

News from the invisible world; a collection of remarkable narratives on the certainty of supernatural visitations from the dead to the living / Impartially compiled from the works of Baxter, Wesley, Simpson, etc.

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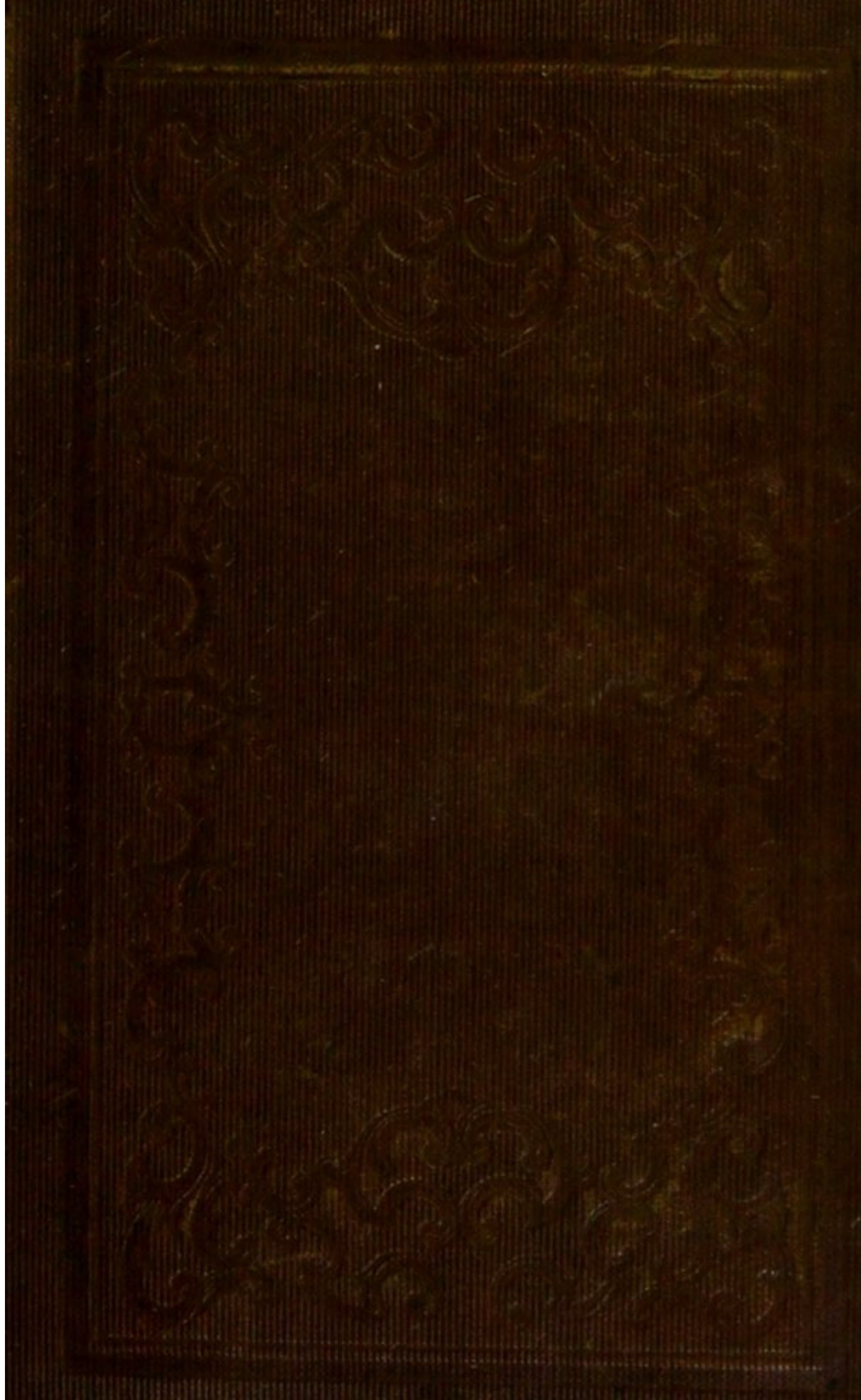
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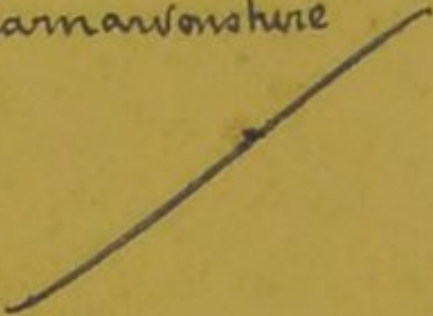
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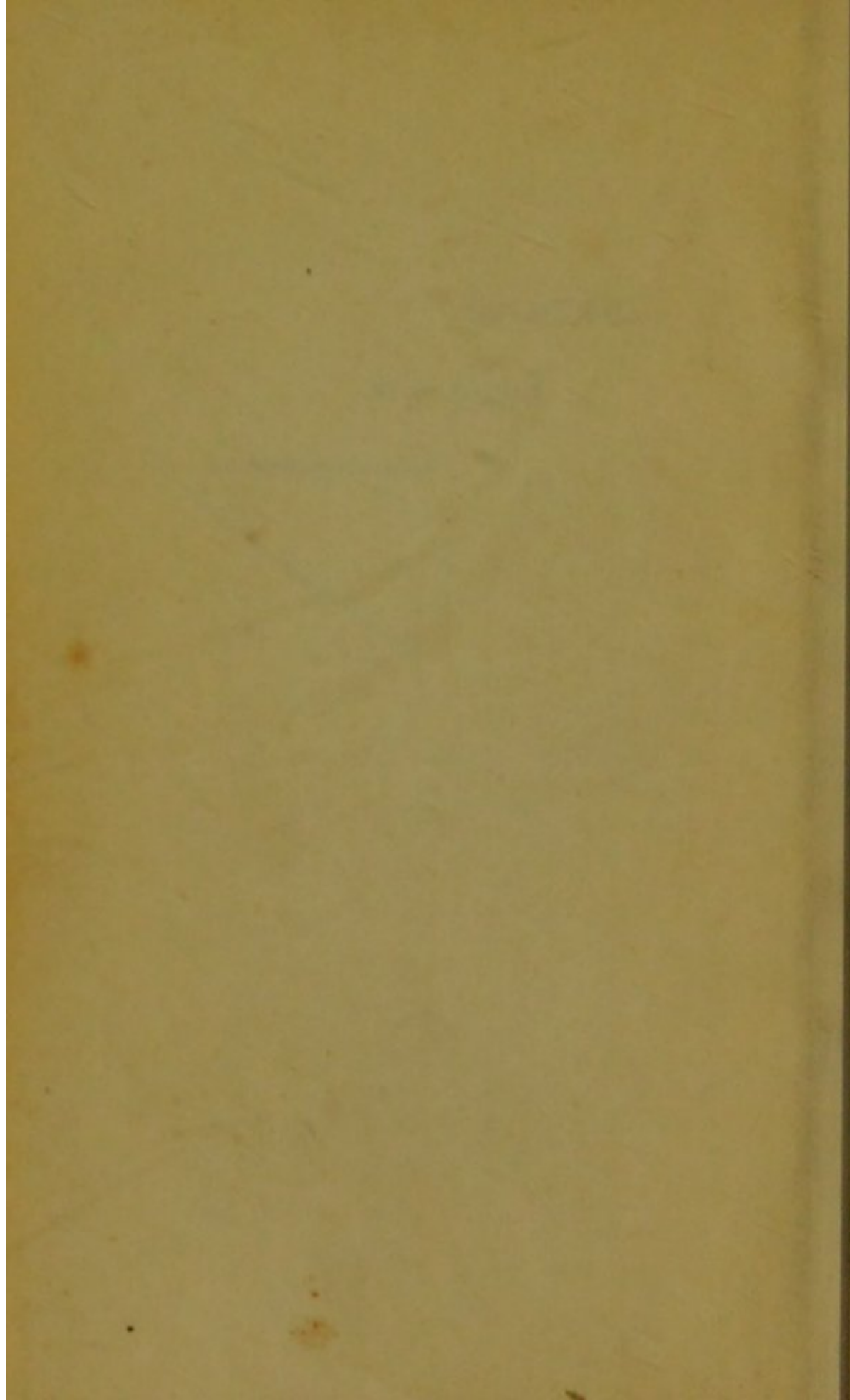


D. R. Daniel.

Four Crosses

Camaronshire

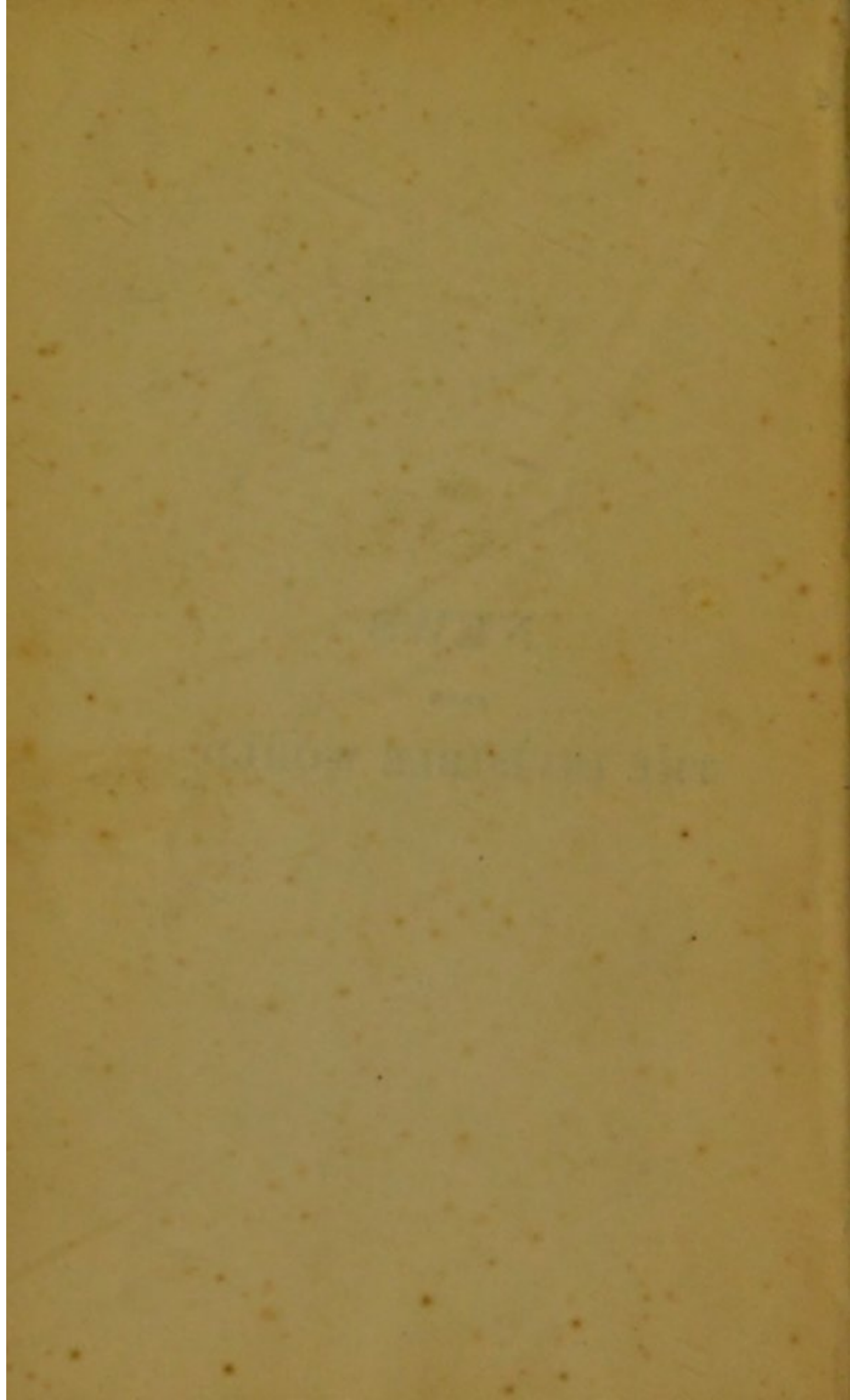


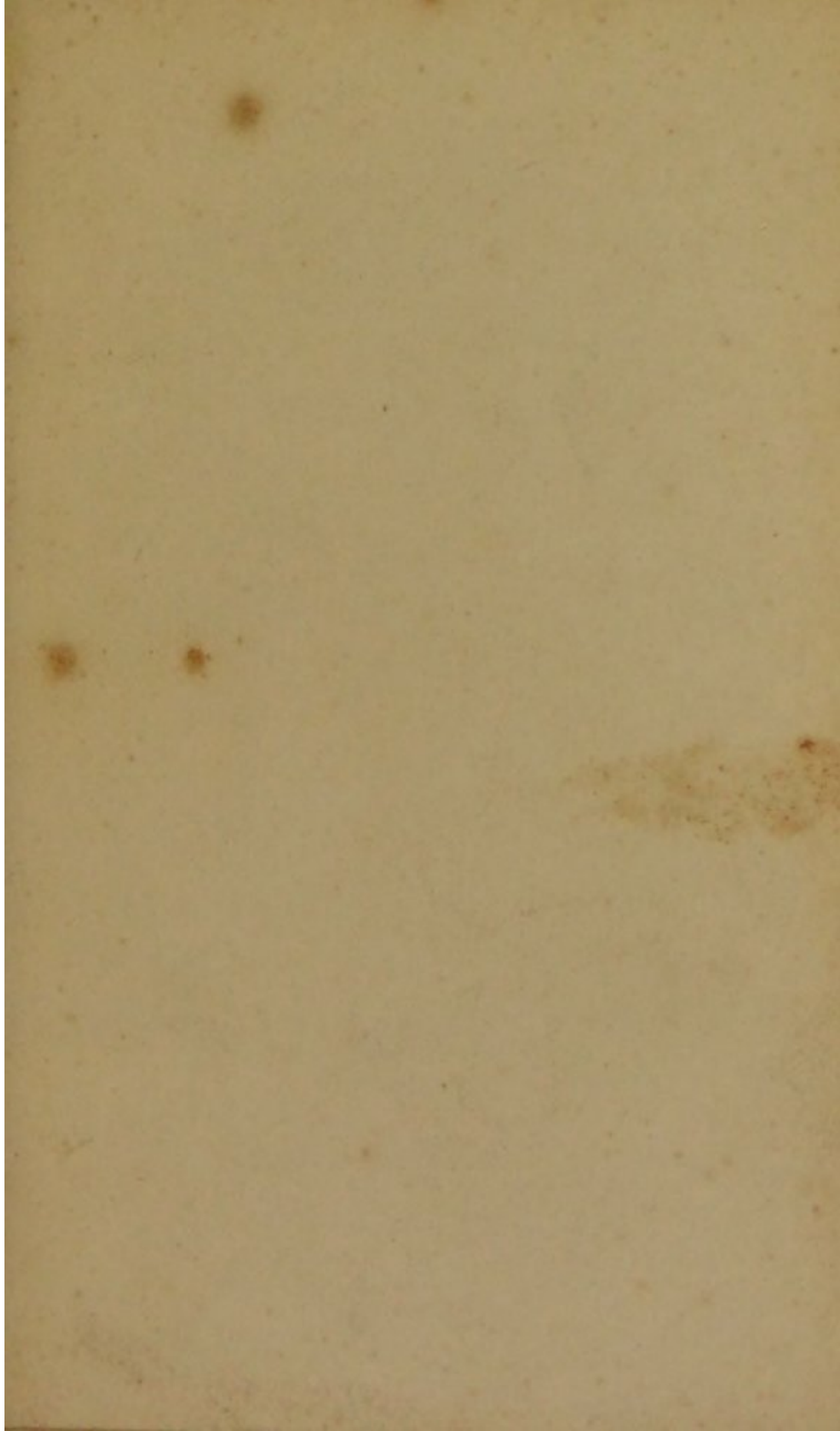


NEWS

FROM

THE INVISIBLE WORLD







Silence & Darkngs! solemn Sisters! Twins

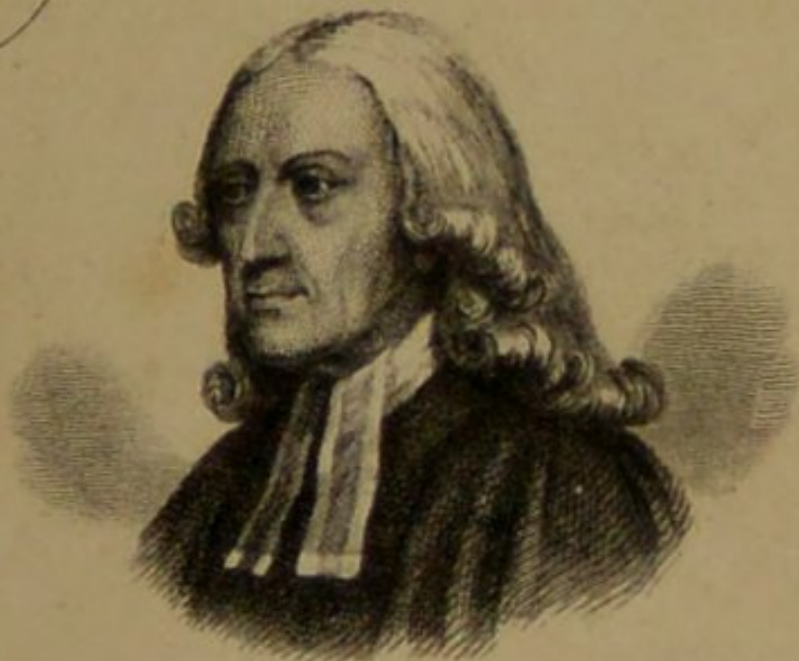
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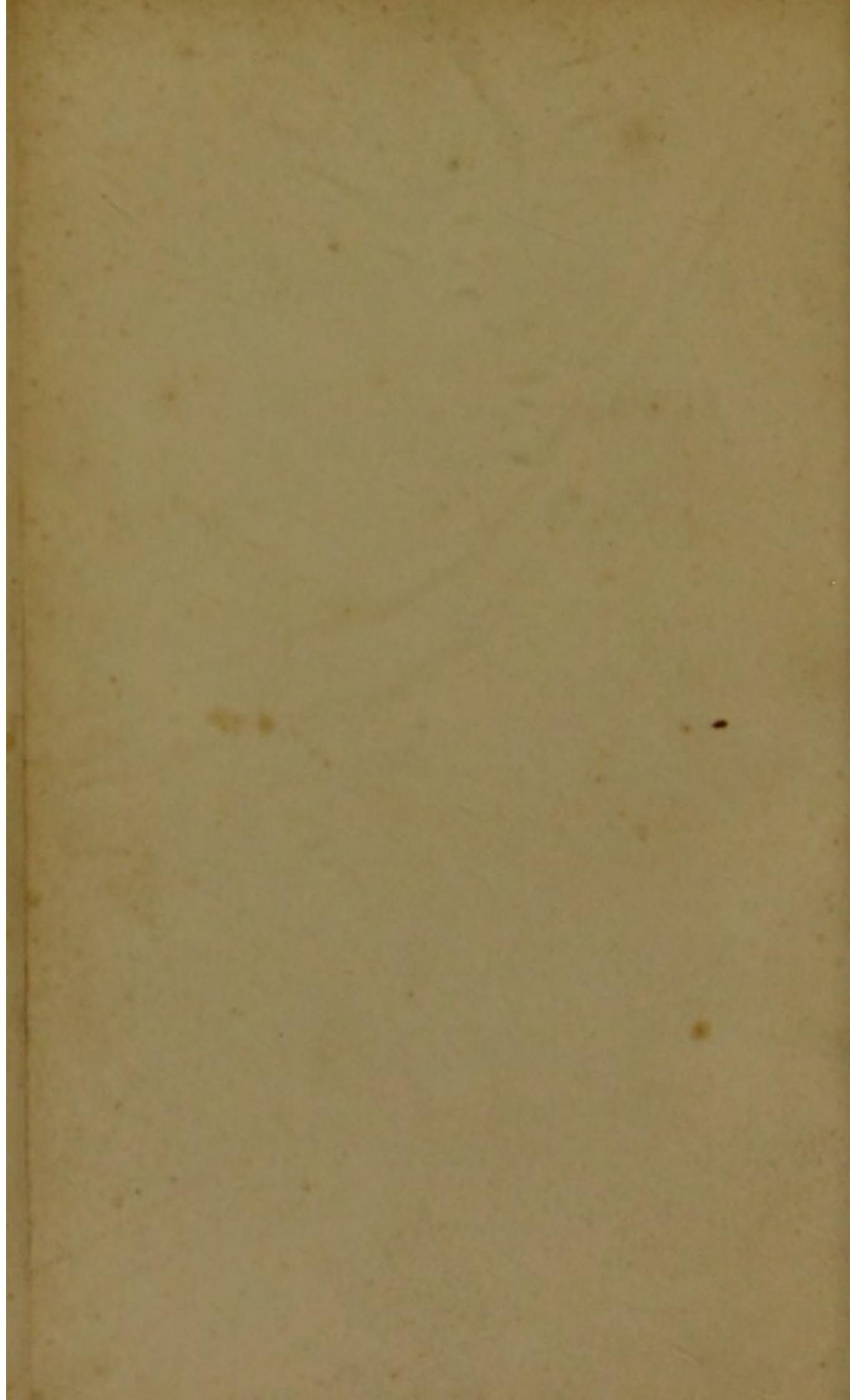
COMPILED FROM

THE WORKS OF BAXTER, WESLEY & OTHERS.



London.

PUBLISHED BY THE BOOKSELLERS



NEWS
FROM
THE INVISIBLE WORLD :
A COLLECTION OF
REMARKABLE NARRATIVES
ON THE CERTAINTY OF
SUPERNATURAL VISITATIONS
FROM
THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.
IMPARTIALLY COMPILED FROM
THE WORKS OF BAXTER, WESLEY, SIMPSON,
AND OTHER WRITERS OF INDISPUTABLE VERACITY,
—
BY T. OTTWAY.
—

“ There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed.”—DR. JOHNSON.

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LONDON :  
PUBLISHED BY BARR & CO.  
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## CONTENTS.

|                                                                                                                | PAGE. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| APPARITIONS .....                                                                                              | 1     |
| Instance of a singular Dream.....                                                                              | 6     |
| Letter addressed to the Editor of the New Universal<br>Magazine, concerning Apparitions .....                  | 10    |
| An authentic Account of Lord Lyttleton's Death .....                                                           | 21    |
| The Apparition of Lord Lyttleton to Mr. Andrews, of<br>Dartford .....                                          | 22    |
| A remarkable Relation, as given to Mr. Thomas Savage                                                           | 24    |
| A curious Note found among the papers of M. de la Harpe                                                        | 26    |
| Extraordinary Narrative. Extracted from the Rev. D.<br>Simpson's Works .....                                   | 31    |
| A remarkable Dream of Dr. Doddridge .....                                                                      | 35    |
| Extracts from the Life of Mr. Morris, of Manchester .                                                          | 38    |
| The Appearance of the Ghost of Mrs. Bretton .....                                                              | 41    |
| Captain Porteus .....                                                                                          | 43    |
| The Apparition of Sir George Villiers.....                                                                     | 46    |
| Strange Warning to a Reprobate Publican.....                                                                   | 51    |
| A Vision seen by Mr. Donne.....                                                                                | 53    |
| A true account of the manner and conversion of Colonel<br>Gardiner, a few years before he fell in battle ..... | 54    |
| Apparition to Brutus .....                                                                                     | 56    |
| Mrs Tooley .....                                                                                               | 57    |
| An account of an Apparition, attested by the Rev. Mr.<br>Ruddle, Minister of Launceston, in Cornwall. ....     | 63    |
| The Destruction of the Jews prevented by a Dream ..                                                            | 72    |
| An account of the Brothers' Steps, as described in a<br>Letter to a Friend. . . . .                            | 74    |



|                                                                                          | PAGE. |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| A true relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal....                                   | 77    |
| Supernatural Impressions .....                                                           | 87    |
| Particulars of a Mother's Dream of her Son realized ..                                   | 88    |
| Assignment to appear after Death.....                                                    | 89    |
| A singular history of a Murder, found out twenty years<br>after it was perpetrated ..... | 91    |
| Apparition to Captain Henry Bell.....                                                    | 96    |
| Mr. Boardman's remarkable Deliverance.....                                               | 97    |
| A remarkable Occurrence, extracted from Morton ....                                      | 99    |
| The Cripplegate Ghost .....                                                              | 100   |
| A true account of an Apparition, in a letter addressed<br>to Mr. Glanville .....         | 101   |
| A remarkable Anecdote of Mr. Wm. Reid.....                                               | 107   |
| Apparition of Lord Mohun.....                                                            | 109   |
| Apparition of Mr. Thomkins .....                                                         | 110   |
| Extracted from Mr. Baxter's Certainty of the World of<br>Spirits .....                   | 111   |
| From the Duke of Lauderdale .....                                                        | 112   |
| The Appearance of the Duchess of Mazarine, mistress<br>to King Charles II. ....          | 114   |
| The Rev. Mr. Davis's account of the Corpse-candles in<br>Wales.....                      | 120   |
| Laird Bacconi's Apparition to Lord Middleton.....                                        | 125   |
| The Writings of an Estate found through the appear-<br>ance of an Apparition .....       | 126   |
| An account of Mr. Booty.....                                                             | 135   |
| The Sallor's Ghost.....                                                                  | 136   |
| A Ghost Story.....                                                                       | 139   |
| Singular account of a Haunted House at Westminster                                       | 141   |
| Singular Dream .....                                                                     | 144   |
| A Dream, which saved the life of an English gentleman<br>in Flanders .....               | 146   |
| Ominous presage to Robert Bruce of Scotland .....                                        | 148   |
| Warning of a Murder by a Dream .....                                                     | 149   |
| Apparition of a Brother .....                                                            | 150   |
| An Apparition, seen in Rochester.....                                                    | 153   |



|                                                                                                       | PAGE. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| A Letter from Pliny to his friend Sura .....                                                          | 155   |
| A woman cured of a Cancer by a Dream .....                                                            | 159   |
| The Family Portraits .....                                                                            | 160   |
| The Beggar Woman of Locarno.....                                                                      | 163   |
| The Royal Phantom .....                                                                               | 167   |
| Two extraordinary Dreams .....                                                                        | 171   |
| A Ghost Story.....                                                                                    | 174   |
| Observations on Dreams .....                                                                          | 177   |
| The Murderer detected.....                                                                            | 184   |
| Conscience .....                                                                                      | 186   |
| Mysterious Forewarnings.....                                                                          | 195   |
| Curious Relation .....                                                                                | 201   |
| Murder prevented by a three-fold Dream .....                                                          | 206   |
| Singular Dream .....                                                                                  | 207   |
| A Prophetic Dream .....                                                                               | 208   |
| Presages of Death .....                                                                               | 209   |
| A Story taken from Josephus.....                                                                      | 210   |
| Providential Escape of Travellers .....                                                               | 211   |
| Fulfilment of a Dream .....                                                                           | 215   |
| Extraordinary Dream .... .                                                                            | 216   |
| Remarkable Dreams .....                                                                               | 218   |
| Extract from a Carlow Journal .....                                                                   | 220   |
| Singular Interposition of Providence .....                                                            | 221   |
| Apparition seen by Lady Pennyman .....                                                                | 222   |
| Extracts from the Rev. D. Simpson's work, entitled,<br>"A Discourse on Dreams and Night Visions"..... | 230   |
| The White Lady .....                                                                                  | 251   |
| "Death Tokens" in Wales .....                                                                         | 257   |
| The Broken Heart.....                                                                                 | 259   |
| Hidden Treasure discovered by a Dream .....                                                           | 262   |
| Apparition of a Son to his Mother .....                                                               | 272   |
| Apparition at Castle de Bugh .....                                                                    | 273   |
| Murderers discovered.....                                                                             | 274   |
| The Demon of Tedworth.....                                                                            | 276   |
| Divine Preservation during Sleep .....                                                                | 288   |
| Deaths remarkable, and Presentiments of .....                                                         | 290   |

|                                                                                                                                                                    | PAGE. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| The Screaming Woman .....                                                                                                                                          | 293   |
| Letters concerning some Supernatural Disturbances at<br>the house of Mr Samuel Wesley .....                                                                        | 298   |
| Very singular account of a Vision.....                                                                                                                             | 317   |
| The True Lover's Spirit .....                                                                                                                                      | 322   |
| Presence of mind .....                                                                                                                                             | 325   |
| Horrible Affair in the Rue de la Harpe at Paris .....                                                                                                              | 327   |
| Remarkable Circumstance .....                                                                                                                                      | 330   |
| Martha, the Gypsy.....                                                                                                                                             | 332   |
| Bonaparte and his Familiar.....                                                                                                                                    | 353   |
| Terrific Spectral Appearance .....                                                                                                                                 | 356   |
| Singular discovery of a Murder in the island of Guernsey                                                                                                           | 361   |
| Dream of a married lady verified .....                                                                                                                             | 367   |
| Providential Dream .....                                                                                                                                           | 368   |
| Extraordinary Predictions .....                                                                                                                                    | 369   |
| An account of an Apparition .....                                                                                                                                  | 371   |
| The Apparition of Samuel .....                                                                                                                                     | 376   |
| Caution to Travellers carrying money on a journey....                                                                                                              | 389   |
| Apparition of Lord Tyrone .....                                                                                                                                    | 391   |
| The wonderful discovery of the robbers and murderers<br>of Mr. Stockden, victualler, in Grub-street, by a vi-<br>sionary appearance to Mrs. Greenwood in a Dream.. | 399   |
| An account of an Apparition. Extracted from Beau-<br>mont's Treatise on Spirits .....                                                                              | 401   |
| Bishop Hall's account of a remarkable Dream .....                                                                                                                  | 402   |
| A remarkable Dream.....                                                                                                                                            | 403   |
| Jedediah Buxton's Prediction.....                                                                                                                                  | 404   |
| The American Duellists .....                                                                                                                                       | 406   |



# NEWS

FROM

## THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

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### APPARITIONS.

VARIOUS opinions have been held respecting the reality of the existence of apparitions. The sentiments of almost every person on this subject are influenced by the society with which they are connected, and the number of credible accounts they hear which have a tendency either to substantiate the reality of these visitors from the other world, or to inspire a total incredulity as to their existence. Of the two extremes, we have no hesitation in saying, that this incredulity is most calculated to promote the happiness of every one, though in general, early impressions forbid it.

We shall lay before our readers two authentic narratives, which seem to favour these opposite opinions; and though the circumstances narrated occurred at different times and places, and were in every respect totally unconnected with each other, yet they may be said in some measure to elucidate the subject; and while the former may stagger the infidelity of some, the latter will certainly have a tendency to moderate the extreme credulity of others.

The following account was lately found among the papers of the Rev. Mr. Moore, late of Layton, in Essex, formerly of Queen's College, Oxford, a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, and highly respected for his learning and abilities, who died in the year 1778:—

“Mr. John Bonnell was a Commoner of Queen's College, Oxford; he was remarkable in his person and gait, and had a particular manner of holding up his gown behind, so that to any one who had but once seen him, he might be known by his back as easily as by his face.

“On Sunday, November 18, 1750, at noon, Mr. Ballard, who was then of Magdalene College, and myself, were talking together at Parker's door. I was then waiting for the sound of the trumpet for dinner, and suddenly Mr. Ballard cried out, Dear me, oh! who is that coming out of your College? I looked, and saw, as I supposed, Mr. Bonnell, and replied, he is a gentleman of our house, and his name is Bonnell; he comes from Stanton Harcourt. Why, bless me! said Mr. Ballard, I never saw such a face in all my life! I answered slightly, his face is much the same as it always is; I think it is a little more inflamed and swelled than it is sometimes, perhaps he has buckled his band too tight; but I should not have observed it if you had not spoken. Well, said Mr. Ballard again, I never shall forget him as long as I live; and seemed to be much disconcerted and frightened.

“This figure I saw without any emotion or suspicion; it came down the quadrangle, came out at the gate, and walked up the High-street; we followed it with our eyes till it came to Catharine-street, where it was lost.

“The trumpet then sounded, and Mr. Ballard and I parted, and I went into the hall, and thought no more of Mr. Bonnell.

“In the evening the prayers of the chapel were desired for one who was in a very sick and dangerous condition. When I came out of the chapel, I enquired



of one of the scholars, James Harrison, in the hearing of several others, who were standing before the kitchen fire, who it was that was prayed for? and was answered, Mr. Bonnell, senior. Bonnell, senior! said I, with astonishment; what is the matter with him? he was very well to-day, for I saw him go out to dinner. You are very much mistaken, answered the scholar, for he has not been out of his bed for some days. I then asserted more positively that I had seen him, and that a gentleman was with me who saw him too.

“This came presently to the ears of Dr. Fothergill, who had been my tutor. After supper he took me aside, and questioned me about it, and said he was very sorry I had mentioned the matter so publicly, for Mr. Bonnell was dangerously ill. I replied, I was very sorry too, but I had done it innocently; and the next day Mr. Bonnell died.

“Enquiry was made of Mr. Ballard afterwards, who related the part he was witness to, in the same manner as I have now related it; adding that I told him the gentleman was one Mr. Bonnell, and that he came from Stanton Harcourt.”

From such statements as the foregoing, of which there are many to be found equally well authenticated, persons are led to decide with absolute certainty as to the existence of apparitions. But as there are many of these extraordinary appearances which have been afterwards most completely accounted for, there is reason to believe that almost all the rest might, however improbable they appeared at the time, be reduced to some natural combination of circumstances. The following story, which we have somewhere met with, is exactly in point; the names and places of abode of the parties are forgotten, but no doubt can exist as to the facts:—

Mr. —, a respectable tradesman in a small market-town in —shire, was a member of a club, or brotherly society, which met every month to smoke and talk politics, at a public house in the street where



he lived. He was much respected by his brethren, and unanimously chosen as president of their little society ; but short are the honours as well as the pleasures of this mortal life ! Poor Mr. — was taken exceedingly ill, and confined to his room, a short time before the monthly meeting of his club. He was visited in his affliction by most of its members, who lamented his indisposition, and hoped he would recover sufficiently to take his seat amongst them at the next meeting : but their sympathy was unavailing ; and as the time drew on he got so much worse, that no hopes were entertained of his life. At the appointed time the members took their seats without him, with sorrowful hearts at the absence of one who had been the life and soul of their society ; and they resolved unanimously, that the president's chair should not be filled at all that night, as a mark of respect to the absent member.

The evening passed away without its accustomed hilarity, and they were just about to retire before the usual time, when their attention was arrested by the entrance of a figure, which every one knew to be an exact resemblance of their absent president. His face was pale and emaciated ; he was dressed in a flannel gown and nightcap, and walking deliberately towards the head of the table, took his seat in the vacant chair. He looked benevolently around on his companions for a few moments, then rose up without speaking, and immediately disappeared.

As soon as the consternation occasioned by this appearance had in a measure subsided, they all retired to rest, with perturbed hearts and countenances too. The next morning they heard that Mr. — expired about the time they had witnessed that extraordinary appearance ; and the affair making a great noise in the town, at the request of some persons an account of the fact was drawn up, which was attested before a magistrate, and signed by every member of the club.



Some years after, while these circumstances were fresh in the recollection of every one, an old woman, who had for many years been employed as a nurse, and who bore an excellent character, being at the point of death, sent for the clergyman of the parish, and gave him the following relation:—"I cannot," said she, "die contentedly without informing you of some particulars respecting the death of Mr. —, which may throw some light on the story. I have hitherto concealed them, because my own negligence was the cause of his extraordinary appearance. I was left with him the night on which he died; and finding him very faint, I stepped out to a neighbouring shop to get something for him, leaving him alone. When I returned, having been detained longer than I expected, I found him gone, and was for some time considerably alarmed. Presently I heard the street door open, and Mr. — came up stairs in a very exhausted state, threw him on the bed, and in a short time after expired. I have no doubt but that it was Mr. — himself who took the vacant seat at the club, and not his apparition, as was generally supposed; but I feared to give this account before, as I should have been considered the cause of his death, and should have lost all my employment in the town."

Thus was this most extraordinary affair at once brought to light. Mr. — knew it was the club night, and in the delirium occasioned by his fever, set off, regardless of his situation, to fill a post which he had so often filled with satisfaction to himself and his companions; and it was supposed that the night air through which he passed caused his immediate death. We leave our readers to make their own reflections on the possibility of Mr. Bonnell's doing the same. At least it proves that many circumstances, which daily pass around us, and which have an appearance equally out of the course of nature, for aught we know, might be explained in the same way; and should lead us not to form a hasty judgment of events like these;



and while we are ever open to the honest conviction of our minds, should prevent us from being the slaves of a blind credulity.

---

*Instance of a Singular Dream.*

ONE Adam Rogers, a creditable and decent person, a man of good sense and repute, who kept a public house at Portlaw, a small hamlet, nine or ten miles from Waterford, in the kingdom of Ireland, dreamed one night that he saw two men at a particular green spot on the adjoining mountain, one of them a small sickly looking man, the other remarkably strong and large. He then saw the little man murder the other, and he awoke in great agitation.

The circumstances of the dream were so strong and forcible, that he continued much affected by them. He related them to his wife, and also to several neighbours, next morning. After some time, he went out coursing with greyhounds, accompanied, amongst others, by one Mr. Browne, the Roman catholic priest of the parish. He soon stopped at the above-mentioned particular green spot on the mountain, and, calling to Mr. Browne, pointed it out to him, and told him what had appeared in his dream. During the remainder of the day he thought little more about it. Next morning he was extremely startled at seeing two strangers enter his house, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He immediately ran into an inner room, and desired his wife to take particular notice, for they were precisely the two men that he had seen in his dream. When they had consulted together, their apprehensions were alarmed for the little man, though contrary to the appearance in the dream. After the strangers had taken some refreshment, and were about to depart in order to prosecute their journey, Rogers earnestly endeavoured to dissuade the little man from



quitting his house, and going on with his fellow traveller. He assured him, that if he would remain with him that day, he would accompany him to Carrick next morning, that being the town to which the travellers were proceeding. He was unwilling and ashamed to tell the cause of his being so solicitous to separate him from his companion. But as he observed that Hickey, which was the name of the little man, seemed to be quiet and gentle in his deportment, and had money about him, and that the other had a ferocious bad countenance, his dream still recurred to him. He dreaded something fatal would happen, and he wished at all events to keep them asunder. However, the humane precautions of Rogers proved ineffectual; for Caulfield, such was the other's name, prevailed upon Hickey to continue with him on their way to Carrick, declaring, that as they had long travelled together, they should not part, but remain together until he should see Hickey safely arrive at the habitation of his friends. The wife of Rogers was much dissatisfied when she found they were gone, and blamed her husband exceedingly for not being absolutely peremptory in detaining Hickey. About an hour after they left Portlaw, in a lonely part of the mountain, just near the place observed by Rogers in his dream, Caulfield took the opportunity of murdering his companion. It appeared afterward, from his own account of the transaction, that, as they were getting over a ditch, he struck Hickey on the back part of his head with a stone; and when he fell down into the trench, in consequence of the blow, Caulfield gave him several stabs with a knife, and cut his throat so deeply, that the head was observed to be almost severed from the body. He then rifled Hickey's pockets of all the money in them, took care of his clothes, and every thing else of value about him, and afterwards proceeded on his way to Carrick. He had not been long gone when the body, still warm, was discovered by some labourers, who were returning to their work



from dinner. The report of the murder soon reached Portlaw. Rogers and his wife went to the place, and instantly knew the body of him whom they had in vain endeavoured to dissuade from going on with his treacherous companion. They at once spoke out their suspicions that the murder was perpetrated by the fellow-traveller of the deceased. An immediate search was made, and Caulfield was apprehended at Waterford the second day after. He was brought to trial at the ensuing assizes, and convicted of the fact. It appeared on the trial, amongst other circumstances, that when he arrived at Carrick he hired a horse and a boy to conduct him, not by the usual road, but by that which runs on the north side of the river Suir to Waterford, intending to take his passage in the first ship from thence to Newfoundland. The boy took notice of some blood on his shirt, and Caulfield gave him half a crown to promise not to speak of it.

Rogers proved, not only that Hickey was seen last in company with Caulfield, but that a pair of new shoes which Hickey wore had been found on the feet of Caulfield when he was apprehended; and that a pair of old shoes which he had on at Rogers's house were upon Hickey's feet when the body was found. He described with great exactness every article of their dress. Caulfield, on the cross-examination, shrewdly asked him from the dock, whether it was not very extraordinary that he, who kept a public house, should take such particular notice of the dress of a stranger accidentally calling there? Rogers, in his answer, said he had a very particular reason, but was ashamed to mention it. The court and prisoner insisting upon his declaring it, he gave a very circumstantial account of his dream, called upon Mr. Browne the priest, then in the court, to corroborate his testimony, and said that his wife had severely reproached him for permitting Hickey to leave their house, when he knew, that in the short footway to Carrick they must necessarily pass by the green spot in the moun-



tain, which had appeared to him in his dream. A number of witnesses came forward ; and the proofs were so strong, that the jury, without any hesitation, found the prisoner guilty. It was remarked as a singularity, that he happened to be tried and sentenced by his namesake, Sir George Caulfield, at that time Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, which office he resigned in the summer of the year 1760.

After sentence, Caulfield confessed the fact. It came out that Hickey had been in the West Indies two and twenty years, but falling into a bad state of health, he was returning to his native country, Ireland, bringing with him some money his industry had acquired. The vessel on board which he took his passage was by stress of weather driven into Minehead.

He there met with Frederic Caulfield, an Irish sailor, who was poor, and much distressed for clothes and common necessaries. Hickey, compassionating his poverty, and finding he was his countryman, relieved his wants, and an intimacy commenced between them. They agreed to go to Ireland together ; and it was remarked on their passage, that Caulfield spoke contemptuously, and often said, it was a pity such a puny fellow as Hickey should have money, and he himself be without a shilling.

They landed at Waterford, at which place they stayed some days, Caulfield being all the time supported by Hickey, who bought there some clothes for him. The assizes being held in the town during that time, it was afterwards recollected that they were both at the court-house, and attended at the trial of a shoemaker, who was convicted of the murder of his wife.

But this made no impression on the hardened mind of Caulfield ; for the very next day he perpetrated the same crime on the road betwixt Waterford and Carrick-on-Suir, near which town Hickey's relations lived. He walked to the gallows with a firm step and undaunted countenance. He spoke to the multitude which surrounded him ; and, in the course of his ad-



dress, mentioned that he had been bred at a charter school, from which he was taken, as an apprenticed servant, by William Izod, Esq., of the county of Kilkenny. From this station he ran away on being corrected for some faults, and had been absent from Ireland six years. He confessed also, that he had several times intended to murder Hickey on the road between Waterford and Portlaw; which, though in general not a road much frequented, yet people at that time continually coming in sight, prevented him.

Being frustrated in all his schemes, the sudden and total disappointment threw him probably into an indifference for life. Some tempers are so stubborn and rugged that nothing can affect them but immediate sensation. If to this be united the darkest ignorance, death to such characters will hardly seem terrible, because they can form no conception what it is, and still less of the consequences that may follow.

*December, 1787.*

---

*Letter addressed to the Editor of the New  
Universal Magazine.*

SIR,—The belief in supernatural agency has been common to all ages and to all nations. A philosophical investigation of the causes that produce this disposition to credit the invisible and spiritual operations, either of departed mortals, or of beings created with distinct and superior faculties, would lead to the development of some remarkable properties of the human mind. The universality of the sentiment has been considered, by some, as a proof of its correctness, or at least, as a reason why we should cautiously reject as illusory what is so generally credited. Dr. Johnson, without affirming in positive terms his belief of the existence of spirits, yet did not hesitate to assert its probability. In what way disembodied matter may



be supposed to communicate with man, it is not easy to determine ; but there are few, I believe, who have not, at one time or other, been conscious of that sort of occult influence upon the will, which impels us to one particular course of action, rather than another, almost without our being aware that we are under the influence of such impressions. They who would deny this operation, I should suspect to be persons who have never attended very closely to the operations of their own mind.

My object at present, however, is not to attempt any analysis of the probable agency of spirits upon the human mind, but to present to your readers a curious relation upon the subject, from the works of the Abbe de St. Pierre. If it do not convince the incredulous, it may at least amuse them ; and as an object of curious entertainment, rather than of historical fact, I have translated it.

I remain, &c.

*July 17, 1814.*

W. D.

Having been told lately (says St. Pierre) at Valogne, that a good priest of the town, who taught children to read, and was called M. Bezuel, had seen an apparition in broad day, ten or twelve years before ; and as the story had excited great sensation, on account of his well-known character for probity and sincerity, I had the curiosity to hear him tell his adventure himself. A relation of mine, a lady who knew him, invited him to dinner yesterday, the 7th of January, 1708 ; and as, on one side, I testified my desire of hearing the circumstances from his own mouth, and as on the other he seemed to view the event as an honourable distinction, he repeated the whole to us before dinner, in the most simple and ingenuous manner.

In 1695, said M. Bezuel, being a young scholar of about fifteen years of age, I formed an acquaintance with the two sons of Abaquene, a lawyer, scholars



like myself. The eldest was of my age; and the other eighteen months younger. This last was called Desfontaines: we took our walks, and formed our parties of pleasure together; and whether it were that Desfontaines had more friendship for me, or was more gay, complaisant, and intelligent than his brother, I liked him better.

In 1696, as we were both walking in the cloister of the Capuchins, he told me that he had read, a little while ago, a story of two friends, who had promised to each other that the first who died should return, and inform his comrade of his situation: that the dead man did appear, and told him surprising things. Desfontaines then said that he had a favour to ask, which he most earnestly desired; this was to make him a like promise in consequence of his: but I said I never would consent. He repeated this proposal during several months, and most seriously; but I always resisted. At last, about the month of August, 1696, as he was about to depart in order to pursue his studies at Caen, he pressed me so much, with tears in his eyes, that I consented. He instantly produced two or three little papers, ready written, and one signed with his blood, in which he promised, in case of death, to return, and tell me his situation; while in the other I made the same promise. I pricked my finger, and with a drop of blood signed my name. He was delighted with this so much desired contract, and embraced me with a thousand thanks.

Not long after he departed with his brother. Our separation caused much mutual regret, and we wrote to each other from time to time; but six weeks had elapsed since I had received any letter, when the event happened which I am going to relate.

On the 31st of July, 1697, it was a Thursday, I shall remember it all my days, the late M. de Sortoville, with whom I lodged, and who shewed me great kindness, desired me to go to a meadow near the monastery of the Cordeliers, to hasten his servants who were



making hay. I was not there a quarter of an hour, when, about half an hour after two o'clock, I felt myself as it were stunned, and seized with great weakness. I tried to support myself on my hay-fork, but was obliged to sit down on a heap of hay, where it was half an hour before I recovered my senses. This passed away; but as nothing similar had ever happened to me before, I was surprised, and feared the attack of some disease; yet the rest of the day little impression remained, but I slept less than usual on the following night.

On the morrow, at the same hour, as I went to the meadow with M. de S. Simon, grandson to M. de Sortoville, a boy of ten years of age, I felt myself seized on the road with the same weakness, and sat down on a stone under the shade. This also soon passed away, and we continued our walk. Nothing further happened that day; but I did not sleep the whole of the night.

At last, on the next day, the 2d of August, being in the loft where they were putting the hay, now brought from the meadow, and precisely at the same hour, I was seized with the same giddiness and weakness; but this attack, being more severe than the two others, I fainted away, and lost all sense. One of the servants perceived it; and, as I was afterwards told, he asked me what was the matter? to which I answered, "I have seen what I never would have believed." But I remember nothing, neither of the question nor the answer, though they correspond with what I remember to have seen, like a person naked to the middle, whose face I did not however recollect.

I was assisted in descending the ladder, and held firmly by the steps, but when I saw my comrade Desfontaines at the bottom of the ladder, the weakness again attacked me; my head fell between two of the steps, and I again lost all knowledge. I was taken down, and placed on a large beam, serving as a seat in the adjoining square of the Capuchins. Sitting



there, I did not perceive M. de Sortoville, nor his domestics, although present; but seeing Desfontaines near the bottom of the ladder, he made me a sign to come to him. I drew aside on my seat, as if to make room for him; and they who saw me, but whom I did not see, though my eyes remained open, observed that motion.

As he did not come to me, I rose to go to him; when he advanced towards me, took my left arm in his right, and led me about thirty paces into a by-street still retaining his hold. The domestics believing that my faintness had passed, and that I was going on some occasion, went about their business, except a little lacquey, who came and told M. de Sortoville that I spoke to myself. M. de Sortoville believed that I was drunk; he approached and heard me make some questions and some answers, which he repeated afterwards.

I was nearly three quarters of an hour in conversation with Desfontaines. "I have pledged my promise to you," said he, "that if I died before you, I should give you information. I was drowned the day before yesterday, in the river of Caen, much about this hour. I was walking with such and such persons; it was very hot, we proposed to bathe, but a faintness seized me in the river, and I sunk to the bottom. The Abbe de Menil-Jean, one of my comrades, plunged to bring me up, and I seized his foot; but whether that he thought it was a salmon, as I pressed it hard, or found it necessary, for his own safety, to remount directly, he shook his leg with so much violence, that he gave me a hard blow on the breast, and threw me to the bottom of the river, which is very deep in that part."

Desfontaines told me afterwards all that had happened on their walk, and the subjects of their conversation. I then asked him questions, if he was saved, if he was damned, if he was in purgatory, if I was in a state of grace, and if I would follow him soon? He continued his discourse as if he had not heard me, and as if he did not choose to hear me.



I often approached in order to embrace him, but it appeared to me that I embraced nothing, though I felt well that he held me strongly by the arm; and that when I endeavoured to turn away my head, because I could not support the light without affliction, he shook my arm, as if to oblige me to look at him and to hear him.

He appeared to me always taller than what I had seen him, taller even than he must have been at the time of his death, though he must have grown during the eighteen months that we had not seen each other. He always appeared to me only as half a naked body, his head uncovered, save his beautiful fair locks, and, as it were, a white billet twisted into the hair upon the forehead, which contained some writing, but I could only read the words, *In, &c.*

The sound of his voice was the same as when alive, and he did not appear to me either gay or sad, but in a calm and tranquil temper. He begged me, when his brother should return, to tell him certain things to be repeated to his father and mother. He desired me to say the seven psalms, enjoined to him as a penitence on the preceding Sunday, and which he had not yet recited. In fine, he repeated his entreaties that I would speak to his brother, and then bid me adieu, and left me, saying, *jusques, jusques*, his usual phrase when we quitted each other, after our walks, to return home.

He told me also that when he was drowned, his brother, who was occupied with his theme, had repented that he had permitted him to go, as he feared some accident. He so perfectly described to me the spot where he was drowned, and the tree of the avenue of Louvigni, where he had cut some words, that, two years afterwards, being in company with the late Chevalier de Gotot, one of those who were with him when he was drowned, I pointed out the precise spot; and then counting the trees on the side that Desfontaines had specified, I went straight to the tree, and



found the writing. Gotot likewise told me that the article of the seven psalms was true, and that, on leaving the confessional, they had told each other their enjoined penitences. His brother has also told me that it is true that he was composing his theme, and reproached himself for not being of the company.

As more than a month passed before I was able to execute the commission which Desfontaines had given me to his brother, he appeared to me two other times. One was before the hour of dinner, at a country house, a league from hence, where I went to dine. I found myself suddenly taken ill, and desired to be left alone, said it was nothing, and that I would soon return. I then went into a corner of the garden, where Desfontaines appeared, and reproached me that I had not yet spoken to his brother. He talked for a quarter of an hour, but would never answer to my questions.

One morning, when I was going to the church of Notre-Dame de la Victoire, he again appeared, but for a shorter space, pressed me to speak to his brother, and quitted me, saying, as usual, *jusques, jusques*, without answering my questions.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that I always felt a pain in that part of the arm where he had held me the first time, till I had spoken to his brother; nor did I sleep during three nights from the effects of my astonishment. Immediately after the first conversation I told M. de Varauville, my neighbour and school-fellow, that Desfontaines was drowned, and that he had just appeared to me, and told me so. He ran to the relations to know if the fact was true: news had been received, but by a mistake, he supposed that it was the elder brother. He assured me that he had read the letter, and insisted that it was so; but I told him that it could not be, as Desfontaines had appeared to me himself. He returned, came back, and told me with tears, that it was too true.

Nothing has happened since: and I have now told you all my adventure. It has been sometimes changed



in the repetition, but I have never told it otherwise than as I have now repeated. The late Chevalier de Gotot told me that Desfontaines also appeared to M. de Menil-Jean. But I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance ; he lives twenty leagues hence, towards Argentan : and I can add nothing further on the subject.

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Sir John Sherbroke and General Wynyard were, as young men, officers in the same regiment, which was employed on foreign service. They were connected by similarity of tastes and studies, and spent together, in literary occupation, much of the vacant time, which was squandered by their brother officers in those excesses of the table, which some forty years ago were considered among the necessary accomplishments of the military character. They were one afternoon sitting in Wynyard's apartment. It was perfectly light, the hour was about four o'clock ; they had dined, but neither of them had drunk wine, and they had retired from the mess to continue together the occupations of the morning. I ought to have said, that the apartment in which they were had two doors in it, the one opening into a passage, and the other leading into Wynyard's bed-room. There were no other means of entering the sitting room but from the passage, and no other egress from the bed-room but through the sitting-room ; so that any person passing into the bed-room must have remained there, unless he returned by the way he entered. This point is of consequence to the story. As these two young officers were pursuing their studies, Sherbroke, whose eye happened accidentally to glance from the volume before him towards the door that opened to the passage, observed a tall youth, of about twenty years of age, whose appearance was that of extreme emaciation, standing beside it. Struck with the presence of a perfect stranger, he immediately turned to his friend,



who was sitting near him, and directed his attention to the guest, who had thus strangely broken in upon their studies. As soon as Wynyard's eyes were turned towards the mysterious visitor, his countenance became suddenly agitated. "I have heard," says Sir John Sherbroke, "of a man's being as pale as death, but I never saw a living face assume the appearance of a corpse, except Wynyard's at that moment."—As they looked silently at the form before them,—for Wynyard, who seemed to apprehend the import of the appearance, was deprived of the faculty of speech; and Sherbroke, perceiving the agitation of his friend, felt no inclination to address it,—as they looked silently upon the figure, it proceeded slowly into the adjoining apartment, and in the act of passing them cast its eyes with an expression of somewhat melancholy affection on young Wynyard. The oppression of this extraordinary presence was no sooner removed, than Wynyard, seizing his friend by the arm and drawing a deep breath, as if recovering from the suffocation of intense astonishment and emotion, muttered in a low and almost inaudible tone of voice, "Great God! my brother!"—"Your brother!" repeated Sherbroke, "what can you mean, Wynyard? there must be some deception—follow me;" and immediately taking his friend by the arm, he preceded him into the bed-room, which, as I before stated, was connected with the sitting room, and into which the strange visitor had evidently entered. I have already said, that from this chamber there was no possibility of withdrawing, but by the way of the apartment through which the figure had certainly passed, and as certainly never had returned. Imagine then the astonishment of the young officers, when, on finding themselves in the centre of the chamber, they perceived that the room was perfectly untenanted. Wynyard's mind had received an impression at the first moment of his observing him, that the figure whom he had seen was the spirit of his brother. Sherbroke still persevered in strenuously



believing that some delusion had been practised. They took note of the day and hour in which the event had happened ; but they resolved not to mention the occurrence in the regiment, and gradually they persuaded each other that they had been imposed upon by some artifice of their fellow-officers, though they could neither account for the reason, or conceive the means of its execution. They were content to imagine any thing possible, rather than admit the possibility of a supernatural appearance. But though they had attempted these stratagems of self-delusion, Wynyard could not help expressing his solicitude with respect to the safety of the brother whose apparition he had either seen, or imagined himself to have seen ; and the anxiety which he exhibited for letters from England, and his frequent mention of his fears for his brother's health, at length awakened the curiosity of his comrades, and eventually betrayed him into a declaration of the circumstances which he had, in vain, determined to conceal. The story of the silent and unbidden visitor was no sooner bruited abroad, than the destiny of Wynyard's brother became an object of universal and painful interest to the officers of the regiment ; there were few who did not inquire for Wynyard's letters before they made any demand after their own, and the packets that arrived from England were welcomed with a more than usual eagerness, for they brought not only remembrances from the friends at home, but promised to afford the clue to the mystery which had happened among themselves. By the first ships no intelligence relating to the story could have been received, for they had all departed from England previously to the appearance of the spirit. At length the long wished-for vessel arrived ; all the officers had letters except Wynyard. Still the secret was unexplained. They examined the several newspapers : they contained no mention of any death, or of any other circumstance connected with his family, that could account for the preternatural event. There was



a solitary letter for Sherbroke still unopened. The officers had received their letters in the mess-room at the hour of supper. After Sherbroke had broken the seal of his last packet, and cast a glance on its contents, he beckoned his friend away from the company, and departed from the room. All were silent. The suspense of the interest was now at its climax ; the impatience for the return of Sherbroke was inexpressible. They doubted not but the letter had contained the long-expected intelligence. At the interval of an hour Sherbroke joined them. No one dared be guilty of so great a rudeness as to inquire the nature of his correspondence ; but they waited in mute attention, expecting that he would himself touch upon the subject. His mind was manifestly full of thoughts that pained, bewildered, and oppressed him. He drew near to the fire-place, and leaning his head on the mantle-piece, after a pause of some moments, said, in a low voice, to the person who was nearest to him ; "Wynyard's brother is no more !" The first line of Sherbroke's letter was, "Dear John, break to your friend Wynyard the death of his favourite brother." —He had died on the day, and at the very hour, on which the friends had seen his spirit pass so mysteriously through the apartment.

It might have been imagined, that these events would have been sufficient to have impressed the mind of Sherbroke with the conviction of their truth ; but so strong was his prepossession against the existence, or even the possibility of any preternatural intercourse with the souls of the dead, that he still entertained a doubt of the report of his senses, supported as their testimony was by the coincidence of vision and event. Some years after, on his return to England, he was walking with two gentlemen in Piccadilly, when on the opposite side of the way he saw a person bearing the most striking resemblance to the figure which had been disclosed to Wynyard and himself. His companions were acquainted with the story ;



and he instantly directed their attention to the gentleman opposite, as the individual who had contrived to enter and depart from Wynyard's apartment, without their being conscious of the means. Full of this impression, he immediately went over, and at once addressed the gentleman: he now fully expected to elucidate the mystery. He apologized for the interruption, but excused it by relating the occurrence which had induced him to the commission of this solecism in manners. The gentleman received him as a friend. He had never been out of the country; but he was the twin brother of the youth whose spirit had been seen.

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*An authentic Account of Lord Lyttleton's Death.*

SOME time since, I heard a surprising relation, which I had no reason to disbelieve. When I was on the spot, I hoped to procure a full account of all the circumstances. But I was disappointed; being not able to procure any at all; the matter was quite hushed up. I was glad therefore to find that Mr. Wills had procured the information which I could not. I believe every tittle of his relation is true, which follows almost verbatim.

J. W.

“A nobleman, who had long pursued his abandoned courses, as he lay in bed one night, was awaked out of his sleep (as he himself described it) by a noise not unlike the fluttering of a bird about the curtains. On opening his eyes he saw the appearance of a woman, (supposed to be the mother of one whom he had seduced, who died at this time of a broken heart.) He was shocked, and cried out, ‘What do you want?’ She answered, ‘I am come to warn you of your dissolution.’ He answered, ‘What! shall I not live two months?’ She replied, ‘No; you will die within three days.’

“All the following day he was observed to be greatly



agitated in his mind. In the afternoon, he told the story to many of his friends in the House of Lords. At breakfast on Saturday, which was the third day, he appeared very pensive: but he affected to carry it off, saying to those who were with him, 'Why do you look so grave? What, are you thinking about the ghost? I am as well as ever I was in my life.' He then (probably to get rid of those unwelcome thoughts) invited company to dinner. In the evening he said to his company, 'A few hours more, and I shall jockey the ghost.' At eleven o'clock he retired to his chamber. Some time after he began to undress himself. Meanwhile his servant was preparing for him a rhubarb draught, according to his custom. But having nothing to mix it with, he went out of the room for a spoon. By the time he came in again, his lordship was getting into bed. But before the man could give the medicine, he reclined his head on the pillow, fell into convulsions, and died. The cries of the servant alarmed the company; they flew to him, but all was over. Thus the event corresponded with the warning, which he had himself mentioned before to several persons. And his friends, who were in the house at the time, related it afterwards. A minister (says Mr. Wills) who first told it me, had the account from one of those gentlemen; which was confirmed to me afterwards by a religious person, related to Lord Lyttleton."

*The Apparition of Lord Lyttleton to Mr. Andrews, of Dartford.*

(Additional circumstance.)

"His lordship was to have paid Mr. Andrews a visit, on the day which the spectre prescribed as his last, and to have slept at his house. But on account of the alarm which the impressive message of the ghost had made on his lordship, it was put off without any intimation to Mr. Andrews of his lordship's intention.



In consequence of this, Mr. Andrews expected his lordship on the day he promised ; but finding he did not come, and not able to imagine the reason of it, he retired to rest somewhat before twelve. He had not been long lying down, when the curtains at the foot of the bed were drawn open, and he saw his lordship standing before him, in a large figured morning gown, which always remained in the house for his lordship's sole use. Mr. Andrews, conceiving that his lordship had arrived after he had retired, as he had so positively expected him that day, said to him, 'My lord, you are at some of your tricks ; go to your bed, or I will throw something at you.' The answer he returned was, '*It is all over with me, Andrews!*' and instantly disappeared. As there was a large clothes-press at the foot of the bed, he conceived his lordship had got into it, and rose to see ; but he did not find him there. He next examined the night-bolt on the door, and found it fast ; and he saw by the candle he had not been long in bed, or he might otherwise have conceived it a dream. He rung the bell, and inquired of his servants where Lord Lyttleton was. They said they had not seen him. The night-gown was next sought for, and found in its usual place.

"Mr. Andrews knew nothing of his lordship's death till next day, when letters from London announced it to have taken place exactly at twelve o'clock, the night before. As must naturally be supposed, the circumstance, and the loss of his friend, made a very great impression on the mind of Mr. Andrews, and affected him for some months after, as he is positive to his being awake at the time it happened, and of the appearance of the phantom.

"Mr. Andrews is a man of strong mind, stored with the most elegant accomplishments which literature, a refined education, and a good understanding, could give it : his character, as a man of honour and of truth, has never been impeached ; his affluent circumstances placed him above the petty cavils or petty ne-



cessities of chequered life ; therefore we can have no reason to suspect Mr. Andrews of telling any thing but what he really saw. But this I solemnly protest : he mentioned the occurrence to me at his own table, in his own house, and in the presence of Mr. Topham.

“ Lord Lyttleton died Nov. 27, 1799.”

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*A remarkable Relation, as given by Mr. Thomas Savage, in the following Letter.*

A SISTER being married to a gentleman in the army, we received intelligence that the regiment to which he belonged had received orders for one of the Spanish Isles (Minorca). One night about ten o'clock, as his wife, his child, an elder sister, and myself, were sitting in a back room, the shutters close bolted and barred, and the yard door locked, when suddenly a light shone through the window-shutters, and part illuminated the room we sat in. We looked, and beheld the spirit of a murdered brother. His eye was fixed on his wife and child alternately. He waved his hand, smiled, and continued about half a minute, and vanished from our sight. The moment before the spirit disappeared, my sister cried, “ He is dead, he is dead !” and fainted away. The boy ran to his father, and wept, because he would not stay a short time. After this, we received a letter, sealed with black, (the dark emblem of mortality), bearing the doleful but expected news, that on such a night my brother-in-law was found weltering in his blood, in returning from the mess-room. Life was not quite gone ; the last wish he breathed in the ears of those who surrounded him was to see his wife and child. It was granted him in a certain sense ; for that very hour in which he died in the island of Minorca, that same hour he appeared to his wife, his child, and eldest sister, in Doncaster. Before this event I was



an Atheist, though a boy. By this circumstance I was convinced of the certainty of another world, and by the solemn impression it made upon my mind, I prayed for mercy—found it at the foot of the cross, and now feel myself happy in God.

THOMAS SAVAGE.

The gentleman whose signature the above relation bears is a travelling preacher in the Methodist Society, and recited the story in the presence of some hundreds of preachers and a large congregation, when admitted into full connection, at the conference held in Sheffield in the year 1817. However reluctant some persons may feel to credit preternatural appearances, there are several coincidences in this testimony, which would be extremely difficult to explain away, without doing violence to all those properties we conceive to be essential to credibility. The narrator is a man of probity, of sober judgment, and a minister of the gospel; and reports from the evidence of his own senses, and not from the testimony of others. It should be remarked also, that the apparition was recognized not only by himself, but by three other persons at the same time, all of whom appear to have been personally acquainted with the deceased officer, and all of whom concurred in the identity of his person. So perfect indeed appears the representation to have been, that the artless child knew its father, and acted in a way the most natural, as supposing he was really present. We drop all comment on so extraordinary an occurrence, leaving the reader at liberty to form his own judgment, with this remark, that if a man will not admit the truth of a case so pointed, clear, and cogent, no arguments whatever can cure him of his scepticism and incredulity.



*A curious Note found among the papers of M. de la Harpe. Imported by Dulaw.*

It appears to me as if it were but yesterday ; and it was, nevertheless, in the beginning of the year 1778, we were at the table of a brother academician, who was of the highest rank, and a man of talents. The company was numerous, and of all kinds ; courtiers, advocates, literary men, academicians, &c. We had been, as usual, luxuriously entertained ; and at the desert, the wines of Malvoisie and the Cape added to the natural gaiety of good company that kind of social freedom which sometimes stretches beyond the rigid decorum of it. In short, we were in a state to allow of any thing that would produce mirth. Chamfort had been reading some of his impious and libertine tales, and the fine ladies had heard them, without once making use of their fans. A deluge of pleasantries on religion then succeeded ; one gave a quotation from the Pucelle d'Orleans ; another recollected and applauded the philosophical distich of Diderot,

*Et des boyaux du dernier pretre,  
Serrez le cou du dernier Roi.*

And of the last priest's entrails form the string  
Around the neck of the last king.

A third rises, and with a bumper in his hand, " Yes, gentlemen," he exclaims, " I am as sure that there is no God, as I am certain that Homer is a fool." The conversation afterwards took a more serious turn, and the most ardent admiration was expressed of the revolution which Voltaire had produced ; and they all agreed that it formed the brightest ray of his glory. " He has given the ton to his age, and has contrived to be read in the chamber, as well as in the drawing-room." One of the company mentioned, and almost burst with laughter at the circumstance, that his hair-



dresser had said, while he was powdering him, "Look you, sir ; though I am nothing but a poor journeyman barber, I have no more religion than another man." It was concluded that the revolution would soon be consummated, and that it was absolutely necessary for superstition and fanaticism to give place to philosophy. The probability of this epoch was then calculated, and which of the company present would live to see the Reign of Reason. The elder part of them lamented that they could not flatter themselves with the hope of enjoying such a pleasure ; while the younger part rejoiced in the expectation that they should witness it. The Academy was felicitated for having prepared the grand work, and being, at the same time, the strong hold, the centre and the moving principle of freedom of thought.

There was only one of the guests who had not shared in the delights of this conversation ; he had not even ventured, in a quiet way, to start a few pleasantries on our noble enthusiasm. It was Cazotte, an amiable man of an original turn of mind, but unfortunately infatuated with the reveries of the Illuminati. He renewed the conversation in a very serious tone, and in the following manner:—"Gentlemen," said he, "be satisfied you will all see this grand and sublime revolution. You know that I am something of a prophet, and I repeat that you will all see it." He was answered by the common expression, "It was not necessary to be a great conjurer to foretel that."—*A greed* ; but perhaps it may be necessary to be something more respecting what I am now going to tell you. Have you any idea of what will result from this Revolution ? what will happen to yourselves, to every one now present ? what will be the immediate progress of it, with its certain effects and consequences ?"—"Oh," said Condorcet, with his silly and saturnine laugh, "let us know all about it ; a philosopher can have no objection to meet a prophet."—"You, M. Condorcet, will expire on the pavement of a dungeon ;



you will die of the poison which you have taken to escape from the hands of the executioner ; of poison which the unhappy state of that period will render it absolutely necessary that you should carry about you."

At first there appeared a considerable degree of astonishment : but it was soon recollected that Cazotte was in the habit of dreaming while he was awake, and the laugh was as loud as ever. " M. Cazotte, the tale which you have just told is not so pleasant as your *Diable Amoureux*. But what devil has put this dungeon, this poison, and these hangmen in your head ? What can these things have in common with philosophy and the reign of reason ?"—" That is precisely what I am telling you. It will be in the name of philosophy, of humanity, and of liberty ; it will be under the reign of reason : for she will have temples erected to her honour. Nay, throughout France, there will be no other places of public worship than the temples of reason."—" In faith," said Chamfort, with one of his sarcastic smiles, " you will not be an officiating priest in any of these temples."—" I hope not : but you, M. Chamfort, you will be well worthy of that distinction ; for you will cut yourself across the veins with twenty-two strokes of a razor, and will, nevertheless, survive the attempt for some months." They all looked at him, and continued to laugh. " You M. Vieq. d'Azyr, you will not open your veins yourself, but you will order them to be opened six times in one day during a paroxysm of the gout, in order that you may not fail in your purpose, and you will die during the night. As for you, M. de Nicolai, you will die on the scaffold ; and so, M. Bailly, will you ; and so will you, Malesherbes."—" Oh, heavens !" said Roucher, " it appears that his vengeance is levelled solely against the academy ; he has just made a horrible execution of the whole of it : now tell me my fate, in the name of mercy !"—" You will die also upon the scaffold."—" Oh !" it was universally exclaimed, " he has sworn to exterminate us all."—" No, it is not I who have



sworn it."—"Are we then to be subjugated by Turks and Tartars?"—"By no means; I have already told you, that you will then be governed by reason and philosophy alone. Those who will treat you as I have described will all of them be philosophers; will be continually uttering the same phrases that you have been repeating for the last hour; will deliver all your maxims, and will quote, as you have done, Diderot and Pucelle."—"Oh," it was whispered, "the man is out of his senses;" for during the whole of his conversation, his countenance never underwent the least change. "O no," said another, "you must perceive he is laughing at us, for he always blends the marvellous with his pleasantries."—"Yes," answered Chamfort, "the marvellous, with him, is never enlivened with gaiety. He always looks as if he were going to be hanged. But when will all this happen?"—"Six years will not have passed away before all which I have told you shall be accomplished."

"Here, indeed, is plenty of miracles!" (it was myself, says M. de la Harpe, who now spoke) "and you set me down for nothing."—"You will yourself be a miracle as extraordinary as any which I have told. You will then be a Christian."

Loud exclamations immediately followed. "Ah!" replied Chamfort, "all my fears are removed; for if we are not doomed to perish till La Harpe becomes a Christian, we shall be immortal."

"As for us women," said the Duchess de Gramont, "it is very fortunate that we are considered as nothing in these revolutions. Not that we are totally discharged from all concern in them; but it is understood that in such cases we are to be left to ourselves.—Our sex"—"Your sex, ladies, will be no guarantee to you in these times. It will make no difference whatever whether you interfere or not. You will be treated precisely as the men; no distinction will be made between you."—"But what does all this mean, M. Cazotte? You are surely preaching to us about the



end of the world."—"I know no more of that, my Lady Duchess, than yourself: but this I know, that you will be conducted to the scaffold, with several other ladies along with you, in the cart of the executioner, and your hands tied behind you."—"I hope, sir, that in such a case I shall be allowed at least a coach hung with black."—"No, madam, you will not have that indulgence: ladies of higher rank than you will be drawn in a cart as you will be, with their hands tied as yours will be, and to the same fate as that to which you are destined."—"Ladies of higher rank than myself? What, princesses of the blood?"—"Greater still."

Here there was a very sensible emotion throughout the company, and the countenance of the master of the mansion wore a very grave aspect: it was, indeed, very generally observed, that this pleasantry was carried rather too far. Madam de Gramont, in order to disperse the cloud that seemed to be approaching, made no reply to his last answer, but contented herself with saying, with an air of gaiety, "You see he will not even leave me a confessor."—"No, madam, that consolation will be denied to all of you. The last person led to the scaffold who will be allowed a confessor, as the greatest of favours, will be ———." Here he paused for a moment. "And who then is the happy mortal who will be allowed this prerogative?"—"It is the only one which will be left him; it will be——the king of France."

The master of the house now rose in haste, and his company were all actuated by the same impulse. He then advanced towards M. Cazotte, and said to him, in an affecting and impressive tone, "My dear M. Cazotte, we have had enough of these melancholy conceits. You carry it too far, even to the compromising the company with whom you are, and yourself along with them." Cazotte made no answer, and was preparing to retire, when Madam de Gramont, who wished, if possible, to do away all serious impressions,



and to restore some kind of gaiety among them, advanced towards him, and said, "My good prophet, you have been so kind as to tell us all our fortunes, but you have not mentioned any thing respecting your own." After a few moments silence, with his eyes fixed on the ground, "Madam," he replied, "have you read the siege of Jerusalem, as related by Josephus?"—"To be sure I have ; and who has not ? But you may suppose, if you please, that I know nothing about it."—"Then you must know, madam, that during the siege of Jerusalem a man, for seven successive days, went round the ramparts of that city, crying incessantly, in a loud and inauspicious voice—'Woe to Jerusalem !' and on the seventh day he cried, 'Woe to Jerusalem, and to myself !' At that very moment, an enormous stone, thrown by the machines of the enemy, dashed him to pieces."

M. Cazotte then made his bow, and retired.

Thus far M. de la Harpe : those who recollect the melancholy exit of all the characters above-mentioned, during the Reign of Terror in France, must be astonished at the exact fulfilment of this remarkable prediction, so unlikely to be accomplished at the time it was uttered. That M. de la Harpe was capable of imposing falsehood on the world, in the last moments of his life, will, I believe, be suspected by few, and I have never heard the authenticity of the note called in question.

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*Extraordinary Narrative. Extracted from the  
Rev. D. Simpson's Works.*

THE following extraordinary narrative was related by the person who is the chief subject of it ; as also by his two comrades in the vessel, whose veracity appeared unquestionable :—

Two brothers (of the name of Clarke), who had the command of a small trading vessel in the Isle of Man,



were lying at anchor, some distance from the harbour, waiting for a fair wind. A sailor on board wishing to go on shore, which they were unwilling to allow, was much offended ; as they were Methodists, he had great enmity against them, and therefore, after some personal abuse, swore that he would not be hindered by them. He therefore went down into the boat, which was lying at the side of the ship ; and as he took the oar in order to send himself to shore, it fell out of his hand, and he lay with his head hanging over the gunnel. For some time they apprehended he was going to sleep ; but not seeing him move, one of the brothers got into the boat, and shaking him by the shoulders he did not awake ; then looking upon his face, and finding him pale and motionless, Clarke cried out to his brother, The man is dead. They then fastened ropes about his body, and drew him up into the vessel ; and after stripping him, they threw pails of water upon his face and different parts of his body, in hopes this might be a means of rousing him, if he was in a trance or fit. Finding this ineffectual, they laid him on his belly across a piece of timber, and one holding him by the head, and the other by the feet, they pulled him alternately, thinking that the friction might be of service ; but as no signs of life appeared, they left him upon the deck, and fetched some of the crew of another vessel to see that there was no marks of violence upon the body. After this was done, various efforts were used to restore him to life ; at length he was heard to groan, and shortly after opened his eyes. They then put him to bed in the cabin, where he lay for some time without speaking, being exceeding weak. As Thomas Clarke was standing at the bed-side, he said to him—Oh ! Tom, Tom ! I have been a wicked wretch, I have used you and your brother very ill ; can you forgive me ? Clarke replied, Indeed I can, and do, with all my heart ; and I hope God will forgive you. When he had regained a little strength, he addressed Clarke in the following manner :—



I have been out of the body, and have seen wonderful things. As soon as I jumped into the boat my spirit departed, and I found myself in the custody of two devils, in the shape of black bears, who dragged me to a lime-kiln, out of which I saw flames of fire ascending. I shrieked horribly, and just as they were going to throw me in, an angel dressed in white robes, whose face resembled Mr. Mason's, the Methodist preacher, suddenly appeared, and said to the devils, He is not yours, let him go ; upon which they immediately vanished. The angel took me by the arm, and led me from the lime-kiln ; and when he had gone a little way, I observed a man with a black mantle over his shoulders. On coming near to him, I knew him to be a companion of mine ; and it was impressed on my mind, that we had neglected to pay a vow which we once made to God. We were both some time ago in a small fishing boat, and a great storm coming on, we expected nothing but death ; therefore, seeing ourselves in such danger, we prayed to God to deliver us, and promised, upon our knees, that if he would bring us safe to shore, we would each give a shilling to the poor ; but when we got to land we never thought about our vow. And now, Tom Clarke, as I do not think I shall live long, finding myself so very weak, I beseech you to charge my wife to give a shilling to the poor for me, or I shall never be happy. On Clarke assuring him he would, he continued his discourse. The angel after this led me to a beautiful river, at the other side of which, in a flowery meadow, I saw a great number of people (chiefly Methodists), and among the rest you and the predestinarian that was arguing with you yesterday. At the time of your dispute, you may remember that he quoted this text of scripture, "The Lord hath made all things for himself ; yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." At this, thinking that I was one of the reprobates that would be damned, I said within myself, Surely, from my past debauched life, I must expect it, and therefore it is



vain for me to look for salvation. I may continue still in my wicked courses, and make myself as happy as I can while I live, since I must go to hell at last. Indeed, I now believe that this was only a temptation of the devil, for as I saw you on the bank of the river, with a bible in your hand, opened at that very place where the text was, the angel said unto me, Tom Clarke is right, the other man is wrong; my grace is free for all, therefore free for you. And now to convince you I am telling truth, as you know I can neither read nor write, if you look into the Bible, you will find that text in the 16th chapter of Proverbs, and that the first letter of the chapter is a T. Upon this Clarke examined his Bible, and finding it to be true, he desired the man to go on with his story.

Well, said he, after receiving some comfort from what the angel said, I saw a large gate, at the end of the field, which was studded all over with diamonds; and out of the key-hole the rays of the sun shone so bright, that my eyes were quite dazzled; and as I was admiring the sight, a white dove came through the key-hole, and flying straight across the river, struck me with force upon the breast; and while it was fluttering with its wings, I found my life returning by degrees.

He then told Tom Clarke, that if God would but spare him, he would become a new man, and that both he and his wife (whom before he had grossly abused for going to hear the Methodists) would join them, which they did soon after. He had been among them two years when this account was given, and was then walking in the fear of God, and happy in the light of his countenance: and though he was advanced in years, he had taught himself to read, that he might be able to search the scriptures, and learn from thence the truth as it is in Jesus.



*A remarkable Dream of Dr. Doddridge, preserved by the Rev. Samuel Clarke, son of the late Dr. Clarke, of St. Alban's.—Mr. Clarke relates the Narrative in the following manner:—*

THE doctor and my father had been conversing together one evening on the nature of the separate state, and the probability that the scenes in which the soul would enter, upon its leaving the body, would bear some resemblance to those with which it had been conversant while on earth, that it might by degrees be prepared for the more sublime happiness of the heavenly world. This, and other conversation, probably gave rise to the following dream:—

The doctor imagined himself dangerously ill at a friend's house in London: and after lying in this state for some time, he thought his soul left the body, and took its flight in some kind of fine vehicle, which, though very different from the body it had just quitted, was still material. He pursued his course till he was at some distance from the city, when turning back, and reviewing the town, he could not forbear saying to himself, "How trifling, and how vain do these affairs, in which the inhabitants of this place are so eagerly employed, appear to me, a separate spirit." At length, as he was continuing his progress, and though without any certain director, yet easy and happy in the thoughts of the universal providence and government of God, which extends alike to all states and worlds, he was met by one who told him he was sent to conduct him to the place appointed for his abode: from hence he concluded, that it could be no other than an angel, though (as I remember) he appeared under the form of an elderly man. They went accordingly together till they came in sight of a spacious building, which had the air of a palace; upon inquiring what it was, his guide told him it was the place assigned for his residence at present; upon



which the doctor observed, that he remembered to have read while on earth, That eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, what God hath laid up for his servants ; whereas he could easily conceive an idea of such a building as this, from others he had seen, though he acknowledged they were greatly inferior to this in elegance. The answer his guide made him was plainly suggested by the conversation of the evening before ; it was, that the scene first presented was contrived on purpose to bear a near resemblance of those he had been accustomed to on earth, that his mind might be more easily and gradually prepared for those glories that would open upon him in eternity ; and which would at first have quite dazzled and overpowered him.

By this time they were come up to the palace, and his guide led him through a kind of saloon into the inner parlour. The first remarkable thing he saw was a golden cup, that stood upon the table, on which was embossed a figure of a vine, and a cluster of grapes. He asked his guide the meaning of this, who told him, it was the cup in which the Saviour drank new wine with his disciples in his kingdom, and that the figures carved on it were intended to signify the union between Christ and his people : implying, that the grapes derive all their beauty and flavour from the vine ; so the saints, even in a state of glory, were indebted for their establishment and happiness to their union with their Head, in whom they were all complete. While they were thus conversing, he heard a tap at the door, and was informed by the angel that it was the signal of the Lord's approach, and was intended to prepare him for the interview. Accordingly, in a short time, he thought, our Saviour entered the room, and upon his casting himself at his feet, he graciously raised him up, and with a look of inexpressible complacency assured him of his favour, and his kind acceptance of his faithful services ; and as a token of his peculiar regard, and the intimate friend-



ship he intended to honour him with, he took the cup, and after drinking of it himself, gave it into his hands. The doctor would have declined it at first, as too great an honour ; but his Lord replied, as to Peter in relation to washing his feet, If thou drink not with me, thou hast no part in me. This scene, he observed, filled him with such a transport of gratitude, love, and admiration, that he was ready to sink under it. His master seemed sensible of it, and told him he must leave him for the present, but it would not be long before he repeated his visit ; and in the meantime he would find enough to employ his thoughts, in reflecting on what had passed, and contemplating the objects around him. As soon as his Lord had retired, and his mind was a little composed, he observed the room was hung round with pictures ; and upon examining them more attentively, he discovered, to his great surprise, that they contained the history of his own life ; the most remarkable scenes he had passed through being there represented in a lively manner. It may easily be imagined how much this would affect his mind ; the many temptations and trials he had been exposed to, and signal instances of divine goodness towards him in the different periods of his life, which by this means were all presented at once to his view, excited the strongest emotions of gratitude, especially when he reflected that he was now out of the reach of any future distress ; and that all the purposes of divine love and mercy towards him were happily accomplished. The ecstasy of joy and thankfulness, into which these reflections threw him, was so great, that it awoke him out of his sleep. But for some considerable time after he arose, the impressions continued so lively, that tears of joy flowed down his cheeks ; and he said, that he never on any occasion remembered to have felt sentiments of devotion, love, and gratitude, equally strong.



*Extracts from the Life of Mr. Morris, of  
Manchester.*

BEING one day by myself, near the garden, and engaged in meditation and prayer, I observed a beautiful white bird, about the size of a pigeon, soaring towards the skies. I said to myself, "O that I could fly to heaven, as that bird mounts the air!" I had scarce spoken these words, when the clouds divided, and enclosed the bird in an instant, so that I could see it no more. This made such an impression upon my mind, that I dropped down and praised the Lord. I afterwards pondered the thing in my mind, not caring to mention it to any one.

One of my intimate companions was a young gentleman of agreeable manners, and I was excessively fond of him. We were attached to the exercise of dancing, and had spent Easter Tuesday in that employment, with our acquaintance, at a public house, with much mirth and jollity. The Saturday evening after, I dreamed that the young gentleman came into my room, and with a ghastly countenance thus addressed me: "John Morris, I am come to warn you, that if you do not repent and amend your ways, you will die in a short time, and share the same fate of misery and distress into which I am now involved." This alarmed me in such a manner, that although asleep, I arose up in my bed, and said in the name of the Lord, who are you? Are you such a one? mentioning his name. He replied, "I am." Are you dead? He answered, "I am." When did you die, and of what disease? He answered, "Early this night." Then relating the particulars of his disorder, informing me that he first felt it in his ham, and that it reached his heart in twenty-four hours. He farther declared, that his soul arose out of the body, as one awakened from sleep; that two evil companions were ready to receive him, the one on the right hand, and



the other on the left. He would gladly have returned again to his body, but it would not receive him. He was then conducted to the bar of the Almighty Judge, who pronounced the sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed!" This dream made so deep an impression upon my mind, that next morning I went to the young man's house to inquire after him; when, to my great astonishment and terror, the family related the particulars of his disorder and death, which exactly coincided with all the circumstances of the dream.

I found it exceeding difficult to be entirely divested of all attachments to the Church of Rome; and was painfully anxious to be certified whether the doctrines preached by the Methodists were agreeable to the Oracles of God! In this dilemma, I placed all my dependence upon the Almighty, and importuned him, in the most earnest manner I was capable, that he would direct me in the way of truth and salvation. In the ignorance and simplicity of my heart, I even presumed to solicit, that he would stoop so low to his poor, distressed, sinful creature, as to send an angel to remove my doubts and perplexities. The Lord saw my distress and ignorance, and condescended to regard my sincerity. I saw in a dream a holy angel, clothed in shining raiment, surrounded with a blaze of light, descend into my room: his hair seemed like sparkling gold, and his countenance was inexpressibly beautiful and glorious. He approached me, and said, "John Morris, I am sent from God to tell thee, that the people among whom he hath lately led thee are many of them in reality his people, and that the doctrines which they teach are the doctrines of the Gospel. For the truth of what I say, I have in my hand a Book which contains the mind and will of God." He then, to my apprehension, put a book upon my breast, saying, "Search this Book, and it will show the right way to salvation." And then added, "Your petition was, that God would send an angel to resolve the doubts upon your mind; but as you had not sufficient



strength to bear a sight so glorious, otherwise than while asleep, the Almighty hath, in tender mercy, granted your request in sending me to visit you in a dream ; for a proof of which I give you a token, that when you awake you may be satisfied that the Methodists are God's people, whom I charge you to join, and never to leave while they continue to preach the truth." The token which the angel gave of his visitation was, by pressing the tip of his finger thrice upon my naked breast, which caused exquisite pain, and instantly awoke me. Immediately I felt in my bosom, and found the book, which was the Old and New Testament bound up for the pocket, and which belonged to the room where I lay. The young man who slept with me was equally astonished with myself, because we were both certain that the book lay upon a box at some distance from the bed when we retired to rest. The pain in my breast continued only two or three days, but the mark remained visible some months : when I afterwards showed it to the person who brought me among the Methodists, and related all the circumstances, he was so astonished at the sight, that he almost fainted.

As soon as the day dawned I was anxious to examine my book, and was much surprised when I found it was the Bible, and more especially as it is a thing uncommon for Catholics to read the scriptures. I now embraced every opportunity of perusing this sacred treasury, in which I found my present state described, and the way of salvation pointed out. I likewise immediately joined the Methodists, and trust I shall live and die among them. This step, however, brought upon me a torrent of persecution from all quarters, particularly from my relations, my fellow-servants, and from the mob that infested the Methodist meeting.

John Morris lived and died a Methodist. His last words were, "Christ is all!" and immediately breathed out his soul into the hands of his gracious Redeemer, on November 8, 1793, and in the sixtieth year of his age.



*The Appearance of the Ghost of Mrs. Bretton for the recovery of some lands to the poor ; in a Narrative sent to Dr. Moor from Edward Fowler, Prebendary of Gloucester, and afterwards Bishop of that Diocese.—From Dr. Sinclair's Invisible World.*

DR. BRETTON, late Rector of Ludgate and Deptford, living formerly in Hertfordshire, was married to the daughter of Dr. S———. This gentlewoman was a person of extraordinary piety, which she expressed as in her life, so at her death. She had a maid for whom she had a great kindness, who was married to a neighbour, whose name was Alice. Not long after her death, as Alice was rocking her infant in the night, she was called from the cradle by a knocking at the door, which opening, she was surprised at the sight of a gentlewoman, not to be distinguished from her late mistress neither in person nor habit: she was in a morning-gown, the same to appearance with that she had often seen her mistress wear. At first sight she expressed very great amazement, and said, "Were not my mistress dead, I should not question but that you were she." She replied, "I am the same that was your mistress;" and took her by the hand, which Alice declared was as cold as a clod; she added, that she had business of great importance to employ her in, and that she must immediately go a little way with her. Alice trembled, and besought her to excuse her, and entreated her very importunately to go to her master, who must needs be more fit to be employed: the spectre answered, that he who was her husband was not at all concerned, but yet she had a desire rather to make use of him, and in order thereto had several times been in his chamber, but he was still asleep, nor had she power to do more than once to uncover his feet, towards the awakening him; and the doctor said he had heard walking in his chamber of a night.



which till now he could not account for. Alice next objected, that her husband was gone a journey, and she had no one to look to her child, and that it was very apt to cry vehemently; and she feared, if it awaked before her return, it would cry itself to death, or do itself a mischief; the spectre replied, the child should sleep till her return.

Alice seeing there was no avoiding of it, sorely against her will, followed her over a stile into a large field, who then said to her, Observe how much of this field I measure with my feet; and when she had taken a good large leisurely compass, she said, All this belongs to the poor, it being taken from them by wrongful means; and charged her to go and tell her brother, whose it was at that time, that he should give it up forthwith, as he loved her and his dear aged mother. This brother was not the person who did this unjust act, but his father; she added, that she was the more concerned, because her name was made use of in some writing that related to this land.

Alice asked her how she could satisfy her brother that this was no cheat or delusion of her fancy! She replied, tell him this secret, which he knows that only himself and I am privy to, and he will believe you. Alice having promised to go on this errand, she proceeded to give her good advice, and entertained her all the rest of the night with heavenly and divine discourse. When twilight appeared, they heard the whistling of carters, and noise of horse-bells, whereupon the spectre said, Alice, I must be seen by none but yourself; and then disappeared.

Immediately Alice made all haste home, being thoughtful of her child, but found it as the spectre had said, asleep as she left it. When she had dressed it, and committed it to the care of a neighbour, away she went to her master, the doctor, who, amazed at the account she gave him, sent her to his brother-in-law. He, at first hearing Alice's story and message, laughed at it heartily; but she had no sooner told him the se-



fret, but he changed his countenance, told her he would give the poor their own, and accordingly did so, and they now enjoy it.

This, with more circumstances, had been several times related by Dr. Bretton himself, who was well known to be a person of great goodness and sincerity; he gave a large narrative of this apparition of his sister to my two friends, first to one Mr. Needham, and afterwards (a little before his death) to Dr. Whichcot. About forty years after I received the foregoing narrative, I fell into company with three sober persons of good rank, who all lived in the city of Hereford, and I travelled in a stage-coach three days with them: I related this story, but told it was done at Deptford; for so I presumed it was, because I knew that there Dr. Bretton lived. They told me, as soon as I had concluded it, that the story was very true in the main, but only I was out as to the place, for it was not at Deptford: but as I remember, they told me at Pembridge, near Hereford, where the doctor was minister before the return of the king; and they assured me, upon their own knowledge, that to that day the poor enjoyed the piece of ground. They added, that Mrs. Bretton's father could never endure to hear any thing of his daughter's appearing after death; but would still reply, that it was not his daughter; but the devil: so that he acknowledged something appeared in the likeness of his daughter.

This is attested by me, 17th February, 1681,  
EDWARD FOWLER.

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*Captain Porteus.*

IN the study of an eminent divine of the church of Scotland was recently found in MS. the relation of a very remarkable dream, which, with the no less striking fulfilment of it, we present to our readers as positively authentic.



A lady lately married saw one day at noon, in a vision, the child, then in embryo in her womb, rise to an elevated situation in the world, having the command of soldiers, dragged to a dungeon, tried for murder, condemned, pardoned, but soon after torn to pieces by the populace. After this she imagined much confusion arose in the country, till the name of her son became odious and detestable to almost the whole nation. When she awoke, she related what she had dreamed to her husband, who administered to her all the consolation in his power, assuring her that dreams always turn quite the reverse of what they had discovered.

The child, agreeable to the prediction, proving a son, much care was taken in his education, at one of the public schools of Edinburgh. When he grew up, he discovered a strong inclination for travelling. He went abroad without the consent of his parents, remained many years in the king's service abroad, and after obtaining his discharge, resided for some years in London; all the while totally unmindful of his filial duty, and indeed never taking the least notice of his parents, who now lived in a recuse situation about ten miles west from Edinburgh: to which city the hero of the story returning, about the year 1735, was by the interest of a gentleman appointed to the command of the city guard. But, before we proceed further, it may be proper in this place to apprise the reader, that this captain was no less a personage than the notified Porteus.

One day, as the captain was mustering his men in a field adjacent to the city, he cast his eye upon a man of Musselburgh, who was reputed to possess the second sight. The captain called the augur aside, and required him to foretel his destiny. The poor soothsayer, with much reluctancy, informed the curious inquirer, that his time would be but short; that he would be a midnight market-man. This threw the officer into a violent rage: and had not the sage sof-



tened the sentence, by an explanation which gave a different turn to it, he certainly would, from a military man so tyrannical as the captain was known to be, have suffered a severe flagellation.

Soon after this two men, very notorious smugglers, were condemned to die at Edinburgh, for breaking into the king's storehouse at Leith, and carrying away those goods which had been taken from them by the officers of the revenue. These men, on the Sunday preceding the day of execution, were conducted to one of the churches, as was then usual, under a guard. During the sermon, notwithstanding the vigilance of Captain Porteus, one of the prisoners found means to make his escape, and got clear off. The other was executed on the Wednesday following in the Grass-market, much contrary to the desire of the populace. As soon as the man was turned off, the boys began to pelt the executioner; and the impetuous captain, who then attended with a strong party, commanded them to level their pieces, and follow his example. He himself fired upon a young gentleman of good family from the Highlands, and killed him upon the spot; and the men instantly discharged their muskets, and killed several of the citizens, as beholding from the windows the dreadful spectacle.

The captain was seized by order of the lord provost, conducted to the Tolbooth, tried by the lords of justiciary, and being found guilty on the clearest evidence, received sentence of death.

It was now his mother, who alone was living, heard of the awful situation of a man whom she knew to be her son, by a letter which she received from him during his troubles. The lady readily recollected her dream, flew to Edinburgh in the utmost distress, and would certainly have been quite distracted had she not been informed, from a quarter where much confidence might be placed, that great interest was making at London in favour of the captain.

In a few days a respite arrived from the queen, (for



George II. was then at Hanover,) with an order to secure the captain in the castle. This quite altered the face of the affairs with the captain and his mother, who began to ridicule the prediction of the dream, and the soothsayer. That evening they made merry with several friends in the prison, till the captain was cast into a state of inebriation, and consequently unprepared to meet the awful fate which awaited him.

In this the captain was not unlike the eastern monarch, who, amidst his banquet, beheld the hand-writing on the wall. He was instantly alarmed by a report, that the city was up in arms, and intent on his destruction. The noise of sledge-hammers on the iron doors soon convinced him that the alarm was not chimerical. In short, the enraged multitude gained entrance, dragged forth the captain, led him in triumph along the High-street, procured a rope, reached the usual place of execution, and after suffering him to say a short prayer, hung him upon a projecting pole, a dreadful spectacle to an assembled city.

The confusion in the established national church, occasioned by the queen's proclamation being read by some, and burnt by others, is too well known to be recorded in this place ; but proved an almost literal accomplishment of the visionary prediction of the mother, who did not long survive the calamity of her son.

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*The Apparition of Sir George Villiers, father of the then Duke of Buckingham, to one Mr. Parker, to warn the Duke against something, which if not prevented, would end in his death; which so fell out, he not regarding the advice; and soon after he was stabbed by one John Felton, an officer.*

THERE were many stories scattered abroad at that time of several prophecies and predictions of the



duke's untimely and violent death ; amongst the rest, there was one that was upon a better foundation of credit. There was an officer in the king's wardrobe in Windsor Castle, of good reputation for honesty and discretion, and then about the age of fifty or more. This man had in his youth been bred in a school in the parish where Sir George Villiers, the father of the duke, lived, and had been much cherished and much obliged in that season of his age by the said Sir George, whom afterwards he never saw. About six months before the miserable end of the Duke of Buckingham, at midnight, this man being in his bed at Windsor, where his office was, and in very good health, there appeared to him, at the side of his bed, a man of a very venerable aspect, who undrew the curtains of his bed, fixed his eyes upon him, and asked him if he knew him.

The poor man, half dead with fear and apprehension, being asked the second time whether he remembered him, and having in that time called to his memory the presence of Sir George Villiers, and the very clothes he used to wear, in which, at that time, he seemed to be habited, he answered him, that he thought him to be that person ; he replied, he was in the right, that he was the same, and that he expected a service from him, which was that he should go from him to his son, the Duke of Buckingham, and tell him, if he did not do something to ingratiate himself with the people, or at least to abate the extreme malice which they had against him, he would be suffered to live but a short time.

After this discourse he disappeared, and the poor man (if he had been at all waking) slept very well till morning, when he believed this to be a dream, and considered it no otherwise.

The next night, or shortly after, the same person appeared to him again, in the same place, and about the same time of the night, with an aspect a little more severe than before, and asked him whether he



had done as he had required of him ; and perceiving he had not, gave him some severe reprehensions, told him he expected more compliance from him, and that if he did not perform his commands, he should enjoy no peace of mind, but should always be pursued by him ; upon which he promised to obey him. But the next morning, waking out of a good sleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively representations of all particulars to his memory, he was still willing to persuade himself he had only dreamed ; and considered that he was a person at such a distance from the duke, that he knew not how to find out any admission to his presence, much less to be believed in what he should say : so with great trouble and inquietness he spent some time in thinking what he should do, and in the end resolved to do nothing in the matter.

The same person appeared to him a third time with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproached him for not performing what he had promised to do. The poor man had, by this time, recovered the courage to tell him, in truth he had deferred the execution of his commands upon consideration how difficult a thing it would be for him to get any access to the duke, having acquaintance with no person about him ; and if he should obtain admission to him, he never would be able to persuade him that he was sent in such a manner, that he should at least be thought to be mad, or to be set on, and employed by his own, or the malice of other men, to abuse the duke, and he should be sure to be undone.

The spectre replied as he had done before, that he should never find rest till he had performed what he required, and therefore he had better to dispatch it ; that the access to his son was known to be very easy, and that few men waited long for him ; and for the gaining him credit, he would tell him two or three particulars, which he charged him never to mention to any person but to the duke himself ; and he should



no sooner hear them than he should believe all the rest he should say ; and so repeating his threats he left him.

In the morning the poor man, more confirmed by the last appearance, made his journey to London, where the court then was ; he was very well known by Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the masters of requests, who had married a lady that was nearly allied to the duke, and was himself well received by him. To him this man went, and though he did not acquaint him with all the particulars, he said enough to let him know there was something extraordinary in it ; and the knowledge he had of the sobriety and discretion of the man made the more impression on him : he desired that by his means he might be brought to the duke in such a place and in such a manner as should be thought fit, affirming that he had much to say to him, and of such a nature as would require much privacy, and some time and patience in hearing.

Sir Ralph promised that he would speak first to the duke of him, and then he should understand his pleasure ; and accordingly the first opportunity, he did inform him of the reputation and honesty of the man, and then what he desired, and what he knew of the matter.

The duke, according to his usual openness and condescension, told him, that he was the next day early to hunt with the king ; that his horses should attend him at Lambeth Bridge, where he should land by five of the clock in the morning ; and if the man attended him there, at that hour, he would walk and speak with him as long as should be necessary.

Sir Ralph carried the man with him the next morning, and presented him to the duke at his landing, who received him courteously, and walked aside in conference near an hour ; none but his servants being at that hour in the place, and they and Sir Ralph at such a distance, that they could not hear a word, though the duke sometimes spoke loud, and with great



emotion, which Sir Ralph the more easily observed and perceived, because he kept his eye always fixed upon the duke: having procured the conference, somewhat, he knew, was up very extraordinary.

The man told him, in his return over the water, that when he mentioned those particulars that would gain him credit, (the substance whereof he said he durst not impart unto him), the duke's colour changed, and he swore that he could come at that knowledge only by the devil; for that those particulars were only known to himself and to one person more, who, he was sure, would never speak of it.

How strongly does this confirm the opinion, that the soul, when departed, has a knowledge of the actions of the living, and willing to do any office for their good, if permitted.

The duke pursued his purpose of hunting, but was observed to ride all the morning with great pensiveness, in deep thought, without any delight in the exercise he was upon; and before the morning was spent, left the field, and alighted at his mother's lodgings in White-hall, with whom he was shut up for the space of two or three hours! the noise of their discourse frequently reaching the ears of those who attended in the next rooms. And when the duke left her, his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger; a countenance that was never before observed in him in any conversation with her, towards whom he had a profound reverence; and the countess herself (for though she was married to a private gentleman, Sir Thomas Compton, she had been created Countess of Buckingham shortly after her son had first assumed that title) was, at the duke's leaving her, found overwhelmed in tears, and in the highest agony imaginable.

Whatever there was of all this, it is a notorious truth, that when the news of the duke's murder (which happened a few months after) was brought to his mother, she seemed not in the least degree sur-



prised, but received it, as if she had foreseen it ; nor did she afterwards express that degree of sorrow as was expected from such a mother, for the loss of such a son.

This story is related with a little circumstantial difference by several considerable authors, who all seem to agree in the most material parts of it.—*Vide Baker's Chronicle.*

Fame, though with some privacy, says, that the secret token was an incestuous breach of modesty between the duke and a certain lady too nearly related to him, which it surprised the duke to hear of ; and that, as he thought he had good reasons to be sure the lady would not tell of it herself, so he thought none but the devil could tell it beside her ; and this astonished him, so that he was very far from receiving the man slightly, or laughing at his message.

A considerable time before this happened, Sir Clement Throckmorton dreamed that an assassin would kill his grace, therefore he took the first opportunity to advise him to wear a privy coat ; the duke thanked him for his counsel very kindly, and gave him this answer, that he thought a coat of mail would signify little in a popular commotion, and from any single person he apprehended no danger.—*Relique Wotton*, p. 144.

This relation is recorded by three different authors ; viz., Mr. Lilly, the Astrologer, in a work of his ; Lord Clarendon's History of England ; and Mr. Baker's Chronicle. It is also mentioned by Mr. Flavel, in his Treatise on the Soul.

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### *Strange Warning to a Reprobate Publican.*

IN Bethnal Green, and near the school-house, there is a public-house known by the name of the Gibraltar, which was long kept by one John Harris, a native of



Birmingham, and silver plater by trade. This man for many years, encouraged by his great success in business, led a very irregular life, insomuch that he lost his trade in the public-house, and getting into a disorderly way entirely, the parish officers and justice refused to renew his license, and for a whole year he was fain to keep his house close. During this interval, having dismissed his servants, and his wife having left him for some words which had happened, as he sat by the parlour fire, it being the winter time, he heard the bar bell ring, which made him wonder much, knowing there was nobody in the house but himself. At first he paid but little attention, but upon hearing it distinctly a second time, he got up and went to the back door, suspecting some one had entered that way, and was putting a trick upon him ; but finding all safe, he returned to the fire-side, wondering much at the oddness of the thing, when all of a sudden the bell fell a ringing again, though not in so quick a tone as before, but somewhat more regularly, as if the hand that pulled it held it for a while.

Disturbed at this extraordinary call, he got up, determined to discover the cause, and taking the poker in his hand, being the first thing he could lay hold on, he passed through the bar into the back room, where, to his great astonishment and terror, for he allowed that he was severely frightened, he beheld the figure of a good-looking female personage, dressed in brown, much like a quaker, seated in a chair, between the two back windows, and leaning upon a long stick, which seemed to support her.

At first Mr. Harris was too much affected to speak, for though very valiant and noisy in company, there was something about the figure before him which declared her not to be of this world ; besides his own conscience upbraided him with more evil than his memory could just then recollect. However, he summoned power enough to put the old foolish question, "What art thou?" and with that fell on his knees in



a devout manner to pray. "What I am is not my business to relate, but what you may hereafter become, if you do not amend your life and manners; so get up, man, and remember the warning voice of one from the dead. You have but a few years to live, make the most of your time, and train up your daughter *Phebe* in a good way; and keep her from such and such company, or she will die young, violently, and by the force of justice. Consider her life is just now in your hands; a little time will place it out of your power to reverse the evil that awaits her.—Remember this, and live accordingly."—With this she seemed to strike the ground with her stick, and immediately disappeared, leaving Mr. Harris much astonished at what he had both heard and seen, and only lamented that he had no witness to the truth of this incident.

Be it as it will, it produced a wonderful alteration in him for the best: and though his former companions laughed at him for becoming a Methodist, he ever after adhered to the paths of prudence and sobriety. I knew him in the year 1765, a very orderly and sober man; and from his invariable relation of this matter, have no doubt of its truth.

The prediction with respect to his daughter *Phebe* was too fatally accomplished a few years since, she being burnt for treason, as it is called, that is, for counterfeiting the current coin called a shilling.

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*A Vision seen by Mr. Donne.*

DR. DONNE and his wife lived for some time in London with Sir Robert Daury. Sir Robert, having occasion to go to Paris, took the doctor along with him, whose wife was left big with child at Sir Robert's house. Two days after their arrival at Paris, Dr. Donne was left alone in the room where Sir Robert and he, and some other friends, had dined together. Sir Robert



returned in half an hour, and as he had left, so he found the doctor, alone ; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered in his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold. He inquired the cause ; and after some time the doctor told him he had seen a dreadful vision. I have seen, says he, my dear wife pass twice by me, through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. A messenger was immediately dispatched to England, to inquire after Mrs. Donne ; and it appeared, that she had been brought to bed of a dead child, after a long and dangerous labour, about the very hour that Dr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber at Paris.

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*A true account of the manner and conversion of Colonel Gardiner, a few years before he fell in battle ; taken down in writing from his own mouth, by two intimate friends of his, viz., the Rev. Dr. Doddridge, and the Rev. Mr. Spears, Minister at Breutisland.—Also his death.*

THIS remarkable event (says Dr. Doddridge) happened about the middle of July, 1719 : he thinks it was on a Sunday evening. The major had spent the evening with some gay company, and had made an unhappy appointment with a married woman, whom he was to meet exactly at twelve o'clock. The company broke up about eleven ; and not judging it convenient to anticipate the time appointed, he went into his chamber, to kill, as he said, the tedious hour with some book, or other amusement ; but it very providentially happened that he took up a religious book, which either his mother, or his aunt, had slipt into his portmanteau. The book was entitled, "The Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm!" written by Mr. Watson ; and guessing by the title of it, he should find some phrases of his own profession spiritualized



in such a manner as might afford him some diversion (as he said), he resolved to dip into it for a few minutes ; but yet he took no particular notice of any thing he read in it. But on a sudden, while the book was open in his hand (as he related to me several times), there was presented to his sight, in a very lively manner, not to his imagination only, but to his bodily eyes, the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded with a refulgent light and glory, and that a voice, or something equivalent to a voice, was impressed upon him, in words to this effect, "Oh, sinner! did I suffer all this for thee ; and are these the returns?" But whether this was an audible voice, or a strong impression upon his senses, he did not presume to affirm, but looked upon it as a vision of an extraordinary nature, as from God ; and struck with so amazing a phenomenon (said he), "there remained hardly any life in me : I sunk down into an arm-chair on which I sat, and continued (I know not how long) quite insensible," whether asleep or not, he could not say, but after a while opened his eyes, and saw nothing more than usual ; nor did he (as he declared to me), during the remainder of the night, once recollect that criminal and detestable assignation, which before engrossed all his thoughts. He then rose from the chair, in a tumult of passion not to be conceived, and walked to and fro in his chamber till he was ready to drop down in unutterable astonishment and agony of soul : now appearing to himself as the vilest monster in the creation of God, who had all his lifetime been crucifying the Lord Christ by his sins, and disobedience to his precepts. And now saw (as he assuredly believed, by so wonderful a vision,) all the horrors of what he had done and acted ; and yet, at the same time, he saw (as he said) both the majesty and goodness of God in sparing such a rebel, and the chief of sinners ; that he ever had abhorred himself, as deserving nothing at God's hand but wrath and eternal damnation. And that from this moment he



became the greatest penitent before God and man ; abhorring himself as in dust and ashes ; and so continued to the day of his death : attributing all to the free unmerited grace of Christ to one of the vilest of sinners ; and never mentioned the name of God, or of Christ, but with the greatest reverence ; and yet the Lord so lifted up the light of his countenance upon him, at different times, and strengthened his faith in him, that he never after doubted of his salvation, through the above merits of his Redeemer. He had also a foresight of his death in a dream, as he related himself. " I thought (says he) I saw my Saviour walking before me over a large field (the very field of battle where he fell), and the Lord turned round and smiled upon me ; so that I never after doubted of his aid and protection, nor of any interest in his precious blood."

He died of his wounds received at the battle of Preston Pans.

Though the whole of the foregoing relation is not of the most striking order of apparition stories, it, notwithstanding, carries in itself internal marks of a supernatural revelation in these latter times, and serves to prove in general that Providence has not left man entirely alone, but that his grace is yet sufficient. If any degree of credit can be given to any thing of this kind, the assent must be granted to respectable witnesses, who have no interest to delude, and whose characters remove them too far from the temptation of fraud to practice deceit.

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#### *Apparition to Brutus.*

THE apparition to Brutus is well known. He, being to pass his army from Abydos to the opposite continent, laid himself down one night as he used to do in his tent ; he was not asleep, but thinking of his affairs,



and the event of the war, for he was naturally of a watchful constitution, and no general ever required so little sleep. He thought he heard a noise at the door of his tent ; and looking that way, by the light of his lamp, which was almost extinguished, he saw a terrible figure, like that of a man, but of an extraordinary bulk, and grim countenance. He was somewhat frightened at first, but seeing it neither did nor spoke any thing to him, but only stood silently by his bed side, he asked it at last who it was. The spectre answered him, " I am thy evil genius, Brutus, and thou shalt see me at Philippi." Brutus answered very courageously, " Well, I will see thee there." And immediately the apparition vanished. When the time was come he drew up his army near Philippi against Antony and Cæsar, and the first battle got the day, routed the enemy, and plundered Cæsar's camp. The night before the second battle, the same spectre appeared to him again, but spoke not a word. He presently knew that his death was near, and exposed himself to all the dangers of the battle ; yet he did not die in the fight ; but seeing his men defeated, he got up to the top of a rock, and there presenting his sword to his naked breast, and being assisted, as they say, by a friend, who helped him to give the thrust, died upon the spot.

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*Mrs. Tooley.*

SIR Richard Cradock, a justice of peace, who was a violent hater and persecutor of the Dissenters, and who exerted himself to enforce all the severe laws then in existence against them, happened to live near Mr. Rogers, to whom he bore a particular enmity, and whom he wanted above all things to have in his power. Hearing that he was to preach at a place some miles distant, he thought it a fair opportunity for accomplishing his base design ; and in order thereto, hired



two men to go as spies, and take down the names of all the hearers whom they knew, that they might appear as witnesses against both them and Mr. Rogers. The plan seemed to succeed to his wishes. These men brought him the names of several persons who were present at the meeting, and he warned such of them as he had a particular spite against, together with Mr. Rogers, to appear before him. Knowing the violence of the man, they came with trembling hearts, expecting to be treated with the utmost severity. While they were waiting in the great hall, expecting to be called upon, a little girl, about six or seven years of age, who was Sir Richard's grand-daughter, happened to come into the hall. She looked at Mr. Rogers, and was much taken with his venerable appearance. He being naturally fond of children, took her upon his knee, and caressed her, which occasioned her to conceive a great fondness for him. At length, Sir Richard sent a servant to inform them, that one of the witnesses being taken ill, was unable to attend, and that therefore they must come again another day. They accordingly came at the time appointed, and being convicted, the justice ordered their mittimus to be written, to send them all to prison.

Mr. Rogers, expecting to see the little girl again, brought some sweetmeats with him to give her. As soon as she saw him, she came running to him, and appeared fonder of him than before. This child, being a particular favourite of her grandfather, had got such an ascendancy over him, that he could deny her nothing; and she possessed such a violent spirit, that she could bear no contradiction, so that she was indulged in every thing she wanted. At one time, when she had been contradicted, she run a penknife into her arm, to the great danger of her life. This bad spirit, in the present instance, was over-ruled for good. While she was sitting on Mr. Rogers's knee, eating the sweetmeats, she looked earnestly at him, and asked, "What are you here for, sir?" He an-



swered, "I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to jail?"—"To jail!" says she, "why what have you done?"—"Why, I did nothing but preach, and they did nothing but hear me."—"He shall not send you to jail," replied she. "Aye, but, my dear," said he, "I believe he is now making out our mittimus to send us all there." Upon this she ran up to the chamber where Sir Richard was, and knocked with her head and heels till she got in, and said to him, "What are you going to do with my good old gentleman in the hall?"—"That's nothing to you," said he: "get about your business."—"But I won't," says she: "he tells me, that you are going to send him and his friends to jail; and if you send them, I'll drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone: I will indeed." When he saw the child thus peremptory, it shook his resolution, and induced him to abandon his malicious design. Taking the mittimus in his hand, he went down into the hall, and thus addressed these good men: "I had here made out your mittimus to send you all to jail, as you deserve; but at my grandchild's request, I drop the prosecution and set you all at liberty." They all bowed, and thanked his worship. But Mr. Rogers, going to the child, laid his hand upon her head, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "God bless you, my dear child! May the blessing of that God, whose cause you did now plead, though as yet you know him not, be upon you in life, at death, and to all eternity!" He and his friends then went away.

The above remarkable story was told by Mr. Timothy Rogers, the son of the ejected minister, who had frequently heard his father relate it with great pleasure; and the celebrated Mr. Thomas Bradbury once heard it from him, when he was dining at the house of Mrs. Tooley, an eminent Christian lady in London, who was distinguished for her religion, and for her love to Christ and his people; whose house and table, like Lydia's, were always open to them. What fol-



lows is yet more remarkable, as containing a striking proof of the answer which was returned to good Mr. Rogers's prayers for this child, and the blessing which descended upon her who had been the instrument of such a deliverance for these persecuted servants of God. Mrs. Tooley had listened with uncommon attention to Mr. Rogers's story, and when he had ended it, she asked him, "And are you that Mr. Rogers's son?" He told her he was: upon which she said, "Well, as long as I have been acquainted with you, I never knew that before. And now I will tell you something you do not know: *I am the very girl* your dear father blessed in the manner you have related, and it made an impression upon me which I could never forget." Upon this double discovery, Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Tooley found an additional tie of mutual love and affection; and then he and Mr. Bradbury expressed a desire to know how she, who had been brought up in an aversion to the Dissenters, and to serious religion, now discovered such an attachment to both. Upon which she cheerfully gave them the following narrative:

After her grandfather's death, she became sole heiress to his estate, which was considerable. Being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her, she ran into all the fashionable diversions of the age, without any restraint. But she confessed, that when the pleasurable scenes were over, she found a dissatisfaction, both with them and herself, that always struck a damp to her heart, which she did not know how to get rid of any other way than by running the same round over and over again; but all was in vain. Having contracted some slight illness, she thought she would go to Bath, hearing that it was a place for pleasure, as well as health. When she came thither, she was providentially led to consult an apothecary, who was a very worthy and religious man. When he inquired what ailed her, she answered, "Why, doctor, I don't ail much as to my body, but I have an un-



easy mind, that I can't get rid of."—"Truly, miss," said he, "I was so till I met with a certain book, and that cured me."—"Books!" said she, "I get all the books I can lay my hands on; all the plays, novels, and romances, I hear of; but after I have read them, my uneasiness is the same."—"That may be, miss," said he, "And I don't wonder at it. But as to this book I speak of, I can say of it what I can say of no other I ever read, that I never tire in reading it, but can begin to read it again, as if I had never read it before, and I always see something new in it."—"Pray, doctor," says she, "what book is that?"—"Nay, miss," answered he, "that is a secret I don't tell every one."—"But could not I get a sight of that book?" says she. "Yes," replied he, "if you speak me fair, I can help you to a sight of it."—"Pray, then, get it me, doctor, and I'll give you any thing you please."—"Yes," said he, "if you will promise me one thing, I'll bring it you, and that is, that you will read it over carefully; and if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading." She promised faithfully that she would. After coming two or three times without it, to raise her curiosity, he at last took it out of his pocket, and gave it her.

This book was the New Testament. When she looked at it, she said, with a flirt, "Poh! I could get that at any time."—"Why, miss," said he, "so you might; but remember I have your solemn promise, that you will read it carefully."—"Well," says she, "though I never read it before, I'll give it a reading." Accordingly she began to read it, and it soon attracted her attention. She saw something in it, wherein she had a deep concern: but her mind now became ten times more uneasy than ever. Not knowing what to do, she soon returned to London, resolved to try again what the diversions there would do to dissipate her gloom. But nothing of this kind answered her purpose. She lodged at the court end of the town, where she had with her a female companion. One Saturday



evening she had a remarkable dream, which was, that she was in a place of worship, where she heard a sermon ; but when she awoke she could remember nothing but the text. This dream, however, made a deep impression upon her mind ; and the idea she had of the place, and of the minister's person, was as strong as if she had been long acquainted with both. On the Lord's day morning, she told her dream to her companion, and said, that after breakfast she was resolved to go in quest of the place, though she should go from one end of London to the other. They accordingly set out, and went into several churches as they passed along, but none of them answered to what she saw in her dream. About one o'clock they found themselves in the heart of the city, where they dined, and then set out again in search of this place of worship.

Being in the Poultry, about half an hour after two o'clock, they saw a great number of people going down the Old Jewry, and she determined to see where they went. She mingled with the company, and they conducted her to the meeting-house in the Old Jewry, where Mr. Shower was then minister. As soon as she entered the door, and surveyed the place, she turned to her companion, and said, with some surprise, " This is the very place I saw in my dream." She had not been long there before she saw Mr. Shower go up into the pulpit, and looking at him, with greater surprise, she said, " This is the very man I saw in my dream ; and if every part of it hold true, he will take for his text Psalm cxvi. 7—' Return to thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.' " When he rose up to pray, she was all attention, and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished his prayer, he took that very passage which she had mentioned for his text, and God was pleased to make the discourse, founded upon it, the means of her saving conversion ; and thus she at last found what she had so long sought elsewhere in vain—*rest to her soul*. And now she obtained that blessing from God, the foun-



tain of felicity, which pious Mr. Rogers, so many years before, had so solemnly and fervently implored on her behalf.

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*An Account of an Apparition, attested by the  
Rev. Mr. Ruddle, Minister at Launceston, in  
Cornwall.*

IN the beginning of the year 1665 a disease happened in this town of Launceston, and some of my scholars died of it. Among others who fell under its malignity, was John Elliot, eldest son of Edward Elliot, of Treberse, Esq., a stripling of about sixteen years of age, but of uncommon parts and ingenuity. At his particular request I preached at the funeral which happened on the 20th day of June, 1665. In my discourse, I spoke some words in commendation of the young gentleman, such as might endear his memory to those who knew him, and withal tend to preserve his example to those who went to school with him, and were to continue after him. An ancient gentleman, who was then in the church, was much affected with the discourse, and often heard to repeat the same evening one expression I then used out of Virgil—

“Et puer ipse fuit cantari dignus.”

The reason why this grave gentleman was so concerned at the character, was a reflection made upon a son of his own, who being about the same age, and but a few months before not unworthy of the like character I gave of the young Mr. Elliot, was now by a strange accident quite lost to his parents' hopes, and all expectation of any further comfort by him.

The funeral rites being over, I was no sooner come out of the church, but I found myself most courteously accosted by this old gentleman; and with an unusual importunity, almost forced against my humour to his



house that night ; nor could I have rescued myself from his kindness, had not Mr. Elliot interposed, and pleaded title to me for the whole day, which, as he said, he would resign to no man. Hereupon I got loose for that time, but was constrained to leave a promise behind me to wait upon him at his own house the Monday following. This then seemed to satisfy ; but before Monday came, I had a new message to request me that if it were possible I would be there on the Sunday. The second attempt I resisted, by answering that it was against my convenience, and the duty which mine own people expected from me. Yet was not the gentleman at rest, for he sent me another letter on the Saturday by no means to fail the Monday, and so order my business as to spend with him two or three days at least. I was indeed startled at so much eagerness, and so many dunnings for a visit, without any business, and began to suspect that there must needs be some design at the bottom of all this excess of courtesy. For I had no familiarity, scarce common acquaintance, with the gentleman, or his family ; nor could I imagine whence should arise such a flush of friendship on the sudden.

On the Monday I went and paid my present devoir, and met with entertainment as free and plentiful, as the invitation was free and importunate. There also I found a neighbouring minister, who pretended to call in accidentally, but by the sequel I suppose it otherwise. After dinner, this brother of the coat undertook to show me the gardens, where, as we were walking, he gave me the first discovery of what was mainly intended in all this treat and compliment.

First, he began to inform me of the infelicity of the family in general, and then gave instance in the youngest son. He related what a hopeful sprightly lad he lately was, and how melancholy and sottish he was now grown. Then he did with much passion lament his ill humour should so incredibly subdue his reason. Saith he, " The poor boy believes himself to



be haunted with ghosts, and is confident that he meets with an evil spirit in a certain field about half a mile from this place, as often as he goes that way to school." In the midst of our discourse, the old gentleman and his lady (as observing their cue most exactly) came up to us. Upon their approach, and pointing me to the arbour, the parson renewed the relation too; and they (the parents of the youth) confirmed what he said, and added many minute circumstances, in a long narrative of the whole. In fine, they all three desired my thoughts and advice in the affair.

I was not able to collect my thoughts on the sudden to frame a judgment upon what they had said. Only I answered that the things which the youth reported to them were strange, yet not incredible, and that I knew not then what to think or say of it; but if the lad would be free to me in talk, and trust me with his councils, I hoped to give them a better account of my opinion the next day.

I had no sooner spoken so much, but I perceived myself caught in the springes their courtesy had laid for me; for the lady was not able to hide her impatience, but her son must be called immediately. This I was forced to comply with, and to consent to; so that, drawing off from the company to an orchard hard by, she went herself, and brought him to me, and left him with me.

It was the main drift of all these three to persuade me, that either the boy was lazy, and glad of any excuse to keep from the school, or that he was in love with some wench and ashamed to confess it; or that he had a fetch upon his father to get money and new clothes, that he might range to London after a brother that he had there; and therefore they begged of me to discover the root of the matter: and accordingly to dissuade, advise, or reprove him; but chiefly by all means to undeceive him as to the fancy of ghosts and spirits.

I soon entered into a close conference with the



youth, and at first was very cautious not to displease him, but by smooth words to ingratiate myself, and get within him ; for I doubted he would be too distrustful, or too reserved. But we had scarce passed the first salutation, and began to speak to the business, before I found there needed no policy to screw myself into his heart ; for he most openly, and with all obliging candour, did aver, that he loved his book, and desired nothing more than to be bred up a scholar ; that he had not the least respect for any of woman kind, as his mother gave out ; and that the only request he would make to his parents was, that they would but believe his constant assertions concerning the woman he was disturbed with, in the field called the Higher Broom Quartils. He told me, with all naked freedom, and a flood of tears, that his friends were unkind and unjust to him, neither to believe nor pity him : and that if any man (making a bow to me) would but go with him to the place, he might be convinced that the thing was real.

By this time he found me apt to compassionate his condition, and to be attentive to his relation of it ; and therefore he went on in this manner :—

This woman which appears to me, said he, lived neighbour here to my father, and died about eight years since ; her name was Dorothy Dingley, of such a stature, such an age, and such complexion. She never speaks to me, but passeth by hastily, and always leaves the footpath to me, and she commonly meets me twice or three times in the breadth of the field.

It was about two months before I took any notice of it, and though the shape of the face was in my memory, yet I could not recal the name of the person, but without more thoughtfulness. I did suppose it was some woman who lived thereabout, and had frequent occasion that way. Nor did I imagine any thing to the contrary, before she began to meet me constantly morning and evening, and always in the same field, and sometimes twice or thrice in the breadth of it.



The first time I took notice of her was about a year since ; and when I began to suspect and believe it to be a ghost, I had courage enough not to be afraid ; but kept it to myself a good while, and only wondered very much at it. I did often speak to it, but never had a word in answer. Then I changed my way, and went to school the under horse road, and then she always met me in the narrow lane, between the Quarry-park and the Nursery, which was worse.

At length I began to be afraid of it, and prayed continually that God would either free me from it, or let me know the meaning of it. Night and day, sleeping and waking, the shape was ever running in my mind ; and I often did repeat these places in scripture (with that he took a small Bible out of his pocket), Job vii. 14—"Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions : " and Deut. xxvii. 66, " In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were evening ; and at evening thou shalt say, Would God it were morning ; for the fear of thine heart, wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see." I was very much pleased with the lad's ingenuity in the application of the pertinent scriptures to his condition, and desired him to proceed. Thus, said he, by degrees I grew very pensive, inso-much that it was taken notice of by all our family ; whereupon, being urged to it, I told my brother William of it, and he privately acquainted my father and mother, and they kept it to themselves for some time.

The success of this discovery was only this ; they did sometimes laugh at me, sometimes chide me ; but still commanded me to keep my school, and put such fopperies out of my head.

I did accordingly go to school often, but always met the woman in the way.

This, and much more to the same purpose (yea, as much as held a dialogue of near two hours) was our conference in the orchard ; which ended with my proffer to him, that (without making any privy to our



intents) I would next morning walk with him to the place about six o'clock. He was even transported with joy at the mention of it, and replied, But will you, sir?—Will you really, sir?—Thank God, now I shall be believed. From this conclusion we went into the house.

The gentleman, his wife, and Mr. Williams, were impatient to know the event, insomuch that they came out of the parlour into the hall to meet us; and seeing the lad looked cheerfully, the first compliment from the old man was, "Come, Mr. Ruddle, you have talked with Sam; I hope now he will have more wit; an idle boy." At these words the lad ran up stairs to his chamber, without replying; and I stopped the three expectants, by telling them I had promised silence, and was resolved to be as good as my word, but when things were riper they might know all; at present I desired them to rest in my faithful promise, that I would do my utmost in their service, and for the good of their son. With this they were silenced, I cannot say satisfied.

The next morning, before five o'clock, the lad was in my chamber, and very brisk; I rose and went with him. The field he led me to I guessed to be twenty acres, in an open country, and about three furlongs from any house. We went into the field, and had not gone above a third part, before the spectrum, in the shape of a woman, with all the circumstances he had described her to me in the orchard the day before, as much as the suddenness of its appearance and evanition would permit me to discover, met us, and passed by. I was a little surprised at it; and though I had taken up at first a firm resolution to speak to it, yet I had not the power, nor indeed durst I look, yet I took care not to show my fear to my pupil and guide; and therefore telling him that I was satisfied of the truth of his complaint, we walked to the end of the field and returned, nor did the ghost meet us at that time above once. I perceived in the young man a



kind of boldness mixed with astonishment ; the first caused by my presence, and the proof he had given of his own relation ; and the other, by the sight of his persecutor.

In short, we went home ; I somewhat puzzled, he much animated. At our return the gentlewoman (whose inquisitiveness had missed us) watched to speak with me : I gave her a convenience, and told her that my opinion was, that her son's complaint was not to be slighted, nor altogether discredited, yet that my judgment in this case was not settled. I gave her caution, moreover, that the thing might not take wind, lest the whole country should ring with what we had yet no assurance of.

In this juncture of time I had business which would admit of no delay ; wherefore I went to Launceston that evening, but promised to see them again next week. Yet I was prevented by an occasion which pleaded a sufficient excuse, for my wife was that week brought home very ill. However my mind was upon the adventure, I studied the case, and about three weeks after went again, resolving by the help of God to see the utmost.

The next morning, being the 27th of July, 1665, I went to the haunted field myself, and walked the breadth of it without any encounter. I returned and took the other walk, and then the spectrum appeared to me much about the same place I saw it before when the young gentleman was with me : in my thoughts this moved swifter than the time before, and about ten feet distant from me on my right hand ; insomuch that I had not time to speak to it, as I had determined with myself beforehand.

The evening of this day, the parents, the son, and myself, being in the chamber where I lay, I proposed to them our going all together to the place next morning, and after concluding that there was no danger in it, we all resolved upon it. The morning being come, lest we should alarm the family or servants, they went



under the pretence of seeing a field of wheat, and I took my horse, and fetched a compass another way, and so met at the stile we had appointed.

Thence we all four walked leisurely into the Quarrels, and had not passed above half the field before the ghost made its appearance. It then came over the stile just before us, and moved with that swiftness, that by the time we had got six or seven steps it passed by. I immediately turned my head and ran after it, with the young man by my side ; we saw it pass over the stile at which we entered, but no farther : I stepped upon the edge at one place, and he at another, but could discern nothing ; whereas I dare avow, that the swiftest horse in England could not have conveyed himself out of sight in that short space of time. Two things I observed in this day's appearance :—

1. That a spaniel dog, who followed the company unregarded, did bark and run away as the spectre passed by ; whence it is easy to conclude, that it was not our fear or fancy which made the apparition.

2. That the motion of the spectre was not gradatim, or by steps, and moving of the feet, but a kind of gliding, as children upon the ice, or a boat down a swift river, which punctually answers the descriptions the ancients gave of the motions of their Lemurs.

But to proceed, this ocular evidence clearly convinced, but withal strangely affrighted the old gentleman and his lady, who knew this Dorothy Dingley in her life time, were at her burial, and now plainly saw her features in this present apparition. I encouraged them as well as I could, but after this they went no more. However, I resolved to proceed, and use such lawful means as God hath discovered, and learned men have successfully practised in these uncommon cases.

The next morning being Thursday, I went out very early by myself, and walked for about an hour's space, in meditation and prayer, in the fields next adjoining



to the Quartils. Soon after five I stept over the stile into the disturbed field, and had not gone above thirty or forty paces before the ghost appeared at the farther stile. I spake to it with a loud voice, in some such sentences as the way of these dealings directed me, whereupon it approached but slowly, and when I came near it moved not. I spake again, and it answered in a voice neither very audible nor intelligible. I was not in the least terrified, and therefore persisted until it came again and gave me satisfaction.

But the work could not be finished at this time ; wherefore the same evening, an hour after sun-set, it met me again near the same place, and after a few words on each side it quietly vanished, and neither doth appear since, or ever will more, to any man's disturbance. The discourse in the morning lasted about a quarter of an hour.

These things are true, and I know them to be so with as much certainty as eyes and ears can give me ; and until I can be persuaded that my senses do deceive me about their proper object, and by that persuasion deprive myself of the strongest inducement to believe the Christian religion, I must and will assert that these things in the paper are true.

As for the manner of my proceeding, I find no reason to be ashamed of it, for I can justify it to men of good principles, discretion, and recondite learning, though in this case I chose to content myself in the assurance of the thing, rather than be at the unprofitable trouble to persuade others to believe it. For I know full well with what difficulty relations of so uncommon a nature and practice obtain belief. He that tells such a story may expect to be dealt withal as a traveller in Poland by the robbers, viz. first murdered and then searched ; first condemned for a liar, or superstitious, and then (when it is too late) have his reasons and proofs examined. This incredulity may be attributed.

First, To the infinite abuses of the people, and im-



positions upon their faith by the cunning monks and friars, &c., in the days of darkness and popery. For they made apparitions as often as they pleased, and got both money and credit by quieting the *Terticula-menta Vulgi*, which their own artifice had raised.

Second, To the prevailing of Somatism and Hobbean principles in these times ; which is a revival of the doctrine of the Sadducees, and as it denies the nature, so cannot consist with the apparitions of spirits, on which see *Leviath.* p. l. c. 12.

Third, To the ignorance of men in our age, in this peculiar and mysterious part of philosophy and religion, namely, the communication between spirits and men. Not one scholar of ten thousand (though otherwise of excellent learning) knows any thing of it, or the way how to manage it. This ignorance breeds fear, and abhorrence of that, which otherwise might be of incomparable benefit to mankind.

But I, being a clergyman, and young, and a stranger in these parts, do apprehend silence and secrecy to be my best security.

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*The Destruction of the Jews prevented by a Dream.*

WHEN Alexander laid siege to Tyre, the Samaritans sent him a considerable body of troops ; whereas the Jews thought they could not submit themselves to him so long as Darius, to whom they had taken an oath of allegiance, should be living.

Alexander, being little used to such an answer, particularly since he had obtained so many victories, and thinking that all things ought to bow to him, resolved, the instant he had conquered Tyre, to march against the Jews, and punish their disobedience as rigorously as he had done that of the Tyrians.

In this imminent danger, Jaddus, the high-priest,



who governed under the Persians, seeing himself exposed, with all the inhabitants, to the wrath of the conqueror, had recourse to the protection of the Almighty, and gave orders for the offering up public prayers to implore his assistance, and made sacrifices. The night after, God appeared to him in a dream, and bid him cause flowers to be scattered up and down the city ; to set open all the gates, and go clothed in his pontifical robes, with all the priests dressed in their vestments, and all the rest clothed in white, and meet Alexander, and not fear any evil from that king, inasmuch as he would protect them. This command was punctually obeyed ; and accordingly this august procession, the very day after, marched out of the city to an eminence called Shapha, where was a view of all the plain, as well as of the temple and city of Jerusalem. Here the whole procession waited the arrival of Alexander.

The Syrians and Phenicians who were in his army were persuaded that the wrath of this prince was great, that he would certainly punish the high-priest after an exemplary manner, and destroy that city in the same manner as he had done Tyre ; and flushed with joy upon that account, they waited in expectation of glutting their eyes with the calamities of a people to whom they bore a mortal hatred.

As soon as the Jews heard of the king's approach, they set out to meet him with all the pomp before described. Alexander was struck at the sight of the high-priest, in whose mitre and forehead a golden plate was fixed, on which the name of God was written. The moment the king perceived the high-priest, he advanced towards him with an air of the most profound respect, bowed his body, adored the august name above-mentioned, and saluted him who wore it, with a religious veneration. Then the Jews surrounded Alexander, raised their voices to wish him every kind of prosperity. All the spectators were seized with inexpressible surprise ; they could scarce believe their



eyes, and did not know how to account for a sight so contrary to their expectation, and so vastly improbable.

Parmenio, who could not yet recover from his astonishment, asked the king how it came to pass that he, who was adored by every one, adored the high-priest? I do not, replied Alexander, adore the high-priest, but God, whose minister he is; for whilst I was at Dios in Macedonia (my mind wholly fixed on the great design of the Persian war), as I was resolving the methods how to conquer Asia, this very man, dressed in the same robes, appeared to me in a dream, exhorted me to banish every fear, bid me cross the Hellespont boldly; and assured me that God would march at the head of my army, and give me victory over that of the Persians.

Alexander added, that the instant he saw this priest, he knew him by his habit, his stature, his air, and his face, to be the same person whom he had seen at Dios; that he was firmly persuaded, it was by the command, and under the immediate conduct of heaven, that he had undertaken this war; that he was sure he should overcome Darius hereafter, and destroy the empire of the Persians; and that this was the reason why he adored this God in the person of his priest. Alexander having thus answered Parmenio, embraced the high-priest and all his brethren; then walking in the midst of them, he arrived at Jerusalem, where he offered sacrifices to God, in the temple, after the manner prescribed to him by the high-priest.

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*An Account of the Brothers' Steps, as described in  
a Letter from a Friend.*

I THINK it would be worth your while to take a view of those wonderful marks of the Lord's hatred to duelling, called "The Brothers' Steps." They are in the fields, about a third of a mile northward from



Montague House. And the awful tradition concerning them is, That two brothers quarrelled about a worthless woman, and, according to the fashions of those days, fought with a sword and pistol. The prints of their feet are about the depth of three inches, and nothing will vegetate, so much as to disfigure them. The number is only eighty-three: but probably some are at present filled up. For I think they were formerly more in the centre, where each unhappy combatant wounded the other to death. And a bank on which the first who fell died, retains the form of his agonizing couch, by the curse of barrenness, while grass flourishes all about it. Mr. George Hall, who was the Librarian of Lincoln's Inn, first showed me those steps twenty-eight years ago, when I think they were not quite so deep as now. He remembered them about thirty years, and the man who first showed them him about thirty more; which goes back to the year 1692; but I suppose they originated in king Charles the Second's reign. My mother well remembered their being ploughed up, and corn sown to deface them, about fifty years ago. But all was labour in vain: for the prints returned in a while to their pristine form, as probably will those that are now filled up.

J. W.

This account appeared to me (says the editor) so very extraordinary, that I knew not what to think of it. I knew Mr. W. to be a person of good understanding and real piety. And he testified what he had seen with his own eyes: but still I wanted more witnesses; till a while ago, being at Mr. Cary's, in Copt-hall Buildings, I occasionally mentioned "The Brothers' Footsteps," and asked the company, if they had heard any thing of them? "Sir," said Mr. Cary, "sixteen years ago, I saw and counted them myself." Another added, "And I saw them four years ago." I could then no longer doubt but they had been. And a week



or two after, I went with Mr. Cary and another person to seek them.

We sought for near a half an hour in vain. We could find no steps at all within a quarter of a mile, no nor half a mile, north of Montague-house. We were almost out of hope, when an honest man, who was at work, directed us to the next ground, adjoining to a pond. There we found what we sought for, about three quarters of a mile north of Montague-house, and about five hundred yards east of Tottenham Court Road. The steps answer Mr. W.'s description. They are of the size of a human foot, about three inches deep, and lie nearly from north-east to south-west. We counted only seventy-six: but we were not exact in counting. The place where one or both the brothers are supposed to have fallen is still bare of grass. The labourer showed us also the bank where (the tradition is) the wretched woman sat to see the combat.

What shall we say to these things? Why to atheists, or infidels of any kind, I would not say one word about them. For, "if they hear not Moses and the prophets," they will not regard any thing of this kind. But to men of candour, who believe the Bible to be of God, I would say, Is not this an astonishing instance, held forth to all the inhabitants of London, of the justice and power of God? Does not the curse he has denounced upon this ground bear some resemblance to that of our Lord on the barren fig-tree? "Henceforth let no fruit grow upon thee for ever!" I see no reason or pretence for any rational man to doubt the truth of the story, since it has been confirmed by these open visible tokens for more than a hundred years successively.—*Arm. Mag.* vol. iv. 1781.



*A true Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her Death, to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th September, 1705.*

THIS thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation has not given me any thing like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death ; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation, for these last fifteen or sixteen years on my own knowledge ; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth, to the time of my acquaintance ; though since this relation she is calumniated by some people, that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal, who appeared ; who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill usage of a very wicked husband, there is not the least sign of dejection in her face ; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression ; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now you must know, Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years past has been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her, by her going off from her discourse very abruptly to some impertinence : she was maintained by an holy brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man to all appearance ; but now he does all he can to null and quash the story. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean : her father did



not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships ; and Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted for neither food or clothing, while Mrs. Veal wanted for both, insomuch that she would often say, Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world, and no circumstance in life shall ever dissolve my friendship. They would often condole each other's adverse fortunes, and read together Dre-lincourt upon Death, and other good books ; and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after, Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the custom-house at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there was never any such thing as a quarrel ; but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half ; though above a twelvemonth of the time Mrs. Bargrave had been absent from Dover, and this last half year has been in Canterbury, about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of their own.

In this house, on the 8th of September, 1705, she was sitting alone in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed hard. And, said she, I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still, and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me ; and then took up her sewing work, which she had no sooner done, but she hears a knocking at the door. She went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding-habit. At that moment the clock struck twelve at noon.

Madam, says Mrs. Bargrave, I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger ; but told her, she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her ;



which Mrs. Veal complied with till their lips almost touched, and then Mrs. Veal drew her hands across her own eyes, and said, I am not very well, and so waived it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first. But, says Mrs. Bargrave, How came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have a fond brother. Oh! says Mrs. Veal, I gave my brother the slip and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey. So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs. Veal sat her down in an elbow chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then says Mrs. Veal, My dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it: and if you can forgive me, you are the best of women. Oh! says Mrs. Bargrave, do not mention such a thing; I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it. What did you think of me? said Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me.—Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did her in former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's book of Death, which was the best, she said, on that subject ever written. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, the other two Dutch books, which were translated, written upon Death, and several others; but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death, and of the future state, of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt? She said, Yes. Says Mrs. Veal, Fetch it. And so Mrs. Bargrave goes up stairs and brings it down. Says Mr. Veal, Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of an-



gels about us for our good. The notions we have of heaven now, are nothing like what it is, Drelinecourt says. Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favour; and when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you.

And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings; for I can never believe (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which indeed ran through most of her discourse,) that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state, but be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time. She spake in that pathetic and heavenly manner, that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Horneck's Ascetick, at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said, Their conversation was not like this of our age. For now, says she, there is nothing but frothy vain discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith; so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were: but, said she, we ought to do as they did. There was a hearty friendship among them, but where is it now to be found? Says Mrs. Bargrave, It is hard indeed to find a true friend in these days. Says Mrs. Veal, Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verses, called Friendship in Perfection, which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book? says Mrs. Veal. No, says Mrs. Bargrave, but I have the verses of my own writing out. Have you? says Mrs. Veal: then fetch them. Which she did from above stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused and waived the thing, saying, holding down her head, it would make it ache; and then desired Mrs.



Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring friendship, Mrs. Veal said, Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever. In these verses there is twice used the word Elysian. Ah, says Mrs. Veal, these poets have such names for heaven. She would often draw her hands across her own eyes and say, Mrs. Bargrave, do you not think I am mightily impaired by my fits? No, says Mrs. Bargrave, I think you look as well as ever I knew you.

After which the apparition put this discourse in much finer words than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and much more than she can remember; for it cannot be thought that an hour and three quarters' conversation could be retained, though the main part of it she thinks she does. She said to Mrs. Bargrave she would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such, and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming on her, and so placed a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling forward, if her fits should occasion it, for the elbow chair, she thought, would keep her from falling backward; and to divert Mrs. Veal, she took hold of her gown sleeve several times, and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and newly made up. But for all this Mrs. Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs. Bargrave she must not deny her; and she would have her tell her brother all their conversation, when she had opportunity. Dear Mrs. Veal, says Mrs. Bargrave, this seems so impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman. Why, says Mrs. Bargrave, it is much better, methinks, to do it yourself. No, says Mrs. Veal, though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reason for it hereafter. Mrs. Bargrave then, to satisfy her impor-



tunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink, but Mrs. Veal said, Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone ; but you must be sure to do it : which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting, and so she promised her.

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter ; she said she was not at home. But if you have a mind to see her, says Mrs. Bargrave, I'll send for her. Do, says Mrs. Veal. On which she left her, and went to a neighbour's to seek for her ; and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the door in the street, in the face of the beast market on a Saturday, which is market-day, and stood ready to part as soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her. She asked her why she was in such haste ? She said she was going, though perhaps she might not go her journey till Monday ; and told Mrs. Bargrave, she hoped she would see her again at her cousin Watson's before she went whither she was going. Then she said, she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and sore throat, that she could not go out that day ; but on Monday morning she sent a person to Capt. Watson's, to know if Mrs. Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word that she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer Mrs. Bargrave told the maid that she had certainly mistook the name, or made some blunder. And though she was still ill, she put on her hood, and went herself to Capt. Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at



her asking, for that she had not been in town ; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours. They said it was impossible ; for they must have seen her if she had. In comes Captain Watson while they were in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, when she went to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole of the story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how striped, and that Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, You have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myself that the gown was scoured. And Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly ; for, said she, I helped her to make it up. Then Mrs. Watson blazed about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition. And Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house, to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast, that gentleman and persons of quality, the judicious and sceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task that she was forced to go out of the way ; for they were in general extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac ; for she always appears with such a cheerful air, and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favour and esteem of all the gentry : and it is thought a great favour if they can get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before, that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, How came you to order matters so strangely ? It could not be helped, said Mrs. Veal. And her brother did come to see her, and entered the town of



Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her, whether she would drink tea? Says Mrs. Veal, I do not care if I do: but I'll warrant this mad fellow (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband) has broken your trinkets. But, says Mrs. Bargrave, I'll get something to drink in, for all that: but Mrs. Veal waived it, and said, It is no matter, let it alone, and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one more material thing she told Mrs. Bargrave that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it her.

Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story; which puzzles those who doubt the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in a neighbour's yard, adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's house, heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbour's the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told her the whole of it. Drelincourt's book of Death is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed, that notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take any thing of any body, and therefore can have no interest in telling her story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said, he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact, that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a liar, and that she knew of Mr. Breton's ten pounds a year: but the person who pretends to say so, has the reputation of a notorious liar, among persons whom I know to be of undoubted credit. Now



Mr. Veal is more of a gentleman than to say she lies ; but says, a bad husband has crazed her. But she need only present herself, and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr. Veal says, he asked his sister on her death-bed, whether she had a mind to dispose of any thing ; and she said, No. Now the things which Mrs. Veal's apparition would have disposed of were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in their disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave to demonstrate the truth of her appearance, so as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard, and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then again, Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse of gold ; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb box. This looks improbable ; for that Mrs. Watson owned, that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the key of the cabinet, that she would trust nobody with it. And if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal often drawing her hands over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave, if her fits had not impaired her, looks to me as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother to dispose of rings and gold, which looks so much like a person's bequest : and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effects of her fits coming on her ; and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her, and care of her, that she should not be affrighted ; which indeed appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the day time, waiving the salutation, and when she was alone ; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection (as it is plain he does, by his endeavouring to stifle it), I cannot imagine ; because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so hea-



venly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for the breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that, after all, to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invitation as this from Friday noon to Saturday noon (supposing she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very moment), without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too, she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent person I dare say will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times, if she was sure she felt the gown? She answered modestly, "If my senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hand upon her knee; she said she did not remember she did; but said she appeared to be as much a substance as I did who talked to her. "And I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really see her: for I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend, and parted with her as such. I would not," says she, "give one farthing to make any one believe it: I have no interest in it: nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught I know; and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public." But now, she says, she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says, she had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation; and that she told it to a room full of people at a time. Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute a matter of fact, because we cannot solve things of which we have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.



*Supernatural Impressions.*

IN the year 1681, a gentleman who lived near Aberdeen, came to town on purpose to ask advice of some of the ministers. He told them he had an impression continually following him to go to Rotterdam. They asked him for what reason? But he could not tell any; on which they advised him to stay at home. Some time after he came again, and informed them, "Either I must go to Rotterdam, or die, for this impression follows me day and night, so that I can neither eat nor drink, nor sleep." They then advised him to go. Accordingly he embarked, and came to Rotterdam. As he was landing, his foot slipt, and he fell into the sea. A gentleman, who was walking on the quay, leaped in and caught hold of him, brought him out, and conducted him to an inn. He then procured some dry linen for him, and a warm bed, in which he slept sound for several hours. When he awoke, he found the gentleman sitting by his bedside; who, taking it for granted he would be hungry, had bespoke a dinner, which to his great satisfaction was immediately served up. The Scotch gentleman desired the other to ask a blessing, which he did in such a manner as quite surprised him. But he was still more surprised, both at the spirit and language in which he returned thanks, and asked him, "Sir, are you not a minister?" He answered, "I am; but I was some time since banished from Scotland." The other replied, "Sir, I observed, though you behaved quite decently, you seemed to be extremely hungry. Pray permit me to ask how long it is since you took any food?" He said, "Eight-and-forty hours." On which the Scot started up and said, "Now I know why God sent me to Rotterdam. You shall want for nothing any more; I have enough for us both." Shortly after the revolution ensued, and he was reinstated in his living.



Old Mr. Ogylvie, Aberdeen, who told me this story, knew both the gentleman and the minister.

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*Particulars of a Mother's Dream of her Son realized.*

A POOR but honest old woman, who lately lived in Greenwich, had a very unpromising son, named Howel, who got connected with a set of desperadoes, and in consequence of his nefarious practices was several times imprisoned in Clerkenwell Bridewell, Middlesex. The magistrates of the county, in order to reclaim him, sent him to sea as a marine; from which, however, he found means to escape in 1779: when, returning to London, he committed a burglary in Bishopsgate-street, and was sent to the Poultry Compter for trial at the next sessions, together with a young woman whom he kept, and in whose custody part of the goods was found, which led to a discovery of the felony.

On the same night his mother at Greenwich dreamed that she saw her son in prison, and ironed: she beheld him also arraigned at the bar with the woman, found guilty, and condemned to die, whilst the woman was acquitted. This calamitous dream was carried still farther. She saw her son going in a cart to Tyburn, and there executed with four other offenders. The catastrophe of this scene so operated upon her mind, that she awoke in the utmost agony, and resolved, without communicating her design to any of her neighbours, immediately to reach London, to try whether she could hear any thing of her son.

On inquiry, she was informed that John, which was the name of the young man, was in the Compter; to which place she instantly repaired, and was admitted. On her entrance into the yard, she beheld her son exactly as she had seen him in her dream; declaring



that the place all around was just as she had viewed it the preceding night. To shorten the story, she told the dream to the turnkey, but concealed it from the prisoner, who, soon after, viz. in December, 1779, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be executed, and accordingly was hanged at Tyburn the 19th of January, 1780.

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*Assiguation to appear after Death.*

THE story of the Marquis de Rambouillet's appearing after his death to his cousin the Marquis de Precy is well known. These two noblemen, talking one day concerning the affairs of the next world, in a manner which showed they did not believe much about it, entered into an agreement that the first that died should come and give intelligence to the other.

Soon after the Marquis de Rambouillet set out for Flanders, which was then the seat of war, and the Marquis de Precy remained in Paris, being ill of a violent fever. About six weeks after, early one morning, he heard some one draw the curtains of his bed, and, turning to see who it was, discovered the Marquis de Rambouillet in a buff coat and boots. He instantly got out of bed, and attempted to shake hands with his friend; but Rambouillet drew back, and told him he was only come to perform the promise he had formerly made; that nothing was more certain than what they had been told concerning another life; that he advised him earnestly to alter his way of life, for that the first action he should be engaged in he would certainly fall.

Precy made a fresh attempt to touch his friend, but he immediately withdrew. He lay wondering on his bed upon the strangeness of the circumstance for some time, when he saw the same appearance re-enter his apartment: upon which Rambouillet, finding that he still disbelieved what was told, showed him the



wound in his veins, of which he died, and from which the blood still seemed to flow.

Soon after this, Precy received a confirmation of the Marquis de Rambouillet's death; and was killed himself, according to the prediction, in the civil wars, at the battle of the Fauxbourg, St. Antoine.

It may naturally be asked here, whence it happens that so many other persons, who have made the same promise to come again after their death, have not done it? Seneca mentions a stoic philosopher, named Canius Julius, who, being condemned to death by Caligula, told his friends, that whereas they were inquiring whether the soul was immortal or not, he was going to a place where he should soon know: but we are no where told that he ever returned to clear up the point.

La Motte Vayer, in his book on the immortality of of the soul, relates how he made an agreement with a friend of his, that the first of the two that died should return and inform the other of his condition. It happened that his friend died first, but he never returned to keep his promise.

Mr. Montague's agreement with the Earl of Rochester ended in the same manner, as the story is related in Mrs. Rowe's letters; but it is wrong to conclude, that because the deceased sometimes return, that they always can; and it is equally absurd to deny their coming again, because some, that have promised to do so, have not been able to keep their word.

To justify these positions, we must suppose it to be in their own power to appear when and how they please; but it seems evident, on the contrary, that this does not depend upon them, and that it is by the particular permission of Almighty God that they ever appeared at all.



*A singular History of a Murder, found out twenty-two years after it was perpetrated, in the town of Chelmsford, and discovered by the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, Author of the Dictionary of Engravers, &c.*

SOME years ago, having occasion to be at Chelmsford, a very strange adventure happened to me. I arrived late in the evening, on my journey from Colchester, and after having inquired for the best inn, was recommended to the White Horse, which was at the other end of the town, facing the market, and adjoining to the churchyard. In the morning I was desirous of seeing the church, a long, large, and stately edifice, and then just finished. After I had surveyed the building, I walked among the tombs in the churchyard, and the sexton was then digging a grave for a burial, which was to be made of a townsman that evening. I stood awhile to observe the man, who, without the least compunction or reflection, cast out from the earth the remains of his fellow-mortals, and whistled with indifference.

Amongst a variety of bones thrown out of the pit was a skull, which appeared whiter than ordinary; this induced me to take it up, and turning it about, I heard something rattle within it: upon examination, I found a large nail, covered with rust, full four inches long: it surprised me to find a nail in such a situation, and on turning the skull about, I found on the forehead a perforation, encrusted with the rust of the iron, and in which a part of the nail yet remained; this led me to suspect that the owner of the skull had been murdered: but without mentioning any thing to my *grave* companion, I inquired if he knew to whom the bones he was now throwing out of the earth belonged. "Yes, sir," said he, "and well too; he was as hearty a cock as ever broke bread, and was the master of the White Horse two-and-twenty years



ago."—"How came he by his death?"—"Oh, very suddenly! Alas! master, we are here to-day, and there to-morrow: death, when he comes, will not be said nay. Would you believe it, I drank with him the night before, and he seemed as well in health as I; but in the morning he was dead, and I buried him with my own hands in this grave."—"He died suddenly, you say?"—"He was dead, I tell you, the next morning."—"Was any cause assigned?"—"He died in a fit."—"And do you think this was his skull?"—"I'd not deceive you, sir, I am sure of it."—"See then," said I, "the cause of his dying suddenly," showing him the nail rusted in the skull, and the remainder corroded and loose in the cavity. He seemed astonished. "Had he no family?"—"No, he left a widow, the woman who at present keeps the inn; and before two months were past from the death of her husband, she married the hostler—he is at present the master."

Without farther questioning the sexton, I inquired for the residence of the justice, and taking the skull in my hand, I wrapped the end of my mantle about it, and went to him. I was readily admitted; and, after apologizing for my intrusion, told him the cause of my coming, and then showed him the skull. He was struck in the same manner that I had been, that the owner of this skull had been murdered, and sent for the sexton, who confirmed what he had said to me, and declared he was ready to make oath to the identity of the skull. The magistrate then sent for the woman, by a mere verbal message, that no alarm might be given; she instantly attended. She seemed surprised at seeing me there. I smiled, and bid her good-morrow, said I had rested well, and had walked out for amusement; when, after some little extraneous conversation, the magistrate gave it a different turn, and, without any more of previous introduction, began to question her concerning her first husband. She then affected to weep, and praised him for a pa-



ragon of kindness and virtue. "But still, I hope, you have no reason to complain of your present good man."—"Certainly not, your worship," said she, "not upon the whole; but he has not the learning and breeding of my dear, dear Gregory!"—"You married him, I understand, very soon after your dear Gregory's death?"—"Why, la! your worship, what could a poor woman do, left alone, as you may say, in a large inn, and all men-folk about her? Indeed, I wept for Gregory, but I was obliged to think for myself."—"He died suddenly, I heard?"—"Ah, your worship, I was happy enough in the evening, and in the morning, your honour, I was a poor miserable lone woman! Indeed, it is true, your honour!"—"Did you know the cause of his death?"—"Oh, he was taken in a fit of apoplexy, and fell back on his chair, and spoke no more! We put him to bed, chafed and rubbed him, but all to no purpose."—"What help did you call in? did you not send for the doctor!"—"Oh, your worship, it was to no purpose, he was stone dead."—"But bleeding is sometimes efficacious. Then you did not call in the doctor?"—"No, your honour, I was too much affrightened to think on't."—"You said *we* put him to bed; who was it that assisted you?"—"Robert, the hostler, for I could not lift him by myself: but forsooth, your worship, we called in the gossips; they saw my dear husband's corpse, and helped to lay it out too, therefore there was no need of the coroner's inquest: and he was buried, your honour, as a man, St. Michael bless him, should be buried, and holy mass said over him, or I should be much to blame, your honour."—"No doubt; but, prithee, did he never complain previously of the headache?"—"Yes, your honour, after he had been mellow with his customers; for your honour must know, Gregory was a rare hand to make his customers drink."—"Yes, but immediately before his death," said the justice, "did he not complain of the headache?"—"Not in the least, your honour; he had



just drank a cup of ale—"—“ Well,” said the magistrate, abruptly, “ he complained not of the headache?”—“ Not in the least.”—“ Why,” said he, fixing his eyes full on her, “ that is strange, indeed ! I think a nail half the length would have made me complain.”—“ Nail ! your honour,” said she, trembling, “ nail ! oh, that is false ! there was no nail !” She then hesitated, and soon after recollecting herself, rejoined, “ Forsooth, I do not know what your worship means by a nail !”—“ Why, I’ll tell you, good woman,” said he, producing the skull, and the part of the nail found in it ; “ had such a nail as this been driven into my skull, it would also have prevented me from complaining.” The moment she saw the skull and the nail, she exclaimed, “ Murder will out ! Yes, Robert must die !” and immediately fainted away.

The justice caused her to be removed into an inner room, and sent for the husband, who was at home, but excused himself, on account of his wife’s being absent, and customers being in the house ; but the constable told him the business was of consequence : he put on his hat, and went with him. When he entered, the justice said, “ Pray, Mr. Robert, excuse my sending for you in so peremptory a manner, but there is a question between this gentleman and me, which you can readily answer.”—“ Your worship knows you may command any thing which is in my power,” said Robert. “ Well then, tell me, without disguise, how long a man can live after a long nail has been driven into his skull ?” On the sudden statement of this question, his courage forsook him, his knees knocked each other, and his teeth chattered in his head, and he exclaimed, “ Why—why—why——your wor—ship——how should—I—I—kn—o—w ?”—“ What is the matter with thee, Robert ?” says the justice. “ What is it that frightens thee ? Surely it is not the ghost of Gregory, thy master, which has occasioned this astonishment !”—“ Oh, then,” cried he out, “ I see that my she-devil has betrayed me ! but it was all her



doings. —“What,” cried the justice, “what was her doings?”—“Aye,” cried he, a little recollecting himself, “I want to know why your worship asks such strange questions. I am sure as how I do not know how to answer them: but your honour must know how I have got some horses from Thaxted fair coming home this morning, and I dare say they are home by now. I hope your honour will excuse me at present. If your worship is in this merry mood in the afternoon, I’ll come and answer any of your honour’s questions with all my heart.”—“Stop, my friend,” says the justice, “we cannot part at present quite so easily; shut the door there; and for the horses, your hostler, good master Robert, must look after them. But you must know, that you stand charged with murder: your wife has confessed the same, and it appears from her confession you are the murderer.”—“I—I—your honour?”—“Yes, of your master.”—“Did she confess?”—“I tell you she did, and accuses you of doing the deed.”—“Oh! ’tis false! she wants to get rid of me as she did of Gregory. She persuaded me, but I never did any such thing!”—“Look here, Robert,” said the magistrate, “see this skull; it was thy master’s—yes, ’tis Gregory’s skull! see this nail found within it, corroded by age; see where the head remains still in the bone, and recollect at once your handy work.”

The sudden exposure of the skull, and the address, so worked upon the mind of the unfortunate culprit, that, aided by the terrors of a guilty conscience, it led him to a full confession. He and his wife were consequently committed to the prison. I was obliged to appear as an evidence at the yearly assizes held for the county, where various circumstances were adduced in proof of the murder; and they, being justly condemned, suffered condign punishment.



*Apparition to Captain Henry Bell.*

CAPTAIN Henry Bell, in his narrative prefixed to Luther's Table Talk, printed in England in 1652, after having mentioned the mystery and providence of the discovery of it under ground, in Germany, where it had lain hid fifty-two years, relates the following astonishing admonition relating to the translating it into English:—

Caspar Van Spar, a German gentleman, having, as before observed, recovered the copy from the worms, desired Captain Bell, with whom he was well acquainted, while he was the agent for King James I. on the continent, to translate it into English, and publish it in London for the advancement of religion: but Captain Bell was always somehow most unaccountably hindered from prosecuting that work in such sort as to bring it to a proper conclusion, being prevented by such intervening business as his public occupation required him to execute.

About six weeks after he had received the German copy, being well in health, and in bed with his wife, between twelve and one of the clock, there appeared to him, standing at the side of the bed, an ancient man clothed in a light-coloured habit, and of a most reverend aspect, having a broad white beard, which hung as low as his girdle, who, smiling at him, said in a gentle manner of rebuke, "Will you not take time to translate that book which is sent you out of Germany? If you do not, I will shortly hereafter provide you both time and place to do it;" and then instantly vanished.

This extraordinary vision affrighted him so much that he fell into an extreme sweat; so that his wife awaking, and finding him all over wet, she asked him what he ailed? He then related to her his vision, and the remarkable message attending it. But Captain Bell not paying much attention to the matter



afterwards, time wore it off his memory, and he paid no more regard to what he had seen and heard than if it had been a mere dream.

However, he had soon reason to recollect the old man's words, for soon after being at his lodgings in King-street, Westminster, at dinner with his wife, two messengers came from the Council Board, with a warrant to carry him to the Gate-house, there to be confined till farther orders from the Lords of the Privy Council. Upon this warrant he was detained ten whole years a close prisoner, whereof he spent five in the translation of the aforementioned work; having good cause to be mindful of the old man's saying, "I will shortly provide for you both time and place to translate it."

This narrative is extracted from the preface to Luther's Table Talk, printed in 1652, and from what Mr. Aubrey observes upon the story, which he briefly relates, it appears, that whatsoever was pretended for the cause of his confinement, yet the true reason of the Captain's commitment was because he was urgent with the Lord Treasurer for his arrears, which amounted to a great sum: he was unwilling to pay; and to be freed from his clamours, hit upon the scheme of holding him in prison

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*Mr. Boardman's remarkable Deliverance.*

Northampton, Sept. 7, 1793.

THE late Mr. Richard Boardman, being at my house one evening, related the following providential deliverance, which, through the mercy of God, he experienced when travelling in Wales, many years ago.

OWEN DAVIES.

"I preached one evening at Mold, in Flintshire, and next morning set out for Park-Gate. After



riding some miles, I asked a man if I was on my right road to that place. He answered, 'Yes, but you will have some sands to go over ; and unless you ride very fast, you will be in danger of being enclosed by the tide.' It then began to snow in such a degree, that I could scarce see a step of the way ; and my mare being with foal, prevented me from riding so fast as I otherwise should have done. I got to the sands, and pursued my journey over them for some time ; but the tide then came in, and surrounded me on every side, so that I could neither proceed, nor turn back ; and to ascend the perpendicular cliffs was impossible. In this situation, I commended my soul to God ; not having the least expectation of escaping death. In a little time I perceived two men running down the hill, on the other side of the water, and by some means they got a boat and came to my relief, just as the sea had reached my knees, as I sat upon the mare. They took me into the boat, the mare swimming by our side, till we reached land. While we were in the boat one of the men cried out, 'Surely, sir, God is with you!' I answered, 'I trust he is.' The man replied, 'I know he is ;' and then related the following circumstance : 'Last night I dreamed that I must go to the top of such a hill. When I awoke, the dream made so deep an impression upon me, that I could not rest. I went and called upon this my friend, and desired him to accompany me. When we came to the place, we saw nothing more than usual. However, I begged him to go with me to another hill, at a small distance, and then we saw your distressing situation.' When we got ashore, I went with my two friends to a public-house not far from the place where we landed, and as we were relating this wonderful Providence, the landlady said, 'This day month, we saw a gentleman just in your situation : but before we could hasten to his relief, he plunged into the sea, supposing, as we conjectured, that his horse could swim with him to the shore ; but they both sunk, and were drowned together.'



“I gave my deliverers all the money I had, which, I think was eighteen-pence ; and tarried all night at the public-house. Next morning I was not a little embarrassed how to pay my reckoning. I therefore apologized to the landlord for the want of cash, and begged he would keep a pair of silver spurs till I should send to redeem them. But he answered, ‘The Lord bless you, sir ; I would not take a farthing from you for the world.’ After some serious conversation with the friendly people of the house, I bid them farewell ; and recommenced my journey, rejoicing in the Lord, and praising him for his great salvation.”

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*A remarkable Occurrence, extracted from Morton,  
who took it from Dr. H. Moore.*

IN the northern part of England (I think Lancashire, for I had the story from a clergyman of that county) the minister, before he began to read prayers at church, saw a paper lying in his book, which he supposed to be the banns of marriage. He opened it, and saw written, in a fair and distinct hand, words to the following purport : “That John P. and James D. had murdered a travelling man, and had robbed him of his effects, and buried him in such an orchard.” The minister was extremely startled, and asked his clerk hastily, if he had placed any paper in the prayer book. The clerk declared he had not ; but the minister prudently concealed the contents of the paper, for the two names therein contained were those of the clerk, and the sexton of the church.

The minister then went directly to a magistrate, told him what had happened, and took the paper out of his pocket to read it, when to his great surprise nothing appeared thereon, but it was a plain piece of white paper ! The justice on that accused the minister of whim and fancy, and said that his head must



certainly have been distempered, when he imagined such strange contents on a blank piece of paper. The good clergyman plainly saw the hand of God in this matter, and by earnest entreaties prevailed on the justice to grant his warrant against the clerk and sexton ; who were taken up on suspicion, and separately confined and examined, when many contradictions appeared in their examination ; for the sexton, who kept an alehouse, owned the having lodged such a man at his house, and the clerk said he was that evening at the sexton's, but no such man was there ; that it was thought proper to search their houses, in which were found several pieces of gold, and goods belonging to men that travel the country ; yet they gave so tolerable an account of these, that no positive proof could be made out, till the clergyman recollecting that the paper mentioned the dead body to be buried in such an orchard, a circumstance which had before slipped his memory ; the place was searched, and the body was found : on hearing which the sexton confessed the fact, accusing the clerk as his accomplice ; and they were both accordingly executed.

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### *The Cripplegate Ghost.*

THE following story, well authenticated in the neighbourhood of Cripplegate, will convince the reader, that vicious intentions are sometimes productive of much good to the parties they intend to injure.

A gentlewoman in that parish, having lain for some days in a trance, was at length laid out and buried for dead, with a gold ring on her finger. The sexton knowing thereof, he and his wife, with a lanthorn and candle, went privately the next night, and dug up the coffin, opened it, untied the winding sheet, and was going to cut off her finger for the sake of the valuable ring buried with her, they not being other-



wise able to remove it ; when, suddenly, the lady raised herself up (being just then supposed miraculously to come out of her trance). The sexton and his wife ran away in a horrible fright, leaving their lanthorn behind them ; which the lady took up, and made haste home to her house. When knocking hard at the door, the maid servant asked who was there ? “ ’Tis I, your mistress,” replied the lady ; “ and do, for God’s sake, let me in immediately, as I am very cold.” The maid, being much surprised and terrified at this reply, neglected to open the door, ran away to her master, and acquainted him with the circumstance ; who would scarcely believe her tale, till he went himself to the door, and heard his wife relate the dreadful particulars. He immediately let her in, put her into a warm bed ; and, by being well looked after, she soon perfectly recovered, and lived to have three children afterwards.

This extraordinary resuscitation is conjectured, by the faculty, to have been occasioned by the sudden circulation of the blood on the villain’s attempting to cut off the finger.

A monument, with a curious inscription of this affair, is still to be seen in Cripplegate church.

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*A true Account of an Apparition ; in a letter addressed to Mr. Ganvill, when he was writing on Spirits*

SIR,—As all such narratives as contain incidents wonderful and surprising, and in which the superintendence of Divine Providence is displayed in an extraordinary manner, accompanied with circumstances of a marvellous nature, and calculated to strike the reader with surprise, coincide with the plan of your work, I doubt not but the following history, the truth of which I can vouch for, will prove acceptable to your readers.



Mr. R—— N——, and Mr. J—— N——, two brothers, whose education had been equally liberal, as they had both been bred at the university of Oxford, imbibed in that excellent seminary principles diametrically opposite.

The former was for venturing every thing, and running all hazards, in order to push his fortune; whilst the maxim of the latter was to regulate his conduct by the strictest prudence and economy, and leave nothing to chance.

When their studies were finished, they both returned to their father's at Bristol. He was an eminent merchant of that city, and for some time after their return, their minds were entirely taken up with deliberating what profession they should attach themselves to, and what plan of life they should pursue for the remainder of their days.

In the midst of these golden dreams, the father, by a sudden and unexpected turn of fortune, broke, and took so to heart the loss of his wealth, that he died in a few days, and left his two sons in a state of absolute indigence.

They found themselves reduced to deliberate not what measures they should pursue, in order to make a fortune, but how to shift in order to procure a subsistence. The temper of the former was sanguine, therefore he was resolved to go to London, though quite unknown in that city, and throw himself upon Providence; this the latter remonstrated against, urging that it was an act of desperation, and little better than downright suicide, to leave a place where he was well known, and had friends, to go to another where he had not a single acquaintance; and he could expect nothing but to die of hunger, as soon as the trifling stock of money he had about him should be spent.

All these remonstrances had no effect. Mr. ——, the eldest brother, declared, that he was resolved rather to venture death than to stay at Bristol, where



he had formerly lived in affluence, and be an object of scorn or pity to those by whom he had once been beheld with envy.

The two brothers accordingly took leave of each other, the former bent upon buffeting fortune, and the other resolved to avail himself, to the best of his power, of the few resources which remained to him in the place of his nativity.

He accordingly went to live with a merchant, an acquaintance of his father's, by whom he was employed as clerk, whilst Mr. R—— N—— went to London, a step which he considered as going to death, as he did not know which way to turn himself in that metropolis. The trifle of money he had brought with him being quickly spent, he was soon reduced to the utmost distress, and felt the pressure of extreme want to such a degree, that having been four days without food, he one evening wandered about St. James's Park in despair, and as soon as it was dark, sat down upon one of the benches, and taking a knife out of his pocket, was upon the point of piercing his breast, when, looking up on a sudden, he saw a figure of such beauty, that he could not doubt but it was a vision from heaven. It appeared to him to be a beautiful youth, of a form resembling those with which angels are represented by painters; the eyes shone with a starry brightness, and a lambent flame of glory played about the hair.

As Mr. R—— N——, who had formed the desperate resolution of destroying himself, lifted up his awe-struck eyes to this angelic appearance, which seemed to stoop forwards, and spread out its arms to embrace him, his organs of hearing were impressed in such a manner, that he heard these words distinctly pronounced, "Hold, rash mortal!"—He immediately desisted from his impious attempt; and the phantom advanced forward, and beckoning to him, he rose up and followed it. On a sudden it vanished, and as he walked on, his heart exulted with a joy, which he could not account for, till at last he met a soldier,



who pressed him to enter a public-house, which was the rendezvous of a recruiting party.

The obstreperous mirth of these desperadoes, who venture their lives for a livelihood, but little suited with the serious turn of Mr. R—— N——: but as then he was quite destitute, he readily accepted of their proposal of listing, and the regiment to which he belonged being soon after commanded abroad, he behaved so well at the siege of Quebec, and upon other occasions, that he rose from a private soldier to a lieutenant; and upon his return to England, found himself reduced to half-pay, which proved quite insufficient to support him in that extravagance and round of pleasure which gentlemen of the army think they have a right to indulge in.

What led him into the greatest expenses was, his attachment to a fine woman, whose temper was so extravagant, that the fortune of a lord, much less that of a lieutenant upon half-pay, would have proved insufficient to gratify her eternal craving.

With her he went to all places of public diversion, the Play-houses, the Opera, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, &c. &c.

She had likewise as great a passion for finery; and no clothes would satisfy her, but such as might be worn by a duchess. She was indeed a very lovely woman, and the charms of her person were greatly heightened and set off by the politeness of her behaviour, and pleasing manner in which she expressed herself in conversation.

But all these attractives served only to render her more dangerous; and she would have been the ruin of the unhappy Mr. R—— N——, as she had been of several other unthinking young men, if his good, which constantly struggled with his evil genius, had not preserved him from perdition, upon this as well as former occasions.

He had a something in his countenance which excited, in all those who saw him, an opinion of his



probity, and as he always dressed like a gentleman of fortune, he found means to procure credit for considerable sums ; and thus, for a time, gratified his Thais, whose caresses were always proportioned to the expense to which her lover put himself.

At length, however, the clamours of his creditors became so importunate, that he was in a perplexity inconceivable, and the thought of having imposed upon persons, who had so generously obliged him, drove him almost into a frenzy : he did not, however, form the same desperate resolution he had done before, namely, that of laying violent hands upon himself ; but his evil genius, in the shape of the enticing harlot above, suggested to him a course almost equally desperate, namely, that of going upon the highway.

He accordingly provided himself with pistols, and one evening rode to Blackheath, where, at the sight of every coach, and of every man he passed on horseback, he was seized with terrors not to be expressed, and his conscious guilt made him suffer more, though he never attempted to rob a single passenger, than a hardened highwayman suffers in prison between the time of his receiving sentence and his execution.

He rode to and fro in the utmost perturbation of mind, his terror still increasing as the night approached, till at last he beheld the same angelic appearance that he had seen before, which seemed to point to the road to London. Even in the darkness the figure appeared very manifest by the irradiation of glory which encircled its head, and he could hear distinctly these words, "Mortal, brave not death !" I leave it to philosophers to determine, whether it was a real personage, or of a nature above human, that appeared to him upon this occasion ; or whether it was the force of an heated imagination, which traced this figure to his eyes, and caused the words above mentioned to resound in his ears. Be that as it will, we may justly look upon this appearance as a vision from heaven, as it had the effect of turning a sinner to



grace : for no sooner had Mr. R—— N—— beheld it, but all his agitation and disorder subsided, and he, with the utmost composure of mind, returned to London, after having the precaution of throwing away his pistols, the instruments of destruction, with which his evil genius had armed him, lest they might give rise to any suspicion of the purpose which he had in leaving town.

Upon his return to his lodgings, he broke with the pernicious woman who had given him the advice mentioned, as his love for her was entirely converted into hatred, when he considered, that her vile suggestions might have brought him to a shameful end.

However, the grand source of his inquietudes still remained. He was apprehensive every moment of being arrested, and thrown into jail by his creditors. Had he sold his half-pay, it would have been by no means sufficient to satisfy them all, for he could not expect above two hundred pounds for it, and five hundred would hardly have been sufficient to satisfy his creditors.

He therefore formed a resolution to go over to Ireland, thinking he could there be more secure from his creditors, than by going to lodge at privileged places.

Whilst his mind was taken up with these thoughts, he was arrested, and there being several actions against him at the same time, he was obliged to get himself removed to the Fleet by Habeas Corpus. A man of Mr. R—— N——'s temper could but ill brook confinement. The days hung so heavily on his hands, and passed so tediously away, that he was obliged to have recourse to hard drinking, to dispel the gloom by which his mind was overcast. But he soon found, as many others in his circumstances have done, that this remedy, by frequent use, increases that anxiety of mind it was intended to cure.

While Mr. R—— N—— led this life of care and inquietude, he one night had a dream, which revived



his drooping spirits, and animated his soul with hope. He dreamed that the same angel, which had twice appeared to him before, came in the night and opened the gates of his prison, by a supernatural power ; and the ideas which passed in his imagination took so strong a possession of his soul, that when he awoke in the morning, he could not for some time be persuaded that he was still in prison. The delusion soon vanished, but still he retained his alacrity of mind. This seemingly groundless joy was soon followed by a real one.

About noon he heard himself inquired for, and immediately knew the voice to be that of his brother. He rushed into his arms, and embraced him with the utmost transport. When their first emotions of joy were somewhat subsided, Mr. J—— N—— gave his brother to understand, that he had made a fortune by the East India trade ; and inquiring into the state of his affairs, and the sum for which he was in confinement, paid the debt, and had him set at liberty that very evening.

They both went together to the lodgings of Mr. J—— N——, in Great Broad-street, where he related to his brother his adventures, and the several voyages he had made since their separation.

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*A remarkable Anecdote of Mr. Wm. Reid.*

It seems, that to gratify a penchant for the superb, the magnificent, and the antique, in building, when a child, he frequently neglected school, not for the usual diversions of children, but to obtain a view of all the churches in London, during the hours of prayer on the working days!

The same disposition, when he was about thirteen years of age, and in Warkwickshire, led him something out of his way in a solitary walk one Sunday



evening, in the winter, to take a view of an ancient hall then uninhabited, since pulled down. The courtyard being made use of to prepare timber for some houses building near at hand, he had an easy access, and had been some time indulging this pleasing propensity, when his attention was excited by the appearance of what he supposed to be two young ladies, unattended, and coming from the new buildings into the court! As Mr. Reid was not perfectly assured that the hall was not inhabited, it was then only that, and their want of attendance, that excited his curiosity; he kept his eyes upon them as much as consistent with good manners, till they passed within a few yards of him in their way to the door of the house, the opening of which, though it was the principal thing he expected, he was disappointed of, by their vanishing when upon the steps of it imperceptibly and instantaneously! Notwithstanding this, as Mr. Reid had not the least idea of a spectre, he still imagined that they were gone down the area into the kitchen, as is frequent in gentleman's houses in London, &c.; but in this he was soon set right, by coming up to the place; the windows of which being shut, and the area full of standing water, presented a true picture of desolation! It was not till that moment, that fully undeceived him, that he felt the least emotion of fear: he accordingly left the spot with some precipitation, and telling his story to his juvenile companions, received an answer that he observed is vulgarly characteristic of every antique building, viz. "that it was haunted." The account Mr. Reid then gave of those appearances was, "That they seemed to him to be two young ladies, one about fifteen or sixteen year of age, and the other eleven or twelve; that they were without caps; that their hair was plaited and powdered; that their eye-brows were black; and that their gowns, which were red damask spangled with silver, had cross leading-strings at the back of them;—that they were very pale, and that the least of them walked on the side towards him."



The most striking features of this relation, however, most strongly evince its reality ; as in the first place, Mr. Reid being without fear or apprehension of spectres, &c. neither his prejudice or his imagination could have any hand in imposing upon him.

Secondly.—Not knowing the place before, the bare report of its being haunted could not have the least influence upon his judgment.

And thirdly.—The reality of the appearance is proved by the simplicity of the first account he gave of their dress, viz. that they had cross leading strings to their gowns ; whereas he should have said “ hanging sleeves,” which were much in vogue about half a century ago.

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#### *Apparition of Lord Mohun.*

LORD MOHUN was a fashionable young gentleman, in the days of King Charles the First. According to the custom of that time his sense of honour led him to resent, in a serious manner, an affront, which had produced a quarrel between him and a person of the first quality, though a foreigner, in this kingdom. By appointment, they met in Chelsea-fields, near a place called Ebery-farm, and where Lord Mohun was killed, but not without suspicions of foul play.

At the same time Lord Mohun kept company with a certain lady, whom he entertained in genteel lodgings in James-street, Covent-garden. Lord Mohun was murdered about ten o'clock in the morning ; and at that very time, his mistress, being in bed, saw him come to her bedside, draw the curtains, look upon her, and go away ; she called after him, but received no answer. She then rung for her maid, and asked her for Lord Mohun ; but the woman replied, she did not see him, and had the key of the chamber door in her pocket. This account was attested by the lady and her maid to Mr. Aubrey, who relates it in his *Miscellanies*.



About the same time, Mr. Brown, brother-in-law to Lord Coningsby, discovered his being murdered to several of his friends.

Mr. Glanvil relates, that his apparition was seen by his sister and her maid, then dwelling in Fleet-street, at the very hour and minute he was killed, in Herefordshire, which happened in 1642. This circumstance was much talked of at the time.

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*Apparition of Mr. Thomkins to the Reverend  
John Warren.*

MR. JOHN WARREN, minister of Hatfield Broad-oak, in Essex, a worthy and pious man, being one day in his garden reading Bunyan's *Publican and Pharisee*, was accosted by a neighbour, as he thought, who entered into discourse with him upon the words, "Shall man be more righteous than his Maker?" Mr. Warren's discourse in general ran upon the promises, while Mr. Thomkins, his neighbour, as he imagined he was discoursing with, chiefly urged the threatenings of God. For a while they discoursed in this sort, till Mr. Warren's servant came and informed him the dinner was ready, and mistress waited for him: common civility made him ask his neighbour Thomkins to come in with him and eat some dinner, which the latter, with tears now standing in his eyes, refused, saying, "My time is come, I must away." Mr. Warren thought it very odd, and was proceeding to expostulate with his friend Thomkins, when the servant repeated the message, urging that a neighbour had sent for him to go immediately upon occasion of life and death. Mr. Warren, withdrawing towards the house, still held up the discourse upon the former subject, comforting his friend, till he arrived at the door, when entering first, he left the door open that Mr. Thomkins might come in; but nobody coming



in, he went directly and sought him all over his garden, but found him not, which much disturbed his mind then, and much more soon afterwards, when he found that his neighbour and friend Thomkins was just expired, and had not been out of his house, according to every testimony, that day. Mr. Warren's servant testified seeing her master in conversation with a person, in the garden ; and telling her mistress so, she wondered she had seen nobody go through the house, as there was no other way into the garden. Mr. Warren, a pious and sensible divine, often related this to Mr. Goodman, who recites it in his Winter Evening Conferences between Neighbours.

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*Extracted from Mr. Baxter's Certainty of the  
World of Spirits.*

THE Earl of Orery told me, that Col. Venables (then going to Hispaniola, with the soldiers that were there repulsed, and took Jamaica), had a soldier in his army that came out of Ireland, and was under Colonel Hill. That this soldier looked pale and sad, and pined away ; but the cause was unknown : at last he came to Colonel Hill with this confession, viz., That he had been a servant, in England, to one that carried stockings and such like ware about to sell ; and, for his money, he had murdered his master, and buried him in such a place ; and flying into Ireland, enlisted himself his soldier ; and that for a long time, whenever he lay alone, something like a headless man stood by his bed-side, saying to him, "Wilt thou yet confess?" And in this case of fear he had continued, till lately it appeared to him when he had a bed-fellow, and said as before, "Wilt thou yet confess?" And now, seeing no hopes of concealing it any longer, he confessed ; and his going to Hispaniola was his punishment, instead of death.



*From the Duke of Lauderdale*

About thirty years ago, when I was a boy at school, there was a poor woman who lived near the town of Duns in the Mers: and Mr. John Weems, then minister of the place, was persuaded she was possessed. I have heard him speak with my father many times about it, and both of them concluded it a real possession. Mr. Weems visited her often, and being convinced of the truth of the thing, he, with some other ministers, applied to the King's Privy Council for a warrant to keep days of humiliation for her. But the bishops being then in power, would not allow any fasts to be kept. I will not trouble you with many circumstances: I shall only mention one which I think will evince a real possession. The report being spread in the country, a knight of the name of Forbes, who lived in the north of Scotland, being come to Edinburgh, meeting there with a minister of the north, and both of them being desirous to see the woman, the minister invited the knight to my father's house (which is within ten or twelve miles of Duns), from whence they went to see the woman. They found her a poor ignorant creature; and seeing nothing extraordinary, the minister said to the knight, "Nondum audivimus spirituem loquentem." Presently a voice came out of the woman's mouth, "Audis loquentem, audis loquentem." This put the minister into some amazement. He took off his hat, and said, "Misereatur Deus peccatoris." The voice presently out of the woman's mouth said, "Dic peccatrici, dic peccatrici;" whereupon they both came out of the house fully satisfied, took horse immediately, and returned to my father's house, where they related the affair. Many more particulars might be ascertained, but the above Latin criticism in a most illiterate, ignorant woman, where there was no pretence to dispossessing, is evidence enough.



As to houses being disturbed by noises, I can instance one that was troubled therewith, since I was a married man.

Within four miles of Edinburgh there lived an aged minister ; his son is now pastor of the same place. Their houses were troubled with noises in a very extraordinary manner, which the family, and many neighbours, (who for several weeks used to watch with them) did ordinarily hear. It troubled them most on the Saturday night, and the night before their weekly lecture day. Sometimes they heard as if all the locks in the house, and doors and chests, flew open ; yea, their clothes, which were at night locked up in trunks and chests, they found hanging about the walls in the morning. Once they found their best linen taken out, the table covered with it, napkins as if they had been used, yea, and liquor in the cups, as if the company had been at meat. The rumbling was extraordinary. The good old man commonly called his family to prayer when it was most troublesome ; and immediately it was converted into a gentle knocking, like the modest knocking of a finger ; but as soon as prayer was done, they heard such excessive knocking as if a beam had been heaved against the floor. There was never either voice heard, or apparition seen : but one thing is remarkable ; it is very common in Scotland to have a half cannon bullet in the chimney corner, on which they break their great coals. A servant-maid in the house, being accustomed to the rumblings, said, That if the devil troubled them from that night, she would brain him ; so she took the half cannon bullet into bed : the noise did not fail to awake her, nor did she fail in her design, but took up the great bullet, and with a threatening, threw it, as she thought, on the floor ; but the bullet was never seen any more. All these particulars I have had from the minister. I was not in the country myself, at the time this happened, but it was confirmed to me by many other witnesses ; and my



father's steward lived then in a house of mine within a mile of the place, and sent his servants constantly thither ; his son now serves me, who also knows it.—  
*Baxter.*

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*The Appearance of the Duchess of Mazarine, Mistress to King Charles II., to Madam de Beauclair, Mistress to King James II.*

THE author of the following narrative, which was published some years ago, solemnly declared he was perfectly convinced of the truth of it ; as well as several other persons of undoubted credit.

'Tis well known to most people acquainted with the English history, that the celebrated Duchess of Mazarine was mistress to King Charles II. Mr. Waller particularly takes notice of her, as one of the favourites of that monarch in the following lines—

“ When through the world fair Mazarine had run,  
Bright as her fellow-traveller, the sun,  
Hither at last the Roman eagle flies,  
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes.”

Madam de Beauclair, was a lady equally admired and beloved by his brother and successor, James II. Between these two ladies there was an uncommon friendship, such as is rarely found in persons bred up in courts ; particularly those of the same sex, and in the same situation.

But the singularity of their circumstances might contribute a good deal towards it ; they having both lost their royal lovers, the one by death, the other by abdication. They were both women of excellent understandings ; and enjoyed all that the world could give them, and were arrived at an age, in which they might be supposed to despise all its pomps and vanities. I shall without any further introduction, give the whole of the relation, in the author's own words, who declared himself to be an eye witness of the truth of it.



“ After the burning of Whitehall, these two ladies were allotted very handsome apartments in the Stable-yard, St. James’s : but the face of public affairs being then wholly changed, and a new set of courtiers as well as rule of behaviour come into vogue, they conversed almost only with each other.

“ About this time it was that Reason first began to oppose itself to Faith, or at least to be set up against it by some who had an ambition to be thought more penetrating than their neighbours. The doctrine soon spread, and was too much talked of not to be frequently a subject of conversation for these two ladies ; and though I cannot say that either of them were thoroughly convinced by it, yet the specious arguments made use of by persons of high reputation for their learning, had such an effect on both as to raise great doubt in them concerning the immateriality of the soul, and the certainty of its existence after death. In a serious consultation they had together on this head, it was agreed between them, that on which ever of them the lot should fall to be first called from this world, she should return, if there was a possibility of doing so, and give the other an account in what manner she was disposed of. This promise, it seems, was often repeated, and the Duchess happening to fall sick, and her life despaired of by all about her, Madam de Beauclair reminded her of what she expected from her : to which her Grace replied, She might depend upon her performance. These words passed between them not above an hour before the dissolution of that great lady, and were spoken before several persons who were in the room, but at that time they were far from comprehending the meaning of what they heard.

“ Some years after the Duchess’s decease, happening, in a visit I made to Madam de Beauclair, to fall on the topic of futurity, she expressed her disbelief of it with a great deal of warmth ; which a little surprised me, as being of a quite contrary way of thinking my-



self, and had always, by the religion she professed, supposed her highly so. I took the liberty of offering some arguments, which I imagined would have been convincing, to prove the reasonableness of depending on a life to come. To which she answered, that not all that the whole world could say should ever persuade her to that opinion; and then related to me the contract made between her and her dear departed friend, the Duchess of Mazarine.

“It was in vain that I urged the strong probability there was that souls in another world might not be permitted to perform the engagements they had entered into in this, especially, when they were of a nature repugnant to the divine will. ‘Which,’ said I, ‘has manifestly placed a flaming sword between human knowledge and the prospect of that glorious Eden, we hope, by Faith, to be inheritors hereafter. Therefore,’ added I, ‘her Grace of Mazarine may be in possession of all those immense felicities which are promised to the virtuous, and even now interceding that the dear partner of her heart may share the same, yet may be denied the privilege of imparting to you what she is, or that she exists at all.’

“Nothing I could say made the least impression; and I found, to my great concern, that she was become so great an advocate for the new doctrine of non-existence after death, as any of those who first proposed it; on which, from that time forward, I avoided all discourse with her on that head.

“It was not, however, many months after we had this conversation, that I happened to be at the house of a person of condition, whom, since the death of the Duchess of Mazarine, Madam de Beauclair had the greatest intimacy with any of her acquaintance. We were just sat down to cards, about nine o’clock in the evening, as near as I can remember, when a servant came hastily into the room, and acquainted the lady I was with, that Madam de Beauclair had sent to intreat she would come that moment to her; adding,



that if she ever desired to see her more in this world, she must not delay her visit.

“So odd a message might very well surprise the person to whom it was delivered ; and not knowing what to think of it, she asked, ‘Who brought it?’ And being told it was Madam de Beauclair’s groom of the chambers, ordered he should come in, and demanded of him, if his lady were well, or if he knew of any thing extraordinary that had happened to her which should occasion this hasty summons? To which he answered, that he was entirely incapable of telling her the meaning ; only as to his lady’s health, he never saw nor heard her complain of any indisposition

“ ‘Well, then,’ said the lady, a little out of humour, ‘I desire you will make my excuse, as I have really a great cold, and am fearful the night air may increase it, but to-morrow I will not fail to wait on her very early in the morning.’

“The man being gone, we were beginning to form several conjectures on this message of Madam de Beauclair, but before we had time to agree on what might be the most feasible occasion, he returned again, and with him Mrs. Ward, her woman, both seemingly very much confused and out of breath.

“ ‘O, madam,’ cried he, ‘my lady expresses an infinite concern that you should refuse this request, which she says will be her last. She says that she is convinced of her not being in a condition to receive your visit to-morrow ; but as a token of her friendship, bequeaths you this little casket, containing her watch, necklace, and some jewels, which she desires you will wear in remembrance of her.’

“These words were accompanied with the delivery of the legacy she mentioned, and that, as well as Mrs. Ward’s words, threw us both into a consternation we were not able to express. The lady would fain have entered into some discourse with Mrs. Ward concerning the affair ; but she evaded it, by saying, she had



left only an undermaid with Madam de Beauclair, and must return immediately ; on which the lady cried all at once, ' I will go with you ; there must be something very uncommon certainly in this.' I offered to attend her, being, as I well might, desirous of getting some light into what at present appeared so mysterious.

" In fine, we went that instant ; but as no mention was made of me, nor Madam de Beauclair might not probably be informed I was with the lady when her servant came, good manners and decency obliged me to wait in a lower apartment, unless she gave leave for my admittance.

" She was, however, no sooner informed I was there than she desired I would come up. I did so, and found her sitting in an easy chair near her bed-side, and, in my eyes, as well as all those present, seemed in as perfect health, as ever she had been.

" On our inquiring if she felt any inward disorder which should give room for the melancholy apprehensions her message testified, she replied in the negative ; yet, said she, with a little sigh, you will soon, very soon, behold me pass from this world into that eternity which I once doubted, but am now assured of.

" As she spoke these last words, she looked full in my face, as it were to remind me of the conversation we frequently had held together on that subject. I told her I was heartily glad to find so great a change in her ladyship's sentiments ; but that I hoped she had no reason to imagine the conviction would be fatal : which she only answered with a gloomy smile ; and a clergyman of her own persuasion, whom she had sent for, that moment coming in, we all quitted the room, to leave him at liberty to exercise his functions.

" It exceeded not half an hour before we were called in again, and she appeared, after having disburthened her conscience, to be more cheerful than before ; her eyes, which were as piercing as possible, sparkled



with an uncommon vivacity ; and she told us, she should die with the more satisfaction, as she enjoyed, in her last moments, the presence of two persons, the most agreeable to her in this world, and in the next would be sure of enjoying the society of one who, in life, had been the dearest to her.

“ We were both beginning to dissuade her from giving way to thoughts which there seemed not the least probability of being verified ; when she put a stop to what we were about to urge, by saying, ‘ Talk no more of that,—my time is short, and I would not have the small space allowed me to be with you wasted in vain delusion. Know,’ continued she, ‘ I have seen my dear Duchess of Mazarine. I perceived not how she entered, but turning my eyes towards yonder corner of the room, I saw her stand in the same form and habit she was accustomed to appear in when living ;—fain would I have spoke, but had not the power of utterance ; she took a little circuit round the chamber, seemed rather to swim than walk ; then stopped by the side of that Indian chest, and looking on me with her usual sweetness, “ Beauclair,” said she, “ between the hours of twelve and one this night you will be with me.” The surprise I was in at first being a little abated, I began to ask some questions concerning that future world I was so soon to visit ; but on the opening of my lips, for that purpose, she vanished from my sight, I know not how.’

“ The clock was now very near striking twelve ; and as she discovered not the least symptoms of any ailment, we again aimed to remove all apprehensions of a dissolution ; but had scarce begun to speak, when on a sudden her countenance changed, and she cried out, ‘ Oh ! I am sick at heart !’ Mrs. Ward, who all this while had stood leaning on her chair, applied some drops, but to no effect, she grew still worse, and in about half an hour expired ! it being exactly the time the apparition had foretold.

“ I have been so particular in relating all the cir-



cumstances of this affair, as well to prove I could not be deceived in it, as to show that Madam de Beauclair was neither vapourish nor superstitious, as many believe all are who pretend to see any thing supernatural. I am, indeed, very ready to allow that the force of imagination may impose upon the senses, and that it frequently has done so, and that the stories told us in our infancy leave ideas behind them, which, in our riper years, are apt to make us fanciful ; but in the case I have mentioned there could be nothing of all this : the lady you perceive was so far from any apprehensions or prepossessions of this nature, that, on the contrary, she looked upon them as ridiculous and absurd, and could have been convinced by nothing but the testimony of her own eyes and ears.

“ It must be confessed, such extraordinary means of warning us of our fate but rarely happen, nor can it be supposed departed spirits have the power of visiting us at pleasure ; for which reason I look upon all such agreements, as were made between these ladies, as highly presumptuous, and when permitted to be fulfilled, we are not to imagine it done to gratify the vain curiosity of those who doubt a future state, but to strengthen the faith of those who believe in it.

“ I think, therefore, who is well assured of the truth of such an incident, ought to communicate it to the public, especially in these times, when all the belief of another world, on which, of consequence, our good behaviour in this depends, stands in need of every help for maintaining any ground among us.”

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*The Rev. Mr. Davis's Account of the Corpse-candles in Wales.*

THESE, in our language, we call Canhywllau Cyrth, Corpse-candles. We call them candles, because that light doth much resemble a material candle-light ;



saving, that when one comes near them, they vanish ; but presently appear again. If it be a little candle, pale or bluish, then follows the corpse either of an abortive, or some infant ; if a big one, then the corpse of some one come of age ; if there be seen two or three or more, some big, some small together, then so many, such corpses together. If two candles come from divers places, and be seen to meet, the corpses will do the like ; if any of these candles be seen to turn, sometimes a little out of the way that leadeth unto the church, the following corpse will be found to turn in that very place, for the avoiding of some dirty lane, &c. When I was about fifteen years of age, dwelling at Lanylar, late at night, some neighbours saw one of these candles hovering up and down along the bank of the river, until they were weary in beholding ; at last they left it so, and went to bed. A few weeks after, a damsel from Montgomeryshire came to see her friends, who dwelt on the other side of the Istwyth, and thought to ford it at the place where the light was seen : but being dissuaded by some lookers on (by reason of a flood), she walked up and down along the bank, where the aforesaid candle did, waiting for the falling of the waters ; which at last she took, and was drowned therein.

Of late, my sexton's wife, an aged understanding woman, saw from her bed a little bluish candle upon her table-end : within two or three days after comes a fellow in, inquiring for her husband, and taking something from under his cloak, clapt it down directly upon the table end, where she had seen the candle ; and what was it but a dead-born child ? Another time, the same woman saw such another candle upon the other end of the same table : within a few days after, a weak child, by myself newly christened, was brought into the sexton's house, where presently he died : and when the sexton's wife, who was then abroad, came home, she found the woman shrouding the child on that other end of the table,



where she had seen the candle. On a time, myself and a kinsman coming from our school in England, and being three or four hours benighted, ere we could reach home, saw such a light, which, coming from a house we well knew, held its course (but not directly) in the highway to church: shortly after, the eldest son in that house died, and steered the same course. Myself and my wife one evening saw such a light coming to the church, from her midwife's house; and within a month, she herself did follow: at which time, my wife told me a story of her own mother, Mrs. Catharine Wyat, an eminent woman in the town of Tenby, that one evening, being in her bed-chamber, she saw two lights just upon her belly, which she assayed to strike off with her hand, but could not: within awhile they vanished of themselves. Not long after she was delivered of two-dead-born children. Long since, there happened the like in my house to a neighbour's wife of mine, being great with child, and coming in at her own door, met two candles, a little and a big one; and a little after, falling in labour, she and her child both died.

About thirty-four or thirty-five years since, one Jane Wyat, my wife's sister, being nurse to Baronet Rud's three eldest children, and (the lady being deceased) the lady controller of that house going late into a chamber where the maid servants lay, saw there no less than five of these lights together. It happened awhile after, the chamber being newly plastered, and a great grate of coal-fire therein kindled to hasten the drying up of the plastering, that five of the maid servants went there to bed, as they were wont; but in the morning they were all dead, being suffocated in their sleep with the steam of the new-tempered lime and coal. This was at Langathen in Carmarthenshire.



*Three other remarkable Instances.*

About thirty-three or thirty-four years since, returning home (on a Tuesday) from Cardigan, where I had been to preach the sessions sermon, it being as light as noon, there seemed twice or thrice from behind me, on my right side, between my shoulder and my hand, to fly a little whitish thing, about the bigness of a walnut, and that once in seventy or eighty paces. At first I took no notice of it. By degrees it waxed reddish, and as the night came on, appeared like pure fire both for light and colour. I turned about to see from whence it came, and whether it would flash in my face, but I could see nothing: yet when I turned homewards it flashed as before, till I came to a village called Lanrislid, where as yet I did not intend to lodge. In passing by a house the fire flashed upon it very near the threshold, and there I think it lodged, for I saw it no more. I still thought of going home; but on reflecting that hereby I might tempt God, I returned to the farthest lodgings in the town; and after a little rest, I told my host of the vision. The next day he communicated the same to some persons who were going to the sessions, by which means the judge became acquainted with it. At which sessions one John William Lloyd, gentleman, who lived near Glasterig, fell sick, and in going home was taken with such a violent paroxysm, that he could ride no farther than the house where I left the fire, and he died about four days after. Some candles have been seen to come to my church within these three weeks, and the corpse not long after.

J. D.

(Additional testimony.)

William John, of the county of Carmarthen, a smith, on going home one night, saw one of the Corpse Candles; he went out of his way to meet with it, and



when he came near it, he saw it was a burying, and the corpse upon the bier, the perfect resemblance of a woman in the neighbourhood whom he knew, holding the candle between her fore-fingers, who dreadfully grinned at him ; and presently he was struck down from his horse, where he remained awhile, and was ill a long time after before he recovered. This was before the real burying of the woman. His fault, and therefore his danger, was his coming presumptuously against the candle.—This is a plain and positive proof of the apparition and being of spirits.

The following account was given under the hand of Mr. Morris Griffith, a man truly religious, and a lively preacher of the gospel among the Baptists ; which came to pass in Pembrokeshire, as follows :—

“When I kept a school at Pont-faen parish, in Pembrokeshire, as I was coming from a place called Tre-Davith, and was come to the top of the hill, I saw a great light down in the valley, which I wondered at ; for I could not imagine what it meant. But it came to my mind that it was a light before a burying, though I never could believe before that there was such a thing. The light which I saw then was a very red light, and it stood still for about a quarter of an hour in the way which went towards Lanferchllawddog church. I made haste to the other side of the hill, that I might see it farther ; and from whence I saw it go along to the church-yard, where it stood still for a little time, and entered into the church. I stood still waiting to see it come out, and it was not long before it came out, and went to a certain part of the church-yard, where it stood a little time, and then vanished out of my sight.

“A few days afterwards, being in school with the children about noon, I heard a great noise over head, as if the top of the house was coming down ; I went out to see the garret, and there was nothing amiss. A few days afterwards, Mr. Higgon of Pont-faen's son died. When the carpenter came to fetch the



boards to make the coffin, which were in the garret, he made exactly such a stir in handling the boards in the garret, as was made before by some spirit, who fore-knew the death that was soon to come to pass. In carrying the body to the grave, the burying stood where the light stood for about a quarter of an hour, because there was some water across the way, and the people could not get over it without wetting their feet; therefore they were obliged to stop till those that had boots helped them over. The child was buried in that very spot of ground in the church-yard where I saw the light stop after it came out of the church. This is what I can boldly testify, having seen and heard what I relate:—a thing which before I could not believe.

“MORRIS GRIFFITH.”

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*Laird Bacconi's Apparition to Lord Middleton  
as related by Mr. Aubrey.*

SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE informed several gentlemen that Major-General Middleton, afterwards created lord, went into the Highlands of Scotland, to endeavour to make a party for king Charles I. An old gentleman, that was second-sighted, met him and told him, that his attempt, though laudable, would not be successful; and that besides they would put the king to death: and that several other attempts would be made, but all in vain; but that his son would come in, although it would be long first, and should at last be restored.

This nobleman had a great friendship with the Laird Bacconi, and they made an agreement, that the first of them that died should appear to the other in extremity. It happened that the Lord Middleton was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and sent up to London: while he was confined in the



Tower, under three locks, one day in the morning, lying pensive in his bed, Bacconi appeared to him. My Lord Middleton asked him if he was dead or alive? He replied, that he was dead, and had been so many years; but that he was come to revive his hopes, for that in a very short time, within three days, he should escape: this fell out as it was foretold, and he did so in his wife's clothes. When he had performed his message, he lightly tript along the room, like a vapour, then gathered up and vanished.

This account Sir William Dugdale had from the Bishop of Edinburgh, who had inserted it in his *Miscellanies*, which is now deposited, with other books, in the Museum at Oxford.



*The Writings of an Estate Found through the appearance of an Apparition.*

THE following story is told by the late Rev. Dr. Scott, a man whose learning and piety were eminent, and whose judgment was known to be so good, as not to be easily imposed upon.

The doctor was sitting alone by the fire, either in his study or his parlour, in Broad-street, where he lived; and reading a book, his door being shut fast and locked, he was well assured there was nobody in the room but himself, when accidentally raising his head a little, he was exceedingly surprised to see sitting in an elbow chair, at the other side of the fireplace, an ancient grave gentleman, in a black velvet gown, a long wig, and looking with a pleasing countenance towards him, and who spoke thus:—

Be not afraid, or surprised, for I will do you no hurt; but am come upon a matter of great importance to an injured family, yet knowing you to be a man of integrity, I have pitched upon you to do an act of great charity as well as justice; and I can depend upon you for a faithful performance.



The doctor was not at first composed enough to receive the introduction of the business with a due attention ; but seemed rather inclined to get out of the room from him if he could, and once or twice made some attempt to knock for some of the family to come up ; at which the apparition seemed somewhat displeased.

But it seems he need not ; for, as the doctor said, he had no power to go out of the room if he had been next the door, or to knock for help, if any had been at hand.

But here the apparition, seeing the doctor still in confusion, desired him again to compose himself, for he would not do him the least injury, or offer any thing to make him uneasy ; but desired he would give him leave to deliver the business he came about ; which, when he had heard, he said perhaps he would see less cause to be surprised, or apprehensive, than he did now.

By this time, and by the calm way of discourse above mentioned, the doctor had recovered himself so much, though not with any kind of composure, as to be able to speak.

In the name of God, says the doctor, what art thou ?

I desire you will not be frightened, says the apparition to him again ; I am a stranger to you, and if I tell you my name, you do not know it, but you may do the business without inquiring.

The doctor continued still discomposed and uneasy, and said nothing for some time.

The apparition spoke again to him not to be surprised, and received only for answer—

In the name of God, what art thou ?

Upon this the spectre seemed displeased, as if the doctor had not treated him with sufficient respect ; and expostulated a little with him, telling him, he could have terrified him into a compliance, but that he chose to come calmly and quietly to him ; and used some other discourses, so civil and obliging, that



by this time he began to be a little more familiar, and at length the doctor asked, what is it you would have with me?

At this the apparition, as if gratified with the question, began his story thus:—

I once lived in the county of ———, where I left a very good estate, which my grandson enjoys at this time. But he is sued for the possession by my two nephews, the sons of my younger brother.

[Note.—Here he gave him his own name, the name of his younger brother, and the names of his two nephews; but I do not chose to publish the names in this relation, nor might it be proper for many reasons.]

Here the doctor interrupted, and asked him how long the grandson had been in possession of the estate; which he told him was —— years, intimating that he had been so long dead.

Then he went on and told him, that his nephews would be too hard for his grandson in the suit, and would oust him of the mansion-house and estate; so that he would be in danger of being entirely ruined, and his family reduced.

Still the doctor could not see into the matter, or what he could do to help or remedy the evil that threatened the family; and therefore he asked him some questions: for now they began to be a little better acquainted than at first.

Says the doctor, and what am I able to do in it if the law be against him?

Why, says the spectre, it is not that the nephews have any right; but the grand deed of settlement, being the conveyance of the inheritance, is lost; and for want of the deed, they will not be able to make out their title to the estate.

Well, says the doctor, and still what can I do in the case?

Why, says the spectre, if you will go down to my grandson's house, and take such persons with you as you can trust, I will give you such instructions as



that you shall find out the deed of settlement, which is concealed in a place where I put it with my own hands, and where you shall direct my grandson to take it out in your presence.

But why, then, do you not direct your grandson himself to do this? says the doctor.

Ask me not about that, says the apparition: there are divers reasons, which you may know hereafter, I can depend upon your honesty in it, in the meantime; and I will so dispose matters, that you shall have your expenses paid you, and be handsomely allowed for your trouble.

After this discourse, and several other expostulations, (for the doctor was not easily prevailed upon to go, till the spectre seemed to look angrily, and even to threaten him for refusing), he did at last promise to go.

Having obtained this promise of him, he told him he might let his grandson know, that he had formerly conversed with his grandfather, but not to say how lately, or in what manner; and ask to see the house; and that in such an upper room or loft he should find a great deal of old lumber piled up, and that in such particular corner, there was a certain old chest, with an old broken lock upon it, and a key in it, which could neither be turned in the lock nor pulled out of it.

Here he gave him a particular description of the chest, and of the outside, and lock, and the cover, and also of the inside, which no man could come at, or find out, unless the whole chest was pulled in pieces.

In that chest, says he, and in that place, lies the grand deed, or charter of the estate, which conveys the inheritance, and without which the family will be ruined and turned out of doors.

After this discourse, and the doctor promising to go down into the country to dispatch this important commission; the apparition, putting on a very pleasant aspect, thanked him, and disappeared.



After some days, and within the time limited by the proposal of the spectre, the doctor went down accordingly into ——— shire ; and finding the gentleman's house very readily, by the directions, knocked at the door, and asked if he was at home, and after being told he was, and the servants telling their master it was a clergyman, the gentleman came to the door, and very courteously invited him in.

After the doctor had been there some time, he observed that the gentleman received him with unexpected civility, though a stranger, and without business. They entered into many friendly discourses, and the doctor pretended to have heard much of the family (as indeed he had), and of his grandfather ; from whom, sir, I perceive the estate more immediately descended to yourself.

Aye, says the gentleman, and shook his head, my father died young, and my grandfather has left things so confused that, for want of one principal writing, which is not yet come to hand, I have met with a great deal of trouble from a couple of cousins, my grandfather's brother's children, who have put me to a great charge about it. Upon this the doctor began to be a little inquisitive.

I hope, sir, says the doctor, you have got over all this.

No, truly, says the gentleman, if I may be so free as to speak my mind, I think I shall never get quite over it, unless we can find the old deed, which, however, I hope we shall find ; for I intend to make a general search after it.

I wish, with all my heart, you may find it, sir, says the doctor.

I doubt not but I shall, adds the gentleman ; for I had a dream concerning it last night.

A dream about the writing ! says the doctor, then I hope it was that you shall find it.

Why, says the gentleman, I will tell you ; I dreamed that a strange gentleman came to me, whom I had



never seen in my life, and helped me to look for it. I do not know but you may be the man.

I should be very glad to be the man, I assure you, says the doctor.

Nay, says the gentleman, if you should think proper, I am certain you may be the man to help me to look for it.

Aye, says the doctor, I may help you to look for it. Pray when do you intend to make a search?

I had appointed to do it to-morrow, says the gentleman.

But, says the doctor, in what manner do you intend to search?

Why, replied the gentleman, it is the opinion of us all that my grandfather was so very much concerned about preserving this writing, and had so great a jealousy that somebody about him would rob him of it if they could, that he hid it in some very secret place; but I am resolved I will find it, if I am obliged to pull half the house down.

Truly, says the doctor, he may have hid it in such a manner as to oblige you to pull the house down before you find it, and perhaps not even then, for I have known such things utterly lost, notwithstanding all the care imaginable used to preserve them.

If it was made of anything fire could not destroy, says the gentleman, I would burn the house down but I would find it.

I suppose you have searched all the old gentleman's chests and trunks, and coffers, over and over, says the doctor.

Aye, says the gentleman, and turned them all inside out, and there they all lie on a heap up in a great loft or garret with nothing in them; nay, we knocked three or four of them in pieces to search for private drawers, and I then burnt them for anger, though they were fine cypress chests, and cost a deal of money, when they were in fashion.

I am sorry you burnt them, says the doctor.



Nay, says the gentleman, I did not burn a scrap of them till they were all split to pieces ; and it was not possible any thing should be there.

This made the doctor a little easy, for he began to be surprised when he told him he had split some of them and burnt them.

Well, sir, says the doctor, if I can do you any service in your search I will come and see you again to-morrow, and attend you in your search with my good wishes.

Nay, says the gentleman, I do not design to part with you ; but since you are so kind as to offer me your help, you shall stay all night with me, and be at the first of it.

The doctor had now gained his point so far as to make himself acquainted and desirable in the house, and to have a kind of intimacy, so that though he made as if he would go, he did not want much intreaty to make him stay—so he consented to lie in the house all night.

A little before night the gentleman asked him to take a walk in the park ; but he put it off with a jest. I had rather, sir, said he, smiling, you would let me see this fine old mansion-house that is to be demolished to-morrow ; methinks I would fain see the house once before you pull it down.

With all my heart, says the gentleman. So he took him immediately up stairs, shewed him the best apartments, and all his fine furniture and pictures, and coming to the head of the great staircase, where they came up, offered to go down again.

But, sir, says the doctor, may we not go a little higher ?

There is nothing above, says the gentleman, but garrets, an old loft full of rubbish, and a place to go out upon the turret and clock-house.

But, sir, I should be glad to see it all now we are about it, says the doctor. I should like to see the old lofty towers and turrets, the magnificence of our an-



cestors, though they are out of fashion now. Pray let us see all now we are about it.

Why it will tire you, said the gentleman.

No, no, says the doctor, if it do not tire you who have seen it so often it will not tire me, I assure you ; pray let us go up. So away goes the old gentleman and the doctor after him.

After they had rambled over the wild part of an old house, which I need not describe, he passed by a great room, the door of which was open, and in it a great deal of old lumber. Pray what place is this, says the doctor, looking in at the door, but not offering to go in.

Oh, that is the room, says the gentleman, that I told you of, where all the old rubbish lies—the chests, the coffers, and the trunks. Look you there ;—see how they are piled one upon the other.

With this the doctor goes in and looks about him. He had not been in the room two minutes before he found every thing just as the spectre at London had described, went directly to the pile he had been told of, and cast his eye upon the chest, with the old rusty lock upon it, and the key in it, which would neither turn round nor come out.

Upon my word, sir, says the doctor, you have taken pains enough if you have rummaged all these drawers, and chests, and coffers, and everything that may have been in them.

Indeed, sir, says the gentleman, I have emptied every one of them myself, and looked over all the old musty writings, one by one, with some help, indeed, but they every one passed through my own hands and under my own eyes.

Well, sir, says the doctor, I see you have been in earnest, and I find the thing is of great consequence to you. I have a strange fancy come into my head this very moment ;—will you gratify my curiosity with only opening and emptying one small chest or coffer that I have cast my eye upon ? There may be nothing



in it ; for you are satisfied, I believe, that I was never here before ; but I have a strange notion that there are in it some private places which you have not found. Perhaps there may be nothing in them when they are found.

The gentleman looks on the chest, smiling. I remember opening it very well ; and, turning to his servant, Will, says he, do not you remember that chest ! —Yes, sir, says Will, very well ; I remember you were so weary you sat down upon the chest when everything was out of it, and said you was ready to faint.

Well, sir, says the doctor, it is only a fancy of mine, and perhaps there may be nothing in it.

Upon this the gentleman immediately caused the coffer to be dragged out and opened. When the papers were all out, the doctor turned his face another way, as if he would look among the papers ; but taking little or no notice of the chest, stooped down, and as if supporting himself with his cane, chops it into the chest, but snatched it out again hastily, as if it had been a mistake. Sir, said he, aloud, can you not send for a hammer and chisel ?

Yes, sir, says the gentleman. Go, Will, fetch a hammer and chisel.

The gentleman again examined the chest, and expressed his conviction that it was empty.

At length the man brings the hammer and chisel, and the doctor goes to work with the chest, knocking upon the flat of the bottom. Hark ! says he, do you not hear it—do you not hear it plainly ?

Hear what ? says the gentleman. I don't understand you.

Why the chest has a double bottom, sir—a false bottom. Don't you hear it sound hollow ?

They immediately split the inner bottom open, and there lay the parchment spread abroad flat on the whole breadth of the bottom of the trunk, as a quire of paper is laid on the flat of a drawer.



It is impossible for me to describe the joy and surprise of the gentleman and the whole of his family. You may easily suppose the doctor was treated with uncommon civilities in the family, and sent up after about a week's stay, in the gentleman's coach to London.

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*An Account of Mr. Booty; extracted from Capt. Spink's Journal, and from the Records of the Court of King's Bench.*

TUESDAY, May 12, we anchored at Mansat Road, with Captain Barnaby, Captain Bristow, and Captain Brewer. About six o'clock we all weighed anchor, and sailed for the island of Lusara. Friday, 15th, about two o'clock, we saw the island, and about seven came to an anchor in twelve fathom water. Saturday, 16th, we (the captains) with Mr. Ball, merchant of Wentworth, went on shore, in order to shoot curlews, on Mount Stromboli. Half an hour and fourteen minutes after three we called our men to us, when all, to our great surprise, saw two men running with amazing swiftness; and Captain Barnaby cried out, "Lord bless me! the foremost man is Mr. Booty, my next neighbour in London." He was in grey clothes with cloth buttons. He that ran after him was in black. They both ran straight into the burning mountain, and at the instant was such a noise as made us all tremble. Captain Barnaby said, "I do not doubt, but it is old Booty running into hell!" and as soon as we came on board, he desired us to mark the time, and write it down in our journals, which we did.

We returned to Gravesend October 6. Captain Barnaby then went for the rest, to congratulate them on their safe arrival. After some discourse, Captain Barnaby's wife said, "I can tell you some news; old Booty is dead." He answered, "that we all know; for we saw him run into hell." Mrs.



Barnaby related this to an acquaintance in London ; and she informed Mrs. Booty of it. On this, Mrs. Booty arrested Captain Barnaby in an action of a thousand pounds. It came to a trial in the Court of King's Bench. The four captains, Mr. Ball, and all the men, made oath, that they saw him run very swiftly and leap into the burning mountain: that he had on a grey coat with cloth buttons (which was brought into the court, and exactly answered the description.) And that they all set it down just then in their journals, which were also produced in court, and answered the time when he died to two minutes, as appeared from the sexton of the parish, and several others, who were with him at his death. In summing up the evidence, the Lord Chief Justice said, "Two or three may be mistaken ; but we cannot suppose above thirty were."—So the cause was given for the defendant.

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*The Sailor's Ghost.*

[Related by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.]

It was about the eventful year 1803, when the Emperor Paul laid his ill-judged embargo on British trade, that my friend, Mr. William Clarke, on a journey to London, found himself in company, in the mail-coach, with a sea-faring man of middle age and respectable in appearance, who announced himself as master of a vessel in the Baltic trade, and a sufferer by the embargo. In the course of the desultory conversation which takes place on such occasions, the seaman observed, in compliance with a common superstition, "I wish we may have good luck on our journey,—there is a magpie."

"And why should that be unlucky?" said my friend.

"I cannot tell you that," replied the sailor, "but all the world agrees, that one magpie bodes bad luck,



two not so bad, but three are the devil. I never saw three magpies but twice, and once I had near lost my vessel, and the second, I fell from a horse and was hurt."

This conversation led Mr. Clark to observe, that he supposed he believed also in ghosts, since he credited such auguries.

"And if I do," said the sailor, "I may have my own reasons for doing so;" and he spoke this in a deep and serious manner, implying that he felt deeply what he was saying.

On being further urged, he confessed that, if he could believe his own eyes, there was one ghost at least, which he had seen repeatedly. He then told his story as I relate it.

Our mariner had, in his youth, gone mate of a slave vessel, from Liverpool, from which town he seemed to be a native. The captain of the vessel was a man of variable temper, sometimes kind and courteous to his men, but subject to fits of humour, dislike, and passion, during which he was very violent, tyrannical, and cruel. He took a particular dislike to one sailor aboard, an elderly man, called Bill Jones, or some such name. He seldom spoke to this person without threats and abuse, which the old man, with the license which sailors take in merchant vessels, was very apt to return. On one occasion, Bill Jones appeared slow in getting out on the yard to hand a sail. The captain, according to custom, abused the seaman as a lubberly rascal, who got fat on leaving his duty to other people. The man gave a saucy answer, almost amounting to mutiny; on which, in a towering passion, the captain ran down to his cabin, and returned with a blunderbuss loaded with slugs, with which he took deliberate aim at the supposed mutineer, fired, and mortally wounded him. The man was handed down from the yard, and stretched on the deck, evidently dying. He fixed his eyes on the captain, and said, "Sir, you have done for me, but I will never leave YOU!" The cap-



tain, in return, swore at him for a fat lubber, and said he would have him thrown in the slave kettle, where they make food for the negroes, and see how much fat he had got. The man died, his body was actually thrown into the slave kettle, and the narrator observed, with a naivete which confirmed the extent of his own belief in the truth of what he told, "there was not much fat about him after all."

The captain told the crew they must keep absolute silence on the subject of what had passed; and as the mate was not willing to give an explicit and absolute promise, he ordered him to be confined below. After a day or two, he came to the mate, who was tired of close confinement in that sultry climate, spoke his commander fair, and obtained his liberty; when he mingled among the crew once more, he found them impressed with an idea, not unnatural in their situation, that the ghost of the dead man appeared among them when they had a spell of duty, especially if a sail was to be handed, on which occasion the spectre was sure to be out upon the yard before any of the crew. The narrator had seen this apparition himself repeatedly; he believed the captain saw it also, but he took no notice of it for some time, and the crew, terrified at the violent temper of the man, dared not call his attention to it. Thus they held on their course homeward, with great fear and anxiety.

At length the captain invited the mate, who was now in a sort of favour, to go down to the cabin and take a glass of wine with him. In this interview he assumed a very grave and anxious aspect. "I need not tell you, Jack," he said, "what sort of a hand we have got on board with us. He told me he would never leave me, and he has kept his word. You only see him now and then, but he is always by MY side, and never out of my sight. At this very moment I see him! I am determined to bear it no longer, and I have resolved to leave you.

The mate replied that his leaving the vessel while



out of sight of land was impossible. He advised that if the captain apprehended any bad consequences from what had happened, he should run for the west of France, or Ireland, and there go ashore, and leave him (the mate) to carry the vessel to Liverpool. The captain only shook his head gloomily and reiterated his determination to leave the ship. At this moment the mate was called to the deck, for some purpose or other, and the instant he got up the companion ladder, he heard a splash in the water, and looking over the ship's side, saw that the captain had thrown himself into the sea from the quarter gallery, and was running astern at the rate of six knots an hour. When just about to sink, he seemed to make a last exertion, sprang half out of the water, and clasped his hands towards the mate, calling out, "By ——, Bill is with me now!" and then sank to be seen no more.

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*A Ghost Story.*

IN the year 1792, the late Mr. Samwell, a medical officer belonging to the royal navy, set out from London for Portsmouth, in a diligence, to join a line-of-battle ship to which he had been appointed. He possessed a strong mind, was in other respects intellectually gifted, and had published, among various literary productions in prose and verse, a well-written narrative of the death of Capt. Cook, with whom he had sailed on his last voyage of discovery, bearing the stamp of such fidelity and skill, as to have been literally inserted by Dr. Kippis in his Life of that celebrated circumnavigator. With such acquirements, he was not likely to harbour any notions bordering on superstition.

An accident which had befallen the diligence near Lewes, in Sussex, caused a delay of several hours, in-



so much that the passengers, on reaching Portsmouth, found the inns and other houses of entertainment shut. After wandering for a considerable time, Mr. Samwell perceived a light, in an obscure quarter leading to Portsea, and entering the house, inquired if he could repose there for the night. Being conducted to a bed-room, he was scarcely in bed, taken up with reflections about joining his ship in the morning, when he distinctly heard several taps at the door. Rising on his seat, he saw, at his bed-side, a figure of a tall man, wrapped in a shaggy great coat, and wearing a slouched hat, with a lantern in his hand. Not being able to procure any reply to the question he propounded as to the drift of this intrusion, he sprang forward and made a grasp at what proved to be—a shadow! the light suddenly disappearing, while not a foot-step was to be heard. From his bed he crept to the door, which was bolted withinside, and alarmed the house.

On the arrival of the inmates, whom he was careful not to admit into the apartment, he provided himself with a light, and searched everywhere within, to discover, if possible, a trap-door by which the intruder might have silently escaped, but without success.

The woman of the house treated his story as a dream, and solicited him to go to bed again; but having dressed himself, he preferred passing the night on the ramparts. In the morning, he related to several persons what had happened to him, describing the house and its position, when he was told that a mystery was hanging about it which Sir John Carter, the mayor, had for some time anxiously endeavoured to clear up. Not one, but several strangers, who had resorted thither, had, from time to time, unaccountably disappeared; and what seemed to strengthen the suspicion they had been robbed and murdered, was, that the back part of the house hung over a mud-ditch into which the bodies might have been cast without causing any alarm to the vicinity.



*Singular Account of a Haunted House at Westminster.*

[Narrated by an Eye-Witness.]

I WAS always a very strong-minded man, and, until the time I am about to speak, always ridiculed the idea of ghosts. Let every one speak as they find ;— for my part, I am now convinced of my error, though I am far from wishing any one to adopt my opinion, unless from conviction.

You must know, that about two years ago, I went to lodge at an ancient house in Westminster, where nothing remarkable happened to me for about three months : but one night (too well do I remember it) I saw such an appalling sight as I never before beheld. Even were I starving to-morrow, I would not again enter that room,—no, not for a thousand pounds.

I had been to the theatre, and on my way home had drunk a single pint of porter, so that no doubt of my sobriety can exist for a moment. My room was on the second story of a house that, I should suppose, had weathered well nigh four hundred years, and was in former days a lonely habitation. The room was surrounded by a wainscoting of oak to the height of five feet : it was very lofty, and in the lightest days, owing to the narrowness of the windows, was very gloomy. As I said before, I returned from the theatre, and the snuff of the candle, which I had extinguished on getting into bed, had not ceased to emit its disagreeable effluvia, when I beheld—my blood freezes even when I think of it—a young man, dressed in the habit of days gone by, gliding through the wainscoting on the opposite side of the apartment to where I lay. I was completely paralyzed—trembled violently in every limb, and the perspiration fell in torrents from my brows. I felt for some time as if every nerve was cut asunder, and every sense benumb-



ed. I exerted myself to speak, but in vain; my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and I was obliged to remain a horror-struck and inactive spectator of the scene before me.

The apparition remained for nearly ten minutes, which was ample time for me to convince myself that it was no idle chimera of a diseased imagination that stood before me. Yet although it remained so long a time, I could not command sufficient resolution to challenge it, or summon any one to my aid—for I felt as though deprived of all energy, and, in fact, I was so during the whole time of its visit, though my sense of perception and consciousness were painfully acute.

The expression of the countenance was peculiarly mild, and the rich dark locks falling about the forehead and shoulders, and mustachios of the same hue, shewed in horrid relief against the ashy, chilling, and livid hue of the face. He wore a doublet of a kind of chocolate colour, richly embroidered with gold lace, full loose breeches of a yellow leather, ornamented uniformly with the doublet, and from each was suspended a bunch of ribbon, adorned with a metal tag, reaching down nearly to the broad and drooping tops of his light russet boots. A large travelling cloak of dark blue cloth reached from the shoulders down to the heels, hanging in full folds over the left arm, which was extended towards the fire place of my apartment.

While I was gazing on him in stupid astonishment and terror, he raised his right hand, and lifted from his head his broad sable feathered hat, and parting his dark locks, he discovered to my agonized sight a deep and ghastly wound, in the centre of his manly forehead, and with signs and gesticulations that I could not clearly comprehend, he seemed to warn me of some impending danger. Harrowing as the sight was to my feelings, it was a mere nothing to what I suffered when I beheld him slowly, and almost imper-



ceptibly, advance towards the spot where I lay ; and fixing his dark piercing gaze upon me for nearly a minute, held me in a more painful and horrible inactivity than the basilisk is said to hold its victim in. For a full minute was I exposed to the fixed gaze of the phantom, without the power of turning my head another way, or addressing it. At length it retired towards the wainscot—and raising both its hands in the attitude of prayer, remained apparently wrapped in deep contemplation for nearly three minutes, and then suddenly disappeared—sinking into the floor at the bottom of the wainscoting.

As you may well suppose I did not close my eyes again that night, but as soon as it was light I proceeded to my landlord's room, roused him, and demanded to settle my account, for I determined in my own mind never to re-enter the house which was visited in so superhuman a manner. With astonishment in his countenance, he received the amount of my rent, at the same time inquiring what had caused my sudden dislike to my apartment ; I gave him an evasive answer and left him, yet I thought I observed a kind of lurking consciousness of something wrong in his countenance, and I doubted not that he was aware of the mysterious visits of the apparition, and so it proved in the end, for happening to meet him one day in the park, I got him to confess that it was reported in the neighbourhood that the house, and particularly the room in which I slept, was haunted by the troubled spirit of a young cavalier of king Charles the Second's days, said to have been murdered in that room ; and, he added, that during the time he had kept the house, no less than nine persons had left that apartment on account of the strange noises heard there of a night ; he said he concealed this from me, fearing I might add one more to the list of lodgers this supernatural visiter had deprived him of.

Deeply have I suffered the buffets of the world since that time, and many a meal have I stood in need of,



yet were thousands offered me to pass another night in that room, I should have refused. This is the basis on which I build my faith in supernatural appearances; and as far as reason and argument may go to ridicule and confute the idea of the existence of such things, I must be allowed firmly to persist in believing that which my own eyes have been witness to.

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*Singular Dream.*

THE following extraordinary circumstance happened about seventy years since in the south of Scotland.

Mr. Reid, of Bowland, a gentleman of landed property, in the vale of Gala, was prosecuted for a very considerable sum, the accumulated arrears of tithes, for which he was said to be indebted to a noble family, the lay proprietors. Mr. Reid was strongly impressed with the belief that his father had (by a form of process peculiar to the law of Scotland) purchased these lands from the titular, and therefore that the present prosecution was groundless. But after an industrious search among his father's papers, an investigation of the public records, and a careful inquiry among all persons who had transacted law business for his father, no evidence could be recovered to support his defence. The period was now near at hand when he conceived the loss of his law suit inevitable, and he had formed his determination to ride to Edinburgh next day, and make the best bargain he could in the way of compromise. He went to bed with this resolution, and, with all the circumstances of the case floating upon his mind, had a dream to the following purpose.

His father, who had been many years dead, appeared to him, he thought, and asked him why he was disturbed in his mind? In dreams men are not surprised at such apparitions. Mr. Reid thought that he in-



formed his father the cause of his distress, adding that the payment of a considerable sum of money was the more unpleasant to him, because he had a strong consciousness that it was not due, though he was unable to recover any evidence in support of his belief. "You are right, my son," replied the paternal shade, "I did acquire rights to these tithes, for payment of which you are now prosecuted. The papers relating to the transactions are in the hands of Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, an attorney, who is now retired from professional business and resides at Inveresk, near Edinburgh. He was the person whom I employed on that occasion for a particular reason, but who never on any other occasion transacted business on my account. It is very possible," pursued the vision, "that Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ may have forgotten a circumstance which is now of a very old date ; but you may call it to his recollection by this token, that when I came to pay him his account, there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal-piece of gold, and that we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern."

Mr. Reid awaked in the morning with all the words of the vision imprinted on his mind, and resolved to ride across the country to Inveresk, instead of going straight to Edinburgh. When he came there he waited on the gentleman mentioned in the dream. Without saying any thing of the vision, he inquired whether he remembered having conducted such a matter for his father. The old gentleman could not at first bring the circumstances to his recollection, but on the mention of the Portugal-piece of gold, the whole returned upon his memory ; he made an immediate search for the papers, and recovered them, so that Mr. Reid was thus, by the instrumentality of his vision, enabled to carry to Edinburgh the documents necessary to gain the cause which he was on the verge of losing.



*A Dream, which saved the life of an English Gentleman in Flanders.*

A MERCHANT of London, being on the continent upon business, chanced to meet an old school-fellow, who had turned Roman Catholic, and received priest's orders. This meeting naturally recalled their former affection and friendship, and induced them, regardless of the difference of their sentiments, to spend the evening in a manner the most agreeable and convivial. This was in French Flanders; and the wine being good, led them insensibly on a midnight conversation, on which religion became the principal topic. That, as is but too often the case between persons of different persuasions, was carried beyond all bounds of decency on both sides; and the merchant, who had read many polemical books, got the better of the argument in favour of the reformed religion of his country, which the other had abandoned. The priest appeared to be much chagrined, and his countenance visibly discovered the emotions of his mind. At length, however, appearing to resume his pleasantries and good nature, he invited the merchant to breakfast with him the next morning, at a convent, over which he presided.

They then parted in the utmost friendship, and the merchant soon after went to bed, where, soon falling asleep, he fell into a dream of the most frightful nature. He thought he entered a den, where were ten thousand hissing serpents, one of which, twisting its train round his neck, darted its sting into his bosom. The dread of this instantly awaked him, and caused him to start from his couch in great agitation. His mind, the remainder of the night, was in great agony. He again endeavoured to compose himself to sleep, but all in vain; the horror of the vision hung on his imagination, till the sun arose, when he got up, and walked out to a field, to receive the cheering



gales, wafting the odours from the vines and the fragrant flowers.

Meeting a friend and countryman, who was a military captain, and headed a party of soldiers, encamped in the vicinity, who quickly discovered the confusion his mind was in, he opened the whole business, told his dream, and promised to meet him again after he had breakfasted at the convent. Although I pay but little regard to dreams in general, said the captain, yet there is something in yours so extremely uncommon, that I verily believe it to be ominous of some disaster that awaits you this day. But, continued he, I would by no means have you go to the priest ; for perhaps you may renew the argument, and he will by no means take it well to be overcome in his own convent. As I have given my promise, said the merchant, I must go and visit my old school-fellow, whose friendship was always sincere, and whose company always delighted me.—My dear friend, quoth the captain, if you will go, I wish you well out again. These words so much struck the mind of the merchant, that he desired the captain to call upon him, as by accident, about a half an hour after the time appointed, at the convent, which the captain promised to do.

At nine o'clock the merchant knocked at the gate of the convent, and was met by the priest, who welcomed him to the place with every expression of friendship. Then conducting him up a staircase, they came to a door, which the priest opened. After some ceremonies, they advanced along a gallery, at the end of which were two folding-doors, which on the priest's ringing a bell, flew open, and presented a fire, and two ruffian-looking fellows, with instruments of torture in their hands. The merchant that instant gave himself up for lost, and in vain remonstrated with his false friend, who calling him a heretic, and other opprobrious names, commanded the waiting villains to perform their task without further ceremony.



At that instant a dreadful alarm was given below, which greatly surprising the priest, he went down to know the cause of it, and the ruffians followed him, leaving the merchant alone, who imagining that some unhappy sufferers below had gained the mastery over their tormentors, had courage enough to run down stairs, at the bottom of which he was agreeably surprised to meet the captain with a file of musqueteers, who instantly took him under their protection, and conducted him safely from the convent to the inn, the captain declaring that he was obliged to have recourse to force, in order to make his way into the place.

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*Ominous Presage to Robert Bruce of Scotland*

BRUCE, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy in the reign of Edward the Second of England, being out one day to reconnoitre the enemy, lay that night in a barn belonging to a loyal farmer. In the morning, still reclining his head on a strawy pillow, he beheld a spider climbing a beam of the roof. The insect fell on the ground, and immediately made a second essay to ascend; this attracted the notice of the hero, who with regret saw the spider fall a second time from that eminence; it made a third attempt without success; and, in short, the monarch, not without a mixture of concern and curiosity, beheld the spider no less than twelve times baffled in its aim; but the thirteenth trial carried its success. The spider gained the summit of the vases; when the king, starting from his couch, thus exclaimed in soliloquy, "Behold, this despicable insect has taught me perseverance! I will follow its example. Have I not been twelve times defeated by the superior force of the enemy? On one fight more hangs the independency of my kingdom." In a few days was fought the memorable battle of Bannockburn, in which Bruce proved victorious, slew



thirty thousand of the invading enemy, and restored the monarchy of Scotland.

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*Warning of a Murder by a Dream.*

A YOUNG gentleman in the city of Dublin, in Ireland, dreamed one night that his sister (who was lately married, and lived at some small distance,) had been murdered; and waking it gave him some uneasiness; but finding it was only a dream, he went to sleep again, when he dreamed the same thing. Then he got up, put on his night gown, went to the apartment of an old lady, and told her his dream, with great agitation of mind; she smiled at him, and said, she wondered that a gentleman of his understanding should be so troubled about a dream, and bid him go to bed again. He did so; fell asleep, and dreamed the third time that his sister was murdered. He then got up and dressed himself with all speed, hastened to his sister's house, where he found her cut and mangled in a barbarous manner, by her most cruel husband, a Roman Catholic: it seems they had been disputing about religion. She just lived to speak a few words to her brother, and then expired of her wounds; the base villain was quickly apprehended, tried, and hanged for the same.

Now if this gentleman had not been so slow to believe the divine warning, and had hastened to his sister's relief at the first dream, in all probability he had prevented the cruel murder, and saved two lives.

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*True Account of an Apparition of one Brother in London, to another at Boston in New England.*

THE party, in London, of whom we relate, lived there with a merchant; and as he drove a considerable



trade beyond the sea, he established a factory, or, as the language of trade calls it, a house, at a certain port in the English colonies in America, and sent over servants or apprentices thither, as is usual for merchants to do.

One of his said apprentices being fitted out, and ready to embark, his cargo being actually on board the ship, and the ship falling down to Gravesend, his master was getting his letters, and invoices, and other dispatches ready for him, he being to go down the river the same evening.

The hurry of dispatching him prevented his master from taking him up to dinner with him at the usual hour, and told him he must be content to stay in the counting-house till he came to relieve him.

Accordingly, dinner being over, he goes down to send him up to dinner. And when he came to the counting-house door, there sat his man, with the book-keeper also, writing as he left them.

It happened, just that moment, some occasion extraordinary obliged him to step back again, and go up stairs to the dining room, from whence he came; and intending not to stay, he did not speak to the young man, but left him in the counting-house, and went immediately up stairs.

It was not possible that he, or any one else, except such as could walk invisibly, could go by, or pass him unseen: good manners would have hindered the young man from thrusting by his master upon the stairs, if he had been going up; but he is positive he did not, and could not pass without been seen.

But when he came to the top of the stairs, there sat the young man at dinner with the other servants; the room they dined in being a little parlour, which opened just against the stairs, so that he saw him all the way of the upper part of the stair-case, and could not be deceived.

The master did not speak to him, which he was very sorry for afterwards; but the surprise made him



pass by the room, and go into the dining-room, to the right hand of it ; but he sent one immediately to look, and he was there really at dinner ; so that what he (the master) saw below in the counting-house must be the apparition, as it certainly was.

But this was not all : The young gentleman embarked as above, and arrived safe with all his effects in America, though he never lived to return.

However, I cannot say his apparition, in the manner as related, could have the least relation to his dying abroad, which was not till three years afterwards. But what followed was of another kind.

This young man had an elder brother, who lived in London ; he was a gentleman and a scholar, and was at that time studying physic. He was also a stout man, and in particular understood a sword, that is to say, how to use a sword, as well as most gentlemen in England.

He had an accidental rencounter with a gentleman in the street, in that short street which goes out of Fleet-street, into Salisbury-court ; and being so complete a master of his weapon, that he wounded his antagonist, and drove him into a tavern in the street, from whence came out two men more upon him, with their swords ; but both of them found the gentleman so much an overmatch for them, that they left him as fast as the first ; whereupon a fourth came out, not with a sword, but a fire-poker, taken hastily out of a tavern kitchen, and running at this gentleman with it, knocked him down, and fractured his skull, of which wound he afterwards died.

While this was done in London, his brother, as far off as Boston, in New England, writing to his master (the merchant), and who gives this account of it, after other business, wrote this postscript :—

“ Sir,—I beg you will be pleased, in your return to this, to let me have some account, as much as conveniently may be, how my brother does, and what condition he is in ; which importunity I hope you will



excuse, when you read the following account:—  
“ On the 20th of June last, about six o'clock in the morning, lying in bed, and broad awake, my brother came to the bed's feet, and opened the curtain, looking full in my face, but did not speak: I was very much frightened; but, however, I so far recovered as to say to him, Brother, what is the matter with you?

“ He had a napkin-cap on his head, which was very bloody; he looked very pale and ghastly; and said, I am basely murdered by one, naming the person; but I shall have justice done me; and then disappeared.”

Now this letter was so dated, that it was impossible any account could have been sent of the disaster, that could reach thither in that time: for it was not dated above fourteen days after the fact was committed in London: and that it was genuine I am well assured, because I saw the letter within an hour after it was received in London, read it myself, and knew the young man's hand, and the young man also perfectly well, as I likewise did his brother that was killed, very intimately.

The young man was sober, religious, and sensible; not given to whimsey, or light-headed fancies; not not vapourish, or distempered; not apt to see double, or to dream waking, as many of our apparition-making people are; he was likewise a scholar, and a very serious person. The first I mention as a protection to him from foolish imagination, and the last from falsehood. I am satisfied the reader may depend upon both the stories, as to the truth of them.—*Morton on Apparitions.*



*Letter from Mr. Thomas Tilson, Minister of Aylesworth, in Kent, concerning an Apparition seen in Rochester, written to Mr. Baxter.*

REV. SIR,

BEING informed that you are writing about spectres and apparitions, I take the freedom, though a stranger, to send you the following relation :—

Mary, the wife of John Goffe, of Rochester, being afflicted with a long illness, removed to her father's house, at West Mulling, which is about nine miles distant from her own : there she died, June the 4th, 1691.

The day before her departure, she grew impatiently desirous to see her two children, whom she had left at home, to the care of a nurse. She prayed her husband to hire a horse, for she must go home, and die with her children. When they persuaded her to the contrary, telling her she was not fit to be taken out of bed, nor able to sit on horseback, she entreated them, however, to try : " If I cannot sit," said she, " I will lie all along upon the horse, for I must go to see my poor babies."

A minister, who lives in the town, was with her at ten o'clock that night, to whom she expressed good hopes in the mercies of God, and a willingness to die : " But," said she, " It is my misery that I cannot see my children."

Between one and two o'clock in the morning she fell into a trance. One widow Turner, who watched with her that night, says that her eyes were open and fixed, and her jaw fallen : she put her hand upon her mouth and nostrils, but could perceive no breath ; she thought her to be in a fit, and doubted whether she were alive or dead. The next day this dying woman told her mother, that she had been at home with her children. " That is impossible," said the mother, " for



you have been here in bed all the while." "Yes," replied the other, "but I was with them last night, when I was asleep."

The nurse at Rochester, Widow Alexander by name, affirms and says, she will take her oath of it before a magistrate, and receive the sacrament upon it, that a little before two o'clock that morning, she saw the likeness of the said Mary Goffe come out of the next chamber (where the elder child lay in a bed by itself, the door being left open), and stood by her bed-side for about a quarter of an hour; the younger child was there lying by her; her eyes moved, and her mouth went, but she said nothing. The nurse moreover says, that she was perfectly awake; it was then day-light, being one of the longest days in the year. She sat up in her bed, and looked stedfastly upon the apparition; at that time she heard the bridge clock strike two, and awhile after said, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou?" Thereupon the appearance removed and went away; she slipped on her clothes and followed, but what became of it she cannot tell. Then, and not before, she began to be grievously affrighted, and went out of doors, and walked upon the wharf (the house is just by the river side) for some hours, only going in now and then to look at the children. At five o'clock she went to a neighbour's house, and knocked at the door, but they would not rise; at six she went again, then they arose and let her in. She related to them all that had passed; they would persuade her she was mistaken, or dreamt; but she confidently affirmed, "If ever I saw her in all my life, I saw her this night."

One of those to whom she made the relation (Mary the wife of J. Sweet) had a messenger who came from Mulling that forenoon, to let her know her neighbour Goffe was dying, and desired to speak with her; she went over the same day, and found her just departing. The mother, amongst other discourse, related to her



how much her daughter had longed to see her children, and said she had seen them. This brought to Mrs. Sweet's mind what the nurse had told her that morning; for, till then, she had not thought fit to mention it, but disguised it, rather as the woman's disturbed imagination.

The substance of this I had related to me by John Carpenter, the father of the deceased, the next day after the burial.—July 2, I fully discoursed the matter with the nurse, and two neighbours, to whose house she went that morning.

Two days after, I had it from the mother, the minister that was with her in the evening, and the woman who sat up with her last that night; they all agree in the same story, and every one helps to strengthen the other's testimony.

They all appear to be sober, intelligent persons, far enough off from designing to impose a cheat upon the world, or to manage a lie; and what temptation they should lie under for so doing, I cannot conceive.

THOMAS TILSON,  
*Minister of Aylesworth, near  
Maidstone, in Kent.*

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*A Letter from Pliny, an Heathen Philosopher, to his Friend Sura, written above Seventeen Hundred Years ago.*

THE present recess from business we are now enjoying affords you leisure to give, and me to receive instruction. I am exceedingly desirous therefore to know your sentiments concerning spectres, whether you believe they have a real form, and are a sort of divinities, or only the false impressions of a terrified imagination? What particularly inclines me to give credit to their existence, is a story, which I heard of Curtius Rufus. When he was in low circumstances, and un-



known in the world, he attended the governor of Africa into that province. One evening, as he was walking in the public portico, he was extremely surprised with the figure of a woman, which appeared to him of a size and beauty more than human. She told him she was the tutelary power that presided over Africa, and was come to inform him of future events of his life ; that he should go back to Rome, where he should be raised to the highest honours, and return to that province invested with the pro-consular dignity, and there should die. Accordingly, every circumstance of this prophecy was actually accomplished. It is said farther, that upon his arrival at Carthage, as he was coming out of the ship, the same figure accosted him upon the shore. It is certain, at least, that being seized with a fit of illness, though there were no symptoms in his case that led his attendants to despair, he instantly gave up all hope of recovery ; judging, it should seem, of the truth of the future part of the prediction by that which had already been fulfilled, and of the misfortune which threatened him by the success which he had experienced.

To this story let me add another, as remarkable as the former, but attended with circumstances of greater horror, which I will give you exactly as it was related to me.

There was at Athens a large and spacious house, which lay under the disrepute of being haunted. In the dead of the night, a noise, resembling the clashing of iron, was frequently heard, which, if you listened more attentively, sounded like the rattling of chains ; at first it seemed at a distance, but approaching nearer by degrees : immediately afterwards a spectre appeared in the form of an old man, extremely meagre and ghastly, with a long beard and dishevelled hair, rattling the chains on his feet and hands. The poor inhabitants in the meantime passed their nights under the most dreadful terrors imaginable. This, as it broke their rest, ruined their health, and threw



them into distempers, which, together with their horrors of mind, proved in the end fatal to their lives. Even in the day-time, though the spirit did not appear, yet the remembrance of it made such a strong impression upon their imaginations, that it still seemed before their eyes, and continually alarmed them, though it was no longer present. By this means the house was at last deserted, as being judged by every body to be absolutely uninhabitable, so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghost. However, in hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this great calamity which attended it, a bill was put up, giving notice that it was to be let or sold. It happened that Athenodorus, the philosopher, came to Athens at this time, and reading the bill, inquired the price. The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion: nevertheless, when he heard the whole story, he was so far from being discouraged, that he was more strongly inclined to have it, and, in short, actually did so. When it grew towards evening, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the lower part of the house, and after calling for a light, together with his pen and tablets, he directed all his people to retire. But that his mind might not, for want of employment, be open to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and spirits, he applied himself to writing with the utmost attention. The first part of the night passed with the usual silence, when at length the chains began to rattle; however, he neither lifted up his eyes, nor laid down his pen, but diverted his observation by pursuing his studies with greater earnestness. The noise increased and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked up and saw the ghost exactly in the manner it had been described to him; it stood before him, beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand that it should wait a little; and threw his eyes again upon his papers, but the ghost still rattling his chains in his ears, he looked up and saw him



beckoning as before. Upon this he immediately arose, and with the light in his hand, followed it. The ghost slowly stalked, as if encumbered with his chains, and turning into the area of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus being thus deserted, made a mark with some grass and leaves where the spirit left him. The next day he gave information of this to the magistrates, and advised them to order that spot to be dug up. This was accordingly done, and the skeleton of a man in chains was there found ; for the body having lain a considerable time in the ground, was putrified and mouldered away from the fetters. The bones being collected together were publicly buried, and thus, after the ghost was appeased by the proper ceremonies, the house was haunted no more. This story I believe upon the credit of others : what I am now going to mention I give you upon my own. I have a freed-man, named Marcus, who is by no means illiterate ; one night, as he and his younger brother were lying together, he fancied he saw somebody upon his bed, who took out a pair of scissors, and cut off the hair from the top part of his head : in the morning it appeared the boy's hair was actually cut, and the clippings lay scattered about the floor. A short time after this, an event of the like nature contributed to give credit to the former story. A young lad of my family was sleeping in his apartment, with the rest of his companions, when two persons clad in white came in (as he tells the story) through the windows, and cut off his hair as he lay, and as soon as they had finished the operation, returned the same way they entered. The next morning it was found that this boy had been served just as the other, and with the very same circumstance of the hair spread about the room. Nothing remarkable, indeed, followed these events, unless that I escaped the prosecution, in which, if Domitian (during whose reign this happened) had lived some time longer, I should certainly have been involved. For after the death of that emperor, arti-



cles of impeachment against me were in my scrutoire, which had been exhibited by Carus. It may, therefore, be conjectured, since it is customary for persons under any public accusation to let their hair grow, this cutting off the hair of my servants was a sign I should escape the imminent danger that threatened me. Let me desire you then maturely to consider this question. The subject merits your examination; as, I trust, I am not myself altogether unworthy to participate of the abundance of your superior knowledge. And, though you should, with your usual scepticism, balance between two opinions, yet I hope you will throw the weightier reasons on one side, lest whilst I consult you in order to have my doubts settled, you should dismiss me in the same suspense and uncertainty that occasioned this application. Farewell.

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*A Woman Cured of a Cancer by a Dream.*

JANE COTTERAL, of L——, was afflicted with a cancer in her mouth for several years, and was brought very low both in body and mind, and circumstances. Being in an agony of pain one day, while the surgeon was dressing the sore, she cried out in great earnestness, "My good God, look down upon me in mercy, for Christ's sake." The surgeon being angry, immediately left off dressing the wound, bid her go to the God she called upon, and see if he would help her, for he himself would have nothing more to say to her. The poor afflicted woman was greatly shocked at his behaviour, and begged to know what he demanded for his attendance. His demand was exorbitant, and reduced her and her family almost to want. However, at last she paid all he required, and returned home with a light purse, and a heavy heart.

Some little time after this, the poor woman dreamt three or four nights together, that she saw a man who



made a perfect cure of her cancerous complaint. Upon this she greatly importuned her husband to take her to the place where she saw the man. He thinking it was nothing but a dream, in consequence of her suffering, begged her not to think of going again from home, so ill as she was. Persisting, however, in the thought of going to the place where she saw the man, her husband consented. She went, and had not been long at the place before she saw the very person walk into the room that she had seen in her sleep. She immediately started up, thanked God, and running to the man, said, She was rejoiced to see him. The man surprised (having never seen the woman before) asked what she meant? O, sir, said she, you are the person who is to cure my cancer. Good woman, said he, I never cured a cancer in my life. At this reply the poor woman was cast down, and cried out, Then, all is over. The man seeing the woman in such distress, and a deplorable object to look upon, asked her the cause of her applying to him. She told him all the particulars before related: and added, If you can help me, do. He then bid her be comforted, for he knew of something which had been of use, if she would try it. Any thing, sir, you advise, I will most certainly try, said she. He accordingly made up an application, which she used: and in a little time, she was quite cured of the cancer, and restored to perfect health. This happened upwards of fifteen years ago. I could mention the surgeon's name who treated her with such inhumanity, if it were expedient. He was a noted deist.—*Simpson on Dreams.*

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### *The Family Portraits.*

ABOUT the fall of the leaf, in the year 1737, Colonel D—— went to visit his friend Mr.——, at his country-seat in the north of England. As this country-seat



was the scene of a very singular adventure, it may be proper to mention its antiquity and solemnity, which were fitted to keep in countenance the most sombre events. The following circumstances were well known in the family, and are said to have been related by one of its members, to a lady much celebrated in the literary world, but now deceased.

Upon arriving at the house of his friend, Colonel D—— found there many guests, who had already got possession of almost all the apartments. The chillness of an October evening, and the somewhat mournful aspect of nature in that season, collected them, at an early hour, round the blazing hearth, where they thought no better amusement could be found than the ancient and well-approved one of story-telling, for which all mankind seem to have a relish. I do not mean the practice of circulating abominable slanders against one's friends; but the harmless, drowsy, and good-natured recreation of retailing wonderful narratives, in which, if any ill is spoken, it is generally against such as are well able to bear it, namely, the enemy of mankind, and persons who, having committed atrocious crimes, are supposed after death to haunt the same spots to which their deeds have attached dismal recollections.

While these tales went round, the evening darkened apace, and the windows ceased any longer to contrast the small glimmerings of eternal twilight with the bright blaze of the hearth. The rustling of withered leaves, casually stirred by the wind, is always a melancholy sound, and on this occasion lent its aid to the superstitious impressions which were gaining force by each successive recital of prodigies. One member of the family began to relate a certain tradition, but he was suddenly stopt by their host, who exhibited signs of displeasure, and whispered something to him, at the same time turning his eyes upon Colonel D——. The story was accordingly broken off, and the company went to supper with their hair



standing on end. But so transitory are human impressions, that in a few minutes they had all recovered their gaiety, except the Colonel, who was unable to comprehend why any tradition should be concealed from him in particular. When they separated to go to sleep, he was led by Mr. N——, as the reader will probably anticipate, to a chamber at a great distance from the other bed-rooms, and which bore evident marks of having been newly opened, after remaining long unoccupied. In order to dissipate the confined air of the place, a large wooden fire was lighted, and the gloomy bed curtains were tucked stiffly up in festoons. I have not heard whether there was tapestry in the room or not ; but one thing is certain, that the room looked as dreary as any tapestry could have made it, even had it been worked on purpose, by Mrs. Ann Radcliffe herself. Romance writers generally decorate their imaginary walls with all the wisdom of Solomon ; but as I am unable to vouch for the truth of every particular mentioned in this story, I mean to relate the circumstances faithfully as they were told me, without calling in so wise a man to lend his countenance to them. Mr. N—— made apologies to Colonel D—— for putting him into an apartment which was somewhat uncomfortable, and which was now opened only because the rest were already filled. With these excuses, and other suitable compliments, he bade his guest good night, and went away with a good deal of seriousness in his countenance, leaving the door ajar behind him. Colonel D—— observing that the apartment was large and cold, and that but a small part of the room was covered with carpet, endeavoured to shut the door, but found he could only close it half way. Some obstacle in the hinges, or the weight of the door pressing on the floor, opposed his efforts. Nevertheless, being seized with some absurd fancies, he took the candle and looked out ; when he saw nothing, except the long passage, and the vacant apartment beyond. He went to bed, leaving the



remains of the fire still flickering upon the broad hearth, and gleaming now and then upon the door as it stood half open. After the Colonel had lain for a long time ruminating, half asleep, and when the ashes were now nearly extinguished, he saw the figure of a woman glide in. No noise accompanied her steps. She advanced to the fire-place, and stood between him and the light, with her back towards him, so that he could not see her features. Upon observing her dress, he found that it exactly corresponded in appearance with the ancient silk robes represented in the pictures of English ladies of rank, painted three centuries ago. This circumstance filled him with a degree of terror, which he had never experienced before. The stately garniture of times long past had a frightful meaning, when appearing as it now did, not upon canvass, but upon a moving shape, at midnight. Still endeavouring to shake off those impressions which benumbed him, he raised himself upon his arm, and faintly asked, "Who is there?" The phantom turned round, approached the bed, and fixed her eyes upon him, so that he now beheld a countenance where some of the worst passions of the living were blended with the cadaverous appearance of the dead. In the midst of traits which indicated noble birth and station, was seen a look of cruelty and perfidy, accompanied with a certain smile which betrayed even baser feelings. The approach of such a face near his own, was more than Colonel D—— could support; and when he rose next morning from a feverish and troubled sleep, he could not recollect how or when the accursed spectre had departed. When summoned to breakfast, he was asked how he had spent the night, and he endeavoured to conceal his agitation by a general answer, but took the first opportunity to inform his friend Mr. N——, that, having recollected a certain piece of business that awaited him in London, he found it impossible to protract his visit a single night. Mr. N—— seemed surprised, and anxiously sought to



discover whether any thing occurred to render him displeased with his reception; but finding that his guest was impenetrable, and that his remonstrances against his departure were in vain, he insisted upon showing Colonel D—— the beauties of his country residence, after which he would reluctantly bid him farewell. In walking round the mansion, Colonel D—— was shewn the outside of the tower where he had slept, and vowed, mentally, never to enter it again. He was next led to a gallery of pictures, where Mr. N—— took much delight in displaying to him a complete series of family portraits, reaching back to a very remote era. Among the oldest there was one of a lady. Colonel D—— had no sooner got a glimpse of it, than he cried out, "May I never leave this spot, if that is not she." Mr. N—— asked what he meant. "The detestable phantom that started me out of my senses last night:" and he related every particular that had occurred. Mr. N——, overwhelmed with astonishment, confessed that to the room where his guest had slept there was attached a certain tradition, pointing it out as having been, at a remote period, the scene of murder and incest. It had long obtained the repute of being haunted by the spirit of the lady whose picture was before him; but there was some circumstances in her history so atrocious, that her name was seldom mentioned in his family, and his ancestors had always endeavoured as much as possible to draw a veil over her memory.

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*The Beggar Woman of Locarno.*

AT the foot of the Alps, near Locarno, was an old castle belonging to a marquess, the ruins of which are still visible to the traveller, as he comes from St. Gothard—a castle with lofty and roomy apartments, high towers and narrow windows. In one of these



rooms an old sick woman was deposited upon some straw, which had been shaken down for her by the housekeeper of the marquess, who had found her begging before the gate. The marquess who was accustomed to go into this room on his return from hunting, to lay aside his gun, ordered the poor wretch to get up immediately out of her corner, and be gone.

The creature arose, but slipping with her crutch upon the smooth floor, she fell, and injured her back so much, that it was with great difficulty she got up, and, moving across the room as she had been desired, groaning and crying sadly, sank down behind the chimney.

Several years afterwards, when the circumstances of the marquess had been much reduced by war and the failure of his crops, a Florentine gentleman visited the castle, with the intention of purchasing it, in consequence of the beauty of the situation. The marquess, who was very anxious to have the bargain concluded, gave his wife direction to lodge the stranger in the same upper room in which the old woman had died, it having, in the meantime, been very handsomely fitted up; but, to their consternation, in the middle of the night, the stranger entered their room, pale and agitated, protesting loudly that the chamber was haunted by some invisible being! for that he had heard something rise up in the corner, as if it had been lying among straw, move over the chamber with slow and tottering steps, and sink down, groaning and crying near the chimney.

The marquess, terrified, though he scarcely knew why, endeavoured to put a fair face upon the matter, and to laugh off the fears of his visitor, telling him he would rise himself, and spend the rest of the night with him in his room; but the stranger begged that he would rather allow him to occupy a couch in the adjoining room: and as soon as morning broke, he saddled his horse, took his leave, and departed. This occurrence, which occasioned much notice, made so



unpleasant an impression upon intending purchasers, that not another inquiry was made ; and at last, even the servants in the house becoming possessed with the notion that there was something dreadful in the affair, the marquess, with the view of setting the report to rest, determined to investigate the matter himself next night. Accordingly, in the twilight, he caused his bed to be brought to the apartment, and waited, without sleeping, the approach of midnight. But what was his consternation, when, on the stroke of midnight, he actually heard some inconceivable noise in the apartment, as if some person had risen up from among straw, which rustled beneath them, walked slowly over the floor, and sank, sighing and groaning, behind the chimney. When he came down the next morning, the marchioness asked him how the investigation had gone on ; and he, after gazing about him with wondering glances, and bolting the door, told her the story of the chamber's being haunted was true. She was terrified out of her senses ; but begged him, before making any public disclosure, once more to make the experiment coolly in her company. Accompanied by a trusty servant, they accordingly repeated their visit the next night, and again heard, as the marquess had done before, the same ghostly and inconceivable noise ; and nothing but the anxious wish to get rid of the castle, cost what it would, enabled them to suppress their terrors in presence of the servant, and to ascribe the sound to some accidental cause. On the evening of the third day, when both, determined to probe the matter to the bottom, were ascending with beating hearts the stairs leading to the stranger's apartment, it chanced that the house dog, who had been let loose from the chain, was lying directly before the door of the room : and, willing perhaps to have the company of any other living thing in the mysterious apartment, they took the dog into the room along with them. The husband and wife seated themselves on the couch—the marquess with his sword



and pistols beside him ; and while they endeavoured, the best way they could, to amuse themselves with conversation, the dog, cowering down at their feet, fell asleep. Again, with the stroke of midnight, the noise was renewed ;—something, though what they could not discover, raised itself, as if with crutches, in the corner ; the straw rustled as before. At the sound of the first footfall, the dog awoke, roused itself, pricked up its ears, and growling and barking, as if some person was advancing towards him, retreated in the direction of the chimney. At this sight, the marchioness rushed out of the room, her hair standing on end ; and while the marquess seized his sword, exclaimed, “ Who is there ? ” and receiving no answer, thrust like a madman in all directions, she hastily packed up a few articles of dress, and made the best of her way towards the town. Scarcely, however, had she proceeded a few steps, when she discovered that the castle was on fire. The marquess had, in his distraction, overturned the tapers, and the room was instantly in flames. Every effort was made to save the unhappy nobleman, but in vain : he perished in the utmost tortures : and his bones, as the traveller may be aware, still lie where they were collected by the neighbouring peasants—in the corner of the apartment from which he had expelled the beggar woman of Locarno.

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### *The Royal Phantom.*

AMONG the few well-attested accounts of supernatural appearances, which have come down to us from former ages, perhaps there is not one more interesting than that of the Marechal Ferraut. This adventure took place in the latter period of the reign of Louis XIV. and made the most lively impression upon the persons of that enlightened court. The circumstances are as follows :



Marechal Ferraut, the inhabitant of a little town called Salon, in Provence, arrived suddenly at Versailles, and addressing him to Brisac, major of the royal guards, requested to be conducted to the king; he was not to be put from his suit by any repulse whatever, and pressed it so earnestly, that at length the king heard of his importunity, and desired them to tell him that he never gave such audiences.—The marechal persisted, asserting that if the king would see him, he would tell him certain things which would convince him that he had a mission from above to speak to him on important subjects; at all events he begged to be interrogated, and prayed leave to go to one of the ministers of state. Louis granted this request, and commanded him to be admitted by Barbesieux: but the marechal refused to communicate with any one beneath the political rank he had first named, and then his majesty referred him to Mons. Pomponne. Without further hesitation the marechal went to that minister.

All that has ever been known of the history he then related is very short; the most important points have remained a secret with Louis and his ministers; but the little that has transpired is sufficiently curious to merit a place in the memories of men.

Returning home one evening very late, Marechal Ferraut found himself surrounded by a sudden light near a particular tree in the vicinity of Salon. A female figure, dressed in white, of majestic air, fair and beautiful, appeared before him, called him by his name, desired him to listen to her, and spoke to him afterwards for above half an hour. This apparition confided to him, that she was the queen who had been wife to the king, commanded him to go to his Majesty, and tell him some things she would then communicate; assured him that God would bless his journey, and that by one peculiar secret which he was to tell the king (which the king alone knew, and could not be known but by himself) his Majesty would recognise



the truth of what was told him. That if he was not permitted to approach the sovereign, he was to demand a private interview with one of the state ministers, and to be careful not to communicate any thing to others; that even so, he was to reserve certain parts of his mission for the king's ear alone. The apparition ordered him to go quickly, and execute all that he was commanded, boldly and diligently; if he neglected to acquit himself of this commission, she threatened him with death.

Marechal Ferraut promised every thing, and the royal phantom vanished. He found himself at the foot of the tree, in profound darkness, scarcely conscious whether he had been asleep or awake. After a long and bewildered reverie, he persuaded himself that he had been suffering under a temporary delirium, and as such he returned home without speaking of his adventure.

Two days after this, while passing the same tree, the same vision appeared to him, and the same discourse ensued. He was reproached for his incredulity, and the menace of death was repeated: he was told to go immediately to the intendant of the province, who, upon hearing an account of what he had heard and seen, would assuredly furnish him with the money for his journey. The Marechal was now convinced of the accuracy of his senses, but floating between the fear of destruction and the difficulty of his task, he knew not how to resolve. Preserving a strict silence about what he had seen, he remained eight days in extreme perplexity; at length, almost determined upon relinquishing the design, in repassing the same spot, he heard threats so much more terrible than the former ones, that he thought no longer of delay or difficulty. Two days afterwards he went to the intendant at Aix, who exhorted him, without hesitation, to pursue his journey, and furnished him with money to undertake it.

After coming to Versailles, Marechal Ferraut had



three interviews with Mons. de Pompone, and was with him above two hours each time. Mons. de Pompone rendered an account of these visits to the king, who commanded Pompone to speak of it more fully at the council of state. The council was long, but the result was, that the king announced his intention of discoursing with Ferraut. He saw him in his private closet, and made him ascend to it by a back staircase, which rises from a marble court, by which his Majesty used commonly to pass to go to mass.

Some days after this, Louis saw the marechal again, and each time he remained more than an hour with him, and no other person was admitted. The day following that on which the king first saw the marechal, as he was descending by the same stair-case to go a hunting, Mons. de Duros, who had the particular privilege of saying any thing he pleased to his sovereign, began to speak of the marechal with contempt, and hazarded the stupid French proverb, that he was either a madman, or the king was not noble. At this phrase the king stopped, and turning to Mons. de Duros, "if you say true," said he, "then I am not noble—for I have discoursed with him a long time; he has spoken to me with excellent sense, and I do assure you that he is very far from being mad." These last words were pronounced with so grave an air, that it imposed silence on the astonished Duros.

After their second interview, the king confessed that Marechal Ferraut had told him something which had happened to him above thirty years before, and that was known only to himself, because he had never told it to any one. He added, that it was a phantom which he had seen in the forest of St. Germain, and of which he had never spoken until this moment. The king always continued to speak highly of the marechal, whose expenses were defrayed by his orders; he made his first minister write to the intendant of the province to protect him most particularly, and to be careful that, without drawing him out of his



ordinary station and society, he should want for nothing during the remainder of his life.

Ferraut himself, who was a man of about fifty years of age, of a family once famous in his country, shewed much good sense, simplicity, disinterestedness, and modesty. He always appeared to think that too much was done for him ; and from the instant in which he had concluded his interviews with the king and Mons. de Pompone, he appeared eager to return, saying, that content with having accomplished his mission, he had no longer any thing to do but to return home.

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*The two following extraordinary Dreams are extracted from a work lately published, under the title of "Records of my Life, by John Taylor."*

MR. FOX, in order to attend the house of Commons, had taken an apartment in St. Anne's churchyard, Westminster. On the evening when he took possession, he was struck with something that appeared to him mysterious in the manner of the maid-servant, who looked like a man disguised, and he felt a very unpleasant emotion. This feeling was strengthened by a similar deportment in the mistress of the house, who soon after entered his room, and asked him if he wanted any thing before he retired to rest : disliking her manner, he soon dismissed her, and went to bed, but the disagreeable impression made on his mind by the maid and the mistress kept him long awake : at length, however, he fell asleep. During his sleep, he dreamed that the corpse of a gentleman, who had been murdered, was deposited in the cellar of the house. This dream co-operating with the unfavourable, or rather repulsive countenances and demeanour of the two women, precluded all hopes of renewed sleep ; and it being the summer season, he rose about five o'clock in the morning, took his hat, and resolved



to quit a house of such alarm and terror. To his surprise, as he was leaving it, he met the mistress in the entry, dressed, as if she had never gone to bed. She seemed to be much agitated, and inquired his reason for wishing to go out so early in the morning. He hesitated a moment with increased alarm, and then told her that he expected a friend, who was to arrive by a stage in Bishopsgate Street, and that he was going to meet him. He was suffered to go out of the house, and when revived by the open air, he felt, as he afterwards declared, as if relieved from impending destruction. He stated, that in a few hours after he returned with a friend, to whom he had told his dream, and the impression made on him by the maid and the mistress: he, however, only laughed at him for his superstitious terrors; but, on entering the house, they found that it was deserted, and calling in a gentleman who was accidentally passing, they all descended to the cellar, and actually found a corpse in the state which the gentleman's dream had represented. Before I make any observations on the subject, I shall introduce a recital of a similar description, and care not if scepticism sneer, or ridicule deride, satisfied that I heard it from one on whose veracity I could most confidently depend. I will, however, now take leave of Mr. Donaldson, though I could with pleasure dwell much longer on the memory of so valuable a friend. The other extraordinary story to which I have alluded, I heard from what I consider unimpeachable authority. Mrs. Brooke, whom I have already mentioned, told me that she was drinking tea one evening in Fleet Street, where a medical gentleman was expected, but did not arrive till late. Apologizing for his delay, he said he had attended a lady who suffered under a contracted throat, which occasioned her great difficulty in swallowing. She said that she traced the cause to the following circumstance:—When she was a young woman, and in bed with her mother, she dreamed



that she was on the roof of a church struggling with a man, who attempted to throw her over. He appeared in a carman's frock, and had red hair. Her mother ridiculed her terrors, and bade her compose herself to sleep again; but the impression of her dream was so strong, that she could not comply. In the evening of the following day, she had appointed to meet her lover at a bowling-green, from which he was to conduct her home when the amusement ended. She had passed over one field in hopes of meeting the gentleman, and sung as she tripped along, when she entered the second field, and accidentally turning her head, she beheld, in a corner of the field, just such a man as her dream represented, dressed in a carman's frock, with red hair, and apparently approaching towards her. Her agitation was so great, that she ran with all her speed to the stile of the third field, and with difficulty got over it. Fatigued, however, with running, she sat on the stile to recover herself, and reflecting that the man might be harmless, she was afraid that her flight, on seeing him, might put evil and vindictive thoughts into his head. While in this meditation, the man had reached the stile, and seizing her by the neck, he dragged her over the stile, and she remembered no more. It appeared that he had pulled off all her clothes, and thrown her into an adjoining ditch. Fortunately, a gentleman came to the spot, and observing a body above the water, he hailed others who were approaching, and it was immediately raised. It was evidently not dead, and some of the party remarking that the robber could not be far off, went in pursuit of him, leaving others to guard and endeavour to revive the body. The pursuers went different ways, and some, at no great distance, saw a man sitting at a public-house with a bundle before him. He seemed to be so much alarmed at the sight of the gentlemen, that they suspected him to be the culprit, and determined to examine the bundle, in which they found the dress



of the lady, which some of them recognized. The man was, of course, immediately taken into custody, and was to be brought to trial at the approaching assizes. The lady, however, was too ill to come into court, but appearances were so strong against him, that he was kept in close custody, and when she was able to give evidence, though he appeared at the trial with a different dress, and with a wig on, she was struck with terror at the sight of him, and fainted, but gave evidence; the culprit was convicted and executed. The medical gentleman added, that when she had finished her narrative, she declared that she felt the pressure of the man's hand on her neck while she related it, and that her throat had gradually contracted from the time when the melancholy event occurred. At length her throat became so contracted, that she was hardly able to receive the least sustenance.

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### *A Ghost Story.*

THE Monthly Magazine, in an article on the "Native Police in New Holland," has the following curious story:—

A free settler, by name — Fisher, who had long successfully cultivated a grant of land in a remote district, and was well known to be possessed of a considerable sum of money, had been missing for some time at the nearest market town, whither he had been in the habit of repairing with cattle and produce for sale. An inquiry was instituted by his acquaintance; and his head servant, or rather assistant on the farm, a convict, who had lived many years with him in that situation, declared that his master had left the colony for some time on business, but that he expected him to return in a few months. As the man was generally known as Fisher's confidential servant, his assertion was believed, although some ex-



pressed surprise at the settler's abrupt and clandestine departure ; for his character for honesty and sobriety was good, and, as far as was known, he owed no money in the colony. The month's wonder, however, soon subsided, and Fisher was forgotten. His assistant, meanwhile, managed the farm, bought and sold, and spent money freely. If questioned, which was but rarely, he would express his surprise at his master's delay, and pretend to expect him daily.

A few months after he had first been missed, a neighbouring settler, who was returning late on Saturday night from the market town, had occasion to pass within half a mile of Fisher's house. As he was riding by the fence, which separated the farm from the high road, he distinctly saw the figure of a man seated on the railing, and at once recognised the form and features of his lost neighbour. He instantly stopped, and called to him familiarly by name, but the figure descended from the railing, and walked slowly across the field towards the farm-house. The settler, having lost sight of him in the gloom, proceeded on his journey ; and, on his arrival at his plantation, informed his family and neighbours that Fisher had returned, and that he had seen and spoken to him. The news soon spread from farm to farm, and most of the neighbouring settlers repaired, the next day, to visit and welcome their old friend. On inquiry, however, Fisher's assistant declared that he had not arrived, and affected to laugh at the settler's story, insinuating that he had probably drunk too freely at the market. The neighbours were not so easily satisfied ; their dormant suspicions were awakened by what they now began to consider a preternatural apparition ; and they applied to the magistrates of the district, who directed an immediate and strict investigation to be instituted.

Several natives, of well-known sagacity and fidelity, are attached to the Paramatta police, as constables, and are of invaluable service in tracing and pursuing



bush-rangers, and other criminals who have absconded. One of these, known by the name of Sam, was ordered to examine Fisher's house and farm, and endeavour to find traces of him in the bush. He set off, followed by most of the settlers belonging to the Nepean and other neighbouring districts, who had been collected by curiosity and intense interest. The farmer, who had seen the figure resembling Fisher, pointed out the exact spot; and the black, having examined the railing, discovered a dark brown stain on the split timber, which he scraped, smelt, and at once declared to be *white man's blood!* He then, without the least hesitation, set off in full run, after the manner of a staunch blood-hound, towards a pond not far from the house. A little dark scum was floating on the surface: he scooped some off with his hand—smelt—tasted it—and cried out, "*white man's fat!*" Having tried the field, backwards and forwards in different directions, as if to recover the scent, Sam led the chase to a small coppice. Here he bored the earth in several places with a ramrod, smelling the point every time, until he paused, pointed to the ground, and said—" *white man here!*" The spot was speedily dug up; and a corpse, sworn to by the neighbours as that of Fisher, was discovered, with the skull fractured, and in a state of rapid decomposition, evidently many weeks buried.

The guilty assistant was immediately arrested, and tried at Sydney, on circumstantial evidence alone—strong enough, however, to convict him, in spite of his self-possession and protestations of innocence. He was sentenced to death; and, previous to his execution, made an ample confession of his guilt. He declared that he had murdered Fisher while sitting on the very rail that the settler had pointed out, about three months before the appearance of that extraordinary apparition; that he had, in the first place, dragged the body to the pond, where the black constable had discovered traces of it; but that, after



it had been some days immersed there, his apprehension of detection had impelled him to remove it to the coppice, where he had buried it by night, and alone.

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*Observations on Dreams.*

THERE may be dreams without apparitions, as there may be apparitions without dreams ; but an apparition in a dream may be as really an apparition as if the person who saw it was awake : the difference may be here, that the apparition in a dream is visible to the soul only, for the soul never sleeps ; and an apparition to the eye-sight is visible in common perspective.

How is it then that we see in our dreams the very faces and dress of the persons we dream of ; nay, hear their voices, and receive due impressions from what they say, and oftentimes speak to them with our own voices articulately and audibly, although we are fast asleep ? What secret power of the imagination is able to represent the image of any person to itself, if there was not some appearance, something placed in the soul's view, by a secret but invisible hand, and in an imperceptible manner ? which something is, in all respects, and to all purposes, as completely an apparition, as if it was placed in open sight when the person was really awake.—*Deacon and Walker's Dialogical Disquisitions on Spirits*, 4to.—1611.

The scripture confirms this opinion by many expressions directly to the purpose, and particularly this of appearing, or apparition in dreams ; Gen. xx. 3, "God came to Abimelech in a dream." Had it been said that Abimelech dreamed that God came to him, there might have been exception to the parallel ; but God actually came to him : and although Abimelech was asleep, and in a dream, it was not the less an apparition, for God came to him, and spoke, and



said to him ; and in the 4th verse, Abimelech spoke to the apparition. Whatever the shape was, that the text does not mention ; but Abimelech knew whom he talked with too, that is evident, for the text mentions it fully, " And he said, Lord, wilt thou slay also a righteous nation ?" And so he goes on, verse 5th, to expostulate and plead for himself and his people, " Said he not unto me, She is my sister ?" So that he knew he was speaking unto the Lord. The text is very remarkable ; it is plain that there was an apparition, but the man was asleep, and in a dream.

Again, in the case of Laban pursuing Jacob, Gen. xxi. 24, " God came to Laban the Syrian in a dream by night, and said unto him." Here again is an apparition, and a speaking apparition too ; God came to him, and spoke to him ; and Laban owns, not that he dreamed of God's appearing, but that God really appeared unto him, ver. 20, " The God of your father spoke to me ye ternight, saying."

Certainly in those dreams God spoke to them, and they answered : and when they were awake, they knew that it was God that spoke, and gave heed to the vision or apparition to them.

There are many more instances of the like in the sacred history ; as, first, in the remarkable case of King Solomon, 1 Kings iii. 5, " The Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night, and God said, Ask what I shall give thee."

This is called in the scripture a dream, ver. 15, " And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream ;" and yet it is all confirmed : and the petition that Solomon made, though in his sleep or dream, is accepted, and answered as his real act and deed, as if he had been awake.

That passage of Solomon is very remarkable to the case in hand. If my readers please to believe that there was such a man as Solomon, and that he had such a dream, they must allow also that it was a real apparition. God appeared to him in a dream.



To bring it down a step lower: as God had thus personally appeared to men in dreams, so have inferior spirits; and we have examples of this too in the scripture, Matthew i. 20, "While he thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream." And again, Matt. ii. 13, "Behold the angel of the Lord appeared unto Joseph in a dream, saying." And a third time it is repeated: "the angel came again to him in Egypt," ver. 19 of the same chapter. When Herod was dead, "Behold, an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt."

I will for once suppose that no man need desire any farther evidences than these, for the reality of the thing itself: we may bring it down from hence, by just parallels, to matters within our reach; experience will furnish us with particular passages sufficient: and some account I shall give you, within the compass of our own times, such as come within the verge of my own knowledge, or of the knowledge of such as I have good reason to give credit to. I believe a variety will be acceptable, and much more useful than a bare repeating of what others have said. If I find it needful to quote what others have published, you have it justly marked as a quotation, that you may search for the truth in its original.

Before I come to quotation, or to collection of story, it is needful to observe, that as it has pleased God to appear in this manner, and to cause angels to appear also in the same manner, and upon special occasions, so I make no question but the devil often appears in dreams too: and I might give but too many examples of it, as particularly one in the scripture.

It is apparent that God gave Satan a kind of general licence to afflict Job, only not to kill him. With such a terrible commission, it might be expected that the devil would fall upon him with the utmost fury he was capable of, or allowed to take; he ruined his fortune, reduced him to misery, murdered his chil-



dren, tormented him with boils and sores: in short, left him nothing but potsherds and an ill wife to relieve him. As he had worried him, to use a moderate phrase, within an inch of life, he followed him in the night with apparitions, lest he should recruit nature with rest, and be a little refreshed with sleep. Job himself complains of it. Job vii. 14, "Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me with visions." Not that God appeared to Job in any frightful or terrible form; but the devil, to whom God was pleased to give a liberty of afflicting Job, took that liberty, and exerted his malice to the utmost of his power. We are not indeed told what methods the 'devil took to scare and terrify the poor distressed sufferer; but as he can show us nothing uglier and more frightful than himself, so it is very likely he appeared to him in person, and that in the most surprising manner possible, with all the circumstances of horror that he was able. But to pursue my subject.

The great, and perhaps one of the greatest difficulties of life, I mean that relates to dreams, is to distinguish between such as are real apparitions, and such as are only the product of an encumbered brain, a distempered head, or, which is worse, a distempered mind: but some dreams are so significant, and there follows such an immediate visible effect, answering the designed illumination, that it cannot but be significant. — *Beaumont on Spirits.*

The following story I had from the mouth of the very person who was chiefly concerned in it, I mean the captain of the ship himself.

One Captain Thomas Rogers, commander of a ship called the *Society*, was bound on a voyage from London to Virginia, about the year 1694.

The ship was hired in London, and being sent light, as they call it, to Virginia, for a loading of tobacco, had not many goods in her, outward bound; suppose about two or three hundred ton, which was not counted a loading, or indeed half her loading, the ship being very large, about five hundred tons burden.



They had a pretty good passage, and the day before had an observation, whereupon the mates and the proper officers, had brought their books, and cast up their reckonings with the captain, to see how near they were to the coasts of America ; they all agreed that they were at least about one hundred leagues distant from the cape of Virginia. Upon these customary reckonings, and withal heaving the lead, and finding no ground at an hundred fathoms, they set the watch, and the captain turned in (as they call it at sea,) that is, went to bed.

The weather was good, a moderate gale of wind, and blowing fair for the coast ; so that the ship might have run about twelve or fifteen leagues in the night, after the captain was in his cabin.

He fell asleep, and slept very soundly for about three hours, when he waked again, and lay till he heard his second mate turn out and relieve the watch, and then he called his chief mate, as he was going off from the watch, and asked him how all things fared : who answered that all was well, and the gale freshened, and they run at a great rate ; but it was a fair wind, and a fine clear night ; so the captain went to sleep again.

About an hour after he had been to sleep again, he dreamed that a man pulled him, or waked him, and he did wake. I am not sure, but I think he said the thing bade him get up and look abroad. But whether it was so or not, he lay still, and composing himself to sleep was suddenly awaked again, and thus several times, and though he knew not what was the reason, yet he found it was impossible for him to go to sleep again ; and still he heard the vision say, or thought he heard it say, Turn out, and look abroad.

He lay in this uneasiness near two hours ; but at last it increased so upon him, that he could lie no longer, but got up, put on his watch-gown, and comes out upon the quarter-deck ; there he found the second mate walking about, and the boatswain upon the fore-castle, the night fine and clear, a fair wind, and all well as before.



The mate wondering to see him, at first did not know him ; but calling, Who's there? the captain answered, and the mate returns, Who, the captain ! what's the matter, sir ?

Says the captain, I don't know ; but I have been very uneasy these two hours, and somebody, or my own fancy, bid me turn out, and look abroad, though I know not what can be the meaning of it.

There can be nothing in it but some dream, says the mate.

Says the captain, How does the ship cape ?

South-west by south, says the mate, fair for the coast, and the wind east by north.

That's all very good, says the captain : and so after some other usual questions, he turned about to go back to his cabin ; when, as if it had been somebody that stood by him and spoke, it came into his mind like a voice, " Heave the lead, heave the lead."

Upon this he turns again to his second mate : Mate, says the captain, when did you heave the lead ? what water had you ?

About an hour ago, says the mate, sixty fathom.

Heave again, says the captain.

There's no manner of occasion, says the mate : but if you please it shall be done.

I don't know, says the captain, 'tis needless indeed, I think : and so was going away again, but was, as it were, forced to turn back as before, and says to the mate, I know not what ails me, but I cannot be easy : come, call a hand aft, and heave the lead.

Accordingly a hand was called, and the lead being cast or heaved, as they call it, they had ground at eleven fathoms.

This surprised them all, but much more when at the next cast it came up seven fathoms.

Upon this the captain in a fright bade them put the helm a-lee, and about ship, all hands being ordered to back the sails, as is usual in such cases.

The proper orders being obeyed, the ship stayed



presently, and came about ; and when she was about, before the sails filled, she had but four fathoms and a half water under her stern ; as soon as she filled and stood off, they had seven fathoms again, and at the next cast eleven fathoms, and so on to twenty fathoms : so he stood off to seaward all the rest of the watch, to get into deeper water, till day-break, when, being a clear morning, there were the capes of Virginia and all the coast of America in fair view under their stern, and but a few leagues distant. Had they stood on but one cable's length farther, as they were going, they had been bump ashore (so the sailors call it), and certainly lost their ship, if not their lives.

Now, what could this be ? Not the devil, that we may vouch for him ; he would hardly be guilty of doing so much good ; hardly an angel sent from heaven express, that we dare not presume ; but it was the work of a waking providence, by some invisible agent employed for that occasion, who took sleep from the captain's eyes ; as once, in a case of infinitely more importance, was done to King Ahasuerus. This we may conclude, had the captain slept as usual, and as nature required, they had been all lost : the shore being flat at a great distance, and, as I suppose, the tide low, the ship had been aground in an instant, and the sea, which run high, would have broke over her, and soon have dashed her in pieces.

How it happened that the mates, and other navigators on board, should all of them have kept, and yet all be out in their reckoning, and that so much as to think themselves an hundred leagues from the coast, when they were not above twenty or twenty-five, that was to be accounted for among themselves ; but certain it was, that if it had not been for thus being alarmed at night, the whole ship's company might probably have been lost.

If this was not an apparition, it must be what the scripture calls it, in another case, being warned of God in a dream, which by the way is the same thing : but



here was something more than being warned ; for the captain owned he was in no dream ; he dreamed nothing at all, much less any thing of danger ; he went to his bed or cabin, with all the prudent caution that any man in that important trust of a ship in the ocean could do ; and then, after having made their calculations, cast up their reckonings, set their watch, and made every thing sure, he laid down with all the satisfaction that it was possible for any man in a like case to have.

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*The Murderer Detected.*

A CERTAIN man was brought to the bar of justice on suspicion of murder, which, however, he knew it was not in the power of human knowledge to detect. When he came to hold up his hand at the bar, he pleaded not guilty ; and the court began to be at a loss for proof, nothing but suspicion and circumstances appearing ; however, such witnesses as they had, they examined as usual ; the witness standing up, as is customary, upon a little step, to be visible to the court.

When the court thought they had no more witnesses to examine, the man in a few moments would have been acquitted ; but recovering his courage a little, he stretched out his arm towards the place where the witnesses usually stood to give evidence upon trials, and pointing with his hand, My lord, says he, (aloud) that is not fair, 'tis not according to law ; he's not a legal witness.

The court was surprised, and could not understand what the man meant : but the judge, a man of more penetration, took the hint, and checked some of the court that offered to speak, and which would have perhaps brought the man back again to himself, Hold, says the judge, the man sees something more than we do. I begin to understand him. And then speaking to the prisoner :



Why, says he, is he not a legal witness? I believe the court will allow his evidence to be good when he comes to speak.

No, my lord, it cannot be just, it cannot be allowed, says the prisoner (with a confused eagerness in his countenance that showed he had a bold heart, but a guilty conscience).

Why not, friend, what reason do you give for it? says the judge.

My lord, says he, no man can be allowed to be a witness in his own case: he is a party, my lord, he cannot be a witness.

But you mistake, says the judge, for you are indicted at the suit of the king, and the man may be a witness for the king, as in cases of robbery on the highway we always allow that the person robbed is a good witness; and without this the highway-man could not be convicted. But we shall hear what he says when he is examined.

This the judge spoke with so much gravity, and so easy and natural, that the criminal at the bar answered, Nay, if you will allow him to be a good witness, then I am a dead man. The last words he said with a lower voice than the rest, but withal called for a chair to sit down.

The court ordered him a chair, which if he had not had, 'twas thought he would have sunk down at the bar; as he was sat down he was observed to be in a great consternation, and lifted up his hands several times, repeating the words, A dead man, a dead man, several times over.

The judge, however, was at some loss how to act, and the whole court appeared to be in a strange consternation, though nobody saw any thing but the man at the bar: at length the judge said to him, Look you, Mr. ———, calling him by his name, you have but one way left that I know of, and I'll read it to you out of the scripture: and so calling for a Bible, he turns to the book of Joshua, and reads the text, Josh.



vii. 19, "And Joshua said unto Achan, My son, give, I pray, the glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto him, and tell me now what thou hast done, hide it not from me."

Here the judge exhorted him to confess his crime, for he saw, no doubt, an evidence ready to convict him, and to discover the whole matter against him; and if he did not confess, Heaven would, no doubt, send a witness to detect him.

Upon this the self-condemned murderer burst out into tears and sad lamentations for his own miserable condition, and made full confession of his crime: and when he had done, gave the following account of his case, as to the reasons of his being under such a surprise, viz. that he saw the murdered person standing upon the step as a witness, ready to be examined against him, and ready to show his throat which was cut by the prisoner; and who, as he said, stood staring full upon him with a frightful countenance: and this confounded him, as well it might, for it was seen by no one but himself.

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### *Conscience.*

OF all the horrors human beings can feel, none perhaps are equal to those of a guilty conscience. It embitters every comfort, it dashes every pleasure with sorrow, it fills the mind with despair, and produces wretchedness in the greatest degree. "To live under such disquietude," says Blair, "is already to undergo one of the most severe punishments which human nature can suffer. When the world threatens us with any of its evils, we know the extent, and discern the limits of the danger. We see the quarters on which we are exposed to its attack. We measure our own strength with that of our adversary, and can take precautions, either for making resistance, or for contriving escape.



But when an awakened conscience places before the sinner the just vengeance of the Almighty, the prospect is confounding, because the danger is boundless. It is a dark unknown which threatens him. The arm that is stretched over him he can neither see nor resist. No wonder that the lonesome solitude, or the midnight hour, should strike him with horror."

1. The following, we are informed, is a true relation of an event which happened in a neighbouring state not many years ago.—A jeweller, a man of good character, and considerable wealth, having occasion, in the way of business, to travel at some distance from the place of his abode, took along with him a servant. He had with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The master having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watched his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot; then rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known. There he began to trade, in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation; and, in the course of many years, seemed to rise up, by natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration; so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect of industry and the reward of virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearance so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and by laying out his hidden stores discreetly, as he saw occasion, and joining to all an universal affability, he was at length admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at last he was chosen chief magistrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as governor and judge: till one day as he sat on the bench with some of his



brethren, a criminal was brought before him, who was accused of murdering his master. The evidence came out full : the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sentence of the president of the court (which happened to be himself) in great suspense. Meanwhile he appeared to be in an unusual disorder and agitation of mind ; his colour changed often : at length he arose from his seat, and coming down from the bench, placed himself just by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. " You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who had sat on the bench with him, " a striking instance of the just awards of heaven, which this day, after thirty years' concealment, presents a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty." Then he made an ample confession of his heinous offence, with all its peculiar aggravations. " Nor can I," continued he, " feel any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner." We may easily imagine the amazement of all, especially his fellow judges. They accordingly proceeded, upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind.—See Fordyce's Dial. on Educ. and Enc. Brit.

2. A Mr. Thoroughgood, of the last century, having reproved the sin of swearing, one of his hearers, sensible of his guilt, and thinking he was the person particularly intended, resolved to kill him ; and in order to it, he hid himself behind a hedge, which he knew Mr. Thoroughgood would ride by, when he went to preach his weekly lecture. When Mr. T. came to the place, he offered to shoot him ; but his piece failed, and only flashed in the pan. The next week he lay in the same place, with the same intent. When Mr. T. came up, the wretch offered to fire again, but the piece would not go off. Upon this, his conscience



accusing him for such a wickedness, he went after him, and falling down on his knees, with tears in his eyes, related the whole to him, and begged his pardon. This providence was the means of his conversion, and he became from that time a serious good man.

3. The famous Mr. Gilpin, who was called the father of the poor, and the apostle of the north, once had his horses stolen. The news was quickly propagated, and every one expressed the highest indignation at it. The thief, however was rejoicing over his prize; when, by the report of the country, he found whose horses he had taken. Terrified at what he had done, he instantly came trembling back, confessing the fact, returned the horses, and declared he believed the devil would have seized him directly, had he carried them off, when he knew they belonged to Mr. Gilpin.

4. Experienced ministers sometimes describe the feelings and situations of their hearers so exact, that while the serious part are profited, the ignorant are astonished. It is related of Mr. Richard Garat, that he used to walk to Petworth every Monday. In one of these walks a country fellow, that had been his hearer the day before, and had been cut to the heart by somewhat he had delivered, came up to him with his scythe upon his shoulders, and in a mighty rage told him he would be the death of him, for he was sure he was a witch, he having told him the day before what no man in the world knew of him but God and the devil, and therefore he most certainly dealt with the dev.l.

5. One of the most sensible men I ever knew (says one), but whose life as well as his creed had been rather eccentric, returned me the following answer, not many months before his death, when I asked him, whether his former irregularities were not both accompanied at the time, and succeeded afterwards, by some sense of mental pain? "Yes," said he, "but I have scarce ever owned it until now. We (meaning



we infidels and men of fashionable morals) do not tell you all that passes in our hearts!"

6. James le Fevre, of Etaples, did not outwardly depart from the church of Rome; but at the bottom of his heart he was a protestant. He was protected by the queen of Navarre, sister to Francis I., and dining with her in company with some other learned men, whose conversation pleased the queen, he began to weep; and when the queen asked him the reason of it, he answered, "the enormity of his sins threw him into that grief! It was not the remembrance of any lewdness he had been guilty of; and with regard to the vices, he felt his mind easy enough; but he was pricked in his conscience, that having known the truth, and taught it to several persons who had sealed it with their blood, he had the weakness to keep himself in an asylum far from the places where crowns of martyrdom were distributed." He went to bed, where he was found dead a few hours after.

7. An instance of the power of conscience we have in Lord Rochester. "One day," says he, "I was at an atheistical meeting at a person's of quality. I undertook to manage the cause, and was the principal disputant against God and piety, and for my performance received the applause of the whole company; upon which my mind was terribly struck, and I immediately replied thus to myself—'Good God! that a man that walks upright, that sees the wonderful works of God, and has the use of his sense and reason, should use them to the defying of his Creator.'"

8. A gentleman, and a man in good circumstances too, committed a murder in or near St. Pancras, Soaper Lane, London, many years ago; the murder was attended with some very cruel and barbarous circumstances, such as he could not expect pardon for; so he fled, and making his escape to France, got out of the reach of justice.

His personal safety was for a while so much satisfaction to him, that he did not make any reflections



at all upon the fact ; but soon after he took shipping from France, and went to Martinico, where he lived several years, and even for two or three years he carried it off well enough ; but the first shock given to his soul was in a fit of sickness, when being in danger of death, he saw, as he was between sleeping and waking, the spectre, as he thought, of the murdered person, just as in the posture when he killed him, his wound bleeding, and his countenance ghastly, the sight of which exceedingly terrified him, and at length awakened him.

But being awake, and finding it but a dream, and that the murdered person did not really appear to him, and, as he called it, haunt him, he was easy as to that part ; but being in a high fever, and believing he should die, conscience began to stare at him, and to talk to him ; he resisted a long time, but death approaching, he grew very pensive, though, as he said, still more afraid of dying, than penitent of his crime.

After he recovered, he grew easy, and began to forget the affair ; came over to Europe again, and being at Roan in Normandy, he dreamed he saw the murdered man again, and that he looked frightful and terrible, and with a threatening aspect, and this threw him into a kind of melancholy, which increased exceedingly, the spectre, as he called it, coming to him every night.

But this was not all ; for now, as he dreamed of it all night, so he thought of it all day ; it was before his eyes continually ; his imagination formed figures to him, now of this kind, then of that, always relating to the murdered man ; so that, in short, he could think of nothing else : and it seemed as if the murdered man was never out of his sight.

He was so reduced by the constant agitation of his soul, that he was in a very weak condition, and in a deep consumption ; but in the midst of these tumults of his soul, he had a strong impression upon his mind, that he could never die in peace, nor go to heaven, if



he did not go over to England, and either get pardon, or if he could not obtain a pardon, then he would surrender himself into the hands of justice, and satisfy the law with his life, which was the debt he owed to the blood of the man he killed, and could no other way be expiated.

He withstood this as a wild and distracted thing, and the fruit of his disturbed mind. What, said he to himself, should I go to England for? To go there is to "go and die;" and these words, "go and die," ran daily upon his mind: but though they came first into his thoughts, as an answer to his other distractions, yet they returned upon him soon after, and he dreamed that the murdered man said to him, "go and die;" and repeating it, said, "go to England and die;" and this followed him night and day, asleep and awake, so that he had always in his ears, "go to England and die."

In short, he was so continually terrified by the reproaches of his conscience, and the voice which he thought followed him, that he answered it once in his sleep thus, Well, if it must be so, let me alone; I will "go and die."

It was some time, however, before he did; but at last, unable to support the torture of his mind, he resolved to come over to England, and did so; he landed at Gravesend, and there took passage in the tilt-boat for London.

When he arrived at London, intending to land at Westminster, he took a wherry at Billingsgate to carry him through the bridge. It happened that lighters loaded with coal ran foul of the boat he was in, and of one another, over against Queenhithe; the watermen were so hard put to it, that they had much ado to avoid being crushed between the lighters, so that they were obliged to get into one of the lighters, and let the boat sink.

This occasioned him, contrary to his design, to go on shore a little to the eastward of Queenhithe; from



thence he walked up on foot towards Cheapside, intending to take a coach for Westminster.

As he passed a street which crossed out of Breadstreet into Bow-lane, being almost night, and he not well knowing the streets, having been absent eighteen years, he heard somebody cry, Stop him! stop him! It seems a thief had broke into a house in some place as he passed by, and was discovered, and ran for it, and the people after him, crying, Stop him! stop him! It presently occurred to him, that being so near the place where the murder was committed, and where he had lived, he thought that somebody knew him, and that it was him they were crying after; upon which he began to run with all his might.

Had the people cried, Stop thief, he had taken no notice of it, knowing, as he did, that he had stolen nothing: but the crowd crying, Stop him, stop him! it was as likely to be him as not; and his own guilt concurring, he ran as above.

As he ran with all his might, it was a considerable time before the people overtook him; but just at the corner of Soaper-lane, near about where now stands the Rummer tavern, his foot slipt, and his breath failed him, so he fell down.

The people not knowing who he was, had lost their thief, and pursued him; when they came up to him, they found him not the right person, and would have left him; but his own guilty conscience, which at first set him a running, and which alone was his real pursuer, continued to follow him close, and which at last had thrown him down too, so increased his fright, that believing they all knew him, he cried out, It is very true, I am the man; it was I did it.

It seems, when he first fell, some people in a house opposite came to the door upon hearing the noise, and said one to another, There he is, that's he, they have catched him; and it was upon that saying he answered, It is very true, I am the man, and I did it; for still he imagined they knew him to be the mur-



derer that killed the man so long ago : whereas there was nobody there that had any knowledge of the matter, and the very memory of the thing was almost forgot in the place, having been done eighteen years before.

However, when they heard him cry, I am the man, and I did it, one of the people that came about him said, What did you do ? Why, I killed him, says he ; I killed Mr. ———, and then repeated his name : but nobody remembered the name.

Why you are mad, says one of the people ; and added another, The man's a distracted, disordered man. They pursued a little shop-lifting thief, and here they have frightened a poor gentleman, that they own is not the person, but is an unhappy disordered man, who imagines they pursue him.

But are you sure he is not the man ? Sure, says another, why they tell you so themselves. Besides, the man's distracted.

Distracted, says a third, how do you know that ?

Nay, says the other, he must be distracted or in drink : don't you hear how he talks ? I did it, I killed him, and I don't know what. Why, there is nobody killed, is there ? I tell you the poor man is crazed.

Thus they talked awhile, and some run forwards towards Cheapside to look for the real thief, and were about to let him go, when one grave citizen, wiser than the rest, cried, Nay, hold, let us inquire a little farther ; though he is not the thief they look for, there may be something in it ; let us go before the Lord Mayor with him : so they did. I think the Lord Mayor then in being was Sir William Turner.

When he came before the Lord Mayor, he confessed the fact, and was afterwards executed for it. I had the substance of this relation from an ear-witness of the things, so that I can freely say that I give entire credit to it.

It was remarkable also, that the place where this man fell down when he ran, believing he was pursued



and known, though at first he really was not, was just against the very door of the house where the person lived whom he had murdered.

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### *Mysterious Forewarnings.*

A PERSON, says Dr. Beaumont, whose name is not so proper to mention here, but who may be produced if there should be occasion, being still living, that was under the disaster, a few years ago, to fall under a party censure (the occasion is needless to the present case); in hopes, upon the recess of the House, which was not far off, he should, as usual, be at liberty, he withdrew himself, and avoided being taken up as much as he could; but the House resenting it, a vote was passed, ordering the Secretary of State to prosecute him at law: this obliged him to resolve to leave the kingdom, and in the meantime to conceal himself with more exactness; the Government having issued out a proclamation for apprehending him, with a reward to the person who should discover where he was, so as he might be taken.

In order to conceal himself more effectually, he left his lodging where he had been hid for some time, and removed to Barnet, on the edge of Hertfordshire: intending, as soon as he had settled some family affairs, to go away north, into Scotland; but before he went away, he was obliged to come once more to London, to sign some writings for the securing some estate, which it was feared might be seized by out-law, if the prosecution had gone on so far.

The night before he had appointed to come to London, as above, being in bed with one Mr. R—— D——, he dreamed that he was in his lodgings in London, where he had been concealed as above; and in his dream he saw two men come to the door, who said they were messengers, and produced a warrant from



the Secretary of State to apprehend him, and that accordingly they seized upon and took him.

The vision surprised and awaked him, and he awaked Mr. D——, his brother-in-law, who was in bed with him, and told him the dream, and what a surprise he was in about it.

Mr. D——, seeing it was but a dream, advised him to give no heed to it, but compose himself, and go to sleep again ; which he did.

As soon as he was fast asleep again, he was waked with the same dream exactly as before : this disturbed them both very much ; but being heavy to sleep, they both went to sleep again, and dreamed no more. It is to be observed, that he saw the very men that apprehended him, their countenances, clothes, weapons, &c., and described them in the morning to his said brother D—— in all the particulars.

However, the call for London being as he thought urgent, he got ready in the morning to set off, resolving to stay but one day, and then set forward for Scotland. Accordingly, he went for London in the morning, and, that he might not be known, walked it on foot ; that so he might go by more private ways over Enfield Chase, and so to Southgate, Hornsey, &c.

All the way he walked, his mind was heavy and oppressed, and he frequently said to his brother, who walked with him, that he was certain he was going to London to be surprised ; and so strong was the foreboding impression upon his mind, that he once stopt at Hornsey, and endeavoured to get a lodging, intending to send his brother to London, to see if any thing had happened there, and to give him notice.

As he had just secured a convenient lodging, he accidentally saw a gentleman standing at the next door whom he knew very well, but durst not venture to trust on that occasion ; and finding on inquiry that he dwelt there, he concluded that was no place for him, and so resolved to go forward.

The impression upon his mind continuing, he stopt



again at Islington, and endeavoured to get a lodging there, but could not; at length his brother brought him word he could not get a lodging except where it was too public. Well, says he, then I must go to London, and take what follows, or to that purpose; and accordingly went, and the next morning was taken by the messengers, just in the very manner as he had been told in his dream; and the very same two men, whose faces he had seen, and with the same clothes on and weapons, exactly as he described.

This story I had from his own mouth, and confirmed by Mr. R—— D——, his brother-in-law, to whom he related his vision at the very moment of it as above.

I refer it to any impartial judgment, to weigh every circumstance of this account (the truth of which I have not the least reason to question) and to tell me, by what powers, and from what influence, could these things be performed, if there were no invisible world, and no inhabitants there who concerned themselves with our affairs; no good spirits which converse with our embodied spirits, and gave us due intelligence, notice, and warning of approaching danger.

If there is any difficulty in this case, it seems to me to be in the event of the thing, as in the case mentioned: why was not the intelligence made so complete, so forcible, and the impression so plain, that the person, in whose favour all was done, might have been effectually alarmed, his going forward stopt, and consequently the mischief which was at hand, and which he had the notice of, effectually prevented?

It is not indeed so easy to answer that part: but it may be resolved into this, that the fault seems to be our own, that we do not give due attention to such notice, as might be sufficient to our deliverance.

Thus, if the invisible spirits give a due alarm, they do their part; if they jog us and awaken us in a deep sleep, and pull us again and again, and give us notice that something is coming, that some danger is at the door; if we still sleep on till it comes, if we will go on,



happen whatever may, the kind spirit has done its duty, discharged its office, and if we fall into mischief, the fault is our own ; we can by no means blame the insufficiency of the notice, and say to what purpose is it ? seeing we had due and timely warning, but would not take the hint ; we had due notice of the danger, and would not step out of the way to avoid it ; the fault is wholly our own.

Another account I had a sufficient voucher for, though the gentleman is now dead ; but I have great reason to believe the truth of it.

A young gentleman of great birth and fortune, in the beginning of the late war with France, had a great inclination to see the world, as he called it, and resolved to go into the army : his father was dead, and had left him a good estate, besides his mother's jointure, which at her death would fall to him of course.

His mother most earnestly entreated him not to go into the army, but persuaded him rather to travel, that so he might see the world, as he said, without feeling the calamities of the war, and without hazard- ing his life.

He told her, travelling, indeed, in time of peace, was all a gentleman could do, and was at best very expensive ; but that now was the time a man might see the world at the expense of the public, and perhaps make his fortune too.

His mother represented to him the danger of his life, and bade him consider how many gentlemen went into the army, and of them how few had lived to come home again, much less to rise to any degree of preferment.

He made light of that, and told his mother, that if he happened to be knocked on the head, there was an end of him, and she was provided for.

Well, son, says the old lady, I am obliged to submit to it ; you are your own master ; I can but entreat you not to go. You have estate enough to make you easy ; therefore have no need to run the risk.



He slighted all her entreaties, and at length mortgaged part of his estate to purchase a company in the first regiment of foot-guards, and entered into the army.

The night before he signed the agreement for the company, being in bed and fast asleep, he saw in a dream his father come to him in his gown, and with a great fur cap on, such as he used to wear ; and calling him by his name. What is the reason, says he, that you will not listen to the entreaties of your mother, not to go to the wars ? I do assure you, that if you resolve to take this commission, you will not enjoy it three years.

Why, says he (in his dream) what will hinder me ? being, it seems, desirous to know something of his fortune.

Ask me not the particulars, says the apparition, but either decline the employ, or when you have enjoyed it two years and a half, sell out again, as I did before you.

I cannot promise that, says he.

Then you may promise yourself, says the apparition, that it shall be worse.

He seemed to slight the admonition, and said, it was too late to look back.

Too late ! too late ! says the apparition, repeating the words ; then go on, and repent too late.

He was not much affected with this apparition, when he waked and found it was a dream ; for dreams, said he, are not to be heeded : so he went on, and bought the commission.

A few days after the commission was bought, the father appeared again, not to him, but to his mother, in a dream too as before ; and taking notice to her how his son had rejected her admonition, it added, " Young heads are wilful ; Robert will go into the army ; but tell him from me, he shall never come back."

All these notices were of no force with this young gentleman ; but as he had resolved so he pursued his



resolution, and went into the army ; and two battalions of that regiment going into the field that summer, his company was one, and was ordered into Flanders.

He wanted no occasion to show his bravery, and in several warm actions came off with applause ; so that he was far from being suspected of cowardice : but one day, and in the third year of his service, the army was drawn out in order of battle, the general having received certain advice that the enemy would come and attack them.

As he stood at the head of his company, he was suddenly seized with a cold shivering fit, and it was so violent that some officers who were near him, every one at their post, perceived it.

As it was for no purpose to conceal it, he turned to his lieutenant, who stood next to him, and from whose mouth I received this particular account : I cannot imagine, says he, what is the occasion of this shaking fit.

It is your eagerness to fall on, says the lieutenant : I have often been so, and begin to be so now ; I wish the French would come on, that we might have something to do.

It continued about a quarter of an hour, and the enemy did come on as was expected ; but the fight began upon the left at a good distance from them, so that the whole left wing was engaged before they began.

While this lasted, the lieutenant called to the gentleman ; Captain, says he, how do you do ? I hope your shivering fit is over.

No, says the captain, it is not over, but it is a little better.

It will be all over presently, says the lieutenant.

Ay, so it will, says the captain ; I am very easy ; I know what it is now : and with that he called the lieutenant to come to him for a moment.

When he came, says he, I know now what ailed me ;



I am very easy ; I have seen my father ; I shall be killed the first volley ; let my mother know I told you this.

In a few minutes after this, a body of the enemy advanced, and the very first volley the regiment received was the fire of five platoons of grenadiers, by which the captain and several other officers, besides private men, were killed, and the whole brigade was soon after put into confusion ; though, being supported by some regiments of the second line, they rallied again soon after. The captain's body was presently recovered ; but he was irrecoverably dead, for he received a shot in his face, which killed him immediately.

If all the notices from the invisible world could have been of any use to him, or he had been to be wrought on by caution and advices, which nothing but a most obstinate temper would have so totally disregarded, the man had been safe. But what can be expected, when men are as plainly informed of things, as by such methods can be supposed rational, and will not take the hint ?

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### *Curious Relation.*

THE following is a notable account of a certain person's conversation with evil spirits to his own ruin, in a letter sent to the Bishop of Gloucester, by the Rev. Mr. Arthur Bedford, minister of Temple parish, in Bristol :—

“ Bristol, Aug. 2.

“ MY LORD,—Being informed by Mr. Shutes of your lordship's desire, that I should communicate to you what I had known concerning a person who was acquainted with spirits to his own destruction, I have made bold to give you the trouble of this letter, hoping my design to gratify your lordship in every particular may be an apology for the length hereof.



I had formerly given an account to the late Bishop of Hereford, in which there may be some things contained which I do not now remember ; which, if your lordship could procure from his lady, who now lives near Gloucester, would be more authentic.

“ Whilst I was curate to Dr. Read, rector of St. Nicholas, in this city, I began to be acquainted with one Thomas Parkes, a young man about twenty years of age, who lived with his father at Mangotsfield, in Gloucestershire, and by trade a gunsmith, with whom I contracted an intimate acquaintance ; he being not only a good tempered man, but extremely well skilled in the mathematical studies, which was his constant delight ; viz. arithmetic, geometry, gauging, surveying, astronomy, and algebra. He gave himself up to astronomy so far that he could not only calculate the motions of the planets, but an eclipse also, and demonstrate also every problem in spherical trigonometry from mathematical principles, in which he would discover a clear force of reason. When Mr. Bailey, minister of St. James, in the city, endeavoured to set up a mathematical academy, I advised him to this Thomas Parkes, as an acquaintance ; in whom, as he told me, he found greater proficiency in those studies than he expected, or could imagine. After this he applied himself to astrology, and would sometimes calculate nativities, and resolved horary questions, which he told me oftentimes proved true ; but he was not satisfied with it, because there was nothing in it which tended to mathematical demonstration. When by the providence of God I was settled in Temple Parish, and having not seen him for some time, he came to me, and we being in private, he asked my opinion very seriously concerning the lawfulness of conversing with spirits. After I had given my thoughts in the negative, and confirmed them with the best reasons I could, he told me he had considered all those arguments, and believed they only related to conjuration : but that there was an innocent society



sith them which a man might use, if he made no compact with them, did no harm by their means, and was not curious in prying into hidden things ; and that he himself had discoursed with them, and heard them sing to his great satisfaction. He gave an offer to me at one time, to Mr. Bailey at another, that if we would go with him one night to Kingswood, we should see them, hear them talk and sing, and talk with them whatsoever we had a mind to, and we should return very safe ; but neither of us had the courage to venture. I told him of the subtilty of the devil to deceive mankind, and to transform himself into an angel of light ; but he could not believe it was the devil. I proposed to try him a question in astronomy relating to the projection of the sphere, which he projected and resolved ; and afterwards did so demonstrate from the mathematics, as to demonstrate that his brain was free from the least tincture of madness and distraction. I asked him several particulars concerning the method he used, and the discourse he had with the spirits he conversed with. He told me he had a book where there was the directions he followed ; accordingly in the dead time of the night he went into a causeway with candle and lanthorn, which was consecrated for the purpose with incantations. He had also consecrated chalk, consisting of several mixtures, with which he used to make a circle of what distance he thought fit, within which no spirit had power to enter. After he invoked the spirit by several forms of words, some of which he told me were taken from the holy scripture, and therefore he thought them lawful ; without considering that they might, as the apostle saith, 2 Pet. iii. 16, " be wrested to his own destruction." Accordingly, the spirits for which he called appeared to him in the shape of little girls, about a foot and a half high, and played about the circle. At first he was affrighted, but after some small acquaintance this antipathy in nature wore off, and he became pleased with their



company. He told me they spake with a shrill voice, like an ancient woman.

“He asked them if there was a God; they told him there was. He asked them if there was a heaven and hell; they said there was. He asked what sort of a place heaven was; which they described as a place of glory and happiness. He asked what place hell was; and they bid him ask no questions of that nature, for it was a dreadful thing to relate. “The devils believe and tremble.” He asked what method or order they had among themselves; they told him they were divided into three orders; that their chief had his residence in the air—that he had several counsellors, which were placed by him in form of a globe, and he in the centre, which is the chiefest order. Another order, they said, is employed in going to and fro from thence to the earth to carry intelligence from those lower spirits. And a third order was in the earth, according to the directions they receive from those in the air. This description was very surprising; but, being contrary to the account we have in scripture hierarchy of the blessed angels, made me conclude they were devils; but I could not convince him thereof. He told me he had desired them to sing, and they went to some distance behind a bush, from whence he heard a perfect concert of such music, the like he never heard; and in the upper part he could hear something very harsh and shrill like a reed, but as it was managed it came with particular grace.

“About a quarter of a year after he came to me again, and said, he wished he had taken my advice; for he thought he had done that which would cost him his life, and which he did heartily repent of. He appeared to me as if he had been in great trouble, as his countenance was very much altered. I asked him what he had done; he told me that being bewitched to his acquaintance, he resolved to proceed further in the art, and to have a familiar spirit at his



command, according to the directions of his book ; which was to have a book of Virgin's Parchment, consecrated with several incantations ; as also a particular ink-horn, ink, and pen ; with those he was to go out as usual to a cross-way, and call up a spirit, and ask him his name, which he was to put in the first page of his book ; and this was to be his familiar spirit. Thus he was to do by as many as he pleased, writing their names in distinct pages, only one in a leaf ; and then, whenever he took the book and opened it, this spirit whose name appeared should appear also. The familiar spirit he had was called Malachi, *i. e.* my king ;—an Hebrew name of an evil signification to him ; *i. e.* that an evil spirit was become his king. After this they appeared faster than he wished them, and in most dreadful shapes ;—like serpents, lions, bears, &c. hissing at him, which did very much affright him ; and the more so when he found it was not in his power to lay them, expecting every moment to be torn to pieces. This was in December, about midnight, when he continued there in a great sweat ; and from that time he was never well so long as he lived. In the course of his sickness, he often came to Mr. —, the apothecary, in Broad-street, concerning a cure ; but I know not whether he told him the original cause or not. He also came to me at the same time, and owned every matter as fact ; which he had told before unto the last ; and insisted that whenever he did any thing of that nature, he was deluded in his conscience to think it lawful ; but that he was since convinced to the contrary. But still asserted he made no compact with those spirits, never did harm to others by their means, nor ever pryed into the future fortune of himself or others : he expressed a hearty repentance for, and detestation of his sins ; so that though these matters cost him his life, yet I have room to believe him happy in the other world. I am not certain whether he gave this account to any other but myself, though he did relate something of



it to Mr. Bailey, minister of St. James, in the city. Perhaps your lordship may be further informed by his relations and neighbours of Mangotsfield, which is not above a mile out of the road to Bath. I have often told the story, but never mentioned his name before ; and therefore if your lordship has a mind to print such accounts as these, I beg it might be with such tenderness to his memory as he deserved, and so it may not be the least prejudice to his relations, who have the deserved character of honest, sober people

“ I am, with due respects,

“ Your lordship's son, and servant,

“ ARTHUR BEDFORD.”

*Murder prevented by a Three-fold Dream.*

MONDAY, April 2, 1781, I was informed by a person, in an eminent station, of a very uncommon incident.

He had occasion to correct, with a few stripes, a lad that lived with him at Rochester, which he resented so as to leave his place. But some time after he seemed to repent, humbled himself, and was received again.—He now behaved in a most becoming manner, and was doubly diligent in his service.

But his mistress dreamed one night, that this lad was going to cut her throat. And she had a twin sister, between whom and her there is so strange a sympathy, that if either of them is ill, or particularly affected at any time, the other is so likewise. This sister wrote to her, from another part of the kingdom, that she had dreamed the same thing. She carried this letter to her father, a gentleman that lives not far off, and was surprised to hear, that he likewise, on the same night, had a dream to the same effect.

The lad had been observed to come up about noon into his lady's apartment, with a case-knife in his



hand ; and being asked, Why he did so ? he said he was going into the adjoining room, to scrape the dirt off from his master's embroidered clothes.

His master now took the lad aside, and examined him strictly. And denying it for a considerable time, it was at length extorted from him, "That he had always remembered, with indignation, his master's severity to him, and that he had fully resolved to be revenged ; but in what particular manner he would not confess." On this he was totally dismissed without delay.

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### *Singular Dream.*

A POOR, but pious woman, now living at Deershaw, in the neighbourhood of Holmfirth, Yorkshire, having a large family, chiefly dependant upon her for subsistence, was necessitated, during those days of scarcity with which Britain was afflicted, to attempt making brooms, in order to procure a homely but scanty meal for her helpless children. She disposed of them in the adjacent villages ; but being self-taught, this necessary article of her manufacture was not so neat and serviceable as those sold by others : the consequences were, her customers complained—her trade declined—her children were nearly starving—her mind was much pained—and she earnestly cried unto the Lord, humbly and simply entreating him to instruct her in her little and mean employment. The Lord God of Elijah, whose eyes are over the righteous, and whose ears are open unto their prayers, condescended to listen to her petition.

That the high and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, taketh knowledge of our mean affairs, and that even the hairs of our head are numbered, is sufficiently demonstrable from scripture. To this truth, experience also adds its testimony ; and assures us, that he is not unmindful of the "fowls of the air ;" neither



is he regardless of the most trivial circumstance that happens to his meanest follower.

Not many nights had elapsed, after soliciting the kind regard of heaven, ere she had the following remarkable dream. She fancied herself at work, deeply reflecting on her helpless situation, when a young person, of graceful figure and lovely countenance, came to her with a broom, and with the greatest affability presented it to her ; at the same time requesting her carefully to examine it. She readily complied. He then began to unfold it by little and little, and charged her to observe the manner thereof. After this he proceeded to put it together again, enjoining her to give diligent attention thereto. This completed, he suddenly disappeared, and she instantly awoke. So powerfully was her mind impressed by the circumstance, that, though it was midnight, she immediately arose, and began to fold a broom as nearly as possible in the way she had been directed ; which, when finished, was, as she supposes, the handsomest she ever made.

Her business from that time increased ;—her wants were liberally supplied ;—and, by means of this gracious interposition, her family has ever since been decently apparelled, and comfortably supported.

Thus verified are the words of Inspiration, "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger ; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

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### *A Prophetic Dream.*

MAURITIUS the emperor dreamed that himself and his whole stock were killed by one Phocas. He told his dream to Philippicus, his son-in-law. Inquiry being made if any could be found in his numerous army of that name, there was but one, and he a notary. He therefore supposed himself secure enough from one of so mean a fortune. Soon after there was



a mutiny in the army, upon the detention of their pay ; and in the tumult Phocas was saluted emperor. The army returned towards Constantinople ; Mauritius fled to Chalcedon, where both he and his whole progeny, by the command of Phocas, were put to death.

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*Presages of Death.*

THE Duke of Buckingham being to take his leave of his Grace of Canterbury, " My lord, (says the duke), I know your lordship has great influence over the king our sovereign. Let me pray you to put his majesty in mind to be good to my poor wife and children." At which words his grace being troubled, he took the liberty to ask him if he had any secret foreboding in his mind ? No, replied the duke ; but I think some adventure may kill me, as well as another man.

The very day before he was slain, feeling some indisposition of body, the king was pleased to honour him with a visit. The duke, at his majesty's departure, embraced him in a very unusual and passionate manner, and likewise his friend the Earl of Holland, as if he had known he should see them no more.

On the day of his death, the Countess of Denbigh (his sister) received a letter from him : who, while she was writing her answer, bedewed the paper with her tears ; and after a bitter passion of sorrow (whereof she could yield no reason) fell down in a swoon. Her letter ended thus : " I will pray for your happy return, which I look at with a great cloud over my head, too heavy for my poor heart to bear without torment ; but I hope the great God of heaven will bless you !"

The day following, the Bishop of Ely came to visit her ; but hearing she was at rest, waited till she awoke, which she did in a great fright ; for she had dreamt that her brother passed through a field with



her in the coach, where hearing a sudden shout, and asking the reason, it was answered, the Duke of Buckingham was sick : which she had scarce related to her gentlewoman, before the bishop entered into her bedchamber with an account of his death.

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*A Story taken from Josephus.*

GLAPHYRA, the daughter of king Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for his marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness ; when, in the midst of the pleasure she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her thus :—" Glaphyra, thou hast made good the old saying, That women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity ? Have not I children by thee ? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and a third ; nay, to take for thy husband a man who has so shamefully crept into the bed of his brother ? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever." Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after.

I thought this story might not be impertinent, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of Divine Providence. If any man think these facts incredible, let him enjoy his opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue.



*Providential Escape of Travellers.*

ON the borders of Scotland, James Dickinson and Jane Fearon (two Quakers) were travelling, on religious service, with a person who attended as a guide, to a town which they purposed to reach that night. But the weather being very inclement, and Jane much fatigued, they were desirous of accommodation short of the distance which they had at first intended to travel that day. Their guide assured them no such inn would present itself; but, being weary, and coming to a decent-looking house, James rode up to it, and inquired if they could be accommodated. They were told they could. This determined them to alight, contrary to the wish of their guide, who with a heavy heart took leave of them, saying, he could not be of further service to them. He had remonstrated strongly against their calling there at all, before they went up to the house, but did not choose to speak in the hearing of the family. They were introduced into a small room, with a fire in it, which opened into the common room where the family dwelt. There was every appearance of tolerable accommodation; the horses were taken care of, and their wet things put to dry. A posset was made, and a cold meat pie set for their supper: but on their first sitting down, they became very uneasy, which, however, each of them, not knowing how the other felt, they kept to themselves; until, at last, Jane said her apprehensions were so great, and her opinion of the family so bad, that she verily believed the pie to be made of human flesh; which, however, James Dickinson did not think was the case, as he had eaten of the pie, and thought it good. As they sat, Jane observed three ill-looking fellows come in, and, in a low voice, tell the landlady they had good horses. She answered, "Aye, and good bags too." James's uneasiness increasing, his mind became



closely engaged to seek for the cause, and for divine counsel how to act. Under this exercise he was induced to believe, that if they kept close to the divine intimation they should be preserved, and a way would be made for their escape. On this he inquired about their lodgings, saying, they had to write, and proposed to retire soon. They were shown into a chamber, on the side of the yard, with two beds in it, but without any bolt to the door. Observing a form, they tried it, by setting one end to the door; it would just wedge in between it and the foot of one of the beds. Being thus secured, Jane sat down on one of the beds, and manifested her distress; wringing her hands, and saying, she believed they should in that house lose their lives. James sat down by her, desiring her to be still; told her he had been under similar apprehensions, after they had entered the house, but that after deep exercise, seeking for divine direction, his mind had been favoured with *that* which had never deceived him, and believed, if he carefully minded its *pointings*, they should be directed how to escape. On this they sat in perfect silence some considerable time, attentively waiting for light how to act. At length James told her the time for them to fly for their lives was now come; and having observed a door opposite to that they came in at, which led to a pair of stone stairs on the outside of the house next to the road, they believed that was the way for them to escape. They pulled off their shoes, and softly opened the door, when they perceived, by a light through a chink between the first stone and the house, a woman sharpening a large knife. They went softly down the steps, and forward on the road, until they were out of hearing. They thus walked away as fast as possible. When they were distant about half a mile from the house, under very heavy rain, they discovered a hovel, where they tried to rest themselves, but found, by the painful impressions renewed upon their minds, that this was not safe. Then, notwith-



standing excessive weariness, James urged the necessity of exertion, under the firm hope that they should be preserved.

They proceeded until they came by the side of a stream, the course of which they followed to a bridge, over which they attempted to pass, but were restrained when upon it. James said that was not their way. So they returned, and went down the course of the water, which, as they proceeded, widened greatly. James stopt at about the distance of half a mile from the bridge, and told his companion they must cross at that place, which exceedingly alarmed her, having given way to so much discouragement, that she could scarcely lay hold of any hope that they should not totally sink under their present situation. She told James she apprehended, if they went into the water they should be drowned: but he endeavoured to cheer her, reminding her of the evidence he had been blessed with, that they should be preserved if they kept their faith, having their eye on divine direction; which he believed had led them thus far, and their way was through the water at that place, and that they should also get safe. Whereupon, with the hold of his arm, she ventured, and they got safe to the other side. Walking on, they came to a sand-bank, and here, sitting down, James said, "I am not easy, we must go farther." Upon which Jane Fearon said, "Well, I must go by thy faith; I know not what to do." Then proceeding a little way further, they found another sand-bank, wherein was a cavity. Here they sat down. After they had continued some time, James said, "I am now easy, and believe we are perfectly safe, feeling in my heart a song of thanksgiving and praise." Jane replied, "I am so far from that, I cannot say, The Lord have mercy upon me." When they had been about half an hour, they heard a noise of some people on the opposite side of the river. Upon which J. Dickinson finding Jane alarmed, and thence fearing they should be discovered, softly said



to her, "Our lives depend on our silence." Attentively hearkening, they heard them distinctly say, "Seek them, Keeper;" and believed they were the men they had seen in the house accompanied with a dog; that the dog refusing to go over the bridge, had followed the scent of their feet along the river side to the place where they had crossed, where stopping, the people repeatedly cried, "Seek them, Keeper." This they not only heard, but saw the people with a lantern. They also heard one of them say, "There they crossed the river;" and the reply of another, "That's impossible, unless the devil took them over, for the river is brim full." After wearying themselves a considerable time in their search, they went away, and were seen no more. When day-light appeared, they saw a man on a hill at some distance, looking about him in every direction. They continued quiet in their retreat until some time after sun-rise, when, taking a view of their situation, they discovered that, under the sand-bank, they might have been seen from the other side of the river; whereas the place they remained in was shaded from view; an advantage they had been ignorant of, as they could not make the observation the night before. How to recover their horses, saddle-bags, &c. excited some consideration. James Dickinson proposed that they should return for them; which was done, after he had kindly replied to his companion's suggestions of fear, that he believed horses and bags would be ready for them, and that no question would be asked, nor should they see an individual of the people they had seen the preceding evening. Still Jane was afraid, till encouraged again by J. D., who told her she might safely venture, being convinced by that which never deceived him. They returned to the house, found their horses standing in the stable saddled, the bags upon them, their clothes dried and laid ready to put on, and they saw no person but an old woman sitting in a corner by the fire-side, whom they did not remember to have seen the night before. They asked



her what they had to pay, discharged it, and proceeded on their journey. Some time after, James Dickinson, travelling the same way on religious service, passing by the place where the house had stood, found it pulled down, and totally destroyed. On inquiring what was the cause of the house being thus in ruins, he was told, that, a short time after he and Jane were there, some travellers, who were observed to go there to lodge, were missing, and the house having been long under a bad name, the people being strongly suspected of murdering many that went there, the neighbourhood rose with a general consent, and beset the house. They took up the people, and, on searching the premises, found the bodies of the above who were missing, together with many others in different states of decay, who had been evidently murdered, with some parts of their bodies wanting; much clothes were also found, supposed to belong to the murdered. The people were tried, five were executed, and the house razed to the ground.

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### *Fulfilment of a Dream.*

PERSONS are said to have had the period of their own death pointed out to them in dreams. I have often heard the case of the late Mr. M., of D——, related in support of this statement. It is certainly worth telling, not on account of any supernatural character belonging to it, but simply from the extraordinary coincidence between the dream and the subsequent event. This gentleman dreamed one night that he was out riding, when he stopped at an inn on the road-side for refreshment, where he saw several people whom he had known some years before, but who were all dead. He was received kindly by them, and desired to sit down and drink, which he accordingly did. On quitting this strange company, they exacted a



promise from him that he would visit them that day six weeks. This he promised faithfully to do ; and, bidding them farewell, he drove homewards. Such was the substance of his dream, which he related in a jocular way to his friends, but thought no more about it, for he was a person above all kinds of superstition. The event, however, was certainly curious enough, as well as melancholy ; for, on that very day six weeks on which he had engaged to meet his friends at the inn, he was killed in attempting to spring his horse over a five-barred gate.

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### *Extraordinary Dream.*

A MAN named Neale, who was given to dissolute and intemperate habits, had been spending the day at a public-house, which he left at a late hour in the evening in a state of complete intoxication, to return to his home, distant about two miles. The landlord endeavoured to prevail on him to stop all night, seeing that he was in a very unfit state to travel on horseback, and having a wide and rather rapid river to cross. He however, could not prevail on him, and the next morning, his horse was found, saddled and bridled at a farm-house on the opposite side of the river. This circumstance led to an inquiry as to what had become of Neale ; and, it being found that he had left the inn in the state described above, and that he had not reached home, no doubt was entertained but that he was drowned in attempting to cross the ford. Several persons immediately proceeded to search for him, but without success. In the course of the day, the farmer at whose gate the horse was found called upon a neighbour (the father of the narrator, *who was also present*), to consult with him as to what further steps it was prudent to take. While they were deliberating, a person, who lived at a *considerable distance*, came



up and requested to speak with Mr. C., the narrator's father. He said he came in consequence of a dream he had had the night previous, respecting a man named Neale. He had dreamed that he was drowned in crossing the river, and that the body was lying opposite a certain part of Mr. C.'s meadows, which he thought he could point out. He said he had inquired at Neale's house in passing, and found that he was missing, which induced him to come on, to make further investigation. Mr. C. had but little faith in dreams; nevertheless, as the proofs were so easy and immediately available, the whole party, including the narrator, with the addition of two or three farming servants, proceeded to the river, and conducted by the stranger, went straight to the very spot, where they found the body of Neale lying in three feet water, and about as many furlongs from the ford he had attempted to cross! The singularity of the circumstances excited some suspicion that foul play had been used; and a close investigation of all the facts of the case was instituted at the coroner's inquest subsequently held upon the body. Every inquiry, however, tended to clear the party suspected from the slightest implication in the man's death. He was a sober, steady man, and it was proved by persons resident in the same house with him, that he had spent the previous evening with his family, and retired to bed at his usual early hour; his wife corroborated his account as to his dream, and spoke to the strong impression it appeared to have made on his mind. The landlord of the public house where Neale spent the day, proved that no one else was there when he left it, nor had the suspected party frequented his house at all. In addition to this, the body, when examined, exhibited no marks of violence, and evidently had not been robbed; the watch and purse of the deceased being found in his pockets. Such being the case, a general verdict of "found drowned" was returned, with an accompanying nar-



rative stating the circumstances of the case, and exonerating the man who found the body from all suspicion as to a participation in the death.

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*Remarkable Dreams.*

THE following case, given by Dr. Abercrombie, occurred to a particular friend of his own, and he assures us that it may be relied on in the most minute particulars :—

1. "The gentleman was at the time connected with one of the principal banks in Glasgow, and was at his place at the tellers' table where money is paid, when a person entered, demanding payment of a sum of six pounds. There were several people waiting who were, in turn, entitled to be attended to before him, but he was extremely impatient, and rather noisy ; and being besides a remarkable stammerer, he became so annoying, that another gentleman requested my friend to pay him his money and get rid of him. He did so accordingly, but with an expression of impatience at being obliged to attend to him before his turn, and thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, the books of the bank could not be made to balance, the deficiency being exactly six pounds. Several days and nights had been spent in endeavouring to discover the error, but without success, when at last my friend returned home, much fatigued, and went to bed. He dreamt of his being at his place in the bank, and the whole transaction of the stammerer, as now detailed, passed before him in all its particulars. He awoke under the full impression that the dream was to lead him to the discovery of what he was so anxiously in search of ; and, on examination, he soon discovered that he had neglected to enter the sum which he had paid to this person in the manner now mentioned,



and which exactly accounted for the error in the balance."

Dr. Abercrombie considers this case as one of the most remarkable mental phenomena connected with dreaming, and he confesses himself incapable of conceiving upon what principle the neglect of entering the money was recalled, as there was no consciousness at the time of any such fact, the importance of the case resting not upon his having paid the money, but upon his having neglected to insert the payment.

2. "A clergyman had come to Edinburgh from a short distance in the country, and was sleeping at an inn, when he dreamt of seeing a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. He awoke with the impression, and instantly left the town on his return home. When he arrived within sight of his house, he found it on fire, and got there in time to assist in saving one of his children, who, in the alarm and confusion, had been left in a situation of danger."

3. "A gentleman in Edinburgh was affected with aneurism of the popliteal artery, for which he was under the care of two eminent surgeons, and the day was fixed for the operation. About two days before the time appointed for it, the wife of the patient dreamt that a change had taken place in the disease, in consequence of which the operation would not be required. On examining the tumour in the morning, the gentleman was astonished to find that the pulsation had entirely ceased, and, in short, this turned out to be a spontaneous cure. To persons not professional, it may be right to mention, that the cure of popliteal aneurism without an operation, is a very uncommon occurrence, not happening perhaps, in one out of numerous instances, and never to be looked upon, as probable in any individual case."

4. The following still more remarkable dream is given by Dr. Abercrombie as entirely authentic:—

"A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and the dream oc-



curred more than once. She was then so impressed by it, that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning, the gentleman, hearing footsteps in the stairs, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hurried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress's fire—which, at three o'clock in the morning, in the middle of the summer, was evidently impossible; and on further investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals.

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*Extract from a Carlou Journal, published in  
January, 1824.*

A YOUNG lady, who died in this town, had been some time previous to her death attended by a gentleman of the medical profession. On the evening of her decease, as this gentleman was sitting in company with a friend of his, and in the act of taking a glass of punch, he imagined he saw the lady walking into the room where himself and his friends were sitting, and, having but a few hours before visited her, and found her in a dying state, the shock that his nerves experienced was so great, that the glass which held the punch fell from his hand, and he himself dropped on the floor in a fainting fit. After he had perfectly recovered himself, and made inquiry about the lady it was ascertained that, a few minutes before the time the medical gentleman imagined he had seen her in his friend's apartment, she had departed this life.



*Singular Interposition of Providence.*

SIR HARRY LEE, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, ancestor to the late Earls of Litchfield, had a mastiff, which guarded the house and yard, but had never met with the least particular attention from his master, and was retained for his utility only, and not from any motive of regard. One night, as his master was retiring to his chamber, attended by his *faithful* valet (an Italian), the mastiff silently followed up stairs, which he had never been known to do before, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in his bed-room. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out, which being complied with, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling loudly for admission. The servant was sent to drive him away ; discouragement could not check his intended labour of love, or rather providential impulse : he returned again, and was more importunate than before to be let in : at length Sir Harry, weary of opposition, opened the door himself and let him in, that he might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff, with a wag of his tail and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up to him, and then crawling under the bed, laid himself down as if desirous to take up his night's lodgings there. To save further trouble, but not from any partiality to his company, this indulgence was allowed. About the solemn hour of midnight, the chamber-door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Sir Harry started from his sleep ; the dog sprung from his covert, and, seizing the unwelcome disturber by the throat, fixed him to the spot. All was dark ; and Sir Harry rang his bell in great trepidation, in order to procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff roared out for assistance. It was found to be the valet, who little expected such a reception. He en-



deavoured to apologize for his intrusion, and to make the reason which induced him to take this step appear plausible ; but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, all raised suspicion in Sir Harry's mind, and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate. The perfidious Italian, alternately terrified by the dread of punishment, and soothed with the hopes of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to have murdered his master and then rob the house. This diabolical design was frustrated only by the instinctive attachment of the dog to his master, which seemed to have been directed on this occasion by the interference of Providence. How else could this poor animal know the meditated assassination ? How else could he have learnt to submit to injury and insult for his well-meant service, and finally seize and detain a person, who, it is probable, had shown him more kindness than his owner had ever done ? It may be impossible to reason on such a subject, but the facts are indisputable, and a full-length picture of Sir Harry with the mastiff by his side, and the words, "*More faithful than favoured,*" are still to be seen at the family seat at Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, about five miles from Woodstock, and are a lasting monument of the gratitude of the master, the ingratitude of the servant, and the fidelity of the dog.

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*Apparition seen by Lady Pennyman.*

At the commencement of the French Revolution, Lady Pennyman and her two daughters retired to Lisle, where they hired a large and handsome house at a very trifling rent. During their residence in this abode, the lady received from her husband, Sir John Pennyman, a draft for a considerable sum, which she carried to the banker of the town, and requested to



have cashed. The man, as is much the custom on the continent, gave her a large portion of silver in exchange. As Lady Pennyman was proceeding to pay some visits, she requested that the banker would send the money to her house, of which she described the situation. The parcel was instantly committed to the care of a porter ; and, on the lady's inquiring of him whether he understood, from her directions, the place to which his charge was to be conveyed, the man replied that he was perfectly aware of the place designated, and that it was called the " Haunted House." The latter part of this answer was addressed to the banker in a low tone of voice, but was overheard by Lady Pennyman : she paid, however, no attention to the words, and naturally supposed that the report connected with her habitation was one of those which are raised by the imagination of the ignorant respecting every dwelling which is long untenanted, or remarkable for its antiquity.

A few weeks afterwards, the words were recalled to her recollection in a manner that surprised her : the housekeeper, with many apologies for being obliged to mention any thing that might appear so idle and absurd, came to the apartment in which her mistress was sitting, and said that two of the servants, who had accompanied her ladyship from England, had that morning given warning, and expressed a determination of quitting her ladyship's service, on account of the mysterious noises by which they had been, night after night, disturbed and terrified. " I trust, Carter," replied Lady Pennyman, " that you have too much good sense to be alarmed on your own account by any of those superstitious and visionary fears ; and pray exert yourself in endeavouring to tranquillize the apprehensions of others, and persuade them to continue in their places " The persuasion of Carter was ineffectual ; the servants insisted that the noises which had alarmed them were not the operation of any earthly beings, and persevered in their resolution of returning to their native country.



The room from which the sounds were supposed to have proceeded was at a distance from Lady Pennyman's apartments, and immediately over those which were occupied by the two female servants, who had themselves been terrified by them, and whose report had spread a general panic through the rest of the family. To quiet the alarm, Lady Pennyman resolved on leaving her own chamber for a time, and establishing herself in the one which had been lately occupied by the domestics.

The room above was a long spacious apartment, which appeared to have been for a length of time deserted. In the centre of the chamber was a large iron cage: it was an extraordinary piece of furniture to find in any mansion, but the legend which the servants had collected respecting it appeared to be still more extraordinary: it was said that a late proprietor of the house, a young man of enormous property, had in his minority been confined in that apartment by his uncle and guardian, and there hastened to a premature death by the privations and cruelties to which he was exposed: those cruelties had been practised under the pretence of necessary correction. It was alleged that "he was idle, stubborn, inattentive, and of an untoward disposition, which nothing but severity could improve." In his boyhood, frequent chastisements, continued application, and the refusal of every interval of relaxation, were in vain essayed to urge and goad him to the grave, and to place his uncle in the possession of the inheritance: his constitution struggled with the tyranny of his unnatural relation, and, wasted as it was by the unmitigated oppression, still resisted with an admirable vitality the efforts which were ingeniously aimed against his existence. As he drew nearer the age in which he would have been legally delivered from the dangers and impositions of his uncle, his life was subjected to more violent and repeated severities; every, even the slightest offence was succeeded by the most rigorous inflictions,



The iron cage was threatened, was ordered, was erected in the upper chamber. At first, for a few weeks, it remained as an object of terror only : it was menaced that the next transgression of his guardian's wishes would be punished by a day's imprisonment in the narrow circle, without the possibility of rest, or the permission of refreshment. Twice the cage was threatened and remitted, from an affected show of mercy, and the better to cover and palliate the premeditated enormities : the youth, who was about sixteen, from the dread of this terrible infliction, applied himself with sleepless diligence to labours difficult to be accomplished, and extended, purposely extended, beyond the capacity of the student ; his lessons were exacted, not in proportion to his abilities, but his endeavours and performance.

The task-master eventually conquered : then followed the imprisonment, and the day without food. Again the imposition was set ; again executed with painful exertion ; again lengthened ; again discovered to be impracticable, and again visited with the iron cage, and the denial of necessary subsistence. The savage purpose of thus murdering the boy, under the pretence of a strict attention to his interest or his improvement, was at last successful : the lad was declared to be incorrigible : there was a feigned necessity of more severe correction : he was sentenced to two days' captivity and privation. So long an abstinence from food and rest was more than his enfeebled frame and his broken spirits could endure ; and, on his uncle's arriving, with the show of an hypocritical leniency, an hour previous to the appointed time, to deliver him from the residue of his punishment, it was found that death had anticipated the false mercy, and had emancipated the innocent sufferer for ever from the hands of the oppressor.

The wealth was won ; but it was an unprofitable acquisition to him who had so dearly purchased it. "What profit is it," demands the voice of revelation-



“if a man should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” His conscience haunted him; the form of the dead and inoffensive boy was constantly before him. His dreams represented to his view the playful and beautiful looks that won all eyes towards him, while his parents were yet alive to cheer and delight him; and then the vision of his sleep would change; and he would see his calm suffering, and his silent tears, and his patient endurance, and his indefatigable exertions in attempting the accomplishment of difficult exactions, and his pale cheek and his wasted limbs, and his spiritless countenance; and then, at last, there was the rigid, bony, and distorted form, the glazed open eye, the mouth violently compressed, and the clenched hands, on which his view had rested for a moment, when all his wicked hopes had attained their most sanguine consummation, as he surveyed the corpse of his murdered relative. These recollections banished him from his home; the mansion was left tenantless; and, till Lady Pennyman ignorantly engaged it, all had dreaded to become the inmates of a dwelling which had been fatal to one possessor, and shunned as destructive to the tranquillity of his heir.

On the first night or two of Lady Pennyman's being established in her new apartment, she met with no interruption; nor was her sleep in the least disturbed by any of those mysterious noises in the Cage-chamber (for so it was commonly called in the family) which she had been induced to expect by the representations of the departed servants. This quiet, however, was of very short duration; one night she was awoke from her sleep by the sound of a slow and measured step, that appeared to be pacing the chamber over head; it continued to move backwards and forwards with nearly the same constant and regular motion for rather more than an hour—perhaps Lady Pennyman's agitation may have deceived her, and induced her to think the time longer than it really was. It at length ceased; morning dawned upon



her. The lady naturally felt distressed by the occurrence of the night ; it was in every point of view alarming ; if she doubted its being the effect of a preternatural communication, there was only another alternative, which was almost equally distressing—to suppose that there were means of entering the house, which were known to strangers, though concealed from the inhabitants. She went down to breakfast, after framing a resolution not to mention the event.

Lady Pennyman and her daughters had nearly completed their breakfast before her son, a young man who had lately returned from sea, descended from his apartment.—“My dear Charles,” said his mother, “I wonder you are not ashamed of your indolence and your want of gallantry, to suffer your sisters and myself to finish breakfast before you are ready to join us.”—“Indeed, madam,” he replied, “it is not my fault if I am late. I have not had any sleep all night. There have been people knocking at my door, and peeping into my room every half hour since I went up stairs to bed. I presume they wanted to see if my candle was extinguished. If this be the case, it is really very distressing ; as I certainly never gave you any occasion to suspect I should be careless in taking so necessary a precaution ; and it is not pleasant to be represented in such a light to the domestics.”—“Indeed, my dear, the interruption has taken place entirely without my knowledge. I assure you it is not by any order of mine that your room has been looked into ; I cannot think what could induce any servant of mine to be guilty of such a liberty. Are you certain that you have not mistaken the nature and origin of the sound by which your sleep has been disturbed ?”—“Oh, no ; there could have been no mistake. I was perfectly awake when the interruption first took place, and afterwards it was so frequently repeated as to prevent the possibility of my sleeping.”

More complaints from the housekeeper ; no servant



would remain ; every individual of the family had his tale of terror to increase the apprehensions of the rest. Lady Pennyman began to be herself alarmed. Mrs. Atkins, a very dear and approved friend, came on a visit to her : she communicated the subject which had so recently disturbed the family, and requested her advice. Mrs. Atkins, a woman devoid of every kind of superstitious fear, and tried courage, understanding, and resolution, determined at once to silence all the stories that had been fabricated respecting the Cage Room, and to allay their terrors by adopting that apartment for her own bed-chamber during the remainder of her residence at Lisle. It was in vain to oppose her purpose : she declared that no half-measure could be so effectual : that if any of the family were to sleep there, though their rest might be perfectly undisturbed, it would have no efficacy in tranquilizing the agitation of the family ; since the servants would naturally accuse either Lady Pennyman or her son of being interested witnesses, and doubt of the fact of their having reposed in the centre of the ghost's dominions, without undergoing any punishment for the temerity of their invading them. A bed was accordingly placed in the apartment. The Cage Room was rendered as comfortable as possible on so short a notice ; and Mrs. Atkins retired to rest, attended by her faithful spaniel, saying, as she bade them all good night, " I and my dog, I flatter myself, are equal to compete with a myriad of ghosts ; so let me entreat you to be under no apprehension for the safety of Rose and myself."

Mrs. Atkins examined her chamber in every imaginable direction ; she sounded every pannel of the wainscot to prove that there was no hollowness, which might argue a concealed passage ; and, having bolted the door of the Cage Room, retired to rest, confident that she was secure against every material visitor, and totally incredulous of the airy encroachments of all spiritual beings. Her assurance was doomed to be



short-lived ; she had only been a few minutes asleep when her dog, which lay by her bed side, leaped, howling and terrified, upon the bed ; the door of the chamber slowly opened, and a pale, thin, sickly youth came in, cast his eyes mildly towards her, walked up to the iron cage in the middle of the room, and then leaned in the melancholy attitude of one revolving in his mind the sorrows of a cheerless and unblest existence : after awhile he again withdrew, and retired by the way he entered.

Mrs. Atkins, on witnessing his departure, felt the return of her resolution : she was reassured in her original belief in the impossibility of all spiritual visitations : she persuaded herself to believe the figure the work of some skilful impostor, and she determined on following the footsteps : she took up her chamber-lamp, and hastened to put her design into execution. On reaching the door, to her infinite surprise, she discovered it to be fastened, as she herself left it on retiring to bed. On withdrawing the bolt and opening the door, she saw the back of the youth descending the staircase : she followed till, on reaching the foot of the stairs, the form appeared to sink into the earth. It was in vain to attempt concealing the occurrences of the night : her voice, her manner, the impossibility of sleeping a second time in the ill-omened chamber would necessarily betray that something of a painful and mysterious nature had occurred.

The event was related to Lady Pennyman : she determined to remain no longer in her present habitation. Another residence was offered in the vicinity of Lisle, which she engaged, on the pretext of its being better calculated to the size of her family ; and at once relinquished the house, and with it every preternatural occasion of alarm and anxiety.



*Extracts from the Rev. D. Simpson's work, entitled, "A Discourse on Dreams and Night-Visions."*

1. A CHILD about nine or ten years of age, was sent to Mr. P——, a bank director, from Portugal, for its education. A servant woman usually stayed by the child till she went to sleep. One night the child waked screaming, My papa is drowned! my papa is drowned! The servant tried to pacify her in vain, and called Mrs. P—— into the chamber to the child. But all that could be said or done was to no effect; for the child continued screaming, My papa is drowned!—I saw the boat turn over, and my papa in it!

All the family, both gentlemen and ladies, thought the circumstance so extraordinary, that they made a memorandum of it, and the time it happened, in writing, and the event proved, that the child's father was drowned at that very time. For he with several other gentlemen had dined on board an East India vessel, and stayed late in the evening: but having some urgent business to attend early in the morning, he hailed a fishing boat to carry him on shore; which boat was overset, and he was drowned.

2. W—— A—— sent his eldest son to the East Indies in the rank of a midshipman. When the ship had sailed from Liverpool about five months, Mr. A—— dreamt that he saw his son thrown over the side of the vessel, and the ship pass over him. He awoke much agitated, and told his wife the dream. She used every argument to invalidate the force of such a chimerical vision, but to no purpose; for he continued strongly prepossessed with a belief that his son was actually dead. The event was, that the young man had died of a fever, and was interred in the waves of the sea, sewed up in a sheet, that very night his father dreamt he saw him thrown over the side of the vessel.



3. About the year 1774, a considerable number of families, went out of Yorkshire to settle in Nova Scotia. Among others was one man, whose name was Brian Kay, that lived near Northallerton. He was possessed of a small property, and a family of several children, some of whom were grown up to be men and women. The eldest of the daughters had been upon a very intimate footing with a person of the same age, named Polly Smith, who was a near neighbour. When these two girls parted, great was their mutual distress, She that went to Nova Scotia particularly requested from her friend to let her know how matters stood in England ; at the same time assuring her, whatever happened to her in Nova Scotia, she would let her know, either one way or another. These were her last words to Polly Smith. Accordingly, Kay and his family set sail from Liverpool. Some weeks after they were gone, this same Polly Smith had a most afflictive dream or vision concerning her absent friend. It was on the 2d of June, 1774, about one o'clock in the morning. She thought the room where she lay was full of light, and she saw Betty Kay, her friend, standing by her bed-side all in white, with her face looking as though she was dead. O Betty, said she, what is the matter, thou lookest so ill ? What is not Nova Scotia as good as old England ? Betty answered, No, no ; but it is a good while since I left Nova Scotia. Polly asked her where her father and mother, and all the rest of the children were ? She said, They were then in Nova Scotia. Polly asked her what they built their houses on ? She said, Most of them on wood. Polly asked her various other questions, all which she answered, and then showed her a letter about the size of a Reading-made-easy, which had two seals on it. Betty then said, Your father will receive such a letter as this from my father, which will tell you all. Polly then became quite awake, and Betty lifted up her hands and eyes to heaven, and sunk down with three dreadful groans, and disappeared. Immediately the room was all dark.



This dream or vision made a prodigious impression upon the mind of the young woman. She told it next morning to her father and mother, and other friends, with many tears. They did all that in them lay to convince her it was but a dream, and ought not to be regarded ; but all to no purpose. Her health was greatly affected by the anxiety of her mind, and she continually affirmed, that her friend was dead, and did not doubt but such a letter would arrive as Betty had let her see. From this time, which was in June, as we have observed above, she kept anxiously looking for the letter in question, till near Martinmas, when Polly's father received a letter from the said Brian Kay, exactly of the size and shape of that which Polly had seen in her sleep, sealed with two seals, and giving a full account of the death of both his eldest daughters, and all the misfortunes which had befallen them to that time, just as had been represented in the night-vision.

4. A certain lady was married to a gentleman, whose circumstances were involved, and a short time afterwards he was obliged to leave his family and go abroad to repair his shattered fortune. He left his wife in the care of a gentleman, whom he thought his friend, but in that was mistaken. The lady was young, well-accomplished, and very beautiful. Her guardian proved a villain, and tried every art to gain the lady's affections. But finding his wiles made no impression upon her, he had recourse to stratagem. The plan was so deeply couched, that the lady's innocence would, most probably, have been a victim to his vile pursuit, had not a dream alarmed and determined her to avoid the danger.

She dreamt she was going to a strange house, close to which appeared a thicket, in the form of a labyrinth. This labyrinth she entered, and followed its windings till they terminated in a small open space, in which there stood a horse, pasturing. The moment the horse saw her, it reared up and plunged, and then



ran full speed towards her, with its mouth open, and its two fore-feet lifted up, as meant to trample her down. She was dreadfully affrighted, and looked round to make her escape, but found no passage for retreat. However, being determined, if possible, to avoid the furious animal, which threatened her destruction, she ran into the hedge, which was full of quick-thorns and briars. Just as she entered the hedge, a great black man, like a monstrous negro, burst from the hedge, and engaged the horse for some time, and at last slew him. When the horse fell dead to the ground, the black man called to her, and bid her come and view him. She trembled every limb, more afraid, if possible, of the man, than she was before of the horse. She durst not, however, disobey him, but went tremblingly forward. When she came to the place where the horse lay and the man stood, Look here, said he, and see who lies before you in the disguise of a horse. He ripped open the horse's skin, and showed her the gentleman whom her husband had intrusted her to the care of, and then said, Look at me. She did so, and saw an angel, who instantly disappeared.

Her fright awaked her, and made so deep an impression upon her mind, that she wrote to the gentleman the next day, and related to him her dream. This so shocked him, that he ever after desisted from his hidden wicked purpose. He confessed to her his horrid designs, begged her forgiveness, and became a great penitent. The dream, notwithstanding, was literally fulfilled in part ; for this gentleman's affairs fell into disorder, and he was obliged to assume a disguise seven years after, and go into a part of the kingdom where he was not known, to avoid a prosecution for debt. He took a fictitious name, and died in that state, without any one around him knowing who he really was, till his family took his corpse away. Marvellous as this story appears, it is nevertheless true.



5. Mrs. R—— some years ago dreamt she saw her youngest child, who was then an infant about nine months old, stretched a corpse, with rags upon its eyes, and placed on a broad landing in the stair-case. She waked in a sad fright, and was so rejoiced to find it a dream, that she put on her night-gown and slippers, and run up to the nursery, where the babe was laid in the arms of his wet nurse. She took up the child, kissed him, and wept over him bitterly, from the dream having made such an impression upon her spirits. The child's nurse was much surprised, and inquired the cause. I thought I saw him dead, replied the mother, and you weeping at his feet.

In seven months after, when the dream was forgot, till all the occurrences took place, exactly as they had been dreamt, the child died. The corpse was stretched upon a twilight table in a dressing-room. The child's grandmother, entering the room, found it very close and hot, and the child's eyes a little open. She therefore took two half-pennies and wrapped them in bits of fine linen, and laid them on the child's eyes to close them up. Which done, she removed the corpse to the landing of the stairs, and went down. The nurse, who was up another pair of stairs, was sent to fetch something, and found the corpse removed, and stood weeping over it. When the child's mother descended the stairs, and saw them both just as she had dreamt seven months before, she was so struck, that she sunk down upon the stairs. The nurse cried out, I know, madam, what you are thinking of. Pray, Ellen, said the mother, what is it?—Your dream, replied the nurse. The mother never was so affected as when she found the corpse in the stair-case. But neither she nor the nurse knew at that time by whose means the child was placed there.

6. While the above child was buried, Mrs. R—— sent another of her sons, about five years and four months old, to the house of a friend in the country, to be out of the way of the funeral, while every pre-



caution was used to prevent his knowing that his brother was dead. On his return home, and seeing the nurse without his little brother, he inquired for him. She and the servants told him, his brother was gone to the house of a relation in the country whom he well knew. But how could you let him go, nurse, said the child, without you? The nurse replied, He must not suck any longer, he is now got well again. Is he? said the child, and asked no more questions concerning him. In the course of a few days after, the child came to the chamber door of his father and mother very early in the morning; and, knocking hard, with great impatience desired to be let into the room. His father called out to bid him go back to the nursery. No, said the child, I will come in. Upon this the door was opened, and in he went, with no other covering but his shirt. Surprised to see the child in that situation, they called him to go to bed to them. This he refused to do, but addressed himself to his father with great earnestness, saying, No, papa, I will not come to you, nor to my mamma neither; no, never! for you have put my brother Billy in a box, and put him in the pit-hole; you have; and you will put me there by and bye; you will. All this time he wept bitterly. His parents fetched him to them, and tried every method to divert the child from this idea, and to compose his mind. When he was pacified they inquired who had told him such stories? This question set him a weeping afresh. He replied, however, that it was his brother Billy had told him so himself. How could your brother tell you so? said his father: you know he cannot talk. Yes, papa, said the child, but he can, and walk too; for he came into my room, and said, Brother Tommy, papa and mamma have put me in a box into the pit-hole, and they will put you there by and bye. Why, Tom, you talk nonsense, said his father; and then offered him a bribe to inform him who had told him such stuff. But the child kept to his story, and added



that his brother Billy was grown very tall, and could walk as well as any person, and talk too, and wore a white dress with a train to it.

When his parents went down stairs they strictly interrogated the servants whether they had any of them told the child of his brother's death: but they all made the most solemn declarations, that they had never heard him mention his brother, but the first time when he questioned the nurse, nor had any thing been said to him on the subject.—He lived just seventeen months after his brother, and then took a sudden illness, and died in the space of two days.

7. Mr. A—— was a man of brilliant talents, lively wit, and that sort of accommodating turn, which procured him the attention of people in the most distinguished ranks of life. His temper was extremely volatile, and led him into some gay and fashionable vices; while, in other respects, he had great merit, being a good husband, a good father, and a very domestic man. His mind had been injured by reading deistical authors, and living in the society of certain persons who professed those tenets. While this was his situation, a sudden turn of fortune took place in his affairs, and he was reduced from a state of ease and affluence to a state of all but indigence. His mind was badly suited to meet such a shock. He tried to conceal it from his family and friends, hoping by certain experiments in business to retrieve his affairs. All his attempts, however, proved abortive, and only contributed to hasten much the faster the entire ruin of the family. Sometime before this reverse of fortune took place, his eldest daughter went into France with a party of ladies for education. About the time of Easter, a French pedlar called upon the ladies with his merchandize, consisting of a great variety of curious prints and painted pictures. They all became purchasers, and determined to send a chosen set of the prints, as a present to Mr. A——, his wife and daughters, by the first mail to England. The



parcel that contained the pictures arrived at the house of Mr. A—— in London about three o'clock in the afternoon; and by the footman was placed, with other letters, in Mr. A.'s closet. Mr. A—— being gone to the Queen's palace did not return home to dinner till half-past four o'clock. As soon as he entered the dining-room, Mrs. A—— told her husband of the letters. He ordered them to be brought to him. And on perceiving one of them very large he opened it; which he had no sooner done, but he cried out, sunk down in his chair, and fainted away. When he recovered, he faintly said to his wife, Do you remember what I said to you this morning when you awaked me? Yes, very well. Pray what was it? You appeared greatly agitated in your sleep, I feared you were ill and awaked you. But what did I say to you at that time? You told me, that I had disturbed you in a very interesting moment, for that you were dreaming the sky opened, and a hand appeared holding a small figure representing our Saviour upon a cross. Mr. A—— then took the picture, painted upon vellum, that had first presented itself to him in the parcel, and showed it to his wife and daughters. The young ladies immediately said, Papa, that is exactly like what you told us you dreamt you saw when mamma waked you this morning.

This occurrence Mr. A—— endeavoured to shake off his mind, but to no purpose. The conviction of a separate existence pursued him into every place. All his deistical reasonings failed him. His mind became perplexed, his circumstances more so. His gay friends forsook him. The world reproached him. His mind was in darkness and horror. He wished for death, but durst not look that way. Thus he lived in perpetual conflicts between Christianity and Infidelity, with much despair, and but little hope. At length he left his family, retired into a small country village, where, like a hermit, he spent his time in penitence and prayer. In about a year he died, at a distance



from all his friends, meek, humble, and resigned, a thorough convert from Deism to Christianity.—Such was the issue of his dream.

8. The lady of Sir Watkin William Wynne some years ago dreamt, two or three times in one night, that her husband was killed by a fall from his horse in hunting; and on his awaking in the morning, he ordered the huntsman to get the hounds ready, for that he intended to hunt that day, but his lady entreated him not to go. He desired to know her reason for objecting to his going then, as she had never done before. She was unwilling to tell him her dream, fearing she should be laughed at by him. But on his urging it, she told him what she had dreamt. He, as she supposed, laughed heartily at her, saying, He would certainly go now, in order to let her see there was nothing in dreams. He went—was thrown from his horse—and killed—just as had been represented to his lady in her dream.

9. Several of the cases before related are very surprising, and, if true, undoubtedly supernatural. The following narrative which I have since met with, is very much out of the common way, and appears highly incredible. The late Mr. Wesley, however, believed it, and gave his reasons for so doing. Those reasons with the narrative itself, I will here submit to the reader's consideration, and leave him to form what judgment he thinks proper both of it and them.

May 25, 1768, and the two following days, being at Sunderland, I took down, from one who had feared God from her infancy, one of the strangest accounts I ever read. And yet I can find no pretence to disbelieve it. The well-known character of the person excludes all suspicion of fraud. And the nature of the circumstances themselves excludes the possibility of a delusion.

It is true there are several of them which I do not comprehend. But this is with me a very slender ob-



jection. For what is it which I do comprehend, even of things I see daily? Truly not

“The smallest grain of sand or spire of grass.”

I know not how the one grows, or how the particles of the other cohere together. What pretence have I then to deny well-attested facts, because I cannot comprehend them?

It is true likewise, that the English in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions, as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it: and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment, which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. I take knowledge, these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised, and with such insolence spread throughout the nation, in direct opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrage of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations. They well know, (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up witchcraft is, in effect, giving up the Bible. And they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air (deism, atheism, materialism) falls to the ground. I know no reason, therefore, why we should suffer even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands. Indeed there are numerous arguments besides, which abundantly confute their vain imaginations. But we need not be hooted out of one neither reason nor religion require this.

One of the capital objections to all these accounts, which I have known urged over and over, is this, “Did you ever see an apparition yourself?” No: nor did I ever see a murder. Yet I believe there is such a thing: yea, and that in one place or another murder is committed every day. Therefore I cannot as a reasonable man deny the fact; although I never saw it and perhaps never may. The testimony of unexceptionable



witnesses fully convinces me both of the one and the other.

But to set this aside, it has been confidently alleged, that many of these have seen their error, and have been clearly convinced, that the supposed preternatural operation was the mere contrivance of artful men. The famous instance of this, which has been spread far and wide, was the drumming in Mr. Mompesson's house at Tedworth ; who, it was said, acknowledged, "It was a trick, and that he had found out the whole contrivance." Not so. My eldest brother, then at Christ-Church, Oxon, inquired of Mr. Mompesson, his fellow collegian, "whether his father had acknowledged this or not?" He answered, "The resort of gentlemen to my father's house was so great, that he could not bear the expense. He therefore took no pains to confute the report that he had found out the cheat : although he and I, and all the family, knew the account which was published to be punctually true."

This premised, I proceed to as remarkable a narrative as any that has fallen under my notice. The reader may believe it if he pleases ; or may disbelieve it, without any offence to me. Meantime let him not be offended if I believe it, till I see better reason to the contrary.

1st. Elizabeth Hobson was born in Sunderland, in the year 1744. Her father dying when she was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man, brought her up as his own daughter. She was serious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God. Yet she had deep and sharp convictions of sin, till she was about sixteen years of age, when she found peace with God, and from that time the whole tenor of her behaviour was suitable to her profession.

On Wednesday, May 25th, 1768, and the three following days, I talked with her at large. But it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows :

2nd. From my childhood, when any of our neigh-



bours died, whether men, women, or children, I used to see them either just when they died or a little before. And I was not frightened at all, it was so common. Indeed many a time I did not then know they were dead. I saw many of them by day, and many by night. Those that came when it was dark, brought light with them. I observed all little children and many grown persons had a bright, glorious light around them. But many had a gloomy dismal light, and a dusky cloud over them.

3rd. When I told my uncle this, he did not seem to be at all surprised at it. But several times he said, "Be not afraid: only take care to fear and serve God. As long as he is on your side, none will be able to hurt you." At other times he said (dropping a word now and then, but seldom answering me any questions about it), "Evil spirits very seldom appear, but between eleven at night and two in the morning. But after they have appeared to a person a year, they frequently come in the day time. Whatever spirits, good or bad, come in the day, they come at sun-rise, at noon, or at sun-set.

4th. When I was between twelve and thirteen, my uncle had a lodger, who was a very wicked man. One night I was sitting in my chamber, about half an hour after ten, having by accident put out my candle, when he came in all over on a flame. I cried out, "William, why do you come in so to frighten me?" He said nothing, but went away. I went after him into his room; but I found he was fast asleep in bed. A day or two after he fell ill, and within the week died in raging despair.

5th. I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to cross into a low ground which was said to be haunted. Many persons had been frightened there: and I had myself often seen men and women (so many, at times, that they are out of count) go just by me and vanish away. This morning, as I



came towards it, I heard a confused noise, as of many people quarrelling. But I did not mind it, and went on, till I came near the gate. I then saw on the other side a young man drest in purple, who said, "It is too early; go back from whence you came. The Lord be with you and bless you." And presently he was gone.

6th. When I was about sixteen, my uncle fell ill, and grew worse and worse for three months. One day having been sent out on an errand, I was coming home through a lane, when I saw him in the field coming swiftly towards me. I ran to meet him, but he was gone. When I came home I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bed-side, he clasped his arms round my neck; and bursting into tears earnestly exhorted me to continue in the ways of God, kept his hold, till he sunk down and died; and even then they could hardly unclasp his fingers. I would fain have died with him, and wished to be buried with him, dead or alive.

7th. From that time I was crying from morning till night, and praying that I might see him. I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning about one o'clock, as I was lying crying as usual, I heard some noise, and rising up, saw him come to the bed-side. He looked much displeased, shook his head at me, and in a minute or two went away.

8th. About a week after I took my bed and grew worse and worse, till in six or seven days my life was despaired of. Then about eleven at night, my uncle came in, looked well pleased, and sat down on the bed-side. He came every night after at the same time, and stayed till cock-crowing. I was exceeding glad, and kept my eyes fixed upon him all the time he stayed. If I wanted to drink or any thing, though I did not speak or stir, he fetched it, and set it on the chair by the bed-side. Indeed I could not speak; many times I strove, but could not move my tongue. Every morning when he went away he waved his



hand to me, and I heard delightful music, as if many persons were singing together.

9th. In about six weeks I grew better. I was then musing one night, Whether I did not well in desiring he might come? And I was praying, that God would do his own will, when he came in, and stood by the bed-side. But he was not in his usual dress: he had on a white robe which reached down to his feet. He looked quite well pleased. About one, there stood by him a person in white, taller than him, and exceeding beautiful. He came with the singing as of many voices, and continued till near cock-crowing. Then my uncle smiled and waved his hand towards me twice or thrice. Then went away with inexpressible sweet music, and I saw him no more.

10th. In a year after this, a young man courted me, and in some months we agreed to be married. But he purposed to take another voyage first, and one evening went aboard his ship. About eleven o'clock, going out to look for my mother, I saw him standing at his mother's door with his hands in his pockets, and his hat pulled over his eyes. I went to him, and reached my hand to put up his hat. But he went swiftly by me, and I saw the wall on the other side of the lane part as he went through, and then immediately close after him. At ten the next morning he died.

11th. A few days after, John Simpson, one of our neighbours, a man that truly feared God, and one with whom I was particularly acquainted, went to sea as usual. He sailed out on a Tuesday. The Friday night following, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I heard one walking in my room, and every step sounded as he was stepping in water. He then came to the bed-side in his sea-jacket, all wet, and stretched his hand over me. Three drops of water fell on my breast, and felt as cold as ice. I strove to awake his wife, who lay with me; but I could not, any more than if she was dead. Afterwards I heard



he was cast away that night. In less than a minute he went away. But he came to me every night, for six or seven nights following, between eleven and two. Before he came, and when he went away, I always heard sweet music. Afterwards he came both day and night: every night about twelve, with the music at his coming and going, and every day at sun-rise, noon, and sun-set. He came whatever company I was in; at church, in the preaching-house, at my class: and was always just before me, changing his posture as I changed mine. When I sat he sat; when I kneeled he kneeled; when I stood, he stood likewise. I would fain have spoken to him, but I could not; when I tried, my heart sunk within me: meantime it affected me more and more, so that I lost both my stomach, my colour, and my strength. This continued ten months, while I pined away, not daring to tell any one. At last he came four or five nights without any music, and looked exceeding sad. On the fifth night he drew the curtains of the bed violently to and fro; still looking wishfully at me, and as one quite distressed. This he did two nights. On the third, I lay down about eleven, on the side of the bed. I quickly saw him walking up and down the room. Being resolved to speak to him, but unwilling any should hear, I rose and went up into the garret. When I opened the door, I saw him walking toward me, and shrunk back; on which he stopped and stood at a distance. I said, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what is your business with me?" He answered, "Betsy, God forgive you, for keeping me so long from my rest. Have you forgot what you promised before I went to sea? To look to my children, if I was drowned? You must stand to your word, or I cannot rest." I said, "I wish I was dead." He said, "Say not so. You have more to go through before then. And yet, if you knew as much as I do, you would not care how soon you died.—You may bring the children on in



their learning while they live: they have but a short time." I said, "I will take all the care I can." He added, "Your brother has wrote for you to come to Jamaica; but if you go it will hurt your soul. You have also thoughts of altering your condition: but if you marry him you think of, it will draw you from God, and you will be neither happy here nor hereafter. Keep close to God, and go in the way wherein you have been brought up." I asked, "How do you spend your time?" He answered in songs of praise. But of this you will know more by and by: for where I am, you will surely be. I have lost much happiness by coming to you: and I should not have stayed so long without using other means to make you speak, but the Lord would not suffer me to fright you. Have you any thing more to say? It draws near two, and after that I cannot stay. I shall only come to you twice before the death of my two children. God bless you." Immediately I heard such singing as if a thousand voices joined together. He then went down stairs, and I followed him to the first landing. He smiled, and I said, "I desire you will come back." He stood still till I came up to him. I asked him one or two questions, which he immediately answered; but added, "I wish you had not called me back, for now I must take something from you." He paused a little, and said, "I think you can best part with the hearing of your left ear." He laid his hand upon it, and in the instant it was deaf as a stone. And it was several years before I recovered the least hearing of it. The cock crowed as he went out of the door, and then the music ceased. The eldest of his children died at about three years and a half, the youngest before he was five years old. He appeared before the death of each, but without speaking; after that I saw him no more.

12th. A little before Michaelmas, 1763, my brother George, who was a good young man, went to sea. The day after Michaelmas-day, about midnight, I



saw him standing by my bed-side, surrounded by a glorious light, and looking earnestly at me. He was wet all over. That night the ship in which he sailed split upon a rock, and all the crew were drowned.

13th. On April 9, 1767, about midnight, I was lying awake, and I saw my brother John standing by my bed-side. Just at that time he died in Jamaica.

14th. By his death I became entitled to a house in Sunderland, which was left us by my grandfather, John Hobson, an exceeding wicked man, who was drowned fourteen years ago. I employed an attorney to recover it from my aunts, who kept possession of it. But finding more difficulty than I expected, in the beginning of December I gave it up. Three or four night after, as I rose from prayer, a little before eleven, I saw him standing at a small distance. I cried out, "Lord bless me! what brings you here?" He answered, "You have given up the house: Mr. Parker advised you so to do: but if you do I shall have no rest. Indeed Mr. Dunn, whom you have hitherto employed, will do nothing for you. Go to Durham: employ an attorney there, and it will be recovered." His voice was loud, and so hollow and deep, that every word went through me. His lips did not move at all (nor his eyes), but the sound seemed to rise out of the floor. When he had done speaking, he turned about and walked out of the room.

15th. In January, as I was sitting on the bed-side, a quarter before twelve, he came in, stood before me, looking earnestly at me, then walked up and down, and then stood and looked again. This he did for half an hour: and thus he came every other night, for about three weeks. All this time he seemed angry, and sometimes his look was quite horrid and furious. One night I was sitting up in bed crying, when he came and began to pull off the clothes. I strove to touch his hand, but could not; on which he shrunk back and smiled.



16th. The next night but one, about twelve, I was again sitting up and crying, when he came and stood by the bed-side. As I was looking for my handkerchief he walked to the table, took one up, brought and dropped it upon the bed. After this, he came three or four nights, and pulled the clothes off, throwing them on the other side of the bed.

17th. Two nights after he came, as I was sitting on the bed-side, and after walking to and fro, snatched the handkerchief from my neck. I fell into a swoon. When I came to myself he was standing just before me. Presently he came close to me, dropt it on the bed, and went away.

18th. Having had a long illness the year before, having taken much cold by his frequent pulling off the clothes, and being worn out by these appearances, I was now mostly confined to my bed. The next night, soon after eleven, he came again. I asked, "In God's name, why do you torment me thus? You know it is impossible for me to go to Durham now. But I have a fear that you are not happy, and beg to know whether you are or not?" He answered, after a little pause, "That is a bold question for you to ask. So far as you knew me to do amiss in my life-time, do you take care to do better." I said, "It is a shocking affair to live and die after that manner." He replied, "It is no time for reflections now: what is done cannot be undone." I said, "It must be a great happiness to die in the Lord." He said, "Hold your tongue! hold your tongue! At your peril, never mention such a word before me again!" I was frightened, and strove to lift up my heart to God. He gave a shriek, and sunk down at three times, with a loud groan at each time. Just as he disappeared, there was a large flash of fire, and I fainted away.

Three days after, I went to Durham, and put the affair into Mr. Hugill the attorney's hands. The next night, about one, he came in, but on my taking up the Bible went away. A month after, he came



about eleven. I said, "Lord, bless me! what has brought you here again?" He said, "Mr. Hugill has done nothing but writ one letter; you must write or go to Durham again. It may be decided in a few days." I asked, "Why do you not go to my aunts, who keep me out of it?" He answered, "I have no power to go to them. And they cannot bear it. If I could, I would go to them, were it only to warn them; for I doubt, where I am, I shall get too many to bear me company." He added, "Take care; there is mischief laid in Peggy's hands; she will strive to meet you coming from your class. I do not speak to hinder you from going to it, but that you may be cautious. Let some one go with you, and come back with you, though whether you will escape or no I cannot tell." I said, "She can do no more than God will let her." He answered, "We have all too little to do with him. Mention that word no more. As soon as this is decided, meet me at Boyldon-hill, between twelve and one at night." I said, "That is a lone place for a woman to go to at that time of night. I am willing to meet you at the Ballast-hills, or in the church-yard." He said, "That will not do. But what are you afraid of?" I answered, "I am not afraid of you, but of rude men." He said, "I will set you safe, both thither and back again." I asked, "May I not bring a minister with me?" He replied, "Are you thereabouts? I will not be seen by any but you. You have plagued me sore enough already. If you bring any with you, take what follows."

From this time he appeared every night, between eleven and two. If I put out the fire and candle, in hopes I should not see him, it did not avail. For as soon as he came, all the room was light, but with a dismal light, like flaming brimstone. But whenever I took up the Bible, or kneeled down, or prayed in my heart, he was gone.

On Thursday, May 12, he came about eleven, as I



was sitting by the fire. I asked, "In God's name, what do you want?" He said, "You must either go or write to Durham. I cannot stay from you till this is decided, and I cannot stay where I am." When he went away, I fell into a violent passion of crying, seeing no end of my trouble. In this agony I continued till after one, and then fell into a fit. About two I came to myself, and saw standing at the bed-side, one in a white robe, which reached down to his feet. I cried, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—" He said, "The Lord is with you. I am come to comfort you. What cause have you to complain and murmur thus? Why do you mourn thus for your friends? Pray for them, and leave them to God. Arise and pray." I said, "I can pray none." He said, "But God will help you: only keep close to God. You are backward likewise in praying with others, and afraid to receive the Lord's supper. Break through that backwardness and fear. The Lord bless you, and be ever with you!" As he went away, I heard many voices singing Hallelujah, with such melody as I never heard before. All my trouble was gone, and I wanted nothing but to fly away with them.

Sat. 28. About twelve, my grandfather stood at the bed-side. I said, "In God's name what do you want?" He said, "You do not make an end of this thing: get it decided as soon as possible. My coming is as uneasy to myself as it can be to you." Before he came there was a strong smell of burning, and the room was full of smoke, which got into my eyes, and almost blinded me for some time after.

Wednesday, June 21. About sunset, I was coming up stairs at Mrs. Knot's, and I saw him coming towards me out of the opposite room. He went close by me on the stair-head. Before I saw him I smelt a strong smell of burning, and so did Miss Hosmor. It got into my throat, and almost stifled me. I sat down, and fainted away.

On Friday, July 3, I was sitting at dinner, when I



thought I heard one come along the passage. I looked about, and saw my aunt, Margaret Scott, of Newcastle, standing at my back. On Saturday I had a letter, informing me that she died on that day." Thus far Elizabeth Hobson.

On Sunday, July 10, I received the following letter from a friend to whom I recommended her:—

"Sunderland, July 6, 1768.

"I wrote you word before that Elizabeth Hobson was put in possession of the house. The same night her old visitant, who had not troubled her for some time, came again and said, "You must meet me at Boyldon-hill on Thursday night, a little before twelve. You will see many appearances, who will call you to them; but do not stir, neither give them any answer. A quarter after twelve I shall come and call you; but still do not answer nor stir. She said, "It is an hardship upon me for you to desire me to meet you there. Why cannot you take your leave now?" He answered, "It is for your good that I desire it. I can take my leave of you now. But if I do I must take something from you, which you will not like to part with." She said, "May not a few friends come with me?" He said, "They may, but they must not be present when I come."

That night, twelve of us met at Mr. Davison's, and spent some time in prayer. God was with us of a truth. Then six of us went with her to the place, leaving the rest to pray for us. We came thither a little before twelve, and then stood at a small distance from her. It being a fine night, we kept her in our sight, and spent the time in prayer. She stood still there till a few minutes after one. When we saw her move, we went to meet her. She said, "Thank God it is all over and done. I found every thing as he told me. I saw many appearances, who called me to them, but I did not answer nor stir. Then he came and called me at a distane, but I took no notice. Soon after he came up to me and said, 'You are come



well fortified.' " He then gave her the reasons why he required her to meet him at that place ; and why he could take his leave there, and not in the house, without taking something from her. But withal he charged her to tell no one ; adding, " If you disclose this to any creature, I shall be under a necessity of troubling you as long as you live. If you do not, I shall never trouble you, nor see you any more, either in time or eternity." He then bid her farewell, waved his hand, and disappeared.—*Wesley's Works*, Vol. 32, p. 180—189.

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### *The White Lady.*

"The very first sounds that attract the ears of childhood, are tales of another life—foolishly are they called tales of superstition ; for, however disguised by the vulgarity of the narration, and the distortion of fiction, they tell him of those whom he is hastening from the threshold of life to join, with whom he must soon be, and be for ever."

MATURIN.

THE story which I am about to relate has reference to a subject often discussed and little understood—the connexion which exists between this shifting scene and the world of spirits. It is of little import to the reader whether I am a sceptic or a convert to the theory. It may be more material for him to be assured that he is troubled with the details on the authority of one whose fortitude I have often witnessed. And for whose veracity I could pledge my own. I give the story, as nearly as I can recollect, in her own words.

"You know the Mannerings of Cheshire, and remember their seat, Ashley Park. It was when I had just left school that I accompanied my intimate friend, Miss Mannering, on a visit to her mother at Ashley. Mrs. Mannering was a widow, blessed with an ample fortune and great animal spirits, who laughed, and ate,



and talked, and played the kind hostess, and delighted in seeing every one happy about her: who thanked God that she had 'not a nerve in her body;' and hoped she should die as she had lived—'comfortably.' The house was crowded with company; and Mrs. M. made an apology for being obliged to assign to me, as my bed-chamber, the 'Cedar Room.' It was a large, fine, old apartment, wainscotted with cedar, and, from there being a door at each end of it, which led to different parts of the house, had, on high days, and holydays, been used as an anti-chamber.—There were no old pictures—no Gothic furniture—no tapestry—to predispose the imagination to superstitious feelings, or to foster in the mind melancholy forebodings.

"The windows were sashed—the fire place good, but neither Gothic nor over large—and the room itself, though of unusual dimensions, had the appearance of antiquity, unaccompanied by any thing sombre. We had been dancing, and I went to bed in high spirits. It was between two and three in the morning, when I awoke with a start, and saw distinctly a female figure passing through my room. I inquired without fear, who was there. There was no answer. The figure proceeded slowly onwards, and disappeared at the door. It struck me as being singular; but knowing the house to be filled with company, and that the greater part were strangers to the endless labyrinth of staircase and anti-room which over-run the mansion, I concluded some heedless guest had mistaken my chamber—or that one of the servants, forgetting the circumstance of it being inhabited, had literally put it to its old use—a passage room. At all events, thought I, it will be cleared up at breakfast; and without feeling any alarm, or attaching any importance to the incident, I struck the hour by my watch, and fell asleep. The next morning I was somewhat startled by finding both the doors locked on the inside, and by recollecting with what care I had turned the key the preceding evening.



The breakfast-bell, however, disturbed the train of my ruminations: I hurried hastily down stairs, and thought no more on the subject. In the course of conversation, my kind hostess inquired how I had slept. 'Very soundly,' said I; 'except that I was rather surprised by some one who, no doubt by mistake, passed through my room at two this morning.' Mrs. Mannering looked earnestly at me, seemed on the point of asking me a question, checked herself, and turned away.

"The next night I went to bed earlier, and, at nearly the same hour, the figure appeared. But there was no doubt *now* upon my mind. On this occasion, I saw the face. Its pale countenance—its large, melancholy black eyes—its step noiseless, as it glided over the caken floor, gave me a sensation that I can never forget. Terrified as I was, I fixed my eyes on it. It stood before me—then slowly receded; when it reached the middle of the room, stopped—and while I looked at it, *was not*. I own it affected me strangely. Sleep for the remainder of the night was impossible. And though I endeavoured to fortify my mind, by recollecting all I had heard and read against the theory—to persuade myself that it was illusion, and that I should see no more of it—I half determined to conclude my visit at once, or, at all events, to change my room immediately. Morning came—bright sunny morning—and the race-ball of the morrow, and a dread of the ridicule which would follow my determination, overpowered my resolution. I was silent, and—I stayed.

"The third night came. I confess, as the evening drew in, I shuddered at the idea of going to bed. I made excuses—I talked over the events of the night—I played—I sung—I frittered away minute after minute—and so well did my stratagem succeed, that two, the dreaded hour, was past long ere I entered my room. I admit that had I retired to rest, on the *first* evening of my visit at Ashley, with the impres-



sions that, in spite of myself, forced themselves upon me in *this*, imagination might then have claimed a part in what I witnessed. But the feelings were wholly distinct. On the first night, I had seen nothing—knew nothing. On this, I was steeling my mind against the worst.

“After a determined and minute investigation of the room—after a thorough examination of every closet and corner—after barring and bolting each door with a beating heart—a woman’s fears (shall I confess it?) stole over me; and hastily flinging myself on the bed, I muffled up my face entirely in the clothes. After lying in this manner for two hours in a state of agony that baffles all description, I ventured to cast a hurried glance round the room. It must be, I thought, near day-break. It was so: but by my side stood the figure—her form bent over me—her face so close to mine that I could have touched it—her white drapery leaning over me, so that my slightest motion would have discomposed it; I looked again to convince myself that it was no deception, and—have no recollection of any thing further.

“When I came to myself it was nearly noon. The servants, and indeed Mrs. Mannering herself, had repeatedly knocked at the door, and receiving no answer, were unwilling to disturb me. My kind hostess was alone in the breakfast-room when I entered, and was preparing to rally me on my early hours, when, evidently struck by my appearance, she inquired if I was well. ‘Not particularly,’ said I, faintly; ‘and if you will allow me, I return home this morning.’ She looked at me in silence for some moments, and then said with emphasis, ‘Have you any particular reason? Nay, I am sure you have,’ she continued, as her keen penetrating eye detected an involuntary tremor. ‘I have no concealments,’ was my reply, and immediately detailed the whole transaction. She heard me gravely, without interruption, or expressing any surprise. ‘I am grieved, beyond mea-



sure, my dear young friend, for the event ; I certainly have heard strange and unaccountable stories about that room ; but I always treated them as idle tales, quite unworthy of credit. This is the first time for years it has been occupied, and I shall never cease to reproach myself for having tried the experiment. But, for God's sake,' she added, 'don't mention it: assure me, promise me, you will not breathe a syllable on the subject to any living being. If, among these ignorant and superstitious people, this inexplicable occurrence should once get wind, not a servant would stay with me.' I assented ; and on all her offers of a different room, pressing entreaties to remain, and promises of fresh arrangements, I put a decided negative. Home I returned that morning.

"A long interval elapsed before I again visited Ashley. Miss Mannering, my kind and warm-hearted friend, had sunk into an early grave: and I had had in the interim to stem the torrent of affliction, and buffet with its waves. At length, a most pressing and personal invitation brought me under Mrs. Mannering's roof. There I found her sister, who, with three young children, were laughing and revelling away their Christmas. Lady Pierrepont was one of those fortunate women who, by dint of undaunted assurance, and, as poor Richard informed his friends 'an unparalleled tongue,' had contrived to have her own way through life. Her first exploit, on coming to Ashley, was to fix upon the cedar-room for the children. In vain poor Mrs. Mannering pointed out its faults. She 'was afraid they would find it cold.' Her ladyship 'wished them to be hardy.'—'It was out of the way.'—'So much the better ; their noise would not be troublesome.'—'I fear,' went on Mrs. Mannering.—'Don't know what it is,' said Lady Pierrepont. 'In short,' she continued, with her imperturbable face, 'this room or none:' and Mrs. Mannering, not daring to avow the real cause of her fears, yet feeling that further contest was useless,



saw with feelings of horror the little cribs and rocking-horses, nurses and nine-pins, formally established in the dreaded apartment.

“ Things went on very smoothly for a fortnight ; no complaints of the cedar-room transpired ; and Mrs. Mannering was congratulating herself on the happy turn affairs had taken, when one day, on her going into the nursery, she saw her little nephews busily engaged in packing up their playthings. ‘ What are you tired of Ashley, and going to leave me ?—‘ Oh, no, aunt,’ they shouted one and all ; ‘ Oh, no ; but we’re going to hide away our toys from the White Lady : she came last night, and Sunday night, and she’d such large black eyes—and she stood close by our cribs—just here, aunt. Who is she, do you know ?—for Fred says she never speaks. What does she do here, and what does she want ?’

“ ‘ What a wretched miserable woman I am !’ cried the panic-struck Mrs. Mannering. ‘ Every hope I had entertained of this abominable room is dashed to the ground for ever ; and if, by any chance, Lady Pierrepont should discover—Oh, they must be moved directly. Ring the bell. Where’s the house-keeper ? I’ll give no reason—I’ll *have* no reason. Oh, my dear departed Mannering, to what sorrows have you not exposed your disconsolate widow !’ In spite of all inquiries, interrogatories, and surmises, moved the little Pierreponts were that very evening. Our precautions, however, were all but defeated ; for one of the little magpies began after dinner—‘ Mamma, I’ve something to tell you about the White Lady.’ He was instantly crammed almost to suffocation with sweetmeats. The rest were very shortly trundled out of the room, choking with *bon bons*. And I shall never forget the piteous expression of Mrs. Mannering’s countenance, as she passed me with her party, or her declaration—‘ God forgive me ; but I see very clearly this White Lady will put me in my grave.’



“The room was then shut up for some years, and I can give no account of what passed at Ashley in the interim. The last time I was there was on the day on which young Mannering came of age. His mother had been receiving the loud and rustic, but not on that account the less sincere, congratulations of the tenants on the lawn, when she was told her more courtly visitors were awaiting her in the drawing-room. On this occasion the sins of the cedar-room were forgotten, and it was once more used as an anti-chamber. To enter it, throw off her shawl and bonnet, and ran to a large swing glass which stood near a window, was the work of an instant. She was hastily adjusting her dress, when she started, for she saw—reflected at full length in the glass beside her—*the Figure of the White Lady!*”

“It was days before the brain-fever, which her fright and her fall brought on, would allow her to give any connected account of what till then appeared an inexplicable occurrence. Her reason and recollection gradually returned, but her health—never. A few weeks afterwards she quitted Ashley Park for—the grave!”

— Colleye, Cambridge,  
July 16, 1827.

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“*Death Tokens*” in Wales.

IN a wild and retired district in North Wales, the following occurrence took place, to the great astonishment of the mountainers. We can vouch for the truth of the statement, as many members of our own *teutu*, or clan, were witnesses of the fact. On a dark evening, a few winters ago, some persons, with whom we are well acquainted, were returning to Barmouth on the south or opposite side of the river. As they approached the ferry-house at Penthryn, which is



directly opposite Barmouth, they observed a light near the house, which they conjectured to be produced by a bonfire, and greatly puzzled they were to discover the reason why it should have been lighted. As they came nearer, however, it vanished; and when they inquired at the house respecting it, they were surprised to learn that not only had the people there displayed no light, but they had not even seen one; nor could they perceive any signs of it on the sands. On reaching Barmouth, the circumstance was mentioned, and the fact corroborated by some of the people there, who had also plainly and distinctly seen the light. It was settled, therefore, by some of the old fishermen, that this was a "death-token;" and, sure enough, the man who kept the ferry at that time was drowned at high-water a few nights afterwards, on the very spot where the light was seen. He was landing from the boat, when he fell into the water, and so perished. The same winter the Barmouth people, as well as the inhabitants of the opposite banks, were struck by the appearance of a number of small lights, which were seen dancing in the air at a place called Borthwyn, about half a mile from the town. A great number of people came out to see these lights: and after a while they all but one disappeared, and this one proceeded slowly towards the water's edge, to a little bay where some boats were moored. The men in a sloop, which was anchored near the spot, saw the light advancing—they saw it also hover for a few seconds over one particular boat, and then totally disappear. Two or three days afterwards, the man to whom that particular boat belonged was drowned in the river, while he was sailing about Barmouth harbour in that very boat.—We have narrated these facts just as they occurred.—*Fraser's Magazine.*



*The Broken Heart.*

[From the Diary of a late Physician.]

THERE was a large and gay party assembled one evening, in the memorable month of June, 1815, at a house in the remote western suburbs of London.—Thronged of handsome and well-dressed women—a large retinue of the leading men about town—the dazzling light of chandeliers blazing like three suns overhead—the charms of music and dancing—together with that tone of excitement then pervading society at large, owing to our successful continental campaigns, which maddened England into almost daily annunciations of victory: all these circumstances, I say, combined to supply spirit to every party. In fact, England was almost turned upside down with universal feting! Mrs. —, the lady whose party I have just been mentioning, was in ecstasy at the *eclat* with which the whole was going off, and charmed with the buoyant animation with which all seemed inclined to contribute to the evening's amusement. A young lady, of some personal attractions, most amiable manners, and great accomplishments—particularly musical—had been repeatedly solicited to sit down to the piano, for the purpose of favouring the company with the favourite Scottish air, "The Banks of Allan Water." For a long time, however, she steadfastly resisted their importunities, on the plea of low spirits. There was evidently an air of deep pensiveness, if not melancholy, about her, which ought to have corroborated the truth of the plea she urged. She did not seem to gather excitement with the rest; and rather endured, than shared, the gaities of the evening. Of course, the young folks around her of her own sex whispered their suspicions that she was in love; and, in point of fact, it was well known by several present, that Miss — was



engaged to a young officer who had earned considerable distinction in the Peninsular campaign, and to whom she was to be united on his return from the continent. It need not, therefore, be wondered at, that a thought of the various casualties to which a soldier's life is exposed—especially a bold and brave young soldier, such as her intended had proved himself—and the possibility, if not probability, that he might, alas! never

“Return to claim his blushing bride”

—but he left behind among the glorious throng of the fallen—sufficed to overcast her mind with gloomy anxieties and apprehensions. It was, indeed, owing solely to the affectionate importunities of her relatives, that she was prevailed on to be seen in society at all. Had her own inclinations been consulted, she would have sought solitude, where she might, with weeping and trembling, commend her hopes to the hands of Him “who seeth in secret,” and “whose are the issues” of battle. As, however Miss ——'s rich contralto voice, and skilful powers of accompaniment, were much talked of, the company would listen to no excuses or apologies; so that the poor girl was absolutely *baited* into sitting down to the piano, when she ran over a few melancholy chords with an air of reluctance and displacency. Her sympathies were soon excited by the fine tones—the tumultuous melody—of the keys she touched—and she struck into the soft and soothing symphony of “The Banks of Allan Water.” The breathless silence of the bystanders—for nearly all the company was thronged around—was at length broken by her voice, stealing, “like faint blue gushing streams,” on the delighted ears of her auditors, as she commenced singing that exquisite little ballad, with the most touching pathos and simplicity. She had just commenced the verse,

“For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he,”

when, to the surprise of every body around her, she



suddenly ceased playing and singing, without removing her hands from the instrument, and gazed steadfastly forward with a vacant air, while the colour faded from her cheeks, and left them pale as the lily. She continued thus for some moments, to the alarm and astonishment of the company—motionless, and apparently unconscious of any one's presence. Her elder sister, much agitated, stepped towards her, placed her hand on her shoulder, endeavoured gently to rouse her, and said hurriedly, "Anne! Anne! what now is the matter?" Miss —— made no answer; but in a few moments after, without moving her eyes, suddenly burst into a piercing shriek!—Consternation seized all present.

"Sister—sister! Dear Anne, are you ill?" again inquired her trembling sister, endeavouring to rouse her, but in vain. Miss —— did not seem either to see her or hear her. Her eyes still gazed fixedly forward, till they seemed gradually to expand, as it were, with an expression of glassy horror. All present seemed utterly confounded, and afraid to interfere with her. Whispers were heard, "She's ill—in a fit—ran for some water. Good God! how strange. What a piercing shriek!" &c. At length Miss ——'s lips moved. She began to mutter inaudibly; but by and by those immediately near her could distinguish the words, "There!—there they are—with their lanterns! Oh! they are looking out for the *de—a—d!* They turn over the heaps. Ah! now—no!—that little hill of slain—see, see! they are turning them over, one by one. There!—*there he is!* Oh, horror! horror! horror! right through the heart!" and with a long shuddering groan, she fell senseless in the arms of her horror-struck sister. Of course all were in confusion and dismay—not a face present but was blanched with agitation and affright on hearing the extraordinary words which she uttered. With true delicacy and propriety of feeling, all those whose carriages had happened to have already arrived, instantly



took their departure, to prevent their presence embarrassing or interfering with the family, who were already sufficiently bewildered. The room was soon thinned of all, except those who were immediately engaged in rendering their service to the young lady; and a servant was instantly dispatched, with a horse, or me. On my arrival, I found her in bed (still at the house where the party was given, which was that of the young lady's sister-in-law). She had fallen into a succession of swoons ever since she had been carried up from the drawing-room, and was perfectly senseless when I entered the bed-chamber where she lay. She had not spoken a syllable since uttering the singular words just related; and her whole frame was cold and rigid—in fact, she seemed to have received some strange shock, which had altogether paralyzed her. By the use, however of strong stimulants, we succeeded at length in restoring her to something like consciousness, but I think it would have been better for her—judging from the event—never to have awoke again from forgetfulness. She opened her eyes under the influence of the searching stimulants we applied, and stared vacantly for an instant on those standing round her bed-side. Her countenance, of an ashy hue, was damp with clammy perspiration, and she lay perfectly motionless, except when her frame undulated with long deep-drawn sighs.

“Oh! wretched, wretched, wretched girl!” she murmured at length—“why have I lived till now? Why did you not suffer me to expire? He called me to join him—I was going—and you will not let me—but I *must* go—yes, yes.”

“Anne—dearest! Why do you talk so? Charles is gone—he will return soon—he will indeed”—sobbed her sister.

“Oh! never, never! You could not see what I saw, Jane.”—She shuddered—“Oh, it was frightful! How they tumbled about the heaps of the dead!—how they stripped—oh, horror, horror!”



“My dear Miss ——, you are dreaming—raving—indeed you are,” said I, holding her hand in mine. “Come, come—you must not give way to such gloomy, such nervous fancies—you must not indeed. You are frightening your friends to no purpose.”

“What do you mean?” she replied, looking me suddenly full in the face. “I tell you it is true! Ah me, Charles is dead—I know it—I saw him! Shot right through the heart! They were stripping him, when—” And heaving three or four short convulsive sobs, she again swooned. Mrs. ——, the lady of the house (the sister-in-law of Miss ——, as I think I have mentioned) could endure the distressing scene no longer, and was carried out of the room, fainting, in the arms of her husband. With great difficulty, we succeeded in restoring Miss —— once more to consciousness; but the frequency and duration of her relapses began seriously to alarm me. The spirit, being brought so often to the brink, might at last suddenly flit off into eternity, without any one’s being aware of it. I, of course, did all that my professional knowledge and experience suggested; and, after expressing my readiness to remain all night in the house, in the event of any sudden alteration in Miss —— for the worse, I took my departure, promising to call very early in the morning. Before leaving, Mr. —— had acquainted me with all the particulars above related; and, as I rode home, I could not help feeling the liveliest curiosity, mingled with the most intense sympathy, for the unfortunate sufferer, to see whether the corroborating event would stamp the present as one of those extraordinary occurrences, which occasionally “come o’er us like a summer cloud,” astonishing and perplexing every one.

The next morning, about nine o’clock, I was again at Miss ——’s bedside. She was nearly in the same state as that in which I had left her the preceding evening, only feeble; and almost continually stupified. She seemed, as it were, stunned with some severe, but invisible stroke; she said scarcely any thing, but often



uttered a low, moaning, indistinct sound, and whispered at intervals, "Yes—shortly, Charles, shortly—to-morrow." There was no rousing her by conversation: she noticed no one, and would answer no questions. I suggested the propriety of calling in additional medical assistance; and, in the evening, met two eminent brother physicians in consultation at her bed-side. We came to the conclusion that she was sinking rapidly, and that, unless some miracle intervened to restore her energies, she would continue with us a very little longer. After my brother physicians had left, I returned to the sick chamber, and sat by Miss ——'s bed-side for more than an hour. My feelings were much agitated at witnessing her singular and affecting situation. There was such a sweet and sorrowful expression about her pallid features, deepening, occasionally, into such hopelessness of heart-broken anguish, as no one could contemplate without deep emotion. There was, besides, something mysterious and awing—something of what in Scotland is called "second sight"—in the circumstances which had occasioned her illness.

"Gone—gone!" she murmured, with closed eyes, while I was sitting and gazing in silence on her, "gone—and in glory! Ah! I shall see the young conqueror—I shall! How he will love me! Ah! I recollect," she continued, after a long interval, "it was the 'Banks of Allan Water' those cruel people made me sing—and my heart breaking the same while! What was the verse I was singing when I saw—"—she shuddered—"oh!—this—

' For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he—  
On the banks of Allan Water  
None so gay as she;  
But the summer grief had brought her—  
And the soldier—false was he.'

Oh, no, no, never—Charles—my poor murdered Charles—never!" she groaned, and spoke no more



that night. She continued utterly deaf to all that was said in the way of sympathy or remonstrance; and, if her lips moved at all, it was only to utter, faintly, some such words as, "Oh, let me—let me leave in peace!" During the two next days she continued drooping rapidly. The only circumstance about her demeanour particularly noticed was, that she once moved her hands for a moment over the counterpane, as though she were playing the piano—a sudden flush overspread her features—her eyes stared, as though she were startled by the appearance of some phantom or other, and she gasped, "There, there!"—after which she relapsed into her former state of stupor.

How will it be credited, that, on the fourth morning of Miss ——'s illness, a letter was received from Paris by her family, with a black seal, and franked by the noble colonel of the regiment in which Charles —— had served, communicating the melancholy intelligence, that the young captain had fallen towards the close of the battle of Waterloo; for while in the act of charging at the head of the corps, a French cavalry officer shot him with his pistol right through the heart! The whole family, with all their acquaintance, were unutterably shocked at the news—almost petrified with amazement at the strange corroboration of Miss ——'s prediction.

How to communicate it to the poor sufferer was now a serious question, or whether to communicate it at all at present? The family at last, considering that it would be unjustifiable in them any longer to withhold the intelligence, entrusted the painful duty to me. I therefore repaired to her bed-side alone, in the evening of the day on which the letter had been received—that evening was the last of her life! I sat down in my usual place beside her, and her pulse, countenance, breathing, cold extremities—together with the fact, that she had taken no nourishment whatever since she had been laid on her bed—con-



vinced me that the poor girl's sufferings were soon to terminate. I was at a loss for a length of time how to break the oppressive silence. Observing, however, her fading eyes fixed on me, I determined, as it were accidentally, to attract them to the fatal letter, which I then held in my hand. After awhile she observed it; her eyes suddenly settled on the ample coroneted seal, and the sight operated something like an electric shock. She seemed struggling to speak, but in vain. I now wished to heaven I had never agreed to undertake the duty which had been imposed upon me. I opened the letter, and looking steadfastly at her, said, in as soothing tones as my agitation could command, "My dear girl—now, don't be alarmed, or I shall not tell you what I am going to tell you." She trembled, and her sensibilities seemed suddenly restored; for her eyes assumed an expression of alarmed intelligence, and her lips moved about like those of a person who feels them parched with agitation, and endeavours to moisten them. "This letter has been received to-day from Paris," I continued: "it is from Colonel Lord —, and brings word that—that—that—" I felt suddenly choked, and could not bring out the words. "That my Charles is *dead!*—I know it. Did I not tell you so?" said Miss —, interrupting me with as clear and distinct a voice as she ever had in her life. I felt confounded. Had the unexpected operation of the news I brought been able to dissolve the spell which had withered her mental energies, and afford promise of her restoration to health?

Has the reader ever watched a candle, which is flickering and expiring in its socket, suddenly shoot up into an instantaneous brilliancy, and then be utterly extinguished? I soon saw it was thus with poor Miss —. All the expiring energies of her soul were suddenly collected to receive this corroboration of her vision—if such it may be called—and then she would—



“ Like a lily drooping,  
Bow her head and die.”

To return : she begged me in a faltering voice, to read her all the letter. She listened with closed eyes, and made no remark when I had concluded. After a long pause, I exclaimed “ God be praised, my dear Miss ——, that you have been able to receive this dreadful news so firmly.”

“ Doctor ! tell me, have you no medicine that could make me weep ? Oh ! give it, give it me ; it would relieve me, for I feel a mountain on my breast—it is pressing me,” replied she feebly, uttering the words at long intervals. Pressing her hand in mine, I begged her to be calm, and the oppression would soon disappear.

“ Oh—oh—oh—that I could weep, doctor !” She whispered something else, but inaudibly. I put my ear close to her mouth, and distinguished something like the words, “ I am—I am—call her—hush—” accompanied with a faint, fluttering, gurgling sound. Alas ! I too well understood it ! With much trepidation, I ordered the nurse to summon the family into the room instantly. Her sister Jane was the first that entered, her eyes swollen with weeping, and seemingly half suffocated with the effort to conceal her emotions.

“ Oh, my darling, precious, precious sister Anne !” —she sobbed, and knelt down by the bed-side, flinging her arms round her sister’s neck, kissing the gentle sufferer’s cheeks and mouth.

“ Anne !—love !—darling !—Don’t you know me ?” she groaned, kissing her forehead repeatedly. Could I help weeping ? All who had entered were standing around the bed, sobbing, and in tears. I kept my fingers at the wrist of the dying sufferer, but could not feel whether or not the pulse beat, which, however, I attributed to my own agitation.

“ Speak—speak—my darling Anne ; speak to me ; I am your poor sister Jane !” sobbed the agonized



girl, continuing fondly kissing her sister's cold lips and forehead. She suddenly started, exclaimed, "Oh, God! *she's dead!*" and sunk instantly senseless on the floor.

Alas, alas! it was too true;—my sweet and broken-hearted patient was no more!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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### *Hidden Treasure discovered by a Dream.*

WE frequently hear people ridicule the idea that any importance is to be attached to dreams. Now, without for one moment wishing to give encouragement to the absurd theory by which it is attempted to affix a precise meaning to every somnambulatory vagary of the brain, and thus to sympathise that which is incapable of being subjected to the rules of any known science, we are disposed to think that dreams have in many instances been the result of some secret agency, the nature of which, however, it is impossible for us, ignorant as we are of the invisible world by which we are surrounded, to form even a conjecture. That in sleep the mind is the subject of impressions as powerful, and sometimes as rational as those of our waking hours, no one who has ever reflected on the subject can for a moment entertain a doubt. And, if we are unable to trace those impressions to their source, it is, perhaps, because both the senses and the finer powers of observation are in a state of torpidity and relaxation that unfits them for their regular and accustomed exercise; so that, although the details of our dreams (especially those of a frightful or otherwise striking nature,) may be powerfully imprinted on the memory, the agency by which they have been produced is seldom discernible. How frequently do we find ourselves, during sleep, transported to some distant place, the particulars of which are so clearly presented to



the mind's eye, as if the hand of the painter had assisted in the delineation ; and so vivid and accurate has been the conception in many instances, that it has formed the subject of grave consideration with the learned, whether it be not possible that the temporary separation of the soul from the body may take place during sleep? Whether, in fact, the spirit of a man possesses not the faculty of quitting its torpid companion, and of taking its aerial flight to far distant regions:—to the loved, but long-lost scenes of our childhood, to the residence of valued friends: or to the more ambiguous and less understood precincts of some spot of earth, the localities of which have never presented themselves even to our imaginations, but which are not the less minutely depicted to the mental vision? It is true that in general these flights of fancy appear to have neither aim nor object, but, like the less equivocal starts of our waking moments, end in airy nothingness. Nevertheless, many instances are on record, in which the truth and correctness of dreams have been proved beyond doubt by their results. Many such have come to our knowledge in the course of a long life ; and of these two remarkable ones occur to our recollection which strongly illustrate the foregoing observations. The first we shall relate is that of the tinker of Swaffham, which happened, perhaps, two or three hundred years ago. It is both traditional and historical, being well known in its first form in the place where it occurred ; and having been recorded in the legendary histories of former ages. The particulars of the tale are as follows:—

There lived at Swaffham, in Norfolk, a hard-working, industrious man, who followed the trade of a tinker. This man dreamed one night that if he took a journey to London, and placed himself on a certain part of London Bridge, he should there meet with a person who would communicate something to him of great importance to his future prospects in life. This



dream made some impression on the tinker's mind, and he related it very circumstantially to his wife in the morning. She, however, half laughed and half scolded at him for his folly in paying attention to such idle fancies; and told him he had better get up and go to work. The next night he dreamed the same again, and likewise the third night, when the impression was so powerful on his mind, that he determined, in spite of the remonstrances of his wife and the ridicule of his neighbours, to "go to London and see the upshot of it." Accordingly, having made the requisite arrangements as to the management of his business, during his absence, he furnished himself with a sum of money, and set off on foot for the metropolis, distant about ninety miles. He reached the end of his journey late on the third day, and having refreshed himself with a night's rest, he took his station the next morning on a part of the bridge which corresponded with the description in his dream. There he stood all that day without any communication to the purpose of his journey. The next day it was the same,—and the third; so that towards night his confidence in his dream as well as his patience began to be considerably shaken; and he inwardly cursed himself for his folly in not yielding to his wife's advice, and resolved that next day he would leave London, and make the best of his way home again. However, he kept his station until late in the evening, when just as he was about to leave it, a stranger who had noticed him standing doggedly and with anxious looks on the same spot for some days, accosted him, and asked what he was waiting there for. After some hesitation, the tinker told him his errand, without, however, acquainting him with the place he came from. The stranger smiled at his simplicity, and advised him to go home, and in future pay no attention to dreams. "I myself," said he, "if I were disposed to put faith in such things, might now go a hundred miles into the country upon a



similar errand. I dreamed three nights this week, that if I went to a place called Swaffham, in Norfolk, and dug under an apple tree in a certain garden on the north side of the town, I should find a box of money; but I have something else to do than to run after such idle fancies. No, no, my friend, go home and work well at your calling, and you will find there the riches you are seeking here."

The tinker was astonished. This, he doubted not, was the information he was seeking, but he said nothing further to the stranger than to thank him for his advice, and to declare his determination to follow it. He immediately went to his lodgings, and the next morning set off for home, which he reached safe. He said but little to his wife on the subject of his journey, but rose early the next morning, and commenced digging on the spot supposed to be pointed out by the stranger. After proceeding in his work a few feet downward, his spade struck against a hard substance, which, upon clearing the mould from the top of it, proved to be an iron chest. He quickly removed it to his house, and having with some difficulty broken off the lid, to his great joy found it full of money. After securing this treasure, he discovered upon the outside of the chest an inscription, which, being no scholar, he was unable to decipher. He therefore, hit upon the following expedient:—There was in the town a grammar-school, several of the pupils from which were constantly in the habit of passing his smithy, in their way to and from school. The tinker judged that by placing the chest at the door it would excite the attention of the boys, and thus he should be able to obtain the object in view without exciting any suspicion among his neighbours. He soon had the opportunity he sought; a number of the boys having gathered around, as was their custom, to witness the operation of the forge, he took occasion to challenge their scholastic skill in the translation of the inscription. Some shook their heads; others, after



conning over it awhile, said it was not sufficiently legible. At length, one older than the rest, anxious to display his superior learning, after scraping and brushing off the rust, gave the following solution to it:

“Where this stood  
Is another twice as good.”

Overjoyed at this information, the tinker, next morning, resumed his labour; and, a little below the ground already cleared, he found a second chest double the size of the first, and like it, filled with gold and silver coin. The account goes on to state that, becoming thus suddenly a wealthy man, the tinker showed his gratitude to Providence by building a new chancel to the church, the old one being out of repair. And, whatever fiction the marvelous taste of those ages may have mixed up with the tale, certain it is that there is shown at this day a monument in Swaffham church having an effigy in marble, said to be that of the tinker, with his dog at his side, and his tools and implements of trade lying around him.

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#### *Apparition of a Son to his Mother*

DURING the celebrated Peninsular campaign, as a lady, whose son, a French officer in Spain, was seated in her room, she was astonished to perceive the folding doors at the bottom of the apartment slowly open, and disclose to her eyes, *her son*. He begged her not to be alarmed, and informed her that he had just been killed by a grape-shot, and even showed her the wound in his side; the doors closed again and she saw no more. In a few days she received a letter, which informed her that her son had fallen, after distinguishing himself in a most gallant manner, and mentioning the time of his death, which happened at precisely the same moment the apparition was seen by her! And when I add that the lady was not at all addicted to



superstition, the strangeness of the occurrence is considerably increased.

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*Apparition at Castle de Burgh.*

THERE is, or rather was, a very ancient castle in Lancashire, near Liverpool, called Castle de Burgh, which belongs to a noble family of that name. Many years ago the possessor of the castle, Mr. de Burgh, died, and the castle was then let out to various of the tenantry, among whom was a carpenter. Two years after the death of Mr. de Burgh, as this carpenter was employed in his workshop, about a quarter of a mile from the castle, melting glue, it being evening, and only four of his men with him, he perceived a gentleman in mourning passing the lathe where the men were at work. He was immediately seized with a violent trembling and weakness, his hair stood on end, and a clammy sweat spread over his forehead. The lights were put out, he knew not how, and at last, in fear and terror, he was obliged to return home. On his arrival at the castle, as he was passing up the stairs, he heard a footstep behind, and on turning round he perceived the same apparition. He hastily entered his room, and bolted, locked, and barred the door, but to his horror and surprise this offered no impediment to his ghostly visitor, for the door sprang open at his touch, and he entered the room! The apparition was seen by various others, all of whom asserted it bore the strongest resemblance to their deceased master! One gentleman spoke to him, and the spirit told him "that he was not happy."



*Apparition to Captain Ridd.*

THE late celebrated Lord Byron used to relate the following strange story of Captain Ridd, with whom he sailed to Lisbon in 1809 :

This officer stated that being asleep one night in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs ; and there being a faint light in the cabin, could see, as he thought, distinctly, the figure of his brother, who was at that time in the naval service, in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes, and made an effort to sleep ; but still the same pressure continued, and still, as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the figure lying across him in the same position. To add to the wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uniform, in which it appeared to be clothed, dripping wet !

On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished ; but in a few months after, he received the startling intelligence that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance, Captain Ridd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt

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*Murderers Discovered.*

FEW murderers escape without meeting with the awful punishment due to their crimes. Many strange stories, indeed, have been told of this kind, some of which, however, it must be confessed, stand on too good authority to be rejected. The following is translated from a respectable publication at Basle.

A person who worked in a brewery quarrelled with



one of his fellow-workmen, and struck him in such a manner that he died upon the spot. No other person was witness to the deed. He then took the dead body, and threw it into a large fire under the boiling-vat, where it was in a short time so completely consumed, that no traces of its existence remained. On the following day, when the man was missed, the murderer observed very coolly, that he had perceived his fellow-servant to have been intoxicated; and that he had probably fallen from a bridge which he had to cross in his way home, and been drowned. For the space of seven years after, no one entertained any suspicions of the real state of the fact. At the end of this period, the murderer was again employed in the same brewery. He was then induced to reflect on the singularity of the circumstance that his crime had remained so long concealed. Having retired one evening to rest, one of the other workmen, who slept with him, hearing him say in his sleep, "It is now full seven years ago," asked him, "What was it you did seven years ago?"—"I put him," he replied, still speaking in his sleep, "under the boiling-vat." As the affair was not entirely forgotten, it immediately occurred to the man that his bed-fellow must allude to the person who was missing about that time, and he accordingly gave information of what he had heard to a magistrate. The murderer was apprehended; and though at first he denied that he knew any thing of the matter, a confession of his crime was at length obtained from him, for which he suffered condign punishment.

The following event lately happened in the neighbourhood of Frankfort-upon-the-Oder:—A woman, conceiving that her husband, who was a soldier in the Prussian service, had been killed in the battle of Jena, in 1806, married another man. It turned out that her husband had been only wounded, and taken prisoner by the French. A cure was soon effected; and he joined one of the Prussian regiments which



entered into the pay of France. After serving three years in Spain, he was discharged ; returned suddenly to his native country, and appeared greatly rejoiced to find his wife alive. She received him with every mark of affection, but did not avow the new matrimonial connection she had formed. After partaking of some refreshment, he complained of being quite overcome with fatigue, and retired to rest. She immediately joined with her new husband to dispatch the unwelcome visitor in his sleep ; which they accomplished by strangling him, and put his body into a sack. About midnight, in conveying it to the Oder, the weight of the corpse burst the sack, and one of the legs hung out. The woman set about sewing up the rent, and in her hurry and confusion sewed in at the same time the skirts of her accomplice's coat. Having reached the bank of the river, and making a great effort to precipitate his load as far into the stream as possible, he was dragged from the elevated ground he had chosen into the river, but contrived to keep his head above water for several minutes. The woman, not considering how important it was to keep silent, filled the air with her cries ; and brought to the spot several peasants, who, at the hazard of their own lives, extricated the drowning man from his perilous situation, at the same time discovering the cause. The man and woman were charged with the crime, made a full confession, and were consigned to the officers of justice.

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### *The Demon of Tedworth.*

MR. JOHN MOMPESON, of Tedworth, in the county of Wilts, being about the middle of March, in the year 1661, at a neighbouring town called Ludgarshal, and hearing a drum beat there, he inquired of the bailiff of the town, at whose house he then was, what



it meant. The bailiff then told him, that they had for some days been troubled with an idle drummer, who demanded money of the constable, by virtue of a pretended pass, which he thought was counterfeit. Upon this, Mr. Mompesson sent for the fellow, and asked him by what authority he went up and down the country in that manner with his drum. The drummer answered, he had good authority, and produced his pass, with a warrant under the hands of Sir William Cawley, and Colonel Ayliffe of Grettenham. Mr. Mompesson knowing these gentlemen's hands, discovered that the pass and warrant were counterfeit, and thereupon commanded the vagrant to be put off his drum, and charged the constable to carry him before the next justice of the peace, to be farther examined and punished. The fellow then confessed the cheat, and begged earnestly to have his drum. Mr. Mompesson told him, that if he understood from Colonel Ayliffe, whose drummer he said he was, that he had been an honest man, he should have it again; but in the meantime he would secure it: so he left the drum with the bailiff, and the drummer in the constable's hands; who, it seems, was prevailed on by the fellow's entreaties to let him go.

About the midst of April following, when Mr. Mompesson was preparing for a journey to London, the bailiff sent the drum to his house. When he had returned from that journey, his wife told him that they had been much affrighted in the night by thieves, and that the house had like to have been broken up; and he had not been at home above three nights, when the same noise was heard that had disturbed his family in his absence. It was a very great knocking at his doors, and the outside of his house. Hereupon he got up, and went about the house with a brace of pistols in his hands; he opened the door where the great knocking was, and then he heard the noise at another door; he opened that also, and went out round the house, but could discover nothing, only he



still heard a strange noise and hollow sound. When he was got back to bed, the noise was a thumping and drumming on the top of his house, which continued a good space, and then by degrees went off into the air.

After this the noise of thumping and drumming was very frequent, usually five nights together, and then it would intermit three. It was on the outside of the house, which is most of it of board. It constantly came as they were going to sleep, whether early or late. After a month's disturbance without, it came into the room where the drum lay, four or five nights in the seven, within half an hour after they were in bed, continuing almost two. The sign of it, just before it came, was, they still heard a hurling in the air over the house, and at its going off the beating of a drum, like that at the breaking up of a guard. It continued in this room for the space of two months, which time Mr. Mompesson himself lay there to observe it. In the fore-part of the night it used to be very troublesome, but after two hours all would be quiet.

Mrs. Mompesson being brought to bed, there was but little noise the night she was in travail, nor any for three weeks after, till she had recovered strength. But after this civil cessation, it returned in a ruder manner than before, and followed and vexed the youngest children, beating their bedsteads with that violence, that all present expected they would fall in pieces. In laying hands on them, one could feel no blows, but might perceive them to shake exceedingly. For an hour together it would beat Roundheads and Cuckolds, the Tattoo, and several other points of war, as well as any drummer. After this, they would hear a scratching under the children's beds, as if by something that had iron talons. It would lift the children up in their beds, follow them from one room to another, and for a while haunted none particularly but them.



There was a cock-loft in the house, which had not been observed to be troubled: thither they removed the children, putting them to bed while it was fair day, where they were no sooner laid, but their troubles were with them as before.

On the 5th of November, 1661, it kept a mighty noise; and a servant observing two boards in the children's room seemed to move, he bid it give him one of them: upon which the board came (nothing moving it that he saw) within a yard of him: the man added, "Nay, let me have it in my hand;" upon which it was shoved quite home to him again, and so up and down, to and fro, at least twenty times together, till Mr. Mompesson forbid his servant such familiarities. This was in the day time, and seen by a whole room-full of people. That morning it left a sulphurous smell behind it, which was very offensive. At night the minister, one Mr. Cragg, and divers of the neighbours, came to the house on a visit. The minister went to prayers with them, kneeling at the children's bed-side, where it was then very troublesome and loud. During prayer-time, it withdrew into the cock-loft, but returned as soon as prayers were done, and then, in sight of the company, the chairs walked about the room of themselves, the children's shoes were hurled over their heads, and every loose thing moved about the chamber. At the same time a bed-staff was thrown at the minister, which hit him on the leg, but so favourably that a lock of wool could not fall more lightly; and it was observed, that it stopped just where it lighted, without rolling or moving from the place.

Mr. Mompesson, perceiving that it so much persecuted the little children, he lodged them out at a neighbour's house, taking his eldest daughter, who was about ten years of age, into his own chamber, where it had not been a month before. As soon as she was in bed, the disturbance began there again, continuing three weeks drumming, and making other



noises; and it was observed, that it would exactly answer in drumming any thing that was beaten or called for. After this, the house where the children were lodged out happening to be full of strangers, they were lodged there, where also their persecutor found them, but then only plucked them by the hair and night-clothes, without any other disturbance.

It was noted that when the noise was loudest, and came with the most sudden and surprising violence, no dog about the house would move, though the knocking was oft so boisterous and rude, that it had been heard at a considerable distance in the fields, and awakened the neighbours in the village, none of whom live very near this house. The servants sometimes were lifted up with their beds, and let gently down again without hurt: at other times it would lie like a great weight upon their feet.

About the latter end of December, 1661, the drumming was less frequent, and then they heard a noise like the jingling of money, occasioned, as it was thought, by somewhat Mr. Mompesson's mother had spoken the day before to a neighbour, who talked of fairies leaving money; viz. "That she should like it well, if it would leave them some to make amends for their trouble;" the night after the speaking of which, there was a great chinking of money over all the house.

After this, it desisted from the ruder noises, and employed itself in little apish and less troublesome tricks. On Christmas Eve, a little before day, one of the little boys arising out of his bed, was hit on a sore place upon his heel with the latch of the door; the pin that it was fastened with was so small, that it was a difficult matter to pick it out. The night after Christmas Day, it threw the old gentlewoman's clothes about the room, and hid her Bible in the ashes. In such silly tricks it was frequent.

After this it was very troublesome to a servant of Mr. Mompesson's, who was a stout fellow, and of



sober conversation. This man lay within during the greatest disturbance, and for several nights, something would endeavour to pluck his clothes off the bed, so that he was fain to tug hard to keep them on : and sometimes they would be plucked from him by main force, and his shoes thrown at his head : and now and then he would find himself forcibly held, as it were, bound hand and foot ; but he found, that, whenever he could make use of his sword, and struck with it, the spirit quitted its hold.

A little after these contests, a son of Mr. Thomas Bennet, whose workman the drummer had sometimes been, came to the house, and told Mr. Mompesson some words he had spoken, which, it seems, was not well taken ; for as soon as they were in bed, the drum was beat up very violently and loudly. The gentleman arose and called his man to him, who lay with Mr. Mompesson's servant, just now spoken of, whose name was John. As soon as Mr. Bennet's man was gone, John heard a rustling noise in his chamber, and something came to his bedside, as if it had been one in silk. The man presently reached after his sword, which he found held from him, and it was with much difficulty and much tugging that he got it into his power ; which as soon as he had done, the spectre left him ; and it was always observed, that it still avoided a sword.

About the beginning of January, 1662, they were wont to hear a singing in the chimney, before it came down ; and one night, about this time, lights were seen in the house. One of them came into Mr. Mompesson's chamber, which seemed blue and glimmering, and caused great stiffness in the eyes of those that saw it. After the light, something was heard coming up the stairs, as if it had been one without shoes. The light was seen also four or five times in the children's chamber ; and the maids confidently affirm that the doors were at least ten times opened and shut in their sight ; and when they were opened, they heard a noise



as if half a dozen had entered together ; after which some were heard to walk about the room, and one rustled as if it had been silk. The like Mr. Mompesson himself once heard.

During the time of the knocking, when many were present, a gentleman of the company said, "Satan, if the drummer set thee to work, give three knocks, and no more ;" which it did very distinctly, and stopped. Then the gentleman knocked to see if it would answer him, as it was wont, but it did not. For farther trial, he bid it, for confirmation, if it were the drummer, to give five knocks, and no more that night, which it did, and left the house quite all the night after. This was done in the presence of Sir Thomas Chamberlain, of Oxfordshire, and divers others.

On Saturday morning, an hour before day, Jan. 10, a drum was heard beat upon the outside of Mr. Mompesson's chamber, from whence it went to the other end of the house, where some gentlemen, strangers, lay, playing at their door, and without, four or five several tunes, and so went off into the air.

The next night, a smith in the village lying with John the man, they heard a noise in the room, as one had been shoeing of a horse, and somewhat came, as if it were with a pair of pincers, snipping at the smith's nose most part of the night.

One morning Mr. Mompesson, rising early to go a journey, heard a noise below, where the children lay ; and running down with a pistol in his hand, he heard a voice crying, "A witch ! a witch !" as they also had heard it once before. Upon his entrance all was quiet.

Having one night played some little tricks at Mr. Mompesson's bed's-feet, it went into another bed, where one of his daughters lay ; there it passed from side to side, lifting her up as it passed under. At that time there were three kinds of noises in the bed. They endeavoured to thrust at it with a sword, but it still shifted, and carefully avoided the thrust, still getting under the child when they offered at it. The



night after, it came panting, like a dog out of breath ; upon which, one took a bed-staff to knock, which was caught out of her hand, and thrown away ; and company coming up, the room was presently filled with a bloomy noisome smell, and was very hot, though without fire, in a very sharp and severe winter. It continued in the bed panting and scratching an hour and a half, and then went into the next chamber, where it knocked a little, and seemed to rattle a chain : thus it did for two or three nights together.

After this, the gentlewoman's Bible was found in the ashes, the paper sides being downwards ; Mr. Mompesson took it up, and observed that it lay open at the third chapter of St. Mark, where there is mention of the unclean spirits falling down before our Saviour, and of his giving power to the Twelve to cast out devils, and of the scribes' opinion, that he cast them out through Beelzebub.

The next night they strewed ashes over the chamber, to see what impression it would leave. In the morning they found in one place the resemblance of a great claw, in another of a lesser, some letters in another, which they could make nothing of, besides many circles and stratches in the ashes.

About this time I went to the house, to inquire the truth of those passages, of which there was so loud a report. It had ceased from its drumming and ruder noises before I came thither, but most of the more remarkable circumstances before related were confirmed to me there by several of the neighbours together, who had been present at them. At this time it used to haunt the children, and that as soon as they were laid. They went to bed that night I was there about eight o'clock, when a maid servant coming down from them, told us it was come. The neighbours that were there, and two ministers who had seen and heard it divers times, went away ; but Mr. Mompesson and I, and a gentleman that came with me, went up. I heard a strange scratching as I went up stairs, and



when we came into the room, I perceived it was just behind the bolster of the children's bed, and seemed to be against the tick ; it was as loud a scratching as one with long nails could make upon a bolster. There were two little modest girls in the bed, between seven and eight years old, as I guessed. I saw their hands out of the clothes, and they could not contribute to the noise that was behind their heads ; they had been used to it, and had still somebody or other in the chamber with them, and therefore seemed not to be much affrighted. I, standing at the bed's head, thrust my hand behind the bolster, directing it to the place whence the noise seemed to come, whereupon the noise ceased there, and was heard in another part of the bed ; but when I had taken out my hand it returned, and was heard in the same place as before. I had been told that it would imitate noises, and made trial by scratching several times upon the sheet as 5 and 7 and 10, which it followed, and still stopped at my number. I searched under and behind the bed, turned up the clothes to the bed-cords, grasped the bolster, sounded the wall behind, and made all the search that possibly I could to find if there were any trick, contrivance, or common cause of it ; the like did my friend but we could discover nothing ; so that I was then verily persuaded, and am so still, that the noise was made by some demon or spirit. After it had scratched half an hour or more, it went into the midst of the bed, under the children, and there seemed to pant like a dog out of breath very loudly. I put my hand upon the place, and felt the bed bearing up against it, as if something within had thrust it up. I grasped the feather-bed, to feel if there were any living thing in it ; I looked under and everywhere about, to see if there were any dog or cat, or any such creature in the room, and so we all did, but found nothing. The motion it caused by this panting was so great, that it shook the room and windows very sensibly. It continued thus more than half an hour, while my



friend and I stayed in the room, and as long after, as we were told. During the panting, I chanced to see as it had been something (which I thought was a rat or a mouse) moving in a linen bag, that hung up against another bed that was in the room. I stepped and caught it by the upper end with one hand, with which I held it, and drew it through with the other, but found nothing at all in it. There was nobody near to shake the bag, or if there had, no one could have made such a motion, which seemed to be from within, as if a living creature had moved in it.

My friend and I lay in the chamber where the first and chief disturbance had been. We slept well all night, but early before day in the morning I was awakened (and I awakened my bedfellow) by a great knocking just without our chamber-door. I asked who was there several times, but the knocking still continued without answer. At last I said, "In the name of God, who is it, and what would you have?" To which a voice answered, "Nothing with you." We, thinking it had been some servant of the house, went to sleep again. But speaking of it to Mr. Mompesson when we came down, he assured us that no one of the house lay that way, or had business thereabout, and that his servants were not up till he called them, which was after it was day; which they confirmed, and protested that the noise was not made by them. Mr. Mompesson had told us before, that it would be gone in the middle of the night, and come again divers times early in the morning, about four o'clock, and this, I suppose, was about the time.

Another passage was this: my man coming up to me in the morning, told me, that one of my horses (that on which I rode) was all in a sweat, and looked as if he had been ridden all night. My friend and I went down and found him so. I inquired how he had been used, and was assured that he had been well fed, and ordered as he used to be; and my servant was one that was wont to be very careful about my



horses. The horse I had had a good time, and never knew but that he was very sound. But after I had ridden him a mile or two, very gently over a plain down from Mr. Mompesson's house, he fell lame, and having made a hard shift to bring me home, died in two or three days, no one being able to imagine what he ailed. This, I confess, might be accident, or some unusual distemper ; but all things being put together, it seems very probable that it was somewhat else.

But I go on with Mr. Mompesson's own particulars. There came one morning a light into the children's chamber, and a voice crying, "A witch! a witch!" for at least a hundred times together.

Mr. Mompesson at another time (being in the day) seeing some wood move that was in the chimney of a room where he was, as of itself, discharged a pistol into it, after which they found several drops of blood on the hearth, and in divers places of the stairs.

For two or three nights after the discharge of the pistol, there was a calm in the house, but then it came again, applying itself to a little child newly taken from nurse, which it so persecuted, that it would not let the poor infant rest for two nights together, nor suffer a candle in the room, but carried them away lighted up the chimney, or threw them under the bed. It so scared this child by leaping upon it, that for some hours it could not be recovered out of the fright ; so that they were forced again to remove the children out of the house : the next night after which something about midnight came up the stairs and knocked at Mr. Mompesson's door, but he lying still, it went up another pair of stairs to his man's chamber, to whom it appeared, standing at his bed's-foot ; the exact shape and proportion he could not discover, but he saith he saw a great body, with two red and glaring eyes, which for some time were fixed steadily upon him, and at length disappeared.

One night, strangers being present, it purred in the childrens' bed like a cat, at which time also the clothes



and children were lifted up from the bed, and six men could not keep them down. Hereupon they removed the children, intending to have ripped up the bed; but they were no sooner laid in another, but the second bed was more troubled than the first. It continued thus four hours, and so beat the children's legs against the bed-posts, that they were forced to arise and sit up all night. After this it would empty chamber-pots into their beds, and strew them with ashes, though they were never so carefully watched: it put a long pike-iron into Mr. Mompesson's bed, and into his mother's a naked knife upright. It would fill porringers with ashes, throw every thing about, and keep a noise all day.

About the beginning of April, 1663, a gentlemen that lay in the house had all his money turned black in his pockets; and Mr. Mompesson coming one morning into his stable, found the horse he was wont to ride on the ground, having one of his hinder legs in his mouth, and so fastened there, that it was difficult for several men to get it out with a lever. After this, there were some other remarkable things, but my account goes no farther: only Mr. Mompesson wrote me word, that afterwards the house was for several nights beset with seven or eight in the shape of men, who, as soon as a gun was discharged, would shuffle away together into an harbour.

The drummer was tried at the assizes at Salisbury upon this occasion. He was committed first to Gloucester gaol for stealing, and a Wiltshireman coming to see him, he asked what news in Wiltshire. The visitant said he knew of none. "No!" saith the drummer; "do not you hear of the drumming at a gentleman's house at Tedworth?"—"That I do, enough," said the other. "I," quoth the drummer, "I have plagued him (or to the purpose), and he shall never be quiet till he hath made me satisfaction for taking away my drum." Upon information of this, the fellow was tried for a witch at Sarum,



and all the main circumstances I have related were sworn at the assizes by the minister of the parish, and divers others of the most intelligent and substantial inhabitants, who had been eye and ear-witnesses of them, time after time, for divers years together.

The fellow was condemned to transportation, and accordingly sent away; but I know not how (it is said raising storms, and affrighting the seamen), he made a shift to come back again. And it is observable, that during all the time of his restraint and absence the house was quiet; but as soon as ever he came back at liberty, the disturbance returned.

Mr. Mompesson suffered by it in his name, in his estate, in all his affairs, and in the general peace of his family. The unbelievers in the matter of spirits and witches took him for an impostor. Many others judged the permission of such an extraordinary evil to be the judgment of God upon him, for some notorious wickedness or impiety. To all which I answer, that there are divers particulars in the story, in which no abuse or deceit could have been practised; as the motion of boards and chairs of themselves, the beating of a drum in the midst of a room, and in the air, when nothing was to be seen; the great heat in a chamber that had no fire in excessive cold weather, the scratching and panting, the violent beating and shaking of the bedsteads, of which there was no perceivable cause or occasion; in these and such like instances, it is not to be conceived how tricks could have been put upon so many, so jealous, and so inquisitive persons as were witness of them.

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### *Divine Preservation during Sleep.*

“I THINK,” says Mr. Hervey, “it is referable only to a superintending and watchful Providence, that we are not hurried into the most pernicious actions,



when our imagination is heated, and our reason stupefied by dreams.—We have sometimes heard of persons, who, walking in their sleep, have thrown themselves headlong from a window and been dashed to death on the pebbles. And whence it is that such disastrous accidents are only related as pieces of news not experienced by ourselves or our families? Were our minds more sober in their operations, or more circumspect in their regards? No, verily: nothing could be more wild than their excursions: and none could be more inattentive to their own welfare. Therefore if we have laid us down and slept in peace, it was because the Lord vouchsafed us the sweet refreshment: if we rose again in safety, it was because the Lord sustained us with his unremitting protection.

“Will the candid reader excuse me, if I add a short story: or rather a matter of fact, suitable to the preceding remark? Two persons who had been hunting together in the day, slept together the following night. One of them was renewing the pursuit in his dream: and having run the whole circle of the chace, came, at last, to the fall of the stag. Upon this, he cries out with a determined ardour, ‘I’ll kill him, I’ll kill him;’ and immediately feels for the knife which he carried in his pocket. His companion happening to be awake, and observing what passed, leaped from the bed. Being secure from danger, and the moon shining into the room, he stood to view the event. When, to his inexpressible surprise, the infatuated sportsman gave several deadly stabs in the very place where a moment before the throat and the life of his friend lay.—This I mention as a proof that nothing hinders us even from being assassins of others or murderers of ourselves, amidst the mad sallies of sleep, only the *preventing care* of our heavenly Father.”



*Deaths remarkable, and Presentiments of.*

THOUGH we are not bound to believe every idle story propagated by the weak and superstitious, yet it must be confessed there have been singular monitions and very remarkable events which have preceded the deaths of some men, the testimonies for which we cannot reasonably reject. The following, I believe, are attested by indubitable evidence.

The pious Mr. Ambrose had a very strong impulse on his mind of the approach of death, and took a formal leave of his friends at their houses a little before his departure, and the last night of his life he sent his discourse concerning angels to the press. The next day he shut himself up in his parlour, where, to the great surprise and regret of all who saw him, he was found just expiring.

Dr. Willet, in his epistle dedicatory prefixed to his Hexapla upon Exodus, has this expression: "It is most honourable for a soldier to die fighting, and for a bishop or pastor praying; and if my merciful God shall vouchsafe to grant me my request, my earnest desire, is that, in writing and commenting upon some parts of the scripture, I may finish my days." This request was granted him, for he was called hence as he was composing a commentary upon Leviticus.

Archbishop Usher often said, he hoped to die with the language of the publican in his mouth, and his biographer tells us that his wish was fulfilled: he died, saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

There was a remarkable circumstance in Dr. Leighton's death. He often used to say that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be in an inn; it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary with the noise and confusion of it. He added, that the officiousness and care of his friends was an entanglement to a dying man, and that the unconcerned at-



tendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. He obtained what he desired, for he died at the Bell Inn, in Warwick-lane, in the year 1684.

The manner of Mr. Saltmarsh's death was so extraordinary, that it deserves a place in this collection. December 4, 1647, being at his house at Ilford, in Essex, he told his wife he had been in a trance, and received a message from God, which he must immediately deliver to the army. He went that night to London, and next day to Windsor: being come to the council of officers, he told them that the Lord had left them; that he would not prosper their consultations, but destroy them by divisions among themselves, because they had sought to destroy the people of God, those who stood by them in their greatest difficulties. He then went to the general, and, without moving his hat, told him, that God was highly displeased with him for committing of saints to prison. The like message he delivered to Cromwell, requiring him to take effectual measures for the enlargement of the members of the army who were committed for not complying with the general council. He then took his leave of the officers, telling them he had now done his errand, and must never see them any more. After which he went to London, and took leave of his friends there, telling them his work was done, and desiring some of them to be careful of his wife. Thursday, December 9, he returned to Ilford in perfect health: next day he told his wife he had now finished his work, and must go to his Father. Sunday morning, December 11, he was taken speechless, and about four in the afternoon died.

Dr. James Spencer, some days before he died, gave orders that nothing of black should be in his coffin: "For," said he, "I have been a sorrowful man these many years, lamenting the deplorable state of Christ's Church militant here on earth; but now, being upon



the point of retiring into the church triumphant in heaven, I will not have the least mark of sorrow left upon me ; but my body shall be wrapt up all over in white, for a testimony that I die in expectation of a better and more glorious state of Christ's Church to come, even upon earth."

The Georgia Analytical Repository, No. 3, contains the following singular account of the death of Mrs. Daniel. On the morning preceding her death, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel, junior, left her in perfect health, expecting their return at dinner time ; shortly after this hour they arrived, and found the victuals on the table scarcely cold. To their unutterable surprise, their mother appeared in her grave clothes, having also prepared and taken possession of a suitable place for her corpse. To the earnest and affectionate inquiries which were immediately addressed to her, she calmly replied, " I am admonished by a strong impression on my mind that my departure is at hand ; I hope grace has prepared me for my change : I have no desire to remain any longer in this world. Pray be composed, and resign me to the will of my God. I am going to the rest that I have long desired."

With the best means in their power to reanimate her feeble body, they used all the remonstrances and entreaties that prudence and affection could suggest to banish from her mind the idea of instant dissolution : observations were made on her case, the natural appearance of her countenance ; and hopes very confidently expressed that she must be mistaken in her views of so sudden a death : in reply, she said, " I should be very sorry to find this to be the case, but am under no apprehension of it. I have received an assurance of being in heaven in a short time : my soul is in perfect peace, I feel no pain, and am happy : compose yourselves, and leave me to my joys. Love and serve God, and you will soon follow me to his presence ! May God bless you, my dear children, and keep you in the way of his holy commandments."



With great composure she directed a pair of hose and a handkerchief, which she had laid by themselves for the purpose, to be put on her corpse, as the only articles she had omitted in otherwise fitting herself for the coffin. Nothing like distortion was seen in her features ; no symptoms of alarm, nor the slightest degree of derangement, appeared in her conduct or conversation. Life gradually retreated to the extremities of the system ; her breath began to fail, and in the course of a very few minutes she gently departed.

She had been remarkably nealthy for many years, and never appeared more so than she was a little before her dissolution. It is supposed, that, within two hours from the time she conceived herself warned to prepare immediately for death, she was in eternity : several of her neighbours, who are worthy of the highest confidence, speak of her as a pious and excellent character. The extraordinary manner of her dissolution, is said to have had a happy effect, in connection with her dying counsel, on her surviving relatives.

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*The Screaming Woman.*

[Extract of a Letter from a respectable Merchant at Manheim to his friend.]

MY DEAR CHARLES,—You remember that when, in obedience to my father's wishes, I consented to a commercial life, this place was pointed out to me as one in which I might settle with peculiar advantage. To Manheim I accordingly came, and though much of my time has been engrossed with mercantile duties, yet sufficient intervals from business have presented themselves to sanction a continuance of those philosophical pursuits in which, when at school, we delighted to indulge. The various transactions into



which business has led me, were sensibly and honourably conducted : facts to which I advert, merely for the purpose of proving, that neither my probity nor my judgment are reduced, in any degree, below the level at which you were accustomed to rate them. If so, the revolution that has occurred in my sentiments *on a certain subject*, account for it how you will, is not to be explained away by suspicions of my being a fool or a hypocrite. My mind spurns, too, at the imputation of cowardice, and I assure you, Charles, that the deep and gloomy influence to which it now submits, is unattended by the smallest portion of inquietude or alarm.

I had occasion to visit a neighbouring town, about twelve months since, for a purpose with which it is unnecessary to acquaint you. My stay was unexpectedly prolonged till a late hour ; and having promised to be at home before night, I was compelled to set out on my return, much after the period at which it ought to have been commenced. Part of my road lay through a thick and lonely forest, and I confess that the task of traversing it, would have been more agreeable at an earlier opportunity. My spirits were affected from some indefinite cause, and the chill dark journey I was preparing to take did not tend to raise them. I swallowed a hasty cup of coffee with my friend, shook him cordially by the hand, and mounting my horse, was soon at a considerable distance from his house.

To you, whose sensations are congenial, I shall find no difficulty in describing my state of mind at this juncture. My blood ran cold and sluggish, seeming to lay like a crust in my veins, and there was a dead fearfulness pressing upon me, of some trouble that I could neither define nor avert. I strove hard to disengage myself from this cheerless condition, but the effort was unsuccessful, and I rode on, a prey to my wretched surmises, writhing like a victim of the vast Indian bird (the roc), when first overshadowed by the stretch of its mighty wings.



I was approaching the verge of the forest, and had just entered a narrow outlet from it, when I heard the roll of distant thunder, and felt the wet and heavy droppings of a copious rain. Having scarcely a league farther to travel before I reached home, I determined to urge my horse to the utmost, and escape, if possible, by his speed, from the impending storm. He broke at once into a gallop, when I struck him with the spur, but had scarcely gone a hundred paces, before I was thrown from the saddle by his abrupt stopping, and pitched with the greatest violence to the ground. I lay stunned for a few moments by the fall; the first thing that brought me to a sense of my situation, was a *hoarse scream*, uttered by some person, I could almost have sworn, who breathed close to my ear. The rein, which I had continued to grasp in falling, was at that moment torn violently out of my hand—I heard the noise of my courser's hoofs, as he started back—the scream was repeated, and something rushed past me, that clanked as it went, like a horseman's heavy iron-cased sabre. I sprang up from the earth, and threw out my arms, to ascertain if any individual were actually passing; but the avenue was so narrow, that I touched the hedges on each side of it, and felt instantly convinced that nothing human could have gone by. A recollection now flashed upon me, that there was a tale of extreme horror connected with this part of the forest; and in spite of the principles which I summoned to my aid, it was in a mood of mingled desperation and amazement that I reflected on the circumstance with which my memory supplied me.

The infirmary of Manheim, about twenty years ago, contained a female patient, who was known by the name of Martha, and had been admitted to that asylum at the instance of a stranger. He stated himself to be her husband, and assured the director of the institution, with an appearance of the deepest sorrow, that she laboured under a lunacy of the most stubborn



sort, which nothing but the most severe discipline attributed to his house was likely to abate. He advanced a large sum for the maintenance of this unhappy creature, saw her lodged in one of the strongest cells of the establishment, and having recommended an unsparing application of the scourge, thought proper to depart. His meaning was not misunderstood. The shrieks of poor Martha were heard, day and night, in the vicinity of her dungeon, and suspicions soon prevailed, that she was being sacrificed to the cruelty of her merciless keepers. An investigation of the case was proposed by some humane and spirited people, but a calamity of the most awful kind put a stop to their endeavours. Martha was found dead on the borders of the forest, at the very spot I have described to you; a piece of ragged iron being clenched in her grasp, with which she had torn and gashed her throat in a very dreadful manner. The escape of this wretched being was never well explained, and hints were dropped that she had not left the prison alive. Her bloody and mangled remains excited a strong sensation among those who inspected them.—Marks of the chain and the whip were conspicuous on every part of her body, and long tufts of her thin grey hair were glued together by the stream that had issued from a deep fracture in her head. The tokens of suicide, however, were undeniable, and the remains of the poor maniac were in consequence hastily buried near the place where they were found.

This occurrence had scarcely ceased to be the subject of conversation, when the whole town of Mannheim was agitated by events of a yet more appalling character. *Hoarse screams* were heard in the still dark hours of night, and a pale, bloodless face was seen pressing against several of the chamber windows. Fraud or delusion were naturally suspected in a business of this nature, and the most scrutinizing inquiries were made into the evidence on which it



rested. No detection took place, and the screams soon became so frequent, that not a person continued to question their existence. I have heard various inhabitants of this town describe the thrill that ran through them whenever these noises were heard; and though they had ceased altogether just before I established myself in the town, yet nothing was more talked of when I arrived than this mysterious story of Martha, the "*Screaming Woman*." Our fortitude and incredulity were once reciprocal in such cases, and yet—my flesh creeps along the bone while I avow it—yet I, Charles, have witnessed one of these unearthly visitations we so much courted and despised.

It was midnight when I reached home, exhausted by anxiety and fatigue, and being provided with a key to my apartments, the people of the house had not waited up to receive me. I drew off my boots and upper coat, as a preliminary to the act of undressing, and seated myself in a large antique chair, from which, when divested of my clothes, I usually stepped into bed. Here I fell asleep, owing to excessive weariness, and may the next slumber that is likely to end in so horrible a way, be never broken. A dream was upon me full of blood and death; the shrieking maniac flitted through my brain in a thousand forms, and seemed, at one time, to stand over me, brandishing a sword of fire. The next moment, I lay benumbed, as it were, in my seat, while the maniac advanced from a dark corner of the room, bearing in her right hand a human skull replete with some poisonous sort of drink. This horrible potion was lifted to my lips, which seemed to shut in vain against it; the long, bony fingers of the phantom being thrust into my mouth, so as to force a passage for her accursed mixture. It trickled down to my very heart, in slow, cold drops; and when lodged there, seemed, by a sudden transition, to burn and glow like the flames of Etna. Spell-bound I was,



such extreme agony passed my powers of endurance. I uttered a frantic cry, and sprung up from the chair, darting towards the hag by whom my torment was inflicted. The glare of her red eyes grew stronger as I advanced, and a lean, sallow arm was put out to repel me. Fearing the detested touch, I hastily drew back ; some article of furniture intercepted me ; I fell, and was plunged from the fall into a chasm, which opened through the floor. The shock of this awoke me ; and the first proof I obtained of my actual perception, was the sound of that *hoarse scream*, which, a few hours before, had been uttered in the forest. This scream was repeated—it seemed to issue from the window—I heard the casement flap, as if a strong wind were shaking it ; and though my sinews shrunk and withered at the noise, yet I staggered to this window as fast as my feet would carry me. A ray of light flashed in as I reached it, and *there*, pressed close against the glass, I saw the same pale, bloodless visage, that had been already figured to you. Mad-dened by the sight, I clenched my hand, and drove it fiercely at the apparition. Its lips quivered—the *scream* rang again through the apartment—I was found next day without sense or motion, my hand dreadfully cut, and the window almost shivered to pieces.

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*Letters concerning some Supernatural Disturbances at the House of Mr. Samuel Wesley, senior, at Epworth, in Lincolnshire.*

LETTER I.

*To Mr. Samuel Wesley, from his Mother.*

Dear Sam,

Jan. 12, 1716-7.

THIS evening we were agreeably surprised with your packet, which brought the welcome news of your



being alive, after we had been in the greatest panic imaginable, almost a month, thinking either you was dead, or one of your brothers by some misfortune been killed.

The reason of our fears was as follows. On the first of December, our maid heard, at the door of the dining-room, several dismal groans, like a person in extremes, at the point of death. We gave little heed to her relation, and endeavoured to laugh her out of her fears. Some nights (two or three) after, several of the family heard a strange knocking in divers places, usually three or four knocks at a time, and then stayed a little. This continued every night for a fortnight; sometimes it was in the garret, but most commonly in the nursery, or green chamber. We all heard it but your father, and I was not willing he should be informed of it, lest he should fancy it was against his own death, which, indeed, we all apprehended. But when it began to be so troublesome, both day and night, that few or none of the family durst be alone, I resolved to tell him of it, being minded he should speak to it. At first he would not believe but somebody did it to alarm us; but the night after, as soon as he was in bed, it knocked loudly nine times, just by his bedside. He rose, and went to see if he could find out what it was, but could see nothing. Afterwards he heard it as the rest.

One night it made such a noise in the room over our heads, as if several persons were walking, then run up and down stairs, and was so outrageous that we thought the children would be frightened, so your father and I rose and went down in the dark to light a candle. Just as we came to the bottom of the broad stairs, having hold of each other, on my side there seemed as if somebody had emptied a bag of money at my feet; and on his, as if all the bottles under the stairs (which were many) had been dashed in a thousand pieces. We passed through the hall into the kitchen, and got a candle, and went to see the children, whom we found asleep.



The next night your father would get Mr. Hoole to lie at our house, and we all sat together till one or two o'clock in the morning, and heard the knocking as usual. Sometimes it made a noise like the winding up of a jack, at other times, as that night Mr. Hoole was with us, like a carpenter planing deals ; but most commonly it knocked thrice and stopped, and then thrice again, and so many hours together. We persuaded your father to speak, and try if any voice would be heard. One night about six o'clock he went into the nursery in the dark, and at first heard several deep groans, then knocking. He adjured it to speak if it had power, and tell him why it troubled his house, but no voice was heard, but it knocked thrice aloud. Then he questioned if it were Sammy, and bid it, if it were, and could not speak, knock again, but it knocked no more that night, which made us hope it was not against your death.

Thus it continued till the 28th of December, when it loudly knocked (as your father used to do at the gate) in the nursery, and departed. We have various conjectures what this may mean. For my own part, I fear nothing now you are safe at London hitherto, and I hope God will still preserve you. Though sometimes I am inclined to think my brother is dead. Let me know your thoughts on it.

S. W

## LETTER II.

*To my Father.*

Hon. Sir,

Saturday, Jan. 30.

MY mother tells me a very strange story of disturbances in your house. I wish I could have some more particulars from you. I would thank Mr. Hoole if he would favour me with a letter concerning it. Not that I want to be confirmed myself in the belief of it, but for any other person's satisfaction. My mother



sends to me to know my thoughts of it, and I cannot think at all of any interpretation. Wit, I fancy, might find many, but wisdom none.

Your dutiful and loving Son,  
S. WESLEY.

### LETTER III.

*From Mr. S. Wesley to his Mother.*

Dear Mother,

THOSE who are so wise as not to believe any supernatural occurrences, though ever so well attested, could find a hundred questions to ask about those strange noises you wrote me an account of; but for my part, I know not what question to put, which, if answered, would confirm me more in the belief of what you tell me. Two or three I have heard from others. Was there never a new maid, or man, in the house, that might play tricks? Was there nobody above in the garrets when the walking was there? Did all the family hear it together when they were in one room, or at one time? Did it seem to be all in the same place at the same time? Could not cats, or rats, or dogs, be the sprights? Was the whole family asleep when my father and you went down stairs? Such doubts as these being replied to, though they could not, as God himself assures, convince them who believe not Moses and the prophets, yet would strengthen such as do believe. As to my particular opinion concerning the events foreboded by these noises, I cannot, I must confess, form any—I think since it was not permitted to speak, all guesses must be vain. The end of spirits' actions is yet more hidden than that of men, and even this latter puzzles the most subtle politicians. That we may be struck so as to prepare seriously for any ill, may, it is possible, be one design of providence. It is surely our duty and wisdom to do so.



Dear mother, I beg your blessing on your dutiful  
and affectionate Son,

Jan. 19, 1716-7.

S. WESLEY.

I expect a particular account from every one.

#### LETTER IV.

*From Mrs. Wesley to her son Samuel.*

Dear Sam,

Jan. 25, or 27, 1716-7.

THOUGH I am not one of those that will believe nothing supernatural, but am rather inclined to think there would be frequent intercourse between good spirits and us, did not our deep lapse into sensuality prevent it; yet I was a great while ere I could credit any thing of what the children and servants reported concerning the noises they heard in several parts of our house. Nay, after I had heard them myself, I was willing to persuade myself and them that it was only rats or weasles that disturbed us; and having been formerly troubled with rats, which were frightened away by sounding a horn, I caused a horn to be procured, and made them blow it all over the house. But from that night they began to blow, the noises were more loud and distinct, both day and night, than before, and that night we rose and went down, I was entirely convinced that it was beyond the power of any human creature to make such strange and various noises.

As to your questions, I will answer them particularly, but withal, I desire my answers may satisfy none but yourself, for I would not have the matter imparted to any. We had both man and maid new this last Martinmas, yet I do not believe either of them occasioned the disturbance, both for the reason above mentioned, and because they were more affrighted than any body else. Besides, we have often heard the noises when they were in the room by us; and the maid particularly was in such a panic, that



she was almost incapable of all business, nor durst ever go from one room to another, or stay by herself a minute after it began to be dark.

The man Robert Brown, whom you well know, was most visited by it lying in the garret, and has often been frightened down bare foot, and almost naked, not daring to stay alone to put on his clothes, nor do I think, if he had power, he would be guilty of such villanny. When the walking was heard in the garret, Robert was in bed in the next room, in a sleep so sound, that he never heard your father and me walk up and down, though we walked not softly, I am sure. All the family has heard it together, in the same room, at the same time, particularly at family prayers. It always seemed to all present in the same place at the same time, though often before any could say it is here, it would remove to another place.

All the family as well as Robin, were asleep when your father and I went down stairs, nor did they awake in the nursery when we held the candle close by them, only we observed that Hetty trembled exceedingly in her sleep, as she always did, before the noise awaked her. It was commonly nearer her than the rest, which she took notice of, and was much frightened, because she thought it had a particular spite at her: I could multiply particular instances, but I forbear. I believe your father will write to you about it shortly. Whatever may be the design of Providence in permitting these things, I cannot say. *Secret things belong to God*; but I entirely agree with you that it is our wisdom and duty to prepare seriously for all events.

S. WESLEY.



## LETTER V.

*From Miss Susannah Wesley to her brother  
Samuel.*

Dear Brother,

Epworth, Jan. 24.

ABOUT the first of December, a most terrible and astonishing noise was heard by a maid servant, as at the dining-room door, which caused the up-starting of her hair, and made her ears prick forth at an unusual rate. She said it was like the groans of one expiring. These so frightened her, that for a great while she durst not go out of one room into another, after it began to be dark, without company. But, to lay aside jesting, which should not be done in serious matters, I assure you that, from the first to the last of a lunar month, the groans, squeaks, tinglings, and knockings, were frightful enough.

Though it is needless for me to send you an account of what we all heard, my father himself having a larger account of the matter than I am able to give, which he designs to send you; yet, in compliance with your desire, I will tell you as briefly as I can what I heard of it. The first night I ever heard it my sister Nancy and I were sat in the dining-room. We heard something rush on the outside of the doors that opened into the garden, then three loud knocks, immediately after other three, and in half a minute the same number over our heads. We inquired whether any body had been in the garden, or in the room above us, but there was nobody. Soon after my sister Molly and I were up after all the family were a-bed, except my sister Nancy, about some business. We heard three bouncing thumps under our feet, which soon made us throw away our work, and tumble into bed. Afterwards the tingling of the latch and warming-pan, and so it took its leave that night.

Soon after the above-mentioned, we heard a noise



as if a great piece of sounding metal was thrown down on the outside of our chamber. We, lying in the quietest part of the house, heard less than the rest for a pretty while ; but the latter end of the night that Mr. Hoole sat up on, I lay in the nursery, where it was very violent. I then heard frequent knocks over and under the room where I lay, and at the childrens' bed-head, which was made of boards. It seemed to rap against it very hard and loud, so that the bed shook under them. I heard something walk by my bed-side, like a man in a long night-gown. The knocks were so loud, that Mr. Hoole came out of their chamber to us. It still continued. My father spoke, but nothing answred. It ended that night with my father's particular knock, very fierce.

It is now pretty quiet, only at our repeating the prayers for the king and prince, when it usually begins, especially when my father says, "Our most gracious Sovereign Lord," &c. This my father is angry at, and designs to say *three* instead of *two* for the royal family. We all heard the same noise, and at the same time, and as coming from the same place. To conclude this, it now makes its personal appearance ; but of this more hereafter. Do not say one word of this to our folks, nor give the least hint.

I am,

Your sincere friend and affectionate sister,  
SUSANNAH WESLEY.

#### LETTER VI.

*Mr. S. Wesley in Answer.*

Dean's Yard, Feb. 9, 1716-7.

Dear Sister Sukey.

YOUR telling me the spirit has made its personal appearance, without saying how, or to whom, or when, or how long, has excited my curiosity very much. I long



mightily for a farther account of every circumstance by your next letter. Do not keep me any longer in the dark. Why need you write the less because my father is to send me the whole story. Has the disturbance continued since the 28th of December? I understand my father did not hear it at all, but a fortnight after the rest. What did he say remarkable to any of you when he did hear it? As to the devil's being an enemy to King George, were I the king myself, I should rather old Nick should be my enemy than my friend. I do not like the noise of the night-gown sweeping along the ground, nor its knocking like my father. Write when you receive this, though nobody else should, to your loving brother,

S. W.

#### LETTER VII.

*Mr. S. Wesley to his Mother.*

Dear Mother,

You say you could multiply particular instances of the spirit's noises, but I want to know whether nothing was ever seen by any. For though it is hard to conceive, nay, morally impossible, that the hearing of so many people could be deceived, yet the truth will be still more manifest and undeniable, if it is grounded on the testimony of two senses. Has it never at all disturbed you since the 28th of December? Did no circumstance give any light into the designs of the whole?

Your obedient and loving Son,  
S. WESLEY.

Have you dug in the place where the money seemed poured at your feet?



## LETTER VIII.

*Mr. S. Wesley to his Father.*

Honoured Sir,

I HAVE not yet received any answer to the letter I wrote some time ago, and my mother in her last seems to say, that as yet I know but a very small part of the whole story of strange noises in our house. I shall be exceeding glad to have the whole account from you. Whatever may be the main design of such wonders, I cannot think they were ever meant to be kept secret. If they bode any thing remarkable to our family, I am sure I am a party concerned.

Your dutiful son,

Feb. 12.

S. WESLEY.

## LETTER IX.

*From Mr. S. Wesley to his Sister Emily.*

Dear Sister Emily,

Feb. 12.

I WISH you would let me have a letter from you about the spirit, as indeed from every one of my sisters. I cannot think any of you superstitious, unless you are much changed since I saw you. My sister Hetty, I find, was more particularly troubled. Let me know all. Did any thing appear to her?

I am, your affectionate Brother,

S. WESLEY.

## LETTER X.

*From old Mr. Wesley to his Son Samuel.*

Dear Sam,

Feb. 11, 1716-7.

AS for the noises, &c. in our family, I thank God we are now all quiet. There was some surprising cir-



cumstances in that affair. Your mother has not written you a third part of it. When I see you here, you shall see the whole account, which I wrote down. It would make a glorious penny book for Jack Dunton; but while I live I am not ambitious for any thing of that nature. I think that's all, but blessings, from

Your loving Father,  
SAM. WESLEY.

### LETTER XI.

*From Miss Emily Wesley to her Brother Samuel.*

Dear Brother,

I THANK you for your last, and shall give you what satisfaction is in my power, concerning what has happened in our family. I am so far from being superstitious, that I was much inclined to infidelity, so that I heartily rejoice at having such an opportunity of convincing myself past doubt or scruple, of the existence of some beings besides those we see. A whole month was sufficient to convince any body of the reality of the thing, and to try all ways of discovering any trick, had it been possible for any such to have been used. I shall only tell you what I myself heard, and leave the rest to others.

My sisters in the paper chamber had heard noises, and told me of them, but I did not much believe, till one night, about a week after the first groans were heard, which was the beginning, just after the clock had struck ten, I went down stairs to lock the doors, which I always do. Scarce had I got up the best stairs, when I heard a noise, like a person throwing down a vast coal in the middle of the fore kitchen, and all the splinters seemed to fly about from it. I was not much frightened, but went to my sister Sukey, and we together went over all the low rooms, but there was nothing out of order.

Our dog was fast asleep, and our only cat in the



other end of the house. No sooner was I got up stairs, and undressed for bed, but I heard a noise among many bottles that stand under the best stairs, just like the throwing of a great stone among them, which had broke them all to pieces. This made me hasten to bed ; but my sister Hetty, who sits always to wait on my father going to bed, was still sitting on the lowest step on the garret stairs, the door being shut at her back, when soon after there came down the stairs behind her something like a man, in a loose night-gown trailing after him, which made her fly rather than run to me in the nursery.

All this time we never told our father of it, but soon after we did. He smiled, and gave no answer, but was more careful than usual, from that time, to see us in bed, imagining it to be some of us young women that sat up late, and made a noise. His incredulity, and especially his imputing it to us, or our lovers, made me, I own, desirous of its continuance till he was convinced. As for my mother, she firmly believed it to be rats, and sent for a horn to blow them away. I laughed to think how wisely they were employed, who were striving half a day to fright away Jeffrey, for that name I gave it, with a horn.

But whatever it was, I perceived it could be made angry. For from that time it was so outrageous, there was no quiet for us after ten at night. I heard frequently between ten and eleven, something like the quick winding up of a jack, at the corner of the room by my bed's head, just the running of the wheels and the creaking of the iron work. This was the common signal of its coming. Then it would knock on the floor three times, then at my sister's bed's head in the same room, almost always three together, and then stay. The sound was hollow, and loud, so as none of us could ever imitate.

It would answer to my mother, if she stamped on the floor, and bid it. It would knock when I was putting the children to bed, just under me where I



sat. One time little Kesy, pretending to scare Patty, as I was undressing them, stamped with her foot on the floor, and immediately it answered with three knocks just in the same place. It was more loud and fierce if any one said it was rats, or any thing natural.

I could tell you abundance more of it, but the rest will write, and therefore it would be needless. I was not much frightened at first, and very little at last ; but it was never near me, except two or three times, and never followed me, as it did my sister Hetty. I have been with her when it has knocked under her, and when she has removed has followed, and still kept just under her feet, which was enough to terrify a stouter person.

If you would know my opinion of the reason of this, I shall briefly tell you. I believe it to be witchcraft, for these reasons. About a year since there was a disturbance at a town near us, that was undoubtedly witches ; and if so near, why may they not reach us ? Then my father had, for several Sundays before its coming, preached warmly against consulting those that are called cunning men, which our people are given to ; and it had a particular spite at my father.

Besides, something was thrice seen. The first time by my mother, under my sister's bed, like a badger, only without any head that was discernible. The same creature was sat by the dining-room fire one evening ; when our man went into the room, it run by him, through the hall under the stairs. He followed with a candle, and searched, but it was departed. The last time he saw it in the kitchen, like a white rabbit, which seems likely to be some witch ; and I do so really believe it to be one, that I would venture to fire a pistol at it if I saw it long enough. It has been heard by me and others since December. I have filled up all my room, and have only time to tell you, I am, your loving sister,

EMILY WESLEY.



## LETTER XII.

*Miss Susannah Wesley to her Brother Samuel.*

Dear Brother Wesley,

March 27.

I SHOULD farther satisfy you concerning the disturbances, but it is needless, because my sisters, Emily and Hetty, write so particularly about it. One thing I believe you do not know, that is, last Sunday, to my father's no small amazement, his trencher danced upon the table a pretty while, without any body's stirring the table. When, lo! an adventurous wretch took it up, and spoiled the sport, for it remained still ever after. How glad should I be to talk with you about it. Send me some news, for we are secluded from the sight or hearing of any versal thing except Jeffrey.

SUSANNAH WESLEY.

*A Passage in a Letter from my Mother to me,  
dated March 27, 1717.*

I CANNOT imagine how you should be so curious about our unwelcome guest. For my part, I am quite tired with hearing or speaking of it; but if you come among us, you will find enough to satisfy all your scruples, and perhaps may hear or see it yourself.

S. WESLEY.

*A Passage in a Letter from my Sister Emily to  
Mr. N. Berry, dated April 1.*

TELL my brother the spright was with us last night, and heard by many of our family, especially by our maid and myself. She sat up with drink, and it came just at one o'clock, and opened the dining-room door. After some time it shut again. She saw as well as heard it both shut and open; then it began to knock



as usual. But I dare write no longer, lest I should hear it.

EMILY WESLEY.

*Journal, or Diary, of Mr. Samuel Wesley, sen. transcribed by the late Rev. John Wesley, August 27, 1726.*

*Account of Noises and Disturbances in my house at Epworth, Lincolnshire, in December and January, 1716.*

FROM the first of December, my children and servants heard many strange noises, groans, knockings, &c. in every story, and most of the rooms of my house. But I heard nothing of it myself, they would not tell me for some time, because, according to the vulgar opinion, if it boded any ill to me, I could not hear it. When it increased, and the family could not easily conceal it, they told me of it.

My daughters, Susannah and Ann, were below stairs in the dining-room, and heard first at the doors, then over their heads, and the night after a knocking under their feet, though nobody was in the chambers or below them. The like they and my servants heard in both the kitchens, at the door against the partition, and over them. The maid servant heard groans as of a dying man. My daughter Emily coming down stairs to draw up the clock, and lock the doors at ten at night, as usual, heard under the staircase a sound among some bottles there, as if they had been all dashed to pieces; but when she looked, all was safe.

Something like the steps of a man was heard going up and down stairs, at all hours of the night, and vast rumblings below stairs, and in the garrets. My man, who lay in the garret, heard some one come slaring through the garret to the chamber, rattling by his side, as if against his shoes, though he had none there; at other times walking up and down



stairs when all the house was in bed, and gobbling, like a turkey-cock. Noises were heard in the nursery and all the other chambers; knocking first at the feet of the bed and behind it; and a sound like that of dancing in a matted chamber next the nursery, when the door was locked, and nobody in it.

My wife would have persuaded them it was rats within doors, and some unlucky people knocking without; till at last we heard several loud knocks in our own chamber, on my side of the bed; but till, I think, the 21st at night, I heard nothing of it. That night I was waked a little before one, by nine distinct very loud knocks, which seemed to be in the next room to ours, with a sort of pause at every third stroke. I thought it might be somebody without the house, and having got a stout mastiff, hoped he would soon rid me of it.

The next night I heard six knocks, but not so loud as the former. I know not whether it was in the morning after Sunday, the 23d, when about seven my daughter Emily called her mother into the nursery, and told her she might now hear the noises there. She went in, and heard it at the bedsteads, then under the bed, then at the head of it. She knocked, and it answered her. She looked under the bed, and thought something ran from thence, but could not well tell of what shape, but thought it most like a badger.

The next night but one, we were awaked about one by the noises, which were so violent, it was in vain to think of sleep while they continued. I rose, and my wife would rise with me. We went into every chamber, and down stairs; and generally as we went into one room, we heard it in that behind us, though all the family had been in bed several hours. When we were going down stairs, and at the bottom of them, we heard, as Emily had done before, a clashing among the bottles, as if they had been broke to pieces, and another sound distinct from it,



as if a peck of money had been thrown down before us. The same three of my daughters heard at another time.

We went through the hall into the kitchen, when our mastiff came whining to us, as he did always after the first night of its coming; and then he barked violently at it, but was silent afterwards, and seemed more afraid than any of the children. We still heard it rattle and thunder in every room above or behind us, locked as well as open, except my study, where as yet it never came. After two we went to bed, and were pretty quiet the rest of the night.

Wednesday night, December 26, after or a little before ten, my daughter Emily heard the signal of its beginning to play, with which she was perfectly acquainted; it was like the strong winding up of a jack. She called us, and I went into the nursery, where it used to be most violent. The rest of the children were asleep. It began with knocking in the kitchen underneath, then seemed to be at the bed's feet, then under the bed, at last at the head of it. I went down stairs, and knocked with my stick against the joists of the kitchen. It answered me as often and as loud as I knocked; but then I knocked as I usually do at my door, 1—2 3 4 5 6—7, but this puzzled it, and it did not answer, or not in the same method; though the children heard it do the same exactly twice or thrice after.

I went up stairs and found it still knocking hard, though with some respite, sometimes under the bed, sometimes at the bed's head. I observed my children that they were frightened in their sleep, and trembled very much till it waked them. I stayed there alone, bid them go to sleep, and sat at the bed's feet by them, when the noise began again. Soon after it gave one knock on the outside of the house. All the rest were within, and knocked off for that night.

I went out of doors, sometimes alone, at others with company, and walked round the house, but



could see or hear nothing. Several nights the latch of our lodging chamber would be lifted up very often, when all were in bed. One night, when the noise was great in the kitchen, and on a deal partition, and the door in the yard, the latch whereof was often lift up, my daughter Emily went and held it fast on the inside, but it was still lifted up, and the door pushed violently against her, though nothing was to be seen on the outside.

When we were at prayers, and came to the prayers for King George, and the Prince, it would make a great noise over our heads constantly, whence some of the family called it a Jacobite. I have been thrice pushed by an invisible power, once against the corner of my desk in the study, a second time against the door of the matted chamber, a third time against the right side of the frame of my study door, as I was going in.

I followed the noise into almost every room in the house, both by day and by night, with lights and without, and have sat alone for some time, and when I heard the noise, spoke to it, to tell me what it was, but never heard any articulate voice, and only once or twice two or three feeble squeaks, a little louder than the chirping of a bird, but not like the noise of rats, which I have often heard.

I had designed on Friday, December the 28th, to make a visit to a friend, Mr. Downs, at Normandy, and stay some days with him, but the noises were so boisterous on Thursday night, that I did not care to leave my family. So I went to Mr. Hoole, of Haxsey, and desired his company on Friday night. He came, and it began after ten, a little later than ordinary. The younger children were gone to bed, the rest of the family and Mr. Hoole were together in the matted chamber. I sent the servants down to fetch in some fuel, went with them, and staid in the kitchen till they came in. When they were gone, I heard loud noises against the doors and partition, and



at length the usual signal, though somewhat after the time. I had never heard it before, but knew it by the description my daughter had given me. It was much like the turning about of a windmill when the wind changes. When the servants returned, I went up to the company, who had heard the other noises below, but not the signal. We heard all the knocking as usual, from one chamber to another, but at its going off, like the rubbing of a beast against the wall; but from that time till January the 24th, we were quiet.

Having received a letter from Samuel the day before, relating to it, I read what I had written of it to my family; and this day at morning prayer, the family heard the usual knocks at the prayer for the king. At night they were more distinct, both in the prayer for the king and that for the prince; and one very loud knock at the *amen* was heard by my wife, and most of my children, at the inside of my bed. I heard nothing myself. After nine, Robert Brown, sitting alone by the fire in the back kitchen, something came out of the copper hole like a rabbit, but less, and turned round five times very swiftly. Its ears lay flat upon its neck, and its little scut stood straight up. He ran after it with the tongs in his hands, but when he could find nothing he was frightened, and went to the maid in the parlour.

On Friday, the 25th, having prayers at church, I shortened, as usual, those in the family at morning, omitting the confession, absolution, and prayers for the king and prince. I observed when this is done there is no knocking. I therefore used them one morning for a trial; at the name of king George it began to knock, and did the same when I prayed for the prince. Two knocks I heard, but took no notice after prayers, till after all who were in the room, ten persons besides me, spoke of it, and said they heard it. No noise at all the rest of the prayers.

Sunday, January 27. Two soft strokes at the morning prayers for king George, above stairs.



*Very singular Account of a Vision.*

As you wish to have an account of the vision which my father and grandfather saw in the neighbourhood of this place, I will now endeavour to comply with your request. I have heard it, with all its circumstances, so often related by them both, when together, as well as by my father separately, since my grandfather's decease, that I am as fully convinced that they saw this vision, as if I had seen it myself. At the same time I must acknowledge that however desirous I am to oblige Lady — and you, I commit this account to writing with some degree of reluctance, well knowing how little credit is generally given, by the more intelligent classes of mankind, to a narrative of that kind, and how little it corresponds with the ordinary course of causes and events.

This vision was seen by them about three o'clock in the afternoon of a very warm, clear sunshiny day, in the month of June or July, between the years 1746 and 1753. I cannot go nearer to ascertain the year. My grandfather was then a farmer in Glenary (which you know is within four miles of this place), and my father, who was at that time a young unmarried man, resided in the family with him.

On the morning of the day above mentioned, my grandfather having occasion to transact some business in Glenshiray, took my father along with him. They went there by crossing the hill which separates it from Glenary; and their business in Glenshiray having been finished a little after mid-day, they came round by Inverary, in order to return home. At that time the road generally used from Glenshiray to Inverary lay upon the west side of the river of Shiray all the way to Gairan bridge, where it joins the high-road which leads from Inverary to the low country by that bridge.

As soon as they came to the bridge, and had turned



towards Inverness, upon the high-road, being then, as you know, within view of a part of the old town of Inverary (which has since been demolished), the ground upon which the new town stands, and the whole line of road leading from it to the abovementioned bridge, they were very much surprised to behold a great number of men under arms, marching on foot towards them. At this time, the foremost ranks were only advanced as far as Kilmalieu. They were marching in regular order, and as closely as they could move, from that point of the new town near the Quay, where Captain Gillie's house now stands, along the shore and high-road, and crossing the river Avay near the town, at or about the spot where the new bridge has been since built; of the rear there appeared to be no end. The ground upon which the new town now stands was then surrounded by a park wall, and the road beyond it lay in a circular direction, between that wall and the sea. From the nature of the ground my father and grandfather could see no further than this wall; and as the army was advancing in front, the rear as regularly succeeded, and advanced from the furthest verge of their view.

The extraordinary sight, which was wholly unexpected, so much attracted their attention, that they stood a considerable time to observe it. They then walked slowly on, but stopped now and then, with their eyes constantly fixed on the objects before them. Meantime the army continuing regularly to advance, they counted that it had fifteen or sixteen pairs of colours; and they observed that the men nearest to them were marching upon the road, six or seven abreast, or in each line, attended by a number of women and children, both below and above the road, some of whom were carrying tin cans and other implements of cookery, which, I am told, is customary on a march. They were clothed in red (but as to that particular circumstance I do not recollect whe-



ther my grandfather mentioned it or not, though I know my father did), and the sun shone so bright that the gleam of their arms, which consisted of muskets and bayonets, sometimes dazzled their sight. They also observed between Kilmalieu and the Salmon Draught, an animal resembling a deer or a horse, in the middle of a crowd of soldiers, who were, as they conjectured, stabbing and pushing it forward with their bayonets.

My father, who had never seen an army before, naturally put a number of questions to my grandfather (who had served in the Argyleshire Highlanders in assisting to suppress the rebellion, 1749,) concerning the probable route and destination of the army, which was now advancing towards them, and of the number of men it seemed to consist. My grandfather replied, that "he supposed it had come from Ireland, and had landed at Kyntyre, and that it was proceeding to England; and that, in his opinion, it was more numerous than the army on both sides at the battle of Culloden." My father having particularly remarked that the rear ranks were continually running forward, in order to overtake those who were before them; and inquiring into the reason of that circumstance, my grandfather told him that that was always the case with the rear; that the least obstacle stopped and threw them behind, which necessarily, and in a still greater degree, retarded the march of those who were behind them, and obliged them to come forward till they had recovered their own places again. And he therefore advised my father, if he went into the army, to endeavour, if possible, to get into the front rank, which always marched with leisure and ease, while those in the rear were generally kept running in the manner he had seen.

My father and grandfather were now come to the Thorn Bush, between the Gairan Bridge and the gate of the Deer Park, and at the same time the rear of the army had advanced very near to the gate,



which you know is but a very short distance (I believe not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from the Thorn Bush). And as the road forms a right angle at that gate, and the front of the army being then directly opposite to them, they had of course a better opportunity of observing it minutely than they had formerly done. The van-guard, they then observed, consisted of a party of forty or fifty men, preceded by an officer of foot. At a little distance behind them, another officer appeared riding upon a grey dragoon horse. He was the only person they observed on horseback, and from his appearance and station in the march, they considered him as the commander-in-chief. He had on a gold-laced hat, and a blue hussar cloak, with wide, open, loose sleeves, all lined with red. He also wore boots and spurs; the rest of his dress they could not see. My father took such particular notice of him, that he often declared he would know him perfectly well if he ever saw him again. Behind this officer, the rear of the army marched all in one body, so far as they observed, but attended by women and children, as I mentioned above.

My father's curiosity being now sufficiently gratified, he represented to my grandfather that it was very probable that these men, who were advancing towards them, would force them to go along with them, or use them otherwise ill; and he therefore proposed that they should both go out of their way by climbing over a stone dyke which fences the Deer Park from the high-road; observing that the spot where they then were was very convenient for that purpose, as the Thorn Bush would help to screen them from their view while going over the dyke. To this my grandfather objected, saying, "that as he was a middle-aged man, and had seen some service, he believed they would not give any trouble to him;" but at the same time he told my father, "that as he was a young man, and they might possibly take him



along with them, he might go out of the way or not, as he thought fit." Upon this my father instantly leaped over the dyke. He then walked behind it for a little time in the direction towards the Gairan bridge; and when he had got about half way, he turned up towards the fir clumps in the neighbourhood of the bridge, believing that he was then out of the reach of a pursuit, should any be attempted.

But when he arrived near the clumps, he looked back to observe the motions of the army, and whether any person attempted to follow him; but he found to his utter astonishment that they were all vanished, not a soul of them was to be seen. As soon as he had recovered from the surprise which this extraordinary scene occasioned, he returned to my grandfather, and as soon as he saw him, cried out, "What has become of the men?" My grandfather, who did not seem to pay them much attention after my father left him, then observing that they had all disappeared, answered, with an equal degree of astonishment, "that he could not tell."

As they proceeded on their way to Inverary, he recommended my father to keep what they had seen a profound secret; adding, that they would make themselves ridiculous by mentioning it; for that no person would believe they had seen a vision so extraordinary; at the same time he told him that though he (my grandfather) might not live to see it, my father might possibly live to see the vision realized.

This conversation was scarcely ended, when they met one Stewart, an old man who then resided in Glenshiray, going home, and driving a horse before him. This, as they believed, was the same animal they had before observed surrounded by a crowd. My father, notwithstanding the admonitions he had just received, was not able to contain himself. He asked Stewart what had become of the people who were travelling along with him? Stewart, not understanding the drift of the question, answered



that nobody had been in company with him since he left Inverary, but that he never travelled in so warm a day, that the air was so close and sultry that he was scarcely able to breathe ; and that his horse had become so weak and feeble, that he was obliged to alight and drive him before him.

The account I now send you of this vision was not only communicated by my father and grandfather to me, as I have already mentioned, but was also communicated by them to many others in this place and neighbourhood, it being scarcely possible that so extraordinary an occurrence could long be concealed. It is, no doubt, extremely difficult to account for it on the ordinary principles which regulate human events, but no person acquainted with my father or grandfather ever supposed that either of them was capable of inventing such a story ; and, accordingly, as far as I can understand, no person to whom they told it ever doubted that they told anything but the truth. My grandfather died several years ago ; my father died within these two years ; but neither of them saw their vision realized, although, indeed, my father had strong expectations of seeing it realized a few years before his death, particularly at the time of the Irish rebellion, and of the last threatened invasion of the French.

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### *The True Lover's Spirit.*

MARY MEADOWS was about to be married to James Mason, the son of her father's friend, and her heart being disengaged, she did not object to the union, in compliance with the wish of her friends. Just at this time she became acquainted with William Marstone, and from being frequently together, and dispositions similar, a strong affection was quickly engendered, and they vowed never to be united in marriage except to each other. The father of William had latterly



*Presence of mind.*

AFTER receiving his rents, Lord C. was in the habit of retiring with his steward to his study, and there, after settling his accounts, of depositing the money in his strong box till the next day, when the steward was sent with it to the bank. This man had lived with this lord's father, and was so beloved by the family, that they placed implicit confidence in his integrity and worth. For some time his lordship had, upon inspecting the banker's book, and upon reference to his private account, found that the sum they credited him with was always short of that he sent. This being continued, led to severe investigations; but no result that came out satisfied him how the deficiency could happen. Some of the servants came under his displeasure, and they were at various periods dismissed.

On one particular rent day he placed the money in a different room, still having for his confidant the old steward, who, of course, joined his lord in regretting his late losses. On the same night, the housemaid went to this room to see that the shutters were safe; and, recollecting that she had to clean it out very early, she thought it not worth while to go to bed, but determined to lay herself down and sleep on the sofa. She did so, and put out the candle.

When half asleep, she was awaked by a noise at the door, and she was just going to start up and ring the bell, thinking it was thieves, when it slowly opened, and in walked the old steward.—He looked cautiously round and hesitated; but seeing no object, went to the escrutoire where his lord had locked his rent up—after opening the lock, took out what he pleased—and then re-locking the drawer, was going out, when—the reflection of the candle upon the servant's clothes caught his eye! He started; but she might be asleep, and his transgressions not witnessed.

To be assured of this, he went to the sofa, and



flashed the candle back and forwards before her eyes. The girl lay still. He put his hand into his pocket, drew out a clasp knife, and opened it. He flashed it before her eyes. The girl lay still. He then put it to her throat—drew it across and across it—till she could feel the edge almost cut her. She was aware that silence alone could save her life ; for did she move, he would of course murder her. She had presence of mind to lay still as death. Satisfied, after this terrible trial, that she must be fast asleep, he closed the knife, and walked out of the room.

The frightened girl waited till she heard his footsteps faint away ; and then she rushed up to the chamber of her lord, and awakening him, she detailed the whole of the scene, begging his lordship to satisfy himself of the truth. She had no sooner told her story than she fainted. Lord C. hardly credited her ; but he arose, leaving Lady C. to take care of the girl ; and after calling up his valet and other servants, proceeded to search for the steward.

His apartment being in a different wing of the house, they looked all about, and then cautiously made their way to his room. One of the men climbed up to the window, and saw the old man counting money. He descended and told this, and then they rushed into the room, and before the villain could hide his prize, they had him a prisoner. His lordship identified the bank notes found upon him ; and he was, after a severe examination, sent to prison.

Afraid of being executed, and dreading to face his injured lord and various other gentlemen who had placed confidence in him, he put an end to his life by cutting his own throat ; but not before he left a letter detailing the sums he had purloined, and where his master could find them. Justice being frustrated by his not being made an example of, his lordship was not sorry to be spared accusing his old and hitherto supposed faithful servant, and the whole was hushed up as much as possible.



We return to the poor girl. After a great deal of care she recovered, so as again to repeat before the steward her evidence ; but when she came to the part where she felt the knife touch her throat, the horror of the circumstance threw her into convulsions, and she went mad.

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*Horrible Affair in the Rue de la Harpe at Paris.*

IN the Rue de la Harpe, which is a long, dismal, ancient street in the fauxbourg of St. Marcell, is a space or gap in the line of building upon which formerly stood two dwelling-houses, instead of which stands now a melancholy memorial, signifying, that upon this spot no human habitation shall ever be erected, no human being ever must reside !

Curiosity will of course be greatly excited to ascertain what it was that rendered this devoted spot so obnoxious to humanity, and yet so interesting in history.

Two attached and opulent neighbours, residing in some province, not very remote from the French capital, having occasion to go to town on certain money transactions, agreed to travel thence and to return together, which was to be done with as much expedition as possible. They were on foot, a very common way, even at present, for persons of much respectability to travel in France, and were attended, as most pedestrians are, by a faithful dog.

Upon their arrival at the Rue de la Harpe, they stepped into the shop of a perquier to be shaved before they would proceed to business, or enter into the more fashionable streets. So limited was their time, and peremptory was their return, that the first man who was shaved proposed to his companion, that while he was undergoing the operation of the razor, he who was already shaven should run and execute a small commission in the neighbourhood, promising



that he would be back before the other was ready to move. For this purpose he left the shop of the barber.

On returning, to his great surprise and vexation, he was informed that his friend was gone; but as the dog, which was the dog of the absentee, was sitting outside of the door, the other presumed he was only gone out for the moment, perhaps in pursuit of him; so expecting him back every moment, he chatted to the barber whilst he waited his return.

Such a considerable time elapsed, that the stranger now became quite impatient; he went in and out, up and down the street, still the dog remained stationed at the door.—“Did he leave no message?”—“No;” all the barber knew was, that when he was shaved he went away. It was certainly very odd.

The dog remaining stationed at the door was to the traveller conclusive evidence that his master was not far off; he went in and out, up and down the street again. Still no signs of him whatever.

Impatience now became alarm; alarm became sympathetic. The poor animal exhibited marks of restlessness in yelps and in howlings, which so affected the sensibility of the stranger, that he threw out some insinuations not much to the credit of the barber, who immediately ordered him to quit his boutique.

Upon quitting the shop he found it impossible to remove the dog from the door. No whistling, no calling, no patting would do; stir he would not.

In his agony, the afflicted man raised a crowd about the door, to whom he told his lamentable story. The dog became an object of universal interest, and of close attention. He shivered and he howled, but no seduction, no caressing, no experiment, could make him desert his post.

By some of the populace it was proposed to send for the police; by others it was proposed a remedy more summary, namely, to force in and search the house, which was immediately done. The crowd



burst in, every apartment was searched, but in vain. There was no trace whatever of the countryman.

During this investigation, the dog still remained sentinel at the shop-door, which was bolted within to keep out the crowd, which was immense outside.

After a fruitless search and much altercation, the barber, who had prevailed upon the people who had forced in to quit his house, came to the door, and was haranguing the populace, declaring most solemnly his innocence, when the dog suddenly sprang upon him, flew at his throat in such a state of terrific exasperation, that his victim fainted, and was with the utmost difficulty rescued from being torn to pieces. The dog seemed to be in a state of intellectual agony and fury.

It was now proposed to give the animal his way, to see what course he would pursue. The moment he was let loose, he flew through the shop, darted down stairs into a dark cellar, where he set up the most dismal howlings and lamentations.

Lights being procured, an aperture was discovered in the wall communicating to the next house, which was immediately surrounded, in the cellar whereof was found the body of the unfortunate man who had been missing. The person who kept this shop was a patissier.

It is unnecessary to say that those miscreants were brought to trial and executed. The facts that appeared upon their trial, and afterwards upon confession, were these:—

Those incautious travellers, whilst in the shop of this fiend, unhappily talked of the money they had about them, and the wretch, who was a robber and murderer by profession, as soon as the one turned his back, drew his razor across the throat of the other, and plundered him.

The remainder of the story is almost too horrible for human ears, but is not upon that account the less credible.



The pastry-cook, whose shop was so remarkable for savoury patties that they were sent for to the Rue de la Harpe from the most distant parts of Paris, was the partner of this peruquier; and those who were murdered by the razor of the one were concealed by the knife of the other in those very identical patties, by which, independently of his partnership in those frequent robberies, he had made a fortune.

This case was of so terrific a nature, it was made part of the sentence of the law, that besides the execution of the monsters upon the rack, the houses in which they perpetrated those infernal deeds should be pulled down, and that the spot on which they stood should be marked out to posterity with horror and execration.

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*Remarkable Circumstance.*

IN the month of September, 1824, the body of a young woman, dressed in black silk, with a watch, a ring, and a small sum of money, was found floating, near Spithead, by a lieutenant of the impress, and conveyed to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. As no person owned it, a parish officer, who was also an undertaker, took upon himself to inter the body, for the property that was attached to it, which was accordingly performed.

One evening, about a fortnight after the event, a poor man and woman were seen to come into the village, and on application to the undertaker for a view of the property which belonged to the unfortunate drowned person, they declared it to have been their daughter, who was upset in a boat as she was going to Spithead to see her husband. They also wished to pay whatever expence the undertaker had been at, and to receive the trinkets, &c. which had so lately been the property of one so dear to them: but this the undertaker would by no means consent to. They repaired, therefore, to the churchyard,



where the woman having prostrated herself on the grave of the deceased, continued some time in silent meditation or prayer ; then crying "Pillilew!" after the manner of the Irish at funerals, she sorrowfully departed with her husband.

The curiosity of the inhabitants of Ryde, excited by the first appearance and behaviour of this couple, was changed into wonder, when returning, in less than three weeks, they accused the undertaker of having buried their daughter without a shroud! saying, she had appeared in a dream, complaining of the mercenary and sacrilegious undertaker, and lamenting the indignity, which would not let her spirit rest.

The undertaker stoutly denied the charge. But the woman having secretly purchased a shroud (trying it on herself) at Upper Ryde, was watched by the seller, and followed about twelve o'clock at night into the church-yard. After lying a short time on the grave, she began to remove the mould with her hands, and incredible as it may seem, by two o'clock had uncovered the coffin, which with much difficulty, and the assistance of her husband, was lifted out of the grave. On opening it, the stench was almost intolerable, and stopped the operation for some time ; but, after taking a pinch of snuff, she gently raised the head of the deceased, taking from the back of it, and the bottom of the coffin, not a shroud, but a dirty piece of flannel, with part of the hair sticking to it, and which the writer of this account saw lying on the hedge so lately as the middle of the present year. Clothing the body with the shroud, every thing was carefully replaced ; and, on a second application, the undertaker, overwhelmed with shame, restored the property. The woman (whose fingers were actually worn to the bone with the operation) retired with her husband, and has never been heard of since.



*Martha, the Gypsy.*

LONDON may appear an unbecoming scene for a story so romantic as that which I have here set down: but, strange and wild as is the tale I have to tell, *it is true*; and, therefore, the scene of action shall not be changed; nor will I alter or vary from the truth, save that the names of the personages, in my domestic drama shall be fictitious.

To say that I am superstitious would be, in the minds of many wise personages, to write myself down an ass; but to say that I do not believe *that* which follows, as I am sure it was believed by *him* who related it to me, would be to discredit the testimony of a friend, as honourable and as brave as ever trod the earth. He has been snatched from the world, of which he was a bright ornament, and has left more than his sweet suffering widow and his orphan children affectionately to deplore his loss.

It is, I find, right and judicious most carefully and publicly to disavow a belief in supernatural visitings: but it will be long before I become either so wise or so bold as to make any such unqualified declaration. I am not weak enough to imagine myself surrounded by spirits and phantoms, or jostling through a crowd of spectres, as I walk the streets; neither do I give credence to all the idle tales of ancient dames, or frightened children, touching such matters: but when I breathe the air, and see the grass grow under my feet, I cannot but feel that HE who gives me ability to inhale the one, and stand erect upon the other, has also the power to use for special purposes such means and agency, as in his wisdom he may see fit; and which, in point of fact, are not more incomprehensible to us than the very simplest effects which we every day witness, arising from unknown causes.

Philosophers may pore, and in the might of their littleness, and the erudition of their ignorance, de-



velope and disclose, argue and discuss ; but when the sage, who sneers at the possibility of ghosts, will explain to me the doctrine of attraction and gravitation, or tell me why the wind blows, why the tides ebb and flow, or why the light shines—effects perceptible to all men—then will I admit the justice of his incredulity—then will I join the rank of the incredulous. However, a truce with *my* views and reflections: proceed we to the narrative.

In the vicinity of Bedford-square lived a respectable and honest man, whose name the reader will be pleased to consider Harding. He married early: his wife was an exemplary woman, and his son and daughter were grown to that companionable age, at which children repay, with their society and accomplishments, the tender cares which parents bestow upon their offspring in their early infancy.

Mr. Harding held a responsible and respectable situation under the government, in Somerset House. His income was adequate to his wants and wishes; his family a family of love: and, perhaps, taking into consideration the limited desires of what may be fairly called middle life, no man was ever more contented, or better satisfied with his lot than he.

Maria Harding, his daughter, was a modest, unassuming, and interesting girl, full of feeling and gentleness. She was timid and retiring; but the modesty which cast down her fine black eyes could not veil the intellect which beamed in them. Her health was by no means strong; and the paleness of her cheek—too frequently, alas! lighted by the hectic flush of our indigenious complaint—gave a deep interest to her countenance. She was watched and reared by her tender mother, with all the care and attention which a being so delicate and so ill-suited to the perils and troubles of this world demanded.

George, her brother, was a bold and intelligent lad, full of rude health, and fearless independence. His character was frequently the subject of his fa-



ther's contemplation; and he saw in his disposition, his mind, his pursuits, and propensities, the promise of future success in active life.

With these children, possessing as they did the most enviable characteristics of their respective sexes, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, with thankfulness to Providence, acknowledged their happiness, and their perfect satisfaction with the portion assigned to them in this transitory world.

Maria was about nineteen, and had, as was natural, attracted the regards, and thence gradually chained the affections, of a distant relative, whose ample fortune, added to his personal and mental good qualities, rendered him a most acceptable suitor to her parents, which Maria's heart silently acknowledged he would have been to *her*, had he been poor and penniless.

The father of this intended husband of Maria was a man of importance, possessing much personal interest, through which George, the brother of his intended daughter-in-law, was to be placed in that diplomatic seminary in Downing-street, whence, in due time, he was to rise through all the grades of office (which, with his peculiar talents, his friends, and especially his mother, was convinced he would so ably fill), and at last turn out an ambassador, as mighty and mysterious as my Lord Belmont, of whom I have had occasion to speak in another part of this collection of narratives.

The parents, however, of young Langdale and of Maria Harding were agreed, that there was no necessity for hastening the alliance between their families, seeing that the united ages of the couple did not exceed thirty-nine years: and seeing, moreover, still, that Mrs. Langdale, who was little more than six-and-thirty years of age herself, had reasons, which she also meant to be private, for seeking to delay as much as possible a ceremony, the result of which, in all probability, would confer upon her, somewhat too early in life to be agreeable to a lady of her habits and propensities, the formidable title of grandmamma.



How curious it is, when one takes up a *little bit* of society (as a geologist crumbles and twists a bit of earth in his hand, to ascertain its character and quality), to look into the motives and manœuvrings of all the persons connected with it; the various workings, the indefatigable labours, which all their little minds are undergoing to bring about divers and sundry little points, perfectly unconnected with the great end in view; but which for private and hidden objects, each of them is toiling to carry. Nobody, but those who really understood Mrs. Langdale, understood why she so readily acquiesced in the desire of her husband to postpone the marriage for another twelvemonth. A stranger would have seen only the dutiful wife according with the sensible husband; but I knew her, and knew that there must be something more than met the eye, or the ear, in that sympathy of feeling between her and Mr. Langdale, which was not upon ordinary occasions so evidently displayed.

Like the waterman who pulls one way and looks another, Mrs. Langdale aided the entreaties and seconded the commands of her loving spouse, touching the seasonable delay of which I am speaking; and it was agreed, that immediately after the coming of age of Frederick Langdale, and not before, he was to lead to the hymeneal altar the delicate and timid Maria Harding.

The affair got whispered about; George's fortune in life was highly extolled—Maria's excessive happiness prophesied by every body of their acquaintance; and already had sundry younger ladies, daughters and nieces of those who discussed these matters in divan after dinner, began to look upon Miss Harding with envy and maliciousness, and wonder what Mr. Frederick Langdale could see in her: she was proclaimed to be insipid, inanimate, shy, bashful, and awkward: nay, some of her female friends went so far as to discover that she was absolutely awry.

Still, however, Frederick and Maria went loving



on ; and their hearts grew as one ; so truly, so fondly were they attached to each other. George, who was somewhat of a plague to the pair of lovers, was luckily at Oxford, reading away till his head ached, to qualify himself for a degree, and the distant duties of the office whence he was to cull the bunches of diplomatic laurels, and whence were to issue rank and title, and ribbons and crosses innumerable.

Things were in this prosperous state, the bark of life rolling gaily along before the breeze, when as Mr. Harding was one day proceeding from his residence, to his office in Somerset-place, through Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, he was accosted by one of those female gypsies who are found begging in the metropolis, and especially in the particular part of it in question : " Pray remember poor Martha the gypsy," said the woman : " give me a halfpenny for charity, sir, pray do."

Mr. Harding was a subscriber to the Mendicity Society, an institution which proposes to check beggary by the novel mode of giving nothing to the poor : moreover he was a magistrate—moreover, he had no change ; and he somewhat sternly desired the woman to go about her business.

All availed him nothing ; she still followed him, and reiterated the piteous cry, " Pray remember poor Martha the gypsy."

At length, irritated by the perseverance of the woman—for even subordinates in government hate to be solicited importunately—Mr. Harding, contrary to his usual custom, and contrary to the customary usages of modern society, turned hastily round, and fulminated an oath against the supplicating vagrant.

" Curse !" said Martha ; " have I lived to this ? Hark ye, man—poor, weak, haughty man ! Mark me, sir—look at me !"

He did look at her ; and beheld a countenance on fire with rage. A pair of eyes blacker than jet, and brighter than diamonds, glared like stars upon him ;



her black hair dishevelled, hung over her olive cheeks ; and a row of teeth whiter than the driven snow displaying themselves from between a pair of coral lips, in a dreadful smile, a ghastly sneer of contempt which mingled in her passion. Harding was riveted to the spot ; and, affected partly by the powerful fascination of her superhuman countenance, and partly by the dread of a disturbance in the street, he paused to listen to her.

“Mark me, sir,” said Martha ; “you and I shall meet again. Thrice shall you see me before you die. My visitings will be dreadful ; but the third will be the last !”

There was a solemnity in this declaration which struck to his very heart, coming too as it did only from a vagrant outcast. Passengers were approaching ; and wishing, he knew not why, to soothe the ire of the angry woman, he mechanically drew from his pocket some silver, which he tendered to her.

“There, my good woman—there,” said he, stretching forth his hand.

“Good woman !” retorted the hag, “Money now ? I—I that have been cursed ? ’tis all too late, proud gentleman—the deed is done, the curse be now on you.” Saying which, she huddled her ragged red cloak about her shoulders, and hurried from his sight, into the deep and dreary recesses of St. Giles’s.

Harding experienced, as she vanished from his eye, a most extraordinary sensation : he felt grieved that he had spoken so harshly to the poor creature, and returned his shillings to his pocket with regret. Of course fear of the fulfilment of her predictions did not mingle with any of his feelings on the occasion ; and he proceeded to his office in Somerset-place, and performed all the arduous official duties of reading the opposition newspapers, discussing the leading politics of the day with the head of another department, and signing his name three times, before four o’clock.



Martha the gypsy, however, although he had "poophooed" her out of his memory, would ever and anon flash across his mind ; her figure was indelibly stamped upon his recollection ; and though, of course, as I before said, a man of his firmness and intellect could care nothing, one way or another, for the maledictions of an ignorant, illiterate gypsy, still his feelings—whence arising I know not—prompted him to call a hackney-coach, and proceed *en voiture* to his house, rather than run the risk of again encountering the metropolitan sibyl, under whose forcible denunciation he was actually labouring.

There is a period in each day of the lives of married people, at which, I am given to understand, a more than ordinarily unreserved communication of facts and feelings takes place ; when all the world is shut out, and the two beings, who are in truth "but only one," commune together freely and fully upon the occurrences of the past day. At this period, the else sacred secrets of the drawing room coterie, and the *tellable* jokes of the after-dinner convivialists, are mutually interchanged by the fond pair, who, by the barbarous customs of uncivilized Britain, have been separated during part of the preceding evening.

Then it is, that the husband informs his anxious consort how he has forwarded his worldly views with such a man—how he has carried his point in such a quarter—what he thinks of the talents of one, of the character of another ; while the communicative wife gives *her* views of the same subjects, founded upon what she has gathered from the individuals composing the female cabinet, and explains why she thinks he must have been deceived upon this point, or misled upon that. And thus, in recounting, in arguing, in discussing, and descanting, the blended interests of the happy pair are strengthened, their best hopes nourished, and perhaps eventually realized.

A few friends at dinner, and some refreshers in the evening, had prevented Harding from saying a



word to his beloved Eliza about the gypsy ; and perhaps, till the "witching time" which I have attempted to define, he would not have mentioned the circumstance, even had they been alone. Most certainly he did not think the less of the horrible vision ; and when the company had dispersed, and the affectionate couple had retired to rest, he stated the circumstance exactly as it had occurred, and received from his fair lady just such an answer as a prudent, intelligent, and discreet woman of sense would give to such a communication. She vindicated his original determination not to be imposed upon—wondered at his subsequent willingness to give to such an undeserving object, particularly while he had three or four soup-tickets in his pocket—was somewhat surprised that he had not consigned the bold intruder to the hands of the beadle—and, ridiculing the impression which the hag's appearance seemed to have made upon her husband's mind, narrated a tour performed by herself with some friends to Norwood, when she was a girl, and when one of those very women had told her fortune, not one word of which ever came true—and, in a discussion of some length, animadverting strongly upon the weakness and impiety of putting faith in the sayings of such idle creatures, she fell fast asleep.

Not so Harding : he was restless and worried, and felt that he would give the world to be able to recall the curse which he had rashly uttered against the poor woman. Helpless as she was and in distress, why did his passion conquer his judgment ? Why did he add to the bitterness of refusal the sting of malediction ? However, it was useless to regret *that* which was past—and, wearied and mortified with his reflections, he at length followed his better half into that profound slumber, which the length and subject of his harangue had so comfortably ensured her.

The morning came, and brightly beamed the sun—that is, as brightly as it ever beams in London. The



office hour arrived; and Mr. Harding proceeded, *not* by Charlotte-street, to Somerset House, such was his dread of seeing the ominous woman. It is impossible to describe the effect produced upon him by the apprehension of encountering her: if he heard a female voice behind him in the street, he trembled, and feared to look round, lest he should behold Martha. In turning a corner he proceeded carefully and cautiously, lest he should come upon her unexpectedly; in short, wherever he went, whatever he did, his actions, his movements, his very words, were controlled and constrained by the horror of beholding her again.

The malediction she had uttered rang incessantly in his ears; nay, such possession had it taken of him, that he had written the words down, and sealed the document which contained them. "Thrice shall you see me before you die. My visitings will be dreadful; but the third will be the last."

"Calais" was not more deeply imprinted on our Queen's heart, than these lines upon that of Mr. Harding; but he was ashamed of the strength of his feelings, and placed the paper wherein he had recorded them at the very bottom of his desk.

Meanwhile Frederick Langdale was unremitting in his attentions to Maria; but, as is too often the case, the bright sunshine of their loves was clouded. Her health, always delicate, now appeared more so, and at times her anxious parents felt a solicitude upon her account, new to them; for decided symptoms of consumption had shewn themselves, which the faculty, although they spoke of them lightly to the fond mother and to the gentle patient, treated with such care and caution, as gave alarm to those who could see the progress of the fatal disease, which was unnoticed by Maria herself, who anticipated parties, and pleasure, and gaieties, in the coming spring, which the doctors thought it but too probable she might never enjoy.

That Mr. Langdale's "punctilio," or Mrs. Lang-



dale's excessive desire for apparent juvenility, should have induced the postponement of Maria's marriage, was, indeed, a melancholy circumstance. The agitation, the surprise, the hope deferred, which weighed upon the sweet girl's mind, and that doubting dread of something unexpected, which lovers always feel, bore down her spirits, and injured her health; whereas, had the marriage been celebrated, the relief she would have experienced from all her apprehensions, added to the tour of France and Italy, which the happy couple were to make immediately after their union, would have restored her health, while it ensured her happiness. This, however, was not to be.

It was now some three months since poor Mr. Harding's rencontre with Martha; and habit, and time, and constant avocation, had conspired to free his mind from the dread she at first inspired. Again he smiled and joked, again he enjoyed society, and again dared to take the nearest road to Somerset House; nay, he had so far recovered from the unaccountable terror he had originally felt, that he went to his desk, and selecting the paper wherein he had set down the awful denunciation of the hag, deliberately tore it into bits, and witnessed its destruction in the fire, with something like real satisfaction, and a determination never more to think upon so silly an affair.

Frederick Langdale was, as usual, with his betrothed, and Mrs. Harding enjoying the egotism of the lovers (for, as I said before, lovers think their conversation the most charming in the world, because they talk of nothing but themselves), when his curri- cle was driven to the door to convey him to Tattersall's, where his father had commissioned him to look at a horse, or horses, which he intended to purchase; for Frederick was, of all things in the world, the best possible judge of a horse.

To this sweeping dictum, pronounced by the young gentleman himself, Mr. Harding, however, was not



willing to assent ; and therefore, in order to have the full advantage of two heads, which, as the proverb says, are better than one, the worthy father-in-law elect, proposed accompanying the youth to the auctioneer's yard at Hyde-Park-Corner, it being one of those few privileged days when the labourers in our public offices make holiday. The proposal was hailed with delight by the young man, who, in order to shew due deference to Mr. Harding, gave him the reins, and bowing their adieus to the ladies at the window, away they went, the splendid cattle of Mr. Langdale prancing and curvetting, fire flaming from their eyes, and smoke breathing from their nostrils.

The charioteer, however, soon found that the horses were somewhat beyond his strength, even putting his skill wholly out of the question, and in turning into Russell-street, proposed surrendering the reins to Frederick. By some misunderstanding of words in the alarm which Harding felt, Frederick did not take the reins which he (perfectly confounded) tendered to him in great agitation. They slipped over the dashing iron between the horses, who thus freed from restraint, reared wildly in the air, and plunging forward, dashed the vehicle against a post, and precipitated Frederick and Harding on the curb-stone ; the off-horse kicked desperately as the carriage became entangled and impeded, and struck Frederick a desperate blow on the head. Harding, whose right arm and collar-bone were broken, raised himself on his left hand, and saw Frederick weltering in blood, apparently lifeless before him. The infuriated animals again plunged forward with the shattered remnant of the carriage, and as this object was removed from his sight, the wretched father-in-law beheld, looking upon the scene with a fixed and unruffled countenance—**MARTHA, THE GYPSY.**

It was doubtful whether the appearance of this horrible vision, coupled as it was with the verification of her prophecy, had not a more dreadful effect upon



Mr. Harding, than the sad reality before him. He trembled, sickened, fainted, and fell senseless on the ground.

Assistance was promptly procured, and the wounded sufferers were carefully removed to their respective dwellings. Frederick Langdale's sufferings were much greater than those of his companion, and, in addition to severe fractures of two of his limbs, the wound upon his head presented a most terrible appearance, and excited the greatest alarm in his medical attendants.

Mr. Harding, whose temperate course of life was greatly advantageous to his case, had suffered comparatively little: a simple fracture of the arm, and dislocation of the collar-bone (which was the extent of his misfortune), were, by skilful treatment and implicit obedience to professional commands, soon pronounced in a state of improvement; but a wound had been inflicted which no doctor could heal. The conviction that the woman, whose anger he had incurred had, if not the power of producing evil, at least the power to foretel it, and that he had twice again to see her before the fulfilment of her prophecy, struck deep into his mind; and although he felt himself more at ease when he had communicated to Mrs. Harding the fact of having seen the Gypsy at the moment of the accident, it was impossible for him to rally from the shock which his nerves had received. It was in vain he had tried to shake off the perpetual apprehension of again beholding her.

Frederick Langdale remained for some time in a very precarious state. All visitors were excluded from his room, and a wretched space of two months passed, during which his affectionate Maria had never been allowed to see him, nor to write to, nor to hear from him. While her constitution, like that of my poor Fanny Meadows, was gradually giving way to the constant operation of solicitude and sorrow.

Mr. Harding meanwhile recovered rapidly, but his



spirits did not keep pace with his mending health : the dread he felt of quitting his house, the tremor excited in his breast by a knocking at the door, or the approach of a footstep, lest the intruder should be the basilisk Martha, were not to be described ; and the appearance of his poor Maria did not tend to cheer the gloom which hung over him.

When at length Frederick was sufficiently recovered to receive visitors, Maria was not sufficiently well to visit him : she was too rapidly sinking into an early grave, and even the physician himself appeared desirous of preparing her parents for the worst, while she, full of the symptomatic prospectiveness of disease, still talked anticipatorily of future happiness, when Frederick would be sufficiently re-established to visit her.

At length, however, the doctors suggested a change of air—a suggestion instantly attended to, but, alas ! too late ; the weakness of the poor girl was such, that upon a trial of her strength it was found inexpedient to attempt her removal.

In this terrible state, separated from him whose all she was, did the exemplary patient linger, and life seemed flickering in her flushing cheek ; and her eye was sunken, and her parched lip quivered with pain.

It was at length agreed, that on the following day Frederick Langdale might be permitted to visit her ;—his varied fractures were reduced, and the wound on the head had assumed a favourable appearance. The carriage was ordered to convey him to the Hardings at one, and the physicians advised by all means that Maria should be apprized of and prepared for the meeting the day previous to its taking place. Those who are parents, and those alone, will be able to understand the tender solicitude, the wary caution with which both her father and mother proceeded in a disclosure, so important as the medical men thought to her recovery—so careful that the coming joy should be imparted gradually to their suffering child,



and that all the mischiefs resulting from an abrupt announcement should be avoided.

They sat down by her—spoke of Frederick—Maria joined in the conversation—raised herself in her bed—by degrees, hope was excited that she might soon again see him—this hope was gradually improved into certainty—the period at which it might occur spoken of—that period again progressively diminished: the anxious girl caught the whole truth—she knew it—she was conscious that she would behold him on the morrow—she burst into a flood of tears and sank down upon her pillow.

At that moment the bright sun, which was shining in all its splendour, beamed into the room, and fell strongly upon her flushed countenance.

“Draw down the blind, my love,” said Mrs. Harding to her husband. Harding rose and proceeded to the window.

A shriek of horror burst from him—“She is there!” exclaimed the agitated man.

“Who?” cried his astonished wife.

“She—she—the horrid she!”

Mrs. Harding ran to the window and beheld standing on the opposite side of the street, with her eyes fixed attentively on the house—*MARTHA, THE GYPSY.*

“Draw down the blind, my love, and come away; pray come away,” said Mrs. Harding.

Harding drew down the blind.

“What evil is at hand? What misery is impending?” sobbed Harding.

A loud scream from his wife, who had returned to the bedside, was the horrid answer to his painful question.

Maria was dead!

Twice of the thrice had he seen this dreadful fiend in human shape; each visitation was (as she had foretold) to surpass the preceding ones in its importance of horror.—What could surpass this?

There, before the afflicted parents, lay their inno-



cent child stretched in the still sleep of death ; neither of them believed it true—it seemed like a dreadful dream. Harding was bewildered, and turned from the corpse of his beloved to the window he had just left.—Martha was gone—and he heard her singing a wild and joyous air at the other end of the street.

The servants were summoned—medical aid was called in—but it was all too late ! and the wretched parents were doomed to mourn their loved, their lost Maria ! George, her fond and affectionate brother, who was at Oxford, hastened from all the academic honours which were waiting him, to follow to the grave his beloved sister.

The effect upon Frederick Langdale was most dreadful : it was supposed he would never recover from a shock so great, and at the moment so unexpected ; for, although the delicacy of her constitution was a perpetual source of uneasiness and solicitude, still the immediate symptoms had taken rather a favourable turn during the last few days of her life, and had re-invigorated the hopes which those who so dearly loved her entertained of her eventual recovery. Of this distressed young man I never indeed heard anything, till about three years after, when I saw it announced in the papers that he was just married to the only daughter of a rich west-country baronet, which event, if wanted to work another proverb here, would afford me a most admirable opportunity of doing so.

The death of poor Maria, and the dread which her father entertained of the third visitation of Martha, made a complete change in the affairs of the family. By the exertion of powerful interest, he obtained an appointment for his son to act as his deputy in the office which he held, and having achieved this desired object, resolved on leaving England for a time, and quitting a neighbourhood in which he must be perpetually exposed to the danger which he was now perfectly convinced was inseparable from his next interview with the weird woman.



George, of course, thus checked in his classical pursuits, left Oxford, and at the early age of nineteen commenced active official life, not certainly in the particular department which his mother had selected for his *debut*; and it was somewhat observable, that the Langdales, after the death of Maria, not only abstained from frequent intercourse with the Hardings during their stay in England, but that the mighty professions of the purse-proud citizen dwindled by degrees into an absolute forgetfulness of any promise, even conditional, to exert an interest for their son.

Seeing this, Mr. Harding felt that he should act prudentially, by endeavouring to place his son where in the course of time, he might perhaps attain to that situation, from whose honourable revenue, he could live like a gentleman, and "settle comfortably."

All the arrangements which the kind father had proposed, being made, the mourning couple proceeded on a lengthened tour of the continent; and it was evident that his spirits mended rapidly, when he felt conscious that his liability to encounter Martha had decreased. The sorrow of mourning was soothed and softened in the common course of nature, and the quiet domesticated couple sat themselves down at Lausanne, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," except by their excellent and exemplary son, whose good qualities, it seems, had captivated a remarkably pretty girl, a neighbour of his, whose mother seemed to be equally charmed with the goodness of his income.

There appeared, strange to say, in this love affair, no difficulties to be surmounted, no obstacles to be overcome; and the consent of the Hardings (requested in a letter, which also begged them to be present at the ceremony, if they were willing it should take place), was presently obtained by George; and at the close of the second year, which had passed since their departure, the parents and son were again



assembled in that house, the sight of which recalled to their recollection their unhappy daughter, and her melancholy fate, and which was still associated most painfully in the mind of Mr. Harding with the hated Gypsy.

The charm however, had, no doubt, been broken. In the two past years, Martha was probably, either dead, or gone from the neighbourhood. Gypsies were a wandering tribe—and why should she be an exception to a general rule?—and thus Mrs. Harding checked the rising apprehensions and renewed uneasiness of her husband; and so well did she succeed, that when the wedding-day came, and the bells rang, and the favours fluttered in the air, his countenance was lighted up with smiles, and he kissed the glowing cheek of his new daughter-in-law with warmth, and something like happiness.

The wedding took place at that season of the year when friends and families meet jovially and harmoniously, when all little bickerings are forgotten, and when, by a general feeling founded upon religion, and perpetuated by the memory of the blessings granted to the world by the Almighty, an universal amnesty is proclaimed; when the cheerful fire, and the teeming board, announce that Christmas is come, and mirth and gratulation are the order of the day.

It unfortunately happened, however, that to the account of Miss Wilkinson's marriage with George Harding, I am not permitted, in truth, to add, that they left town in a travelling carriage and four, to spend the honeymoon. Three or four days permitted absence from his office, alone, were devoted to the celebration of the nuptials, and it was agreed that the whole party, together with the younger branches of the Wilkinsons, their cousins and second cousins, &c. should meet on twelfth-night to celebrate, in a juvenile party, the return of the bride and bridegroom to their home.



When the night came, it was delightful to see the happy faces of the smiling youngsters: it was a pleasure to behold them pleased—a participation in which, since the highest amongst us, and the most accomplished prince in Europe, annually evinces the gratification he feels in such sights, I am by no means disposed to disclaim. And merry was the jest, and gaily did the evening pass; and Mr. Harding, surrounded by his youthful guests, smiled, and for a season forgot his care; yet, as he glanced around the room, he could not suppress a sigh, when he recollected, that in that very room his darling Maria had entertained her little parties on the anniversary of the same day in former years.

Supper was announced early, and the gay throng bounded down stairs to the parlour, where an abundance of the luxuries of middling life crowded the board. In the centre appeared the great object of the feast—a huge twelfth-cake; and gilded kings and queens stood lingering over circles of scarlet sweetmeats, and hearts of sugar lay enshrined with warlike trophies of the same material.

Many and deep were the wounds the mighty heap received, and every guest watched with a deep anxiety the coming portion, relatively to the glittering splendour with which its frosted surface was adorned. Character cards, illustrated with pithy mottoes, and smart sayings, were distributed; and by one of those little frauds which, in such societies, are always tolerated, Mr. Harding was announced as king, and the new bride as queen; and there was such charming joking, and such harmless merriment abounding, that he looked to his wife with an expression of content, which she had often but vainly sought to find upon his countenance, since the death of his dear child.

Supper concluded, the clock struck twelve, and the elders looked as if it were time for the young ones to depart. One half-hour's grace was begged for by the



“King,” and granted ; and Mrs. George Harding on this night was to sing them a song about “poor old maidens”—an ancient quaintness, which, by custom and usage ever since she was a little child, she had annually “performed” upon this anniversary ; and, accordingly, the promise being claimed, silence was obtained, and she, with all that shew of tucker-heaving diffidence which is so becoming in a pretty plump downy-cheeked girl, prepared to commence the venerable chaunt, when a noise resembling that producible by the falling of an eight-and-forty pound shot, echoed through the house. It appeared to descend from the very top of the building, down each flight of stairs rapidly and violently. It passed the room in which they were sitting, and rolled its impetuous course downwards to the basement. As it seemed to leave the hall, the parlour door was forced open, as if by a rude gust of wind, and stood ajar.

All the children were in a moment on their feet, huddled close to their respective mothers in groups. Mrs. Harding rose and rang the bell to inquire the meaning of the uproar. Her daughter-in-law, pale as ashes, looked at George ; but there was one of the party who moved not, who stirred not : it was the elder Harding, whose eyes first fixed steadfastly on the half-opened door, slowly followed the course of the wall of the apartment to the fire-place ;—there they rested.

When the servants came, they said they had heard the noise, but thought it proceeded from above. Harding looked at his wife ; and then turning to the servant, observed carelessly, that it must have been some noise in the street, and desiring him to withdraw, entreated the bride to pursue her song. She did ; but the children had been too much alarmed to enjoy it, and the noise had in its character something so strange and so unearthly, that even the elders of the party, although bound not to admit any thing like apprehension before their offspring, felt extremely well pleased when they found themselves at home.



When the guests were gone, and George's wife lighted her candle to retire to rest, her father-in-law kissed her affectionately, and prayed God to bless her. He then took a kind leave of his son, and putting up a fervent prayer for his happiness, pressed him to his heart, and bade him adieu with an earnestness, which, under the common-place circumstances of a temporary separation, was inexplicable to the young man.

When Harding reached his bed-room, he spoke to his wife, and intreated her to prepare her mind for some great calamity.

"What it is to be," said Harding, "where the blow is to fall I know not; but it is over us this night!"

"My life!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding, "what new fancy is this?"

"Eliza, love!" answered her husband, in a tone of unspeakable agony, "I have seen her for the third and last time!"

"Who?"

"MARTHA, THE GYPSY."

"Impossible!" said Mrs. Harding, "you have not left the house to-day."

"True, my beloved," replied the husband; "but I have seen her. When that tremendous noise was heard at supper, as the door was supernaturally opened, I saw her. She fixed those dreadful eyes of her's upon me; she proceeded to the fire-place, and stood in the midst of the children, and there she remained till the servant came in."

"My dearest husband," said Mrs. Harding, "this is but a disorder of the imagination!"

"Be it what it may," said he, "I have seen her. Human or superhuman—natural or supernatural—there she was. I shall not strive to argue upon a point where I am likely to meet with little credit: all I ask is, pray fervently, have faith, and we will hope the misfortune, whatever it is, may be averted."



He kissed his wife's cheek tenderly, and after a fitful feverish hour or two fell into a slumber.

From that slumber never woke he more.—He was found dead in his bed in the morning.

“Whether the force of imagination, coupled with the unexpected noise, produced such an alarm as to rob him of life, I know not,” said my communicant; “but he was dead.”

This story was told me by my friend Ellis in walking from the City to Harley-street late one evening; and when we came to this part of the history we were in Bedford-square, at the dark and dreary corner of it where Caroline-street joins it.

“And there!” said Ellis, pointing downwards, “is the street where the circumstance occurred!”

“Come, come,” said I, “you tell the story well, but I suppose you do not expect it to be received as gospel.”

“Faith,” said he, “I know so much of it that I was one of the twelfth-night party, and heard the noise.”

“But you did not see the spectre?” cried I.

“No,” replied Ellis, “I certainly did not.”

“Nor any body else,” said I, “I’ll be sworn.”—A quick footstep was just then heard behind us.—I turned half round to let the person pass, and saw a woman enveloped in a red cloak, whose sparkling black eyes, shone upon by the dim lustre of a lamp above her head, dazzled me.—I was startled—“Pray remember old MARTHA, THE GYPSY,” said the hag.

It was like a thunder-stroke.—I instantly slipped my hand into my pocket, and hastily gave her therefrom a five-shilling piece.

“Thanks, my bonny one,” said the woman, and setting up a shout of contemptuous laughter she bounded down Caroline street towards Russel-street, singing, or rather yelling a wild air.

Ellis did not speak during this scene—he pressed my arm tightly, and we quickened our pace. We said nothing to each other till we turned into Bedford-



street and the lights and passengers of Tottenham-court-road re-assured us.

“What do you think of *that*?” said Ellis to me.

“*Seeing is believing,*” was my reply.

I have never passed that dark corner of Bedford-square in the evening since.—*From a respectable Publication entitled, “Sayings and Doings, or Sketches from Life.”*

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### *Bonaparte and his Familiar.*

THE following singular story was circulated almost immediately after the fall of Napoleon, and with the credulous obtained ready belief.

Ever since the retreat of Napoleon across the Rhine, and his return to his capital, a visible change had been observed in his habits and his conduct. Instead of wearing the livery of woe for the discomfiture of his plans of ambition, he had dismissed his usual thoughtfulness; smiles played on his lips, and cheerfulness sat on his brow. His manners had become light and easy, and his conversation lively. Business seemed to have lost its charms for him, he sought for amusement and pleasure, and, like any other hero of inferior rank, whenever his spirits sunk, he had recourse to the sparkling cup, to “raise them high with wine.” Balls and entertainments succeeded each other, and the Parisians began to fancy either Napoleon was certain of making an advantageous peace with the Allies, whenever he thought proper, or were convinced that his downfall was at hand, and therefore he wished to spend the last weeks of his imperial dignity in enjoyment and ease. A new conscription had been ordered, and the legislative body had been dismissed; but these were signs of his existence, not of his activity. Indolent, at least in appearance, he remained buried in pleasure, whilst the invaders



crossed the Rhine, and, rapidly approaching Paris, threatened to destroy at once his throne and the metropolis. On a sudden his conduct experienced a second change—his face assumed his deep and habitually thoughtful gloom—his attention was once more entirely engrossed by the attention due to his armies—and every day witnessed more reviews of regiments in the Place de Carrousel. Sleep could no longer seal his wakeful eyes, and his wonted activity, in which perhaps no other mortal ever equalled him, was displayed with more energy than ever. All the time he could spare from his armies and cabinet, he bestowed on the State Council. So striking an opposition between his present and past conduct could not fail to excite a powerful agitation in the mind of the Parisians, and to make them strive to trace a change so abrupt in the manners of the emperor to its true cause; but to the still greater astonishment of the whole city, the report of an interview of Napoleon with his genius, under the shape of a mysterious red man, transpired.

The gentleman from whom this curious communication was received heard it related, with the following particulars, on the 1st of January, at Paris, where he spent the whole winter.

The 1st of January, 1814, early in the morning, Napoleon shut himself up in his cabinet, bidding Count Mole, then Counsellor of State, and since made Grand Judge of the empire, remain in the next room, and to hinder any person whatever from troubling him while he was occupied in his cabinet. He looked more thoughtful than usual. He had not long retired to his study, when a tall man, dressed all in red, applied to Mole, pretending that he wanted to speak to the emperor. He was answered, that it was not possible. "I must speak to him; go and tell him that it is the red man that wants him, and he will admit me!" Awed by the imperious and commanding tone of that strange personage, Mole obeyed reluctantly,



and, trembling, executed his errand. "Let him in," said Bonaparte, sternly. Prompted by curiosity, Mole listened at the door, and heard the following curious conversation pass between them.

The red man said, "This is the third time of my appearing before you: the first time we met was in Egypt, at the battle of the Pyramids. The second, after the battle of Wagram. I then granted you four years more to terminate the conquest of Europe, or to make a general peace; threatening, that if you did not perform one of these two things, I would withdraw my protection from you. Now I am come, for the third and last time, to warn you, that you have but three months to complete the execution of your designs, or to comply with the proposals of peace which are offered you by the Allies; if you do not achieve the one, or accede to the other, all will be over with you—so remember it well."

Napoleon then expostulated with him to gain more time, on the plea that it was impossible, in so short a space, to re-conquer what he had lost, or to make peace on honourable terms.

"Do as you please, but my resolution is not to be shaken by entreaties, or otherwise, and I go."

He opened the door, the emperor followed, entreating him, but to no purpose: the red man would not stop any longer. He went away, casting on his imperial majesty a contemptuous look, and repeating, in a stern voice, "three months—no longer." Napoleon made no reply; but his fiery eyes darted fury, and he returned sullen to his cabinet, which he did not leave the whole day.

Such were the reports that were spread in Paris three months before the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte, where they caused an unusual sensation, and created superstitious belief among the people that he had dealings with infernal spirits, and was bound to fulfil their will or perish. What is more remarkable, in three months the wonderful events justified the red



mans's words completely ; more unfortunate than Cæsar, or Henry IV. of France, these presages did but foretel his ruin, and not his death. Who the man really was who visited Napoleon in a red dress has never been known ; but that such a person obtained an interview with him seems to be placed beyond a doubt. Even the French papers, when Bonaparte was deposed, recurred to this fact, and remarked, that his mysterious visitant's prophetic threat had been accomplished.

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### *Terrific Spectral Appearance.*

THE following relation has been given in the foreign and some of our own journals, with strong marks of authenticity, and may be considered, perhaps, the most extraordinary of its class any where to be found :—

Professor Kœmpfer, of the University of Strasburgh, in the former part of his life resided at Frankfort on the Maine, where he exercised the profession of a physician. One day being invited to dine with a party of gentlemen, after dinner, as is the custom in Germany, coffee was brought in ; an animated conversation commenced, various subjects were introduced, and at length the discourse turned upon apparitions, &c. Kœmpfer was amongst those who strenuously combated the idea of supernatural visitations as preposterous and absurd in the highest degree. A gentleman, who was a captain in the army, with equal zeal supported the opposite side of the question.

The question was long and warmly contended, both being men of superior talents, till in the end the attention of the whole company was engrossed by the dispute. At length the captain proposed to Kœmpfer to accompany him that evening to his country house, where, if he did not convince him of supernatural



agency, he would then allow himself in the estimation of the present company, to whom he appealed as judges of the controversy, to be defeated. The professor, with a laugh, instantly consented to the proposal, if the captain, on his honour, would promise that no trick should be played off upon him: the captain readily gave his word and honour that no imposition or trick should be resorted to, and here for the present the matter rested. Wine and tobacco circulated briskly, and the afternoon passed in the utmost harmony and conviviality. The captain took his glass cheerfully, while Kœmpfer prudently reserved himself, to be completely on his guard against any manœuvre that might be practised in order to deceive him, or, as he properly observed, "to be in full and sober possession of all his faculties, that whatever should be presented to his sight might be examined through the medium of his reason." The company broke up at rather an early hour, and the captain and Kœmpfer set out together on their spiritual adventure. When they drew near the captain's house, he suddenly stopped near the entrance to a solemn grove of trees. They descended from their vehicle, and walked towards the grove. The captain traced a large circle on the ground, into which he requested Kœmpfer to enter. He then solemnly asked him if he possessed sufficient resolution to remain there alone to complete the adventure; to which Kœmpfer replied in the affirmative. He added further, "whatsoever you may witness stir not, I charge you, from this spot till you see me again; if you step beyond this circle, it will be your immediate destruction." He then left the professor to his own meditations, who could not refrain from smiling at what he thought the assumed solemnity of his acquaintance, and the whimsical situation in which he was placed. The night was clear and frosty, and the stars shone with a peculiar brilliancy: he looked around on all sides to observe from whence he might expect his ghostly visitant.



He directed his regards towards the grove of trees. he perceived a small spark of fire at a considerable distance within its gloomy shade. It advanced nearer: he then concluded it was a torch borne by some person who was in the captain's secret, and who was to personate a ghost. It advanced nearer and nearer—the light increased—it approached the edge of the circle wherein he was placed. "It was then," to use his own expressions, "I seemed surrounded with a fiery atmosphere; the heavens, and every object before visible, was excluded from my sight." But now a figure of the most undefinable description absorbed his whole attention; his imagination had never yet conceived any thing so truly fearful. What appeared to him the more remarkable, was an awful benignity portrayed in its countenance, and with which it appeared to regard him. He contemplated for a while this dreadful object, but at length fear began insensibly to arrest his faculties. He sunk down on his knees to implore the protection of heaven; he remarked, for his eyes were still rivetted on the mysterious appearance, which remained stationary, and earnestly regarded him, that at every repetition of the name of the Almighty it assumed a more benignant expression of countenance, whilst a terrific brilliancy gleamed from its eyes. He fell prostrate on the ground, fervently imploring heaven to remove from him the object of his terrors. After a while he raised his head, and beheld the mysterious light fading by degrees in the gloomy shades of the grove from which it issued. It soon entirely disappeared, and the captain joined him almost at the same moment. During their walk to the captain's house, which was close at hand, the captain asked his companion, "Are you convinced that what you have now witnessed was supernatural?"—Kœmpfer replied, "he could not give a determinate answer to that question; he could not on natural principles account for what he had seen, it certainly was not like any thing earthly, he



therefore begged to be excused from saying any more on a subject he could not comprehend." The captain replied, "he was sorry he was not convinced;" and added, with a sigh, "he was still more sorry that he had ever attempted to convince him."—Thus far it may be considered as no more than a common phantasmagorical trick, played off on the credulity of the Professor, but in the end the performer paid dearly for his exhibition: he had, like a person ignorant of a complicated piece of machinery, given impetus to a power which he had not the knowledge to control, and which in the end proves fatal to him who puts it into motion. Kœmpfer now assumed a gaiety which was very foreign to his feelings; his thoughts, in spite of his endeavours, were perpetually recurring to the events of the evening; but in proportion as he forced conversation, the captain evidently declined it, becoming more and more thoughtful and abstracted every moment.

After supper Kœmpfer challenged his friend to take a glass of wine, hoping it would rouse him from those reflections which seemed to press so heavily on his mind. But the wine and the Professor's discourse, were alike disregarded; nothing could dispel the settled melancholy which seemed to deprive him of the power of speech. Immediately after supper, the Captain ordered all his servants to bed. It drew towards midnight, and he remained still absorbed in thought, but apparently not wishing to retire to bed. Kœmpfer was silently sitting smoking his pipe, when, on a sudden, a heavy step was heard in the passage; it approached the room in which they were sitting—a knock was heard: the Captain raised his head and looked mournfully at Kœmpfer. The knock was repeated—both were silent: a third knock was heard, and Kœmpfer broke the silence by asking his friend why he did not order the person in. Ere the Captain could reply, the room door was flung wildly open, when behold! the same dreadful appearance which



Kœmpfer had already witnessed, stood in the doorway. Its awful benignity of countenance was now changed into the most appalling and terrific frown. A large dog which was in the room, crept whining and trembling behind the Captain's chair. For a few moments the figure remained stationary, and then motioned the Captain to follow it; he rushed towards the door—the figure receded before him—and Kœmpfer determined to accompany his friend, followed with the dog. They proceeded unobstructed into the court-yard; the doors and gates seemed to open spontaneously before them. From the court-yard they passed into the open fields; Kœmpfer, with the dog, were about twenty or thirty paces behind the Captain. At length they reached the spot near to the entrance of the grove, where the circle was traced; the figure stood still, when on a sudden, a bright column of flame shot up, a loud shriek was heard, a heavy body seemed to fall from a considerable height, and in a moment all was silence and darkness. Kœmpfer called loudly on the Captain, but received no answer. Alarmed for the safety of his friend, he fled back to the house, and quickly assembled the family. They proceeded to the spot, and found the apparently lifeless body of the Captain stretched on the ground. The Professor ascertained on examination, that the heart still beat faintly; he was instantly conveyed home, and all proper means were resorted to to restore animation: he revived a little, and seemed sensible of their attentions, but remained speechless till his death, which took place in three days after. Down one side, from head to foot, the flesh was livid and black, as if from a fall or severe bruise. The affair was hushed up in the immediate neighbourhood, and his sudden death was attributed to apoplexy.



*Singular Discovery of a Murder in the Island of Guernsey.*

ABOUT the year 1726, John Andrew Gordier, a gentleman of French extraction, and of considerable fortune in the island of Jersey, was upon the point of marrying the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Guernsey ; but, on a sudden, he was lost to his friends and relations, as well as to the lady who was to have been his bride ; and, notwithstanding the most diligent inquiry in both islands, with every possible search that could be made, not the least intelligence could be obtained, either of his death or his retreat.

It happened, however, that after a time, when all discourse concerning him had subsided, his body was accidentally found in Guernsey, by some boys, in traversing the beach, with two wounds on the back, and one on the head, thrust into the cavity of a rock, whose mouth was so small, that it must have been with difficulty that the body could be made to enter it.

This discovery, with those evident proofs of murder alarmed the two families ; the former inquiries were in vain renewed ; not the least light, either to countenance suspicion, or to ground conjecture, could be gathered, to trace out the murderer ; and, all that could be done was, to pay the last duties to the remains of the unfortunate youth, by solemnizing his funeral with all the marks of unaffected sorrow.

The mother of the young gentleman remained inconsolable ; and the lady, to whom he was soon to have been wedded, pined in secret for the loss of the only man in the world whom she could love. She was, indeed, courted by a young merchant ; but, though she was in a manner, constrained, by her parents to admit his addresses, she was inwardly resolved never to give him her hand.

The mother of Gordier, who never ceased to ruminate on the catastrophe which had befallen her son,



was not a little solicitous for the welfare of the young lady, whom she looked upon as her daughter-in-law, and whom she regarded with the greater tenderness, as she heard how severely she was affected by the sudden disappearance of her intended husband.

Some years afterwards, being told that the young lady's life was in danger, she resolved to cross the sea that divides the islands, in order to afford her every consolation in her power, by condoling with her, sharing her griefs, and thereby endeavouring to alleviate the sorrows of her heart. As attendants in her voyage, Mrs. Gordier took with her a beloved brother and an only surviving son. When they arrived, they were advised by the apothecary, who attended the young lady, not to surprise her by an unlooked-for visit, till she was prepared by degrees to receive it; but, notwithstanding all the care that could be taken, the sight of the mother brought to her mind the full remembrance of the son, and the shock was too great for her weak spirits to bear: she fainted upon the first approach of Mrs. Gordier, and it was with difficulty that she was brought to herself. The mother was curious to know every little circumstance that attended the last interview of the young lovers, and of all that had passed since the discovery of the murder of her son; and the young lady was no less earnest to prolong the conversation, but her fits returned at almost every period, and she could only say how tenderly they parted, and with what ardency she expected his promised return the next day. It was no small concern to the afflicted mother, to see the poor lady in this weak state, dying, as she plainly perceived she was, of a broken heart; and the company present could not forbear vehement execrations against the author of this double distress.

Mrs. Gordier, all on a sudden, burst into a flood of tears, on seeing a jewel pendant to the young lady's watch, which she knew her son had purchased as a present to her before he left the island of Jersey. The



voilence of her grief was observed by the young lady, who had just spirits enough to ask her the immediate cause. Being told that the sight of a jewel, the presentation of which to his beloved bride was to be the pledge of their mutual happiness, revived in her mind her irreparable loss, the young lady was seemingly struck with horror and astonishment at the declaration, and, touching the jewel, as with an expression of contempt, sunk into the arms of her weeping visitor, and without uttering a single word, except only M. C—a—r——, breathed her last. The manner of her expiring, seemed to involve a mystery. All present were astonished. The confusion which her death occasioned, stopped, for some time, all further utterance ; but when every means had been used to restore her, without being able to bring her to life ; and when the effusion of sorrow poured forth at her death, had for a while ceased, all who were present began to speak what they thought of her behaviour in her last dying moments. Mrs. Gordier, who was totally unacquainted with the soft and delicate temper of the deceased, could not help dropping some unfavourable expressions concerning her manner of leaving the world, which she thought plainly enough indicated a knowledge of the murder. Her own parents, who were present at the last affecting scene, fired with indignation at the insult offered to the unspotted innocence of their darling child, could not help resenting the ungenerous interpretation put upon the last closing moments of her blameless life. A scene of trouble and mutual reproach ensued, which is easier to conceive than to relate. When the commotion, however, was a little abated, and reason began to take place, the friends of both families very cordially interposed, and endeavoured to reconcile the mothers by a cool examination of the circumstances that occasioned the unseasonable heat.

Young Mr. Gordier recollected that he had heard his brother declare, that the jewel in question was to



be presented to his bride on the wedding-day ; and, therefore, as that had never happened, his mother might be justified in her suspicions, though perhaps the lady might be innocent. The sister of the deceased, calmly replied, that she believed the warmth that had happened, to be founded on a mistake, which she thought herself happy in being able to correct. The jewel, she said, which her sister wore, was not presented to her by Mr. Gordier, but was a present to her some years after his unhappy death, by Mr. Galliard, a very reputable merchant in Jersey, who had very assiduously paid his addresses to her, encouraged so to do with a view, if possible, to relieve her mind, by diverting her affections to a new object ; that as many jewels have the same appearance, that purchased by Gordier, and that purchased by Mr. Galliard, might not probably be the same. Mrs. Gordier very readily acquiesced ; and, having had time to recover her temper, fell again into tears, and in the most affecting manner apologised for her late indiscretion, adding, at the same time, that if it was the jewel purchased by her son, his picture was artfully concealed within it, which, by opening, would put the matter beyond a doubt. The sister, nor any of the family, had ever seen it open, and knew nothing of such a contrivance.—Young Gordier in a moment touched a secret spring, and presented to the company the miniature enclosed, most beautifully enriched. The consternation was now equal to the discovery. The mystery was unravelled. It was instantly concluded that the horror of the murder must have struck the deceased, and the detestation of the murderer overcame her. The contempt with which she wanted to spurn the jewel from her, and her desire to declare from whom she had it, all these circumstances concurred to fix the murder on Mr. Galliard, who, having been formerly her father's clerk, the last word she attempted to utter, was now interpreted to mean the cl-e-r-k.



The clergyman who was present, and who gave this relation, being the common friend of Galliard and the family where he now was, advised moderation and temper in the pursuit of justice. Many circumstances, he said, may concur to entangle innocence in the snares of guilt ; and he hoped, for the honour of human nature, that a gentleman of so fair a character as Mr. Galliard, could never be guilty of so foul a crime : he therefore wished he might be sent for, on the present melancholy occasion, rather as a mourner than as a murderer ; by which means the charge might be brought on by degrees, and then, if innocent, as he hoped he would appear, his character would stand fair ; if guilty, care should be taken that he did not escape. He added, in support of his counsel, that a man, once publicly charged with murder upon circumstances strong as the present appeared, though his innocence might be as clear as the sun at noon-day to those who examined him, yet would never again be able to redeem his character with the world, let his whole life after be ever so irreproachable.

The greatest part of the company seemed to approve of his advice and reasons ; but it was visible, by the countenance of Mrs. Gordier, that she, in her own mind, had prejudged him guilty. However, in conformity to the advice that had been given, Mr. Galliard was sent for, and in a few hours the messenger returned, accompanied by Mr. Galliard in person. The old lady, on entering the room, in the vehemence of her passion, charged him abruptly with the murder of her son. Mr. Galliard made answer coolly, that indeed he well knew her son, but had not seen him for many days before the day of his disappearance, being then out of the island upon business, as the family in whose house he now was could attest. " But this jewel," said the mother, shewing him the jewel open as it was, " is an incontestible proof of your guilt ; you gave the deceased this jewel, which



was purchased by my son, and was in his possession at the time of his death."—He denied ever seeing the jewel. The sister of the deceased then confronted him ; and taking it in her hand, and closing it, "This jewel," said she, "you gave to my sister in my presence, on such a day (naming the day, the hour, and the place) : you pressed her to accept it—she refused it ; you pressed her again—she returned it, and was not prevailed on to take it, till I placed it to her watch, and persuaded her to wear it." He now betrayed some signs of guilt ; but, looking upon it when it was closed, he owned the giving it, and presently recollecting himself, said he knew it not in the form it was first presented to him. "But this trinket," said he, "I purchased of Levi, the Jew, whom you all know, and who has travelled these islands for more than twenty years. He no doubt, can tell how he came by it." The clergyman now thought himself happy in the counsel he had given ; and, addressing himself to Mrs. Gordier, "I hope, madam, you will now be patient till the affair has had a full hearing. Mr. Galliard is clear in his justification, and the Jew only, at present, appears to be the guilty person : he is now in the island, and shall soon be apprehended." The old lady was again calm, and forced to acknowledge her rashness, owing, as she said, to the impetuosity of her temper, and to the occasion that produced it. She concluded with begging pardon of Galliard, whom she thought she had injured.

Galliard triumphed in his innocence, hoped the lady would be careful of what she said, and threatened, if his character suffered by the charge, to refer the injury to the decision of law. He lamented the sudden death of the unfortunate young lady, and melted into tears when he approached her bed. He took his leave, after some hours' stay, with becoming decency ; and every one, even the mother, pronounced him innocent.

It was some days before the Jew was found ; but,



when the news was spread, that the Jew was in custody who had murdered young Gordier, remorse, and the fear of public shame, seized Galliard, and, the night preceding the day on which he was to have confronted the Jew before a magistrate, he was found dead, with a bloody penknife in his hand, wherewith he had stabbed himself in three places, two of which were mortal.

A letter was found on the table in the room, acknowledging his guilt, and concluded with these remarkable words: "None but those who have experienced the furious impulse of ungovernable love, will pardon the crime which I have committed, in order to obtain the incomparable object by whom my passions were inflamed. But thou, O Father of Mercies! who implanted in my soul those strong desires, will forgive one rash attempt to accomplish my determined purpose, in opposition, it should seem, to thy Almighty Providence."

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#### *Dream of a Married Lady verified.*

A GENTLEMAN of fortune was awakened by his wife one night, who said she had had a most unpleasant dream. She thought that a friend of theirs, who was in the East India Company's land service, had been killed in a duel; she likewise described the situation of the place where the duel was fought, and where the dead body had been laid, which was in a shed near the place where he fell. The husband, who did not place much credit in dreams, endeavoured to pacify her, representing to her the absurdity of those disturbed imaginations in sleep, and told her he hoped the next accounts from India would announce the health of their friend. A few months after, however, he received the melancholy news from that country, that his wife's dream was but too true. A gentleman who came from India, informed him that the captain



had fought a duel, and was unhappily killed upon the spot ; and, as a token of his regard, had bequeathed him the sum of five hundred pounds. What renders this dream remarkable, is, that the body of the gentleman who fell, was carried to a shed near the spot, as the lady had described in her dream ; which particular circumstance was related by the gentleman who brought the news.

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*Providential Dream.*

THE following remarkable instance of a dream was related by the late Mr. Calcott, a worthy clergyman of Bristol. A gentleman, a friend of Mr. Calcott, observed to him one morning, that he had been alarmed the night before by a dream—so strong, so lively, and distinct, that no length of time would efface it from his recollection.

That a woman, whom he circumstantially described to Mr. Calcott, had appeared before him, and made an attempt upon his life, and that this visionary murderess was so strongly impressed upon his memory, that he still shuddered when he thought of her. Mr. C. smiled, and the subject was changed. About a dozen years after, as the gentleman to whom the dream occurred, was travelling in Germany, what was his horror and amazement, on reaching the inn where he was to sleep, when he beheld the very woman (precisely the same in dress, person, and features) whom he had seen in a dream in England twelve years before. He consulted with his servant, and they retired after supper to a two-bedded chamber, where they lay with cocked pistols, and beating hearts, waiting the event. Accordingly, after all the family had retired to rest, the door of the apartment was pushed open, and the woman made her appearance with a weapon in her hand.—The English tra-



vellers, however, soon secured her, and thus, by a providential interposition, were the lives of two innocent persons rescued from the attack of an assassin.

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### *Extraordinary Predictions.*

THE fame of Theresa Sensari was universal in November, 1774. She was in appearance a gentlewoman of about sixty years of age, a church going devotee, and a widow, of a small though sufficient fortune, had no family but one woman servant. This gentlewoman foretold, or rather prophecied (for they call her a prophetess), that the late kings of Sardinia and France, likewise the late Pope, should die at the three different periods of time which she marked down; and told every body with frankness the day that each should die. At first when she propagated this strange story, people looked upon her as a mad woman, and ridiculed her in every company (for she visited several genteel families), but when the king of Sardinia died the day she had foretold, people began to give credit to her prophecy. Cardinal Albini, in a jocular way, told this to the late pope, and his holiness laughed it off with the cardinal. This woman still persisted that the king of France would die on the day that she had mentioned, and which, to the astonishment of every body, happened on the very day; for she had said to several persons, "the king of France will die to-day." Several persons took notice of this, and were in great expectation of the French post, to know the truth of it, when, to their great surprise, they found it true: this made a great noise, particularly at Rome. Cardinal Albini then sent his coach to her; she would not accept of his coach, but immediately came on foot. The cardinal asked her, whether it was true that she had foretold such strange things. She replied in the affirmative.



"Pray, madam," said the cardinal, "how came you to know such things, for it is incomprehensible to me how you should tell such events?"—"Wonder not, my lord," said she, "for God knows every thing, and it is from him alone that I know it." Though the cardinal argued a long time with her, he could get no other answer than the above. The cardinal went immediately to the pope, and acquainted him with every particular, when his holiness desired to speak with her! She went immediately, and the pope took her gently by the hand, and said, "my blessing on thee, honest woman; I am told that you have the knowledge of future events, and that you have foretold the deaths of the king of Sardinia, the king of France, and mine; and the two first you have guessed right at." "May it please your holiness, it was no guess, but I am as sure of it as I am here, for God told me precisely to a day."—"Good woman," said the pope still holding her by the hand, "I must not be put off with such stories; I declare before my friends here, that I will do you no manner of harm; nay, I will reward you, if you will tell me the truth." To which she answered, "May it please your holiness, I have told you nothing but the truth, so help me God." The pope then said, dropping her hand, "Is that all you can say for yourself?"—"That's all," said she, "and your holiness may rest assured it will be as God told me."—"Well then, good woman, you shall go to, and remain in prison till then; we shall know whether you are a good or bad prophetess." The pope then ordered her to be imprisoned in the castle of St. Angelo. She was not in the least dismayed at her sentence, and when coming out of the room she only said, "God's will be done." The pope gave orders that proper care should be taken of her, and to let her want for nothing. She was visited by vast numbers of people of every denomination, and they never heard her complain of her situation, she preserving the same tranquillity she ever did, and still persisting in her former story.



The pope died the very day she foretold.

She had often been asked by ladies and gentlemen, at divers times, whether she could foretel when she would be released ; and she said, " No : God hath not told me yet." She always bore a very good character : there were people at Rome who had known her from her infancy, and all said that she had been esteemed by her acquaintance, and that she was looked upon as a just, modest, and religious woman.

Strange as this story may appear, yet it was corroborated by a number of letters from several parts of Italy, and they all agreed, and confirmed the same.

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*An Account of an Apparition.*

Dec. 15th, 1697.

SIR,—When I was in London, in April last, Mr. Caswell, the mathematician to the learned Dr. Bentley, then living in Bishop Stillingfleet's family, I fully intended to have waited upon you again, as I said : but a cold and lameness seized me next day. The cold took away my voice, and the other my power of walking, so I presently took coach for Oxford. I am much your debtor, and in particular for your good intentions in relation to Mr. D., though that, as it proved, would not have turned to my advantage. However, I am obliged to you, upon that and other accounts, and if I had opportunity to show it, you should find how much I am your faithful servant.

I have sent you inclosed a relation of an apparition ; the story I had from two persons, who each had it from the author, and yet their accounts somewhat varied, and, passing through more mouths, has varied much more ; therefore, I got a friend to bring me to the author's, at a chamber, where I wrote it down from the author's own mouth, after which I read it to him, and gave him another copy ; he said he could



swear to the truth of it as far as he was concerned: he is the curate of Warblington, bachelor of arts, of Trinity College in Oxford, above six years standing in the University; I hear no ill report of his behaviour here, he is now gone to his curacy; he has promised to send up the hand-writing of the tenant and his man, who is a smith by trade, and the farmer's men, as far as they are concerned. Mr. Brereton, the rector would have him say nothing of the story, for that he can get no tenant, though he has offered the house for ten pounds a year less. Mr. P——, the former incumbent, whom the apparition represented, was a man of very ill report, supposed to have had children by his maid, and to have murdered them; but I advised the curate to say nothing himself of this last part of Mr. P——, but leave that to the parishioners who knew him. Those who knew this Mr. P—— said he had exactly such a gown, and that he used to whistle. Your's,

J. CASWELL.

At Warblington, near Havant, in Hampshire, within six miles of Portsmouth, in the parsonage-house, dwelt Thomas Perch, the tenant, with his wife and a child, and a man servant, Thomas ——, and a maid servant. About the beginning of August, 1695, on a Monday, about nine or ten at night, all being gone to bed except the maid with the child, the maid being in the kitchen, and having raked up the fire, took a candle in one hand, and the child in the other arm, and turning about, saw some one in a black gown walking through the room, and thence out of the door into the orchard. Upon this the maid hastening, having recovered but two steps, cried out; on which the master and mistress ran down, found the candle in her hand, she grasping the child about the neck with the other arm; she told them the reason of her crying out. She would not tarry that night in the house, but removed to another belonging to one Henry Salter, farmer; where she cried out all the



night from the terror she was in, and she could not be persuaded to go any more into the house upon any terms.

On the morrow (Tuesday) the tenant's wife came to my lodging, then at Havant, to desire my advice, and have a consultation with some friends about it. I told her I thought it was a flam, and that they had a mind to abuse Mr. Brereton, the rector, whose house it was; she desired me to come up. I told her I would come up, and sit up, or lie there, as she pleased; for then as to all stories of ghosts and apparitions, I was an infidel: I went thither, and sat up on the Tuesday night with the tenant and his man servant. About twelve or one o'clock I searched all the rooms in the house to see if any person was hid there to impose upon me. At last we came into a lumber room, there I, smiling, told the tenant that was with me, that I would call the apparition, if there was any, and oblige it to come: the tenant then seemed to be afraid, but I told him I would defend him from harm, And then I repeated, "Barbara celarent Darii," &c. jestingly. On this the tenant's countenance changed so that he was ready to drop down with fear. Then I told him, I perceived he was afraid, and I would prevent its coming, and repeated Baraliptons, &c.: then he recovered his spirits pretty well, and we left the room and went down into the kitchen where we were before, and sat up there for the remaining part of the night, and had no manner of disturbance.

Thursday night, the tenant and I lay together in one room, and the man in another, and he saw something walk along in a black gown, and place itself against a window, and there stood for some time, and then walked off. Friday morning he related this. I asked him why he did not call me, and told him I thought that was a trick or flam; he told me the reason he did not call me, was that he was not able to speak or move.—Friday night we lay as before, and on Saturday night, and had no disturbance either of the nights.



Sunday night I lay by myself in one room, (not that where the man saw the apparition), and the tenant and his man in another ; and between twelve and two the man heard something walk in the room at the bed's feet, and whistling very well : at last it came to the bed's side, drew the curtain, and looked on them. After some time it moved off ; then the man called to me, desired me to come, for there was something in the room went about whistling. I asked whether he had any light, or could strike one : he told me no. Then I leaped out of bed, and not staying to put on my clothes, went out of my room, and along a gallery to the door, which I found locked or bolted ; I desired him to unlock the door, for that I could not get in. Then he got out of bed and opened the door, which was near, and went immediately to bed again : I went in three or four steps, and it being a moon-shine night, I saw the apparition move from the bed-side, and clap up against the wall that divided their room and mine. I went and stood directly against it, within my arm's length of it, and asked, in the name of God, what it was that made it come disturbing us ? I stood some time expecting an answer, and receiving none, and thinking it might be some fellow hid in the room to frighten me, I put out my hand to feel it, and my hand went seemingly through the body of it, and felt no manner of substance, till it came to the wall : then I drew back my hand, and still it was in the same place. Till now I had not the least fear, and even now had very little ; then I adjured it to tell me what it was. When I said these words, the apparition, keeping its back against the wall, moved gently along towards the door : I followed it, and it going out of the door turned its back towards me ; I went a little into the gallery, and it disappeared where there was no corner for it to turn, and before it came to the end of the gallery, where was the stairs. Then I found myself very cold, from my feet as high as my middle, though



I was not in great fear. I went into bed between the tenant and his man, and they complained of my being exceedingly cold. The tenant's man leaned over his master in the bed, and saw me stretch out my hand towards the apparition, and heard me speak the words ; the tenant also heard the words. The apparition seemed to have a morning gown of a darkish colour, no hat nor cap, short black hair, a thin meagre visage of a pale swarthy colour, seemed to be about forty-five or fifty years old ; the eyes half shut, the arms hanging down ; the hands visible beneath the sleeve ; of a middle stature.—I related this description to Mr. John Larnner, rector of Havant parish ; he said the description agreed very well to Mr. P——, a former rector of the place, who has been dead above twenty years. Upon this the tenant and his wife left the house, which has remained void ever since.

The Monday after last Michaelmas day, a man of Chodson, in Warwickshire, having been at Havant fair, passed by the aforesaid parsonage-house, about nine or ten o'clock at night, and saw a light in most rooms of the house ; his pathway being close by the house, he, wondering at the light, looked into the kitchen windows, and saw only a light, but, turning himself to go away, he saw the appearance of a man in a long gown : he made haste away. The apparition followed him over a piece of glebe land of several acres to a lane which he crossed, and over a little meadow, then over another lane to some pales, which belonged to farmer Henry Salter, my landlord, near a barn, in which were some of the farmer's men, and some others. This man went into the barn, told them how he was frightened, and followed from the parsonage-house by an apparition, which they might see standing against the pales if they went out. They went out, and saw it scratch against the pales, and make a hideous noise : it stood there some time, and then disappeared : their descriptions agreed with what I



saw.—This last account I had from the man whom it followed, and also from the farmer's men.

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*The Apparition of Samuel.*

THE Philistines, recruited about this time, as Sir Isaac Newton judges, by vast numbers of men driven out of Egypt by Amolis, resolve upon a new war with Israel. Nor were Samuel's death, and David's disgrace (as we may well judge) inconsiderable motives to it.

Now, forasmuch as the event of this war turned upon a remarkable piece of misconduct in Saul, as a captain; and a grievous and deliberate violation of his own duty to God, as his Creator and his King: the sacred historian here interrupts the course of his relation, to acquaint us with that event; and, in order to it, acquaints us with the situation of both armies. At that time Saul encamped upon Mount Gilboa; and the Philistines, in full prospect under him, upon the plains of Sunem.

When Saul saw their numbers, their orders, and their appointments, he judged himself greatly overpowered, and fell into great terror upon the prospect. What should he do? Samuel was dead, and Abiathar was with David. He had for some years past, shewn no regard, or to speak more justly, shewn all imaginable disregard to religion. His pride had lifted him up above his duty; he had said in his heart, There is no God: but now his fears had got the better of his infidelity. He then, too late, had recourse to God for aid. He had massacred the priests of God at Nob, all but one; and that one was gone away to David with the ephod. He applied himself to some other priests. And since he consulted God by Urim, it is evident that he had also gotten another ephod made; not considering the peculiar



sanctity of the first, or that God would confine his manifestations of himself to that which was of his own appointment. At least, Saul had no reason to hope that God would exhibit himself in an extraordinary manner in his favour. Samuel was dead, and Gad was with David; and we hear of no other on whom the Spirit of God rested in those days. However, he applied himself to some of the prophetic colleges, probably to some of the most eminent of those sons of the prophets he had seen at Ramah; but to no purpose: God refused to answer him, either by Urim, by prophets, or by dreams.

What should he do? The heart of man is fond of prying into futurity, and more especially upon the edge of great events. In great dangers, men are desirous even to know the worst; it is some consolation to be prepared for it. He had long since renounced every thing that was serious in religion. However, he had been threatened as from God; and, in all probability, the time was now come when the sentence, so long since pronounced against him, was to be executed: could he but see Samuel, he should know all! It was said there were men who had power over spirits. Who knows how far that power might extend! God had forsaken him; he could be no worse on that side: he might be better on some other; he resolved to try.

Saul had, in the days of his devotion, partly cut off, and partly frightened away, those wizards and sorcerers; those execrable wretches, the pest of society and enemies of true religion, whom God commanded to be extirpated. However, some of them might have remained, or returned: he inquired; and was informed of a *Pythoness*, a witch, that dwelt not far off, at Endor. His anxiety would let him think of nothing else; he could neither eat nor drink until it was done. To Endor he hies that very night, stript of his regal apparel, and disguised as well as he could, and attended only by two companions. When he arrived, he prayed the woman to divine to him by her



familiar spirit, and to bring up whom he should name to her. She answered, that he knew very well that Saul had cut off all of that profession ; and why should he go about to lay such a snare for her to have her destroyed ? He declared with a solemn oath, by the living God, That no evil should happen unto her upon that account. She then demanded, whom he would have raised ? He answered, Samuel. And in the instant he pronounced his name, the woman saw Samuel, and shrieked out aloud in terror and surprise ; and soon after asked the king why he had deceived her, for he was Saul ? She saw an apparition she did not expect ; she knew the prophet ; she knew the veneration Saul had for him ; she knew that prophets were only sent to kings : and she knew the poor deluded mortals she had to do with, had no notion of having to do with persons of sacred character ; and she knew her art, whatever that was, had never exhibited a person of that figure to her.

When the king heard her cry out in such terror, he bade her not be afraid ; and asked her what she saw ? She answered that she saw gods (or, as the word may be translated, lords) ascending out of the earth. Saul then inquired after his form ; and she told him it was that of an old man covered with a mantle. The text then immediately adds, that Saul perceived that it was Samuel himself : and stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself.

The narration is short and uncircumstantial : but, as I humbly apprehend, the matter was thus :

Saul, to prevent all delusion, would not tell the Pythoness whom he would have raised, until he brought her to the very cell or place of her incantations ; and then he told her he would have Samuel called unto him. And the very instant he said this, she looked into her cell, saw Samuel, and seeing him so unexpectedly, and without the aid of her art, she was affrighted, and cried out : and the king, upon inquiry, hearing that it was an old man with a mantle, believed it was Samuel she saw ; and straightway



going to the cell, and perceiving the prophet did him obeisance. Immediately Samuel asked him why he had disquieted him, to bring him up? (Will not this ground a presumption, that the Pythoness had not disturbed him by her incantations? for if she had, the question had been more naturally directed to her.) To which Saul answered, That he was sore distressed; for the Philistines warred against him: and God had forsaken him, and would neither answer him by dreams nor prophets; therefore, says he, I have called unto thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do.

Then said Samuel, Wherefore then dost thou ask of me; seeing the Lord is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy? And the Lord hath done for himself, as he spake by me; for the Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand, and given it to thy neighbour, even unto David: because thou obeyedst not the voice of the Lord, nor executedst his fierce wrath upon Amalek. Therefore hath the Lord done this thing unto thee this day.

In this we see the prophet foretells that Saul should that day be stript of the kingdom; and that the kingdom should be divided, and given to David. Then follows what nothing but infinite and unerring prescience could predict: an exact, minute, precise account of all the circumstances of the then depending event: moreover, the Lord will also deliver Israel with thee unto the Philistines; and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me; and also the camp of Israel shall the Lord deliver into the hands of the Philistines.

I own I am astonished at the inattention (shall I call it?) or impiety, or both, of those critics and commentators who could ascribe this prediction to the sagacity of an impostor, or even of the devil. I shall take a proper time to refute them; and, in the meantime, go on with my history.

When Saul heard this dreadful sentence pronounced upon himself, his family, and his people, the ter-



ror of it struck him to the heart ; and he hasted to get away from the fatal place : but as he went, his fears operating upon a mind weakened with guilt, and upon a body exhausted with fatigue and fasting, he lost all power of motion, and fell at his full length upon the floor. The woman, seeing this, ran up to him, and, finding the distressed and weak condition he was in, endeavoured to persuade him, as well as she could, to take some sustenance ; which he absolutely refused. Then, calling his servants to her aid, they all, in a manner, compelled him to consent. So he arose from the earth and sat upon the bed. And the woman had a fat calf in the house, and she hastened and killed it ; and took flour and kneaded it, and did bake unleavened bread thereof ; and she brought it before Saul and before his servants, and they did eat. Then they rose up and went away that night.

What remorse, what despair, what desolation of mind, what horrors of guilt, what terrors and anticipations of divine vengeance, haunted him by the way, may no reader of this history ever learn from his own experience.

I find many learned men of a different opinion with me, in relation to the reality of Samuel's appearance on this occasion ? some imagining that it was an evil spirit that now appeared unto Saul ; and others, that the whole was the work of imposture.

I shall give my reasons, and the reader will judge for himself.

In the first place then I readily agree with one party of those that differ from me, that neither this Pythoness, nor all the devils in hell, could raise up Samuel ; nor is there one tittle in the whole narration to support or countenance such a persuasion : but I differ entirely from them in supposing all this the work of a juggler.

1. Because I can see nothing ascribed in the relation to Samuel, which is not entirely out of character



in an impostor, or absolutely out of the power of the subtlest impostor that ever lived. And

2. Because I have as good an opinion of the author of this history, his ability, his integrity, his knowledge of what he wrote about, and his undesigning to deceive, as I can of any man that ever commented or criticised upon it; and therefore when he gives me to understand that the woman saw Samuel, I absolutely believe that she did.

Allow that the Scripture speaks of things according to their appearances, and that Saul and his companions might be deceived by an impostor in Samuel's guise; was this author deceived, or did he mean to deceive me, when he gives me to understand that the woman saw Samuel, and was frightened at the sight?

Suppose a possibility, that Saul and his companions could be imposed upon by an impostor on this occasion; yet, surely, the highest probability is on the other side. Saul was far from having an implicit faith even in Samuel, although the manner of his coming to the kingdom demonstrated the divinity of the prophet's mission. And would he easily be the dupe of a silly woman? He was perfectly acquainted with the voice, stature, and figure of Samuel. He was a brave man; and doubtless his companions were so. Can we doubt whether he chose two of his old tried friends on this occasion? And, if he did, they also must have been acquainted with Samuel. They came upon the woman by night, and unprepared. Had they allowed her the least time for juggle or artifice, or suffered her so much as one moment out of their sight, would a sacred historian, whose business it was to expose their practices, as far as truth would allow, omit these circumstances? Would he omit all mention of the preceding sacrifices and incantations? Would he omit every circumstance that tended to detect the fraud? Would he omit every thing that tended to shew it to be fraud, and insert every thing that tended to imply the real appearance of the prophet?



Shall this author relate in plain terms, that Saul perceived it was Samuel himself ; and shall he relate this by a word which signifies either certain knowledge, experience, or sensible perception, and are we to understand by the word (contrary to all the rules of grammar, and rational interpretation), that he neither knew, nor had sensible evidence of this ? that he only imagined it was Samuel, by the description of an impostor ?—a description that would suit ten thousand other men as well as Samuel.

But the text says not that Saul saw Samuel.

True ; but tells us something that plainly implies it, that he stooped with his face to the earth, and bowed himself.

When the sacred writers express themselves in the same style, and in the very same words, on occurrences of the same kind, such as the behaviour of people upon occasion of seeing some extraordinary person, are we not to understand them in the same sense ?

The text is both strong and full in this place. It first says, that Saul knew that it was Samuel himself ; and then adds, that he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself. Must we believe, notwithstanding all this, that he neither knew nor saw what he bowed to ? that he bowed only to a creature of the Pythoness's imagination ? What strange suppositions are these ! and what violence must we do to the sacred text, to the analogy of scripture, to common grammar, and to common sense, to gratify some dogmatic doubters ?

But Saul was frightened out of his wits, and did not know what he said or did.

I am very much inclined to think that they who surmise this, believe it.

But pray how does it appear ? The gentlemen that object thus, have not, perhaps, considered that Saul desired Samuel to be raised up to him, (not to the Pythoness ;) which plainly shews that he had no apprehension of fear from the thoughts of seeing him. And when the woman was frightened, and shrieked



at the sight of Samuel, as it is plain that Samuel was not ; for he bids her not to be afraid ; and desires to know what it was she saw which caused her fears. Be not afraid ; for what sawest thou ? And the whole tenor of his answer to Samuel's question is as rational and undisturbed as any thing I ever read.

In the next place, let us consider whether this person, supposed to be an impostor, acts in character.

Are we to believe that a little contemptible juggler (supposing such a person, without any foundation, in the history), or a poor dastardly woman, would dare to treat a king of Israel with that air of superiority and contumely wherewith Samuel treats Saul on this occasion ? Would she, that paid such court to him the instant the affair was over, treat him with so high a hand whilst it was in agitation ? Josephus observes of this woman, that she was in her nature gentle, compassionate, and benevolent. Is this agreeable to that character ? to insult, to threaten, and to upbraid. To ask him to the reproach of his reason and religion, as well as to the disgrace of her own art, how he came to inquire for her. Would she dare to treat Saul so ? Saul, famed for rage and resentment, and not famed for mercy ? Saul, that rooted the race of impostors out of the land ! And all this, after it was owned she knew him ! He must have as much credulity as an infidel that can believe this.

In the next place, would an imposter be so very zealous for a strict observance of the law and commands of God, and so rigid in pronouncing divine vengeance upon the violation of them ? and, in the death of his cunning, limit that vengeance to time, place, and person ? and all this at no greater distance than the next day ?

These suppositions are too wild to be seriously confuted ; they are the very reverse of what should and would have been done upon such an occasion, had imposture interfered in it. Every one knows the business of impostors is to flatter, to delude, to deceive, to answer doubtfully ; to promise good, and



put off the evil: it was this woman's business in a particular manner, to act thus. Had she promised Saul victory, and the success had answered, she was sure of considerable advantage. He who could have no benefit from princes, or from prophets, would, doubtless, have had her in high honour; and, with good reason.

If he died in battle all was safe; and even if he escaped, and was worsted, what she said would at least have been taken for an indication of good-will, and good wishes to the king and to his people; and so would be more likely to escape any after inquiry. Whereas, if she prognosticated evil to the royal race, she was sure of destruction, if the event did not at once justify and save her. Nay, it might justify, and yet not save her. For, might not Saul's companions, or some of his surviving friends, think that this evil fortune was the effect of her incantations, and the work of some wicked spirits under her influence? And would she, who knew her own ignorance, put all this to the hazard of a conjecture? And God would make the event exactly and minutely conformable to that conjecture, to establish the credit of imposture over the face of the earth, and to the end of the world.

But an evil spirit, or even an impostor, might know that Saul and his sons were determined either to die or conquer in the battle.

Let this also be allowed, without any foundation in the text. Hath not many a man been determined to die, and yet been prevented? But the truth is otherwise. Neither Saul nor his sons were determined to die; they all fled from the enemy as fast and as far as they could. The enemy first overtook the sons of Saul, and slew them. And when Saul could fly no farther, rather than fall into the enemy's hands, who were hard at his heels, he killed himself.

Besides all this, shall we so far outrage our reason and our religion, as to believe any being, but God, capable of seeing into futurity, and pronouncing upon



it? If there be any that think so, let me call upon them, with Isaiah, to bring forth their strong reasons. Let them bring forth, and shew us what shall happen. Let them shew the former things what they be, that we may consider (or set our hearts upon) them; or declare us things for to come. In one word, the assertions and reasonings on the other side seem to me grounded upon great mistakes, and fruitful of grievous absurdities. I cannot assent to them; I envy no man that can.

The consequences from all this is clear: if that person, who now denounced the divine vengeance upon Saul, under the semblance of Samuel, was neither an impostor nor an evil spirit, he must be what the scriptures constantly call him throughout this narration, Samuel.

That spirits of another world may carry about them such vehicles, as may admit them to a sensible commerce with us, in like manner as our spirits bear about these bodies of ours, the best philosophy will admit. And that they have done so upon extraordinary occasions, the most authentic histories in the world will attest. If then God Almighty thought fit either to appoint, or permit Samuel to appear to Saul on this occasion, I see no more difficulty in it than in his appearing to him on any other occasion whilst he was in this world, and in full health and strength. For Saul no more saw his spirit then, than he did now, and his spirit was as well able to bear a body about with it now, as it was then.

The only question then is, Why God should appoint or permit Samuel to appear on this occasion? And this is a question which no man living hath a right to ask, and be informed in. Such questions as these are the very source and fountain-head of all infidelity; I don't know why things should be done so and so, and therefore I will not believe they were done. And what is this but saying, in other words, that you are as wise as God; and as good a judge of fit and just, at least with regard to things of this world, as he can



be? and therefore it is ridiculous to suppose that he transacted any thing in the affairs of this world which you cannot discover to be wise and fit, and just. Can any thing in nature be more extravagant than such surmises as these?

“But is it likely, that God should refuse to answer Saul, when he consulted him in ways appointed by himself, and yet should answer him in a forbidden way?”

I answer, What if it be not? that is, what if my little understanding cannot reach the reasons of this conduct? Must it follow that there was no such thing? Is not this the same infatuation of arrogance which was just now reproved and exposed?

But, after all, what if God did not depart from his own institutions? What if Saul did not consult him in his ways appointed by himself? The ways appointed by himself to consult him were by the prophets, to whom he manifested himself by visions, as he did to Samuel; or by prophets, to whom he vouchsafed a more open communication of his purpose, as to Moses, or by Urim and Thummim.

It is not likely that Saul consulted God by the Urim and Thummim of his appointment; for that was with Abiathar, and Abiathar was with David. And very probably there was no prophet then alive to whom God communicated himself either by vision or by his word.

On the other hand, what if Saul did consult God in a way appointed by himself; and what if God did depart from his own institutions on this occasion? Is God so tied down to his institutions that he cannot at any time depart from them?

Here is a fine dilemma; if God confines the communication and manifestation of himself and his purposes to priests and prophets, are all the rest of his creation excluded? Is he the God only of priests and prophets? All this is artifice and contrivance, plain priestcraft! If at any time he is said to have manifested himself in a different manner, such accounts



are incredible ; for is it likely he should depart from his own institutions ?

But if Samuel had been raised by God, no doubt he would never have said unto Saul, Why hast thou disquieted me ? for it would have been no disquiet, nor trouble to him, to come upon God's errand.

But is this gentleman sure that the prophet's disquiet arose from his being sent on that errand ? Surely he will not say so upon mature deliberation ? No ; his disquiet plainly arose from Saul's hardened impenitence in the ways of irreligion ; it was this that grieved and provoked his righteous spirit. And so it should be translated, What hast thou provoked me to make me rise up ? Why dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee ? Hath God forsaken you ? and do you hope for help from me ? from me his minister, who acts in nothing but in obedience to his will ? Is God offended with you, and will you inquire what to do in a way that he hath forbidden ? Will you go on still to offend him more ? Know, then, that I am now come to confirm that sentence which God long since passed upon you by my mouth, for disobeying his commandments. Your kingdom is divided, and given even to David, and God will deliver you, your sons, and your people into the hands of the Philistines ; and this sentence shall be executed upon you to-morrow. To-morrow shall you and your sons be with me among the dead. All this is plainly spoken in the indignation of a righteous spirit against guilt ; and he must have read with very little attention, that does not see it to be so.

Give me leave to add, that the Bible is a history of God's providence, more particularly to a peculiar people. It teaches us that all revolutions in the world, are of his appointment, and all events in his hands ; that nations are punished and kings deposed for their guilt, and others appointed in their stead. And in order to convince his people of these truths, God, at sundry times, raised up prophets from amongst them,



to denounce his judgments upon their guilt, and to foretel the fatal consequences of it. If they repented upon these monitions, his judgments were averted ; if not, they were surely executed.

Now the case stands thus ; the scriptures say Samuel was seen on this occasion ; that Saul perceived it was Samuel himself ; that Samuel spoke, and denounced the divine judgments, and Saul heard him ; and the judgments he denounced were demonstrably such as none but God could denounce. And some men who call themselves critics, without attending to the text, the nature of the prophet's threats, or the reason of his appearance, say it was not Samuel that did all this, but some impostor, or some evil spirit ; and they say this upon the idlest reasons that ever were urged—reasons that have already been abundantly confuted and exposed. And can it yet be made a question which we shall believe ?

I have but two observations to annex. The first is, that the son of Syrach, who seems to have had as much wisdom, penetration, and piety, as any critic that came after him, is clearly of opinion, with the sacred historian, that it was Samuel himself who foretold the fate of Saul and his house in this interview. And it is no ill presumption that his judgment was also that of the Jewish church upon this head.

The next is—that whereas it hath been made a question whether the Jews had any belief of the immortality of the soul, this history is a full decision upon that point ; and perhaps the establishment of that truth upon the foot of sensible evidence, was not the lowest end of Samuel's appearance upon this occasion.

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*Caution to Travellers carrying Money on a Journey.*

JONATHAN BRADFORD kept an inn on the London road to Oxford, in the year 1736. Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford, put up



at Bradford's, and there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped. In conversation, he unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a large sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers; the two gentlemen to a two-bedded room, leaving a candle burning in the chimney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in the adjoining chamber, and this being repeated, he softly awaked his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing, as of one dying, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from whence they heard the groans; and the door being ajar, saw a light in the room: they entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him with a dark lanthorn in one hand, and a knife in the other. The man seemed as petrified as themselves; but his terror carried with it all the terror of guilt! The gentlemen soon discovered the person was the stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer: he assumed by this time the air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves; for that, hearing a noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence, and had but that minute entered the room before them.

These assertions were of little avail: he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighbouring justice of the peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but, nevertheless, with such apparent indication of guilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression on writing out his mittimus, "Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."



This extraordinary affair was the conversation of the whole county. Bradford was tried and condemned, over and over again, in every company. In the midst of all this predetermination came on the assizes at Oxford.—Bradford was brought to trial, and pleaded not guilty. Nothing could be more strong than the evidence of the two gentlemen; they testified to the finding Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed; Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife; that knife and the hand which held it bloody; that on their entering the room he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man, and that a few moments preceding they had heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defence on the trial was the same as before the gentlemen: he had heard a noise; he suspected some villany transacting; he struck a light; he snatched a knife (the only weapon near him) to defend himself; and the terrors he discovered were merely the terrors of humanity, the natural effects of innocence as well as guilt, on beholding such a horrid scene.

This defence, however, could be considered but as weak, contrasted with several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence more strong. There was little need of comment from the judge in summing up the evidence. No room appeared for extenuation!—the jury brought in the prisoner guilty, even without going out of the box. Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder of Mr. Hayes, but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet were those assertions not untrue!—The murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes's footman, who, immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his breeches of his money, gold watch, and snuff-box, and escaped to his own room; which could have been, from the after circumstances, scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the apartment of the unfortunate gentleman. The world owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience in the footman (eighteen months



after the execution of Bradford) on a bed of sickness ; it was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim.

It is much to be wished that this account could close here, but it cannot. Bradford, though innocent, and not privy to the murder, was, nevertheless, the murderer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr. Hayes had declared at supper, as to his having a large sum of money about him, and he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement!—he could not believe his senses!—and in turning back the bed-clothes, to assure himself of the fact, he, in his agitation, dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hands and the knife became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended after his sentence.

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#### *Apparition of Lord Tyrone.*

LORD TYRONE and Miss ——— were born in Ireland, and were left orphans in their infancy to the care of the same persons, by whom they were both educated in the principles of deism.

Their guardian dying when they were each of them about fourteen years of age, they fell into very different hands. The persons on whom the care of them now devolved used every means to eradicate the erroneous principles they had imbibed, and to persuade them to embrace revealed religion, but in vain. Their arguments were insufficient to convince, though they were strong enough to stagger their former faith. Though separated from each other, their friendship was unalterable, and they continued to regard each other with a sincere and fraternal affection. After some years were elapsed, and both were grown up, they made a solemn promise to each other, that the one that died first should, if permitted, appear to the



other, to declare what religion was most approved by the Supreme Being. Miss —— was shortly after addressed by Sir Martin Beresford, to whom she was after a few years married, but a change of condition had no power to alter their friendship. The families visited each other, and often spent some weeks together. A short time after one of these visits, Sir Martin remarked, that when his lady came down to breakfast her countenance was disturbed, and inquired of her health. She assured him she was quite well. He then asked her if she had hurt her wrist. "Have you sprained it?" said he, observing a black ribbon round it. She answered in the negative, and added, "Let me conjure you, Sir Martin, never to inquire the cause of my wearing this ribbon; you will never see me without it. If it concerned you as a husband to know, I would not for a moment conceal it. I never in my life denied you a request, but of this I entreat you to forgive me the refusal, and never to urge me farther on the subject."—"Very well," said he, smiling, "since you beg me so earnestly, I will inquire no more." The conversation here ended; but breakfast was scarcely over, when Lady Beresford eagerly inquired if the post was come in; she was told it was not. In a few minutes she rang again, and repeated the inquiry. She was again answered as at first. "Do you expect letters?" said Sir Martin, "that you are so anxious for the arrival of the post?"—"I do," she answered; "I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone is dead; he died last Tuesday at four o'clock."—"I never in my life," said Sir Martin, "believed you superstitious; some idle dream has surely thus alarmed you." At that instant the servant entered and delivered a letter sealed with black. "It is as I expected," exclaimed Lady Beresford, "Lord Tyrone is dead." Sir Martin opened the letter; it came from Lord Tyrone's steward, and contained the melancholy intelligence of his master's death, and on the very day and hour Lady Beresford had before specified. Sir Martin begged Lady Beresford to com-



pose herself, and she assured him she felt much easier than she had done for a long time ; and added, " I can communicate intelligence to you which I know will prove welcome ; I can assure you, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that I shall in some months present you with a son." Sir Martin received this news with the greatest joy. After some months Lady Beresford was delivered of a son (she had before been mother of only two daughters). Sir Martin survived the birth of his son little more than four years. After his decease his widow seldom left home ; she visited no family but that of a clergyman who resided in the same village : with them she frequently passed a few hours ; the rest of her time was spent in solitude, and she appeared for ever to banish all other society. The clergyman's family consisted of himself, his wife, and one son, who, at the time of Sir Martin's death, was quite a youth ; to this son, however, she was, in a few weeks, married, notwithstanding the disparity of years, and the manifest imprudence of a connexion so unequal in every point of view. Lady Beresford was treated by her young husband with contempt and cruelty, while at the same time his conduct evinced him the most abandoned libertine, utterly destitute of every principle of virtue and humanity. By this, her second husband, she had two daughters ; after which such was the baseness of his conduct, that she insisted on a separation. They parted for a few years, when so great was the contrition he expressed for his former conduct, that, won over by his supplications, promises, and entreaties, she was induced to pardon, and once more to reside with him, and was in time the mother of a son.

The day on which she had lain-in a month, being the anniversary of her birth-day, she sent for Lady Betty Cobb (of whose friendship she had long been possessed) and a few other friends, to request them to spend the day with her. About seven, the clergyman by whom she had been christened, and with



whom she had all her life been intimate, came into the room to inquire after her health. She told him she was perfectly well, and requested him to spend the day with them: "for," said she, "this is my birthday—I am forty-eight to-day."—No, madam," answered the clergyman, "you are mistaken; your mother and myself have had many disputes concerning your age, and I have at last discovered that I was right, I happened to go last week into the parish where you were born: I was resolved to put an end to the dispute. I searched the register, and find that you are but forty-seven this day."—"You have signed my death-warrant!" she exclaimed; "I have then but a few hours to live. I must therefore entreat you to leave me immediately, as I have something of importance to settle before I die." When the clergyman had left her, Lady Beresford sent to forbid the company coming, and at the same time to request Lady Betty Cobb and her son (of whom Sir Martin was the father, and was then about twenty-two years of age) to come to her apartment immediately. Upon their arrival, having ordered the attendants to quit the room, "I have something," she said, "of the greatest importance to communicate to you both before I die, a period which is not far distant. You, Lady Betty, are no stranger to the friendship which subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself; we were educated under the same roof, and in the same principles of deism. When the friends into whose hands we afterwards fell, endeavoured to persuade us to embrace the revealed religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince, were powerful enough to stagger our former feelings, and to leave us wavering between the two opinions: in this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other that which ever died first should (if permitted) appear to the other, and declare what religion is most acceptable to God. Accordingly, one night, while Sir Martin and myself were in bed, I suddenly awoke, and discovered Lord Tyrone sitting by my bedside,



I screamed out, and endeavoured to awake Sir Martin. "For heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "Lord Tyrone, by what means, or for what reason, came you hither at this time of night?"—"Have you then forgotten our promise?" said he: "I died last Tuesday at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you, to assure you that the revealed religion is true, and the only religion by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you, that you will soon produce a son, who it is decreed will marry my daughter; not many years after his birth, Sir Martin will die, and you will marry again, and to a man by whose ill-treatment you will be rendered miserable: you will have two daughters, and afterwards a son, in child-birth of whom you will die in the forty-seventh year of your age." "Just Heavens!" I exclaimed, "and cannot I prevent this?" "Undoubtedly you may," returned the spectre; "you are a free agent, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage; but your passions are strong, you know not their power; hitherto you have had no trials. More I am not permitted to reveal, but if after this warning you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable indeed!" "May I not ask," said I, "if you are happy?" "Had I been otherwise," he replied, "I should not have been permitted to appear to you." "I may then infer that you are happy?" He smiled. "But how," said I, "when morning comes, shall I know that your appearance to me has been real, and not the mere representation of my own imagination?" "Will not the news of my death be sufficient to convince you?" "No," I returned, "I might have had such a dream, and that dream accidentally come to pass. I will have some stronger proofs of its reality." "You shall," said he; and waving his hand, the bed curtains, which were crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through an iron-hoop by which the tester of the bed was suspended. "In that," said he, "you cannot be mistaken; no mortal arm could have per-



formed this." "True," said I, "but sleeping we are often possessed of far more strength than when awake ; though waking I could not have done it, asleep I might ; and I shall still doubt." "Here is a pocket-book, in this," said he, "I will write my name : you know my hand-writing." I replied, "Yes." He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaf. "Still," said I, "in the morning I may doubt ; though waking I could not imitate your hand, asleep I might." "You are hard of belief," said he ; "it would injure you irreparably ; it is not for spirits to touch mortal flesh." "I do not," said I, "regard a slight blemish." "You are a woman of courage," replied he : "hold out your hand." I did : he struck my wrist : his hand was cold as marble : in a moment the sinews shrunk up, every nerve withered. "Now," said he, "while you live, let no mortal eye behold that wrist : to see it is sacrilege." He stopped ; I turned to him again ; he was gone. During the time I had conversed with him my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected, but the moment he was gone, I felt chilled with horror, the very bed moved under me, I endeavoured, but in vain, to awake Sir Martin, all my attempts were ineffectual, and in this state of agitation and terror I lay for some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief, and I dropped asleep. In the morning, Sir Martin arose and dressed himself as usual, without perceiving the the state curtains remained in.—When I awoke I found Sir Martin gone down ; I arose, and having put on my clothes, went to the gallery adjoining the apartment and took from thence a long broom (such as cornices are swept with), by the help of this I took down, with some difficulty, the curtains, as I imagined their extraordinary position might excite suspicion in the family. I then went to the bureau, took up my pocket-book, and bound a piece of black ribbon round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of my mind had left an impression on my countenance too visible to pass unobserved by my husband. He instantly remarked it, and asked the cause. I informed



him Lord Tyrone was no more, that he died at the hour of four on the preceding Tuesday, and desired him never to question me more respecting the black ribbon ; which he kindly desisted from after. You, my son, as had been foretold, I afterwards brought into the world, and in very little more than four years after your birth your lamented father expired in my arms. After this melancholy event, I determined, as the only probable chance to avoid the sequel of the prediction, for ever to abandon all society ; to give up every pleasure resultiug from it, and to pass the rest of my days in solitude and retirement. But few can long endure to exist in a state of perfect sequestration : I began an intimacy with a family, and one alone ; nor could I then foresee the fatal consequences which afterwards resulted from it. Little did I think their son, their only son, then a mere youth, would form the person destined by fate to prove my destruction. In a very few years I ceased to regard him with indifference : I endeavoured, by every possible way to conquer a passion, the fatal effects of which I too well knew. I had fondly imagined I had overcome its influence, when the evening of one fatal day terminated my fortitude, and plunged me in a moment down that abyss I had so long been meditating how to shun. He had often solicited his parents for leave to go into the army, and at last obtained permission, and came to bid me adieu before his departure. The instant he entered the room, he fell upon his knees at my feet, told me he was miserable, and that I alone was the cause. At that moment my fortitude forsook me, I gave myself up for lost, and regarding my fate as inevitable, without farther hesitation consented to a union, the immediate result of which I knew to be misery, and its end death. The conduct of my husband, after a few years, amply justified a separation, and I hoped by this means to avoid the fatal sequel of the prophecy but won over by his reiterated entreaties, I was prevailed upon to pardon, and once more to reside with him, though not till



after I had, as I thought, passed my forty-seventh year.

But, alas ! I have this day heard from indisputable authority, that I have hitherto lain under a mistake with regard to my age, and that I am but forty-seven to-day. Of the near approach of my death, then, I entertain not the slightest doubt ; but I do not dread its arrival ; armed with the sacred precepts of Christianity, I can meet the King of Terrors without dismay, and without fear bid adieu to mortality for ever.

When I am dead, as the necessity of concealment closes with my life, I would wish that you, Lady Betty, would unbind my wrist, take from thence the black ribbon, and let my son with yourself, behold it. Lady Beresford here paused for some time, but resuming the conversation, she entreated her son would behave himself so as to merit the high honour he would receive from a union with the daughter of Lord Tyrone.

Lady B. then expressed a wish to lay down on the bed, and to endeavour to compose herself to sleep. Lady Betty Cobb and her son immediately called her domestics, and quitted the room, having first desired them to watch their mistress attentively, and if they observed the smallest change in her, to call instantly.

An hour passed, and all was quiet in the room. They listened at the door, and everything remained still, but in half an hour more a bell rang violently ; they flew to her apartment, but before they reached the door they heard the servant exclaim, " Oh, she is dead ! " Lady Betty then bade the servants for a few minutes to quit the room, and herself, with Lady Beresford's son approached the bed of his mother ; they knelt down by the side of it : Lady Betty then lifted up her hand, and untied the ribbon ; the wrist was found exactly as Lady Beresford had described it, every sinew shrunk, every nerve withered.

Lady Beresford's son, as had been predicted, is since married to Lord Tyrone's daughter : the black



ribbon and pocket-book were formerly in the possession of Lady Betty Cobb, Marlborough Buildings, Bath, who, during her long life was ever ready to attest the truth of this narration, as are, to the present hour, the whole of the Tyrone and Beresford families.

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*The Wonderful Discovery of the Robbers and Murderers of Mr. Stockden, victualler, in Grubstreet, near Cripplegate, by a visionary appearance of Mr. Stockden to one Mrs. Greenwood, in a Dream.*

ON the 3d of December, 1695, about midnight, Mr. Stockden was murdered and robbed by four men then unknown ; one Maynard was suspected, but he got off. Soon after, Mr. Stockden appeared to Mrs. Greenwood in a dream, and shewed her a house in Thames-street, near the George, and said that one of the murderers was there. She was somewhat intimidated at the thing, yet she went the next morning, and took with her one Mary Buggs, a discreet woman, to go with her to the house that the vision had directed her to, and asked for Maynard, but was told he was gone abroad. Mr. Stockden appeared to her again, and then presented Maynard's face before her, with a flat mole on the side of his nose (whom she had never seen) ; and more particularly informed her that a wire-drawer should take him, and that he should be carried to Newgate in a coach. Upon inquiry, they found out one of that trade, who was his great intimate, and who, for a reward of ten pounds, promised to take him, which he both undertook and effected, which was as follows : He sent for Maynard to a public-house, near Hockley in the Hole, where he played at cards with him till a constable was got, who apprehended him, carried him before a magistrate, who committed him to Newgate, and he was conveyed thither in a coach.



Maynard being in prison, confessed the fact, and impeached his accomplices, who were Marsh, Bevel, and Mercer, and said that Marsh was the setter on, knowing that Mr. Stockden had plenty of money and plate, but was not present at the murder, &c., yet he had his share of the booty ; but Marsh, having a suspicion that Maynard had made some discovery, left his habitation ; but soon after this, Mr. Stockden appeared again to Mrs. Greenwood, and shewed her a house in Old-street, where she had not been before, and said that Marsh lodged there. Next morning, she took Mary Buggs with her, as before, went to the house, and inquired for Marsh, but he was not there. But he was soon after taken at another place, and secured.

Soon after this, Mrs. Greenwood dreamed again that Mr. Stockden carried her into the Borough prison-yard, and shewed her Bevel, the third criminal, whom she had never seen before. Thither she went, taking with her Mrs. Footman, who was Mr. Stockden's kins-woman and housekeeper ; they went together to the Marshalsea, and inquired for Bevel, being informed that he was lately brought thither for coining, &c. They desired to see him ; and when he came down, both declared that he was the man. They then applied to a peace-officer, who procured his removal to Newgate, where he presently confessed the horrid murder : and thus the three principal criminals were tried, condemned, and hanged. This account is testified by the Bishop of York, &c., and also by the curate of Cripplegate, who published the account.

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*An Account of an Apparition. Extracted from  
Beaumont's Treatise on Spirits.*

SIR Charles Lee had only one daughter by his first lady, of whom she died in child-birth. Her sister, Lady Everard, had the education of the child. When



she was marriageable, a match was concluded for her with Sir William Perkins ; but was prevented in an extraordinary manner.

Miss Lee, one night, thinking she saw a light in her chamber, after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who, coming into the room, her mistress asked her why she left a candle burning in her chamber? The maid said she left none, and that there was none, but what she brought with her at that time. Miss Lee then said it was the fire ; but that, the maid told her, was quite out, and also said she believed it was only a dream ; to which the young lady replied, it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep.

About two o'clock she awaked again, and saw the apparition of a little woman, between the curtain and the pillow, who told her she was her mother ; that she was happy, and that by twelve o'clock that day she would be with her. On this Miss Lee knocked again for her maid ; called for her clothes, and when she was dressed, went into her closet, and came not out till nine o'clock. She then brought with her a letter for her father, which she gave to her aunt, the Lady Everard, telling her what had happened, and desired that it might be sent to him as soon as she was dead. But the lady thought her niece was suddenly fallen delirious, and sent to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon. When they came, the physician declared he could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or of any indisposition of body. However, the lady would needs have her let blood, which was done accordingly ; and when the young lady had patiently let them do what they pleased with her, she desired the chaplain might be called to read prayers. When prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm-book, and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played and sung so melodiously, that her music-master, who was then present, wondered at it.

Near twelve o'clock, she rose, and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and immediately ex-



pired, at Waltham, in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford.

When the letter was sent to her father, in Warwickshire, he was so afflicted that he came not to Waltham till she was buried ; but when he came, he caused her to be taken up, and buried by her mother at Edminton, about the year 1662. This relation, the then Bishop of Gloucester had from Sir Charles Lee himself.

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*Bishop Hall's Account of a Remarkable Dream.*

IN my youth, when I was at Cambridge, my brother Henry lying with me, early one morning I dreamed that my mother passed by with a sad countenance, and told me that she would not come to my Commencement (having promised at that time to come to Cambridge). When I related this dream to my brother, (both of us waking together in a sweat) he protested he had dreamed the very same. The next carrier brought us word of our mother's death.

How can this be accounted for on merely rational principles ?

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*A Remarkable Dream.*

A COMMON hackney coachman had a most remarkable dream not long since, which is as follows :—He dreamt one Saturday evening, that he was out with his coach plying for a fare ; and, being engaged, had directions given him where to drive. As he was carrying his passengers, he thought he was called to ascend an exceeding steep hill ; and when he reached the summit, he found the declivity of the hill still more troublesome. However, with great difficulty he got down, and as he proceeded, he arrived at a pair of great iron gates, wide open. When he had passed them, he found himself in an uncommonly dark and gloomy



place, in which were vast crowds of people dressed in mourning, all of whom by their countenances seemed to be in a very pensive frame of mind. Hereupon he stopped, and asked one of the men what that place was? He answered it was hell. Hell! (said the coachman) I have had more frightful ideas of hell than this appears to be; if this be hell, I shall not be under such fearful apprehensions of hell as formerly. Upon this the person informed him, that hell was not so much outward as it was inward; and as a proof of this, he opened his waistcoat, and showed him his heart, which was in a flame of fire.

This shocked the coachman to a great degree: but he proceeded to inform him that his case was not singularly shocking; for all whom he then saw, were in the same condition: and added, if he would accompany him, he should see worse than that. Here the coachman refused, and in great confusion and consternation attempted to return; but, to his surprise, the person, in conjunction with the other, caught hold of him, and refused to let him go, except he would promise to come again. After he had used every effort to free himself to no effect, he at last promised, if they would let him go, he would certainly come again at twelve o'clock. Upon this condition they let him depart, and he drove off in haste. When he was got out, he awoke in great horror of mind. He then awoke his wife, and related the whole to her, but she treated it with ridicule, and soon went to sleep again. But the poor man slept no more; and, in the morning said, he was afraid he should die and go to hell; and desired his wife to seek for some man to go out with the coach that day, for he could not; and refused to eat or drink any thing. Hereupon his wife took fire, and used him with rough language; and went among her acquaintance, ridiculing his fancy, and said her husband was going to hell at twelve o'clock. This passed on, and the man got worse in his mind, till the clock struck twelve; when his wife damned him, and said, It is twelve o'clock,



and you are not yet gone to hell! With that, he replied, Hold your tongue, for I am going, and immediately fell down dead. This the person related to the minister, the Rev. Mr. W., who communicated it to me as certain, and subjoined, that the wife was then almost in a state of distraction.—*Wills' Spiritual Register.*

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### *Jedidiah Buxton's Prediction.*

JEDIDIAH BUXTON, a poor man of Elmtou, in Derbyshire, well known to several eminent and many curious men, for his uncommon talents for numbers, and extraordinary natural powers of arithmetical calculation, died some years since; who was as famous for the exact prediction of the time of his death, as for his curious enumeration of every incident in his life while living. This man was firmly persuaded that his death would happen on a certain day, which it did precisely. From this conviction, he took a formal leave of all his friends and acquaintances, who all equally joined in the laugh at his infatuation.

He first waited on the Duke of P——, who had been kind to him, and esteemed him as an honest and singular man. He told the butler that he must then see his grace, or he should never see him again: the duke being informed of his request, ordered him into the parlour, and desired to know the cause of his earnest desire to see him. His reply was to this effect:—"I am come to thank your grace for all the favours you have bestowed on me, for I shall never see your grace any more." On the duke's inquiry into the reason of that declaration, he answered, "I must never see you again: I must come here no more." "Why, Jeddy?" replied the duke. He said, "Because I shall die on Thursday next!" The duke endeavoured to persuade him that he was only vapourish,



and that there was not the least intimation of his death ; and withal charged his servants not to give him much beer ; adding, " for the old man's brain grows weak."

In the kitchen the laugh circulated freely concerning the old man's prediction. However, he stiffly maintained his certainty of its accomplishment. The intervening days were spent in taking leave of his friends : none of whom believed him either in earnest, or in his right mind.

The predicted day arriving, the old man was still equally assured of his death on that day. And after having dined, sat himself down in his easy chair and expired ! to the astonishment of all who had ridiculed his testimony.

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### *The American Duellists.*

THE following relation, which is derived from the best authorities, is thus detailed in a late New York publication :—

Previous to the American Revolution, two young men Charles Mercer and Richard Reynolds, were students together at one of our most respectable colleges. They were in the same class, and intimate friends. Charles Mercer was the son of a mechanic, who laboured hard and suffered many deprivations that he might give his son a good education. Charles was superior to most young men in personal appearance, and was remarkable for his strength and agility in athletic exercise. His disposition was noble and generous. At the expiration of two years in college, he was informed by his father that he could no longer support him there, from the unfortunate failure of a friend for whom he had become responsible, without depriving the younger portion of his family of their necessary supplies. Mercer prepared to leave college with a heart lightened by the reflection that he should no longer be a burden but an assistant in his father's



family. At this period Reynolds, with a generosity that is seldom found, informed Mercer's father by letter, that he would, from his own abundant means, support his friend until he should be able by his own exertions to repay him. He informed Mercer's father at the same time, of the growth of their mutual love and esteem. All the obligations which young Mercer could urge against this arrangement were overruled by his parents, and he consented to stay. Richard Reynolds was born of the most respectable parents in the town of B——. He was an only son, heir to great wealth, and possessed abundant share of spirits and vivacity. He was esteemed as one of the best scholars in the class, but rather averse to mathematical demonstration. By his class-mates he was deemed a wild, but not a vicious fellow. He scorned to do a mean action, but too easily suffered himself to indulge in those vices which eventually lead to crime. Mercer, now no longer a faithful adviser, at the solicitation, and by the example of Reynolds, became his companion in many imprudent excesses. One evening the two friends, with two of their class-mates, assembled to drink wine, and have what is generally termed a social meeting. Presently cards were introduced, and they sat down to gamble. In choosing partners at the commencement of the game, Reynolds and Mercer were opposed to one another. Heated with wine, Reynolds betted extravagantly, and lost seven games in succession. At the end of the sixth, he declared that the opposite party had cheated. This gave rise to some dispute, but saying that he would try them again, he doubled the bet, and lost the seventh. Irritated beyond measure, and always violent in his passions, which were then much heated by wine, he rose up, threw his cards, and struck Mercer a blow in the face, at the same time accusing him of cheating. A short contest ensued, when Mercer by his great personal strength seized both the hands of his antagonist, and held him perfectly at his mercy. The two other young men were ineffectually appealed to, and



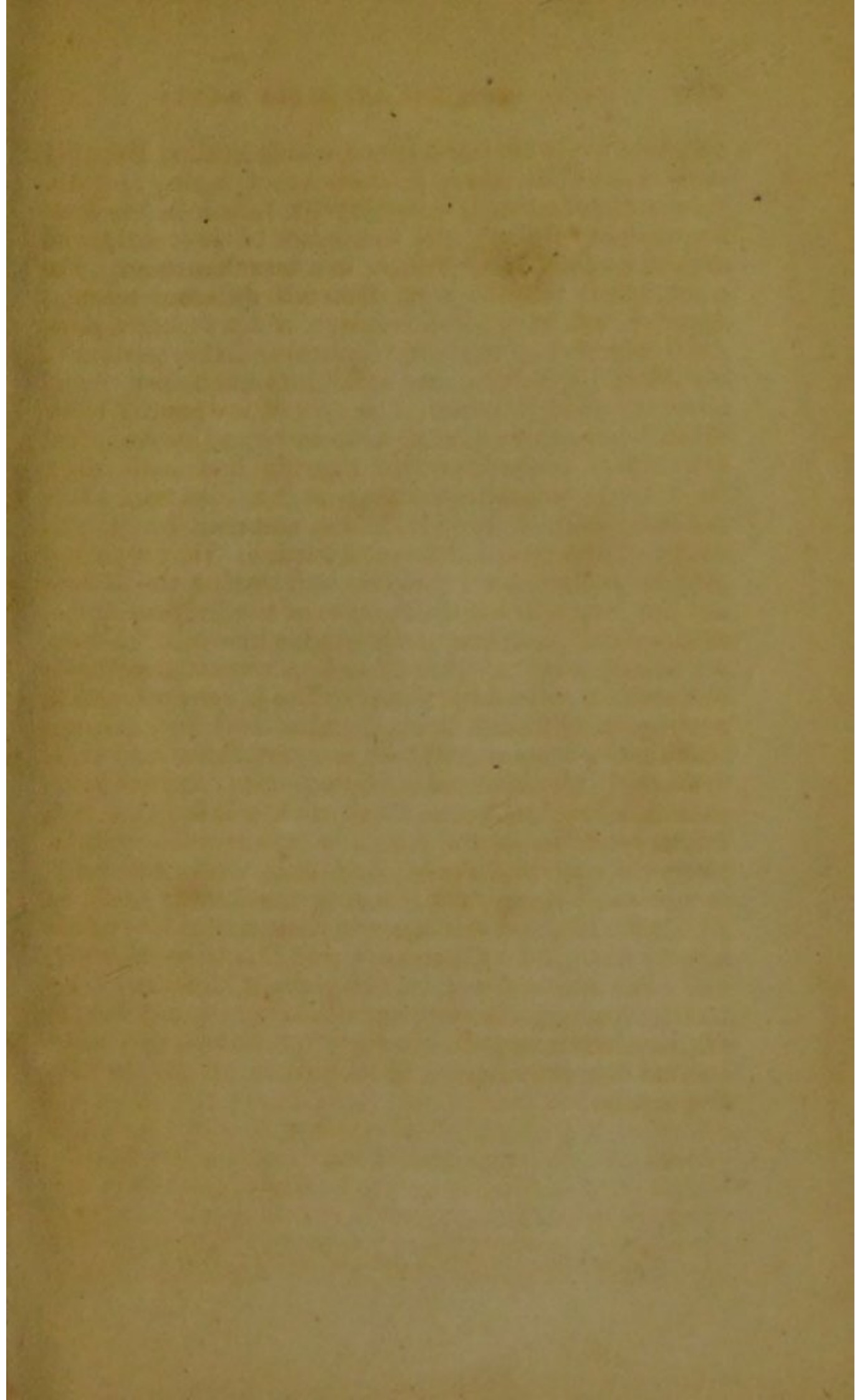
refusing to interfere in the quarrel, left the room. Reynolds, enraged to be thus in the power of one so much his debtor, called Mercer a coward, a fawning hypocrite ; told him he dare not fight him like a gentleman with swords, and charged him with the benefits conferred on him by himself. "You have dissolved every tie," answered Mercer ; "I will not now be called a coward or hypocrite by any man. Your past favours—would to God I had never received them—your future favours I disdain. I will meet you this moment at any place you appoint." They immediately sallied forth as the morning dawned to a retired spot, and drew their swords upon each other. Mercer had learnt the art of fencing of an uncle, who was a good swordsman, and he knew that he was superior to Reynolds. He therefore contented himself with parrying the violent thrusts of his adversary, and at the same time gave him some slight wounds, to show that he was completely in his power. Reynolds was only rendered by this conduct more furious, and even foamed at his mouth with violent rage. Extreme anger seems to drive away every other passion from the human heart but *cunning*. *Cunning* is ever the faithful ally and necessary companion of revenge. Reynolds, suddenly dropping the point of his sword, thrust it into the ground, and held out his hand. "Give me your hand, you are still the best of friends—I am in the wrong." Mercer replied, "I am rejoiced to see you return to your right mind. I hope our friendship will become the stronger from this interruption, but I for ever decline your further pecuniary assistance." At the commencement of the contest they pulled off their coats. Mercer turned round to put his on, and while he was swinging it over his head, Reynolds drew his sword from the ground and stabbed him to the heart. No sooner was the deed done than his reason, which had been clouded by passion, returned. He raised the bleeding body of his friend, who had fallen on his face ; beheld his ghastly countenance just fixed in death ; vainly at-



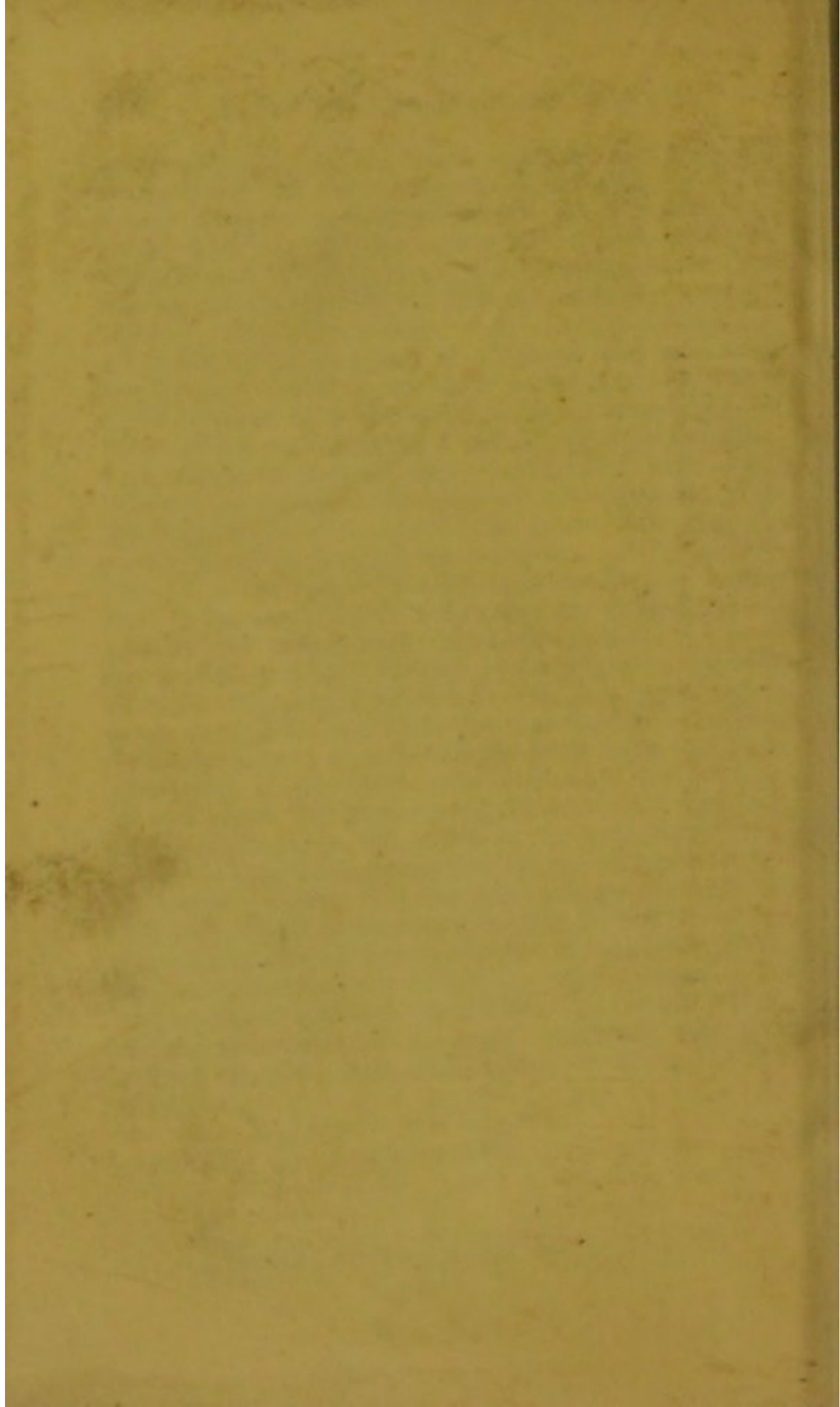
tempted to staunch the blood which gushed from the wound, and fell back in a swoon of agony and distress. So soon does punishment follow in the footsteps of crime. By the assistance of his still fond father, he escaped to France in a merchantman. For a long time he wandered through different parts of Europe, till by the intervention of his father's powerful friends in England he obtained the pardon of the king.—“Return, my son,” said his father, “and close my eyes in peace, for my life is drawing to its close.” He embarked in a vessel bound to America, but before he arrived his parents had both died, leaving an immense fortune at his disposal. But destitute of friends, of relations, shunned by the virtuous, pitied by few, life was a burden. He presented himself at the bar of justice, and tearing the king's pardon in pieces before the eyes of the judges, he demanded the punishment due to his crime. “I wish for death—may my execution be a warning example to those who come after me.” The judges refused to pronounce his doom, declaring that the king's pardon had been given, and though the certificate had been destroyed, it still remained in force. Reynolds returned home, but his peace of mind was for ever lost. In his reveries, in the midst of the crowded circle, he would start and shriek, declaring, with great vehemence of gesture, that he saw the bloody body of Mercer. Nothing could soothe the irritability of his mind; the hideous spectacle met him in every path, and was the subject of his nightly dreams. The human frame is incapable of enduring for any length of time such distress. He grew emaciated, mortality quitted her moorings, and he died in all the agonies of despair.

THE END.

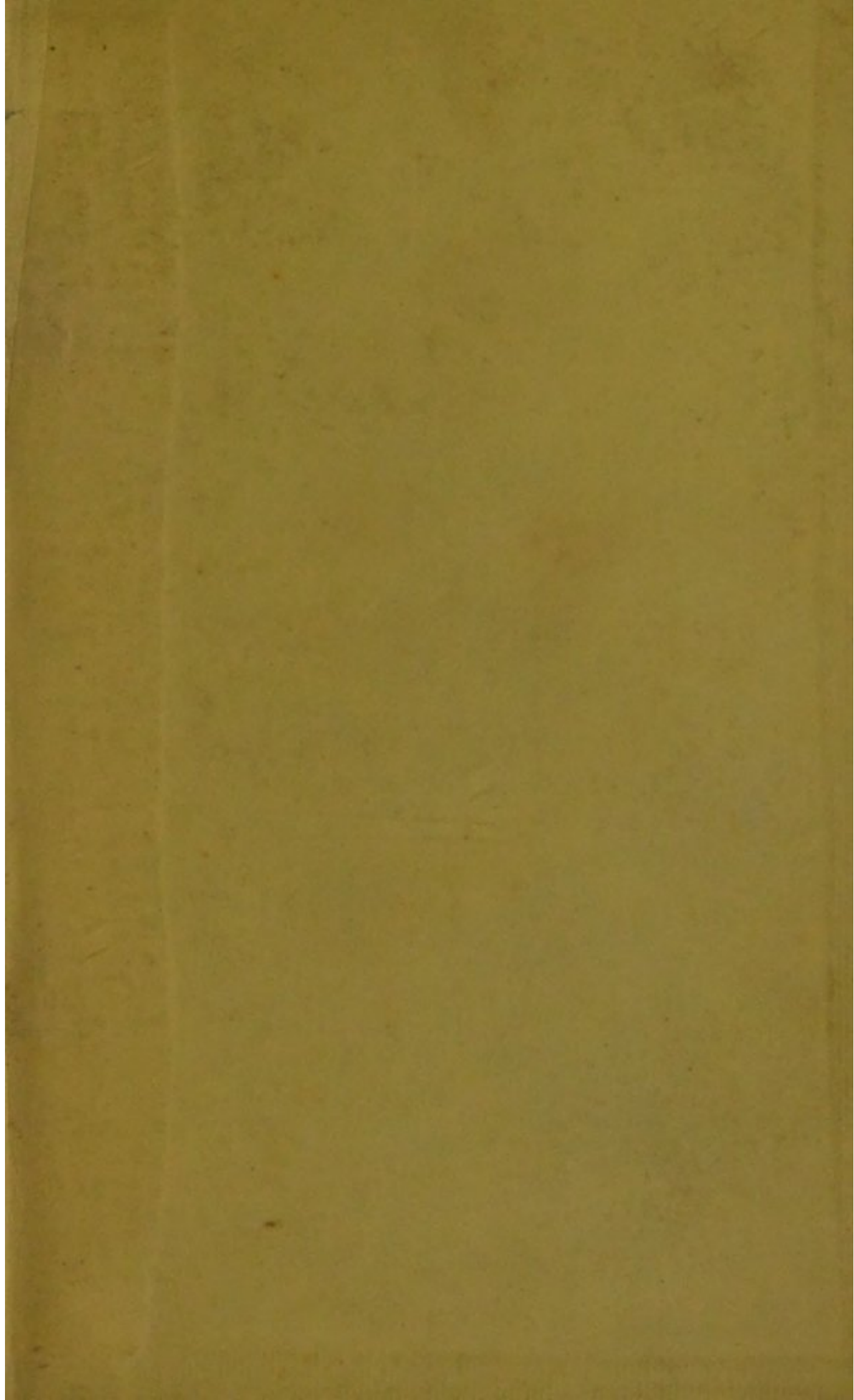




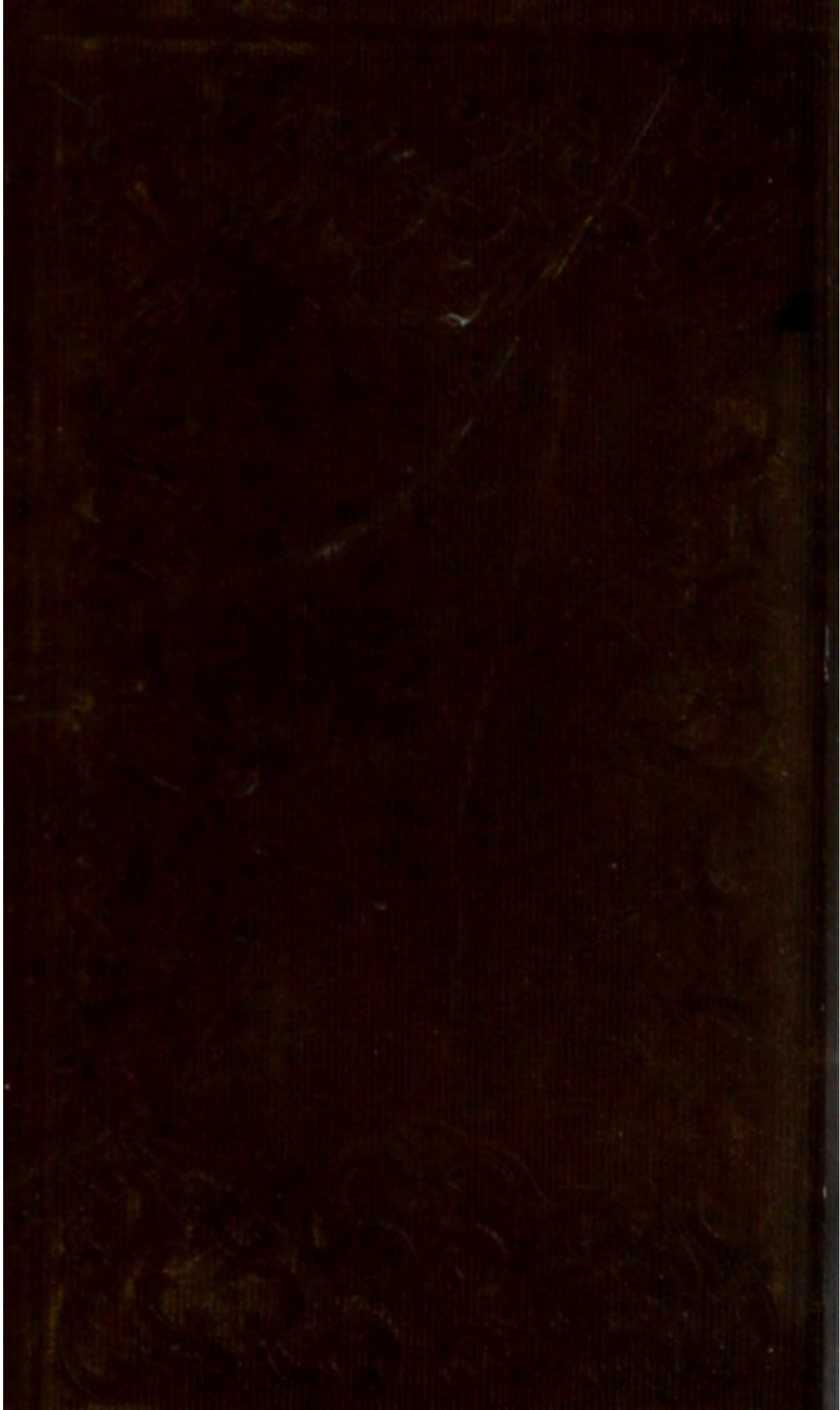














Page 3  
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