

**REMARKABLE APPARITIONS,
AND GHOST-STORIES;
OR, AUTHENTIC HISTORIES
OF COMMUNICATIONS**

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Remarkable Apparitions, and Ghost-stories; Or, Authentic Histories of Communications by
Clarence S. Day

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CLARENCE S. DAY

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REMARKABLE APPARITIONS,

AND

GHOST-STORIES;

OR,

AUTHENTIC HISTORIES OF COMMUNICATIONS (REAL OR IMAGINARY)

WITH

THE UNSEEN WORLD:

CONTAINING, ALSO, ACCOUNTS OF

SPECTRAL WARNINGS, HAUNTED HOUSES AND PLACES,
EXTRAORDINARY PROPHECIES, AERIAL VISIONS, &c.

COLLECTED, FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES,

BY CLARENCE S. DAY.

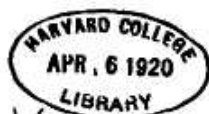


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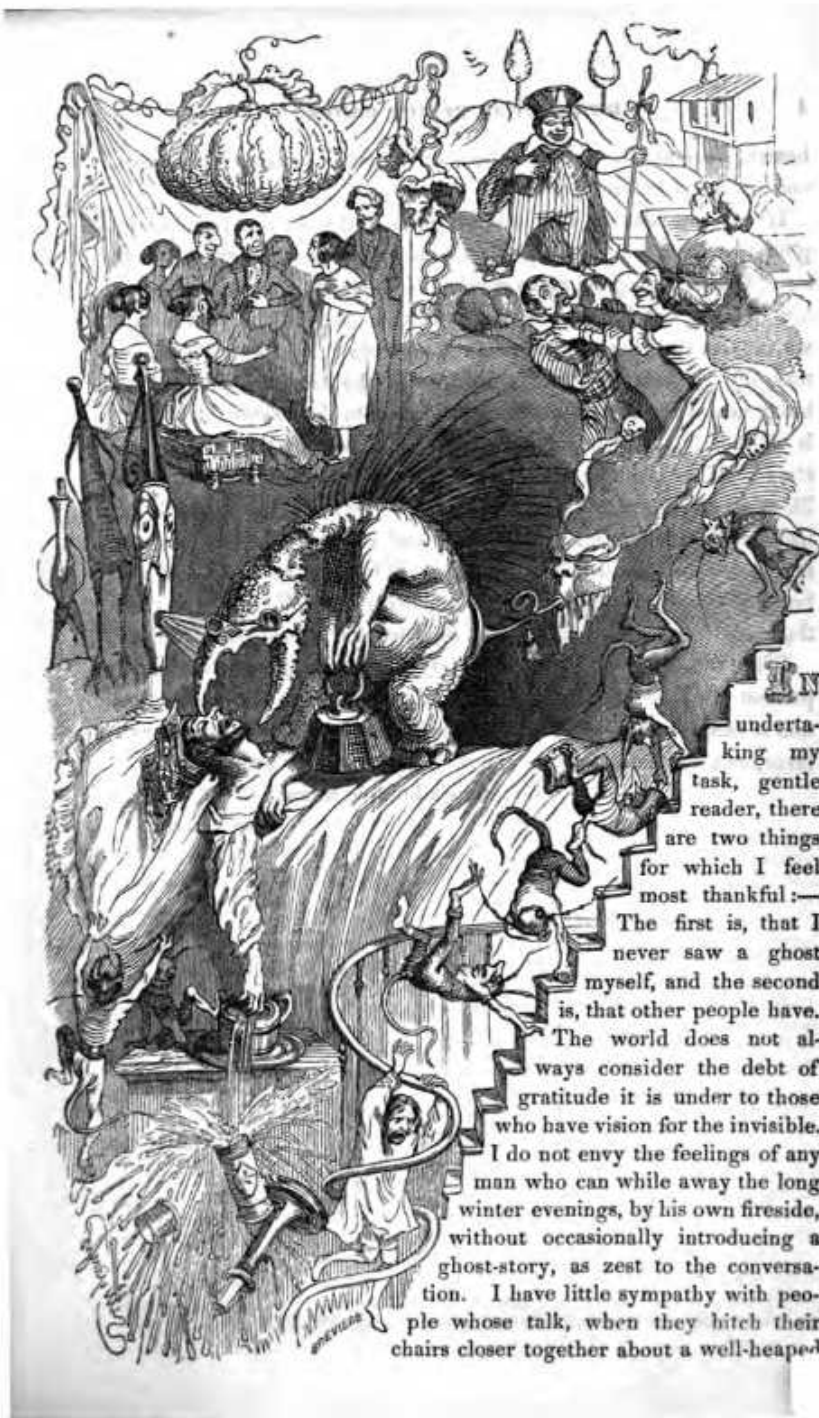
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IN undertaking my task, gentle reader, there are two things for which I feel most thankful:— The first is, that I never saw a ghost myself, and the second is, that other people have. The world does not always consider the debt of gratitude it is under to those who have vision for the invisible. I do not envy the feelings of any man who can while away the long winter evenings, by his own fireside, without occasionally introducing a ghost-story, as zest to the conversation. I have little sympathy with people whose talk, when they hitch their chairs closer together about a well-heaped

hearth, does not instinctively turn on haunted houses, nightmares, and warnings before death.

If any one doubts that telling ghost-stories is the proper employment for a winter's night, let him open his window and look out. Can anything be more spectral? There is not a hill or a hollow in sight but has put on a shroud, and stares at him with a still, white face, the phantom of itself. The trees stand like giant skeletons, lifting their bleached arms toward the trooping clouds that hurry across the sky, like witches flocking to their sabbath. What is all that but a ghost-story in dumb-show, told by the earth to the stars? If the doubter can go on doubting, in the face of an example like this, nothing that I could urge, in the way of precept, would be likely to decide him: I give him up, and can only hope it may not be my fate to have him for a reader. What has he to do with my book of ghostly horrors? He is a horror himself, more horrible than any that can be conjured up, for whatever fireside he sits at.

With these views of the propriety of narrating ghost-stories, I present my little volume to the public, with the perfect conviction that it can not offend, and with the hope that it will be received with favor, as a source of fireside amusements for winter evenings.

The public's humble servant,

THE EDITOR.

REMARKABLE APPARITIONS, &c.



Strange Fulfilment of a Dream.

THE following account of a most remarkable dream of Mrs. Griffiths, which was not only repeated, but was repeated a certain number of times, is related in a letter to the editor of Blackwood's Magazine, in the year 1826:—

Being in company the other day, when the conversation turned upon dreams, I related one which, as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth of it. About the year 1731, my father, Joseph D'Acre, Esq., of Kirkclinton, in the county of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then in the castle, and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr. D'Acre and three or four young gentlemen from England (his intimates) made parties to visit all the neighboring places about Edinburgh—Roslin, Arthur's Seat, Craigmillar, &c., &c. Coming home one evening from some of those places, Mr. D'Acre said, "We have made a party to go a-fishing to Inchkeith to-morrow, if the morning is fine, and have bespoken our boat; we shall be off at six." No objection being made, they separated for the night.

Mrs. Griffiths had not been long asleep till she screamed out in the most violent, agitated manner, "The boat is sinking; save, oh save them!" The major awakened her, and said, "Were you uneasy about the fishing-party?"—"Oh no," she said, "I had not once thought of it." She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again. In about another hour she cried out, in a dreadful fright, "I see the boat is going down!" The major again awoke her, and she said, "It has been owing to the other dream I had; for I feel no uneasiness about it." After some conversation they both fell sound asleep; but no rest could be obtained for her. In the most extreme agony she again screamed, "They are gone; the boat is sunk!" When the major awakened her, she said, "Now I can not rest; Mr. D'Acre must not go; for I feel,

should he go, I would be miserable till his return: the thoughts of it would almost kill me."

She instantly arose, threw on her wrapping-gown, went to his bedside—for his room was next their own—and with great difficulty she got his promise to remain at home. "But what am I to say to my young friends, whom I was to meet at Leith at six o'clock?"—"With great truth you may say your aunt is ill, for I am so at present. Consider, you are an only son, under our protection; and should anything happen to you, it would be my death." Mr. D'Acre immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat and all that were in it went to the bottom, and were never more heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen.

I often heard the story from my father, who always added, "It has not made me superstitious; but with awful gratitude I never can forget that my life, by Providence, was saved by a dream."

There is nothing unaccountable in this lady's having the same dream three times. If we allow that any circumstance which takes a strong hold upon the mind is likely to present itself, though frequently not in a distinct shape, in our sleep, why should it not do so more than once? and if twice, why not thrice?

The Assassination of Mr. Perceval, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, foretold by a Man who had never seen him.

THE following very remarkable dream is related in the London Times newspaper of 16th August, 1828:—

"In the night of the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Williams, of Scorrier-house, near Redruth, in Cornwall, awoke his wife, and, exceedingly agitated, told her that he dreamed that he was in the lobby of the house of commons, and saw a man shoot with a pistol a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, who was said to be the chancellor: to which Mrs. Williams naturally replied that it was only a dream, and recommended him to be composed, and go to sleep as soon as he could. He did so, but shortly after again awoke her, and said that he had the second time had the same dream; whereupon she observed that he had been so much agitated with his former dream, that she supposed it had dwelt on his mind, and begged of him to try to compose himself and go to sleep, which he did. A third time the same vision was repeated; on which, notwithstanding her entreaties that he would be quiet, and endeavor to forget it, he arose, it being then between one and two o'clock, and dressed himself. At breakfast, the dreams were the sole subject of conversation; and in the forenoon Mr. Williams went to Falmouth, where he related the particulars of them to all of his acquaintance that he met. On the following day, Mr. Tucker, of Trematon castle, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr. Williams, went to Scorrier-house about dusk. Immediately after their first salutations, on their entering the parlor—where were Mr., Mrs., and Miss Williams—Mr. Williams began to relate to Mr. Tucker the circumstances of his dream; and Mrs. Williams observed to her daughter, Mrs. Tucker, laughingly, that her father would not even suffer Mr. Tucker to be seated before he told him of his nocturnal visitation: on the statement of which, Mr. Tucker observed that it would do very well for a dream to have the chancellor in the lobby of the house of commons, but that he would not be found there in reality; and Mr. Tucker then asked what sort of a man he appeared to be, when Mr. Williams minutely described

him; to which Mr. Tucker replied, 'Your description is not at all that of the chancellor, but is certainly very exactly that of Mr. Perceval, the chancellor of the exchequer; and although he has been to me the greatest enemy I ever met with through life, for a supposed cause, which had no foundation in truth (or words to that effect), I should be exceedingly sorry indeed to hear of his being assassinated, or of any injury of the kind happening to him.' Mr. Tucker then inquired of Mr. Williams if he had ever seen Mr. Perceval, and was told that he never had seen him, nor had ever even written to him, either on public or private business; in short, that he never had had anything to do with him, nor had he ever been in the lobby of the house of commons in his life. At this moment, while Mr. Williams and Mr. Tucker were still standing, they heard a horse gallop to the door of the house, and immediately after, Mr. Michael Williams, of Treviner (son of Mr. Williams, of Scorrier), entered the room, and said that he had galloped out from Truro (from which Scorrier is distant seven miles), having seen a gentleman there who had come by that evening's mail from London, who said that he was in the lobby of the house of commons on the evening of the 11th, when a man named Bellingham had shot Mr. Perceval; and that, as it might occasion some great ministerial changes, and might affect Mr. Tucker's political friends, he had come out as fast as he could, to make him acquainted with it, having heard at Truro that he had passed through that place in the afternoon, on his way to Scorrier. After the astonishment which this intelligence had created had a little subsided, Mr. Williams described most particularly the appearance and dress of the man that he saw in his dream fire the pistol, as he had before done of Mr. Perceval. About six weeks after, Mr. Williams, having business in town, went, accompanied by a friend, to the house of commons, where, as has been already observed, he had never before been. Immediately that he came to the steps at the entrance of the lobby, he said, 'This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any room in my house;' and he made the same observation when he entered the lobby. He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham stood when he fired, and which Mr. Perceval had reached when he was struck by the ball, and where and how he fell. The dress, of both Mr. Perceval and Bellingham, agreed with the descriptions given by Mr. Williams, even to the most minute particular."

"The Times" states that Mr. Williams was then alive, and the witnesses to whom he made known the particulars of his dream were also living; and that the editor had received the statement from unquestionable authority.

Apparition of a sickly Young Man seen in the night-time by Lady Pennyman and Mrs. Atkins.

At the commencement of the French revolution, Lady Pennyman and her two daughters retired to Lisle, where they hired a large and handsome house at a very trifling rent. During their residence in this abode, the lady received from her husband, Sir John Pennyman, a draft for a considerable sum, which she carried to the banker of the town, and requested to have cashed. The man, as is much the custom on the continent, gave her a large portion of silver in exchange. As Lady Pennyman was proceeding to pay some visits, she requested that the banker would send the money to her house, of which she described the situation. The parcel was instantly committed to the care of a porter; and on the lady's inquiring of him whether he understood, from her directions, the place to which his charge was to be conveyed, the man replied that he was perfectly aware of the place designated, and that it was called the "Haunted House." The latter part of