

bravely struck for the light, when it moved out into the forest; our tipling friend, more daring than usual, just then, attempted to follow it. Up to that point the courage of the boy held out (as he informed the writer), as he saw nothing but a light, and that retreating before the dog. But when the father turned into the bushes, he was thoroughly affrighted, and wished to hasten home, if naught forbade him. But the light soon faded, the dog became composed, the father returned to the road, and another wonder reported.

Some times these same persons would pass unmolested, silence reigning through the whole forest, and no unearthly sight disturb them.

Some passed frequently in night's deepest darkness, and never saw or heard anything strange or supernatural. Such was the case with a young physician, whose practice often led him by that place. He was a man of integrity, every way reliable, generous and kind in spirit.

Keeping a clear conscience toward all men, he was fearless of both the dead and living, and often, in the still night, rode by the tree, calling upon any one who had anything to make known, to come and tell it. But he had no vision of these things. Those who were molested by these unaccountable manifestations were usually struck dumb, passed it as best they could, and gave no challenge.

On a snowy winter day, two men, of good habits, sound judgment and unquestionable veracity, were passing by that place with wagons heavily laden.

The falling snow had become quite deep. They plodded slowly through it, beguiling their dreary way with occasional conversation. As one of them was observing that nobody ventured out, the storm was so severe, they both looked forward, and saw an old and peculiarly dressed man, footing it through the deep snow toward them. Both noticed him, saw that he was a stranger to them, but in all his appearances a veritable man.

The driver of the foremost wagon went forward to get his horses a little out of the road, and give the venerable stranger an easier passage by; and, behold, no one was to be seen! Looking around in every direction, and seeing no one, he asked his companion if he saw a man just before approaching them? He replied that he did. What had become of him? He could not tell. They stopped their wagon, and made search; but could not discover any track in the snow, neither in the road where they thought they saw him, nor in any direction by which he might turn aside. Yet they both ever affirmed that they could not have been mistaken, and that the form, and dress, and motions of a veritable man surely appeared to them.

Thus several years passed on; the list of unnatural manifestations lengthened; the wonders of the haunted tree grew

more and more wonderful, till they reached their climax in a face-to-face interview. The mystery was then solved; the curtain dropped; and no more troubles have been experienced.

Upon one of these fertile ridges which rise from the plain, there lived a young man, truthful in speech, industrious in his habits, of strong nerve, and not especially superstitious. Upon a bright moonlight night, in the month of September, he was returning from the store at an early hour, alone, but in a state of calm sobriety. Reaching the haunted tree, the horse upon which he rode came to a dead stand, and would not be urged further. Nothing unusual was there visible to the rider. He coolly dismounted, stepped before the horse, and led him, without any unwillingness, to follow his rider by that fearful place. Having passed the gulf safe and fearless, too, without premeditation—scarcely conscious of what he was doing he spoke but in a firm voice, "If any one is here who wants anything of me, I would like to see him."

Immediately a man, venerable in appearance, dressed in a gone-by style, with gray locks hanging below a broad-brimmed hat, stood directly before him. Surprised, dismayed, and nearly confounded, he felt that he was sent for, and the worst might as well come; so, in trembling tones, he asked, "What do you want of me?"

The spectre, in tones our dismayed friend could never forget, proceeded thus:

"My name is Hiram White. Twenty-five years ago I was robbed of thirty silver dollars, and then murdered under this tree. The names of two of the guilty perpetrators of that deed of blood will I give, as they are now living. They were Caleb Walsh and Franklin Ormes; but some parts of that awful scene I cannot relate to you. Read the 9th Psalm, and you will apprehend them. I have long haunted this blood-stained spot, to make some one inquire for the terrible secret. You are the first person that has challenged me, and now I have devulged it, these things will no more appear. Follow me and I will show you where they buried my body."

The spectre led the way into the forest, and our terrified friend followed, feeling that it was no time to oppose, or make excuses. Coming to a low, over-shadowed hollow, he affirmed, "Here is the place?" and instantly vanished. The young man, finding himself unharmed physically, and still alive—though the last dread summons could not have caused a greater mental anguish—made his way back to his horse, which, totally undisturbed, had not started from the place where he left him. He rode slowly home, deeply affected by what he had seen and heard. Upon reaching home, his sad and woful countenance betrayed him.