

ACCREDITED

GHOST STORIES.

COLLECTED
BY T. M. JARVIS, ESQ.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Shakspeare. Hamlet.

I think a person who is terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all histories, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to all traditions of all nations, thinks the appearances of spirits fabulous and groundless.

Addison. Spectator, 110.

There are no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion could become universal only by its truth.

Johnson. Rasselas.

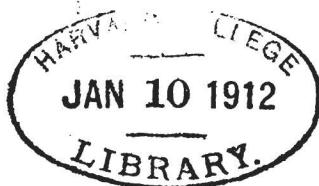
Glanville has adduced some evidences of apparitions, which it is easier to ridicule than to disprove.

Reginald Heber. Life of Taylor, p. cxi.

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GHOST STORIES.

INTRODUCTION.

“THAT the dead are seen no more,” said Imlac, “I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth. Those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible; that it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence;

and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears *.” These are the sentiments uttered by the enlightened and the eloquent companion of the Prince of Abyssinia: the character of Imlac has always been considered as the self-drawn portrait of the author of *Rasselas*. His words are therefore to be received with deference, as conveying the opinions of Johnson; and they allude to a subject, which is perhaps unrivalled in the universal and the almost painful nature of the interest which it inspires.

No man has ever been present at the recital of a story connected with circumstances of a preternatural description, without witnessing the eager, the breathless, the motionless expectation, which is im-

* *Rasselas*, chapter xxxi.



mediately excited in the audience. Whatever may have been the preceding gaiety of the party, the laugh is silenced; the song is broken off; the jest is interrupted on the lips of the speaker;

Such stories ever change the cheerful spirits
To gloomy pensiveness; the rosy bloom
To the wan colour of the shrouded corpse*.

Whatever may have been the preceding lassitude, it is immediately dispersed by the mention of any event remotely connected with the appearance of a departed spirit. "Carelessness grows convert to attention." The various occupations of the hour are neglected. Every individual is attracted to a common centre, and becomes alike partaker of a common interest. The book of the most persevering student is disregarded; the needle invo-

* Miss Baillie's Tragedy of Orsa.

luntarily omits its incessant and indefatigable labours; the pen is arrested in its progress; the voice of the politician is subdued; there is a truce to the contests of the chess board; while the old listen to the wondrous narrative with looks of assumed wisdom, and a smile of condescending incredulity; and the young throng together about the speaker, with their eyes riveted upon his countenance, and as "the icy scalp of fear" grows colder upon their heads, they gather towards each other closely and more closely, as if, by the contact of the living, they would secure themselves from the intrusion of the dead.

That the accounts by which these powerful emotions are awakened and continued contain nothing but the errors of the imagination, or the false visions that float before the eye of the diseased, is more than

any man who has seriously reflected on the mysterious conditions of human existence can possibly have the temerity to advance. That such tales are true may reasonably be doubted: but that they are false cannot with any degree of confidence be affirmed. If there be a spiritual world, and unless there be the being of the material world is perfectly inexplicable; who shall prescribe the laws by which the disembodied soul shall be restrained? who shall analyse its powers? who shall appoint the limits of its action? In the state of uncertainty and doubt, which, from the commencement of the world to the present hour, has been maintained by the public mind upon the subject of spiritual visitations, it may perhaps be difficult to decide, whether the testimony is more in favour of their truth or of their falsehood. The argument of Dr. Johnson is one, which, in any case of

a less miraculous nature, would immediately be admitted as conclusive. "All the nations of the world have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible." But this agreement is not simply confined to a belief that the spirits of the dead have the power of sensibly presenting themselves to the eyes of the living, and that such events have occasionally taken place. The universal consent of the nations to such an opinion would alone carry with it a persuasion, which very few would dare to contradict, on the mere negative evidence of their never having witnessed such an occurrence. But this agreement extends still further. Nearly all the tales of Ghosts and Apparitions, which are familiar in France, in Spain, in Germany, in Italy, and in England, are accompanied with circumstances so similar that they might almost be regarded as different

accounts of the same event. Nearly all of them are supposed to have taken place at the moment of the soul's separation from the body. The spirit seems to have followed the direction of the dying thoughts, and to have stood before the being who was dearest to its affections before it was removed for ever from the interests of the earth, to share the retributions of its immortality.

Narrations of this kind are so common in every country, in every neighbourhood, I had almost said in every family, that there is scarcely a single individual who is not acquainted with some instance of this peculiar kind of preternatural event, which has fallen under his more immediate knowledge, which has happened to persons of credit and veracity, and which, however he may assert his incredulity, will involuntarily impair the force and the conviction of his philosophi-

cal unbelief. It is extraordinary that mankind should so generally agree in imagining the appearance of the departed spirit to be possible and frequent; it is extraordinary they should prescribe the same particular moment for its appearance; it is extraordinary they should fix upon a moment when the dreams of the fancy could have no basis to work upon; it is extraordinary that they should not wait the authentication of the death, before they held imaginary communication with the spirit. It is still more extraordinary that these anticipations should so often have been corroborated by the event, and confirmed by their exact coincidence with the truth.

Before I proceed to unfold my store of accredited Ghost Stories, I must first notice some of the objections which are generally advanced to invalidate the influence,

to controvert the truth, and to silence the narrator of these mysterious legends.—It is by some thought irreligious to believe them; they say since the death of the Saviour miracles have ceased.—As a layman, I have nothing to do with the theological part of this argument. It appears to me perfectly unfounded. But what is a miracle?—A miracle consists in the violation of the ordinary laws of nature; but how do we know that the spiritual intercourse of the dead and living is to be classed among the violations of those laws? An event may be rare in its occurrence and extraordinary in its character; but these circumstances alone do not render it miraculous.

It is asked, whether it is consistent with the benevolence of the Deity to permit the

dead to interpose for the disturbance of the living? If they came to disturb the living, I should say, certainly not: but I never heard of any one who was injured by the real or the imaginary presence of the departed. If spirits have indeed been visible to the corporeal eye, they have been innocent either of designing or effecting any evil. It has indeed been said by Johanna Baillie, a person whose opinions must always be received with the most respectful deference, for she is of omnipotent authority in all cases respecting the properties of the human heart, and the extent of its passions and emotions; that “could we suppose a person with a mind so constituted as to hold intercourse with such beings entirely devoid of fear, we should turn from him with repugnance, as something unnatural, as an instance of mental

monstrosity*.” To this sentiment, I, for my part, feel it perfectly impossible to assent. I do not perceive why the soul of any man should be distressed by the vicinity of a being who was dear to him, whether the form approached in the body or out of the body. So far from finding any occasion of anxiety in this mysterious moment of silent and visionary farewell; unless he had cause to doubt the import of the spiritual converse, unless his heart was conscious of ingratitude, unless he believed the unearthly presence was designed as a reproach to his past unkindness, he would hail the apparition as a relief to the distressed affections, and learn from the parting vision, that he lived upon the mind of the dying among the dearest things that the spirit regretted upon earth, and which,

* Johanna Baillie’s Preface to the Third Volume of *Plays on the Passions*.

in its ascent to heaven, it looked back upon with the lingering sentiments of human pity, and the awakening purity of angelic love.

It is also continually demanded, for what reason the dead should be permitted to appear? To this I answer, for the most important reason that can possibly be imagined; to keep alive in the memory of mankind, the persuasion that there are more things in heaven and in earth than are dreamt of in the school of atheistical philosophy, and to preserve unfading, in the minds of the great and of the little vulgar, the belief in the immortality of the soul*.

* The author of this essay appears to have forgotten that Lucretius decried the immortality of the soul, and yet admitted the truth of spectrous appearances of the dead. The testimony of the fact was irresistible, and his attempts to reconcile the pheno-

Whether the tales which are commonly related in society, and of which I purpose to give a selection are true or false, I do not take upon myself to express any opinion. They may be real, they are probably imaginary, but I cannot help agreeing with Addison, when he says, "That the person who is terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres is much more reasonable than one, who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred or profane, ancient or modern, and to all traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits

mena with his system of philosophy is so curious that I here insert it. He tells us that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces, or thin cases that included each other, whilst they were joined in the body, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.—*Lucretius*, Book iv. p. 34.

groundless. Could I," says the Author of the Spectator, "not give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may add the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion. If any man thinks such facts incredible let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are exhorted to the study of virtue *."

* Addison, Spectator, 110.

GHOST STORIES.

THE
APPARITION
OF
James Haddock to Francis Taberner,
AT MICHAELMAS, 1662.

FRANCIS TAVERNER, about twenty-five years old, a lusty, proper, stout fellow, then servant at large (afterwards porter) to the Lord Chichester, Earl of Donegal, at Belfast, in the north of Ireland, county of Antrim and diocese of Connor, riding late in the night from Hilbrough homeward, near Drum Bridge, his horse, though of good mettle, suddenly made a stand; and he, supposing him to be taken with the staggers, alighted to blood him in the mouth, and presently mounted again. As he was setting forward

there seemed to pass by him two horsemen, though he could not hear the treading of their feet, which amazed him. Presently there appeared a third in a white coat just at his elbow, in the likeness of James Haddock, formerly an inhabitant of Malone, where he died near five years before; whereupon Taverner asked him, in the name of God, who he was? He replied, I am James Haddock; and you may call me to mind by this token, that, about five years ago, I and two other friends were at your father's house, and you, by your father's appointment, brought us some nuts; and therefore be not afraid, says the apparition: whereupon Taverner, remembering the circumstance, thought it might be Haddock; and those two who passed him he thought to be his two friends with him when he gave them nuts, and courageously asked him why he appeared rather to him than any other? He answered, because he was a man of more resolution than others; and, if he would ride his way with him, he would acquaint him with a business he had to deliver him; which Taverner refused to do, and would go his own

way (for they were now at a quadrival), and so rode homewards. But, immediately on their departure, there arose a great wind, and withal he heard very hideous screeches and noises, to his great amazement; but, riding forwards as fast as he could, he at last heard the cocks crow, to his comfort: he alighted off from his horse, and, falling to prayer, desired God's assistance; and so got safe home.

The night after there appeared again to him the likeness of James Haddock, and bid him go to Eleanor Welsh (now the wife of Davis, living at Malone, but formerly the wife of the said James Haddock, by whom she had an only son, to whom the said James Haddock had by his will given a lease which he held of the Lord Chichester, of which the son was deprived by Davis (who had married his mother), and to ask her if her maiden name was not Eleanor Walsh; and, if it were, to tell her that it was the will of her former husband, James Haddock, that their son should be righted in the lease. But Taverner, partly loath to gain

the ill will of his neighbours, and partly thinking he should not be credited, but looked on as deluded, long neglected to do his message, till, having been every night for about a month's space haunted with this apparition, in several forms (every night more and more terrible), which was usually preceded by an unusual trembling over his whole body, and great change of countenance, manifest to his wife, in whose presence frequently the apparition was (though not visible to her), at length he went to Malone, to Davis's wife, and asked her whether her maiden name was not Eleanor Welsh? If it was, he had something to say to her. She replied there was another Eleanor Welsh besides her. Hereupon Taverner returned, without delivering his message.

The same night, being fast asleep in his bed (for the former apparitions were as he sat by the fire with his wife), by something pressing upon him he was awakened, and saw again the apparition of James Haddock, in a white coat, as at other times, who asked him if he had de-

livered his message? He answered, he had been there with Eleanor Welsh; upon which the apparition, looking more pleasantly upon him, bid him not be afraid, and so vanished in a flash of brightness.

But some nights after (he having not delivered his message) he came again, and, appearing in many formidable shapes, threatened to tear him in pieces if he did not do it. This made him leave his house where he dwelled, in the mountains, and betake himself to the town of Belfast, where he sat up all night at one Prince's house, and a servant or two of the Lord Chichester's, who were desirous to see or hear the spirit. About midnight, as they were all by the fire-side, they beheld Taverner's countenance to change and a trembling to fall on him, who presently espied the apparition in a room opposite to him where he sat, and took up the candle and went to it, and resolutely asked him, in the name of God, wherefore it haunted him? It replied, because he had not delivered the message, and withal threatened to tear him in pieces

if he did not do it speedily; and so, changing itself into many prodigious shapes, it vanished in white, like a ghost; whereupon Francis Taverner became much dejected and troubled, and next day went to the Lord Chichester's house, and, with tears in his eyes, related to some of the family the sadness of his condition. They told it to my lord's chaplain, Mr. James South, who came presently to Taverner, and, being acquainted of his whole story, advised him to go at this present time to Malone, to deliver punctually his message, and promised to go along with him. But first they went to Dr. Lewis Downes, then minister of Belfast, who, upon hearing the relation of the whole matter, doubted at first the truth of it, attributing it rather to melancholy than any kind of reality; but, being afterwards fully satisfied of it, the only scruple remaining was, whether it might be lawful to go on such a business, not knowing whose errand it was; since, though it was a real apparition of some spirit, yet it was questionable whether of a good or bad spirit: yet, the justice of the cause (it being the common report the youth

was wronged) and other considerations prevailing, he went with them. So they three went to Davis's house, where, the woman being desired to come to them, Taverner did effectually do his message, by telling her he could not be quiet for the ghost of her former husband, James Haddock, who threatened to tear him in pieces if he did not tell her she must right John Haddock, her son by him, in a lease wherein she and Davis, her now husband, had wronged him. This done, he presently found great quietness in his mind, and, thanking the gentlemen for their company, advice, and assistance, he departed thence to his brother's house, at Drum Bridge, where, about two nights after, the aforesaid apparition came to him again and, more pleasantly than formerly, asked if he had delivered the message? He answered, he had done it fully. It replied that he must deliver the message to the executors also, that the business might be perfected. At this meeting Taverner asked the spirit if Davis would do him any hurt? To which it answered at first somewhat doubtfully, but at length threatened

Davis if he attempted any thing to the injury of Taverner; and so vanished away in white.

The day following, Dr. Jeremiah Taylor, Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, was to go to keep court at Dromore, and commanded me who was then secretary to him to write for Taverner to meet him there, which he did; and there, in the presence of many, he examined Taverner strictly in this strange scene of Providence, as my lord bishop styled it; and, by the account given him both by Taverner and others, who knew Taverner and much of the former particulars, his lordship was satisfied that the apparition was true and real, but said no more there to him, because at Hilborough, three miles from thence, on his way home my lord was informed that my Lady Conway and other persons of quality were come purposely to hear his lordship examine the matter. So Taverner went with us to Hilborough, and there, to satisfy the curiosity of the fresh company, after asking many things anew and some over again, my lord advised him to ask these questions the

next time the spirit appeared:—Whence are you? Are you a good or a bad spirit? Where is your abode? What station do you hold? How are you regimented in the other world? And what is the reason that you appear for the relief of your son in so small a matter, when so many widows and orphans are oppressed in the world, being defrauded of greater matters, and none from thence of their relations appear, as you do, to right them?

That night Taverner was sent for to Lisburn, to my Lord Conway's, three miles from Hilborough, on his way hence to Belfast, where he was again strictly examined in the presence of many good men and women of the aforesaid matter, who was ordered to lie at my Lord Conway's all night; and, about nine or ten o'clock at night, standing by the fireside with his brother and many others, his countenance changed, and he fell into a trembling, the usual prognostics of the apparition; and, being loath to make any disturbance in his lordship's house, he and his brother went out into the court,

where he saw the spirit coming over the wall, which, approaching nearer, asked him if he had done his message to the executors also? He replied he had, and wondered it should still haunt him. It replied he need not fear; for it would do him no hurt, nor trouble him any more, but the executor, if he did not see the boy righted. Here his brother put him in mind to ask the spirit what the bishop bid him, which he did presently; but it gave him no answer, but crawled on its hands and feet over the wall again, and so vanished in white, with a most melodious harmony.

NOTE.—1. That Pierce, at whose house and in whose presence the apparition was, being asked whether he saw the spirit, said he did not, but thought at that time he had a mist all over his eyes. 2. What was then spoken to Taverner was in so low and hollow a voice that they could not understand what it said. 3. At Pierce's house it stood just in the entry of a door; and, as a maid passed by to go in at the door, Taverner saw it go aside and give way to

the maid, though she saw it not. 4. That the lease was hereupon disposed of to the boy's use. 5. The spirit at the last, appearing at my Lord Conway's house, revealed somewhat to Taverner which he would not discover to any of us that asked him.

This Taverner, with all the persons and places mentioned in the story, I knew very well; and all wise and good men did believe it, especially the Bishop and the Dean of Connor, Dr. Rust.

Witness,

Your humble servant,

THOMAS ALCOCK.

THE
STORY*
OF

Sir John Sherbroke and General Wynyard.

SIR JOHN SHERBROKE and General Wynyard were, as young men, officers in the same regiment, which was employed on foreign service in Nova Scotia: they were connected by similarity of tastes and studies, and spent together in literary occupation much of that vacant time which their brother officers squandered in those excesses of the table which, some forty years ago, were reckoned among the necessary accomplishments of the military character. They were one afternoon sitting in Wynyard's apartment:

* This story has been read by a relation of General Wynyard, who states that, in all important circumstances, it is strictly true.

it was perfectly light, the hour was about four o'clock; they had dined, but neither of them had drank wine, and they had retired from the mess to continue together the occupations of the morning. I ought to have said that the apartment in which they were had two doors in it, the one opening into a passage, and the other leading into Wynyard's bedroom: there were no means of entering the sitting room but from the passage, and no other egress from the bedroom but through the sitting room; so that any person passing into the bedroom must have remained there, unless he returned by the way he entered. This point is of consequence to the story. As these two young officers were pursuing their studies, Sherbroke, whose eye happened accidentally to glance from the volume before him towards the door that opened into the passage, observed a tall youth, of about twenty years of age, whose appearance was that of extreme emaciation, standing beside it. Struck with the appearance of a perfect stranger, he immediately turned to his friend, who was sitting near him, and directed his attention to

the guest who had thus strangely broken in upon their studies. As soon as Wynyard's eyes were turned towards the mysterious visitor, his countenance became suddenly agitated: "I have heard," says Sir John Sherbroke, "of a man's being as pale as death, but I never saw a living face assume the appearance of a corpse, except Wynyard's at that moment."

As they looked silently at the form before them—for Wynyard, who seemed to apprehend the import of the appearance, was deprived of the faculty of speech, and Sherbroke, perceiving the agitation of his friend, felt no inclination to address it—as they looked silently upon the figure, it proceeded slowly into the adjoining apartment, and, in the act of passing them, cast its eyes with a somewhat melancholy expression on young Wynyard. The oppression of this extraordinary presence was no sooner removed than Wynyard, seizing his friend by the arm, and drawing a deep breath, as if recovering from the suffocation of intense astonishment and emotion, muttered, in a low and almost inaudible

tone of voice, "Great God! My brother!"—"Your brother!" repeated Sherbroke, "What can you mean, Wynyard? There must be some deception: follow me:" and, immediately taking his friend by the arm, he preceded him into the bedroom, which, as I before stated, was connected with the sitting room, and into which the strange visitor had evidently entered. I have already said that from this chamber there was no possibility of withdrawing, but by the way of the apartment, through which the figure had certainly passed, and as certainly never had returned. Imagine, then, the astonishment of the young officers when, on finding themselves in the centre of the chamber, they perceived that the room was perfectly untenanted. Wynyard's mind had received an impression, at the first moment of his observing him, that the figure whom he had seen was the spirit of his brother. Sherbroke still persevered in strenuously believing that some delusion had been practised. They took note of the day and hour in which the event had happened; but they resolved not to mention the occurrence in the regiment, and

they gradually persuaded each other that they had been imposed upon by some artifice of their fellow officers, though they could neither account for the reason nor suspect the author, nor conceive the means of the execution: they were content to imagine any thing possible, rather than admit the possibility of a supernatural appearance. But, though they had attempted these stratagems of self-delusion, Wynyard could not help expressing his solicitude with respect to his brother, whose apparition he had either seen or imagined himself to have seen; and the anxiety which he exhibited for letters from England, and his frequent mention of his fears for his brother's health at length awakened the curiosity of his comrades, and eventually betrayed him into a declaration of the circumstances, which he had in vain determined to conceal. The story of the silent and unbidden visitor was no sooner bruited abroad than the destiny of Wynyard's brother became an object of universal and painful interest to the officers of the regiment; there were few who did not inquire for Wynyard's letters before they made

any demand for their own, and the packets that arrived from England were welcomed with a more than usual eagerness, for they brought not only remembrances from their friends at home, but promised to afford the clue to the mystery which had happened among themselves. By the first ships no intelligence relating to the story could have been received, for they had all departed from England previous to the appearance of the spirit. At length the long wished for vessel arrived; all the officers had letters except Wynyard; still the secret was unexplained. They examined several newspapers; they contained no mention of any death, or of any other circumstance connected with his family that could account for this preternatural event. There was a solitary letter for Sherbroke still unopened: the officers had received their letters in the messroom, at the hour of supper: after Sherbroke had broken the seal of his last packet, and cast a glance on its contents, he beckoned his friend away from the company, and departed from the room. All were silent. The suspense of the interest was now at the climax; the im-

patience for the return of Sherbroke was inexpressible: they doubted not but that letter had contained the long expected intelligence. At the interval of an hour Sherbroke joined them. No one dared be guilty of so great a rudeness as inquire the nature of his correspondence; but they waited in mute attention, expecting that he would himself touch upon the subject.

His mind was manifestly full of thoughts that pained, bewildered, and oppressed him: he drew near the fire place, and, leaning his head on the mantelpiece, after a pause of some moments, said in a low voice to the person who was nearest him, "Wynyard's brother is no more!" The first line of Sherbroke's letter was "Dear John, break to your friend Wynyard the death of his favourite brother:" he had died on the day and at the very hour on which the friends had seen his spirit pass so mysteriously through the apartment.

It might have been imagined that these events would have been sufficient to have impressed

the mind of Sherbroke with the conviction of their truth ; but, so strong was his prepossession against the existence, or even the possibility, of any preternatural intercourse with the souls of the dead, that he still entertained a doubt of the report of his senses, supported as their testimony was by the coincidence of vision and event. Some years after, on his return to England, he was walking with two gentlemen in Piccadilly, when, on the opposite side of the way, he saw a person bearing the most striking resemblance to the figure which had been disclosed to Wynyard and himself: his companions were acquainted with the story, and he instantly directed their attention to the gentleman opposite, as the individual who had contrived to enter and depart from Wynyard's apartment, without their being conscious of the means.

Full of this impression, he immediately went over, and at once addressed the gentleman: he now fully expected to elucidate the mystery. He apologized for the interruption, but excused it by relating the occurrence which had induced

him to the commission of this solecism in manners. The gentleman received him as a friend: he had never been out of the country, but was the twin brother of the youth whose spirit had been seen.

The reader of the above story is left in the difficult dilemma of either admitting the certainty of the facts or doubting the veracity of those whose word it were impossible even for a moment to suspect. Sir John Sherbroke and General Wynyard, two gentlemen of distinguished honour and veracity, either agreed to circulate an infamous falsehood, which falsehood was proved by the event to be prophetic, or they were together present at the spiritual appearance of General Wynyard's brother.

This story silences the common objection that ghosts always appear at night, and are never visible to two persons at the same time.

APPARITION

OF

Desfontaines to Mr. Bezuel.

MR. BEZUEL, when a schoolboy of fifteen, in 1695, contracted an intimacy with a younger boy, named Desfontaines. After talking together of the compacts which have been often made between friends, that in case of death the spirit of the deceased should revisit the survivor, they agreed to form such a compact together, and they signed it respectively with their blood in 1696. Soon after this transaction, they were separated by Desfontaines' removal to Caen.

In July, 1697, Bezuel, while amusing himself in haymaking near a friend's house, was seized with a fainting fit, after which he had a bad night. Notwithstanding this attack, he re-

turned to the meadow next day, where he again underwent a delirium; he again slept ill. On the succeeding day, while he was observing the man laying up the hay, he had a still more severe attack. The subsequent part of this narrative is given in the words of Bezuel himself as it appeared in the *Journal de Trevouse*, in 1726.

“I fell into a swoon: I lost my senses: one of the footmen perceived it, and called out for help. They recovered me a little, but my mind was more disordered than it had been before; I was told that they asked me then what ailed me, and that I answered I have seen what I thought I should never see. But I neither remember the question nor the answer. However, it agrees with what I remember; I saw then a naked man in half length, but I knew him not. They helped me to go down the ladder; I held the steps fast; but because I saw Desfontaines, my schoolfellow, at the bottom of the ladder, I had again a fainting fit; my head got between two steps, and I again lost my senses.

They let me down, and set me upon a large beam, which served for a seat in the great Place de Capucins. I sat upon it, and then I no longer saw Mr. de Sortoville, nor his servants, though they were present. And perceiving Desfontaines near the foot of the ladder, who made me a sign to come to him, I went back upon my seat as it were to make room for him; and those who saw me, and whom I did not see though my eyes were open, observed that motion. Because he did not come I got up to go to him: he came up to me, took hold of my left arm with his right hand, and carried me thirty paces farther into a by-lane, holding me fast. The servants believing that I was well again, went to their business, except a little footboy, who told Mr. de Sortoville that I was talking to myself. Mr. de Sortoville thought I was drunk. He came near me and heard me ask some questions and return some answers, as he told me since.

I talked with Desfontaines nearly three quarters of an hour. I promised you, said he, that

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if I died before you I would come and tell you so. I am dead: I was drowned in the river of Caen yesterday about this hour: I was walking with such and such persons; it was very hot weather, the fancy took us to go into the water; I grew faint and sunk to the bottom of the river; the Abbé Menilgian, my schoolfellow, dived to take me up; I took hold of his foot, but whether he was afraid, or had a mind to rise to the top of the water, he struck out his leg so violently that he gave me a blow on the breast, and threw me again to the bottom of the river, which is there very deep.

He always appeared to me taller than I had seen him, and even taller than he was when he died. I always saw him in half length, and naked, bareheaded, with his fine light hair, and a white paper upon his forehead twisted in his hair, on which there was a writing, but I could only read *In cælo quies.*

APPARITION

OF

Sir George Villiers to Parker,

SERVANT TO THE FIRST DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

BEING A LETTER FROM MR. DOUCH TO MR. GLANVIL.

SIR,

SINCE the writing to you last, a passage concerning an apparition of Sir George Villiers giving warning of his son's (the Duke of Buckingham's) murder, is come into my mind ; which has been assured by a servant of the duke's to be a great truth, thus : Some few days before the duke's going to Portsmouth (where he was stabbed by Felton), the ghost of his father Sir George Villiers appeared to one Parker (formerly his own servant, but then servant to the duke), in his morning gown, charging Parker to tell his son that he should decline that em-

ployment and the design he was going upon, or else he would certainly be murdered. Parker promised the apparition to do it but neglected it. The duke making preparations for his expedition to Rochel, the apparition came again to Parker, taxing him very severely for his breach of promise, and requiring him not to delay the acquainting his son of the danger he was in: this Parker the next day told the duke that his father's ghost had appeared twice to him, and had commanded him to give him that warning: the duke slighted and told him he was an old doting fool. That night the apparition came to Parker the third time, saying, "Parker, thou hast done well in warning my son of his danger, but though he will not yet believe thee, go to him once more, however, and tell him from me, by such a token (naming a private token), which nobody knows but only he and I, that if he will not decline this voyage, such a knife as this (pulling a long knife out from under his gown) will be his death." This message Parker also delivered the next day to the duke, who, when he heard the private token

believed that he had it from his father's ghost, yet said, that his honour was now at stake, and he could not go back from what he had undertaken, come life, come death. These three several appearances of this apparition to Mr. Parker was always at midnight when he was reading some book. This fact, Parker, after the duke's murder, communicated to his fellow servant, Henry Ceelery, who told it to a reverend divine, a neighbour of mine, from whose mouth I have it. This Henry Ceelery has not been dead above twenty years, and his habitation, for several years before his death, was at North Currey, but three miles from this place.

My friend, the divine, aforesaid, was an intimate acquaintance of this Henry Ceelery's, and assures me he was a person of known truth and integrity*.

* This story is related in Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, and is also told by Lilley in his *Observations on the Life and Death of King Charles the First*.

APPARITION

SEEN BY THE

Königsberg Professor of Moral Philosophy,

AS RELATED BY THE COUNT FALKESHEIM.

“ I AM not so decidedly sceptical on the possibility of supernatural appearance,” said Count Falkesheim to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, “ as to treat them with ridicule, because they may appear to be unphilosophical. I received my education in the university of Königsberg, where I had the advantage of attending lectures in ethics and moral philosophy, delivered by a professor who was esteemed a very superior man in those branches of science. He had, nevertheless, though an ecclesiastic, the reputation of being tinctured with incredulity on various points connected with revealed religion. When, therefore, it became necessary for him

in the course of his lectures to treat on the nature of spirit as detached from matter, to discuss the immortality of the soul, and to enter on the doctrine of a future state, I listened with more than ordinary attention to his opinions. In speaking of all these mysterious subjects, there appeared to me to be so visible an embarrassment, both in his language and in his expressions, that I felt the strongest curiosity to question him further respecting them. Finding myself alone with him soon afterwards, I ventured to state to him my remarks on his deportment, and entreated him to tell me if they were well founded or only imaginary suggestions.

“The hesitation which you noticed,” answered he, “resulted from the conflict that takes place within me, when I am attempting to convey my ideas on a subject where my understanding is at variance with the testimony of my senses. I am equally, from reason and reflection, disposed to consider with incredulity and contempt the existence of apparitions. But an appearance, which I have witnessed

with my own eyes, as far as they, or any of the perceptions can be confided in; and which has even received a sort of subsequent confirmation, from other circumstances connected with the original facts, leave me in that state of scepticism and suspense which pervaded my discourse. I will communicate to you its cause. Having been brought up to the profession of the church, I was presented by Frederic William the First, late King of Prussia, to a small benefice, situated in the interior of the country, at a considerable distance south of Königsberg. I repaired thither in order to take possession of my living, and found a neat parsonage house, where I passed the night in the bedchamber which had been occupied by my predecessor.

“ It was in the longest days of summer; and on the following morning, which was Sunday, while lying awake, the curtains of the bed being undrawn, and it being broad daylight, I beheld the figure of a man, habited in a sort of loose gown, standing at a reading desk, on which lay a large book, the leaves of which he appeared to

turn over at intervals; on each side of him stood a little boy, in whose faces he looked earnestly from time to time, and as he looked he seemed always to heave a deep sigh. His countenance, pale and disconsolate, indicated some distress of mind. I had the most perfect view of these objects, but being impressed with too much terror and apprehension to rise or to address myself to the appearances before me, I remained for some minutes a breathless and silent spectator, without uttering a word or altering my position. At length the man closed the book, and then taking the two children, one in each hand, he led them slowly across the room; my eyes eagerly followed him till the three figures gradually disappeared, or were lost behind an iron stove which stood at the farthest corner of the apartment.

“ However deeply and awfully I was affected by the sight which I had witnessed, and however incapable I was of explaining it to my own satisfaction, yet I recovered sufficiently the possession of my mind to get up, and having

hastily dressed myself I left the house. The sun was long risen, and directing my steps to the church, I found that it was open; but the sexton had quitted it, and on entering the chancel, my mind and imagination were so strongly impressed by the scene which had recently passed, that I endeavoured to dissipate the recollection by considering the objects around me. In almost all Lutheran churches of the Prussian dominions, it is the custom to hang up against the walls, or some part of the building, the portraits of the successive pastors or clergymen, who have held the living. A number of these paintings, rudely performed, were suspended in one of the aisles. But I had no sooner fixed my eyes on the last in the range, which was the portrait of my immediate predecessor, than they became riveted to the object; as I instantly recognized the same face which I had beheld in my bedchamber, though not clouded by the same deep impression of melancholy and distress. The sexton entered as I was still contemplating this interesting head, and I immediately began a conversation with him on the

subject of the persons who had preceded me in the living. He remembered several incumbents, concerning whom, respectively, I made various inquiries, till I concluded by the last, relative to whose history I was particularly inquisitive. 'We considered him,' said the sexton, 'as one of the most learned and amiable men who have ever resided among us. His character and benevolence endeared him to all his parishioners, who will long lament his loss. But he was carried off in the middle of his days by a lingering illness, the cause of which has given rise to many unpleasant reports among us, and which still form matter of conjecture. It is, however, commonly believed that he died of a broken heart.'

"My curiosity being still more warmly excited by the mention of this circumstance I eagerly pressed him to disclose to me what he knew or had heard on the subject. 'Nothing respecting it,' answered he, 'is absolutely known, but scandal has propagated a story of his having formed a criminal connexion with a

young woman of the neighbourhood by whom it was even asserted he had two sons. As confirmation of the report, I know that there certainly were two children who have been seen at the parsonage, boys of about four or five years old. But they suddenly disappeared, some time before the decease of their supposed father; though to what place they are sent, or what is become of them, we are wholly ignorant. It is equally certain, that the surmises and unfavourable opinions formed respecting this mysterious business, which must necessarily have reached him, precipitated, if they did not produce the disorder of which our late pastor died: but he is gone to his account, and we are bound to think charitably of the departed.'

“ It is unnecessary to say with what emotion I listened to this relation, which recalled to my imagination, and seemed to give proof of the existence of all that I had seen. Yet unwilling to suffer my mind to become enslaved by phantoms which might have been the effect of

error or deception, I neither communicated to the sexton the circumstance which I had witnessed, nor even permitted myself to quit the chamber where it had taken place. I continued to lodge there, without ever witnessing any similar appearance; and the recollection itself began to wear away, as the autumn advanced. When the approach of winter rendered it necessary to light fires through the house, I ordered the iron stove which stood in the room, and behind which the figure which I had beheld, together with the two boys, seemed to disappear, to be heated for the purpose of warming the apartment. Some difficulty was experienced in making the attempt, the stove not only smoking intolerably, but emitting an offensive smell. Having, therefore, sent for a blacksmith to inspect and repair it, he discovered in the inside, at the farthest extremity, the bones of two small human bodies, corresponding perfectly in size as well as in other respects with the description given me by the sexton, of the two boys who had been seen at the parsonage.

“ This last circumstance completed my astonishment, and appeared to confer a sort of reality on an appearance which might otherwise have been considered as a delusion of the senses. I resigned the living, quitted the place, and retired to Königsberg: but it has produced on my mind the deepest impression, and has in its effect given rise to that uncertainty and contradiction of sentiment which you remarked in my late discourse.”

APPARITION

TO THE LATE

Marquis of Londonderry.

IT is now more than twenty years since the late Lord Londonderry was, for the first time, on a visit to a gentleman in the north of Ireland. The mansion was such a one as spectres are fabled to inhabit: it was associated with many recollections of historic times; and the sombre character of its architecture and the wildness of its surrounding scenery were calculated to impress the soul with that tone of melancholy and elevation which, if it be not considered as a predisposition to welcome the visitation of those unearthly substances that are impalpable to our sight in moments of less hallowed sentiment, is indisputably the state of mind in which the ima-

gination is most readily excited, and the understanding most favourably inclined to grant a credulous reception to its visions.

The apartment, also, which was appropriated to Lord Londonderry was calculated to foster such a tone of feeling, from its antique appointments; from the dark and richly carved pannels of its wainscot; from its yawning width and height of chimney, looking like the open entrance to a tomb, of which the surrounding ornaments appeared to form the sculptures and entablature; from the portraits of grim men and severe-eyed women, arrayed in orderly procession along the walls, and scowling a contemptuous enmity against the degenerate invader of their gloomy bowers and venerable halls; and from the vast dusky, ponderous, and complicated draperies that concealed the windows, and hung with the gloomy grandeur of funereal trappings about the hearse-like piece of furniture that was destined for his bed.

Lord Londonderry, on entering his apartment,

might have received some painful depressions and misgivings of the mind; surrounded by such a world of melancholy images, he might perhaps feel himself more than usually inclined to submit to the influences of superstition. It is not possible that these sentiments should have been allied to any feelings of apprehension. Fear is acknowledged to be a most mighty master over the visions of the imagination: it can "call spirits from the vasty deep," and they do come when it does call for them: it trembles at the anticipation of approaching evil, and then encounters in every passing shadow the substance of the dream it trembles at. But such could not have been the origin of the form that addressed itself to Lord Londonderry: fear is a quality that was never known to mingle in the character of a Stewart.

Lord Londonderry examined his chamber; he made himself acquainted with the forms and faces of the ancient possessors of the mansion, as they sat upright in their ebony frames to re-

ceive his salutation; and then, after dismissing his valet, he retired to bed. His candles had not been long extinguished when he perceived a light gleaming on the draperies of the lofty canopy over his head. Conscious that there was no fire in the grate—that the curtains were closed—that the chamber had been in perfect darkness but a few moments before, he supposed that some intruder must have accidentally entered his apartment; and, turning hastily round to the side from which the light proceeded, saw, to his infinite astonishment, not the form of any human visitor, but the figure of a fair boy, who seemed to be garmented in rays of mild and tempered glory, which beamed palely from his slender form, like the faint light of the declining moon, and rendered the objects which were nearest to him dimly and indistinctly visible. The spirit stood at some short distance from the side of the bed. Certain that his own faculties were not deceiving him, but suspecting he might be imposed on by the ingenuity of some of the numerous guests who were then visiting in the

same house, Lord Londonderry proceeded towards the figure:—it retreated before him:—as he slowly advanced, the form with equal paces slowly retired:—it entered the gloomy arch of the capacious chimney, and then sunk into the earth. Lord Londonderry returned to his bed, but not to rest: his mind was harassed by the consideration of the extraordinary event which had occurred to him.—Was it real?—Was it the work of the imagination?—Was it the result of imposture? It was all incomprehensible.

He resolved in the morning not to mention the appearance till he should have well observed the manners and countenances of the family: he was conscious that, if any deception had been practised, its authors would be too delighted with their success to conceal the vanity of their triumph. When the guests assembled at the breakfast table, the eye of Lord Londonderry searched in vain for those latent smiles—those conscious looks—that silent communication between the parties, by which the authors and

abettors of such domestic conspiracies are generally betrayed. Every thing apparently proceeded in its ordinary course: the conversation flowed rapidly along from the subjects afforded at the moment, without any of the constraint which marks a party intent upon some secret and more interesting argument, and endeavouring to afford an opportunity for its introduction. At last the hero of the tale found himself compelled to mention the occurrence of the night:—It was most extraordinary:—he feared that he should not be credited:—and then, after all due preparation, the story was related. Those among his auditors who, like himself, were strangers and visitors in the house, were certain that some delusion must have been practised: the family alone seemed perfectly composed and calm. At last, the gentleman whom Lord Londonderry was visiting interrupted their various surmises on the subject, by saying—“The circumstance which you have just recounted must naturally appear most extraordinary to those who have not long been inmates of my

dwelling, and not conversant with the legends connected with my family; to those who are, the event which has happened will only serve as the corroboration of an old tradition that long has been related of the apartment in which you slept. You have seen the Radiant Boy—be content—it is an omen of prosperous fortunes. I would rather that this subject should no more be mentioned.”

APPARITIONS

MENTIONED IN

Boswell's Life of Johnson.

TALKING of ghosts, Dr. Johnson said he knew one friend, who was an honest man, who had told him he had seen a ghost; old Mr. Edward Cave, the printer, at St. John's Gate. He said Mr. Cave did not like to talk of it, and seemed to be in great horror whenever it was mentioned. Boswell said, "Pray, sir, what did he say was the appearance?" JOHNSON. "Why, sir, something of a shadowy being." Goldsmith told us he was assured by his brother that he also had seen one. General Oglethorpe told us that Pendergast, an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, had mentioned to many of his friends that he should die on a particular

day: that upon that day a battle took place with the French; that, after it was over, and Pendergast was still alive, his brother officers, while they were yet in the field, jestingly asked him where was his prophecy now? Pendergast gravely answered, "I shall die, notwithstanding what you see." Soon afterwards there came a shot from a French battery, to which the orders for a cessation of arms had not reached, and he was killed upon the spot. Colonel Cecil, who took possession of his effects, found in his pocketbook the following solemn entry:—(here the date)—"Dreamt or was told by an apparition Sir John Friend meets me"—(here the very day on which he was killed was mentioned). Pendergast had been connected with Sir John Friend, who was executed for high treason. General Oglethorpe said he was with Colonel Cecil when Pope came and inquired into the truth of this story, which made a great noise at the time, and was then confirmed by the colonel. BOSWELL. Was there not a story of the ghost of Parson Ford having appeared?" JOHNSON. "Sir, it was believed. A waiter at the Hum-

mums, in which Ford died, had been absent for some time, and returned, not knowing Ford was dead: going down to the cellar, according to the story, he met him; going down again, he met him a second time. When he came up he asked some of the people of the house what Ford could be doing there? They told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a fever, in which he lay some time: when he recovered, he said he had a message to deliver to some women from Ford, but he was not to tell what or to whom. He walked out; he was followed, but somewhere about St. Paul's they lost him: he came back, and said he had delivered the message, and the women exclaimed, "Then we are all undone!" Dr. Pellet, who was not a credulous man, inquired into the truth of this story, and said the evidence was irresistible. My wife went to the Hummums (it is a place where people get themselves cupped): I believe she went with intention to hear about this story of Ford. At first they were unwilling to tell her; but, after they had talked to her, she came away satisfied that it was true. To be sure

the man had a fever, and this vision may have been the beginning of it; but, if the message to the women and their behaviour upon it were true, as related, there was something supernatural: that rests upon his word, and there it remains."

APPARITION

SEEN BY

Lord Lyttelton.

THERE have been two Lord Lytteltons, both of whom were marked and distinguished men in their respective generations—the great and good Lord Lyttelton, and his son, the witty and profligate, who is the hero of the present narrative.

Lord Lyttelton, in the winter of the year 1778, had retired from the metropolis, with a party of his loose and dissipated companions, to profane the Christmas by their riotous debaucheries, at his country house, Pit Place, near Epsom, in Surry. They had not long abandoned themselves to the indulgence of these desperate orgies, when a sudden and unexpected gloom was cast over the party by the extraordinary depression of spirits and dejection of countenance which were observed to take possession

of their host: all his vivacity had departed—he fled from the society which he had so solicitously collected round him; his laugh became forced; his eye was fixed upon the ground, and his attention always wandering from the present topic of consideration or amusement; his mind was occupied with a subject that distressed it; and if, unchecked by the visible melancholy of the master of the mansion, the spirits of the guests rose to their accustomed vivacity, as the wine and jest and song and laughter circulated about the table, a sigh, coming from the very inmost recesses of the heart, with a painful and laborious effort, as if it would rend the bosom from which it with difficulty escaped, instantly checked the awakening gaiety of the party, and, in spite of every endeavour of Lord Lyttelton to restore a brighter tone of feeling, communicated a sympathetic sadness to the associates. It was in vain that he attempted to silence the inquiries of the guests on the subject of his uneasiness: they were convinced that he was ill, or had met with some loss at play, or was crossed in love; and his denial of all

these imputations only excited a more eager curiosity to be informed of the real origin of his depression. Thus urged, he at last determined to reveal the secret that so painfully distressed him.

Two nights before, on his retiring to his bed, after his servant was dismissed and his light extinguished, he had heard a noise resembling the fluttering of a dove at his chamber window. This attracted his attention to the spot; when, looking in the direction of the sound, he saw the figure of an unhappy female, whom he had seduced and deserted, and who, when deserted, had put a violent end to her own existence, standing in the aperture of the window from which the fluttering sound had proceeded. The form approached the foot of the bed:—the room was preternaturally light; the objects of the chamber were distinctly visible:—raising her hand, and pointing to a dial which stood on the mantelpiece of the chimney, the figure, with a severe solemnity of voice and manner, announced to the appalled and conscience-stricken man

that, at that very hour, on the third day after the visitation, his life and his sins would be concluded, and nothing but their punishment remain, if he availed himself not of the warning to repentance which he had received. The eye of Lord Lyttelton glanced upon the dial; the hand was on the stroke of twelve:—again the apartment was involved in total darkness:—the warning spirit disappeared, and bore away at her departure all the lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirit, ready flow of wit, and vivacity of manner, which had formerly been the pride and ornament of the unhappy being to whom she had delivered her tremendous summons. Such was the tale that Lord Lyttelton delivered to his companions: they laughed at his superstition, and endeavoured to convince him that his mind must have been impressed with this idea by some dream of a more consistent nature than dreams generally are, and that he had mistaken the visions of his sleep for the visitations of a spirit. He was counselled, but not convinced: he felt relieved by their distrust, and, on the second night after the appearance

of the spectre, he retreated to his apartment, with his faith in the reality of the transaction somewhat shaken; and his spirits, though not revived, certainly lightened of somewhat of their oppression.

On the succeeding day the guests of Lord Lyttelton, with the connivance of his attendant, had provided that the clocks throughout the house should be advanced an hour and a half: by occupying their host's attention during the whole day with different and successive objects of amusement, they contributed to prevent his discovering the imposture. Ten o'clock struck; the nobleman was silent and depressed:—eleven struck; the depression deepened, and now not even a smile, or the slightest movement of his eye indicated him to be conscious of the efforts of his associates, as they attempted to dispel his gloom:—twelve struck: “Thank God! I’m safe,” exclaimed Lord Lyttelton: “the ghost was a liar, after all:—some wine, there:—congratulate me, my friends—congratulate me on my reprieve:—why, what a fool was I to be

cast down by so silly and absurd a circumstance!—But, however, its time for bed:—we'll be up early, and out with the hounds to-morrow:—by my faith, it's half-past twelve; so good night, good night:" and he returned to his chamber, convinced of his security, and believing that the threatened hour of peril was now past.

His guests remained together to await the completion of the time so ominously designated by the vision. A quarter of an hour had elapsed:—they heard the valet descend from his master's room:—it was just twelve:—Lord Lyttelton's bell rang violently:—the company ran in a body to his apartment:—the clock struck one at their entrance*:—the unhappy nobleman lay extended on the bed before them, pale and lifeless, and his countenance terribly convulsed.

This is the account which the narrator received from a lady, a relation of Lord Lyttel-

* It had been advanced an hour; and it was, in fact, but twelve, the hour intimated by the spectre.

ton's: the subsequent passage is from Sir Nathaniel Wraxall: " Dining at Pit Place, about four years after the death of Lord Lyttelton, in the year 1783, I had the curiosity to visit the bedchamber, where the casement window, at which Lord Lyttelton asserted the dove appeared to flutter, was pointed out to me; and, at his stepmother's, the dowager Lady Lyttelton's, in Portugal Street, Grosvenor Square, who, being a woman of very lively imagination, lent an implicit faith to all the supernatural facts which were supposed to have accompanied or produced Lord Lyttelton's end, I have frequently seen a painting which she herself executed, in 1780, expressly to commemorate the event: it hung in a conspicuous part of her drawing room. There the dove appears at the window, while a female figure, habited in white, stands at the foot of the bed, announcing to Lord Lyttelton his dissolution. Every part of the picture was faithfully designed, after the description given to her by the valet de chambre who attended him, to whom his master related all the circumstances."

APPARITION

SEEN BY

Mr. Walker,

CURATE OF WARBLINGTON, IN HAMPSHIRE.

THE following letter from Mr. Caswell, the mathematician, was found among Dr. Bentley's papers:—

“SIR,

“When I was in London, April last, I fully intended to have waited upon you again, as I said, but cold and lameness seized me next day: the cold took away my voice, and the other my power of walking; so I presently took coach for Oxford. I am much your debtor; and in particular for your good intentions in relation to Mr. D. though that, as it has proved, would not have turned to my advantage: how-

ever, I am obliged to you upon that and other accounts, and, if I had opportunity to show it, you should find how much I am your faithful servant. I have sent you enclosed a relation of an apparition: the story I had from two persons, who each had it from the author, and yet their accounts somewhat varied, and, passing through more mouths, has varied still more; therefore I got a friend to bring me to the author's, at a chamber, where I wrote it down from the author's mouth; after which I read it to him, and gave him another copy. He said he could swear to the truth of it, as far as he is concerned; he is curate of Warblington, bachelor of arts of Trinity College, in Oxford, about six years standing in the university; I hear no ill report of his behaviour here; he is now gone to his curacy; he has promised to send up the hands of the tenant and his man, who is a smith by trade, and the farmer's men, as far as they are concerned. Mr. Brinton, the rector, would have him say nothing of the story; for that he can get no tenant, although he has offered the house for ten pounds a year less.

Mr. P. the former incumbent, whom the apparition represented, was a man of a very ill report, supposed to have got children of his maid, and to have murdered them; but I advised the curate to say nothing himself of this last part of P. but leave that to the parishioners who knew him. Those who knew this P. say he had exactly such a gown, and that he used to whistle.

“Yours,

“J. CASWELL.”

NARRATIVE.

AT Warblington, near Havant, in Hampshire, within six miles of Portsmouth, in the parsonage house, dwelt Thomas Perse, the tenant, with his wife and a child, a man servant, Thomas, and a maid servant. About the beginning of August, 1695, on a Monday, about nine or ten at night, all being in bed, except the maid with

the child, the maid, being in the kitchen and having raked up the fire, took a candle in one hand and the child in the other arm, and, turning about, saw one in a black gown walking through the room, and thence out of the door into the orchard. Upon this the maid, hasting up stairs, having recovered but two steps, cried out; on which the master and mistress ran down, found the candle in her hand, she grasping the child round the neck with the other arm: she told them the reason of her crying out. She would not that night tarry in the house, but removed to another, belonging to one Henry Salter, farmer, where she cried out all the night, from the terror she was in; and she could not be persuaded to go any more to the house, on any terms. On the morrow (Tuesday) the tenant's wife came to me, lodging then at Havant, to desire my advice, and have consult with some friends about it; I told her I thought it was a flam, and that they had a mind to abuse Mr. Brereton, the rector, whose house it was: she desired I would come up; I told her I would come up, and sit up or lie there, as she pleased;

for then, as to all stories of ghosts or apparitions, I was an infidel. I went thither, and sat up the Tuesday night with the tenant and his man servant: about twelve or one o'clock I searched all the rooms in the house, to see if any body was hid there to impose upon me. At last we came into a lumber room: there I, smiling, told the tenant that was with me that I would call for the apparition, and oblige him to come. The tenant then seemed to be afraid; but I told him I would defend him from harm, and then I repeated—"Barbara, celarent Darii," &c.: on this the tenant's countenance changed, so that he was ready to drop down with fear; and I told him I perceived he was afraid, and I would prevent its coming, and repeated—"Baralipton," &c.; then he recovered his spirits pretty well, and we left the room and went down into the kitchen, where we were before, and sat up there the remaining part of the night, and had no manner of disturbance. Thursday night the tenant and I lay together in one room, and the man in another room; and he saw something walk along in a black gown, and

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place itself against a window, and there stood for some time, and then walked off. Friday morning, the man relating this, I asked him why he did not call me, and I told him I thought that was a trick or a flam; he told me the reason why he did not call me was that he was not able to speak or move. Friday night we lay as before, and had no disturbance either of the nights. Sunday night I lay by myself in one room (not that where the man saw the apparition), and the tenant and the man in one bed in another room; and, betwixt twelve and two, the man heard something walk in their room at the bed's foot, and whistling very well; and at last it came to the bed's side, drew the curtain, and looked on them; after some time it moved off; then the man called to me, desired me to come, for that there was something in the room went about whistling. I asked him whether he had any light, or could strike one; he told me, no. Then I leaped out of bed, and, not staying to put on my clothes, went out of my room and along a gallery to the door, which I found locked or bolted; I desired him to un-

lock the door, for that I could not get in; then he got out of bed and opened the door, which was near, and went immediately again to bed. I went in three or four steps; and, it being a moonshine night, I saw the apparition move from the bedside, and clap up against the wall that divided their room and mine. I went and stood directly against it, within my arm's length of it, and asked it, in the name of God, what it was that made it come disturbing of us. I stood some time, expecting an answer, and, receiving none, and thinking it might be some fellow hid in the room to fright me, I put out my arm to feel it, and my hand seemingly went through the body of it, and felt no manner of substance till it came to the wall; then I drew back my hand, and still it was in the same place. Till now I had not the least fear, and even now had very little. Then I adjured it to tell me what it was: when I had said those words, it, keeping its back against the wall, moved gently along towards the door; I followed it, and it, going out at the door, turned its back towards me: it went a little along the gallery, and it

disappeared where there was no corner for it to turn, and before it came to the end of the gallery where were the stairs. Then I found myself very cold from my feet as high as my middle, though I was not in great fear: I went into the bed betwixt the tenant and his man, and they complained of my being exceeding cold. The tenant's man leaned over his master in the bed, and saw me stretch out my hand towards the apparition, and heard me speak the words: the tenant also heard the words.

The apparition seemed to have a morning gown of a darkish colour, no hat nor cap, short black hair, a thin meagre visage, of a pale swarthy colour; seemed to be of about five and forty or fifty years old; the eyes half shut, the arms hanging down, the hands visible beneath the sleeve; of a middle stature. I related this description to Mr. John Lardner, rector of Havant, and to Major Batten, of Langstone, in Havant parish; they both said the description agreed very well to Mr. P. a former rector of the place, who had been dead above twenty



years. Upon this the tenant and his wife left the house, which has remained void ever since.

The Monday after last Michaelmas day, a man of Chodson, in Warwickshire, having been at Havant fair, passed by the aforesaid parsonage house about nine or ten at night, and saw a light in most of the rooms of the house. His pathway being close by the house, he, wondering at the light, looked into the kitchen window, and saw only a light; but, turning himself to go away, he saw the appearance of a man in a long gown: he made haste away; the apparition followed him over a piece of glebe land of several acres, to a lane which he crossed, and over a little meadow; then over another lane to some pales, which belong to farmer Henry Salter, my landlord, near a barn, in which were some of the farmer's men and some others. This man went into the barn, and told them how he was frightened and followed from the parsonage house by an apparition, which they might see standing against the pales if they went out: they went out, and saw it scratch against the pales

and make a hideous noise; it stood there some time, and then disappeared: their description agreed with what I saw.

This last account I had from the man himself, and also from the farmer's men.

THOMAS WILKINS,
Curate of Warburton.

December 11, 1695, Oxon.

APPARITION

OF

Lord Tyrone to Lady Beresford.

LORD TYRONE and Miss ——— were born in Ireland, and were left orphans in their infancy to the care of the same person, by whom they were both educated in the principles of deism.

Their guardian dying when they were each of them about fourteen years of age, they fell into very different hands. The persons on whom the care of them now devolved used every means to eradicate the erroneous principles they had imbibed, and to persuade them to embrace revealed religion, but in vain. Their arguments were insufficient to convince, though they were strong enough to stagger their former faith. Though separated from each other, their

friendship was unalterable, and they continued to regard each other with a sincere and fraternal affection. After some years were elapsed, and both were grown up, they made a solemn promise to each other that whichever should die first, would, if permitted, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most approved by the Supreme Being. Miss —— was shortly after addressed by Sir Martin Beresford, to whom she was after a few years married, but a change of condition had no power to alter their friendship. The families visited each other, and often spent some weeks together. A short time after one of these visits, Sir Martin remarked, that when his lady came down to breakfast, that her countenance was disturbed, and inquired of her health. She assured him she was quite well. He then asked her if she had hurt her wrist: "Have you sprained it?" said he, observing a black ribbon round it. She answered in the negative, and added, "Let me conjure you, Sir Martin, never to inquire the cause of my wearing this ribbon; you will never see me without it. If it concerned you as a hus-

band to know, I would not for a moment conceal it: I never in my life denied you a request, but of this I entreat you to forgive me the refusal, and never to urge me farther on the subject." "Very well," said he, smiling, "since you beg me so earnestly, I will inquire no more." The conversation here ended; but breakfast was scarce over when Lady Beresford eagerly inquired if the post was come in; she was told it was not. In a few minutes she rang again and repeated the inquiry. She was again answered as at first. "Do you expect letters?" said Sir Martin, "that you are so anxious for the arrival of the post?" "I do," she answered, "I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone is dead; he died last Tuesday at four o'clock." "I never in my life," said Sir Martin, "believed you superstitious; some idle dream has surely thus alarmed you." At that instant the servant entered and delivered to them a letter sealed with black. "It is as I expected," exclaimed Lady Beresford, "Lord Tyrone is dead." Sir Martin opened the letter; it came from Lord Tyrone's steward, and contained the melancholy intelli-

gence of his master's death, and on the very day and hour Lady Beresford had before specified. Sir Martin begged Lady Beresford to compose herself, and she assured him she felt much easier than she had done for a long time; and added, "I can communicate intelligence to you which I know will prove welcome; I can assure you, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that I shall in some months present you with a son." Sir Martin received this news with the greatest joy. After some months, Lady Beresford was delivered of a son (she had before been the mother of only two daughters). Sir Martin survived the birth of his son little more than four years. After his decease his widow seldom left home; she visited no family but that of a clergyman who resided in the same village; with them she frequently passed a few hours every day; the rest of her time was spent in solitude, and she appeared determined for ever to banish all other society. The clergyman's family consisted of himself, his wife, and one son, who, at the time of Sir Martin's death, was quite a youth; to this son,

however, she was after a few years married, notwithstanding the disparity of years and the manifest imprudence of a connexion so unequal in every point of view. Lady Beresford was treated by her young husband with contempt and cruelty, while at the same time his conduct evinced him the most abandoned libertine, utterly destitute of every principle of virtue and humanity. By this, her second husband, she had two daughters; after which such was the baseness of his conduct that she insisted on a separation. They parted for a few years, when so great was the contrition he expressed for his former conduct, that, won over by his supplications, promises, and entreaties, she was induced to pardon, and once more to reside with him, and was in time the mother of a son.

The day on which she had lain-in a month being the anniversary of her birthday, she sent for Lady Betty Cobb (of whose friendship she had long been possessed), and a few other friends to request them to spend the day with her. About seven, the clergyman by whom she had

been christened, and with whom she had all her life been intimate, came into the room to inquire after her health. She told him she was perfectly well, and requested him to spend the day with them; for, said she, "This is my birthday. I am forty-eight to-day." "No, madam," answered the clergyman, "you are mistaken; your mother and myself have had many disputes concerning your age, and I have at last discovered that I was right. I happened to go last week into the parish where you were born; I was resolved to put an end to the dispute; I searched the register and find that you are but forty-seven this day." "You have signed my death warrant," she exclaimed, "I have then but a few hours to live. I must, therefore, entreat you to leave me immediately, as I have something of importance to settle before I die." When the clergyman had left her, Lady Beresford sent to forbid the company coming, and at the same time to request Lady Betty Cobb and her son (of whom Sir Martin was the father, and was then about twenty-two years of age), to come to her apartment immediately.

Upon their arrival, having ordered the attendants to quit the room, "I have something," she said, "of the greatest importance to communicate to you both before I die, a period which is not far distant. You, Lady Betty, are no stranger to the friendship which subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself: we were educated under the same roof, and in the same principles of deism. When the friends, into whose hands we afterwards fell, endeavoured to persuade us to embrace revealed religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince, were powerful enough to stagger our former feelings, and to leave us wavering between the two opinions: in this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other, that whichever died first should (if permitted) appear to the other, and declare what religion was most acceptable to God: accordingly, one night, while Sir Martin and myself were in bed, I suddenly awoke and discovered Lord Tyrone sitting by my bedside. I screamed out and endeavoured to awake Sir Martin; "For Heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "Lord Tyrone, by

what means or for what reason came you hither at this time of night." "Have you then forgotten our promise?" said he. "I died last Tuesday at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you, to assure you that the revealed religion is true, and the only religion by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you that you will soon produce a son; which it is decreed will marry my daughter: not many years after his birth Sir Martin will die, and you will marry again, and to a man by whose ill treatment you will be rendered miserable: you will have two daughters, and afterwards a son, in childbirth of whom you will die in the forty-seventh year of your age." "Just Heavens!" I exclaimed, "and cannot I prevent this?" "Undoubtedly you may," returned the spectre; "you are a free agent, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage; but your passions are strong, you know not their power; hitherto you have had no trials. More I am not permitted to reveal, but if after this warning you persist in your infidelity, your lot

in another world will be miserable indeed!" "May I not ask," said I, "if you are happy?" "Had I been otherwise," he replied, "I should not have been permitted to appear to you." "I may then infer that you are happy?" He smiled. "But how," said I, "when morning comes, shall I know that your appearance to me has been real, and not the mere representation of my own imagination?" "Will not the news of my death be sufficient to convince you?" "No," I returned, "I might have had such a dream, and that dream accidentally come to pass. I will have some stronger proofs of its reality." "You shall," said he, "and waving his hand, the bed curtains, which were crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop by which the tester of the bed was suspended." "In that," said he, "you cannot be mistaken; no mortal arm could have performed this." "True," said I, "but sleeping we are often possessed of far more strength than when awake; though waking I could not have done it, asleep I might; and I shall still doubt." "Here is a pocket-book in this," said he; "I will write my

name: you know my hand writing." I replied, "Yes." He wrote with a pencil on one side of the leaves. "Still," said I, "in the morning I may doubt; though waking I could not imitate your hand, asleep I might." "You are hard of belief," said he: "it would injure you irreparably; it is not for spirits to touch mortal flesh." "I do not," said I, "regard a slight blemish." "You are a woman of courage," replied he, "hold out your hand." I did: he struck my wrist: his hand was cold as marble: in a moment the sinews shrunk up, every nerve withered. "Now," said he, "while you live let no mortal eye behold that wrist: to see it is sacrilege." He stopped; I turned to him again; he was gone. During the time I had conversed with him my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected, but the moment he was gone, I felt chilled with horror, the very bed moved under me, I endeavoured, but in vain, to awake Sir Martin, all my attempts were ineffectual, and in this state of agitation and terror I lay for some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief, and I dropped asleep. In the morning, Sir

Martin arose and dressed himself as usual without perceiving the state the curtains remained in. When I awoke I found Sir Martin gone down; I arose, and having put on my clothes, went to the gallery adjoining the apartment and took from thence a long broom (such as cornices are swept with), by the help of this I took down with some difficulty the curtains, as I imagined their extraordinary position might excite suspicion in the family. I then went to the bureau, took up my pocket-book, and bound a piece of black ribbon round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of my mind had left an impression on my countenance too visible to pass unobserved by my husband. He instantly remarked it and asked the cause; I informed him Lord Tyrone was no more, that he died at the hour of four on the preceding Tuesday, and desired him never to question me more respecting the black ribbon; which he kindly desisted from after. You, my son, as had been foretold, I afterwards brought into the world, and in little more than four years after your birth your lamented father expired in my arms.

After this melancholy event, I determined, as the only probable chance to avoid the sequel of the prediction, for ever to abandon all society; to give up every pleasure resulting from it, and to pass the rest of my days in solitude and retirement. But few can long endure to exist in a state of perfect sequestration: I began an intimacy with a family, and one alone; nor could I then foresee the fatal consequences which afterwards resulted from it. Little did I think their son, their only son, then a mere youth, would form the person destined by fate to prove my destruction. In a very few years I ceased to regard him with indifference; I endeavoured by every possible way to conquer a passion the fatal effects of which I too well knew. I had fondly imagined I had overcome its influence, when the evening of one fatal day terminated my fortitude, and plunged me in a moment down that abyss I had so long been meditating how to shun. He had often solicited his parents for leave to go into the army, and at last obtained permission, and came to bid me adieu before his departure. The instant

he entered the room he fell upon his knees at my feet, told me he was miserable, and that I alone was the cause. At that moment my fortitude forsook me, I gave myself up for lost, and regarding my fate as inevitable, without farther hesitation consented to a union; the immediate result of which I knew to be misery, and its end death. The conduct of my husband, after a few years, amply justified a separation, and I hoped by this means to avoid the fatal sequel of the prophecy; but won over by his reiterated entreaties, I was prevailed upon to pardon, and once more reside with him, though not till after I had, as I thought, passed my forty-seventh year.

But alas! I have this day heard from indisputable authority, that I have hitherto lain under a mistake with regard to my age, and that I am but forty-seven to-day. Of the near approach of my death then I entertain not the slightest doubt; but I do not dread its arrival; armed with the sacred precepts of Christianity, I can meet the King of Terrors without dismay, and without fear bid adieu to mortality for ever.

When I am dead, as the necessity of concealment closes with my life, I could wish that you, Lady Betty, would unbind my wrist, take from thence the black ribbon, and let my son with yourself behold it. Lady Beresford here paused for some time, but resuming the conversation she entreated her son would behave himself so as to merit the high honour he would in future receive from a union with the daughter of Lord Tyrone.

Lady B. then expressed a wish to lay down on the bed and to endeavour to compose herself to sleep. Lady Betty Cobb and her son immediately called her domestics, and quitted the room, having first desired them to watch their mistress attentively, and if they observed the smallest change in her, to call instantly.

An hour passed, and all was quiet in the room. They listened at the door, and every thing remained still, but in half an hour more a bell rang violently; they flew to her apartment, but before they reached the door, they heard the servants exclaim "Oh, she is dead!"

Lady Betty then bade the servants for a few minutes to quit the room, and herself with Lady Beresford's son approached the bed of his mother; they knelt down by the side of it; Lady Betty then lifted up her hand and untied the ribbon; the wrist was found exactly as Lady Beresford had described it, every sinew shrunk, every nerve withered.

Lady Beresford's son, as had been predicted, is since married to Lord Tyrone's daughter, the black ribbon and pocket-book were formerly in the possession of Lady Betty Cobb, Marlborough Buildings, Bath, who, during her long life, was ever ready to attest the truth of this narration, as are, to the present hour, the whole of the Tyrone and Beresford families.

APPARITION

OF

Ficinus to Michael Mercato,

MENTIONED BY BARONIUS.

THOSE illustrious friends, Ficinus and Mercato, after a long discourse on the nature of the soul, had agreed, that, whoever of the two should die first, should, if possible, appear to his surviving friend, and inform him of his condition in the other world.

A short time afterwards, says Baronius *, it happened, that while Michael Mercato the elder was studying philosophy, early in the morning,

* *Baronii Annales*.—This story was told to Baronius by the grandson of Mercato, who was prothonotary of the church, and a man of the greatest probity, as well as of general knowledge.

he suddenly heard the noise of a horse galloping in the street, which stopped at his door, and the voice of his friend Ficinus was heard, exclaiming—"O Michael! O Michael! those things are true." Astonished at this address, Mercato rose, and looked out of the window; where he saw the back of his friend, dressed in white, galloping on a white horse. He called after him, and followed him with his eyes till the appearance vanished. Upon inquiry, he learned that Ficinus had died at Florence, at the very time when the vision was presented to Mercato at a considerable distance.

Many attempts have been made to discredit this story, but I think the evidence has never been shaken. Baronius adds, that after this occurrence, Mercato neglected all profane studies, and addicted himself entirely to divinity.

APPARITIONS
WHICH WERE
SEEN AT PORTNEDOWN BRIDGE
AFTER THE IRISH MASSACRE;
BEING COPIES OF
The Evidence produced by Sir John Temple.

JAMES SHAW, of Market Hill, in the county of Armagh, innkeeper, deposeth, that many of the Irish rebels, in the time of this deponent's restraint, and staying among them, told him very often, and it was a common report, that all those who lived about the bridge of Portnedown were so affrighted with the cries and noise made there of some spirits or visions for revenge, as that they durst not stay, but fled away thence, so as they protested, affrighted to Market Hill, saying, they durst not return thi-

ther for fear of those cries and spirits, but took grounds and made (creaghs), in or near the parish of Mulabrac.

Jurat, August 14, 1642.

2. Joan, the relict of Gabriel Constable, late of Durmant, in the county of Armagh, gent, deposeth and saith, that she often heard the rebels, Owen O'Farren, Patrick O'Connellan, and divers others of the rebels at Durmant, earnestly say, protest, and tell one another, that the blood of some of those that were knocked on the head and afterwards drowned at Portnedown bridge, still remained on the bridge and would not be washed away; and that often there appeared visions or apparitions, sometimes of men, sometimes of women, breast-high above the water, at or near Portnedown, which did most extremely and fearfully screech and cry out for vengeance against the Irish that had murdered their bodies there: and that their cries and screeches did so terrify the Irish thereabouts, that none durst stay nor live longer there, but fled and removed farther into the

country, and this was common report amongst the rebels there; and that it passed for a truth amongst them, for any thing she could ever observe to the contrary.

Jurat, January 1, 1643.

3. Katherine, the relict of William Coke, late of the county of Armagh, carpenter, sworn and examined, saith that, about the twentieth of December, 1641, a great number of rebels, in that county, did most barbarously drown at that time one hundred and eighty Protestants, men, women, and children, in the river, at the bridge of Portnedown; and that, about nine days afterwards, she saw a vision or spirit, in the shape of a man, as she apprehended, that appeared in that river, in the place of the drowning, bolt upright, heart high, with hands lifted up, and stood in that place there, until the latter end of Lent next following; about which time some of the English army, marching in those parts, whereof her husband was one (as he and they confidently affirmed to the deponent), saw that spirit or vision standing upright in the posture

aforementioned; but, after that time, the said spirit or vision vanished, and appeared no more that she knoweth. And she heard, but saw not, that there were other visions and apparitions, and much screeching and strange noises heard in that river at times afterwards.

Jurat, February 24, 1643.

4. Elizabeth, the wife of Captain Rice-Price, of Armagh, deposeth and saith that she and other women, whose husbands were murdered, hearing of divers apparitions and visions that were seen near Portnedown bridge, since the drowning of her children and the rest of the Protestants there, went unto the aforesaid bridge about twilight in the evening: then there appeared unto them, upon a sudden, a vision or spirit, assuming the shape of a woman, waist high, upright in the water, naked, with elevated and closed hands, her hair hanging down very white, her eyes seemed to twinkle, and her skin as white as snow; which spirit seemed to stand straight up in the water, and often repeated the words "Revenge, revenge, revenge!" whereat

this deponent and the rest, being put into a strong amazement, and affrighted, walked from the place.

Jurat, January 29, 1642.

5. Arthur Azlum, of Clowargher, in the county of Cavan, esquire, deposeth that he was credibly informed by some that were present there that there were thirty women and young children, and seven men flung into the river of Belturbet; and, when some of them offered to swim for their lives, they were by the rebels followed in carts, and knocked upon the head with poles. The same day they hanged two women at Turbet; and this deponent doth verily believe that Rutmore O'Reby, the then sheriff, had a hand in commanding the murder of those said persons; for that he saw him write two notes, which he sent to Turbet by Brian O'Reby, upon whose coming their murders were committed: and those persons who were present also affirmed that the bodies of those thirty persons drowned did not appear upon the water till about six weeks past: as the said Reby came to the town,

all the bodies came floating up to the very bridge; and those persons were all formerly stayed in the town by his protection, when the rest of their neighbours in the town went away*.

* History of the Irish Rebellion, by Sir John Temple, knight, p. 123.

Extraordinary Instances
OF
SECOND SIGHT.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the family of Dr. Ferriar, an officer in the army, and certainly addicted to no superstition, was quartered early in life, in the middle of the last century, near the castle of a gentleman in the north of Scotland, who was supposed to possess the second sight. Strange rumours were afloat respecting the old chieftain: he had spoken to an apparition, which ran along the battlements of the house, and had never been cheerful afterwards: his prophetic vision excited surprise even in that region of credulity, and his retired habits favoured the popular opinion. My friend assured me that, one day, while he was reading a play to the ladies of the family, the chief, who had been walking across the room, stopped suddenly,

and assumed the look of a seer: he rang the bell, and ordered the groom to saddle a horse, to proceed immediately to a seat in the neighbourhood, and to inquire after the health of Lady ——; if the account were favourable, he then directed him to call at another castle, to ask after another lady whom he named. The reader immediately closed his book, and declared that he would not proceed till these abrupt orders were explained, as he was confident they were produced by the second sight. The chief was very unwilling to explain himself, but at length he owned that the door had appeared to open, and that a little woman, without a head, had entered the room; that the apparition indicated the sudden death of some person of his acquaintance, and the only two persons who resembled the figure were those ladies after whose health he had sent to inquire.

A few hours afterwards the servant returned, with an account that one of the ladies had died, of an apoplectic fit, about the time when the vision appeared.

At another time the chief was confined to his bed by indisposition, and my friend was reading to him, in a stormy winter night, while the fishing boat belonging to the castle was at sea. The old gentleman repeatedly expressed much anxiety respecting his people, and at last exclaimed—"My boat is lost!" The colonel replied—"How do you know it, sir?" He was answered—"I see two of the boatmen bringing in the third drowned, all dripping wet, and laying him down close beside your chair." The chair was shifted with great precipitation: in the course of the night the fishermen returned, with the corpse of one of the boatmen.

APPARITION

SEEN BY

Richard Bobet.

ABOUT the year 1667, I was staying with some persons of honour in the house of a nobleman in the west country, which had formerly been a nunnery.—I must confess I had often heard the servants and others that inhabited or lodged there speak much of the noises, stirs, and apparitions that frequently disturbed the house, but had at that time no apprehensions of it; for, the house being full of strangers, the nobleman's steward, Mr. C. lay with me in a fine wainscot room, called my lady's chamber. We went to our lodging pretty early; and, having a good fire in the room, we spent some time in reading, in which he much delighted: then, having got into bed and put out the candles, we observed

the room to be very light by the brightness of the moon, so that a wager was laid between us that it was possible to read written hand by that light upon the bed where we lay.

We had scarce made an end of discoursing upon that affair, when I saw (my face being towards the door, which was locked), entering into the room, five appearances of very fine and lovely women: they were of excellent stature, and their dresses seemed very fine, but covered all but their faces with their light veils, whose skirts trailed largely upon the floor. They entered in a file, one after the other, and in that posture walked round the room, till the foremost came and stood by that side of the bed where I lay (with my left hand over the side of the bed; for my head rested on that arm, and I determined not to alter the posture in which I was): she struck me upon that hand with a blow that felt very soft, but I did never remember whether it were cold or hot. I demanded, in the name of the blessed Trinity, what business they had there, but received no answer. Then I spoke

to Mr. C.—“Sir, do you see what fair guests we have come to visit us?” before which they all disappeared. I found him in some kind of agony, and was forced to grasp him on the breast with my right hand (which was next him underneath the bedclothes), before I could obtain speech of him: then he told me he had seen the fair guests I spoke of, and had heard me speak to them; but withal said that he was not able to speak sooner unto me, being extremely affrighted at the sight of a dreadful monster, which, assuming a shape betwixt that of a lion and a bear, attempted to come upon the bed’s foot. I told him I thanked God nothing so frightful had presented itself to me; but I hoped (through his assistance) not to dread the ambages of hell. It was a long time before I could compose him to sleep; and, though he had many disturbances in his own room, and understood of others in the house, yet he acknowledged he had never been so terrified during many years’ abode there.

The next day, at dinner, he showed to many

persons of principal quality the mark that had been occasioned on his breast by the gripe I was forced to give him to get him to speak, and related all the passages very exactly; after which he protested never to lie more in that room; upon which I set up a resolution to lodge in it again, not knowing but something of the reason of those troubles might by that means be imparted to me.

The next night, therefore, I ordered a Bible and another book to be laid in the room, and resolved to spend my time by the fire, in reading and contemplation, till I found myself inclined to sleep; and accordingly, having taken leave of the family at the usual hour, I addressed myself to what I proposed, not going into bed till past one in the morning. A little after I was got into bed, I heard somewhat walk about the room, like a woman in a tabby gown trailing about the room: it made a mighty rustling noise, but I could see nothing, though it was near as light as the night before. It passed by the foot of the bed, and a little opened the cur-

tains, and thence went to a closet door on that side, through which it found admittance, although it was close locked: there it seemed to groan, and draw a great chair with its foot, in which it seemed to sit, and turn over the leaves of a large folio, which, you know, make a loud clattering noise; so it continued in that posture, sometimes groaning, sometimes dragging the chair and clattering the book, till it was near day. Afterwards I lodged several times in this room, but never met with molestation.

This I can attest to be a true account of what passed in that room the two described nights; and, though Mr. C. be lately dead, who was a very ingenious man, and affirmed the first part unto many with whom he was conversant, it remains that I appeal to the knowledge of those who have been inhabitants or lodgers in the said house for what remains to justify the credibility of the rest.

APPARITION

SEEN BY

Mr. B. L.*.

It is not many years ago since Mr. B. L. accompanied some friends on a visit to York Cathedral: the party was numerous, and amongst them were a gentleman and his two daughters. Mr. B. L. was with the eldest of these ladies, exploring the curiosities of the building, rather at a distance from the rest of their companions. On turning from the monument to which their attention had been directed, an officer in a naval uniform was observed advancing towards them. It was rather an unusual circumstance to en-

* In the original MS. of this story, the name was given at length; but, while the sheets were passing through the press, a friend of the party stated to the publisher that making public the names would distress the feelings of more than one individual: they are therefore withheld.

counter a person thus accoutred in a place so far distant from the sea, and of so unmilitary a character. Mr. B. L. was on the point of making a trivial observation on the subject to his companion, when, on turning his eyes towards her and pointing out the approaching stranger to her notice, he saw an immediate paleness spread over her face, and her countenance became agitated by the force of the powerful and contending emotions which were suddenly excited by his presence. As the stranger drew more near, and his figure and his features gradually became more distinctly visible through the evening gloom and the dim religious light of the cathedral, the lady's distress was evidently increased: she leant on the arm of Mr. B. L. with the weight of one who was painfully afflicted and felt the necessity of support. Shocked at the oppression which he witnessed, but wholly ignorant of the cause—alarmed—hurried—supposing her to be suffering from the paroxysm of some violent and sudden indisposition, Mr. B. L. called to entreat the assistance of her sister. The figure in the naval uniform was now imme-

diately before them: the eyes of the lady were fixed upon him with a gaze of silent and motionless surprise and a painful intensity of feeling; her lips were colourless and apart, and her breath passed heavily from the full and overburthened heart. The form was close upon them:—it approached her side:—it paused but for an instant:—as quick as thought, a low and scarcely audible voice whispered in her ear—“There is a future state;” and the figure moved onward through the retiring aisle of the minster. The father of the lady arrived to the assistance of his daughter, and Mr. B. L. consigning her to his protection, hastened in pursuit of the mysterious visitor. He searched on every side: no such form was to be seen in the long perspective of the path by which the ill omened stranger had departed. He listened with the most earnest attentiveness: no sound of retreating footsteps was to be heard on the echoing pavement of the cathedral.

Baffled in his attempt to discover the object whose presence had thus disturbed the tranquil-

lity of the time, Mr. B. L. resought his friends. The lady was weeping on the shoulder of her father: she avoided every inquiry respecting the cause, the seat, and the nature of her illness:—"It was slight; it was transient; it would immediately be over." She entreated the party to continue their examination of the building, and to leave her again to the protection of her former companion. The request was granted; and no sooner had she thus possessed herself of an opportunity of confidential communication than she implored him, with a quick and agitated voice, to conceal for a little while the occurrence of which he had been a witness:—"We shall never be believed: besides, it were right that my poor dear father should be gradually prepared for the misery that he is destined to undergo. I have seen the spirit, and I have heard the voice of a brother, who exists no longer: he has perished at sea. We had agreed that the one who died the first should reappear to the survivor, if it were possible, to clear up or to confirm the religious doubts which existed in both our minds."

In due time the account of the event arrived to verify the spiritual intimation: the brother was indeed no more. His death had happened on the very day and hour in which his form was seen by Mr. B. L. and his sister, in the north aisle of York Cathedral.

APPARITION

SEEN BY

Lady Pennyman and Mrs. Atkins.

AT the commencement of the French revolution, Lady Pennyman and her two daughters retired to Lisle, where they hired a large and handsome house at a very trifling rent. During their residence in this abode, the lady received from her husband, Sir John Pennyman, a draft for a considerable sum, which she carried to the banker of the town, and requested to have cashed. The man, as is much the custom on the continent, gave her a large portion of silver in exchange. As Lady Pennyman was proceeding to pay some visits, she requested that the banker would send the money to her house, of which she described the situation. The parcel was instantly committed to the care of a

porter; and, on the lady's inquiring of him whether he understood, from her directions, the place to which his charge was to be conveyed, the man replied that he was perfectly aware of the place designated, and that it was called the "Haunted House." The latter part of this answer was addressed to the banker in a low tone of voice, but was overheard by Lady Pennyman: she paid, however, no attention to the words, and naturally supposed that the report connected with her habitation was one of those which are raised by the imagination of the ignorant respecting every dwelling which is long untenanted, or remarkable for its antiquity.

A few weeks afterwards, the words were recalled to her recollection in a manner that surprised her: the housekeeper, with many apologies for being obliged to mention any thing that might appear so idle and absurd, came to the apartment in which her mistress was sitting; and said that two of the servants, who had accompanied her ladyship from England, had that morning given warning, and expressed a deter-

mination of quitting her ladyship's service, on account of the mysterious noises by which they had been, night after night, disturbed and terrified. "I trust, Carter," replied Lady Pennyman, "that you have too much good sense to be alarmed on your own account by any of these superstitious and visionary fears; and pray exert yourself in endeavouring to tranquillize the apprehension of others, and persuading them to continue in their places." The persuasion of Carter was ineffectual: the servants insisted that the noises which had alarmed them were not the operation of any earthly beings, and persevered in their resolution of returning to their native country.

The room from which the sounds were supposed to have proceeded was at a distance from Lady Pennyman's apartments, and immediately over those which were occupied by the two female servants, who had themselves been terrified by them, and whose report had spread a general panic through the rest of the family. To quiet the alarm, Lady Pennyman resolved on leaving

her own chamber for a time, and establishing herself in the one which had been lately occupied by the domestics.

The room above was a long spacious apartment, which appeared to have been for a length of time deserted. In the centre of the chamber was a large iron cage: it was an extraordinary piece of furniture to find in any mansion, but the legend which the servants had collected respecting it appeared to be still more extraordinary: it was said that a late proprietor of the house, a young man of enormous property, had in his minority been confined in that apartment by his uncle and guardian, and there hastened to a premature death by the privations and cruelties to which he was exposed: those cruelties had been practised under the pretence of necessary correction. It was alleged that "He was idle, stubborn, inattentive, and of an untoward disposition, which nothing but severity could improve." In his boyhood, frequent chastisements, continued application, and the refusal of every interval of relaxation were in vain essayed

to urge and goad him to the grave, and to place his uncle in possession of the inheritance: his constitution struggled with the tyranny of his unnatural relation, and, wasted as it was by the unmitigated oppression, still resisted with an admirable vitality the efforts which were ingeniously aimed against his existence. As he drew nearer the age in which he would have been legally delivered from the dangers and impositions of his uncle, his life was subjected to more violent and repeated severities; every, even the slightest offence was succeeded by the most rigorous inflictions. The iron cage was threatened, was ordered, was erected in the upper chamber. At first, for a few weeks, it remained as an object of terror only: it was menaced that the next transgression of his guardian's wishes would be punished by a day's imprisonment in that narrow circle, without the possibility of rest, or the permission of refreshment. Twice the cage was threatened and remitted, from an affected show of mercy, and the better to cover and to palliate the premeditated enormities: the youth, who was about sixteen, from the dread

of this terrible infliction, applied himself with sleepless diligence to labours difficult to be accomplished, and extended, purposely extended beyond the capacity of the student: his lessons were exacted, not in proportion to his abilities, but his endeavours and performance.

The taskmaster eventually conquered: then followed the imprisonment, and the day without food. Again the imposition was set; again executed with painful exertion: again lengthened; again discovered to be impracticable, and again visited with the iron cage and the denial of necessary subsistence. The savage purpose of thus murdering the boy, under the pretence of a strict attention to his interest or his improvement, was at last successful: the lad was declared to be incorrigible: there was a feigned necessity of more severe correction: he was sentenced to two days' captivity and privation. So long an abstinence from food and rest was more than his enfeebled frame and his broken spirits could endure; and, on his uncle's arriving, with the show of an hypocritical leniency,

an hour previous to the appointed time, to deliver him from the residue of his punishment, it was found that death had anticipated the false mercy, and had for ever emancipated the innocent sufferer from the hands of the oppressor.

The wealth was won; but it was an unprofitable acquisition to him, who had so dearly purchased it:—"What profit is it," demands the voice of Revelation, "if a man should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" His conscience haunted him: the form of the dead and inoffensive boy was constantly before him. His dreams represented to his view the playful and beautiful looks that won all eyes towards him, while his parents were yet alive to cheer and to delight him: and then the vision of his sleep would change; and he would see his calm suffering and his silent tears, and his patient endurance and his indefatigable exertions in attempting the accomplishment of difficult exactions, and his pale cheek, and his wasted limbs, and his spiritless countenance; and then, at last, there was the rigid, bony, and distorted

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form, the glazed open eye, the mouth violently compressed, and the clenched hands, on which his view had rested for a moment, when all his wicked hopes had attained their most sanguine consummation, as he surveyed the corpse of his murdered relative. These recollections banished him from his home; the mansion was left tenantless; and, till Lady Pennyman had ignorantly engaged it, all had dreaded to become the inmates of a dwelling which had been fatal to one possessor, and shunned as destructive to the tranquillity of his heir.

On the first night or two of Lady Pennyman's being established in her new apartment, she met with no interruption; nor was her sleep in the least disturbed by any of those mysterious noises in the Cage Chamber (for so it was commonly called in the family) which she had been induced to expect by the representations of the departed servants. This quiet, however, was of very short duration: one night she was awakened from her sleep by the sound of a slow and measured step, that appeared to be

pace the chamber overhead: it continued to move backwards and forwards with nearly the same constant and regular motion for rather more than an hour—perhaps Lady Pennyman's agitation may have deceived her, and induced her to think the time longer than it really was. It at length ceased: morning dawned upon her. The lady naturally felt distressed by the occurrence of the night; it was in every point of view alarming: if she doubted its being the effect of any preternatural communication, there was only another alternative, which was almost equally distressing—to suppose that there were means of entering the house, which were known to strangers, though concealed from the inhabitants. She went down to breakfast, after framing a resolution not to mention the event.

Lady Pennyman and her daughters had nearly completed their breakfast before her son, a young man who had lately returned from sea, descended from his apartment. "My dear Charles," said his mother, "I wonder you are not ashamed of your indolence and your want

of gallantry, to suffer your sisters and myself to finish breakfast before you are ready to join us.” —“Indeed, madam,” he replied, “it is not my fault if I am late: I have not had any sleep all night. There have been people knocking at my door and peeping into my room every half-hour since I went up stairs to bed: I presume they wanted to see if my candle was extinguished. If this be the case, it is really very distressing; as I certainly never gave you any occasion to suspect I should be careless in taking so necessary a precaution; and it is not pleasant to be represented in such a light to the domestics.” —“Indeed, my dear, the interruption has taken place entirely without my knowledge. I assure you it is not by any order of mine that your room has been looked into: I cannot think what could induce any servant of mine to be guilty of such a liberty. Are you certain that you have not mistaken the nature and origin of the sound by which your sleep has been disturbed?” —“Oh, no; there could have been no mistake: I was perfectly awake when the interruption first took place, and afterwards it was so frequently

repeated as to prevent the possibility of my sleeping."

More complaints from the housekeeper; no servant would remain; every individual of the family had his tale of terror to increase the apprehensions of the rest. Lady Pennyman began to be herself alarmed. Mrs. Atkins, a very dear and approved friend, came on a visit to her: she communicated the subject which had so recently disturbed the family, and requested her advice. Mrs. Atkins, a woman devoid of every kind of superstitious fear, and of tried courage, understanding, and resolution, determined at once to silence all the stories that had been fabricated respecting the Cage Room, and to allay their terrors by adopting that apartment for her own bedchamber during the remainder of her residence at Lisle. It was in vain to oppose her purpose: she declared that no half measure could be equally effectual: that, if any of the family were to sleep there, though their rest should be perfectly undisturbed, it would have no efficacy in tranquillizing the agitation of the family; since the servants would natu-

rally accuse either Lady Pennyman or her son of being interested witnesses, and doubt of the fact of their having reposed in the centre of the ghost's dominions, without undergoing any punishment for the temerity of their invading them. A bed was accordingly placed in the apartment. The Cage Room was rendered as comfortable as possible on so short a notice; and Mrs. Atkins retired to rest, attended by her favourite spaniel, saying, as she bade them all good night, "I and my dog, I flatter myself, are equal to compete with a myriad of ghosts; so let me entreat you to be under no apprehension for the safety of Rose and myself."

Mrs. Atkins examined her chamber in every imaginable direction: she sounded every pannel of the wainscot, to prove that there was no hollowness, which might argue a concealed passage; and, having bolted the door of the Cage Room, retired to rest, confident that she was secure against every material visitor, and totally incredulous of the airy encroachments of all spiritual beings. Her assurance was doomed

to be shortlived: she had only been a few minutes asleep when her dog, which lay by the bedside, leaped, howling and terrified, upon the bed; the door of the chamber slowly opened, and a pale, thin, sickly youth came in, cast his eyes mildly towards her, walked up to the iron cage in the middle of the room, and then leaned in the melancholy attitude of one revolving in his mind the sorrows of a cheerless and unblest existence: after a while he again withdrew, and retired by the way he entered.

Mrs. Atkins, on witnessing his departure, felt the return of her resolution: she was reassured in her original belief in the impossibility of all spiritual visitations: she persuaded herself to believe the figure the work of some skilful impostor, and she determined on following its footsteps: she took up her chamber lamp, and hastened to put her design in execution. On reaching the door, to her infinite surprise, she discovered it to be fastened, as she had herself left it, on retiring to her bed. On withdrawing the bolt and opening the door, she saw

the back of the youth descending the staircase: she followed, till, on reaching the foot of the stairs, the form appeared to sink into the earth. It was in vain to attempt concealing the occurrences of the night: her voice, her manner, the impossibility of sleeping a second time in the ill omened chamber would necessarily betray that something of a painful and mysterious nature had occurred.

The event was related to Lady Pennyman: she determined to remain no longer in her present habitation. The man of whom the house had been engaged was spoken to on the subject: he became extremely violent—said it was no time for the English to indulge their imaginations—insinuated something of the guillotine—and bade her, at her peril, drop a single expression to the injury of his property. While she remained in France, no word was uttered upon the subject; she framed an excuse for her abrupt departure: another residence was offered in the vicinity of Lisle, which she engaged, on the pretext of its being better calculated to the

size of her family; and at once relinquished her habitation, and with it every preternatural occasion of anxiety.

The above, like the Beresford story, has evidently been amplified by the fictions of some novel writer; but they are both founded on facts, and accredited by the families of the individuals to whom the events respectively occurred; and, since the "plain unvarnished tales" can no longer be obtained, the Editor has thought it right to give the purest versions of them which he had the power of obtaining.

See Mrs. Gower's "Night Side of Nature," Vol. 2 p. 97 for the true version of the story —

APPARITION

OF THE

Daughter of Dr. Ferrar to her Father.

THIS week, Mr. Pearson, who is a worthy good minister of this city of London, told me that his wife's grandfather, a man of great piety, and physician to this present king, his name Ferrar, nearly related, I think brother to the famous Mr. Ferrar, of Little Giddon—I say this gentleman and his daughter (Mrs. Pearson's mother, a very pious soul) made a compact, at his entreaty, that the first of them that died, if happy, should after death appear to the survivor, if it were possible: the daughter, with some difficulty, consented thereto. Some time after, the daughter, who lived at Gillingham Lodge, two miles from Salisbury, fell in labour, and, by mistake,

being given a noxious potion, instead of another prepared for her, suddenly died: her father lived in London, and, that very night she died, she opened his curtains, and looked upon him: he had before heard nothing of her illness; and, upon this apparition, confidently told the maid that his daughter was dead, and, two days after, received the news. Her grandmother told Mrs. Pearson this, as also an uncle of hers, and the abovesaid maid; and this Mrs. Pearson I know, and this is a very prudent and good woman.

The above is taken from a letter of the Rev. Mr. Fowler to Dr. Henry Moore, dated May 11, 1678.

APPARITION

OF

Mrs. Button.

RELATED BY

MR. EDWARD FOWLER, PREBENDARY OF GLOUCESTER,

AFTERWARDS BISHOP OF THAT DIOCESS.

DR. BUTTON, late Rector of Ludgate and Deptford, lived formerly in Herefordshire, and married the daughter of Mr. S——. This gentleman was a person of extraordinary piety, which she expressed as in her life, so at her death. She had a maid that she had a great kindness for, who was married to a near neighbour, whose name, as I remember, was Alice. Not long after her death, as Alice was rocking her infant in the night, she was called from the cradle by a knocking at the door, which open-

ing, she was surprised at the sight of a gentlewoman not to be distinguished from her late mistress, neither in person nor habit. She was in a morning gown, the same in appearance with that she had often seen her mistress wear. At first sight she expressed very great amazement, and said, Were not my mistress dead, I should not question but that you are she. She replied, I am the same that was your mistress, and took her by the hand, which Alice affirmed was as cold as a clod.

She added, that she had business of great importance to employ her in, and that she must immediately go a little way with her. Alice trembled and beseeched her to excuse her, and entreated her very importunately to go to her master who must needs be more fit to be employed. She answered, that he, who was her husband was not at all concerned, but yet she had a desire rather to make use of him; and in order thereunto, had several times been in his chamber, but he was still asleep, nor had she the power to do more than once uncover his feet

towards the awakening of him. And the doctor said, that he had heard walking in his chamber in the night, which till now he could give no account of. Alice next objected, that her husband was gone a journey, and she had no one to look to the child, that it was very apt to cry vehemently, and she feared if it awaked before her return, it would cry itself to death, or do itself mischief. The spectre replied, the child shall sleep till you return.

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

cerned, because her name was made use of in some writing that related to this land.

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

Immediately after Alice makes all haste home, being thoughtful for her child, but found it as the spectre had said, asleep as she left it. When she had dressed it and committed it to the care of a neighbour, away she went to her master the doctor, who, enraged at the account she gave him, sent her to his brother-in-law.

He, at first, hearing Alice's story and message, laughed at it heartily. But she had no sooner told him the secret, but he changed his countenance, told her he would give the poor their own, and accordingly he did it, and they now enjoy it. This, with more circumstances, hath several times been related by Dr. Button himself, who was well known to be a person of great goodness and sincerity. He gave a large narrative of this apparition of his wife to two of my friends. First, to one Mrs. Needham, and afterwards, a little before his death, to Dr. Whichcot.

Some years after I received the foregoing narrative: viz. (near four years since), I light into the company of three sober persons, of good rank, who all lived in the city of Hereford, and I travelled in a stage coach three days with them. To them I happened to tell this story, but told it was done at Deptford, for so I presumed it was, because I knew that there Dr. Button lived. They told me, as soon as I had concluded it, that the story was very true



in the main, only I was out as to the place. For it was not Deptford, but, as I remember, Pembridge near Hereford, where the doctor was minister before the return of the king. And they assured me upon their own knowledge, that to that day the poor enjoyed the piece of ground. They added, that Mrs. Button's father could never endure to hear any thing mentioned of his daughter's appearing after her death, but would still reply in great anger, that it was not his daughter, but it was the devil. So that he acknowledged that something appeared in the likeness of his daughter.

This is attested by me,
the 16th of February, 1681.

EDWARD FOWLER.

APPARITION

OF

Major Blomberg to the Governor of Dominica.

EARLY in the American war, Major Blomberg, the father of Dr. Blomberg, was expected to join his regiment, which was at the time on service in the island of Dominica. His period of absence had expired, and his brother officers, eagerly anticipating his return, as vessel after vessel arrived from England without conveying the looked for passenger, declared one to another, "Well, at all events, he must come in the next." His presence in the island now became indispensable; and the governor, impatient of so long an absence, was on the point of writing a remonstrance on the subject to the authorities in this country, when, as he was sitting at night in his study with his secretary, and remarking on the conduct of the absentee, with

no very favourable or lenient expressions, a step was heard to ascend the stairs, and walk along the passage without. "Who can it be?" exclaimed the governor, "intruding at so late an hour." "It is Blomberg's step," replied the secretary. "The very man himself," said the governor; and, as he spoke, the door opened, and Major Blomberg stood before them. The major advanced towards the table at which the gentlemen were sitting, and flung himself into a chair opposite the governor. There was something hurried in his manner; a forgetfulness of all the ordinary forms of greeting; and abruptly saying: "I must converse with you alone:" he gave a sign for the secretary to retreat. The sign was obeyed. There was an air of conscious superiority about the manner of the visitor that admitted no dispute. "On your return to England," he continued, as soon as the apartment was cleared of the objectionable witness, "On your return to England, you will go to a farm house, near the village of ———, in Dorsetshire; you will there find two children; they are mine; the offspring and the orphans of my secret marriage. Be the guardian to those

parentless infants. To prove their legitimacy, and their consequent right to my property, you must demand of the woman, with whom they are placed at nurse, the red Morocco case which was committed to her charge. Open it; it contains the necessary papers. Adieu! You will see me no more." Major Blomberg instantly withdrew. The Governor of Dominica, surprised at the commission, at the abrupt entrance, and the abrupt departure, rang the bell to desire some of his household to follow the major and request his return. None had seen him enter: none had witnessed his exit. It was strange! it was passing strange! There soon after arrived intelligence that Major Blomberg had embarked on board a vessel for Dominica, which had been dismasted in a storm at sea, and was supposed to have subsequently sunk, as she was never more heard of, about the time in which the figure had appeared to the governor and his secretary.

All that Major Blomberg had communicated was carefully stamped in the memory of his friend. On his return to England, which oc-

curred in a few months after the apparition above described had been seen by the governor, he immediately hastened to the village in Dorsetshire, and to the house in which the children were resident.

He found them; he asked for the casket; it was immediately surrendered. The legitimacy and the claims of the orphans of Blomberg were established, and they were admitted to the enjoyment of their rights without any controversy or dispute.

This tale was related to the late Queen Charlotte, and so deeply interested her that she immediately adopted the son as the object of her peculiar care and favour. He was brought to Windsor, and educated with his present Majesty, of whom he has through life been the favourite, the companion, and the friend.

SUPERNATURAL DISTURBANCES

IN THE HOUSE OF

The Rev. Mr. Wesley.

THE following account was drawn up by the celebrated John Wesley, and published by him in the *Arminian Magazine*:—

When I was very young, I heard several letters read, wrote to my elder brother by my father, giving an account of strange disturbances, which were in his house at Epworth, in Lincolnshire.

When I went down thither, in the year 1720, I carefully inquired into the particulars. I spoke to each of the persons who were then in the house, and took down what each could tes-

tify of his or her own knowledge. The sum of which was this.

On Dec. 2, 1716, while Robert Brown, my father's servant, was sitting with one of the maids a little before ten at night, in the dining room which opened into the garden, they both heard one knocking at the door. Robert rose and opened it, but could see nobody. Quickly it knocked again and groaned. "It is Mr. Turpine," said Robert: "he has the stone, and uses to groan so." He opened the door again twice or thrice, the knocking being twice or thrice repeated. But still seeing nothing, and being a little startled, they rose and went up to bed. When Robert came to the top of the garret stairs, he saw a hand mill, which was at a little distance, whirled about very swiftly. When he related this he said, "Nought vexed me but that it was empty. I thought, if it had but been full of malt, he might have ground his heart out for me." When he was in bed, he heard as it were the gobbling of a turkeycock, close to the bedside; and, soon after, the sound

of one stumbling over his shoes and boots, but there were none there: he had left them below. The next day, he and the maid related these things to the other maid, who laughed heartily, and said, "What a couple of fools are you! I defy any thing to fright me." After churning in the evening, she put the butter in the tray, and had no sooner carried it into the dairy than she heard a knocking on the shelf where several puncheons of milk stood, first above the shelf, then below: she took the candle and searched both above and below; but being able to find nothing, threw down butter, tray, and all, and ran away for life. The next evening, between five and six o'clock, my sister Molly, then about twenty years of age, sitting in the dining room, reading, heard as if it were the door that lead into the hall open, and a person walking in, that seemed to have on a silk nightgown, rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk around her, then to the door, then round again; but she could see nothing. She thought, "it signifies nothing to run away; for, whatever it is, it can run faster than me." So she rose, put her book

under her arm, and walked slowly away. After supper, she was sitting with my sister Suky (about a year older than her), in one of the chambers, and telling her what had happened, she quite made light of it; telling her, "I wonder you are so easily frightened; I would fain see what would fright me." Presently a knocking began under the table. She took the candle and looked, but could find nothing. Then the iron casement began to clatter, and the lid of a warmingpan. Next the latch of the door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into the bed without undressing, pulled the bed clothes over her head, and never ventured to look up till next morning. A night or two after, my sister Hetty, a year younger than my sister Molly, was waiting as usual, between nine and ten, to take away my father's candle, when she heard one coming down the garret stairs, walking slowly by her, then going down the best stairs, then up the back stairs, and up the garret stairs; and at every step it seemed the house shook from top to bottom. Just then my father knocked. She went in, took his

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candle, and got to bed as fast as possible. In the morning she told this to my eldest sister, who told her, "You know I believe none of these things. Pray let me take away the candle to-night, and I will find out the trick." She accordingly took my sister Hetty's place, and had no sooner taken away the candle than she heard a noise below. She hastened down stairs to the hall, where the noise was; but it was then in the kitchen. She ran into the kitchen, where it was drumming on the inside of the screen. When she went round, it was drumming on the outside, and so always on the side opposite to her. Then she heard a knocking at the back kitchen door. She ran to it, unlocked it softly, and, when the knocking was repeated, suddenly opened it; but nothing was to be seen. As soon as she had shut it, the knocking began again; she opened it again, but could see nothing: when she went to shut the door, it was violently thrust against her; she let it fly open, but nothing appeared. She went again to shut it, and it was again thrust against her; but she set her knee and her shoulder to the door, forced

it to, and turned the key. Then the knocking began again; but she let it go on, and went up to bed. However, from that time she was thoroughly convinced that there was no imposture in the affair.

The next morning, my sister telling my mother what had happened, she said, "If I hear any thing myself, I shall know how to judge." Soon after, she begged her to come into the nursery. She did, and heard, in the corner of the room, as it were the violent rocking of a cradle; but no cradle had been there for some years. She was convinced it was preternatural, and earnestly prayed it might not disturb her in her own chamber at the hours of retirement; and it never did. She now thought it was proper to tell my father. But he was extremely angry, and said, "Suky, I am ashamed of you: these boys and girls fright one another; but you are a woman of sense, and should know better. Let me hear of it no more." At six in the evening he had family prayers as usual. When he began the prayer for the king, a

knocking began all round the room; and a thundering knock attended the amen. The same was heard from this time every morning and evening, while the prayer for the king was repeated. As both my father and mother are now at rest, and incapable of being pained thereby, I think it my duty to furnish the serious reader with a key to this circumstance.

The year before King William died, my father observed my mother did not say Amen to the prayer for the king. She said she could not; for she did not believe the Prince of Orange was king. He vowed he never would cohabit with her till she did. He then took his horse and rode away, nor did she hear any thing of him for a twelvemonth. He then came back, and lived with her as before. But I fear his vow was not forgotten before God.

Being informed that Mr. Hoole, the vicar of Haxey (an eminently pious and sensible man), could give me some farther information, I walked over to him. He said, "Robert Brown came

over to me, and told me your father desired my company. When I came, he gave me an account of all that had happened, particularly the knocking during family prayer. But that evening (to my great satisfaction) we had no knocking at all. But between nine and ten, a servant came in and said, 'Old Jeffries is coming (that was the name of one that died in the house); for I hear the signal.' This they informed me was heard every night, about a quarter before ten. It was toward the top of the house, on the outside, at the north-east corner, resembling the loud creaking of a saw; or rather that of a windmill, when the body of it is turned about, in order to shift the sails to the wind. We then heard a knocking over our heads; and Mr. Wesley, catching up a candle, said, 'Come, sir, now you shall hear for yourself.' We went up stairs; he with much hope, and I (to say the truth) with much fear. When we came into the nursery, it was knocking in the next room: when we were there, it was knocking in the nursery. And there it continued to knock, though we came in, particularly at the head of

the bed (which was of wood) in which Miss Hetty and two of her younger sisters lay. Mr. Wesley, observing that they were much affected though asleep, sweating and trembling exceedingly, was very angry, and, pulling out a pistol, was going to fire at the place from whence the sound came. But I caught him by the arm, and said, 'Sir, you are convinced this is something preternatural. If so, you cannot hurt it; but you give it power to hurt you.' He then went close to the place, and said sternly, 'Thou deaf and dumb devil, why dost thou fright these children, that cannot answer for themselves? Come to me in my study, that am a man!' Instantly it knocked his knock (the particular knock which he always used at the gate), as if it would shiver the board in pieces, and we heard nothing more that night." Till this time my father had never heard the least disturbances in his study; but the next evening, as he attempted to go into his study (of which none had any key but himself), when he opened the door, it was thrust back with such violence as had like to have thrown him down. However, he

thrust the door open and went in. Presently there was knocking, first on one side, then on the other; and, after a time, in the next room, wherein my sister Nancy was. He went into that room, and (the noise continuing) adjured it to speak; but in vain. He then said, "These spirits love darkness: put out the candle, and perhaps it will speak:" she did so, and he repeated his adjuration; but still there was only knocking, and no articulate sound. Upon this he said, "Nancy, two Christians are an overmatch for the devil. Go all of you down stairs; it may be, when I am alone, he will have courage to speak." When she was gone a thought came in, and he said, "If thou art the spirit of my son Samuel, I pray knock three knocks and no more." Immediately all was silence; and there was no more knocking at all that night. I asked my sister Nancy (then about fifteen years old) whether she was not afraid when my father used that adjuration? She answered, she was sadly afraid it would speak when she put out the candle; but she was not at all afraid in the daytime, when it walked after her as she

swept the chambers, as it constantly did, and seemed to sweep after her. Only she thought he might have done it for her, and saved her the trouble. By this time all my sisters were so accustomed to these noises that they gave them little disturbance. A gentle tapping at their bedhead usually began between nine and ten at night. They then commonly said to each other, "Jeffery is coming: it is time to go to sleep." And if they heard a noise in the day, and said to my youngest sister, "Hark, Kezzy, Jeffery is knocking above," she would run up stairs and pursue it from room to room, saying she desired no better diversion.

A few nights after, my father and mother were just gone to bed, and the candle was not taken away when they heard three blows, and a second and a third three, as it were with a large oaken staff, struck upon a chest which stood by the bedside. My father immediately arose, put on his nightgown, and, hearing great noises below, took the candle and went down: my mother walked by his side. As they went

down the broad stairs, they heard as if a vessel full of silver was poured upon my mother's breast, and ran jingling down to her feet. Quickly after there was a sound, as if a large iron ball was thrown among many bottles under the stairs; but nothing was hurt. Soon after, our large mastiff dog came and ran to shelter himself between them. While the disturbances continued, he used to bark and leap, and snap on one side and the other; and that frequently before any person in the room heard any noise at all. But after two or three days he used to tremble, and creep away before the noise began. And by this the family knew it was at hand; nor did the observation ever fail. A little before my father and mother came into the hall, it seemed as if a very large coal was violently thrown upon the floor and dashed all in pieces; but nothing was seen. My father then cried out, "Suky, do you not hear? All the pewter is thrown about the kitchen." But, when they looked, all the pewter stood in its place. There then was a loud knocking at the back door. My father opened it, but saw nothing. It was

then at the fore door. He opened that; but it was still lost labour. After opening first the one and then the other several times, he turned and went up to bed; but the noises were so violent all over the house that he could not sleep till four in the morning.

Several gentlemen and clergymen now earnestly advised my father to quit the house. But he constantly answered, "No; let the devil flee from me: I will never flee from the devil." But he wrote to my eldest brother at London to come down. He was preparing so to do when another letter came, informing him the disturbances were over, after they had continued (the latter part of the time day and night) from the second of December to the end of January.

APPARITION

OF

Mrs. Veal to Mrs. Bargrave.

(FROM DRELINCOURT ON DEATH.)

THIS thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority that my reading and conversation has not given me any thing like it: it is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation, for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance, though, since this relation, she is calumniated by some people, that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal who appeared; who

think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill usage of a very wicked husband, there is not yet the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

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

Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships: and Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing, whilst Mrs. Veal wanted for both: insomuch that she would often say, "Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world; and no circumstance of life shall ever dissolve my friendship." They would often condole each other's adverse fortunes, and read together "Drelincourt upon Death," and other good books: and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after, Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the Custom House at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there was never any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifferency came on by de-

grees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half; though, above a twelvemonth of the time, Mrs. Bargrave hath been absent from Dover, and this last halfyear has been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

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

"Madam," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am sur-

prised to see you, you have been so long a stranger;" but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her; which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched; and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes, and said, "I am not very well," and so waved it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first. "But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "how came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have a fond brother." "Oh!" says Mrs. Veal, "I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey." So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room, within the first; and Mrs. Veal sat her down in an elbow chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then says Mrs. Veal, "My dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are the best of women." "Oh!" says Mrs. Bargrave, "do not mention such a thing; I have not had an

uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it." "What did you think of me?" said Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me." Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did her in former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort, in particular, they received from "Drelincourt's Book of Death," which was the best, she said, on that subject, ever written. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, the two Dutch books which were translated, written upon death, and several others; but Drelincourt she said had the clearest notions of death and of the future state of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt? She said "Yes." Says Mrs. Veal, "Fetch it." And so Mrs. Bargrave goes up stairs and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we

should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of heaven now are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says. Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favour; and, when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And, believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings; for I can never believe (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which, indeed, ran through most of her discourse) that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state: but be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time." She spake in that pathetic and heavenly manner that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned "Dr. Horneck's Ascetick," at the end of which he gives an ac-

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

friendship, Mrs. Veal said, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever." In these verses there is twice used the word Elysian. "Ah!" says Mrs. Veal, "these poets have such names for heaven." She would often draw her hand across her own eyes, and say, "Mrs. Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?" "No," says Mrs. Bargrave; "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

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

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

said, "Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it:" which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting, and so she promised her.

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

which was three quarters after one in the afternoon.

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

was with me on Saturday almost two hours." They said it was impossible; for they must have seen her if she had. In comes Captain Watson, while they were in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, when she sent to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how striped; and that Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed; for none knew, but Mrs. Veal and myself, that the gown was scoured." And Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up." This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition. And Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house, to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast that gentlemen and per-

sons of quality, the judicious and sceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task that she was forced to go out of the way. For they were, in general, extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac; for she always appears with such a cheerful air and pleasing mien that she has gained the favour and esteem of all the gentry: and it is thought a great favour if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "How came you to order matters so strangely?" "It could not be helped," said Mrs. Veal. And her brother and sister did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea. Says Mrs. Veal, "I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant you this mad fellow (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband) has broke all your trinkets." "But," says Mrs. Bargrave,

“I’ll get something to drink in for all that;” but Mrs. Veal waved it, and said, “It is no matter, let it alone;” and so it passed.

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

Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in the neighbour’s yard, adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave’s house, heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbour’s the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt’s book of death is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be

observed that, notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take any thing of any body, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a liar, and that she knew of Mr. Breton's ten pounds a year. But the person who pretends to say so has the reputation of a notorious liar among persons whom I know to be of undoubted credit. Now Mr. Veal is more of a gentleman than to say she lies; but says a bad husband has crazed her. But she needs only present herself, and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr. Veal says he asked his sister on her deathbed whether she had a mind to dispose of any thing; and she said, "No." Now

the things which Mrs. Veal's apparition would have disposed of were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in their disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave so to demonstrate the truth of her appearance as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard; and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then, again, Mr. Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb box. This looks improbable; for that Mrs. Watson owned that Mrs. Veal was so very careful of the key of the cabinet that she would trust nobody with it. And if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her hand over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother to dispose of rings and gold, which looked so much like a dying per-

son's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effect of her fits coming upon her, and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her and care of her, that she should not be affrighted; which, indeed, appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the daytime, waving the salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection (as it is plain he does, by his endeavouring to stifle it) I cannot imagine, because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for her breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that, after all, to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon till Saturday noon (supposing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment), without jumbling circum-

stances, and without any interest too, she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too than any indifferent person, I dare say, will allow. I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown. She answered modestly, "If my senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hand upon her knee. She said she did not remember she did; but said she appeared to be as much a substance as I did, who talked with her. "And I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now as that I did not really see her; for I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend and parted with her as such. I would not," says she, "give one farthing to make any one believe it: I have no interest in it; nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught I know; and, had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public." But now she says she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says, "She had a

gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation; and that she had told it to a room full of people at a time." Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

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

APPARITION

OF THE

Cheballer de Saxe, raised by Schrepfer.

THE man who exhibited at Dresden this extraordinary proof of his art; for such it must, in every case, be esteemed; was a person of the name of Schrepfer, who originally resided at Leipsic, of which city he was a native, and where he kept a coffee-house. But, his business not producing him either as much profit, or as much distinction as he aspired to possess, he pretended to study magic, and to have acquired many secrets or powers connected with that imaginary science. He boldly asserted that he had intercourse with, and a control over spirits, whom he could summon, command, and cause to disappear, if not altogether at his

pleasure, yet by the force of his invocations. These agents he had the ingenuity and effrontery to divide into three classes, the friendly, the evil, and the neutral; all of whom he knew how to distinguish at their approach, or on their appearance, by the sounds or noises which preceded and attended them. Whenever he affected to exert his magical powers, he always began by calling to his assistance the benevolent spirits; in order, as he said, to defend him against the attacks of the malignant ones. Pretensions so extraordinary, sustained by some exhibitions which impressed the spectators with astonishment, soon procured him no little reputation.

Schrepfer, about this time, while he still resided at Leipsic, had given offence to Prince Charles of Saxony, by some expressions relative to him, of an unbecoming or insolent nature. The prince, irritated at such conduct, ordered an officer belonging to his household to repair to Leipsic, and there to inflict on Schrepfer, in his name, personal chastisement.

His orders were exactly executed : but Schrepfer, though he attempted no other resistance, running into a corner of the room, threw himself on his knees, and loudly invoked his invisible allies to come to his assistance. Their visible appearance or interposition were however unnecessary, in order to rescue him from further violence : the officer, it is asserted, having been so much alarmed at the invocation and its possible consequences, as to quit the chamber with the utmost precipitation.

A circumstance of such notoriety, as well as so degrading in itself to Schrepfer, induced him to leave Leipsic. After an absence of some time, he appeared at Dresden, where he assumed a fictitious name, and announced that he was a colonel in the service of France. In that quality he even made an attempt to be presented to the elector ; but Monsieur de Marbois, who acted as Charge d' Affaires in the absence of the French envoy, refused to carry him to court. His real name soon became known ; and his pretences to skill in

magic attracting many followers, his reputation speedily reached Prince Charles. It was accompanied with such extraordinary accounts of Schrepfer's powers as to induce that prince to make every exertion for obliterating the recollection of the indignity lately offered him. As one step towards it, he did not hesitate to go in person to the "Hôtel de Pologne," an inn where Schrepfer lodged; and in presence of various witnesses, to ask his pardon for the blows given him, as well as to offer every amends that the nature of the affront admitted. Schrepfer, flattered by such a condescension, having accepted the apologies, the prince then requested to see some proofs of his supernatural art. It is pretended that he exhibited many; all of which only tended to augment the prince's admiration, and to stimulate his curiosity for further specimens.

But, the most difficult or sublime operation of magic in all ages has been to raise departed spirits from the tomb; a prodigy which Schrepfer made no secret of his ability to perform.

Prince Charles having earnestly, as well as repeatedly besought it of him; after many refusals, real or affected, obtained at length a reluctant promise to present before his eyes an apparition: for Schrepfer artfully professed the greatest repugnance and disinclination to the act, as being perilous to himself, and attended with various circumstances of horror. The promise thus obtained, it only remained, therefore, to fix on the spirit to be summoned from the tomb. After long consideration, the Chevalier de Saxe was named, and Schrepfer undertook to present his ghost in a visible form before a select company. The place chosen for making the experiment, was Prince Charles's palace in Dresden. But, as it was well known that the elector, having the misfortune to be neither credulous, nor inclined to permit such exhibitions in his capital, might disapprove and prohibit it, the strictest secrecy was observed previous to the affair.

The Chevalier de Saxe, third in order of birth, among the natural sons of Augustus the

Second, King of Poland, was only half brother to the famous Marshal Count Saxe, as they were sprung from different mothers. In right of his, who was a Princess Lubomirska, of a very illustrious popish family, the chevalier inherited considerable property in that country, as well as in Saxony. He resided principally in Dresden, and died only a few years ago, at his palace in this city; which his nephew Prince Charles, who became his principal heir, occupied after his decease. In addition to his maternal estates, the chevalier possessed a vast income from his military and other appointments in the electoral service; and as he left no issue, he was supposed to have amassed great sums. Reports had been circulated, that money was concealed somewhere in the palace; but no person pretended to ascertain the precise place where it was deposited. If his spirit could be compelled to appear by magic power, that interesting secret might be extorted from him. Thus curiosity combining with the hope of discovering a considerable treasure prompted Prince Charles, as it is sup-

posed, to name his uncle, for the object of the experiment.

Schrepfer naturally preferring darkness, as not only more private in itself, but every way better calculated for the effect of incantations; the company assembled on the appointed night. They were nineteen in number, of whom I personally know several, who are persons of consideration, character, and respectability. When they were met in the great gallery of Prince Charles's palace, the first object of all present was to secure the windows and doors, in order equally to prevent intrusion or deception. As far as precaution could effect it, they did so; and were satisfied that nothing except violence could procure access or entrance. Schrepfer then acquainted them, that the act which he was about to perform would demand all their firmness; and advised them to fortify their nerves by partaking of a bowl of punch, which was placed upon the table. Several of them (indeed, as I believe, all except one or two, thinking the exhortation judicious), very readily

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followed it; but, the gentleman from whom I received these particulars, declined to profit by the advice. "I am come here," said he to Schrepfer, "to be present at raising an apparition. Either I will see all, or nothing. My resolution is taken, and no inducement can make me put any thing within my lips." Another of the company, who preserved his presence of mind, placed himself close to the principal door, in order to watch if any one attempted to open or to force it. These preparatory steps being taken, the great work began with the utmost solemnity.

Schrepfer commenced it, by retiring into a corner of the gallery, where kneeling down, with many mysterious ceremonies he invoked the spirits to appear, or rather to come to his aid; for it is allowed that none were ever visible. A very considerable time elapsed before they obeyed; during which interval, he laboured apparently under great agitation of body and mind, being covered with a violent sweat, and almost in convulsions, like the Pythoness of

antiquity. At length, a loud clatter was heard at all the windows on the outside; which was soon followed by another noise, resembling more the effect produced by a number of wet fingers drawn over the edge of glasses than any thing else to which it could well be compared. This sound announced, as he said, the arrival of his good or protecting spirits, and seemed to encourage him to proceed in his incantation. A short time afterwards a yelling was heard, of a frightful and unusual nature, which came, as he declared, from the malignant spirits, whose presence, as it seems, was necessary and indispensable to the completion of the catastrophe.

The company were now, at least the greater part of them, electrified with amazement or petrified with horror; and of course fully prepared for every object or appearance which could be presented to their view. Schrepfer continuing his invocations, the door suddenly opened with violence, and something that resembled a black ball or globe, rolled into the

room. It was invested with smoke or cloud, in the midst of which appeared to be a human face, like the countenance of the Chevalier de Saxe; much in the same manner, it would seem, that Coreggio or Annibale Caracci have represented Jupiter appearing to Semelé. From this form issued a loud and angry voice, which exclaimed in German, "Carl, was wolte du mit mich?" "Charles, what wouldst thou with me? Why dost thou disturb me?"

Language is inadequate to describe the consternation produced among the assembled spectators at so awful a sight. Either firmly persuaded that the appearance which they beheld was spiritual and intangible; or deprived of resolution to approach and attempt to seize it; they appear to have made no effort to satisfy themselves of its incorporeal nature. The prince, whose imprudent curiosity had summoned his uncle's ghost, and to whom, as the person principally responsible, the spectre addressed itself, far from manifesting self-possession, or attempting any reply, betrayed

the strongest marks of horror and contrition. Throwing himself on his knees, he called on Heaven for mercy; while others of the terrified party earnestly besought the magician to give the only remaining proof of his art for which they now were anxious, by dismissing the apparition. But Schrepfer, though apparently willing to gratify them, found, or pretended to find, this effort beyond his power. However incredible, absurd, or ridiculous it may be thought, the persons who witnessed the scene protest that near an hour elapsed, before, by the force of his invocations, the spectre could be compelled to disappear. Nay, when at length Schrepfer had succeeded in dismissing it; at the moment that the company began to resume a degree of serenity, the door, which had been closed, burst open again, and the same hideous form presented itself anew to their eyes. The most resolute and collected among them were not proof to its second appearance, and a scene of universal dismay ensued. Schrepfer, however, by reiterated exorcisms or exertions, finally dismissed the

apparition. The terrified spectators soon dispersed, overcome with amazement, and fully satisfied, as they well might be, of Schrepfer's supernatural powers.

Having thus related as seriously and circumstantially as I am able, the principal facts relative to the affair in question, it is natural to ask my own opinion of the story; and to demand whether I can explain or account for it in any rational manner. To such inquiries I must frankly reply, that I can neither give any satisfactory solution of it, nor have I heard any attempted, except the obvious and general one of human credulity and terror, operated upon by imposture and deception. But, *the manner* in which so wonderful an illusion was produced, I am, in common with every person here, at a loss to understand. I believe, no man has yet clearly explained how the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood is performed; though, out of Naples, I imagine few persons attribute it to miraculous or supernatural interposition. We know from experience, how pro-

digious are the deceptions practised in and upon optics. Nineteen men, met together for the avowed purpose of seeing an apparition, and believing that it is in human power to render a departed spirit visible, are already half subdued to any imposition, however gross. Night, darkness, and the imposing solemnity of magic invocations, bereave the strongest minds of their self-possession. A bold and artful impostor might then trample on their reason, and present to their eyes some hideous figure properly accoutred for the occasion. It must, however, always excite some astonishment and more regret, that among near twenty persons, not one should have endeavoured to lay hands on the spectre. Its second appearance is likewise a circumstance very difficult to account for, as it was unnecessary in order to produce conviction, which had been fully effected. That it was a deception, no man of sound understanding will doubt; but *how* it was managed or produced, the persons who were duped have either not yet discovered, or they do not think proper to disclose. They

are all, or nearly all, still alive in this country, and they by no means boast of their adventure, or derive from it any sort of vanity. On the contrary, independent of the ridicule annexed to it, they all feel and express the utmost repugnance to relating, or even to recollecting a scene, which has impressed on their imagination so much horror. Their friends dread and deprecate a renewal of the images then presented to those who were present; and a lady earnestly besought of me, not to press her husband on a subject, of which he could never think or converse without passing a sleepless night. We must be content therefore I believe to resolve it into German credulity or superstition, and congratulate ourselves on our superiority to such puerile terrors.

The story no sooner spread through Dresden than the elector expressed his disapprobation of such scenes, and issued his peremptory injunctions not to repeat them. Schrepfer soon retired to his native city, Leipsic; where his fame accompanied him, and drew after him a

crowd of disciples or votaries. To them he continued to give, as is confidently asserted here, numerous and astonishing proofs of his supernatural power, some of which I have heard related ; but after the specimen that I have detailed, all others would be at once tedious and superfluous. Schrepfer did not long enjoy his celebrity, and his death is not the least extraordinary part of his history. Three gentlemen, whom he had in some measure initiated into his mysteries ; for he professed to instruct in the science of magic ; were promised by him an exhibition more wonderful than any at which they had yet assisted. For this purpose they attended him into the wood of Rosendaal, which is at a small distance without the gates of Leipsic. It was in summer, before the sun rose, between three and four o'clock in the morning. When they came to a certain part of the grove, he desired them to remain there a little, while he went on one side, to make the requisite invocations. After waiting a few minutes, they heard the report of a pistol. Hastening to the spot, they found that he had

shot himself, and was already without sense. He soon afterwards expired. All those who believe him to have had intercourse with evil spirits, affirm that he was tormented by them perpetually, which rendering his life miserable, induced him to have recourse to a pistol. I imagine, however, you will think with Horace, that it is not necessary to call in supernatural interference, in order to account for the violent end of such a man. He has left behind him many proselytes; but, I believe, no one who pretends to equal knowledge of his secrets.

APPARITION

OF

Mrs. Donne, Wife of the celebrated Dr. Donne.

FROM ISAAC WALTON.

DR. DONNE and his wife living with Sir Robert Drury, who gave them a free entertainment at his house in Drury Lane: it happened that the Lord Haye was by King James sent on an embassy to the French King, Henry IV. whom Sir Robert resolved to accompany, and engaged Dr. Donne to go with them, whose wife was then with child at Sir Robert's house. Two days after their arrival at Paris, Dr. Donne was left alone in that room, in which Sir Robert and he, and some other friends, had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour, and as he left, so he found Dr. Donne alone, but in such confusion, and so

altered in his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him, insomuch that he earnestly desired Dr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence? To which Dr. Donne was not able to make a present answer; but after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, I have seen a dreadful vision; since I saw you I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me, through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms; this I have seen since I saw you. To which Sir Robert replied, Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake. To which Dr. Donne's reply was, I cannot be surer that I now live than that I have not slept since I saw you, and am as sure at her second appearing she stopped and looked me in the face and vanished. Rest and sleep had not altered Dr. Donne's opinion the next day; for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate and so confirmed a confidence that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true,

who immediately sent a servant to Drury House, with a charge to hasten back and bring him word whether Mrs. Donne were alive: and, if alive, what condition she was in as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account: That he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in bed, and that after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child, and upon examination the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour, that Dr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by in his chamber. Mr. Walton adds this as a relation, which will beget some wonder, and well it may; for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion, that visions and miracles are ceased; and though it is most certain that two lutes, being both strong and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other, that is not touched, being laid upon the table at a fit distance, will (like an echo to a trumpet), warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune, yet many will not believe that there is any such thing as a sympathy with souls, &c.

APPARITION

OF

Lady Lee.

THE following account was communicated by Sir Charles Lee to the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, and afterwards published by Mr. Beaumont in his Treatise of Spirits:—

Sir Charles Lee, by his first lady, had only one daughter, of which she died in childbirth; and when she died, her sister, the Lady Everard desired to have the education of the child; and she was by her very well educated till she was marriageable; and a match was concluded for her with Sir William Perkins, but was then prevented in an extraordinary manner. Upon a Thursday night, she, thinking she saw a light

in her chamber after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her; and she asked why she left a candle burning in her chamber? The maid said she left none, and there was none, but what she brought with her at that time. Then she said it was the fire: but that the maid told her was quite out, and said she believed it was only a dream; whereupon she said it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep; but about two of the clock she was awaked again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtain and her pillow, who told her she was her mother, and that she was happy, and that by twelve of the clock that day, she should be with her; whereupon she knocked again for her maid, called for her clothes, and when she was dressed, went into her closet, and came not out again till nine; and then brought out with her a letter sealed to her father, brought it to her aunt, the Lady Everard, told her what had happened, and desired, that as soon as she was dead, it might be sent to him; but the lady

thought she was suddenly fallen mad, and thereupon sent presently away to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon, who both came immediately; but the physician could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or of any indisposition of her body; notwithstanding the lady would needs have her let blood, which was done accordingly; and when the young woman had patiently let them do what they would with her, she desired that the chaplain might be called to read prayers, and when prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm-book, and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played and sung so-melodiously and admirably that her music-master, who was then there, admired at it; and near the stroke of twelve, she rose and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong breathing or two, immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold as was much wondered at by the physician and surgeon. She died at Waltham in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford; and the letter was sent to Sir

Charles, at his house in Warwickshire : but he was so afflicted with the death of his daughter, that he came not till she was buried : but when he came he caused her to be taken up, and to be buried by her mother at Edmundton, as she desired in her letter. This was about the year one thousand six hundred and sixty-two or sixty-three.

APPARITION

OF

Major Sydenham to Captain William Dyke.

FROM MR. JAMES DOUCH.

CONCERNING the apparition of the ghost of Major George Sydenham (late of Dulverton, in the county of Somerset), to Captain William Dyke (late of Skilgate, in this county also, and now likewise deceased); be pleased to take the relation of it as I have it from the worthy and learned Dr. Thomas Dyke, a near kinsman of the captain's, thus: Shortly after the major's death, the doctor was desired to come to the house to take care of a child that was there sick, and in his way thither he called on the captain, who was very willing to wait on him to the place, because he must, as he said, have

gone thither that night, though he had not met with so encouraging an opportunity. After their arrival there at the house, and the civility of the people shown them in that entertainment, they were seasonably conducted to their lodging, which they desired might be together in the same bed; where, after they had lain a while the captain knocked and bids the servant bring him two of the largest candles lighted that he could possibly get. Whereupon, the doctor inquires, what he meant by this? The captain answers, You know, cousin, what disputes my major and I have had touching the being of a God, and the immortality of the soul. In which points we could never yet be resolved, though we so much sought for and desired it. And therefore it was at length fully agreed between us, that he of us that died first should, the third night after his funeral, between the hours of twelve and one, come to the little house that is here in the garden, and there give a full account to the survivor touching these matters, who should be sure to be present there at the set time, and so receive a full satisfac-

tion. And this, says the captain, is the very night, and I am come on purpose to fulfil my promise. The doctor dissuaded him, minding him of the danger of following those strange counsels, for which we could have no warrant, and that the devil might, by some cunning device, make such advantage of this rash attempt as might work his utter ruin. The captain replies, that he had solemnly engaged, and that nothing should discourage him: and adds, That if the doctor would sit up a while with him, he would thank him, if not, he might compose himself to his rest; but for his own part he was resolved to watch, that he might be sure to be present at the hour appointed. To that purpose he sets his watch by him, and as soon as he perceived by it that it was half an hour past eleven, he rises, and takes a candle in each hand, goes out by a back door, of which he had before gotten the key, and walks to the garden-house, where he continued two hours and a half, and at his return, declared that he had neither seen nor heard any thing more than what was usual. But I know, said he, that

my major would surely have come, had he been able.

About six weeks after the captain rides to Eton to place his son a scholar there, when the doctor went thither with him. They lodged there at an inn, the sign was the Christopher, and tarried two or three nights, not lying together now as before at Dulverton, but in two several chambers. The morning before they went thence, the captain staid in his chamber longer than he was wont to do before he called upon the doctor. At length he comes into the doctor's chamber, but in a visage and form much differing from himself, with his hair and eyes staring, and his whole body shaking and trembling. Whereat, the doctor wondering, presently demanded, "What is the matter, cousin captain?" The captain replies, "I have seen my major." At which the doctor seeming to smile, the captain immediately confirms it, saying, "If ever I saw him in my life, I saw him just now." And then he related to the doctor what had passed, thus: "This morning,

after it was light, some one comes to my bedside, and suddenly drawing back the curtains, calls ‘Cap, Cap,’” (which was the term of familiarity that the major used to call the captain by). “To whom I replied, ‘What, my major!’ To which he returns, ‘I could not come at the time appointed, but I am now come to tell you, *That there is a God, and a very just and terrible one; and if you do not turn over a new leaf* (the very expression as is by the doctor punctually remembered), *you will find it so.*’ (The captain proceeded.) On the table by, there lay a sword which the major had formerly given me. Now, after the apparition had walked a turn or two about the chamber, he took up the sword, drew it out, and finding it not so clean and bright as it ought, ‘Cap, Cap,’ says he, ‘*this sword did not use to be kept after this manner when it was mine.*’ After which words he suddenly disappeared.”

The captain was not only thoroughly persuaded of what he had thus seen and heard, but was from that time observed to be very much

affected with it. And the humour that before in him was brisk and jovial was then strangely altered. Insomuch as very little meat would pass down with him at dinner, though at the taking leave of their friends there was a very handsome treat provided. Yea, it was observed that what the captain had thus seen and heard had a more lasting influence upon him, and it is judged by those who were well acquainted with his conversation, that the remembrance of this passage stuck close to him, and that those words of his dead friend were frequently sounding fresh in his ears, during the remainder of his life, which was about two years.

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

About this time it was that reason first began to oppose itself to faith, or, at least, to be set up against it by some who had an ambition to be thought more penetrating than their neighbours. The doctrine soon spread, and was too much talked on not to be frequently a subject of conversation for these two ladies; and, though I cannot say that either of them was thoroughly convinced by it, yet the specious arguments made use of by persons of high reputation for their learning had such an effect on both as to raise great doubts in them concerning the immateriality of the soul and the certainty of its existence after death. In one of the serious consultations they had together on this

head, it was agreed between them that, on whichever of them the lot should fall to be first called from this world, she should return, if there was a possibility of doing so, and give the other an account in what manner she was disposed of. This promise, it seems, was often repeated, and the duchess happening to fall sick, and her life despaired of by all about her, Madam De Beauclair reminded her of what she expected from her; to which her Grace replied, she might depend upon her performance. These words passed between them not above an hour before the dissolution of that great lady, and were spoke before several persons who were in the room, but at that time they were far from comprehending the meaning of what they heard.

Some years after the duchess's decease, happening, in a visit I made to Madam De Beauclair, to fall on the topic of futurity, she expressed her disbelief of it with a great deal of warmth, which a little surprising me, as being of a quite contrary way of thinking myself, and had always, by the religion she professed,

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

It was in vain I urged the strong probability there was that souls in another world might not be permitted to perform the engagements they had entered into in this, especially when they were of a nature repugnant to the divine will, "which," said I, "has manifestly placed a flaming sword between human knowledge and the prospect of that glorious Eden we hope, by faith, to be the inheritors of hereafter: therefore," added I, "her Grace of Mazarine may be in possession of all those immense felicities which are promised to the virtuous, and even now interceding that the dear partner of her heart may share the same, yet be denied the

privilege of imparting to you what she is, or that she exists at all."

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

It was not, however, many months after we had this conversation that I happened to be at the house of a person of condition, whom, since the death of the Duchess of Mazarine, Madam de Beauclair had the greatest intimacy with of any of her acquaintance. We were just set down to cards, about nine o'clock in the evening, as near as I can remember, when a servant came hastily into the room, and acquainted the lady I was with that Madam De Beauclair had sent to entreat she would come that moment to her, adding that, if she desired ever to see her more in this world, she must not delay her visit.

So odd a message might very well surprise the person to whom it was delivered; and, not knowing what to think of it, she asked who brought it; and, being told it was Madam De Beauclair's groom of the chambers, ordered he should come in, and demanded of him if his lady were well, or if he knew of any thing extraordinary that had happened to her, which should occasion this hasty summons? To which he answered that he was entirely incapable of telling her the meaning; only, as to his lady's health, he never saw or heard her complain of any indisposition.

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

The man being gone, we^d were beginning to form several conjectures on this message of Madam De Beauclair; but, before we had time

to agree on what might be the most feasible occasion, he returned again, and with him Mrs. Ward, her woman, both seeming very much confused and out of breath.

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

These words were accompanied with the delivery of the legacy she mentioned, and that, as well as Mrs. Ward's words, threw us both into a consternation we were not able to express. The lady would fain have entered into some discourse with Mrs. Ward concerning the affair; but she evaded it, by saying she had left only an undermaid with Madam De Beauclair, and must return immediately: on which the lady

cried, all at once, "I will go with you; there must be something very uncommon certainly in this." I offered to attend her, being, as well I might, desirous of getting some light into what at present appeared so mysterious.

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

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

On our inquiring if she felt any inward disorder within herself, which should give room for the melancholy apprehensions her message tes-

tified, she replied in the negative; "yet," said she, with a little sigh, "you will soon, very soon behold me pass from this world into that eternity which I once doubted, but am now assured of."

As she spoke these last words, she looked full in my face, as it were to remind me of the conversation we frequently had held together on that subject.

I told her I was heartily glad to find so great a change in her ladyship's sentiments, but that I hoped she had no reason to imagine the conviction would be fatal; which she only answered with a gloomy smile: and a clergyman of her own persuasion, whom she had sent for, that moment coming in, we all quitted the room, to leave him at liberty to exercise his function.

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

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

We were both beginning to dissuade her from giving way to thoughts which there seemed not the least probability of being verified; when she put a stop to what we were about to urge, by saying, "Talk no more of that: my time is short, and I would not have the small space allowed me to be with you wasted in vain delusion. Know," continued she, "I have seen my dear Duchess of Mazarine. I perceived not how she entered; but, turning my eyes towards yonder corner of the room, I saw her stand in the same form and habit she was accustomed to appear in when living: fain would I have spoke, but had not the power of utterance: she took a little circuit round the chamber, seeming rather to swim than walk; then

stopped by the side of that Indian chest, and looking on me with her usual sweetness, 'Beauclair,' said she, 'between the hours of twelve and one this night you will be with me.' The surprise I was in at first being a little abated, I began to ask some questions concerning that future world I was so soon to visit; but, on the opening of my lips for that purpose, she vanished from my sight, I know not how."

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

I have been so particular in relating all the circumstances of this affair, as well to prove I

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

It must be confessed, such extraordinary means of warning us of our fate but rarely happen; nor can it be supposed departed spirits have the power of visiting us at pleasure; for which reason I look upon all such agreements as were made between these ladies as highly

presumptuous; and when permitted to be fulfilled, we are not to imagine it done to gratify the vain curiosity of those who doubt a future state, but to strengthen the faith of those who believe in it.

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

APPARITION

ATTESTED

By the Rev. Mr. Ruddle,

MINISTER OF LAUNCESTON IN CORNWALL.

IN the beginning of the year 1665, a disease happened in this town of Launceston, and some of my scholars died of it. Among others who fell under its malignity, was John Elliott, the eldest son of Edward Treberse, Esq., a stripling of about sixteen years of age, but of uncommon parts and ingenuity. At his own particular request I preached at the funeral, which happened on the 20th day of June, 1665. In my discourse I spoke some words in commendation of the young gentleman; such as might endear his memory to those that knew him, and withal tended to preserve his example to those who went to school with him, and were to continue

there after him. An ancient gentleman, who was then in the church, was much affected with the discourse, and was often heard to repeat the same evening, one expression I then used out of Virgil:

Et puer ipse fuit contari dignus.——

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

The funeral rites being over, I was no sooner come out of the church, but I found myself most courteously accosted by this old gentleman; and with an unusual importunity, almost forced against my humour, to see his house that night; nor could I have rescued myself from his kindness, had not Mr. Elliott interposed and

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

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

First he began to inform me of the infelicity of the family in general, and then gave instance in the youngest son. He related what a hopeful sprightly lad he lately was, and how melancholic and sottish he was now grown. Then did he with much passion lament, that his ill humour should so incredibly subdue his reason; (saith he) the poor boy believes himself to be haunted with ghosts, and is confident that he meets with an evil spirit in a certain field about half a mile from this place, as often as he goes that way to school. In the midst of our dis-

course, the old gentleman and his lady (as observing their cue most exactly) came up to us. Upon their approach, and pointing me to the arbour, the parson renews the relation to me, and they (the parents of the youth) confirmed what he said, and added many minute circumstances, in a long narrative of the whole: in fine they all three desired my thoughts and advice in the affair.

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

I had no sooner spoken so much, but I perceived myself in the springe their courtship had laid for me; for the old lady was not able to

hide her impatience, but her son must be called immediately; this I was forced to comply with, and consent to, so that drawing off from the company to an orchard hard by, she went herself, and brought him to me, and left him with me.

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

I soon entered a close conference with the youth, and at first was very cautious not to displease him, but by smooth words to ingratiate

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

By this time he found me apt to compassion-

ate his condition, and to be attentive to his relation of it, and therefore he went on in this manner :

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

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

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

At length I began to be terrified at it, and prayed continually, that God would either free me from it, or let me know the meaning of it. Night and day, sleeping and waking, the shape was ever running in my mind; and I often did repeat these places of Scripture (with that he takes a small Bible out of his pocket): *Job. vii. 14.* "Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions:" and *Deut. xxviii. 67.* "In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were evening, and at evening thou shalt say, would God it were morning, for the fear of

thine heart, wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see." I was very much pleased with the lad's ingenuity, in the application of these pertinent Scriptures to his condition, and desired him to proceed. Thus (said he), by degrees, I grew very pensive, insomuch that it was taken notice of by all our family; whereupon, being urged to it, I told my brother William of it, and he privately acquainted my father and mother, and they kept it to themselves for some time.

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

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

This, and much more to the same purpose (yea, as much as held a dialogue of near two hours), was our conference in the orchard;

which ended with my proffer to him, that (without making any privy to our intents), I would next morning walk with him to the place about six o'clock. He was even transported with joy at the mention of it, and replied, But will you sure, sir? Will you really, sir? Thank God, now I hope I shall be believed. From this conclusion we retired into the house.

The gentleman, his wife, and Mr. William were impatient to know the event, insomuch that they came out of the parlour into the hall to meet us; and seeing the lad look cheerfully, the first compliments from the old man was, Come, Mr. Ruddle, you have talked with Sam, I hope now he will have more wit; an idle boy, an idle boy. At these words the lad ran up the stairs to his chamber without replying; and I soon stopped the curiosity of the three expectants, by telling them I had promised silence, and was resolved to be as good as my word; but when things were riper they might know all; at present, I desired them to rest in my faithful

promise, that I would do my utmost in their service, and for the good of their son. With this they were silenced, I cannot say satisfied.

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

once. I perceived in the young man a kind of boldness mixed with astonishment; the first caused by my presence, and the proof he had given of his own relation, and the other by the sight of his persecutor.

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

In this juncture of time I had business which would admit no delay; wherefore, I went for Launceston that evening, but promised to see them again next week. Yet I was prevented by an occasion which pleaded a sufficient excuse: for my wife was that week brought home

from a neighbour's house very ill. However, my mind was upon the adventure; I studied the case; and about three weeks after went again; resolving, by the help of God, to see the utmost.

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

The evening of this day, the parents, the son, and myself being in the chamber where I lay, I propounded to them our going all together to the place the next morning; and some asse-

vation, that there was no danger in it, we all resolved upon it. The morning being come, lest we should alarm the family of servants, they went under the pretence of seeing a field of wheat, and I took my horse and fetched a compass another way, and so met at the stile we had appointed.

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

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

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

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

The next morning, being Thursday, I went out very early by myself, and walked for about an hour's space in meditation and prayer in the field next adjoining to the Quartils. Soon after five I stepped over the stile into the disturbed field, and had not gone above thirty or forty paces before the ghost appeared at the farther stile. I spake to it with a loud voice, in some such sentences as the way of these dealings directed me, whereupon it approached but slowly, and when I came near it moved not. I spake again, and it answered, in a voice neither very audible nor intelligible. I was not in the least terrified, and therefore persisted until it spake again, and gave me satisfaction. But the work could not be finished at this time; wherefore, the same evening, an hour after sunset, it met me again near the same place, and after a few words of each side it quietly vanished; and neither doth appear since, nor ever will more to any man's disturbance. The discourse in the morning lasted about a quarter of an hour.

These things are true, and I know them to

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

FINIS.

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Lord Bunsen in a letter to Mr. Popes in 1701 says that in 1661, upon a Scottish gentleman being in his presence introduced to Lady Corn-hurc, he was observed to gaze up-on her with a singular expression of melancholly; & upon one of the company asking the reason, he replied, "I see her in blood" She was at that time in perfect health, & remained so for near a month, when she fell ill of small pox; and "upon the ninth day after the small pox appeared in the morning she bled at the nose, which quickly stopt; but in the afternoon the blood burst out again with great violence at her nose & mouth, & about eleven o'clock that night she died, almost wellring in her blood,"

Edin. Review No 85.

on this story the reviewer makes no remarks - on some other similar ones he bestows a snore - which by some people is accounted a very powerful argument.