

Martin retired to the chamber, minus his spouse ; and being at that time no believer in the supernatural, immediately laid down to rest on a pallet that his wife had prepared for him. About two o'clock he was awakened from a heavy sleep by the pressure of a human hand on his body. He looked up at the figure of a tall Frenchman, in the old and picturesque costume of his country, only that his head was bound with a bloody bandage. Struck with sudden and extreme fear, he was about to spring from his bed, but the spectre stood before him in the bright moonlight, with one arm extended so as to master him if he attempted to rise ; the other hand held up in a warning and grave attitude, as if threatening Dwyre if he should offer any resistance. Thus he lay in mortal agony for more than an hour, after which it pleased the spirit of ancient days to leave him in possession of his chamber ; which it did by vanishing through the closed door out into the rear hall-way.

Dwyre, though somewhat perplexed as to the origin of the visitant was about to grant himself license to go to sleep again, when through the moonlight that filled his room he began to see his door slowly open, and in the darkness of the outer hall he commenced to see the gleaming of a soft light, which increased in brightness and extent. The gleam seemed to come from some central point, which gradually took form and became the tall Frenchman again, who slowly stepped across the hall and commenced to descend the stairs. At the bottom the spectre paused, and looking back, saw Dwyer, who had risen from his bed, gazing at him in wonderment ; the Frenchman slowly raised his hands, which were long and bony, and held them before him as he sank upon his knees and buried his face in the palms, in the attitude of prayer—when quite suddenly the light went out and Dwyre was in darkness.

After securing a candle, Dwyre aroused the butler and told to him his adventure. The butler thinking that some robbers were playing a prank on the erratic Dwyre, summoned his attendants ; and armed with sword and blunderbuss descended the stairs, but not a trace of anyone was to be seen about the house.

Martin Dwyre and his nocturnal visitor were the subject of