

A Phantom Race

“Though supernatural occurrences are not wanting on this side the Atlantic, we have space for only one case. There stands near Fayetteville, N.C., a ruined house, once the abode of a wealthy but cruel planter in antebellum days. He married a young and pretty woman, the daughter of a selfish father, who forced her to the act. She had promised to marry a humbler lover, and her jealous husband soon began to ill treat her, finally chaining her to the floor of a vacant room. Her lover entered the house by stealth, released her, and the two fled on his white horse. Discovered and pursued by the enraged husband, mounted on a black one, there was a headlong race for a mile, to where, at a bend in the road, stands a huge oak tree. As the lover’s steed tried to turn the bend, he slipped, fell, and threw them against the tree. Both were instantly killed. An instant later the black horse went down in a heap over the white one’s body. The rider’s neck was broke, three corpses and two crippled horses lying in a radius of twenty feet. Nearly forty years have passed, and every night those whose nerves are steady enough to visit the spot can hear the hoof beats, slow and regular at first, then a shout, followed by a shriek from the riders of the first horse, and then the fierce race begins, only to terminate in a crash at the great oak tree, followed by silence. Many have heard and witnessed the phantom race, but none have cared to repeat the experience, or to visit the ‘haunted Morrison place’ after dusk.”

If we are not mistaken the same yarn appeared a couple of years ago in the New York Sun. It was then located near Lillington, Harnett County, and is the product of the lively fancy of a humorous Moore County lawyer well known to the people of Fayetteville.