

Ghosts disrupt a woman's daily chores

“**G**hosts” in Albion is the title of an article which appeared in the Lockport paper in 1873. The subtitle of this article “Another of Those Unexpected Occurrences” was written by an Albion Correspondent at the time. Here is the story as follows:

“Now you needn't start and become instantly nervous. It is nothing to be worried at in the least, but simply a sight at one of those ‘be thou a spirit or a goblin’,” which certain persons are forever having. The lady who was favored with a visit from one of these unearthly beings declares that she was

never superstitious, but that at this time she saw a “ghost” as plainly as she ever saw any living being.

Where She Saw It
“She was standing at the time, by the way her name is Mrs. B., and she resides on Canal Street, in the dining room, engaged in ironing some clothes and chancing to turn her head a little to one side she saw something white glide by the outer door ...

Nothing was thought of it at the moment, but when she sent to set her flat iron on the stove, it appeared in the doorway, and immovable. She was surprised, as a matter of course, but thought it must be merely a flitting of something across the eye, and so

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proceeded again to work. “But much had not been accomplished before she had the occasion to go into an adjoining room; and upon coming out, what was her surprise to see the same image in the doorway again, which caused her to shriek quite loudly. The landlady appeared on the scene, and the frightened Mrs. B. related the whole affair to her as it had occurred. It was, therefore, proposed that both should leave the

room, and in a short time return, or “perchance” will walk again.”

“This plan was carried into effect, and upon re-entering the room the vision appeared again to Mrs. B. but her friend, the landlady failed to recognize anything in the place pointed out to her. Upon being asked to give a description of what she saw, she replied “It appeared to me three times, and in broad daylight, as distinctly as if it were a human being. Its face was deathly, and looked like C.” — (a young lady friend who died some time since). “It was clothed in what seemed to be white muslin; yet C. was not buried in white

muslin. Each time it came to me it formed itself from vacancy. It would remain standing a few moments, and then as quickly vanish into vacancy. I say that I saw it as plainly as I now see you.”

And when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face,
Their lives are
made forever mine;
What they to
me have been
Has left hence forth
its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.
— Frederick
Lucian Hosmer

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