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The following is a record, which we owe to Miss S. (a friend of the Editor's), of various phenomena, observed by herself and others, in the house, in a country village, where she and her mother reside. Before the events recorded, Miss S. had no belief in the possibility of such phenomena, and she long resisted the idea of their having any abnormal origin.

The undated accounts were all written during the winter of 1887-8. The dates on the left side of the page are not the dates of *writing*.

FOOTSTEPS, &c.

Miss S. writes:—

The first thing that struck us as peculiar about our house was hearing footsteps in empty rooms.

January 8th, 1885.—We had been in the house about six months. My mother and I were in the dining-room; there was one maid in the house and no one else. I was lying half asleep on the sofa. I heard someone walking up and down in the room overhead, which was then a spare bedroom (now a drawing-room). I was too sleepy at first to think it strange, though my mother more than once tried to call my attention to it. At last she roused me and said someone was in the house. The bells were ringing for Evensong, so it must have been between half-past four and five. I got up and listened, and I then noticed the footsteps were heavy, like a man's, and that they went backwards and forwards as if he were going from the washhand-stand to the dressing-table and back again, not hurriedly, and not slowly; in fact, for the moment, it gave one the impression someone was dressing for dinner. I called the maid and we all three heard the steps. We took our dog, a Skye-terrier, knowing he would make a noise at a stranger, and went upstairs. I put the dog into the room first; he was quite quiet. I do not remember if he seemed frightened, but I think he ran out again. The room was quite empty. I was so certain someone must be there that I even looked in a large cupboard, but that, too, was empty. Still, my mother was not contented, but sent for the gardener to come and see if anyone could be on the roof. He said no one could be there; the roof slants. As we went into the room my mother said she heard a sound like a crash of glass; there was no broken glass anywhere.

The next time, as nearly as I can remember, was on the 22nd of January; since then we have not kept much count.

Last winter a lady was staying with us. She called me into the dining-room to ask who was in the drawing-room. I heard the footsteps but I was

nearly certain no one could be in there, as I had put two boxes on the step leading to the drawing-room ready for the maid to take to the box-room. However, to make sure, I went and looked, and the boxes had not been moved.

At nights I have heard footsteps in the passage outside my bedroom (blue-room).

I was sleeping in the green bedroom, one night last winter, when I heard footsteps like a child, with bare feet, running across a piece of oilcloth that goes from one door to another.

I cannot say how often I have heard footsteps at one time and another in different parts of the house.

One afternoon I was quite alone in the house. Miss Blencowe had come to stay with me. I was obliged to leave her while I went into the village for a few minutes. She was sitting in the pink sitting-room. She afterwards told me she had heard someone walking about in the room overhead, which was the green-room.

The other day our German maid, who knows nothing about the ghost, came and told me someone had been walking about in my bedroom. I told her there was no one in the house to do so, but she persisted in what she said.—F. S.

Account from EMILIE THORNE, a servant, as to whom Miss S. writes, "Emilie was the last of us to give in and acknowledge that she could not understand what she saw and heard." She has never had abnormal experiences in any other place.

I was in the passage upstairs. There was no one else in the house but my mistress. I heard the hall door open and close, and heavy footsteps. Thinking someone had got into the house I ran downstairs, but found the hall door locked. I went through the bottom of the house and found *all* the doors locked. It was impossible for any one to have got into the house. I then went and told my mistress.

In October, 1887, I was sleeping in the green-room. A little girl was sleeping with me; there was no one else in the house. I was awake by hearing someone walking about the room; the room shook with the footsteps; I started up thinking it was the child walking in her sleep. The gas was up enough for me to see around the room. There are two doors; I had locked them both before going to bed. I said, "Winnie, is that you?" I then saw the child was asleep. I heard the door leading into the bathroom creak, and *saw* it open and close again.

I have often, both day and night, heard footsteps in the hall, drawing-room, passage upstairs and green-room.

I was sitting in the pink-room last autumn, when both doors (it is a passage room) opened twice. I got up and closed them, and they opened again.

My sister, Polly Trays, and I were sitting in the same room. Both doors opened together. There was no wind. It was about half-past nine. The house was locked up for the night. There was no one in the house but my sister's baby. Polly said, "Who can that be walking about in the green-room?" I heard the footsteps, but knew no one could be in the house.

I was writing a letter, one evening; the candle was on the table, the doors and window were closed. There was no draught. The candle suddenly went out.—EMILIE THORNE.

Account from *Mrs. S.*

I was in the bathroom; one door was closed, the other open. I saw the closed door open, and heard footsteps pass through.

I was sitting in the dining-room. I was alone in the house; everyone had gone to church. I heard footsteps, and a child laugh and clap its hands just behind my chair.

I have seen the door leading from the green-room into the bathroom open and close.

I have heard footsteps in the drawing-room, green-room.—*C. A. M. S.*

Account from *Miss AUCHMUTZ*, of 12, Montpellier Grove, Cheltenham.
March, 1888.

I was sitting in the dining-room one morning a few days ago talking to Emilie Thorne. The only other person in the house was Miss S., who was up in her room. I distinctly heard someone coming down the stairs (which are just outside the dining-room door). Whoever came down stopped outside the door for a second or two, then walked across the hall, and back again upstairs. Of course, I thought it was Miss S., until she came in a few minutes after, and told me she had only then come out of her room for the first time.

I have three or four times heard noises as of people walking up and down the drawing-room, when in the room underneath, knowing that there was nobody upstairs.

Miss S. continues:—

STRANGE NOISES, WHISPERINGS, &c., &c.

One night, when I was sleeping in the green bedroom, I felt my bed, which is a very large, heavy one, shake, and then I heard something knocking on it.

Another time I was awoke just as the clock struck three by hearing a loud noise, as if some heavy substance were being struck by a piece of iron; there were about 25 blows. The next morning one of the maids told Emilie that she had not been able to sleep since three o'clock, as Miss Humble, who slept over her, had been knocking about her iron bedstead. Miss Humble, before I spoke, complained that she had been disturbed, and described the same kind of noise.

December 10th, 1887.—My mother and Emilie were both with me in the blue bedroom; the other maid was in bed. We heard a door bang downstairs. A few minutes after, I went into the passage and heard some one crushing a piece of paper. I looked up and down, but could not see any one.

Some nights ago there was so much noise downstairs, between 11 and 12, that I lit a candle and went down to see, but all was quiet.

January 24th, 1888.—I was coming upstairs, and heard something coming up after me. I thought it was one of the dogs, and kept looking first on one side and then on the other, but I could not see anything; I could only hear.

I was in the drawing-room (it was then my mother's bedroom), in the winter of 1885 or 1886, about eight o'clock one evening; the gas was lighted enough for me to see round the room, when I heard a gruff voice behind me.

I could not distinguish the words, but thought it was the parrot mocking someone she had heard in the street. I turned quickly and there was no one. I then remembered the parrot was downstairs. I remained a few minutes, but heard nothing more.—F.S.

Account from EMILIE THORNE.

About the spring, three years ago, I was sitting sewing in the room that is now a drawing-room. I heard some whispering behind my chair. I jumped up to see what it was. I said, "Is that you, ma'am?" thinking it must be my mistress, when I found I was alone. I felt nervous, so took my work downstairs.

I was sitting working in the pink bedroom when something shook my chair. Thinking it was the dog, I took no notice, and it happened again. I then got up and looked for the dog, and found the room quite empty and the door shut. I sat down again, and heard whispering and footsteps. I then called my sister to sit with me.

I have heard noises as if the furniture were being knocked about, and my name, Emilie, has been called several times.—EMILIE THORNE.

Account from MISS AUCHMUTZ.

March, 1888.

One night just after the clock had struck 12 (I was occupying Miss S.'s room with her) we both heard the garden gate open and slam, and then a good deal of talking, which appeared to be in the next room to us, where Mrs. S. and Emilie Thorne were. We both thought they had heard the noise and were looking out of their window to see what it was. The talking went on for some minutes. In the morning they told us they had not talked at all. There was no one else in the house. We heard the gate slam again when the talking had ceased. I have never seen anything supernatural, or heard anything either, until this month, when I have been staying with Mrs. S. While I was saying my prayers one night in the blue-room, which is the room next the drawing-room, where I heard the walking about, I heard someone breathing hard, almost like snoring.—HELEN AUCHMUTZ.

MISS S. continues :—

APPARITIONS, &c.

I was coming down the passage, one afternoon, about half-past four. I saw a fair-haired girl standing on the top of the stairs. It was dusk. I did not notice her face, but supposed it to be the maid; she was dressed in a greyish or mauve dress, such as would have been very common for servants some years ago. As we were in mourning at the time, I was surprised that the girl should have had on a coloured dress when she knew it would be against our wish. In a minute or two I went downstairs and found the maid, as usual, in black; nor had she been upstairs.

In October, 1886, I was, one afternoon, quite alone in the house. My mother and the maids were out, but I sent for Miss Blencowe to come and stay with me. Before she came I had locked the doors (three) leading into the garden, leaving only the hall door unlocked. We were sitting in a little room out of the hall, when I thought I heard some one walk across the hall. Thinking it must be the gardener, who, unable to get in at the back door, had

come through to unfasten one of the pantry doors, I went out to make sure, and, I suppose, to see what he wanted ; but the hall was empty, and the pantry door leading into the garden locked. I went back and sat down a second, and a third time. I thought someone was in the house. I said to my friend, "I must go upstairs and see if all be safe ; I am afraid someone is in the house." Miss Blencowe followed me. I went into the rooms, closing the doors and windows as I went. When I came out of my own room, I said to Miss Blencowe (without looking round), half in fun, "It must be the ghost." I then went down the back stairs, and so back to our room where we had been sitting. When we got there Miss Blencowe said to me, "What do you mean by saying it is the ghost?" I answered, still half in fun, "This house is haunted." Miss Blencowe said, "Is it haunted by a woman dressed in mauve, and does she stand at the top of the stairs?" Wondering what she meant, but never thinking for a moment she had seen anything, I said, "Yes, it is ; but, why do you ask?" She said, "I have seen such a figure." She then went with me and showed me the place where I had seen the girl some time before.

Account from MISS BLENCOWE, 37, Montpellier Terrace, Cheltenham.

November 24th, 1887.

October 1st, 1886, 6 p.m., I was spending the afternoon with Miss S., at ————. There were only ourselves in the house, Mrs. S. and the maid being from home for a few hours. We were startled by the banging of doors, so much so we thought we would go round the premises and fasten the doors, even going into cellars to satisfy ourselves that all was safe. We then returned to the kitchen and turned our attention to making some coffee, but not finding all the necessary things, Miss S. went up to her room to fetch the store-room keys. Being quite dark, she lighted the gas, I having followed her, she left me in the room, going down by the back staircase to the kitchen. I called to her to know if I should turn the light out, and stood between the door and the passage while waiting for the reply.

I saw the figure of a young girl, dressed in a lilac print dress, about 5ft. 3in. in height, standing on the top of the *front* stairs, looking in the direction of where I stood. The principal thing I noticed about her was the whiteness of the parting of her hair, and the peculiar colour of her gown.

I looked at her till she gradually faded away, not feeling the least bit frightened, but only intensely cold and numb while she was visible.

After the disappearance of the figure, I went down and told Miss S. of the occurrence. She then said it was one of the ghosts I had seen.

My second experience was on the evening of February 19th, 1887, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock.

On this occasion there were 12 people present, including myself.

I was seated by the fireplace, Mrs. S. on the sofa directly opposite, facing the open door. A lady was sitting by her, and the dog Bruce was lying at his mistress's feet.

One of the company was playing at the time, when all at once the dog uttered a piercing shriek and rushed madly down the stairs into the hall.

I, feeling the same coldness and numbness as before, turned my head, and saw the figure of the girl within a few feet of where I was sitting, looking straight at me.

It remained for a second or so, then gradually disappeared. I went down and asked Mrs. S. and the lady who had been sitting by her, if they had seen anything, to which they replied in the negative.

Miss S. continues :—

December 10th, 1887.—Not feeling well, I was lying in bed about half-past eight in the morning. Emilie came into my room in a hurry and asked what was the matter, as I was knocking about the furniture. I told her I was not doing anything of the kind ; as I was in bed I could not be. About 20 minutes passed and she came up again to know if I called, saying some one had called her three times. Soon after, my mother came in to speak to me ; there was no one else in the house but the German maid, and she was downstairs. In a few minutes Emilie ran back into my room, looking frightened, and saying she had seen a figure standing on the top of the stairs, dressed in white, which she thought to be my mother till she heard her talking in my room.—F. S.

Account from EMILIE THORNE.

I was in the hall, which is under the blue bedroom. I heard a knocking-about, such as a chair banging on the floor. I went upstairs to see what was wanted. Twice more I heard the noises, but took no notice ; then three times I heard some one call Emilie. I went upstairs but no one had called. Going up the back staircase, I went to my mistress's room. Not finding her there, walked down the passage and, as I thought, saw her standing on the top of the stairs looking down. The figure was about my mistress's height (5ft. 3in.), and dressed in light things. I did not notice her very closely, for when I heard voices in the blue bedroom I knew it was not my mistress I saw, and, I got frightened and ran back into the bedroom.—EMILIE THORNE.

Account from MRS. S.

One night I was awakened about 11 o'clock (I was then sleeping in room over dining-room) by a voice calling "Mother." Believing it to be my daughter's voice, I went to her room and listened outside her door. Hearing nothing I went to the maids' room, and found them both asleep. I returned to bed and was again roused by footsteps coming up the steps outside my room, and immediately after heard "Mother" repeated. I again got up and *without* a candle proceeded again to my daughter's room. I opened the door, keeping the handle in my hand, and asked "Did you call?" She answered, "No ; you have woke me, why have you come ? What time is it ?" I answered 11, and then left her. During the few minutes in my daughter's room, I never left the handle of the door out of my hand.

Miss S. continues, with respect to the same occasion :—

A few seconds elapsed after I had asked what o'clock it was ; time enough for my mother to leave the room. She then—or someone like her—a woman with dark hair, and wearing a red (what I believed to be a) dressing-jacket, bent over me. The figure held a candle in her hand, and said, "Won't you kiss me ?" I had been lying with my face to the wall, but I turned round, sat up, and kissed something which I quite believed to be my

mother. Since then my mother has again and again been roused. Now she does not come unless she hears my bell.

Last New Year's eve, December, 1887, my mother, Emilie, and I were in the drawing-room putting up some brackets. Suddenly, Emilie ran to the door saying someone was standing on the top of the stairs. I followed her, but no one was to be seen. It would have been quite impossible for any human being to have gone downstairs so quickly; we could see up the passage and down the stairs.—F. S.

Account from EMILIE THORNE.

I was in the drawing-room a little after six on New Year's eve, and I saw a figure dressed in light things (I thought it was the cook) standing on the top of the stairs, looking down. She had her hand up beckoning me. I ran to the door, but no one was to be seen. In that second no one could have got out of sight.—EMILIE THORNE.

MISS S. continues:—

January, Sunday, 22nd, 1888.—I was in the drawing-room about 11 o'clock in the evening. The door was open; our German maid was in bed and my mother had gone into my bedroom. I heard Emilie come upstairs and pause outside the door, and then go down the passage to her own room. I did not look up. There was a screen between the door and myself; not a high screen. I was surprised Emilie did not come right into the room and see if I wanted anything. Soon after, I went to bed, but, on looking out of my window, I saw the reflection of gas, so went into the passage and saw the light was left quite up; the one on the top of the stairs. I turned it out and went back to bed. The next morning Emilie mentioned that she was coming into the drawing-room the previous evening, but that, as my mother had crossed the room and pushed the door to while she was there, she supposed we wanted to be alone, and so had *turned out* the gas on the top of the stairs and gone to bed. I told her my mother had not been in the room when she came upstairs, but she kept repeating that someone had pushed to the door while she was there; it did not seem to strike her for a moment that she had seen one of the ghosts. I asked her what made her so certain it was my mother, and she said because she had on her *light* dressing-gown. My mother happened not to have on her light dressing-gown at all, but was in red; besides, as I said before, she was in my bedroom at the time. The dressing-gown is not unlike, in colour, the dress worn by the girl who stands on the top of the stairs, and might easily be mistaken for it. It is strange that Emilie turned out the gas and I found it up.—F. S.

Account from EMILIE THORNE.

I came upstairs, and was going into the drawing-room. I saw Miss Floss [Miss S.] but did not at first notice my mistress. Just then she (as I thought) came and pushed to the door in my face. It was a figure in a light garment. I did not notice the face. I felt quite certain it must be my mistress, because there was no one else in the house it could be. I then turned out the gas on the top of the stairs and went to bed. I am quite certain I turned out the gas.

The following is another mention, written some weeks earlier, of two of these experiences:—

On December 10th last I saw a figure dressed in light clothes standing on the top of the stairs, and again last Saturday, at about 10 minutes past six, I saw the figure in the same place ; then it had its hand raised.

Account of other Apparitions from EMILIE THORNE.

I was standing in the garden one Sunday afternoon, and, looking up to the attic window, I saw a man, a dark, swarthy-looking man, with long black whiskers ; his coat was buttoned up tightly, and he was dressed like a merchant sailor. I have often seen that man in the same place.

In September, 1887, Miss Blencowe came in one evening after church ; my sister Polly was in the pink bedroom. I heard the gate open and close with a bang. Polly came down and asked me to come to bed. After Miss Blencowe was gone I went upstairs. Polly said to me, " What a shame, Miss Blencowe's sister waiting outside at this time of night, and dressed in white." I said, " What do you mean ? Miss Blencowe's sister has not been outside." Polly said, " I heard the gate open, and looking out of the window saw someone dressed in white, walking quickly up and down the garden ; she then went out of the lower garden gate. I then closed the window, but wondering if she were gone, because then Miss Blencowe would be gone as well. I looked out again, and saw her walk from our gate to the gate of the house on the other side of the road, and there stand.

About five o'clock in the evening [very recently, but date is forgotten] I thought I saw Miss Flo standing with her head leaning against the dining-room door. The figure had on a light dress, and her hair down. As I came through the hall nearer to her, she vanished. The dining-room door was closed at the time.—EMILIE THORNE.

Account of MARY TRAYS,* sister of Emilie Thorne, sent to Miss S. in February, 1884 :—

18, Claremont Street, Plymouth.

You asked me on your last letter to relate to you all that I saw that was odd. When I was up with Emilie, the first thing I saw was in the garden when Emilie was to church. It was like a man with a long, dark beard. [This was in the middle of the day.] And one evening when Miss Blencowe came rather late, Emilie went and left me upstairs. I heard the garden gate open, and I went to the window, and I saw a white figure walk up and down, and I was frightened. The strange footsteps Emilie, perhaps, can relate to you better than I can write.—MARY TRAYS.

MISS S. sends her Mother's account, dictated, as follows :—

My mother says :—" On the 29th of December, 1887, I was alone in the house, except the German maid, who was downstairs. I was coming down the attic stairs ; my little Yorkshire-terrier was in front of me. A girl with fair hair, in a lilac dress, passed me ; she looked right into my face ; she was very pale, and had something the matter with one of her eyes. The dog gave a howl, and dashed down to the dining-room. By the time I got into the passage she was gone. As I went down the stairs to the dining-room the German came to ask if I had rung, as the bell had been pulled violently.

I was coming down the passage some time ago. I saw a woman before

* As to this witness, we learn, on good authority, that she " might fancy things," and her evidence must be estimated accordingly.

me. I thought it was one of the maids ; she went into the blue bedroom. I followed ; but the room was empty. My little dog, a Skye-terrier, ran back into the sitting-room, and jumped up on to a chair, where he sat shivering.

About the end of December, 1887, I was lying awake, when I saw a woman, with brown hair hanging down her back. (My bedroom is a double one, with curtains between.) She was standing, holding back one of the curtains. She had on a slate-coloured silk dress and a red kind of opera cloak. She remained three or four minutes."

Account sent to Miss S. by MISS HUMBLE, from 15, The Terrace,
Grosvenor Street, St. Heliers, Jersey.

January 25th, 1888.

I send the account of what I saw at two separate times while we were with you, but it is not very much I have to tell. The first time I saw anything was one night (I think in February), somewhere between 11 and 12 when I had been fast asleep, and woke up suddenly broad awake as if I had been forced to do so. I noticed the fire still burning brightly, and was then attracted by the figure of a woman standing close to me, and leaning against the chimney-piece corner. I could hardly see the face, as it was turned from me, but she had hair reaching halfway down her back, and seemed to be dressed in a sort of loose Garibaldi body, and ordinary gathered skirt of a greyish tint. I noticed all that at a glance, and even the burnish the fire-light gave to the hair, which seemed of a light brown colour, and wavy. If I had not been afraid of waking mother, I think I should have spoken, for I did not feel afraid, but the figure vanished and did not reappear. The next time was two days before we left, when I woke up suddenly, also to see, not a woman, but, at the corner of the fireplace furthest from me, a very evil-looking man dressed in what might be a white working suit. The eyes were dark and fixed on me, and I own I was frightened, their expression was so horrible, and I dared not look up again at once, and when I did he had gone. But I could not forget it for some days, and don't like to think of it now. Those were the only times I ever saw anything, and I know for certain that I was awake, and not dreaming ! Mother heard the heavy footsteps in the drawing-room when we knew nobody could be there, as the doorway was barred. And I also heard the piano being played that Sunday morning, as perhaps you may remember, when I thought it was Miss Blencowe practising a chant, and on inquiry afterwards found no one had been near the room at all. I heard it distinctly as I walked along the passage, and opened the door expecting to find someone at the piano, when to my surprise the room was empty. I also heard that strange noise which woke yourself and myself up one night, when it sounded like someone beating the iron curtain-rod in your room with a broom-handle, and you said the noise was dreadful, being so close to where you were.

Account sent to Miss S. by MRS. SERPELL, of 152, King Street, Plymouth,
a former servant of Mrs. S.

I will give an account of what I saw and heard in the house at—— as near as I can. It was in the year 1885. I was stopping there for July and August, but I cannot tell which month or what day of the month it was as I took no notice at the time. I only know that Miss S. and I had been

sitting up rather late talking, and it must have been quite 12 o'clock when I went to bed. How long I had been asleep I don't know, but the first thing I remember was someone leaning over me and talking very softly. She (for it was a woman's voice) seemed to be pleading with me to do something for her, but I was too sleepy to know what it was. Then she asked me to kiss her. I answered, then, "No, I won't." She gave a sigh, then—such a sigh I shall never forget it. I was wide awake then, and sprang up in bed and looked all round the room. I thought at first that some one had been playing me a trick, but I am quite sure no one went out of the room, for there was only one door leading out of it, and that was facing the foot of the bed, and the room was quite light. I never saw it, for when I looked up it was gone, nor did I have another visit from it while I was there. The next time I was there, in February, 1886, I slept in the same room I had before, but the house had been altered since I was there before, and this time there were two doors in my room, one exactly facing the other. The one I locked when I went to bed, the other was only shut. I had been to sleep then, it seemed to me, some time, when I woke with a start. I felt as if someone had given me a good shake. It frightened me so I sprang straight up in bed, and standing quite close to me was—well, I don't know what it was—but the most horrible, devilish face. I could see nothing but the face and hands, which kept working as if they were trying to get at me and something kept them back. I was so frightened I did not dare to take my eyes off its face, and for a moment I did not know what to do. Then the thought came into my mind to make the sign of the cross and say some prayers. That had the effect, it vanished in a second. Of course, the whole thing only lasted a moment, but it seemed ages to me; but the look of baffled rage I never shall forget. I did not go to sleep again that night. That is all I really saw or heard during my stay in the house. But there are two things I never could understand, one was the dog: he would stand and stare into a corner and shake all over, and once or twice I saw him go up the passage and then run back again, jump on a chair, and shake all over, and look quite frightened. The other was, that whether you were reading or working you must keep looking behind you as if you expected to see some one standing there.

Miss S. continues :—

LOUD NOISES.

January 31st.—Last night I was awake by feeling my room shake. I roused myself and heard someone walk across the room twice. I looked about, but could not see anything; the steps seemed to be in the next room. I then listened and heard voices. At first I thought my mother must be ill, and it was one of the maids with her. I was going to get up and go in to her, when I heard someone crying. I then satisfied myself it was not my mother, but I thought it might be one of the ghosts. When I heard the talking and walking about, and fancied something was the matter with my mother, it made me feel so ill that I could not go to sleep for some time; so there is not the least doubt but that I was wide awake; besides, when I went into my mother's room, this morning, the first thing she asked me was if I had been disturbed, as she had been roused by hearing a loud crash, as if a sack

of coals were being emptied. She also told me that she had not been out of bed, nor had she spoken in the night.

Some time ago, about two years, I think, I was roused by a loud crash outside my door. A child was sleeping in a room over the drawing-room at the time, and my idea was that she must have been walking in her sleep, and fallen downstairs. For a minute I was afraid to open my door for fear I should find her lying there. As I came out of my room mother and Emilie came out of theirs. All was quite quiet. We went upstairs and found Winnie sitting up in bed. What had startled us, I suppose, had startled her.

Once or twice in the daytime we have been disturbed by hearing a crash, as if something had been broken.

Later, Miss S. adds :—

Constantly the doors shake as if someone had struck against them, or as if something heavy had fallen in some part of the house. The piano is heard at times.

February 14th, 1888.

The house is locked up for the night and Emilie is with my mother and me. We have just been startled by a loud noise. I was at first afraid to go out of the room for fear someone had got into the house, for it seemed as if someone had come in at the hall door and banged it. The room we are in was shaken when the noise came. There have been two more noises.

March 28th, 1888.

Both last night and to-night, from eight to nine, I have been alone in the house, the others being at church. There has been one noise after another. Once or twice I thought someone had got into the house. To-night I was so frightened I felt I must go out into the garden. Though I know there is something supernatural about the place at the time, the noises are so like those made by living people, I cannot bring myself to believe it is not a living person making them. I am terrified of thieves breaking in. The ghosts might make as much noise as they liked, if I were certain at the time it was only the ghosts. Sometimes weeks and weeks have passed without one having noticed anything unusual.

THINGS LOST.

Last Easter we were having some private theatricals. A great deal of the play depended on a ring I had to wear. Between the acts I went up to make some alteration in my dress. Miss Blencowe was with me. I took off the ring and laid it down. At the end of a few minutes, when I wanted it, it was gone. Miss Blencowe and I hunted high and low, but it could not be found, and I was obliged to wear another. The next morning, the first thing, almost, that met my eyes was my ring lying on the dressing-table. I have lost that ring again and again.

The Christmas before last I had some money sent me for the church. I put it in two-shilling pieces in my purse. When I went to get it, one of the two-shilling pieces was gone. Of course, I replaced it with another, and sent it away. I then put the empty purse back in my pocket. After that day, the dress, which was an old velvet, was put away. The next day I had a new purse given to me, so forgot all about my old one. When we were going to have the theatricals at Easter, it struck me the dress might be made

of use. Before altering it, Emilie turned out the pocket and brought me my old purse. I opened it, to see if there were any papers inside it, and I found a two-shilling piece.

Just before Christmas, this year, I have again lost a two-shilling piece, even more strangely. I had sent out for change for a sovereign. Both my mother and I counted the change. I laid the purse on the table beside me; in the evening I missed the two-shilling piece. Once I had been out of the room for a few minutes, but there was no one in the house to steal it. I have at other times lost two-shilling pieces, but I have found them again.

I have lost several things at different times, but they come back again.

February 13th, 1888.—A book my mother bought for a Christmas box was lost on Christmas Eve, and since we have hunted high and low for it. This morning Emilie went into one of the bedrooms. No one sleeps there, but we are constantly in and out as we keep a number of things in the room that are in use. She found the book lying on the bed. At present there is no one in the house but my mother, Emilie and myself, as our German maid has left; she has been gone some days.

THE DOGS, &c.

Our little Skye-terrier has run in from the passage, shivering all over, and the other day the other little dog would not come through the green bedroom, though both doors were open; one of the maids had to go up for him.—F.S. [See p. 245, bottom.]

Account from EMILIE THORNE.

I was sitting working, one day; the dog was in a chair beside me; he suddenly jumped off and began to howl. I took him out of the room, and, after, he would not go back again, but remained shivering for some time.

$\frac{G}{t}$ 315

We have received the following case from the Oxford Phasmatological Society.

(1) MRS. ALDERSON'S Account.

My son and I were staying in town, Bonchurch (Isle of Wight), last Easter vacation (1886). Our lodgings were quite close to the sea, and the garden of our house abutted on the beach, and there were no trees or bushes in it high enough to intercept our view. The evening of Easter Sunday was so fine that when Miss Jowett (the landlady's daughter) brought in the lamp, I begged her not to pull down the blinds, and lay on the sofa looking out at the sea, while my son was reading at the table. Owing to a letter I had just received from my sister at home, stating that one of the servants had again seen "the old lady," my thoughts had been directed towards ghosts and such things. But I was not a little astonished when, on presently looking out of the window, I saw the figure of a woman standing at the edge of the verandah. She appeared to be a broad woman, and not tall (Mrs. A. is tall), and to wear an old-fashioned bonnet, and white gloves on her closed hands. As it was dark the figure was only outlined against the sky, and I could not distinguish any other details. It was, however, opaque, and not in any way transparent, just as if it had been a real person. [See Note 1 below.] I looked at it for

some time, and then looked away. When, after a time, I looked again, the woman's hands had disappeared behind what appeared to be a white marble cross, with a little bit of the top broken off, and with a railing on one side of the woman and the cross, such as one sometimes sees in graveyards.

After looking at this apparition, which remained motionless, for some time, about 20 minutes, perhaps, I asked my son [then an undergraduate at B.N.C.] to come and to look out of the window, and tell me what he saw. He exclaimed, "What an uncanny sight," and described the woman and the cross exactly as I saw it. I then rang the bell, and when Miss J. answered it, I asked her also to look out of the window and tell me what she saw, and she also described the woman and the cross, just as they appeared to my son and myself. Some one suggested that it might be a reflection of some sort, and we all looked about the room to see whether there was anything in it that could cause such a reflection, but came to the conclusion that there was nothing to account for it. My son then went through the open side of the (low) window (we had seen the figure through the closed side [see Note 2]) only a few feet distant from the figure, to see whether it was possible for a real woman to be there, but found nothing. My impression is, that to us also the figure disappeared when my son went out, but as I was speaking to Miss J. at the time, I cannot be quite certain about this. Yet when he returned into the room the woman and the cross still appeared in the same place. We still continued to discuss what it could be, Miss J. having a strong idea that it portended death or misfortune to some one, and being very anxious that the apparition should not be in any way connected with herself and her family; and when we looked again all had disappeared. Altogether, from the time when I first saw it, the figure must have lasted for nearly an hour, from about 9 to 10 p.m., and nothing has occurred since that would throw any light upon the appearance. I have never had any similar experience. [See Note 3.]

(Signed) JANE S. ALDERSON.

The following notes are from Mr. Schiller, the member of the Oxford Society, who procured this case for us:—

Note 1.—Mrs. A. never from the first thought that the figure was that of a real woman.

Note 2.—Owing to the locality, it could not have been seen through the open window.

Note 3.—With the exception of hearing heavy footsteps and an attempt to ring the bell at home (about 1881). If this was an auditory hallucination, it was, however, to all appearance shared by the dog.

The following is Miss J.'s account (in answer to a letter from Mrs. Alderson, written at Mr. Schiller's suggestion):—

The Baltic, Bonchurch.

March 11th, 1887.

I remember, distinctly, the vision of a woman in black, kneeling before a white cross, with her hands before her face, as if weeping, with a bonnet on her head. I do not think there could have been anything in the room to cause the reflection. If you remember, at the time we looked well about the

room to see if there was anything that would have caused it. We have none of us ever seen the same thing since—indeed, it had quite gone from my memory until your letter recalled it, and now it seems as distinct to me as if I had only seen it an hour ago. (Signed) S. JOWETT.

I first heard the story from Mrs. A., on 7th March, 1887, and made a note of it in my diary. It was read before the Phasmatological Society next term, and questions were asked. The foregoing account is an exact copy of an account compiled by me from Mrs. A.'s first account, her answers to the questions, and various oral remarks, and was signed by her as correct. I have also seen the originals of Mrs. A.'s letter to Miss J., and her answer. Mrs. A. impressed me as highly intelligent and sensible about these matters.

C. SCHILLER, B.A.,

Hon. Member of the Phasmatological Society.

MR. ALDERSON'S ACCOUNT.

Staying at B. (Isle of Wight) during the Easter vacation of 1886, I remember distinctly seeing an apparition in the form of a woman with her hands clasped on the top of a cross. The cross looked old and worn, as one sees in churchyards. My mother drew my attention to the figure, and after we had watched it for some time we rang the bell and asked the servant if she saw the figure. She said she did. I then went out on to the verandah (where the figure was), and immediately it vanished.—E. H. ALDERSON.

In answer to Mr. Schiller's questions, Mr. A. wishes to state :—

- (1) That he did not notice when the figure vanished.
- (2) That he did traverse where the figure apparently was, but saw nothing; those inside the room still seeing the figure.

$\frac{L}{t}$ 322

FROM CAPTAIN R. E. W. CAMPBELL (2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers),
Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, S. W.

February 21st, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in enclosing you an account of a remarkable dream which occurred to me in the year 1886, together with three other accounts of the same, written by officers to whom the facts of the case are known. You are at liberty, in the interests of science, to make such use of them as you please.—I remain, yours faithfully,

R. E. W. CAMPBELL,

Captain 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers.

February 21st, 1888.

I was stationed at the Depôt Barracks, Armagh, Ireland, on the 30th November, 1886, and on the night of the same date, or early in the morning of the 1st December (I cannot tell which, as I did not refer to my watch), I was in bed in my room, when I was awakened by a most vivid and remarkable dream or vision, in which I seemed to see a certain Major Hubbersty, late of my regiment, the 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, looking ghastly pale, and falling forward as if dying. He seemed to be saying something to me, but the words I could not make out although I tried hard to understand

him. The clothes he had on at the time appeared to me to have a thin red thread running through the pattern. I was very deeply impressed by my dream, and so much did I feel that there was something significant in it that on the 1st December, when at luncheon, in the mess, I related it to three brother officers, telling them at the same time that I felt sure we should soon hear something bad about Major Hubbersty. I had almost forgotten all about it, when, on taking up the *Times* newspaper of the following Saturday on the Sunday morning following, the first thing that caught my eyes was the announcement of Major Hubbersty's death at Penzance, in Cornwall, on the 30th November, the very date on which I had the remarkable dream concerning him.

My feelings on seeing such a remarkable fulfilment of my dream can be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say that on their return from church of Messrs. Kaye and Scott I asked them to try and recollect anything peculiar which had happened at luncheon on the 1st December, when after a few moments' deliberation, they at once recounted to me the whole circumstances of my dream, as they had heard them from my lips on the 1st December, 1886. On seeing Mr. Leeper a few days afterwards at his father's house, Loughgall, Co. Armagh, he at once remembered all I had told him about the dream on the 1st December, on my questioning him about it. I, of course, can assign no possible cause for the remarkable facts related, as apart from the difference of our standing in the service, the late Major Hubbersty and I were in no wise particularly friendly to one another, nor had we seen very much of each other. I had not seen him for 18 months previously. A very curious fact in connection with the dream is that it occurred to me in the very same room in the barracks as Major Hubbersty used to occupy when stationed at Armagh, several years previously.

R. E. W. CAMPBELL.

Three friends of Captain Campbell supply the following corroboration.—
Ravensdale Parsonage, Co. Louth, Ireland.

On the 1st of December, 1886, I was at lunch in the mess-room, Armagh Barracks, with Mr. Campbell and Mr. Leeper, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, and Mr. Kaye, of the 3rd Battalion of the same regiment. We were talking about various things, when Mr. Campbell remarked that he had a very strange vision of a Major Hubbersty, who used to be in his regiment. He thought he saw him on the night before, or early on the morning of that day, standing in his room, looking very pale and ghastly, and that he seemed to fall forward. He also described the clothes worn by the vision. As well as I remember, he said they were a sort of spotted cloth, with a red thread running through it. He then said he felt sure we should hear something about him very soon. On the following Sunday, when I returned from church with Mr. Kaye, we found Mr. Campbell in the ante-room, and he read to us out of the *Times* newspaper the death of Major Hubbersty, late 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, the same man that had appeared to him in a vision a few nights before.

T. E. SCOTT,
Lieutenant 4th Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers.

The Barracks, Armagh.

December 13th, 1887.

Mr. Campbell has asked me to write my recollections of an extraordinary dream he told me of last winter. I remember distinctly being at lunch with him here on the 1st December, and in talking of several things in connection with the regiment. Major Hubbersty's name was mentioned, when Mr. Campbell told me that he had had a most extraordinary dream about Hubbersty the night before, that he had seen him looking very pale and ill, and the dream had evidently made a very strong impression on Mr. Campbell as he told me he felt sure we would soon hear of poor Hubbersty's death or some other misfortune happening to him.

I did not see Mr. Campbell till three days afterwards, when he came out to dine at my father's house at Loughgall, and had forgotten all about his dream, when, to my astonishment, he told me that since he had seen me last he had heard of Major Hubbersty's death, and that it had occurred on the very day that he had the dream he told me of, and it greatly surprised me as it seemed just like the fulfilment of a prediction.

R. W. LEEPER,

Lieutenant 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers.

62, Fitzwilliam-square, Dublin.

August 20th, 1887.

I was stationed in the barracks, Armagh Depôt, Royal Irish Fusiliers, in November and December, 1886. On the 1st of December, at lunch, there were present, Lieutenant R. E. W. Campbell (2nd R.I.F.), Lieutenant R. W. Leeper (2nd R.I.F.), Lieutenant T. E. Scott (4th R.I.F.), and myself. During our conversation Major Hubbersty's name was mentioned, and Campbell told us that he had a dream about him the night before, how he had seen a vision of Major Hubbersty looking very pale and seeming to be falling forward, and saying something to him which he could not hear; also, he (Campbell) told us he was sure we would hear something about Major Hubbersty very soon.

On the following Sunday, when Scott and I returned from church and went into the ante-room, Campbell, who was there, asked us both to try and remember anything peculiar that he had told us on the 1st. After a little time, we remembered about the dream, and he (Campbell) then showed us the *Times* newspaper of the day before, containing the notice of Major Hubbersty's death, at Penzance, on November 30th, 1886, the same date as that on which he had the dream; also, I remember, he (Campbell) told us that in his vision he seemed to see the clothes which Major Hubbersty had on, and that there was a red thread running through the pattern of the trousers.

A. B. R. KAYE,

Lieutenant 3rd Royal Irish Fusiliers.

In answer to an inquiry, Captain Campbell writes, on February 29th, 1888:—

I do not dream much, as a rule, and cannot recall to my mind ever before having had a dream of a similar nature to that dreamt by me about the late Major Hubbersty.