon after being put to bed, a voice from underneath, which said, "Queer lad, Joseph." Another time he heard, "Queer boy, Joseph" addressed to him from the chimney, and one night, soon after his nursemaid left, he saw a boy in a drab hat like his own, except that it wanted strings, and the boy much like himself, too, walk backwards and forwards between the window and wardrobe and touching the key of the latter every time. He was afraid, and did not speak.

One day, when M. Young was upstairs, she heard a noise like a bandbox falling on the floor at her feet. Last night J. Davies heard a voice, like her mistress's, call "Bessy" twice, the last time forcibly; then followed, very distinctly, the noise of a person running upstairs. Davies was up in the third storey in the forenoon lately, and heard a noise in the dark room, and then the sneck of the door sounded to be jerked backwards and forwards. She saw it in motion at the time she heard it.

8th month, 6th. On the night of the 3rd when the foregoing was written, about half-past ten o'clock, J. and E. Procter heard a noise like a clothes-horse being thrown down in the kitchen. At that time all the servants were in the adjoining room preparing for bed. Soon the noises became louder; it seemed as if some persons had broken into the house on the ground floor and were clashing the doors and throwing things about. J. Procter .went to the servants' room to ask if they had left all safe, and found them taking refuge on their bed with the curtains drawn round, though not undressed. They

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were sure the doors and windows were fast, and had no doubt the noise was from the ghost. J. Procter went downstairs with one of the servants and found all right. The noises now began on the third storey, and they (the servants) did not dare for a long while to go to bed. The same evening Adam Atkinson, who lives at the foot of the quay, had sent his boy with a barrow which he had borrowed from his son-in-law, T. Jackson, at the mill. The boy, being teased by some rude boys, went back, and Atkinson brought the barrow himself. As he was returning about half-past nine, being dusk, he saw (when about the mill door) a woman he did not know with a skeel under her arm. She was going down the footpath towards the pump. He followed and gained on her, and was near her when she suddenly disappeared by the pump. He looked all round it, and could neither see her nor hear anything. Had it been a woman, there was no possible way of getting out of his sight and hearing.

On the night of the 4th, Davies heard considerable noise at M. Young's bedside, and particularly heard the crib shifted, after which there was a heavy step backwards and forwards in the room. She durst not look up to see what it was. In the morning the crib was found shifted from the position in which it had been placed, so also the bedclothes.

8th month, 6th to 12th. My brother-in-law, G. Carr, was with us. One night he heard stepping and a loud rumble in the room above in the middle of the night. Another night he heard someone on the landing after the servants had gone to bed, which

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was likewise heard by J. and E. Procter, who knew it could be no living person's footfall, because it sounded like strong shoes on bare boards, and the whole of the landing is covered with carpet nailed on. The sound moved upstairs and was heard overhead.

Another night G. Carr was at supper with J. and E. Procter; he heard a noise of furniture forcibly set down in the room above. E. Procter knew that all the servants were in the kitchen. On the 12th M. Young's elder sister called, and was in the front empty room on the third storey when she heard the sound of glasses struck against each other in the little room which opens into it. Also the sound of a door-handle turning. She was in the nursery in the evening and heard the ghost walk the floor above with a heavy step, and then begin to descend the staircase. She came hastily down, and heard footsteps pursuing her closely.

8th month 25th. Last evening J. Procter being in the parlour and all the servants downstairs, he heard footsteps and a knock in the room above. A short time previously E. Mann had come downstairs much frightened; she had been alone in the nursery, and Jane, who had gone to bed a little while before, had been wanting something, and having attended to her wants E. Mann heard J. Procter's voice distinctly in his bedroom, saying loudly, "What dost thou want, Jane?" E. Mann went immediately to tell J. Procter what she had been wanting, and found no one in the room or upstairs, which made her come down in a fright.

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On the 26th of 10th month, 1841, about nine in the morning, Joseph and Henry were playing at the foot of the stairs; they both saw a white face looking over the stair rails leading to the garret. Joseph called for his aunt, C. Carr, to come and see it, but just as she was coming he saw it turn away. Henry heard it give a great jump, but Joseph, who was very dull of hearing, did not. They both agreed in the description of what they had seen.

On the 1st day, evening, about eight o'clock, 12th month 19th day, 1841, E. Procter and C. Carr were in the nursery with the infant and heard a heavy step coming upstairs. C. Carr at first thought it might be J. Procter, but recollected that he had put on his slippers, and this step was as with heavy shoes. It seemed to pass into the adjoining room, in which were some of the children asleep. They soon heard sounds in that room as of something heavy falling, and by and by Henry, about five years old, began to cry as if afraid. The only servant then at home came up to them from the kitchen, when she found that he could not speak for some time for sobbing. He said at last that something had spoken to him and had made noises with the chairs.

About the middle of the 11th month, 1841, C. Carr went with E. Mann into a bedroom about ten p.m. They heard a heavy labouring breathing, first at the far side of the room and then very near them; at the same time the floor was in constant vibration.

On the 24th of 11th month, Joseph went to bed about eight o'clock and presently called of his father

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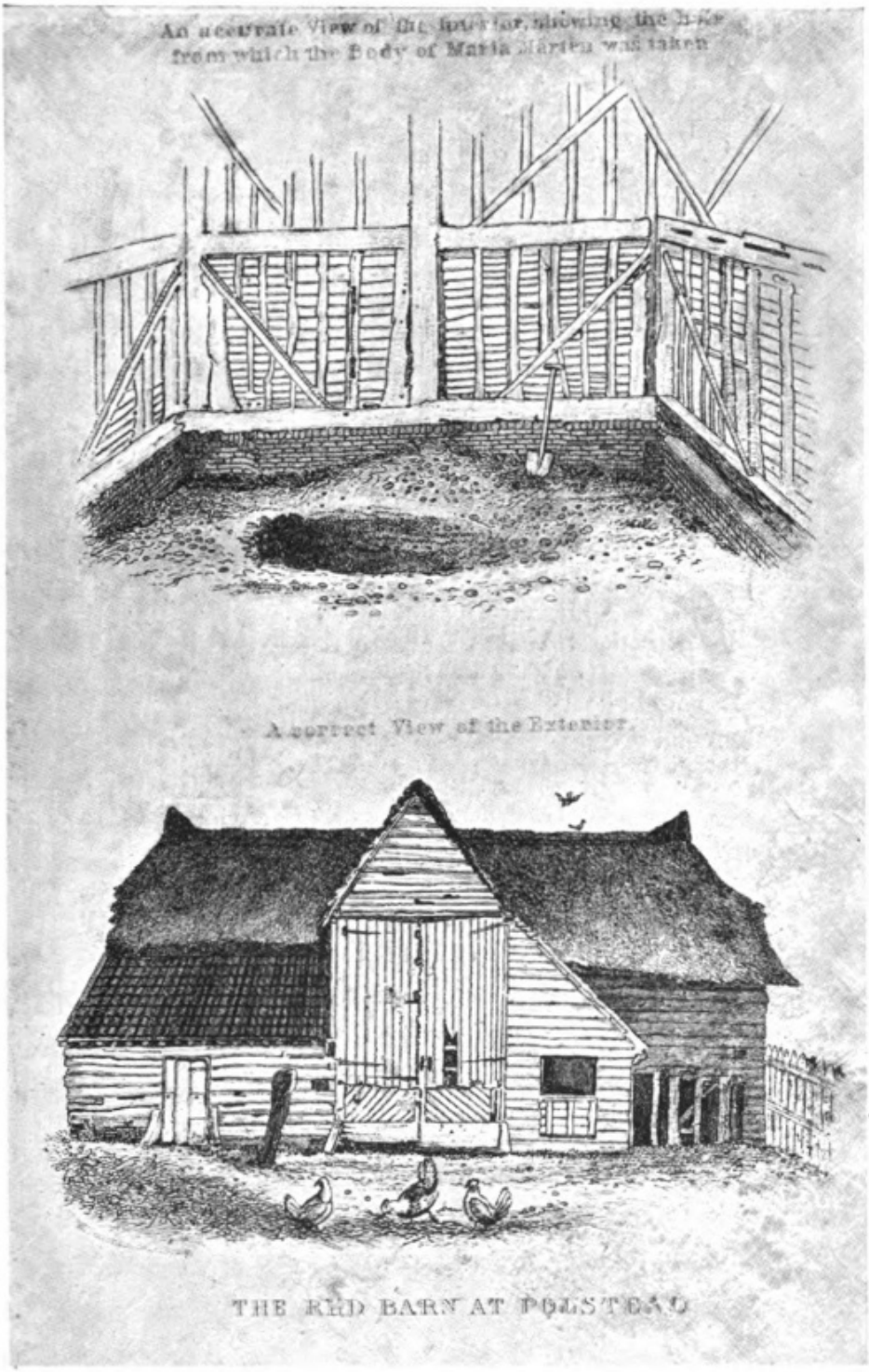

From an Old Print

The Mystery of the Red Barn

Showing the exterior of the barn, and the hole from which the body of Maria Marten was recovered (*see* page 251)

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in some alarm. He said a man had just been in who went to the window, threw up the sash, and put it down again and fastened it, and then walked out. He had light or grey hair and wore a dark top coat; he had no hat. Joseph distinctly saw him put up his hand inside of the blind. He was astonished J. Procter had not seen him. Within a few minutes Joseph called out again. He had heard a step from the door to the closet at the far side of the room and something like a cloak falling. He durst not look up to see who it was.

After E. Procter's confinement, which took place on the 25th of 10th month, her mother, Jane Carr slept with her for a fortnight. One night, when E. Procter was asleep, Jane Carr heard a noise like a continuous pelting of small substances which at first she took to be cinders from the fire. Afterwards, as she sat up in bed with a light burning, she heard the sound of somebody going gently about the floor, the dress rustling as it passed from one part of the room to another. On or about the first of 11th month, E. Procter was awake at night and heard the sound of an animal leaping down off the easy chair which stood near the bed; there was no noise of its getting up and running off, but a dead silence followed.

8th month 25th, 1841. About midnight Joseph was awake a long time and saw two women dressing, and thought it was the servants getting up to wash, and called of Davies, asking if they were getting up. Mary answered him that it was far too soon. He was then rather frightened.

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On the night of the 28th, J. Procter heard the sound of footsteps in the attic and afterwards of setting things down in the room above from half-past eleven till twelve o'clock. A little while after he heard several prolonged peculiar whistles; these were heard by the nurse in another room. They seemed to her to proceed from the landing. She described the noise, not knowing that J. Procter had heard it. Joseph was shaken in his crib early the same night, but did not mind it so as to call for help, though he felt frightened.

On the 26th no one slept in the third storey. About eleven o'clock Jane Carr and the nursemaid heard in the room above them the sound of some person in strong shoes walking to and fro; sometimes the visitant seemed to run backwards and forwards, moving chairs and clashing box-lids down, sometimes thumping as with a fist. The noise seemed to move on to the stairhead. About twelve o'clock Jane Carr felt the bed raised up under one side as if to turn her over, giving two lifts. About half-past twelve Nurse Pollard in another room on the same floor heard an indistinct noise which roused her as she was going to sleep. Something then pressed against the high part of the curtain and came down on to her arm, which was weighed down with some force. In great terror she called out, "Lord, have mercy upon me," but heard no more. The kitchen girl, who slept with her, was not roused.

E. Procter the same night heard knocks overhead, and about six in the morning supposed, from the sound, that the kitchen girl as usual was dressing

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in the room above, not knowing that she was not in her own room.

2nd month 3rd. On nearly every day or night since the last date more or less has been heard which could not be referred to any other cause than the spirit. Amongst them the following may be noted. Joseph and Henry having several times been disturbed in their crib, once declared that they had heard a loud shriek which seemed near the foot of their crib. On E. Procter going up she found Joseph trembling and in a state of perspiration from fright. Henry had kicked Joseph in starting at the sound.

One evening J. Procter heard a very peculiar moan or cry; J. and E. Procter and Jane Carr also heard footsteps and noises which ceased on their running upstairs to prevent the children from being frightened.

Another time Joseph said his bed moved, sometimes backwards and forwards; a voice by the foot of the bed said "chuck" twice, and then made a noise like a child sucking. Another time Joseph heard something say "that." He is very inquisitive as to the origin of these noises, and says he never heard or felt anything like it at Shields. It may be proper to mention that none of the children have any idea of the supernatural. Jane, who sleeps in another room, also told her mamma that she felt the bed go up and down; also something go round under her bed; she had not heard of Joseph or any of us having experienced the like.

J. and E. Procter about the 30th heard loud

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thumps in the room above, also footsteps in the night, when they knew that no one was upstairs; the cook, for company, slept with the nurse on the second floor. J. Procter one night heard a sound like the winding of a watch in the staircase.

On the 2nd month 1st, Jane Carr and E. P. heard in the nursery a sound like a heavy piece of wood jarring on the floor above. It was about six in the evening, when all the servants were down in the kitchen at tea. Afterwards followed the faint sound of a clock being wound up in the staircase.

2nd month 2nd. About one o'clock in the day Jane Carr and E. Procter were in E. Procter's room when they heard one of the nursemaids in the room above dressing. They heard her come downstairs, and immediately after they heard a stepping like hers with strong shoes in the room above. Jane Carr ascertained that no one was upstairs at the time.

2nd month 4th. About half-past four in the morning, Jane Carr, who had been poorly, was awake, so was her companion. They heard footsteps descending from the upper storey passing by their door, and going down into the kitchen. They thought it was the kitchen girl, and wondered at her being up so early. Then they heard the sound of the kitchen door being opened, then of the kitchen window thrown up and the shutters opened, with more than usual noise. You may imagine their surprise when the kitchen girl came down later than usual, about seven o'clock, and called in for a light on her way down.

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In the afternoon of the same day, J. D. Carr came to the house and stayed all night; he slept alone in the second storey. Soon after going to bed he heard noises in the room above, as of a piece of wood on a balance rapidly striking the floor at each end; afterwards many heavy beats as with a mallet, some very loud; also a noise like a person stamping his foot in a passion. He heard, too, a peculiar whistle, which he imitated so as exactly to resemble what J. Procter had heard some time before. He also heard a noise on the stairs and landing, and for some time felt his bed vibrate very much; he put out his hand to feel the stock, and felt it shaking. Suddenly it ceased. He was quite awake and collected, and though disposed for sleep did not slumber till about two o'clock. He said he would not live in the house for any money. The account he gave to Jos. Carr induced him to come over from Carlisle next morning to see if he could assist with his advice under such disagreeable, dangerous disturbances.

On the 2nd month 5th, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, Jane Carr heard a thump on the landing near the room door, on which she awoke her companion and herself crept under the bedclothes. M. Young heard the slot in the door slide back, the handle turn, and the door apparently open. A step then went towards the rushlight, and by the sound it would seem snuffed it. The light was transiently obscured as is usual when snuffing is performed. Jane Carr then felt *It* raise up the bedclothes over her twice; then Mary Young and Jane Carr both heard something rustle the

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curtains going round the bed. On getting to M. Young's side she distinctly saw the shadow on the curtain; on getting to the bedboard where Jane lay, a loud thump, as with a fist, was heard on it. Something was then felt to press on the counterpane on M. Young's side, when she heard the visitor go out apparently leaving the door open. In the morning they found the door still bolted as when they went to bed. In this occurrence Jane Carr heard and felt the disturbance, but from her being under the clothes could not likewise see as her companion did. . . .

On the 19th 2nd month, Jane Procter, about four and a half years old, told her parents that some time before, when she was sleeping with her aunt Jane and Mary Young, she once happened to be awake. Mary was asleep, so was her aunt on the far side of the bed. She then saw by the washstand at the foot of the bed where the clothes were open, a queer-looking head, as she thought the head of an old woman. She saw her hands, and two fingers of each hand were extended touching each other. She wore something which came down the sides of her face and passed across the lower part of it. She saw all this plainly, though it was rather dark in the room. She felt afraid, and putting her head under the clothes again fell asleep. Joseph, six and a quarter years old, said he, too, had seen a woman when he slept with Aunt Jane nearly three weeks before. (*Note.*—Jane told Mary Young in the morning about what she had seen; she did not tell her father and mother.)

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Joseph tells that as it was beginning to be light he saw a smart female standing on the bed over his aunt, and looking towards him. Her hands were clasped. She wore a bonnet and light gloves, and seemed rather pleased than otherwise. He felt afraid, and put his head under the clothes, but did not go to sleep. Soon after Mary, the nurse, came for him. He described the figure he had seen as wearing a collar, and showed by his description that it was what we term scalloped or vandyked. He was at different times very closely questioned, and was very positive and never varied in his description of what he had witnessed. He also told that the visitor had light-coloured shoes on. He had never seen anything since, nothing in J. and E. Procter's room, where he usually slept, though he had heard noises and words spoken to him, and he had several times been shaken in his crib.

On the 17th, about dusk, Jane Procter saw a head on the landing which frightened her very much; she ran back, and was afterwards taken down by the nurserymaid.

Joseph has been disturbed nearly every night lately. He says when there is nobody upstairs the voices are loud; if there is somebody there, they are lower. He is now afraid of going alone into his bedroom even in the daytime.

The following are sounds and sentences which he tells us he has heard: "Come and get," "But never mind," "Hush, bab," "No, I don't wish thee to." To-night (3rd 28th) he heard footsteps twice and felt a rap on his pillow. Two of the servants were out at a temperance meeting, the other was

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in the kitchen. E. Procter, with the baby, heard footsteps, and on her ringing the bell M. Young came up. E. Procter also heard a voice, but could not distinguish what was said. M. Young clearly heard "Many, many" rapidly pronounced in a peculiar tone of voice.

(*At this point Mr. Procter's record of the mysterious happenings at Willington Mill ends abruptly. He appears to have made no further note or comment.—J. A. M.*)

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STORIES OF HAUNTED CHURCHES, ETC.

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THE HAUNTED CHURCH AT YORK

I HAVE on several occasions come across instances of haunted churches and cathedrals, which is, perhaps, but natural, considering the part such buildings have played in scenes of murder, pillage, and romance. Canterbury Cathedral is haunted by the ghost of Thomas à Becket, whose shadowy form on one of the pillars of the crypt was distinctly seen a few years ago, and duly reported in the newspapers. York Cathedral is also haunted by a ghost, who has been seen during evensong. Miss Agnes Weston, for whose work for our brave, gallant sailors we all have such admiration, once gave me a story of a Crusader whose ghostly footsteps she herself heard while practising the organ in Gloucester Cathedral.

There is a most authentic ghost connected with Holy Trinity Church, Micklegate, York. It is so well known that the Sunday School children, we are told, were quite familiar with the sight, and called the ghosts "The mother, nurse, and child." People who have seen the ghosts from the gallery at the west end of the church have related their experiences.

The east window was formerly stained glass, and the apparition was seen about half-way down, and looked as though it was thrown on a screen by a magic lantern or cinematograph camera.

A figure dressed in white walked across the window from the north side. When she had reached

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about half-way she turned round and waved her hand. Two more figures entered, those of a nurse and a child. The lady in white, and the nurse bent over the child and appeared to be bemoaning its fate, wringing their hands and making violent gestures of despair. The lady in white went off again by the south side, taking the child with her and leaving the nurse in the middle of the window. The nurse then went back to the north side by the way she came, waving her hand as if saying farewell.

In a few minutes the nurse came back again and seemed to await the mother and the child, who presently returned, and when they all met, the bemoaning and sighs of distress were repeated. They all three then retired by the north side of the window.

The vision made its appearance during the singing of a hymn, and the louder the music the more frantic were the gestures of despair. An extraordinary part of the appearance was that when the ghosts appeared on Trinity Sunday they consisted of three figures, but on ordinary Sundays the vision sometimes consisted of one figure only.

Being very anxious to ascertain more about the haunted window, I finally wrote to the Rector of Holy Trinity, asking him if he could assist me in the matter. I received this very courteous letter in return:

"In reply to your inquiries concerning the Holy Trinity ghost, I can really give you little information beyond that which you will find in a book called 'Yorkshire Oddities and Strange Events,' by Baring-Gould.

"The facts are unusual in several ways. It was

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only seen in daylight and in strong daylight. It could only be seen from the gallery of the church, and it was only seen in the years about 1875. It was only seen on the east window. The church has been restored since then, and the ghost disappeared at the first restoration, somewhere about 1885 to 1890. A chancel was added to the church then, and the old ghost window that had been the east window was, of course, taken out. Some of the glass in the old window is still preserved in the church. The old tracery is set up in my garden.

"I scarcely like to tell you of possible explanations of the apparition. There is one that Baring-Gould probably has not thought of. It is that the old rectory drawing-room, which looked out upon the garden behind the church, had French windows, and that when the wind blew the windows to and fro they cast reflections of light upon the window of the church, which could be seen from the gallery at the west end of the church."

I procured a copy of "Yorkshire Oddities," and refer my readers to it for a full account of the ghosts.

The following letter, quoted by Mr. Baring-Gould, appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, May 6th, 1876, and other papers:

"On Good Friday last I went to Holy Trinity Church, York, for morning service at eleven o'clock, and repaired with a friend to the gallery, being anxious to see a certain apparition which is said to haunt the place.

"The gallery is situated at the extreme west end of the building and faces the east window, from

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which it is distant some fifty feet or so. It is said that in the aisle and body of the church nothing is ever seen. The gallery was full, but none seemed to have come there especially for the ghost, and, though many of them afterwards said they saw it, they were not in the least affected by the apparition, treating it as a matter of course to which they were well accustomed.

"I kept my eyes fixed upon the east window for nearly the whole of the hour and a half during which the service lasted, but was not favoured with a sight of the phenomenon; although others saw it cross the window and return, and my friend, who knows it well, called my attention to the fact at the moment, yet I could perceive nothing.

"I therefore left the place as unbelieving as ever, and supposed that either I was the victim of a hoax or that it required a great stretch of imagination to fancy that a passing shadow was the destined object.

"However, not liking to discredit the statements of many friends who were used to seeing it almost every Sunday, I consented on Easter Day to go to the same place and pew. The seat I occupied was not an advantageous one, a large brass chandelier being between me and the lower panes of the window.

"In the middle of the service, my eyes, which had hardly once moved from the left or north side of the window, were attracted by a bright light formed like a female, robed and hooded, passing from north to south with a rapid gliding movement outside the church apparently at some distance. The window is Gothic, and I fancy from twenty to twenty-five feet high by twelve to fifteen feet wide

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at the base. The panes through which the ghost shines are about five feet high and about half-way between the top and bottom. There are four divisions in the window, all of stained glass of no particular pattern, the outer on right and left being of lighter colour than the two centre panes, and at the edge of each runs a rim of plain, transparent white glass, about two inches wide and adjoining the stonework.

"Through this rim, especially, could be seen what looked like a form, transparent, but yet thick (if such a term could be used) with light. It did not resemble linen, for instance, but was far brighter, and would no doubt have been dazzling to a mere observer. The robe was long and trailed. The figure was, of course, not visible when it had crossed the window and passed behind the wall.

"My friend whispered to me that it would return —must return; and at the end of five minutes or so the same figure glided back from right to left, having turned round while out of sight.

"About half an hour later it again passed across from north to south, and, having remained about ten seconds only, returned with what I believe to have been the figure of a young child, and stopped at the last pane but one, where both vanished. I did not see the child again, but a few seconds afterwards the woman reappeared, and completed the passage behind the last pane very rapidly.

"Nothing more was seen during the service, and no other opportunity presented itself to me for making observation. During each time the chandelier prevented me from obtaining a complete view, but there

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could be no doubt as to the shape, a certain amount of indistinctness being caused by the stained glass.

"On the reappearance for the last time I saw the head, which was that of the child, I believe, move up and down distinctly, as if nodding. The figure shone with dazzling brightness, and appeared to be at a considerable distance—say thirty yards or so—though at the same time as distinct as possible, considering the obstruction of coloured glass. Each time the level upon which it glided was precisely the same, and afterwards, on carrying a straight line from the spot in the gallery where I sat through the part of the glass where the feet of the figure shone, and continuing that line (in my mind's eye with all the objects before me except the ghost, whose position I had taken good notice of), I found that, at about four feet from the ground it would traverse a thick holly tree, eight or nine feet high, and at two or three feet from the ground a low wall about four feet high, and would reach the ground itself in the middle of a gravel yard belonging to the back premises of the house called the vicarage at a distance of twelve or fifteen yards from the window.

"Any person walking between the window and the holly tree would hardly be seen at all, much less be seen at the place which the apparition occupies; and anyone on the further side of the tree would be almost if not quite invisible on account of the holly and other bushes and the dead wall. Anyone about there at all can easily be seen from the many houses on all sides.

"If it were a shadow thrown upon the glass of the window it would, of course, be seen by those

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A Remarkable Ghost Photograph

Taken at a farm-house near Acton. The ghost of an old woman may be seen looking through the window (*see* page 4)

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who sit in the body of the church as well as those in the gallery."

The writer goes on to say that the ghost is said to appear frequently on Trinity Sunday, and to bring the nurse and the child on the scene. He adds :

"It is said to have haunted the church for 150, 200, or, some authorities say, 300 years, and there are many pretty legends connected with it."

After giving a *résumé* of some of these, the writer concludes :

"Whatever may have been the circumstance under which the ghost (if it is one, which it is hard to believe in these matter-of-fact days) commenced its peculiar promenade, I would recommend those who have the chance to go to Holy Trinity Church, York, and see for themselves, though an audience of the apparition cannot always be assured. A ghost in broad daylight does no harm, frightens no one, and ought to interest everybody.—I am, etc.,

"H. G. F. T."

The Rector of Holy Trinity at that time replied to this letter in the *York Herald*, utterly repudiating the idea of the ghost, but H. G. F. T. stuck to his guns, and wrote again, repeating what he had seen.

Legend declares that 300 years ago a party of soldiers attempted to sack the convent attached to the church. The abbess, a very brave and noble woman, met them on the threshold as they were entering and told them that they should only enter the convent over her dead body. She added that if they did so her spirit would haunt the church.

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Another story is to the effect that about 200 years ago a nurse and child died of the plague and were buried outside the city walls, while the child's mother was buried in Holy Trinity churchyard. Hence the scene of meeting and parting again enacted on the haunted window.

THE GHOST IN THE CHURCH

The following account of a curious experience has been sent me by a friend:

I once attended a funeral service in our church. There was to be a procession of police, firemen, etc., to the cemetery, so I remained in the church alone after the first part of the service in order to avoid the crowd, as I did not wish to follow. I only went to please my husband, who commands the local brigade, as the dead man had been one of his firemen.

"As I sat there *quite alone*, a man rose from a pew in the centre aisle; he was rather small, and had a short, black beard. He walked to the end of the pew, crossed the aisle, and, entering a pew exactly opposite, leant down as if searching for something under the seat. I watched to see him get up again, wondering what he was doing, but he did not reappear. I then had the curiosity to get up and walk to the pew. There was not a sign of him anywhere! It gave me such a turn, for I did not dream he was not real. Just then the vestry door opened, and our curate—a great friend—came out.

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"He, too, had remained to avoid the crowd. I hastened up to him and told him what I had seen. He said (interrupting me): 'Had he a short, black beard, and was he a small man?' I said, 'Yes.' 'Well, then,' the curate went on, 'I've seen him too. The other day I came into the church alone, the far door opened, and a short man with a black beard came in with a pot hat on. I walked straight up to him, saying, "Please remove your hat in church," but when I spoke, he disappeared.'

"We then thoroughly looked round, but saw nothing."

VOICES FROM THE GRAVES

THE friend who sent me the story of "The Ghost in the Church" has also given me the following—another experience concerning a curate, who, in this case, died suddenly and tragically. She writes:

"I will call him Mr. Percy. He seemed to take a great fancy to us, and came here very constantly, and also regularly on Sunday afternoon. He confided very sad family troubles to me, and was generally very unhappy. He was anxious we should go down and look at the extraordinary quantity of coffins rotting and decaying in the vaults below the church, and asked us again and again to do so. At last we did, and we were all amazed at their disarray, all not arranged tidily, but some on end and some upside down. It was queer. I was reminded of this the other day on reading a curious story

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in one of your books.* I quite imagine it was caused by the action of the water, being so near the river, and sometimes the bank is flooded in winter. I am not suggesting anything supernatural there, but just mention it *en passant*.

'"Shortly after this Mr. Percy said: 'I had such a horrible experience last night. I was walking on the path through the churchyard when I heard such dreadful noises, like voices calling to me from the graves, asking me to come.' I asked him: 'What did you do?' 'I am ashamed to say,' he replied. 'I was so terrified I took to my heels and ran as hard as I could, but they seemed to call after me.'

"Some days later we met at an afternoon party at my daughter's house. Mr. Percy said: 'I particularly want to say good-bye to-day to Mr. James (that is not his right name). Will you come and be with me? He's over there now. He *was* very disagreeable to me, you know, but I want to say good-bye *now*.' I asked him: 'Why *now?* You are not leaving here for two months.' Mr. Percy said in reply, 'Never mind. I want to do it now, as I am quite convinced I shall never have another opportunity.' I said, 'All right.' I moved off with him, and we all three joined in amicable conversation, and I particularly observed Mr. Percy say good-bye to Mr. James. Four days after that Mr. Percy died suddenly. Don't you think that was queer?

"A short time after this I was sitting alone in church, and the vestry door opened and our present curate came in. No one else was in the church.

* The Barbados coffin story, which appeared under the title "The Haunted Vault," in "Another Grey Ghost Book."

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But behind him, most distinctly, I saw Mr. Percy, looking as he always had looked, making even a queer little characteristic movement of his shoulder, and he impressed me with the idea that he wanted to say something. Our present curate walked up to my pew; he looked very distressed, and said: 'I've just heard such sad news. Mrs. Ladram (not the right name) is dead (she was a mutual friend of ours)—died rather suddenly. I did not know she was ill.' By this time Mr. Percy had disappeared. I always fancy he wanted to tell me that news and prompted the other man to do it."

THE GHOST AT THE WEDDING

THE following London ghost story—the story of the ghost which appeared to a bridegroom on his wedding-day in a well known church in the West End of London—was told by Mr. George R. Sims in the *Referee* some time ago.

"The younger son of a baronet had deceived the daughter of a Northumberland farmer. He had promised to marry her, and failed to fulfil his promise. One day the girl, accompanied by a female relative (her cousin, whom I will call Mrs. H.), obtained an interview with her betrayer and asked him if he intended to keep his promise. There were reasons for her persistent pleading, but the young man still refused. He said it was impossible, that his father would resent the marriage, and he

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could not afford to offend his father. At this the girl became hysterical, and said, 'I shall not survive my shame, but I will haunt you to your dying day. And you,' she added, turning to her cousin, 'shall be my witness.'

"The girl died in her confinement. Three years later the cousin, Mrs. H., was passing a fashionable church in the West End of London, when she saw a number of carriages outside, and became aware that a wedding was in progress within. Prompted by ordinary curiosity, she entered the church, and found, to her astonishment, that the bridegroom was the young man who had so cruelly betrayed and deserted her cousin. When the wedding was over, she left the church to wait outside and get a better view of the bride and bridegroom.

"Then a strange thing happened. Just as the bridal party was coming out of the church door she saw the apparition of her cousin. The girl was dressed in white and had an infant in her arms.

"Mrs. H. and the bridegroom uttered a cry of horror at the same time. Both had seen and recognised the apparition. The bridegroom turned deathly pale, trembled violently, and then, staggering, fell forward down the steps. He was lifted up by the officials, and was placed in the carriage and driven to his father-in-law's house. On the arrival of the carriage he was lifted out—*dead!*

"The marriage of the haunted man and his death appeared in the same number of a daily paper. The story was told some years afterwards by the clergyman who was minister of the church at which the tragedy occurred—Berkeley Chapel."

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SPIRITS OF NUNS

A Vision in Flanders—The Ghost of Port Royal—The Soul of Sister Peter—Sister Alis de Thelieux

One evening, not long ago, a certain officer was making his report in his tent (in Flanders) when, on looking up, he observed that a nun had entered. He appeared surprised. She then spoke to him, saying, "Until there is more humility in the world this war will never cease," or words to that effect. The next day he called at the convent to find out what nun had visited him, but the Reverend Mother declared it was impossible that a nun had left the convent. But he declared it was true, and pointing to a photograph of one on the wall, said, "That is the one who visited me."

The Reverend Mother then told him that was the portrait of their former Reverend Mother, who had been dead three years.

This beautiful incident is one of the many cases that have been brought to my notice in which the spirits of nuns have appeared to dwellers on earth.

* * * * *

Walton Abbey is haunted by a spectre known as "the headless nun of Walton"; there is also the nun of Dryburgh Abbey, and there is the famous French story of "the ghost of Port Royal."

The ghost of Marie Angelique Arnaud, Abbess of Port Royal, appeared a few days before the death of Sister Marie Dorothea Perdereau.

Madame de Montgobert, a widow, went one day

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to visit Madame de Granges, when at Port Royal, and asked her whether it was true that the Abbess had appeared. Madame de Granges said that it was undoubtedly true, and she called a witness and asked her to repeat the story.

The latter said that two nuns, while in the convent chapel during the night, suddenly saw the late Mother Angelique rise from her grave, holding the Abbess's cross in her hand, and take the seat usually occupied by the Abbess at Vespers—that is to say, the first seat at the lower end of the choir on the right-hand side.

Having taken her seat, she beckoned to a nun and asked her to send for Sister Dorothy, who presently came to present herself before the Abbess. The latter spoke to her seriously for some moments, though the watching nuns could not hear a word that was said, and suddenly the Abbess vanished.

There was no doubt that Mother Angelique had said some solemn words of warning to Sister Dorothy. The latter told the two sisters how she had seen the apparition, who had said she would die shortly. She died, in fact, about a fortnight or three weeks after the ghost's appearance.

* * * * *

The following story is given me by the daughter of one of the most famous violinists. I am not allowed to mention her name, but her veracity is beyond question. She was staying at an old house in Lancashire, and was one evening sitting in the library with a young priest, who had come over from the neighbouring town to celebrate Mass the next day.

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Their talk gradually fell upon supernatural happenings, and he then narrated an experience of his own.

A few months before, he had been asked to go to a certain convent to say Mass in the place of the usual chaplain, who had been taken ill. He had never previously been in that part of the country, and knew no one there. He arrived late in the evening, and after partaking of supper, was sitting reading, when the door opened and a nun came in.

She came close to his chair, knelt down, and said in a low, clear voice, "Father, have you any intention for your Mass to-morrow?" The answer being in the negative, she continued, "I beg of you to say your Mass for the soul of Sister Peter." The young priest gladly consented and the nun rose to her feet, made a deep obeisance, and passed out through the door.

The next morning, after the service was over, he was being served with breakfast by a lay sister and inquired of her who Sister Peter might be. "Then you, too, have seen her?" exclaimed the lay sister in great excitement. She proceeded to explain that Sister Peter had died some months before, and had been in some trouble of mind, as the new Mother Superior, who was a foreigner, had not been able to understand the method of keeping the accounts of the community for which Sister Peter was responsible, and had expressed some dissatisfaction.

Since that time she had been often seen, and was constantly asking for the prayers of the faithful.

* * * * *

This quaint story, similar in character to "The Miracle," is told by Adrien de Montalambert,

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Almoner of Francis I. of France. It runs as follows:

A reformation was brought about in the Abbey of Saint Pierre of Lyons by letters patent of Louis XII., April 22nd, 1518. Before that time the convent was without priest, bishop, or abbess to keep order over the nuns, who became very undisciplined, and reform was called for. Strict nuns, who served God devoutly by day and by night, were brought from other convents.

One young nun had charge of the sacristy and kept the keys of the chamber in which the relics and treasures of the Abbey were contained. She did not wish to be subjected to the new and strict rules, and so she was in despair. Dissatisfied and distressed, she left the Abbey, and because she was beautiful she knew she could get on well in the outside world. Before she went she stole some of the altar draperies and ornaments and sold them for a certain sum, with which she lived a life of gaiety and worldliness, continuing to do so until she lost her good looks and all her charms, and was on her deathbed. She was so changed by illness and had so lost her beauty that those who had known her could no longer recognise her.

Thus, abandoned by her friends, poor and neglected, Sister Alis, seeing she had no hope, wept bitterly, deeply regretting that she had ever left the Abbey. She besought the Virgin Mary to concede her forgiveness, and promised that if she escaped from death she would serve God devoutly.

For a long time she lay beseeching Divine mercy, asking either to be healed or to be released from the

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sufferings which she had brought upon herself through her own sin; then she grew weaker and weaker, and at last died, not in the Abbey, nor even in the town, but, deserted by all the world, in a small village not far away, and there was buried without prayers or ceremonial of any kind, as an abandoned creature; and as time passed by no one even remembered her name.

Meanwhile, there lived at the Abbey a nun who, at the time of the reform, had been eighteen years of age, of the name of Antoinette de Grollée, a young lady from the Dauphiné. She was simple and devout, and much given to religious exercises. She had been at the convent in old days, and had known the dead woman, and, indeed, the latter had called upon her name for help during her last illness, and had spoken of her a great deal.

One night Antoinette was alone in her room, in bed, sleeping lightly, when she felt something or someone raise her *coiffure de nuit* from her face and make the sign of the Cross on her forehead, then kiss her lips very gently and tenderly. The young nun rose immediately. She was not frightened, but merely surprised, wondering who it could be that should make the sign of the Cross and kiss her in this manner. She saw no one near her, and did not know what to do. But, thinking she must have had a dream, she went to sleep again and spoke to no one of her adventure.

A few days later she heard a strange sound in her room, and tapping under her feet. This frightened her, and she told the Abbess about it. The latter did her best to console her, thinking it was

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the girl's imagination. But the noises and tapping continued wherever the young nun went, and it seemed as though a spirit constantly accompanied her, rapping out her pleasure whenever divine service was held, but only when this nun was present. It became known in the town that Antoinette was accompanied by a ghostly visitant, and many of the people of Lyons came to the Abbey of Saint Pierre to inquire about this supernatural apparition, but the idle and curious were not admitted.

When questioned, Antoinette said that she thought her unseen companion might perhaps be the sacristan Alis, because she had often thought of her since her death, and frequently dreamed about her.

Then the Abbess conjured the spirit to speak forth and declare who she was and what she wanted, and a voice replied that she was in truth Sister Alis, former sacristan of the Abbey, and that she had always remembered Antoinette, so made her the vehicle through whom she could communicate with the world. Then the Abbess asked her whether she was troubled because her body was not interred at the Abbey, and the ghost indicated that this was indeed what troubled her, and she much desired that her corpse might be disinterred and buried again at the Abbey. So the Lady Abbess sent in search of the grave and had the corpse removed to within the precincts of the convent.

Nevertheless, the disembodied soul kept on fluttering round Antoinette as her body was brought nearer and nearer to the Abbey, and when it reached the door of the church the rapping under the nun's feet became violent. Moreover, while the funeral

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service was being held, the ghost seemed to have no rest, though it was not known whether the noise expressed the grief endured by the lost soul or her joy at her mortal remains being once more within the Abbey precincts. The remains were buried in a coffin in the small Chapel de Notre-Dame, and a mortuary cloth was draped upon it.

The usual measures were taken to release the repentant nun's soul from purgatory. The nun whom she followed was brought before the Reverend Bishop Suffragan of Lyons, and was told to kneel on a hassock specially brought for the occasion. As soon as she had knelt down everyone listened eagerly for sounds which might show that the ghostly companion was present. First the Bishop made the sign of the Cross on Antoinette's forehead, and offered up a prayer. Then he reproached and conjured the evil spirit to depart. After that he pronounced the excommunication.

During this proceeding the candles on the altar were mysteriously extinguished and the church bell rang continuously. The evil spirit entered into some of the nuns present and caused them to cry out. Then the evil spirit was cross-examined as to her actual personality, her presence in the church, the ownership of the bones buried in the Chapel de Notre-Dame, to all of which questions replies were satisfactory. Then service was said for the deliverance of the soul in torment, the deceased was pardoned and absolution granted.

Later, when questioned as to whether she was now at rest, she gave nine distinct knocks in reply (to represent the nine orders of the blessed spirits

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of Paradise) to show that she had been released from Purgatory.

On Friday, March 20th, 1526, about nine o'clock at night, when Antoinette was going to her cell to bed, a tall nun followed her into her room. She thought it was one of the sisters of the convent, but as soon as the nun had entered, carrying a wax candle in her hand, she knew she had been mistaken and that it was a stranger. Then she began to tremble. The stranger turned her face towards her, but did not raise her veil, and presently she vanished in a corner of the apartment. That same night Antoinette was awakened by a voice which said that the speaker intended to bid good-bye to her and all the nuns of the Abbey, and that she would make a great noise at Matins, and that this would be taken as a sign of her last appearance, and she would then depart to eternal joy, as her sins had been forgiven her. Before leaving, she recited to Antoinette five beautiful prayers. Then all was silent.

The next day at the beginning of Matins there came such a terrible noise in the church that all the nuns present were terrified, but Antoinette stood up and said, "Good sisters, do not fear; this is Sister Alis de Thelieux, who is taking leave of us. To-day she enters Paradise."

On Saturday, 21st of the same month, while the nuns were in the refectory, suddenly thirty-three knocks were heard, this number signifying that the penitence of Sister Alis was complete, having been abridged by divine clemency from thirty-three years to thirty-three days, and thereafter Sister Antoinette neither saw nor heard her again.

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THREE GHOSTS OF THE LAW COURTS AND TWO OF THE SEA

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THE GHOST OF ANNE WALKER

ABOUT 1630, there lived near Chester-le-Street, in Durham, a yeoman named Walker. He was prosperous and a widower, and his house was kept for him by a young kinswoman, named Anne Walker.

One evening Anne was seen with a collier, named Mark Sharp, from Blackburn, in Lancashire, and that night she suddenly disappeared.

During the following winter a miller, named James Graeme, or Graham, who lived about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was working alone in his mill very late one night, when, coming downstairs from putting corn in the hopper, he saw, to his amazement, the figure of a woman standing in the middle of the floor. Her hair was hanging down and dripping with blood, and there were several wounds on her head.

The miller crossed himself, and at last summoned up courage to ask her who she was and what she wanted.

She replied:

"I am the spirit of Anne Walker, who lived with Walker, and, being betrayed by him, he promised to send me to a place where I should be well looked to, and then I should come again and keep his house. Accordingly, late one night I was

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sent away with one Mark Sharp, who upon a moor (naming a place the miller knew) slew me with a pick, such as men dig coals withal, and gave me these five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank. His shoes and stockings being bloody, he endeavoured to wash them, but, seeing the blood would not forth, he hid them there also."

The ghost then told the miller that he must reveal what she had told him, or she would appear again and continually haunt him. He went home feeling very sad, and for some time after shunned the old mill after dark when alone, thinking by this means to escape the ghost.

However, one evening, just as darkness was settling in, Anne Walker appeared to him again, this time "very fierce and cruel," and told him that if he did not reveal the murder she would continually pursue him. Still he hid the story—though the ghost constantly appeared and pulled the clothes off his bed—until the next St. Thomas' Even, when she appeared to him in his garden, this time soon after sunset, and so threatened and frightened him that he promised to reveal all she had told him the following morning.

Next day James Graham went to a magistrate and told him the whole circumstances. A search was made, and the body of Anne Walker was found in the coal-pit, with five large wounds in her head, as described. The pick was also found and the bloody shoes and stockings; in fact, every detail of the ghost's story was fully corroborated.

Walker and Sharp were both arrested, and at

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the Durham Assizes were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed.

Another extraordinary circumstance was that at the trial, which was in August, 1681, before Judge Davenport, a man named George Fairbain, of Ford, near Lanchester, affirmed on oath that *he saw the likeness of a child stand upon Walker's shoulder.* At this the judge was very troubled, and "gave sentence that night the trial was, which was a thing never used in Durham, before or after."

It is believed that Fairbain was foreman of the jury, so the judge was very much troubled lest he himself might see the same apparition. Some accounts say that he did see it.

Graeme's original deposition is in the Bodleian Library (Tanner's MSS.).

Dr. Webster, Mr. William Lumley, of Great Lumley—who was present at the trial—Mr. John Smart, of Durham, and others, have borne testimony to the truth of the story. Mr. Lumley saw and read a letter, containing a narrative of the whole business, that was sent by the judge before whom Walker and Sharp were tried, and kept a copy of it until 1658, when it was stolen with other books and papers. A Mr. Shepherdson also collected first-hand evidence of the truth of the story, and Surtees relates it very fully in his "History of Durham."

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THE CASE OF SERGEANT DAVIES

Two men, Duncan Terig, *alias* Clerk, of Gleneye, and Alexander Bain Macdonald, of Invercauld, were brought up for trial before the High Court of Justice at Edinburgh, June 11th, 1754, for the murder of Sergeant Arthur Davies, of Lieut.-General Guise's regiment, on September 28th, 1749.

The trial, which began at seven in the morning, lasted until about four the next day, and was remarkable in that it was the last on record in which a ghost was admitted as evidence.

One of the witnesses, Alexander Macpherson, a country servant lad of about twenty-six, deposed that one night when he was in bed in a shealing (Highland hut) in the summer of 1750, in which other people were also sleeping, a man dressed in blue came to his bedside. The lad took him to be a brother of Donald Farquarson, of Glendee, and on being commanded to get up and follow him out of the room, did so. When they got outside, the man in blue said to Macpherson: "I am Sergeant Davies." He then pointed to a place on the moors where he said his bones would be found, and desired Macpherson to go and bury them, and said he could ask Donald Farquarson to assist him.

He described the place so exactly that Macpherson, on going to look for the bones (not telling anyone about the vision he had seen), went directly to within a yard of where they lay.

There in the peat moss he found a human body, badly decomposed, with the remains of a blue coat

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upon it. With the aid of his stick he drew out the body and laid it on open ground, and during the removal some of the bones separated from the others. He did not bury the body, but left it there.

Another night the ghost appeared to him again, and once more urged him to bury the body. Macpherson asked the ghost who it was who had murdered him, and the ghost replied that it was Duncan Clerk and Alexander Macdonald.

Asked in cross-examination what language they conversed in, Macpherson said that the ghost spoke with him in Gaelic. The ghost then disappeared "in the twinkling of an eye." Macpherson told none of the people in the shealing of his experience, but a woman named Mabel Machardie, of Invery, who was in the shealing, had since said that she, too, had seen the ghost and had told the witness himself so.

Macpherson went on to say that he related the story of the vision to John Grewar, of Duldowrie, and to the afore-mentioned Donald Farquarson, whose brother he had first taken the ghost to be, and that Farquarson went along with him to where the bones lay, and together they buried them.

The next witness, Mabel Machardie, deposed that one night, about four years before, when she was lying asleep at one end of the shealing, she saw something uncanny come in at the door, which frightened her so much that she drew the clothes over her head. She said that it appeared in a bowing position, and she could not tell what it was. Next morning she asked Macpherson what it was that had disturbed them during the night, and he said

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she could be easy in her mind about it, for it would not trouble her any more.

Next came Donald Farquarson, of Glendee, who said that Macpherson had told him about the appearance of the ghost, and that he was induced to go along with him to bury the body because he feared that the apparition might appear to and trouble him.

He deposed that they found the bones in a bed of peat-moss, not lying all together, but scattered, some of them at a distance of several yards from one another, and the hair lying by itself, separated from the body. The flesh was nearly all gone from the bones, and some blue cloth, all in rags, was lying, partly under the body and partly beside it. The witness asked Macpherson if the ghost had ordered him to lay the bones in a churchyard, and Macpherson had said "No," so they agreed to bury the body in the moss. They then dug a hole with the shovel Macpherson had brought, and buried the bones, laying part of the blue cloth under them and part above them, and covered all with turf.

John Grewar, of Duldowrie, was the next witness. He deposed that about four years before he was told by Alexander Macpherson that the ghost of Sergeant Davies had appeared to him and desired him to bury his bones, and to take Donald Farquarson with him; and that some time after, when they were on the hill together, Macpherson pointed out to him the place where the bones were found.

After this extraordinary evidence the jury retired to consider their verdict, and returned a verdict of Not Guilty. The prisoners were therefore acquitted.

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A GHOST CALLED IN COURT AS WITNESS

THE following instance of a man being tried for murder on the evidence of a ghost-story merits a place here, because it is the only case on record of a ghost being called in court to give evidence.

A farmer who was coming home from market at Southam, in Warwickshire, was attacked and murdered, his body being thrown into a chalk-pit. Next morning a man came to his wife and asked her if her husband had returned home. She said he had not, and that she had suffered the utmost anxiety and terror on his account.

"Your terror," said the visitor, "is nothing to mine. Last night, as I lay in bed, wide awake, the ghost of your husband appeared, and showing me several ghastly stabs in his body, told me he had been murdered by So-and-So (mentioning the name), and his body thrown into the chalk-pit."

The farmer's wife gave the alarm, the chalk-pit was searched, and the farmer's body found covered with wounds as described. The man mentioned, whom the ghost had accused, was arrested and committed for trial.

The case came on at Warwick before Lord Chief Justice Raymond, and the jury were evidently about to convict him, when the judge said:

"I think, gentlemen, you seem inclined to lay more stress on the evidence of an apparition than it will bear. I cannot say that I give much credit to these kind of stories, but, be that as it will, we have no right to follow our own private opinions

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here. We are now in a court of law, and must determine according to it, and I do not know of any law now in being which will admit of the testimony of an apparition, nor yet, if it did, doth the ghost appear to give evidence.

"Crier," he continued, "call up the ghost."

The crier did so, three times, with great solemnity, but no ghost appeared.

The judge then pointed out that the prisoner at the bar was a man of excellent character, and that there was no evidence whatever to show that he and the dead farmer had ever had any kind of quarrel or grudge between them. In fact, there was not a thread of tangible evidence against him at all, and therefore he ought to be acquitted.

"But from many circumstances which have arisen during the trial," added the judge, "I do strongly suspect that the gentleman who saw the apparition was himself the murderer, in which case he might easily ascertain the pit, the stabs, etc., without any supernatural assistance. And in such suspicion I shall think myself justified in committing him to close custody till the matter can be further inquired into."

This was immediately done, and the search warrant was granted. When the prisoner's house was searched such strong proofs of his guilt appeared that he confessed the murder, and was executed at the next assizes.

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THE RED MARK

THE following strange experience happened to Captain G. Powell, of Bosham, Sussex, while on a voyage from London to China and Japan. The name of the ship is not given for obvious reasons, but otherwise the story is told here exactly as Captain Powell kindly gave it to me.

"We pulled out on the morning tide from the East India Dock bound to China and Japan, our first port of call being Port Said for coaling bunkers. We had the usual crew of English quartermasters, two French Creoles, boatswain, carpenter, etc., and a few A.B. and O.S., with Chinese firemen and greasers. Our voyage down Channel was of the usual kind in January—rotten; and as we sailed on New Year's Day, we were none of us in the best of tempers, from our old man downwards. However, by the time we had cleared the Channel and were in the Bay, things had cleared up generally, both in temper and weather.

"I was second officer on board, and as such had the middle watch, which, I may say for the benefit of the uninitiated, starts at twelve noon and goes on till 4 P.M., and from 12 midnight till 4 A.M. I had a watch of six A.B.s and two quartermasters, all English save one French Creole. Things went on in the usual way until we had run through the Straits of Gibraltar, and were heading for Port Said when the uncanny events happened that I am going to recount.

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"It began on a Tuesday morning (that is, sea time, as we reckon our time from twelve noon to twelve noon next day), about ten minutes past two bells (which would be ten minutes past one), when the look-out on the fo'castle head suddenly gave a loud yell that even startled me on the navigation bridge, and fell down in a dead faint.

"I sent one of the quartermasters forward to see what was the matter, and, if the man was ill, to put another on the look-out at once, and then come and report to me. After a quarter of an hour or so he came on the bridge to make his report. It seemed that the man, whose name was La Croix, was walking across the deck keeping his look-out, when he thought he saw a black object just over the port side under the rail, like a man's head. He walked over and looked, but could see nothing, so thought his eye had caught the top of the towing bollards. But soon again he caught sight of the same thing. This happened three times, and he was going to report it to me when, as he looked, suddenly a human form rose up at the side and simply melted through the rail and came towards him. He said he had time to recognise the face and to see that there was a huge gaping cut right round the throat. Then he fainted.

"After the doctor had seen La Croix and given him a sleeping draught I finished the remainder of my watch and turned in. The next day, after breakfast, I went forward to the fo'castle to see him. He was in his bunk, as the doctor had ordered him to lay up for a day or so, for the man was thoroughly unnerved. I went in and sat down by his bunk

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on his donkey and had a yarn with him. He was very reserved, and told me nothing more than I knew already.

"After two days he turned to again. Nothing happened the first night he was on the look-out. But the second night he was on the same thing occurred again, only this time I, too, distinctly saw a second figure on the fo'castle head. It was a fine, clear night, not too moonlight, with a gentle head-wind which carried every sound direct to me. What I saw was this. As La Croix turned to walk from port to starboard, a figure seemed to rise just behind him, put an arm out with hand outstretched, then draw it sharply round the other's neck, at the same time giving him a swing round so as to put them face to face.

"Needless to say, La Croix went off into fit after fit and then collapsed, and we all thought he would be dead before the doctor could get to him. However, he pulled him round and the next day I went to see him. I should not have known the man—from being a fine young fellow he had become an old man with hair quite white, and *a perfect red mark extending from his right ear under his chin half way to his left ear.*

"At first he would say nothing and wanted to be left, so I left him. But in the first dog-watch (four to six) one of the quartermasters came to say that La Croix would like to see me. I went forward and had a long yarn with him. He told me he knew he was dying, but that, before he died, he would like to confess one thing: he had committed a murder.

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"It appears that, some three years before, he and another man had been ashore together at Melbourne and had got very drunk, and had had a row over a woman who had preferred his mate. He went on board and brooded over it, and two days after, which was a Sunday, he had taken his mate out into the country for the day, and then brutally cut his throat from ear to ear. But before he died his mate managed to cry out: 'I'll haunt you and murder you.'

"La Croix picked up a little and was given light day jobs and turned in all night, another man taking his place in the watch. The day before we reached Port Said he seemed better, and was sent on the fo'castle head before the look-out was set, when suddenly there was an awful blood-curdling yell. The men rushed out to the fo'castle. There lay La Croix across the deck with his throat cut from ear to ear.

"This I saw myself as I had the body removed."

LEGENDS OF BOSHAM HARBOUR

In the Middle Ages, the legend says, a band of fierce pirates, headed by Wulff, the son of Sweyn, swooped down on Bosham, in Sussex, and finding no rich booty among the fisherfolk, took away the fine old bell that hung in the church tower, in spite of the horrified resistance of the priests.

They carried the bell on board their ship and set sail, but before they were out of the harbour it

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crashed through the deck and into the hold, finally reaching the bottom of the sea but leaving no hole in the vessel. The terrified pirates, realising that a miracle had happened, sailed away as quickly as they could, leaving the big bell of Bosham down in the deep.

But though the bell no longer hung in the belfry, it did not remain idle in its sea-grave, and nowadays, whenever the rest of the bells ring out clear and sweet to call the fisher-folk to church, the big bell joins in, and its deep tone can be clearly heard by those who have ears to hear. The spot where it sank through the ship is called "Bell Hole" to this day.

* * * * *

There is, however, another story attached to Bosham Harbour, a far less agreeable one, for it concerns a terrible tragedy and an avenging ghost, and is, moreover, well founded. This is the story:

About 1835 a man called Caleb Dereham was the owner of a ketch built at Portsmouth, called the *Flying Scud*. He called himself a fisherman, but was popularly credited with deriving most of his income from smuggling brandy. He had a partner called Joseph Makepeace. Both partners drank heavily, and Makepeace was well-known along the coast for the fact that when drunk he always sang hymns, which fact earned him the nickname of "The Preacher."

Dereham was a morose, silent man, difficult to deal with at all times, and positively dangerous when in his cups. The *Flying Scud* frequently put in to

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Bosham Harbour when the weather was bad, and always anchored in the same place in the "Deep." On one of these occasions it was noticed that Makepeace was not on board, but Dereham, on being questioned about it, flew into such a violent rage that the subject was not pursued, and it was supposed that they had quarrelled and parted, as he was never seen again.

Some years afterwards, Dereham, who had been drinking more heavily than usual, was stabbed during a drunken brawl in a tavern at Portsmouth by a Spanish sailor, and the *Flying Scud* passed into the hands of a man called Mortimer, who used her for fishing along the coast. On one occasion, about a year after the change of ownership, he put into Bosham Harbour owing to stress of weather, and anchored in the old place down the Deep.

Later that night he turned up, white and shaking, in Bosham village, saying that his boat was haunted by a black devil with a red face and that he would not return to her. He was laughed at and thought to be in liquor, and three men persuaded him to return with them to his boat, they promising to stay on board with him till morning.

The three men slept on deck. About two in the morning one woke up, with the impression that someone had called him. He went over to where his mates were and woke them. The first thing they all noticed was a peculiar smell, as if the harbour mud had been stirred up. As they were talking together, a noise behind them made them look round, and they saw Makepeace standing by the forecastle hatch, deadly white, looking aft with an expression

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of absolute horror on his face. They all three followed his glance, and saw the figure of a man apparently clambering over the stern.

He appeared covered with black mud up to the neck, and the head was shockingly cut, the upper part of the face being a mass of blood. In spite of this all three recognised the figure, and with a cry of "My God, it's the Preacher!" they ran towards him. As they approached, the figure gave a kind of choking scream, and disappeared over the stern with a loud splash. They rushed to the stern to render help, but nothing was to be seen, the water appeared untroubled, and on examination there was no sign of mud or even water on the rail at the stern.

Mortimer, who had come up with them, told them he had seen the figure only once before, namely, early that same night before he came up to Bosham, and that the figure was evidently trying to tell him something, but that no sound came, as the mouth was full of mud, and that the expression of the face was so dreadful that he lost his head, jumped into the dinghy, and left the boat with the terrible visitor still struggling at the stern.

A few days afterwards the *Flying Scud* changed hands again, and during the next few years passed through several people's hands, till at last it was bought by a ship-breaker and broken up.

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DREAMS, PORTENTS, AND WARNINGS

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DREAMS—STRANGE, PROPHETIC, AND RECURRENT

Dr. Haswell's Experience—Recurrent Dreams—Mrs. Ffoulkes and Periodic Dreams—Dreams of Ill-Omen—The Cases of Maria Marten and Spencer Perceval—Mrs. Drayson's Experiences.

IF there be any truth in the signs of the times," says Mr. Reginald L. Hind, in his fascinating book, "Dreams and the Way of Dreams," "we seem to stand at this present day on the threshold of a new age of Vision, when men will be led once again to see the true inwardness and involution of things. And we may fairly believe that when such an age is fully come the minds of men will be wandering constantly down the way of dreams. The old saying of Zeno will be remembered and laid to heart, that the study of our dreams is essential to self-knowledge."

These words were written in 1913, before the war had broken out and our deepest emotions had been ploughed up by the great unrest. With the war the "new age of Vision" began indeed to dawn, and we all—civilians at home, sailors at sea, soldiers in the trenches—are now coming to regard dreams, visions, and other revelations with an altogether new and more intelligent interest.

I have collected the following instances of strange,

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prophetic and recurrent dreams, all absolutely authentic, and most of them given to me by the dreamers themselves. At this present time they should prove of peculiar interest.

* * * * *

Dr. Haswell, of Leamington, had the following interesting dream, for an account of which I am indebted to him :—

"In 1887, on the Friday before Whitsunday, I travelled from Sunderland to Keswick and drove thence over the Whinlatter Pass to Scale Hill, near Crummock Water. My friend B—— went with me on this expedition, our main object being to take photographs of the Crummock and Buttermere district.

"My boy, then between three and four years old, with his nurse, was at the Sunderland station to see me off. He was apparently in perfect health —a fact which ought to be mentioned, as the dream which I had in the night between the Saturday and Sunday following could not have been 'induced by anticipation.'

"The dream was as follows : I seemed to be at home in my own bedroom and saw my wife bending over the crib where my boy lay. His face looked red, and he was evidently in a state of fever. I anxiously asked my wife, 'What *is* the matter with him ?' She replied, 'I don't know, but whatever it is, don't worry. I'll do my best for him.'

"Such was my dream. It was most vivid and realistic in every detail. Every familiar object in my

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bedroom at home appeared just as I knew it—bed, crib, ornaments on the mantel and dressing-table, even the gas bracket from which the light was burning.

"I awoke in a state of considerable excitement, and after a while went to sleep again, but only to dream the same dream again. At breakfast in the morning I told B—— my dream, saying, 'I feel very anxious; something must be wrong. I never had such a dream. I wish I could go home and see what is the matter.'

"B—— replied, 'Surely you will never go now —why, we've only just come!'

"I considered, and wrote my wife a letter, briefly describing my dream, *omitting the expression used by my wife in the dream*, and giving her an address in Keswick which would be most likely to find me after two or three days. It was then Sunday, and there was no postal dispatch from Scale Hill, but I found a countryman going into Cockermouth (ten miles distant) who offered to post my letter.

"My wife's reply reached me at Keswick about the middle of the week. She said, '*It is very strange, but what you were dreaming was actually taking place at the time.*' She added words, not precisely the same as I had heard her say in my dream, but *remarkably alike*, and in effect the same: 'I don't know what has been the matter with Jack, but don't worry, I'll do my best for him.'

"In the light of subsequent events it seemed that a mild attack of brain fever had been the complaint from which my son had been suffering.

"I was discussing this case with B—— not long

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ago. He distinctly remembers my anxiety at breakfast and my evident desire to go home to see if my dream had any foundation in fact."

* * * * *

Mr. J. C. Stenning, of Saffrons Road, Eastbourne, has kindly sent me the following story of a recurrent dream :

"For about fifteen years I constantly dreamed, sometimes twice in a night, the same dream; it was always very vivid and distinct. It was as follows: (I should say that my business in London often led me to go from St. Mary Axe to Bishopsgate Street through a passage leading past Great St. Helen's Church.)

"I dreamed that there was a wall by the east end of the church in which there was a door. This door was often open, and I used to look into an open space, beyond which were ruins of some ecclesiastical building, arches, columns, walls, and remains of towers. The dream was so clear that when passing I often felt surprised that there was no wall or door. In fact, buildings were so close to the church that there was no space left for such a wall. One evening my eldest son asked me to look at a print, the name of which he carefully covered over. I at once exclaimed that it was the view of the ruins I was so constantly dreaming about; he then drew away the paper that covered the name: 'Ruins of the Priory of Great St. Helen's in A.D. —— (I do not recollect the date).

"Since he showed me this print, now many

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years ago, I have never once had the dream. I was introduced to Professor Barrett in May, 1910, and told him this dream. He thought it should be investigated, and asked me to get my son to write to him about it. I have heard nothing since. Professor Barrett asked if I had had any ancestors connected with Great St. Helen's, but I do not know of any, and do not think there is any ground for any idea of a pre-natal influence. I had never seen an illustration of the Priory ruins previously. I believe St. Helen's *Place* now occupies partially or wholly the site of the Priory."

* * * * *

The following dream-vision was related to me by Miss Winifred Hall, to whom also I owe the curious story of "The Old Lady in Black" (*see* p. 152):

"I had an aunt who was able to foretell death with the utmost certainty. She used to hear a sound which she described as being exactly like the swishing of a scythe in her room at night. She would wake suddenly and hear this swish, and always knew if it was a young death, since the scythe would then be close to the ground, as if cutting young grass. And in each case the ill-omen was justified. We had the most complete evidence of her eerie gift, for she would often tell us when she had heard the scythe and whom it indicated.

"One day she heard the sound of the regular swish-swish of the scythe, and came and told my mother there would be a death in the family—though that of a child, meaning she need not fear regarding

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my father. This was on a Sunday, and at the time we were all well; but on the Tuesday one of my sisters was taken ill. She died on the Thursday.

"That night I had an extraordinary dream. I dreamt I had washed my hair and was drying it at the glass in my bedroom, when I turned round and saw my little sister in her nightdress looking at me. I noticed that all her beautiful golden curls were cut off, and that she was wearing a little lace Dutch bonnet. I said to her, 'You funny girl—fancy having your bonnet on! And where are your curls?' She just smiled at me, and with a start I woke up.

"The dream made a great impression on me. Next morning I began to tell the sister with whom I was sleeping all about it, when suddenly our nurse came in and broke the sad news to us that our little sister had died during the night. Later on, the trained nurse came and said, 'Come with me and see your sister.' We went with her, and there lay my sister exactly as I had seen her in my dream. They had cut off all her hair and had put a little lace Dutch cap on her head.

"I need hardly tell you that, although it all happened when I was a child, I have never forgotten a single detail of the dream—or rather vision, for that is what it was."

* * * * *

Mrs. M. Chester Ffoulkes mentioned a most curious dream on page 87 of "My Own Past." She writes:

"Richard Le Gallienne introduced me to 'Jimmy' Welch, who, although not then the successful 'Sir

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Guy de Vere,' was just the same charming, unaffected person that he is to-day; I remember we discussed the supernatural, which has always interested me, and I told Le Gallienne and his friend about a strange dream which had come to me on the 31st of October for many years.

"In this recurrent dream, having been tried for a crime and condemned to death, I experienced, with the utmost vividness, all the horrors of the scaffold. I saw the waiting headsman, the grooved block, and the ghastly basket of sawdust. I felt my eyes bandaged, light became darkness—I waited—and the scroll of my life unrolled before me. Then came the dull, agonising blow, and I awoke.

"Richard le Gallienne was of opinion that this scene of the past was enacted either to stimulate my memory, or else to serve as a warning. 'Jimmy' Welch said briefly the one word 'Indigestion.'"

Mrs. Ffoulkes' account of her dream, when published, led to a highly interesting correspondence on "Periodic Dreams," which ran for several weeks in the columns of the *Observer*. One correspondent wrote:

"The subject of periodic dreams is one of extraordinary interest. A friend of mine used to have a periodic vision. Every Good Friday night she dreamed she was in an oak-panelled room of an old country house, looking at the portrait of a cavalier over the mantelpiece. It was a peculiar face in every respect—the features so bold and strongly marked; and there was a long scar on the forehead. Whilst

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she was looking the door behind her opened, and a young woman with bright yellow hair entered. Coming up to my friend, she said, 'I am K. E. I killed him. I had to do it; but no one knows.' Then my friend awoke. She had this dream for many years in succession."

I refer my readers to the files of the *Observer* for November and December, 1915, for some curious and interesting instances of the periodic dreams. Finally, Mrs. Ffoulkes wrote the following letter:

". . . Perhaps I may be permitted to relate a very vivid prophetic (?) dream which came to me in February, 1904.

"I dreamt that I formed one of a party who were going to spend Christmas in the country. The first dream-picture was a drive across a snow-wrapped countryside to a wonderful old house. The carriage drove through a paved courtyard and stopped at the great open door of the mansion. We alighted, and inside, I remember, all was life and activity. People were hurrying hither and thither, and a servant told me that a great fancy dress ball was to be given that night, and would I come upstairs and dress as soon as possible?

"I went down long passages, and at last found myself in a small bedroom with leaded windows which looked down on the courtyard through which we had just driven. There was a chintz-hung four-poster, everything was very old-fashioned, and I especially remember the looking-glass, cracked and blurred, which stood on the dressing-table. There

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were, apparently, clothes laid out on the bed, and the servant turned to me, saying, 'Here is your costume for the ball.'

"'Whom do I represent?' I asked. Without a word she handed me a small engraving of a woman which was lying on the bed.

"'You will represent Maude Ffoulkes,' she answered; 'she lived and died most unhappily.' I recognised the woman in the picture as myself, and the clothes on the bed were my own; but when, terrified, I looked in the mirror I could plainly see, cracks and blurs notwithstanding, that I was quite different in appearance from the Maude Ffoulkes of the picture.

"Then I awoke. In 1909, when I paid my first visit to Deene Park, I recognised the house and courtyard of my dream. But no room corresponded to that where I had seen the picture and clothes of Maude Ffoulkes.

"This dream was exceptionally vivid, and I have often wondered whether it was sent as a warning. Certainly events have since partly justified the servant's remark, but in those days I had no actual 'sensing' of coming trouble."

* * * * *

The famous true story of Maria Marten and the Red Barn, in which a dream led a murderer to justice, is worth re-telling here, as many people have forgotten the actual circumstances.

Maria Marten, a girl of twenty-two, was the daughter of a mole-catcher at Polstead, in Suffolk. She lived with her parents in the village a happy

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and uneventful life, until William Corder, the son of a neighbouring farmer, who had often visited her at her father's house, persuaded her to run away with him to go to Ipswich to be married. This was in May, 1827. It was about midday when they left her father's house, Maria going out of one door and Corder out of another, to avoid suspicion. Maria had also put on boy's clothes as a disguise, intending to resume her own clothes at a place called the Red Barn, which was on some land belonging to the Corders.

Noticing that her sweetheart carried a gun, Maria asked him if it was loaded, to which he replied, "Yes."

A few days later Corder returned to the village alone, and on being asked by Maria's parents where she was, he said the wedding had not taken place, as he was afraid to take her to his father's house, but that he had left her in a place of safety. She had not written, he added, because she was unused to the pen.

Time passed by, and September came. Corder, who was looking ill and haggard, said his doctor had ordered him to go abroad, but before starting he saw to it that the Red Barn was well filled with grain, he himself helping to take in the corn.

After he had gone he wrote to his family and to Maria's parents, saying in one of his letters that Maria was now his wife. The letters, however, came from London and not from abroad.

Soon village gossip was busy with his name, and Maria's brother, Thomas Marten, remembered that he had seen him walk across the fields in the direction

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of the Red Barn on the day of his sister's elopement. In spite of this, however, no proof of any kind could be actually brought against him.

But Mrs. Marten, who, we may be sure, was grieving sorely for her daughter, dreamt on three successive nights that Maria had been done to death and buried in the Red Barn, and insisted that the floor should be taken up at once.

This was done on April 19th, 1828, and a sack was found containing the remains of the murdered girl. Corder was traced to Ealing, where he was found to be married and living in prosperity. He was tried and found guilty, and executed in August, 1828. While lying under sentence of death he made a full confession of the crime.

* * * * *

One of the most wonderful historic dreams on record is that of Mr. John Williams, of Scorrier House, Redruth, Cornwall, in 1812.

On May 11th Mr. Williams dreamt that he was in the Lobby of the House of Commons, when he saw a man dressed in a brown coat enter. Soon afterwards another man, whom he understood in his dream to be Mr. Perceval, who was then Prime Minister, came in, and immediately the man in brown took out a pistol and shot him. Several people standing near took hold of the murderer, and then Mr. Williams in great agitation awoke.

He told his wife that he had had a strange dream in which he saw the Prime Minister assassinated, but she made light of the matter, and he went to sleep again.

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Again he had the same dream, the same in every detail, and again he awoke his wife and told her; but she, being convinced that the former dream still haunted him, advised him to compose himself and not think of it.

A third time he saw the same grim scene enacted in the House of Commons, and on waking was so impressed that he got up and dressed, being unable to rest any more.

When morning came he was still under the spell of his three dreams, and discussed the possibility of going to London and telling Mr. Perceval by way of warning. He went over to Falmouth on business and told some friends there at the Godolphin Mine about his dreams and his intention of making the long journey to London. Naturally they dissuaded him, saying he would only be ridiculed and taken for a madman, and so he said nothing more, but watched eagerly for the arrival of the newspapers.

Next day nothing happened, but on May 13th a son of Mr. Williams, who lived at Truro, arrived at Scorrier House and announced that Mr. Perceval had been assassinated in the House of Commons on the evening of the 11th, and that the news had just come through to Truro, but was not yet in the papers.

A few weeks after, Mr. Williams went to London on business, and in one of the print-shops saw a coloured drawing representing the tragedy in the House of Commons. He bought it, and in studying it found that every detail represented coincided with his dreams, even down to the blue coat and white waistcoat Mr. Percival had worn, and the brown

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coat of Bellingham, the murderer. He went to the House of Commons and in the presence of several friends pointed out the exact spot where the murder was committed, and, in fact, reconstructed the crime most minutely.

The story of the dream aroused the greatest interest. The *Times* published it some years afterwards, while Mr. Williams was still alive and also many of the people to whom he had told the dream before the fact of the murder of Mr. Perceval was known. The version given by the *Times*, however, differed in certain details from the most authentic account, which was given by Mr. Williams himself to the Society for Psychical Research and published in the Society's "Proceedings."

* * * * *

Mrs. Drayson—some of whose experiences I have quoted elsewhere—has had wonderful dreams. When a little girl of twelve or thirteen, living at Hendon, she woke up one Sunday after a queer dream about an old man who lived in a house near, who was never visited, and, in fact, whose house nobody had been in.

She dreamt she went into the house and upstairs to what was obviously his bedroom, but it was a most extraordinary room, with trees in it and grassy banks. In the middle of the room was a bed, on which he lay dead. Then she woke, and at breakfast she told her brother and sisters about her dream.

Going to church with her mother an hour later, they met their doctor, who pulled up his horse and

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said, "Well, poor old So-and-So has gone," mentioning this man. The mother, very startled, told him the child's dream, and he exclaimed with astonishment, for the old man, it seems, had been an actor, and all round his bedroom were bits of scenery, backcloths, and borders, with grass and trees and flowers on them, making the room look exactly as the child had seen it.

* * * * *

A girl who was very fond of botany one day discovered a plant the name of which she could not recollect. She racked her brains at intervals that day, but could not remember it. In the night she dreamt she was at a party, and was introduced to a lady whose name was Mrs. Hypnum. The plant whose name she had forgotten was a Hypnum! This dream was related in a lecture by Dr. W. Sykes at Doncaster.

* * * * *

A correspondent writes me as follows: "I see you are interested in dreams. There is a certain countess I know very little of indeed; she is very old. I don't even like her, and have not the slightest personal interest in her. I dreamt most vividly that she was in great trouble in a room thronged with people who pressed on her, and would not let her pass out of the room. She appealed to me for help. I put my arms round her, and fought my way to the door, saying, 'You must let her pass.'

"I was wakened by a maid coming in and laying a newspaper on my bed. I opened it, and there, in large letters, was an account of the tragic death of her younger son in an accident.

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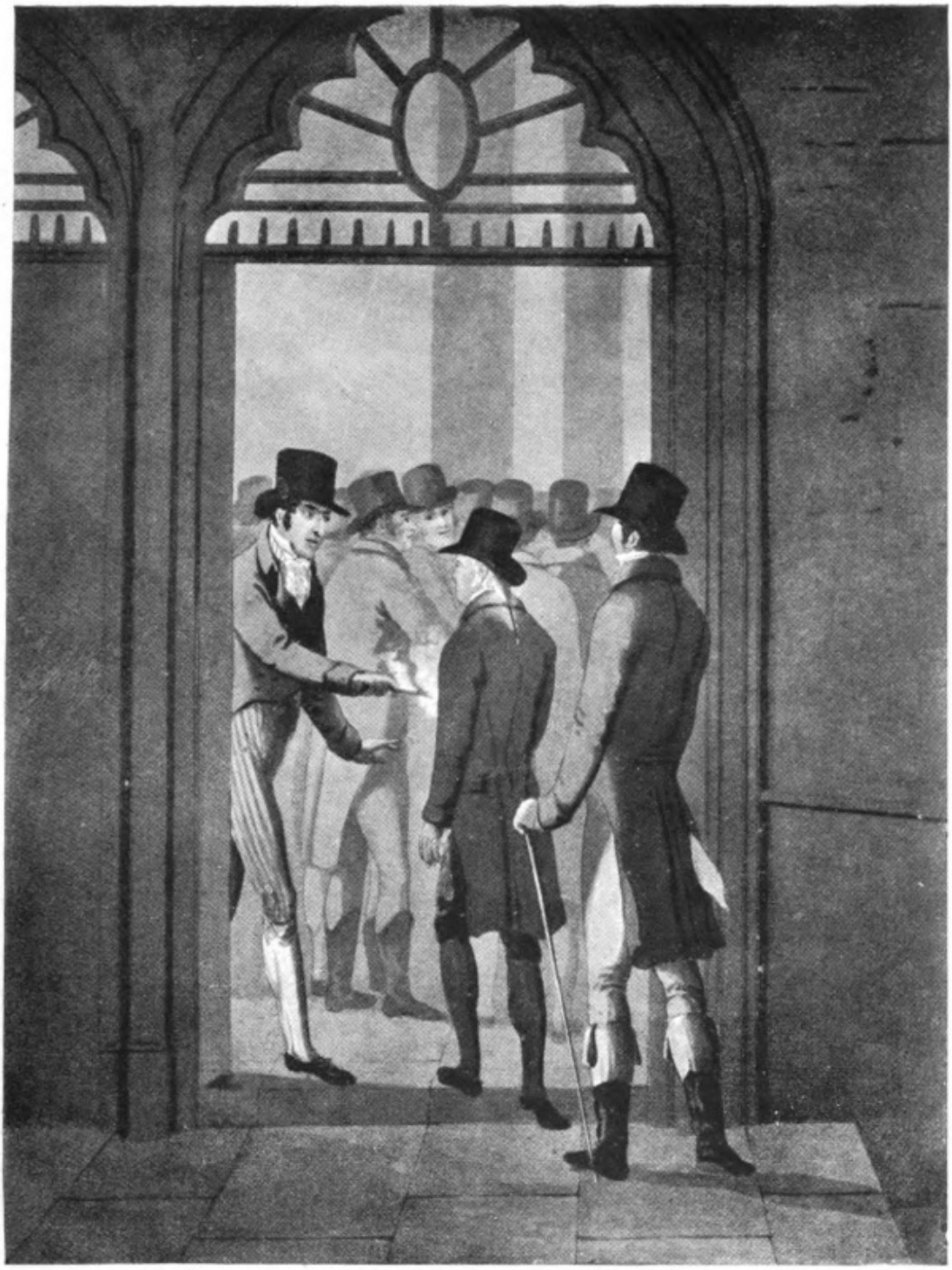

The Assassination of Spencer Perceval

As seen by Mr. Williams in a dream, and as he subsequently saw it depicted in an engraving—here reproduced (*see* page 253)

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"Some time after that I again dreamt of the countess. Next day I heard of her eldest son's death. A third time I dreamt of her, and immediately I heard her daughter had caught fire and was dangerously ill, but eventually recovered. It strikes me as so specially curious, because the countess has no personal interest for me. How different had she been one I loved! The scene of the last two dreams was not of the crowded room, but I saw her distinctly."

THE HORSE OF DEATH

THIS story concerns a very old house in Wales. The interior contains some magnificent old oak, and over one of the mantelpieces is carved the date A.D. 1585, and the motto "I serve," in Welsh.

At the time of which I write, it was lived in by some friends of mine, and the lady of the house had a most curious experience, which she has given me leave to include in this book. I am sorry I cannot give her name, but she has kindly allowed me to relate the story as I had it from her own lips:

"My husband was at Liverpool at the time," she said, "expecting to undergo an operation, and I had a 'phone message to say: 'Have to wait—operation postponed.' So, naturally, I was very worried and anxious.

"That night I was lying wide awake in bed with my daughter Evadne asleep beside me, when I

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heard a horse tearing full pelt down the hill and along the drive up to the house. The sound of the galloping hoofs rang out distinctly. It was about one o'clock and a bright moonlight night, calm and still, with no wind. I jumped out of bed, opened the window, and looked out. My window overlooked every inch of the drive, and, to my amazement, there was no horse to be seen.

"Full of wonder, I waited for some time and then went back to bed, but not to sleep, for I lay and wondered at the strangeness of the thing, for the horse had made a noise like a whirlwind.

"About half an hour later I distinctly heard the horse turn round again and go down the drive, this time at walking pace. There was no sound of wheels, only the heavy thud, thud, thud of hoofs.

"Next day I asked my daughter if she had heard a horse come up to the house during the night, and she said 'No.'

"I could not get the sound of the horse's hoofs out of my mind—they simply haunted me. I *knew* they portended disaster of some kind, because had it been an ordinary horse I must have seen it. The drive was a peculiar one, ending in a cul-de-sac, and there was no way in which it could have been hidden from view.

"Later on in the day my husband was brought home dying, and I prayed I might never hear the terrible hoofs of the horse of ill-omen again.

* * * * *

"A year later I was lying on the sofa, in the same house in Wales, when to my horror I heard

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the horse again. Once more it galloped furiously up the drive, this time in broad daylight, and stopped at the door. I got up and rushed to the door, but could see nothing, though I heard hoofs thudding away down the drive. A little later, my daughter came in from a walk with the maid, and turning to them I said: 'Did you see or hear a horse?'

"'No,' they said; they had seen no horse, but there had just been a dreadful accident in the village. A lady was riding along the village street when her horse slipped and threw her on the pavement, killing her instantly."

SEEN IN THE CRYSTAL

THE following is not, strictly speaking, a ghost story, but, being of an occult nature and well founded, I include it here. It was told me by Mrs. Salis, Kensington Palace Terrace, London, who had it first-hand from a Welsh Member of Parliament, who was concerned in the strange events related.

Some years ago a well-known village character, named Harper, lived in a village in Glamorganshire. He was a weird old man, reputed to be a magician well versed in the black arts, and none of his neighbours cared to cross him in any way, for they all stood greatly in awe of him.

When he died, his collection of occult books and

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other ancient magic went to his niece who had lived with him in his cottage.

Mr. Wallace,* the M.P. in question, who lives in the neighbourhood, had a friend named Martin Lloyd, who lived next door to his town house at Chelsea. Mr. Lloyd was somewhat of an antiquarian, greatly interested in folk-lore and in old books and antiques of all kinds.

When travelling in Wales it occurred to him to inquire about the old man Harper, of whom he had heard from Mr. Wallace, so he went to the cottage, where Harper's niece was still in possession, and knocked at the door.

When the niece opened it Mr. Lloyd said:

"Have you got any of the old books that belonged to your uncle? If so I should like to look at them, and might possibly like to buy some of them from you."

The niece replied that she had a number of her uncle's books which were in an old carved oak chest. Mr. Lloyd might look at them if he liked, "but," she added, "I won't have any taken out."

She took Mr. Lloyd to the oak chest, which was black with age, and on raising the lid, he saw several large books inside, most of them bound in leather with metal clasps. He saw also a large crystal ball, such as is used for crystal-gazing.

"Would you be disposed to part with the books?" he said to Miss Harper.

"Yes," she replied; "I am quite willing to sell them, but on the understanding that you take the chest and the whole of its contents as well."

* This and the other names are fictitious.

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Mr. Lloyd saw that the chest itself was worth buying, apart from the books, so he said he would give her ten pounds for the chest and contents.

"Very well," she said; "you can have them for that price, but I will go out of the cottage while you make arrangements for taking them away."

She went out after receiving the money, and Mr. Lloyd went through the village to find someone to help him to get the chest to the station. None of the villagers seemed at all inclined to have anything whatever to do with the old wizard's belongings. Finally, he managed to get a man with a cart to take the chest to the station, and so removed it to London.

When the books were examined they were found to be very curious volumes, full of old incantations, astrological signs and quaint recipes, and Mr. Lloyd put them back in the chest and kept them among his treasures in Chelsea.

Years after, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Lloyd thought they would go and see a football match at Chelsea. After leaving the match they found themselves in a great press of people, for there had been a huge crowd present. They were elbowing their way along when they heard a child crying in the crowd, evidently in great distress.

Mr. Lloyd turned round, and being a big, athletic man, he plunged into the crowd and rescued a small boy who was in danger of being trampled under foot, carrying him out of the throng on his shoulder. When clear of the crowd he put the boy down, and then found, to his dismay, that his gold watch and chain had vanished. This was not surprising,

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considering that his arms had been raised while carrying the child, but he was extremely perturbed at the loss, because the watch had belonged to his grandfather (who was known as "Old Peter"), and was an heirloom in the family.

He went back to look for it and inquired of the police, but could hear nothing of the watch, and was obliged to take his way home without it. Presently he and Mr. Wallace saw Mr. Lloyd's brother, Dr. Lloyd, who, when he caught sight of them, came up in an excited way and said: "I've just lost my watch at the match," adding, with a laugh, "it doesn't much matter; it was only an old Waterbury."

"Oh!" said Mr. Lloyd; "that's nothing compared with my loss. I've just had my gold watch and chain stolen."

"You don't mean to say you've lost Old Peter's watch!" said the doctor. "Mother will never forgive you. I don't know what you'll have to tell her."

"That's the worst of it," said Mr. Lloyd. "I'm afraid she will fret about it. But I have an idea. This is a chance to consult the magical books I got from old Harper years ago."

Of course Dr. Lloyd thought this was an absurd suggestion, but said he would go back with them to his brother's flat and see what could be done. So they all three went to the flat, where they were shortly afterwards joined by Mrs. Lloyd and Mrs. Wallace.

On consulting the books it appeared that the best procedure was that one of the party, not the loser, should look into the crystal ball, while one of the others should recite a certain magical formula.

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The doctor was selected to be the scryer (crystal gazer), while his brother recited the incantation. The doctor, with many protestations, looked into the crystal, in which he said he could see nothing at all. But after a few minutes he said, in a tone of the greatest excitement:

"I can see a man's head—and what is more, it is that of a patient of mine! He is a man lying at present in Chelsea Infirmary with a broken leg."

"Well," said Mr. Wallace, "if he is in Chelsea Infirmary with a broken leg he can't have had anything to do with the theft of the watch which took place to-day."

This certainly seemed conclusive, but it was agreed on by all present that the doctor should make inquiries when next he saw his patient.

Nothing else was seen in the crystal.

* * * * *

The following day Dr. Lloyd went to the infirmary and at once told the sick man that his brother had been robbed of his gold watch at the football match the previous day and was anxious to recover it, because it was a valued heirloom.

"That was one of Burgin's gang!" at once exclaimed his patient. "Now, sir, you've been very good to me, and I'd like to do something for you. When do you think I can get out of this place?"

"Well," said the doctor, "to-day's Saturday. I think you can go out on Monday. If you get the watch and chain for me there'll be ten pounds and no questions asked."

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And so the doctor left, after giving directions that the man might leave the infirmary on Monday.

Before the week was out the watch was returned to its owner, and the £10 paid to the patient, and, we will conclude, no questions were asked.

THE THREE ENVELOPES

THE following is another story told me by Mrs. Salis, who derived it from the same source as "Seen in the Crystal."

In Mr. Wallace's native village in Wales there was an old man named Tommy Royce, who kept a small public-house.

He had the strange and uncomfortable gift—not quite so rare as it is thought to be—of seeing deaths beforehand, and had quite the reputation of second sight in the village.

A new curate happened to be appointed to the village, and, being told of old Tommy's gift, was extremely horrified that such superstition should be rife in the place.

He went to see the old man and told him that such things were untrue and the work of the devil, and said that if he heard any more gossip about Tommy's powers he would make a formal complaint to the rector of the parish.

"Well," said Tommy, "it's quite true I have the gift, but that's not my fault. I've often wished I'd never had it. You can't think it's a pleasure for

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me to have a man come in for a glass of beer and to know he'll be dead in a fortnight. For many years I've never predicted anything of the kind, or spoken of my power, but it is quite true that when I was a young man I occasionally used to do so."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the curate. "Such a thing is absolutely an imposture. The whole thing is a tissue of lies."

At this old Tommy Royce became very annoyed and excited, and said:

"If you doubt my word we can very easily put it to the test. I will undertake to write down the names of the next two people in the parish who will die."

The curate would not be convinced, and said he would have the names of three, in case two might be a coincidence.

Tommy Royce did not wish to agree to this, but at last, after some discussion, he gave way on the point, and it was agreed that Williams the schoolmaster should be a witness.

They proceeded to the schoolhouse, where Tommy Royce wrote down the three names on three separate slips of paper, enclosed in three separate envelopes. The envelopes were then marked 1, 2, and 3, and given into the safe keeping of the schoolmaster.

About a fortnight after this had taken place, a girl in the village, named Rose Flemming, died somewhat suddenly. As she had been suffering from consumption for some time there was not, perhaps, anything out of the ordinary way in her death. Still, when the curate, at Tommy Royce's request, went to the schoolmaster's house and opened the

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envelope marked 1, it was found, sure enough, that her name was there.

Now, at this time there was living in the village an elderly man named William Hewitt, a well-to-do farmer, very strong and active. His business transactions necessitated his going up the Rhondda Valley from time to time to collect rents and moneys due to him.

About ten days after the death of Rose Flemming he left the village as usual for the railway station. As he approached the station he saw the train just coming into it, and started to run, fearing he might miss it. After running a few yards he had an apoplectic seizure, fell down on the ground, and expired.

As soon as the news of his death reached the village, the curate, thinking to prove Tommy Royce in the wrong, insisted on his going with him to the schoolmaster's house, when, on opening the second envelope, it was found that the name of William Hewitt was contained in it.

Tommy Royce then said:

"Now, surely, you are convinced that I have this power. I don't want the thing carried too far. I don't wish the third envelope to be opened, and should like it to be at once destroyed."

As he said these words, he attempted to snatch the envelope from the schoolmaster, but as the interest of the curate had now reached its highest point he succeeded, after a tussle, in getting possession of the envelope, which he tore open, and found on the third slip of paper—*his own name.*

He turned pale, and without a word left the

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cottage and went home. Within a week he took to his bed, and before the month was out he died.

Williams the schoolmaster, who told the story to Mr. Wallace, used to turn white whenever the incident was mentioned, and it is never likely to be forgotten in the village.

THE SUICIDE GHOST

I HAVE, in other of my books, touched on the power of suggestion by Elementals who, when being the spirits of those who have committed suicide or have been murderers or particularly evil-livers, seek to lure to destruction anyone who comes under their malign influence.

A curious instance of this occurred in connection with a case mentioned in "Another Grey Ghost Book," under the title of "The Ghost with Half a Face." It deals with a house haunted by a peculiarly horrible apparition of a tall man, in evening dress, half of whose face was gone. I interviewed a person who had seen it and obtained irrefutable proof of its appearance. The lady of the house, as I related, called in a clairvoyant, who investigated the matter and found that it was a spirit earth-bound after suicide. Inquiries were made, and it was found that a former tenant had killed himself in the house by shooting himself with a gun, and that when he was found dead, half his face had been blown away, the effect being most ghastly.

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"Another Grey Ghost Book" appeared in December, 1914. During the following spring an inmate of the house in question committed suicide by shooting himself, and I have pasted a cutting relating to the inquest in the book as a grim commentary on the story.

I have lately been told of a most extraordinary instance of suggestion, but in this case the Elemental did not make use of mere suggestion, but of violent means entailing great force, as did the supernatural agents in the case of the Barbados coffin story, related in the same book under the title of "The Haunted Vault."

At a certain house in the country a child of two was sitting in a high chair, playing with its toys. The toys were on a table attached to the chair in front, which fitted to the chair in so complete a manner that, unless it was removed, it was impossible for the child to leave the chair.

The child, being securely fixed, was left for a few minutes by its mother, who, when she came back, found, to her astonishment, that the little one had disappeared. The window was wide open, and the chair was standing as when she had left it, but the table in front had been removed.

Concluding that someone had taken the child downstairs, the mother went in search of it, but it was not in the house, and no one had taken it out of the room.

Eventually it was found in a flower-bed, below the window of the room in which it had been left, perfectly unhurt, although the window from which it had been thrown was on the first storey.

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Not long after, the occupants of the house removed, and new tenants took possession. The room which had formerly been the nursery, was now the bedroom of an invalid, the uncle of the lady of the house. He was suffering from paralysis, and quite unable to move, having entirely lost the use of his lower limbs.

One day the nurse, entering his room, was surprised to find the bed empty. She went to the window, which was wide open, and there, far below, on the same flower-bed, her patient was lying. She ran down expecting to find him dead, but, except for the shock, he was none the worse for his fall. He was carried upstairs again, and was able to convey to her that, in some way for which he could not account, he had been forced to the window and pushed through, alighting on the flower-bed beneath. He said no one had come into the room, nor had he in any way recovered the use of his limbs. The power that took him to the window and impelled him through it was some tremendous Force against which he had been quite powerless.

Inquiries set on foot elicited the fact that a man had once committed suicide by jumping from the window of the room in question. Every subsequent occupant of the room was impelled to follow his example, the suggestion being accompanied by active force.

After the last incident related above, the room was closed up for good.

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AT A SÉANCE

A FRIEND of mine, living at Cricklewood, whom I will call Mrs. Wood, is extremely psychic and greatly interested in all kinds of ghostly phenomena. At one time, not long ago, she used to attend *séances* and had some very extraordinary experiences. Then she found that as her powers developed there was a strong element of danger in her psychic studies, so she gave them up, though not without regret.

She gave me one of her strange experiences, which I think may be of interest and which certainly proves her gift to have been a very remarkable one.

"I used often," she said, "to attend a small circle which met once a week at the house of a medium.

"One night, when we were all sitting down round the table, I suddenly felt a most weird sensation, as if I had been dipped into water and was soaking wet from my head to my heels. I also felt a curious oppression, as if I was drowning, and had taken on the personality of a man who was in the throes of a death struggle. It was a most eerie and peculiar feeling—simply horrible.

"I turned to the husband of the medium and asked him the time. He replied, 'It is a few minutes past nine.'

"I then described the sensation I was undergoing, adding: 'I am walking along by a river; it is dusk. I see a man and a woman. I see the woman push the man into the water. The man has bleeding hands. The woman disappears. There is a bridge near, and a large factory. The river banks are high.

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There are some pollard willows along the river, and I see several church spires. The river is just outside a country town.' "

"The medium said: 'The place you describe sounds like a place in the north close to my home in Lancashire. I feel you know all about it. Have you ever been in ——?' (mentioning a town in the north country). I replied that I had never been there in my life.

"The next time I went to the circle, on the following Wednesday, I was greeted by the husband of the medium, who said to me: 'There won't be a circle to-night. Madame is called away to the funeral of the man you saw. He was drowned at the time you mentioned, for his watch had stopped at nine o'clock. He was walking with a girl by the side of the river, and they had a quarrel and she pushed him in. When the body was found the hands had several long scratches on them, as you saw him in your trance."

IN THE NIGHT

THE incident I am now going to relate happened some years ago in a wild and rugged part of the Highlands of Scotland, near Rannoch Moor. I am not allowed to give the actual address of the farm nor the real names of the people concerned, so I have substituted fictitious ones; but I can assure my readers that it not only happened, but had a lasting effect on all concerned.

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A well-to-do young Scottish farmer, whom I will call Andrew Maclean, owned a farm in a very lonely part of the Highlands, not far from Rannoch Moor. His sister Jean kept house for him, and busied herself besides with superintending the dairy and poultry yard, quite content with the quiet, uneventful life at the farm, which was so far from the nearest village that the advent of a visitor was an exciting event. The brother and sister were both ordinary, common-sense people, not at all superstitious nor given to imagining unusual sights or sounds.

One evening they were both sitting over the fire in the living-room at the farm. Jean was busy at needlework and her brother was reading the newspaper and smoking his pipe. Towards eleven o'clock they heard the front door open and slow, heavy footsteps, as of several people, crossing the hall. Thinking it might be some of the farm servants, they expected the footsteps to go towards the back premises of the house, where the kitchen was. But instead of that, to their great surprise, they heard them ascending the stairs, heavily, step by step. Rather alarmed, they both sprang up and went into the hall, but no one was to be seen—though the front door, which was unlocked, stood wide open—and the footsteps went on upstairs.

Thoroughly mystified, they searched the house, but every room was empty. There was no back staircase, and as they had both distinctly heard the slow, heavy footsteps going up the only staircase that led to the upper part of the house after they were in the hall, they looked very carefully under the beds, and in all the cupboards and niches

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they could think of, but there was not a trace of anyone.

The only thing to be done was to lock up the house and go to bed, as no elucidation of the mystery was forthcoming.

Soon after Jean was in bed she suddenly remembered that they had forgotten to search a certain cupboard at the head of the stairs, but she was much too frightened to get up and explore it by herself, so she lay all the rest of the night in deadly fear that any moment the footsteps might approach her door.

Feeling braver in the light of morning, she got up early and went to the cupboard, but found it locked on the outside and quite undisturbed.

The day wore on, and that evening the brother and sister were again sitting over the fire. It was a very stormy night, and a strong gale swept over the moor. They had been talking over the mysterious event of the night before and trying to account for it, when, to their amazement, they again heard the hall door flung open and the heavy steps come into the hall.

Determined to find out who the strange visitor could be, they rushed to the door, and were met by two men carrying a stretcher on which lay the body of one of the neighbouring farmers, well known to them both. The men explained that the dead man had been missing since the previous evening, and it was only at ten that night that the search-party had come across his body. It was concluded that, owing to the stormy weather, his horse must have missed its footing and fallen into the river. They

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had brought the body to Maclean's farm as being much nearer than his own house, and had knocked, but receiving no answer, on account of the noise made by the gale, had entered.

Maclean directed that the body should be carried upstairs, and it was borne up slowly step by step by the searchers. As their heavy footsteps, slow and ponderous, ascended the stairs, the brother and sister looked at each other, and as they listened the same thought was in the mind of each, for they knew that the whole scene had been enacted in the house the night before.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST

STANDING on the hill overlooking the town of T—— is the beautiful thirteenth century house of L——, which, before the Reformation, was a Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. Since its confiscation it has been inhabited by families of K—— and C——, but is now the property of Captain R——. It contains some good portraits of former owners. Most of the rooms are panelled in oak. A chair, said to have been used by James II. and supposed to be a Chair of Death and fatal to those who sit in it, is now consigned to the lumber-room. The reputation of the house being "haunted" has always clung to it. There is also a tradition that no child has ever been born in the house.

In one of the rooms is a small oratory, which overlooks the church and churchyard and is

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approached by two steps from the bedroom. This oratory has a cupboard which is supposed to be the entrance to the passage and stairs leading to the dungeons below. Some say it leads to the river which runs below the house. This room is called "The Monk's Room."

"I had a curious experience at this house," writes a correspondent, "about six years ago.

"I was invited to be present at the marriage of the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D., who were then occupying the house. After the wedding—which had taken place in the Catholic Church in the town—the guests assembled in the garden, it being a beautiful, hot summer's day.

"Whilst I was standing on the terrace overlooking the lawn, I saw, walking alone, amongst the guests, the figure of a priest, garbed in a long black cloak piped with red, with hood behind, which he wore over his black cassock. He was a small, thin, dark man with clear-cut features and very dark, piercing eyes. He came towards me and seemed to compel me to leave the terrace for the lawn below. I obeyed the summons, but as I approached him, he faded away, and although I looked for him amongst the guests, his face being such a peculiar one and his eyes having such a haunting look, I did not see him again. I thought no more of it, supposing him to be one of the priests who had assisted at the marriage, but his face continued to haunt me.

"I was at the house a month or two later, and inquired of my hostess the name of the dark-eyed priest who had been present at the wedding, and was much astonished to hear that there had been only

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one priest present—one I knew, and whose appearance did not correspond in the least with that of the man I had seen.

"I have been at that house many times since, and also in the oratory room, but I have not seen him any more.

"Speaking to a friend of mine on this subject, he said: 'I quite believe your story. There must have been some "spiritual affinity" for you to have seen him. But what a pity you did not enter into conversation with him. No doubt he wanted to tell you something.'

* * * * *

"Another curious thing happened last summer (1915). I had just ordered a new dress when, on August 4th, I had a curious dream that I should have to go into mourning. Suddenly, when my maid called me in the morning, I said to her, 'I shall have to order some mourning soon.' She was surprised, and reminded me that I had just arranged to have a coloured gown. 'I shall not want it,' I replied; 'I shall have to remain in black for some time'—and that day I wrote for a black dress to be sent me with all speed. On August 12th I heard of the death of my aunt, and now—December 10th, 1915—I am still in mourning, and likely to remain so, for I have just lost another relative."

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SOME STRANGE EXPERIENCES

Miss P. Aberigh-Mackay, of Long Melford, Suffolk, has always been psychically inclined, and has sent me the following experiences:

"As an art student I held a scholarship which obliged me to teach, for a few hours every day, in the school. I was given a geometry class. I knew very little myself, and was haunted by the thought that I should not get my pupils through their examination—the South Kensington Examination for the Art Teacher's Certificate.

"When I awoke on the morning of the examination, I saw on the wall opposite my bed a geometrical problem—all the points of the figure lettered—and it was there all the time I was dressing. I was living then in an art students' home. On going down to breakfast I told several of the students what I had seen. They laughed and said, 'As you are always having second sight, you had better go and teach the problem to your class.' I said I would. The examination was to be held from 6 P.M. to 10 P.M. About 5.30 I collected my class, drew the figure on a board in the class-room, and gave them a lesson on it. At 10.30 one of the students rushed round to see me. She said, 'You have saved us all; that question had the very highest marks.' Letter for letter, it was the same as the drawing I had left on the board.

"I felt a horrible fraud, and to this day I am not sure that I did not behave dishonestly, though, needless to say, I had never seen the papers, and

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did not even know who had set them. How I got my information I cannot tell.

* * * * *

"I remember having a very curious vision some time ago, while I was sharing a flat in Bloomsbury with two friends. I went off one afternoon to teach wood-carving to a class of boys. While I was there, suddenly the room disappeared, and I saw my friend, Miss D., looking at a shop window in Oxford Street at some tea-sets. I knew instinctively that she intended to buy one of them. A moment after, she and the shop disappeared and I was back in the classroom.

"When I got home Miss D. said, 'You will never guess what I am going to buy.' I said, 'I know,' and told her what I had seen, when she insisted that I was just thought-reading, and refused to be satisfied till the next day, when I took her to the actual shop and showed her the chosen tea-set.

* * * * *

"I was still living at that flat when I had another experience which made a great impression on me. The flats were residential, and we dined *table d'hôte*. One evening Miss W. and I came in late for dinner and were put at a table with a Miss E., who had only just come to live in the place. When we got up, to go to our flat, she asked us to go in and have coffee with her in her rooms, as she was expecting some friends. We had nothing else to do, so accepted the invitation.

"Miss E. told us afterwards that she did not know, at that time, which of us was Miss W. and

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which Miss A., and, as the result, her introductions were hazy. Among her friends was an old man with white hair. He very soon fixed his eyes on me in a way which made me uncomfortable; then he suddenly said, 'You have a spirit standing behind you!' I giggled stupidly, at which he was very angry, and retorted, 'If you can behave yourself, I will tell you what he says. He tells me,' he then went on, 'his name is Bert Harrison, and that he was very fond of you as a boy. When he grew up he went to Canada to learn farming, fell off a haystack, and was killed, and his mouth was filled with blood. He is very sad because you never think of him.'

"It gave me a shock, as I had known a boy named Herbert Harrison very well, and he had gone out to Canada and been killed about eight years before. I wrote and told my mother, who still corresponded with his sister—and she heard that he was killed and found exactly as described. I had never seen Mr. F. before, and he did not at that time know my name. Neither had I ever spoken to my friend, Miss W., about Herbert Harrison. As a matter of fact, I am afraid I *had* forgotten him.

* * * * *

"I spent a year or two in South Africa, and was staying in Grahamstown when one night I heard myself called by name. I sat up in bed and answered. I heard the voice again and again, and finally got up and opened my door, but there was no one there. Though the voice was familiar to me, I could not guess the owner. In the morning

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I mentioned the incident to the maid who brought my tea. She was quite excited. 'Oh, miss,' she said; 'you are sure to hear by to-day's mail that someone you know is dead.' I also was afraid I should, but I went through all my letters as usual without finding any bad news. A week after, however, I heard from my mother that an uncle, of whom I was very fond, had died, and that all that night, in his delirium, he kept calling to me and worrying because he had missed writing to me that particular mail. He had always written regularly hitherto.

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"I had another rather odd experience in that same room. It was on the first floor. I was sitting at a window writing, when I saw a Miss M. in the garden, and a few minutes after I called out some remark to her. But, glancing down at the instant, I noticed she was walking with someone—a stranger to me—and I apologised for the intrusion.

"Later on, when I went down to tea, she asked me why I had made an apology, and I said, 'I thought you were alone when I spoke.' 'So I was,' she replied. I was astonished, and described in detail her companion as I had seen her, even to a little ornament she wore round her neck. Miss M. was very upset, and said, 'You have described my sister exactly; I hope nothing has happened to her.' We heard she was quite well, so what the apparition meant I do not know. I had never seen Miss M.'s sister, and was not even aware of her existence.

* * * * *

"Years ago, when resident at Eastbourne; I had

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just knelt down by my bedside to say my prayers, when I saw vividly before me the following scene:—

"Round the corner of a mountain road came a little procession carrying a coffin. The men were clothed in long, loose garments, with drapery over their shoulders. I saw them and the country as vividly as I have ever seen anything material. When it disappeared, I went downstairs and told my mother and my sister Frances.

"Several years after I went to Kashmir. I recognised it at once as the place I had seen in my vision, and said so to several of my friends. Some months after, my sister Frances came out to stay with me. I went down to a place called Baramula to meet her, and we met on the bank of the Shelum. As we came across in a little boat to my house-boat, which was on the opposite side, she looked at the men rowing and said to me, 'This is the country of your dream, but the funeral was mine. I shall die here!' I contradicted her, and we often argued on the subject.

"Eighteen months later she saw me off. I was going down to India and home for a short time. 'I shall never see you again—remember your dream!' were her parting words. And I never did. She went up, across the mountains, to Gilgit, and died there.

"I often wonder if it was her funeral or mine, as the Gilgit men do not dress exactly as the Kashmiris do. I related the story to the Roman Catholic priest in Srinagar. He told me he thought the whole scene was figurative and was meant for my sister. I do not agree with him.

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"When I go to bed I lie on my back and make my mind a blank, and almost instantly I am off. Sometimes I find myself in crowded streets watching the passers-by; sometimes in wonderful scenery. For years I went to the same place—an island somewhere—of which I know every spot. Whether it exists on earth or not, I do not know. I am inclined to think it does.

"I feel with training I could go where I willed, but I have never done so yet. I generally indulge in this amusement more when I am in a low state of health. It is a very tiring, though very delightful, occupation. Sometimes I lose the power for months, and then it returns suddenly."

PSYCHIC INFLUENCE ON ANIMALS

THE following, sent to me by a correspondent, is particularly interesting as showing the susceptibility of animals to psychic influence, of which scores of instances have come to my knowledge.

"Early in January, 1916, I was sitting at breakfast with some friends at their house in a certain street in South Kensington. My attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a dray-horse plunging and kicking in a most extraordinary manner, without an apparent cause.

"Observing my surprise my hostess remarked, 'They are at it again.'

"'Who are at it?' I asked.

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"'The horses,' was her reply, and I was then told of a most curious incident connected with the occurrence.

"'Twice a year,' my hostess continued, 'in this road—indeed, opposite to my house—for some remarkable reason, the majority come to a standstill, and absolutely refuse to move; one had a seizure and was taken away in a state of collapse, and many exhibit signs of extreme panic and terror. Once we were awakened at 6.30 A.M. by the noise and confusion caused by a runaway horse, apparently mad with terror.

"'Does this always happen on certain dates?' I interposed.

"'Almost to a day, and in the months of January and July, for about a fortnight. During the rest of the year everything is normal.'

"I inquired if any reason could be assigned to these happenings, and was informed that in mediæval times a monastery had existed at the end of the road, and that its fate was uncertain, but it was generally believed that Oliver Cromwell had lived for a while in the neighbourhood.

"It would be interesting to trace the connection further. Is it possible that some of the Roundhead leaders' horses passed that way to or from the various battles and engagements of that stormy period, leaving perchance an impression of their influence on the spot, or that the spirit of Oliver Cromwell * appears on stated dates corresponding with his

* The ghost of Oliver Cromwell is also supposed to haunt a house close to the Marble Arch, and is said to have been seen frequently.—J. A. M.

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connection with the vicinity. Be that as it may, the apparitions seem to be only visible to horses, and in no way affecting any human being."

THE UNHAPPY HOUSEMAID

A CORRESPONDENT has sent me the following story, which raises several interesting questions:

"Last autumn the housemaid at a comparatively new house was about to retire for the night when she became aware of a figure crossing the hall, as though to pass on into the dining-room which at the moment was in darkness and quite empty.

"Thinking the figure to be that of a fellow-servant, on account of a white apron tied with long strings at the back, she called her by name, but on receiving no reply she turned to go up another flight of stairs to her bedroom. She then met the servant she had supposed to be downstairs in the hall. The latter declared that she had never left the upper part of the house for the last hour, and that the maid must have mistaken a reflection from a window in the next house for herself.

"Both soon forgot the episode, till its memory was renewed by an uncanny happening to one of the members of the family.

"Soon after six o'clock one dark morning she was lying in bed half awake and half asleep, when the door opened suddenly to admit a strange servant,

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whose salient characteristic was a white apron with long strings.

"The stranger then walked towards the window, and finally seemed to vanish into the wall.

"A day or two later a visitor noticed an unknown maid twice on the stairs, and another time in a different part of the house, but of late there has been no reappearance of this phantom.

"Little light can be thrown on the subject, except that, on piecing together some scanty evidence, I have come to the conclusion that the repeated mysterious visitation was that of a woman still living who had gone through a time of most grievous trouble while in the service of a previous family who had left the house about two years before her seeming double walked the stairs and passages so persistently."

TOLD BY A CANON

THE following story of a weird experience was related by a well known Canon to a friend of mine, and I have had permission from the former to include it in this book, provided that I give only fictitious names, or initials.

Canon X. was invited to stay with old friends of his at a country house in Hampshire at which he had often stayed before. He arrived about a quarter-past four, and was received by his hostess, an elderly lady, and had tea in the library before a blazing fire.

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After tea his hostess said: "I have given you your old room, and your luggage has been taken up there, if you would care to unpack. There is no need to show you the way—is there?"

Canon X. laughed and thanked her, and said he knew the way quite well. After chatting a few minutes longer he said he would go and unpack, and he went, quite alone, up the wide, old-fashioned staircase that led to the part of the house where the bedroom he usually occupied was situated.

He walked along the familiar landing and went up to the door of the room. When he opened the door the first thing he saw was his hostess, standing by his luggage.

"How in the world did you get up?" said the astonished clergyman; but even as he said the words she disappeared.

Terrified that the vision meant that something had happened to her since he left the library, Canon X. hastened downstairs and into the library, fearing that he might find Mrs. —— dead; but there she sat, reading tranquilly and looking just as she had done when he had left her.

Seeing how agitated he was, Mrs. —— asked him what was the matter. Being unwilling to alarm her he began to stammer out some excuse for his sudden return, when she said:

"Don't say you've seen me! It's always happening!"

Then, to his amazement, she explained that the extraordinary thing he had just experienced happened constantly to her guests, and was well known to most of them.

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"I can only explain it," she concluded, "by the fact that I am very anxious for their comfort—so anxious that my astral body detaches itself and does what I, in my earthly body, am wishing to do, that is to say, personally superintend every detail of the arrangements for my guests' reception and entertainment. This particular instance has interested me very much, because I have never been seen in that room before, though often in rooms on the same landing. Curiously enough, I have never been seen on the higher landing, though many of the guests I was most anxious to honour have occupied rooms on it."

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