

F A I R
AND
FATAL WARNINGS,
OR,
Visits from the World of Spirits;
BEING
CONCISE RELATIONS
OF THE
MOST CURIOUS AND REMARKABLE
Apparitions,
GHOSTS, SPECTRES, AND VISIONS,
That have been credibly attested by Authors, and the
most respectable Witnesses.
TOGETHER WITH
Some remarkable Dreams, Impulses, and other ominous
Circumstances,
WHICH HAVE LED TO THE MOST REMARKABLE
DISCOVERIES.
The whole selected, and applied to prove the Reality of
Spiritual Communication, and to promote the
Cause of Morality in Society.

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D. Gastler, sculptor.

*Apparition appearing to Admiral Pellew
in 1712*

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Fair and Fatal Warnings,

OR

VISITS FROM THE WORLD OF SPIRITS, &c.

Unusual Sight.

AN acquaintance of the compiler of these narratives, returning home late one night from a friend's house, near Seal, in Kent; and coming through a narrow lane, hedged on each side, was greatly surprised to meet a man upon all-fours, that is upon his hands and knees, creeping across the path, and going into the hedge hard by; and his alarm was much increased when he could hear no noise or rustling in the hedge. Though a man, on other occasions, very bold and hardy, yet, he confessed to me, he was exceedingly affrighted. Relating this afterwards in the neighbourhood, he found many had seen the same, in that place, before him.

Anabaptist Minister's Surprise.

ABOUT the year 1789, when Mr. Wesley was first preaching methodism in the country, and some Anabaptist ministers being in the same place, which was in Wales, one of his hearers, a very grave old gentleman, came to him with

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the following relation: "That, being in his own bed-room and near lying down to rest, he was surprised, by hearing a voice, as it were behind him, say, "Baptism is binding for Salvation;" upon which he said he replied "No, it is only in Christ's blood," and heard no more. Thus the devil, or his agents, were pressing Anabaptism upon the people.

Stockwell-Scene in Wales, in 1759.

THE disturbances at Stockwell, near London, at Mrs. Golding's house, were not without precedent: In the month of May 1759, at the house of Mr. Roberts, a farmer in the parish of Langynllo, Radnorshire, happened as strange things, as much mischief ensued therefrom, insomuch that not the neighbourhood alone was alarmed, but all the country round flocked both to see and hear, even from Knighton and Carmarthen; from which latter place, one of Mr. Westley's preachers came, confident of restoring quietness and order; but his attempts were fruitless, for, after trying to read the devil out, the book was thrown from his hand, and afterwards found above stairs. During his abode there, many stones were cast about, but none were hurt, though often hit by them. This fatality lasted 29 days.

A Welch Clergyman disturbed in Study.

THE Reverend John Perryn, vicar of Aberystwith in Monmouthshire, resident at Caermarthen in 1733, being in his chamber alone reading Cave's Lives of the Fathers, having occasion to rise, left his book upon the table, from which it was forcibly thrown down, as if with violence; but the Doctor, not thinking of any supernatural agency, placed it immediately, when it was again more forcibly thrown after him as he retired to the fire-place, opening just in the middle. This caused the good man to muse a little before he picked it up again, often repeating "Depart Satan, in the holy name of God." To convince himself it was not an accident, he replaced it once more, sitting by it for some minutes, but as soon as he rose and retired as before to the fire-place, it was hurled after him again, and he heard three distinct blows given against the wainscot near where he stood. These circumstances, though they

did not alarm him then, as he said caused him immediately to make some inquiry of the people that lived in the house, who told him that they had often been alarmed in the night, by the knockings and the rustling of somebody, like with silk-garments, going up and down stairs; adding, that these tokens were generally more disturbing near the death of any in the family; and that the unusual terror and uneasiness this had caused, had occasioned the house to lay empty several years together, before they came to it.

The uncommon disturbances in Cromwell's house, in Clerkenwell, was the cause of its desertion many years before it fell to the ground, which happened in the year 1792.

The following Fact recently appeared on the Evidence, upon Oath, of a Youth at the Session of the Old Bailey.

THE young man being servant to a silk-mercier in New-street, Covent-Garden, was, one Sunday entrusted with the sole care of the house. In the evening, having, as he thought, properly secured the place; he ventured out to an evening lecture in the city; where he had not been long present, when, by a sudden and unaccountable emotion in his mind, he imagined that all was not safe at home. At first he paid but little regard to the intimation; but the idea of a robbery continuing to operate upon his fancy, he was prevailed upon to retire, and immediately returned home. On his arrival at the corner of New-street, he discovered the shop-door unbarred, and half-open. On rushing into the shop, two men ran past him with the utmost precipitation; he followed fast, crying Stop thief! and they were taken and conveyed to the watch-house. All the most valuable goods in the shop, to the amount of several hundred pounds, were packed up, and several implements of house-breaking were found on the thieves and in the shop. They were committed, tried, convicted, and executed; Justice having been first moved by an invisible agent, who, like the vapour in the brain of King Ahasuerus, the Persian, would not suffer her that night to rest, till two old offenders were fast in her hands, the goods of the mercier happily saved, and the integrity of the shopman vindicated.

Spirits in Mines.

THE instances of spirits in coal-mines are so numerous, and as well-known as attested, that one relation will suffice here, as well as many. In the year 1771, Mr. William Edmunds of Sunderland, an old man, a very respectable freeholder, having occasion to travel late at night, passing by the mouth of a coal-pit, was not a little surprised to find the people, as he then thought, at work; but on a nearer investigation he found it was nothing but the usual appearances which are seen in and near coal-mines; all the work which is carried on in these places, seems to be going on very briskly in the night. Mr. Edmunds plainly saw some filling the wheel-barrows, others carrying it in bags, raising it on horses' backs, and the empty carriages going back again to be filled: but as the day-light broke upon them, they all disappeared, when nothing remained, nor seemed to have been touched at all. The people in coal-countries esteem these signs as infallible marks of the success of the coal-mines.

Death in the Pot.

ON the first Sunday, in the year 1749, Mr. Thomas Lilly, the son of a farmer in the parish of Kelso, in Roxburgshire, a promising young man, intended for the church of Scotland, and who then had studied a considerable time at school, happening to be at home keeping the house, with only a shepherd's boy, all the rest of the family, (excepting a maid-servant) being at sermon; the young student and the boy being seated by the fire, whilst the girl was gone to the well for some water; a venerable old gentleman, clad in an antique garb, presented himself, and after some little ceremony, desired the student to open the bible which lay upon the table before him, and turn over to a certain chapter and verse in the second book of Kings. The student did so, and read, "*There is Death in the Pot!*"

On this the old man, with much apparent agitation, pointed to the great family pot boiling on the fire, declaring, that the maid had cast a great quantity of arsenic into it, with intent to poison the whole family; to the end she might rob the house of the hundred guineas which she knew her master had lately taken for sheep and grain, which he had sold. Just as he was so saying, the maid came to the door,

announcing her approach by the noise of the nails in her shoe-heels.—The old gentleman said to the student, ‘Remember my warning, and save the lives of the family!’—and that instant disappeared.

The maid entered with a smiling countenance, emptied her pail, and returned to the well for a fresh supply. Mean while, young Lilly put some oatmeal into a wooden dish, skimmed the pot of the fat, and mixed it for what is called brose or croudy; and when the maid returned, he, with the boy, appeared busily employed in eating the mixture. Come, Peggy, said the student, here is enough left for you; are not you fond of croudy? She smiled, took up the dish, and reaching a horn spoon, withdrew to the back-room. The shepherd’s dog followed her, unseen by the boy; and the poor animal, on the croudy being put down by the maid, fell a victim to his voracious appetite; for, before the return of the family from church, it was enormously swelled, and expired in great agony.

The student enjoined the boy to remain quite passive for the present; mean while he attempted to shew his ingenuity in resolving the cause of the canine catastrophe into insanity, in order to keep the girl in countenance, till a fit opportunity of discovering the plot should present itself.

Soon after, his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, with the other servants, returned from church, all hungering after the word, and eager to sit down round the rustic board.

The table was instantly replenished with wooden bowls and trenchers, while a heap of barley bannocks graced the top. The kail or broth, infused with leeks or winter cabbages, was poured forth in plenty; and Peggy, with a prodigal hand, filled all the dishes with the homely dainties of Tiviotdale. The master began grace, and all hats and bonnets were instantly off? “O Lord,” prayed the farmer, “we have been hearing thy word, from the mouth of thy aged servant, Mr. Ramsey; we have been alarmed by the awful famine in Samaria, and of death being in the pot!” Here the young scholar interrupted his father, by exclaiming—Yes, Sir, there is death in the pot now here, as there was once in Israel!—Touch not! taste not! see the dog dead by the poisoned pot!

“What!” cried the father, “have you been raising the devil by your conjuration? Is this the effect of your study, Sir?” “No, father,” said the student, “I pretend to no such

arts of magic, or necromancy; but this day, as the boy can testify, I had a solemn warning from one whom I take to be no demon, but a good angel. To him we all owe our lives. As to Peggy, according to his intimation, she has put poison into the pot, for the purpose of destroying the whole family root and branch!—Here the girl fell into a fit, from which being with some trouble recovered, she confessed the whole of her deadly design, and was suffered to withdraw from the family and her native country. She was soon after executed at Newcastle upon Tyne, for the murder of her bastard child, again making ample confession of the above diabolical design.

Mr. Joseph Glew's Apparition before Death.

THIS was a respectable old gentleman, who had been a sword-hiltmaker, and lived with his wife, and one woman-lodger, named Mrs. Cooke, in the house over the arch-way, in the passage that leads to Bear-yard, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; and for the sake of company, the old man's nephew abode with him. In this comfortable way, the nephew and uncle were in the beginning of January, 1739-40, spending their earnings together; at the conclusion of which, they generally read some good book or other, before they retired to rest. On the evening in question, the young man had been reading out of Dr. Coney's Meditation of a Devout Soul, and had retired to rest before ten o'clock. A little before the clock struck twelve, he was awakened by the drawing of the curtain, and starting up, saw, by the light of the moon, the perfect resemblance of his uncle, in his night-gown and cap, as he had on that evening he parted with him to go to bed. The phantom had a pleasant look, and seemed expressive of much sensible meaning, but said nothing. At this instant Mrs. Cooke, the lodger, came out of her apartment to light down stairs the widow Spiller, an aged acquaintance of her's, whose husband, as well as herself, had formerly belonged to the company of comedians under Mr. Rich's management. He now heard the clock strike twelve, which was in his uncle's room, and also made an effort to call out to the two women as they passed by his door, but had lost all power of utterance.—The ghost kept its position, and the nephew his eyes fixed on it, and heard when the two women opened the street-door, that they called to the watchman, as he came by

crying the hour of twelve, and agreed to give some pence to light Mrs. Spiller to her lodging, which was but at a little distance. On which she went away, and Mrs. Cooke, having again fastened the door, was coming up the stairs, when the nephew suppose he swooned away; for, on coming again to the use of his reason, he found himself half out of bed, and immersed into a cold and sickly sweat. The first thing he heard, after he had recovered from his fright, was the clock striking one. He now wrapped himself up in his bed-clothes, but closed his eyes no more the whole night. About eight in the morning, as soon as he heard his aunt open the door of her apartment, he jumped out of bed, and putting on his apparel with what expedition he could, hurried down to her room, and, having asked how he did, heard he was pretty well. On this he told his aunt what he had seen, with the time and circumstances; but she, looking on it as fabulous, they called for Mrs. Cooke, who was just got up, and she confirmed every thing he had said concerning Mrs. Spiller and the watchman, a positive proof he was awake and in his senses. The aunt now desired he would not mention it to his uncle, which he promised he would not, but withal told her he could never more lie in that chamber, and went out about his business. The same day, before one o'clock, the nephew received a message from his aunt, where he was at work in Fleet-street, desiring him to come immediately to her: he accordingly went to her house, where he found his uncle dead, and was told that he fell down in crossing his room, and died suddenly about three minutes before twelve o'clock; exactly twelve hours from his ghost's appearance to his nephew.

This circumstance induced the young man to think his uncle might want to reveal something to him, and therefore desired to sit up with his corpse the night preceding his interment, which the aunt agreeing to, he fortified his mind, and prepared a devotional book for his companion, with which he shut himself up in the room with the body, about six in the evening, in hopes he might see the spirit of his uncle, if he had any thing to say or open to him; but as nothing occurred, during fourteen hours he was alone with the corpse, the following evening he attended his funeral to the north part of the church-yard of St. Giles's in the Fields, where his body was interred, leaving behind him the character of a good Christian, a tender husband, and a sincere friend.

Assassination plot, contrived in a band-box, prevented by a Strange Visitor.

A little before the death of Admiral Sir Henry Killegrew, which happened at his seat near St. Albans, in November 1712, the following remarkable presage happened there.—A lame labourer well known about that quarter, being very often seen watching about the admiral's house was asked by the servant, what he meant by such close attendance, or if any person had promised him any thing out? “Nothing,” he replied, “but he wanted to speak to the admiral, on something that very much regarded the interest of his friend, the Lord Treasurer. This was reported to the admiral, who was then laid up with the gout. He was accordingly ordered to the bedside, when he related that he had been visited twice by an old man, in a grey silk gown, with a cap like a Scotch bonnet, admonishing him to go to the admiral, and desire him to write to the Lord Treasurer, to take care of himself, and to cause all parcels left at his house to be cautiously examined, as death would inevitably be conveyed in one; and without great caution, much mischief must ensue. This warning did not give the admiral uneasiness, as nothing relating to himself and the pain he was constantly in, prevented his considering much the circumstances. Two days after, as the old admiral was sitting up in his chair, happening to turn round towards the door he saw it open! and the form exactly described by the labourer present itself, and come forward towards the fire-place. The admiral though not dismayed, yet had not resolution to speak first, when the phantom in a very faint voice addressed him as follows:—“You will be surprised to hear from the dead; but those who are departed, are not always denied communication with those they have left in life. Calm yourself, and make yourself easy; I am only come to caution by your help a worthy friend of mine, according to my promise.” Here the old gentleman would have called somebody, but found his utterance and attempt stopped in an extraordinary manner; however his recollection was good, and his fear very much subsided, when the ghost went on “We who are on the other side the grave, see much farther than you, and Providence to speak your language, sometimes permits us to be useful in our informations, and we may be believed

because we speak the truth in awful moments, in an unprejudiced manner."

This familiar address, though delivered in such a singular way, and in a tone nothing like the accents of a living person, yet emboldened the old gentleman to put some questions, none of which however were answered but in an enigmatical and doubtful manner, and seemed angry at being disturbed on this strange errand, the drift of which the gouty patient had yet to discover.

"It is natural for us to have regard for those who are in that state in which ourselves were once placed," said the phantom; "and it is most natural that we should admonish our friends, and those who were most like what we were ourselves while living; to whom then can it be so natural for me to bring a warning to as to yourself, who was once your father; but the present caution is not for you, it is for another, and that your own friend the Lord Treasurer. I am commissioned to go to him in two days at the farthest, for on the third before 11 o'clock in the morning death will enter his apartment in an unsuspected and concealed form. A box containing the fatal composition of his enemies will be then introduced; but caution will disappoint the effect, and any body else may open it without any danger. Tomorrow you will be easier, and do not delay my message, otherwise I shall visit you again, so farewell." Upon this the figure withdrew, leaving the admiral in an indescribable situation. After he had a little recovered, he rang for his servants, all of whom he called up, but none had let in or seen any one come in, yet some heard like a person talking in a low voice in their master's room. Being satisfied he was awake all the time, he dispatched a letter by a special messenger, and the next day being wonderfully delivered from the gout, he went himself in his carriage, when to his great surprise he found the purport of his visit anticipated, for the same apparition was seen about the time it departed from St. Alban's, and delivered a like message.

This happened on the second of September: on the fourth, all attention was paid to every parcel which should be brought by any stranger, when nothing arrived at the door but a very small band-box directed to the Lord Treasurer. A gentleman who waited there for the purpose took it from the porter, who declared the post-man brought it, when, on opening it with great circumspection, by cutting with a pen-knife the pack-threads that fastened the lid, the first

thing that appeared was the stock and lock of a pocket-pistol, lying across the middle of the band-box, and fastened at each end with two nails; on each side of the fire-lock were laid the middle pieces of two large ink-horns charged with powder and ball, and touch-holes bored at the but ends of them, to which were fastened two linen bags of gunpowder, and at the other end of the bags were two quills filled with wild-fire. These two artificial barrels were placed with the muzzels contrary ways, and the quill of one of them directed to the pan of the pistol, as the other probably was, though disordered by the carriage. The gentleman, who opened the box, apprehending what mischief was intended, would not touch the pistol-stock, till he had removed all the other machines; then gently widening the box, the nails which fastened the stock at either end gave way.

He found the firelock primed and cocked, and a piece of thread fastened to the trigger, which he conceived he had cut in the opening. The small nails which fastened the stock at either end were so contrived, that by taking it up at the first view, as it was natural to do with all the implements about it, the cock would have gone down, and fired the whole train, which would have immediately discharged both barrels different ways; this could not have been avoided, had the pistol-stock been pulled out with any force, before the nails were loosened, and the thread cut which was tied to the trigger.

Who could this benevolent visitor be, that took such pains to prevent mortal mischief? no doubt can be made, but Providence permits, on certain occasions, good spirits to appear visible, for the advantage of human life, as well as bad spirits to pursue the wicked to the end of their course; as almost every body must have before observed.

Journey of a Coffin.

M. DE PAGES, on a voyage up the Mediteranean, on drawing near the coast of Sicily, opposite the burning mountain on that island, observes: "We perceived something floating along the sea, and moving up and down in its course: we imagined it to be the buoy that had belonged to a ship; but, on its nearer approach, it appeared to be a very handsome coffin. It passed alongside our ship, and narrowly watching it, we saw that it made to the shore, where it

landed; and then (as if conducted by an invisible power) steered directly up to the summit of the burning mountain, and instantly darted down into the volcano.

A Singular Dream.

A LADY, of Bristol, dreamed the following singular account: A Mr. W. when on a voyage to the coast of Africa, appeared to her at the bed-side, drew the curtains, and looked steadfastly at her; she, knowing him, asked, with surprise, what business he had there? He answered, "Don't be frightened, my dear, I am only come to bespeak a suit of clothes for Capt. S." and then disappeared. The lady wrote down the time when she received the information; and Mr. W. on his return home, acquainted her that it was then he was thrown overboard.

The Demon that attended the late Mr. John Wesley.

THE late reverend Mr. Badcock observes, in an account of the family of the Wesleys, that there were "some strange phænomena" perceived at the parsonage of Epworth, the place of Mr. Wesley's birth, in Lincolnshire. Some uncommon noises, he observes, were heard there from time to time, which Mr. J. Wesley was very curious and circumstantial in examining into, and very particular in relating. "I have no doubt," continues he, "but that he considered himself as the chief object of this wonderful visitation."—Indeed Samuel Wesley's credulity was in some degree affected by it; since he collected all the evidences that tend to confirm the story, arranged them with scrupulous exactness in a MS. consisting of several sheets, and which is still in being. "I know not," said Mr. Badcock, "what became of the ghost of Epworth; unless considered as the prelude to the noise Mr. J. Wesley made on a more ample stage: for it ceased to be heard when he began to act."

Spirit of a poor man just deceased, appearing, is the means of a Gentleman's preservation.

MR. Weston, of Old Swinford, in Worcestershire, was walking, one evening in the summer of 1759, in the park of Lord Lyttleton at Hagley, and being over-

taken by a sudden shower, ran into a grotto, and stood under a spreading oak, under whose shade several cattle were standing. He had not been above ten minutes in that situation, before he saw the form of a man pass over the brook almost close to the shade. Supposing it to be a poor peasant who had long worked for him, he called him by name; but received no answer, and the apparition quickly disappearing, he found his mind much agitated. Regardless of the storm, Mr. Weston withdrew from the place where he had sought an asylum, and ran round a rising hill, in order to discover the form which had presented itself to him. That however had not the effect desired—but one abundantly more salutary it certainly had: for just as he had gained the summit of the hill, on his return to the grotto, a tremendous flash of lightning darted its forked fury on the venerable oak, shivered it to pieces, and killed two of the cattle under its boughs.

On Mr. Weston's return to Swinford, he found that the death of the labourer was just announced in the neighbourhood. He told the story to his friends, who, on the credit of his known veracity, could not well refuse it credit. He saw the body, at his own expence, decently interred, and afterwards contributed to the support of the widow, not only by remitting a year's rent for her cottage and piece of ground, but also by settling a small annuity upon her till she should marry.

We have told this tale simply as it was related by Mr. Weston; and leave the reader to make his own reflections on so marvellous an interposition of divine Providence, without deciding in this, or any other case, whether the form that appeared was the soul of the deceased, exerting its philanthropy in its flight to the unknown country, or the guardian angel of that soul returning to give up his charge, and produce his account at the bar of the Supreme. When Peter was redeemed from death, and freed from prison by a miraculous power, he visited the assembled company of Christians, who at first could hardly believe their eyes that it was the apostle, but said, "It is his angel!" This proves that the notion of ministering spirits prevailed in the earliest age of christianity, a notion which not only accords with many passages of the Old, but also of the New Testament.

Remarkable Passages in the Life of an extraordinary Magic Youth, while at School, in a small Country Village, situated about four Miles to the southward of the River Forth, near Edinburgh; in a Letter from a respectable young Man, to his Father in London, and inserted in a Morning-Paper in October, 1792.

THE cruel propensities, says the letter-writer, to which this young lad was addicted, and his odd and out of character tricks, made him the terror, not only of the school and his master, but also of the whole village; and before he arrived at the age of fifteen, the whole country was thrown into confusion by his deceptive malevolence.

Sometimes he used to fall down and lay motionless; at other times, resembling epileptic fits, only at those times his body appeared to be so stiff that no human force could bend him, till he revived, though it were in the church; if any one did but touch, though ever so gently, either of his great toes, on the outside of his stocking, he would start up, and immediately fall back again.

From the time this youth became subject to this seeming disorder, till his departure from his father's house, (as will be hereafter mentioned) he was often terrified with dreadful apparitions. Sometimes calves or dogs, without heads, appeared to their deluded fancies, to walk through the house: and thunder-storms were frequent at that time. During one of those unusual tempests, the boy foretold that part of his father's house would suddenly be thrown down, and the event soon justified the prediction.

This nobleman's house was seated on an eminence; and the apartment in which the younger part of the family used to amuse themselves after dinner was at a great distance from a parlour in which his lordship's company were entertained; yet this young gentleman used often to inform his playmates of the substance of the conversation held in the parlour, where they were conversing; at other times foretold, how they should be alarmed, in a short space, by his arts, which always happened as he prognosticated.

The perplexity into which the old gentleman was brought, by his son's mischievous practices, is not to be described; and in hopes of obtaining some advice, which

might alleviate his uneasiness, he resolved to send for a parson, noted for wisdom, who lived on the other side of the Forth, carefully concealing his intention, even from the servant, till the very moment he set out for the journey, which was early in the morning. He also observed his servant's motions from a window, till he was out of sight. In the evening of the same day, his amazing son described the reception of the messenger at the priest's, and boasted that one of his invisible acquaintance had spilt a bottle of fine oil, which the parson's wife had brought out of the cellar. At the same time he affirmed that the vessel in which the parson was to cross the water, would be terribly tossed: all which proved true.

Many persons were taken into custody, as supposed accomplices, in these practices; and many of the greatest abilities were consulted on this occasion; yet no detection could be made by what means this lad attained this art, which so alarmed the same neighbourhood.

At last the unhappy father was advised, by some of his relations, residing in London, to send his enchanted son to the East Indies. This advice was complied with, and accordingly he was sent in one of the company's ships to Asia; where, by the interest of his relations, he soon became captain of one of their country ships.

However, his death was as remarkable as the actions of his life; for the vessel which he commanded, in fine weather, suddenly sunk, and the whole company perished with him. There were four ships in company with our enchanted captain at the time he sunk, whose officers all agree in this account of his exit.

Mr. Charles Chase admonished of his Father's Death, by an Apparition.

ONE Saturday night lately, (1807) Mr. Chase being early retired to rest, at his lodging in Dean-street, Westminster, left the room-door open, and a light burning in the room, expecting his wife home from market; when happening to turn round, he plainly perceived a man sitting by the fire, with his head reclined on one hand, and his elbow on the table. Surprised at this sight, and not imagining in the least what it was, he accosted it very roughly, as being some unwelcome intruder, or some one sent up by the landlord to be put in possession, which he

swore should not be, as he did not owe more than one month's rent. Not yet intimidated, and getting no answer from this stranger, he jumped out of bed to turn the "sulky fellow," as he called him, out of doors; when the figure rose up, and with such an appearance as terrified him to that degree, that he declares he never felt himself in such a fright; for lo! before him stood the figure of his father, whom he knew to be above thirty miles off. The apparition, after seeming to strike the table three times in great anger, stalked off. Just at this juncture his wife arrived loaded with provision, and finding her husband so much affected, tried to persuade him it was his disturbed imagination, heated with drink, had produced this warning; but he persists in the perfect reality of what he saw, and that it was the ghost of his father, who died exactly one month after. Mr. Chase is an artificer at Woolwich.

Remarkable Dream of an Italian Musician.

TARTINI, a celebrated musician, who was born at Pisano, in Istria, being much inclined to the study of music in his early youth, dreamed one night that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; and during this vision every thing succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were prevented, and his desires always surpassed by the assistance of his new servant. At last, he imagined that he presented the devil with his violin, in order to discover what kind of musician he was; when, to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, and which he executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music which he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise, and so exquisite was his delight upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke with the violence of his sensation, and instantly seized his fiddle in hopes of expressing what he had just heard, but in vain: he, however, then composed a piece, which is perhaps the best of all his works; he called it THE DEVIL'S SONATA, but it was so far inferior to what his sleep had produced, that he declared he would have broken his instrument, and abandoned music for ever, if he could have found any other means of subsistence.

Miss Pringle's Appearance at two Places at the same Time.

Mrs. Jane Lowe, house-keeper to Mr. Pringle, in Clifton-Park, in the south of Scotland, one morning in the summer of 1745, beheld the apparition of a lady walking in the avenue, on a margin of a rivulet, which runs into Kale-water. The form exactly resembled a daughter of her master, who had long been absent from the family, at the distance of above an hundred miles south of Paris. As Mrs. Lowe walked down the avenue and approached the rivulet, she grew more and more certain of the similitude of the phantom to the idea in her mind of Miss Pringle; and seeing her master in an inclosure adjoining, she communicated to him what she had just seen. Mr. Pringle laughed, and said, "You simple woman, that lady is Miss Chattow of of Moorbattle." However, Mrs. Lowe prevailed upon him to accompany her to the place; which they had nearly reached, when the apparition sprung into the water, and disappeared.

Mr. Pringle and Mrs. Lowe, on returning to the hall, apprised the family of the vision, and for their pains were laughed at. The Rev. Mr. Turnbull, minister of Linton, happened to breakfast that morning with Mr. Pringle, his lady, and two young daughters, who joined in the ridicule. About three months after, the same reverend gentleman honoured the family with his company; when standing at a window in the low room, he observed a poor, ragged, lame, lean man, slowly approaching the house. "Here comes another apparition!" cried Mr. Turnbull, with a kind of contemptuous smile. This drew the immediate attention of all present, and Mr. Pringle quickly recognized the person to be his second son, whom he had not seen before for above ten years.

On his arrival, he soon convinced them he was no apparition, declaring that he had narrowly escaped with his life from Tunis, in the vicinity of which he had been a slave to the Algerines for seven years, but had happily been ransomed at the critical moment when he was ordered to be put to death for mutiny. He added, that on his return home through France, he called at the place where he had heard his sister resided, and to his unspeakable grief found that she died on the 25th of May, the same summer, about five o'clock in the morn-

ing, which he recollected to have been the precise time that he was saved from the jaws of death, and when he thought he beheld his sister. Mrs. Lowe, who was present in the room, on hearing his declaration, broke forth into an acclamation, affirming, that the day alluded to, was that on which she had shewn Mr. Pringle the apparition; and this was confirmed by the reverend divine in whose study this story was found after his death.

A Murder discovered.

A MAN was once taken up on suspicion of murder, but when brought to the bar, the evidence appeared not strong enough to convict him. He behaved with great apparent boldness, for he knew there were no witnesses to the fact; and he had also taken all necessary precaution to prevent a discovery. But the judge observed in the man's countenance, a terror and confusion, which his pretended boldness could not hide, and therefore kept his eye steadily fixed on him the whole time. As soon as the last witness was dismissed, the man asked if they had any more evidence against him, when the judge looking sternly at him, asked him if he did not himself know of one more that could appear against him, whose presence would put the matter out of doubt? On which the man started, and cried out, "My lord, he is not a legal witness! no man can speak in his own cause; nor was the wound I gave him half so large as what he shews against me!" The judge presently perceived by the man's starting, and the wildness and terror of his look, that he either saw the ghost of the murdered man, or that his imagination had, from his guilty conscience, formed such an appearance; and therefore making the proper answers from such a supposition, he soon brought the murderer to confess the fact, for which he was condemned and hanged in chains, at the place where he declared the murder was committed. At his death he averred, that the ghost of the murdered person had appeared before his eyes at the trial.

Lord Mohun's Appearance to his Mistress, on the Morning he was murdered.

LORD MOHUN was a fashionable young gentleman, in the days of king Charles the First. According to the

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

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

About the same time, Mr. Brown, brother-in-law to Lord Conningsby, discovered his being murdered to several of his friends. And Mr. Glanville relates that his apparition was seen by his sister and her master then dwelling in Fleet-street, at the very hour and minute he was killed in Herefordshire, which happened in 1692. This circumstance was much talked of at that time.

A Murderer that could not escape.

A GREAT criminal, one John Potterdale, a publican in Vine-street, Westminster, who was hanged in October, 1727, for the murder of his wife. When in Newgate, and after trial, being asked why he did not endeavour to make his escape after he had committed the fact, instead of continuing in the room with his murdered wife? he replied that he intended to go away, but as often as he attempted to withdraw, he clearly and distinctly heard his wife's voice, saying: "John, John, stop, and see what you have done! You shan't and can't go;" and from that instant he had no power to stir.

Remarkable Discovery of a Murder.

A GENTLEMAN, in good circumstances, about the year 1640, murdered his friend, a man in business, near Bow-

church, in Cheapside, and with such circumstances of malice, revenge, and cruelty, as made it impossible for him to expect any mercy. He therefore made his escape into France, where he lived for some years. But from the horrors of his guilty conscience, which almost every night presented before his eyes, whether sleeping or waking, his murdered friend, he felt ten-fold the punishment, which, by flight, he vainly hoped to escape.

After twenty years residence, or rather wandering abroad, through most part of Europe, he resolved to venture back into England. He changed his name; and when time, and the change of climates had altered his person, he doubted not but he might, in some retired part of his own country, wear out the remainder of his days, and perhaps recover that peace of mind which he had there left behind him. But public justice, though slow, at last overtook him; for the very evening that he landed in a wherry at Queenhithe-stairs, walking up to Cheapside, in order to get into a coach, just in the dusk, and by the very door of his murdered friend, he heard a voice cry out, "Stop him, stop him! there he is!" On this he ran as fast as he was able, and soon found himself followed by a large mob. He was quickly overtaken and seized, on which he cried out, "I confess the fact, I am the man that did it." The mob said, that as he had confessed the crime, they would proceed to execution; and after making him refund the stolen goods, would give him the discipline of pumping, kenneling, and the like; on which he said he had stolen nothing, for though he had murdered Mr. L——, yet he had no intention of robbing his house. By this answer, the mob found themselves mistaken, for they were pursuing a pick-pocket, and seeing this man run hard, believed him to be the culprit; but now were for letting him go as a person distracted, that knew not what he said. One man, however, who lived in that neighbourhood, and had heard of the murder of Mr. L——, desired that this gentleman might be examined before a magistrate; and he was accordingly carried before the Lord-mayor, who took his confession of the fact, for which he was soon after hanged: and he declared at the gallows, that the day of his execution was the happiest he had known since he had committed that horrid, treacherous, inhuman act, the murder of a friend, to whom he lay under the highest obligations.

*A Murder discovered in a Prayer-book, extracted from
Moreton, and Dr. H. More.*

IN the north of England, the minister of a country parish-church, before he began to read the prayers, saw a paper lying in his book, which he supposed to be the bans of marriage. He opened it, and saw written, in a fair and distinct hand, words to the following purport: "That John P. and James D. had murdered a travelling man, had robbed him of his effects, and buried him in such an orchard." The minister was extremely startled, and asked his clerk hastily, if he had placed any paper in the prayer-book. The clerk declared he had not; but the minister prudently concealed the contents of the paper, for the two names therein contained were those of the clerk and the sexton of the church.

The minister then went directly to a magistrate, told him what had happened, and took the paper out of his pocket to read it; when to his great surprise, nothing appeared thereon, but it was a plain piece of white paper! The justice, on this, accused the minister of whim and fancy, and said that his head must certainly have been distempered, when he imagined such strange contents upon a blank piece of paper. The good clergyman plainly saw the hand of God in this matter, and by earnest entreaties prevailed on the justice to grant his warrant against the clerk and sexton; who were taken up on suspicion, and separately confined and examined; when so many contradictions appeared in their examination—for the sexton, who kept an alehouse, owned the having lodged such a man at his house, and the clerk said he was that evening at the sexton's, but no such man was there—that it was thought proper to search their houses, in which were found several pieces of gold, and goods belonging to men that travel the country: yet they gave so tolerable an account of these, that no positive proof could be made out, till the clergyman, recollecting that the paper mentioned the dead body to be buried in such an orchard, a circumstance which had before slipped his memory, the place was searched, and the body was found: on hearing which the sexton confessed the fact, accusing the clerk as his accomplice; and they were both accordingly executed.

Judge Hales, and Witchcraft.

WHEN Mr. Hale was student at Oxford, he and some other young gentlemen, his friends, being out on a shooting-party, became much fatigued, and wanted some refreshment; and meeting with a public house, they agreed to go in and get such as it produced: but upon enquiry among one another, it appeared that none of the party had any money! Invention, therefore, was necessary; and Mr Hale seeing a miserable old-trotting female sitting in the chimney-corner, he enquired the cause of her condition.—She had been sorely afflicted, she said, for more than a whole year, with the ague, which baffled all the skill of the doctors. Mr. Hale immediately declared he would remove her complaint in ten days time, and accordingly got a pair of scissors, and cutting out a circular piece of paper, wrote a line in Virgil in the margin thereof, and bid her wear it about her neck. The old woman had faith; and the students could not prevail on her to take what they offered, but what they had not to give. When Mr. Hale became Lord Chief Justice, a woman was brought before him for trial, charged with being guilty of witchcraft, &c. His Lordship was very unwilling to try, and much more to condemn, a poor innocent woman (for he was too good a philosopher not to suspect the weakness of the poor creature;) he therefore asked in what instance the prisoner seemed particularly criminal. Her accusers said, among other things, that she had a charm whereby she cured agues, which never returned. The judge called upon the old woman to answer to the charge, and she honestly owned that it was true, but absolutely denied that she possessed any supernatural power, but did it merely by means of a bit of parchment, or paper, on which was written something which she did not understand, and which paper had cured her mother of a most obstinate ague, and was given to her by her mother as a rare and valuable legacy, which she had received from a young gentleman of Oxford. The Chief Justice required the woman to produce the charm, and was confirmed in his suspicion; for he found it to be the very charm with which he had subdued his own and his companions' hungry appetites!—It is almost needless to add, that the Witch escaped the trying-pool, and the judge found a pleasing opportunity to discharge the prisoner, and to compensate for his youthful frolic.

The Farmer's Dream.

At a little village about fifty miles from London, lived an honest, but very poor farmer; he, with much ado, kept his wife and three children from starving; thus content, and even happy in poverty, they lived; till the cruel avarice of their hard-hearted landlord was going to turn them out of their little cot for a quarter's rent, though he well knew the season had been very unfavourable for the industrious husbandman.

During this perplexity, he dreamed, if he would go to a certain place in London, he should hear of something to his advantage. He told his wife this, but she looked on it as the effect of an uneasy mind, and persuaded him from it; till having dreamed it twice again, he determined to go, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of his wife; having, therefore, gathered as much money as he could, to support the family in his absence, he, one fine morning, set out on his long journey.

The length of the way was beguiled by the surprising success he should meet with on his arrival in the great metropolis; and though clothed in rags, and only twelve shillings in his pocket, cheerfully prosecuted his march for two days; at the expiration of which time he found himself on London-bridge.

He then enquired for the street that was to make his fortune for ever, and easily found it. Now was he greatly surprised to think, in so narrow a place, and so mean inhabitants, that it would be possible for him to attain his wished-for ends. However, he continued his walk backwards and forwards, for the space of two days and a half, resolving, if possible, not to go back without his errand, nor quit the spot he had so often visited in his sleep.

About the close of the second day, a young fellow from a little hardware-shop, asked him if he wanted any body in that neighbourhood, for he had observed him walking about a considerable time; he long hesitated, but at last he told him it was in consequence of a dream, that he should, on that spot, hear of something to his advantage: the man listened very attentively, and at length smiling assured him, there was nothing worth minding in dreams; for, continued he, 'if I had not known better, I might by this time have been digging in farmer Dent's ground at a little village in Bucks, for a considerable sum

of money that lies under a pear-tree in the middle of the garden. This, my friend, says he, I have dreamt three times over; but as I have no faith in dreams, I shall never trouble myself to go in search of it.

Scarcely able to contain his joy at hearing his own name and place of abode mentioned, he thanked him kindly, and promised to seek no longer the vain pursuits of an idle dream, but would hasten to his anxious family, whom he supposed, by this time, missed his daily labours.

Fully possessed that this was the grand advantage he was to meet with, you may readily imagine he lost no time to gain his little cot; but so great was his prudence, that when he arrived there, he did not, as many poor people would do, directly divulge the secret, but seemed quite composed and easy, rather tired than otherwise, as may be imagined after so long a walk.

However, the children were no sooner in bed, than he told his wife the success of his journey, and his determination to try whether it was so or no.

Accordingly they sallied forth with pickaxe and spade, in search of this inestimable treasure; long time they dug, till the spade seemed to be stopped in its progress by something hard; this presently revived their almost dying hopes, and they, with difficulty, raised a large pot, with a copper plate over it, and an inscription in Latin, which they did not understand; however, they preserved it for the inspection of some scholars, who frequently came there to taste the farmer's good ale. A second pot of the same kind finished their search; and now rejoicing in their riches, they both agreed there was something in dreams that should be observed.

Figurative Vision.

The mother of William the Conqueror dreamed, when she was big with child of him, that her bowels were extended all over Normandy and England. This dream was fulfilled in a manner the most remarkable, when, after defeating Harold, at a place called Battle, near Hastings, in Sussex, he subdued the whole kingdom, and enslaved the greatest part of the natives of England.

Another.

THE night before Policrates, king of Samos, went down

to go to Orestes, the lieutenant of Cyrus, Sardis, his daughter, dreamed that she saw her father lifted up in the air, where Jupiter washed him, and the sea anointed him. This dream was awfully fulfilled; for as soon as the king was in the power of the lieutenant, he caused him to be hanged upon a gibbet, where his body was washed by the rain, and his fat melted by the sun.

Solution of an extraordinary Dream.

FULLY relates, that a certain man dreamed that there was an egg laid under his bed. He applied to an interpreter for a solution, who assured him, that there was treasure actually deposited in the place where he dreamed the egg was; he caused the place to be dug, and discovered a quantity of gold. He then waited upon the soothsayer, and presented him, as a reward, with a few small pieces of silver, which he had found also amidst the rubbish. The disappointed interpreter then said—“You have given me a little of the white of the egg, and will you not give me some of the yolk also?”

Sir Francis Bacon's Dream.

SIR FRANCIS BACON informs us, that being at Paris, he dreamed that his father's house was all over daubed with black mortar. This he told to several English gentlemen, who laughed at his credulity; however, in two or three days after, his father died at London.

Two remarkable Dreams.

WILLIAM the Second, called Rufus, one night dreamed that the veins of his arms were broken, and the blood issued in abundance. Next morning, whilst meditating on this vision, one Robert Fitzmammon told the king that a monk, the preceding night, had a strange dream. He said, that he beheld the king gnaw the image of Christ crucified, and that when he was about to bite away the legs of the same image, Christ with his feet kicked him down to the ground, and that as he lay upon the earth, there came out of his mouth a flame of fire, with an abundance of smoke.—“Pho!” said the king, in a jesting manner, “the monk would fain have something for this dream; go, give him a hundred shillings;”

but bid him look that he dreams more auspicious dreams in future." However slightly the king affected to treat these warnings, he staid in his house all the morning: but going to hunt in the New Forest in the evening, an arrow, aimed at a deer by one of his nobles, who alone attended his sovereign, glanced upon a tree, rebounded on the king, and killed him on the spot.

Lady Scymour's Dream.

LADY SEYMOUR, when a maiden, dreamed that she had found a net with *nine finches* in it. And it is very remarkable, that it actually happened afterwards, she married the Earl of Winchelsea, whose name was Finch.

Galen's Dream.

GALEN, the philosopher, being much troubled with an inflammation about the diaphragm, dreamed, that by opening a vein between his thumb and fore-finger, he should recover his health; which he did, and succeeded accordingly.

A True Prophecy.

THE celebrated Dr. Dodd, a few years before his tremendous fall, passing by Norwood, on horseback, was accosted by two gipseys, who offered to tell his fortune for a small piece of money. The Doctor jocosely informed them that they certainly were not conjurors, else they would have known that he had no small money in his pocket. On which he rode on faster, but was not out of hearing when one of the augresses cried aloud,—“I can tell you, that you will come to be hanged! That’s all.”—Alas! how truly verified.

Ominous Sensations.

A GENTLEMAN who resided at Bethnal Green, near London, some few years since, was one evening writing in his study, and that he might not be interrupted, had locked the door. While he was writing, he fancied he heard some person walking in the room. He turned round, but saw nothing. In a few minutes he thought

he felt himself pulled by the flap of his coat. He was now very much alarmed; but being a man of strong nerves and constitution, he soon recovered. In a short time afterwards, he had a similar sensation, that almost dragged him off his chair. He then was much frightened indeed, left the room, and went into another, where he had some relations. They observed he looked extremely pale, and asked him if he was ill. He then informed them what had occurred to him in his study. They did all in their power to persuade him he must be mistaken, and told him the impossibility of what he imagined, as the door was locked. However, he was next day seized with a fit, while at the Royal Exchange, was conveyed home, went to bed, and died in the space of three days.

A remarkable Vision at Sea.

CAPTAIN Thomas Rogers, commander of a ship called *The Security*, was bound on a voyage from London to Virginia, about the year 1694.

The ship was hired in London, and being sent light, as they call it, to Virginia for a loading of Tobacco, had no more goods outward-bound than about two or three hundred ton, which was not counted a loading, or indeed half her loading, the ship being very large, above five hundred tons burden.

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

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

He fell asleep, and slept very soundly for about three hours, when he waked again, and lay till he heard his second mate turn out and relieve the watch; and then he called his chief mate, as he was going off from the watch, and asked him how all things fared; who answered, that all was well, and the gale freshened, and

they run at a great rate; but it was a fair wind, and a fine clear night: so the captain went to sleep again.

About an hour after, he dreamed that a man pulled him, or waked him, and he accordingly awoke. I am not sure, but I think he said, the phantom that waked him bade him get up, that is, turn out, and look abroad.

But whether it was so or not, he lay still, and composed himself to sleep, and was suddenly awakened again, and thus several times: and though he knew not what was the reason, yet he found it was impossible for him to go to sleep: for he continually heard the vision say, or thought he heard it say, turn out and look abroad.

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

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

To this he replied I don't know: but I have been very uneasy these two hours, and somebody, or my own fancy, bade me turn out, and look abroad, though I know not what can be the meaning of it.

There can be nothing in it, but some dream, says the mate. The captain replied, how does the ship cape?

South West by south, says the mate, fair for the coast, and the wind East by North.

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

Upon this, he turned again to his second mate: Mate, said the captain, when did you heave the lead? What water had you?

About an hour ago, answered the mate, sixty fathom. Heave again, replied the captain. There is no manner of occasion, Sir, said the mate; but if you please it shall be done.

I don't know, rejoined the captain; 'tis needless indeed, I think; and was going away again; but was, as

it were, found to turn back as before, when he said again to the mate I know not what ails me, but I cannot be easy: come call a hand aft, and heave the lead.

Accordingly a hand was called, and the lead being cast, or heaved, as they call it, they had ground at eleven fathom. This surprised them all, but much more when at the next cast it came up to seven fathom.

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

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

Now had the captain slept as usual, the crew must have been all lost: the shore being flat and at a great distance, and the tide low, the ship must inevitably have been a-ground in an instant, and the sea which ran high, would have broke over her, and soon have dashed her to pieces. These evils were, however, providentially averted by the captain's remarkable dream.

Apparition of a Father.

A CITIZEN of Milan being charged with a debt, as owing from his dead father, and when he was in trouble about it, the image of his father appeared to him in his sleep, assuring him that the money was already actually paid, and telling him, that in a certain place, which he mentioned, he would see the receipt of his creditor.—Awaking from his dream, he immediately looked into the place, and discovered the acquittance, which the creditor could not deny to be his own hand-writing.—This receipt St. Augustine saw with his own eyes, as he positively declares.

Lord Stanley's Dream.

WHEN Richard, Duke of Gloucester was carrying on his design of mounting the throne, Lord Stanley one night dreamed, that he and Lord Hastings were wounded by a boar, so that the blood ran about both their ears. The next morning his Lordship sent for Lord Hastings, interpreting the dream as portending mischief to one of them; observing also, that the duke wore the white boar on his crest. Hastings made light of the dream, saying such augurs were uncertain.

Next day, the lords were summoned to meet the tyrant in the Tower. The council being met, the duke, who presided at the board, began a ridiculous tale relative to the sorcery of the queen and Jane Shore; Lord Hastings, rising to reply, was suddenly arrested by a guard, which the duke called in, and that very hour lost his head on a log in the tower; owning that he had unhappily slighted the warning which he had received from heaven, through the dream of Lord Stanley.

Caliphumis's Dream.

CALIPHUMIS, the wife of Julius Cæsar, saw her husband, in a dreadful dream, lying dead with many wounds, in her arms. Next day, she earnestly pressed him to remain at home, and not attend the senate. Regardless of the warning of his wife, he resolutely went, where he was stabbed by the conspirators.

A Robbery anticipated.

A GENTLEWOMAN, of Red Lion-square, in the year 1792, was warned in a dream that the house was in danger of being robbed that night by certain thieves, who were waiting in a public house in the neighbourhood. This dream had such an effect upon her mind, that she apprised the family, and actually had the gang apprehended by the police-officers before their intended attempt; when they were found to be men of the most infamous character, and next day sent to Clerkenwell Bridewell, by the magistrates of that district.

A strange Impulse.

THE late Rev. Mr. Harrison, the famous orator, being in his study, in Store-street some years, contiguous to the Long-fields, felt a strong inclination to take a walk. He went out in consequence of that secret impulse, and passing a pond saw a boy bathing, who had got out of his depth. He instantly ran into the water, regardless of his clothes, and happily saved the boy from being drowned.

Bishop Jewel.

BISHOP Jewel being in Germany, in Queen Mary's reign, dreamed one night that two of his teeth fell out of his mouth. This he interpreted to the loss of some dear friends, and therefore set down the exact time when he dreamed. Not many days after, he received news by a letter from England, intimating the burning of Ridley and Hooper, two bishops, who suffered martyrdom for adhering to the protestant faith.

A Clergyman.

MR. Lofant, a protestant clergyman of Holland, dreamed, about the beginning of the summer, in the year 1728, that he was ordered to preach. He excused himself, saying, that he was not prepared, and knew not what subject to pitch upon. He was told to preach from these words, In the thirty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, and the first verse, "*Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die.*" He imparted his dream to some of his friends, but concealed it from his wife, for fear of making her uneasy. 'Tis not known whether this dream made any impression upon his mind: he was neither credulous nor superstitious; but it is certain, that from that time he made all possible haste to finish his work, (which the Council of Constance printed in quarto), and died on the seventh of August, in the same year.

A Robbery.

A PUBLICAN by the side of Fleet-market, a few years ago, had a dream, in which he beheld a large pier-glass

broke to pieces. The dream was repeated a second and a third time, which induced him to see that the glass which hung between the windows of his parlour was safe. It appeared to him to be so, and therefore he thought no more of the dream, till one morning very early he heard the glass fall on the floor and dash into a thousand pieces. Instantly running down stairs from his chamber, he perceived the house broke open: but happily the thieves, being alarmed by the glass, retired precipitately, without effecting their purpose. From that day the landlord, who was backward enough to believe in visions, became a convert to the doctrine of dreams, and sometimes entertains his customers with the story of the mirror.

Maternal Vision.

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

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

On inquiry, she was informed, that John, which was the name of the young man, was in the Compter: to which place she instantly repaired, and was admitted.

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

Appearance of a young Woman while alive.

A YOUNG woman who lived on the north side of Long Island, in the estate of New-York, with a magistrate, went on a visit about eighteen miles to the south of the island ; and while she was absent, she appeared to her master and mistress, as they were in bed. The magistrate spoke to her, asked her if she got safe home, and she vanished immediately. She returned home soon afterwards, and was taken ill of a fever, of which she died in a few days.

A Clergyman in America sees his own Apparition.

A CLERGYMAN who lived in the Massachusetts, and had entertained an opinion, for more than fifty years, that the stories of apparitions were only the vapours of a distempered and weak brain, was convinced of their reality at last, in the following manner :—Being in his garden, he saw his own likeness, or apparition, dressed as he then was, pass by him, and look him full in the face. He ran into the house in a great surprise, told his family what he had seen, that he was convinced of his former error, and that he feared he should live but a few days. His words proved true, for he died a short time after.

Suicide foretold.

IN the night of Sunday, 18th March, 1739. the foreman of Mr. Philip G——, a master-builder, in Little Minories, was terribly alarmed by a dream which he had concerning his master's family. On Monday morning, about five o'clock, he went to his master's house about his business as usual, and being let in by young Mr. G——, he enquired how all the family were? Having

been told they were all very well, the foreman replied, he was very glad of it, for he had been in terrible agonies all the night with dreams; at which his young master laughed. He then asked if his old master was well? and was answered in the affirmative. Hereupon they went up, as usual, to call him, and missing him from his chamber, they searched about the house, and at last, to their very great surprise, found him hanging in his cellar, with a piece of jack-line. He was cut down immediately, and a surgeon let him blood, but to no purpose. On Thursday following, the coroner's inquest sat on the body, and brought in their verdict, lunacy.

Providential Interference.

DR. HARVEY, who was afterwards fellow of the college of physicians in London, while a young man upon his travels, came to Dover, with some others, and there showed his pass to the governor, 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 replied, it was his will to have it so, and the reason he should know hereafter. The packet-boat hoisted sail in the evening, and set off, it being then very fair, with all the doctor's companions in it; but ere long a sudden storm arose, the packet-boat upset, and all the passengers were drowned. This sad news having been brought to Dover the next day, the governor then 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 was apprized in a dream of his coming to pass over to Calais, and warned to stop him from proceeding. This the governor affirmed to the doctor; and he blessed his good angel for his care of him. Doctor Harvey often related this story to many of his friends in London.

Dream of a Lottery Ticket.

MR. BELISARIO, the celebrated jew, so well known for his great knowledge of Hebrew, Arabic, and other languages, and formerly a notary public, died on the 14th of December 1791, in the eightieth year of his age. A

few moments prior to his dissolution, he rung the bell at the head of his bed, and desired that all his family might immediately attend him; for although he was apparently in good health, yet he was certain he should not live an hour longer. He then lamented that he had not been able to make the least provision for his children; but told them, that if they could procure the money to purchase a ticket in the present Irish Lottery, (the number whereof he mentioned, observing that he had either dreamed it, or it was so impressed on his mind) he was satisfied it would afford them a trifling fortune. His sons treated the matter lightly.—He died within the time stated.—Some of his friends afterwards purchased the ticket, and presented it to his family, which was drawn a prize of one thousand pounds.

Warning of a Murder.

A young gentleman of the city of Dublin dreamed one night that his sister (who was lately married, and lived at some small distance) had been murdered; and waking, it gave him some uneasiness; but at length disregarding it as a dream, he went to sleep again, and the same idea was soon repeated. He then got up, put on his night-gown, went to the apartment of an old lady, and told her his visions, with great agitation of mind. She smiled, and wondering that a gentleman of his understanding should be so troubled about a dream, desired him to go to bed again: he did so, fell asleep, and dreamed the third time that his sister was murdered. He then arose 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 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. The base villain was quickly apprehended, tried, and executed.

FINIS.