

**GHOSTLY VISTORS: A
SERIES OF AUTHENTIC
NARRATIVES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649593521

Ghostly Vistors: A Series of Authentic Narratives by William Stainton Moses ("Spectre Stricken")

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WILLIAM STANTON MOSES ("SPECTRE STRICKEN")

**GHOSTLY VISTORS: A
SERIES OF AUTHENTIC
NARRATIVES**

GHOSTLY VISITORS:

SERIES OF AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES.

BY

"SPECTRE STRICKEN."

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY M.A. (OXON.)



LONDON: E. W. ALLEN, 4 AVE MARIA LANE, E.C.,
AND
THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, 4 NEW BRIDGE
STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

CHICAGO, U.S.A.: RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

MELBOURNE: W. H. TERRY, 84 RUSSELL STREET.

1882.

265. i. 728.

LONDON:
THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, 4 NEW BRIDGE STREET,
LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.

Dedicated

TO

MRS. WISEMAN,

IN

REMEMBRANCE OF HAPPY HOURS AND UNVARYING KINDNESS

SHOWN TO

"SPECTRE STRICKEN."

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION,	vii
A Mother's Warning,	2
A Mysterious Visitor,	3
The Spectral Candle,	5
The Spectral Carriage,	6
Nugent's Story,	9
Spalding's Dog,	11
Gascoigne's Story,	12
Anne Boleyn's Ghost at the Tower,	14
A Prophetic Dream,	15
The Spectre of Huddleston,	18
Gordon's Story,	20
The Fifeshire Story,	21
The Wrecked Major,	22
A Story of Second-Sight,	24
The Phantom Butler,	29
The Haunted Convent,	31
The Ghost of the Carmelite Friar,	33
Footsteps on the Stairs,	38
The Walled-up Door,	41
The Butler's Ghost,	46
The Mission Laundry,	50
The Brown Lady of R—,	59
The Mystery of Castle Caledonia,	64
The Ghost Dressed in Blue,	72
The Ayah's Ghost,	77
An Uncomfortable Tale,	81
The Supposed Burglar,	82
A Considerate Ghost,	88
Billy, the Ostler,	90
The Old Eight-Day Clock,	92
The Hidden Skeleton,	94
The Headless Sentry,	96

	PAGE
The Spectral Cavalcade, - - - - -	96
The Haunted Glen, - - - - -	100
Another Ghost who Nursed a Baby, - - - - -	100
The Old Clergyman's Ghost, - - - - -	102
The Haunted Rectories, - - - - -	103
The Haunted Chest, - - - - -	104
The Ghosts of Dutton Hall, - - - - -	104
The Death Secret, - - - - -	105
The Death Summons—A Remarkable Incident, - - - - -	106
A Haunted Billiard Room, - - - - -	107
"The Old Oak Chest," - - - - -	107
Stories of "Second Sight" in the Island of Skye, - - - - -	109
Mrs. M——'s Story, - - - - -	111
Mrs. M'K——n's Story, - - - - -	113
Mr. N——'s Story, - - - - -	114
Mrs. M'D——'s Story, - - - - -	119
Major C——n's Story, - - - - -	120
Miss M'A——r's Story, - - - - -	121
The Spectro Maiden, - - - - -	125
A Weird Story, - - - - -	127

INTRODUCTION.

THE following series of Ghost Stories was placed in my hands some short time ago by the compiler, with the request that I would pronounce an opinion on the advisability of publishing them. Before I could offer any advice, it was necessary to arrive at some conclusion as to their authenticity. It is very easy to fabricate out of the imagination a series of stories that shall beat facts out of the field. Such Christmas food is amusing, but valueless for any purpose beyond. I set myself, therefore, to inquire whether the stories were fiction or records of fact. I found that they are authentic records of actual fact, and I have in my possession the key to the various stories, with the full names of the persons who figure there under initials, or with some disguise.

It is a matter of regret that such narratives cannot be printed with full names, and due attestation. But no one will be surprised that people should shrink from such publicity, if only to avoid the annoyance that would assuredly come upon them from mere impertinent curiosity.

It is obviously impossible to publish the evidence which guarantees the authenticity of these stories. I have thought, therefore, that an assurance that they are what they pretend to be, authentic records of actual facts, given by one who has concerned himself much with such things, might remove possible misconception. For this reason I take on myself to say these few introductory words.

M.A. OXON.

GHOSTLY VISITORS:

A SERIES OF AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES.

No, it was of no use attempting it any longer, I, William Coventry, of Brasenose, going in for honours, could not study. Do what I would, my thoughts wandered away to other subjects. Voting Homer a bore, I threw it from me with a yawn, and dashing on my smoking cap, set out for my friend Weston's rooms, hoping to find him as disinclined for work as myself. This proved to be the case. I turned the handle of his door just as he himself took hold of it on the other side. After a few moments twisting and turning the door opened between us, and we confronted each other much to Weston's surprise.

"Ha! ha! old boy," he said, laughing, and with a glance at my cap, "so you have come after me; funny enough, I was coming to have a weed with you. I don't know wherefore, but I can *not* settle to my books."

As I was about to reply, we were joined by another man, Danecourt, of Balliol, who had sought Weston's with intentions similar to mine. The high wind, he thought, must have weakened his nerve power, for he felt not quite up to the mark as regards study.

Weston with that free-hearted hospitality for which he was celebrated, made us heartily welcome. Some rare old port, a present from his "governor," was produced and discussed equally to our own and his satisfaction; then followed cigars, and after some desultory conversation—ghost stories! These were prefaced by the remark from Weston, that it was just the night for tales of the supernatural, the wind having risen to hurricane point, which always served to *raise the spirits*, as his grandmother, God bless her! used to remark.