

Reel 34

FSG 30

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MF 289.301

70-10. Ghost Story. Mr. Oliver Hubley, Seabright. Good for story
and dialect

10-end. The Charming Young Widow I Met on the Train. Sung by
Mr. Sydney Boutillier, French Village

Ghost Story. Reel 34, 70-10.No.1.
Cards and Ring.

It was a beautiful moonlight night about eighty years ago. It has to do with a young man who had went away and came back and died and was seen afterwards not only in person, but he was heard going through the house.

This particular night it was moonlight and very frosty, and my mother lived alone for six to eight months every year while father went away selling stereoscopes and views to make a living. The children, ten of us, were all hearty young boys and girls, and at night she had a sister by the name of Liddy McDonald - she had been a Hubley. She used to sleep with mother at night, and go away in the morning.

Liddy McDonald had a friend girl by the name of Lillian Bryant, and she used to come down some nights as company too. In the meantime Lillian Bryant had a brother Allie, a very wicked fellow, and he contracted a disease that was incurable at that time. It was plain to be seen that he could only live another two or three months and pass out.

So Lillian Bryant used to tend her brother, oh quite a lot, and it happened that her brother had a ring that Lillian Bryant would a liked to had. He also had a pack of cards he used to use every night along with four or five other young men. As he was getting pretty low, and his sister Lillie knew he couldn't last much longer, she asked him if he would give her the ring and also the pack of cards. She said,

"I could wear the ring, and the cards would be nice to get my friends together. He says,

"No, that ring stays with me, and when I'm gone I don't want you to take the ring off my finger, and as far as the cards are concerned, I want you to open the stove and throw them in and burn them up. I don't want you to use those things." She said, that she wouldn't bother, but she had made up her mind that she was going to use those cards and that she was going to take that ring off his finger. The day came that he passed away and she took charge of the cards and also the ring.

At this time she was coming back and forth with Liddy McDonald and they would go back in the morning/. So one night about ten days or so after Allie had passed away, she says to mother,

"Barbery, what say if I bring down a pack of cards and have a little social game before we go to bed at night?" Mother says,

"I never play cards, but it would be all right for an hour or so. Bring them down Lil." So the very first day that she brought them down she said,

"Now girls we'll have an hour's fun before we go to bed," and Lillian Bryant presented the pack of cards. They started in to play, and they just had two or three games played when the first thing they heard a knock on the side of the house, and it started in the corner and went round about a foot at a time right around till it came to the door. When it come to the door it was just like it struck the latch and

and jingled the latch.² "other says,

"That's somebody trying to play a trick. Don't bother noticing that," so they kept on playing and the knocking got louder and it got up around the eaves of the house. It was so beautiful moonlight, and mother was never afraid of anything, so she said,

"Look, I'm going to open the door. You and Lil run one way and I'll run the other," so they just bolted out the door and round the house and it was nobody. She says,

"Are you sure you didn't see anybody run and hide?"

"No, I didn't see anybody," so mother says,

"It's only somebody playing us a trick anyhow," so they went in and started to play. So mother said that that noise come down, and as it come down it come round to the door latch and it shook the door latch so you'd swear that the door was going to go to pieces.

"Oh," she says, "it's time for us to go to bed anyhow," so they put the cards away.

The next morning mother says to Libby,

"That was a funny sound we heard last night." Lib says,

"Will it be all right for me to come down to-night?"

"Sure," she says, "and bring your cards along with you."

So they set up and started to play and the first thing instead of the noise going round the eaves of the building, it just took the door and it just shook that door and mother said,

"Whatever fool that is will take the door right off the hinges," and she went out and she said,

"You coward, whoever you are get out of here," and the same thing it came back and when it came back it hit the door just in succession three or four times just like that. Mother says,

"The devil. We'll close up and we'll go to bed! It was then about ten o'clock.

The next morning mother says to Lil,

"Lil, where did you get that pack of cards?"

"Why," she says, "them was Allie's," and she said,

"He told me not to use them but to burn them. I didn't listen to him," and she says, "I've still got them."

"You open the stove and put them in." So they opened the stove and put them in right there. So she says,

"Is there anything else that you have belonging to him?"

"Yes," she says, "his ring."

"Well," she says, "you'll have to make away with that ring."

"No," she says, "the last words he says, 'I want that ring to remain on my hands!'"

Do you know what she had to do? She had to go at twelve o'clock at night and punch a hole in his grave until she struck the coffin, and drop that ring down to him, and that's all she ever heard of him. That ended it.

Told by Mr. Oliver Hubley, Seabright, and recorded by Helen Creighton July 1950.

(If any use is ever made of this story it would be well to change the names as some of these people are still living).

See story following.

November 21st

Aunt Liddy

~~xkilianx~~ ~~xryant~~ had a brother who used to fish at Aspetogan across the bay. It had been his habit to come home every fall on the 21st of November with his cattle and all his fishing gear. After he died, and every fall for ten years, he would come home on that date. They would hear his wagon load coming up to the house and stopping the team, and first thing the door would open and in he'd come, take off his shoes, set 'em down, come up the stairs in his sock feet.

One beautiful moonlight night Aunt Libby was sleeping with Lillian at their place when the feller come up the steps. Libby says,

"Don't that sound like somebody coming up here?"

"Yes it does." He opened the door. They couldn't hear him but they could see, and he just stood like that, and Aunt Liddy said if it was the last word she had to utter it was her brother Jim that stood there and looked at them, and she said they both just hid their faces under the cover and when they put their heads up after a while he was gone.

He'd come in that house every 21st of November for ten years after he died, and they could hear him come in and he'd set in the rocking chair and he rocked the rocking chair. So they took that rocking chair to the barn and smashed it in pieces, and that rocking chair rocked into the house just the same. On one November 21st it sounded as if all the dishes in the cupboard had come down and smashed, and you know what that would sound like in the dead of night. Aunt Liddy was so terrified that time that she wouldn't sleep there any more.

That must have been a natural spirit that came back. Some people say when the dead die they know not anything. The name of this man who walked was James Mc Donald. He was paralysed and lingered for quite a little while. He fought against death. He didn't want to die, and they thought there was something on his mind that bothered him and he came back at that particular time. One night it was so real to the women that Lil says to Liddy,

"It's such a lovely night I wonder if we could actually see him if we got up and looked out the window," but they were too afraid. After the ten years they lived on there for a long time, but they never heard anything any more. When the ten years was up he didn't come back any more and that ended it.

(As he tells it, the two ghost stories are mixed up, so I have made a few changes in the wording without in any way touching the story.)

Told by Mr. Oliver Hubley, Seabright, who had learned it from his mother; recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1950/

I lived in New York, one morning last summer
A letter informing my uncle was dead,
And also requested I come down to Boston
For he had left me a large sum of money he said.
Then I was determined in making the journey,
And to book myself by the first class I was gained,
But had I gone second I'd never encountered
The charming young widow I met on the train.

2

I had not been long within the compartment
Before a strange passenger entered the door,
It was a young widow dressed in deep mourning
And a babe in long clothing she gracefully bore.
With the white caps surround her, and a say-so so lovely,
I never shall gaze on one like it again,
I feel deep in love overhead in a moment
With this charming young widow I've met in the train.

3

This young widow and I side by side sit together
The carriage containing ourselves and no more,
When the silence was broken by my fair companion,
She enquired the time of the watch that I wore,
Of course I satisfied her, and then conversation
Was quickly exchanged on the ?
I fairly reeled with excitement till I grew enchanted
With this charming young widow I met on the train.

4

By this time the train had arrived at a station
Within a few miles of the great ? town,
When sure she exclaimed as she looked through the window,
"My gracious alive, there goes Mr. Brown.
He's my late husband's brother, beloved do kindly
My own darling babe for a moment to claim,"
"Of course," I replied, and out on the platform
Tripped this charming young widow I've met on the train.

5

Five minutes or less the whistle had sounded,
The train began moving, no widow appeared,
When I cried oh stop stop, but they paid no attention,
With a snort and a jerk started off as I feared,
I was in a dilemma and watched for the hour,
But oh where was my watch and oh where was my chain?
My purse and my tickets, gold pencil, all gone
With the charming young widow I've met on the train.

6

tickets to hand,
And I told the conductor while gathering the infant's
the loss sustained,
But he doubted my words, he had called for some officers,
And they all gathered round me, they uncovered the babe
Oh how can I explain, it was not an infant
The loss I sustained, but he doubted my word,
He had called for some officers and they all gathered round me,
They uncovered the babe, oh how can I explain?
It was not an infant, was only a dummy,
With this charming young widow I'd met on the train.

7

Satisfied I was robbed I was allowed my departure,
Although it wasn't settled till the very next day,
So it's now I would caution young men from the country
In case they'd be served in a similar way,
Be aware of young widows you meet on the railway
Who lean o'er your shoulder while the tears fall like rain,
Look out for your pockets in case she resemble
With those crafty young widows you meet on the train.

Sung by Mr. Sydney Boutilier, French Village, and
recorded by Helen Creighton, July 1950

(Some of the words were impossible to make out)