

g. C. i

BOOK OF DREAMS.

1811—1812—1813.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE dreamer of these dreams, or the favoured of these visions, a young lady, whose name we shall conceal under the representative sign, A. B. was under magnetic treatment for extreme deformity of body, and consequent pain in her side.

Her treatment began September 25th, 1811. She had to call on the magnetiser, D. at his house, once a day, no legitimate cause impeding.

Soon after the treatment began, the patient was visited by dreams, or visions!

Her first dream was in the night of the 27th, coming 28th September, rather towards the morning; which, to be as precise as possible in regard to time, we have thought expedient to describe thus.

She related it; and we, the magnetiser D. observed upon it; but treated it, in other respects, with as much levity as is usual to be the fate of dreams:—Not despising them neither.

She had a second dream, October 17th.—A third, October 28th.—A fourth, October 29th.—A fifth, November 2d.—A sixth, November 5th.

But we had begun, by this time, to perceive a meaning in these dreams, connected evidently with the treatment, and, of course, a purpose to serve therein, making it interesting to the world, not only, but dutiful, in our function, to the cause of magnetism, to record them.

At this period, therefore, of the history of our dreams, we resolved to pen them down; provided our patient were able to repeat them.—Upon referring to her—" Oh yes," she said, " every word!"—And she repeated them,

word for word, as she had originally communicated them ; and we have recorded them from her dictate, making our commentary remarks, prelude of a more studied and general interpretation.

An aunt of the patient, by the letter C, designed, and at whose house the magnetiser D. first saw her, describes her in writing in the following words:

DESCRIPTION OF THE PATIENT.

[This description was given at the request of the magnetiser D. who, upon seeing the improvement of the patient so rapid, and doubting that people might mistrust the fidelity or truth of their own reminiscence, was prompted to make this request. She wrote the description herself, than which nothing could be more correct, and conformable to truth.]

DESCRIPTION.

“ In the month of November, 1798, my niece, A. B. an orphan, was taken under the protection of my husband, and became an inmate in my family. She was then five years of age: diminutive in stature: with a visible protuberance on her left shoulder, occasioned it was conjectured, by a fall.—It increased with her growth, and her body, from the neck to the hip, was completely distorted. In August, 1811, when she was introduced to the notice of D. her figure was a good representation of the letter S. or as the curves or angles formed by the projection of the shoulder and hip were sharp, more like Z. There was a considerable difference in the size of the breasts, and the swelling on the neck and shoulders was, to use a home similitude, as large as a small loaf. The apparent difference in her height, in the sides, from the waist downwards, was some inches. Her appearance was not simply that of a defective shape, or crooked person, but the unhappy representa-

tion of extreme deformity! This is a true unexaggerated description, corroborated by the testimonies of her acquaintance, relatives, and friends. In September, 1811, D. proposed to her the magnetic treatment, which was consequently adopted. By a comparison of the above statement with her present appearance, the observer may judge of the beneficial effects of magnetism.——Signed to the original description, the real name of the lady—(aunt to the patient) designated here by the letter C. dated October 29, 1811.

It is worthy of remark, that at the same instant that C. presented the foregoing description into the hands of D. the husband of C. expressed himself to D. saying, " You cannot surely think Mr. D. to do any good to A. B. !"—But D., who had only undertaken it, upon the fullest persuasion of complete success: having irrefragable proofs already of improvement in her form, added to the total cessation of all her usual and inveterate pains, could only answer to him in pity, " What a question !"—He said, " Why the doctors have been able to do nothing with her."

Therefore, in vindication of the truth, and in justice to the cause.

INTRODUCTION.

THE patient, her treatment began on the 25th September, 1811.—D. had seen her many days before ; but was so struck with her extreme deformity —frightful deformity ! as to be turned away involuntarily from the view of her.—In the interval that succeeded to this repulsive movement of the man, the mind recovered its station ; and said, “ What have we to do with difficulties ? What have we to do with impossibilities ? The more they are out of the reach of human help, the worthier they become of the care of God. Let her come.”—She came on the 25th. We required her to come every day if she could. She returned on the 28th. She had had a dream.—Let us hear it.

FIRST DREAM,

Night of 27th—coming 28th September.

A. B. relates to D. " I dreamt that you and I, and E. were sitting round the fire: and that a great lion walked stately into the room!—and that you said to me, ' Sit still, don't be afraid!' "

I answered, " I am glad of this dream ; for my faith in this undertaking may well be symbolised by the lion :—be not afraid, I said, feeling confidence in the benignity of his nature.—It requireth strength indeed to encounter all this insurmountability of evil, were our powers confined to human means : the strength of a lion in our faith, to be worthy, or to feel that confidence which constitutes worthiness in the profession and practice of magnetism. Therefore, the great lion is come to our help!—Never fear. These are the miraculous signs and intelligences—the means of communication from heaven to earth,"

SECOND DREAM.

Night of 17th—coming 18th October.

“ I DREAMT that you, and I, and E. were sitting round the fire. There came a knock at the door.—You said, ‘ Walk in Mr. ——,’ without saying any name, and a person walked in. He was tall: his complexion fresh coloured: his hair dark: and he had on black clothes. You asked him, ‘ How long have you been doing better?’—He said, ‘ Three weeks and a day.’—You asked him, ‘ Are you come to satisfy us as to this matter?’—He answered, ‘ Yes, after tea.’—He drank tea, and after tea, sat himself down on the sofa by my side; but E. sat next to me. He asked, ‘ Which of us three would go to heaven?’—E. said, ‘ I will;’ and so did you: but I thought it was all nonsense, and did not care to give any answer. He told E. ‘ You will not go there for answering.’—And to you he said he would say more when the girls were gone. To me he said, ‘ I shall go to heaven; but first of all I was to call upon the devil, and see him, and speak to him.’—I asked him, ‘ When?’—He said, ‘ In three weeks.’—He then shook hands with us—E. and me, and wished us a good night. We went out, but waited without the door to hearken to what more he had to say to you. But we heard nothing, and went home. Being returned home, I thought I awakened.”

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE SECOND DREAM.

THE time this visitor acknowledged he had been getting better, corresponded exactly with the time A. B. had been under the magnetic treatment—three weeks and a day.—We therefore supposed he might be her familiar spirit; good, or bad! His person fair seeming, but clothed in black, gave us a suspicion of mixture in his composition. His proposal, as to which of us would go to heaven, and then giving E. to understand that she would not go for answering, was familiar indeed; but had little of the characters of goodness in it. He was to say more to us when the girls were gone: infusing mystery, and exciting curiosity, with what view or design?—Design there was:—then telling A. B. that she should go to heaven; but to disturb her desire in this prospect, tells her that on her way she must call upon the devil; and that in three weeks: convincing us that some devil there was in the business, intending to intimidate and disgust, and thereby to operate an evil effect. We then thought he might be the evil or malignant spirit, conceived by the ancients to have dominion over the afflicted in this kind; and that having been disturbed a little from his possession—(the case of A. B. appearing to come under the description of such alluded to in scripture as being possessed of the evil spirit, or cacco dæmono; which the good demon, or good spirit of good men, have power to dislodge or drive out) he was trying by counterplots to regain.—We shall be attentive to the time and to the event foretold:—three weeks from the 17th October.—1st week, 24th October.—2d week, 31st October.—3d week, 7th November.

B

THIRD DREAM.

Night of 23th—coming 29th October.

“ I DREAMT that E. and myself, being in bed, (as we really were) the person of the Second Dream, whom we have thought fit to distinguish by the name of Genius, came to the door, knocked, and walked in, dressed as usual in black, and sat down. He helped E. to make the bed, and staid to breakfast. Told us that we were doing very well! but to be careful where we went. We asked him if we might go to the play. He said we might: but to beware in general whither we went. He communicated something more to us—which we will not communicate to you.”

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE THIRD DREAM.

THE person now called Genius, represented by A.B. in terms of superior admiration, very handsome, of a peculiar freshness of colour, very bright sparkling eyes, and very lovely for his officiousness in making the bed, and admonishing caution as to their frequentations, we were inclining to believe might possibly be of a friendly spirit; or her good genius: and we therefore

agreed to call him "The Genius."—But he had communicated something more to them, having some exceptionable point about it; something that they could not communicate to us; calling in question thereby the ingenuousness of his dealing: no exception laying to any thing good and fair, we were forced to receive him with some suspicion.

A. B. confessed that she had her doubts about his sincerity. And we, for our part, are persuaded of something like an endeavour, or design, or working upon the spirit of A. B. in these shiftings, that might tend, and ultimately prevail to disappoint us of our cure. We had this sort of feeling, i. e. that some evil daemon was really at work:—but, no!—If A. B. is true to herself—faithful to her good angel, all will go well.

FOURTH DREAM.

Night of 29th—coming 30th October.

“ I DREAMT that E. and myself went to the play, and that the Genius came on to the stage, dressed in black, as usual, and played, or acted and sung divinely! His manner so lively; and his voice—Oh enchantment! We tried to meet him in coming out; but could not!—I awoke.”

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE FOURTH DREAM.

THE Genius is constantly forward to make himself amiable, but always in black, which cannot well assort with song and hilarity of manners upon the stage. He captivated both their hearts; but E.—her heart to a degree of idolatry; so that there could be no happiness without trying to meet him as they came out; but, he disappointed them. He knew that the dæmon of evil is most successful at plays. There is sufficient in this dream to shew the easiness of their disposition where strong temptation is at work before their eyes; and the vanity of yielding to it in their disappointment. The purpose of the dream is answered, so far, as a lesson. They had been won by his lures, and in reality went out to meet him; but he was allowed to obtain no further: he was over-ruled, it is plain! Then by whom over-ruled? By their better angel to be sure!—Is there no such thing then?

FIFTH DREAM.

Night of 2d—coming 3d November.

“ I DREAMT that E. and myself were walking in a beautiful garden, and that we saw a quantity of green damsons growing. I asked E. ‘ Could we get them’.—She said, ‘ No; we had better not: for who could tell unto whom they might belong: they are not ripe.’—Whilst we were talking, we saw a person strolling about the garden; his arms folded: he turned round—‘ It is the Genius,’ I said to E. He came up to us:—‘ How do ye do,’ he said. Shook hands with us. E told him, ‘ We want the damsons!’—‘ You should never want what you cannot obtain! you cannot have them,’ he replied: he then turned round to me—‘ You are going on very well, (he said) very well, in all respects, and so are ye both, going on very well!’—But he said, we are to go to church, and that I am to abide by mine own counsel. He shook hands with us, told us to take care of ourselves, and bid us good bye. In going, he said, ‘ You shall see me again soon.’—I awoke.

N. B. She had a second dream the same night, very troubled. A boy going to be put to death: but saying, he did not care; he should go to heaven before the king!

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE FIFTH DREAM.

IN this beautiful garden is a prospect of much fruit for E. and herself: but green, and not yet ripe. Some girls will be longing for fruit before it is ripe!—But E. has an opportunity afforded her in this scene of shewing her respect for things of others, although so tempting in that aigre state—and hard to overcome.—She did however refrain, shewing a spirit therein of equity, rather coupled in her with propensities to insubordination, doing her honour, and worthy of encomium and regard.

The Genius was walking in the grounds with folded arms, and thoughtful mien.—Why so, as they were doing so well? Could it be their well-doing that troubled him?—He turned round: shook hands. E. expecting from his gallantry to be helped immediately to some damsons—but instead thereof, a sort of unmerited rebuke. “You should never want what you cannot obtain.” Not through him, that is to say, crabbed, upon this occasion, as the damsons themselves!—But through time, and a conformity with Nature's laws:—to be worthy—in any respect, of the blessings and gifts of God.

He told them they were going on very well in all respects:—then what made him so demure: why this advice, “Fail not to go to Church!”—This air of candour to A. B. “Abide by your own counsel!”—Was not she going on very well in all respects?—Why put her upon her guard where no advice was asked? Was he afraid that her well-doing, as an effect of magnetism, might impress her heart with acknowledgment of the truth?—It could not have been well intended. The public spirit is already revolted from magnetism. It has been accused of impious conjurations: contrary to good order, and what is understood to be the present discipline of the church!—In short, such a spirit is abroad—is active, even, against the spirit and practice of

magnetism! Can any one believe that the virtue of healing, or the spirit of beneficence in an extraordinary degree, shall be ascribable exclusively to diabolical arts. Who can be so zealous in pleading for the devil? It is said however, that the church will have nothing to do with healing. That miracles since a very long time—(the fourth century) have ceased!

SIXTH DREAM.

Night of 5th—coming 6th November.

“ I DREAMT that I was in a church, and that a clergyman came up to me, and gave me a letter. I asked him, ‘ Whither am I to take it?’ He could not tell me; but that I should find it out by the direction. I set off, and walked, and walked, days, and days—until at length I came to the foot of a mountain: it was muddy, and slippery, and so bad that I could make no progress in my endeavour to get up it. I walked about for a length of time seeking a better way; and after toiling, and toiling, a long while, I came to a *trap door*. It opened, and there-out came a little grey-headed old man; seeming very old; wrapped about with a sheet: but, as I thought I could perceive under the sheet, was clothed in black; he asked me, where I was going: I told him up to the top of the mountain with a letter: he said, ‘ You cannot go!’ And bid me walk into his *earthly* habitation. I did!—It was round, and encompassed about; all about, and at top, with wire work; like a cage, having grass growing on the ground. There was a large wood fire also within the enclosure, with a clock over it: and trunks of trees laying along upon the ground, to sit upon. He asked me, ‘ Where

have you been? I told him, to church: he asked me, what was the text? I answered with confidence, believing to have heard it.

“ ‘ God loveth youth, and blesseth age.’ ”

Wherewithal he seemed to be well pleased, and conversed with me complacently for some time.

“ He took the letter from me, and told me—‘ It is addressed to one of my angels—you cannot take it:’ he then opened it, and read it: and without saying a word, tore it into many pieces, and threw the whole into the fire!—They did not burn—but flew out again unhurt, just in the state they were in when thrown in. I picked up one of the pieces, having written upon it the name of Mr. N. I said I will keep it: but he took it from me saying, ‘ It is from Mr. N.;’ and bid me return and tell him, that his prayers were heard in heaven, and that he would go to heaven! He then shook hands with me: but his hand appeared to be no more than the skeleton of an hand: he told me, ‘ You cannot reach the top of the mountain—which is heaven!’ Because in the mid-way of the mountain, there is the devil.—He told me, that he, (the old man himself) was an heavenly, not an earthly being! He then told me to return home—leading me himself into a dry path, gravelled; not slippery like the path I had come to self-directed!—He told me to continue going to church: but to one church only; and to attend to the advice of Mr. N.

“ He told me to attend to the advice of the aged.— And that after next year, (1812) few people would live to be old!—He then shewed me the place in heaven designed for Mr. N. which was all red, having a key-hole in the middle. He told me that Mr. N. would soon die, and go to heaven, and that I should soon follow him: then telling me to make haste home—left me. I awoke.”

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE SIXTH DREAM.

TO the better understanding of this dream, it may be proper to inform the reader, (hearer) that the dreamer of these dreams is in the habit of attending, rather diligently, the church and preaching of the clergyman in question: and latterly is under treatment for many bodily infirmities of a gentleman, who, holding upon the sayings of Christ, and especially upon that saying—

“ And these signs shall follow them that believe:—they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.”—

Has offered, upon his own faith in these sayings, provided she can have confidence in his treatment, to make her whole.

Now, in the course of this treatment which began on the 25th of September last, and is going on with obvious benefit to the patient; the secret of this cure having its foundation in faith; the doctrines of Christ, being wrong or rightly understood, became, as of course, a topic of our conversation; i. e. why miracles, which were frequent before the coming of Christ; which were the testimonials of his coming; his identity; and the argument of our

belief in Christ: which were usual in the followers of Christ, down to a given time after the death of Christ; and were given as an inheritance unto the faithful in Christ's doctrines, unto the ends of the world!—Why, and how it came to be alleged that miracles should have ceased? Upon this topic, and our faith therein, no difference of opinion, in the concerns of magnetism, can impunably exist. We therefore have supposed a sort of necessity to have arisen for some supernal intermediation and direction in support of our endeavour in this particular case, for the vindication of our cause, as much as for the benefit of an only half-believing patient of course.

For, one would say, the effect depending upon a right faith: for faith in a stick, or in a stone, would be no faith!—To confound that faith, or to confound the patient, (client) in notions subversive of the purity required; wherein consisteth our right and title to be heard; and whercon, alone, our faith must stand to constitute a fitness to receive—we repeat that the good effect required, or to be expected from this treatment, depending upon a proper conception or acceptance of the truth; it may have been deemed expedient, and accordingly represented to the patient, by her good Genius, in this dream, or vision, in order to lead her judgment unto a right understanding of the thing; and to prevent, thereby, a disappointment in our cure.

As to the allegory of the dream—The church appears to be discerned for the scene, and the doctrines of the church for argument of this representation. The dreamer is led into a church, where her attention is first awakened. The clergyman, unto whom she had been in the habit of listening with preference, and diligent attention, approaches towards her, denoting, (as the sequel will shew) approbation of her diligence; and giveth into her hand a letter containing, as may be supposed, an attestation, or testimonial of his notice, and observation of the same, serving to gain admission for her, as he of course must believe, into heaven!

She asks him whither she is to take it—the letter having no outside address! He replies, I cannot tell you:—take it, he says;—you will find it out! Meaning, thereby, to say, you are in the right way; your devotion, or faith, will be your guide! Go on.

And she sets off—and walks—days and days—and nights—signifying length and tedious length of time; and arrives at last at the foot of a mountain, muddy, and slippery, and difficult not only, but impracticable of ascent: she could not get up to any height; but turned about seeking a better way.

She toiled and toiled, and wearied, and at length came to a trap door. It opened, and thereout came a little grey-headed old man; very old! Wrapped about with a sheet!—A winding sheet—(or shroud) perhaps! But clothed underneath, as it seemed to her, in black; accosting her with authority—Whither going, and on what concern? She answered, to the top of the mountain I am going, with a letter!—You cannot go, he said: but invited her at the same time to walk into his earthly habitation:—she complied.

One may infer, in this place, that if the top of the mountain, as she has said was the scope of her journey; that the path, or direction, she had taken, was not the road, or practicable path to come to it: since from the slipperishness, or boggyishness of the ground she had entered upon, she was unable to proceed, but forced to turn about for a long while seeking for a better. She comes at length to a trap door!—The narrow door, or way alluded to in scripture, perhaps—as the only road to heaven:—but trap door to all such as would believe, or hope to pass upon slippery ground!

It opened, and a little grey-headed old man came forth, wrapped in a sheet, but underneath in black: denoting a past and present state: or symbolising his transit from the earthly, or mournful state, to the ghostly or spiritual state; or seeming to hold a participation in both.

But certainly, to judge of him by his tone of authority, invested with jurisdiction and power!—You are wandering about here, (implied by his manner) on what hope, or concern?—She says, I am going to the top of the mountain with a letter. He says, nay! You cannot go; but tells her to walk into his earthly habitation!

She obeys. Seeing the habitation, she describes it. An enclosure, round, and encompassed about, and at top, with wire-work. The sod green with grass: and within the enclosure a large wood fire: a clock over it, and trunks of trees laying upon the ground to sit upon. A repair of primeval simplicity.

Simplicity and truth going always hand in hand, one would be led to suppose the little old man to be the emblematical figure of truth; and the enclosure, an emphatical representation of the present compressed state, or condition of truth upon earth.

The old man, very old; old as time, figured by the clock over the fire: Once an inhabitant of the earth, with great authority; but flying error is now hemmed in by wire-work—the craft and cunning of man.

She being seated, the old man asks her, “Whence came you?”—she answered, “From church!”—Q. “The text?”—She replies, with a sort of heaven-inspired confidence—“God loveth youth, and blesseth age.”—He seemed well pleased with her report, and conversed complacently with her for a length of time.

He took the letter, and told her it was addressed to one of his angels, and that she could not take it. He then opened it, and read it, and without saying a word, tore it into many pieces and threw the whole into the fire:—but they did not burn, but flew out again untouched, just as they were when thrown into the fire. She picked up one of the pieces: it had the name of Mr. N. written upon it. She would keep it, she said: but the old man took it from her, interfering herein, between her will and her satisfaction! It is

from Mr. N. he said, as if for that reason alone, it was forbidden her to keep it. He then bid her go back and tell him, (Mr. N.) that his prayers are heard in heaven, and that he would go to heaven.

How to reconcile these apparently contradictory resolves—by what laws, or by what consequences—it may be necessary to bring them again in order under our consideration: it may seem tedious, but it is for the sake of clearness.—Admitting then the enclosure to be the earthly habitation of truth; and all the emblematics assumed, consistent therewith—the clock, our measure of time, regulator of all our motions, and actions: the fire, our purifier, or ordeal, wherein our qualities are tried.

Supposing the scope of our dreamer to be admitted to have been on a journey or business to heaven, accredited by the testimonial letter of Mr. N. as to her diligent conformity with his doctrines, by way of passport: supposing the little old man to be the representative figure of truth, as from the authoritative tone and style of his demeanour, may well be presumed; then it follows, that the path, or direction, insinuated by the doctrines of Mr. N. were not leading by the readiest way to heaven, but were paths and directions of error; since, although they brought our dreamer to the foot of the mountain, or scite of heaven, yet was she led into a quagmire, so slippery her way, and so belogged with clay and dirt, her feet, as not to be able by any effort to ascend. She turned about, seeking, for a length of time, a better, or more practicable way.

She came to the trap-door, so called allusively, as we have said before, to the strait gate of scripture: or trap door, to such as would hope, or believe to pass to heaven upon slippery ground! It flew open of itself—to one that was seeking the road to heaven! Truth came forth himself. “Whither bent,” he saith: she replies, “To the top of the mountain with a letter!”—“Then to heaven, (he says) You cannot go! Come into my earthly habitation,

that I may examine your credentials;" treating her in the mean time with courtesy, as to one in search of heaven, is always due.—"Where have you been," he asks: She, "To church!"—He, "The text?"—She,—

"God loveth youth, and b'lesseth age."

A text most admirably adapted to the plot, or purpose of the dream; supposed to point cause-worthily to the dreamer's resanation!—It was the text of Mr. N.—As his text, it was sure to meet with desirable attention, in the first place; but it was otherwise calculated, by drawing her own youthful situation and dependance on the aged, into observation;—to inspire and fix that confidence in the treatment, without which, it were vain to expect it.

He was much pleased with the text: which is to say, it was agreeable to truth. He kept her a long time conversing in regard thereto:—he then took the letter, and said—it is addressed to one of my angels:—an angel of truth! Opened it, read it, and without saying a word, or as we would say of such an action, with silent indignation, tore it into many pieces, and threw the whole into the fire! The fire of truth. The ordeal!

"Whence falsehood flies incontinent."

"No falsehood can endure touch of celestial temper!"

The fire rejects it; every part of it: as inconstant with truth! throwing it off, as one would throw away corruption; or things offensive to the sense: not a part remained!—But that no doubt might remain as to the identity of the letter, whatever it may have contained, the dreamer is moved by her natural curiosity to save one of the pieces, having writing upon it: and the writing turned out to be the name of Mr. N. as if destined to leave no room for disputation, as to the authority of the letter and the fate of its contents!—The dreamer would have kept the fragment with the name;—

but no! The old man took it from her, saying, as if for sufficient reason of his taking it away; "It is from Mr. N.—Go back (he said) and tell him, his prayers are heard in heaven: and that he will go to heaven!"

Now that his prayers should be heard in heaven, cannot be contradicted: all prayers are heard in heaven! But that he should go to heaven notwithstanding the errors of his doctrines, desumable, by our interpretation of this his concern in the story, viz. "From the consideration of his church-taught direction having misled his follower into an impassable bog, or boggle!" may still be worthy of animadversion!—His merits may rest upon some change!

Or even in argumentation: for his going to heaven by the path of error, is not so impossible, as to authorise in favour of error, that error, is no error; or that error is truth. No such conclusion can ensue: but is more conciliable with the boundless mercy of God:—not in favour of wilful error itself: but of ignorance misled: or of well-disposed compliance: or in favour, in short, of the many indolent victims of the pains-taking preachers of error—whose business is to subjugate and enslave the mind of man to their own unprincipled sway.

But the preacher of error, knowing no better, being himself enthralled in the trammels of error; with such of his followers as believe him; may, notwithstanding their simplicity, still find place in heaven for them also.—Not only so, but the particular spot allotted to Mr. N. was pointed out to her: it was red, with a key-hole in the centre.

Now, why red, with a key-hole in the centre? To mark or characterise the spot, we must suppose; for there must be degrees of favour also in heaven; justice being meted out to us according to our deserts! A key-hole, therefore, awarded to his particular key: and red—denoting what?

We are not disposed, with our prepossessions and prejudices afloat,

to enquire further into the signification of this distinctive!—having traced him through an acknowledgment or presumption (of incontrovertible force) of error, to heaven. We, adhering to our text, can only proceed in our desire to reconcile it with our notions and ideas of the justice of heaven! We say, heaven is heaven, and cannot be confounded with error. A place of purification it may be; but a place in heaven to submit to the word.—Be it but in heaven! We are for any place in heaven! Not like rebellious Satan—“rather command in hell than serve in heaven!”

The old man then told her, that Mr. N. would soon die, and go to heaven, and that she herself would soon follow him; and with this dismissed her, bidding her go and make haste home! He had been an earthly habitant, and, as we had presumed to have recognised “the representative figure of truth!”—His earthly habitation was on the confines of heaven, the constant prerogative of truth, the only road to heaven, hemmed in, at the present season of earthly intelligence, into a very narrow space, as much as the truth can be hemmed in, by a wire-work enclosure—diaphanous—the art, or craft, or cunning of man!—himself wasted to a skeleton, and the grass growing within his recinct, denoting the scarcity of human foot that way.

His authority, however, great! the authority of truth in heaven! Since the letter from Mr. N. though addressed to one of his angels, he could open, and arbitrate concerning it with the freedom described.

This authority, therefore, pronouncing the proximate death of Mr. N. on his way to heaven, will obtain respect, and, if in no other sense, affect him, no doubt, as welcome news, having an heart inflamed with desire to taste of the unspeakable joys of heaven—reward of a life well spent in the service of God, and in spreading the glory of his holy name.

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So may these tidings affect also the favoured of this dream! who, following the doctrines of Mr. N. with fervorous diligence and good faith, is appointed also to follow him soon to the grave, and, one would say, of course to heaven, so it should seem to our understanding of things.

Unless the dreamer, instructed by this dream itself, or favoured, as she evidently has been, with signs of interposition from heaven, receiving these omens of truth, should, from her unsettled state of mind, be led to impenetrate of heaven, in the words of POPE,

*“ If I am right, thy grace impart,
 “ Still in the right to stay,
 “ Or being wrong, Oh! teach my heart
 “ To find the better way,”*

and effectually obtain that grace.

As it stands at present, the dreamer is appointed to follow Mr. N. soon after his proximate departure to death, and by the same rule to heaven.

But the red spot is designed exclusively for Mr. N. No place was noticed to the dreamer for herself. Omitted, designedly perhaps, that she might have time to apperceive an opportunity afforded her, in this omission, of chusing the better road whereunto she has been manifestly guided in this dream by the unerring spirit of truth. Whence also she was ordered to return home, that she might have time to deliberate, and to receive the advice (meaning the advice of this allegory, most likely), which the old man further recommended her to attend to from the aged.

So may she live to praise God, and to go, by the way of truth, to the mansions of peace! Amen.

SEVENTH DREAM.

Night of 11th—coming 12th November.

“ I DREAMT that we were all at Church : E. F. Aunt C. and G. and H. We sung the evening hymn. Mr. N. went up to preach. His text

‘ There is none equal to God !’

“ And he preached from this text ! The Prince was in church ; the Duke of York, and many of the royal family.

“ In the midst of the sermon all the people ran out, and we also followed to see what had happened. The carriage of the royal family came. A servant announced their arrival to the Prince. The Prince said he should not go while any assistance might be wanted. We looked round, and saw Covent Garden Theatre all in flames ! We then went to the Park, E. and I, and G. We met the Genius. He shook hands with me, but did not speak to me, nor did he take any notice of G. but spoke to E. told her not to be dissuaded by the ingenuity of man, and then spoke to both of us, and said,

‘ Men are a set of obstinate fools, and only fit to bewilder the women.’—He then said to E. ‘ The next time you go out to tea, put on new shoes, and be sure to tread upon good ground.’ He then shook hands with me, and bid us good bye, and left us. I awoke.”

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE SEVENTH DREAM.

THEY were all at church, denoting a church-going disposition, persuaded, one would say, of the doctrines and homilies of the church, their use and influence upon the health and happiness of mankind. They sung the evening hymn, very pleasant to sing—when the heart is concerned in it. The clergyman, Mr. N. went up to preach! His text

“ *There is none equal to God!*”

A self-evident proposition, the first of the ten commandments, written with the finger of God himself. “ Thou shalt have none other God but me.” The occasion of this text? What can have called for it? Accorded as it is, acclaimed by all the world.

That Mr. N. should preach from such a text, believing in three Gods! Such as the Father is, such is the Son, and such is the Holy Ghost—must be the thing proposed. The enigma, or arcanum of the dream—the thing to be expounded. The preacher being bound by oath to propound the doctrine of the trinity, is it not strange that he should have been advised to select this text,

“ *There is none equal to God?*”

Unless the meaning of the dream were in reality to bring under public consideration the incoherence of the thing, and to call us back to the integrity of the text, the purity, the simplicity, the unity of God.

The Prince was there, to denote the importance of the subject, and its claim to sovereign attention and regard. The Duke of York was there also, and many of the royal family, shewing a disposition to attend to the question, characteristic of open and unprejudiced minds.

During the sermon, about the middle of it, a bustle arose! The people ran out, the Prince and all! The dreamer followed with her friends, not knowing for what cause. They looked round them, and saw Covent Garden Theatre all in flames! The sermon ended in this confusion.—Having its source and commencement under auspices of such heteroclitical omen, how was it to end? It was an happy accident, otherwise, for the reputation of the preacher, that brought him out of the difficulty of his task, for how was he to explain it—"The Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God,"—in any other way than it is explained by the hierarchs or the book itself? i. e. by a denial as solemn as the assertion itself, i. e. And yet there are not three Gods, but one God.

The text was more ably supported and explained by the event and the confusion that ensued; for to consider the accident in all its bearings and concomitancies, viz. that this confusion should have had its cause in the inflammation of Covent Garden Theatre, where the exclusive greatness of God, in the operation and effect of magnetism, had been so often and so shamelessly derided, is worthy of serious attention indeed.—Let people but attend to the singularity of this coincidence! At the moment the preacher is working his brain to reconcile contradictions, or to prove argumentatively that there is none equal to God, the bustle ensues. The attention of the auditory is called away from the sermon to the theatre in flames! as much as to say,

would you have an example in illustration of your text? Look there! Let people consider well the merit of combination in the composition of this dream, and determine, by their judgment on its merits and effect, who did it, and say, "If there be any equal to God."

To proceed.—The Prince's carriages arrive—are announced. The Prince will not go, while any assistance can be given. The cause of humanity in this determination of the Prince is praise-worthy predominant: he knew nothing of this wonderful coincidence of causes combined in these events, but is anxious to lend his saving 'soveran' help to the distressed, as far as his presence might contribute to their relief.

All this is in order!—It is in order that the prince shall devote himself to the cause of humanity; first as a man! but, as a Prince also, where his princely authority may be wanting to the cause of humanity!

To the reason, therefore, and wider purpose of this dream: our context calling for the following resolutions:

The dreamer is under magnetic treatment for extreme deformity, and consequent pain.

But if extreme deformity, and consequent pain, not curable by the ordinary resources of medicine, can be cured by magnetism—it follows, that magnetism, a medium of relief to a suffering person, being so connected with the cause of humanity, becomes itself an object worthy of princely attention and regard.

Yes, but the operation of magnetism and its effects are so far beyond all human understanding or command, as to seem to hold to a superior order of things.

And, as all communication or intercourse with heaven is denied to have any existence out of the church; and as the church is said to have declared the miraculous gift of healing to have ceased in the church—the instances

of successful administration in this practice, of so much importance to the real happiness of the people, are denied—scouted as imposture—and allowed to be openly derided.

Our patient, with a great desire to be made whole, was under the uncertainty of this counterworking doctrine, and otherwise beset by her church-going companions, (of the former part of this dream) so powerfully as to call for countenance both from heaven and earth, to preserve her in the indispensable road to her cure.

Therefore has it been found necessary that the patient should have opportunities afforded her of knowing ; first, That the virtue of magnetism is in faith ; but faith in God ! not in any misrepresentation of God.

And that the faith, essential to her cure, should be made known to her through the vehicle most promising of effect ; Mr. N. in whom she appears, with exclusive devotion, to confide, is made to select, and declare from the pulpit, this most opposite text—

“ There is none equal to God ! ”

Signifying to the dreamer, that any faith in any thing pretending to equality with God, cannot be the true faith.

She had, moreover, to assure her, in the wonderful simplicity of her treatment, and the astonishing benefit she had already derived from it, that the power, so simple, yet so effectual, could be no other than the all-powerful will of God !

And, that this all-powerful will of God, expressed by the medium of magnetism ; or by touching, as in former days, by such, as believing, were gifted of God with the gift of healing, was not to be derided with impunity ; the representation of Covent Garden Theatre in flames, where magnetism had been frequently and flauntingly derided, is brought forward :—first, in illustra-

tion of our text,—“ There is none equal to God ! ”—And next, as sufficient to the edification of her spirit, were any spirit remaining with her to the end.

But education—but prejudice—but her church-going friends—but the authority of the church—but the credit, and discrepancy of the faculty—but the studied derision of the stage—but their united effect upon the bewildered mind—had confounded and enthralled her spirit, and she wavered, and knew not what to do !

*The question concerning the cessation of miracles, is also in activity against magnetism. To say that miracles have ceased, is saying that they were known to have existed up to the time of their cessation!—But why they should have ceased, having at any time existed ; having at any time been known to have been accorded to the prayer of the faithful for the benefit of mankind, is a question intended to be embraced in the scope of this dream.—Some people tell us, that about the fourth century they ceased ; about the time, it may be worthy of remark, that the Unity of God was found by some christian bishop (Theophilus of Antioch, we think to recollect) to be Tri-*Une* ! and worshipped under the deepest of all incomprehensibilities !—It may be going out of our way to remark here the effect of this congregation of parts into one deniable whole. The primitive christians, who saw God—as he was from the beginning ;—let the Triunes sing glory to God, in their new way—and went on in contradistinction to these innovators—singing, “ As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be—world without end ! ” We may be thought to have gone out of our way—we cannot help repeating, in giving place to these historical recollections ;—but surely to account for the cessation of miracles, it may be argued—if magnetism, or the power of healing by a process so wonderfully simple, may be reckoned among the miraculous gifts of heaven—if its virtue is in simplicity, the moment*

you quit your principle to confound it with mixture of any kind,—your miracle is at an end.

Were it necessary to pursue it further with our simple understanding—we would say—“ If the power of three shall be no more than the power of one, what occasion is there for the superadded two? If there is no difference in the power, why should there be any in the form, or quality, or number, or description? Any difference in terms, makes a difference in our view or comprehension of the thing. Where a difference exists, the equality is destroyed: it is impossible to reconcile contradictions. “ The Father, is God: the Son, is God: and the Holy Ghost, is God:—and yet there are not three Gods, but one God!

Who is to answer to this jumble?—No wonder that miracles have ceased.

This disposed of, we follow the dreamer, and E. and G. from the view of the theatre in flames, into the park. They met the Genius, denoting inclination secret, or propense that way. He shook hands with the dreamer, but did not speak to her; implying unwillingness to speak his displeasure at her consenting so far to the cause of his expulsion.—Neither did he speak to G. for a similar cause—knowing her most likely to be friendly to the dreamer's recovery: but to E. he spoke, confirming her (in opinions that she had pretty well espoused before)—not to be dissuaded by the ingenuity of man! The men being all, as he now addressed himself to the whole party, a set of obstinate fools, and only fit to bewilder the women.—Making himself sure, with these maxims of congenial tenour in the female mind, to gain consent, communion, and applause.—He then advised E. to put on new shoes the next time she went out to tea; and to be sure to tread upon good ground; meaning well to her, as to the necessity of observing her steps, if she meant to hold in favour with us.—He had prepossessed her “ trifling” spirit as to his gene-

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ral drift, and thought he might venture upon a simulation of candour so far. He then shook hands with the dreamer, bid them all good bye, and left them. —She awoke.

Note.—(1st Book of Kings, c. 8. v. 22.)

“ And Solomon stood before the altar of the Lord, in the presence of all the congregation of Israel; and spread forth his hands towards heaven; and said,—‘ Lord God of Israel, there is no God like thee, in heaven above, or on earth beneath. Who kcepest covenant, and mercy with thy servants, that walk before thee with all their heart.

“ ‘ Who has kept with thy servant David, my father, that which thou promisedst unto him! Thou spakedst also with thy mouth, and hast fulfilled it with thine hand as it is this day.

“ ‘ That all the people of the earth may know that the Lord—*he is* God; and that there *is none* else.’” Amen.

EIGHTH DREAM.

Night of 14th—coming 15th November.

“ I DREAMT we came here, E. and I, to bring you some roses. You would not have them. F. was here, and wished to have them; but I would not give them to her. K. was here. He had been in an affray, and was very much bruised in the face. He had been fighting with a very handsome young man. You persuaded him to anoint his face with oil: (there was a large tub of it in the room) which he did. Then F. and I began to quarrel about going to Albermarle Chapel, having said there would be no seat for her, Mr. N. having only ordered seats for E. and me. In my own mind I wished her not to go. F. wanted to go, in place of E. I gave to F. one of the roses. E. and I had each of us one before, and threw the remainder with anger into the fire.—I awoke!

“ But I fell asleep again, and dreamt that E. and I went in our new jackets to Albermarle Chapel. We asked for seats: they told us there was only one, and that you had cursed it. We said we did not mind, and went in unto it. I thought there was a whispering all over the chapel about this curse: every body knew it. The pew was all lined

with celestial blue, but all the rest were lined with red. The preacher was in the pulpit. We enquired who he was; and they told us, it is Mr. N.'s uncle. In the sermon, he said allusive to the curse, 'All who curse, shall be doubly cursed.' The pew-opener told us Mr. N. was ill. We went out. I asked E. to take a walk. She said, 'No;' but would come to tea. I said, 'I will walk first.' I went, and lost myself in a large field. I got into the mud, but very deep mire. Walked all through the mud with great ease: not a speck of dirt, to my great astonishment, upon my clothes. It began to get dark, and I began to be afraid. I saw a light at a distance: it increased as I approached it. I came to a hill where the light was, and the Genius suddenly came out. He shook hands, and was very sociable. I told him, I had lost my way. He told me not to mind; he would shew me the right way. He then asked me what I had done with the flowers. I told him I had thrown them into the fire. He was pleased, and shook hands with me again; told me I had done right; for if I had kept them, I should have gone to the devil.—He then told me, he did not like the place I visited: and I replied, 'Dont you?'—He said, 'You know I don't: you know what I like!'—He shewed me the way to get home; and just as I was going, he told me that I should soon see his father; but if I did not, I should see the devil; but he hoped that I should see his father, then I should never see the devil.—He then kissed me, and left me.—I awoke."

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE EIGHTH DREAM.

THAT I should refuse roses, loving them as I do, must denote some serious cause of resentment towards the giver. F. was here, and wished to have them; but had to stomach a denial!—To have seen this instance of ill-will in A. B. towards F. whom I loved, was no diminution of my displeasure towards her.—She had, upon late occasions, to be plain, been very undutiful in many things regarding her treatment. The bringing of the roses, however, was a measure of atonement, and will not be lost when the time comes. The bruising conferred on K. by the handsome young man, was a sort of satisfaction taken, I ween, by my avenging angel:—K. having slighted my undertaking of A. B.'s case with this question, rather sneeringly put—Do you really think, Mr. D. to do A. B. any good?—As much as to say, Can you look at her, and still have presumption to believe that you can do her any good?—His question was proper, as referring to the extreme difficulty of the case,—as referring to the (declared by several eminent men of the faculty) hopeless state of the case,—as referring to human means! It would have been presumption, indeed, almost in any man to have attempted it, after the secession of these, with the mere resources of medical skill:—but we had undertaken it in the strength of our faith in God's mercy for his afflicted creature! On the very ground of his objection—i. e. the difficulty of the case,—he might have judged of the abundance of my confidence, and have spared me the necessity of my reply. What a question! and himself, the bruises he has been seen to inherit in virtue thereof: for these bruises (in our understanding of things) may be marks of mortification he must have felt, from as many incontestible signs of her daily improvement, reacting as symbols

of shame and confusion, or bruises upon his face in expiation—towards the appeasement whereof I had offered him oil, having a large tub of it standing in my room, at his and any body's service; satirically alluding, I suppose, to the abundance of my advice in regard to the virtues of oil; but especially in cases of contusion and cutaneous eruption.

It should seem that the unfriendly scene, in the behaviour of A. B. towards F. refusing to give to her the roses she had requested; and carried still further in regard to the seat in Albermarle Chapel is to bring under animadversion a conduct so unbecoming in both, as an affectation of earnestness about a seat in the chapel, while in their hearts they were fostering towards each other, sentiments of contumacy and revenge.—What grace do they expect to find, where no place is left for the peace of God?—Can any peace consist with hatred, malice, or revenge? Now attend to the rehearsal of the fact.—She would not give the roses to F.; nor being able, under the repulsion she had met with from D. to enjoy them herself, she threw them despitely into the fire.—The roses—the favourite flower of God!—Not able to enjoy them!—Possession is no enjoyment—not living, not loving, in the fear of God!

And now to our own turn, by way of supplement, in the supplemental dream!—The story of the new jackets, to shew that we may carry our jokes too far.—To be merry and wise, is one thing. But to trifle with a name, which cannot be trifled with; which holds by all its functions to the sublime of good, is to insult, or deal out curses towards the throne of grace!

Now this is chargeable upon me, D.—The story is—Not many nights ago, upon the retreat of our dreamer, and her cousin E., the night being very cold, I gave to each of them an under waistcoat, to keep off the cold: but in giving them, in the benignity of my heart, I unthinkingly called them my magnetic jackets.—E., disposed at all times to fun, seeing the enormity of the disproportion to her little figure, did not lose a moment in putting

it on. And to be sure, the spur to laughter was irresistible. She wore it home; but it was night; but she would have worn it to church for any thing she cared; and I believe, said as much.

This I take to be the offence—the naming of the jackets, magnetic jackets, and giving them forth with that name so loosely to be the play of folly!—This was the offence intended to be reproved by the scene of confusion in the church. The murmur all over the church concerning the pew, decorated with celestial blue, and assigned for their reception, to signify their worthiness of predilection, being cursed by me, through the profanation of the word: I understand it. I feel it:—“True and righteous are thy judgments,” &c. &c.—“Sweeter than honey and the honey-comb—by them is thy servant taught.”

A. B. did not mind it, she said! She was not in fault; and went into the pew. The preacher, in allusion to the curse, denounced from the pulpit, “Doubly cursed shall be them that curse.”

A. B. was rather shocked at this imputation of a curse to my charge, when she knew that I intended none; but a blessing! But she did not know that things sacred, must not be profaned, by a levity in speaking of God's Oracles; and will learn by this corrective towards me, to respect his mysteries, whenever condescended to the benefit of mankind, and be guided, &c. &c.

The circumstance of the preacher upon this particular occasion,—being other than Mr. N. we cannot explain. Mr. N. was ill. The lesson was in place, and will not be lost!—Better be admonished of God, than fall under the riot of man. So—“Them that have ears to hear, let them hear!”

A. B. proposed to E. to walk. She would not. She would come to tea: that is to say, she would do as she listed. The little courtesies of life were nothing to her. Go alone if you like it!—She went alone. She would

have her walk before tea. In the indiscretion of course of going alone in a large field, she got into very deep mire; which is to signify trouble of any kind: but she walked through it with great ease, and without a speck upon her clothes, to denote in the first instance, great habit of walking in trouble; but in innocency of conscience, where no stain will attach.

Night came on: she began to fear: she saw a light at a distance: she went towards it, obliged by the darkness of her situation to resort to any light. So it happens with those that will not measure their steps by their time!—She came to a hill.—(Dream 6th.—Midway the mountain there is the devil! And Dream 2d.—October 17th.—In three weeks, she was to call upon the devil, and see him, and speak to him.)

The Genius suddenly came out: was very glad to see her: (in a boggle) shook hands with her: was vastly well pleased with all she had done. Wrong to our understanding, was right to his purpose and design!—She would have gone to the devil, he said, if she had done otherwise: he did not like where she visited: she knew he did not: she knew what he liked! He liked to draw her away from the prospect of good she was pursuing: but she was not totally abandoned to his power.—He was obliged to put on a seeming of goodness to win, or possess her spirit entirely: therefore his civility. He put her in the way home; telling her, that she would soon see his father; but if she did not, she would see the devil. But if she saw his father, then she would never see the devil.

I would say, that if she saw the Truth, she would never see the devil.

The Truth must be his father.

But can truth be father to deceit; to an evil spirit?

But sons do not all, nor always, nor necessarily resemble in all things unto their father.

The father of all is God. God is Truth.

The sons of Truth may err : morally speaking, the father of Error may be the Truth.

Truly, therefore, he may have said, that if she saw his father (the Truth!) soon, she would never see the devil ; but if she did not, then she would certainly see the devil !

In her dream of the 17-18th October, she was told that in three weeks she would see the Truth ; or in failure, the devil.—The date of the present dream is 14-15th November : more than three weeks, and less than four. We do not see that she has perfectly opened her eyes to the Truth. This Genius, or the light she saw of his habitation, was not in the way of Truth. He must himself be the tempter, having so many charms—if not the devil himself.—Further on.

NINTH DREAM.

Night of 18th—coming 19th November.

“ I DREAMT that E. and myself were going home.— Various encounters.—Mr. S——n came up, and gave us ten tickets for the play. I gave five to E. and kept five. A gentleman among the various encounters alluded to, had professed to be in love with me. This gentleman came up to me, and asked me to let him look at the tickets. I complied; and in his hands closing them, they all crumbled into dust. He said he did not like plays; and at that instant appeared the Genius. He came up, and shook hands with me; I told him I was going out to tea. He said he knew where, but did not wish me to go; but said, ‘ If you *will* go, I shall go too.’ We set off together, he and I, and the gentleman: but the gentleman said, he found he had too powerful a rival, and left us. The Genius and myself continued. We came to an hotel; and the Genius would cross here, notwithstanding the mud. I asked him his reason for so doing. He said he did not like to pass hotels and theatres, and such sort of places; and repeated, he did not wish me to go to the place I was

going to ; but proposed to me to go over Westminster-Bridge. I said, I *would not* go. He endeavoured to persuade me. I persisted in my refusal. He then led me across the mud, almost up to my neck. I told him I was not dirtied ; but bid him look to himself, how dirtied he was. He told me he could tell me the reason of that. I desired him to tell me. He said that I had on new shoes ; but that his, he had had them from the day he was born. I then observed to him how beautiful the moon and stars shone. He said, would I have gone over Westminster-Bridge with him, I should have gone amongst the stars, and then he should have blessed them, but now he cursed and damned them. Shocked and alarmed at this, I ran away from him. He soon overtook me, caught hold of me, and kissed me. I told him I did not like him, and bid him let me go. I told him he was wicked, and endeavoured to get away from him. He told me I should not ; for, inasmuch as he hated all mankind, he loved me. The world were all sinking, but that I should rise.—Endeavouring still to get away, I awoke.”

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE NINTH DREAM.

VARIOUS encounters in going home. No innocency of demeanour can guard young women from the licentiousness of the present times!—One gentleman made professions of love to A. B. Mr. S——n came up, and gave to her ten tickets for the play. He wanted to fill his house. She gave five to E. and kept five. The gentleman who professed love to A. B. came up, and begged permission to look at her five tickets. She complied; and he took them between his hands; and in so doing, and saying rather severely, he did not like plays, they crumbled into dust. This was an act of superhuman endowment. He was her friend—her good Genius! since he was interested in keeping her from plays of bad tendency, in his opinion, to the moral of his ward; since he could reprobate the play-going, and annihilate their tickets, in one single movement, or expression of his mind. He could not bear the instances he had seen of familiarity, between her and her Genius.—He walked away in disgust.

The ascendancy, however, of the Genius was not so complete as this new friend had supposed, since the sequel informs us, how little he could prevail in diverting her away from the direction of her usual visits, or in going with him over Westminster-Bridge.—Her conduct was traced to her in this appearance of the moon and stars. They were bright to her observation, and delightful to her heart: omens of good, while she kept on in the way she was in; but accursed by him, as fatal to his wicked designs: it is plain that his meaning was to ruin her fortune, since he could not enjoy the influence of her auspicious heaven, but had the wickedness to blaspheme her good stars. She ran away from him; but for a short time!—He ran after her, and came

up with her, and caught hold of her, and kissed her ; and all the resentment she could express at all this violence from this wicked man, was, " let me go ; I don't like you ;" endeavouring still to get away—he persisting, and telling her, she should not get away, for as much as he hated all the world, he loved her. The world was all sinking, he said, but she would rise!—She was not won by this bold prejudication ; but endeavouring still to get away, she awoke ; that is to say, did not get away. The omen whereof is evil !

TENTH DREAM.

Night of 26th—coming 27th November.

I DREAMT that I was in a church-yard, or burying-ground, (there being no church near it) surrounded with water. I thought there was nothing, not a house, or habitation, in view of it: I then saw a great number of clergymen standing together; all in white surplices: I went towards them; and on my way I saw something covered with white satin. I rather hesitated going to see what it was, awed by so many of them standing together: but I picked up a book that lay on the ground, which I knew to be the bible—I opened it promiscuously, and read about the prophet Elija and the widow—"The meal and the creuse of oil." All the clergymen walked away, and I watched them as far as I could see them. I thought I knew the greater part of them. I then thought I would walk up, and see what, or whom, was covered with the white satin: I did, and saw a corpse: fair complexion, and light hair; middle aged. After looking at it, I thought I looked up to the heavens, and saw the clouds open, and two angels descend, one to the head and one

to the feet of the corpse ; seeming to me to weep a great deal over it: this lasted a time, when they all went up together to heaven. The angels were clouds in the form of angels, and with nothing more than human faces: then I thought a young man appeared, little, and dark, and something like the one who beat my uncle K.; and said to me, you are the only one who has seen this sight; and that, ‘That was the death of a good man, who had come into the world great, and went out much greater.’ I was soon lost in wonder, and sat down, as I thought, and fell asleep.”

Note.—In her sleep, she dreams that from her dreaming state of attention to her dream, she falls asleep!—That is to say, we suppose, from the ecstasy of her dream to her common sleep!

The chapter of the bible she opened upon, our dreamer recollects perfectly well to have been the 17th chapter of the 1st Book of Kings; and the part whereunto her attention was particularly affixed, was the 24th—or last verse: which being indelibly impressed upon her mind, she can repeat thus—

“ And the woman said to Elija, now by this I know that thou art a man of God, and that the word of the Lord is in thy mouth,”—is truth!

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE TENTH DREAM.

She thought she was in a burying-ground surrounded with water. Not a house, or habitable place in view. No boat!—Approachable, one would say, by the sole prerogatives of faith!—But faith, having no worldly thing in view.

A great number of men in white surplices, (she saw) collected together as if in consultation—what they had to do: she went towards them, but on her way lay a reposit covered with white satin: she would have gone up to it to see what it was, but awed by the group of men in white surplices, she turned about another way. A book lay neglected on the ground: it was the bible! Must we say, to shew how little its precepts are attended to in the present day?—She picked it up, opened it, promiscuously for any thing she knew; but heaven directed, we should say—upon the chapter of Kings, relating the story of Elija and the widow; meaning therein to give a lesson of faith to A. B. not to fear in regard to living, while she was devoting her time to objects of faith.—Her relatives being about this time particularly assiduous to draw her away—she was losing her time—her friends would desert her, &c. &c.

The clergymen walked all away: She watched them as far as she could see: she thought she knew the greater part of them. Why did they go, or why did they come—having done nothing? It seems to explain itself:—in matters of intercourse with heaven, in matters of faith, all miraculous interposition, according to the dogmata of the present day, having ceased, their ministry could be of no use; therefore, were they made present in the scene, that by these signs we might understand their import, and to the edification of the simple.

She went up to the reposit: it was a corpse—fair complexion, light hair, promising aspect, middle aged! Most likely the simulacre—shade—(effigy) of my endeavour, not to say faith, in her case or cure.

Two angels came—weeping bitterly over the defunct for a length of time: weeping bitterly—as heaven must weep at the barbarous insensibility of man in regard to the will and power of God—took him head and feet, and carried him up to heaven!

The deceased came into the world great: and went out much greater! As the simulacre of my faith in this particular undertaking—it is particularly well designed: it came into the world great; marked at the moment of its birth, or being, with great boldness; continued with perseverance and steadiness; and persisting, under circumstances most fitting to nauseate and revolt, faithful and strong to the very moment of its decease.

The little dark young man who bruised her uncle K. (dark as consorting with his office of revenge,) was present also at this scene, purposely, we suppose, to perpetuate the memory of an action so revolting to humanity, and common sense: such as interfering with authority to the hindrance of our dreamer's cure. An outrage never seen by any person but herself—unique—unparalleled in the history of human turpitude, and worthily held up to the execration of the world.

Interval between 10th and 11th Dream.

Note.—A. B. continued her attendance, as usual, from the date of her communication of this last dream—(i. e. the tenth dream accrued in the night of 26th coming 27th November, 1811) while the evening of the 28th December following, 1811.—Shewing from time to time, symptoms of disquietude, and telling me—(without saying which of them) that her friends were for ever molesting her about her coming here: that it was of no use, that she was losing her time, &c. &c.

To argue against these pretences, where evidence of their falsehood is staring them in the face:—where comparison of the past (her aunt C.'s description) with the present, is speaking for itself—would be waste indeed!—She had not resolution enough to determine for herself. She was not, however, without some feeling of remorse in what she was about to do:—she could not venture to tell me, she was going to desert;—but deserted!—

On taking leave, evening of the 28th December, 1811—she came up to me hastily, saying, “I shall not come again for some time, but I will tell you all about it!”—I said, “Is it so—well, go! But I will hear nothing about it.”

March , 1812, A. B. returned. She was sorry for her desertion. She had been over-awed and forbidden to return. I told her, I would not attend to her story: who was to prevent her in a matter of such importance to her health. I told her that magnetism was not to be taken up and set down, and taken up again, at the whim and caprice of idlers!

And so saying, dismissed her. She went submissively.

After a few days she returned!—I could not be reconciled, but was a little appeased.

June, she returned with her aunt L.: they wanted to explain. Her aunt C. had taken a lodging for her, at so great a distance *over Westminster-Bridge*, purposely to make it impossible for her to attend any more.

This is the thing held out in anticipation by the Genius, in the ninth dream—(18-19th November) as seen to be coming to pass; and to serve as a warning to A. B.—would she but attend. She was told that his proposition to go over Westminster-Bridge would plunge her in mire up to the neck: but it was of no use. The reality came, and she, regardlessly, embraced it.

A. B. prevailed upon me to begin again. We magnetized: but our faith in this particular treatment, had, under the stroke of base ingratitude, de-ceased! and been carried up to heaven.—We might have confidence in the pity and forgiveness of God: but it must be a bold confidence that can advance itself under such characters of revolt. The effect is in a measure correspondent with our faith. Where is our faith? Taken up, in the bitterness of angels tears, to heaven!—God is merciful to repentance. We in great diffidence appealed!—

And renewed our treatment, and continued June, July, August, and September, and while October—under a total suspension or absence of dreams.

Not till the night of the 19th, coming 20th October, 1812—was this blessing vouchsafed.

ELEVENTH DREAM.

Night of 19th—coming 20th October.

“ I DREAMT that M. and I went to take a walk. We walked a long way, till we lost ourselves. We got into a narrow lane: so narrow, that we could not both turn together abreast; but were forced to go on together to the end. I thought we had a long conversation about what we had to do. We totally lost ourselves. We then met a tall man: but he *was indeed a tall man!* we were very much frightened at first. We would not speak to him. It began to rain very hard; when we asked him where we were. He said in the way to Twickenham: and he pointed it out to us. We asked him the way to Kennington. He said, he would shew us the way. He knew where we lived; he said, he would go with us. We were very much afraid of this, and consulted what we were to do. We began to be very wet with the rain. We observed that he was wrapt up, and did not get wet, particularly his boots, which struck my fancy much. He said he would go home with us, but would not go in. ‘ You are wet,’ he said, and offered to lend us his coat (light brown.) He took off two coats, and gave to each of us one. He put

them on for us. We then observed he was dressed underneath in red. We asked him why he did not get wet. He said, he would not tell us; it was not for us to know; but that he would not have lent us his coat, but that he had worn it nineteen years, and that that year was the twentieth. That he had a new suit always once in twenty years. He never wore them out, nor ever had new boots. We said we would ask him if he had been abroad; which we did; but he would not tell us. We observed we did not get wet in these coats. He said Bonaparte is getting on greatly; and that we should have bad news. That he knew where we lived, and where we went. He said, he always saw us; which astonished me. We were still very much afraid of him. He said, we went to Maddox-Street, he knew; and that we went twice a week. I told him, we did not, and that he was mistaken. He said, we ought. I was very much surprised to think how he could know that we went. We asked him a great many questions, which he said he would not answer. We ought not to know. We found now that we were in Kennington-lane.—We did not give him his coats, nor did he ask for them; nor did I intend to give him mine. We wished him a good night. We shook hands. He said, he should always see us, and what we did; and walked away. I was just talking with M. how frightened we were, and who, or what he could be, but agreed in thinking that he must be a soldier.—I awoke.”



REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE ELEVENTH
DREAM.

AT the period of this Dream, (18-19th October) A. B. with her cousin M. had been left by L. in Kennington-Lane, to shift for themselves. Our dreamer dreamt that they walked out together: not knowing to what point, or to what intent. On a forlorn hope! They lost themselves, of course. They were lost before they set out. They got into a narrow lane. The lane of their own narrow circumstances. They had not room, or power to turn themselves. Forced to keep on together, of course, to the end of it. They had to consider and converse for some time upon what they had to do. It brought them upon the recollection of what they had done; and pursuing this tract, they came to the sight of—a tall man coming towards them: but he was a tall man indeed! the image of their own egregious folly!—So huge, and so frightful was he, they feared at first to speak to him! But the rain coming on, and their embarrassment increasing, they were forced to enquire—of whom? Of their own folly: or of their own conscience and conduct, marked at every step by stamps of folly.—Where are we? In what amaze! Puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errors!—“Near to Twickenham,” he answers, and points it out to them, having known it before—to signify a pleasant place, near by the road of repentance and submission—fidelity and truth!—But they turned about from that, to take the direction of Kennington-Lane. So like the scene, is this, to the part they had acted; so true in resemblance to the original story, as to seem a perfect rehearsal thereof; and recorded here to shew them, “That not a hair can fall to the ground without being known,” &c.—The tall man knew where they lived; he could shew them their way home through the rain!—

A. B. and her companion began to be very wet ; but the tall gentleman, they observed, was well wrapt up, and did not mind it ! Could he have provided then against the rain ?—These symptoms of wisdom in the very paragon of folly ?—It can only be figuratively meant ; that is to say, well wrapt up in himself, in cloakings of conceit—in defiance of Nature—in obduracy of heart.

Of these defences, or coats, he had several about him. He lent to each of them one. He had as many at his command as occasions might call for. Cloaks of illusion ; but they kept out the wet. Yes ; the illusions of pride are inaccessible to wet, or cold, or discomfiture of any kind !—He had worn the cloaks more than nineteen years, this was the twentieth—the exact age of our dreamer ; and likely, by this account, to be twin brother.

He was in the habit, however, of changing his clothes once in twenty years—his clothes of illusion, for those of dear-bought experience. Every thing but his boots. These boots, which had struck our dreamer's fancy much, were never wet ; he never changed !—How to account for this ? Unless Folly, quitting the distinctive of man, is represented as Pan—of goatish understanding—and furnished with boots of living (much superior to tanned) hide, in quality and duration.

Another wonder of A. B. how the tall gentleman could know so much about her : not suspecting how near they were of kin. He told her also that Bonaparte was getting on greatly, and that we should have bad news ; it was the cry of Folly every where ; but we will wait to hear more. We fear not the judgments of Folly. Let Folly, or Ambition, fear the judgments of God.

They all returned to Kennington-Lane. They did not give to him his coats. He did not ask for them. Nor did A. B. intend to part with her's.

It was dear to her as coming from one of so near affinity of kin ; and may give room to suppose, that she may yet have some further occasion of display to make of it.

They were very much frightened, and kept wondering what he could be : but they were both of opinion, from the red colour of his clothing underneath, that he must be a soldier. We know not what to say. We shall hold for the present to the conclusions we have elicited, while time shall furnish us with further helps and discoveries.

TWELFTH DREAM.

Night of 24th—coming 25th October.

“ I DREAMT I was walking, as I thought, in Fetter-Lane. I saw a large cook’s shop. I thought I would go in and enquire if it really was Fetter-Lane. A man said, ‘ It is Chancery-Lane.’ I thought he told me my friend was there ; and I thought in my mind of two or three friends. I thought I walked out of the shop, and had not made two or three steps before he came out. It was the tall man of the former dream. He was very civil : asked me how I did : where I was going. I told him I was going home. But he said I must go back with him to the shop—which I did. He said I must have some beef-steak ; but I would not. He insisted ; and I defended myself a long while. He went up stairs to eat his beef-steaks ; but I remained below. The man told me he had beef-steaks there every day, but never paid ; but that he was very rich, and would leave him, he expected, a large fortune when he died. He by this time came down again. I supposed he had eaten his beef-steaks. I walked out of the shop the instant I saw him coming down. He followed ; but I did not speak to him until I came to Blackfriars’-Bridge. I supposed that he would throw me over into

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the water, if I should do any thing to offend him. He asked me if I was going home. He said he would go with me, but would not go in. I told him he could not—he was so tall. He said he could get through a key-hole or a crevice. He said it was going to rain, and asked me if I would have one of his coats. I told him, no, I would not. He said, ‘You have not been to Maddox-Street,’ and repeated it. I said, ‘I have!’ He said, ‘You have not.’ ‘I have.’ He wished me to take him with me: I said I would not. He entreated me very much, but I repeated I would not: and in my own mind thought I would do any thing sooner than bring him. He said to me, have you heard the bad news from Bonaparte? If not, you will soon! I asked him, in reply. ‘Are you married?’ He answered, no! He was going to be married on Tuesday, but should not now. He asked me to have some pears: I would not, I said: but he obliged me to take some. I took only two; and thought in my own mind that I would not eat them. He said he should soon have a new suit of clothes. By this time, I reached home. He wished me good bye, and walked away. I went in—went up stairs: M. was all alone. I opened the window, and watched the tall man quite round the corner. I told M. I had met him, and that he had given to me the pears. She wanted to have them, and cried for them. I told her I could not give them to her, and threw them with great disdain into the road. I saw him turn back directly and pick them up. He looked up at the window, and said, ‘I shall remember this.’—With M.’s crying, I awoke.”

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE TWELFTH DREAM.

A. B. dreamt she was walking in Chancery-Lane, thinking it was Fetter-Lane. This mistake is not so wonderful, as we consider, how near they are, and parallel, and frequented by people confounded in the same pursuits—people entangled in law; and consequent ruin. She saw a large cook's shop, denoting great occasion for one!—People attending upon law courts have time to get hungry!

A. B. went into the cook's shop to enquire if it really was Fetter-Lane: to satisfy a mere curiosity?—be it so—we will enquire no further. No, it is Chancery-Lane, they told her. But the person answering, said moreover, as she thought, or flattered herself, that her friend was there. A friend in a cook's shop, upon some occasions, is a pleasant thing. She thought of two, or three; but could not divine the friend alluded to. She walked out of the shop—he was close at her heels: it was the tall man of the former dream. He came up with her. Was very civil.—What, leave a cook's shop without eating a beef-steak? He advised her to return. She returned, but would not eat! How to explain this; but by some little childish sullenness of temper, not without example in the world, that will sometimes reject even the thing it most desires! She preferred remaining below, (while the tall gentleman was eating his beef-steak above) attending to the story of his daily practice of eating there; but never paying!—A curious anecdote in the history of human life, and worthy of further investigation.

We have him, indeed, (the tall gentleman) under the designation of Folly:—but that he should find credit at the cook's shop, never paying, upon the reputation of being very rich, and that he would at his death leave all his immense fortune to the host; gives quite another turn to the bias of our speculation.—There is more in this than meets the eye.

A very tall man, has the means of over-looking. He saw every thing they (A. B. and M.) did. He had plenty of coats to keep out the rain. Frequented a cook's shop in the centre of mal-content. Dining every day; but never paying. At whose expense? Could get through a key-hole, or crevice. So many rare qualities combined. His great anxiety to gain admission in Maddox-Street.—All afford ground for suspecting him of design. A. B. had always defended herself against his importunities of every kind, excepting in the instance of the rain; when she was glad to accept of his offer of a coat. Shewing that in all cases she was not proof against the pleadings of distress: affording us a hint that attempts may have been meditated upon the indigency of her condition, and the conveniency presented by her right, or reason of ingress into our house, or residence, to come at a knowledge of our occupation and designs. She will best know what ground there may be, or if any, for this conjecture; and what value, in such cases, may be set upon dreams! Dreams, so apparently loose, and insignificant to lead notwithstanding to intimations of this sort—that we may think lightly of her being haunted by a spirit of over-looking powers: a power that can dispense out coats or defences against rain: that can administer soothing to necessities in hard times: who is not so tall, but can pierce, by the means he possesses, through key-holes and crevices: who is ready to offer, even without being asked, one of his coats; following this offer immediately with a desire, or wish, that she would allow him to accompany her to Maddox-Street; pretending to know that she had not been there, as if trying to discover whither she was going, and what more—to the intent, &c.

That they cover no design of prying into the secrets of her friend! Or, may it not rather be said, that they are purposely given, that she may be put upon her guard against every design, from whatever quarter it might come, of drawing her from her fidelity towards us: her respect for her own

character, and the only title she can possess to the peace of the world?—
So far she appears, by natural antipathy, to be very sufficiently guarded:
and in this mood, and to get rid of the subject, we suppose it is that she
asks him—*ex abrupto*: are you married?—He answers rather petulantly,
or shortly, not liking to be put off; but tempts her again with some pears.
She would take only two—having no mind to eat them.—He then said, he
should soon have a new suit of clothes;—meaning what? A new occupa-
tion perhaps. She reached home: the tall gentleman wished her good bye,
and walked away. A. B. went up stairs: threw the pears out of window
—notwithstanding the entreaties of her cousin M. to have them. Shewing,
in this trait, a constancy of character, not to be suspected of being pre-
vailed upon by bribes; very much to her honour. He saw the action, re-
turned, and took up his pears; and expressed his mortification in a threat.
She, with the crying of M.—awoke.

THIRTEENTH DREAM.

Night of 9th—coming 10th November.

“ I DREAMT I went to church to hear a popular preacher; but who he was I do not know. I saw him in the pulpit, but could not make out about what he was preaching. The place was very much crowded, and a great bustle and confusion prevailed. It was so crowded, that I came out. I had walked but a very few steps before I met with the tall man of the last dream. He asked me how I did, and said he came to meet me. I asked him how he knew I was there. He said Mr. O. told him I was gone to church. I told him that was false, for Mr. O. was gone to Margate. He said, no matter, but Mr. O. did tell him. I asked him which of them. He said, housekeeper O. I told him, I did not believe it: that he was very deceitful. He asked me if I was going home. I told him, yes. He said he would go with me; that he would take a coach. He looked round, but could not see one. I told him I would not ride in it if he did: he might go in it by himself. He said then he would walk; for he would go with me. I told him, I did not want him; he might walk alone.

He said I was very rude to him; and that he would not believe that I could mean it. He said he had been to Maddox-Street the other evening, but did not go in. I asked him why? He said his agent advised him not. I told him he would meet with a very cold reception: and *that* he should not like. He said he thought I was there. I told him I should not have opened the door to him although I had been there. He said I refused to take him with me. I told him I never would take him. He said I was very obstinate; that his agent had told him so. I asked him who is your agent. He said I must know him, for I had seen him a great many times; that wishing to gain me to his power, he had sent his agent first. He said he thought I was more inclined to listen to his agent than to himself: that when he found his agent had lost his influence, he came himself! that he was not married: that he wished I would go home with him; he had got a large house, and beautiful gardens. I told him that I did not care; that I would not go, nor have any thing to say to him. He said that he should soon have a new suit; and that if I did not behave well, I should never see him again. I told him I should be very glad to get rid of him. He said he should do his endeavour to gain me, since he had come for me. But I told him I never would have any thing to say to him; that I did not like him. He said this is Parliament-Street; that I had a friend in there, he knew. I told him I had not. He said I had some acquaintance—for he saw me in there,

just above! He should soon see me again, he said, and wished that I would take him to Maddox-Street. I told him I never would: it was of no use to think of it; that he would not be let in, although he should go with me. He said he did not like to go alone: he thought I behaved very ill to him, after all his trouble: that he should soon see his agent: if I would not consent to go with him, he could not stay much longer. I told him I wished him gone. He said he was very angry that I would not accept his fruit;—but that he should very soon meet me again. I told him I should not speak to him, even then; that he had quite offended me. He said he knew I should; and wished me a good night. I awoke up very much frightened, as I always do, dreaming of him.”

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE THIRTEENTH
DREAM.

A. B. went to church to hear a popular preacher. Shewing the spirit of the times, or rage, or reigning fashion for popular preachers. She did not know who he was; although it were just, in justice to pre-eminence, to ask his name—to give unto Cæsar, the tribute due unto Cæsar! She went to hear the preaching, not to admire the preacher.—She saw the preacher in the pulpit; but heard nothing of his sermon—it was so crowded!—She was glad to get out again. It was a common case: they were all improved alike!

The tall gentleman was close at her heels again. He was but a very few steps from the church door. He could not deny to himself the pleasure of being near to her, even upon this occasion: or, of proving to her, in other words, that running into a crowd, to hear what could not be audible from the very nature of the thing: i. e. "A conflicting confluence of an over-flowing auditory," could not be without folly in origin and effect. She reconnoitered his person; but wondered how he could have been informed of her being there. Mr. O. had informed him. She contradicted him: charged him with deceit and falsehood. In short, treated him with extreme repulsion and disdain. He did not mind it; laid closer siege to her. Would have called a coach. She would hearken to nothing. He had tried all means to gain her. His agent had found more favour with her than himself: but seeing, even there, a decline of influence, he had determined to come himself—in all his power—his body of reserve—his irresistible attack.—"I have got a large house and beautiful gardens," he said: and above all—I am not married! He was sure she would go home with him!—This inuendoe of his being yet to be married, was to carry all before him. But no! She was very obstinate, he said,—his agent had told him so. And in fact, to have been able to resist all this, must argue a compact within of invincible force: a rooted determination—that is to say to have nothing more to say to him! Not even his new suit, nor the threat of never seeing her again, could remove her from her strong ground. She declared to him boldly—she did not like him, and thus her triumph, for the present moment, seems to have been complete.

He now returns to the charge as to Maddox-Street—he had been there, but did not go in: his agent had informed him that he would meet with a cold reception in Maddox-Street. No countenance to Folly! She was very obstinate, he said, in persisting to disregard his entreaties to be introduced:

his agent had told him this also ! Who was his agent ? She had seen him often, and must know him ! He had possessed her spirit at one time through this agent ;—but finding he had lost his influence was come himself.—She never would attend to him : it was of no use to think of it. She was very glad to get rid of him. He would not give out. He should meet her very soon again, he said ; and so, with little variety, is this warfare of attack and repulse carried on to the end of the dream.

With this disposition to defend herself—she may ultimately prevail. But faith—or defeat ! We shall see.

FOURTEENTH DREAM.

Night of 26th—coming 27th November.

“ I DREAMT that I was at work; that I got up and looked at the weather—it was dirty, misty, and foggy; but did not rain. I said to my aunt L., ‘ I will go to Maddox-Street.’—She said she would advise me not to go, as it was very wet. I said I did not mind that; I would go directly. She said I had much better not: but I got up, and put my things on directly. I walked very quick, and thought how soon I got here. I knocked at the door, and the maid opened it. I asked if you were at home. She said, ‘ Yes, there is a great uproar up stairs’.—I asked her who with? She said there is a gentleman up there, and that you had been quarrelling for two hours. She told Mrs. P. that I was at the door, and she came out. She said I had better not go up stairs. She was sure that the gentleman was come to murder you. I asked her why some of them did not go up. She said they were all so frightened, she would not let them. The maid would not come up. I told her they were very simple not to come up. I saw Miss O. and asked her where Miss R. was.

She said Miss R. is gone out. I then heard the noise: stamping, and talking very loud. I said I will go up directly; for I was not afraid of the gentleman. She said I had better not, for she was sure they would go to fighting. I said I was sure you would not fight; and directly walked up stairs. The maid would not light me up. She was afraid of coming up. She put the candle on the stairs. I stood to listen; and I heard you say, 'You did!'—The gentleman stampt and said, 'I did not!'—You said, 'You know you did;—His R. H. the Duke of Cumberland told me you did!'—He appeared to be in a great passion, and stampt. I knocked at the door and walked in.—He said, 'Hush!'—You asked me how I did.—I said 'Very well.'—You said, 'I am very glad of it. I am glad you are come.'—The gentleman sat down on the sofa!—did not speak to me: but said to you, 'Not a word of His Royal Highness now.'—You said to him, 'I would advise you to be very careful of what you say before her;' that I should pay great attention to it, and most likely make all his actions public. He said he should not say any thing before me, but directly after I was gone. I told him I should not go until he went. He said he must be at the House of Commons before nine. He said he should wash his hands, and went into the bedroom for that purpose. You said we will have tea; and rung the bell, and ordered it. The maid brought it up, and I made it. I asked him if he took sugar in his tea. He said no. He always took brandy in it. You said you

had none. You would ask for some of Mrs. P. I went out of the room to go down, and just as I got out of the door, the quarrel began again. I thought I would not go down, but pull the bell without side of the door, and return into the room directly. The maid came up, and I told her to bring some brandy in a cup. I poured some into his cup. He told me I had not poured half enough. I told him that brandy was a bad thing; but particularly for him. I thought in my own mind that he was a passionate man, which was my reason for telling him so. He said he should drink a great deal more that night. I said to myself—‘ I suppose it is for vexation at my coming.’ He did not speak again, but drank the tea. He did not eat any thing. I asked him; but he would not eat. He waited for me to go; but tired at last, he said ‘ If you won’t go, I will.’ I told him I should not go, till he was gone. He should come again to-morrow, he said. ‘ Then will I come too,’ I told him. He was going out, but stopt to put on his great coat. It was lined I observed with red. One of the sleeves was turned inside out. I told him he had better turn it. He said, ‘ I shan’t.’ He buttoned it round him without putting his arm through the other sleeve. He said he should come to-morrow; and I let him out. You said you were glad he was gone, directly I shut the door, and came up stairs. I asked who he was. You said you did not know his name, but that he came from government: that he was a passionate fellow, and that you thought he came to murder you. I

said I must go, but that I would come early in the morning, thinking to be here before him. You said, do so, and that you was glad that I was not afraid of him. I wished you a good night. In going, I awoke.”

Note.—I asked her if she could describe his person. She answered—his person I can recollect was stout—very stout: he wore powder: was rather dark: but very handsome—very animated. He was very like the Duke of Gloucester.

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE FOURTEENTH
DREAM.

A. B. appears to have been moved in this dream by some secret involuntary impulsion, to come hastily to me. Nor rain, nor mist, nor fog, nor advice, nor argument of any kind, could prevent her. She came instantly and precipitately—denoting urgency, as if evil were intended; and that her haste were needful to disappoint the design. She arrived at the door in so short a time as to feel astonishment at it herself. She knocked, and the scene, which is the call for this visit, is already begun. A scene of trouble from the part of government. A great uproar above stairs, the maid said, with a gentleman. It had lasted two hours. The people of the house were of opinion he had come to murder me. They were afraid to come up, or to take any step to help me. What friends—were the dream a foreshewing of reality?—A. B. however came up. She came to the door at the precise moment of time the stamping and talking were at the loudest: at the very moment I was answering to some denial of something I might have laid to his charge—she heard me say—“ You did!—You know you did!”—

And hereupon taps briskly at the door—opened it, and boldly came in. The effect of her presence was to sedate the tumult. The thing proposed by the scope of the dream—to suspend the altercation at that precise point when it was getting into a train of irritation hardly possible to be refrained; and to prevent the evil so near upon ensuing! “I am glad you are come,” I said to her!—Implying, glad that a cause should have intervened to stop the career, we were in, of mutual aggrivation. A cause that might possess the power, or charm, to influence or command respect; such as may be said to attend upon the presence of femule innocence—meekness, softness, gentleness, so truly worthy of imitation and respect. Meant, indeed, to arm us against a danger, perhaps designed, or foreseen to be in course of happening; unless prevented by the guard advised in this precautionary admonition of mildness and moderation, &c. “Suaviter in modo!” The use of dreams to such as are willing to be informed: to such as are respectful to this informing spirit, always upon the watch, against any and every intended evil; and well worthy of adoption and faith. I have taken it to my heart, and shall be governed by it, not only in the case designed, but in every case, or ground, of altercation, I may have to void with government, or with any individual indeed, as the surest road to victory and peace.—So let my gentleman come! Calm and firm!

Who he can be—looking so mighty fierce? is the next question. Liking a drop of brandy in his tea!—Robust in person, and very like His R. H. the Duke of Gloucester in face?—One, unto whom I might have reason to repeat a charge—you did: you know you did!—I have neither trace or recollection in my mind to direct me.—How I could appeal to the knowledge and word of His R. H. the Duke of Cumberland in asseveration of the fact, still confounds me deeper in amaze.—It must be left to time—the great unfold of secrets.

FIFTEENTH DREAM.

Night of 6th—coming 7th November.

“ I DREAMT that I was at work, and that the tall man walked in. My aunt L. was there. He asked me how I did; shook hands in a very friendly way. I asked him who let him in. He said he could not tell; but that he had had a great deal of trouble in finding me out. I told him I was very sorry he had found me out. He asked me to go home with him. I told him I was engaged in the evening, and that I *would* not go with *him*. He said he knew where I was engaged; that I was going to Maddox-Street. He asked me if I would take him with me. I told him no, I would not. He asked me, then will you let me read Mr. D.'s book. I told him no: he should not even see it. He said I was very unkind not to take him, nor let him see the book, after he had taken so much trouble to find me out. I told him I did not wish to see him; that he was very foolish to come. I then looked at him, and observed that he had not got his great-coat on. I told him it was very cold, and asked him why he had not got it on? He said his coats were grown.

shabby, and that he should have a new suit at the beginning of the year. He said that he should have an entire change, excepting of boots: he never had new boots. I looked at them, and the leather was extremely thick: the sole was particularly thick. He said he was never cold, but that when he got his new suit, he was going to Dublin. I asked him if his agent was going with him directly. He said he did not know—he thought he should leave him here to correspond with him. That I should hear of him publicly, and every body else would. He must go, and wished that I would go with him: I should see his agent if I went with him. I told him I should not go. He asked me again to take him to Maddox-Street. I told him I never would. He said I always behaved very rude to him. I told him I was very glad he thought so, because I did not wish him to come. He said I should see him again before he went to Dublin. I thought it would be when he had his new suit on. He wished me good bye. He was dressed in red, with a sword.—I awoke.”

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE FIFTEENTH
DREAM.

A. B. between the last dream and this had changed her residence. She had returned nearer to her former station. The folly of going over Westminster-Bridge is partly cancelled in the act of her return.—The tall man

was in some measure ousted. He had been put to a great deal of trouble to find her out again. He did find her out! By what signs? Signs that he was able to retrace: but very much diminished in quality and degree.—He was glad to see her; shook hands with her in a friendly way—but further—No. She would neither go home with him: nor take him to Maddox-Street: nor let him read Mr. D.'s book: nor encourage him in any one thing.—But rather rebuked him for coming.—He was losing ground very fast.—But still some fellow-feeling would shew itself lurking, in the tenderness of these remarks.—It is very cold—why have you not your great coat on?—His coats were getting shabby—thread-bare: wearing out like her attachment for him. He was to have a new suit at the beginning of the year. An entire change. He was going over to (play off perhaps in) Dublin. His boots, however, he never changed.—A. B. observed the soles of these were extremely thick—particularly thick—hoofish perhaps—or not totally unlike the cloven foot of the arch fiend. We are to hear of him publicly, as every body else will:—of his feats in Dublin!—Foreboding evil!—A. B. asked him if his agent was to go directly with him. He availed of this, (as supposing it a sign of some little interest yet lurking in her bosom for the Genius) to return to the charge. “I wish you would go with me—you shall see my agent if you will.” “I wish you would take me into Maddox-Street!” She resisted indeed; but not so decidedly as to cut off all hope. He said he should see her again—and we him, of course. He was dressed in red, with a sword. The meaning of this, connected with his going to Ireland—is blood!—The right, or good cause, will win!—*El taib y Eglib!*

SIXTEENTH DREAM.

Night of 7th—coming 8th December.

“ I DREAMT I was in a large field. My aunt L., and M. her daughter, were with me. I saw a large ditch. We, all of us, wanted to get over it; and in a moment I got into the middle of it. It did not appear like mud: but yet, although I endeavoured to get up the bank on the opposite side, I could not. I screamed out very loud for some time. My aunt and M. walked on. They did not attempt to get over, as I did!—nor did they shew any signs of disposition to help me; but had gone a long way off: but I thought that Mr. W. came. I was very much surprised to see him, and told him I thought he was dead! He said, ‘ Dead or not, I heard you.’ I told him, I thought he had been dead near two years. He did not satisfy me as to that point—whether he had died or not. But said, ‘ Here *I am*, come to help you.’—Which he did.—He said, ‘ You look very well.’—I thought in my own mind that he must have come from heaven! He said he was very glad to see me, and walked with me; but after walking a little way with me—he disappeared. I awoke up so pleased which I had never done before.”

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE SIXTEENTH
DREAM.

A. B. in company with her aunt L. and cousin M. in the same field of fortune, or misfortune, as in reality, for some time they have been. Cut off by a large ditch, from the object of their wish!—Since they all wanted to get over it.

A. B. tried, and in an instant was in the middle of it. The contents of the ditch was not mud, and yet she was held fast by it, as if it were; and hindered from getting up the opposite bank! She screamed out at this sensible impediment to her proceeding from an unknown cause, as if believing that Old Nick himself had got hold of her skirts!—And kept on screaming, as loud as she could scream, for a very long time. Her aunt L. and cousin M. had walked away, not having attempted, even, to get over the ditch; too indolent about their own fate, and of course too indifferent about her's, to afford her help, or signs of attention of any kind. They were far away from every sentiment, or power, of affording help to any one!—But, however, to such an endeavour to help themselves out of difficulties—a help is ever at hand!

Mr. W. (an old and sincere friend of our dreamer—but who had been dead nearly two years) appeared to her help. She recognised him; but surprised, questions with herself—this is him!—But how can this be, knowing him to have died?—She then questions him, upon this dilemma of her mind; and he to reprove her want of assurance upon an obvious fact; leaves her to settle her own conclusion:—he would not answer to that point of her question—whether or not he had died two years ago; but here I am to help you! She thought in her own mind that he must have come from heaven! He helped her out of her difficulty: conversed with her: observed to her she

looked very well: was very glad to see her: walked with her a little way, and disappeared! He had died two years before! She knew it!—Therefore, there existed no reason to satisfy her further upon that point.—She was to exercise her faith!—But simply, here I am, in your distressed state, to help you!—Then, she concludes, from heaven!—Surely—Mr. W. could only come from heaven. The cries of the distressed are only heard in heaven. The works of benevolence have all their springs in heaven. Our dreamer received this proof of the immortality of the soul or spirit, in the immediate representation of her friend. This proof of the concern of heaven about her individual trouble: since he came from heaven especially to help her out of it.—This happy symptom of her passage from the land of adversities, to the more blissful abodes—will be a subject of consolation to her all the days of her life. She looked very well, as he told her, was saying she was in a good way: he was glad to see her, because she was in a good way. And that she might know that it was the spirit of her friend, he had come in his own person; and that his spirit was blessed in heaven—with the prerogatives of angelic spirits—he suddenly disappeared!

He left her sensible of his heavenly influence, since she awoke light and pleased, as she had never been before.

SEVENTEENTH DREAM.

Night of 15th—coming 16th December.

“ I DREAMT that I came here, and asked if you were at home. The maid said, ‘ No; he is gone.’—I said, ‘ I know where he is gone—to Fenton’s hotel.’—The maid asked me whether I would go up; and I asked her, ‘ Has he not taken the key with him?’ She said yes; but that she could open the door, for the key of the garret would open it, and had opened it very often. We came up stairs, and she got the key and opened the door. I saw all your books packed up, and papers, and writings and all, excepting only the prayer book, which I observed you had not packed up. I asked the maid why you had not packed it up. She said she supposed you did not mean to take it. I opened it, and turned over three or four pages, and I saw your picture, very like indeed. I shewed it to the maid, and asked her if you had put it there. I had often seen the book; but had never seen the picture before. The maid said she did not know; but that the book would not go, because you had not packed it up; and for that reason Mrs. P. would keep it. I said she should

not; for I would take it to you; and took it up, and walked out of the room with it. In going, I met with the first-floor lodger. He said he was very sorry you were gone. I told him you were gone to Fenton's hotel, and wished him good night. He was dressed in black, and had a wooden leg.—Coming out, I awoke.”

Note.—At the time A. B. communicated this dream, Mr. V. was present. Immediately after hearing it I desired her to take the prayer-book, open it promiscuously, and from the place, turn over three pages,—which she instantly did: and the place so turned over, exhibited to our view psalm 36, new version, on the third page, and psalm 37, new version, on the fourth page! This I did in the idea that the picture might signify a descriptive likeness of myself, as to fortune and condition, at the present moment of time—none other existing—in pencil or paint: and that this might be found in the substance and analogy of their contents.

The reader will have an opportunity to judge.

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE SEVENTEENTH DREAM.

THIS dream is a sort of compendious show of the state of my mind, at the same moment of time, in regard to habitation, and to many other things. I was sensible that I woud it to myself to move; and the dream makes me feel the necessity of doing it without delay. It represents me as gone, which is

as much as to say I ought already to have been gone: and moreover, to Fenton's hotel, because it is recommendable for many conveniences (of baths, perhaps) it possesses, adjutant to my comfort and health. I had been about, indeed, to look for an hotel, but found nothing suiting my convenience and my purse, combined. The urgency was however peremptory: remove, or expect ———

I had been aware of frequent intrusions into my apartment, by the disappearance of several papers of consequence from off my table—(in the concerns of M. G. E. S. P.) but arguing from day to day the expense; the always near—as relying on the necessary triumph of justice, but never ending prospect of retribution.—I was diverted from my purpose of doing it in effect.—Are these times then to neglect the warnings of heaven?

The prayer-book not being packed up, was understood, by the maid, to remain a perquisite to Mrs. P. as every thing else, left loose: by the same rule of right—is loosely gathered together. A. B. however, would not admit of this cupidity even of holy works. She took it away!

Now comes the circumstance of the picture—having possessed herself of the prayer-book, A. B. opened it without design, turned over three or four pages, and saw between the leaves, my picture. “Very like—but very like indeed.”—“A descriptive likeness then,” I said. Upon this part of the communication, it bethought me to say to A. B. “Take up the prayer-book, and act the dream in reality,”—and she did: Mr. V. being present. She opened it promiscuously; turned over to the third and fourth pages—then referred to the reading, to see in the subject matter treated, what coincidence, if any, might exist—between it, and the leading features in the present period of the history of my life.—It gave us, on the third page, psalm 86 of the new version, v. 3.—most immediately meeting our eye,

“ In deeds! He is my foe confessed

“ Whilst, with his tongue, he speaks me fair.”

As if to warn me in regard to my expectations from government,—and to open my eyes. With this additional assurance from the 4th page, psalm 37, v. 3; confirming my reliance on the (late,—perhaps to try our faith, but) never failing justice of God.

“ Depend on God, and him obey

“ So thou within the land shalt stay

“ Secure from danger and from want.

“ Make his commands thy chief delight

“ And he thy duty to requite

“ Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

“ In all thy ways trust thou the Lord

“ And he will needful help afford

“ To perfect every just design.

“ He'll make, like light, serene and clear

“ Thy cloudy innocence appear

“ And as a mid-day sun to shine.”

And shall I fear?—But if I have been rejected—I am taught herein to understand that my innocence has been assailed. Now God will right my innocence, and I rely.—Assured as further on in the same psalm —

“ For God shall sinful men destroy

“ Whilst only they the land enjoy

“ Who trust on him, and wait his time.”

Credo—Credo—Credo—Credo—Credo.

“ Them that have ears to hear, let them hear !”

A. B. did well to bring the prayer-book away with her: it is full of comfort and delight to the soul.

What more, in this dream, concerning the first floor lodger: his concern about my dislocation: his black clothes: and his wooden leg—I had thought at first were of very inferior note:—but he had an interest, it seems, in the vicinity of my abiding—equivalent to these expressions of mourning and misfortune to him, upon my going.—I think it will be worth enquiring who the gentleman was: he was very civil and polite to A. B. upon this occasion.

EIGHTEENTH DREAM.

Night of 18th—coming 19th December.

“ I DREAMT I was in a very large field. I met the Genius. He came up to me and shook hands. I asked him how he did. He said he had been very ill. The lustre of his eye quite gone. He was quite ugly. He had been upon a visit. He said he had called in Maddox-Street. He sent up his name, but had been denied. He said he knew you were at home, and that it was very unkind of you not to receive him. He knew you were at home—for he had met you in the morning, and saw you go home. I asked him what he went for. He said he had a message from the queen. I told him I did not believe he knew the queen. He said it was a foreign queen that I knew nothing about; but that you knew her, and that you would hear from her soon. He asked me to go home with him. I told him I would not. He said *he must* go; that he should see me very soon, if he was not worse. He looked very bad indeed. He shook hands with me, and wished me good bye.—I watched him out of the field,—and awoke.”

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE EIGHTEENTH
DREAM.

A. B. from the narrow lane of her former circumstances; having crossed the ditch, or boundary of dirty attachments—assisted by heavenly interposition—is now in a very wide field— with room—and—of many ways, a freedom to chuse.—Her Genius is there—for a last chance of prevailing in his wish—to retrieve her to his way. But no: he had lost all the lustre of his eye: was quite ugly: and more an object of pity than of temptation or seduction. He asked her, however, to go home with him: he saw some ground remaining yet of hope in her return: but she would not. He said he was obliged to go, but should see her very soon if he was not worse: that is to say, if by any accident, her present progress in improvement were to be broken off; as her well-being was his disease!—But as it is at present he looks very bad indeed.

He had called that day in Maddox-Street: had sent up his name! Upon what hope of gaining admission I cannot conceive. I might have been disturbed upon the subject of my affairs with government: but not disposed, for this reason, at all, to take up arms against myself—against my own peace: not disposed to the admission of the evil spirit—he was therefore denied!—He had pretexted a message from the queen, meaning a trial of my vanity!—but a foreign queen, who had honoured me with her commands; but about whose concern and rights to claim upon the good faith of this country, my vanity has very little reason to be plumed.

—Coming from him I might have said, it is only sported in derision, to mock my success, or the vanity of my confidence in taking charge of her complaints.—This may reach her—let it advise her to be firm: her cause is just: heaven is on her side.

He was now going. He asked her to go home with him—she would not, as has been treated already. A. B. watched him out of the field—casting still a longing look—but awoke.

NINETEENTH DREAM.

Night of 27th—coming 28th December.

“ I DREAMT I was in a field. The sun shone so beautiful! An angel came. It was like a blue cloud exactly ; only it had an human face. I thought he said the world would be at an end in three weeks : and that we must prepare for a grand illumination for the death of the king. I thought I came home and told Miss S. that I had seen an angel, and that he told me that the king was to die: and that the world was to be at an end in three weeks. (19th January, 1813!)—I awoke.”

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE NINETEENTH DREAM.

IF dreams were to be literally taken—what a frightful dream were here ! The end of the world in three weeks ! But no :—they are given designedly in this desultory way, that we may be at ease under their immediate impression ;

while we seek their real meaning in their analogy with other things—that is to say, in consistency; but not in things repugnant to Nature, to order, to truth!—not in inconsistencies!—*v. gr.* The beautiful shining of the sun, but so unusually beautiful, accompanied with the apparition of an angel, can never have been given as prelusive symptoms of terrific events. The ending of the world in three weeks cannot consist with these signs; therefore, can not be the thing to be understood. No forebodings of evil can be designed by unusual brightness in the sun; nor by the apparition of an angel attired in robes of celestial blue. This cannot conciliate. Nor is it in the order of things that a grand illumination should be commanded to be held in preparation to auspicate the death of our good king. The people would not allow of such a thing, though an angel were to command it! But we may blaspheme in supposing such a case: Heaven cannot order in violation of order,—subversively of truth. It is not meant!—it is only figurative of some other meaning. Of good! for comfortable signs,—such as unusual serenity of sky, and the apparition of an angel attired in celestial blue, can only be explained by comfortable conclusions:—such as would be, in regard to my own personal happiness, to be explained thus.—Allusively to what I have often said, when people have asked me, “When will government decide upon your affair?” I have answered, “At the end of the world.” As the French say—to get sixpence from a miser, “*c'est le bout du monde!*” To obtain justice, being so slow, would be a sign of the world being coming to an end! In this way taken, as applying to myself and my own words, the decision of government upon my claims in three weeks, would re-serenate the region of my particular sky very much—and end a world of care.

So in the case of a grand illumination for the king's death—literally taken, would offer such an outrage to the known sentiment of the people—with regard to their beloved king, as to meet a flat denial from the very nature

of the proposition, at the very threshold of the proposition itself! driving us, by effect of its own repulsive force, to seek for reason in her own abodes! i. e. in the scales of common sense: in the natural and usual motives to public marks of public joy! Not in the king's death—no: but in the death of his enemy—the demise of his evil spirit—or cause of his present captive state of mind.—Or to speak quite plain—in his reanimation.—Gracious God! this in three weeks! Could this be the thing designed—the people would go mad for joy!

But the people would also receive from this, a lesson to have faith in God. That when the doctors have pronounced, "No more can be done," that all is not done! And that God, in whose hand are all the corners of the earth, can do what man can not do: that he is still mindful of man:—accessible always to his prayer; and never further off than man is from himself.—So let him never cease to pray.

January 1st, 1813.

Note.—New Year's Day! A day of congratulation and thanksgiving, it ought to be. A. B. very much improved in her person, and advancing very rapidly on to the perfect design of Nature, giving us great cause of mutual submission, and congratulation especially thereon—made one of our family party; together with her cousin E.; and the day was spent in sober mirth, and joyful enough!—But a sudden cloud broke over us in the evening—A. B. disturbed, by what crotchet we will not pretend to declare, thought fit to resuscitate the old story of her perplexity with regard to her aunt, who did not cease to advise her, she said, that she was losing her time, coming here, and had even set her sister upon writing to her to the same effect.

This, so suddenly came on, as to convince me, that the old story was a pretext, and that something had happened to move her to this diva-

rication from right. It was not simply, or innocently done. She knew how offensive the very mention of the thing would be to me : but at that moment she did not care for me, nor for herself, nor for any thing else—she was overcome.

“Very well, (I told her,) do as you please.” In taking leave, she said she should return.—“Stay away—(I said to her,) if you like it. I can do you no more good!”—She went.

On the 3d of the month she returned. I gave her no encouragement to remain; or, after a short time when she was going, would I give her the least encouragement to return. I thought her offence beyond all remission. I never expected to see her again, but through supernal power and direction.

On the 6th of January, however, she came exultingly.—“I have had two *such* dreams,” she said. I had prepared my mind to be very forbidding towards her; but upon this overture, I understood that all was right.—I said to her—“Well, let us hear them.”

TWENTIETH DREAM.

Night of 1st—coming 2d January, 1813.

“ I DREAMT I thought I was in heaven! I looked to see what kind of place it was. I thought I looked up first, and I thought I saw nothing but angels all over my head flying about. Then I looked down, and all underneath me I thought were clouds and stars; but looking so beautiful and glittering, that I thought I wished I could have remained there for ever.—Then I awoke, never so delighted!”

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE TWENTIETH DREAM.

THAT A. B. should dream she was in heaven; whilst I was thinking that—for her seeming insensibility to the benefits of heaven, she might have been any where else—but in heaven; is the enigma to be expounded.—But the ways of heaven are not the ways of men: but the purposes of heaven are

not to be frustrated by the impertinencies of men. The cure of A. B. operated by the only interposition of heaven, is not appointed exclusively for the ease and consolation of A. B. nor to satisfy any vanity in me of being the instrument of God's purpose in this cure.—Since, for any merit in us, it were twice lost!—but it is in contempt of all perverseness and ingratitude in man, that it is carried on—in contempt of that want of fervour which, being possessed, would act an essential part in the effectuation of her cure, that the treatment proceeds:—and that A. B. is visited in a series of dreams: to convince her through her understanding as well, that although benefited principally herself, more is intended to be conveyed to the world through the medium of her dreams, than her individual edification and cure. That she is serving the will of God to higher ends!—Ends, although unknown to us, fraught with delight all the way: and which have already led her to a sentiment of the delights of heaven!

Concerning this delight, which delights her still beyond all terrestrial delights! we would confabulate still for a little while.—The delight of a dream, people will say—it is but a dream!—And we shall say—the dream may be what men may be pleased to call it:—but the delight is real—real now—in her waking state:—and so real as to make her wish—preferring it!—to leave this world of earthly delights, to return to her visionary heaven again.

Are dreams then perfectly understood, that men should scout them, as the dreams of dolts?—The books of scripture are all a tissue of dreams!—We shall remark upon the manner of expression in communicating these dreams to us. A. B. recounts:—*I dreamt I thought I was in heaven, as if she had thought she was dreaming*—instead of saying, in conformity with the fact; *dreaming I was in heaven, &c. for what has the thought to do with dreams: the mind, which is the mover of all thought, being—as to all*

worldly interests, at that moment at rest. *The dream is a representation of things most commonly foreign to our waking notions, or thoughts. No work or combination of thought; but a show of things discernible by our senses, and impressive upon our mind as if they were the effect of presence, and of reality itself!—The pageantry is perfect to our optic; the contact sensible; the sounds flexible; and the words as comprehensible as reality can make them.—Impressive on the memory, producing upon our affections, love and pity; delight and horror, as fully as when awake. But they are not reality! —But what then shall they be?—The fumes of a troubled mind?—But children have dreams, who have no fumes!—But do they come then of nothing?—Shall it be said that nothing—unsubstantial airy nothing, shall be impressive as reality; shall give us action, order, utterance, design?*

But if events—yet concealed in the bosom of futurity have been anticipated by dreams to the observation and remarkability of the dreamer—have been recorded in evidence thereof—for confrontation; and have come to pass in perfect unison with the recorded dream—shall it still be said that dreams are vanity—illusion?

But if nothing can come of nothing, then the reality of these dreams must have existence in reality:—must have a cause! The cause or intention whereof is in the will of the Supreme.

TWENTY-FIRST DREAM.

Night of 5th—coming 6th January, 1813.

“ I DREAMT that I was taking a walk, and that I lost myself: it was in a very wide street indeed! very like Portland-Place. I thought I saw a very large, but very large edifice of stone—the gate was open. I walked into the court, and up the first flight of steps: the entrance of the vestibule of the top was painted blue. I thought when I got up, I saw a man, very tall, in livery. I asked him if he could shew me the way?—he said, no. I asked him, might I go up the second flight of steps?—he said, ‘ Yes, *you* may go where you please; for there is no master to this mansion.’ I saw a door, and opened it, and went into a very large hall: but immensely large! decorated, or painted blue. I walked on towards the further end, and saw a great number of pictures—of men; all men! but I noticed one only with particular attention, about the center of the hall, full length, and over it had written PRINCE REGENT. I looked at it for some time: it looked very old: I then walked out again, towards the second flight of steps. I went up an immense number of steps; an hundred at least, I am sure. I came to another door, opened

it, and walked in: it was very spacious, like a chapel. I looked all around it: seats were placed. I saw an organ, but no pulpit. A communion table I saw, and instantly went up to it. A very large picture from the wall projected rather over it. I looked at the picture.—I thought it was an angel; her complexion dark, her eyes black, her hair very long, black, and falling down her back. A paper, or scroll, depended from her hand, written or studded rather with stars, giving the word

MAGNETISE!

I thought I said, how beautiful! but out loud! and I read the word "MAGNETISE!" feeling surprise to find that word: but more, at hearing a voice make answer, but not discerning what. The voice appeared to come from every side. I paused, and hearkened attentively, but could not yet distinguish the words. I read over again the word "MAGNETISE!"—whereupon the voice now more distinctly resounding, I heard plainly and firmly pronounce—"Yes, MAGNETISE! Be tranquil: proceed when all is calm, and silence, rather than words!"

I thought I repeated the words over to myself, resolving in my own mind to remember and observe them: and having repeated them again, the voice again re-echoed them. I was overcome with rapture and astonishment: having need of air to support me, I walked out, across a long gallery, into the open air, and with this reviving, I awoke."

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE TWENTY-FIRST
DREAM.

OUR dreamer is carried by a broad avenue, something like Portland-Place, to an immense edifice of stone. The court gate was open. A flight of steps led up to the first array or order of apartments. A. B. walked up, came to the entrance of the vestibule, vaulted at top, and painted blue—as intending to affect the vault of heaven. She saw a tall man, a very tall man—in livery; recalling to mind the tall man of Kennington-lane, ccleped Folly!—In livery! denoting attendance on some great personage! He could not tell her the way; but she might go up the second flight of steps, or wherever she pleased. There was no master to that mansion! That the vacant state of the mansion (sede vacante) might point to the vacant state of the master designed by fate to occupy it in time, but at present enthralled in the keeping of Folly, is not without some touches of authority to justify this remark. Our dreamer went into the hall (which we will name the picture hall), immensely large, as connected with the purposes of infinitude—and decorated with blue, to design its correspondencies with heaven. Going on the length of the hall, she saw the wall hung over with pictures—all of men: but one only she noticed particularly—hung about half way the length of the hall:—full length, and over it labelled—“Prince Regent.”—It looked very old!—That this should be the hall designed in the temple of eternity to perpetuate the memory of the Brunswick worthies, may be supposed: but how the prince should have taken his place before the king, in order of natural succession, may require some other helps to divine.

Now she comes to the second flight: she went up an hundred steps at least: very high indeed, we should say, for any thing of earthly use; but intelligible as connecting our earthly cares with heaven. She came to a door. Opened it, and went in: it had the form of a chapel: of great space: provided with seats: had an organ in it: but no pulpit. The reason of this? One would say—the word of God was, in this place, universally understood:—it wanted no expounding! A communion table there was—unto which she, spontaneously, resorted; denoting within her, a communion of spirit with the spirit of the place. Looking up—was the picture of an angel, as she thought, projecting from the wall, over the communion table: her complexion dark, her eyes black, her hair very long, black, and falling down her back. A paper, or scroll, was opened from her hand, inscribed with letters formed of stars, exhibiting together the word

MAGNETISE!

It was beautiful! Our dreamer in seeing it, exclaimed aloud, how beautiful!—and in reading the word “Magnetise,” affected with surprise, she pronounced it aloud (interrogatively)—“Magnetise?” But her astonishment had to increase, upon hearing the murmur of a voice, seemingly to come from all points of the circumference, to denote the universality of this informing spirit—answering, she could not make out what. What, we should say, were only half pronounced in mercy, as better not to be heard,—if the business of this scene were at all in allusion to her late contumacy—and to spare! She hearkened attentively! but only heard the vociferation.—Enough to certify that cause had been given of murmur and reprehension; but smothered as likely, if duly considered, to act on her sensibility with better effect.

She read over again the word Magnetise, and instantly the voice replied distinctly audible,—“ Yes, Magnetise!—Be tranquil. Proceed when all is calm: and silence—rather than words!”

She repeated them over again to herself—resolving to remember, and observe them; but in repeating them the second time, the voice re-echoed them so forcibly, and so impressively upon her affections, as to overwhelm her with rapture and astonishment, quite. She wanted air to support her. She walked out, across a long gallery, into the open air: which having the effect to restore her—she awoke! The impression was so lively and profound upon her heart and mind, as to move her immediately on the evening of the succeeding day, to come (notwithstanding our distance) and report her dream, and its delighting effect upon her soul.

TWENTY-SECOND DREAM.

Night of 12th—coming 13th January, 1813.

“ I DREAMT I was walking. It was very dirty. I met the tall gentleman. He asked me how I did : but did not shake hands. He was not nigh so free as he used to be. He said he should have seen me before, but that his agent had been so ill. I asked him what had been the matter with him. He said he had had the fever. He was afraid, he said, he would die. He said his illness had prevented his going to Dublin so soon as he intended ; but that he should go to-morrow. He asked me if I had heard of the parliament-house being burnt down. I told him no ; and that I did not believe that it had ! He said that it had, and that I should hear of it. I then observed his new clothes, and asked him why he chose green : they were of a very bright green. He said he had chosen green, because government liked them green. I said, I am sure you belong to government then. He said he did not. That he knew most of the government gentlemen, and always knew what they were doing. He asked me if

I would go home with him. He said he had got a government gentleman on a visit, and that if I went home with him I should see him. I told him I did not want to see him, and would not go. He said he wished me to go, as it was the last night he should stay in London: that he must spend that with his agent: and that I ought to go and see him for the last time. I repeated that I would not go. That I did not want to see him. He said that he must go, for he was afraid he should not see me again if he stopped in Dublin. That I should hear from him. He shook hands, and wished me good bye."

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE TWENTY-SECOND
DREAM.

A. B. was walking. It was very dirty: denoting—from its being so often an attendant circumstance upon her rencounters with the tall man, that he must be near upon the scene. He came. How do you do? But not half so easy and free as he had been used to be. His agent had been so ill, he feared he might die: it had detained him, or he should have been on his way to Dublin: but that he should be off on the morrow. This had flattered his courage a little; but not entirely rooted out his attachment for the dear although disdainful person. He asked her—if she had heard of the parliament-house being burnt down. A sort of levity in speaking of things, as in

the case of bad news—to come soon from Buonaparte, intended to stir up painful emotions in the public breast—thereby to gratify his malignant spirit of invention, and his lust of evil.—May he and his agent go far from us for ever.

He had got on his new suit—a very bright green!—The colour of the forsaken. He said he had chosen that, to comply with the liking of government: signifying that he must be in the pay of government, which A. B. had challenged him with—but to which he demurred. He knew most of the government gentlemen, and always knew what they were doing—rather boldly asserting from him, whose titles we have acknowledged to be so transcending in folly!—As if he could be, in any shape, immixed in their councils, or the gentlemen themselves in the smallest degree accessible to his observance or intrusion!

In his character of a spy even—he might have another government gentleman like himself, at home—or a bailiff, who are also gentlemen of authority—very often at home with folly and extravagance. Great inducement no doubt for A. B. to go home with him. And what is intimated in the allegory of the discourse as the end to be avoided by her—would she consider it well.—She had revolted from him and his concerns—and would not attend to him.

May he stop in Dublin, if that is wanting to their everlasting separation! We are to hear of his exploits. The public will hear of them. The exploits of Folly:—God keep them far away! They had a friendly parting.

TWENTY-THIRD DREAM.

Night of 16th—coming 17th January, 1813.

“ I DREAMT I was in a church—a very large church indeed. In the same pew with me was a beautiful lady. She was very dark, and had long hair hanging down her back. She had got a piece of blue cloth wrapped about her from head to foot. I thought my aunt C. and my cousins F. and G. were in a pew opposite to us. I thought I conversed with the beautiful lady, but do not recollect upon what subject. The preacher then came up into the pulpit, and preached from the fourth chapter of Daniel. I thought he was upon the point of commencing his sermon. The church was extremely crowded, and yet kept on filling from all the doors. He had scarcely begun, when the people from without came forcing their way in, throwing heaps of leaves of trees upon the preacher. I thought he closed upon this salvation almost immediately his sermon. A gentleman in one of the pews stood up, and told him he thought he had better go out of the church, as he feared the people from without might do him some mischief. He said he would,

and immediately threw off his surplice, tore his sermon into a great many pieces, and threw it down out of the pulpit among the congregation. I said to the lady, 'I should like to know who he was.' She said, 'Look at him—it is Mr. N.!' As he was going out, the crowd was so great, he stopt. The gentleman said, 'Don't stop for any thing.' The gentleman offered him his hat, and he took it. The people in the church, from every part, made efforts to get hold of the scattered pieces of the sermon, and a great scrambling ensued. Mr. N. got to the door, and the gentleman opened it for him, and said, 'See the confusion—make haste!' I thought he then turned round, not going out directly, as he was advised, but said, 'There, since there is this confusion for one, take them all!' and putting his hand into his pocket, took out a great number of sermons, and threw them into the church, and walked away directly. The gentleman, his adviser, took up one; put it in his pocket, and walked immediately after him. The people scrambled for the rest, and squabbled, and pulled them out of each other's hands. I thought this beautiful lady and I remained together in the gallery, and I noticed Mr. T. to her among the crowd. We saw him pick up a sermon, and some of the pieces. I thought he went out: but as I was talking to the lady, asking her why Mr. N. was not drest in black, having apperceived him to be dressed entirely in a light coloured suit, contrary to custom, clergymen being expected to be dressed in black: and that she was saying to me that he had changed his dress,

which was the cause of the confusion among the people. At this moment I thought that Mr. T. came up, and asked me if I would have the sermon. I said to him, 'I should like it, but I had rather he would give it to the lady,' pointing towards her. He turned round, and looked at her, not having seen her before; and seemed to be fixed, for two or three minutes, with astonishment, and then stepped back, as if struck with unusual reverence and respect. He now came forward again, made her a respectful bow, and gave her the book. Then I thought he said, he would give me the pieces, but that he had a wish to shew them to his friends. I thought the lady said to me, 'We will go,' and we walked out of the church, but Mr. T. followed a little behind. I thought when we got to the door, we met my aunt and cousins. I thought in my own mind that I would not speak to them, although it seemed to me that they were coming up with an intention to speak. The lady turned round, saying, 'We will go out by the other door.' We went, and being out, she said, 'I shall see you again soon.' I said, understanding her meaning to be in the same place, 'Yes!' She shook hands with me, but not with Mr. T. but bade him good bye, and instantly retired. I thought Mr. T. put all the pieces into his pocket-book, while I stood looking at him. I thought he said, he should like to see her again. 'When will she come?' I said, 'I do not know.' He said, he should put all his pieces together when he got home, and put them into his prayer book. I was inclined to wish for them, but would not ask him for them.

I thought he said he should see me soon, and wished me good bye ; but I thought I turned round, and looked into the church again. The same confusion prevailed, and noise. I thought, with the noise I awoke."

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE TWENTY-THIRD
DREAM.

THE grand purport of this dream is chiefly to give us a compendious view of the present state of health of our church. Confusion and riot from beginning to end.

A. B. dreamt that she was in a very large church indeed, meaning to embrace the whole collective body of the church.

In the same pew with her, was a beautiful lady—very dark ; long black hair—hanging down her back, her person wrapped about, from head to foot—oriental costume—in a single piece of light blue cloth, in the simplicity of the primæval state.

A. B. conversed with this lady, on what subject she has forgot. To shew what is too usual among gentlemen as well as ladies, upon their entrance into church—that is to say—to converse upon any matter of indifference, rather—as would more become them—than keep their peace in silence !—Her aunt C. and cousins F. and G. were in a pew opposite to her, denoting in this place opposition of spirit, (as well as of locality), in regard to matters of faith.

The church was extremely crowded—notwithstanding its immensity of compass: implying universality of sentiment in regard to this extraordinary cause of extraordinary congregation. Whether partiality for the preacher, his manner, or his doctrines?—We shall see!—He came up into the pulpit, and announced his text to be in the fourth chapter of Daniel. But he had not had time to begin his discourse, before a multitude from without came rushing tumultuously in, purposely provided with leaves of trees to throw at him—effectually executing their wicked design.

This loss of respect for the church, and the insult offered to the preacher, were carried so far, according to one of the peaceable part of the congregation, as to make it adviseable for the preacher to withdraw from the danger; and in fact, he was so worked upon by what did take place, as to be tempted by its violence, to tear his sermon into slivers, and throw the pieces down upon their heads. The preacher then threw off his surplice—(which was not in order in the pulpit) went down from the pulpit, and made his way out to the door.

A. B. was at a loss to divine who the preacher could be. She asked the lady. The lady said, “Look at him”—as if meaning to say, significantly, “Don't you know him? It is Mr. N.”—But he had gone up into the pulpit in his surplice, and had on underneath, instead of black, a light coloured suit: things contrary to rule; and in that respect, in some degree changed:—but not to be known of A. B. he must have undergone some very capital change indeed.

But the beautiful lady herself, who could answer so readily to this dilemma of A. B.—who could she be?—Described so commanding of admiration and respect both from Mr. T. and herself, and as highly possessed in person and mind: so distinguishable moreover by her simplicity of

dress, in allusion we should say to the oriondo or place of her birth. Might she not be the original of our portrait over the communion table (Dream 21) —in propria persona—patroness of all our magnetic attainments—the divine Agnese?

To return to Mr. N. His departure from rule in respect to dress, is an instance of insubordination very likely to give offence: but more is signified by the leaves of trees, with which the people had especially provided themselves. Why provide themselves with leaves of trees, unless to characterise, unless to refer to the leading feature of the offence?

This premeditated vengeance—so characterised; must have been suggested, therefore, by a previous knowledge of what was to come: something hurtful, it is fair to assume, to the common notions and prejudices of the people. The congregation assembled in the church before the riot began, (upon equal terms, it must be presumed at least, with the populace, in regard to foreknowledge of the proposed discourse) were peaceably assembled to hear it; and ready to interpose with their advice, to save the preacher from the danger that might well be thought to have been intended against him. These were not prepossessed, at least with anger towards the minister; nor prepared in any shape to interdict his expected discourse.

All that we know of what did come to pass in the dream of our dreamer A. B.—is, that the preacher had declared the ground work of his proposed discourse to be taken from the fourth chapter of the book of Daniel. What he might have preached from it—we are not competent to say: but we can bring the whole chapter before our eyes and consider it.

In referring to it we find it wholly occupied with the story, interpretation, and fulfilment of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, his dream.

NEBUCHADNAZAR NARRATES—

“I thought it good to shew the signs and wonders that the high God hath wrought toward me: how great are his signs, and how mighty are his wonders! His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom: and his dominion is from generation to generation.”

THE DREAM.

“I saw a tree in the midst of the earth: the tree grew, and was strong; and the height thereof reached unto the heaven: and the sight thereof unto the end of all the earth. The leaves thereof were fair, and the fruit thereof much, and in it was meat for all. The beasts of the field had shadow under it: and the fowls of the heaven dwelt in the boughs thereof; and all flesh was fed of it.

“I saw a watcher, and an holy one! come down from heaven. He cried aloud and said thus, ‘Hew down the tree, and cut off his branches: shake off his leaves, and scatter his fruit: let the beasts get away from under it, and the fowls from off his branches. Nevertheless, leave the stump of his roots in the earth, bound round with a band of iron and brass, even with the tender grass of the field; and let it be wet with the dew of heaven: and let his portion be with the beasts in the grass of the earth: let his heart be changed from man’s; and let a beast’s heart be given unto him; and let seven times pass over him!’

“This matter is by decree of the watchers: and the demand by the word of the holy ones! To the intent that the living may know—‘That the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men; and giveth it to whomsoever he will, and setteth up over it the basest of men.’

ADDRESS TO DANIEL.

“This dream I, king Nebuchadnazar, have seen. Now thou, O Belteshazzar! declare the interpretation thereof: forasmuch as all the wise men of my kingdom are not able to make known unto me the interpretation; but thou art able, for the spirit of the holy God is in thee!”

“Then Daniel was astonished for one hour, and his thoughts troubled him. The King spake, and said—‘Belteshazzar, let not the dream, or the interpretation thereof, trouble thee!’ Belteshazzar answered, and said—‘My Lord, the dream be to them that hate thee, and the interpretation thereof to thine enemies.’

INTERPRETATION.

“The tree that thou sawest, which grew, and was strong; whose height reached unto the heaven, and the sight thereof unto all the earth: whose leaves were fair, and the fruit thereof much; and wherein was meat for all! Under whose shade the beasts of the field dwell; and upon whose branches the fowls of the heaven had their habitation—

“It is thou, O King! Thou art grown, and become strong: for thy greatness is grown, and reacheth unto heaven, and thy dominion to the end of the earth.

“And whereas, the King saw a watcher, and an holy one, come down from heaven, and saying, ‘Hew down the tree, and destroy it; yet leave the stump of the roots thereof in the earth, bound even with a band of iron and brass, in the tender grass of the field; and let it be wet with the dew of heaven; and let his portion be with the beasts of the field, till seven times pass over him.’

“ This is the interpretation, O King!—And this is the decree of the Most High—which is come upon my lord the King.

“ That they shall drive thee from men: and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field; and they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen; and they shall wet thee with the dew of heaven; and seven times shall pass over thee, till thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it unto whomsoever he will.

“ And whereas, they commanded to leave the stump of the tree roots: thy kingdom shall be sure unto thee; after that thou shalt have known that the heavens do rule.

“ Wherefore, O King! Let my counsel be acceptable unto thee; and break off thy sins, by righteousness; and thine iniquities, by shewing mercy unto the poor:—it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity.”

VERIFICATION OF THE DREAM ACCORDING TO THE WORDS OF DANIEL.

“ At the end of twelve months, Nebuchadnazar, the King, walking in the palace of the kingdom of Babylon, spake and said.—‘ Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of my kingdom: by the might of my power: and for the honour of my majesty?

“ While the word was yet in the King’s mouth—there fell a voice from heaven, saying—‘ O King Nebuchadnazar!—to thee it is spoken: the kingdom is departed from thee!—and they shall drive thee from among men!’

“ The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnazar—till his hairs were grown like eagles’ feathers, and his nails like birds’ claws.”

REINTEGRATION OF THE KING.

“ At the end of the days—(the seven times) I Nebuchadnazar, lift up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me; and I blessed the Most High: and I praised and honoured him that liveth for ever!—Whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and his kingdom from generation to generation.

“ And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing: and he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay his hand; or say unto him, what doest thou?

“ At the same time my reason returned unto me: and for the glory of my kingdom, mine honour and brightness returned unto me: and my counsellors and my lords sought unto me: and I was established in my kingdom: and excellent majesty was added to me.

“ Now I, Nebuchadnazar—praise, and extol, and honour the King of heaven. All whose words are truth: whose ways are judgments: and whose might is mighty to abase the proud.”

This is the text! What are we to say? Are we to hesitate in saying, that the scope and purpose of our present dream, in referring to this dream of Nebuchadnazar, is to hold up to us a mirror—wherein we may see ourselves: meaning to recast the wanderer, among us, to a proper sense of the law: to a right understanding of his dependance upon the law?

Are we to hesitate in saying—that the spirit of the people has revolted from dreams? That this necessary medium of heavenly communication with

man, is resorted to (in mercy to him), in the present instance, as it was in the instance of Nebuchadnezzar—(would he be advised in time!) to save him from judgment;—there being no remission of the law of God!

The meaning of this immense tree—symbol of the King himself—while living and governing in the true faith and fear of God! Symbol of a prosperous state—emblem and effect of power well-used, diffusing good to all!—Hewn down!—Why is it given to us in a dream: why made the ground work, already announced from the pulpit, of a discourse admonitory to the people:—why, unless we are to apply it to ourselves?

And the leaves of trees, with which the people had provided themselves, to molest the preacher, do they not bear allusion to the tree, and the outrage committed against the minister, does it not shew the spirit of the present times in regard to dreams? signifying—we care not for your parallel; we care not for your prognostic—but here we are to smother you in the insigniæ of your own forebodings!

All that we can say to this public demonstration of contempt for the authority of dreams is, that the spirit of the present times is sufficiently remarkable in this display.—Let us consider the model which has been laid before us, with somewhat closer attention; that we may know in what we assimilate, and be corrected in time.

Therefore, whilst Nebuchadnezzar is yet living and governing in a due observance of God's laws: whilst the tree is (consequently) in the exuberance of its fruitfulness, attesting therein the benignity of his care!—Even then, the King is visited with this dream!—Why? Because the watcher, who is always upon the watch of discovery, looking forward into the future stages of the King's life, has discovered him erring from the path of allegiance towards God, and to warn him of his fate—that he might be prevented in time..

The King saw a watcher, an holy one, come down from heaven. He cried aloud, and said thus, "Hew down the tree," &c.

Nebuchadnazar is all devotion and respect for this dream; holding it as a sign of especial grace and favour, wrought towards him! He calleth upon Daniel (not one of all the wise men of his kingdom being qualified) to expound it, Daniel alone being able, the spirit of the holy God being in him.

Daniel expoundeth the dream and the King respecteth it. Yea, notwithstanding the fearful severity of the decree against himself, the King is steadfast in receiving it with submission and respect: he was to be driven from the ways of men &c. &c. while seven times should pass over him &c. &c.—that is to say—while he should have expiated his forgetfulness of God, to the intent that man might know, that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men; and giveth it to whomsoever he willet.

Daniel would have advised the King to attenuate, as supposing the cause of this portended evil to the King, to be drawn down upon him by sins of habitual human frailty and neglect:—exhorting the King to break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities, by shewing mercy to the poor. But we are informed by the sequel, that the sin which most immediately provoked the judgment upon the King, had no existence—in thought even, at the time that Daniel was proffering his well-meant exhortation.

Twelve months had elapsed from the date of the King's dream, and the interpretation thereof by Daniel, in unvaried fortune:—whilst the King, seeing nothing come of his excited expectation, began—in the retardment, to lose his fear for doubts about the infallibility of the interpretation! So we are induced to conceive it!—For what else could have made the King so forgetful of God; what else could have exalted his heart to such an excess of pride and arrogant presumption, as in the instance we are treating of: what else but a total renunciation of all respect for his dream?

Indulging in this conceit—indulging in the vapour of his mighty name—intoxicated with vanity at the bigness of his estate—walking one day in the palace of his great city Babylon, he begins aloud to assume—

“ Is not this great Babylon, that I have built ! by the might of my power ! for the honour of my majesty ? ”

The words were yet in the King's mouth ; so close upon utterance was he overtaken with this decree !—A voice was heard—“ To thee, O King ! it is spoken : the kingdom is departed from thee ” &c. &c.

This was the offence—foreseen : and this the argument of the dream : i. e. the pride, presumption, and forgetfulness of the King, of all offences, in the sight of God, the most heinous. For these he was punished : for his backsliding from his faith in the interpretation of his dream. For these, the tree of his prosperity was hewn down—the leaves were scattered—desolation was spread abroad—the seven times passed over him—while atonement was made !

He then is permitted to lift his eyes again unto heaven—glad to acknowledge, and confess—“ that Babylon was not built by the might of his power : not for the honour of his majesty : but to serve the purpose of God alone.”

He is reintegrated, according to the words of the interpretation of his dream (“ Nevertheless, the kingdom shall be sure unto thee ”)—He comes forward declaring—“ At the end of the days mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the Most High.—And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing—and He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth—and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, ‘ What doest thou ? ’ ”

Now for the parity of circumstances, or motive in our preacher, or prompter rather of our dream—for referring us for ground-work of his proposed discourse to this dream, (interpretation and fulfilment thereof) of *Nebuchadnazar the King*.

The leading feature in the dream of *Nebuchadnazar*—the point which most immediately called down the wrath of God upon him, is that of his falling off from the respect in which he had been kept by the dream he had seen!—It had been represented to him, to the intent that the living might know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men.—Presented to him, as a warning, that he might, by respecting the warning, not incur in the offence; presented to him intelligibly; and explained to him by *Daniel*, his captive; a stranger in his land;—but solely gifted with this peculiar gift of understanding the mystical language of heaven!

Nebuchadnazar, at the time he was visited by this dream, was in the habit of respecting dreams; and continued in the same mind, while twelve months had elapsed from the date of *Daniel's* interpretation of the same. The King was living in expectation of the execution of the decree; but the execution of the decree was a thing depending upon the King's mis-doing. The King understood it to be an irreversible decree, positive, and impending; and lived therefore in awe of it while a certain time had elapsed; but after twelve months, seeing nothing come of his excited expectation, he began to think lightly of the dream, and to dismiss all his fears. The moment he assumed—“Is not this great *Babylon* that I have built?”—that moment he erred. His error was despising the warning he had received. The want of faith in dreams!

If, therefore, the error was so great in *Nebuchadnazar* for relaxing from his faith in dreams:—surely, we may be under some apprehension for ourselves; when, in the way to be warned from the pulpit, by reference to the

sats of Nebuchadnezzar, we prevent the minister from proceeding, by rushing tumultuously in, provided with leaves of trees—as if in derision we should say, “We will have none of your dreams; but here we are to smother you in the signs and tokens of your own forebodings.”

The preacher was forced to retire, after tearing indignantly his sermon into slivers, and throwing them down upon the multitude.—But being arrived at the church door, he turned about, and seeing such a scramble for the tatters of his sermon—having more in his pocket (of the same we presume)—“Here, (said the preacher, taking them out of his pocket) since ye make such a scramble about one, (throwing them all amongst them) here take them all.—These remain!”—It will be remembered under what circumstances of violence they remain—characteristic of the spirit of the times!—many were picked up: but specifically one by Mr. T. which he gave to the beautiful lady. The gentleman, yet unknown to us, who advised the preacher to retire, had another.—To what end?—Not in vain, we will be bold to say, have they been preserved!—In vindication of their reality, their intention, their use:—their significancy, their necessary and unavoidable designation and effect in the government of human affairs, have they been preserved!—This we expect. For these, although no more than creatures of a dream, and accounted by the vulgar, and classed by the learned among the legends of the fanciful, we are pleased to accept in faith; assuring ourselves, that in time and season they will be effectually disclosed!

The orderer of dreams—Him! who to airy nothing could give this reality of show: so capable, so far, of commemoration: will bring it wholly to our knowledge and understanding. Having consigned it so far, with such impressive effect upon our hearts and minds, will, in due season, make it legible to our intention, and to the end (leaving nothing short) of the original design.—Nothing vain!

Can any thing of God be vain?—Shall these things, impossible to the force and comprehension of man, having no existence yet in reality, but in the only prescience of God; made familiar to his notice and observation—(need being that man should be reminded of his subordinate station upon earth) purposely to save him from judgment: shall all this be vain?

Must dreams, the vehicle of heavenly intelligences to the understanding of man, be despised as vain?—Does man then depend, for any thing, upon heaven? Does he depend upon a celestial order of things?—The Orderer of this order, shall he have ordained to no end?

But if G.D. is concerned in any thing for the maintenance and due observance of his laws: but if He is to be concerned about the orderly government of man—shall the watchers of God be awake to any estrangement of man from his obedience to God; and suffer him to go on, unadvised, in hostility even to the purposes of his being?

But if man is to be warned, for his own sake, from the evil course he is pursuing, shall God be called upon to say, by what means he shall be warned?—In dreams, if man shall please; or by means impossible to man, that man may know that they are the miraculous doings of God!—But otherwise, let man point out,—he must know the mighty means of God!—Let the bravest of us say, were a voice to come from heaven—(as in former days it was vouchsafed) let him say where he would hide his head.

Let us rather be advised in time: not to disbelieve, while the storm do burst upon our heads. Let us ask what the preacher can have meant by referring us to the dream of Nebuchadnazar.

Whether to draw an omen of events from the history of those times to ourselves? This connecting the present with the past—what is it meant to infer? This dissention and dissent from the church: this relaxation of discipline in the ministers: this irreverence in the people: this denial of all intercourse

with heaven: this contempt and scornful aversion from dreams, the ancient and favourite medium of communication from heaven to man! What can the preacher, or rather the prompter of this dream, have meant by these leaves of the tree of prosperity, in a scattered state, and made an instrument of derision in the hands of the people, against the preacher?—Are we to understand that our tree of prosperity is hewn down?—That the King is under interdiction from heaven, while certain times pass over: that we are abandoned of God, to the effects of our own impiety: that our prayers are of no avail? But if God should send us his help—who is their to acknowledge it?

TWENTY-FOURTH DREAM.

Night of 8th—coming 9th February, 1813.

“ I DREAMT that I was going home from here, but instead of going down Oxford-Street as usual, I went down another street, and could not find my way. After walking some time I got into a square, and I met a gentleman, rather tall and powdered, dressed in light coloured clothes and boots. I thought it was Mr. T. when he first came up; but I soon saw it was not. I asked him if he could tell me the way to Oxford-Road: he said yes, and asked me where I was going. I told him I was going home. I said, I must make haste, for it was very late. He said, that is Portman-Square; and that I was a great way from home. He said I should be too late to get in, and that I had better go home with him. I said, no, I will not, as it was so late. He said that I had much better, as he was so very near home. I stood hesitating a little while, and then said, I will go. He said he lived in Portland-Place. We walked very pleasantly together, and he observed what a very fine night it was. The moon and stars shone very beautifully. We came to Portland-Place, and

to the door of the edifice of the 21st dream. I said, 'I have been here before.' He said he did not think it, but said, 'You must knock, for they would not let me in.' I knocked, and the door opened immediately of itself, there being no appearance of human being near it. We walked in, and he said, 'We will go into the garden.' I said that he might, but that I should not: for that I should go up stairs. He said that I had much better go with him into the garden: for that he had some beautiful roses; that he would give me some to take with me to-morrow. I said, thinking he meant I should take them to you, 'He don't like *artificial* roses:—you can have no other at this time of year.' He said he had. I said, 'I shall go up stairs', and went. I entered into the first room, and observed the pannels, which before were blue, all painted black; and that the picture of the Prince Regent was gone. I was very much surprised, and looked at the other pictures—they were all in their places. I walked out and went up the second flight, into the chapel. I looked all round to see if every thing was as before;—particularly at the communion table: and over it I observed, on the right side of the Angel, another picture of a man—full length, fair, and very handsome. I thought he was a king: he had a crown of stars at his feet of wonderful beauty! There appeared a space on the left of the Angel, as if intended for some other worthy.

"I then turned myself round, and saw a coffin covered over with white. A bell was tolling at the same time. I heard somebody coming, and sat myself down on one of

the seats. There came in five gentlemen dressed in black. They walked up to the coffin. They took no sort of notice of my being there.—One of them said, ‘ We must not bury him here.’ Another said, ‘ What are we to do with him ?’ This made me think it might be the Genius. They then looked at one another, and walked out.

“ I then heard somebody else advancing: this was an elderly gentleman with a clergyman’s gown on. He stood waiting sometime with a book in his hand. I thought he could not be come, in his black gown, to bury him; the costume at burials being a white surplice.—The five returned with gowns on. One of these asked the elder what was to be done with him. He said, ‘ He must be buried.’ But the other replied, ‘ We do not dare to bury him here; we shall move him down stairs.’ They made an effort to move him—but could not—they seeming to be all afraid. At this time the organ began to play. I looked up, but saw no one near it. They were all very much frightened, and walked out directly. I was very angry in my own mind that they would not bury him; and very much surprised and puzzled to think how he came there.

“ I began now to think of going, but waited some time, expecting my companion of Portland-Place to come up to me—he came!—Said to me, he did not think I should have liked to stay there so long; thinking I should be afraid. He did not like to come among funerals, he said. I asked him whose corpse it was. He did not answer to that point; but said he thought I should like to come and

see him buried. I told him what they had said: that they would not bury him. He said he thought so,—for he knew that the Angel would not suffer him to be buried there.—He said they had made several attempts to bury him; but something had always happened to frighten them. I asked him, what would finally be done with him? He said he would be left there till next week—until she (meaning the Angel) came.—That his friends, he dared to say, would by that time be come. I told him that I was very much vexed that they did not bury him. He made no reply to that; but said it was getting to be daylight: that we must go!—Coming out, he offered me the roses he had got. I said I would not have them, for they were artificial. He took no notice of my refusal. Said we will come again. Coming out, I awoke.”

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH
DREAM.

HOW came A. B. to deviate from her usual path? It does not appear to have been from any reflected movement of her mind!—Indifference then, or, as she got into a square, of all figures the most perfect, heaven directed. She met a gentleman whom, at first sight she took to be Mr. T., but soon found it was not!—Mr. T. changed in some variable feature of his mind,

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perhaps, like Mr. N. in the last dream; so as not to be knowable for the same person!—He invited her to go home with him, she being so distant from her own home. Distant as indifferent, which is seen in her hesitation about his proposal;—of no great bias either way!—He lived in Portland-Place, he said, which was the feather that turned the scale.—She went with him!—They walked very pleasantly together—the night was very fine: he made her observe the moon and stars—how beautifully they shone:—they came to Portland-Place—to the door of a stone edifice:—she knew it again—she had been here before she said—but he could not believe it!—Yet, in the next breath, he tells her, “You must knock here, for to my knocking, there would be no admission.” He is conscious of some unworthiness of admission into this place. To her knocking the door was opened: implying perfect conversion of spirit, in her, and acceptance.—He would go, he said, into the garden: he had some beautiful roses!—His roses, she said, could only be artificial; alluding again to the uncertainty of his professions in regard to us and our faith!—They were simulations at best—doubtful! She would not go with him into the garden. She preferred going up into the communion hall. The gentleman remained below.

A. B. entered the first room, or picture hall. The panels, which before were blue, she observed, were changed to black; and that the picture of the ‘Prince Regent,’ was gone! The other pictures were all in their places. The black, therefore, or sign of mourning, must regard the prince! Whither can the picture be gone?—Or is this hall, and the picture we see no more,—the first, significant of our worldly theatre, and the second, prospective of an early ‘ate portended of the prince?’

The nature of dreams, and the fallibility of divination, will take the sting away from our conjecture. We know no more.

A. B. went up the second flight, into the chapel or communion hall. She looked all round to see if every thing was in place. At the communion table, over it, on the right of the angel, another picture had been placed, of a man—full length, fair, and very handsome. She thought he was a king. He had a crown of stars at his feet, of wonderful beauty. On the left of the angel, was a space left vacant, destined—it should seem, for some future worthy!—

But these worthies, how are we to know unto whom they refer?—Is it to exercise our patience, or our penetration; that on the simple merits of their attributes we are left to divine? The one on the right of the angel, already in its place, with the Stellar crown at his feet, we shall judge to be the simulacrum of our faith in the particular treatment of A. B. who had merited the crown by the hardness of his enterprise; but was cut off from his design, and from existence, of course, by the desertion of A. B. at about the middle age of his appointed life; and carried up (dream 10th) by two angels to heaven! his work being short of accomplishment, the crown he had merited, is placed at his feet! so far in readiness; while a future day, or the perfection of the work, may put it upon his head.

It may be otherwise;—and the vacant place assigned—for whom?—It may be, that a new faith, like the phoenix, born of the ashes of the deceased; born with the repentance of our patient; but clothed in characters of diffidence and hope, finding a way through the relenting folds of God's mercy, to completion; shall be destined to inherit this palm—the crown of glory—upon his head. Triumphant faith!

A. B. now turns round and perceives a coffin covered with white—a bell tolling at the same time!—She heard some footsteps approaching. She sat herself down to observe and meditate. Five gentlemen in black came in. A question arose, what they had to do with him! Upon this questioning, A. B.

was led to suppose the defunct might be the remains of her Genius. We are not of that mind, since her title to admission into that holy place, was her aljuration of his power; the cause of his death. The gentlemen concluded nothing: they looked at one another, and walked out. A very significant scene notwithstanding.

A. B. then heard somebody else advancing, it was an elderly gentleman in a clergyman's gown:—he stood waiting some time with a book in his hand;—one would say, denoting his purpose to bury the corpse!—But his surplice was wanting to the burial ceremony, and could not mean that, of course! The five returned with gowns. The gowns appear to be the order of dress for burial service. They were yet in question as to what was to be done with him:—but having come to an agreement that he must be buried; but that he could not be buried there; and that he must be removed to some other place—and boldly advancing towards him in order to remove him down stairs—behold! in trying to remove him, he could not be moved! For to say he would not be moved, to men of such power of mind, would be moving to pity. He could not be moved! They seemed to be afraid, A. B. says; but astonished a little, we suppose, at his unexpected immobility! So had it ended here; but while they were yet in this apparent consternation, the organ, self-moved, began to play: no living being appearing to be near it. They were all decidedly frightened at this, and walked out!—This evidence of life and harmony beyond the grave was not quite agreeable to their feelings! We do not know how to explain it otherwise. A. B. was very angry that they did not bury him; being still of the same mind, perhaps, that the defunct might have been her Genius; and thinking, by that final step, to have done with him for ever—as if from the tomb none broke their secrets!—She continued ruminating how he could have got there; and in fact, her puzzle upon this point ought to have decided her for the contrary.

She began to think of going ; but waited now in expectation of her companion of Portland-Place : the principal actors being gone, or cause of action being over :—he came to her wish :—said to her, he did not think she could have liked to stay so long among funerals. She asked him, being yet in doubt, who the defunct could be? But he could not answer to that point. She then related the greatest part of the adventure to him : the fright of the canons upon every attempt to remove the corpse ; but their complete retreat upon hearing the celestial sounds !—The gentleman was informed of the order not to bury him. The angel had ordered the burial to be deferred to a future day ; his friends were to arrive in about a week.—A. B. expressed herself to him extremely vexed that they did not bury him : she had some cogent reason yet unlayed of her own !—The gentleman now presented to her his roses !—She did not regard them : they had all the appearances of art and fashion.—These roses are only figurative of his little courtesies of life : she wanted them from his heart—courtesies of love !—He took no offence at her refusal ; not having in his heart that interest of affection, that is vulnerable to disclaim !—It might interpret also the other way :—extreme respect will never take offence !—he said, “ We will meet again soon.”—She awoke.

TWENTY-FIFTH DREAM.

Night of 18th—coming 19th February, 1813.

“ I DREAMT I was at work, although on a sunday. I thought I heard somebody knock at the door, and a gentleman walked in. He said to me that the gentleman of the house told him that I was alone; and that he came to ask me if I would go with him to St. Paul’s. I told him no, I could not go: that I was going out to dinner. He said, never mind that, you must go, for I have the ticket on purpose; I said then I shall go; and set off with him. On the way he said to me, you will be too late for your dinner—you had better go home with me, for I have a goose. I said I should not be too late, if I made haste, for it was only twelve o’clock. We arrived at St. Paul’s. A great crowd of people was assembled there. Very great. I noticed it to him. He said there was great folly in their coming, for they would not get in. I thought the crowd made way for us to pass. We came to the door—and the door opened to us immediately. I asked him how *he* came to be let in. He said he was the master of that

place. He noticed several of the monuments—and particularly that of Lord Nelson. We then walked in to the chapel. He said we will go up into the pulpit, for there will be no other room, the church would be so full. I said no, I would not go up there, for that the people would stare so: that I knew one of the gentlemen; and that I should not like him to see me there.—He said, ‘Never mind, you must go up.’ We went up, and sat down; and the boys, (choristers) came in. They had all black gowns on instead of (as had been usual) white. I thought I said to him, ‘We had better go and sit in one of those pews.’ He said he could go, but he had rather not; for that the prince and all the dukes were coming. ‘There—there they are coming now:’ I thought he said. And they came in. They had no attendants. He pointed out the prince to me. I said, ‘How cross he looks.’ He made no reply to this, but said ‘The funeral is coming.’ I thought the procession came in, the coffin foremost; and three or four clergymen following. I thought they kept coming in till the place was quite full—every part of it: I thought one of the clergymen looked up to us, and said to one that was next to him—‘I told you he would come; and I am very sorry for it.’ One of the clergymen opened a book, and began to read, but shut it again; and said, ‘I was reading the marriage service instead of the burial.’ The other clergyman took the book from him quite in a pet, and began to read the burial service. I thought, when he had finished, they took up one of the stones just before the

pulpit. A grave had been prepared and lined all through with boards. They put the coffin down:—covered it over with white cloth, and then laid down the stone again.

“ The people were going out, when one of the clergymen said something to them which I did not understand:—but the people all turned round and bowed to the gentleman. The prince also bowed, and the dukes and all, to the gentleman—who then got up, and returned the bow to the prince.—They all went out. The gentleman then said to me, ‘ We will go!’ I said I was very sorry I had come, for I had not been at all gratified with the funeral: the prince looked so cross: they all looked so cross, all that came in! He said he brought me to see the prince and the dukes. I said I did not want to see them! When we came to the door, he said he must go home. I wished him good morning—and coming away, I awoke.”

**REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH
DREAM.**

A. B. dreamt that she was at work—although it was sunday. She had been bred in a strict observance of sunday—that is to say—abstinence from work! but so persuaded is she now of the acceptability of good works,—for work done in the discharge of the duties of our station have this seal; that

she is not ashamed to acknowledge that she was at work—although it was Sunday.

A gentleman, a stranger to A. B. knocked at the door : he had come purposely provided with a ticket for her admission to St. Paul's. She made some hesitation,—but went—although straitened for time. She was engaged to dinner!—The gentleman had no scruples about tempting her away from her engagement with another ; (to shew the spirit of the times)—but, would she go dine with him, he could offer her a goose!—A. B. respected her engagement, although she had no scruple to work on Sunday. The gentleman thought most likely, that she was a goose for preferring to keep her word, to eating of his goose : and cared very little about her working on Sunday!—These signs are significant, we suppose, of the state of moral persuasion and practice, at the period of the dream.

The main purpose of the gentleman was to invite A. B. to the funeral at St. Paul's. She must have been in some sort interested in the show. She went ! They found an astonishing crowd assembled at the church door. A. B. noticed it to the gentleman. They had done foolishly, he said,—for they would not get in. Their passion, however, is expressed ; and why this partiality, in a general concern, remains to be explained :—the church, or temple of God—being open to all ! God being no respecter of persons !—It was a particular occasion, since titles—or tickets of admission—were issued by authority. Every body could not be contained ; exceptions, therefore, were necessarily made.—Was the movement to see the spectacle ; or from charity and devotion ?—Charity would give way upon such occasions,—it explains itself !

The gentleman and A. B. as they approached the church door, were suffered to pass ; not only, but the crowd of themselves fell back, and made a lane

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for them to pass.—How is this? The church door self-opened—as had happened to A. B. before, at the edifice of Portland-Place!—It was no matter of surprise to A. B. that the door should have opened to her;—but she could not help asking the gentleman how he came to be let in? He was master of that place, he said: and no better title could be required. They walked in: noticed several monuments: but that to the memory of Nelson—particularly!

Affected seriously with all the emotions attendant upon such a scene, they are led into the chapel to see a funeral! The prince and all the royal dukes are assisting. A subject, of course, of no trifling importance! To be conducted so immediately from the contristations and regrets, unavoidably recurring with the recollection of Nelson—to this funeral!—What are we to say?—Is it not evidently to connect the chain of ideas; and to lead the mind to a right conclusion upon the meaning of the dream?

So it should seem.—But why? Is any thing wanting to the memory of Nelson? Let us be just! Can it be forgotten that Nelson had a daughter: offspring of his loins: idol of his love?

Then it occurs to us that this must be the scope and purpose of the dream: i. e. to bring us to account on the subject of this beloved of Nelson.

The gentleman insisted that A. B. should go up with him into the pulpit, very much to her confusion; but the crowd was so great, she could chuse no other: it was so ordered that she might be posted to overlook the whole function, and its effect upon the minds of the congregation. The prince looked so cross:—they all looked so cross!—Our dreamer was not at all gratified. She was sorry she had been persuaded to come.—We do not read in this sourness of countenance, that benignity of sorrow which is usual upon mournful occasions to over-spread the public brow—but something of the severity of remorse.

Then why? We have not yet been told that this is in reality the daughter of Nelson,—but for what we know of the daughter of Nelson, she may have died neglected; and this may be the funeral of the daughter of Nelson!

No wonder at sour faces!—Shall the great prompter of dreams have designed this show to bring the question of natural right to trial before the prince and public:—to trial against the unnatural plea, of human institution, establishing—in regard to descent of property, another rule of right; injurious to the natural law, or rule of right from God?

To answer to Nelson why the right he had acquired upon the justice of his country, should be diverted away from the course he had designed.—Had he lived—could he have neglected his daughter? But dying, had he no right to will to his daughter the right he had acquired, by the sacrifice of his life; to be substituted by his country?—His dying words—my country will be a father to her! Has the country been a father to her? We will say no more!

It appears that the gentleman who had originally thought of inviting our dreamer, although unknown to her, to assist at this scene; must have been interested himself in her talent, or gift rather, of seeing, of retaining, and of communicating spiritual things to the capacity of the world!—It is proved by the pains he was at to engage her!—That he was a person of great respectability—is also to be argued—by the attention paid to him, at the suggestion of one of the clergymen; by people, prince, dukes, and all.—We have no clue to the identity of his person, unless by keeping close to our notions already elicited, we find the person most interested in this show, to be Nelson himself. The spirit of Nelson. He was master of that place, he said!—Was any body there above him then? He loves his country yet; and is come again in spirit, if the world will attend to him (in time!) to save his country from reproach.

The minor interests of the story: such as a clergyman looking up at them in the pulpit, and remarking to his neighbour—I told you he would come, and how sorry he was for it!—Such as the clergyman mistaking the marriage for the burial service; an instance of confusion not supposable in a solemnization of this sort—but recorded nevertheless for animadversion: such as the coffin being covered with white cloth, and let down into a grave prepared with a lining of boards, meaning to offer accessibility to the doubtful—are all significant and worthy of remark—but for the present we shall suspend.

TWENTY-SIXTH DREAM.

Night of 12th—coming 13th March, 1813.

“ I DREAMT I came here. Mr. T. was here writing a letter. I said, ‘ I came here to ask you to go with me.’ You asked me where I was going. I said, ‘ To church.’ You asked me what church. I said, ‘ My own church.’ You said you could not go, for you had got the head-ach, and would not go out all day. Mr. T. said he should like to go. I told him I could not take him. He said he would wait till next time, for he could not get in alone. You said to me, I must be back by four. I said I did not know, and went away directly. I thought as I was going along that I should be very late. I soon got there, however, and saw a great many people going in. I thought I would wait till they had gone up stairs, to go in by myself. I went in, after all these people were gone up ; and going up stairs, I heard somebody say, ‘ There is no admittance.’ I went up stairs, notwithstanding.

When I got to the top of the first flight, I met a gentleman dressed in light blue. He did not speak to me, but made to me a low bow. I followed him up the second flight, and saw all the people waiting. The gentleman

said to the people, 'Stand on one side.' Which they did! He passed; and the door opened. I followed him into the chapel. I looked all round. I saw no one there. He opened the communion rail, and gave me a seat inside. I thought, just as I was going to sit down, I saw the beautiful lady. I did not see where she came from. She was dressed in blue, just as she was before. She shook hands with me; said, 'You have made it late.' I said, 'I have been round to D.'s.' She said, 'Very well.' She asked why you were not come. I told her you had got the head-ach, you said, and would not go out all day. She said, 'I am very sorry for that; tell him, I shall soon cure him;' and I thought in my own mind that she would cure you by magnetism. She said, 'Where is the gentleman who gave me this book?' (Alluding to the sermon of the 23d dream.) 'He did right (she said) to keep the pieces.' I said I did not know she wished to see him; or I would have brought him with me. I said, 'Possibly he may come.' She said, 'They will not let him in alone; they don't know him; but you can bring him next time.' I said I would go back for him. She said, 'Oh no!' and turned round instantly, and asked me if I did not think the picture, (alluding to the picture over the communion-table) a beautiful picture! I said, 'Very beautiful! it is like you!' She said, 'I know it; I thought you would find it out;' but said it rather as if she did not wish to be heard.—The gentleman now informed her, the funeral was coming! and at the same instant several gentle-

men appeared. One of them sat down on a form. She said, ' Turn that gentleman out ; I don't like Mr. U.' The gentleman, in light blue, turned him out directly. I thought I would tell you *that*, the moment I got home. The funeral came in. There were no mourners. Five clergymen only accompanying in black gowns. The gentleman in blue, gave them a form. She said she would turn that old gentleman (one of the five) out. She heard him swear the last time he was here : he must not come here ; nor any one that swears. She gave a book that she held in her hand to the youngest of the remaining four ; saying, ' You shall read the service !' He said, ' Is he to be buried ?' She said, ' No ; but I will have the service all read ; and he shall be placed within the communion, until the people are convinced that *he is the Truth !*' She said, I will have the coffin left open, for he will never change.'

The young clergyman was beginning to read—she said, ' Stop : the people may come in, and stand at a distance. The reader opened the door, and let the people in. They all came forward. She said, ' You must stand at a distance, or go out.' They stepped back directly—all of them ; and the reader began to read. He seemed to me to read from the very beginning of the book to the end. (Giving the book back again into the lady's hands.) She said, ' The people may look at him,' (meaning the defunct.) They came forward, all of them, and looked at him. She said to me, ' You know him !' She said, ' Let the people go

out.' They all went out, but pressed rather by the reader. She said to me, 'I shall give to that young man, a copy of this sermon,' (meaning the sermon she had received from Mr. T.) that he may preach the same doctrine; being the same that was preached by that minister (pointing to the corpse) of Truth.' I asked her when he would be buried. She said in six months; but that he should remain there until he had been seen by all the world. That when the time came, he should be buried under that picture! I said, 'I should like to be buried there.' She made no reply to that. She said I must go. I said, 'Very well.' She told the young clergyman he must go with me. He said, 'Very well!' seeming to be quite pleased. She said to me, 'I shall see you again very soon.' I said, 'I hope so.' I said, 'I shall tell him (D.) all.' She said, 'Very well; but he knows all!'—She shook hands with me; said, 'The young clergyman shall go out with you, for fear of the people.' I said I was not afraid, for I came in by myself. She was glad, she said, that I was not afraid, but that he had better go with me. He said that he would go with me, but that he did not know his way out. I thought that at this instant she suddenly disappeared!

"I came out with the young man. He did not speak a word to me. The people were standing at the door. As they saw us coming, they all walked away directly. When we got down to the door, he made a low bow, and turned back to go up stairs again immediately. I thought I would come to you directly; and in coming, I awoke."

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE TWENTY-SIXTH
DREAM.

THE day of the 13th succeeding the night or morning time of her dreaming, Mr. T. was here, writing a letter on my domestic concerns!—She came to ask me to go with her to her own church: meaning to say the church or chapel of our angel of Portland-Place: her own church, espoused with her whole heart: her favourite temple, exclusively of all others, her own! She might well call it her own:—the testimonials she has received of peculiar grace and favour from the divinity thereof, calling upon her for this total, and self-espoused devotion!—But not less mine, notwithstanding the unfortunate head-ach which over-ruled my constant inclination of thought towards her on that day! Mr. T. would have gone. Crowds of people were assembled with the desire to get in!—But—what figure, I must ask, do I seem to make in the midst of all this fervour for my own divinity—interdicted by an unfortunate head-ach, which I ought to have known, (or my faith must remain imputed much) her presence would have cured! So does this appear to stand against me as a reproof.—I accept it, from her, with love. How kind her inquiring about me! How kind her commiseration!—“Tell him, (she said) I shall soon cure him!” And in effect—

Now to the gentleman in blue, at the head of the first flight, who received A. B. in such respectful silence, making her a low bow: who, notwithstanding the announce of "No admittance" to the generality, conducted her with such respected authority, through the mass of people aduned upon the second flight, to the door:—which, moreover, at their approach, self-opened to receive them!—Who could this be?—Signifying such acceptance: such remarkable distinction. Well might A. B. assume—mine own chapel!—She followed the gentleman in: looked all around: saw no one there: the gentleman opened the communion rail: gave her a seat within it: and at the instant she was going to seat herself—behold the beautiful lady—not shewing whence she came, in person before her!—Arrayed as usual in blue. She shook hands with A. B.—rebuked her with that kind and loving rebuke—"You have made it late!—Why did not D. come?" and so on, to the tune we have already remarked: conferring delight:—roses and thorns—in the same breath—but fullest of delight.

She asked, "Where is the gentleman who gave me this book?" (the sermon of 23d Dream) saying "He did right to keep the pieces:" meaning Mr. T. who had said to A. B. he should like to go; but could not go alone: nor would A. B. undertake, upon her own influence at that time, to present him. It appears, however, by the colloquio, that in her company he would have found acceptance!—A distinction being thought admissible in favour of his expressed desire to come;—but in respect to personal claim to admissibility—in that place!—Not.

A. B. thinking the beautiful lady might be interested in his apparition, offered to go back for him—but, oh no! she said, and turning instantly round to the picture, asked her—did not she think it a beautiful picture? Intimating, perhaps—that Mr. T. his motive for wishing to come, might

have been principally to see the original of that picture, whom he had admired when he saw her before.—She knew it, but did not affect to conceal it quite, nor speak it openly:—it had the fate of all worldly motives;—of being disappointed of its ends!

The funeral was now coming. Several gentlemen appeared. One of them sat down on a form. The angel said, “Turn him out!”—He wished to see the funeral:—the funeral of Truth, as by the sequel it appears to be! “Turn him out, (she repeated) I don't like Mr. U!”—His family has been benefited by Magnetism: but he did not like to give to Cæsar his due: he ascribed the benefit to common powers: he talked of Greatrakes: of Witchcraft! He could not bear these evidence of preternatural means. He wished to see this funeral of Truth! The gentleman turned him out.

The funeral came in!—There were no mourners!—Not a friend to Truth!—Five gentlemen in black gowns, (ministerially perhaps) came in. The gentleman in blue helped them to a form.—The eldest was not suffered to remain: he had been heard to swear on a former occasion:—he was ordered to go out.—The angel said, “This is not a place for swearers: he shall not come here; nor any one that swears!”—Let the sinner be advertent in time. The angel gave a book that she held in her hand, to the youngest of the remaining four:—saying, “You shall read the service.” He said, “Is he to be buried?” She replied, “No! but I will have the service all read; and he shall be placed in the communion until the people shall be convinced of his being the Truth!” She said, “I will have the coffin left open; for he will never change!” How beautiful: how correspondent this language with the abstract ideas of Truth. The purity of Truth: the incorruptibility of Truth: how delightful!

The young priest began to read; but the angel stopped him to let in the people. They were to stand at a proper distance. The priest let them in:

they came forward a little too far: they were ordered to fall back:—they obeyed!—This to shew the respectful compliance in these, (elect) with the supreme will!—The reader began to read, from the beginning of the book, as it appeared to A. B., to the end!—A new ritual, we may suppose, for the burial of the dead: since at the ending of the book he gave it back into her own hands:—to be revealed in due time and season, infallibly, to the world!

The angel said, “The people may look at him if they pleased.” They came forward, all of them, and looked at him. Extreme simplicity—which is mistaken for ignorance, the first born of Nature and of Truth—open to conviction: more likely to receive and acknowledge, than the sons of corruption and prejudice. The lady said to A. B. “You know him: remain here! Let the people go out;” and they all went—but rather pressed by the young priest—to signify what?—Excessive zeal in him, and great submission in them, to obey the commandment of their spiritual pastors and masters, as it ought to be, and as it will be, wherever they see the Truth.

The lady said to A. B. “I shall give a copy of the sermon I received from T. to the young priest; that he may preach it to the world: the doctrine it contains being the same with the doctrines usually preached by that minister (pointing to the corpse)—of Truth!” A. B. asked the lady when he would be buried? She replied, in six months; but that he should remain there until he had been seen by all the world.

The sermon, therefore, intended to have been preached (Dream 23d), but was hindered by the riot of the people—which was torn into pieces, but was gathered together by some of the well-disposed:—will, notwithstanding, be preached on some future day—to the world! In the mean time we are informed that the doctrines prepared at that time to have been delivered were consonant

with the doctrines of Truth. That the riot of the people had been consequently directed against the preaching of Truth: his ministry interdicted: his office rejected.

How is this to be understood?—That Truth is fairly driven out from off the face of the earth!—That error and confusion is about to prevail while six months pass over us!—while the image of Truth (i. e. the office of Justice!) shall have been seen by all the world in this mournful state extinct!—seen, that is to say, felt, acknowledged, lamented:—then buried—under the picture in the communion: the place assigned for the communion of the faithful around the immutable body of Truth.

“Alba sede del immutabil vero!”

A. B. said, she could wish it were her lot to be buried there; speaking from her love and devotion for the beautiful lady: but she got no reply to this expression of her wish. She was not yet so perfect in all the observances of Truth as to be worthy of reply! She did not consider the boon she was asking! She was told (not for answer) she must go.—A. B. was resigned—the young clergyman was to go with her—he seemed well pleased; nor can we say herein that she was averse. The lady said to her as she was going, “I shall see you again very soon:” and A. B. replied, “I hope so!—I shall tell all to D.” She said, “Very well; but he knows all!”—meaning to say, nothing can be concealed from him;—or it is to that end that she herself is informed.

The lady shook hands with A. B.—told her the young clergyman should go out with her for fear of the people. A. B. said she was not afraid, for she had come in alone. The lady was glad she was not afraid, glad of her confidence in her own intentions: but thought that prudence might be a better adviser. The tongue of slander is most alluded to here, because the company

of the young priest would be of very little protection to her, were the danger to be apprehended from any bad intention of the people.—“A word to the wise!” It was not to shew her the way out neither, that he was appointed to accompany her. She could shew him the way out. This made clear and intelligible, the lady suddenly disappeared. The rest was matter of course. The young clergyman having given his countenance to A. B., the people dispersed; having executed his commission reverently and respectfully, being come to the door, he made her a low bow—turned immediately round to return up stairs. A. B. thought she would come to me directly to report, and in coming, she awoke.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DREAM.

Night of 21st—coming 22d March, 1813.

“ I DREAMT I came here. X. said you were not at home. I said, ‘ I will go and take a walk.’ I thought in my own mind I would go to my chapel. I soon got there. The door was shut. I knocked, and it opened. There was no body there. I walked up the steps into the great room where the pictures were. I looked all round, and saw every thing as it was before. I then walked out, and went up the second flight. I walked into the chapel, and I saw the coffin, but no person there. I waited a few minutes looking about me. The young priest, of last dream, came in. He said to me, ‘ I thought you were here : she won’t come to day, but you are to go with me. I have got a coach ready.’ I said I would not go with him in a coach. He said, ‘ Why ?’ I said, I did not like to go in coaches with gentlemen. ‘ Then, (he said) you must walk !’ I hesitated whether I would go or not, but I said I would. We left the chapel, and came out, and began our walk. We walked a long way across fields and lanes; and I know not where. It began to get dark. I said, ‘ I

will go no farther; for I did not like to go to places in the dark.' He said, 'It is never dark where an angel is!' I thought we came to the foot of the hill, and all of a sudden it became quite light. I thought I said I would not go up the hill: it was muddy. He said, 'There are two paths,—a right and a wrong!' He said, 'He went up the clean path;' and we went together, and it was very clean! He said, 'You have been here before.' I said, 'Yes, before you.' We came to the little wire-work cave. We went in, but I don't know how we got in: I saw no door. The beautiful lady was sitting therein; by a table covered with writings. She asked me how I did, and said, 'I thought you would be at my chapel;—it being Good Friday!' I looked all round the place, and observed it was covered at top. She said, 'Yes, I have done *that!*' The fire was burning, but no clock over it. The picture of the Prince Regent was there in its place. I asked the lady if the picture was not the likeness of the Prince Regent. She said, 'Yes!' I asked her if he was not a favourite of her's. She said, *not particularly* so: but that for one great trait in his character, she should always hold him in esteem. She said she thought it would be the last true likeness that would be taken of him; and that she should always keep it in remembrance of him! I said, 'He is very handsome.' She said, '*Was* handsome: for he is getting old.' I asked her if she took his part. She said, she never interfered in the confusion of the world.

Note.—A. B. said, that the sequel of the dream, which would be in order to follow in this place, is—by command of the beautiful lady, to remain secreted with her!—"What, (I said) secreted from me?" She said, "Yes; secreted from you."—"Well, (I said) it is odd: but I suppose it is right: I cannot contend it: I am resigned. I respect her will, implicitly, in this, and in all things!"

A. B. goes on. "I asked the beautiful lady had she been writing? She said no! She never wrote, nor read! But that the young priest, (who had absented himself unperceivedly) was writing out the sermon! That he was a very worthy young man; but of a bad temper: but that she should soon correct him of that. I thought he at this moment re-appeared. I said I would go home. She said, 'He shall see you home.' I thought I shook hands with her, and came out with him. He said, 'He was very happy;' and coming down the hill, I thought I awoke."

REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE TWENTY-SEVENTH DREAM.

THE former dreams have put us so much in possession of the (carte du pays) map of the country of this dream, as to make our travel over the face of it, seemingly familiar and easy. That I should not have been at home when A. B. came, has to my ear a sounding of reproof, as if I should

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have been unwilling upon some magnetic request. Not finding me at home, she went to her own chapel:—she was expected there; for after going into the picture hall, seeing every thing in place as before—after going up the second flight into the chapel; seeing no person there—nothing but the coffin:—after pausing and casting about for a few minutes, the young priest came in, accosting her with these words:—“She (as known to refer of course to the lady of the place) will not come! but you are to go with me:”—implying, by her order to that effect, he had provided a coach for her accommodation. She would not ride in coaches with gentlemen. Not even with the young priest. No profession was safe from the censure of the world! she would only go with him, after much hesitation, on foot.—A young priest is but a young man. The order of Nature was before the order of priesthood!—She was much corrected by the lesson of the last dream.

They left the chapel, and began their walk across fields, and lanes,—she knew not where!—nor seemed to care—till it began to grow dark. She would go no further. She did not like to go to places in the dark! But was she to remain there?—This happens to people who do not proportion their steps to their time. Her thoughts were all worldly: he was guided by his faith: “Come on, (he says) the lady is there!—It is never dark where angels abide.” They walked on to the bottom of the hill, and of a sudden it became quite light.—A. B. knew the hill, (6th Dream)—it was muddy. She said she would not go up it. The young priest said, “There are two paths, a right path, and a wrong path. I go up the clean path,” he said! But they went together: and A. B. remarked that it was very clean. “You have been here before,” he said. “Yes, (she replied) before you.”

They came to the little wire-work recinct of Truth. They went in: but A. B. saw no door to it, and was puzzled to know by what means they got in: not by her own means, of course. Her notions were yet confined to

worldly things. The beautiful lady was seated therein, by a table covered with writings.—“How do you do? (she said to her:)—I thought you would be at my chapel, being Good Friday.” The day of the dream was not Good Friday: but as past, present, and future, are indifferent to the dreamer, it may point to some Good Friday in the spaces of futurity, for elucidation. A. B. looked all round and about the recinct, and remarked that it had been covered in at top: “Yes, (said the beautiful lady) I have done that!” That we might know, that this improvement in the condition of Truth; that is to say, inasmuch as he might have been exposed to the distemperatures of the sky; by effect of her magnetic works, had been repaired! She was glad to let us know that she did it: and we are glad to acknowledge it from her love. We shall be attentive to the developement of events, and to do justice to the regards of heaven.

The fire was still burning: the perpetual fire of Truth!—But the clock was gone!—The clock of Time—appointed time, are we to say? The picture of the Prince Regent was there in its place. The place of the clock; over the fire! the ordeal.

An anxious moment! A. B. alarmed, one would say, impatient to assure herself; asks the lady, “Is he not a favourite of yours?”—seeming to wish that he might be! But the lady answers, not particularly so; but in justice to one great trait in his character, she should always hold him in esteem. For this also, she should always keep the picture, in remembrance of him: and moreover, more especially this picture, because she thought this would be the last true likeness that would be taken of him. We are of opinion that the concerned in this show will see no reason to complain of our interpretation. And as to any inference to be drawn from the consideration of the picture being likely, in the lady’s opinion, which with us is oracular in itself, to be the last true likeness that would be taken—it may be explained by the declining state

of the art—or by interdiction of any further opportunity! The hand of Fate is above us all!

Here we are come to a chasm! What was communicated in the dream, and fitted to this chasm, is taken away, or reserved by command of the beautiful lady, even from our knowledge, while the time come for its further disclosure. We are submitted to her commands—persuaded of the justice of them, and enquire no further:—begging to be permitted simply to remark, that whatever the secret may be, when it shall come to be revealed, as having been given as predictive of any event, it will stand solely upon the authority of our dreamer's word!—which, respectable as it is, and worthy of faith, will not fail to be treated with scorn and denial.

A. B. now asks the beautiful lady if she has been writing? She never wrote, nor read, she said—but that her young priest—(who had absented himself unperceived) was writing out the sermon. That he was a worthy young man, but was of a bad temper: but that she should soon correct him of that! A. B. thought he at this time appeared again. She now said she would go home. The lady said, “He shall see you home:” then shook hands! A. B. came out with the young priest. He professed he was very happy to accompany her; and she, not at all displeased, thought, as she was coming down the hill, she awoke!

TWENTY-EIGHTH DREAM.

Night of 2d—coming 3d April, 1813.

“ I DREAMT that I was with the beautiful lady in the cave of last dream. I do not know how I got there. I thought I was sitting down, and talking to her. I observed the Prince Regent’s picture, made more remarkable for being most beautifully ornamented on all sides of the frame with blue. I thought she said, ‘ It is finished now :’—she should do no more to it ! I asked her, might I tell you the secret ; or the reserved part of the last dream ? She said, ‘ You know you must not.’ I said I thought she would not mind your knowing it. She said she would not trust any man with it ; or, it would be you ! She said that men, in discoursing, were never upon their guard. I said I thought she might trust you. She said she had said sufficient upon it :—that I should have a proof of it ; and that what she said was right ; and that this would happen before I saw her again. I said, ‘ I shall be upon the watch !’ She said, ‘ Do so !—You will find that we must be very cautious in trusting the men !’—But (she said) if I was so anxious to tell you, I might tell you the initial letters of the

words. I said I did not think you would like that. She said, 'Yes, he will, if I require it.' I thought in my own mind, that I would say no more for fear of offending her. I thought I would tell you the letters—the initial letter of every word.—

"A. T. O. P. D. O. C. W. E. N. F. P. S. R. H. O.
M. E. K. H. T. N. G. D. Q. C. O. I. S. N. R. H.

"This accomplished, I awoke."

**REMARKS INTERPRETATIVE ON THE TWENTY-EIGHTH
DREAM.**

WE have herein the initials of the words declaratory of an event foretold, but whereof the knowledge is confided exclusively to the keeping of our dreamer!—that the veracity of our dreamer (when the event shall be disclosed, asserting it to be the event confided to her keeping), being impugned, may receive, in testimony, this collateral support!

For it is not the event itself that is principally addressed to public attention in this dream; but that the event, in course of coming to pass, should have been foreseen, and communicated in this dream: to the intent that man may know, that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men!

And here we shall close our communications for the present.



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