

that, if I did not go to bed to-night, I could not get up to-morrow morning, I closed the blind, and was soon in bed; and, after congratulating myself that I had at least got a good bed, and turning myself two or three times, to "fix" myself comfortably, I was fast asleep before ten o'clock.

How long I slept I do not exactly know, but I should suppose it was between twelve and one o'clock, when I awoke; and, wondering why I woke at that time of night—for there was not the least glimpse of light visible anywhere—I soon came to the conclusion, that it was owing to being in a strange bed; and, turning round in my bed, with a feeling of satisfaction at having so good a bed under me, I was soon asleep again.

This time, I do not think I slept an hour; and, feeling rather annoyed at my restlessness, for which I could not account, I turned again in my bed, thinking that I must be lying in some awkward position, when my attention was attracted by a light at the far end of the garret.

My first idea, on seeing the light, was, that it was some female belonging to the house, who had come up to fetch something; but a second look told me two things, namely; that the light did not proceed from a candle, or lamp, held by the figure, but from the figure itself, and that I was looking at it through a deal board, for I could see the door was shut, as I had left it; and the outline of the figure formed the outline of that part of the door which appeared as though cut out; and the rest of the door was a perfect blank, as before:—two things so unusual, and so totally unexpected, in this out of the way place, that I was perfectly wide awake in a moment, and sitting up in bed, to have a better look at it.

My second thought was, that it was merely a figure, drawn with phosphorus, on the door, as that was precisely the appearance it presented, namely, a clear, but not strong, blue, quivering light, just similar to a congreve match, when first ignited; but *this* idea was very soon dispelled; for not only was it exceedingly improbable that any person, in such a place as this, would play such a trick as this on me, but I also plainly perceived, that, instead of the outlines of the figure gradually dying away, as is always the case with figures drawn with phosphorus, they were gradually becoming clearer and more distinct; in short, the figure was slowly approaching my bedside.

As the figure gradually approached me, I had time to think of all the wonderful effects which I had seen produced by the *chiaro-oscuro*, camera-obscura, camera-lucida, and magic lantern, in London; but I must own I could not recollect

anything similar to his, for (to say nothing of the absolute improbability of these scientific amusements being practised by the *habitans* of L'Acadie) there was something about this apparance, so different from anything which I had ever seen before, that I must own I felt a tremor, and a sensation of fear, creep through my body.

I could now distinctly trace, not only the outlines, but every line and fold of the drapery, in which it was completely enveloped. I could not tell whether it was a male or female form, as it was completely enveloped in drapery; even the head, which was hanging down, was so covered with a kind of cowl, that no part of the face was visible, and the hands, which were also hanging down in front, and crossed over each other, were hid in the sleeves of the dress. Although I could not say I had ever seen any one in a dress exactly similar to it, the nearest dress that I can compare it to, is, the dress of some of the Nuns, who are frequently seen in the streets of Montreal: only there was this terrible difference, that, whereas, the dress of the nuns is black, gray, brown, or some other sober and retiring colour, the dress of this figure, (which was now entering my room,) was of *fire!* blue, living, moving, *fire!* which crept and crawled, and shone on every line, and every fold, which formed the appearance now before me.

As it had slowly advanced along the garret, I had noticed that the light, which emanated from it, was sufficient to illuminate some of the old rubbish which I had seen as I came to bed the night previous, and that, too, one by one, as it came towards them; I observed also that it did not walk, (nor indeed did it move hand or limb,) but advanced to me in a manner totally different from any of the most skilfully managed ghosts which I had seen on the stage.

When the figure had fairly advanced into my room, and, indeed, was close to my bed-side, I could no longer see through the door; it was all solid, black, and dark, and my terrible visitant stood in strong relief before it; I felt for the first time in my life, what *fear* was, for I *knew* that the thing which now stood before me, was of that order and description which are "past the philosophy of man."

It was this knowledge, (a kind of innate feeling which I cannot describe,) which made me shrink to the farthest side of the bed, and put back my clasp-knife, with a consciousness of its utter uselessness, against such a thing as this, for I *knew* that if I struck it with all my force, my knife would only descend on the bedstead. Why, I could see it through a deal board; how then *could* I drive it from me by cold steel? and