

# The Bloody Wynd

By Jessie Adelaide Middleton

A well-known Scotch peer and his wife met with the extraordinary incidents told in the following story, and have kindly given me permission to make use of them, provided their names are not given here, but only supplied to private inquirers. To this, of course, I have promised to agree. The locality is the north of Scotland, and the following account is in Lady R—'s own words. She has kindly added another true story, called "The Burgling Ghost," which is also given as related.

On June 28, 1898, my husband, L— (a daughter) and I were walking back to our hotel after a dinner-party, and wanted to go a short cut down a wynd. It was a very long one, with high walls on each side. When we came to the entrance, there was a deep pool of thick, clotted blood, and blood was running from it for several yards down the wynd. I did not want to go on, but my husband said it was only that some butcher had probably dragged a dead animal down it. So L— and I picked up our skirts and jumped over the pool. About fifteen yards further down the stream of blood stopped, running into a sort of ditch where there was a kind of alcove.

The next morning, directly after breakfast, we went back to look at it, and, although it had been a perfectly fine, clear night, there was no stain on the ground and not a vestige of blood, and when I went to look for the alcove in the wall further down and the ditch beneath it, there were none to be seen. The wall ran straight down.

Lord R and L— both laughed at me and said it was all my imagination, as they had not seen the alcove. But I most distinctly had. Of course, the night before it was as light as day, for the summer sun does not set there till late in the evening.

That afternoon I was calling at the house where we had dined, and told what we had seen and asked if there was any story connected with the wynd. The lady of the house said she had never heard of one, but we would ask "Planchette." So I laughed, and we watched the "Planchette" write:

"A hundred years . . . court-house . . . sailor murderer." I thought it was only a joke.

We left the place next day, but the following year we returned there, and we were met with remarks about our "ghost," and told that the story had all been found out. The papers concerning it were in the court-house.

A sailor belonging to the place was engaged to be married to a girl, but, went away in a sailing vessel and was away for several years. On his return he found the girl married to another man, so he enticed this man into the wynd and murdered him, dragging his body down it, and throwing it into an alcove which was then in the wall. That was on June 28, 1798, and we went down the wynd on June 28, 1898. For many years after the murder this wynd was supposed to be haunted, and no one would go down it at night. About thirty years before we were there the wall had been pulled down and rebuilt quite straight, with no alcove or ditch, and the ghost was supposed no longer to exist. Now I believe it is considered to be haunted again, in consequence of our experience.

THE BURGLING GHOST

When I was a girl, I was staying in a house in the north of Ireland. The first night I was talking to a cousin of mine till late—about 1 a.m.—and she was still in my room, when I heard a curious noise in the room below, which was the one-half of a double drawing-room. It sounded as if some one were filing the window and trying to open it, in the part of the room below mine. Then the window was quietly opened. I thought some one was getting into the house, and told my cousin to wait in the corridor while I went down the stairs to listen. I went half-way down and leant over the banisters, from whence I could see across the hall, the door leading into that part of the drawing-room which was below my room.

It was dark, as I had not taken a candle, and at first I heard nothing; but then from above me, up the stairs, I heard a noise, first in my room, and then bump! bump! down the stairs. A sort of grey, undefined shadow approached, which passed me, and then the bumps continued, and ended in a great *thud* in the hall below. I then ran up the stairs and called my cousin, who had heard nothing. The following day I was told a story connected with my room.

A previous owner, many years before, had slept in the room I was in. Two men had opened and got through the drawing-room window, and had gone upstairs and murdered the man, and dragged his body down the stairs, throwing it into the hall below. Since then the house has been given over to ghosts, for I hear that no one will live in it.