

*Another Story of a Ghost ; and how much it concerned a Bishop.*

Dr. *Glanville*, famous for a Book of Witches and Apparitions, was once telling a certain Bishop of their dreadful Effects, and begged his Lordship's Opinion thereon : Indeed, says my Lord, I have often heard of such Things, and was once surprised myself about one-a-clock in the Morning, I heard something — Pray go on, my Lord, says the Doctor ; But what did you hear ? Why, replies my Lord, I heard a strange Noise on the Stairs, coming Lump, Lump, Lump. And pray what then ? says the Doctor. Oh ! answers my Lord, and then with a great Thump my Chamber-Door flew open. My good Lord, says the Doctor, I perceive you are of my Opinion : And then, continues his Lordship, I saw a tall Man enter my Room with a very grim Countenance. Nay then, says the Doctor, that must be a Ghost or the Devil ; And immediately, said the Bishop, my Chamber was enlightened ; he stalked up to the Side of my Bed, and drew the Curtains. Nay, says the Doctor, then it must be a Ghost ; But had your Lordship Courage to speak to it ? Yes, replies his Lordship, and I received a satisfactory Answer. Now my Lord, says the Doctor, we are come to the Point ; I find now that your Lordship has a Belief in such things, though you have been pleased to banter me about my Thoughts of Apparitions. My Lord answered, Good Doctor, it is true ; for it was the Watchman, who finding my Street Door open, was seeking for somebody or other to shut it, and happened by mistake to come into my Room. So in the Picture Harlequin lights in the Ghost, for

how do you think a Ghost can be in the dark ; and if the Devil should stand at his Bed's-head, it is because he had said, *Get thee behind me Satan*, or *Avoid me Satan* : And therefore I suppose the Engraver only made the Devil peeping out behind the Bed.

But now I come to an extraordinary Case of an Apparition.

A Lad of my Acquaintance coming home late in a Moon-shiny Night, just as he came to a Stile was terribly frightened at an Appearance which was very strange to him, such a thing as the common Folks say *makes their Hair stand an end* ; he could not get over the Stile for the Blood of him, for he saw a black Man at least forty Yards long, wagging his Head at him ; but go home he must, or lie in a Ditch, where Ghosts might come ; and to make short of his Journey on so desperate an occasion, he went a little way about, and broke his way through a Quickset-Hedge, where he lost much Blood by the Scratches of the Thorns. When he came home you may be sure his Father or Master thrashed him heartily for hurting himself ; But when their Passion was over, they held the Youth towards the Phantom, that he might see what it was that gave him the Disturbance ; and though loth to go, as he came nearer, holding fast by his Father and Mother, he began to discover that the frightful Ghost was not what he at first apprehended, and the nearer he came to it, still it varied from the first Appearance, 'till at last coming close to it, he found out that it was only a tall Weed, waved a little by the Wind ; and its Shade by the Moon-shine had cast a Figure on the Ground, which had almost frightened him out of his Wits. And if this Story does not prove that there are Ghosts, then I have no more to say.

*Of a terrible Ghost.*

There is a melancholy Narrative in the Ballad of *Bateman*, expressing the horrible Circumstances of a Lady's being carried away by the Ghost of her true Love, who had hanged himself for her Inconstancy. Read the Ballad and tremble ; but much more tremble at the following Story.

Mr. *Thomas Stringer*, a Gentleman of good Fortune, courted the greatest Beauty in his Country, who received all his Addresses with the fondest Love and Affection that could be ; he seemed

to be the Man for her Money, and a Piece of Gold was bent between them, as a sacred Pledge of their mutual Affections. But there were many more Lovers that followed her daily, and by bad Luck one of them, by some way or other, gained her Affections. In the mean while, *Stringer* had Intelligence of it, and now and then upbraided her of Infidelity ; but she in a gallant way returned, that she might do what she would with her own if she thought fit, and keep what Company she pleased ; this answer stuck in *Stringer's* Stomach for a few Days, 'till he was certified of her being false to her Vow, and was well satisfied she received the Addresses of many, and so poisoned himself.

But a few Nights after, what a terrible Figure did he make in her Bed-Chamber ! his Hair was nothing but Serpents, his Lilly-white Hands and his pretty little Feet were become like Eagles Claws, he crawled like a Toad along the Floor, croaking as he went, and glaring Eyes with Horror in their Looks ; he had a Light all about him, as if he was red hot. The Lady was all affrighted at his ghastly appearance, while the Toad-shaped Creature was crawling up the Bed, and then kissing her with his ugly Mouth, spit Venom in her Face, and in a hideous Voice hollowed out, Now I have caught thee, and will be revenged ; after which the Ghost with his Iron Claws tore her to Pieces, and sent her Scraps to the Devil, as a just Reward for her Treachery. All the while this was doing, the Candle, which stood on the Table, burnt Blue, which gives me room to think that a bad Ghost and a bad Stink are the same thing ; for a bad Stink will make the Candle burn Blue as well as a bad Ghost. —And then I awaked in a fright.