

A WONDERFUL WITCH. SHE HAUNTED A LONESOME HILL IN SCOTLAND.

GRIM AND GROWSOME WERE THE FRANKS ASCRIBED TO HER IN THE FIRST PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY JOHN SWINTON. "I suppose Camp Meg is dead!" These were the opening words of a fearsome narrative which was printed in Scotland last November by "The Scotsman" (Edinburgh), and which revived the old time interest in a Scotch witch who had haunted a lonesome hill

trees that crowned the summit of the sequestered Roman Camp. In getting there over the moors he had sundry adventures that would have frightened a less resolute young Scot. The way was long, the moors were bleak and void, the night grew so dark that, except for the flickering of a light far off among the oak trees, he would not have known where he was going; and it must have been near the witching hour when he approached the witch's den. Suddenly (as the story is told) he saw a skeleton in rags, astride the blast, making for him. He knew it must be Camp Meg! He fled; he screamed; she got her clutch on him; she drew the breath of his life. He knew no more. It was days afterward that he was found lying on the moor, yet alive, and it was weeks before he could tell what had happened to him when he was bewitched by Camp Meg. It was not long afterward that his folks left Scotland and brought him to the United States, where he grew to manhood and where he has lived for sixty years, ever in fear of the spectral hag who rode the blast. He has had an adventurous career in this country; he was a scout in the Civil War; he has fought the red savages in

Hawthorn. One day a mischief maker who was a kin to her made his appearance, lay claim to her property, and when asked "By what right?" insulted and terrorized her until she was maddened, drew a pistol and killed him. Now her spirit broke. Looking at his lifeless form lying on the grass, she awoke to the fact that she was a murderess, and, like Cain of old, became a fugitive. Leaving all her property behind her and forsaking her little son, she ran for her life, ran over hills and moors, ran by day and by night, seeking for a place of refuge where she could hide from mankind. She crossed the Pentlands, wandered furtively over the valley below, slunk through several quiet hamlets in the night time, and made her way in terror, until she caught sight of the isolated and tree clad hill upon which the Romans had encamped eighteen centuries before. At that lonely spot she found the deserted hut in which she lived her long life, and in which at last the wild elements brought about the tragedy of her death. In course of time it became known to the rustics that a strange being of some kind was lurking about the Roman Camp. According to

TO RENAMING THE ESQUIMAUX SHE WILL BE THE AMERICA WHEN SHE CARRIES THE ZIEGLER-BALDWIN POLAR EXPEDITION.

The brief announcement was made a few weeks ago that Evelyn B. Baldwin had secured for his Arctic expedition the Dundee whaler Esquimaux. This vessel is now being refitted at the port from which she has so often sailed for the new service to which she is destined. Already she has been christened the America, in honor of the country which she will represent. The America is one of the finest ships that ever visited the Arctic regions. On one or two occasions she has been cleaned up and used as a yacht by her former owner, Barclay Walker. Twice she was employed in geological and other explorations on the coast of Greenland. With her assistance specimens of gold from that part of the world were secured, with a view to ascertaining the feasibility of mining operations. The America's length is 157 feet, her beam 29 feet and her depth 19 feet. Her registered tonnage is 496 net. The general plan which Mr. Baldwin means to

B. Altman & Co.

Eighteenth Street, Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, New York.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

2,000 yards Broché Crêpe de Chine, (Black and Colors.)

Sold hitherto for \$2.50 yard.

To-morrow at \$1.25 Yard.

BOOT and SHOE DEPT., (Third Floor.)

A stock of Women's Boots at prices much below regular value will be placed on sale to-morrow, MONDAY, as follows:

- Women's Chrome Calf Patent Leather Laced Boots, extension soles, per pair, \$2.75
Women's Glacé Kid Boots with kid tips and military heels; Button and Lace, per pair, 2.50
Women's Glacé Kid Button Boots, patent leather tips, per pair, 2.00

If your Children are Pale, Peaked and Puny,

Try for the little ones a bottle of that wonderful natural spring water—pure, odorless, tasteless

MAN-A-CEA

AWARDED WORLD'S FAIR MEDAL

It will give them rosy cheeks, Life and Healthful Happiness. It is absolutely harmless. It is wonderful because bountiful Mother Earth has made it so.

DR. RICHARD STEVENS, Castle Point, Hoboken, writes: "Dear Sir: I have been using your Manacea Water for some time and find it unequalled by any other water for stomach and similar troubles. I have also used it as a table water for my children, and find that it is a most excellent remedy for the various disorders that children are subject to."

AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND BEST GROCERS. Price 50c. Qt. \$4.00 for case 1 dozen qts. 5 Gall. Demijohn \$8.00. Empties returnable.

Be Sure the Seal over cork is Unbroken.

If your druggist or grocer does not have it, write us his address and we will furnish it to you through him.

BEN. K. CURTIS, Gen. Agt., 13 Stone St., New York. TELEPHONE, 3199 BROAD.



THE COURT OF HONOR TO BE ERECTED IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE FOR THE SECOND INAUGURATION OF WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

not far from gray old Edinburgh in the first half of the nineteenth century.

The man who recently renewed the memories of this wonderful witch was a Scot who has lived in the United States since his boyhood, and who told how in his early life the witch had once pursued him, seized him, and "drawn his breath." According to the narrator, the hag had her abode in a clump of woods at the top of a hill known as the "Roman Camp," so called because in the first century of the Christian era, when Agricola invaded Scotland, a legion of Roman soldiers had there pitched camp. There were innumerable tales about Camp Meg. She was the terror of the thinly peopled countryside. It was said that she had been in the camp ever since the Roman conquest, and that she could both fly in the air and walk on all fours, while, on the other hand, it was said

Arizona; he has won fortune and he has had plenty of experiences in politics, but never at any time has he been able to get rid of the memories of Camp Meg, and as recently as November last he wrote in "The Scotsman": "Why, even yet I can feel her clutch!"

The appearance of the foregoing narrative in Edinburgh excited much interest, for the teller of the tale, who declared it to be true, was known there, and it was as worthy of belief as many of the other stories of Camp Meg that are yet told in the south of Scotland, not far from the Pentland Hills, which Robert Louis Stevenson knew so well. Moreover, there are several old people yet alive who can testify of their own knowledge that Camp Meg was verily to be seen in the Roman Camp less than three-quarters of a century ago. The printing of the eerie story has brought about an inven-

tion of the few dwellers on the hillside, this being neither man nor woman, neither brute nor human. By and by it came to be believed that the silent denizen of the woods was a freak of nature, a nondescript specimen of wild womanhood. Now she was seen in the treetops, now flitting hither and thither, now squatting amid the Roman ruins, and now riding like mad on a white horse.

After a long period of seclusion and loneliness, the forlorn woman ventured to leave the woods. She wandered away till she came to a farmhouse the tenant of which was not afraid of her and knew nothing of her history. When she asked for something to do he set her to the work of cutting whins, sowing the fields, raising dikes, and the like, whereby she earned the porridge of her daily life. Descriptions of her appearance at this time have been given by Professor Carrick and others. Her visage was strongly masculine and was adorned with a natural beard. Her headpiece was a rough woollen bow, tied under her chin with leather thongs, and she wore a man's coat, wolfskin leggings, a military cloak and an antiquated pair of Wellington boots. No one could tell where she got these things. She bore traces of her early beauty, but what grief, fright, hard experiences and blood guilt had made her so seasoned and queer that she looked like some unearthly creature. No more witchlike figure ever was seen in Scotland, even among those uncanny witches who, after the devil had preached a sermon to them, mounted their broomsticks and fled. Yet there is plenty of local testimony that, while peculiar and eccentric, Camp Meg was a shrewd, clever, handy woman, and that both in speech and behavior she showed the marks of high breeding.

She soon went back to the camp and to her hut. Her stool there was the stump of a tree; her table was a big stone; her bed consisted of the branches of young fir trees; the curtains of it were old sacks. She owned a bayonet, a scythe, a poker, and also a hunter's horn, on which she would blow a blast to scare off stragglers. As time went on she got a few hens, which gave her eggs; she raised a few vegetables on a patch of land. Somehow she got a fat pig, upon which she doted for a time. She kept a fierce bulldog, for the edification of wayfarers, and when a certain white horse became a hopeless cripple she carried her to her hut to kill or cure. It was quickly mended by what was supposed to be witchery, and she rode it astride as a racer in her equestrian feats. She soon became known as a horse doctor, and she extended her hut so as to make room for a stable, which was always full of tottering steeds waiting for regeneration by her power. It was said that her white nag toddled on three legs, and she galloped on all fours when she donned her martial cloak and mounted him. On one occasion she took him to the races and put an urchin astride, while she ran after the courser from start to finish and won the prize, after which she rode the beast bareback to her solitary camp. At the start she raised the witch cry, "Talla, talla, tall, ada, daum, daa!" and sang

There's flint in his nose, There's fire in his tail, His back is all steeple, His legs are of steel.

Her renown as a witch, as a healer and as a charmer of beasts spread further and far away, till everybody wondered; but never could she be induced to forsake her place of seclusion among the oak trees at the top of the Roman Camp, where her little, which she knew thoroughly, was her perpetual companion and solace—along with whiskey.

Professor Carrick tells many of the stories current about Camp Meg, some of which are true and others apocryphal. In one of her interviews with Satan, who looked old as the hills and had horns, she noticed his garb, which consisted of a red hat and a pair of gaiters. After a while she said to him: "Ye are the ugliest beast I ever saw in the Camp!" and he fled. Among the true stories about her is the following: One day, in answer to a rap, she opened her door and saw a fine looking man, who asked if Margaret Hawthorn lived there. "Yes, what do you want?" He replied that he had travelled far to find her and would like to see her. She questioned him closely as to why he sought to see her. "Because," he replied, "I am her son. She left me when I was a child." Meg turned upon him a strange, unearthly face, scanned his features fiercely, detected the lineaments of his dead father, cried "Then I am your mother!" and fell into her arms, where he shed tears. For days the gentle son nursed his long lost mother in her hut. He begged her to go to his home, but it was her will to die where she had lived. He went away with a broken heart; they never saw her again. She was beyond threescore years old.

If her life was weird, her death was doubly so. There is an old Scotch superstition that a fearful hurricane in a snowstorm at night marks the passing of a witch's spirit. On the winter night of Meg's death a terrific and dismal snowstorm came up, and so tremendous was the drift that the snow was piled twenty feet above the Roman Camp. Soon afterward the body of old Meg was found lying at her own door, covered with snow. There she had perished in the drift. The heavy bells in the church steeple of the nearest hamlet tolled her requiem, but for years afterward the wraith of the murder haunted witch was said to be seen astride a white horse, haunting the old Roman Camp.

purpose differs in one or two particulars from other attempts to reach the North Pole. Nansen drifted in pack ice with the westerly current that runs in the Arctic Ocean from the region north of Siberia toward Greenland, and then took to the ice itself, abandoning his ship in very high latitudes. He had one human companion and some dogs and sledges. But owing to lack of food for the animals, he was obliged to kill them. And he and Lieutenant Hansen were obliged to hand their sledges back to Franz Josef Land themselves. Captain Carlin, of the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition, also turned back after losing Nansen's record slightly, because his dogs gave out. When he left the Stella Polare on the coast of Franz Josef Land he had six sledges and forty-five dogs. On his return he had only two sledges and seven dogs. Now, while Mr. Baldwin was in Europe recently he made arrangements for securing a bigger lot of dogs than any other explorer, and he hopes thus to overcome the difficulty that has thwarted many others. This is not the only feature in which the Ziegler-Baldwin expedition is likely to have a superior equipment. The America will have two tenders, one of them being the Frithjof, a Norwegian sealer, employed by Wellman in 1898-99, and in other Arctic service. The principal vessel of the fleet will remain at Mr. Baldwin's winter quarters, but in all probability the Frithjof and her companion will return to low latitudes after depositing their stores at the base of operations next summer. There seems to be no doubt that some port in Franz Josef Land will be selected for this purpose. But Mr. Baldwin has deemed it expedient to refrain from publishing all the details of his scheme.

There is one other aspect of this venture which deserves notice. While the Norwegian Sealer had no scruple about following the route which Peary had chosen and distinctly advertised, up the west coast of Greenland, Mr. Baldwin has decided to refrain from visiting that part of the Arctic regions. In adopting such a policy he has probably been actuated to some extent by a belief

dinalate will be the fourth occasion of this kind in America, his American predecessors upon whom were bestowed similar honors being Cardinal McCloskey, in New-York, in 1875, Cardinal Gibbons, in Baltimore, in 1886, and Cardinal Sattoli, in Baltimore, in 1896. The ceremonies attending the bestowal of the beretta upon Monsignor Martinelli will be elaborate. The Monsignor has won the respect of every one with whom he has come in contact, and he has filed his office of Apostolic Delegate to the United States to the satisfaction of his seniors and the Pope.



THE AMERICA, for the Baldwin-Ziegler polar expedition. Now being refitted at Dundee, Scotland.

RED HAT FOR MGR. MARTINELLI.

IT IS BELIEVED IN WASHINGTON HE WILL SOON BE MADE A CARDINAL.

Washington, Feb. 16 (Special).—At the Papal Legation in this city it is believed that Monsignor Martinelli will be elevated to the Cardinalate some time in the near future. It is learned that this assurance of the present Papal Delegate's promotion is based upon unofficial reports recently received. In case the present predictions develop, as it is expected they will, Cardinal Gibbons will be commissioned to perform the ceremony of conferring the beretta upon the new Cardinal at the Baltimore Cathedral—the mother church of America—just as was done when Cardinal Francis Sattoli was raised from Apostolic Delegate to his present rank, in 1896. Monsignor Martinelli's elevation to the Car-

His life history is one of intense devotion to the Church. He went to Rome when he was fifteen years old from his birthplace, at Santa Anna Lucca, in Tuscany. He was born in that little town on August 29, 1848. His parents had twelve or thirteen children, three of whom entered the priesthood. Monsignor Martinelli, the eldest son, obtained the robes of a Cardinal about twenty years ago. Sebastian began his Church work soon after he reached Rome, in 1861, when he joined the Augustinian Order and became a monk. From this obscure position he rose to be Superior-General of the Augustinian monks, and shortly after his designation as Delegate followed. When the Pope is about to create new Cardinals he holds two consistories, one secretly and the other in public. It is at the private consistories that the Pope creates, and generally names, the new Cardinals, reading at the same time a brief history of their lives and work. An official notification is delivered to local appointees with an hour or two after their appointment, which specifies an afternoon hour of the day before the meeting of the public consistory, when the new Cardinals present themselves at the Vatican for the purpose of receiving from the Pope himself the red skull cap and beretta. At the public consistory the Pope presents each new Cardinal with the capella, or red hat. If the new Cardinal is stationed outside of Rome, it is often a full year before he receives the red hat. A commission is appointed by the Pope, consisting of a Monsignor (designated ablegate for this purpose), his secretary, and a member of the Noble Guard of the



ADVANCE Sale OF Spring

Beauty and Newness in Dry Goods.

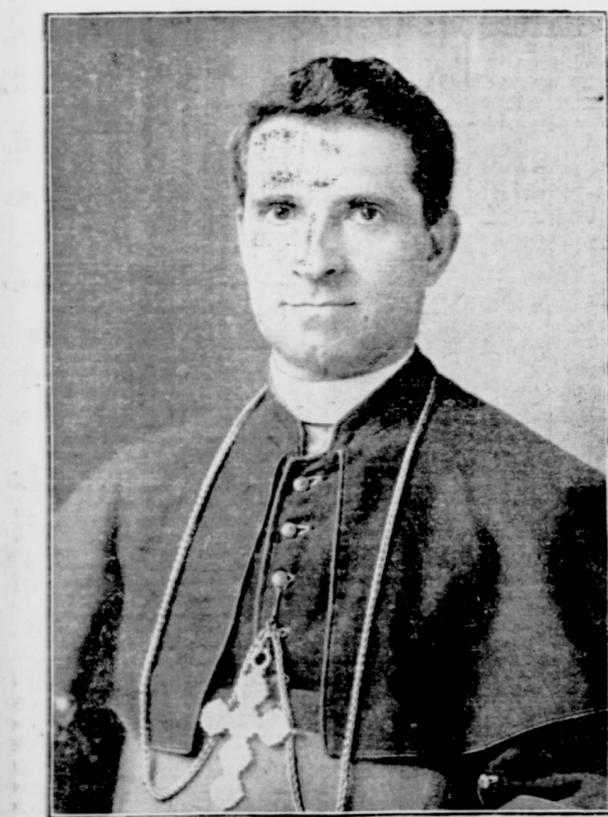
- Embroideries, Ribbons, Laces, Trimmings, Notions, Findings, Linings,

the like of which, for High Character and Low Prices, has never been known in New Jersey.

SALE BEGINS AT 8 O'CLOCK MONDAY MORNING.

Hahne & Co., Newark, - - - New Jersey.

Pope, to dispatch the official notification of appointment. This commissioner leaves Rome on the evening of the private consistory meeting, and proceeds directly to the station of the new Cardinal. On its arrival the Noble Guard presents his credentials, and then hands to the new Cardinal the red skull cap, with official papers commencing the news of the recipient's promotion. For conferring the beretta upon an appointee in a foreign country some special envoy is selected to represent the Pope. The ecclesiastic of the highest dignity in the country is chosen as the Pope's Legate to bestow the beretta. Thus in the United States Cardinal Gibbons would naturally be appointed the Pope's Legate. The red hat is a peculiar part of the wardrobe of a Cardinal. It is nearly six feet across. The material is cardinal beaver. It is round in shape, and in odd contrast to the immense flat brim is a small conical shaped crown, too small, apparently, to fit anybody's head. But it is not intended to fit anybody's head. The sole use to which it is put, other than symbolizing the distinction of its recipient at the time it is bestowed, is to be hung in the Cardinal's church at the time of his death.



MONSIGNOR SEBASTIAN MARTINELLI. Whose elevation to the Cardinalate is looked for. (Copyright, 1897, by P. Gutzwiller.)

that she was only a hundred years old; that she was a high born dame who, having committed murder when young, had taken refuge in this solitary region; that she lived with wild flocks in a den; that she strode a white horse, which scampered about at a whirlwind speed; in the night; that she wore a beard, that she ate grass, and that it was her delight to catch vagrants or gowks, whom she carried into the clump of woods at the top of the hill, never again to be seen. The hundreds of stories current about her were as grim and gruesome as those told about any of the witches of Scotland, where witchcraft lingered far into the last century, and where the famous witch Maggie Osborne had been burned at the stake not so long before Camp Meg made her appearance. It seems that the Scotch boy here spoken of had his doubts of the existence of the witch, and he made up his mind to look for her. So at gloaming time of one solemn Sabbath eve about sixty years ago (as he tells the story) he set out for her haunt among the oak

tigation into Camp Meg's real life and history, upon which much light has been thrown, and the facts in the case are descriptive of as curious a character as any known in the Lothians. It turns out, however, that it must have been the witch of the witch that was seen by the young Scot, for it has been discovered that she had lost her life before the period of his narrative. The chief investigator in the case was Professor Carrick, of Edinburgh, a scholar who has taken the greatest pains to verify all the statements he makes about it. Camp Meg, then, was a real character, who for many years led a solitary life amid the ancient works and relics of this Roman camp, near a stone circle, the marks of which yet exist, where the Roman commander set up his tent. In her latter years her figure was grotesque and unearthly, and her ways and her performances caused her to be looked upon as bogie all over the countryside. She had been of gentle birth, and in her youth had been wedded, had borne a son, had been widowed and had inherited an estate. Her name was Margaret