

Life after death, or wonderful relations, etc. Being an inquiry concerning the state ... of departed souls ... Shewing their power and abilities to re-visit mankind ... / Abstracted from the works of Mr. Jones, Mr. Jackson, etc.

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[c. 1808]



Life after Death,

OR

WONDERFUL RELATIONS, &c.

BEING AN INQUIRY CONCERNING

*The State, Order, and Operations of departed
Souls, and unembodied Spirits,*

IN A SEPARATE STATE.

SHEWING

Their Power and Abilities to re-visit Mankind on any particular Occasion, if God permit, by giving Warnings against Death, threatened Danger, and by the Discoveries of Murder, &c.

By Apparitions, or by Visionary Dreams,

As herein attested by several Authentic Relations.

Abstracted from the Works of Mr. Jones, Mr. Jackson, &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY T. SABINE AND SON,

No. 81, Shoe Lane, Fleet Street,

Life of a Doctor

WONDERFUL RELATIONS

BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION



THE
INTRODUCTION,

TO THE READER.

SHEWING, from good authorities, and by many well-attested relations, that the soul's active power and operations remain in exercise after it hath quitted the body; and that the soul of man, or other unembodied spirits, are frequently employed to alarm and warn us against death, or other threatened or approaching danger, either by real appearances, or by dreams or visions, and sometimes by strong impressions upon the mind and spirits, &c.

As a proof of this last sort, take the following relation.

A Remarkable Story, lately (April 1787) current at Portsmouth, is told upon the indisputable authority of the Persons themselves.

DOCTOR MEGGS, a physician of considerable practice at *Portsmouth*, had occasion to attend a family in the *Isle of Wight*. Being detained till a late hour, he took a bed in the house; but after tumbling about for some hours, he rose, and rung up the servants. He told them, he had tried in vain to sleep, but his imagination was haunted with the idea that his wife and child were murdered.

No persuasions could prevail on him to stay—He set off—It was a blowing night, and it was with great difficulty that he could persuade the boatman to take him over. He however arrived safe at his own house, and knocked at his door. His wife opened it—He eagerly enquired if all was well—if the child was safe—and why she had opened the door herself? She said, the child was perfectly well; and she had opened the door because the servants would not come—they had behaved very impertinently to her. He called one of them, and questioned her as to her conduct. She gave him some pert answers; but at length, falling on her knees, she said, that he had come home providentially, for she and her fellow servant had resolved to murder their mistress and the child, that they might plunder the house. The other servant made the same confession in the morning, upon oath, before a magistrate.

I would just remark that impressions of this sort upon our minds and spirits do sometimes happen in our waking and much disturbed hours, (as well as by dreams of the night, which indeed are most common) to alarm us of some approaching danger.

From hence we may reasonably conclude that the Almighty Governor of the universe had a peculiar regard for the well being of his creature man.

And that some of those unembodied spirits, inhabitants of the invisible world, (who also have concern about men's affairs) are frequently employed, by God's order or permission, to give us warnings against death, or other threatened danger, as shewn in the following pages.

Histories are full of the secret warnings and notices given of threatened danger, either by the appearance of those invisible agents, (whoever they are) or by dreams, &c.

Now if these invisible spirits give a due alarm to awaken our attention, they do their part to apprise us of some danger being just at the door, as in the case of Dr. *Meggs*, just mentioned, who did not hesitate nor rest a moment, but hastened home, and so prevented the intended horrid deed. But some are slow to believe, and give little or no attention to the divine warning, but sleep on till the thing is done, and so awake too late to prevent it; as in several other cases in this collection: so hard are some people to believe concerning apparitions or dreams, &c. though sufficiently attested by gentlemen of knowledge and character.

Mr. *Flavel* observes, with great propriety, that the many objections against, and disbelief of mankind, concerning apparitions and spirits, yea, and of angels too, making their visible appearances to mankind, are chiefly to be found amongst the weak, the fearful, and the profane, who, were their eyes not obscured by this veil of flesh, would see great numbers of angels and disembodied spirits traversing this terrestrial globe; most of which are commissioned by the great Governor of the universe to perform the most friendly and benevolent offices to mankind. How often did Christ himself appear to his disconsolate disciples, after his resurrection, to warn, comfort, and teach them many things which they were then ignorant of. Mr. *Baxter* likewise confesses that his having found so much evidence in scripture, that angels and disembodied spirits hold converse with the inhabitants of this

lower world, has proved a subordinate help to his belief of enjoying a happy immortality with Christ after the death of the body. Our sublime poet, *Milton*, is also of the same sentiment, affirming, that

“Millions of spirits walk the world unseen,
Both when we wake, and when we sleep;
These execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.”

REMARKABLE WARNINGS

AGAINST SUDDEN DEATH,

By visionary Dreams.

FIRST. *Of the late Lord Lyttleton.*

THE very extraordinary circumstances that preceded the dissolution of the young, the gay, the dissipated Lord *Lyttleton*, when they first appeared in print, soon after his death, were generally considered as the productions of some enthusiastic brain, ever ready to construe all striking impressions on the minds of men who have led a life of vice and folly, into extraordinary interpositions of Providence, to promote the reformation of the hardened sinner, and to alarm a volatile, unthinking, giddy race of people, who, following the tide of luxury and sensuality, are easily seduced into a denial of the existence of a superintending Providence; or, if not so far advanced on the road of infidelity, at least forget that there is a God, and a judgment to come. The report concerning the previous warning given

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to his lordship in a dream of his approaching end, was received by the public as an idle tale, and made the standing jest of all the polite assemblies in town; however the impression on his lordship's mind, which from the time of communicating his dream, till within an hour of his death, certainly was too strong to be subdued either by the strength of a fine natural genius, or the force of reason, improved by his liberal education, &c. to be quite forgot. The relation is as follows:

79 On *Thursday* morning, the 25th of *November*,
~~1799~~ his lordship mentioned at breakfast to Mrs.
 B *Flood* (a widow lady who lived with him as a companion to the Miss *Amphletts*, his nieces) that he had passed a very restless night; that he thought he had heard a fluttering noise in the room; and that immediately after he fancied he saw a beautiful lady, dressed in white, with a bird on her hand, who desired he would settle his affairs, for that he had but a short time to live. On his enquiring how long, the vision answered, not three days. His lordship mentioned this dream frequently, but with an affected air of careless indifference, which only shewed that it had made a stronger impression on his mind than he chose to acknowledge. On the *Saturday* evening following, he pulled out his watch, observed that it was half past ten, and that he had still an hour and a half longer to live, and jocosely chucking under the chin one of the young ladies (his nieces) danced about the room, and asked her if she did not think he should get over it, and live beyond the time predicted for his death; but soon afterwards, however, he went to bed, complained of an uneasiness in his stomach, and while his servant was mixing a cup of rhubarb and peppermint-water, a medicine which he frequently took, he expired.

It was remarkable likewise, that his lordship endeavoured to account for his having dreamed of the bird, by saying, but a few days before, he had taken some pains to catch a robin, which had been shut in the green-house, and which he had set at liberty.

The several remarks and critical animadversions given upon this occasion, in the London Magazine, I shall pass over as of little use to serious minds, who look upon those warnings of death as awful presages. Let it suffice, that the vision or dream which his lordship related, was a real matter of fact, (as also attested by many of his lordship's friends) and that he died at the very hour the vision had forewarned him of. It is said that his lordship eat a good supper that evening before his death; but instead of making any serious, or due preparations, should it so happen, (as did the Lady Lee) he endeavoured, by all the gaiety and forced efforts of his spirits, to evade, if possible, the coming, awful hour, but in vain; for he instantly launched into eternity, and was for ever gone.

2d. A wonderful relation of the apparition of old Sir *George Villars*, father of the then Duke of *Buckingham*, to one Mr. *Parker*, an intimate acquaintance of the duke's, to warn him against something which, if not prevented, would end in his death; which so fell out, (he not regarding the advice) and soon after was stabbed by one *John Felton*, an officer.

Mr. *Parker*, to whom this apparition came, was formerly an officer in the king's wardrobe at Windsor Castle; a man of good reputation and discretion, then about the age of fifty, or more, and in his youth was very intimate with Sir *George Villars*,
being

being brought up at school together. The first time of the ghost appearing (for he appeared three different times) it came into Mr. *Parker's* bed-chamber; it moved about the room without any noise or speech; but the second night it broke out to Mr. *Parker* in these words: 'Mr. *Parker*, I know you formerly loved me very sincerely, and my son *George* also. I would have you go, as from me (you know me very well to be his father, old Sir *George Villars* of *Leicestershire*) and to acquaint him with these, and such particulars, &c. and that he, above all, refrain the counsel and company of such and such persons, whom he then mentioned, or else he will surely come to a sudden destruction.'

Mr. *Parker*, though a very sober and discreet man, thought that he surely was in a dream at that time; and being unwilling to act or do any thing of that kind, on so slight a foundation, forbore going to the duke on this errand; for he conceived if he should acquaint the duke of these words of his father, and the manner of his appearing to him (such apparitions being not usual) he should be laughed at for an ideot.

However, some nights after, Sir *George Villars's* ghost appeared to him again, walked quick, and seemingly angry, into the room where Mr. *Parker* lay, and at last said, 'Mr. *Parker*, I thought you had been my friend so much, and that you loved my son *George* so well, that you would have acquainted him with what I desired; but I know you have not done it. By all the friendship that ever was betwixt you and me, and the great respect you bear my son, I desire you to deliver to him what I at first commanded you.' The old man seeing himself thus so earnestly solicited by his old friend, promised he would do it; but argued thus, that he knew the duke was not easily to be spoken with,
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and that he would count him a vain silly man to come to him with such a message from the dead; nor did he conceive that the duke would give any credit to him, or to what he asserted. The ghost then answered, 'If he will not believe you have received this message from me, tell him of such a secret (and named it to Mr. *Parker*) which he knows none in the world ever knew but myself and him. Mr. *Parker* being now well satisfied that he was not asleep, as he thought before, and that this apparition of the duke was not a vain delusion, so set about it immediately, He made a journey to London, and, with the assistance of one *George Freeman*, who had married a near relation to the duke, and introduced Mr. *Parker* to him, who received him very courteously: when Mr. *Parker* took an opportunity to relate his father's message to him, which when the duke heard, he heartily laughed at it; this at first put Mr. *Parker* to a stand; but at last he assumed courage, and told the duke as follows, in order to remove his disbelief of the apparition, &c. 'But, my lord, continued he, your father bid me acquaint you by this token, (mentioning the secret) and told me, that none in the world knew it but yourselves,' Hereat the duke was much amazed and astonished; his countenance changed, and said, he could come to the secret only by the devil, as none but he and his father knew it. However he took no warning by it, but went on as usual, and kept the same company, and did such actions as his father had forewarned him against. A short time after this, old Sir *George* appeared the third time to Mr. *Parker*, in a calm, but sorrowful manner, and said, 'Mr. *Parker*, I know you delivered my word right to my son; I thank you for it; but he has slighted my counsel. I now beg that you will once more go
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to him, and tell him, if he will not amend and refrain from his company, this knife or dagger (which he then seemingly pulled out from under his gown) shall end his life; which so fell out. As for you, Mr. *Parker*, said Sir *George*, set your house in order, for you shall die at such a time.' Mr. *Parker* took courage once more to acquaint the duke of this last admonition, but he only laughed at the old man, and dismissed him; but within six weeks after, he was stabbed, as his father had forewarned him; and Mr. *Parker* also died at the time mentioned by Sir *George*, Aug. 1628.

3d. A remarkable narrative, as related by the Lord Bishop of *Gloucester*, of the lady of Sir *Charles Lee*, who appeared to her own daughter, to warn her of her death.

Sir *Charles Lee*, by his first lady, had only one daughter, of which she died in childbed; and when she was dead, her sister, the Lady *Everard*, desired to have the care of the child; and accordingly she was by her brought up, and carefully educated, till she was marriageable; and a match was concluded for her with Sir *William Perkins*, but was prevented in the following extraordinary manner: Upon a *Thursday* night, after she was in bed, she thought she saw a light in her room, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her; she asked her, why she left the candle burning in her chamber? The maid said she had left none; and that there was none in the room but that in her hand; then she said it was the fire that gave a light; but the maid replied, that the fire was quite out, and said it was probably only a dream; whereupon she thought it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep; but about two o'clock, she was awakened again, and saw the apparition
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of a little woman between the curtain and her pillow, who told her she was her mother, and that she was happy, and that by twelve o'clock that day she would be with her. Whereupon she knocked again for her maid, called for her cloaths dressed herself, and went into her closet, and came not out again till nine o'clock; and then brought out with her a letter directed to her father, delivered it to her aunt, the Lady Everard, and told her all that had happened to her, and desired, that as soon as she was dead it might be sent to him. The lady thought that she surely was mad; and thereupon sent directly to Chelmsford for a physician and a surgeon also, who both came immediately; but the physician could discern no indication of what she said, or any signs of death; yet, notwithstanding, the lady would needs have her blooded, which was done accordingly; and when the young lady had patiently let them do what they pleased, she desired that her chaplain might be called to read prayers; and when prayers were ended, she called for her guitar and Psalm book, and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played and sung most admirably, as was taken notice of by her music master: but when it drew near to the stroke of twelve, she rose up, and set herself down in another chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong breathing or two, immediately expired, and was quickly cold, which was much wondered at by all present. She died at Waltham in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford and her letter was sent immediately to her father, Sir Charles Lee, at his house in Warwickshire; but he was so affected at the sudden death of his only daughter, he came not till after she was buried; but when he came, he caused her corpse to be taken up, and to be buried by her mother, as she

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desired

• fired him. At Edminster. This was in the year 1667, and is exactly as related by the bishop; and also recorded by Mr. Beaumont, gentleman, in his Treatise of Spirits, &c. printed in 1703.

4th. Another relation, similar to the foregoing. A most agreeable and happy couple, a gentleman and his wife, who resided near St James's, and had lived for many years together in great harmony and love, and were never so happy as in each others company, and seemed as one soul and one body, they were so closely united in love to each other; but as the most near and dearest friends must part in this world, when God calls us hence, so it happened; the gentleman was taken sick and died; which so affected his dear left companion, that she sickened also, and kept her bed, and had a servant, or some other, always to attend her. In about ten days after her husband's death, as she was sitting upright in bed, a friend and near relation was then sitting by her, she looked steadfastly toward the foot of the bed, and said with a cheerful voice, 'My dear, I will be with you in two hours.' The gentlewoman, her friend, that was with her, (and who warmly attested the same as true) said to her, 'Child, who did you speak to?' (for she saw nobody). She answered, 'It is my husband, who came to call me hence; and I am going to him;' which surprised her friend very much; who thinking she was light-headed, called in somebody else, to whom she spoke very cheerfully and told the same story; but before the two hours were expired, she went off to her dear companion, to be happy together for ever, to the great surprise of all present, who firmly attested the story to be a real fact.

5th. An account similar to the foregoing, as inserted in our news-papers of Saturday Nov. 1, 1783. Died suddenly, in perfect health. Miss Clancy, daughter of Mr. W. Clancy, late a considerable merchant in Dublin. This lady was strongly warned of her dissolution that very morning, in a dream, by the ghost of her own sister, who had died a little before; and although this was but a very short warning, the young lady seemed perfectly resigned; and she died the very moment of time expressed in her dream.

6th. A very remarkable dream of a lady near Bath. The following extraordinary account was lately delivered from the pulpit by a very valuable and laborious minister of the gospel.

A lady being upon a journey into the country, called to see a near relation, whom she found very disconsolate, on account of a dream she had had the preceeding night; which, said she, affected me very much at the time. I will endeavour to relate it to you. I dreamed that I was in public company, when I saw at a window a frightful appearance, and looking at it, I bid it begone; saying also twice, Take it away! take it away! The same person falling asleep a second time, dreamed that she was in a very pleasant place, resembling heaven as she thought, where she heard a melodious and delightful singing; while a voice said to her, 'What do you do here? you do not understand that kind of singing: you have never been taught it.' Soon after which the same frightful appearance came to her again in the room, and she said to it as before, 'Take it away! take it away! begone! begone!' And it answered her, 'I will be gone now; but in nine days I will come again, and then you must go with me.' This, said she,

is my dream, and I should be glad if you can interpret it for me. The other lady answered, 'Madam, I think it is a message from God to you; but I will not venture to say that you will die in nine days; however it is a warning given you to be prepared, let what may befall you: and thereupon she spoke seriously and earnestly to her concerning death and eternity.

The lady seemed a little uneasy at hearing her relation discoursing to her on this disagreeable subject, rung the bell, and called her maid to bring her the things that came from her milliner, which she did in order to turn the discourse. Her relation perceiving that her discourse was not pleasing to her, took her leave at that time, and pursued her journey to the place she was going to; from whence she was to return in about a fortnight. As she was returning back, a pompous funeral appeared in sight before her: on making enquiry who it was, found it to be that of her relation who had the dream above, who died exactly on the ninth day as the spirit or apparition had forewarned her.

This awful event, attended with such a peculiar circumstance, struck the surviving lady with the utmost consternation; especially when reflecting on the situation of one who had made so slight account and use of so awful a warning of her everlasting state, which must be dreadful indeed to every one who dieth without repentance and no interest in a Redeemer's blood. 'The soul that dies in sin, for ever dies.'

A remarkable Dream or Vision of Hell.

7th. A gentleman, reported to have lived in some part of Yorkshire, who was a great libertine,

tine, and ridiculed all true religion, had one night the following dream or vision :

He thought that he was carried into a strange place, resembling a long gallery, where he observed several gentlemen, who walked to and fro, seeming in a quiet and composed state: he looked on them for some time, and at length accosted one of them, and said, Sir, you seem to be very quiet and happy in this place. Happy! replied he: why this place is hell; and opening his night gown, shewed him his heart, which was surrounded with a burning flame of fire. This, says he, is the reward of a bad spent life; and you yourself will be here amongst us before this time twelvemonth. So saying, the scene changed into the most horrid dark and dreary place not to be described, which awoke him out of his sleep in great terror and confusion of mind; but when he had a little recovered himself, and found that it was only a dream, unbelief soon got the better of his understanding, and his fears quickly vanished away. A short time after, meeting one of his old companions in iniquity, he told him his dream, with all the circumstances of it; and then laughed at the conceit: but the striking relation of it had such an effect on his companion, that he immediately became serious, left off his vicious course of life, and was from that hour changed into a different man. But his companion, making only a jest of the matter, kept on his wicked course of life; and as he lived, so he died, before the year was expired, as the vision had foretold, and without the least sign of repentance.

Then whither this soul! let such relate,
Who search the secrets of a future state;
He that believes God's word shall saved be;
But unbelievers God's face shall never see.

8th. Relation. A young gentleman of fortune, in the beginning of the last war with France, had a great mind to see the world as he called it; therefore resolved to go into the army: his father being dead and had left him a good estate. His mother earnestly intreated him to desist from his resolution of going into the army: and represented to him the many calamities he would be exposed to, besides the danger of losing his life, as was too often the case with soldiers. He made light of all his mother's arguments, and told her, that if he happened to be shot he should die honorable; and that then there would be an end of him. Accordingly he mortgaged part of his estate, and purchased a post in the first regiment of light horse, then going abroad.

The night before he signed the agreement for the company, being in bed, and fast asleep, he saw in a dream his father coming 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 intreaties 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, and you may thereby, probably, prolong your life.'

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

He was not much affected with this apparition, when he awaked, and found it was but 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 to the mother, in a dream; and noticing how his son had rejected her admonition, he now 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 shew 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 to 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 seized suddenly with a cold shivering fit, and it was so violent, that some officers who were near him, plainly perceived it.

It continued about a quarter of an hour, and the enemy came 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 had began.

While this lasted, an officer called to the gentleman: 'Captain,' says he, 'how do you do? I hope your shivering fit is over.'

No,

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

‘It will be all over presently,’ says the officer.

‘Ay, so it will,’ says the captain; ‘I am very easy; I know what it is now;’ and with that he called the other 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. Adieu.’

In a few minutes after this, a body of the enemy advanced, and the 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 in confusion; though being supported by some regiments of the second line, they rallied again soon after; the young captain’s body was presently recovered; but he was irrecoverably dead, for he received a shot through the head, which killed him immediately.

As I have observed before, how rarely do we find that any of these fore warnings are regarded, let them come either from a bad or a good spirit, especially among the gay and unbelieving world.

9th. A true account of the manner of the conversation of Col. 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 of Brent Island: also a warning of his death.

‘This remarkable event (says Dr. Doddridge) happened about the middle of July, 1719; he thinks it was on a Sunday evening. The colonel had spent the evening with some gay company,
and

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 own 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 portmantua. The book was intituled, '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 opened 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, 'O 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 the chair, on which I sat, and so continued (I know not how long) quite insensible,' whether in a sleep or not, he could not say; but after a while he opened his eyes, and saw nothing more than usual; nor did he, (as he declared to me) during

during the remainder of the night, once recollect that criminal and detestable assignation which before had 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 life-time 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 after 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, 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 Christ but with great reverence; and yet the Lord so lifted up the light of his countenance upon him, at different times, and strengthened his faith to him, that he never after doubted of his salvation, through the alone 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 wound received at the battle of Preston Pans.

10th. A remarkable account of a dream, or vision as said to have been found among the papers and memorandums of the learned Dr. Scott, after his decease; but we are not told whether the same was related of himself or some other gentleman.

‘ I had been much disturbed in my sleep (says the relator) by the following dream: I thought that I was brought to a gentleman’s house in the country, some miles distance from my own, where the gentleman and all his family seemed to be in great trouble and concern. I thought I was conducted through several apartments in the house, till I came into an upper room, when my conductor said to me, pointing to an old trunk which stood among other lumber, in that case is concealed something which is the occasion of all their trouble and concern. And this dream or vision was repeatedly presented to me, and was so strongly impressed on my mind, that it gave me great uneasiness. However, being willing to do all the good in my power to every one, I determined to make a journey in quest of this gentleman. The house I knew perfectly well, as shewn me in my dream, but not the gentleman. I set out accordingly, and reached the place towards evening. I called there, and making an apology for so doing, I was welcomed in by the gentleman and family; and, after some little conversation, the gentleman importuned me to stay all night, to which, as it grew pretty late, I consented.

Having entered into some familiar discourse with the gentleman, he told me the situation of his affairs, and that he was in danger of losing his house and estate, a claim being laid to it by another relation, although he knew it to be his just right, yet they could no where find the writing to prove it. I listened very attentively to all they said,

said, and also seemed very sorry for them; but I asked, Have you no lumber-room, where there may be some old chests or trunks? They replied they had, and that they had searched every chest and drawer in the house. I replied, Suppose we go up again, and make another search? and I will assist you. They agreed; and we went up stairs into this lumber-room, full of old boxes, &c. I immediately fixed my eye upon an old trunk, the same I had seen in my dream. I drew it out, and said, Have you looked into this old trunk? They said, they had. I also opened it, but found nothing: however, I still continued knocking it about, and said, it sounded hollow, and desired them to give me a hammer, or something to break it, which I quickly did, and found it had a double or artificial bottom, between which were concealed those writings which they had in vain been seeking for, all safe and sound, to their great surprise and much greater joy, as it removed all their trouble. This dream has been repeatedly told to several of the doctor's friends, as a matter of fact.

11th. A remarkable dream, which was the means, in the hand of God, of saving a young gentleman's life; taken from Mr. Aubury's miscellanies.

Dr. Hervey, who was afterwards fellow of the College of Physicians in London, being then a young man, and was sitting out upon his travels, and coming to Dover with several others, and there shewed his pass to the governors, as the rest did; but the governor told him he must not go, for he had a commission to stop him. The doctor was surprised, and desired to know what he had done that he should detain him? The governor told him it was his will to have it so, the reason he should

should know hereafter. The packet boat hoisted sail in the evening, and set off, it being then very fair, with all the doctors companions in it; but ere long, a sudden storm arose, the packet boat overset, and all the passengers drowned. The sad news of which was the next day brought to Dover, then the governor told the doctor, the reason of his stopping him, though he had no real knowledge of him, only by name; but that the night before he came there, he had a perfect vision in a dream of Dr. Hervey's coming to pass over to Calis, and so warned to stop him from going. This the governor affirmed to the doctor; and he blessed his good angel for his care of him. This story the doctor often related to many of his friends in London.

12th. Two remarkable relations of the apparitions of deceased persons to their companions after death, by agreement.

1st. Of Major George Sydenham and Captain William Dyke, and attested by Dr. Thomas Dyke, a near relation of the Captain, which is as follows:

‘ The Major and the Captain had had many warm disputes and reasonings about the being of a God and the immortality of the soul, in which points they could not be resolved by natural reason, though they laboured much about it. It was at last agreed between them, that which ever of them should happen to die first, should, the third night after their funeral, appear to him, the survivor, between the hours of twelve and one in a little summer house at the bottom of the garden adjoining to the Major's house at Delyerton, where they had often sat in their disputes. It
C chanced

chanced the Major died first; and the Captain happened to lie that very night, which was appointed, in the same chamber and bed with Dr. Dyke. The Captain acquainted the doctor with the appointment they had made, and his full resolution to attend at the place at the hour appointed, that night, for which purpose he had got the key of the garden door. The doctor tried all he could to dissuade him from his idle purpose; but when the hour of twelve came, he was ready upon the place to see the issue. He waited two hours and a half, but he neither saw nor heard any thing of the Major. About six weeks after this, the Captain and the doctor went to Eaton, and lay in the same inn, but not in the same chamber.

‘ The morning before they went from Eaton, the Captain staid longer than usual in his room, and at last came into the Doctor’s chamber, but with a visage and form much altered from himself at other times: his hair standing up, his eyes staring, and his body all in a tremble, at which the Doctor was much amazed and asked him the reason, saying, ‘ Pray what is the matter that you look so disordered, Captain?’ To which he replied, ‘ I have seen my Major.’ At which, the Doctor at first seemed to smile. The Captain then replied again, ‘ If ever I saw him in my life, I saw him just now:’ adding, ‘ This morning, after it was light, some one came to my bed-side, drew back the curtains, and called, Cap. Cap. (which was a word familiar to him when he called the Captain) to which I replied, ‘ What, my Major!’ He returned, ‘ I could not come to the time we appointed; but now I am come time enough to tell you that there is a God, a just, a terrible one too! and if you do not turn over a new leaf of your
life,

life, you will too soon find it so;’ and then vanished away.

The thoughts of this stuck so close to him, that the words of the Major were continually founding in his ears during the remainder of his life. They were both men of brisk humour and cheerfulness in conversation, being both bred up at the University. This story is related by Mr. Flavel and others; but whether it wrought any real conversion in the Captain, is not mentioned.

13th. Another relation of the same kind.—Two gentlemen, great libertines and ridiculers of all true religion and truths of God’s word, &c. in one of their gay humours, made an agreement, that which ever of them should die first, should come and acquaint the other what state he was in. Accordingly one of them died soon, and a few nights after, he appeared to his friend, and, in much horror, said, ‘I am come to let you know there is a hell, and I experience it;’ and vanished away. This story was related by the Rev. Mr. M——ton in a sermon preached at Black Friars church, and was brought in as a confirmation to the doctrine in the discourse he was then upon; namely on the rich man and Lazarus, Luke xxi. 30, 31. And he (the rich man) said, Nay, father Abraham, but if one went unto them from the dead, they would repent. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, for their salvation, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.’ This was verified in the surviving gentleman above mentioned; although he was at first a little shocked at the words of his friend, yet it made no alteration or amendment in his life; for as he had lived a despiser of all true religion, so he died: and Mr. M——ton said he knew them

both well, one of them being a near neighbour to him.

14th. A remarkable narrative related of Dr. Donne, by Mr. Isaac Walton, as follows:

The Doctor and his wife, then living with Sir Robert Drury, who gave him a free entertainment at his house in Drury Lane. It happened, says my author, that the Lord Hay was, by the order of King James, sent on an embassy to the French King, whom Sir Robert was to accompany thither, and had engaged Dr. Donne also to go with them, whose wife was then big with child in Sir Robert's house. Two days after they had arrived at Paris, Dr. Donne happened to be left alone in the room where they had all dined; but in about half an hour, Sir Robert returned again; and as he left, so found the Doctor alone, but with such a sad countenance as much amazed him, insomuch that he earnestly desired the doctor to declare to him what had befallen him. The doctor was not presently able to make any answer, but at last replied, 'Since you left me, I have seen a frightful vision; for I have seen my dear wife pass by the room, with her hair dishevelled, and a young child in her arms.

To which Sir Robert replied, 'Surely, sir, you have slept since I left you, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I would have you to forget, for you are now awake. To which Dr. Donne replied, 'I cannot be surer that I now live than that I have not slept, and also that I have seen my wife, and that she stopped short, looked me in the face, and then vanished away.' This he affirmed the next day with more confidence, which inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that there might be some truth in it. Sir Robert then immediately

immediately dispatched a servant home to Drury House, with a charge also to hasten back as soon as possible, and to bring word whether Mrs. Donne was alive or dead, and in what condition as to her health, &c. On the twelfth day the messenger returned with this account of Mrs. Donne, viz. that he both found and left her very bad and sick in bed; and that, after a long and painful labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. Upon examination, it proved that the delivery had been on that very day Mr. Donne saw her apparition in his chamber. Mr. Walton adds, ' This is a relation that will doubtless beget wonder in the minds of many in the world, yet with myself and many others, it has appeared as matter of fact. And I am fully persuaded that many such appearances have happened, and that before death: As in the following similar story, related by Mr. Baxter—

The wife of John Gough, of Rochester, being sick in bed, and had a great desire to see her two children then at nurse nine miles off, and said she must see them. She fell into a trance, and was thought by her nurse to be really dead. But while she lay so, her soul or spirit was conveyed to the house and chamber where her children lay: she stood by the bedside, and looked on them some time, but said nothing: the nurse being in bed, saw her, as she thought, very plain. At last she took courage and spoke to her, but she vanished out of the room. All which she affirmed to Mr. Gough and others; and Mrs. Gough, when she came to herself, confirmed the same, by declaring she had seen her children.

15th. A DIVINE VISION OF MOSES:

SHEWING GOD'S REVENGE AGAINST MURDER.

'There is nothing hid that shall not be discovered.'

CONTEMPLATING the other day upon the divine wisdom, in the order and government of the world, and the secret and amazing steps of Providence, which we every day behold, and yet see not the hand and wisdom of God in it, I was led to remark how some men flourish and are raised to high degrees and preferments, while others, though they may take the same pains, often fall into poverty or disgrace. Again, how many base and wicked designed plots do we see daily laid against the innocent to deprive them of their property, yea, and their lives too, in the most cruel, treacherous, and secret way; and the assassins often escape undiscovered. But by the divine Providence, and care of God, who seeth and knoweth all things, and will not let the innocent so basely to fall, and the aggressors totally to escape unpunished, but by some means or other their wicked doings are brought to light, and themselves to due punishment. Sometimes God permits the spirit of the murdered person to appear to their friends or relations, in dreams and visions of the night, in order to a discovery, and to bring the offenders to justice; as in the preceding story of Mr. Stockden. And sometimes God takes the cause into his own hand, to punish the offender, without the help or knowledge of man; as in the following story which was brought to my mind, and which I remembered to have read some years ago; namely, the vision of Moses, which, though

though a fabulous sort of a story, will help to illustrate this my present inquiry.

The story is said to be found among the writings of the Jewish rabbies, who tell us, that Moses, their great prophet and law giver, was called up to the top of a high mountain, where, in deep conference with the Supreme Being, he was permitted to propose to him certain questions concerning the order of Providence, and distribution of justice, &c. to mankind; things which seem to him the most unaccountable.

In the midst of this divine colloquy, he was bid to look down to the plain below, where, at the foot of the mountain, there issued out a clear spring of water, at which a soldier had just alighted from his horse to drink. As soon as he was gone, there came to the same place a little boy, who finding a purse of gold which the soldier had carelessly dropped, took it up, and went his way. Soon after this, came an infirm old man, weary with travelling, and feeble with age, who, having likewise quenched his thirst at the spring, sat down to rest himself. By this time the soldier missed his purse, and hastened back in quest of it, and, seeing the old man sitting there alone, he demanded the purse of him. The poor old man affirmed he had not seen it, and called Heaven to witness to his innocence. The soldier, not satisfied with his protestations, drew his sword and killed him. Moses fell on his face with terror and amazement at the barbarous action, when the divine voice thus prevented his further expostulations: 'Be not surprised, Moses, nor ask why the Judge of all the earth has suffered this thing to come to pass, strange as it may appear to thee. Know then, the child is indeed the cause that the blood of the old man is spilt; but know also, that the old man, whom

whom thou sawest fall by the soldier's sword, was the murderer of that child's father; and now divine justice has overtaken him.

16th. A second wonderful discovery of the robbers and murderers of Mr. Stockden, victualler, in Grub Street, near Cripplegate, by a visionary appearance of Mr. Stockden to one Mrs Greenwood, in a dream, in which the hand of God appeared very plain.

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 the house 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 enquiry, they found one of that trade, who was his great intimate, and who, for a reward of ten pounds, promised to take him, which he effected 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 procured, who apprehended him, and carried him before a magistrate, by whom he was properly committed to Newgate, and he was carried thither in a coach.

Maynard

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, yet he had his share of the booty; but Marsh, having a suspicion that Maynard had made some discovery, left his habitation: 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 enquired for Marsh, but he was not there; but was soon after taken at another place and secured.

In a short time after, 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 kinswoman and house keeper: they went together to the Marshalsea, and enquired for Bevel, being informed that he was lately brought thither for coining. They desired to see him; and when he came down, both declared 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, and also by the curate of Cripplegate, who published the account.

17th. 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

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 rank Papist: it seemed they had been disputing about religion. She just lived to speak a few words to her brother, and then expired of her wounds; and 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.

18th. The well known story of Mrs. Veal's appearance to Mrs. Bargrave's will justify the argument that unembodied spirits are allowed by a supernatural power, to assume to themselves the shape, air, dress, &c. of a friend.

Mrs. Margaret Veal, and Mrs. Mary Bargrave (before her marriage called Lodowick) had contracted a great intimacy in their younger years.

This friendship, as it served the true ends, was of use to Mrs. Veal in one particular, for when her father by his extravagance had reduced his family

family, she found a seasonable relief from it in her necessity.

Besides this, Mrs. Bargrave was instrumental to her better fortune; for by her interest with a gentleman, one Mr. Boyce, her relation. Mrs. Veal's brother was recommended to Archbishop Tillotson, by whom he was introduced to Queen Mary; and her majesty for his relation by the mother to the Hyde family, gave him the post of comptroller of the customs of Dover, which he enjoyed to his death.

This is a part into which Mrs. Bargrave is loth to enter, being reduced to it by the treatment she met with from Mr. Veal, who, to invalidate the story of his sister's appearance, would make the world believe she had little or nothing of her acquaintance.

Time and alteration of circumstances on either side had interrupted their friendship for some years, and Mrs. Bargrave, by being half a year in London, and afterwards settling at Canterbury, had neither seen nor heard from her a year and a half.

Mrs. Veal sometime before her death had the addresses of a gentleman of the army, Major General Sibourge (a natural son of the Duke Schomberg) since killed in the battle of Mons, and was engaged so far, that her brother's not consenting to it, is believed to have brought on those fits, which were the cause of her death. She died at Dover, on Friday, in the month of September, 1695.

On Saturday, a little before 12 in the morning, Mrs. Bargrave being by herself in her own house at Canterbury, at which time she had been reflecting on her misfortunes, and comforting herself with better hopes, as she was taking her
work

work in her hand, heard somebody knock at the door; and going out, to her astonishment, found it to be her old friend Mrs. Veal.

After expressing her surprise to see so great a stranger; she offered to salute her, which the other declined, as it were by hanging down her head, and saying she was not well; on which Mrs. Bargrave desired her to walk in and sit down, which she did.

She was dressed in a silk dove coloured riding gown, with French night cloths: she appeared expressly the same without alteration; and Mrs. Bargrave remembers to have heard her steps distinctly as she walked in.

Mrs. Bargrave began by asking, where she was going in that dress? she answered she was going her journey, which the other took to be Tunbridge, where she went every year for the benefit of her health, and said, you are going to the old place.

Mrs. Veal being never trusted abroad without attendance upon account of her fits, she asked how she came alone from her uncle's? (meaning one Capt. Watson, in Canterbury, with whom she always lodged.) She replied, she had given them the slip to see her. She then asked how she came to find her out in such a house? being reduced by her husband's extravagance to take up with a much smaller one than she had been wont to have done; to which the other made answer, she should find her out any where.

Mrs. Bargrave's husband was a barrister at law, a man who spent all in excesses, and as he was the worst of husbands, his wife had gone through a long course of ill usage, which was in a great measure unknown to the world. The use of this is to shew one end of Mrs. Veal's visit, which seems to be to
give

give her the relief they had often communicated to each other in the course of their friendship.

Mrs. Veal then began with Mrs. Bargrave, by asking her what was the matter with her, she looked so ill? She replied she had been thinking on her misfortunes. I must now act the part you did to me under my misfortunes, (says Mrs. Veal) I must comfort you as you used to do me. I would have you by no means think that God Almighty is displeased with you: for God does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. Besides, one moment's happiness of the other world will be more than a reward for all your sufferings, when upon a hill you shall be above all the storms and danger of a troublesome world. We are now in the dark as to a great many of God's dispensations; but we shall then see a perfect harmony in them all. She went on a great way in this manner with unusual vehemence, and striking her hand often on her knee, she cried, you must believe it.

Mrs. Bargrave being so earnestly pressed, asked if she did not think she believed? To which she replied, No doubt but you do; but you must believe it thoroughly.

Mrs. Bargrave moved with the discourse, chanced by a turn of her chair, to throw down from a shelf, Drelincourt's Treatise of the Christian Defence against the fears of death, which gave the first hint to tell her, there was Drelincourt they had so often read together. I see, says Mrs. Veal, you keep on your old way of reading; which if you continue to do, will not fail to bring you to the happy condition he speaks of. The other mentioned Dr. Sherlock, and some others on that subject; she said, Drelincourt had the clearest notion of death; and that neither Dr. Sherlock, nor any other on that subject, were comparable to him (as

she expressed it) to her understanding. Dear Mrs. Bargrave, says she, if the eyes of our faith were but as open as the eyes of our bodily senses, we should see innumerable Angels about us for our guard: but our notions of heaven are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says. Believe me, my dear friend, one moment of future happiness will be more than amends for all your sufferings; nor yet can I believe that God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted condition; but be assured your sufferings will leave you, or you them in a short time; therefore be comforted under them—and be assured, that God Almighty has a particular regard for you; that they are marks of his favour; and when they have done the business they were sent for, will be removed. Mrs. Bargrave speaking how dark such conditions as her's was, that had no alloy at present; she said at the worst, these storms would be recompensed by the reception she should meet with in her father's house; and from the 57th of Isaiah, that God would not contend for ever, nor be always wrath, for the spirit would fall before him, and the souls which he had made. Mrs. Bargrave's husband dying about two years after, that event has made her reflect on this part of her discourse, as pointing to her deliverance.

In the course of her conversation, Mrs. Veal entered upon the subject of friendship; and saying there was now little friendship in the world; the other replied, she hoped she herself had no reason to complain, every one being a friend to the rich. But says Mrs. Veal, such a friendship as you and I had to improve one another in what is useful. Mrs. Bargrave mentioning Dr. Horneck's Treatise, where he treats of the lives of the primitive christians, Mrs. Veal went on to recommend their example, saying,
that

that their conversation was different from that of the present age, which is made up of nothing but vain frothy discourse; their's was to edification; to build up one another in faith; their's was a hearty friendship; but where is it now to be found? It is hard indeed, says Mrs. Bargrave, to find a friend in these days. What did you think of my friendship, says Mrs. Veal, which I am sure has not at all answered what I owe you? If you can forgive me, you are the best natured creature in the world. Says Mrs. Bargrave do not mention such a thing; I have not had an uneasy thought about it, I can easily forgive you. But what did you think of me, says Mrs. Veal? I thought of you, says Mrs. Bargrave, that like the rest of the world, prosperity had altered you. I have been, says Mrs. Veal, the most ungrateful wretch in the world; and then re-encountered many of the kindnesses she had received from her in her adversity, saying, she wished her brother knew how she was troubled about it. Being asked why she did not acquaint her brother of it, if it was such a trouble to her, she said, she did not think of it till her coming away.

To divert the discourse, Mrs. Bargrave asked her if she had seen a copy of verses of Mr. Norris's, on friendship, in a dialogue between Damon and Pythias. She said she had seen other parts of his works, but not that. Says Mrs. Bargrave, I have them of my own writing: and the other desiring to see them, she went up stairs and brought them to her to read; but Mrs. Veal said, it is your own scrawl; pray read it yourself; holding down my head will make it ach; so Mrs. Bargrave read them. There was a passage that friendship survive after death, which the other desired to have repeated; and said, Mrs. Bargrave, these poets call Heaven by a strange name, that is Elysium; and added, with a particular
D 2 emphasis,

emphasis, that their friendship should have no end in a future world. There are some, says she, who are apt to deny women to have any soul, and make it a thing indifferent whether they are of any religion or no; but we shall be found to have souls as well as the men, and are not a little obliged to a certain divine, who is of opinion that they shall make the greater number of the happy.

Some discourses they had upon charity, with respect to our differences in religion; as to which she said, people had but little religion while they talked so much about it, and were so little influenced by it in their temper and practice; and when they were all going to heaven, were to blame to fall out by the way. This part of their discourse lasted near an hour and a half, which at this distance of time, it is not to be expected that it should be intire and perfect.

As the conversation was upon the usual subject, so it was in the usual manner, part in French and part in English; all which time, Mrs. Bargrave observed nothing particular of her, but her vehemence of her discourse; when she looked earnestly at her, she rubbed her eyes, and asked if her fits had not quite altered her senses; to which Mrs. Bargrave replied, that she thought she never saw her look better in all her life.

Mrs. Veal then asked her what was become of her husband? and being told he was abroad, said, she wished he might not come home while she was there, for though he had always treated her with respect, yet she had sometimes been frightened with his frolics. Mrs. Bargrave then asked if she would drink tea? I warrant you, says she, this madman has broke all your trinkets: but the other
said

said she would get something to drink in for all that, I will, says she, if I want it.

At last, she said, she had great apprehensions of her fits, and that in case that she should die of them, desired Mrs. Bargrave to write to her brother, and tell him she would have him do such and such things, viz. give her best cloaths to her uncle Watson's daughter, as also two small pieces of gold laid up in a cabinet in a purse; so many pieces to another person; two rings to Mr. Breton, commissioner of the customs; a ring to Major General Sibourg, of which Mrs. Bargrave sent him a letter; and further desired to charge her brother not to take any interest of such a person she had a kindness for, whose plate she had in security.

As she often pressed this message, the other as often declined it; saying, it would be disagreeable to trouble such a young gentleman as her brother was, with her conversation; that he would wonder at her impertinence, and that she had better do it herself. To which she replied, that though it might seem impertinent now, she would see the reason of it hereafter; that her brother though a sober man and free from other vices, was yet vain, which she desired her to tell him; as also of her discourse: and to give her redit, told her some secret of consequence between him and herself. Seeing her so importune, Mrs. Bargrave fetched pen and ink, upon which the other said, let it alone till I am gone, but be sure that you do it.

This kind of discourse gave Mrs. Bargrave apprehensions of her fits, so that she drew her chair close to her to prevent her from falling, during which she several times took hold of the sleeve of her gown, which Mrs. Veal told her was scoured a second time; and Mrs. Bargrave commended it

for a pretty silk. Mrs. Veal said she had better take it for herself; the other answered, you are going a journey; how will you do without it yourself; she said, as well as you have often taken off your gown from your back for me.

Towards the latter end of this discourse, she told Mrs. Bargrave, that she had received a pension of ten pounds a year from Mr. Bretton, commissioner of the customs, who she said had been her great friend and benefactor.

She asked Mrs. Bargrave if she knew her sister, Mrs. Haslewood, who, she said, was coming to see her as she was taking her journey? The other asked again how she came to order matters so strangely; she said, the house was ready for them; and it proved that Mrs. Haslewood and her husband came to her house just as she was dying.

But this time she began to look disordered, and forgetful of what she had said, as if the fits were coming upon her, which was like the acting a part to take away the suspicion of death. As this visit seems in a great measure designed out of gratitude to a friend, without giving any apprehensions, so the several parts of her discourse, that relating to Mr. Bretton's pension—her sister Haslewood—the scowering her gown—the quantity of gold in her purse—the rings and plate in pawn, are designed as credentials to her brother and the world.

At last she asked Mrs. Bargrave, where is Molly? meaning her daughter; she replied, she is at school; but if you have a mind to see her, I will send for her, to which the other agreeing, she went to a neighbour's house to send for her, and at her return found Mrs. Veal without the door of the house, in readiness to go home.

Mrs. Veal asked if she would not go with her? which the other took to be to Capt. Watson's in Canterbury,

Canterbury, and said you know it is much as my life is worth; but I will see you to-morrow in the afternoon, after sermon. But why are you in such a haste? Mrs. Veal then said, in case you should not come, or should not see me, you will remember what I have said to you. She see her walk off till she came to the turning of a corner, and then lost sight of her, it was market day, and immediately after the clock struck two.

Mrs. Bargrave at that instant told a neighbour of Mrs. Veal's visit, and the matter of their conversation; and a neighbour's servant, from a yard near her window, heard some of their discourse, and being asked by her mistress, if Mr. Bargrave was talking with his wife? made answer that they never talked of any thing so good.

At night her husband came home in a frolicsome humour and taking her by the hand, said, Molly you are hot; you want to be cooled, and so opening the door to the garden, put her out there, where she continued all night, at which time she thinks it a mercy she had no apprehensions of Mrs. Veal's apparition, which if she had, it might probably have cost her her life.

All Sunday she kept her bed, in a downright fever, and on Monday morning sent to Mrs. Watson's to enquire after Mrs. Veal; and as she could have no satisfaction, went herself, and had as little. They were surpris'd at her enquiring for Mrs. Veal, and said, they were sure by their not seeing her, that she could not have been at Canterbury; but when Mrs. Bargrave persisted that she was, and described her dress, saying, she had on a coured silk of such a colour, Mrs. Watson's daughter said, that she had indeed seen her, for none knew of the gown's being scowered but themselves, and that her mother helped to make it up.

In the mean time Capt. Watson came in, and told them that preparations was making in town for the funeral of some person of note in Dover. This quickly raised apprehensions in Mrs. Bargrave, who went away directly to the undertaker's and was no sooner informed it was for Mrs. Veal, but she fainted away in the street.

For a long time she was hurried with crowds of all kinds of people, who came far and near to gratify their curiosity, the more sceptical on one hand and the most superstitious on the other, and during her husband's lifetime she was most unmercifully exposed to his raillery.

Mr. Veal, to save the legacies, or out of an imaginary regard to his sister's character, would have bantered off the matter, by saying, that Mrs. Bargrave had but little of his sister's acquaintance, and that the gold said to be in his sister's cabinet, was in another place. This obliged Mrs. Bargrave to send him a letter by a gentleman she could trust, to be delivered before witnesses, and with the exactness to write in what manner it was sealed. In this, among other things, was communicated the secret delivered by Mrs. Veal, which though at present it put him into a great passion, yet obliged him to pay the legacies. From that time, whether from a fright he had one night (as she was informed by his servants) or however else, he would not lie without servants in his room; and though he had declared before against marrying, yet married in six weeks.

His evasions were so frivolous to Dr. Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, that when he endeavoured to make the doctor disbelieve the story, and the doctor pressed how he should come to know so much of her secret affairs? to divert the argument of her appearing after her death, he owned his
sister

sister could conceal nothing from her, intimating she might have told her in her lifetime. He was so picqued at the doctor, that when he came to Canterbury to be married by him, that he was married by another; nor was he ever able to encounter Mrs. Bargrave, but industriously avoided her.

Mrs. Bargrave is a person who had the education of a gentlewoman, of a great share of modesty and good sense, and a temper so little given to fancies, that none can have more contempt for the common weakneses of this kind. She says, she should have laid this to imagination, if it had not been by day, attended with so long and particular conversation, at a time when she knew no other than that the person was living, and was under no sort of apprehensions; but as it is, she cannot give up her reason and her senses in compliance with such as would have it she was in a dream.

Such as have known her many years, and can be trusted as to her character, says, she is a person who has all the reality of religion. with the easiness that becomes it, of which she has given substantial proofs in her life; so that her fidelity will take of any suspicion of her inventing such a story, whatever end or advantage might be proposed by it; when, as the case is there can be none.

It is true, things of this kind are beset with difficulties of a very hard solution; but if we consider how many things there are abroad in nature, and even in ourselves, the manner of which is no less hard to be explained, and yet no one is so sceptical as to deny their being; upon the evidence of a fact so fairly attested, a man may be induced to believe it without any risque of his understanding; nor is any consequence to be raised

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ed against things of this nature, from the numberless weak and fanciful stories of apparitions.

It may be safely said, that the one is more affected by the other, than true miracles are by what the holy scripture call lying wonders, i. e. sorcery or legerdemain, the sign of magic, or the impostures of Rome.

One thing has much contributed to sink the credit of the story, which many who have known it no other wise, and that is, its being published in a new edition of Drelincourt's *Treatise of the Christian's Defence against the fears of Death*, by the accident mentioned of that book's falling into the subject of conversation, and being preferred by Mrs. Veal. The bookseller, to promote the sale of his book, printed it with such an account of the story as he had picked up, which is not only most wretchedly confused and imperfect but fails in most particulars, and this makes the thing itself in a great measure pass for a trading story.

Mrs. Bargrave, who was not forward to propagate a thing by which she never got any thing but trouble, was so offended at the bookseller's publishing it as he did, that she could not forbear railing him on that subject; but the thing has a better authority than that of the bookseller, by whom it was never received, so it can never lose credit with such as have a better information.

Not does the matter so altogether rest on Mrs. Bargrave's testimony, but it may speak for itself! for besides that the story was communicated while Mrs. Veal was supposed to be living, it is impossible that such an invention could be made so consistent with itself, and the circumstances attending it as not to be detected in time, either through some slip of the contriver, or the appearancy of inconstitence in facts; whereas, Mrs. Bargrave
never

never deviated from her account, nor has time, and the general curiosity which stories of such consequence must raise, ever produced any thing to discredit it, only Mr. Veal would have it, that the gold said to be in his sister's cabinet, was in another place; but as ill-humour had so much the better of him in another instance, it may be liable to suspicion in this case.

19th. The appearance of the ghost of Mrs. Bretton, for the recovery of some lands to the Poor; in a narrative sent to Dr. Moore, from Edward Fowle, Prebendary of Gloucester, and afterwards Bishop of that Diocese.

Dr. Bretton, late Rector of Ludgate and Deptford, living formerly in Hertfordshire, and was married to the daughter of Dr. S—— This gentlewoman was a person of extraordinary piety, as 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 near neighbour, whose name was Alice. Not long after her death, as Alice was rocking her infant in the night, she was called from her cradle by a knocking at the door, which opening, she was surpris'd 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 in her appearance with that she had often seen her mistress wear: at first sight she expressed a very great amazement, and said, were not my mistress dead, I should not question but that you are 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

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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 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 that 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 gotten 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 writings 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

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 the noise of horse-bells, whereupon the spectre said, Alice, I must be seen by none but yourself, and then disappeared.

Immediately Alice makes 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 secret, 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 four years afterwards 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, be re

the return of the kings; 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.

20th. The Apparition of Sir G. H—— to his two sons to prevent a duel between them.

T— H——, esq. a gentleman of fortune, eldest son of the family, whose father was a baronet, and of an honourable line, (and then living) being a young man, and a man of pleasure, had an intrigue with a certain lady, in which the younger brother, (of the two rather more gay, and given to it rather more than himself) was his rival; the lady was handsome, and of no despicable fortune, but much inferior to the eldest son of the family, whose fortune was near 2000l. per annum, after the death of his father Sir G— H——.

The younger gentleman was really in love with the lady, and inclined to marry her if he could bring his father to consent to it; nor was the baronet much averse to it, only he thought her fortune too small.

On the other hand, the 'squire, as they called him, kept her company on a far worse account, designing to make a mistress of her, and not a wife.

Upon these widely different views the brothers often met at the aunt's, where she lived.

The elder brother had this advantage, (viz.) that the lady loved him, and would have been very well pleased

pleased if he had courted her for marriage. So that in a word the case stood thus: the younger brother loved the lady, but the lady loved the squire.

The gentlemen carried on their affairs separately, and each in his own way, but neither of them so close as to conceal from each other their designs, though they did not fully discover what their pretensions were.

The elder brother began one evening to be a little rough with his brother Jack upon the subject. Jack, says the eldest, you and I often meet here; I don't understand it; pray what do you intend to do? 'tis a little odd, that two brothers should have but one mistress: prithee, Jack, don't let us turn Italians.

Nay, says Jack, what do you pretend to? If either of us are in the wrong, I believe it is always on your side.

No, says Tom, I don't allow that neither; I am right, I am right, I am sure of it, I am always right, and I will be right, take notice of that.

I take notice of nothing about it, not I, says Jack; all the world knows that I am right, and they shall know it, and you shall know it too, Tom.

Well, prithee, Jack, says Tom, alter one piece of your conduct, I desire that of you.

What conduct? I don't understand you; but if I did, I know no conduct of mine that is amiss: and I shall not alter it I assure you.

You are very pert, Mr. Jack, to your elder brother; I think I must handle you a little.

Why, good Mr. elder brother, 'Squire Thomas, says Jack, when you are baronet, you may take upon you a little; but till then, the cap and the

Knee is not so much your due as you may think it is.

Look you Jack, says the 'squire, I am not jesting with you, nor I won't be jested with by you; the best answer a gentleman can give to a jest, is a box on the ear.

Why fir, says Jack, I must call myself a gentleman as well as you, or else I could not have the honor to call you brother; and since you are disposed to be in earnest, I take leave to tell you, fir, I will be used like a gentleman; and if you don't know how to do it, I am able to teach you.

They were now both very hot; for upon the last words of his brother, the 'squire laid hold of his cane, at which the younger laid hold of his sword. Look you, fir, says he, if you are disposed to treat your brother thus, take notice, fir, my father's son may be killed, but he can't be caned; and I won't take the least offer towards it at your hand; I am ready for you when you please.

Some company that were not far off, and friends to both, ran in upon this, and kept them asunder for that time, but they soon met again at the same place; and though it was two or three days, or more, yet they soon began the same kind of discourse; and what was still worse, the elder brother, who was certainly in the wrong, yet always began.

It happened they met the last time at the lady's lodgings, and were let into her parlour, but the lady unluckily happened to be abroad. She charged her maid, if ever the gentlemen came when she was abroad, she should never let them both in; or at least not both in the same room; for she had perceived they began to be very uneasy with one another. She knew they were both hot and angry,
and

and she was afraid of some mischief between them, notwithstanding they were brothers.

But some of her aunt's servants happened to come to the door, when the eldest of the gentlemen knocked, they happened to take him to the same parlour where the younger brother was waiting before for the lady's return.

This was unluckily pointed for what followed, as if the devil, who is always ready for mischief, had contrived on purpose; for the brothers no sooner met, but they fell to quarrelling.

Well, Jack, says the elder brother, you will, it seems, keep your haunt here, notwithstanding what I said to you.

I do not really understand what you mean by your way of talking, says Jack; you seem to take a liberty with me you have no right to.

What liberty do I take? says the 'squire; I asked you what business you had with Miss——, was that taking too much liberty? If that is any offence, I ask you again?

And I told you, says Jack, I should give no account of that; did I not? What, is that an offence to you? If it was, I see no help for it! I shall give you the same answer now. I cannot imagine what you mean by asking me such a question.

I know what I mean by it, and shall expect a better answer, I tell you in a very few words, says the 'squire.

Nay, if you have a mind to make a quarrel of it, you are welcome, says Jack; I'll make as few words as you please; only let me know your pleasure: tell me what you will have, and you shall have a direct answer, or a direct refusal at once.

Why, my question is short, says the 'squire; what do you visit Miss—— for? You may easily understand me.

I shall answer it with the same question, says Jack Pray what do you visit her for?

Why, that's as rude as you can answer an elder brother, says the 'squire, and as spiteful; but few words are best Jack; I visit her for that which bears no rival: I hope you understand me now.

Why, suppose then I court the same lady for a wife, I hope I have the better on you there.

Very well Jack, says the 'squire, then I know what I have to trust to.

It is very true, says Jack, 'tis the old road to knight errantry, sir, win her and wear her is the word.

He then left his brother very much irritated, and in the evening he received a challenge from the 'squire, appointing a place to meet at, the next morning at five o'clock.

The father, the good old knight, who was then living, could know nothing of what had passed between his sons, for he was at that very time down at his country seat in Wiltshire, at least sixty miles from London.

On the morrow early, according to agreement, the brothers prepared themselves for the business, the younger brother, whose blood it seems was warmest, was first out, and it was scarce day, when he came within sight of the place appointed, there he saw his brother, as he supposed him to be, walking hastily to and fro, as if he waited with impatience for his coming. But how was he surpris'd, when he came up to him and found it was his father, and that, instead of a sword in his hand, he had nothing but a small cane, such as the old knight generally walked with.

He was the more at a stand, because he supposed his father was as is above said, at his seat in
the

the country, above sixty miles off; however, he was out of doubt, when he not only saw him nearer hand, but that his father spoke to him.

Why how now, Jack, says the old gentleman, what draw upon your father?

You may be sure, sir, says he, I did not suppose it was you. I make no doubt but you know whom I expected here.

'Tis no time to talk now, says the father; I have your challenge here, and I am come to fight you; therefore draw, and, advancing with a furious countenance, Jack pulls out his sword, and throwing it on the ground, cry'd out, there, sir, take it, kill me with it.

But his father, running upon him, Jack turns from him, and giving a spring, ran from him, at which his father stops, takes up his sword, and stood still.

The gentleman surprized and amazed at the rencounter, was all in confusion, and knew not what to do; but going back a considerable way, and observing his father was gone, as he thought, he resolved, though he had no sword, he would go to the place appointed, and see if his brother was come.

Accordingly he went back to the place, and sat himself down on the ground, waiting near two hours there, but heard nothing of his brother, therefore returned home.

He had not been long there, before his brother's servant came to his lodgings with a message from the 'squire, to know how he did.

The oddness of the message added to the surprize he was in before: upon which he called the messenger up stairs, and talked with him thus:

What's the matter Will? how does my brother do?

Will.

Will. Why truly, an't please your worship, I do not know what is the matter; I think my master has been frightened this morning.

Jack immediately went with Will to his brother. As soon as he came into the room to his brother, Dear Jack says, he, what has been the matter? we have both played the fool; but tell me what has happened.

The 'squire related his story much to the same purpose as Jack; as he was coming to the place appointed, his father met him, and asked him whither he was going; he told him, he was going to meet some gentlemen, who were to go with him to Hampton Court.

That upon this, his father seemed very angry; and told me I put him off with a sham; that he knew my errand as well as I did myself; that I was going to murder my younger brother, and he came to prevent it.

I was then confounded, and asked his pardon: so he bade me go home, and he reconciled to my brother, or that he would talk other language to me the next time he saw me.

To bring the matter to a conclusion, they both agreed to go to their father.

And when they came to their father, they found him greatly concerned, upon the following occasion.

The night before they set out to the father he was surpris'd with a dream, that his two sons had fallen out about a mistress, and had challenged each other, and were going into the field to fight, and he had got up to prevent them.

That in consequence of his dream, he sent a servant up express, and earnestly to press them if such a breach had happened, that they would consent

sent to let him mediate between them, that it might go no farther till he should come and make peace according to his dream.

21st. A remarkable narrative of the apparition of a young gentlewoman to her sweetheart, taken down in writing from the young man's own mouth by the editor, who, from the young man's serious behaviour, believes the account to be true.

The young gentlewoman lived at St. Ives, in Cornwall, and died of the small-pox in September, 1764; and her sweet heart was the son of Mr. Hain, a very reputable butcher and grazier, at Sear, about twenty miles from Plymouth. The match between them was not approved of by the young woman's friends; and during her illness, they would not suffer the young man to come to see her, though she eagerly desired to see him. About the time of her illness, he also was taken sick of a fever, and confined to his room; so that it was above a month after her death before she made her first appearance to him, which was as follows:

‘ After I had recovered from my illness, says he, I went out one afternoon, on my father's horse, for a little airing, and returning home just at dusk, about a mile from my father's house, I saw something, as on horseback, pass very swiftly by me, which so frightened my horse, that he flew home with me as fast as possible, and I was also much frightened. A short time after this, she appeared again to me, and then I knew her; and what is remarkable, when I was on horseback, she appeared on horseback; and when I was on foot, she appeared so too; and her appearances to me were
so

so frequent, that she became quite familiar, and I had no fear at all on seeing her; which she never failed to do if I was abroad; but she never appeared to me in my father's house.

‘ It was above a month before I had any power given me to speak to her; although I thought to do it time after time, but could not speak; though she gave me all the opportunity she could, by walking often by my side, or very near me. This was a great trouble to me, as well as to her, and it began to bring a great weakness upon me.

I related the thing to my father and mother, and some others; but they, not believing my relation, gave little heed to what I said, and thought it was only phrenzy, till the following circumstance happened, which was about a week before God gave me power to speak to her.

‘ My father and mother used to go to a place of worship belonging to Mr. Westley, about a mile off; and one evening, about this time, I went with them, to light them home, as I often did, with a large lanthorn and candle; and coming home along the high road, she appeared to me as usual; and I said to my father, ‘ Now don't you see her? there, there she is!’ and at the very moment I spoke, the lanthorn was twisted violently out of my hand, and flung to a considerable distance from me, the ring of it remaining in my hand; my father and mother were now both somewhat affrighted at this, and began to believe what I had so often related to them of the apparition, that there was some truth in it. A doctor, who had attended me in my illness, to whom I had also related the story, urged me by all means

to speak to her, telling me what words to use; and said, it might be of some bad consequences, if I neglected it longer.

‘ A few nights after this, I was sitting in my father’s house, it was strongly impressed upon my mind to go out that night, and with God’s leave to speak to her. Accordingly, about ten o’clock, I went out with all the courage imaginable, and she appeared to me as usual; and I said to her, ‘ In the name of the Lord Jesus, why do you thus trouble me?’ and I was going to lay hold on her arm. She shrunk back and said, ‘ Do not touch me; I am as cold as clay;’ she spoke out, and blamed me for not speaking to her sooner; and said, that this was the very last night of her liberty to appear to me; ‘ and had you not spoken to me now,’ said she, ‘ I should have had power to do you some mischief.’ Then she related to me what she had to say about her family, who had cruelly hindered her from seeing some of her near relations. After telling me her whole mind, she gave me plain directions concerning herself. We conversed together near two hours, till 12 o’clock; and I promised, if possible, to fulfil all her instructions. Accordingly I set out early next morning, rode near 50 miles, to different parts, fulfilled all her commands, and got back safe to my father’s house. She appointed me to meet her that night, if I had done my business before twelve, at the church door where she was buried; this was about two miles from my father’s house. She met me at the church porch, expressed her entire approbation of all that I had done, saying, she should now be at rest, and would trouble me no more.

‘ After a short discourse, which she charged me never to divulge, she said, ‘ My time is nearly expired; follow me into the church.’ The door opening, she entered the church, which was illuminated with the most glorious light; and my hearing the most soft and heavenly music, betokened her happiness. She bid me take notice, when the music began to cease, to go then out of the church, which I did; and being very glad that all my trouble in this affair was ended, I hastened away, and saw her no more.’

FINIS.

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