

REMARKABLE CASE OF HALLUCINATION.

[From the Monaghan Republican.]

NOT very long ago the young and beautiful wife of one of our citizens was called to her final account, leaving her husband sad, disconsolate and bereft. She was buried in the adjacent cemetery, and the husband returned to his desolate home, but not to forget the loved one. She was present with him by day, in spirit, and in his dreams by night. One peculiarity of his dreams, and one that haunted him, being repeated night after night, was this:—“That the spirit of his wife came to his bedside and told him that the square piece of muslin or napkin which had been used to cover her face after death, but had screwed down her coffin lid with it upon her face, and that she could not breathe in her grave, but was unrest on account of the napkin. He tried to drive the dream away, but it bided by him by night and troubled him by day. He sought the consolation of religion, and his pastor prayed with him and assured him that it was wicked to indulge in such morbid fancy. It was the subject of his own petition before the throne of grace; but still the spirit came and told anew the story of her suffocation. In despair he sought the undertaker, Mr. Dickey, who told him the napkin had not been removed, but urged

him to forget the circumstance, as it could not be any possible annoyance to inanimate clay. While the gentleman frankly acknowledged this, he could not avoid the apparition, and continual stress upon his mind began to tell upon his health. At length he intended to have the body disinterred, and visited the undertaker for that purpose. He was here met with the same advice and persuasion, and convinced once more of his folly, the haunted man returned to his home. That night, more vivid than ever, and more terribly real than before, she came to his bedside and upbraided him for his want of affection, and would not leave him until he had promised to remove all the cause of her suffering. The next night, with a friend, he repaired to the sexton, who was prevailed upon to accompany them; and there, by the light of the cold, round moon, the body was lifted from its narrow bed, the coffin lid unscrewed, and the napkin removed from the face of the corpse. That night she came to his bedside once more, but for the last time. Thanking him for his kindness, she pressed her cold lips to his cheek, and came again no more. Reader, this is a true story; can you explain the mystery?

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