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THE  
SUPERNATURAL  
MAGAZINE,

FOR JULY, 1809.

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*APPARITION lately seen in IRELAND.*  
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O, thou Eternal Mover of the heavens!  
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch:  
O! beat away the busy meddling fiend  
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,  
And from her bosom pluck this black despair.—SHAKESPEARE.

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**A**BOUT two years since, in A—, Mrs. B— was on her death-bed: Her relations were in the room, among the rest Captain C—, and they were strangely alarmed by a flapping at the window, as if the sail of a ship or the wings of an eagle beat against it. It is necessary to know, that shortly before this time, her son a most dissolute young man, died in impenitence, and he was put into his coffin by one of those who were now present, and who saw with dismay his figure at the window, and the very ribbons round his wrists which she tied on his corps. Except his head and arms, he was in the form of a monstrous bird, or enveloped by it, whose wings flapped continually, and he repeatedly beckoned to his mother: she said, "I come, James! I come!" The attendants fainted with terror, and when they recovered the apparition was gone.

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Mrs. B. died in a few days. She had been an irreligious woman, and eloped from her husband for a time. This story was repeated, and the Rev. Mr. D——, vicar of A——, who visited the house, was told of it by Captain C. who saw the apparition. He said, "You are a pretty soldier;" the other replied, "That had he been there, he would not have laughed." A person of veracity, from whom this is related, knew the family, and went to the house just previous to Mrs. B.'s death; her sister said she had not time to tell the particulars, but gave him to understand the story was true. She added, that it was better not to say any thing more about it, as it brought a discredit on the family.

☞ *Fictitious Initials are inserted, as the truth of the above relation is known to so many persons, that this publication of it might otherwise injure the family.*

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*APPARITION of the LAIRD of COOL.*

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Tell us, ye dead, will none of you, in pity  
 To those you left behind, disclose the secret?  
 Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,  
 What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.—BLAIR.

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*Extract of a Letter from Mr. James Hamilton.*

DUNBAR, MAY 26, 1784.

THE servant of Dr. Menzie, Physician at Dumfries, in Scotland, told his Master and many others, that the Laird of Cool, lately dead, appeared to him, rode him down, and killed his horse; that he appointed him to meet him some time after, at such a place, which he promised to do. But Mr. Paton, (then Minister of Dumfries) advised him to break that promise.

Mr. Ogilvie, then Minister at Innerwick, near Dunbar, on hearing this blamed Mr. Paton much: saying, Had he been there, he would not only have advised him to keep his pro-

nise, but would have gone with him. The ensuing relation of what followed, written in Mr. Ogilvie's own hand, was found in his desk, after his death, by Mrs. Ogilvie. She gave it to Mr. Lundie, now Minister at Oldhamstocks, who gave it to me.

JAMES HAMILTON.

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The following is transcribed from Mr. Lundie's copy : " On Feb. 3, 1772, at seven o'clock at night, as I was coming up the burial-road, one came riding up after me. Looking back, I called, Who is there? He answered, *The Laird of Cool*. Thinking it was some one that wanted to put a trick upon me, I struck at him with my cane. It found no resistance, but flew out of my hand, to the distance of about twenty yards. I alighted and took it up, but found some difficulty in mounting, partly by the ramping of my horse, and partly by a trembling which ran through my joints. He stopt till I came up to him again, and said, " If you are the Laird of Cool, what is your business with me?" He answered, " You have undertaken what few in Ridsdale would." I asked in surprise, " What have I undertaken?" He answered, " Last Sabbath you blamed Mr. Paton, for advising the young man not to keep his promise, and said, ' You would be willing to go with him yourself?' " *Ogilvie*. Who informed you that I said so? *Cool*. We, that are dead, know many things that the living know nothing about. All I want is that you will fulfil your promise, and deliver my commissions to my wife. *O*. Did I say I would go all the way to Dumfries upon such an errand? It never entered into my thoughts. *C*. What was in your thoughts, I do not know; but I can depend on my information, that these were your words. But I see you are in some disorder: I will wait upon you again, when you have more presence of mind,

By this time we were come below the church-yard, and while I was considering whether I had promised or no, he broke from me through the church-yard with amazing violence, and with such a whizzing noise, as put me into more disorder

than before. When I came to my house, my wife seeing me very pale, enquired, What ailed me? I told her, I was a little uneasy, and desired something to drink. Being thereby eased and refreshed, I retired to my closet, to meditate on this astonishing adventure.

On the 5th of March, 1723, as I was riding about sun-set, near William White's Marsh, the Laird of Cool came riding up to me again, and said, "Be not afraid: I will do you no harm." I replied, "I am not in the least afraid: for I know He in whom I trust is stronger than all of you put together." *C.* You are as safe from me, as when I was alive. *O.* Then let us have a free conversation together, and give me some information about the other world. *C.* What information do you want from me? *O.* Are you in a state of happiness or not? *C.* That is a question I will not answer. Ask something else. *O.* I ask then, what sort of a body, is that you appear in? *C.* It is not the same body wherein I was witness to your marriage, nor that in which I died: that is rotting in the grave; but it is such a body as answers me in a moment. I can fly as fast in this body as without it. If I would go to London, to Jerusalem, or to the Moon, I can perform those journies equally soon. For it costs me nothing but a thought. This body is just as fleet as your thought. In the same time you can turn your thoughts to Rome, I can go there in person. *O.* But tell me, Have you not yet appeared before God, and received sentence from him as a Judge? *C.* Never yet. *O.* It is commonly believed, there is a particular judgment immediately after death, and a general one at the last day. *C.* No such thing, no such thing. There is no trial, no sentence till the last day. The heaven good men enjoy immediately after death, consists in the serenity of their minds, the satisfaction of a good conscience, and the certain hope of glory everlasting.

The hell which the wicked suffer immediately after death, consists in their wickedness, in the sting of an awakened conscience, the terror of facing the great Judge, and of everlasting torments. And their misery when dead bears a due

proportion to the evil they did when living: but some of these although not good, were far less wicked than others, and so are far less miserable. And on the other hand, some were not wicked in this life, yet had but a small degree of goodness. And their faces are not more various in life, than their circumstances are after death.

*O.* To pass this, there is another question I want to ask: How came you to know what I said to Mr. Paton? Were you with us though invisible? *C.* I was not. But you must know, that not only angels are continually sent from heaven, to guard and comfort good men, but also the spirits of holy men are employed on the same errand. *O.* But has every man his guardian angel? *C.* Not every man; but many particular men have. And there are few families but have one attending them. From what you have heard of spirits, you may easily conceive, how one may be serviceable to each member of the family, even when far distant from each other. Yea, one powerful angel or departed spirit is sufficient for some villages; but to a great city many angels or departed spirits are assigned, who are superintended by one great angel.

Now Satan in the government of his kingdom, apes the kingdom of Christ as much as possible. Accordingly he sends out missionaries too: but because he has plenty of them, he frequently commissions two or three to attend one family, if it be of great power or influence. *O.* I cannot understand how the evil angels should be more numerous than the good ones. *C.* Whatever the number of devils be, it is certain the number of wicked spirits departed, who are employed on this errand, is abundantly greater than that of the good ones. And there is as great a difference between the good and bad spirits, as there is between the good and bad angels, both with regard to their knowledge, activity, strength, and faculties. Yea, some departed souls exceed some of the original angels, in all these respects.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## DR. PORDAGE'S

*Relation of the Apparitions, Visions, and unusual Things, which were seen in his Family, in the Year 1649.*

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(Concluded from page 15.)  
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**B**UT now I come to the other internal world, which we may term *Mundus Luminosus*, or the LIGHT WORLD, which with its various objects, was then likewise opened to the inward senses.

First, then, I shall here set forth the objects of the inward eye, which were then seen by us.

There appeared then to our inward sight, multitudes almost innumerable, of pure, angelical spirits, in figurative bodies, which were clear as the morning star, and transparent as chrystal: these were *Manahaim*, or the Lord's host, appearing all in many forms, sending forth a tincture like the swift rays of the hot beams of the sun, which we powerfully felt to the refreshing of our souls, and enlivening of our bodies. Now beholding the multiplicity, variety, and beauty of these spirits, with the various objects and wonders of this world, clothed in the purest tincture of light and colour; we could not but bless the God of Heaven who by the eyes of wisdom, and hand of power, brought forth such glorious creatures, and now shewed them in their several beauties to us, in a time of trial and temptation.

Secondly, In relation to our inward sense of hearing, there were many musical sounds and voices, like those which John heard upon Mount Sion, then heard by us; the sweetness, harmony, and pleasantness of which cannot be expressed, nor that spiritual joy and delight, which by them was infused into our souls, uttered by the tongue, being ready to ravish our spirits, with the highest praises of Jehovah.

Thirdly, In relation to the faculty of smelling, the tongue can hardly express these odours of Paradise, and heavenly perfumes which then were smelt piercing into the very spirit, with a cherishing tincture ; besides that quickening virtue which by them was communicated and insinuated into the spirits of our outward bodies, which like a cordial had been able to have renewed the strength of our languishing nature.

Fourthly, Our sense or faculty of tasting was very pleasantly entertained, with those invisible dews which were sweeter than honey or the honey-comb, and therefore deserve to be called the dews of Heaven ; with which instead of food we were many times wonderfully refreshed.

Fifthly, In relation to the sense of spiritual contact, that was also delighted with its heavenly objects : for none can utter that pleasing impression, which the burning tincture of this light world afforded us, coming like a hot cordial into the centre of our spirit being sensibly felt in the inward parts, so as to cause much joy and heavenly pleasure, which penetrated through our souls, giving us occasion to bless, praise, and magnify the Lord.

Thus for the space of three weeks or a month were we exercised inwardly and outwardly, through that great conflict which was betwixt those two worlds, and their two inhabitants : the dark world sometimes afflicting us with dreadful shapes, abominable smells, loathsome tastes, with other operations of the evil angels.

The light world at other times opening and relieving us with odoriferous perfumes, most sweet dews, glorious visions, and angelical harmony, which the Lord favoured us with to shew his extraordinary love in thus succoring us, in extraordinary exercises and trials.

Thus much for those two internal worlds spread throughout the visible world, in which the good and evil angels are more immediately than in this visible air, to which they cannot

be commensurate by reason of their spiritual natures, each of them abiding in their distinct principle; the one sort being in joy, the other being in torment; the one in light, the other in darkness, according to the scripture. Besides these two worlds, we had an opening of the eternal world, called in scripture the world to come, (Heb. ii. 5.) from the futurity of its full and clear manifestation, and a precursory entrance into the most Holy Place, by a divine transportation into the glory of the majesty, agreeable to that of St. John, John xvii. 24. "Father I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me &c." Here were seen, heard, and felt unutterable mysteries of that kingdom, which are not yet to be divulged, in regard of the pride, ignorance, prejudice, and envy, of many in the world, being reserved for those humble gracious spirits which are waiting in silence for the second coming of the Son of Man.

But, now, it is time to come to the third particular, which was the effects and impressions left upon our spirits by those wonderful exercises and manifestations.

After this we began more clearly to see, that straight and narrow way which leads to life eternal, which we call the virgin life, or the life of purity and righteousness in the perfection, being the life of fixed love: in any thing short of which the perfection of the virgin life cannot consist, so that merely to abstain from the concupiscible lustings under the spirit of this great world, is but the life of outward charity and but a particular branch of the other, for the virgin life is not attained till the will of the soul is brought through death to be so passive as to will, desire, and act nothing but what the essential essence of love, wills, moves, and acts through it, for till then the soul cannot be a pure virgin nor live without all desire and imagination; which must all cease before the pure life of God can come to be all in all. This life of virginity was placed fore-right, as to the inward eye of the mind, being that mark of perfection, at which we are to aim in our pressing towards the resurrection of the dead.

To this wisdom, that eternal virgin (Pro. iv. 5. 8. 20. 23.) as a leading star invited us, calling us to follow her in the way of circumcision, resignation and the cross, in the way of total self denial and forsaking of all for her sake. In the way of annihilation and conformity to Christ's death, by which we saw undoubtedly we should come to Christ's resurrection, ascension, and glorification, in the love of the Holy Ghost the third and last dispensation. Here we clearly saw the danger of looking back to the external world, of putting our imagination into the inward world, or the kingdom of the dragon, or of resting in the openings and delights of the inward Light world ; for by turning back into the delights of the senses we saw the soul would become bestial, by turning unto the left hand and imagining into the kingdom of the dragon, in awakening the fire of wrath and subtilty, devilishly and dangerously wicked ; by turning to the right hand in imagining into and taking too much complacency in the visions, illuminations, and various pleasures, of the light world, saw the soul might become elevated into self-conceit, and tinctured with pride and be in danger of neglecting the death of the cross, which is the only safe way to eternal rest. Here then we were shewn that the way which leads up to the city of God, the New Jerusalem, was straight and narrow, as upon the breadth of a hair, so that we were to turn no way either to the right or left hand, but stand without lusts with our eyes fixed upon the *Being of love*, pressing forward after perfection in the eternal house of God, there to become immoveable pillars, no more to go out, but there always to bear the name of God, and the name of the city of God, which is New Jerusalem.

And now for the space of these four years, ever since the the time of these great manifestations, we by the grace of God, have enjoyed the exercise of our spiritual senses, which never since have been shut, neither ever will be, except through voluntary transgression and disobedience, we apostatize and turn back unto the earth by nature, or turn aside to center in something short of the pure life of faith,

which calls us from the external, through the the internal, into the eternal world; which is that kingdom prepared for us from the beginning of the world. But thirdly, after this extraordinary time of grace and mercy to us, we enjoyed not only a clear leading, convicting light upon our understanding, but likewise received from the Lord a stamp and strong impression of power, moving our wills to follow this light, through the death of all things, to come up into the perfect life and image of God, that so we might be transformed into that righteous nature, which we so clearly beheld through divine light; hence we come to live in greater abstraction from our sensitive nature, in a constant watchful practice of the cross, in reference to all external and internal objects which might by entertaining our affection, hinder our progress to God; hence also we came to live a more devoted, strict, dedicated life, sequestering ourselves from the world and worldly things, giving ourselves almost continually to prayer, fasting, and waiting upon God, in dying daily to all self-relations, and properties, in which most are entangled, to the great prejudice of their spirits; and in this way we have ever since continued, endeavouring to be wholly conformable to the death of Christ, in renouncing our own lives and proper wills, as opposite to the life and will of God, experiencing those profound mysteries of the cross of Christ, which are hidden to most in the world: but what joy! life! power! divine pleasure! heavenly communion! the Lord hath blessed us with, in this our dying, resigning progress, I shall wrap up in silence, together with those blessed secrets of the kingdom, which in these few years past we have been acquainted with, to the comfort of our spirits in this sad time when we are judged and condemned of the world in the participation of Christ's sufferings.

## ACCOUNT OF DUNCAN CAMPBELL.

Some airy Devil hovers in the sky,  
And pours down mischief.——SHAKESPEARE.

**H**IS father, descended from the house of Argyle, was an enterprising genius, was born in Shetland, and when grown up, was remarkably fond of taking fowl on the rocks, which is practiced, by the sportsman being let down in a basket, by ropes, over the cliffs where the nests are; it happened, that one evening it grew dark before his companion could attend to draw him up, and he was left there all night, suffering much from a tempest that arose and beat on the shore; by good fortune a ship drove into the creek close under him, into which he was taken. It was a Dutch Vessel and they sailed next day with him, as he could not prevail on them to delay their voyage to land him at home. The vessel was driven north to Lapland, where they endeavoured to repair their damages. Mr. Campbell making acquaintance ashore, was married to a lady of the country, of rank, wealth, and beauty, and sufficiency of superstition. She foretold she would have a son, because the nearest star to the moon, was over it when she conceived; had the nearest star to the moon, been under it, the birth was to be a girl. If a star is before the moon the child will be strong, and if behind the moon, weakness or blemishes are foretold. The lady also inherited the gift of Second Sight, of which Mr. Campbell had some smattering; along with all these circumstances the child Duncan Campbell, was from his birth, deaf and dumb. His mother predicted, that he should become famous for the gift of Second Sight in England, that his father would be unfortunate, and that her own death was near, all of which was fulfilled.

At nine years of age, young Duncan was consulted, half-joke and half-earnest, by several, who heard he had the Second

Sight, and the truth of some of his predictions got him a character, that spread to a great distance through Edinburgh. He removed to London, professed the science, and regularly practised it.

The Author of his Life tells, that when nine years old, he one day entered his room; found him sitting up in the bed, his eyes broad open, but motionless; the eyelids fixed, so that the eyelashes did not once stir. This continued a long time. His head was turned sideways, his mouth open in a listening posture. After a steadfast gaze, which lasted about seven minutes, he smiled and stretched his arms as one recovering from a fit of indolence, rubbed his eyes, saluted the relator of this, and making a sign for pen and ink, wrote: "I am sorry I cannot stay with you, but I shall see my pretty youth and my lamb by and by in the fields, near a little grove or coppice, where I go often to play with them, and I would not lose their company for the whole world, for they and I are mighty familiar together, and the boy tells me every thing that gets me my reputation among the ladies and nobility, and you must keep it secret.

*Quest.* I will be sure to keep it secret; but how do you know you are to meet them there to day. Did the little boy appoint you.—*Duncan Campbell.* Yes, he did; and signified that he had several things to predict to me concerning people that he foreknew would come to me the week following, to ask me questions.

*Quest.* But what were you staring at, when I came in?—*A.* Why at that little boy that goes along with the Lamb I speak of, and 'twas then he made the appointment.

*Quest.* What sort of a boy and lamb is it you speak of.—*A.* O, though they are like other boys and lambs which you see, they are a thousand times prettier and finer; you never saw such a boy or such a lamb in your life time.

*Q.* What sort of boy is he.—*A.* He is a pretty little boy, about as tall as my knee; his face is as white as snow, and so are his little hands; his cheeks are as red as cherries, and so are his lips, and his breath perfumes the air. He has a crown of roses, cowslips, and other flowers on his head, such as maids

gather in May; his hair is white like silver threads, and they shine like the beams of the sun. He wears a loose veil down down to his feet embroidered with spangles, like stars. He carries a silver bell in one hand, with which he wakes me, and a book in the other. The lamb has a silver collar and nine bells on it; I write down what he bids me, and when I get it by heart, I burn it by his directions, or he would tell me no more. He rings now, I must go to him."

These accounts are from the particular friend of Duncan Campbell. He relates several instances of his true predictions, which brought a concourse of people to enquire their fortune from him. The fact of his great fame in London, appears in the Spectator, No. 474. and elsewhere; and in the Tatler he is noticed as a Fortune Teller of wonderful repute. That there is to this day fortune-tellers, is the reproach of the people among whom they are encouraged. The motive of the enquirer is indulged to the disgrace of religion, and the miserable self-deceived predictor is acting contrary to the laws of God. Imposture and fraud in fortune-tellers has brought their pretensions into general contempt, and frequent legal punishment; and the age we live in has this superiority to the age of Addison, that our modern people of fashion, have no faith in these matters.

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### *THEORY of ANIMAL MAGNETISM,*

Illustrating its Physical Properties.

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*Letter from a learned Physician, in Hamburgh, to Kaleb Ben Nathan, translated from the French.*

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I THANK you, Sir, for the communication of your ideas on the Astral Spirit, Magnetism, and Somnambulism. Your theory is ingenious and profound; but more than this, it is very true. A long experience has confirmed to me all the

principles you adduce. You have perfectly established the danger of magnetism: but I could wish that you had entered more into detail, shewing *how Magnetism operates*. This can be done by an exposition of your principles, I will take them in few words:

“ The fall of man influenced all created beings. These beings ought to be governed by man, and man directed by the Spirit of God.

“ Man, after his fall, still preserved *the image* of his power, but he was obliged to descend to inferior enjoyments. You prove admirably how the astral spirit was substituted in him for the Divine Spirit.

“ Then surveying the domain of the Astral Spirit, you shew how it can imitate all the forms and powers of the primitive air; that this primitive air, or this fluid, is, perhaps, put in play by the will of man; that this will is the first agent of his liberty; that this liberty was left to man, notwithstanding his fall: because God retracts not his gift. But you establish, that the Dæmon is *the Prince of the Powers of the Air*; whence it follows, that if man, using his will, acts by his astral spirit on the primitive air, he enters the dominion of the enemy, from which may result great dangers.

“ I can assert, that magnetism is produced by the will, acting by the Astral Spirit on the ærial principle. It is by this means that the most part, or rather nearly all magnetizers, have produced such astonishing effects; and I can assure you, that a very small number have attained even to this means. There is, nevertheless, another species of magnetism, superior, and as far distant from this, as day is from night; but as it is not against this you write, I will continue to set down some basis for understanding in what manner this operates, which enthusiasm adopts, without the knowledge of it, and ignorance rejects with as little foundation.

“ The existence and influence of the primitive air has been proved by the learned, either as they have considered it under

its relation of universal agent, or by universal Magnetism, (independently of the necessity of this cause, for attaining an explanation of some one of the great phenomenon of the universe.) Kercher, Bærhaave, Van Helmont, Wirdic, and so many other celebrated authors have spoken of it, that it is astonishing the modern academicians have denied in these last times the existence of this principle, too subtle for those who would try all things by a gross manipulation, and who allow only such realities as they can reduce to the analysis of their operations.

“ A science of more reality and depth might furnish the learned with more peremptory means than those they have employed to counteract the dangerous doctrine of Mesmer. They would not have plunged in hypothesis, and ran over the region of chimeras; they would not have assigned for a principle the fire of imagination, and memory as the cause of the phenomenon they could not explain: but acknowledging with their masters in works of science, this primitive, they would conceive that this fluid, surrounding all substance, can be united and concentrated by a multitude of circumstances, and chiefly by the will of man. If man has power to combine common air so as to produce a violent explosion, why should he not have power to combine the effluvia that proceed from, and apply them upon a body which has a peculiar analogy with his? The number of experiments should at least inspire the learned with some doubts, when contrary to their assertion, and the solemnity of their decision, some subalterns of learning, who are not decorated with ostentatious titles, have revived the experience of these matters to such a degree as excludes a doubt from their evidence, that in an atmosphere infinitely elastic, the will of man is a lever sufficient to stir up particles still more subtle than this atmosphere, hence they conclude that the reunion of the effluvias of two different bodies should produce a result: for when two causes combine, the result is necessarily a compound, provided these causes are dissimilar. Now, the particular affections, the particular passions, the different temperaments produce different effluvias amongst men; from whence it follows, that these different effluvias ought to

produce a difference in the body of that upon which one directs or applies the effluvium. Should they only accelerate the movement, this cause would be sufficient to explain the numerous phenomena produced by Magnetism, or to express it better, the effect of the will acting by the Astral Spirit upon the principle of air.

“ The animal spirit that surround the most delicate fibres, and wind about these fibres to preserve their action, have a regular motion, but which can be hastened in a thousand ways. Have the learned known, have they tried by their analysis, the nature of these spirits, and the extent of their atmosphere, although the most famous Doctors confess the existence of such. Now, if they exist, they should move in a fluid, and fluid should act upon them : this granted, let us return to the principles we have laid down.

“ The Astral Spirit is the possession of man and his domain since he lost the superior spirit. This Astral Spirit can be put in play by the will of man, and it is able to follow all the forms and powers of the primitive air. If the primitive air is the fluid wherein the animal spirits move, man has power upon animal spirits by the primitive air, and can re-unite and collect them together in their centre, which is the sensible principle ; from which sensible principle they issue and assemble, as the rays of the sun flow and re-unite in him. You may see the analogy this theory bears with what you have wrote on the Sun, and I can only wish to induce you to publish it. For the rest I propose this to you as infinitely more satisfactory than the doubts of the academicians, who, I believe, have not sufficiently studied the question on which they have decided.

“ We must hasten to obviate an objection that may arise against this theory in exalted heads. They may infer that man could overthrow the system of the universe, if he possessed the force I attribute to his will. Let these enthusiasts not forget, that as God has fixed limits to the waves of the sea, in like manner he has bounded the powers of man, in the proportion

of nature and the quantity of acts that each being and each individual should operate. Thus the mass of primitive air being the general domain of all beings, man can only displace that quantity that he is permitted.

*(To be concluded.)*

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EXTRAORDINARY FOREWARNING,

*As it really occurred in Lord Tyrone's Family, in Ireland.*

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I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes  
Forewarn'd men of their death :—'Twas kindly done  
To knock and give the alarm.—BLAIR.

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LORD TYRONE and Lady Beresford were born in Ireland; they were both left orphans in their infancy, to the care of the same person, by whom they were educated in the principles of deism. When they were about fourteen years of age, they fell into very different hands. The persons on whom the care of them now devolved, used every possible endeavour to eradicate the erroneous principles they had imbibed, and to persuade them to embrace the revealed religion, but in vain; their arguments were insufficient to convince them, though they were powerful enough to stagger their former faith. Though now separated from each other, their friendship continued unalterable, and they continued to regard each other with sincere affection. After some years had elapsed, and they were each of them grown up, they made a solemn promise to each other, that whoever should first die, would, if permitted, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most approved of by the Supreme Being.

Lady Beresford was shortly after addressed by Sir Marcus Beresford, to whom after a few years she was married; but

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no change in condition had power to alter her friendship. The families often visited each other : often spent more than a fortnight together. A short time after one of these visits, Sir Marcus Beresford observed, when his lady came down to breakfast in the morning, that her countenance was unusually pale, and bore evident marks of terror and confusion. He enquired anxiously after her health. She assured him she was well, perfectly well. He repeated his enquiries, and begged to know, if any thing had disordered her ? She replied, No ; she was as well as usual. " Have you hurt your wrist ? Have you sprained it ?" said he, observing a black ribbon round it : She replied, " No, she had not ;" but added, " let me conjure you, Sir Marcus, never to enquire the cause of my wearing this ribbon. You will never more see me without it. If it concerned you as a husband to know it, I would not for a moment conceal it from you. I never in my life denied you a request, but of this I must entreat you to forgive my refusal, and never to urge me farther on the subject." " Very well, my lady," said he, smiling, " since you so earnestly desire me, I will enquire no farther."

The conversation here ended ; but breakfast was scarcely over, when Lady Beresford enquired if the post was come in ; she was told, it was not. In a few minutes, she again rang the bell, for her servant, and repeated the enquiry, Is not the post come ? She was told, " It was not." Do you expect any letter," said Sir Marcus, " that you are so anxious concerning the coming of the post ?" " I do," she answered, " I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone is dead, he died last Tuesday at four o'clock." " I never in my life," said Sir Marcus, " believed you superstitious, but you must have had some idle dream, which has thus alarmed you." At that instant a servant opened the door, and delivered to them a letter, sealed with black. " It is as I expected," said Lady Beresford, " he is dead." Sir Marcus opened the letter. It came from Lord Tyrone's steward, and contained the melancholy intelligence, that his master had died the Tuesday preceding, at the very time Lady Beresford had specified. Sir Marcus entreated her to compose her spirits, and to endeavour as much as lay in her

power not to make herself unhappy. She assured him she felt much easier than she had done for some time past, and added, I can communicate to you intelligence which I know will prove welcome; I can assure you, beyond the possibility of doubt, that I am with child of a son." Sir Marcus received the intelligence with that pleasure that might be expected, and expressed in the strongest terms, the felicity he should experience from such an event, which he had so long ardently desired. After a period of some months, Lady Beresford was delivered of a son. She had before been the mother of two daughters only. Sir Marcus survived the birth of his son little more than four years. After his decease, his lady went but little from home; she visited no family, but that of a clergyman, who resided in the same village, with whom she frequently passed a few hours, the rest of the time was wholly devoted to solitude, and she appeared for ever determined to banish all other society. The clergyman's family consisted of himself, his wife, and one son, who, at Sir Marcus's death, was quite a youth; to his son, however, she was afterwards married in the space of a few years, notwithstanding the disparity of his years, and the manifest imprudence of such a connection, so unequal in every respect. The event justified the expectation of every one. Lady Beresford was treated by her young husband with neglect and cruelty, and the whole of his conduct evinced him to be the most abandoned libertine, utterly destitute of every principle of virtue and humanity. To this her second husband, Lady Beresford brought two daughters. Afterwards, such was the profligacy of his conduct, that she insisted upon a separation. They parted for several years, when so great was the contrition he expressed for his former ill conduct, that, won over by his supplications and promises, she was induced to pardon and once more reside with him; and was after some time made the mother of another child. On the anniversary of her birth-day, being a month after her lying-in, she sent for Lady \* \* \* \*, of whose friendship she had so long been possessed, and a few friends to request them to spend the day with her. About noon the clergyman by whom she had been baptized, and with whom she had all her life maintained

an intimacy, came into the room to enquire after her health ; she told him she was perfectly well, and requested him to spend the day with her : “ for,” said she, “ I am forty-eight years old this day.” “ No, my lady,” answered the clergyman, “ you are mistaken : your mother and myself have had many disputes concerning your age, and I have at length discovered that I am right. Happening to go last week to the village you were born in, I was resolved to put an end to my doubt by searching the register, and find that you are forty-seven this day.” “ You have signed my death-warrant,” said she, “ I have not much longer to live. I must therefore entreat you to leave me immediately, as I have something of importance to settle before I die.”

When the clergyman had left Lady Beresford, she sent to forbid her company coming ; and at the same time to request her son (of whom Sir Marcus was father, and who was then about twelve years of age,) and Lady \* \* \* \*, to come to her apartment. Immediately upon their arrival, having ordered her attendants to quit the room, she said, “ I have something to communicate to you both, before I die, a period which is not far distant. You, lady, are no stranger to the friendship which subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself. We were educated under the same roof ; in the same principles—those of deism. When the friends into whose hands we afterwards fell, endeavoured to persuade us to embrace the revealed religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince, were powerful enough to stagger our former faith, and to leave us wavering between two opinions. In this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other that whoever should happen to die first, would, if permitted by the Almighty, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most acceptable to Him. Accordingly one night, when Sir Marcus and myself were in bed, I awakened and discovered Lord Tyrone sitting by my bed side ; I screamed out, and endeavoured, but in vain, to awake Sir Marcus. For heavens sake, Lord Tyrone, said I, by what means, or for what purpose, came you here at this time of night. ‘ Have you then forgot your promise,’ said he, ‘ I died last Tuesday at four

o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you, to assure you that the Revealed Religion is the only true religion by which we can be saved. I am further permitted to inform you, that you are now withchild of a son, which is decreed shall marry my daughter; not many years after his birth Sir Marcus will die, and you will marry again, and to a man whose ill treatment will render you miserable; you will bring him two daughters, and afterwards a son, in childbed of whom you will die, in the forty-seventh year of your age.' Just Heaven! exclaimed I, and cannot I prevent this? 'Undoubtedly you may,' replied he; 'you have a free assent, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage; but your passions are strong, and you know not their power. Hitherto you have had no trial, nor am I permitted to tell you of any of them; but if after this you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable indeed.' May I ask, said I, if you are happy? 'Had I been otherwise,' said he, 'I should not have been thus permitted to appear to you.' I may thence infer you are happy? He smiled. But how, said I, when morning comes, shall I be convinced that your appearance thus to me has been real, and not the mere phantom of my own imagination. 'Will not the news of my death,' said he, 'be sufficient to convince you?' 'No,' said I, 'I might have had such a dream, and that dream might accidentally come to pass; I wish to have some stronger proof of its reality.' 'You shall,' said he; then waving his hand, the bed-curtains which were of crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop, by which the tester of the bed, which was of an oval form, was suspended. 'In that,' said he, 'you cannot be mistaken; no mortal could have done this.' 'True,' said I, 'but sleeping we are often possessed of far greater strength than awake; though awake I could not have done it, asleep I might. I shall still doubt.' He then said, 'You have a pocket book, in the leaves of which I will write; you know my hand-writing?' I replied, 'Yes.' He then wrote, and gave it to me. 'Still,' said I, 'in the morning I doubt, though awake, I may not imitate your hand, asleep I might.' 'You are hard of belief,' said he, 'I must not touch you; it would injure you irrepara-

bly. It is not for spirits to touch mortal flesh.' 'I do not regard a small blemish,' said I. 'You are a woman of courage,' said he, 'hold out your hand;' I did: he touched my wrist—his hand was as cold as marble—in a moment the sinews shrunk up—every nerve withered. 'Now,' said he, 'while you live, let no mortal eye behold that wrist; to see it would be sacrilege.' He stopped: I turned to him again: he was gone. During the time in which I had conversed with him, my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected; but the moment he was gone, I felt chilled with horror, and a cold sweat came over me—every limb and joint shook under me. I endeavored to awake Sir Marcus, but in vain; all my efforts were ineffectual. In this state of agitation, I lay some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief. I dropped asleep. In the morning Sir Marcus arose, and dressed himself as usual, without perceiving the state in which the curtains remained. When I awoke, I found Sir Marcus gone down. I rose, and having put on my clothes, went into the gallery adjoining our apartment, and took from thence a long broom, such a one as in large houses is frequently used to sweep the corners; with the help of which, though not without difficulty, I took down the curtain, as I imagined their extraordinary appearance would excite wonder in the servants, and occasion enquiries I wished to avoid. I then went to my bureau, locked up the pocket book, and took out a piece of black ribbon, which I tied round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of my mind on my countenance was too visible to pass long unobserved by Sir Marcus. He instantly remarked my confusion, and enquired the cause. I assured him I was well, perfectly well; but informed him Lord Tyrone was no more, that he died on the preceding Tuesday, at the hour of four, and at the same intreated him to drop all enquiries concerning the ribbon he noticed on my wrist. He kindly desisted from farther importunity, nor did he ever imagine the cause. You, my son, as had been foretold, I brought into the world, and in little more than four years after your birth, your father died in my arms. After this melancholy event, I determined, as the only probable means by which to avoid the dreadful sequel of the prediction, to give up every pleasure, and to pass the

remainder of my life in solitude. But few can endure to remain in a state of sequestration. I commenced an intercourse with one family, and only one; nor could I then see the fatal consequences which afterwards resulted from it. Little did I imagine that their son, then a mere youth, would prove the person destined by fate to be my undoing. In a few years I ceased to regard with indifference. I endeavored by every possible means to conquer a passion, the fatal consequences of which (if I should ever be weak enough to yield to its impulse) I too well knew, and fondly imagined I should overcome its influence; when the evening of one fatal day terminated my fortitude, and plunged me in a moment down that abyss I had been so long meditating how to shun. He had frequently been soliciting his parents to go into the army, and at length obtained their permission, and came to bid me farewell before his departure. The moment he entered the room, he fell down at my feet, and told me he was miserable—that I alone was the cause of it. That instant my fortitude forsook me, I gave myself up for lost; and considering my fate as inevitable, without further hesitation consented to an union, the immediate result of which I knew to be misery, and its end death. The conduct of my husband after a few years were past amply warranted my demand for a separation. I hoped by this means to avoid the fatal sequel of the prophecy; but, won over by his repeated entreaties, I was prevailed on to pardon, and once more to reside with him, though not until after I had, as I supposed, passed my forty-seventh year; but, alas! I have hitherto lain under a mistake with regard to my age, and that I am but forty-seven this day. Of the near approach of my death, therefore, I entertain not the least doubt, but I do not dread its arrival. Armed with the sacred precepts of Christianity, I can meet the King of Terrors without dismay, and bid adieu to the regions of mortality for ever. When I am dead, as the necessity of its concealment ceases with my life, I wish that you, my lady, would unbind my wrist; take from thence the black ribbon, and let my son, with yourself behold it." Lady Beresford here paused for some time, but resuming her conversation, she intreated her son to behave so as to merit the high honor he would in future receive from an

union with Lord Tyrone's daughter. Lady Beresford then expressed a wish to lie down in bed, to compose herself to sleep. Her son and Lady \* \* \* \* immediately called her attendants, and quitted the room, having first desired them attentively to watch their mistress, and should they observe any change to call instantly. An hour passed, and all was silent in the room ; they listened at the door, and every thing was still. In about half an hour more, a bell rung violently : they flew to her apartment, but before they reached the door of it, they heard the servants exclaim, " My mistress is dead !" Lady \* \* \* \* then desiring the servants to quit the room, Lady Beresford's son, with herself, approached the bed of his mother ; they knelt down by the side of it. Lady \* \* \* \* then lifted up her hand, and found the wrist exactly in the same state Lady Beresford had described : every nerve withered, every sinew shrunk up. Lady Beresford's son, as had been predicted, is now married to Lord Tyrone's daughter ; the black ribbon and pocket-book are now in the possession of Lady \* \* \* \*, by whom the above narrative is stated in Ireland ; who, together with the Tyrone family, will be found ready to attest its truth.

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### APPARITION,

*Which appeared to James IV. King of Scotland.*

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His reverend face grew more serenely sweet,  
 His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet ;  
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,  
 Celestial odors breathe through purpled air :  
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
 And moves in all the majesty of light.—PARNELL.

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**J**AMES IV. King of Scotland, being persuaded by the clergy and the bishops to break with England, and declare war against Henry VIII. contrary to the advice of his nobility and gentry, who were to bear both the expence and the blows

of a battle ; I say, the king, thus over-ruled by the clergy, raises an army, and prepared to march to the frontiers : but the evening before he was to take the field, as he was at vespers in the chapel royal, at his palace of Lithgo or Linlithgow, an ancient man appeared to him with a long head of hair of the colour of amber, (some accounts would represent it as a glory painted round a head by the limners) and of a venerable aspect, having on a rustic dress, that is to say in that country language, a belted plaid girded round with a linen sash. This man was (as it seems by the story) perceived by the king before he came close up to him, and before he was seen by any of the people ; and the king also perceived him to be earnestly looking at him, and at the noble persons about him, as if desiring to speak to him.

After some little time he pressed through the crowd, and came close up to the king, and, without any bow or reverence made to his person, told him with a low voice, but such as the king could hear very distinctly, that he was sent to him to warn him, not to proceed in the war which he had undertaken at the solicitation of the clergy, and in favour of the French ; and that if he did go on with it he should not prosper. He added also, that he should abstain from his lewd and unchristian practices with wicked women, for that if he did not, it would issue in his destruction.

Having delivered his message he immediately vanished ; for tho' his pressing up to the king had put the whole assembly in disorder, and that every one's eye was fixed upon him, while he was thus delivering his message to the king, yet not one could see him any more, or perceive his going back from the king ; which put them all into the utmost consternation.

The king himself also was in great confusion ; he would fain have believed the spectre was a man, and would have spoken to it again, and would have asked some questions of him. But the people constantly and with one voice affirmed that it was an angel, and that it immediately disappeared after the message

was delivered ; that they plainly saw him and felt him thrusting to get by them as he went up, but not one could see him go back.

The king upon this was satisfied that it was not a real body, but an apparition ; and it put him into a great consternation, and caused him to delay his march a-while, and call several councils of his nobility to consider what to do.

But the king being still over-persuaded by those engines who were employed by Monsieur la Motte, the French ambassador ; continued in his designs for a war, and advanced afterwards with his army to the Tweed, which was in those times the usual boundary of the two kingdoms.

Here the army rested some time, and the king being at Jedburgh, a known town in those parts, as he was sitting drinking wine very plentifully in a great hall of the house, where his head-quarters was then held, supposed to be the old earl of Morton's house in that town ; the spectre came to him a second time, tho' not in the form which it appeared in at Lithgo ; but with less regard or respect to the prince, and in an imperious tone, told him he was commanded to warn him not to proceed in that war, which if he did, he should lose not the battle only, but his crown and kingdom : and that after this, without staying for any answer, like the hand to king Ahasuerus, it went to the chimney, and wrote in the stone over it, or that which we call the mantle-piece, the following distich :

*Lata fit illa dies, Nescitur Origo secundi  
Sic labor an requies, sic transit gloria Mundi.*

That the king did not listen to either of these notices, our histories, as well as Buchanan the historian of Scotland, take notice of very publicly ; and that he marched on, fought the English at Flodden-field, and there lost his army, all his former glory, and his life, is also recorded ; I need say no more of it.

*THE PHARSALIAN SORCERESS.*

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**T**HIS extract from a historic poem, shew the opinions of the learned, as well as the belief of the vulgar among the people of Rome, in their enlightened æra, under Nero. If the circumstances of time, place, and person, are the invention of the author, a belief of the possibility of their truth is no less implied, by the practice of Virgil, Lucrean, &c. who accurately inserted the learning of the times, in their serious poems.

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NOW half her sable course the night had run,  
 And low beneath us roll'd the beamy sun ;  
 When the vile youth in silence cross'd the plain,  
 Attended by his wonted worthless train  
 Through ruins waste and old, long wandering round,  
 Lonely upon a rock the hag they found.  
 There, as it chanc'd, in sullen mood she sate,  
 Pondering upon the war's approaching fate:  
 At that same hour she ran new numbers o'er,  
 And spells unheard by hell itself before ;  
 Fearful, lest wavering destiny might change,  
 And bid the war in distant regions range.  
 She charm'd Pharsalia's field with early care,  
 To keep the warriors and the slaughter there.  
 So may her impious arts in triumph reign,  
 And riot in the plenty of the slain :  
 So, many a royal ghost she may command.  
 Mangle dead heroes with a ruthless hand,  
 And rob of many an urn Hesperia's mourning land. }  
 Already she enjoys the dreadful field,  
 And thinks what spoils the rival chiefs shall yield ;  
 With what fell rage each corse she shall invade,  
 And fly rapacious on the prostratæ dead.  
 To her, a lowly suppliant, thus begun  
 The noble Pompey's much unworthy son :  
 Hail ! mighty mistress of Hæmonian arts,  
 To whom stern Fate her dark decrees imparts ;  
 At thy approving, bids her purpose stand,  
 Or alters it at thy rever'd command.  
 From thee, my humbler, awful hopes presume  
 To learn my father's and my country's doom :  
 Nor think this grace to one unworthy done,  
 When thou shalt know me for great Pompey's son ;  
 With him all fortunes am I bound to share,

His ruin's partner, or his empire's heir.  
 Let not blind chance for ever wavering stand,  
 And awe us with her unresolving hand:  
 I own my mind unequal to the weight,  
 Nor can I bear the pangs of doubtful fate:  
 Let it be certain what we have to fear,  
 And then—no matter—Let the time draw near.  
 Oh let thy charms this truth from heaven compel,  
 Or force the dreadful Stygian gods to tell.  
 Call death, all pale and meagre, from below,  
 And from herself her fatal purpose know;  
 Constrain'd by thee the phantom shall declare  
 Whom she decrees to strike, and whom to spare.  
 Nor ever can thy skill divine foresee,  
 Through the blind maze of long futurity,  
 Events more worthy of thy arts, and thee.

Pleas'd that her magic flame diffusely flies,  
 Thus with a horrid smile the hag replies.

Hadst thou, oh noble youth, my aid implor'd,  
 For any less decision of the sword,  
 The gods, unwilling, should my power confess,  
 And crown thy wishes with a full success.  
 Hadst thou desired some single friend to save,  
 Long had my charms withheld him from the grave:  
 Or would thy hate some foe this instant doom,  
 He dies, though heaven decrees him years to come.  
 But when effects are to their causes chain'd,  
 From everlasting, mightily, ordain'd;  
 When all things labour for one certain end,  
 And on one action centre and depend:  
 Then far behind we own our arts are cast,  
 And magic is by fortune's power surpass'd.  
 Howe'er, if yet thy soul can be content,  
 Only to know that undisclos'd event:

My potent charms o'er nature shall prevail,  
 And from a thousand mouths extort the tale:  
 This truth the fields, the floods, the rocks shall tell,  
 The thunder of high heaven, or groans of hell:  
 Though, still, more kindly oracles remain,  
 Among the recent deaths of yonder plain.  
 Of these a corse our mystic rites shall raise,  
 As yet unshrunk by Titan's parching blaze;  
 So shall no maim the vocal pipes confound,  
 But the sad shade shall breathe distinct in human sound.

While yet she spoke, a double darkness spread,  
 Black clouds and murky fogs involve her head,  
 While o'er th' unbury'd heaps her footsteps tread.  
 Wolves howl'd and fled, where'er she took her way,

And hungry vultures left the mangled prey :  
 The savage race, abash'd, before her yield,  
 And while she culls her prophet, quit the field.  
 To various carcasses by turns she flies,  
 And, griping with her gory fingers, tries ;  
 Till one of perfect organs can be found,  
 And fibrous lungs uninjur'd by a wound.  
 Of all the flitting shadows of the slain,  
 Fate doubts which ghost shall turn to life again.  
 At her strong bidding (such is her command)  
 Armies at once had left the Stygian strand ;  
 Hell's multitudes had waited on her charms,  
 And legions of the dead had ris'n to arms.  
 Among the dreadful carnage strew'd around,  
 One, for her purpose fit, at length she found ;  
 In his pale jaws a rusty hook she hung,  
 And dragg'd the wretched lifeless load along :  
 Anon, beneath a craggy cliff she staid,  
 And in a dreary delve her burthen laid ;  
 There evermore the wicked witch delights,  
 To do her deeds accurs'd, and practice hellish rites.

Low as the realms where Stygian Jove is crown'd,  
 Subsides the gloomy vale within the ground ;  
 A downward grove, that never knew to rise,  
 Or shoot its leafy honours to the skies,  
 From hanging rocks declines its drooping head,  
 And covers in the cave with dreadful shade ;  
 Within dismay, and fear, and darkness dwell,  
 And filth obscene besmears the baleful cell.  
 There, lasting night no beamy dawning knows,  
 No light but such as magic flames disclose ;  
 Heavy, as in Tænarian caverns, there  
 In dull stagnation sleeps the lazy air.

There meet the boundaries of life and death,  
 The borders of our world, and that beneath ;  
 Thither the rulers of th' infernal court  
 Permit their airy vassals to resort ;  
 Thence with like ease the Sorceress could tell,  
 As if descending down the deeds of hell.  
 And now she for the solemn task prepares,  
 A mantle patch'd with various threads she wears,  
 And binds with twining snakes her wilder hairs. }  
 All pale for dread, the dastard youth she spy'd,  
 Heartless his mates stood quivering by his side.  
 Be bold ! (she cries) dismiss this abject fear ; }  
 Living and human shall the form appear, }  
 And breathe no sounds but what even you may hear. }  
 How had your vile, your coward souls been quell'd,

Had you the livid Stygian lakes beheld ;  
 Heard the loud floods of rolling sulphurs roar,  
 And burst in thunder on the burning shore ?  
 Had you survey'd yon prison-house of woe,  
 And giants bound in adamant below ?  
 Seen the vast dog with curling vipers swell,  
 Heard screaming furies, at my coming, yell,  
 Double their rage, and add new pains to hell !

This said, she runs the mangled carcase o'er,  
 And wipes from every wound the crusty gore ;  
 Now with hot blood the frozen breast she warms,  
 And with strong lunar dew confirms her charms.  
 Anon she mingles every monstrous birth,  
 Which nature, wayward and perverse, brings forth.  
 Nor entrails of the spotted Lynx she lacks,  
 Nor bony joints from fell Hyæna's backs ;  
 Nor deer's hot marrow, rich with snaky food ;  
 Nor foam of raging dogs that fly the flood.  
 Her store the tardy Remora supplies,  
 With stones from eagles warm, and dragon's eyes ;  
 Snakes that on pinions cut their airy way ;  
 And nimbly o'er Arabian deserts prey ;  
 The viper bred in Erythræan streams,  
 To guard in costly shells the growing gems ;  
 The slough by Lybia's horned serpent cast,  
 With ashes by the dying Phœnix plac'd  
 On odorous altars in the fragrant east.  
 To these she joins dire drugs without a name,  
 A thousand poisons never known to fame :  
 Herbs o'er whose leaves the hag her spells had sung,  
 And wet with cursed spittle as they sprung ;  
 With every other mischief most abhorr'd,  
 Which hell, or worse Erictho, could afford

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*Extract of a Letter from a Clergyman in the Diocese of  
 K\*\*\*, to \*\*\*, on the Illapses and Visions of a Trooper,  
 in the \*\*\* Regiment of Cavalry.*

MY DEAR SIR,

May 16, 1781.

I HEARD some time ago, by my brother, of your bad state of health, and was much concerned ; but good is the will of the Lord : I doubt not but he enables you to bear his corrections with patience, and in the midst of tribulations you feel the consolations of his Spirit, bearing you up under every

trial. How comfortable are the words of the Apostle, *These light afflictions which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.*" There is a young man, one of the troopers quartered at B—, whose experience is extraordinary and singular, and puzzles even many who have been long experienced in the ways of God's dealings with mankind. There was a copy of it sent into different parts; I intended to have sent it to you sooner, but have been much hurried.

This young man in January last was in C—, and says his mother, who had been dead two years, appeared to him as he lay in bed: she told him many things; that he was then in the way of salvation, and would soon enjoy a large measure of God's love; that he would soon have a severe, tedious, and extraordinary kind of sickness; that two of his brothers who had died young, and also a guardian angel, would often visit and comfort him, and that he should converse with them; that another brother of his who lives in the county Kilkenny, was then dangerously ill, of which he got an account soon after. These things have since come to pass: he took the disorder first like a sort of lethargy, falling into uneasy sleeps, and starting up like one surprized at a voice; after some time the disorder increased, he falling frequently into severe fits, and being much convulsed; his pains in these fits were intolerable, but at other times his joys were unspeakable. He had pleasing and severe fits alternately, each lasting for seven or eight minutes and he would sometimes have them four or five times a day, some days none at all. In the pleasing fits or sleeps, he seemed to converse with the angel, and other apparitions, in a long rage unintelligible by the persons around him: In these pleasing fits or sleeps, he gets intelligence when the fits shall come on again, and how many will he have in the day, and also some other contingent events relative to himself. He sometimes tells the people their thoughts, and among the rest some who seem to think he was actuated by the evil one.

In some of his pleasing sleeps, he can distinguish the hypocrites from those that are truly in earnest. He has sometimes on coming out of the severe fits swooned away; become stiff, cold, and lifeless, and seemed to be dead, and remained so for

half an hour, when, on a sudden, he became supple and warm, and on giving a few deep sighs would come to himself; and said that, at that time, his soul was totally separated from his body: and, in its absence from the body, was happy beyond expression; but in his attempting to give some of the particulars his tongue has swelled, and his speech has been stopped. In some of his pleasing sleeps, he stands and walks after those objects which he has in view, in great rapture, and cannot be diverted or pulled away from them; and though his eyes were open, yet he would be totally blind as to all earthly objects. He was seven days without tasting a morsel, except sometimes on coming out the fit, he took a little water. For four of those days he was totally dumb, except one night when he was enabled to join in singing hymns, and then became dumb again. Shortly after this, he lost the power of his left arm, on coming out of a severe fit. His pains on that day were excruciating. He gave previous notice of all these events, and is apprehensive he will lose some more of his faculties or senses. He felt no deficiency in strength at the time when he could eat nothing, but was fresh, strong, and blooming. He says the enemy has appeared to him visibly four or five times of late, and always in a different manner. Last Saturday night he dreadfully affrighted him, and though he endeavoured, yet could not at that time, awaken a young man that lay with him; he was very miserable the next day, almost totally deprived of his happiness. The chief part of his misery seemed to arise from his having some intimation, that his heavenly attendants should be withdrawn from him, which caused him to murmur at Providence, who, he said, had formerly promised him that these should constantly attend him.

I have not yet been able to conclude any thing precisely concerning this young man, except that he is exceedingly happy, and his love extends to all mankind, but especially to those whom he imagines are walking in the narrow way. Some people fear that the world will draw conclusions injurious to religion from this affair; others that Satan is permitted to afflict him, that he may not be too much elated with these extraordinary manifestations. Upon the whole I am inclined to think rather favorably of him.—Yours, &c.