

such things floating around as ghosts and goblins, demons and devils, sprites and spirits, I used to spend a good deal of my time combating the superstitious beliefs of others. I would denounce these barbarous notions so strongly that many of my companions looked upon me as a hardened infidel, for with many of them a belief in demonology and apparitions was a part of their religion. They thought it was very wicked in me to doubt the dogmas and ridicule the beliefs of their fathers. In my young days I knew men and women, sensible in everything else, who believed that a display of the Aurora Borealis was a sign of war, that a comet was an omen of evil, and a Jack O' Lantern the harbinger of death. And these people were always hearing unearthly noises or seeing unnatural sights, just as a skittish horse always finds stones to shy at. Yet, notwithstanding the fact that I considered myself proof against all such nonsense, and scouted the idea of their existence, still, when I got into a suspicious place after dark, I always looked over my shoulders to make sure that no unnatural visitor was crawling on me from behind.

I have a very vivid recollection of one circumstance that tested the faith that was in me. It was a dark and drizzly night in the fall of the year. At this time, I lived near the Uigg school-house, on the Murray Harbor Road at the head of Orwell. I had to make an errand to a blacksmith-shop about a mile distant. In going to it I had to cross a small stream by a bridge that was always badly out of repair. By the side of this stream, and close to the road there was an old graveyard where many of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept." It was a much "neglected spot." Many stories had been told from time to time of women dressed in white, and headless men that were seen moving among the mounds in this old burying-ground.

In going to the forge I got along very well, for it was not yet quite dark, but I took precious good care not to gaze too long or too intently in the direction of the tombs. I remained for about an hour at the forge talking and chatting with some of the neighbors I had met there. Finally I started for home. It was then as dark as pitch. The blackness of Egypt was not any blacker than this rainy Autumn night. Nothing could be seen