

ABS.
421

Signs before Death,

AND

AUTHENTICATED APPARITIONS:

IN ONE HUNDRED NARRATIVES.

COLLECTED BY

HORACE WELBY.

"Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live."

ISAIAH, Chap. xxxviii.

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INTRODUCTION.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.—MILTON.

IN common questions of ordinary life, and on subjects of every-day occurrence, there can scarce be said to exist any two parallel opinions. This gave rise to that very pertinent axiom

Quot homines tot sententiæ.

If, therefore, shades or shadows of opinion are so frequently met with on matters of momentary import, there is no just cause for surprise when we find certain disputable points received with every sort of tone and temper which the human mind is capable of assuming. Thus it is with the reception of the ever-to-be-controverted theory of apparitions and presentiments of death.

It should be remembered that man occupies but a middle rank, and as Locke justly observes

“ Things as far as we can observe, lessen and augment as the quantity does in a regular cone ; where though there be a manifest difference in the diameter at remote distances, yet in those parts which immediately touch one another, it is

hardly discernible. The difference is exceeding great between some men and some animals; but if we compare the understanding and abilities of some men and some brutes, we shall find so little, that it will be difficult to say, that that of the man is either clearer or more capacious. Observing such gradual and gentle descents downwards in those parts of the creation that are beneath man, the rule of analogy makes it probable, that it is so also in things above him, and beyond his observation."

May it not be so in his imperfect idea of the *soul*, or quickening spirit? This concession is almost universally made; whilst the idea of the intermediate revivification is frequently questioned, and even ridiculed by those who voluntarily concur in the former principle.

Custom rules mankind with a rod of iron, settles habits of thinking in the understanding, and is commonly too strong for the resolute resolver, though furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy. Hence every attempt to explain the mysteries of spirits appearing before and after death is termed superstition, the bugbear of the people, although commonly raised by them; but besotted man should remember that

"There is a superstition in avoiding superstition, when men think to do the best if they go farthest from the superstition already received."—LORD BACON.

not forgetting that inveterate unbelief is but tantamount to the weakness of overstrained credulity.

But it has now become the *fashion* to discredit

the theory of apparitions. This may in some degree be attributed to the mummerly and mysticism with which the records of such circumstances have been encumbered. They have supplied the imagery of poetry, and have been so mixed up with well-wrought fiction, as to have sometimes parted with their matter-of-fact character. Again, they have been associated with the scourge of priestcraft, and have often been made subservient to the basest ends of ambition. Darkness has been chosen as the time of their occurrence, although apparitions have really no more to do with darkness than with light. This association of ideas was perfectly gratuitous, was settled by chance, and is, to this moment, continued by custom.*

There has been, notwithstanding this scepticism, in all ages and countries, a partial credence given to presentiments of death; and this concession is to be met with among men of strong minds, and who are strangers to fear; for there is nothing

* Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to shew how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance one to another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind he produces the following instance. "The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light: yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other."

irreconcilable or inconsistent with common reasoning to suppose, that the Being who is omniscient, omnipresent, and omnipotent, is as capable of extinguishing and quickening the soul in an intermediate state of existence,* as he is of creating it in the first instance, and rendering it subject and subordinate to his will. But sceptics will say, how are we to ascertain this point? This is difficult of solution for the reasons already quoted from Locke, and on account of the impossibility of establishing cause and effect without being able to refer it to a simple and definite origin. Is it then to be allowed, that because the mischievous waggery of a few impotent reasoners, (who have got out of their depth in this matter) has contrived to hoax mankind in some instances, the whole theory is to be rejected as worse than fabulous. No! we might almost as well urge, that because all alleged offenders are not found guilty on trial, the scheme is altogether false, and in no instance worthy of our credence or respect. Hence, the folly and weakness of taking for granted all that we read; and hence, the common interest of every one to weigh and consider.†

I am aware that the free expression of such analogies as the foregoing, is calculated to startle some who have thought listlessly on my subject,

* Intermediate is not altogether the phrase here understood, because death should only be considered as an incident in one course of existence.

† BACON.

and others who have given it more serious attention. Several writers have set out to elucidate the question, but have left it in a more confused and less decided state than they found it. This, of a truth, is "fishing in troubled waters." Others have been so far convinced on the matter as to avow their assent, which has drawn upon them the anathemas of their arrogant successors,* who have classed them among the "credulous and superstitious;" and a still greater number have started in their task with prejudice, and prepossession for ridicule, which has precluded every liberal opinion on the topic, and rendered them unworthy of notice, otherwise than as objects for our scorn and contempt.

But as this little volume is a collection of facts, and not of reasonings, this argument may perhaps appear rather as a digression. I shall, therefore, proceed to illustrate the subject from the principal authors who have treated on it, and leave the reader to form his own inferences and analogies.

The opinions of the antients as to the disposal of the soul are curious and interesting; but here their value ceases. They imagine that the soul wandered about in the air, till such time as the body obtained its due funeral rites: from this notion,

* There is a vague opinion abroad, that the world improves with its age: i. e. that mankind are wiser in the nineteenth than in the eighteenth century.—As participators in such distinction, our vanity prompts us to assent, without examination. Again, superstition is for the most part an arbitrary assumption, founded on modes of belief, which, in themselves are unsettled.

the friends of the deceased were concerned to see the funeral pile erected for their departed friends, and to have the body honourably burned; then the ashes of the bones were deposited in an urn, and that urn buried in the earth: when this was done the soul was admitted to pass the flood, to be transported into the Elysian fields, from whence they never should return any more: but in case these rites were not performed for any person, the soul wandered restless, and unfixed, in a state of perplexity, for an hundred years:—

*Hæc omnis, quam cernis inops inhumataque turba est :
Portitor ille, Charon : hi, quos veluit unda, sepulti.
Nec ripas datur horrandas nec rauca fluentia
Transportare prius, quam ædibus ossa quierunt.
Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc littora circum :
Tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisunt.*

VIRGIL.

Now between this time, or during this interval, that is to say, between death and the funeral pile, they pretended they allowed the separated or unembodied souls of men might appear, and visit their friends, or harass their enemies; and on this occasion, the ghost of Patroclus, slain by Hector at the Siege of Troy, is brought in visiting his friend Achilles, and begging of him to get his funeral rites performed, that he might be admitted to rest:

*Thus the phantom said,
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
Living, I seemed his dearest, tenderest care,
But now forgot, I wander in the air:
Let my pale corpse the rights of burial know,
And give me entrance into the shades below;
'Till then the spirit finds no resting place,
But here and there th' unbodied spectres chace
The vagrant dead* —————

Iliad, lib. xxxiii.

Homer's idea of the state of the dead, was something like the antient philosophy of the Egyptians, which gave the soul a shape like the body, and that it was only a receptacle of the mind; the mind they made to be the sublime and superior part, and that only.

Thus in the case of apparitions, they allowed that this case or shell called the soul, might appear after death, but the mind

could not, but was exalted among the gods, and took up its eternal abode from whence—"It could return no more."

LUTHER in his "*Colloquia Mensalia*," says, "when I lived at Zurica, in Franconia, a child that could hardly speak or walk was got into a wood near the house, (there are forests every where in that country) an unexpected snow covering and altering the surface of the ground, the child could not find the way back again to the house. The snow continuing to fall in great abundance, he remained there covered over with it two days and three nights. During that time an unknown man brought him meat and drink; but at the beginning of the third day, he led the child near his father's house, and there left him. I was present when he came in, and I protest he told all that had happened to him, as clearly and in as good terms as I could have done myself; notwithstanding from that time for three whole years, he was not capable of putting any words together, that one could easily understand. I am therefore persuaded (adds Luther) that the man that preserved him was a good angel."

TASSO, the prince of Italian poets, asserted that he was constantly attended by a good genius, with whom he had familiar converse. SOCRATES owned that he had a guardian angel that preserved him. SIMONIDES had also a good genius, for according to Valerius Maximus, he or it forced him out of a house which fell down a moment after. VALERIUS MAXIMUS describes 11 ch. 5, the ghost, or caco-dæmon, which Cassius Severus, of Parma, saw. As Augustus had sent to kill him, this spirit was supposed to be a forewarner. PLINY relates of an Athenian ghost, who wandered visibly about the house rattling his chains.

JOSEPHUS relates that Glaphyra, the daughter of king Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her, that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tender-

ness; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner; "Glaphyra," says he, "thou hast made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third, nay to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake of our passed loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever." Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after.

ADDISON, in one of his papers in the *Spectator*, (No. 110.) where the scene is laid in the country, at the house of Sir Roger de Coverley, in Worcestershire, observes, that they are more excuseable who believe in apparitions, than those who reject *all* extraordinary revelations of this kind, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, and think the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could we not give ourselves up to the general testimony of mankind, we should to the relations of particular persons who are living, and whom we know, and cannot distrust in other matters of fact.

LUCRETIVS, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain, that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. 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 intire when they are separated from it; by which means he pretended to account for the appearance of the shapes of deceased or absent persons.

Dr. FERRIER, in his *Essay on Apparitions*, observes, that the 18th century has produced a learned, and what is still more, a fashionable theorist in support of this doctrine; and this is

no other than the celebrated LAVATER * of Zurich. This writer, generally interesting and instructive, often enthusiastic, but always amiable, may possibly give a turn to the fortune of an opinion that many persons are more willing to destroy, than able to confute. He applies this doctrine, in some measure, to the theory of spectral phænomena, which is likewise the doctrine of FIENUS, LORD VERULAM, DR. HENRY MORE, and others.

The book of JOB, the antiquity of which is supposed by some coeval with Moses, is full to the purpose, who had read particularly the thirty-third chapter, where Eliphaz observes, that God oftentimes calls man to repentance by visions and dreams.

DR. BLAIR, in his poem of the *Grave*, says :—

Tell us, ye dead, if ye in pity can,
Beyond this sphere what is the future plan ;
Some courteous ghost, if any such there be,
Tell us in after-life, what things ye see ;
For some of you, we know in days of old,
The fatal story to mankind have told ;
Forewarning them of death—Oh then comply,
And teil in charity, what 'tis to die ;—
But you're withheld, no matter, death must call,
The curtain drop, and time will clear up all.

It is the common opinion of the Turks and Persians, that near the close of life, every person has some sort of extraordinary revelation of that event. Even the most antient of their writings prove this. HERBELOT, in his oriental library relates, the Sultan Mochtandi Bemvilla, as he rose one day from table, said to one of his wives who was present, who are these people that are come in here without leave? Upon looking round, she could see no one, but observed that he grew pale, and immediately fell down dead. The MAHOMETAN writings are full of narratives, which shew that the doctrine of spirits has, from the earliest times, prevailed amongst them.

* An author of the same name very early in the last century published a complete treatise on the subject in Latin, intitled, *De Spectris*.

OLAUS MAGNUS, who was Archbishop of Upsal, in his work upon the antiquity of the Northern nations, observes, that in Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Lapland, there are frequently seen spirits, or spectres; who are very troublesome to such as are there indued with what, with us, goes by the name of the second sight.

The Laplanders, both such as profess Christianity, and such as continue in idolatry, have a strong belief in apparitions of departed souls.

The well known opinion of DR. JOHNSON on this subject, is contained in the following argument.

The credibility of spectral appearances has been argued on extensive grounds. We are told it is not the notion of a few individuals only—it has been the belief of all ages and nations. In every country where mankind have believed at all in a future state, and the separate existence of souls, the opinion has prevailed that the spirits of the dead *may* have communication with the living. There is, it is said, no people, whether rude or learned, however remote or insulated, among whom such instances have not been related and believed. Whence could arise this general agreement among nations so distant from each other, and having no intercourse, no bond of connection, but a common nature, and a common destiny? Differing widely from each other in almost all other things, their testimony on this extraordinary subject has been the same. Would this notion have become universal, if it were not founded in truth? Would so many nations who had never heard of one another, have agreed in one tale, if fact and experience had not given it credibility? The doubts and cavils of the *few* cannot set aside the testimony of the *many*, especially as we know there is not a small number of mankind, who, though they deny it with their tongues, betray plainly enough by their fears, they believe it with their hearts.

STACKHOUSE, the erudite historian of the Bible, asserts the reality of spectral appearances. He says “that the souls of men departed have a capacity, and no doubt an inclination, to be employed in the service of men alive, as having the same nature and affections, and being more sensible of our

infirmities than any pure and abstracted spirits are, can hardly be contested; that in their absent state, they are embodied with aerial or ethereal vehicles, which they can condense or rarefy at pleasure, and so appear or not appear to human sight, is what some of the greatest men, both of the heathen and Christian religions have maintained; and that frequent apparitions of this kind have happened, since the world began, cannot be denied by any who is conversant in its history."

The cautious ORTON in his exposition of the 28th chapter of the first book of Samuel says, "with regard to apparitions, this story seems to me to prove that God, for wise and good reasons, may suffer spirits to take some vehicle, or light body by which they may become objects of sense, and be capable of conversing with us. Such instances I believe have been; yet never but on extraordinary occasions." *

I might crowd my pages with theories and opinions of writers of equal celebrity, and authenticated character. It will suffice for me to illustrate in a cursory manner, the principal authorities quoted in the following sheets. Among these are, *Beaumont's History of Apparitions*; *Glanvil's ^TSac-*
ducatissimus Triumphatus; *Baxter's Visits from the World of Spirits*; *Sinclair's Invisible World*, &c.

BEAUMONT'S Volume is the *chef d'œuvre* of a man of talent, but whose modes of reasoning have led him into many vulgar errors. His book is overcharged with witchcraft and abstruse reading; but some few of his relations will be perused with interest, and his "Confession," page 165, is altogether the result of unshaken conviction. In short, he feels what he writes, but his enthusiasm occa-

sionally carries him beyond the bounds of probability and credible circumstance.

GLANVIL was an English Divine of some note, born at Plymouth, in 1636. He was first of Exeter Collège, Oxford, and afterwards of Lincoln College. At the Restoration he became a member of the Royal Society, being a zealous advocate for the new philosophy. In 1666 he was presented to the Rectory of the Abbey Church, at Bath; about which time he published his first edition of ~~Saducissimus~~^{+English = Sicutus, or Atheismus} *Triumphatus*, which extended to three editions. Besides this, he wrote several pieces in defence of revealed religion and experimental philosophy. His work is too positive in its inferences, notwithstanding as an assemblage of facts connected with narratives of prognostications of death and apparitions, it is highly curious, and in many instances to be relied on. The greatest blow to his fame was the implicit credence which he gave to the memorable story of the *Demon of Tedworth*, which certainly savours of the marvellous. It nevertheless has many reconcilable facts, and as it is one of the most popular narratives on record, I have given it place in this collection.

BAXTER'S *Visits from the World of Spirits* was first published in 1791, and is prefaced by a sober dissertation on the theories of different writers on the subject. The narratives are, however, for

the most part, compiled from SINCLAIR'S *Invisible World*, small 8vo. with several engravings. These works are unquestionably of more moderate and probable character than either of the preceding, and hence they are more interesting and important. I have therefore extracted their quintessence, by adapting their relations, in language suitable to the taste of readers in the present day.

The narratives of a few irrational frolics have been introduced with a view to expose the waggery of those who have calculated too largely on the credulity of mankind; and to caution the reader against inconsistencies and discrepancies, which may not be evident at first sight. This is peculiarly instanced in the "*Abbey Vault*," in which every circumstance is accounted for, and nothing remains unexplained.

The last writer on my subject is Dr. Samuel Hibbert, F.R.S.E. &c., who, in 1824, published his "*Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions*," a work displaying the most erudite research, and evidently the result of tedious and unwearied investigation. In this volume, Dr. Hibbert has endeavoured to trace apparitions to their physical causes; and he has partly succeeded, especially as regards dreams and the co-operation of morbid and moral causes of mental excitement. But he is evidently prepossessed on his subject, and joins in the general sarcasm aimed at it, except in those

cases where his own professional acquirements assist his discrimination.

It now only remains for me to commend my little volume to the liberal reader. In no instance have I pressed my enquiries into metaphysical research, because I wish the circumstances to speak for themselves. I am aware that I have much scepticism and ill-will to combat; and above all, that I have the conceit of hundreds of contemporaries to withstand.

The candid reader will, however, appreciate my motive; and "if any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue."

With this purity of conscience and rectitude of intention, and confiding my volume to such liberal minds, I trust that it will meet with their favourable consideration.

HORACE WELBY.

London,
January, 1825.

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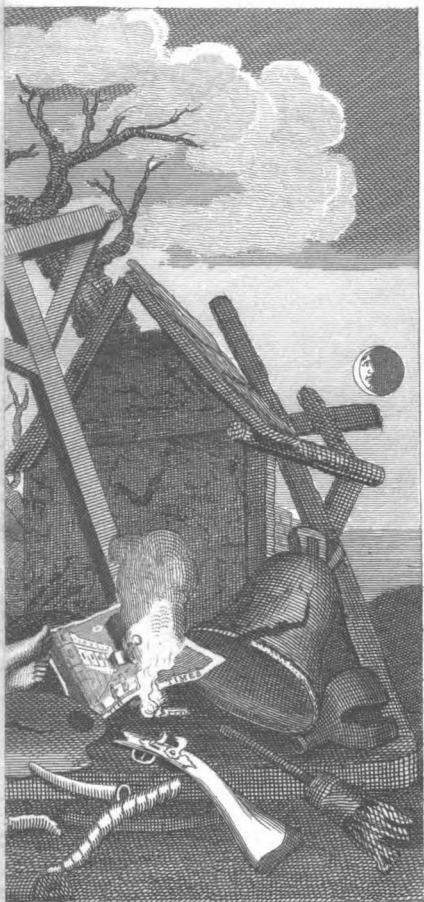
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INGS."

garth.



vs Signs before Death.

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SIGNS BEFORE DEATH,

AND

AUTHENTICATED APPARITIONS.

So sumptuous yet so perishing withal !

* * * * *

A thousand mourners deck the pomp of death,

To day the breathing marble glows above

To decorate its memory, and tongues

Are busy of its life; to-morrow worms

In silence and in darkness seize their prey.

SHELLEY.

THE END OF ALL THINGS.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

Englishmen will always revere the kindred genius of their celebrated countryman, WILLIAM HOGARTH. The efforts of his pencil are admirably suited to their taste, because they simultaneously appeal to the eye and the

understanding, in bold and vigorous language, the effect of which is universally felt and acknowledged. To this school belongs his "Tail Piece," which is in every point, one of the happiest conceptions of his ingenious mind; and of which the *frontispiece* is a fac-simile.

But the circumstances of the design and completion of this picture are the most remarkable.

The first idea is said to have been started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating round the artist's own table. "*My next undertaking,*" said Hogarth, "*shall be the end of all things.*"—"If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "*your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter.*"—"There *will* so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and the sooner *my work is done* the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence which seemed to indicate that he should not live till he had completed it. He however finished it, but never again took the palette in hand, for about a month after this, on the 25th of October, 1764, he died suddenly of an aneurism in his chest, in the sixty-seventh or sixty-eighth year of his age, and was interred at Chiswick.

The design of the Tail-Piece is two-fold, *first*, to collect such objects as denoted the *end* of time, and *secondly*, to ridicule the gross absurdities which are to be seen in the serious works of some of the ancient masters, who have blended the grave with the sublime, and the trifling with subjects of importance. Alluding to Swift's humorous *art of sinking poetry*, Hogarth

called it the *Bathos*, or manner of sinking in sublime paintings, and inscribed the plate to the dealers in dark pictures.

As there is no great connection among the variety of objects denoted in this print, except a conformity with the end, we shall mention the various articles as they present themselves to our view. On the left is a ruinous tower, having a decayed time-piece or dial-plate in front; contiguous to that is a tomb-stone decorated with a death's head, and leaning on the remains of a column, we perceive *Time* in the utmost agony breathing out his *last*; his usual accompaniments, the scythe, tube, and hour-glass are broken; his sinews are unstrung, and his course is run. In one hand he holds a parchment scroll containing his will, in which he has bequeathed every atom of *this* world to chaos, whom he has appointed sole executor. This *testament* is duly executed by the three sister fates, *Clotho*, *Lachesis*, and *Atropos*.

Beneath the will of time, lies a shoemaker's *last*, around which is entwined the cobbler's *end*. On the left of these, are an empty ragged purse, a commission of bankruptcy with the seal annexed, supposed to be issued against poor dame *Nature*, and a play book opened at the last page.

In the centre, appear a broken bow, a broken crown, and a worn out scrubbing-brush. On the other side of the plate is opposed a withered tree, beneath which stands an unthatched cottage, together with a falling sign of the *world's end*, described by a terrestrial globe hursting out into flames. At the foot is the artist's own print of the times, set on fire by an inch of candle.

Near this, a cracked *bell* is contrasted by a broken bottle, a worn out broom, the stock of a musket, a rope's end, a whip without its lash, a mutilated capital of the Ionic order, and a painter's broken palette. At some distance a man is gibbeted in chains, and a ship is seen foundering at sea. To

complete the whole, in the firmament above, the moon is darkened by the death of Phœbus (the sun) who (with his lifeless coursers) lies extended on a cloud, while his chariot wheels are broken, and consequently the source of light is extinguished :—

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years.

ADDISON.

A more intellectual print was perhaps never executed, and is a just satire on the unmeaning frippery of modern art. It speaks volumes, and will always be a treasure in the chamber of the man of reflection, to keep in remembrance the road to eternity, and with its beacons to forewarn him of the instability of all earthly grandeur :

These our actors
As I foretold you, were all spirit, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd tow'r's, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And like the unsubstantial pageant failed,
Leave not a track behind : We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKESPEARE.

DISCOVERY OF A MURDER AT CHESTER.

ABOUT the year 1632, near Chester-in-the-street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman of good estate, and a widower, with a handsome young house-keeper, who was, by the neighbours, suspected to be with child. Towards the dusk of an evening, in autumn, she was sent away with one Mark Sharpe, a collier. She was not heard of for a long time, but little or no further notice was taken. In the following winter, one James Graham, or Grime, a miller, residing about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the mill, grinding corn. About twelve at night, he came down stairs, having finished putting corn in the hopper, and the mill doors being shut, when there stood before him a woman in the midst of the floor, with her hair about her head hanging down, and stained with blood, with five large wounds on her head. He asked her who she was, and what she wanted? To which she said, I am the spirit of ———, who lived with Walker; and having been seduced by him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well attended to, until I was brought to bed and well again, and then I should return and keep his house.

Accordingly, continued the Apparition, I was one night late sent away with one Mark Sharpe, who upon a moor (naming a place which the miller knew) slew me with a pick (such as men use in digging coals), and gave me these five wounds, and afterwards threw my body into a coal-pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank: and his shoes and stockings being bloody, he endeavoured to wash them, but seeing the blood would not wash out, he hid them there. The Apparition further told the Miller that he must be the man to reveal it, or

else she must still appear and haunt him. The Miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen. He, however, avoided staying in the mill at night without company, thinking thereby to escape this frightful Apparition.

Notwithstanding this precaution, one night, when it began to grow dark, the Apparition met him again, and threatened, that if he did not reveal the murder, she would continually pursue and haunt him. He still concealed it till St. Thomas's eve, before Christmas, when being after sun-set, walking in his garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened and terrified him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning.

In the morning he went to a magistrate, and communicated the whole matter, with all the circumstances; and diligent search being made, the body was found in a coal-pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick, and shoes, and stockings yet bloody, in every circumstance as the Apparition had described to the Miller. Walker and Mark Sharpe were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the following Durham assizes they were arraigned before Judge Davenport, found guilty, condemned, and executed. During the trial, one Mr. Fairbair gave it in evidence upon oath, that he saw the likeness of a child stand upon Walker's shoulders!

THE APPARITION AND THE HIGHWAYMAN,

In Guildford Gaol.

In the year 1780, one Mr. Bower, an aged man, living at Guildford, in Surrey, was, upon the highway, not far from that town, found barbarously murdered, having one great cut across the throat, and another down his breast. Two men were taken up on suspicion, and imprisoned in Guildford gaol, with another, who had before

been committed for robbery. During the night, this third man was awakened about twelve o'clock, and greatly terrified by an old man, who had a wide gash across his throat, almost from ear to ear, and a wound down his breast. He also came in stooping, and holding his hand on his back. The thief called to his new companions, who grumbled at him, but made no answer.

In the morning he retained so lively an impression of what he had seen, that he spoke to them to the same effect again, when they told him it was nothing but his phantasy. But he was so fully persuaded of the reality of this apparition, that he told others of it, and it reached the ears of a magistrate of Surrey, who was cousin to the murdered gentleman.

He immediately sent for the prisoner, and asked him, in the first place, whether he was born or had lived near Guildford? To which he answered no. Secondly, he enquired if he knew any of the inhabitants of that town, or of the neighbourhood? He replied that he was an entire stranger to all that part of the country. He then enquired if he had ever heard of one Mr. Bower? He said no. After this he asked for what cause the other two men were imprisoned; to which he answered he knew not, but supposed for some robbery.

After these preliminary interrogatories, he desired him to tell him what he had seen in the night, which he immediately did. He described the old gentleman by his picked beard, and that he was rough on his cheeks, and that the hairs on his face were black and white; when the magistrate said that he himself could not have given a more exact description of Mr. Bower.

The magistrate concealed this story from the jury at

+ Apparition of a living

the assizes, knowing that this would not be evidence according to law. However the friends of the murdered gentleman had been very inquisitive, and discovered several suspicious circumstances; one of which was, that these two men had washed their clothes, but some stains of blood still remained; and another, that one of them had denied ever having heard that Mr. Bower was dead, when he had in another place confessed it two hours before. Upon this, and similar evidence, the men were condemned and executed, but they both denied all knowledge of the murder to the last moment.

Some time after a tinker was hanged, who, at his death said, that the murder of Mr. Bower at Guildford, was his greatest trouble; for he had a hand in it. He confessed he struck him a blow on the back which brought him from his horse, and when he was down, the other two men who had been arraigned and executed, cut his throat, and rifled him.—*Dr. H. More.*

+ THE WICKED STEP-MOTHER.

A gentleman of good estate married a lady of fortune, by whom he had one son and one daughter. After a few years the lady died. He then married a second wife with less fortune than the other, who maltreated the children he had by his first wife.

The first misunderstanding between the parties, was owing to the eldest son's wish to go abroad, which the mother-in-law would gladly have acquiesced in; had it not been for the expense of his father's supporting him abroad, which she feared might prove very heavy. The young gentleman not obtaining leave, applied to his own mother's brother, who countenancing him in his design, he set out on his intended journey, contrary to the wish of his father.

The father constantly received intelligence from him

for some time, and had been prevailed on to make him a reasonable allowance; but owing to the influence of his step-mother, this remittance was suddenly discontinued, after which the correspondence ceased for four years.

During this long silence, the mother-in-law used her influence in several instances: she first intimated to his father that he must be dead; and, consequently, that his estate should be settled upon *her* eldest son, she having several children. His father opposed this proposition very firmly, but the wife became importunate; and she argued upon two points against the son.

First; If he were dead, then there could be no room to object to her son's being heir at law.

Secondly; If he were not dead, his neglect of his father was inexcusable, and he ought to resent it, and settle the estate as though he were dead; that nothing could be more disobedient, and that he who thus abused his father, should be considered as dead in his filial relation, and be treated accordingly.

His father, however, withstood the importunities of the mother for a long time. Her restless solicitations at last produced this provisional arrangement; that if he did not hear from his son within four years, he would consent to resettling the estate. She was not satisfied with this conditional agreement. He grew angry at her discontent, still she teased him so continually that at last she reduced the time to one year; but before she brought him to this agreement, she told him one day in a passion, that she hoped his spirit would appear to him, and tell him that he was dead, and that he ought to do justice to his other children. When he was about to consent to shorten the time to one year, he told her that he hoped his son's spirit, though he were

not dead, would appear to her, and tell her he was alive, before the time expired.

It happened one evening soon afterwards that they had a violent quarrel upon this subject, when suddenly a hand appeared at the casement, endeavouring to open it. The gentleman did not see it, but his wife did, and she presently started up, as if frightened; and, forgetting the quarrel exclaimed, "Lord bless me! there are thieves in the garden." Her husband ran immediately to the door of the room, and opening it, looked out.

There is nobody in the garden, said he; and then shut the door again, and re-seated himself.

I am sure, said she, I saw a man there.

It must be the devil then, replied he; for I am sure there is nobody in the garden.

I'll swear, said she, I saw a man put his hand up to open the casement; but finding it fast, and I suppose, seeing us in the room, he walked off.

It is impossible he could be gone, said he; did not I run to the door immediately? and you know the garden walls on both sides would prevent escape.

Pr'ythee, said she angrily, I am neither drunk nor in a dream; I know a man when I see him, and it is not yet dark, and the sun is not quite down.

You are only frightened with shadows, said he, and ill-natured folks generally are so when haunted with an evil conscience; may be 'twas the devil.

No, I am not so soon frightened, replied she; if 'twas the devil, 'twas the ghost of your son, who perhaps may be come to tell you he was gone to the devil, and you might give your estate to your eldest illegitimate, since you won't settle it on the lawful heir.

If it was my son, said he, he is come to tell us he is alive, I warrant you; and to ask how you can

be so wicked as to desire me to disinherit him, and with these words "Alexander," cried he aloud, repeating it twice, and starting up out of his chair, "if you are alive, show yourself, and don't let me be vexed thus daily with the story of your being dead."

At those words the casement flew open, and his son Alexander looked in, and staring directly upon the mother with an angry countenance, cried out *here*; and then vanished! The woman, who was so spirited before, now shrieked out, so as to alarm the whole house; the maid ran into the parlour, to see what was the matter; but her mistress had fainted away in her chair. Her husband ran immediately from the parlour into the garden, and from thence to two other doors which opened out of his garden, one into the stable-yard, and another into the field beyond the garden, but found them all fast shut and barred. On returning into the garden, he found his gardener and a boy drawing a stone-roller: he asked them if any other person had been in the garden, but they both solemnly affirmed that none had been there.

Upon this he returned to the room, seated himself, and remained silent for some time. After a while his wife recovered herself, when the first words she said were, Lord bless me! what was it? Nay, said her husband, 'twas Alexander. She now fell into a fit, violently screaming and shrieking out; and she continued very ill for several days afterwards from the effect of the fright.

This put an end for some considerable time to her solicitations about disinheriting her son-in-law. But time wore this off also by degrees, and she began to revive the old cause again; though not at first so eagerly as before. This gave rise to serious disputes, in which

the husband incautiously alluded to the recent apparition, and threatened to recall him. The enraged wife, at length, indicted him as a wizard, and accused him of horrible traffickings in witchcraft and sorcery. At length, for what will not the discontent of woman effect, she so far prevailed on him, that he offered to refer the dispute to indifferent persons, or friends on both sides; and they met several times, but could bring the matter to no conclusion. His friends said, that he called for his son; and some one opened the casement and cried *Here*; asserting that there was not the least evidence of witchcraft in that, and insisted that she could make nothing of it. She offered to swear, that he had threatened her before with his son's ghost; that now he had visibly raised a spectre, for that upon calling his son, who was known to be dead, the spirit immediately appeared. After much altercation they were reconciled again, and accordingly he gave her the writing; but when he delivered it to her, in the presence of her two arbitrators, he thus addressed her:

"Look you, you have worried me into this agreement by your fiery temper, and I have signed it against justice, conscience, and reason; but depend upon it I shall never perform it."

One of the arbitrators said,—Why, Sir, this is all to no purpose; for if you resolve not to perform it, where is the utility of the writing? Why do you promise what you do not intend to perform? This will but kindle a new flame to begin with, when the fixed time expires. Why, said he, I am satisfied in my mind, that my son is alive. Come, said his wife, speaking to the gentleman who had argued with her husband, let him sign the agreement, and let me alone to make him perform the conditions. Well, said the husband, you shall have the writing, and you shall be let alone, but I am satisfied

you will never ask me to perform it. At the end of four months, she challenged the performance; accordingly a day was appointed, and her two friends, the arbitrators, were invited to dinner upon this occasion, believing that her husband would have executed the deeds. Accordingly the writings were brought forth, engrossed and read over; and the husband being won over, executed the deeds and thus disinherited his son. When they had settled the particulars, and the new deeds were read over, she took up the old writings to cancel them; and, on her tearing off the seal, they suddenly heard a rushing noise in the parlour where they sat, as if somebody had come in at the door of the room which opened from the hall, and went through the room towards the garden door, which was shut.

They were all much surprised at it, for the noise was very distinct; but they saw nothing. The woman turned pale, and was in a terrible fright; however, as nothing was seen, she soon recovered, and began to ruffle her husband again. What, said she, have you laid your plot to bring up more devils again? The man sat composed though he was not less surprised. One of the gentlemen said to him, What is the meaning of all this? I protest, Sir, says he, I know no more of it, than you do. What can it be then? said the other gentleman. I cannot conceive, said he, for I am utterly unacquainted with such things. Have you heard nothing from your son? asked the gentleman. Not one word, said the father, these five years. Have you not written to him, said the gentleman, about this transaction? Not a word, replied he, for I know not where to address a letter to him. Sir, said the gentleman, I have heard much of apparitions, but I never saw one in my life, nor did I ever believe there was any

reality in them ; and indeed I have seen nothing : but the passing of some body, or spirit, across the room just now, was plain ; I heard it distinctly. Nay, said the other arbitrator, I felt the wind of it as it passed by me. Pray, added he, turning to the husband, did you see any thing yourself? No, replied he. Pray, Sir, said the first arbitrator, have you seen any thing at any other time, or heard any voices or noises, or had any dreams about this matter? Indeed, said he, I have several times dreamt my son was alive, and that I had spoken with him ; and once I had asked him why he was so undutiful, and slighted me, so as not to let me hear from him in so many years, seeing he knew that I had it in my power to disinherit him. Well, Sir, and what answer did he give? I never dreamt so far on as to have his answer ; but always awoke me. And what do you think of it yourself, said the arbitrator, do you think he is dead? No, indeed, said the father, I believe he is alive, and that I am about to commit myself. Truly, said the second arbitrator, it begins to shock me ; I don't care to meddle any more with it. The wife having somewhat recovered her spirits, and being specially encouraged because she saw nothing, now started up ; What's all this discourse to the purpose, said she, is it not already agreed upon? what do we come here for? Nay, said the first arbitrator, I think we meet now not to enquire into why it is done ; but to execute things according to agreement, and what are we frightened at? I am not frightened, said the wife ; come, said she to her husband, haughtily, sign the deed, I'll cancel the old writings, if forty devils were in the room ; upon this she took up one of the deeds, and was about to tear off the seal.

That moment the same casement flew open again

and the shadow of a body was seen, as standing in the garden, and the head reaching up to the window, the face looking into the room, and staring directly at the woman with a stern countenance: *Hold*, said the spectre, as if speaking to the woman, and immediately shut the casement, and disappeared.

It is impossible to describe the consternation which this second apparition created in the whole company; the wife screamed out, fell into fits, and let the writing fall out of her hands: the two arbitrators were exceedingly terrified, and one of them took up the award signed by them, and in which they empowered the husband to execute the deed, to dispose of the estate from the son.

I dare say, said he, be the spirit a good spirit or a bad one, it will not be against cancelling this; accordingly he tore his name out of the award, as did the other, and both of them rose from their seats, and said they would have no more to do in the affair. This put an end to the whole business.

In about four or five months more after the second apparition, the son arrived from the East Indies, whither he had sailed four years before, in a Portuguese ship from Lisbon. Upon being particularly enquired of about these things, and especially whether he had any knowledge of them, or had seen any apparition, or other extraordinary intimation concerning what was plotting against him here at home; he constantly affirmed that he had not, except that he once dreamt his father had written him a very angry letter, threatening him, that if he did not come home, he would disinherit him, and cut him off without a shilling. This he added, was one of the principal reasons of his desire to return to England by the first opportunity.—*Moreton's History of Apparitions.*

THE TWO BROTHERS.

MR. R—— N——, and Mr. J—— N——, two brothers, whose education had been equally liberal, as they had both been bred at the university of Oxford, imbibed in that excellent institution principles diametrically opposite.—The former was for venturing every thing, and running all hazards, in order to push his fortune; whilst the maxim of the latter, was to regulate his conduct by the strictest prudence and economy, and to leave nothing to chance.

When their studies were finished, they both returned to their father at Bristol, who was an eminent merchant of that city. For some time after their return, their minds were entirely taken up with deliberating what profession they should attach themselves to, and what plan of life they should pursue for the remainder of their days.

In the midst of these golden dreams, the father, by a sudden and unexpected turn of fortune, failed, and took so to heart the loss of his wealth, that he died in a few days, and left his two sons in a state of indigence. The eldest brother declared, that he was resolved rather to venture death than to stay at Bristol, where he had formerly lived in affluence, and be an object of scorn or pity to those by whom he had once been beheld with envy.

The two brothers accordingly took leave of each other, the former bent upon buffeting fortune, and the latter resolving to avail himself of the few resources which he might find in the place of his nativity.

He accordingly went to live with a merchant, an acquaintance of his father's, by whom he was employed as clerk, whilst Mr. R—— N—— went to London. Here the money of the latter was soon exhausted, and he

became reduced to distress, so that having been four days without food, he one evening wandered about St. James's Park in despair, and as soon as it was dark, sat down upon one of the benches, and taking a knife out of his pocket, was upon the point of piercing his breast, when on a sudden looking up, he saw a figure of great beauty. It appeared to him to be a handsome youth, whose eyes shone with a starry brightness, whilst a lambient flame or glory played about his hair.

R—— N——, who had formed the desperate resolution of suicide, on lifting up his eyes to this angelic appearance, heard these words distinctly pronounced: "Hold, rash mortal!" He immediately desisted, and the phantom advancing forward, and beckoning to him, he rose up and followed it: it suddenly vanished, and he walked on with exultation, which he could not account for; till at last he met a soldier, who pressed him to enter a public-house, which was the rendezvous of a recruiting party.

Here the obstreperous mirth but little suited the serious turn of Mr. R—— N——; but as he was quite destitute, he readily accepted their proposal of enlisting; and the regiment which he joined being soon after commanded abroad, he signalized himself at the siege of Quebec, and upon other occasions; by which means he rose to a lieutenancy. Upon his return to England, he found himself reduced to half pay, which proved insufficient to support his extravagant round of pleasure.

The greatest source of his expences was, his attachment to a fine woman. With her he visited all the places of public amusement; the Theatres, the Opera, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Mary-le-bone, &c. She had

likewise as great a passion for dress; and her wardrobe excelled that of a duchess:

But her attractions served only to render her more dangerous: in truth, she possessed the most fascinating loveliness, which was greatly heightened by her conversational charms in whatever circle she moved. In the meantime her gay admirer, by gentlemanly appearance and plausible address, easily obtained credit to a large amount; but, at length, the clamours of his creditors became so importunate, that he was in inconceivable perplexity, and the thought of having imposed upon persons, who had so generously obliged him, drove him almost into a phrenzy. His evil genius now suggested to him a course almost equally desperate as that of suicide, which he had already attempted, namely, that of going upon the highway.

He accordingly provided himself with pistols, and one evening went to Blackheath. He rode to and fro in the utmost perturbation of mind; his terror still increasing as the night approached, till at last he beheld the same angelic appearance that he had seen before, which seemed to point to the road to London. Even in the darkness of the night the whole figure appeared very manifest, and no sooner had Mr. R—— N—— beheld it, but all his agitation and disorder subsided, and, with the utmost composure of mind, he returned to London, having taken the precaution of throwing away his pistols, the instruments of destruction with which his evil genius had armed him, lest they might give rise to any suspicion of the purpose which he had in leaving town.

Upon his return to his lodgings, he broke up his connexion with the pernicious woman who had given him

such horrid advice, as his love for her was entirely converted into hatred, when he considered that her vile suggestions might have brought him to infamy and disgrace.

The grand source of his inquietude still remained. He was apprehensive every moment of being arrested, and thrown into jail by his creditors. He now formed a resolution to go over to Ireland, thinking he could there be secure from his creditors. Whilst his mind was occupied with these thoughts he was arrested, and there being several actions against him at the same time, he was obliged to get himself removed to the Fleet by Habeas Corpus. A man of his high tone of mind could but ill brook confinement. The days hung heavily on his hands, and he was obliged to have recourse to wine to dispel the gloom by which his mind was overcast. Whilst Mr. R—— N—— led this life of care and inquietude, he one night had a dream, which revived his drooping spirit. He dreamed that the same spirit which had appeared to him twice before came in the night, and opened the gates of his prison; and the ideas which passed in his imagination took so strong a possession of his mind, that when he awoke in the morning, he could not for some time be persuaded that he was still in prison. The delusion soon vanished, but he still retained his alacrity of mind. This seemingly groundless joy was soon followed by a real one.

About noon he heard himself enquired for, and immediately knew the voice to be that of his brother. He rushed into his arms, and embraced him with the utmost transport. When their first emotions of joy were somewhat subsided, Mr. J—— N—— gave his brother to understand that he had accumulated a fortune by East-India trade; and enquiring into the state of his

affairs, and the sum for which he was in confinement, he paid the debt and set him at liberty that evening.

APPARITION AT STAR CROSS, DEVONSHIRE, JULY 23, 1823.

THE following very interesting narrative was communicated to the *New Monthly Magazine*. The correspondent prefaces the relation of the circumstances with the following observations:—

It may not be unimportant to remark, that so far from my being subject to the blue devils and vapours, with which hypochondriacs and invalids are haunted, I possess that happy physical organization, which ensures almost uninterrupted health of body and mind, and which, in the elasticity and buoyancy of my spirit, renders the sensation of mere existence an enjoyment. Though I reside in the country, winter has for me no gloom; nature has prepared herself for its rigours; they are customary; and every thing seems to harmonize with their infliction; but for the same reason that the solitude of a town is desolating and oppressive, while the loneliness of the country is soothing and grateful, I do feel the sadness of perpetual fogs and rains in July, although they excite no melancholy feeling at the season of their natural occurrence. To see one's favourite flowers laying down their heads to die; one's plantation strewed with leaves not shaken off in the fulness of age, but beaten to earth in the bloom of youth: here a noble tree laid prostrate; and there a valuable field of corn lodged in the swampy soil (which were familiar objects in July last), is sufficient to excite melancholy associations in the most cheerful temperament. Confessing that mine was not altogether proof against their influence, and leaving to the caviller and the sceptic the full benefit of this admission, I proceed to a simple statement

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of the facts, which has elicited these preliminary observations.

Actuated by the disheartening dullness of the scene to which I have alluded, I had written to my friend, Mr. George Staples, of Exeter, requesting him to walk over some day; and dine with me, as I well knew his presence was an instant antidote to mental depression. On the day following the transmission of this letter, as I was sitting in an alcove to indulge my afternoon meditation, I found myself disturbed by what I imagined to be the ticking of my repeater; but, recollecting that I had left it in the house, I discovered the noise proceeded from that little insect of inauspicious augury, the death-watch. Despising the puerile superstitions connected with this pulsation, I gave it no farther notice, and proceeded towards the house, when, as I passed an umbrageous plantation, I was startled by a loud wailing shriek, and presently a screech-owl flew out immediately before me. It was the first time one of those ill-omened birds had ever crossed my path; I combined it with the *memento-mori* I had just heard, although I blushed at my own weakness in thinking them worthy of an association; and, as I walked forward, I encountered my servant, who put a letter into my hand, which I observed to be sealed with black wax. It was from the clerk of my poor friend, informing me that he had been that morning struck by an apoplectic fit, which had occasioned his almost instantaneous death! The reader may spare the sneer that is flickering upon his features: I draw no inference whatever from the omens that preceded this intelligence: I am willing to consider them as curious coincidences, totally unconnected with the startling apparition which shortly afterwards assailed me.

There was something so awful in the manner of my

friend's death, the hilarity I had anticipated from his presence formed so appalling a contrast with his actual condition, that my mind naturally sunk into a mood of deep sadness and solemnity. Reaching the house in this frame of thought, I closed the library window-shutters as I passed, and entering the room by a glass door, seated myself in a chair that fronted the garden. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, when I was thrilled by the strange wailful howl of my favourite spaniel, who had followed me into the apartment, and came trembling and crouching to my feet, occasionally turning his eyes to the back of the chamber, and again instantly reverting them with every demonstration of terror and agony. Mine instinctively took the same direction, when, notwithstanding the dimness of the light, I plainly and indisputably recognized the apparition of my friend sitting motionless in the great arm-chair!! It is easy to be courageous in theory, not difficult to be bold in practice, when the mind has time to collect its energies; but taken as I was by surprise, I confess, that astonishment and terror so far mastered all my faculties, that, without daring to cast a second glance towards the vision, I walked rapidly back into the garden, followed by the dog, who still testified the same agitation and alarm.

Here I had leisure to recover from my first perturbation; and as my thoughts rallied, I endeavoured to persuade myself that I had been deluded by some conjuration of the mind, or some spectral deception of the visual organ. But in either case, how account for the terror of the dog? *He* could neither be influenced by superstition, nor could his unerring sight betray him into groundless alarm; yet it was incontestable that we had both been appalled by the same object. Soon recovering my natural fortitude of spirit, I resolved, what-

ever might be the consequences, to return and address the apparition. I even began to fear it might have vanished. I returned, therefore, with some rapidity towards the library; and although the dog stood immoveable still at some distance, in spite of my solicitations, and kept earnestly gazing upon me, as if in apprehension of an approaching catastrophe, I proceeded onward, and turning back the shutters which I had closed, determined not to be imposed upon by any dubiousness of the light. Thus fortified against deception, I re-entered the room with a firm step, and there in the full glare of day did I again clearly and vividly behold the identical apparition, sitting in the same posture as before, and having his eyes closed!!

My heart somewhat failed me under this sensible confirmation of the vision, but, summoning all my courage, I walked up to the chair, exclaiming with a desperate energy—"In the name of heaven and of all its angels, what dost thou seek here?"—when the figure, slowly rising up, opening its eyes, and stretching out its arms, replied—"A leg of mutton and caper-sauce, with a bottle of prime old port, for such is the dinner you promised me." "Good God!" I ejaculated, "what can this mean? Are you not really dead?" "No more than you are," replied the figure. "Some open-mouthed fool told my clerk that I was, and he instantly wrote to tell you of it; but it was my namesake, George Staples, of Castle-street, not me, nor even one of my relations, so let us have dinner as soon as you please, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

The promised dinner being soon upon the table, my friend informed me, in the intervals of his over-ready laughter, that as soon as he had undeceived his clerk, he walked over to Starr Cross to do me the same favour;

+ house haunted by a living

that he had fallen asleep in the arm-chair while waiting my return from the grounds ; and as to the dog, he reminded me that he had severely punished him at his last visit for killing a chicken, which explained his terror, and his crouching to me for protection, when he recognized his chastiser.

In the preceding narrative much remains unexplained and unaccounted for, notwithstanding the principal circumstances are developed. The ticking heard in the alcove and the wailing of the owl remain in mystery.

DR. FARRAR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

IN 1678, Dr. Farrar, physician to Charles the Second, made a compact with his daughter, Mrs. Pearson, that the first of them that died, if happy, should appear, after death, to the survivor.

Some time after, the daughter, who lived at Gillingham-Lodge, two miles from Salisbury, fell in labour, and by a mistake in a noxious draught being given instead of another prepared for her, she suddenly died.

Her father lived in London, and the night on which she died, she opened his curtains and gazed upon him. He had before heard nothing of her illness ; but upon this apparition confidently told his maid that his daughter was dead, and two days after he received the news.

Dr. H. More.

+ THE DRUMMER OF TEDWORTH.

EVERY one has heard of the comedy of "*The Drummer, or the Haunted House*," celebrated enough in its day ; but the popularity of which ceased when the affair was no longer a topic of public conversation. The circumstances which gave rise to this performance are detailed as follow, by Glanvil, by whose statement it appears that the matter turned out to be no farce for Mr.

Mompesson, the proprietor of the house. As there is an air of incredibility about the narrative, we give it in Glanvil's precise words.

Mr. John Mompesson of Tedworth, in the county of Wilts, being about the middle of March, in the year 1661, at a neighbouring town, called Ludgarshal, and hearing a drum beat there, he inquired of the bailiff of the town, at whose house he then was, what it meant. The bailiff told him, that they had for some days been troubled with an idle drummer, who demanded money of the constable by virtue of a pretended pass, which he thought was counterfeit. Upon this Mr. Mompesson sent for the fellow, and asked him by what authority he went up and down the country in that manner with his drum. The drummer answered, he had good authority, and produced his pass, with a warrant under the hands of Sir William Cawley and Colonel Ayliff, of Gredenham. Mr. Mompesson knowing these gentlemen's hands, discovered that the pass and warrant were counterfeit, and thereupon commanded the vagrant to put off his drum, and charged the constable to carry him before the next Justice of the Peace, to be farther examined and punished. The fellow then confessed the cheat, and begged earnestly to have his drum. Mr. Mompesson told him, that if he understood from Colonel Ayliff, whose drummer he said he was, that he had been an honest man, he should have it again, but in the mean time he would secure it; so he left the drum with the bailiff, and the drummer in the constable's hands, who it seems was prevailed on by the fellow's intreaties to let him go.

About the middle of April following, when Mr. Mompesson was preparing for a journey to London, the bailiff sent the drum to his house; on his return

from his journey, his wife told him that they had been much frightened in the night by thieves, and that the house had like to have been broken into. And he had not been at home above three nights, when the same noise was heard that had disturbed his family in his absence. It was a very great knocking at his doors and the outside of his house: hereupon he got up, and went about the house with a brace of pistols in his hands; he opened the door where the great knocking was, and then he heard the noise at another door, he opened that also, and went out round the house, but could discover nothing, only he still heard a strange noise and hollow sound. When he was got back to bed, the noise was a thumping and drumming on the top of his house which continued for some time, and then by degrees subsided.

After this the noise of thumping and drumming was very frequent, usually five nights together, and then it would intermit three. It was on the outside of the house, which was most principally board. It constantly came as they were going to sleep, whether early or late. After a month's disturbance without, it came into the room where the drum lay, four or five nights in seven, within half an hour after they were in bed, continuing almost two. The sign of it just before it came was, they still heard an hurling in the air over the house, and, at its going off the beating of a drum, like that at the breaking up of a guard. It continued in this room for the space of two months, which time Mr. Mompesson himself lay there to observe it. In the fore part of the night, it used to be very troublesome, but after two hours all was quiet.

Mrs. Mompesson being brought to bed, there was but little noise the night she was in travail, nor any for

three weeks after, till she had recovered her strength. But after this cessation, it returned in a ruder manner than before, and followed and vexed the youngest children, beating their bedsteads with such violence, that all present expected they would fall in pieces. In laying hands on them, one could feel no blows, but might perceive them to shake exceedingly : for an hour together it would beat Round-heads and Cuckolds, the Tat-too, and several other points of war, as well as any drummer. After this, they would hear a scratching under the children's beds, as if by something that had iron talons. It would lift the children up in their beds, follow them from one room to another, and for a while haunted none particularly but them.

There was a cock-loft in the house which had not been observed to be troubled, whither they removed the children, putting them to bed while it was fair day, where they were no sooner laid, but their troubler was with them as before.

On the fifth of November, 1661, it kept a mighty noise, and a servant observing two boards in the children's room seeming to move, he bid it give him one of them ; upon which the board came (nothing moving it that he saw) within a yard of him ; the man added, "Nay let me have it in my hand ;" upon which it was shoved quite home to him again, and so up and down, to and fro, at least twenty times together, till Mr. Mompesson forbad his servant such familiarities. This was in the day-time, and seen by a whole room-full of people. That morning it left a sulphurous smell behind it, which was very offensive. At night the minister, one Mr. Cragg, and divers of the neighbours, came to the house on a visit. The minister went to prayers with them, kneeling at the children's bed-side. where it

was then very troublesome and loud. During prayer-time it withdrew into the cock-loft, but returned as soon as prayers were done, and then in sight of the company the chairs walked about the room of themselves, the children's shoes were hurled over their heads, and every loose thing moved about the chamber. At the same time a bed-staff was thrown at the minister, which hit him on the leg, but so favourably that a lock of wool could not fall more softly, and it was observed, that it stopt just where it lighted, without rolling or moving from the place.

Mr. Mompesson perceiving that it so much persecuted the little children, lodged them out at a neighbour's house, taking his eldest daughter, who was about ten years of age, into his own chamber, where it had not been a month before. As soon as she was in bed, the disturbance began there again, continuing three weeks drumming, and making other noises, and it was observed, that it would exactly answer in drumming any thing that was beaten or called for. After this, the house where the children lodged out, happening to be full of strangers, they were taken home, and no disturbance having been known in the parlour, they were lodged there, where also their persecutor found them, but then only plucked them by the hair and night-clothes, without any other disturbance.

It was noted, that when the noise was loudest, and came with the most sudden and surprising violence, no dog about the house would move, though the knocking was often so boisterous and rude, that it had been heard at a considerable distance in the fields, and awakened the neighbours in the village, none of which lived very near this house. The servants sometimes were lifted up in their beds, and let gently down again with-

out hurt, at other times it would lie like a great weight upon their feet.

About the latter end of December, 1661, the drumming was less frequent, and then they heard a noise like the gingling of money, occasioned as it was thought, by something Mr. Mompesson's mother had spoken the day before to a neighbour, who talked of fairies leaving money, viz. : that she should like it well, if it would leave them some to make amends for their trouble. The night after the speaking of which, there was a greatchinking of money over all the house.

After this it desisted from the ruder noises, and employed itself in trifling apish and less troublesome tricks. On Christmas-eve, a little before day, one of the young boys arising out of his bed, was hit on a sore place upon his heel, with the latch of the door, the pin that it was fastened with was so small, that it was a difficult matter to pick it out. The night after Christmas-day, it threw the old gentlewoman's clothes about the room, and hid her bible in the ashes. In such silly tricks it frequently indulged.

After this, it was very troublesome to a servant of Mr. Mompesson's, who was a stout fellow, and of sober conversation ; this man lay within during the greatest disturbance, and for several nights something would endeavour to pluck his clothes off the bed, so that he was fain to tug hard to keep them on, and sometimes they would be plucked from him by main force, and his shoes thrown at his head ; and now and then he should find himself forcibly held as it were, bound hand and foot, but he found that whenever he could make use of his sword, and struck with it, the spirit quitted its hold.

A little after these contests, a son of Mr. Thomas

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Bennet, whose workman the drummer had sometimes been, came to the house and told Mr. Mompesson some words that he had spoken, which it seems were not well received ; for as soon as they were in bed, the drum was beat up very violently and loudly ; the gentleman arose and called his man to him, who lay with Mr. Mompesson's servant, just mentioned, whose name was John. As soon as Mr. Bennet's man was gone, John heard a ruffling noise in his chamber, and something came to his bedside, as if it had been one in silk ; the man presently reached after his sword, which he found held from him, and it was with difficulty and much tugging that he got it into his power, which as soon as he had done, the spectre left him, and it was always observed that it still avoided a sword.

About the beginning of January, 1662, they were wont to hear a singing in the chimney before it came down ; and one night, about this time, lights were seen in the house. One of them came into Mr. Mompesson's chamber, which seemed blue and glimmering, and caused great stiffness in the eyes of those that saw it. After the light, something was heard coming up the stairs, as if it had been one without shoes. The light was seen also four or five times in the children's chamber ; and the maids confidently affirm, that the doors were at least ten times opened and shut in their sight, and when they were open, they heard a noise as if half a dozen had entered together, after which some were heard to walk about the room, and one ruffled as if it had been silk ; Mr. Mompesson himself once heard these noises.

During the time of the knocking, when many were present, a gentleman of the company said, " Satan if

the drummer set thee to work, give three knocks and no more;" which it did very distinctly, and stopt.—Then the gentleman knocked to see if it would answer him as it was wont, but it did not : for farther trial, he bid it for confirmation, if it were the drummer, to give five knocks and no more that night, which it did, and left the house quiet all the night after. This was done in the presence of Sir Thomas Chamberlain, of Oxfordshire, and divers others.

On Saturday morning, an hour before day, January 10, a drum was heard to beat upon the outside of Mr. Mompeasson's chamber, from whence it went to the other end of the house, where some gentlemen strangers lay, playing at their door and without, four or five several tunes, and so went off into the air.

The next night, a smith in the village lying with John, the man, heard a noise in the room, as one had been shoeing a horse, and somewhat came, as if it were with a pair of pincers, snipping at the smith's nose most part of the night.

One morning Mr. Mompeasson rising early to go a journey, heard a great noise below where the children lay, and running down with a pistol in his hand, he heard a voice crying "A witch, a witch," as they also had heard it once before. Upon his entrance all was quiet.

Having one night played some little tricks at Mr. Mompeasson's bed's feet, it went into another bed, where one of his daughters lay; there it went from side to side, lifting her up as it passed under. At the time that there were three kinds of noises in the bed, they endeavoured to thrust at it with a sword, but it still shifted and carefully avoided the thrust, still getting under the child, when they offered at it. The night after it

came panting like a dog out of breath; upon which one took a bed-staff to knock, which was caught out of her hand, and thrown away, and company coming up, the room was presently filled with a bloomy noisome smell, and was very hot, though without fire, in a very sharp and severe winter. It continued in the bed panting and scratching for an hour and half, and then went into the next chamber, where it knocked a little, and seemed to rattle a chain; thus it did for two or three nights together.

After this, the lady's bible was found in the ashes, the paper sides being downwards. Mr. Mompesson took it up, and observed that it lay open at the third chapter of St. Mark, where there is mention of the unclean spirits falling down before our Saviour, and of his giving power to the twelve to cast out devils, and of the scribes opinion, that he cast them out through Beelzebub.

The next night they strewed ashes over the chamber, to see what impressions it would leave; in the morning they found in one place the resemblance of a great claw, in another of a lesser, some letters in another, which they could make nothing of, besides many circles and scratches in the ashes.

About this time, says Glanvil, I went to the house to enquire the truth of those passages, of which there was so loud a report. It had ceased from its drumming and ruder noises before I came thither, but most of the more remarkable circumstances before related, were confirmed to me there, by several of the neighbours together, who had been present at them. At this time it used to haunt the children, and that as soon as they were laid. They went to bed that night I was there about eight o' clock, when a maid servant coming down from them, told us it was come. The neighbours who were there, and two ministers who had seen and heard it divers times, went away, but Mr. Mompesson and I, and a gentleman who

came with me went up. I heard a strange scratching as I went up the stairs, and when we came into the room, I perceived it was just behind the bolster of the children's bed, and seemed to be against the tick. It was as loud a scratching as one with long nails could make upon a bolster. There were two little modest girls in the bed, between seven and eight years old, as I guessed. I saw their hands out of the cloathes, and they could not contribute to the noise that was behind their heads; they had been used to it, and had still somebody or other in the chamber with them, and therefore seemed not to be much affrighted. I, standing at the bed's head, thrust my hand behind the bolster, directing it to the place whence the noise seemed to come, whereupon the noise ceased there, and was heard in another part of the bed; but when I had taken out my hand it returned, and was heard in the same place as before. I had been told it would imitate noises, and made trial by scratching several times upon the sheet, as five and seven and ten, which it followed, still stopping at my number. I searched under and behind the bed, turned up the clothes to the bed-cords, grasped the bolster, sounded the wall behind, and made all the search that possibly I could, to find if there were any trick, contrivance, or common cause of it; the like did my friend, but we could discover nothing. So that I was then verily persuaded, and am so still, that the noise was made by some demon or spirit. After it had scratched about half an hour more, it went into the midst of the bed under the children, and there seemed to pant like a dog out of breath, very loudly. I put my hand to the place, and felt the bed bearing up against it, as if something within had thrust it up. I grasped the feathers, to feel if any living thing were in it. I looked under and every where about, to see if there were any dog or cat or any such creature in the room, and so did we all, but found nothing. The motion it caused by this panting was so strong, that it shook the room and windows very sensibly. It continued thus more than half an hour, while my friend and I stayed in the room, and as long after, as we were told. During the panting, I chanced to see as it had been something (which I thought was a rat or mouse) moving in a linen-

bag, that hung up against another bed that was in the room. I stepped and caught it by the upper end with one hand, with which I held it, and drew it through the other, but found nothing at all in it. There was nobody near to shake the bag, or if there had, no one could have made such a motion, which seemed to be from within, as if a living creature had moved in it. This passage I mentioned not in the former relations, because it depended upon my single testimony, and may be subject to more evasions than the other I related; but having told it to divers learned and inquisitive men, who thought it not altogether inconsiderable, I have now added it here. It will I know be said by some, that my friend and I were under some fright, and so fancied noises and sights that were not. This is the eternal evasion. But if it be possible to know how a man is affected when in fear, and when unconcerned; I certainly know for my own part, that during the whole time of my being in the room, and in the house, I was under no more affright, than I am while I write this relation. And if I know that I am now awake, and that I see the objects that are before me, I know that I heard and saw the particulars I have told. There is, I am sensible, no great matter for story in them, but there is *so much* as convinceth me, that there was somewhat extraordinary, and what we usually call preternatural in the business. There were other passages at my being at Tedworth, which I published not, because they are not such plain and unexceptionable proofs. I shall now briefly mention them, *Valent quantum valere possunt*. My friend and I lay in the chamber where the first and chief disturbance had been. We slept well all night, but early before day in the morning, I was awakened (and I awakened my bed-fellow), by a loud knocking just without our chamber door. I asked who was there several times, but the knocking still continued without answer. At last I said, "In the name of God who is it, and what would you have?" To which a voice answered, "nothing with you." We thinking it had been some servant of the house, went to sleep again. But speaking of it to Mr. Mompeason when we came down, he assured us, that no one of the house lay that way, or had business thereabout, and that his servants were not up till he

called them, which was after it was day. They all affirmed, and, protested that the noise was not made by them. Mr. Mompesson had told us before, that it would be gone in the middle of the night, and come again divers times early in the morning, about four o'clock, and this I suppose was about that time.

But to proceed with Mr. Mompesson's own particulars. There came one morning a light into the children's chamber, and a voice crying "A witch, a witch," for at least an hundred times together.

Mr. Mompesson at another time (being in the day), seeing some wood move that was in the chimney of a room where he was, as of itself, discharged a pistol into it, after which they found several drops of blood on the hearth, and in divers places of the stairs.

For two or three nights after the discharge of the pistol, there was a calm in the house, but then it came again, applying itself to a little child newly taken from nurse, which it so persecuted, that it would not let the poor infant rest for two nights together, nor suffer candles in the room, but carried them away lighted, up the chimney, or threw them under the bed. It so scared this child by leaping upon it, that for some hours it could not be recovered from the fright, so that they were forced again to remove the children out of the house. The next night after which, something about midnight came up stairs, and knocked at Mr. Mompesson's door, but he lying still, it went up another pair of stairs, to his man's chamber, to whom it appeared, standing at his bed's-foot; the exact shape and proportion he could not discover, but he saith he saw a great body, with two red and glaring eyes, which, for sometime, were fixed steadily upon him, and at length disappeared.

About the beginning of April, 1663, a gentleman

who lay in the house, had all his money turned black in his pockets ; and Mr. Mompesson coming one morning into his stable, found the horse he was wont to ride on the ground, having one of his hinder legs in his mouth, and so fastened there, that it was difficult for several men to get it out with a lever. After this, there were some other remarkable things, but the account goes no further ; only Mr. Mompesson positively asserted, that afterwards the house was several nights beset with seven or eight in the shape of men, who, as soon as a gun was discharged, would shuffle away together into harbour.

The drummer was tried at the assizes at Salisbury upon this occasion. He was committed first to Gloucester gaol for stealing, and a Wiltshire man coming to see him, he asked what news in Wiltshire ; the visitant said, he knew of none. " No," saith the drummer, " do not you hear of the drumming at a gentleman's house at Tedworth ?" " That I do enough," said the other. " I," quoth the drummer, " I have plagued him (or to that purpose) and he shall never be quiet until he hath made me satisfaction for taking away my drum." Upon information of this, the fellow was tried for a witch at Sarum, and all the main circumstances here related, were sworn at the assizes, by the minister of the parish, and divers others of the most intelligent and substantial inhabitants, who had been eye and ear witnesses of them, time after time, for several years together.

The fellow was condemned to transportation, and accordingly sent away ; but by some means, (it is said by raising storms, and affrighting the seamen) he made shift to come back again. And it is observable, that during all the time of his restraint and absence, the house was quiet, but as soon as he was set at liberty, the disturbance returned.

He had been a soldier under Cromwell, and used to talk much of gallant books he had of an old fellow, who was accounted a wizard.

This is the sum of Mr. Mompesson's disturbance, partly from his own mouth, related before many persons, who had been witnesses of all, and confirmed his relation; and partly from his own letters, from which the order and series of things is taken. The same particulars he sent also to Dr. Creed, who was at that time Doctor of the Chair in Oxford.

Mr. Mompesson suffered by it in his name, in his estate, in all his affairs, and in the general peace of his family. The unbelievers in spirits and witches took him for an impostor. Many others judged the permission of such an extraordinary evil to be the judgment of God upon him, for some notorious wickedness or impiety. Thus his name was continually exposed to censure, and his estate suffered, by the concourse of people from all parts to his house, by the diversion it gave him from his affairs, by the discouragement of servants, by reason of which he could hardly get any to live with him.

The drummer of Tedworth met with great opposition when first narrated, and several violent controversies took place.

THE LANCASHIRE CURATE, CLERK, AND SEXTON

TOWARDS the end of the last century, a clergyman, in Lancashire, before he began to read prayers, at church, saw a paper lying in his book, which he supposed to be the banns of marriage. He opened it, and saw written in a fair and distinct hand, to the following purport: "That John P. and James D. had murdered a travelling man, had robbed him of his effects; and

buried him in such an orchard." The minister was extremely startled, and asked his clerk hastily if he had placed any paper in the prayer-book. The clerk declared he had not; but the minister prudently concealed the contents of the paper, for the two names therein contained were those of the clerk and sexton of the church.

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

WARNING TO JAMES IV. AT LINLITHGOW.

BUCHANAN, in his History of Scotland, gives the following extraordinary adventure:—

While James IV. staid at Linlithgow, to gather up the scattered remains of his army, which had been defeated by the Earl of Sarrey, at Flodden-field, he went into the church of St. Michael there, to hear evening prayer. While he was at his devotion, a remarkable figure of an ancient man, with flowing amber-coloured hair hanging over his shoulders, his forehead high, and inclining to baldness, his garments of a fine blue colour, somewhat long and girded together with a fine white cloth, and of very reverend aspect, was seen inquiring for the king; when his majesty being pointed out to him, he made his way through the crowd till he came to him, and then, with a clownish simplicity, leaning over the canon's seat, he addressed him in the following words. "Sir, I am sent hither to entreat you to delay your intended expedition for this time, and proceed no farther, for if you do, you will be unfortunate, and not prosper in your enterprise, nor any of your followers. I am further charged to warn you not to follow the acquaintance, company, or counsel of women, as you value your life, honour, and estate." After giving him this admonition, he withdrew himself back again through the crowd, and disappeared. When service was ended, the king enquired earnestly after him, but he could not be found or heard of any where, neither could any of the by-standers feel or perceive how, when, or where he passed from them, having in a manner vanished from their sight.

APPARITION AT BELFAST IN IRELAND.

THERE was once a long contest between Lemuel Matthews, archdeacon in the county of Down, and Claudius Gilbert, minister of Belfast, about their right to Drumbeg, a small parish near Belfast; and it proved troublesome to the parishioners, who had paid their dues to Mr. Gilbert, the incumbent. The archdeacon claimed

it to be paid to him also, for which he procured a warrant; and in the execution of it by his servants, at the house of one Charles Loftin, they offered some violence to his wife, who refused entrance, and who died of the injury a few weeks after. Mrs. L. being an infirm woman, little notice was taken of her death, till some time after, by her strange appearance to one Thomas Donelson, (a witness of the violence done to her) when she induced him to commence a prosecution against Robert Eccleson, the criminal. She appeared several times, but chiefly upon one Sunday evening. Before her last coming (for she appeared three times that day), several neighbours were called in, to whom he gave notice that she should re-appear, and beckoned to him to come out; upon which they were about to shut the door, but he forbade it. His friends detained him, notwithstanding which she again charged him to prosecute Eccleson; which voice, as also Donelson's reply, the people heard, though they saw no shape. There are many witnesses of this circumstance yet alive, particularly Sarah, the wife of Charles Loftin, son to the deceased woman; and one William Holiday and his wife.

Upon this, Donelson deposed what he knew, before Mr. Randal Brice, a justice of the peace, and confirmed all at the assizes at Down, in the year 1685, where the several witnesses were sworn; and their examinations were entered in the records of the assize, to the amazement and satisfaction of all the country, and of the judges. Eccleson hardly escaped with his life, but was burnt in the hand.—*Baxter's World of Spirits*, 1796.

THE MERCHANT'S APPRENTICES.

A CERTAIN merchant having formed a trading establishment in one of the English colonies in America,

sent over several of his servants or apprentices thither. One of his apprentices being fitted out, and ready to embark, his cargo actually being on board the ship, and the ship fallen down to Gravesend, his master was preparing letters and despatches, which prevented his dining with him at the usual hour, and he told him he must stay in the counting-house till he came to relieve him. Accordingly, dinner being over, he left the dining-room to send him up to dinner. When he came to the counting-house door, his man was seated there, with the book-keeper also, writing as he left him.

At this moment, the merchant had occasion to return up stairs to the dining-room, from whence he came; when he left the youth in the counting-house, and went immediately up stairs.

When he reached the top of the stairs, the young man was seated at dinner with the other servants; the room they dined in being a small parlour, which opened against the stairs, so that he saw him from the upper part of the staircase, and could not be deceived.

The master did not speak to him; but the surprize made him pass by the room, and go into the dining-room, which was to the right hand of it; but he sent his servant immediately to look, when he there found the youth at dinner; so that what he (the master) saw below in the counting-house, must have been the apparition of the young man.

The young gentleman embarked as above, and arrived safe in America. He left his elder brother in London, who was at that time studying physic. Shortly after this he had an accidental rencontre with a gentleman in Short-street, leading from Fleet-street into Salisbury-square; and being a complete master of his weapon, he wounded his antagonist, and drove him

into a tavern in the street, whence came out two other men with their swords ; but both of them found the gentleman so much an over-match for them, that they left him as fast as the first. A fourth now came out with a fire-poker, taken hastily out of the tavern kitchen, and running at this gentleman with it, knocked him down and fractured his skull, of which wound he afterwards died.

While this was done in London, his brother, at Boston, in New England, wrote to his master the merchant, and who gave this account of it, after other business, in the following postscript:—

“ Sir, I beg you will be pleased, in your return to this, to let me have some account, as much as conveniently may be, how my brother does, and what condition he is in ; which importunity I hope you will excuse, when you read the following account :—

“ On the 20th of June last, about six o'clock in the morning, lying in bed, and broad awake, my brother or an apparition of my brother, came to the bed's feet and opened the curtain, looking full in my face, but did not speak. I was very much frightened ; but, however, I so far recovered as to say to him, Brother, what is the matter with you ?

“ He had a napkin-cap on his head, which was very bloody ; he looked very pale and ghastly, and said, ‘ I am basely murdered by one (naming the person) ; but I shall have justice done me : ’ and then disappeared.”

This letter was so dated, that it was impossible any account could have been sent of the disaster that could reach America within that time ; for it was not dated above fourteen days after the fact actually occurred in London.—*Moreton on Apparitions.*

SIR CHARLES LEE'S DAUGHTER.

SIR Charles Lee, by his first lady, had only one daughter, of which she died in child-birth. After her death, her sister, Lady Everard desired to have the edu-

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cation of the child, which she educated till she was marriageable; when a match was concluded for her with Sir William Perkins; but was prevented in an extraordinary manner.

One Thursday night, Miss Lee imagined that she saw a light in her chamber after she was in bed, when she rang 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. She then said it was the fire; but the maid told her that was quite out, and said she believed it was only a dream. She then said it might be so, and composed herself again to sleep. About two o'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 o'clock that day she should be with her. She again rang for the maid, called for her clothes, and when dressed, went into her closet, and did not quit it till nine; when she brought out with her a letter sealed to her father, gave 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. Her aunt, judging her to be delirious, sent to Chelmsford for a physician, who came immediately. He could discern no indication of what the lady imagined, or any indisposition; notwithstanding the lady would be bled, which was done accordingly. The young woman then desired that the chaplain might be called to read prayers, and when prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm-book, and played and sang melodiously. About twelve o'clock, she rose and seated herself in an arm-chair, and immediately expired. This event took place in 1662, at

Waltham, in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford, and the letter was sent to Sir Charles at his house in Warwickshire. It was communicated by him to the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, and was first published by Beaumont, in his "Treatise on Spirits."

COUNSELLOR JOHN BOURNE,
Of Durley in Ireland.

MR. JOHN BOURNE, for his skill, and integrity, was made by his neighbour, John Mallet, Esq. of Enmore, the chief of his trustees for his estate. In 1654, Mr. Bourne fell sick at his house at Durley, when his life was pronounced by a physician to be in imminent danger. Within twenty-four hours, when the doctor and Mrs. Carlisle, a relation of Mr. Bourne (whose husband he had made one of his heirs), were sitting by his bedside, the doctor opened the curtains at the head of the bed to give him air; when suddenly a great iron chest by the window at his bed feet, with three locks, (in which were all the writings and evidences of Mr. Mallett's estate), began to open, lock by lock. The lid of the iron chest then lifted up itself, and stood wide open. Mr. Bourne, who had not spoken for twenty-four hours, lifted himself up also, and looking upon the chest, cried, "you say true, you say true, you are in the right, I'll be with you by and bye." The patient then lay down and spoke no more. The chest fell again of itself, and locked itself lock by lock, and Mr. Bourne died within an hour afterwards.

OMENS OF THE MURDER OF MR. BLANDY.

SEVERAL awful presages are said to have alarmed the family of the unfortunate Mr. Blandy, of Henley, in Oxfordshire, previous to his untimely death. A few days before the death of his wife, a grand chorus of

music was heard by the daughter and several of the servants at midnight, as if proceeding from the garden behind the apartment where Mrs. Blandy lay. This was succeeded by three distinct knocks on the window of Miss Blandy's chamber, adjoining to that of her mother. Meanwhile the old lady, though insensible of those sounds, was horribly frightened by a dream, in which she saw her husband drinking a cup administered by her daughter; presently he swelled to a monster, and instantly expired. When she awoke in the morning, she told the dream to her waiting maid, and died the same day. This happened about two years before the memorable murder of Mr. Blandy, of the approach of which he had several ominous presages.

The story of this dreadful parricide is briefly as follows:—Mr. Blandy was an eminent attorney, and by his practice had accumulated several thousand pounds: he had an only child, his daughter, Miss Mary, whom, as a kind of pious fraud, he gave out to be worth thirty thousand pounds. Captain William Cranston, brother of Lord Cranston, of Scotland, a short time before the death of Mrs. Blandy, was upon a recruiting party in Oxfordshire, and hearing of the lady's fortune, found means to introduce himself to the family. He soon gained an ascendancy over the mother; and the daughter discovered a very sensible feeling for the soldier. But there was an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of their mutual happiness. The captain had been privately married in Scotland. This, however, he hoped to get over by a decree in the supreme court of session. That expectation proving but ill-founded, Mr. Blandy would not assent to the union of his daughter with such a man, however honourable by birth.

The mother died suddenly.—The father remained in

exorable, and could not be induced to grant his consent. This set the Captain's sanguine soul to work. The affection of Miss Blandy for this profligate, almost double her age, was violent. He imposed upon her credulity; sent her from Scotland a pretended love-powder, which he enjoined her to administer to her father, in order to gain his affection, and procure his consent. This injunction she declined, on account of a frightful dream, in which she fancied her father falling from a precipice into the ocean. The captain wrote a second time; told her his design in words rather enigmatical, but easily understood by her. This had an amazing effect on Miss B., and so elated was her mind with the project of removing her father, that she was heard to exclaim, before several of the servants, "Who would not send an old fellow to hell for thirty thousand pounds?"

The die was cast: the powder was mixed in the tea: the father drank, and soon after swelled enormously.— "What have you given me, Mary?" cried the unhappy dying man, "you have murdered me; of this I was warned, but alas, I thought it was a false alarm! O fly—take care of the captain!"—Thus he died, a most melancholy spectacle. Miss Blandy was taken while attempting to run away, conducted to Oxford Castle, lay there till the assizes, was found guilty, and executed. Captain Cranston went abroad, and died in a miserable state of mind soon afterwards.

OMINOUS PRESAGE TO ROBERT BRUCE OF SCOTLAND.

BRUCE, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, in the reign of Edward II. of England, having been out one day to reconnoitre the enemy, lay that night in a barn belonging to a loyal farmer. In the morning, still reclining his

Heart of Mid-Lothian

CAPTAIN PORTEOUS.

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head on the straw pillow, he beheld a spider climbing a beam of the roof. The insect fell to the ground, and immediately made a second essay to ascend. This attracted the notice of the hero, who with regret saw the spider fall a second time from the same eminence. It made a third attempt without success; and, in short, the monarch, not without a mixture of concern and curiosity, beheld the insect no less than twelve times baffled in its aim: but the thirteenth trial carried its success. The spider gained the summit of the vases; when the king, starting from his couch, thus exclaimed in soliloquy: "Behold this despicable insect has taught me perseverance! I will follow its example. Have not I been twelve times defeated by the superior force of the enemy? On one fight more hangs the independency of my kingdom." In a few days was fought the memorable battle of Bannockbourn, in which Bruce proved victorious, slew thirty thousand of the invading enemy, and restored the monarchy of Scotland.

CAPTAIN PORTEOUS.

THE following narrative was found, in 1796, in the study of an eminent divine of the church of Scotland:—

A married lady lately saw, one day at noon, in a vision, a child, then in embryo in her womb, rise to an elevated situation in the world, having the command of soldiers, dragged to a dungeon, tried for murder, condemned, pardoned, but soon after torn to pieces by the populace. After this she imagined much confusion arose in the country, till the name of her son was rendered odious and detestable to the whole nation.

The child agreeable to the prediction, proving a son, much care was taken in his education, at one of the public schools of Edinburgh. When he grew up he discovered a strong inclination for travelling. He went

abroad without the consent of his parents, remained many years in the king's service abroad, and after obtaining his discharge, resided for some years in London. All this time he was totally unmindful of his filial duty, and indeed he never took the least notice of his parents, who now lived in a recluse situation about ten miles west from Edinburgh; to which city the hero of the story returned about the year 1735, and was, by the interest of a gentleman, appointed to the command of the city guard. This captain was no less a personage than the noted Porteous.

One day, as the captain was mustering his men in a field adjacent to the city, he cast his eyes upon a man of Musselburgh, who was reputed to possess the second sight. The captain called the augur aside, and required him to foretel his destiny. The poor soothsayer, with much reluctance, informed the curious enquirer that his time would be but short; that he would be *a midnight market-man*. This threw the officer into a violent rage; and had not the sage softened the sentence, by an explanation which gave a different turn to it, he certainly would have suffered a severe flagellation.

Soon after this, two notorious smugglers were condemned to die at Edinburgh, for breaking into the king's storehouse at Leith, and carrying away goods which had been seized by the officers of the revenue. These men, on the Sunday preceding the day of execution, were conducted to one of the churches, as was customary, under a guard. During the sermon, notwithstanding the vigilance of Captain Porteous, one of the prisoners found means to make his escape, and get clear off. The other was executed on the Wednesday following in the Grass-market, contrary to the desire of the populace. As soon as the man was turned off, the

boys began to pelt the executioner; and the impetuous captain, who then attended with a strong party, commanded the men to level their pieces, and follow his example. He himself fired upon a young gentleman of a good family from the Highlands, and killed him upon the spot; and the men instantly discharging their muskets, killed several of the citizens, who were beholding from their windows the dreadful spectacle.

The captain was seized by order of the Lord Provost, conducted to the Tolbooth, tried by the Lords of Justiciary, and being found guilty on the clearest evidence, received sentence of death.

It was at this time that his mother, who alone was living, heard of the awful situation of a man whom she knew to be her son, by a letter which she received from him during his troubles. The lady readily recollected her dream, flew to Edinburgh in the utmost distress, and would have been quite distracted, had she not been informed that great interest was making at London in favour of the captain.

In a few days a respite arrived from the Queen (for George II. was then at Hanover), with an order to secure the captain in the castle. This quite altered the face of affairs with the captain and his mother, who began to ridicule the prediction of the dream, and the soothsayer. That evening they made merry with several friends in the prison, till the captain became intoxicated, and consequently unprepared to meet the awful fate which awaited him. He was instantly alarmed by a report that the city was up in arms, and intent on his destruction. The noise of sledge-hammers on the iron doors soon convinced him that the alarm was not chimerical. In short, the enraged multitude gained entrance, dragged forth the captain, led him in

triumph along the High-street, procured a rope, reached the usual place of execution, and after suffering him to say a short prayer, hung him upon a projecting pole; which proved an almost literal accomplishment of the visionary prediction of the mother, who did not long survive the calamity of the son.

The confusion in the established national church, occasioned by the Queen's proclamation being read by some, and burnt by others, is well known.

VISION OF THEODOSIUS THE ROMAN EMPEROR.

A VARIETY of instances of supernatural interpositions are to be found amongst the antients: but the following is well attested by Theodoret and Livy:—

In the western empire lived one Eugenius, an aspiring man, who from keeping a grammar school, had risen to the office of Lord High Treasurer. Eugenius being elated with the extraordinary reputation of his eloquence and merit, entered into a plot with one Arbogastes, a Frenchman by birth, to possess himself of the emperorship, and, by his assurances and great promises, prevailed upon the eunuchs of the emperor's bed-chamber to strangle their master Valentinian, while he was sleeping. Having perpetrated this horrible murder, he next consulted the diviners and astrologers, who gave him every assurance that he should obtain a complete victory, gain the empire, and extirpate the Christian religion.

Upon this, he soon assembled forces, and made himself master of the Julian Alps, where he lay securely encamped amongst the mountains. This news surprised and perplexed Theodosius; who after conferring the imperial title on his son Honorius, mustered a considerable number of troops, and arriving in Gaul, found

Eugenius ready to oppose him with a very superior army. The emperor's officers, at the same time, advised him to avoid the battle till he might bring an army into the field more numerous than that of the usurper.

About sun-rise he fell asleep upon the ground and dreamed he saw two men cloathed in white garments, and riding on white horses, who bad him lay aside all solicitude, and draw up his army in order of battle very early that morning and attack the enemy. They told him they were John the Evangelist, and Philip the Apostle; and that they were sent to fight for him at the head of his troops. The emperor waked and renewed his devotions, and addressed himself to heaven with greater fervency than before this vision. His men marched down with great alacrity and courage from the mountains; and the two armies came to a battle at a river called Frigidus, about thirty-six miles from Aquileia. Romans now engaged Romans, and the action was very hot and obstinate, and many fell on both sides; but the Eugenians pressed hard upon the barbarians, who had flocked from Thrace, and offered themselves in great numbers in this expedition.

At length the emperor seeing all hope cut off, threw himself prostrate on the ground, and recommended his cause to God. The officers of the parties that lined the mountains now sent him assurances, that they would come over to him if he would promise that they should hold the same posts under him which they held under Eugenius: and this he had no sooner done under his own hand, but they deserted to him. Bacurius also, one of the emperor's generals, inspired with sudden resolution, and putting himself in the front of the retreating troops, broke the enemy, and routed them;

and there arose, on a sudden, a violent storm of wind, so violent, that it not only carried the weapons of the emperor's army with redoubled force upon the enemy, and returned those of the rebels upon themselves, but even forced their shields out of their hands, and whirled them back again, covered with dust and stubble; and raised such violent clouds of dust, as almost put out their eyes; in a word, it entirely disarmed them, and put them into confusion, so that the greater part of them were either killed upon the spot, or overtaken in the rout, and made prisoners; as many as threw down their arms and implored pardon, obtained it.

Thus the usurper lost the day, and those from whose hands he expected the person of his sovereign, were sent by his master to fetch him down from his hill. As soon as he saw them climbing it, and approaching towards him, he asked them whether they had brought Theodosius along with them. Their answer was, they came, by the appointment of God, to carry him to Theodosius: and immediately they pulled him from his seat, and brought him to the emperor, who severely reproached and expostulated with him for the murder of Valentinian, and for all his treason and rebellion. In conclusion, the soldiers struck off his head as he was begging quarter, at the emperor's feet, where he hoped to save his life. The day of this overthrow and execution was the sixth of September, in Arcadius's third, and Honorius's second consulate. The traitorous General Arbogastes, the principal agent in this mischief, after he had preserved himself by flight three days, finding it impossible to escape the stroke of justice, put an end to his life by his own sword. It is confidently said, that within the time of this action, a demoniac that happened to be in the church which the emperor

built in honour of St. John the Baptist, where, in his march, he had implored a blessing upon his arms, was carried up from the ground, railed at and reviled St. John, ridiculed him for losing his head, and roared out aloud, " 'Tis you that are defeating and destroying my army." Those that were there present, made a memorandum of the day on which they were thus surprised, and found it afterwards to be that on which the battle was fought.

MAJOR SYDENHAM AND CAPTAIN WILLIAM DYKE.

MAJOR GEORGE SYDENHAM resided at Dulverton, in the county of Somerset, and Captain William Dyke at Skilgate, in the same county. Shortly after the death of the former, a doctor was desired to attend a sick child at the major's house. In his way thither he called on the captain, who willingly accompanied him to the place. Soon after their arrival at the house they were conducted to their lodging, which they desired might be in one bed; where, after they had laid awhile, the captain knocked and bade the servant bring him two large candles lighted. The doctor enquired what he meant by this? The captain answered, " You know what disputes the major and I used to have touching the being of a God and the immortality of the soul. On these points we could never agree. It was at length fully agreed between us, that he that died first should the third night after his funeral, between the hours of twelve and one, come to the summer-house 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 time, and thus receive satisfaction. This," said the captain, " is the night, and I am come to fulfil my promise." The doctor dis-

suaded him, reminding him of the danger of following these strange counsels. The captain replied that he had solemnly engaged, and that nothing should discourage him: and he was resolved to watch, that he might be sure to be present at the hour appointed. As soon as he perceived that it was half past eleven, he rose, and taking a candle in each hand, went out by a back door, and walked 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 usual.

About six weeks afterwards, the captain rode to Eton, accompanied by the doctor. They lodged there at an inn, and tarried two or three nights, not sleeping together as at Dulverton, but in separate chambers. The morning previous to their return, the captain staid in his chamber longer than usual before he called the doctor. At length he entered the doctor's chamber, but with his hair erect, his eyes staring, and his whole body shaking and trembling. The doctor, filled with surprise, presently demanded, "What is the matter, cousin captain?" The captain replied, "I have seen my major." The doctor smiled, when the captain immediately said, "If ever I saw him in my life, I saw him just now." He then related to the doctor what had passed, in these words; "This morning soon after it was light, some one came to my bed-side, and suddenly drawing back the curtains, called "Cap. cap." (this being the term of familiarity by which the major used to call the captain,) to whom I replied, "What, my major?" He answered, "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, you will find it so." On the table there lay a sword which the major had for-

merly given me. After the apparition had paced about the chamber, he took up the sword, drew it out, and finding it not so clean and bright as usual, "Cap. Cap." said he, "this sword was not used to be kept after this manner when it was mine." After these words he suddenly disappeared.

The captain was not only thoroughly persuaded of the truth of this narrative, but was from that time observed to be much affected with it, during the remaining two years of his life.—*Aubrey's Miscellanies*.

LETTER written by JAMES EARL of MARLBOROUGH, a short time before his Death, in the BATTLE at SEA on the COAST of HOLLAND, 1665, directed to the Right Hon. Sir Hugh Potlard, Comptroller to his Majesty's Household.

SIR,—I believe the goodness of your nature, and the friendship you have always borne me, will receive with kindness the last office of your friend. I am in health enough of body, and (through the mercy of God) well disposed in mind. This I premise, that you may be satisfied that what I write proceeds not from fantastic terror of mind, but from a sober resolution of what concerns myself, and earnest desire to do you more good after my death, than my example (God of his mercy pardon the badness of it,) in my life-time may do you harm. I will not speak out of the vanity of this world; your own age and experience will save that labour: but there is a certain thing that goeth up and down the world, called religion, dressed and pretended fantastically, and to purposes bad enough, which yet, by such evil dealing, looseth not its being: the great good God hath not left it without a witness, more or less, sooner or later, in every man's bosom, to direct us in the pur-

suit of it; and for the avoiding of those inextricable disquisitions and entanglements our own frail reason would perplex us withal, God, in his infinite mercy hath given us his holy word; in which as there are many things hard to be understood, so there is enough plain and easy, to quiet our minds, and direct us concerning our future being. I confess to God and you, I have been a great neglecter, and, I fear, great despiser of it: God of his infinite mercy pardon me the dreadful fault. But when I retired myself from the noise and deceitful vanity of the world, I found no true comfort in any other resolution, than what I had from thence: I commend from the bottom of my heart the same to your (I hope) happy use. Dear Sir Hugh, let us be more generous than to believe we die as the beasts that perish; but with a Christian, manly, brave resolution, look to what is eternal. I will not trouble you farther. The only great God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, direct you to an happy end of your life, and send us a joyful resurrection.

So prays your true friend,

MARLBOROUGH.

*Old James, near the Coast of
Holland, April 24, 1665.*

I beseech you commend my love to all my acquaintance; particularly, I pray you that my cousin Glascock may have a sight of this letter, and as many friends besides as you will, or any else that desire it.—I pray grant this my request.

This letter, though weighty in matter, and serious in its phraseology, is most remarkable for the time in which it was written, namely, but a few days before the Earl died.

appearance of the dying.

SIR JOHN SHERBROKE AND GENERAL WYNYARD.

THESE gentlemen were, as young men, officers in the same regiment, which was employed on foreign service. They were connected by similarity of tastes and studies, and spent together, in literary occupation, much of that vacant time, which was squandered by their brother officers, in those excesses of the table, which, some forty years ago, were considered among the necessary accomplishments of the military character. They were one afternoon sitting in Wynyard's apartment. It was perfectly light, the hour was about four o'clock; they had dined, but neither of them had drunk wine, and they had retired from the mess to continue together the occupations of the morning. It ought to have been 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 bed-room. There was no other means of entering the sitting-room but from the passage and no other egress from the bed-room but through the sitting-room; so that any person passing into the bed-room 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 to 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 presence 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 an expression of somewhat melancholy affection 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 bed room, which, as before stated, was connected with the sitting-room, and into which the strange visitor had evidently entered. It has already been 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. Sherbrooke 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 gradually they 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 its 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 the safety of the 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 after their own, and the packets that arrived from England were welcomed with 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 previously 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 the several newspapers, but they contained no mention of any death; or of any other circumstance connected with his family that could account for the preternatural event. There was a solitary letter for Sherbroke still unopened. The officers had received their letters in the mess-room 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 its climax; the impatience for the return of Sherbroke was inexpressible. They doubted not but that letter had contained the long-expected intelligence. After the interval of an hour Sherbroke joined them. No one dared be guilty of so great a rudeness as to 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 to the fire-place, and leaning his head on the mantle-piece, after a pause of some moments, said in a low voice, to the person who was nearest to 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 he was the twin brother of the youth whose spirit had been seen.

This story is related with several variations. It is sometimes told as having happened at Gibraltar, at others in England, at others in America. There are also differences with respect to the conclusion. Some say that the gentleman whom Sir John Sherbrooke afterwards met in London, and addressed as the person whom he had previously seen in so mysterious a manner, was not another brother of General Wynyard, but a gentleman who bore a strong resemblance to the family. But, however, the leading facts in every account are the same. Sir John Sherbrooke and General Wynyard, two gentlemen of veracity, were together

present at the spiritual appearance of the brother of General Wynyard; the appearance took place at the moment of dissolution; and the countenance, and form of the ghost's figure, were so distinctly impressed upon the memory of Sir John Sherbroke,—to whom the living man had been unknown,—that on accidentally meeting with his likeness, he perceived and acknowledged the resemblance.

THOMAS GODDARD OF MARLBOROUGH, WILTS.

THE veracity and authenticity of Glanvil's "*Saducismus Triumphatus; or full and plain Evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions,*" is as well known as established. The work is now become treasurable, and is only to be bought at an advanced price. The third and last edition, dated from Bath, June 8, 1688, is dedicated to Charles, Duke of Richmond, and contains some highly curious matter, not to be found in the previous editions. The author enters into the history and theory of witchcraft, with the true spirit of enquiry and research, and altogether his work is considered as the best extant, both for the perspicuity of its theory, and the accredited character of its narratives.

As a specimen of the latter, we transcribe the following interesting deposition of THOMAS GODDARD, of Marlborough, Wilts, weaver, made the 23d November, 1674. He saith, that on Monday, the 9th instant, as he was going to Ogborn, at a stile on the highway near Mr. Goddard's ground, about nine in the morning, he met the apparition of his father-in-law, one Edward Avon, of this town, glover, who died in May last, having on, to his appearance, the same clothes, hat, stockings, and shoes he usually wore when he was living, standing by and leaning over that stile. When he came

near, the Apparition spoke to him with an audible voice those words, "Are you afraid?" To which he answered, "I am thinking on one who is dead and buried, whom you are like." To which the apparition replied with the like voice, "I am he that you were thinking on, I am Edward Avon, your father-in-law, come near to me, I will do you no harm." To which Goddard answered, "I trust in him who hath bought my soul with his precious blood, you shall do me no harm." Then the apparition said, "How stand cases at home?" Goddard asked what cases? Then it asked "How are William and Mary, meaning, as he conceived, his son William Avon, a shoemaker here, and Mary his daughter, the said Goddard's wife." Then it said, "What! Taylor is dead," meaning, as he thought, one Taylor of London, who married his daughter Sarah, which Taylor died the Michaelmas before. Then the apparition held out its hand, and in it, as Goddard conceived, twenty or thirty shillings in silver, and then spake with a loud voice, "take this money and send it to Sarah; for I shut up my bowels of compassion towards her in the time of my life, and now here is something for her." And then said, "Mary (meaning his, the said Goddard's wife as he conceived) is troubled for me; but tell her God hath showed mercy to me contrary to my deserts." But the said Goddard answered, "In the name of Jesus Christ I refuse all such money." Then the apparition said, "I perceive you are afraid, I will meet you some other time." And immediately to his appearance, it went up the lane, and he went over the same stile, but saw it no more that day.

He saith, the next night, about seven o'clock, it came and opened his shop-window, and stood in the same clothes, looked him in the face, but said nothing

to him. And the next night after it appeared to him again in the same shape, but he being in fear, ran into his house, and saw it no more then.

But he saith, that on Thursday, the 12th instant, as he came from Chilton, riding down the hill between the manor-house and Axford-farm-field, he saw something like a hare cross his way, at which his horse startled, and threw him in the dirt. As soon as he could recover on his feet, the same apparition there met him again in the same habit, and standing about eight feet directly before him in the way, spoke again to him with a loud voice, "Source (a word he commonly used when living) you have stayed long;" and then said to him, "Thomas, bid William Avon take the sword that he had of me, which is now in his house, and carry it to the wood as we go to Alton, to the upper end of the wood by the way side; for with that sword I did wrong above thirty years ago, and he never prospered since he had that sword; and bid William Avon give his sister Sarah twenty shillings of the money which he had of me. And do you talk with Edward Lawrence, for I borrowed twenty shillings of him several years ago and did say I had paid him, but I did not pay it him; and I would desire you to pay him twenty shillings out of the money which you had from James Elliot at two payments." Which money the said Goddard now saith was five pounds, which James Elliot, a baker, here owed the said Avon on bond, and which he, the said Goddard, had received from the said Elliot since Michaelmas, at two payments, viz: 35s. at one time, and 3l. 5s. at another payment. And it farther said to him, "Tell Margaret (meaning his own wife as he conceived), that I would desire her to deliver up the little which I gave to little Sarah Taylor, to the child, or to any one she

will trust for it. But if she will not, speak to Edward Lawrence to persuade her. But if she will not then, tell her that I will see her very suddenly. And see that this be done within a twelvemonth and a day after my decease, and peace be with you." It then went away over the rails into the wood, and he saw it no more at that time. And he saith, that he paid the twenty shillings to Edward Lawrence of this town, who being present now doth remember he lent the said Avon twenty shillings about twenty years ago, which none knew but himself and wife and Avon and his wife; and was never paid it again before now by this Goddard.

And this, said Goddard farther saith, that this very day by the Mayor's order, he with his brother-in-law, William Avon, went with the sword, and about nine o'clock in the morning they laid down the sword in the copse near the place the apparition had appointed Goddard to carry it, and then coming away thence Goddard looking back saw the same apparition again in the same habit as before. Whereupon he called to his brother-in-law and said, "Here is the Apparition of our father;" who said, "I see nothing." Then Goddard fell on his knees, and said, "Lord open his eyes that he may see it." But he replied, "Lord grant I may not see it, if it be thy blessed will," and then the apparition to Goddard's appearance, beckoned with his hand to him to come to it. And then Goddard said, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what would you have me do?" Then the apparition said to him, "Thomas, take up the sword, and follow me." To which he said, "Should both of us come, or but one of us?" To which it answered, "Thomas, do you take up the sword." And so he took up the sword and followed the apparition about ten lugs (that is poles)

farther into the copse, and then turning back, he stood still about a lug and a half from it, his brother-in-law staying behind at the place where they first laid down the sword. Then Goddard laying down the sword upon the ground, saw something stand by the apparition like a mastiff dog, of a brown colour. Then the apparition coming towards Goddard, he stepped back about two steps, and the apparition said to him, "I have a permission to you, and commission not to touch you; and then it took up the sword, and went back to the place at which before it stood, with a mastiff dog by it as before, and pointed the top of the sword in the ground, and said, "In this place lies buried the body of him which I murdered in the year 1635, which is now rotten and turned to dust." Whereupon Goddard said, "I do adjure you in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, wherefore did you commit this murder?" And it said, "I took money from the man, and he contended with me, and so I murdered him." Then Goddard asked him, who was confederate with him in the said murder? and it said "None but myself."—Then Goddard said, "What would you have me do in this thing?" And the Apparition said, "This is that the world may know that I murdered a man, and buried him in this place, in the year 1635."

Then the Apparition laid down the sword on the bare ground, whereon nothing grew, but seemed to Goddard to be as a grave sunk in. The Apparition then rushing further into the copse vanished, and he saw it no more. Whereupon Goddard, and his brother-in-law Avon, leaving the sword there, and coming away together, Avon told Goddard he heard his voice, and understood what he said, and heard other words distinct from his, but could not understand a word of it,

apparition of the dying

A MOTHER'S APPEARANCE TO HER SON. 87

nor saw any Apparition at all. Which he now also present affirmeth, and all which the said Goddard then attested under his hand, and affirmed, he will depose the same when he shall be thereto required.

In the presence of Christ. Lypyatt, *Mayor*, Rolf Bayly, *Town-Clerk*, Joshua Sacheveral, *Rector of St. Peter's*, in Marlborough.

Examined by me,

WILL. BAYLY.

Such are the detailed facts of this extraordinary case. Its authenticity affords us proof of a conscience quickened with all the horrors of human guilt, and the miseries of crime, which, although being concealed for a time, are almost universally revealed by circumstances as unexpected as unprepared for.

A MOTHER'S APPEARANCE TO HER SON WHILE AT SEA.

A WOMAN, who lived on Rhode Island, in America, whilst on her death bed, and just before she expired, expressed a great desire to see her only son, who was then a mariner, navigating in the West India seas, and to deliver him a message. She informed the persons near her what she wanted to say to her son, and died immediately. About that instant she appeared to him, as he was standing at the helm, it being a bright moonlight night. She first appeared on the shrouds, and delivered her message; and afterwards walked over some casks that lay on the deck, then descended the side regularly to the water, where she seemed to float for a while, and at last sunk and wholly disappeared. The young man immediately recorded the time and day, and the substance of her

appearance of the living

88 JAMES SHERRING, OF LITTLE BURTON.

message, and found on his arrival at Rhode Island, that she died at the very juncture when she was seen by him; and that the words she spoke to him, corresponded exactly with those she delivered to the persons around her.

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

Relation of JAMES SHERRING, taken concerning the matter at old GAST'S-HOUSE, of Little Burton, June 23, 1677, as follows :—

ON June 23, 1677, the following circumstances occurred at the house of a man named Gast, at Little Burton, in Somersetshire. They are well attested, and are altogether too important to be passed over by the curious and inquisitive reader.

The first night that I was there with Hugh Mellmore and Edward Smith, they heard as it were the washing in water over their heads. Then taking a candle and going up the stairs, there was a wet cloth thrown at them, but it fell on the stairs. They going up farther there was another thrown as before. And when they were come up into the chamber there stood a bowl of water, some of it sprinkled over, and the water looked white, as if there had been soap used in it. The bowl just before was in the kitchen, and could not be carried up but through the room where they were. The next thing that they heard the same night was a terrible noise

as if it had been a clap of thunder, and shortly after they heard great scratching about the bedstead, and after that great knocking with a hammer against the bed's-head, so that the two maids that were in bed cried out for help. Then they ran up the stairs, and there lay the hammer on the bed, and on the bed's-head there were near a thousand prints of the hammer, which the violent strokes had made. The maids said, that they were scratched and pinched with a hand that was put into the bed, which had exceeding long nails. They said the hammer was locked up fast in the cupboard when they went to bed. This was that which was done the first night, with many other things of the like nature.

The second night that James Sherring and Thomas Hillary were there, James Sherring sat down in the chimney to fill a pipe of tobacco; he made use of the firetongs to take up a coal to light his pipe, and by and by the tongs were drawn up the stairs, and after they were up in the chamber they were played withal (as many times men do), and then thrown down upon the bed. Although the tongs were so near him, he never perceived them to go away. The same night one of the maids left her shoes by the fire, and they were carried up into the chamber, and the old man's brought down and set in their places. The same night there was a knife carried up into the chamber, and it did scratch and scrape the bed's-head all the night, but when they went up into the chamber, the knife was thrown into the loft. As they were going up the stairs, there were many things thrown at them, which were just before in the low room, and when they went down the stairs, the old man's breeches were thrown down

after them. These were the most remarkable things done that night, only there was continual knocking and pinching the maids, which was usually done every night.

The third night, when James Sherring and Thomas Hillary were there, as soon as the people were gone to bed, their clothes were taken and thrown at the candle and put out, and immediately after they cried out with a very hideous cry and said, 'they should be all choked if they were not presently helped.' Then they run up the stairs and there were abundance of feathers plucked out of the bolster that lay under their heads, and some thrust into their mouths, that they were almost choked. The feathers were then thrown about the bed and room. They were plucked out of a hole no bigger than the top of one's little finger. Some time after they were vexed with a very hideous knocking at their heads as they lay on the bed. Then James Sherring and Thomas Hillary took the candle and went up the stairs and stood at the bed's feet, and the knocking continued. Then they saw a hand with an arm-wrist hold the hammer which kept on knocking against the bedstead. Then James Sherring going towards the bed's-head, the hand and hammer fell down behind the bolster, and could not be found; for they turned up the bed-clothes to search for the hammer. But as soon as they went down stairs the hammer was thrown out into the middle of the chamber. These were the most remarkable things that were done that night.

The fourth and fifth nights there was but little done more than knocking and scratching, as was usually.

The sixth and seventh nights there was nothing at all, but all was quiet as at other houses. These were all the nights that they were there.

The circumstances that follow are what James Sherring heard the people of the house report.

There was a saddle in the house of their Uncle Warren's, of Leigh (which it should seem they detained wrongfully from the right owner), that as it hung upon a pin in the entry would come off and come into the house, as they termed it, hop about the house from one place to another, and upon the table, and so to another, which stood on the other side of the house. Jane Gast and her kinswoman took this saddle and carried it to Leigh, and as they were going along in the broad common there would be sticks and stones thrown at them, which made them very much afraid, and going near together, their whittles which were on their shoulders were knit together. They carried the saddle to the house which was old Warren's, and there left it and returned home very quiet. But being gone to bed at night, the saddle was brought back from Leigh (which is a mile and a half at least from old Gast's house), and thrown upon the bed where the maids lay. After that, the saddle was very troublesome to them, until they broke it in small pieces and threw it out into the highway.

There was a coat of the same party's, who was owner of the saddle, which hung on the door in the hall, and it came off from the place and flew into the fire and lay some considerable time before they could get it out. For it was as much as three of them could do to pluck it out of the fire, because of the ponderous weight that lay on it as they thought. Nevertheless there was no impression on it of the fire.

One night there were two of this old Gast's granddaughters in bed together, they were aged, one of them about twelve or thirteen years of age, and the other about sixteen or seventeen. They said they felt a hand in

bed with them, which they bound up in the sheet, and took bedstaves and beat it until it was as soft as wool, then they took a stone which lay in the chamber, about a quarter of an hundred weight, and put on it, and were quiet all the night. In the morning, they found it as they left it. Then the eldest of the maids swore that she would burn the Devil, and fetched a furze faggot to burn it, but when she came again, the stone was thrown away, and the cloth was found wet.

The following is the relation of Jane Winsor, of Long Burton, she being there three nights, taken the 3d day of July, 1677.

She heard or saw nothing as long as the candle did burn, but as soon as it was out, there was something which did seem to fall down by the bedside, and by and by it began to lay on the bed's-head with a staff, and did strike Jane Winsor on the head. She put forth her hand and caught it, but was not able to hold it fast. She got out of the bed to light a candle, and there was a great stone thrown after her but it missed her. When the candle was lighted, they arose and went down to the fire. One of them went up to fetch the bed-clothes to make a bed by the fire, and there lay a heap of stones on the bed whereon they lay just before. As soon as the bed was made, and they had laid down to take their rest, there was a scratching on the form that stood by them in an extreme manner, Then it came and heaved up the holster whereon they laid their heads, and endeavoured to throw them out. At last it got hold of one end of the pillow, and set it on end, and there it stood for some considerable time; at last falling down in its place, they fell fast asleep, and so continued all that night.

The staff that was spoken of before, was Jane Winsor's, and she says, she left it below in the kitchen she says that which troubled, did endeavour to kill the people, if it had power. She put them to it, to know the reason why they were so troubled, and they said they knew nothing, unless it was about the business of old Warren. She was there three nights, and the trouble was much after the same manner, nothing more remarkable.

Glanvil.

DAVID HUNTER, *Neatherd*, AT PORTMORE, IN IRELAND, 1663.

THE following circumstantial narrative was given by the above witness to the Bishop of Downe and Dromore, in whose service Hunter lived. The facts were narrated by him, day by day, as they occurred, to the Bishop, and to Lady Conway, then on a visit at Portmore.

One evening as David Hunter was carrying a log of wood into the dairy, there appeared to him an old woman, who much terrified him, for he knew her not; but the fright made him throw away his log of wood, and run into the house. The next night she appeared again to him, and he could not chuse but follow her all night, and thus almost every night for near three-quarters of a year. Whenever she came he went with her through the woods at a good rate: and the poor fellow looked as if he was bewitched and travelled off his legs. And when in bed with his wife, if she appeared, he was compelled to rise and go. And because his wife could not hold him in his bed, she went too, and walked after him till day, though she saw nothing. But his little dog was so well acquainted with the apparition, that he would follow her as well as his master.

But one day as David was going over a hedge into

the highway, she came just against him, and he cried out, "Lord bless me, would I was dead; shall I never be delivered from this misery?" At which, "And the Lord bless me too," said she, "It was very happy you spoke first, for till then I had no power to speak, though I have followed you so long." "My name," said she, "is Margaret ———, I lived here before the war, and had one son by my husband; when he died I married a soldier, by whom I had several children, which that former son maintained, else we must all have starved. He lives beyond the Ban-water; pray go to him, and bid him dig under such a hearth, and there he shall find twenty-eight shillings. Let him pay what I owe in such a place and the rest to the charge unpaid at my funeral; and go to my son that lives here, which I had by my latter husband, and tell him, that he lives a wicked and a dissolute life, and is very unnatural and ungrateful to his brother that maintained him, and if he does not mend his life, God will destroy him."

David Hunter told her he never knew her: "No," said she, "I died seven years before you came into the country, but for all that, if he would do her message, she would never hurt him." But he deferred doing as the apparition bid him, and she appeared the night after as he lay in bed, and struck him on the shoulder very hard; at which he cried out, and asked her if she did not promise she would not hurt him? She said, that was if he did her message; if not, she would kill him. He told her he could not go now, as the waters were out. She said, she was content that he should stay till they were abated; but charged him afterwards not to fail her. So he did her errand, and afterwards she appeared, and gave him thanks. "For now," said she, "I shall be at rest, therefore pray

lift me up from the ground, and I will trouble you no more." David Hunter now lifted her up from the ground, and, he said, she felt just like a bag of feathers in his arms; so she disappeared, and he was never more troubled.

STRANGE PRESAGES AT WOODSTOCK.

In 1649, during the visit of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to survey the manor-house, park, deer, woods, and other demesnes, belonging to the Manor of Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, the following circumstances occurred. They are related with much accuracy and precision as to time and place in the Natural History of Oxfordshire, a work of great reputation; and when the high character which topography maintains in English literature, is considered, this narration will be received as interesting and well authenticated.

The Commissioners, *October* 13, 1646, with their servants, being come to the manor-house, they took up their lodging in the king's own rooms, the bed-chamber, and withdrawing-room: the former whereof they also made their kitchen, the council-hall their brewhouse, the chamber of presence their place of sitting to dispatch business, and a wood-house of the dining-room, where they laid the wood of that ancient standard in the high-park, known of all by the name of the King's Oak, which (that nothing might remain that had the name of king affixed to it) they digged up by the roots. *October* the 14th and 15th, they had little disturbance; but on the 16th, there came, as they thought, something into the bed-chamber, where two of the Commissioners and their servants lay, in the shape of a dog, which, going under their beds, did as it were, gnaw their bed-cords, but on the morrow, finding them whole, and a

quarter of beef, which lay on the ground untouched, they began to entertain other thoughts.

October 17.—Something to their thinking, removed all the wood of the king's oak out of the dining-room into the presence chamber, and hurled the chairs and stools up and down that room. From whence it came into the two chambers where the Commissioners and their servants lay, and hoisted up their bed's-feet so much higher than their heads, that they thought they should have been turned over and over; and then let them fall down with such a force that their bodies rebounded from the bed a good distance, and then shook the bedstead so violently, that themselves confessed their bodies were sore with it. *October 18.*—Something came into the bed-chamber and walked up and down, fetched the warming-pan out of the withdrawing-room, and made so much noise, that they thought five bells could not have made more. And *October 19*, trenchers were thrown up and down the dining-room, and at them that lodged there, whereof one of them being shaken by the shoulder, and awakened, put forth his head to see what was the matter, but had trenchers thrown at it.

October 20.—The curtains of the bed in the withdrawing-room, were drawn to and fro, and much shaken, and eight great pewter dishes, and three dozen of trenchers thrown about the bed-chamber again. This night they also thought whole armfuls of the wood of the king's oak thrown down in their chambers, but of that in the morning they found nothing had been moved.

October 21.—The keeper of their ordinary and his bitch lay in one of the rooms with them, which night they were not disturbed at all. But *October 22*, though the bitch kenneled there again, to whom they ascribed their former night's rest, both they and the

bitch were in a pitiful condition, the bitch barking but once, and then with a whining fearful yelp. *October 23.*—They had all their clothes plucked off them in the drawing-room, and the bricks fell out of the chimney into the room; and the 24th, they thought in the dining-room, that all the wood of the King's oak had been brought thither and thrown down close by their bed-side; which noise being heard by those of the drawing-room, one of them rose to see what was done, fearing indeed that his fellow Commissioners had been killed, but found no such matter; whereupon returning to his bed again, he found two dozen of trenchers thrown into it, and handsomely covered with the bed-clothes.

October 25.—The curtains of the bed in the drawing-room were pulled to and fro, and the bedstead shaken as before, and in the bed-chamber, glass flew about so thick (and yet not a pane of the chamber windows broken), that they thought it had rained money. Whereupon they lighted candles, but to their grief they found nothing but glass. *October 29.*—Something walked in the drawing-room about an hour, and going to the window opened and shut it; then going into the bed-chamber, it threw great stones for about half an hour, some of which lighted on the high bed, others on the truckle bed, to the number in all, of above fourscore. This night there was also a very great noise, as if forty pieces of ordnance had been shot off together. At two several firings it astonished all the neighbouring people, which is thought might have been heard a great way off. During these noises, which were heard in the two rooms together, both Commissioners and servants were struck with so great horror that

they cried out to one another for help; whereof one of them recovering himself out of the strange agony he had been in, snatched up a sword, and had like to have killed one of his brethren coming out of his bed in his shirt, whom he took for the spirit that did the mischief. However, at length, they got all together, yet the noise continued so great and so terrible, and shook the walls so much, that they thought the whole manor would have fallen on their heads. At its departure it took all the glass and fled away.

November 1.—Something, as they thought, walked up and down the drawing-room, and then made a noise in the dining-room. The stones that were left before, and laid up in the withdrawing-room, were all fetched away this night, and a great deal of glass (not like the former) thrown about again. November 2. Came something into the drawing-room, treading, as they conceived, much like a bear, which at first only walked about a quarter of an hour; at length it made a noise about the table, and threw the warming pan so violently, that it quite spoiled it. It also threw glass and great stones at them again, and the bones of horses; and all so violently, that the bedstead and walls were bruised by them. This night they set candles all about the rooms, and made fires up to the mantle-pieces of the chimneys, but all were put out, nobody knew how; the fire and billets that made it, being thrown up and down the rooms, the curtains torn with the rods from their beds, and the bed-posts pulled away, that the tester fell down upon them, and the feet of the bedstead were cloven in two. And upon the servants in the truckle bed that lay all this time sweating for fear, there was first a little water which made them begin to stir, but before they could get

out, there came a whole bowl as it were of stinking ditch water down upon them, so green that it made their shirts and sheets of that colour.

The same night the windows were all broken by throwing of stones, and there were most terrible noises in the three several places together, to the extraordinary surprize of all that lodged near them; nay the very coney-stealers that were abroad that night, were so affrighted with the dismal thundering, that in haste they left their ferret in the coney-burroughs behind them, beyond Rosomand's Well. Notwithstanding all this, one of them had the boldness to ask, in the name of God what it was? What it would have? and, what they had done, that they should be disturbed in this manner? To this no answer was given, but the noise ceased for a while. At length it came again, and as all of them said, brought seven devils worse than itself. Whereupon one of them lighted a candle and set it between the two chambers in the door-way, on which another of them fixing his eyes, saw the similitude of a hoof, striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the bed-chamber, and afterwards making three scrapes on the snuff to put it out. Upon this, the same person was so bold as to draw his sword, but he had scarce got it out, when there was another invisible hand had hold of it too, and tugged with him for it, and prevailing struck him so violently with the pummel, that he was stunned with the blow.

Then began grievous noises again, insomuch, that they calling to one another, got together, and went into the presence chamber, where they said prayers, and sung psalms; notwithstanding all which, the thundering noise still continued in other rooms. After this, *November 3d.*, they removed their lodgings over the gate,

and next day, being Sunday, went to Ewelín, where how they escaped, the author of this narrative knows not : but returning on Monday, the devil (for that was the name they gave their nightly-guest) left them not unvisited, nor on the Tuesday following, which was the last day they sojourned at Woodstock.

**THE DUCHESS OF MAZARINE, AND MADAME DE
BEAUCLAIR.**

The Duchess of Mazarine was one of the most celebrated of the mistresses of the gay and licentious court of King Charles the Second. Waller distinguishes her as one of the favourites of that monarch, in the following lines—

“ When through the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller the sun,
Hither at last the Roman eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes.”

Madame de Beauclair, was equally admired, and loved by his brother and successor James the Second; between these two ladies there existed an intimate friendship, such as is rarely found in persons bred up in courts; particularly those of the same sex, and in the same circumstances.

They were both women of excellent understandings, who had enjoyed all the luxuries of this world, and were arrived at an age, when they might be supposed to despise all its follies.

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

About this time the doctrine of the immateriality of the soul was warmly disputed in all circles, especially among those whose mere rank in life served as a specious pretext for their interference in such matters. The doctrine was too much discussed, not to be frequently a subject of conversation for these ladies; and the plausible arguments used by persons of high reputation for their learning, had such an effect on both, as to raise great doubts in them concerning the immortality of the soul, and the certainty of its existence, after death. In one of these serious consultations on this topic, it was agreed between them, that whichever should be first called from this world, should return (if there were 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 being despaired of by all about her, Madame de Beauclair reminded her of her compact, to which her Grace replied, "you may depend upon my performance." These words passed between them about an hour before the death of the Duchess, and were spoken before several friends and attendants, who were in the room.

Some years after the Duchess's decease, says the narrator of these facts, happening in a visit to Madame de Beauclair, to fall on the topic of futurity; she expressed her disbelief of it with great warmth; which surprising me, I offered some arguments, 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 she related the compact made between herself and the Duchess of Mazarine.

A few months afterwards, continued he, I happened to be at the house of a person of rank, with whom since the death of the Duchess of Mazarine, Madame de Beauclair had the greatest intimacy. We had just set down to cards about nine o'clock in the evening, when a servant came hastily into the room, and acquainted the lady I was with, that Madame de Beauclair had sent to intreat 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 naturally surprise the person to whom it was delivered. She asked who brought it, and being told it was Madame de Beauclair's groom of the chambers, she ordered that he should come in, and demanded of him if his lady was in good health, or if he knew of any thing extraordinary that had happened to her, which should occasion this hasty summons. The groom answered, that he was entirely incapable of explanation, as he had not heard his lady complain of any indisposition.

"Well then," said the lady, rather pettishly, "I desire you will make my excuse, as I have really a 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."

On the departure of the groom, we began to form several conjectures on this message from Madame de Beauclair, but before we had time to agree on a reasonable conclusion, he returned again, with him Mrs. Ward, her waiting-woman, both being very much confused and almost breathless.

"Oh, Madam," cried she, "my lady expresses great concern at your refusing 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 she bequeaths you this little casket containing her watch, necklace, and other jewels, which she desires you will wear in remembrance of her."

We immediately left the house, but as no mention was made of me in the message, on arriving at Madame de Beauclair's house, I waited in a lower apartment, till she might give orders 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 bed-side, and in my opinion, as well as that of all present, she seemed in perfect health.

On our enquiring if she felt any inward disorder, which gave room for the melancholy apprehensions in her message, 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 steadfastly in my face.

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, who had been sent for, coming in that moment, we quitted the room.

In half an hour hence we were called in again, and she appeared to be more cheerful than before ; her eyes sparkled with 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, whom in life she had dearly cherished.

We now began to dissuade her from giving way to such conversation, when she interrupted us by saying, "talk no more of that,—my time is short, and I would not have the small space allowed me, to be 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 dress she was accustomed to wear when living ; I would fain have spoken, but had not the power of utterance : she took a circuit round the chamber, seeming rather to swim than walk : then halting beside that Indian chest, and looking on me with her usual sweetness, Beauclair, said she, between the hours of twelve and one this night you shall be with me. My surprise 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."

The clock now struck twelve, and, as she discovered not the least symptom of any illness; we again endeavoured to remove all apprehensions of death ; but we had scarce began to speak, when on a sudden her countenance changed, and she cried out, " Oh ! I am sick at heart !" —Mrs. Ward, who during this time stood leaning on her chair, applied some salts, 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 thus particular in relating all the circumstances of this affair, as well to prove that I could not be deceived in it, as to shew that Madame de Beauclair

was neither melancholy nor superstitious. This lady was so far from any such apprehensions, or prepossessions, 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.

VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MOST of our readers are familiar with the history of the above nobleman, and the tragical termination of his life, by John Felton. The following narrative, as connected with this event, will therefore be read with much interest.

There were many stories scattered abroad at this time of several prophecies and predictions of the Duke's untimely and violent death; amongst the rest there was one that was upon a good foundation of credit. There was an officer in the king's wardrobe in Windsor castle, named Parker, about the age of fifty. This man had, in his youth, been bred in a school in the parish where Sir George Villiers, the father of the Duke lived, and had been much cherished by Sir George, but whom he had never seen since his youth. About six months before the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, at midnight, this man was in his bed at Windsor, and in good health, when there appeared to him on the side of his bed, a man of a venerable aspect, who drew the curtains of his bed, and fixing his eyes upon him, asked him if he knew him.

The poor man, half dead with fear and apprehension, being asked the second time whether he remembered him, and having in that time called to his memory the presence of Sir George Villiers, and the clothes he used

to wear, in which, at that time, he seemed to be habited, he answered him, that he thought him to be that person. He replied, he was the same, and that he expected a service from him; which was, that he should go to his son, the Duke of Buckingham, and tell him, if he did not somewhat ingratiate himself with the people, or at least abate the extreme malice which they had against him, he would be suffered to live but a short time.

After this discourse he disappeared, and the poor man slept well till morning, when he believed all this to be a dream.

The next night, the same person appeared to him again in the same place, and about the same time of the night, and asked him whether he had done as he required of him; and perceiving he had not, severely reprehended him, and said, that if he did not perform his commands, he should enjoy no peace of mind; but should always be pursued by him; upon which he promised him to obey. But the next morning, waking out of a good sleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively representation of all the particulars in his memory, he was still willing to persuade himself he had only dreamed; and considered that being the Duke's inferior he did not know how to gain admission to his presence. At length he resolved to do nothing in the matter.

The same person appeared to him a third time, and bitterly reproached him for not performing his promise. The poor man had by this time gained courage to tell him, as in truth he had deferred the execution of his commands upon considering how difficult it would be for him to get any access to the Duke; and if he

should obtain admission to him, he never should be able to persuade him that he was sent to warn him of approaching danger.

The spectre replied, as he had done before, that he should never find rest till he had performed what he required, and therefore he had better dispatch it; that the access to his son was known to be very easy, and that few men waited long for him.

In the morning, the poor man more confirmed by the last appearance, started for London, where the court was then held. He now called on Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the Masters of Requests, who had married a lady nearly allied to the Duke; and was well received by him. Through the interest of Sir Ralph, Parker obtained a promise of an interview with the Duke, who according to his usual condescension told him that he was the next day to hunt with the King; that his horses would attend him at Lambeth-bridge, where he should land by five o'clock in the morning, and if the man attended him there at that hour, he would speak with him.

Sir Ralph presented Parker to the Duke at his landing, who received him courteously, and conversed with him nearly an hour.

Parker told Sir Ralph in his return over the water, that when he mentioned certain particulars, the Duke's colour changed, and he swore that he could come at that knowledge only by the devil; for that those particulars were only known to himself and to another.

The Duke joined in the chace, but was observed to ride all the morning with great pensiveness and in deep thought, without any delight in the exercise; and before the morning was spent, he left the field, and alighted at his mother's lodgings in Whitehall, with whom he was shut up for two or three hours. When the Duke

left her, his countenance appeared full of trouble, mixed with anger, and the Countess was found overwhelmed in tears, and in deep agony.

When the news of the Duke's murder, which happened within a few months afterwards, was brought to his mother, she seemed not surprised, but received it as if she had foreseen it; nor did she afterwards express such a degree of sorrow as was expected from a mother, for the loss of so valuable a son.

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.

A considerable time before this happened, Sir Clement Throckmorton dreamed that an assassin would kill his Grace. He therefore took the first opportunity to advise him to wear a privy coat; the Duke thanked him for his counsel very kindly, but gave him this answer, that he thought a coat of mail would signify little in a popular commotion, and from any single person he apprehended no danger.—*Relique Wotton.*

DR. AND MRS. DONNE.

Doctor Donne and his wife resided for some time with Sir Robert Drury, at his house in Drury-lane. Sir Robert and the Doctor having agreed to accompany Lord Hay in an embassy to the Court of France, the Doctor left his wife, who was then pregnant, in Sir Robert's house. Two days after they had arrived at Paris, Dr. Donne happened to be left alone in the room, where they had dined; but in about half an hour Sir Robert returned, when noticing the sad air of the Doctor, Sir Robert earnestly requested him to state what had befallen him in his short absence? The Doctor replied "Since you left me I have seen a frightful vision, for I have seen my dear wife pass by me in the room, with her

hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms." Sir Robert replied, "Surely, Sir, you have slept since I left you, and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I would have you forget, for you are now awake." Dr. Donne replied, "I cannot be more sure that I now live than that I have not slept, that I have seen my wife, and that she stopped short, looked me in the face, and then fled away." This he affirmed the next day with more confidence, which induced Sir Robert to think that there might be some truth in it. Sir Robert immediately dispatched a servant to Drury-house, to ascertain whether Mrs. Donne was alive or dead ; and if alive in what state of health. On the twelfth day the messenger returned, stating that he had seen Mrs. Donne, that she was very ill ; and that after a long and painful labour, she had been delivered of a dead child ; and upon examination, it proved that the delivery had been on the day Dr. Donne saw her apparition in his chamber.—*Isaac Walton.*

MR. THORNTON, OF FULHAM.

MR. THORNTON was one night extremely agitated by a dream. It appeared to him that he saw the gardener of his family in the act of murdering his cook-maid. He awoke, but endeavoured to dismiss this vision from his remembrance, and attempted to compose himself to sleep. His eyes were scarcely closed, when again the same dreadful picture presented itself to his imagination. Alarmed by the extraordinary, the distinct, and the repeated, intimation, he rapidly arose, and taking his night-lamp in his hand, departed from his room, and descended the stairs, with an intention of proceeding to the spot in which the circumstances of the

dream had appeared to him as occurring. The hour was about four o'clock. The morning was clear, moonlight, and frosty.

The reader will conceive what his surprise must have been, when, on entering the kitchen, on his way to the garden, by the nearest avenue, he perceived the cook dressed in white, putting on her bonnet and cloak, as if preparing for a journey. To his inquiries respecting her presence at such an unaccustomed hour, and in such extraordinary attire, she replied, that she was on the point of being married to the gardener,—that they were going to a neighbouring village for that purpose,—and that Mark was waiting for her, at the end of the garden, with a horse and tax-cart to convey her to church. Mr. Thornton told her, that he of course could have no objection to their marriage, though he remonstrated against the secrecy of the proceeding; he desired her to wait a few moments till his return, as he was desirous of speaking to Mark previously to their setting off. Her master did not delay a moment in hastening to the garden: his mind much misdoubted the good intentions of the paramour, and he was not a little struck with the coincidence of his dream and the preparations which he witnessed. He first went to the bottom of the garden—to the spot mentioned by the maid-servant, as the place in which Mark was waiting for her coming.—All was still. There was no Mark; no horse; no chaise. He then proceeded to the place marked out to him by the vision. Here he was destined to behold an object of a very doubtful character; working with an indefatigable and hurried hand, and with his back turned towards him, Mr. Thornton perceived a man digging a pit. As he stood at his labour in the pit, it appeared to be about three feet and a half deep—it was about as

many in width, and about six feet in length ; it had all the character of a grave. Mr. Thornton approached silently, and laid his hand with a sudden and violent grasp on the man's shoulder. Mark turned his eyes upon his master, shuddered and fainted.—Were the indications of that dream the suggestions of a lying spirit ?

DR. SCOTT AND THE TITLE-DEED.

ONE evening Dr. Scott was seated by the fire reading at his house, in Broad-street, when accidentally raising his head, he saw in an elbow chair, at the opposite side of the fire-place or chimney, a grave gentleman in a black velvet gown, a long wig, looking with a pleasing countenance towards the doctor, as if about to speak to him.

The doctor was much perturbed. According to his narrative of the fact, the spectre, it seems, spoke first, and desired the doctor not to be alarmed, that he came to him upon a matter of great importance to an injured family, which was in great danger of being ruined ; and though he (the doctor) was a stranger to the family, yet knowing him to be a man of integrity, he had chosen him to do this act of charity and justice.

The doctor was not at first composed enough to enter into the business with due attention, but seemed rather inclined to get out of the room if he could, and once or twice made an attempt to knock for some of the family to come up. The doctor having at length recovered himself, said, " In the name of God, what art thou ?" After much importunity on the part of the doctor, the apparition began his story thus :—

" I lived in the county of Somerset, where I left a very good estate, which my grandson enjoys at this

time. But he is sued for the possession by my two nephews, the sons of my younger brother.

[Here he gave his own name, the name of his younger brother, and the names of his two nephews.]

The doctor then asked him how long the grandson had been in possession of the estate; which he told him was seven years, intimating that he had been so long dead.

He then went on to tell him, that his nephews would be too strong for his grandson in the suit, and would deprive him of the mansion-house and estate; so that he would be in danger of being entirely ruined, and his family reduced.

The doctor then said, "And what am I able to do in it, if the law be against him?"

"Why," said the spectre, "it is not that the nephews have any right; but the grand deed of settlement, being the conveyance of the inheritance, is lost: and for want of that deed they will not be able to make out their title to the estate."

"Well," said the doctor, "and still what can I do in the case?"

"Why," said the spectre, "if you will go down to my grandson's house, and take some persons with you whom you can trust, I will give you such instructions, that you shall find out the deed of settlement, which lies concealed in a place where I put it, and where you shall direct my grandson to take it out in your presence."

"But why then can you not direct your grandson himself to do this?" said the doctor.

"Ask me not about that," said the spectre, "there are divers reasons which you may know hereafter. I can depend upon your honesty in it, in the meantime, and

you may so dispose of matters that you shall have your expences paid you, and be handsomely rewarded for your trouble."

Having obtained a promise from Dr. Scott, the spectre told him he might apprize his grandson that he had formerly conversed with his grandfather, and ask to see the house; and that in a certain upper room, or loft, he would see a quantity of old lumber, coffers, chests, &c. which had been thrown aside, to make room for more fashionable furniture.

That, in a certain corner, he should find an old chest, with a broken lock upon it, and a key in it, which could neither be turned in the lock, nor pulled out. In this chest lay the grand deed or charter of the estate, which conveyed the inheritance, and without which the family might be ejected. The doctor having promised to dispatch this important commission, the spectre disappeared.

After a lapse of some days, and within the time limited by the proposal of the spectre, the doctor went into Somersetshire, and, having found the house alluded to, he was very courteously invited in. They now entered upon friendly discourse, and the doctor pretended to have heard much of the family, and of his grandfather, from whom, he said, he perceived the estate descended to its present occupier.

"Aye," said the gentleman, shaking his head, "my father died young, and my grandfather has loft things so confused, that, for want of one principal writing, which is not yet come to hand, I have met with great trouble from two cousins, my grandfather's brother's children, who have put me to very great expense about it."

"But I hope you have got over it, sir?" said the doctor.

"No," said the gentleman; "to be candid with you,

we shall never get quite over it, unless we can find this old deed: which, however, I hope we shall find, for I intend to make a general search after it."

"I wish with all my heart you may find it, sir," said the doctor.

"I do not doubt but we shall; I had a strange dream about it last night," said the gentleman.

"A dream about the writing!" said the doctor; "I hope it was that you should find it, then."

"I dreamed," said the other, "that a strange gentleman came to me, and assisted me in searching for it. I do not know but that you are the man."

"I should be very glad to be the man," said the doctor.

"Nay," replied the gentleman, "you may be the man to help me to look after it."

"Aye, sir," said the doctor, "I may help you to look after it, indeed, and I will do that with all my heart; but I would much rather be the man that should help you to find it: pray when do you intend to search?"

"To-morrow," said the gentleman, "I have appointed to search for it."

"But," said the doctor, "in what manner do you intend to search?"

"Why," replied the gentleman, "it is our opinion that my grandfather was so very much concerned in preserving this writing, and had so much jealousy as to its safety, that he hid it in a secret place; and I am resolved to pull half the house down but I will find it, if it is above ground."

"Truly," said the doctor, "he may have hid it, so that you may pull the whole house down before you find it. I have known such things utterly lost by the very care taken to preserve them."

"If it was made of something the fire would not destroy," said the gentleman, "I would burn the house down, but I would find it."

"I suppose you have searched all the old gentleman's chests, trunks, and coffers over and over," said the doctor.

"Aye," said the gentleman, "and turned them all inside outward, and there they lay in a heap up in a loft, or garret, with nothing in them; nay, we knocked three or four of them in pieces to search for private drawers, and then I burnt them for anger, though they were fine old cypress chests that cost money enough when they were in fashion."

"I am sorry you burnt them," said the doctor.

"Nay, said the gentleman," I did not burn a scrap of them till they were all split to pieces, and it was not possible there could be any thing in them."

This made the doctor a little easy, for he began to be surprised when he told him he had split some of them and burnt them.

"Well," said the doctor, "if I cannot do you any service in your search, I will come to see you again to-morrow, and wait upon you during it with my best good wishes."

"Nay," says the gentleman, "I do not design to part with you, since you are so kind as to offer me your assistance; you shall stay all night, then, and be at the commencement of the search."

The doctor had now gained his point so far as to make an intimacy with the family; and, after much intreaty, he consented to sleep there.

A little before dark, the gentleman asked him to take a walk in the park; but he declined; "I would rather, sir," said he, smiling, "that you shew me this fine old

mansion house, that is to be demolished to-morrow ; methinks I would fain see the house once before you pull it down."

"With all my heart," said the gentleman. He took him immediately up stairs, shewed him the best apartments, and his fine furniture and pictures ; and coming to the head of the staircase, offered to descend.

"But, sir," said the doctor, "shall we not go higher?"

"There is nothing there," said he, "but garrets and old lofts full of rubbish, and a place leading to the turret, and the clock-house."

"O, let me see it all, now we are here," said the doctor, "I love to see the old lofty towers and turrets, and the magnificence of our ancestors, though they are out of fashion now: pray let me see them."

After they had rambled over the mansion, they passed by a great lumber room, the door of which stood open.

"And what place is this?" said the doctor.

"O! that is the room," said the gentleman, where all the rubbish, the chests, coffers, and trunks lie; see how they are piled one upon another almost to the ceiling."

Upon this the doctor began to look around him. He had not been in the room two minutes before he found every thing precisely as the spectre in London had described ; he went directly to the pile he had been told of, and fixed his eye upon the very chest with the old rusty lock upon it, which would neither turn round nor come out.

"On my word, sir," said the doctor, "you have taken pains enough, if you have searched all these drawers, chests, and coffers, and every thing that may have been in them."

"Indeed, sir," said the gentleman, "I have examined them myself, and looked over all the musty writings one by one; and they have all passed through my hand and under my eye."

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "will you gratify my curiosity by opening and emptying this small chest or coffer?"

The gentleman looking at the chest, said, smiling, "I remember opening it; and turning to his servant, he said, "William, do you not remember that chest?" "Yes, sir," replied the servant, "I remember you were so tired, that you sat down upon the chest when every thing was out of it; that you shut the lid, and sat down, and sent me to my lady to bring you a dram of citron; and that you said you were ready to faint."

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "it is only a whim of mine, and probably it may contain nothing."

"You shall see it turned upside down before your face, as well as the rest."

Immediately the gentleman caused the coffer to be dragged out and opened. When the papers were all out, the doctor turning round, as if looking among them, but taking little or no notice of the chest, stooped down, and as if supporting himself with his cane, struck the same into the chest, but snatched it out again hastily, as if it had been a mistake, and turning to the chest, he shut the lid, and seated himself upon it. Having dismissed the servant, "Now, sir," said he, "I have found your writing; I have found your grand deed of settlement; and I will lay you a hundred guineas I have it in this coffer."

The gentleman took up the lid again, handled the chest, looked over every part of it; but could see nothing; he was confounded and amazed! "What

do you mean?" said he to the doctor, "here is nothing but an empty coffer."

"Upon my word," said the doctor, "I am no magician, but I tell you again the writing is in this coffer."

The gentleman knocked and called for his servant with the hammer, but the doctor still sat composed upon the lid of the coffer.

At length the man came with a hammer and chisel, and the doctor set to work upon the chest, knocking upon the flat of the bottom: "hark!" says he, "don't you hear it, sir? don't you hear it plainly?"

"Hear what?" said the gentleman; "I do not understand you."

"Why the chest has a double bottom, Sir, a false bottom," said the doctor, "don't you hear it sound hollow?"

In a word, they immediately split the inner bottom open, and there found the parchment spread abroad flat on the whole breadth of the bottom of the trunk.

It is impossible to describe the joy and surprise of the gentleman, and of the whole family; and the former sent for his lady, and two of his daughters, into the garret among the rubbish, to see the place and manner in which the writing was found.

DOROTHY DINGLEY, AT LAUNCESTON, IN CORNWALL,
Attested by the Rev. Mr. Ruddle, minister of that town.

In the beginning of the year 1665, a disease happened in this town, and some of my scholars died of it. Among others who fell victims to its malignity, was John Elliott, the eldest son of Edward Elliott, of Treberse, Esq. a stripling about sixteen years of age, but of uncommon abilities. At his 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. An old gentleman, who was then in the church, was much affected with the discourse, and was often heard to repeat the same evening, a line which I quoted from Virgil :

Et puer ipse contrari dignus.

The cause of this old gentleman's concern, was the application of my observations to his own son, who being about the same age, and but a few months younger than Mr. Elliott, was now by a strange accident quite lost as to his parents' hopes.

The funeral ceremony being over, on leaving the church, I was courteously accosted by this old gentleman ; and with unusual importunity, almost forced against my will to his house that night ; nor could I have even declined from his kindness, had not Mr. Elliott interposed. I excused myself for the present, but was constrained to promise to wait upon him at his own house the Monday following. This then seemed satisfactory, but before Monday I received a message requesting that if possible I would be there on the Sunday. This second attempt I resisted, by answering that it was inconvenient. The gentleman sent me another letter on the Saturday enjoining me by no means to fail coming the Monday. I was indeed startled at so much eagerness, and began to suspect that there must be some design in this excess of courtesy.

On the Monday I paid my promised devoir, and met with a reception as free, as the invitation was importunate. There also I met a neighbouring minister, who pretended to call in accidentally, but by the sequel I supposed it otherwise. After dinner this brother of the

cloth undertook to show me the gardens, where, as we were walking, he intimated to me the main object of this treat.

First he apprised me of the infelicity of the family in general, and then instanced in the youngest son. He related what a hopeful youth he lately was, and how melancholy and sottish he was now grown. Next he deeply lamented that his ill-humour should so incredibly subdue his reason. "The poor boy," said he, "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 discourse, the old gentleman and his lady came up to us. Upon their approach, and pointing to the arbour, the clergyman resumed the narrative, and the parents of the youth confirmed what he said. In fine, they all desired my opinion and advice on the affair.

I replied, that what the youth had reported to them, was strange, yet not incredible, and that I knew not then what to think or say on the subject; but if the lad would explain himself to me, I hoped to give them a better account of my opinion the next day.

The youth was called immediately, and I soon entered into a close conference with him. At first I was very cautious not to displease him, but endeavoured to ingratiate myself with him. But we had scarce passed the first salutation and begun to speak of the business, before I found him very communicative. He asserted that he was constantly disturbed by the appearance of a woman in an adjacent field, called Higher Brown Quartils. He next told me in a flood of tears, that his friends were so unkind and unjust to him, as neither to believe nor pity him; and that if any man would go

with him to the place he might be convinced that his assertion was true.

This woman who appears to me, said he, lived neighbour to my father, and died about eight years since; her name was Dorothy Dingley; he then stated her stature, age, and complexion: that she never spoke to him, but passed by hastily, and always left him the foot-path, and that she commonly met him twice or three times in the breadth of the field.

Two months had elapsed before I took any further notice of it, and though the face was in my memory, yet I could not recal the name; but I concluded that it was some woman who lived in the neighbourhood, and frequently passed that way. Nor did I imagine otherwise, before she met 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 noticed her, was about a year since; and when I began to suspect and believe it to be a ghost, I had courage enough not to be afraid. I often spoke to it, but never had a word in answer. I then 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-ground.

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 repeated these places in scripture. 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 much pleased with the lad's ingenuity, in the application of these pertinent texts of scripture to his condition, and desired him to proceed, which he did as follows :—

By degrees I grew very pensive, insomuch that I was noticed by all our family; being questioned closely on the subject, I told my brother William of it; and he privately acquainted my father and mother.

They however laughed at me, and enjoined me to attend to my school, and keep such fancies out of my head.

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

Our conference ended in my offering to accompany him to the field, which proposal he received with extasy, and we accordingly went.

The gentleman, his wife, and Mr. Williams, 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 compliment 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 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 that they should soon know all.

The next morning, before five o'clock, the lad was in my chamber; when I arose and went with him. The field he led me to was to be twenty acres, in an open country, and about three furlongs from any house. We had not proceeded above a third part over the field, before the spectre, in the shape of a woman, with all

the circumstances he had described her to me in the orchard the day before, met us and passed by. I was somewhat surprised at it; and though I had taken firm resolution to speak to it, yet I had not the power, nor indeed durst I look back. We walked to the end of the field, and returned, but the spectre did not then meet us above once. On our return home, the lady waited to speak with me; I told her that my opinion was, that her son's complaint was not to be slighted, nor altogether discredited. I cautioned her moreover, that the thing might not take wind, lest the whole country should ring, with what was as yet uncertain.

On the morning of the 27th day of July, 1665, I went to the haunted field alone, and walked the breadth of it without any encounter. I returned and took the other walk, and then the spectre appeared to me at about the same place I saw it before when the young gentleman was with me; in my idea it moved swifter than the time before, and was about ten feet distant from me on my right hand.

On the evening of this day, the parents, the son, and myself, being in the chamber where I lay; I proposed to them our going altogether to the place next morning, and all resolved upon it. In the morning, lest we should alarm the servants, they went under the pretence of seeing a field of wheat, and I took my horse, and fetched a compass another way, and 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 spectre made its appearance. It then came over the stile just before us, and moved with such swiftness, that by the time we had gone six or seven steps it had 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 and 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, barked and ran away, as the spectre 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 spectre was not gradatim, or by steps, and moving of the feet; but a kind of sliding 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 lemurs.

This ocular evidence convinced, but strangely frightened the old gentleman and his wife; who knew Dorothy Dingley in her life time, were at her funeral, and plainly saw her features in this present apparition. I was resolved to proceed, and use such means as learned men have successfully practised, in these uncommon 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 fields adjoining the Quarts. Soon after five I stepped over the stile, into the disturbed field, and had not gone above thirty or forty paces before the spectre appeared at the farther stile. I spoke to it with a loud voice, whereupon it approached but slowly, and when I came near, it moved not. I spoke again, and it answered in a voice neither very audible nor intelligible. I was not in the least terrified, and therefore persisted, until it spoke again, and satisfied me.

In the same evening an hour after sun-set, it met me again near the same place, and after a few words on each side it quietly vanished, and neither appeared since, nor ever will more, to any man's disturbance. The conversation 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 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. I know full well with what difficulty relations of so uncommon a nature and practice obtain belief. This incredulity may be attributed,

First. To the infinite abuses of the people, and impositions upon their faith by cunning monks and friars, &c., in the days of darkness and popery. For they made apparitions as often as they pleased, and got both money and credit by quieting the *Terticulamenti Vulgi*, which their own artifice had raised.

Secondly. To the prevailing of Somatism and Hobbean principles in these times ; which is a revival of the doctrine of the Sadduces, and as it denies the nature, so cannot consist with the apparitions of spirits, of which see, *Leviathan* p. 1, c. 12.

Thirdly. To the ignorance of men in our age, in this peculiar and mysterious part of philosophy and religion, namely, the communication between spirits and men. Not one scholar of ten thousand (though otherwise of excellent learning) knows any thing of it, or the way how to manage it. This ignorance breeds fear, and abhorrence of

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that, which otherwise might be of incomparable benefit to mankind.

Such is the narrative of the Rev. Mr. Ruddle, a clergyman of some note at Launceston, in Cornwall. It wants neither name, date, nor place, but every particular seems to be detailed with the utmost precision and fidelity.

MISS PRINGLE.

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

Mr. Pringle and Mrs. Lowe, on returning to the hall, apprized the family of the vision, and for their pains were heartily laughed at. The Rev. Mr. Turnbull, minister of Linton, happened to breakfast that morning with Mr. Pringle, his lady, and two young daughters, who joined in the laugh. About three months

afterwards, the same reverend gentleman honoured the family with his company ; when standing at a window in the lower room, he observed a poor, ragged, lame, lean man, slowly approaching the house. " Here comes another apparition," cried Mr. Turnbull, with a kind of contemptuous smile. This drew the immediate attention of all present, and Mr. Pringle quickly recognized the person to be his second son, whom he had not seen before for above ten years.

On his arrival, he soon convinced them he was not an apparition, declaring that he had narrowly escaped with his life from Tunis, in the vicinity of which he had been a slave to the Algerines seven years, but had happily been ransomed at the critical moment when he was ordered to be put to death for mutiny. He added, that on his return home through France, he called at the place where he had heard that his sister resided, and to his unspeakable grief found that she died on the 25th of May, the same summer, about five o'clock in the morning, which he recollected to have been the precise time that he was saved from the jaws of death, and when he thought he beheld his sister. Mrs. Lowe, who was present in the room, on hearing his declaration, broke forth into an acclamation, affirming, that the day alluded to was that on which she had shewn Mr. Pringle the apparition ; and this was confirmed by the reverend divine, in whose study this narrative was found after his death.

THE KONIGSBERG PROFESSOR.

" 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

*Travels of a Frenchman, 2, 324 seq. p. 356.
Gentle: Rusp's Archiv, X, 3, 161.*

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 Frederick William the First, late King of Prussia, to a small benefice, situated in the interior of the country, at a considerable distance south of Konigsberg. I repaired thither in order to take possession of my living, and found a neat parsonage house, where I passed the night in the bed-chamber 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 reco-

vered 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 rivetted to the object; as I instantly recognized the same face which I had beheld in my bed-chamber, 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 all 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.”

THE ROCHESTER APPARITION.

THE following narrative was communicated in a letter from Mr. Thomas Tilson, minister of Aylesworth, in Kent, to Mr. Baxter, as a contribution to his celebrated work, “ The Certainty of the World of Spirits.”

Rev. Sir,

BEING informed that you are writing about spectres and apparitions, I take the freedom, though a stranger, to send you the following relation :

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Mary, the wife of John Goffe, of Rochester, being afflicted with a long illness, removed to her father's house at West-Mulling, which is about nine miles distant from her own: there she died, June the 4th, 1691.

The day before her departure, she grew impatiently desirous to see her two children, whom she had left at home, to the care of a nurse. She prayed her husband to hire a horse, for she must go home, and die with her children. When they persuaded her to the contrary, telling her she was not fit to be taken out of her bed, nor able to sit on horseback, she intreated them however to try: "If I cannot sit," said she, "I will lie all along upon the horse, for I must go to see my poor babes."

A minister who lives in the town, was with her at ten o'clock that night, to whom she expressed good hopes in the mercies of God, and a willingness to die; "but," said she, "it is my misery that I cannot see my children."

Between one and two o'clock in the morning, she fell into a trance. One Widow Turner, who watched with her that night, says, that her eyes were open, and fixed, and her jaw fallen: she put her hand upon her mouth and nostrils, but could perceive no breath; she thought her to be in a fit, and doubted whether she were alive or dead.

The next day, this dying woman told her mother, that she had been at home with her children. "That is impossible," said the mother, "for you have been here in bed all the while." "Yes," replied the other, "but I was with them last night, when I was asleep."

The nurse at Rochester, Widow Alexander by name, affirms, and says, she will take her oath of it before a magistrate, and receive the sacrament upon it, that a little before two o'clock that morning, she saw the likeness of the said Mary Goffe come out of the next chamber, (where the elder child lay in a bed by itself, the door being left open,) and stood by her bed-side for about a quarter of an hour; the younger child was there lying by her; her eyes moved, and her mouth went, but she said nothing. The nurse more-

Conf. Roper's Register. Vol. 8. Dec. 3. P. 155.

over says, that she was perfectly awake ; it was then daylight, being one of the longest days in the year. She sat up in her bed, and looked stedfastly upon the apparition ; in that time she heard the bridge clock strike two, and a while after said, In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou ? Thereupon the appearance removed and went away ; she slipped on her clothes and followed, but what became of it she cannot tell. Then, and not before, she began to be grievously affrighted, and went out of doors, and walked upon the wharf (the house is just by the river side) for some hours, only going in now and then to look at the children. At five o'clock she went to a neighbour's house, and knocked at the door, but they would not rise : at six she went again, then they arose and let her in. She related to them all that had passed : they would persuade her she was mistaken, or dreamt ; but she confidently affirmed, if ever I saw her in all my life, I saw her this night.

One of those to whom she made the relation, Mary, the wife of Mr. J. Sweet, had a messenger who came from Mulling that forenoon, to let her know her neighbour Goffe was dying, and desired to speak with her ; she went over the same day, and found her just departing. The mother, amongst other discourse, related to her how much her daughter had longed to see her children, and said she had seen them. This brought to Mrs. Sweet's mind, what the nurse had told her that morning, for till then, she had not thought fit to mention it, but disguised it, rather as the woman's disturbed imagination.

The substance of this, I had related to me by John Carpenter, the father of the deceased, next day after the burial : July 2d, I fully discoursed the matter with the nurse, and two neighbours, to whose house she went that morning.

Two days after, I had it from the mother, the minister that was with her in the evening, and the woman who sat up with her that last night : they all agree in the same story, and every one helps to strengthen the other's testimony.

They all appear to be sober intelligent persons, far enough

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off from designing to impose a cheat upon the world, or to manage a lie, and what temptation they should lie under for so doing, I cannot conceive.

Your most faithful friend and humble servant,

THOMAS TILSON.

*Minister of Aylesford, near
Maidstone, in Kent.*

CASHIO BURROUGHS.

Sir John Burroughs being sent Envoy to the Emperor by King Charles I. took his eldest son, Cashio Burroughs with him; and pursuing his journey through Italy, left his son at Florence to learn the language; where, having an intrigue with a beautiful courtesan, mistress to the Grand Duke, their familiarity became so public, that it came to the Duke's ear, who resolved to have him murdered. Cashio having timely notice of the Duke's design, by some of the English there, immediately left the city, without acquainting his mistress of it, and came to England. The Duke, being disappointed of his revenge, now fell upon his mistress in the most reproachful language: she, on the other hand, resenting the sudden departure of her gallant, of whom she was most passionately enamoured, killed herself. At the same moment that she expired, she appeared to Cashio at his lodgings in London. Colonel Remes was then in bed with him, and likewise saw her, giving him an account of her resentment of his ingratitude to her, in leaving her so suddenly, and exposing her to the fury of the Duke, and not omitting her own tragical exit; adding, that he should be slain in a duel; which accordingly happened. Thus she appeared to him frequently, even when his younger brother (who was afterwards Sir John) was in

bed with him. As often as she appeared, he cried out with great shrieking, and trembling of his body, and anguish of mind, saying, "Oh God! here she comes! she comes!" and in this manner she haunted him till he was killed. She appeared to him the morning before he was killed. "Some of my acquaintance," says Aubrey, "have told me, that he was one of the handsomest men in England, and very valiant."—*Aubrey's Miscellanies.*

CAPTAIN ROGERS, R. N.

IN the year 1694, one Captain Thomas Rogers, commander of a ship called the *Society*, was bound on a voyage from London to Virginia.

The vessel being sent light to Virginia, for a loading of tobacco, had not many goods in her outward-bound.

They had a pretty good passage, and the day before had made an observation, when the mates and officers brought their books and cast up their reckonings with the captain, to see how near they were to the coast of America. They all agreed that they were at least about a hundred leagues from the capes of Virginia. Upon these customary reckonings, and heaving the lead, and finding no ground at an hundred fathoms, they set the watch, and the captain turned in to bed.

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

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

swered, that all was well, and the gale freshened, and they ran at a great rate; but it was a fair wind, and a fine clear night: the captain then went to sleep again.

About an hour after he had been asleep again, he dreamed that a man pulled him, and waked him, and bade him turn out and look abroad. He, however, lay still and went to sleep, and was suddenly awaked again, and thus several times; and though he knew not what was the reason, yet he found it impossible to go to sleep; and still he heard the vision say, turn out and look abroad.

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

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

The captain said, I don't know; but I have been very uneasy these two hours, and somebody bad me turn out, and look abroad, though I know not what can be the meaning of it.

How does the ship cape? said the captain.

South-west by south, answered the mate; fair for the coast, and the wind east by north.

That is good, said the captain; and after some other questions, he turned about to go back to his cabin, when, somebody stood by him and said, "heave the lead, heave the lead."

Upon this, he turned again to his second mate, saying when did you heave the lead! what water had you?

About an hour ago, replied the mate, sixty fathom.

Heave again, said the captain.

There is no occasion, Sir, said the mate ; but if you please it shall be done.

Accordingly a hand was called, and the lead being cast or heaved, they had ground at eleven fathom.

This surprised them all, but much more when at the next cast, it came up seven fathoms.

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

The proper orders being obeyed, the ship stayed presently, and came about ; and before the sails filled, she had but four fathoms and a half water under her stern ; as soon as she filled and stood off, they had seven fathoms again, and at the next cast eleven fathoms, and so on to twenty fathoms ; he then stood off to seaward all the rest of the watch, to get into deep water, till day-break, when being a clear morning, the capes of Virginia, and all the coast of America were in fair view under their stern, and but a few leagues distant. Had they stood on but one cable's length farther, as they were going, they would have been bump a-shore and certainly lost their ship, if not their lives.

LORD BACON TO LORD MIDDLETON.

SIR W. DUGDALE, informed several gentlemen that when Maj.-gen. Middleton, afterwards created Lord, went into the Highlands of Scotland, to endeavour to make a party for Charles I., an old gentleman, who was second-sighted, met him and told him, that his attempt, though laudable, would not be successful ; and that besides they would put the king to death ; and that several other attempts would be made, but all in vain, but that his son,

would come in, although it would be long first, and should at last be restored.

This nobleman had a great friendship for the Laird Bocconi, and they made an agreement, that the first of them that died should appear to the other in extremity. It happened that Lord Middleton was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, and sent up to London: while he was confined in the Tower, one morning, lying pensive in his bed, Bocconi appeared to him. Lord Middleton asked him if he were dead or alive? He replied, that he was dead, and had been so many years, but that he was come to revive his hopes, for that in a very short time, within three days, he should escape: this fell out as it was foretold, and he did so in his wife's clothes. When he had delivered his message, he lightly tripped about the room, and disappeared.

This account Sir William Dagdale received from the Bishop of Edinburgh, who inserted it in his miscellanies.—*Aubrey.*

HENRY JACOB, TO HIS COUSIN DOCTOR JACOB,
OF CANTERBURY.

HENRY JACOB was a man of sound learning, of Merton College, Oxford, where he died in 1673. About a week after his death, Dr. Jacob being in his bed, and awake, and the moon shining bright, saw his cousin Henry standing by his bed, in his shirt, with a white cap on his head, and his beard, which he wore very particular, turning up, just as when he was alive.

At first the Doctor questioned himself as to the reality of his being awake, and getting up in a sitting posture, for a while looked at the phantom before him with dread and astonishment. At last, he lay himself down, and thought to compose himself to sleep again: but curiosity urged him on to look again, and he first turned

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himself only on his side, when he saw his cousin standing there as before. He again lay down, but soon after taking courage, rose up as at first, and there saw Henry Jacob, in the same form as before, but yet he had not sufficient courage to speak to him. The spectre stood full half an hour before him, and then disappeared.

Dr. Jacob immediately went down stairs, and while relating the story, the cook-maid, who had gone out to fetch wood to keep up the fire, returned in great trepidation, having seen a spectre standing like in a shirt upon the wood pile.

Mr. Aubrey reports this passage from Dr. Jacob himself, who related the whole to him, when at Lord Teynham's in Kent, where he was then in a medical capacity.—*Wood's Athenæ Oxon.*

ROBERT NELSON, ESQ. TO THE HON. LADY ELIZABETH HASTINGS, AT LEDSTONE, YORK.

THIS lady was very remarkable for her piety and charity.* Archbishop Sharpe, Dr. Lucas, Mr. Nelson, and Mr. Locke, were her most intimate friends. Mr. Nelson was the first called away, and between him and this lady there subsisted a sort of religious compact for a communication of spirits in the hour of extremity, for in her last illness she was constantly anxious and in expectation of a messenger of glad tidings as she called him, for whom she waited.

For some time her friends, household, and servants, thought that the severity of the pain she suffered, which proceeded from a cancer in her breast, had rendered her delirious: but in this they deceived themselves, for she convinced them at last, that her hope was rational, in

* See her story in the Tatler No. 42. and where her character is drawn under the name of the Aspasia.

declaring that in a short time she should be able to tell the exact hour of her departure.

She called for a manuscript volume of notes of her own writing, and shewed her brother, the Earl of Huntingdon, a memorandum, which plainly mentioned, that an agreement had been made between her and Mr. Nelson, that the first that died should return if consciously possible, and warn the other of the approaching period and termination of life.

During the whole of her illness two nurses sat up with her, relieving each other at intervals for rest in the night. On the morning of the sixth day previous to her dissolution, about four o'clock, there came visibly into the room the form and appearance of a grave and venerable looking man : the nurse saw it plainly, and related how he was dressed ; which was exactly the general appearance of the late Mr. Nelson. Lady Hastings was all the while seemingly asleep. The phantom, after standing at the side of the bed sat down in an elbow chair, which chanced to be near. The nurse, after beholding it a short time, rang a bell for a servant to come down to her, but not being answered, she took the light in her hand, and went to call her up ; but before she could return it was gone, and Lady Hastings being then awake, rebuked her servants for their silly fears, and said, she had now the sweet assurance of relief from her pain, in six days, which happened accordingly.

This story is so well attested, that it has passed into several theological works, and more than once has been mentioned in the pulpit. Mr. Thomas Barnard, who wrote her historical character, and published it, with an account of her public charities, mentions it with some additional circumstances.

THE FORTUNATE DREAM.

A MERCHANT of London, being on the Continent

upon business, chanced to meet an old school-fellow, who had turned Roman Catholic, and received priest's orders. This meeting naturally recalled their former affection and friendship, and induced them, regardless of the difference of their sentiments, to spend the evening together. This was in French Flanders; and the wine being good, led them insensibly on to a midnight conversation, in which religion became the principal topic. That, as is but too often the case between persons of different persuasions, was carried beyond all bounds of decency on both sides: and the merchant, who had read many polemical books, got the better of the argument in favour of the reformed religion of his country, which the other had abandoned. The priest seemed to be much chagrined, and his countenance visibly discovered the emotions of his mind. At length, however, appearing to resume his pleasantry and good nature, he invited the merchant to breakfast with him the next morning, at a convent, over which he presided.

They then parted in the utmost friendship, and the merchant soon after went to bed, where soon falling asleep, he had a dream of the most frightful nature. He thought he entered a den where were ten thousand hissing serpents, one of which twisting its train round his neck, darted its sting into his bosom. The dread of this instantly awaked him, and caused him to start from his couch in the greatest agitation. His mind the remainder of the night was in great agony. He again endeavoured to compose himself to sleep, but all in vain, the horror of the vision hung on his imagination, till the sun arose, when he got up, and walked out into a neighbouring field. Meeting a friend and countryman, who was a military captain, and headed a party of soldiers encamped in the vicinity, and who quickly discovered the confusion his mind was in, he opened the whole business,

told his dream, and promised to meet him again after he had breakfasted at the convent. Although I pay but little regard to dreams in general, said the captain, yet there is something in yours so extremely uncommon, that I verily believe it to be ominous of some disaster that awaits you this day. But, continued he, I would by no means advise you to go to the priest; for perhaps you may renew the argument, and he will by no means take it well to be overcome in his own convent. As I have given my promise, said the merchant, I must go and visit my old school-fellow, whose friendship was always sincere, and whose company always delighted me. My dear friend, quoth the captain, if you will go, I wish you well out again. These singular words so struck the mind of the merchant, that he desired the captain to call upon him, as by accident, about half an hour after the time appointed, at the convent, which the captain promised to do.

At nine o'clock the merchant knocked at the gate of the convent, and was met by the priest, who welcomed him to the place with every expression of friendship. Then conducting him up a stair-case, they came to a door, which the priest opened. After some ceremonies, they advanced along a gallery, at the end of which were two folding doors, which, on the priest's ringing a bell, flew open, and presented a fire, and two ruffian-looking fellows, with instruments of torture in their hands. The merchant that instant gave himself up for lost, and in vain remonstrated with his false friend, who calling him heretic, and other opprobrious names, commanded the waiting villains to perform their task without farther ceremony.

At that instant a dreadful alarm was given below, which greatly surprising the priest, he went to know

the cause of it, and the ruffians followed him, leaving the merchant alone; who imagining that some unhappy sufferers below had gained the mastery over their tormentors, had courage enough to run down stairs, at the bottom of which he was agreeably surprised, to meet the captain with a file of musqueteers, who instantly took him under their protection, and conducted him safely from the convent to the inn; the captain declaring, that he was obliged to have recourse to force, in order to make his way into the convent.

DISCOVERY OF THE ROBBERS AND MURDERERS OF
MR. STOCKDEN, VICTUALLER, IN GRUB-STREET,
CRIPPLEGATE

ON the 3rd of December, 1695, about midnight, Mr. Stockden was murdered and robbed by four men then unknown; one Maynard was suspected but he got off. Soon afterwards, Mr. Stockden appeared to a Mrs. Greenwood in a dream, and shewed her a house in Thames-street, near the George, saying, that one of the murderers lived there. She was somewhat intimidated, yet she went the next morning, and took with her one Mary Bugges, to go with her to the house which the vision had directed her to, and asking for Maynard, was told he was from home. Mr. Stockden appeared to her again, and then presented Maynard's face before her with a flat mole on the side of his nose (whom she had never seen;) and more particularly informed her, that a wiredrawer should take him, and that he should be carried to Newgate in a coach. Upon enquiry they found out one of that trade, who was his intimate friend, and who for a reward of ten pounds, promised to seize him; which he both undertook and effected, as follows. He sent for Maynard to a public house, near Hockley-in-the-Hole, where he played at cards with him till a

constable was sent for, who apprehended him, and took him before a magistrate, who committed him to Newgate, whither he was carried in a coach.

Maynard while in prison, confessed the fact, and impeached his accomplices, who were Marsh, Bevel, and Mercer : he said, that Marsh was the abettor, knowing that Mr. Stockden had money and plate, but was not present at the murder, &c. yet he had his share of the booty. Marsh suspecting that Maynard had made some discovery, left his home, but soon after this, Mr. Stockden appeared again to Mrs. Greenwood, and shewed her a house in Old-street, (where she had not been before) and said, that Marsh lodged there. Next morning she took Mary Bugges with her, as before, and enquired for Marsh, but he was not at home. But he was soon after taken at another place and secured.

Soon after this, Mrs. Greenwood dreamed again that Mr. Stockden carried her into the Borough prison-yard, and shewed her Bevel, the third criminal, whom she had never seen before. Thither she went, taking with her Mrs. Footman, Mr. Stockden's kinswoman and house-keeper : they went together to the Marshalsea, and enquired for Bevel, being informed that he had been lately brought thither for coining. They desired to see him ; and when he came down, both declared that he was the man. They then applied to a peace officer, who procured his removal to Newgate, where he presently confessed the horrid murder : and thus the three principal criminals were tried, condemned, and hanged. This account is testified by the Bishop of York, &c. and by the curate of Crippllegate, who published the narrative.

WARNING OF MURDER BY A DREAM.

A YOUNG gentleman in the city of Dublin, in Ireland, dreamed one night that his sister (who was lately mar-

ried, and lived at some small distance) had been murdered : and waking, it gave him some uneasiness ; but finding it was only a dream he went to sleep again, when he dreamed the same thing. He then got up, went to the apartment of an old lady, and told her his dream with great agitation of mind. She smiled at him, and said that she wondered that a gentleman of his understanding should be so troubled about a dream, and bid him go to bed again. He did so, fell asleep, and dreamed the third time that his sister was murdered. He then got up and dressed himself with all speed, hastened to his sister's house, where he found her cut and mangled in a barbarous manner, by her cruel husband, a rank papist. She just lived to speak a few words to her brother, and then expired of her wounds ; and the base villain was apprehended, tried, and hanged for the crime.

— In the second year of the reign of king James 1st. one Anne Waters carrying on certain intrigues with a young man in the neighbourhood, and finding their appointments were interrupted by her husband, they agreed to strangle him with a wet napkin, so that the mark might not be perceived, which being done, they buried him under a dunghill near an adjoining cow house. The man was missed by his neighbours, but the woman dissembling grief, carried it off so well, that none suspected her in the least of being accessory to his death, or of so much as knowing what was become of him, but assisted her enquiries after him. After some time, conjectures being almost over, one of the inhabitants of the village dreamed, that his neighbour Waters was strangled, and buried under a dunghill near the cow house ; and relating his dream to others, it was resolved that the place should be searched with a constable ; which being done,

Waters's corpse was found; and some concurring suspicions appearing, the wife was apprehended, and confessing the truth; she was burnt, according to the law in that case provided.—*Baker's Chronicle*, p. 614.

JAMES HADDOCK TO FRANCIS TAVERNER,

At Michaelmas, 1662.

FRANCIS TAVERNER, about twenty-five years old, a lusty, 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 Drūm Bridge, his horse, though of good mettle, suddenly made a stand; and he supposing him to be taken with the staggers, alighted to bleed 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, said the apparition; whereupon Taverner remembering the circumstance, thought it must 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 to him; which Taverner refused to do, and would go his own way (for they were now at a quadrival,) and then rode homewards.

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 Welsh; 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 deliver 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,) he was awakened by something pressing upon him, and saw again the apparition of James Haddock, in a white coat, as at other times, who asked him if he had delivered 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 then disappeared.

But some nights after (he not having 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 resided, 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 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 his message, and withal threatened to tear him in pieces if he did not do it speedily; and then changing itself into many prodigious shapes, it vanished in white, like a spirit; whereupon Francis Taverner became much dejected and troubled, and next day went to 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 his lordship's chaplain, Mr. James South, who came to Taverner, and, being acquainted of his 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 at 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, was afterwards fully satisfied of its authenticity.

They accordingly went to Davis's house, where the woman being desired to come to them, Taverner delivered 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 present 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 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 injury ? To which it answered at first somewhat doubtfully, but at length threatened Davis if he attempted any thing to the injury of Taverner ; and then disappeared.

The day following, Dr. Jeremiah Taylor, Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, was to hold a 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. 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 his lordship has informed that Lady Conway and other persons of quality were come purposely to hear his lordship examine the matter. Taverner went with us to Hilborough, and there, to satisfy the curiosity of the company, after asking many things, his lordship advised him to ask these questions the next time the spirit appeared:—Whence are you? Are you a good or bad spirit? Where is your abode? What station do you hold? How are you settled 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 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, and was ordered to lie at my Lord Conway's all night. 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 delivered 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 then disappeared.

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 believed it, especially the Bishop and the Dean of Connor, Dr. Rust.

Witness,

Your humble servant,

THOMAS ALCOCK.

CAPTAIN HENRY BELL, AND LUTHER'S TABLE TALK.

Captain Henry Bell, in his narrative prefixed to Luther's Table Talk, printed in England in 1652: after having mentioned the mystery and providence of the discovery of it under ground, in Germany, where it had laid hid fifty-two years, relates the following admonition relating to the translation of it into English.

Capsar Van Spar, a German gentleman, having recovered the copy from the worms, desired Captain Bell, with whom he was well acquainted, while he was agent for king James I. on the continent, to translate

it into English, and publish it in London. But Captain Bell was for some time prevented from prosecuting that design, so as to bring it to a proper conclusion.

About six weeks after he had received the German copy, being well in health, and in bed with his wife, between twelve and one o'clock, there appeared to him at the side of the bed, an old man clothed in a light-coloured habit, of reverend aspect, having a broad and white beard, which hung as low as his girdle, who smiling at him said, in a gentle manner of rebuke, "will you not take time to translate that book which is sent to you out of Germany? if you do not, I will shortly hereafter provide you both time and place to do it;"—and then instantly disappeared.

Captain Bell did not pay much attention to the matter afterwards. Time wore it off his memory; and he paid no more regard to what he had seen and heard, than if it had been a mere dream.

However, he had soon reason to recollect the old man's words, for soon after, being at his lodgings in King-street, Westminster, at dinner with his wife, two messengers came from the Council Board, with a warrant, to carry him to the Gate-house, there to be confined till farther orders from the Lords of the Privy Council. Upon this warrant he was detained ten years a close prisoner, whereof he spent five in the translation of the afore-mentioned work.

This narrative is extracted from the preface of Luther's Table Talk, printed in 1652, and from what Mr. Aubrey observes upon this story, which he briefly relates, it appears, that, whatever was the pretended cause of his confinement, the true reason of the Captain's commitment was, because he was urgent with the Lord Treasurer for his arrears, which amounted to a

great sum; he being unwilling to pay, to be freed from his clamours, hit upon the scheme of holding him in prison.

LADY DAVIES.

SIR JOHN DAVIES was a very able and learned lawyer; and the author of an Abridgment of Sir Edward Coke's Reports, in Law French, which was translated into English after his decease, and published in 1651. His own Reports, which were first published in Law French, in folio, were also afterwards translated into English, and reduced to an octavo size.

Sir John's Lady was a very singular character, and dealt much in prophecies. An account of her predictions was published in 1649, in 4to. under the title of "Strange and Wonderful Prophecies." She was reported to have foretold the death of her husband. Anthony Wood, speaking of the time of Sir John Davies's death, says, "it was then commonly rumoured, that his prophetic lady had foretold his death in some manner, on the Sunday going before. For, while she sat at dinner by him, she suddenly burst out into tears; whereupon he asking her what the matter was, she answered, 'husband, these are your funeral tears;' to which he made reply, 'pray, therefore, spare your tears now; and I will be content that you shall laugh when I am dead.'"

Lady Davies also foretold the death of Archbishop Laud; but appears to have been mistaken as to the time. She had before spoken something unluckily of the Duke of Buckingham, importing that he should not live till the end of August, which raised her to the reputation of a cunning woman amongst the ignorant people; and now she prophesied of the new Archbishop,

apparition of the dying

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that he should live but few days after the fifth of November; for which, and other prophecies of a more mischievous nature, she was brought into the Court of High Commission. Much pains were taken by the court to dispossess her of this spirit; but all would not do, till Lamb, then Dean of the Arches, shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver.

This was certainly the most sensible way of animadverting on the poor lady's infirmities; but to this course unfortunately her judges did not confine themselves. She was prosecuted in the High Commission Court, particularly for what was called 'an enthusiastical petition to King Charles;' and was treated with great rigour and cruelty. She was fined three thousand pounds, and closely imprisoned three years in the Gatehouse, Westminster. She is also said to have been confined several years in Bethlem Hospital, and in the Tower of London; and she complained that, during part of her imprisonment, she was not allowed the use of a Bible, nor permitted to have the attendance of a female servant.—*Biogr. Brit. vol. iv.*

LORD MOHUN TO HIS MISTRESS.

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

At the same time Lord Mohun kept company with a lady whom he supported in handsome apartments in

James-street, Covent-garden. Lord Mohun was killed about ten o'clock in the morning; and at that hour, his mistress being in bed, saw him come to her bed-side, draw the curtains, look upon her and go away. She called after him, but received no answer; she then rung for her maid, asked her for Lord Mohun, but the woman replied, she did not see him, and had the key of the chamber door in her pocket.

About the same time, Mr. Brown, brother-in-law to Lord Coningsby, discovered his being murdered to several of his friends.

Glanvil relates, that his apparition was seen by his sister and her maid, then dwelling in Fleet-street, at the hour and minute he was killed in Herefordshire, which happened in 1692.—*Aubrey's Miscellanies.*

OMEN TO MRS. STEPHENS, OF SPITAL-FIELDS.

ABOUT the year 1611, there lived in Spital-fields, one Mrs. Anne Stephens, a person at that time well known and respected, for her dealings with the mercers on Ludgate-hill. While seated one evening in her house alone, and musing upon business, she happened by accident to look behind her, when, to her great surprise, she saw, as it were, a dead corpse, lying extended upon the floor, as a dead body should be, except that the foot of one leg was fixed on the ground. She looked at it for some time, but by degrees withdrew her eyes from so unpleasing an object. However, a strange curiosity soon overcame her fears, when she ventured a second time to look that way, and saw it for a considerable time longer, fixed as before. She again turned from the melancholy spectacle, and resuming courage, after a little reflection, got up with a design to satisfy

herself of the reality of the vision, by going nearer to it: but lo! it was not there!

This circumstance proved an admonition to her; for, taking it as a warning of her approaching dissolution, she from that hour began to settle her worldly affairs, and had just time to see them arranged, when she was taken ill of a pleurisy, which carried her off in seven days.

THE PARLIAMENTARY ARREST.

DR. BEAUMONT relates that in his time, a member of parliament, in the hopes, that upon the recess of the house, which was not far off, he should be at liberty, withdrew himself, and neglected his public duties. The House resenting it, a vote was passed, ordering the secretary of state to prosecute him at law. This obliged him to resolve to leave the kingdom, and in the meantime to conceal himself; government having issued a proclamation for apprehending him, with a reward to the person who should take him.

In order to conceal himself more effectually, he left his lodging where he had been hid for some time, and removed to Barnet, on the borders of Hertfordshire; intending, as soon as he had settled some family affairs, to go away north, into Scotland. Before he quitted, he was obliged to come to London, to sign some writings to secure an estate, which it was feared might be seized by outlaw, had the prosecution proceeded so far.

The night before he had appointed to come to London, being in bed with one Mr. R—— D——, he dreamed that he was in his lodgings in London, where he had been concealed as above; and in his dream he saw two men come to the door, who said they were

messengers, and produced a warrant from the secretary of state to apprehend him ; and that accordingly they seized upon him.

The vision surprised and awaked him, and he waked Mr. D——, and told him the dream, and his surprise about it. Mr. D——, seeing it was but a dream, advised him to go to sleep ; which he did.

As soon as he was asleep again, he was waked with the same dream exactly as before ; and he waked his brother again, as before : this disturbed them both very much ; but being heavy to sleep, they both went to sleep again, and dreamed no more. He saw the men that apprehended him, their countenances, clothes, weapons, &c. and described them in the morning to his brother D——, with all the particulars.

However, the journey to London being as he thought urgent, he got ready in the morning to set off, resolving to stay but one day, and then set forward for Scotland. Accordingly, he went for London in the morning, and, that he might not be known, he walked, by private roads, over Enfield Chace, to Southgate, Hornsey, &c.

During his journey, his mind was heavy and oppressed, and he frequently said to his brother, who walked with him, that he was certain he was going to London to be surprised, and so strong was the foreboding impression upon his mind, that he once stopt at Hornsey, and endeavoured to get a lodging, intending to send his brother to London, to see if any thing had happened there, and to give him notice.

As he had just secured a convenient lodging, he accidentally saw a gentleman standing at the next door, whom he knew very well, but durst not venture to speak on that occasion ; and finding on enquiry that he dwelt

there, he concluded that was not a safe place for him, and resolved to go forward.

The impression upon his mind continuing, he stopt again at Islington, and endeavoured to get a lodging there, but could not; at length his brother brought him word he could not get a lodging, except where it was too public. Well said he, then I must go to London; and accordingly he went, and the next morning was taken by the messengers, in the manner as he had been told in his dream; by the same two men, whose faces he had seen, and with the same clothes on and weapons exactly as he had described.

APPARITION SEEN BY RICHARD BOVET.

(As related by himself.)

ABOUT the year 1667, I was staying with some persons of rank, 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 was 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 finished our conversation 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 except 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 that he would never more lie 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 something walk about the room, like a woman in a tabby gown trailing about the floor: it made a mighty rustling noise, but I could see nothing, though it was nearly as light as the night before. It passed by the foot of the bed, and a little opened the curtains, 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, generally, 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 TO THE LATE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

ABOUT twenty-five 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 an 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 melancholy.

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 panels 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 funeral 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.

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 receive 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 hap-

pened 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.”

CONFESSION OF JOHN BEAUMONT.

AKIN to Glanvil's "~~Sadducissimus~~ *Alchimus* Triumphatus," quoted already, in authenticity and perspicuity, is the celebrated "Treatise on Spirits, Apparitions, &c." by John Beaumont, styled the Platonic Philosopher. This work, like that of Glanvil, is now become very scarce. The edition printed in 1705 has a frontispiece of evil and good genii, and an original representation of Jews going out in the moonshine, to know their fortune. Beaumont was a man of acute reasoning powers, and indefatigable research, as his narrative and inferences clearly shew. Indeed, every page of his "Treatise" displays profound historical knowledge. His style is clear, argumentative, and unincumbered with quaint vulgarism; and as specimens of these recommendations, we have occasionally introduced a few of his most interesting narratives.

His *confession* is at once curious and important; as he seems not to reason from mere theoretical analogy, but from the fullest evidence of experience.

"I would not," he says, "for the whole world undergo what I have undergone, upon spirits coming twice to me. Their first coming was most dreadful to me, the thing being then altogether new, and consequently more surprising; though at the first coming they did not appear to me, but only called to me at my chamber windows, rung bells, sung to me, and played on music,

&c.; but the last coming was terrible; for when they came, being only five in number, two women and three men, (though afterwards there came hundreds,) they told me they would kill me if I told any person in the house of their being there, which put me in some consternation; and I made a servant sit up with me four nights in my chamber, before a fire, it being in the Christmas holidays, telling no person that they were there. One of these spirits, in woman's dress, lay down upon the bed by me every night, and told me if I slept, the spirits would kill me; which kept me waking for three nights. In the meantime, a near relation of mine went (though unknown to me) to a physician of my acquaintance, desiring him to prescribe me somewhat for sleeping, which he did; and a sleeping potion was brought me, but I set it by, being very desirous and inclined to sleep without it.

“The fourth night I could hardly forbear sleeping, but the spirit, lying on the bed by me, told me again, I should be killed if I slept; whereupon I rose and sate by the fire-side, and in a while returned to my bed; and so I did a third time, but was still threatened as before; whereupon I grew impatient, and asked the spirits what they would have,—told them I had done the part of a Christian, in humbling myself to God, and feared them not; and rose from my bed, took a cane, and knocked at the ceiling of my chamber, a near relation of mine lying then over me, who presently rose and came down to me about two o'clock in the morning, to whom I said, ‘You have seen me disturbed these four days past, and that I have not slept: the occasion of it was, that five spirits, which are now in the room with me, have threatened to kill me if I told any person of their being there, or if I slept; but I am not able to

forbear sleeping longer, and acquaint you with it, and now stand in defiance of them.' And thus I exerted myself about them; and notwithstanding their continued threats, I slept very well the next night, and continued so to do, though they continued with me above three months, day and night."

ROBERT LINDSAY, ESQ. OF EDINBURGH.

ONE of the most curious narratives on record is the following, communicated by David Laing, Esq. of Edinburgh, to Dr. Hibbert, and inserted by that gentleman in his erudite work, entitled "The Philosophy of Apparitions."

"Robert Lindsay, grandchild or great grandchild to Sir David Lindsay of the Mouth, Lyon-King-at-Arms, &c. being intimate, even disciple with A. P. they bargained, anno 1671, that whoever died first should give account of his condition, if possible. It happened that he died about the end of 1675, while A. P. was at Paris; and the very night of his death, A. P. dreamed that he was at Edinburgh, where Lindsay attacked him thus:—'Archie,' said he, 'perhaps ye heard I'm dead?'—'No, Robin.' 'Ay, but they bury my body in the Greyfriars. I am alive, though, in a place whereof the pleasures cannot be expressed in Scotch, Greek, or Latin. I have come with a well-sailing small ship to Leith Road, to carry you thither.'—'Robin, I'll go with you, but wait till I go to Fife and East Lothian, and take leave of my parents.' 'Archie, I have but the allowance of one tide. Farewell, I'll come for you at another time.' Since which time A. P. never slept a night without dreaming that Lindsay told him he was alive. And having a dargerous sickness, anno 1694, he was told by Robin that he was delayed for a time.

and that it was properly his task to carry him off, but was discharged to tell when."

APPARITION SEEN BY MR. B. L.* IN YORK CATHEDRAL.

A FEW years 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 encounter a person thus accoutred in a place so far distant from the sea, and of so unmilitary a character. Mr. B. L. was about to mention 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 powerful and contending emotions which were suddenly excited by his presence. As the stranger drew nearer, and his figure and 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.

Shocked at the oppression which he witnessed, but wholly ignorant of the cause—alarmed—hurried—sup-

* 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 original publisher, that making public the names would distress the feelings of more than one individual; for that reason only they are withheld.

apparition of the dying

posing 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 immediately 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 her 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 now 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; but 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 tranquillity of the time, Mr. B. L. re-sought his friends. The lady 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.

The preceding narrative exhibits no symptoms of a hurried or heated imagination; but on the contrary, is at once cool, collected, and circumstantially perspicuous; so as to set the question of probability almost entirely at rest.

Aubrey in his *Miscellanies*, narrates the following awful admonition of a departed friend, to a surviving friend:—

Two ladies of fortune, both not being long since deceased, were intimate acquaintance, and loved each other sincerely. It so fell out, that one of them fell sick of the small-pox, and desired mightily to see the other, who would not come, fearing the catching the distemper; the afflicted lady at last died of them. She had not been buried long, before she appeared at the other's house in the dress of a widow, and asked for her friend, who was then at cards; she sends down her woman to know her business, the answer was that, she must impart it to none but her lady, who, after she had received this message bid her woman introduce her into a room, and desire her to stay till the game was done, and she would then wait on her. The game being finished, she went down stairs to the apparition, to know her business,

"Madam," (said the ghost, turning up her veil, and her face appearing full of the small-pox) "you know very well, that you and I loved entirely. Though I took it very ill of you that you was not so kind as to come and see me, yet I could not rest till I had seen you. Believe me, my dear, I am not come to frighten you ; but only out of regard to your eternal happiness, to forewarn you of your approaching end, which I am sorry to say will be very miserable, if you do not prepare for it, you have led a very unthinking giddy life many years. I cannot stay, I am going ; my time is just spent ; prepare to die ; and remember this, that when you make the thirtieth at a ball, you have but a few days to live." She then vanished. To conclude, she was at a ball where she made the thirtieth in number ; and was afterwards asked by the brother of the deceased, whether his sister did appear to her as was reported ; she made him no answer, but fell a weeping, and died in a little time after.

APPARITIONS RECORDED 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. Cavè 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 pocket-book 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 Hummums, 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 the 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."

ANN TAYLOR OF TIVERTON.

THE case of this unfortunate girl excited considerable interest throughout the whole of the west of England, in the year 1814. She was the daughter of a respectable yeoman, living in the parish of Tiverton; and being ill, she lay six days in a state of insensibility, to all appearance dead, doubtless one of those cases of suspended animation, of which there have been many instances:—during her lying in this state she had a dream, which the family called a trance, the printed account of which they widely circulated. Her request, on awaking from her trance, and the extraordinary circumstances which happened after her decease, are thus related by her father:—

"When she recovered from her stupor, she requested some one would write down all she had to unfold, and I charged the person who did it, as she might be put on her oath, not to add or diminish a word, nor to ask her a question, which I know was duly attended to. Then she earnestly requested all might be printed, and desired I would get it done; I endeavoured to evade it by putting some papers in the room, merely to satisfy her mind, but she soon discovered it was not the thing; she then said if it were not printed, my sins would never be forgiven: as she continued urging me to it, I went for that purpose the next day, and even went so far as the

printer's door, but was ashamed to go in, as I was convinced the world would ridicule it; I returned to my home, and she renewing her inquiries, I told her it was not yet done, but that it should; she replied, but *too late*. The next day notwithstanding it was Sunday, I was obliged to go and request that some might be printed early the following morning. I returned and told her, but she again said *it will be too late*. She died the same evening at seven o'clock. The next morning her voice was distinctly and *repeatedly* heard (in a shrill tone) by the person who wrote the relation, making her former inquiry. Between ten and twelve, the men came to put her in the coffin; and when performed, the whole family assembled to dinner, but wonderful to relate, her voice was again heard, saying, '*Father it is not printed.*' Had I been alone, I should have considered it was my agitated mind that deceived me, but all present heard it, and the men became as if they were thunderstruck."

This was heard and solemnly attested by no less than six witnesses, all of whom concurred in one testimony, and were considered as persons of veracity.

After her death, a sermon was preached by a dissenting minister named Vowles, at Steps Meeting, Tiverton, in which much presumption and high-toned dogmatism were adduced, to prove the fraud of the whole story. Mr. Vowles's sermon obtained considerable circulation, and two large editions were sold; but it is a question whether the high authorities adduced by him as having credited supernatural voices, &c., did not tend to support the theory in a stronger proportion, than his arguments were calculated to counteract it.

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 trifling rent. During their residence here, 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 often the case 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 enquiring 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 determination 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 tranquilize 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. The savage purpose of murdering the boy, under the pretence of a strict attention to his interest or his improvement, was successful: the lad was

declared to be incorrigible : there was a feigned necessity of the severest correction : he was sentenced to two days' captivity and privation. 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. 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 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 murdered relatives. These recollections banished him from his home, the mansion was left tenantless ; and, till Lady Pennyman had inadvertently 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 in-

terruption; 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 pacing 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 might have deceived her, and induced her to think the time longer than it really was. It at length ceased: morn dawned upon her, and 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 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. 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.

Mrs. Atkins now examined her chamber in every 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. 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 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 omen 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, not a 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.

Although the preceding story "smells of the cloister," is somewhat tinctured with romance, and has been enlarged upon by successive narrators, the facts are authenticated and accredited by the parties to whom they occurred. An old deserted house at Lisle would probably be an object of terror to weak minds, but not to the understandings of the well educated heads of a family, as well as to the several members of a large establishment.

THE MIDNIGHT STORM.

(From the French.)

—"Of shapes that walk

At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave

The torch of hell around the murderer's bed."

Pleasures of Imagination.

ON the evening of the 12th June, —, a joyous party was assembled at Monsieur de Montbrun's *château* to celebrate the marriage of his nephew, who had, in the morn of that day, led to the altar the long-sought object of his fond attachment. The mansion, which was on this occasion the scene of merriment, was situated in the province of Gascony, at no very great distance from the town of —.

It was a venerable building, erected during the war of the League, and consequently discovered in its exterior some traces of that species of architecture which endeavoured to unite strength and massiveness with domestic comfort. Situated in a romantic, but thinly-peopled district, the family of Monsieur de Montbrun was compelled principally to rely on itself for amusement and society. This family consisted of the chevalier, an old soldier of blunt but hospitable manners ; his

nephew, the bridegroom, whom (having no male children) he had adopted as his son, and Mademoiselle Emily, his only daughter: the latter was amiable, frank, and generous; warm in her attachments, but rather romantic in forming them. Employed in rural sports and occupations, and particularly attached to botany, for which the country around afforded an inexhaustible field, the chevalier and his inmates had not much cultivated the intimacy of the few families which disgust of the world, or other motives, had planted in this retired spot. Occasional visits, exchanged with the nearest of their neighbours, sometimes enlivened their small circle; and with the greater part of those who lived at a distance, they were scarcely acquainted even by name.

The approaching nuptials, however, of Theodore, (which was the name of Monsieur de Montbrun's adopted son) excited considerable conversation in the adjacent district: and the wedding of her cousin, it was determined by Emily, should not pass off unaccompanied by every festivity which the nature of their situation, and the joyfulness of the event, would allow. On this occasion, therefore, inquiries were made as to all the neighbouring gentry within a considerable distance around; and there were none of the least note neglected in the invitations, which were scattered in all directions.

Many persons were consequently present, with whose persons and character the host and his family were unacquainted: some also accepted the summons, who were strangers to them even by name.

Emily was attentive and courteous to all; but to one lady in particular she attached herself during the entertainment with most sedulous regard. Madame de Nunez, the immediate object of Emily's care, had lately settled in the neighbourhood, and had hitherto studied to shun

society. It was supposed that she was the widow of a Spanish officer of the Walloon guards, to whom she had been fondly attached; indeed so much so, that, notwithstanding he had been dead several years, the lady never appeared but in deep mourning. She had only lately settled in Gascony; but her motives for retiring from Spain, and fixing on the French side of the Pyrenees, were not known, and but slightly conjectured. Isabella de Nunez was about twenty-eight years of age, tall and well-formed: her countenance was striking, nay even handsome; but a nice physiognomist would have traced in her features evidence of the stronger passions of human nature. He would have seen pride softened by distress; and would have fancied, at times, that the effects of some concealed crime were still evident in her knit brow and retiring eye, when she became the object of marked scrutiny.

She had never before entered the *château* de Montbrun, and her person had hitherto been unnoticed by Emily; but who, having now seen her, devoted herself with ardour to her new friend. The lady received the attentions of her amiable hostess with grateful but dignified reserve.

The morning had been extremely sultry, and an oppressive sensation in the air, which disordered respiration threw, as the day closed, an air of gloom over the company, ill suited to the occasion of their meeting. Madame de Nunez appeared, more than any one else, to feel the effects of the lurid atmosphere; the occasional sparks of gaiety which she had discovered, gradually disappeared; and before the day had entirely closed she seemed at times perfectly abstracted; and at other times to start with causeless apprehension. In order to divert or dispel this increasing uneasiness, which threatened to

destroy all the pleasure of the festival, dancing was proposed; and the enlivening sounds of the music in a short time dissipated the temporary gloom. The dancing had not however long continued, ere the expected storm burst in all its fury on the *château*: the thunder, with its continued roar, reverberated by the adjoining mountains, caused the utmost alarm in the bosom of the fair visitors; the torrents of rain which fell, might almost be said to swell the waters of the neighbouring Garonne, whilst sheets of lightning, reflected on its broad waves, gave a deeper horror to the pitchy darkness which succeeded. The continuance of the storm gradually wound up the apprehensions of the greater part of the females to horror; and they took refuge in the arched vaults and long subterranean passages which branched beneath the *château*, from the vivid glare of the lightning; although unable to shut their ears to the reiterated claps of thunder which threatened to shake the building to its foundations.

In this general scene of horror, Isabella alone appeared unappalled. The alternate abstraction and alarm, which before seemed to harass her mind, had now vanished, and had given place to a character of resignation which might almost be considered as bordering on apathy. While the younger females yielded without resistance to the increasing horrors of the tempest, and by frequent shrieks and exclamations of dread bore testimony to the terror excited in their bosoms by the aggravated circumstances of the scene, she suffered no symptom of apprehension to be visible in her now unvarying features. Agitation had yielded to quiet: she sat ostensibly placid; but her apparent inattention was evidently not the effect of tranquillity, but the result of persevering exertion.

The hour was approaching towards midnight; and the storm, instead of blowing over, having increased in violence, the hospitable owner of the mansion proposed to his guests, that they should abandon the idea of returning home through the torrents of rain, which had already deluged the country, and rendered the roads in the vicinity impassable; but should accommodate themselves, with as little difficulty as possible, to the only plan now to be devised,—of making themselves easy during the remainder of this dismal night. Although his mansion was not extensive, yet he proposed (with the aid of temporary couches, and putting the ladies to the inconvenience of sleeping two in each room) to render the party as comfortable as his means would allow; and which would, at all events, be more agreeable than braving abroad the horrors of the tempest.

Reasonable as such a plan was in itself, it was still more strongly recommended by the circumstance, that the carriages which were expected to convey the parties to their respective abodes had not arrived; and from the state of the roads, and the continuance of the still pitiless storm, it seemed visionary to expect them.

The party, therefore, yielded without regret to the offered arrangement, save with one dissenting voice. The fair Spaniard alone positively declined the offered accommodation. Argument in vain was used for a considerable space of time to detain her; she positively insisted on returning home: and would alone in the dark have faced the storm, had not an obstacle which appeared invincible, militated against her resolve; this was too imperious to be resisted—her carriage and servants were not arrived; and from the representation of Monsieur de Montbrun's domestics (some of whom had been detached to examine the condition of the neighbouring roads,) it

was perfectly clear, that with that part of the district in which she resided, no communication could for several hours take place. Madame de Nunez, therefore, at length yielded to necessity ; although the pertinacity of her resistance had already excited much surprise, and called forth innumerable conjectures.

The arrangements between the respective parties were soon made, and the greater part of the ladies gladly retired to seek repose from the harassing events of the day. Emily, who had not relaxed in her marked attention to her interesting friend, warmly pressed her to share her own room, in which a sofa had been prepared as a couch, and to which she herself insisted on retiring, while Madame de Nunez should take possession of the bed. The latter, however, again strenuously objected to this plan, asserting, that she should prefer remaining all night in one of the sitting-rooms, with no other companion than a book. She appeared obstinately to adhere to this resolution, until Emily politely, yet positively, declared, that were such the intention of her new friend, she would also join her in the saloon, and pass the time in conversation until the day should break, or until Madame's servants should arrive. This proposition, or rather determination, was received by the frowning Isabella with an air of visible chagrin and disappointment, not altogether polite. She expressed her unwillingness that Mademoiselle should be inconvenienced, with some peevishness ; but which, however, soon gave place to her former air of good-breeding.

She now appeared anxious to hurry to her room ; and the rest of the party having some time retired, she was escorted thither by the ever attentive Emily. No sooner had they reached the chamber, than Isabella sunk into

a chair ; and after struggling for some time in evident emotion for utterance, at length exclaimed :—

“ Why, dearest Emily, would you insist on sharing with me the horrors of this night ? To me the punishment is a merited one : but to you——”

“ What, my dearest madam, do you say ?” replied Emily affectionately—“ The terrors of the night are over, the thunder appears retiring, and the lightning is less vivid ; and see in the west (added she, as she went to the window) there are still some remains of the summer twilight. Do not any longer, then, suffer the apprehensions of the storm which has passed over us, to disturb the repose which you will, I hope, so shortly enjoy.”

“ Talk you of repose !” said Madame de Nunez, in a voice almost choaked with agitation—“ Know you not, then, that on the anniversary of this horrid night ?——but what am I saying !—to you, at present, all this is mystery ; too soon your own feelings will add conviction to the terrible experience which six revolving years have afforded me, and which, even now but to think on, harrows up my soul.—But no more——”

Then darting suddenly towards the door, which had hitherto remained a-jar, she closed it with violence ; and locking it, withdrew the key, which she placed in her own pocket.—Emily had scarcely time to express her surprise at this action and the apparent distraction which accompanied it, ere Madame de Nunez seized both her hands with more than female strength, and with a maddened voice and eye straining on vacancy, exclaimed :—

“ Bear witness, ye powers of terror ! that I imposed not this dreadful scene on the female whose oath must now secure her silence.”

Then staring wildly on Mademoiselle de Montbrun, she continued :—

“ Why, foolish girl, wouldst thou insist on my partaking thy bed ? the viper might have coiled in thy bosom ; the midnight assassin might have aimed his dagger at thy breast—but the poison of the one would have been less fatal, and the apprehension of instant annihilation from the other would have been less oppressive, than the harrowing scene which thou art doomed this night to witness—doomed, I say ; for all the powers of hell, whose orgies you must behold, cannot release you from the spectacle which you have voluntarily sought.”

“ To what am I doomed !” cried Emily, whose fears for herself were lessened in the dread she felt for her friend’s intellects, which she supposed were suddenly become affected by illness, or from the incidents of the past day.

Isabella, after a silence of several minutes, during which she endeavoured to recover some degree of composure, in a softened but determined voice, said :—

“ Think not, my friend, (if I may use that endearing expression to one whose early prospects and happier days I am unwillingly condemned to blast,) that disorder has produced the agitation which, spite of myself, you have witnessed.—Alas ! great as have been my sorrows, and heavy as, my crime weighs on me, my reason has still preserved its throne : to seek oblivion in idiocy ; to bury the remembrance of my fatal error in temporary derangement ; would, I might almost say, be happiness to me. But fate has forbidden such an alleviation, and my impending destiny which is not to be guarded against by precaution, cannot be avoided by repentance.”

“ Nay,” said Emily, “ exaggerated as your self-con-

damnation makes the fault to which you allude appear, in religion you may find a solace which could efface crimes of much deeper dye than any with which you can possibly charge yourself."

"Ah! no," replied the fair Spaniard.—"Religion, it is true, holds out her benignant hand to receive the wandering sinner;—she offers to the stranger a home; she welcomes to her bosom the repentant though blood-stained criminal;—but for crimes like mine, what penitence can atone?—But we waste time," added she; the "midnight hour approaches; and ere the clock in the turret first announces that dreaded period, much must be done."

Thus saying, she went into the adjoining oratory, and finding on the little altar at which Emily offered her daily orisons, an ivory crucifix, she returned with it in her hand; and again seizing and forcibly grasping the hand of her now really alarmed hostess, she exclaimed in a hollow, yet determined voice:—

"Swear, that whatsoever you may this night, this eventful night, be a witness to, not all the apprehensions of hell, not all your hopes of heaven, shall tempt you to reveal, until I am committed to the silent tomb—Swear!"

Emily for a moment hesitated to adopt an oath imposed under circumstances of such an extraordinary nature: but whilst she was debating, Madame de Nunez, more violently grasping her hand, exclaimed, in a voice harsh from agitation:—

"Swear; or dread the event!"

"Swear!" Emily fancied she heard echoed from the oratory. Almost sinking with horror, she faintly repeated the solemn oath, which the frantic female, whose

character appeared so perfectly changed, dictated to her.

She had no sooner thus solemnly bound herself to silence, than Madame de Nunez's agitation appeared to subside; she replaced the crucifix on the altar, and sinking on her knees before the chair in which Emily, almost void of animation, was seated, she feebly exclaimed:—

“Pardon, dearest Emily, the madness of my conduct; necessity has dictated it towards you; and your wayward fate, and not your suffering friend, is answerable for it. For six long years have I confined to my own bosom the horrors, which we this night must jointly witness. On the anniversary of this day—But I dare not yet communicate the dreadful event; some hours hence I may recover composure to relate it: but remember your oath. While I live, the secret is buried in your bosom. You must have remarked my unwillingness to remain in your dwelling; you could not have been inattentive to my repugnance to share your room—too soon you will have a dreadful explanation of the cause. Be not angry with me—I must endeavour to conceal the circumstances which appal my soul: I must still preserve the respect of society, although I have for ever forfeited my own—hence the oath I have imposed on you. But—”

Here further conversation was interrupted by the sound of the turret clock, which began to strike the hour of midnight. It had scarcely finished, ere the slow rolling of a carriage was heard in the paved court-yard; at the noise of which, Madame de Nunez started from the posture in which she had continued at the feet of Emily, and rushed towards the door, which she had

previously locked. Emily now heard heavy footsteps ascending the oaken stair-case; and before she could recal her recollection, which so singular a circumstance had bewildered, the door of the room in which they were sitting, spite of its fastening, slowly moved on its hinges; and in the next minute Emily sunk on the earth in a state of stupefaction.

It is well for the human frame, that when assailed by circumstances too powerful to support, it seeks shelter in oblivion. The mind recoils from the horrors which it cannot meet, and is driven into insensibility.

At an early hour of the ensuing morning Madame de Nunez quitted Monsieur de Montbrun's *château*, accompanied by her servants, whom the retiring torrents had permitted to await their mistress's commands. She took a hasty farewell of the master of the mansion, and without making any inquiries as to the rest of the party, departed.

At the usual hour of breakfast, Emily did not appear; and her father at length went to her room door, and receiving no answer to his inquiries, went in. Judge his horror, when he discovered his daughter lying on the bed in the clothes she had worn the preceding day, but in a state of apparent insensibility. Immediate medical assistance was procured, and she at length discovered symptoms of returning life; but no sooner had she recovered her recollection, than, looking with horror and affright around her, she again relapsed into a state of inanimation. Repeated cordials being administered, she was again restored to life; but only to become the victim of a brain-fever, which in a few days put a period to her existence. In a short interval of recollection, in the early part of illness, she confided what we have here related to her father; but conscientiously kept from his knowledge

what she was bound by her oath to conceal. The very remembrance of what she had witnessed on that fatal night, hurried her into delirium, and she fell a victim to the force of recollection.

Madame de Nunez did not long survive her; but expired under circumstances of unexampled horror.

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: however, 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 accounts 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 in-

cumbent, whom the apparition represented, was a man of a very ill report, supposed to have seduced his servant-maid, and to have murdered the offspring; 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.”

Upon this letter is founded the following circumstantial and perspicuous 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 walk through the room, and thence out of the door into the orchard. Upon this, the maid cried out; when the master and mistress ran down stairs, found the candle in her hand, while she grasped the child round the neck with the other arm: she told them the reason of her crying out. She would not sleep that night 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 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.

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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 hidden there to impose upon me. At last we came into a lumber room ; where 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, "*Baralip-ton,*" &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 further disturbance. Thursday night the tenant and I lay together in one room, and the man in another room ; and he saw something glide along in a black gown, and 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 it 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, (apart from that in which 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 bedside, 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 unlock the door, as that I could not get in; he then 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 moonlight night, I saw the apparition move from the bedside, and rest 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 hidden in the room to frighten 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 hips, 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 accorded with 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 heard 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.

LORD ORRERY AND THE BUTLER.

A gentleman in Ireland, residing near the Earl of Orrery, sent his butler one afternoon to buy some cards. As he passed along, he saw a company of people sitting round a table, with good cheer before them in the midst of a field. On approaching them, they all arose and saluted him, and desired him to sit down with them ; but one of them whispered these words in his ear, " Do nothing this company invites you to do." Hereupon he refused to sit down at the table, and immediately table and all that belonged disappeared ; and the company were now dancing and playing upon musical instruments. And the butler being asked to join them, he refused ; and they not being able to prevail upon him to accompany them in working any more than in feasting, or dancing, they all disappeared, and the butler was left alone. Instead of going forwards, he returned home as fast as he could, in great consternation ; and had no sooner entered his master's door, than he fell down, and lay some time senseless ; but recovering himself, he related to his master what had passed.

The night following there came one of this company to his bed-side, and told him, that if he offered to stir out of doors the next day, he would be carried away. Hereupon he kept at home ; but towards the evening, he ventured to put one foot over the threshold (several persons standing by), which he had no sooner done, than they cast a rope about his middle ; and the poor man was hurried away with great swiftness ; they followed him as fast as they could, but could not overtake him. At length they espied a horseman, coming towards him, and made signs to him to stop the man, whom he saw approaching him, and both ends of the rope but no body drawing. When they met, he laid hold on one end of the rope, and immediately had a smart blow given him over the arm with the other end ; but by this means the man was stopped, and the horseman brought him back with him.

The Earl of Orrery hearing of these strange reports, requested that the man might be sent to his house the morning following, or quickly after ; when he told the Earl that his spectre had been with him again, and assured him, that that day he should most certainly be carried away, and that no endeavours would avail to save him ; upon this he was kept in a large room, with a considerable number of persons to guard him, among whom was the famous Mr. Greatrakes, who was a neighbour. There were beside other persons of quality, two bishops in the house at the same time, who were consulted concerning the use of a medicine, which the spectre prescribed ; but they determined on the negative.

Till part of the afternoon had passed all was quiet, but at length he was perceived to rise from the ground, whereupon Mr. Greatrakes, and another lusty man placed their arms over his shoulders, one of them before

him, and the other behind him, and weighed him down with all their strength ; but he was forcibly taken up from them, and they were too weak to keep their hold, and for a considerable time he was carried in the air, to and fro over their heads, several of the company still running under him, to prevent his receiving injury if he should fall. At length he fell, and was caught before he came to the ground, and by that means was not hurt.

All being quiet till bed-time, Lord Orrery ordered two of his servants to lie with him ; and the next morning he told his Lordship, that his spectre was again with him, and brought a wooden dish, with grey liquor in it, and bid him drink it off ; at the first sight of the spectre, he said he endeavoured to awake his bed-fellows, but it told him, that such endeavour should be in vain : and that he had no cause to fear him, he being his friend, and he that at first gave him the good advice in the field, which had he not followed, he would have been before now perfectly in the power of the company he saw there. He added, that he concluded it was impossible, but that he should have been carried away the day before, there being so strong a combination against him ; but now he could assure him, that there would be more attempts of that nature ; but he being troubled with two sorts of fits, he had brought that liquor to cure him, and bade him drink it. He peremptorily refused, when the spectre upbraided him, but told him, however, if he would take plantain juice, he should recover one sort of fits, but he should carry the other to his grave.

The spectre now asked him, whether he did not know him ? he answered no ; it replied, I am ———, the man answered, he had been long dead : I have

been dead, said the spectre, seven years, and you know that I lived a loose life, and ever since I have been hurried up and down in a restless condition, with the company you saw, and shall be to the day of judgment.

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. 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 husband 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 intelligence 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 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 bed-side. 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.

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 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 servant 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.

TWO APPARITIONS TO MR. WILLIAM LILLY.

The following Affair excited considerable interest in the North about the Middle of the last Century.

On the first Sunday, in the year 1749, Mr. Thomas Lilly, the son of a farmer in the parish of Kelso, in Roxburghshire, a young man intended for the church of Scotland, remained at home to keep the house, in company with a shepherd's boy, all the rest of the family, except a maid-servant, being at church. The young student and the boy being by the fire, whilst the girl was gone to the well for water, a venerable old gentleman, clad in an antique garb, presented himself, and

after some little ceremony, desired the student to take up the family-bible, which lay on a table, and turn over to a certain chapter and verse in the Second Book of Kings. The student did so, and read—"there is death in the pot."

On this the old man, with much apparent agitation, pointed to the great family pot boiling on the fire, declaring, that the maid had cast a great quantity of arsenic into it, with an intent to poison the whole family, to the end she might rob the house of the hundred guineas which she knew her master had lately taken for sheep and grain, which he had sold. Just as he was so saying, the maid came to the door. The old gentleman said to the student, remember my warning and save the lives of the family!—and that instant disappeared.

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

The student enjoined the boy to remain quite passive for the present, meanwhile he attempted to shew his ingenuity in resolving the cause of the canine catastrophe into insanity, in order to keep the girl in countenance

till a fit opportunity of discovering the plot, should present itself.

Soon after his father, and family, with the other servants returned from church.

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

What! cried the farmer, have you been raising the devil by your conjuration? Is this the effect of your study, Sir?—No, father, said the student, I pretend to no such arts of magic or necromancy, but this day, as the boy can testify, I had a solemn warning from one whom I take to be no demon, but a good angel. To him we all owe our lives. As to Peggy, according to his intimation, she has put poison into the pot for the purpose of destroying the whole family. Here the girl fell into a fit, from which being with some trouble recovered, she confessed the whole of her deadly design, and was suffered to quit the family and her native country. She was soon after executed at Newcastle upon Tyne, for the murder of her illegitimate child, again making ample confession of the above diabolical design.

In 1750, the same young Lilly was one day reading the 20th chapter of the Revelation of John the Divine; just as he was entering upon that part which describes the angel binding the devil a thousand years, "after which he was to be loosed a little;" a very venerable old personage appeared at his elbow; the young man fell on the floor, but quickly arose, and in the name of the Lord, demanded who he was, and the nature of his business. Upon this the following colloquy ensued:—

Lilly.—Shall I call thee Satan, the crooked serpent, the devil, Beelzebub, or Lucifer son of the morning.

Appar.—I am a messenger from the dead, to see or to cause justice to be done to thee and thy father: I am the spirit of one of thy ancestors!

Lilly.—Art thou the soul of my grandfather, who amidst immense riches perished for want of food?

Appar.—Thou art right. Money was my deity, and Mammon my master: I heaped up gold, but did not enjoy it.

Lilly.—I have frequently heard my father mention you, as a sordid, avaricious, miserable man. How did you dispose of the immense riches which you are said to have accumulated?

Appar.—It is, for the most part, hidden in a field, in the farm of your father, and I intend that you his son, should be the sole possessor of it, without suffering your father to know from whence your riches originated. Do not you recognize my face since the beginning of the last year?

Lilly.—Are you the old gentleman whose timely intelligence saved the lives of all our family?

Appar.—I am. Therefore think not your father ill rewarded already.

Lilly.—How can I account to him for the immediate accumulation of so much money as you seem to intimate?

Appar.—Twenty thousand pounds sterling money!

Lilly.—You seem even now in your disembodied state to feel much emotion at the mention of much money.

Appar.—But now I cannot touch the money of mortals.—

But I cannot stay : follow me to the field, and I will point out the precise place where you are to dig.

Here the apparition stalked forth round the barn yard, and Lilly followed him, till he came to a field about three furlongs from his father's door, when the apparition stood still on a certain spot, wheelèd thrice round, and vanished into air.

This proved to be the precise place where young Lilly and his companions had often devoted to pastime, being a hollow, whence stone had formerly been dug. He lost but little time in consideration, for having procured a pick-axe and a spade, he actually discovered the treasure. His immense wealth enabled him to perform many acts of charity in that country, as many can testify to this day.

The pots in which the money, consisting of large pieces of gold and silver, were deposited, have often been shewn as curiosities hardly to be equalled in the south of Scotland.—*World of Spirits*, 1796.

APPARITION OF MR. THOMKINS TO THE REV. MR. WARREN.

MR. JOHN WARREN, minister of Hatfield-Broad-oak, in Essex, a worthy and pious man, was one day in his garden reading Bunyan's Publican and Pharisee, when he was accosted by a neighbour, who entered into discourse with him upon the words, "Shall a man be more righteous than his Maker?" Mr. Warren's discourse in general ran upon the promises, while Mr. Thomkins, his neighbour, chiefly urged the threatenings of God. At length Mr. Warren's servant came and informed him the dinner was ready, and his mistress waited for him : he asked his neighbour Thomkins to dinner, which the latter, with tears in his eyes, refused, saying, "my time is come, and I must away."

Mr. Warren was proceeding to expostulate with his friend Thomkins, when the servant repeated the message, urging that a neighbour had sent for him to go immediately upon occasion of life and death. Mr. Warren withdrawing towards the house, still continued the discourse upon the former subject, comforting his friend till he arrived at the door, when entering first, he left the door open that Mr. Thomkins might come in; but nobody coming in he went directly and sought him all over his garden, but found him not, which much disturbed his mind then, and much more soon afterwards, when he found that his neighbour and friend Thomkins was just expired, and had not been out of his house, according to every testimony, that day, Mr. Warren's servant testified seeing her master in conversation with a person, in the garden, and telling her mistress so, she wondered she had seen nobody go through the house, as there was no other way into the garden. Mr. Warren, a pious and sensible divine, often related this to Mr. Goodman, who recites it in his work, entitled *Winter-evening Conferences between Neighbours.—World of Spirits.*

NARRATIVE DRAWN UP BY THE REV. JOHN WESLEY,
And published 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 testify of his or her own knowledge. The sum of which was this.

On December 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 turkey-cock, close to the bed-side; 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 led into the hall open, and a person walking in, that seemed to have on a silk night-gown, rustling and trailing along. It seemed to walk round 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 warming pan. Next the latch of the door moved up and down without ceasing. She started up, leaped into 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 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 Jefferies 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

the 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 day time, when it walked after her, as she swept the chambers, as it consatntly 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 bed's-head 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 bed-side. My father immediately arose, put on his night-gown, 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, 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.

An author who in this age relates such a story, and treats it as not utterly incredible and absurd, must expect to be ridiculed, and very justly ; but the testimony

upon which it rests is far too strong to be set aside because of the strangeness of the relation. The letters which passed at the time between Samuel Wesley and the family at Epworth, the journal which Mr. Wesley kept of these remarkable transactions, and the evidence concerning them which John afterwards collected, fell into the hands of Dr. Priestley, and were published by him as being "perhaps the best authenticated and best told story of the kind that is any where extant." He observes in favour of the story, "that all the parties seem to have been sufficiently void of fear, and also free from credulity, except the general belief that such things were supernatural."

We give the most important and circumstantial of the letters of this family :—

*To Mr. Samuel Wesley, from his Mother.**

January 12, 1716-7.

DEAR SAM,

THIS evening we were agreeably surprised with your packet, which brought the welcome news of your being alive, after we had been in the greatest panic imaginable, almost a month, thinking either you was dead, or one of your brothers by some misfortune been killed.

The reason of our fears is as follows. On the first of December, our maid heard, at the door of the dining-room, several dismal groans, like a person in extremes, at the point of death. We gave little heed to her relation, and endeavoured to laugh her out of her fears. Some nights (two or three) after, several of the family heard a strange knocking in divers places, usually three or four knocks at a time, and then stayed a little. This continued every night for a fort-

* The MS. is in the hand-writing of Mr. S. Wesley. The titles of the letters, denoting the writers, and the persons to whom they were written, are only added.

night ; sometimes it was in the garret, but most commonly in the nursery, or green chamber. We all heard but your father, and I was not willing he should be informed of it, lest he should fancy it was against his own death, which, indeed, we all apprehended. But when it began to be so troublesome, both day and night, that few or none of the family durst be alone, I resolved to tell him of it, being minded he should speak to it. At first he would not believe but somebody did it to alarm us ; but the night after, as soon as he was in bed, it knocked loudly nine times, just by his bed-side. He rose, and went to see if he could find out what it was, but could see nothing. Afterwards he heard it as the rest.

One night it made such a noise in the room over our heads, as if several people were walking, then run up and down stairs, and was so outrageous that we thought the children would be frightened, so your father and I rose, and went down in the dark to light a candle. Just as we came to the bottom of the broad stairs, having hold of each other, on my side there seemed as if somebody had emptied a bag of money at my feet ; and on his, as if all the bottles under the stairs (which were many) had been dashed in a thousand pieces. We passed through the hall into the kitchen, and got a candle, and went to see the children, whom we found asleep.

The next night your father would get Mr. Hoole to lie at our house, and we all sat together till one or two o'clock in the morning, and heard the knocking as usual. Sometimes it would make a noise like the winding up of a jack, at other times, as that night Mr. Hoole was with us, like a carpenter planing deals ; but most commonly it knocked thrice and stopped, and then thrice again, and so many hours together. We persuaded your father to speak, and try if any voice would be heard. One night about six o'clock he went into the nursery in the dark, and at first heard several deep groans, then knocking. He adjured it to speak if it had power, and tell him why it troubled his house, but no voice was heard, but it knocked thrice aloud. Then he questioned it if it were Sammy, and bid it, if it were, and could not

speak, knock again, but it knocked no more that night, which made us hope it was not against your death.

Thus it continued till the 28th of December, when it loudly knocked (as your father used to do at the gate) in the nursery, and departed. We have various conjectures what this may mean. For my own part, I fear nothing now you are safe at London hitherto, and I hope God will still preserve you. Though sometimes I am inclined to think my brother is dead. Let me know your thoughts on it.

S. W.

From Miss Susannah Wesley to her Brother Samuel.

Epworth, Jan. 24.

DEAR BROTHER,

ABOUT the first of December, a most terrible and astonishing noise was heard by a maid-servant, as at the dining-room door, which caused the up-starting of her hair, and made her ears prick forth at an unusual rate. She said, it was like the groans of one expiring. These so frightened her, that for a great while she durst not go out of one room into another, after it began to be dark, without company. But, to lay aside jesting, which should not be done in serious matters, I assure you that from the first to the last of a lunar month, the groans, squeaks, tinglings, and knockings, were frightful enough.

Though it is needless for me to send you any account of what we all heard, my father himself having a larger account of the matter than I am able to give, which he designs to send you; yet, in compliance with your desire, I will tell you as briefly as I can, what I heard of it. The first night I ever heard it, my sister Nancy and I were sitting in the dining-room. We heard something rush on the outside of the doors that opened into the garden, then three loud knocks, immediately after other three, and in half a minute the same number over our heads. We enquired whether any body had been in the garden, or in the room above us, but there was nobody. Soon after my sister Molly and I were up after all the family were a-bed, except my sister Nancy, about

some business. We heard three bouncing thumps under our feet, which soon made us throw away our work, and tumble into bed. Afterwards the tingling of the latch and warming pan, and so it took its leave that night.

Soon after the above mentioned, we heard a noise as if a great piece of sounding metal was thrown down on the outside of our chamber. We, lying in the quietest part of the house, heard less than the rest for a pretty while, but the latter end of the night that Mr. Hoole sat up on, I lay in the nursery, where it was very violent. I then heard frequent knocks over and under the room where I lay, and at the children's bed head, which was made of boards. It seemed to rap against it very hard and loud, so that the bed shook under them. I heard something walk by my bedside, like a man in a long night-gown. The knocks were so loud, that Mr. Hoole came out of their chamber to us. It still continued. My father spoke, but nothing answered. It ended that night with my father's particular knock, very fierce.

It is now pretty quiet, only at our repeating the prayers for the king and prince, when it usually begins, especially when my father says, "Our most gracious Sovereign Lord," &c. This my father is angry at, and designs to say three instead of two for the royal family. We all heard the same noise, and at the same time, and as coming from the same place. To conclude this, it now makes its personal appearance: but of this more hereafter. Do not say one word of this to our folks, nor give the least hint.

I am,

Your sincere friend and affectionate Sister,

SUSANNAH WESLEY.

From Miss Emily Wesley to her Brother Samuel.

DEAR BROTHER,

I THANK you for your last, and shall give you what satisfaction is in my power, concerning what has happened in our family. I am so far from being superstitious, that I was too much inclined to infidelity, so that I heartily rejoice at having

such an opportunity of convincing myself past doubt or scruple, of the existence of some beings besides those we see. A whole month was sufficient to convince any body of the reality of the thing, and to try all ways of discovering any trick, had it been possible for any such to have been used. I shall only tell you what I myself heard, and leave the rest to others.

My sisters in the paper chamber had heard noises, and told me of them, but I did not much believe, till one night, about a week after the first groans were heard, which was the beginning, just after the clock had struck ten, I went down stairs to lock the doors, which I always do. Scarce had I got up the best stairs, when I heard a noise, like a person throwing down a vast coal in the middle of the fore kitchen, and all the splinters seemed to fly about from it. I was not much frightened, but went to my sister Suky, and we together went all over the low rooms, but there was nothing out of order.

Our dog was fast asleep, and our only cat in the other end of the house. No sooner was I got up stairs, and undressing for bed, but I heard a noise among many bottles that stand under the best stairs, just like the throwing of a great stone among them, which had broke them all to pieces. This made me hasten to bed; but my sister Hetty, who sits always to wait on my father going to bed, was still sitting on the lowest step on the garret stairs, the door being shut at her back, when soon after there came down the stairs behind her, something like a man, in a loose night-gown trailing after him, which made her fly rather than run to me in the nursery.

All this time we never told our father of it, but soon after we did. He smiled, and gave no answer, but was more careful than usual, from that time, to see us in bed, imagining it to be some of us young women, that sat up late, and made a noise. His incredulity, and especially his imputing it to us, or our lovers, made me, I own, desirous of its continuance till he was convinced. As for my mother, she firmly believed it to be rats, and sent for a horn to blow them away. I laughed to think how wisely they were employed, who were

striving half a day to fright away Jeffery, for that name I gave it, with a horn.

But whatever it was, I perceived it could be made angry; for from that time it was so outrageous, there was no quiet for us after ten at night. I heard frequently between ten and eleven, something like the quick winding up of a jack, at the corner of the room by my bed's head, just like the running of the wheels and the creaking of the iron work. This was the common signal of its coming. Then it would knock on the floor three times, then at my sister's bed's head, in the same room, almost always three together, and then stay. The sound was hollow, and loud, so as none of us could ever imitate.

It would answer to my mother, if she stamped on the floor, and bid it. It would knock when I was putting the children to bed, just under me where I sat. One time little Kesy, pretending to scare Patty, as I was undressing them, stamped with her foot on the floor, and immediately it answered with three knocks, just in the same place. It was more loud and fierce if any one said it was rats, or any thing natural.

I could tell you abundance more of it, but the rest will write, and therefore it would be needless. I was not much frightened at first, and very little at last; but it was never near me, except two or three times, and never followed me, as it did my Sister Hetty. I have been with her when it has knocked under her, and when she has removed has followed, and still kept just under her feet, which was enough to terrify a stouter person.

If you would know my opinion of the reason of this, I shall briefly tell you. I believe it to be witchcraft, for these reasons. About a year since, there was a disturbance at a town near us, that was undoubtedly witches; and if so near, why may they not reach us? Then my father had for several Sundays before its coming preached warmly against consulting those that are called cunning men, which our people are given to; and it had a particular spite at my father.

Besides, something was thrice seen. The first time by my

mother, under my sister's bed, like a badger, only without any head that was discernible. The same creature was sat by the dining-room fire one evening : when our man went into the room, it run by him, through the hall under the stairs. He followed with a candle, and searched, but it was departed. The last time he saw it in the kitchen, like a white rabbit, which seems likely to be some witch ; and I do so really believe it to be one, that I would venture to fire a pistol at it, if I saw it long enough. It has been heard by me and others since December. I have filled up all my room, and have only time to tell you, I am,

Your loving sister,

EMILIA WESLEY.

Addenda to and from my Father's Diary.

FRIDAY, December 21. Knocking I heard first, I think, this night : to which disturbances, I hope, God will in his good time put an end.

Sunday, December 23. Not much disturbed with the noises that are now grown customary to me.

Wednesday, December 26. Sat up to hear noises. Strange ! spoke to it, knocked off.

Friday, 28. The noises very boisterous and disturbing this night.

Saturday, 29. Not frightened, with the continued disturbance of my family.

Tuesday, January 1, 1717. My family have had no disturbance since I went.

Of the general Circumstances which follow, most, if not all the Family, were frequent Witnesses.

1. PRESENTLY after any noise was heard, the wind commonly rose, and whistled very loud round the house, and increased with it.

2. The signal was given, which my father likens to the turning round of a windmill when the wind changes : Mr.

Hoole (Rector of Haxey) to the planing of deal boards; my sister, to the swift winding up of a jack. It commonly began at the corner of the top of the nursery.

5. Before it came into any room, the latches were frequently lifted up, the windows clattered, and whatever iron or brass was about the chamber, rung and jarred exceedingly.

4. When it was in any room, let them make what noise they would, as they sometimes did on purpose, its dead hollow note would be clearly heard above them all.

5. It constantly knocked while the prayers for the King and Prince were repeating, and was plainly heard by all in the room, but my father, and sometimes by him, as were also the thundering knocks at the Amen.

6. The sound very often seemed in the air in the middle of a room, nor could they ever make any such themselves, by any contrivance.

7. Though it seemed to rattle down the pewter, to clap the doors, draw the curtains, kick the man's shoes up and down, &c. yet it never moved any thing except the latches, otherwise than making it tremble; unless once, when it threw open the nursery door.

8. The mastiff, though he barked violently at it the first day he came, yet whenever it came after that, nay, sometimes before the family perceived it, he ran whining, or quite silent, to shelter himself behind some of the company.

9. It never came by day, till my mother ordered the horn to be blown.

10. After that time, scarce any one could go from one room into another, but the latch of the room they went to was lifted up before they touched it.

11. It never came once into my father's study, till he talked to it sharply, called it deaf and dumb devil, and bid it cease to disturb the innocent children, and come to him in his study, if it had any thing to say to him.

12. From the time of my mother's desiring it not to disturb her from five to six, it was never heard in her chamber from five till she came down stairs, nor at any other time, when she was employed in devotion.

13. Whether our clock went right or wrong, it always came, as near as could be guessed, when by the night it wanted a quarter of ten:

The Rev. Mr. Hoole's Account.

Sept. 10.

As soon as I came to Epworth, Mr. Wesley telling me, he sent for me to conjure, I knew not what he meant, till some of your sisters told me what had happened, and that I was sent for to sit up. I expected every hour, it being then about noon, to hear something extraordinary, but to no purpose. At supper, too, and at prayers, all was silent, contrary to custom; but soon after one of the maids, who went up to sheet a bed, brought the alarm that Jeffery was come above stairs. We all went up, and as we were standing round the fire in the east chamber, something began knocking just on the other side of the wall, on the chimney-piece, as with a key. Presently the knocking was under our feet, Mr. Wesley and I went down, he with a great deal of hope, and I with fear. As soon as we were in the kitchen, the sound was above us, in the room we had left. We returned up the narrow stairs, and heard at the broad stairs head, some one slaring with their feet (all the family being now in bed beside us) and then trailing, as it were, and rustling with a silk night-gown. Quickly it was in the nursery, at the bed's head, knocking as it had done at first, three by three. Mr. Wesley spoke to it, and said he believed it was the devil, and soon after it knocked at the window, and changed its sound into one like the planing of boards. From thence it went on the outward south side of the house, sounding fainter and fainter, till it was heard no more.

I was no other time than this during the noises at Epworth, and do not now remember any more circumstances than these.—See *Southey's Life of Wesley*, Vol. 1.

DOCTOR PITCAIRNE.

DOCTOR PITCAIRNE is said never to have related this story without some emotion of spirit. His friend

Mr. Lindesey upon reading with the doctor, when very young, the known story of the two platonic philosophers, who promised to one another, that whoever died first, should return a visit to his surviving companion, entered into the same engagement with him. Some years after, Pitcairne at his father's house in Fife, dreamed one morning, that Lindesey, who was then at Paris, came to him and told him, that he was not dead, as was commonly reported, but still alive, and lived in a very pleasant place, to which he could not as yet carry him. By the next post, news came of Lindesey's death, which happened very suddenly on the morning of the dream.

APPARITION OF FICINUS TO MICHAEL MERCATO,
related by Baronius.

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, 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 his 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

* 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.

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.

APPARITIONS SEEN AT PORTNEDOWN BRIDGE AFTER THE
IRISH MASSACRE ;

Being Copies of the Evidence produced by Sir John Temple.

1. 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 thither 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 or 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 that 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 murderers, 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 Bryan 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 town went away*.

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 England, 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

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

apparition of the dying

MAJOR BLOMBERG.

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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 a 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 occurred 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.

THE ABBEY VAULT.

IN convivial circles, the weakness of mankind too frequently becomes the idle and sportive jest of the passing hour. Again, among hypochondriacs, the same subject often feeds the distempered imagination with *airy nothings*, until the soul becomes frozen and horrified, at the bare narration of the most simple and accountable facts. Of both classes, is the celebrated relation, of a frolicsome visit to Westminster Abbey, which is said to have arisen at a jovial party, where mirth had reigned so long, that it was thought prudent to shift the scene to the grave and serious.

The jest of this story, is evidently to subvert the whole theory of apparitions, and a future state; but we cannot for a moment be so weak as to imagine it feasible, that this question, which has been disputed by the wisest men in all ages, should be settled by a circle of toppers, whose wits were quickened by the potent influence of wine and convivial mirth.

The narrative is given by Sinclair, in his *Invisible World*, and we quote it in his own words:—

“Five or six gentlemen, who had dined together at a tavern, being drawn to visit the Royal Vault in King Henry’s Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, of the titled dead: as they looked down the steep descent, by which

so many monarchs had been carried to their last resting place on earth, one cried, 'Tis hellish dark ;—another stopped his nostrils, and exclaimed against the noisome vapour that ascended from it. All had their different sayings, but as it is natural for such spectacles to excite some moral reflections, even in the most gay and giddy, they all returned with countenances more serious than those with which they had entered.

“ Having agreed, however, to pass the evening together, they all returned to the place where they had dined, and the conversation turning on a future state, and apparitions; one among them, who was an infidel in these matters, especially as to spirits becoming visible, took upon himself to rally the others, who seemed rather inclined to the contrary opinion.

“ At length, to end the contest, they proposed him a wager of twenty guineas, that great a hero as he pretended, or really imagined himself, he had not courage enough to go alone, at midnight, into the vault of Henry the Seventh's chapel. This he readily accepted, and was quite elated with the prospect of success.

“ The money on both sides was deposited in the hands of the landlord of the house; and one of the vergers of the Abbey was sent for, whom they engaged, to attend the adventurous gentleman to the gate of the cathedral, then to shut him in and wait his return.

“ Every thing being thus settled, the clock no sooner struck twelve than they all set out together; those who laid the wager being resolved not to be imposed upon by his tampering with the verger. Another scruple arose; which was, that though they saw him enter the chapel, how they should be convinced that he went as far as the vault; but he instantly removed it by pulling out a penknife he had in his pocket :—‘ This,’ said he, ‘ will I

stick into the earth, and leave it there, and if you do not find it in the inside of the vault, I will own the wager lost.'

"These words left them nothing to suspect, and they agreed to wait for him at the door, beginning now to believe he had no less resolution than he had pretended.

"Every step he took was echoed by the hollow ground, and though it was not altogether dark, the verger having left a lamp burning just before the door that led to the chapel, yet the faint glimmering it gave, rather added to, than diminished, the solemnity of the scene.

"At length, sometimes groping his way, and sometimes directed by the distant lamp, he reached the entrance of the vault:—his inward tremor increased, yet determined not to be overpowered by it, he descended, and having reached the last stair, stooped forward, and stuck his penknife into the earth; but as he was rising, to turn back and leave the vault, he felt something, as he thought, suddenly catch hold of him, and pluck him forward; he lost in an instant every thing that could support him, and fell into a swoon, with his head in the vault, and part of his body on the stairs.

"His friends waited patiently till one o'clock, when not making his appearance, they debated among themselves what they should do in the affair; the verger they found, though accustomed to the place, did not care to go alone; therefore they resolved to accompany him, and accordingly, preceded by a torch, which a footman belonging to one of the company had with him, they went into the abbey, calling loudly for him as they proceeded.

"No answer, however, being returned, they moved on till they came to the stairs of the vault, where looking down they soon saw the condition he was in;—they

immediately ran to him, rubbed his temples, and did every thing they could think of to restore him, but all in vain, till they got out of the abbey, when the fresh air recovered him.

“After two or three deep groans, he cried, ‘Heaven help me; Lord have mercy upon me,’ which surprised his friends; but imagining he was not yet perfectly come to his senses, they forbore saying any thing to him till they had got him into a tavern, where, having placed him in a chair by the fire side, they began to enquire into his situation, on which he acquainted them with the apprehensions he was seized with immediately after he had left them, and that having stuck his penknife into the floor of the vault, according to his agreement, he was about to return with all possible haste when something plucked him forward into the vault; but he added that he had neither seen nor heard any thing but that his reason might easily account for, and should have returned with the same sentiments he went, had not this unseen hand convinced him of the injustice of his unbelief.

“One of the company now saw the penknife sticking through the fore lappet of his coat, on which presently conjecturing the truth, and finding how deeply affected his friend was by his mistake, as indeed were all the rest, not doubting but his return had been impeded by a supernatural hand, he plucked out the penknife before them all, and said ‘here is the mystery discovered; in the attitude of stooping to stick this into the ground, it happened, as you see, to pass through the coat, and on your attempting to rise, the terror you were in magnified this little obstruction into an imaginary impossibility of withdrawing yourself.’

“His friends now ridiculed his credulity, but the singularity of this accident did not shake his faith.”

The sacred importance which we attach to the clergy, is indeed one of the best features of our national character: but the moment this respect is overstrained, we expose ourselves to the evils of priestcraft, a curse which protestants are taught to believe, as the most inveterate enemy to the happiness of mankind. Thus it is with churches and consecrated buildings. Lord Bacon justly observes that "men fear death as children fear to go in the dark." Hence churches are always associated with death, and churchyards with melancholy and despair.— But why look at one side of the picture only :

"Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa."

Philosophy will therefore reconcile us to the deepest vaults of a church, as reasonably as a thirst for amusement will lead us to seek the recreations of the theatre : and it is only during the absence or inactivity of this reasoning power, that we shall continue to regard churches and churchyards as objects of monkish terror.

THE DISOBEDIENT SON.

About the year 1796, a young gentleman of good birth and fortune, having a great inclination to see the world, resolved to go into the army. His father was dead, and had left him a good estate, besides his mother's jointure, which at her death would consequently fall to him.

His mother earnestly intreated him not to go into the army, but persuaded him rather to travel, by which means the calamities and hazards of war might be avoided. He however slighted her intreaties, and at length mortgaged part of his estate to purchase a company in the first regiment of guards, which he effected.

The night before he signed the agreement for the company, being in bed and fast asleep, he saw in a dream his father approach him in his gown, and with a great fur cap on, such as he was accustomed to wear; calling him by his name, he said, what is the reason that you will not listen to the entreaties of your mother to relinquish all ideas of the army. I assure you, that if you resolve to take this commission, you will not enjoy it three years.

He seemed to slight the admonition, and said, it was too late to retract.—Too late! too late! said the old man, repeating those words; then go on, and repent too late.—He was not much affected with this apparition, when he waked, and found it was but a dream; but bought the commission.

A few days afterwards the father appeared to his mother, in a dream as to her son; and noticing his obstinacy, added,—“Young heads are wilful; Robert will go into the army; but tell him from me, he shall never come back.”

These notices were of no avail with the son; and two battalions of his regiment going into the field that summer, his company was one, and was ordered into Flanders.

He acquitted himself bravely, in several warm actions. One day, in the third year of his service, the army being drawn out in order of battle, the General had received advice that the enemy were about to attack them. As he stood at the head of his company, he was suddenly seized with a cold shivering fit, which was so violent, as to be noticed by some officers who were near him. It continued about a quarter of an hour, and the enemy did come on as was expected; but the fight began upon the left, at a good distance from them,

so that the whole left wing was engaged before they began.

While this lasted, the lieutenant called to the gentleman; Colonel, how are you? I hope your shivering fit is over.—No, said the Colonel, it is not over, but it is somewhat better.—It will be all over presently, said the lieutenant.

Ay, so it will, said the colonel: I am very easy, I know what it was now; he then called the lieutenant, to whom he said, I know now what ailed me, I am very easy, I have seen my father; I shall be killed the first volley; let my mother know I told you this.

In a few minutes after this, a body of the enemy advanced, and the first volley the regiment received, was the fire of five platoons of grenadiers, by which the captain and several other officers, besides private men, were killed, and the whole brigade was soon after thrown into confusion; though being supported by some regiments of the second line, they rallied again soon after. The captain's body was presently recovered; but he was dead, having received a shot in his face.

THE YATTON DEMONIAK.

IN the year 1788, considerable interest was excited throughout the county of Somerset, by the extraordinary case of one George Lukins, who was said to have been possessed of evil spirits for nearly eighteen years. The subject was at first treated as an impostor, but much controversy and sceptical dispute arising, several illiberal ex parte statements appeared in the Bristol Gazette and Bath Chronicle. At length, the evidence and circumstances were collected by the Rev. Joseph Easterbrook, the Vicar of Temple Church, Bristol, of which the following narrative is the substance:—

"On Saturday May 31st, 1788, Mrs. Sarah Baber called on me, acquainting me that she had just returned from a visit to Yatton, in the county of Somerset, where she had found a poor man afflicted with an extraordinary malady. She said his name was George Lukins ; that he had fits daily during her stay at Yatton, in which he sang and screamed in various sounds, some of which did not resemble the modifications of a human voice ; that he cursed and swore in a most tremendous manner, while in his fits, and declared that doctors could do him no service. She likewise said, that she could take upon her to affirm, that he had been subject to fits of a very uncommon nature, for the last eighteen years, for the cure of which he had been placed for a considerable time under the care of Mr. Smith, an eminent surgeon of Wrington, who administered all the assistance in his power, without effect : many other medical gentlemen, she said, had in like manner tried to help him, but in vain. Most of the people about Yatton then conceived him to be bewitched ; but latterly he had himself declared that he was possessed of seven devils, and that nothing would avail but the united prayers of seven clergymen, who could ask deliverance for him in faith ; but seven could not be procured in that neighbourhood to meet his ideas, and try the experiment : she therefore earnestly requested me to go to Yatton to see him.

* * * * *

"I consented that George Lukins should be brought to me ; little expecting that an attention to his pitiable case, would have produced such a torrent of opposition, and illiberal abuse upon the parties concerned in his relief.

"In compliance with my promise to Mrs. Baber, I applied to such of the clergy of the established church,

as I conceived to be most cordial in co-operating in benevolent acts, namely, to the Rev. Mr. Symes, Rector of St. Werburgh's; the Rev. Dr. Robins; Precentor of the Cathedral; and the Rev. Mr. Brown, Rector of Portishead; requesting that these gentlemen would with me attend a meeting for prayer in behalf of this object of commiseration; but though they acknowledged it as their opinion, that his was a supernatural affliction, I could not prevail upon them to join with me, in this attempt to relieve him. And as these gentlemen rejected my application, it appeared to me, that there was no rational ground of hope for more success, with those of my brethren, who were less disposed to admit the doctrine of the influence of good and evil spirits.

The more frequently I saw and heard of the misery which George Lukins experienced, the more I pitied him, and being unwilling to dismiss him from Bristol till some effort had been made for his recovery, I next desired certain persons in connection with the Rev. Mr. Wesley to attend a prayer meeting on his account; to which request they readily acceded. Accordingly a meeting was appointed Friday morning the 13th of June, at eleven o'clock. And as the most horrible noises usually proceeded from him in his fits, it was suggested that the vestry-room of Temple church, which is bounded by the church-yard, was the most retired place that could be found in Temple parish; and for that reason that situation was preferred to any other, it being our design to conduct this business with as much secrecy as possible. But we soon found that our design in this respect was rendered abortive; for on Wednesday evening the 11th of June, there was published in the Bristol Gazette, an ingenious letter from the Bath Chronicle, from which the following is an extract:—

"About eighteen years ago George Lukins, going about the neighbourhood with other young fellows, acting Christmas plays or mummeries, suddenly fell down senseless, and was with great difficulty recovered. When he came to himself, the account he gave was, that he seemed at the moment of his fall to have received a violent blow from the hand of some person, who, as he thought, was allowed thus to punish him for acting a part in the play. From that moment, he has been subject, at uncertain and different periods, to fits of a most singular and dreadful nature. The first symptom is a powerful agitation of the right hand, to which succeed terrible distortions of the countenance. The influence of the fit has then commenced. He declares in a roaring voice that he is the devil, who with many horrid execrations summons about him certain persons devoted to his will, and commands them to torture this unhappy patient with all the diabolical means in their power. The supposed demon then directs his servants to sing. Accordingly the patient sings in a different voice a jovial hunting song, which, having received the approbation of *the foul fiend*, is succeeded by a song in a female voice, very delicately expressed; and this is followed, at the particular injunction of the demon, by a pastoral song in the form of a dialogue, sung by, and in the real character of, the patient himself. After a pause and more violent distortions, he again personates the demon, and sings in a hoarse, frightful voice another hunting song. But in all these songs, whenever any expression of goodness, benevolence, or innocence, occurs in the original, it is regularly changed to another of its opposite meaning; neither can the patient bear to hear any good words whatever, nor any expression relating to the church, during the influence of his fit, but is exasperated by them into blasphemy and outrage. Neither can he speak or write any expressions of this tendency, whilst the subsequent weakness of his fits is upon him; but is driven to madness by their mention. Having performed the songs, he continues to personate the demon, and derides the attempts which the patient has been making to get out of his power, that he will persecute and torment him more and more to the end of his life, and that all the efforts of parsons and physicians shall prove

fruitless. An *inverted Te Deum* is then sung in the alternate voices of a man and woman, who with much profaneness thank the demon for having given them power over the patient, which they will continue to exercise as long as he lives. The demon then concludes the ceremony, by declaring his unalterable resolution to punish him for ever; and after barking fiercely, and interspersing many assertions of his own diabolical dignity, the fit subsides into the same strong agitation of the hand that introduced it, and the patient recovers from its influence, utterly weakened and exhausted. At certain periods of the fit, he is so violent, that an assistant is always obliged to be at hand, to restrain him from committing some injury on himself; though to the spectators he is perfectly harmless. He understands all that is said and done during his fits, and will even reply sometimes to questions asked him. He is under the influence of these *paroxysms* generally near an hour, during which time his eyes are fast closed. Sometimes he fancies himself changed into the form of an animal, when he assumes all the motions and sounds that are peculiar to it. From the execrations he utters it may be presumed, that he is or was of an abandoned and profligate character, but the reverse is the truth; he was ever of a remarkably innocent and inoffensive disposition. Every method that the variety of persons who have come to see him have suggested, every effort of some very ingenious gentlemen of the faculty who applied their serious attention to his case, has been long ago and recently exerted without success; and some years ago he was sent to St. George's Hospital, where he remained about twenty weeks, and was pronounced incurable. The emaciated and exhausted figure that he presents, the number of years that he has been subject to this malady, and the prospect of want and distress that lies before him, through being thus disabled from following his business; all preclude the suspicion of imposture. His life is become a series of intense anxiety."

Wrighton, June 5, 1788.

W. R. W.

This letter attracted the notice of the citizens; and it having been made known, that a prayer meeting on

Friday morning was to be held in the vestry-room of Temple church, for the man who was the subject of that letter, a considerable number of people planted themselves upon the walls of the vestry-room, and heard part of the prayers, the singing, the conversation, and the wonderful sounds which proceeded from George Lukins, and carried some account of these circumstances to a printer, who instantly dispatched papers upon the subject, through the streets of Bristol, and its vicinage. Similar papers were shortly carried through the streets of Bath, and London, and through many other parts of the country; so that contrary to our design the affair was in this manner brought before the public.

On Friday morning, June 13, fourteen gentlemen, accompanied by George Lukins, met at the vestry-room at Temple-church, at eleven o'clock, to pray for the relief of this afflicted man, when the following ceremony took place:—

1. They began singing an hymn, on which the man was immediately thrown into strange agitations, (very different from his usual seizures) his face was variously distorted, and his whole body strongly convulsed. His right hand and arm then began to shake with violence, and after some violent throes, he spake in a deep, hoarse, hollow voice, *personating an invisible agent*, calling the man to an account, and upbraiding him as a fool for bringing that silly company together: said it was to no purpose, and swore "by his infernal den," that he would never quit his hold of him, but would torment him a thousand times worse for making this vain attempt.

2. He then began to sing in his usual manner, (*still personating some invisible agent*) blaspheming, boasted of his power, and vowed eternal vengeance on the miserable object, and on those present for daring to oppose him; and commanded his "faithful and obedient servants" to appear and take their stations.

3. He then spoke in a female voice, expressive of scorn and derision, and demanded to know why the fool had brought such a company there? And swore "by the devil" that he would not quit his hold of him, and bid defiance to and cursed all, who should attempt to rescue the miserable object from them. He then sung, in the same female voice, a love song, at the conclusion of which he was violently tortured, and repeated most horrible imprecations.

4. Another invisible agent came forth, assuming a different voice, but his manner much the same as the preceding one. A kind of dialogue was then sung in a hoarse and soft voice alternately: at the conclusion of which, as before, the man was thrown into violent agonies, and blasphemed in a manner too dreadful to be expressed. !

5. He then personated, and said, "I am the great Devil;" and after much boasting of his power, and bidding defiance to all his opposers, sung a kind of hunting song; at the conclusion of which he was most violently tortured, so that it was with difficulty that two strong men could hold him (though he is but a small man, and very weak in constitution;) sometimes he would set up a hideous laugh, and at other times bark in a manner indescribably horrid.

6. After this he summoned all the infernals to appear, and drive the company away. And while the ministers were engaged in fervent prayer, he sung a Te Deum to the devil, in different voices,—saying, "We praise thee, O devil; we acknowledge thee to be the supreme governor," &c. &c.

7. When the noise was so great as to obstruct the company proceeding in prayer, they sang together an hymn suitable to the occasion. Whilst they were in prayer, the voice which personated the great Devil bid them defiance, cursing and vowing dreadful vengeance on all present. One in the company commanded him in the name of the great Jehovah to declare his name? To which he replied, "I am the Devil." The same person then charged him in the name of Jehovah to declare why he tormented the man? To which he made answer, "That I may shew my power amongst men."

8. The poor man still remained in great agonies and tor-

ture, and prayer was continued for his deliverance. A clergyman present desired him to endeavour to speak the name of "Jesus," and several times repeated it to him, at all of which he replied "Devil." During this attempt a small faint voice was heard saying, "Why don't you adjure?" On which the clergyman commanded, in the name of Jesus, and in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, the evil spirit to depart from the man; which he repeated several times;—when a voice was heard to say, "Must I give up my power?" and this was followed by dreadful howlings. Soon after another voice, as with astonishment, said, "Our master has deceived us."—The clergyman still continuing to repeat the adjuration, a voice was heard to say, "Where shall we go?" and the reply was, "To hell, thine own infernal den, and return no more to torment this man." On this the man's agitations and distortions were stronger than ever, attended with the most dreadful howling that can be conceived. But as soon as this conflict was over, he said, in his own natural voice, "Blessed Jesus!" became quite serene, immediately praised God for his deliverance, and kneeling down said the Lord's prayer, and returned his most devout thanks to all who were present.

The meeting broke up a little before one o'clock, having lasted near two hours, and the man went away entirely delivered, and has had no return of the disorder since.

(Mr. Easterbrook then proceeds to give a variety of well authenticated documents substantiating the whole of the above circumstantial narrative.)

Lukins was visited by several persons of distinction, all of whom bore testimony to the foregoing circumstances. The extravagance of his language, and his blasphemous ravings were appalling.

Several pamphlets were published on the subject, but the narrative of Mr. Easterbrook is in every respect supported by authorities of unquestionable veracity, and recommended by its perspicuous and intelligible details.

OMINOUS SWORDS.

A YOUNG nobleman, of high hopes and fortune, chanced to lose his way in the town which he inhabited, the capital of a German province; he had accidentally involved himself among the narrow and winding streets of a suburb, inhabited by the lowest order of the people, and an approaching thunder shower determined him to ask a short refuge in the most decent habitation that was near him. He knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall man, of a grisly and ferocious aspect, and sordid dress. The stranger was readily ushered to a chamber, where swords, scourges, and machines, which seemed to be implements of torture, were suspended on the wall. One of these swords dropped from its scabbard, as the nobleman, after a moment's hesitation crossed the threshold. His host immediately stared at him, with such marked expression, that the young man could not help demanding his name and business, and the meaning of his looking at him so fixedly. "I am," answered the man, "the public executioner of this city; and the incident you have observed is a sure augury, that I shall, in discharge of my duty, one day cut off your head with the weapon which has just now spontaneously unsheathed itself." The nobleman lost no time in leaving his place of refuge; but engaging in some plots of the period, was shortly after decapitated by that very man and instrument.

Lord Lovat is said, by the author of the Letters from Scotland, to have affirmed, that a number of swords that hung up in the hall of the mansion-house, leaped of themselves out of the scabbard at the instant he was born. This story passed current among his clan, and

like that of the story just quoted, proved an unfortunate omen.

APPARITION TO LADY FANSHAW.

SUPERNATURAL intimations of approaching fate, says Sir Walter Scott, are not, I believe, confined to highland families. Howel mentions having seen at a lapidary's, in 1632, a monumental stone, prepared for four persons of the name of Oxenham, before the death of each of whom, the inscription stated a white bird to have appeared and fluttered around the bed, while the patient was in the last agony. *Familiar Letters*, Edit. 1726, p. 247. Glanville mentions one family, the members of which received this solemn sign by music, the sound of which floated from the family residence, and seemed to die in a neighbouring wood; another, that of Captain Wood of Bampton, to whom the signal was given by knocking.

~~But the~~ most remarkable instance of presentiment of death occurs in the MS. memoirs of Lady Fanshaw, so exemplary for her conjugal affection. Her husband, Sir Richard, and she, chanced, during their abode in Ireland, to visit a friend, the head of a sept, who resided in his ancient baronial castle, surrounded with a moat. At midnight, she was awakened by a ghastly and supernatural scream, and looking out of bed, beheld by the moonlight, a female face and part of the form, hovering at the window. The distance from the ground, as well as the circumstance of the moat, excluded the possibility that what she beheld was of this world. The face was that of a young and rather handsome woman, but pale, and the hair, which was reddish, loose and dishevelled. The dress, which Lady Fanshaw's terror did not prevent

her remarking accurately, was that of the ancient Irish. This apparition continued to exhibit itself for some time, and then vanished with two shrieks similar to that which had first excited Lady Fanshaw's attention. In the morning, with infinite terror, she communicated to her host what she had witnessed, and found him prepared not only to credit but to account for the apparition. "A near relative of my family," said he, "expired last night in the castle. We disguised our certain expectation of the event from you, lest it should throw a cloud over the cheerful reception which was your due. Now, before such an event happens in this family and castle, the female spectre whom you have seen always is visible. She is believed to be the spirit of a woman of inferior rank, whom one of my ancestors degraded himself by marrying, and whom afterwards, to expiate the dishonour done to his family, he caused to be drowned in the castle moat."

APPARITION TO PHILIP MELANCTHON.

THE name of Melancthon, as the intimate friend and distinguished coadjutor of Martin Luther, in the glorious work of the Reformation, must be dear to every enlightened Protestant; and his labours as a reformer and scholar rank him among the brightest ornaments of religion and literature.

The merits of this good and great man have been set forth in a work of considerable worth, by F. A. Cox, A.M. In the course of his interesting biographical narrative, he gives the following relation of an incident which occurred at the second Diet of Spire, convened in the year 1529.

A curious circumstance, says Mr. Cox, occurred at

this convocation, which Melancthon relates in his commentary on the angelic appearance mentioned in the tenth chapter of Daniel, and which he affirms was but one out of many of a similar nature, which he could fully authenticate. The case was briefly this: Simon Grynæus, a very intimate friend of his, and at this period a Greek professor in the University of Heidelberg, who combined profound erudition with zealous piety, came over unexpectedly to see him at Spire. He ventured to encounter Faber the Catholic Bishop of Vienna, and to urge him closely on some topics in discussion between the Catholics and the Reformers. The bishop, who was plausible, but shallow, fearful of engaging in argument, but cruelly ready to use the sword, pretended that private business with the king required his attention at that moment, but that he felt extremely desirous of the friendship of Grynæus, and of another opportunity of discussing the controverted points. No dissembler himself, Grynæus returned to his friends without suspicion of the wily courtier's intentions: nor could any of them have known it, but for what Melancthon deemed a supernatural interference. They were just sitting down to supper, and Grynæus had related part of the conversation between himself and the bishop, when Melancthon was suddenly called out of the room to an old man whom he had never seen or heard of, or could afterwards discover; characterized by a most observable peculiarity of manner and dress, and who said, that persons by the king's authority, would soon arrive to seize Grynæus, and put him in prison, Faber having influenced him to this persecuting measure. He enjoined, that instant means should be adopted to secure the departure of Grynæus to a place of safety, and

urged that there should not be a moment's delay. Upon communicating this information he immediately withdrew. Melancthon and his friends instantly bestirred themselves, and saw him safe across the Rhine. It afterwards appeared, that the king's messengers were in the house almost as soon as they had left it, but Grynæus was out of the reach of danger; a danger as Melancthon remarks, easily imagined by those who were acquainted with Faber's cruelty. He says, they were all of opinion that this was a divine interposition, so singular was the appearance of the old man, and so rapid the movements of the instrument of vengeance, from whose power Grynæus scarcely escaped.

Such is the narrative which the reader is put in possession of without note or comment. Some will think it supernatural, others will exclaim, *Credat Judæus Apella*, and many perhaps will consider it, though remarkable, capable of explanation, without allowing it to have been miraculous. The use Melancthon makes of the statement, must be admitted to be worthy of his exalted piety; "Let us," says he, "be grateful to God, who sends his angels to be our protectors, and let us with increased tranquillity of mind, fulfil the duties assigned us."—*Cox's Life of Melancthon*, p. 277.

It should be added, that no subsequent discovery was made of the identity of the old man, who thus preserved the Reformer and his fellow labourers; nor did circumstances, in the slightest degree, tend to invalidate the above conclusion.

APPARITION OF MRS. BARGRAVE TO MRS. VEAL, AT
CANTERBURY.

THE credit of the following narrative has been much depreciated by those who have erroneously considered

it as a mere fable prefixed to Drelincourt's Treatise on Death,* owing to the circumstance of that book being preferred by Mrs. Veal, one of the parties. The publisher to promote the sale of Drelincourt's work, printed an incorrect and garbled edition of this narrative, with irreconcilable inconsistencies; which has made the affair pass as a mere stratagem of trade. These imperfections will be evident on a comparison of the following original statement, with that prefixed to Drelincourt's work. Thus, it is illiberal and unjust to decide on its credibility, merely because it has been pirated with interested motives.†

Mrs. Margaret Veal, and Mrs. Mary Bargrave, (before her marriage called Lodowick) had contracted an affectionate intimacy in their younger years, at which time the father of one was customer, and that of the other minister of Dover.

* The motives of the author in this work, are unquestionably those of a sincere Christian, who has the interest of his fellow-creatures at heart. We now see it in the cottages of the labouring poor; but its influence is neither restrained to the noble, the opulent, or the needy; since by placing DEATH, or a temporary cessation or suspension of existence, in a proper point of view, it encourages and supports men in his severest trials. The character and eccentricities of the late Duke of Norfolk are well known. His life was one round of gaily and pleasurable licence, by which means he shortened his career, and thus deprived mankind of the benefit of his useful talents. He died in St. James's Square, December, 1815; but remorse overtook him ere he left his darling world; and it is a well authenticated fact, that only a few hours previous to his death, he requested that his servant might be dispatched to his bookseller's in Pall Mall, to procure a copy of Drelincourt's Treatise on Death.

† This story was fabricated by De Foe, the ingenious author of *Robinson Crusoe*.

*See Russell's life of
Dr. Johnson p. 189.*

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

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

Time and change of circumstances on both sides had interrupted their friendship for some years ; and Mrs. Bargrave, by being half a year in London, and afterwards settling at Canterbury, had neither seen nor heard from Mrs. Veal for a year and a half.

Mrs. Veal, some time before her death, received the addresses of a gentleman of the army, Major General Sibourg (a natural son of the Duke of Scomberg) killed in the battle of Mons, and was engaged so far, that her brother's not consenting to it, is believed to have brought on those fits, which were the cause of her death. She died at Dover, on Friday, in the month of September, 1705.

On Saturday, a little before twelve in the morning, Mrs. Bargrave being by herself in her own house at Canterbury, as she was taking her work in her hand, heard somebody knock at the door ; and going out, to her astonishment, found it to be her old friend Mrs. Veal.

After expressing her surprise to see so great a stranger, she offered to salute her, which the other declined,

as it were, by hanging down her head, and saying, she was not well, on which Mrs. Bargrave desired her to walk in and sit down, which she did.

She was dressed in a silk dove-coloured riding gown, with French night-clothes; she appeared expressly the same, as in her lifetime, and Mrs. Bargrave remembered to have heard her steps distinctly as she walked in.

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

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

Mrs. Bargrave's husband was a barrister, who dissipated his money in excesses; and as he was the worst of husbands, his wife had gone through a long course of ill usage, which was in a great measure unknown to the world. The use of this is to shew one end of Mrs. Veal's visit, which seems to be to give her the relief they had often communicated to each other in the course of their friendship.

Mrs. Veal then began with Mrs. Bargrave, by asking her what was the matter with her, that she looked so ill? She replied, she had been thinking on her misfortunes. I must now act the part you did to me

under my misfortunes, (said Mrs. Veal) I must comfort you as you used to do me. I would have you by no means think that God Almighty is displeased with you ; but that his intention is only to try and perfect you, for God does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. Besides, one moment's happiness of the other world, will be more than a reward for all your sufferings, when as upon a hill you shall be above all the storms and dangers of a troublesome world. She proceeded in this manner with unusual vehemence, and striking her hand often on her knees, she cried, you must believe it.

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

Mrs. Bargrave, moved with the discourse, chanced, by a turn of the chair, to throw down from a shelf, Drelincourt's Treatise of the Christian's defence against the fears of death, which gave the first hint to tell her, there was Drelincourt, which they had so often read together. I see, said Mrs. Veal, you keep on your old way of reading, which if you continue to do, will not fail to bring you to the happy condition he speaks of. The other mentioning Dr. Sherlock and some others on that subject, she said, Drelincourt had the clearest notion of death, and that neither Dr. Sherlock, nor any other on that subject, were to be compared with him, (as she expressed it) to her understanding.* Dear Mrs. Bargrave, said she, if the eyes of our faith were but as open as the eyes of our bodily senses, we should

* This partial allusion to Drelincourt's book, has suggested the fabricated statements which have tended to invalidate the report of the narrative.

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

In the course of conversation, Mrs. Veal entered upon the subject of friendship, and saying there was now little friendship in the world ; the other replied, she hoped she herself had no reason to complain of every one being a friend to the rich ; I mean, said Mrs. Veal, such a friendship as you and I had to improve one another in what is useful. What did you think of my friendship, said Mrs. Veal, which I am sure has not at all repaid what I owe you ? If you can forgive me, you are the best hearted creature in the world. Mrs. Bargrave replied, do not mention such a thing, I have not had an uneasy thought about it ; I can forgive you. But what did you think of me ? said Mrs. Veal.

I thought, replied Mrs. Bargrave, that, like the rest of the world, prosperity had likewise altered you. I have been, said Mrs. Veal, the most ungrateful wretch in the world, and then recounted many of the kindnesses she had received from her in her adversity, saying, she wished her brother knew how she was troubled about it. Being asked why she did not acquaint her brother of it, if it was such a trouble to her, she said she did not think of it till she came away.

To divert the discourse, Mrs. Bargrave asked her if she had seen a copy of verses of Mr. Norris's, on Friendship, in a dialogue between Damon and Pithias. She said she had seen other parts of his works, but not that : Mrs. Bargrave said, I have them of my own writing, and the other desiring to see them, she went up stairs and brought them to her to read ; but Mrs. Veal said, it is your own scrawl, pray read it yourself, holding down my head will make it ache ; Mrs. Bargrave then read them. There was a passage "that friendship survives even death," which the other desired to have repeated, and said, Mrs. Bargrave, those poets call heaven by a strange name, that is Elysium ; and added, with particular emphasis, that their friendship should have no end in a future world.

Mrs. Veal asked her what was become of her husband ? and being told he was abroad, said, she wished he might not come home while she was there, for though he had always treated her with respect, yet she had sometimes been frightened with his frolics.

At last, she said, she had great apprehensions of her fits, and in case that she should die of them, desired Mrs. Bargrave to write to her brother, and tell him she wished him to make certain arrangements for her, viz. give her best clothes to her uncle Watson's daughter, as also two small pieces of gold laid up in a cabinet

in a purse ; certain pieces to another person, two rings to Mr. Bretton, commissioner of the customs, a ring to Major-General Sibourg, (of which Mrs. Bargrave sent him a letter,) and further desired her to charge her brother not to take any interest of such a certain person whose plate she had in security.

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

This discourse gave Mrs. Bargrave apprehensions of her fits, so that she drew her chair close to her, to prevent her from falling, during which she several times took hold of the sleeve of her gown, which Mrs. B. admired. Mrs. Veal said she had better take it for herself ; the other answered, you are going a journey, how will you do without it ? She said, as well as you, who have often taken off your gown from your back for me.

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

She asked Mrs. Bargrave, if she knew her sister,

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

By this time she began to look disordered, and forgetful of what she had said, as if the fits were coming upon her. As this visit seemed in a great measure designed in gratitude to a friend, without giving any apprehensions, so the several parts of her discourse, that related to Mr. Bretton's pension, her sister Haslewood, the scouring of her gown, the quantity of gold in the purse, the rings and the plate in pawn, were designed as credentials to her brother and the world.

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

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

Mrs. Bargrave at that instant told a neighbour of Mrs. Veal's visit, and of their conversation; and a neighbour's servant, from a yard near her window,

heard some of their discourse, and being asked by her mistress if Mr. Bargrave was talking with his wife? answered that they never talked of any thing so good.

At night her husband came home in a frolicsome humour, and taking her by the hand, said, Molly, you are hot, you want to be cooled, and so opening the door to the garden, put her out there, where she continued all night.

During Sunday she kept her bed, in a high fever, and on Monday morning sent to Mrs. Watson's to enquire after Mrs. Veal, and as she could have no satisfaction, went herself, but with as little. They were surprised at her enquiring for Mrs. Veal, and said, they were sure, by their not seeing her, that she could not have been at Canterbury; but when Mrs. Bargrave persisted that she was, and described her dress, saying, she had on a scoured silk of such a colour, Mrs. Watson's daughter said, that she had indeed seen her, for none knew of the gown's being scoured but themselves, and that her mother assisted in making it up. In the meantime Captain Watson came in, and told them that preparation was making in town for the funeral of some person of note in Dover. This quickly raised apprehensions in Mrs. Bargrave, who went away directly to the undertaker's, and was no sooner informed it was for Mrs. Veal, than she fainted away in the street.

For a long time Mrs. Bargrave was visited by crowds of people, who came to gratify their curiosity; the most sceptical on one hand, and the most superstitious on the other; and during her husband's life-time she was exposed to his unsparing raillery.

His evasions were so frivolous to Dr. Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, that when he endeavoured to

make the doctor disbelieve the story, and the divine pressed him how she should come to know so much of her secret affairs? to divert the argument of her appearing after her death, he owned his sister could conceal nothing from her, intimating that she might have told her in her life-time. He was so piqued at the doctor, that when he came to Canterbury to be married by him, he was married by another; nor was he ever able to encounter Mrs. Bargrave, but industriously avoided her.

MR. BOOTY AND THE SHIP'S CREW.

No circumstance connected with supernatural appearances has occasioned more altercation and controversy, than the undermentioned. The narrative certainly has an air of overstrained credulity; nevertheless, the affair is curious, and the coincidence very remarkable, especially as it was a *salvo* for Capt. Barnaby. The former part of this narrative is transcribed from Capt Spinks's journal, or log-book, and the latter from the King's Bench Records for the time being.

Tuesday, May the 12th, this day the wind S. SW. and a little before four in the afternoon, we anchored in Manser road, where lay captains Bristo, Brian, and Barnaby, all of them bound to Lucera to load. Wednesday, May the 13th, we weighed anchor, and in the afternoon I went on board of Captain Barnaby, and about two o'clock we sailed all of us for the island of Lucera, wind W. SW. and bitter weather. Thursday, the 14th, about two o'clock, we saw the island, and all came to an anchor in twelve fathom water, the wind W. SW. and on the 15th day of May, we had an observation of Mr. Booty in the following manner: Captains Bristo, Brian, and Barnaby, went on shore shooting colues on Stromboli: when we had done

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we called our men together, and about fourteen minutes after three in the afternoon, to our great surprise, we saw two men run by us with amazing swiftness ; Captain Barnaby said, Lord bless me, the foremost man looks like my next-door neighbour, old Booty, but said, he did not know the other that was behind ; Booty was dressed in grey clothes, and the one behind in black ; we saw them run into the burning mountain in the midst of the flames, on which we heard a terrible noise too horrible to be described ; Captain Barnaby then desired us to look at our watches, pen the time down in our pocket-books, and enter it in our journals, which we accordingly did.

When we were laden, we all sailed for England, and arrived at Gravesend, on the 6th of October, 1687. Mrs. Barnaby and Mrs. Brian came to congratulate our safe arrival, and after some discourse, Captain Barnaby's wife said, My dear, I have got some news to tell you, old Booty is dead. He swore an oath, and said, we all saw him run into "hell." Some time afterwards, Mrs. Barnaby met with a lady of her acquaintance in London, and told her what her husband had seen concerning Mr. Booty ; it came to Mrs. Booty's ears, she arrested Captain Barnaby in 1000*l*. action ; he gave bail, and it came to trial at the Court of King's Bench, where Mr. Booty's clothes were brought into court. The sexton of the parish, and the people that were with him when he died, swore to the time when he died, and we swore to our journals, and they agreed within two minutes ; twelve of our men swore that the buttons of his coat were covered with the same grey cloth as his coat, and it appeared to be so ; the jury asked Mr. Spink if he knew Mr. Booty in his life-time ; he said he never saw him till he saw him

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run by him into the burning mountain. The judge then said, Lord, grant that I may never see the sight that you have seen : one, two, or three, may be mistaken, but twenty or thirty cannot ; so the widow lost the cause.

N. B. It is now in the Records at Westminster.

JAMES THE SECOND, 1687

HERBERT, Chief Justice,

WYTHENS,

HOLLOWAY,

And WRIGHT,

} Justices.

REMARKABLE DREAM, BY THE REV. JOSEPH WILKINS.

THE late Rev. Joseph Wilkins, dissenting minister at Weymouth, dreamt in the early part of his life, a very remarkable dream, which he carefully preserved in writing as follows :—“ One night, soon after I was in bed, I fell asleep, and dreamt I was going to London. I thought it would not be much out of my way to go through Gloucestershire, and call upon my friends there. Accordingly I set out ; but remembered nothing that happened by the way till I came to my father's house ; when I went to the front-door, and tried to open it, but found it fast ; then I went to the back-door, which I opened, and went in ; but finding all the family were in bed, I went across the rooms only, went up stairs, and entered the chamber where my father and mother were in bed. As I went by the side of the bed on which my father lay, I found him asleep, or thought he was so : then I went to the other side, and having just turned the foot of the bed, I found my mother awake ; to whom I said these words : ‘ Mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to bid you good bye ;’ upon which she answered me in a fright, ‘ O,

dear son, thou art dead!" With this I awoke, and took no notice of it, more than a common dream; except that it appeared to me very perfect.

In a few days after, as soon as a letter could reach me, I received one by post from my father, upon the receipt of which I was a little surprised, and concluded something extraordinary must have happened, as it was but a short time before I had a letter from my friends, and all were well. Upon opening it, I was more surprised still, for my father addressed me as though I was dead, desiring me, if alive, or whoever's hands the letter might fall into to write immediately; but if the letter should find me living, they concluded I should not live long, and gave this as the reason of their fears,—That on a certain night, naming it, after they were in bed, my father asleep, and my mother awake, she heard something try to open the front-door, but finding it fast, he went to the back-door, which he opened, came in, and came directly through the rooms up stairs, and she perfectly knew it to be my step; that I came to her bed-side, and spoke to her these words: 'Mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to bid you good bye:' upon which she answered me in a fright, "O! dear son, thou art dead!" which were the very circumstances and words of my dream, but she heard nothing more, and saw nothing; neither did I in my dream.

Upon this she awoke and told my father what had passed; but he endeavoured to appease her, persuading her it was only a dream: she insisted it was no dream, for that she was as perfectly awake as ever she was, and had not the least inclination to sleep since she had been in bed. From these circumstances I am apt to think, it was at the very same instant when my dream happened, though the distance between us was about

one hundred miles ; but of this I cannot speak positively. This occurred while I was at the academy at Ottery, Devon, in the year 1754, and, at this moment, every circumstance is fresh upon my mind. I have since had frequent opportunities of talking over the affair with my mother, and the whole was as fresh upon her mind as it was upon mine. I have often thought, that her sensations, as to this matter, were stronger than mine. What may appear strange, is that I cannot remember any thing remarkable happening hereupon. This is only a plain simple narrative of a matter of fact.

Mr. Wilkins died November 15th, 1800, in the seventieth year of his age.

APPARITION OF DESFONTAINES TO MR. BEZUEL.

MR. BEZUEL, when a school-boy 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, 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 restless night. Notwithstanding this attack, he returned to the meadow next day ; but on the succeeding day, he had a still more severe attack. Bezuel thus relates the subsequent circumstances himself 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 recovered, 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 afterwards told.

I talked with Desfontaines nearly three quarters of an hour. I promised you, said he, that if I died before you I would come and tell you so. I am now come to tell you I was drowned in the river of Caen yesterday about this hour ; I was walking with some friends : it was very hot weather, and we agreed to go into the water ; I

grew faint and sunk to the bottom of the river; the Abbe 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 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, upon which there was a writing, but I could only read "*In cælo quies.*"

SIR JOHN AND LADY OWEN.

SIR John Owen was a person of note, and of well-known credit; his lady and one of her sons lived in London; and being of a gay and expensive disposition, it was thought she lived beyond what the Knight could afford, and that he was sensible of it and uneasy about it. She had a good house in London, and a country house, or lodgings for the summer, at Hampstead, and kept a splendid equipage.

It happened one day, lady Owen being at her country lodgings, that a person well-dressed, in appearance a gentleman, called at her city house, and knocked at the door, asked the maid if there were any lodgings to be let there, and if her lady was at home? On the servant's evincing some anger at so rude a question—"Well," said he, "don't be displeased, your lady has had some thoughts of staying at her summer lodgings all the winter, and so would dispose of some apartments in town for the parliament season; and I am directed by herself to look at the rooms, and give my answer;

let me but just see them, I shall do you no harm :” he then entered, and as it were pushed by her, and going into the first parlour, sat down in an easy chair, his servant waiting at the door ; and as the maid did not apprehend any mischief, she followed him.

When she came in, he rose up, and looking about the room, found fault with the furniture, and the disposition of it ; all was too good, too rich, and far above the quality of the owner ; and said, that the lady did not know what she did, that it was an expence she could not support ; and that such a mode of living would bring her and all the family to ruin and beggary.

The servant now conducted him into another parlour, where he found the same fault : he told her he was surprised that her lady lived at so extravagant a rate as Sir John’s estate could not maintain it, that it would run him into debt and ruin him ; and thus he would be undone by her extravagance.

Upon this the maid retorted, and told him that this was foreign to what he came about ; if the lodgings were too good for him, that was his business indeed, else he had nothing to do with her lady’s conduct, and the furniture of her house ; that her master was a gentleman of great estate, and had large plantations in Jamaica ; that he constantly supplied her lady with money sufficient for her support, and for all her expences ; and she wondered that he should interfere.

The stranger now calmly entered into conversation about Lady Owen, and her way of living, and told many of the secrets of the family, so that the servant began to be more courteous.

She tried several times to learn who he was, his rank,

country, name and address; but he always declined, only telling her he would go to Hampstead, where Lady Owen lodged, and wait upon her himself; and thanking the servant for her civility, he left the house, his servant followed him.

The girl now became much alarmed at these curious coincidences and circumstances. At length she went to give her lady an account of what had happened. On reaching Hampstead, she found her mistress very ill. At first she was refused admittance, but she urged her extraordinary business. "What extraordinary business can you have?" said the lady's maid tauntingly, "if your business was from the devil, you can't speak with my lady just now, for she is very ill and in bed."

From the devil, said Mary, I don't know but it may, and I believe it is indeed; so I must speak with my lady immediately.

Nay, replied the woman, here has been one messenger too many from the devil already, I think; sure you don't come of his errand too, do ye?

I don't know whose errand I come of, but I am frightened out of my wits; let me speak with my lady presently, or I shall die before I deliver my message.

Die! said the woman; I wish my lady may not die before she hears it; pry'thee Mary, if it be any thing to frighten her, don't tell it her just now, for she is almost frightened to death already.

Why, said Mary, has my lady seen any thing? Ay, ay: seen! said the woman, she has seen and heard too; there has been a man who has brought her dreadful tidings.

They talked so loud, that the lady heard the noise, and immediately rang the bell for her maid. When the

woman went in, Who is that below, said the lady, talking so earnestly? is any body come from London? Yes, madam, said the woman, here is Mary come to speak to your ladyship. Mary come, said she, in a surprise, what can be the matter! why, sure, has she seen something too? mercy on me, what's the matter! what does she say?

At length Mary entered the room, and the woman was ordered to withdraw.

As soon as the door was shut, the lady burst into tears. O Mary, said she, I have had a dreadful visit this afternoon; your master has been here. My master! why, madam, that's impossible. Nay, it was your master, I am sure.

In a word, the apparition of her husband had told her his estate would not support her expensive way of living, and that she would bring herself to misery and poverty, and much more to the same purpose as he had said to Mary.

Mary immediately asked her ladyship, in what manner he appeared; and by the description that her mistress gave, it was exactly the same figure that had appeared to her, and desired to see the lodgings; then Mary gave her ladyship a particular relation of what had happened to her also, and of the message she was charged to deliver.

The lady was ultimately reduced, and obliged to sell her splendid furniture and equipage. But the most remarkable incident is, that just at this juncture, Sir John Owen, the lady's husband, died in the West-Indies.

This relation is taken from a manuscript, in the possession of Sir Owen Ap Owen, of Brecknockshire: and the circumstance happened in the beginning of the reign of Queen Anne.

OMEN TO CHARLES II.

ACCORDING to a tract published in 1680, Elizabeth Freeman, of Bishop's Hatfield, Herts, was visited by an apparition several times, which commanded her to deliver a message to Charles the Second. She swore before Sir Joseph Jorden, and Dr. Lee, that on Monday, January 24, she saw the apparition of a woman who said to her, "The fifteenth of May is appointed for the Royal blood to be poisoned." Again the apparition desired her to tell king Charles not to remove his Parliament, and stand to his Council.

JUDGE BROGRAVE.

As Mr. Brograve, of Hamel, near Puckeridge, Herts, when a young man, was riding in a lane, he suddenly received a violent blow on the cheek. He looked back, and saw that nobody was near him; and soon afterwards he received another blow. He turned back, and fell to the study of the law; and hence became a judge. This account I had from Sir John Penruddock, of Compton, chamberlain, (our neighbour) whose lady was Judge Brograve's niece.—*Aubrey's Miscellanies*.

COMMISSIONER FOSTREE.

MR. FOSTREE one of the Commissioners of the Victualling Office, died in 1767. What is remarkable, a Commissioner of the same Board having dreamed that one of their number had fallen down dead, and telling his dream the next morning, the words were scarcely uttered, when Mr. Fostree suddenly expired.—*Annual Register*, 1767.

LORD LYTTLETON.

THE subject of this narrative was the son of George Lord Lyttleton, and was alike distinguished for the raci-

ness of his wit and the profligacy of his manners. The latter trait of his character has induced many persons to suppose the apparition which he asserted he had seen, to have been the effect of a conscience quickened with remorse for innumerable vices and misgivings. The probability of the narrative has, consequently, been much questioned; but in our own acquaintance we chance to know two gentlemen, one of whom was at Pitt Place, the seat of Lord Lyttleton, and the other in the immediate neighbourhood at the time of his Lordship's death; and who bear ample testimony to the veracity of the whole affair.

The several narratives correspond in material points; and we shall now proceed to relate the most circumstantial particulars written by a gentleman who was on a visit to his lordship:—

“ I was at Pitt Place, Epsom, when Lord Lyttleton died; Lord Fortescue, Lady Flood, and the two Miss Amphletts, were also present. Lord Lyttleton had not long been returned from Ireland, and frequently had been seized with suffocating fits: he was attacked several times by them in the course of the preceding month, while he was at his house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square. It happened that he dreamt, three days before his death, that he saw a fluttering bird; and afterwards that a woman appeared to him in white apparel, and said to him, ‘ Prepare to die, you will not exist three days.’* His lordship was much alarmed; and called to

* According to the narrative of a relative of Lady Lyttleton, the following is the version of the circumstances as related by Lord Lyttleton:—

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

a servant from a closet adjoining, who found him much agitated, and in a profuse perspiration: the circumstance had a considerable effect all the next day on his lordship's spirits. On the third day, while his lordship was at breakfast with the above personages, he said, 'If I live over to-night, I shall have jockeyed the ghost, for this is the third day.' The whole party presently set off for Pitt Place, where they had not long arrived, before his lordship was visited by one of his accustomed fits: after a short interval, he recovered. He dined at five o'clock that day, and went to bed at eleven, when his servant was about to give him rhubarb and mint-water; but his lordship, perceiving him stir it with a tooth-pick, called him a slovenly dog, and bid him go and fetch a tea-spoon; but, on the man's return, he found his master in a fit, and the pillow being placed high, his chin bore hard upon his neck, when the servant, instead of relieving his lordship, on the instant, from his perilous situa-

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 mantel-piece 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 Lyttleton 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.

tion, ran, in his fright, and called out for help, but on his return he found his lordship dead."

In explanation of this strange tale, it is said, that Lord Lyttleton acknowledged, previously to his death, that the woman he had seen in his dream was the 'mother' of the two Miss Amphletts, mentioned above; whom, together with a third sister, then in Ireland, his lordship had seduced, and prevailed on to leave their parent, who resided near his country residence in Shropshire. It is further stated, that Mrs. Amphlett died of grief, through the desertion of her children, at the precise time when the female vision appeared to his lordship; and that, about the period of his own dissolution, a personage answering his description visited the bed-side of the late Miles Peter Andrews, Esq., (who had been the friend and companion of Lord Lyttleton in his revels,) and suddenly throwing open the curtains, desired Mr. Andrews to come to him. The latter, not knowing that his lordship had returned from Ireland, suddenly got up, when the phantom disappeared! Mr. Andrews frequently declared, that the alarm caused him to have a short fit of illness; and, in his subsequent visits to Pitt Place, no solicitations could ever prevail on him to take a bed there; but he would invariably return, however late, to the Spread Eagle Inn, at Epsom, for the night.

Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in his Memoirs has the following passage:—

"Dining at Pitt Place, about four years after the death of Lord Lyttleton, in the year 1783, I had the curiosity to visit the bedchamber, where the casement window, at which Lord Lyttleton asserted the dove appeared to flutter, was pointed out to me; and, at his stepmother's, the dowager Lady Lyttleton's, in Portugal Street, Grosvenor Square, I have frequently seen a

apparition of the living

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MR. BARLOW'S HUNTSMAN.

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 Lytton 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."

An engraving, copied from this picture, has been published, and is still frequently to be met with in the collections of printsellers.

APPARITION OF MR. BARLOW'S HUNTSMAN.

LAST Christmas day in the morning, Mr. Barlow was visited by a person who had the appearance and dress of his huntsman, who opened his curtains and asked him whether he proposed going out with the hounds that morning. Mr. Barlow told him that he was not then very well, and did not care to go himself, but that he, the huntsman, might take the dogs and go to such a mountain, where he might find a fox; upon which the person left him. Mrs. Barlow hearing this conversation, as she thought, between the huntsman and her husband, for she lay in a room contiguous to his, came sometime after to him, and expostulated with him upon the indecency of sending out the hounds that day; what answer he made her is not certain, but when he came down stairs, he saw some of his favourite hounds about the house, which led him to an enquiry why the huntsman had left those hounds behind him. The servants protested the huntsman had not been there that morning, and that the dogs were all in the kennel, upon which a servant was sent to Narbeth, where the hunts-

man lived, to see whether he had been at Slebetch or not. The huntsman strenuously denied it, and said he was just got out of bed, and his wife affirmed the same. On being informed of what had happened to his master, both man and wife fell ill with the conceit; the man is since pretty well recovered, but the woman still continues in a state of distraction. Barlow himself has been greatly shocked about it; he insists on the reality of the appearance; and Mrs. Barlow affirms, she heard the huntsman that morning talking with her husband.

Gentleman's Magazine, July, 1812.

EVIDENCE OF AN APPARITION.

Extracted from the Records of the Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh.

UPON the 10th of June, 1754, Duncan Terig, alias Clarke, and Alexander Bain Macdonald, were tried at Edinburgh, before the Court of Justiciary, for the murder of Arthur Davis, serjeant in General Guise's regiment of foot, on the 28th of September, 1749.

In the course of the proof for the crown, Alexander M'Pherson deposed, that an apparition came one night, when he was in bed, to his bed side, and he supposing his visitor to be one Farquharson, his acquaintance, got up and followed it to the door, when it told him it was Serjeant Davies, and desired him to go to a place it pointed out to him in the Hill of Christie, where he would find its bones; and further requested, that he should go to Farquharson, who would accompany him to the hill, and assist him in burying them; that he went to the place pointed out, and there found a human body, of which the flesh was mostly consumed, but at

that time he did not bury it. A few nights afterwards the ghost paid him a second visit, and reminded him of his promise to bury the bones, and upon his enquiring who was the murderer, the ghost told him they were D. Clarke and Alexander M'Donald. After this second apparition, the witness and Farquharson went and buried the bones.

Another witness, Isabella M'Hardie, deposed, that she was in the same house with M'Pherson, and that she saw a naked man come into the house, and go towards M'Pherson's bed.

Donald Farquharson confirmed the testimony of M'Pherson, as to the finding of the body, and his assisting in burying it. He likewise deposed, that M'Pherson told him of the ghost's visit, and also of its request to get him (Farquharson) to assist him in burying the body.

The prisoners were acquitted principally on account of the evidence of these witnesses, whose information from the ghost threw an air of discredit on the whole proof. The agent for the prisoners told the relator of this extraordinary story (that as they were then both dead) he had no difficulty to declare, that in his own opinion they were both guilty.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

THIS atrocious affair, perhaps one of the most bloody tragedies with which the page of history is stained, is on good authority, said to have been prognosticated in several ways, and even a considerable time before its perpetration.

Sinclair, in his *Invisible World*, says, "the histories of the time is full of secret warnings and notices, given by the apparitions of invisible agents in dream. Ad-

miral Coligni had no less than three particular notices given him by dreams, that his life was in danger, and that he would be murdered if he stayed in Paris ; an express was sent him from the Count S——, at Saumur, to make his escape and flee for his life before it was too late : nay, it was even said that the King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. sent a private message to him to be gone, and if he staid one night longer he would find it impossible ; but it was all in vain, he was deaf and indolent to his own safety."

" Others who were more obedient to the heavenly vision, more touched than with the sense of their danger, as the Count de Montgomery, the Vidame of Chartres, De Caversac ; and who had severally, and some of them jointly, timely warning of their danger, mounted their horses and fled the night before, and foiling the vigilance of their pursuers made their escape."

Henry IV. said many times in public, that after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, a swarm of ravens flew upon the top of the Louvre, and that during seven nights, the king himself, and all the courtiers, heard groans and dreadful cries, at the same hour. He related a yet more extraordinary circumstance ; he said, that a few days previous to the massacre, while playing at dice with the Duke of Alencon, and the Duke of Guise, he saw drops of blood upon the table ; that twice he ordered them to be wiped off, and twice they appeared again, and then, he left the game struck with horror.

Mezeray in his *History of France*, relates the following fact ; a few years before the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the guardian of the Convent of the Cordeliers of Saints, whose name was Michael Crellet, having been condemned to be hanged by Admiral Coligny,

foretold him that he would die assassinated, that his body would be thrown out of the windows, and that afterwards he would be hanged himself, which happened to the Admiral at the massacre of St. Bartholomew.—*Voltaire—Notes to Henriade.*

PROGNOSTICATED DEATH OF HENRY III. OF FRANCE.

WHEN Henry the third, king of France, was assassinated at the siege of Paris, by a monk of the order of St. Francis, whose name was Jacques Clement, it was publicly said, and believed by many, that this fanatical monster had received an order from heaven, to destroy a king, who was then fighting against the rebellious clergy. We read the following narrative in a book published by a jacobin friar, and printed at Troyes, in the province of Champaign, some time after the death of Henry the third; we translate it from the old French language:—

“ So that God, hearing favourably the prayer of this faithful servant, whose name was brother Jacques Clement, one night while he was in bed, sent to him his angel in a vision, who appearing with a great light to the monk, and showing him a naked sword, addressed him with these words:—

‘ Brother Jacques, I am the messenger of God Almighty, who cometh to inform thee, that by thee, the tyrant of France must be put to death. Think thou, therefore, for thyself, and prepare thyself, as the crown of martyrdom is prepared for thee.’ Having spoken thus, the vision disappeared, and let him think on those words of truth.”

ALEXANDER PEDEN.

THIS extraordinary man was once imprisoned in the Bass, a stupendous crag in the Highlands of Scotland, used as a place of confinement for state and other prisoners.

"One sabbath morning," says the narrator, "being in the public worship of God, a young girl about the age of fourteen years, came to Peden's chamber-door, mocking with loud laughter; he said, 'poor thing, thou laughest and mockest at the worship of God, but ere long, God shall write such a surprising judgment on thee, that shall stay this laughing,' &c. Very shortly after that, as she was walking on the rock, a blast of wind swept her off to the sea, where she was lost."

REMARKABLE DREAM OF THE CELEBRATED MISS HUTTON.

THIS lady was the daughter of the late Dr. Charles Hutton, one of the first mathematicians of his time. A few days before her death, which took place in October, 1794, she had a remarkable dream, which her friends thought so curious, that they desired her to write it down, which she immediately did, literally in the following words.

"I dreamed that I was dead, and that my soul had ascended into one of the stars; there I found several persons whom I had formerly known, and among them some of the nuns whom I was particularly attached to when in France.* They told me, when they received me, they were glad to see me, but hoped I should not stay with them long, the place being a kind of purgatory; and that all the stars were for the reception of different people's souls, a different star being allotted for

* She had been for two years educated as a nun there.

every kind of bad temper and vice; all the sharp tempers went to one star, the sulky to another, the peevish to another; and so on. Every body in each star, being of the same temper, no one would give up to another, and there was nothing but dissension and quarrels among them. Some of those who received me, taking offence at the information my friends were giving to me a child, it made a quarrel, which at length became so rude and noisy, that it awoke me."

Gentleman's Magazine.

CONVERSION OF HENRY DE JOYEUSE.

san/ Vicieux, penitent, Courtier, Solitaire,
Il prit, quitta, reprit la cuirasse et la haine.—VOLTAIRE.

THESE lines admirably describe the character and fortune of Henry de Joyeuse, Count of Bouchage, and second brother of the Duke of Joyeuse, who was killed at the battle of Contras. Voltaire relates the following fact concerning this individual:

"One day, at four o'clock in the morning, passing by the convent of the Capuchin Friars at Paris, after a night spent in debauchery, he fancied that he heard angels singing matins in the convent. Struck with this thought, he became a capuchin friar, and took the name of brother angel. Afterwards he left the frock, and fought against Henry IV. The Duke of Mayenne appointed him Governor of Languedoc, and created him a duke and peer, and a marshal of France. At length he made his peace with the king, but one day, being with his Majesty on a balcony, under which a great crowd were assembled; 'Cousin,' said Henry IV. 'those people appear to me very pleased to see together an apostate, and renegade.' These words of the king induced Joyeuse to return to his convent, where he died."

APPARITION TO NINON DE L'ENCLOS.*

IN the year 1633, as the famous *Mademoiselle Ninon de L'Enclos*, one day sat alone in her chamber, her servant announced the arrival of a stranger, who desired to speak with her, but refused to tell his name. The young lady made answer that she was engaged with company. "No, no," said the stranger to the lacquey; "I know well that Miss is by herself, and for that very reason call upon her at present. Go, tell her, I have secrets of the last moment to impart, and cannot take a refusal." This extraordinary message, by exciting female curiosity, procured the stranger admittance. He was of low stature, of an ungracious aspect, and his grey hairs bespoke age. He was dressed in black, without a sword, wore a *calotte* (a small leather cap which covered the tonsure) and had a large patch on his forehead; in his left hand he held a very slender cane; his features were expressive, and his eyes sparkled vivacity. "Madam," said he, on entering the apartment, "please to make your waiting maid retire; my words are not for third persons to hear."—Miss L'Enclos was much alarmed at this preamble; but reflecting she had to do

* Ninon de L'Enclos was born at Paris, of a noble family, in 1615. Her mother was anxious to place her in a convent, but was prevented by her father, who was a man of gaiety. She lost her parents at the age of fifteen, and possessing the most fascinating personal beauty, she was followed by some of the first men of her time, but would never unite herself in marriage. She died at the age of ninety, and what is most singular, preserved her charms to the last. A remarkable circumstance is related of one of her sons, who having been bred without knowing his mother, conceived a desire for her, but having discovered the secret of his birth, he stabbed himself in her presence, thus presenting a most extraordinary instance of unnatural and perverted passion!

with a decrepit old man, mustered up some resolution and dismissed her maid.—“Let not my visit alarm you, Madam; said the stranger. It is true I do not honour all indiscriminately with my presence, but be assured you have nothing to fear. All I beg is, that you would hear me with confidence and attention. You see before you a man whom the earth obeys, and whom nature has invested with the power of dispensing her gifts. I presided at your birth; the lot of mortals depends upon my rod; and I have condescended to ask what lot you would wish for yourself; the present is but the dawn of your brilliant days. Soon you shall arrive at that period, when the gates of the world shall fly open to receive you; for it depends wholly upon yourself to be the most illustrious, and the most prosperous lady of your age. I submit to your choice supreme honours, immense riches, and eternal beauty. Take which you chuse, and depend upon it, there exists not a mortal who can make you the same ample offer.”—“That I verily believe,” replied the fair one in a fit of laughter; “besides your gifts are so very splendid.” “I hope, Madam, you have too much good sense to make sport of a stranger. Once more, I seriously make you the same offer, but decide instantly.” “Then truly, Sir, since you are so good as to give me my choice, I hesitate not to fix upon eternal beauty; but how, pray, am I to obtain such an inestimable prize?” “Madam, all I ask is, that you could put down your name in my tablets, and swear inviolable secrecy.” Mademoiselle de l’Enclos, instantly replied, and wrote her name upon a black memorandum-book with red edges. The old man at the same time struck her gently upon the left shoulder with his wand. “This now,” resumed he, “is the whole ceremony; henceforth, rely upon eternal beauty,

and the subjugation of every heart. I bestow on you unlimited powers of charming,—the most precious privilege a tenant of this nether orb can enjoy. During the six thousand years that I have perambulated this globe, I have only found four who were worthy of such rare felicity. They were Semiramis, Helen, Cleopatra, and Diana of Poiteux; you are the fifth, and I am determined shall be the last. You shall be ever fresh and ever blooming: charms and adorations shall track your steps: whoever beholds you, shall that instant be captivated, and they whom you love shall reciprocally love you; you shall enjoy uninterrupted health and longevity without appearing old. Some females seem born to bewitch the eye, and some the heart; but you alone, are fated to unite these different qualities: you shall taste of pleasure at an age when others of your sex are beset with decrepitude; your name shall live, while the world endures—I am aware, Madam, that all this will appear to you like enchantment, but ask me no questions, for I dare not answer a word. In the course of your life you shall see me once again, and that ere fourscore years be run. Tremble then! for three short days shall close your existence! Remember, my name is Night Walker.” With these words he vanished, and left the Miss of eternal beauty shivering with fear.

This lady of amorous memory, adds the narrator had a second visit from the gentleman in black, in the year 1706, as she lingered on her death-bed. In spite of the efforts of servants, he had found his way into her apartment; he stood by her bed, opened the curtains and gazed. The patient turned pale, and shrieked aloud. The unwelcome guest, after reminding her that the third day would be that of her dissolution, exhibited her own signature, and disappeared, as he exclaimed

with a hideous voice, "Tremble, for it is past, and you are to fall." The third day came, and L'Enclos was no more.

APPARITION TO MISS HEPBURNE OF GARLETON,
In the Scottish Highlands.

RATHER more than fifty years ago, an old maiden lady, Miss Janet Hepburn, sister to Colonel Hepburn, of Luffness and Congalton, of good family, was the tenant of one of the now decayed wings of the mansion house of Garleton. She is described as a tall thin figure, who wore a black silk cloak and bonnet, and walked with a large cane, ornamented with a gold chain and tassel, she had also a great deal of eccentricity in her conduct; for she often walked at dead of night and early dawn, till she was so wetted by the dews and the long dank grass, that on her return home, she had to shift her clothes or go to bed. Add to this, that she had the misfortune to be a papist, and was very ostensible in her devotions; so that we need not wonder that she was regarded by the superstitious of the neighbourhood, with no small degree of terror and aversion.

Having sauntered out one morning till near sunrise, she sat down on the craggy hill, when "an odd looking man," as she termed him, approached her. She waved her cane to keep off the intruder, who, after muttering something, went away. The lady immediately returned home; but during the day, could not banish the unwelcome visitor from her thoughts. At night, after locking the outer door, and placing the key below her pillow, she went to bed as usual, at a late hour. In vain she endeavoured to compose herself to sleep, and to dissipate the troublesome thoughts that arose in her mind; at length she heard the outer door open, and a heavy foot

come tramping up the creaking stairs ; something opened the door, and entered the room adjoining to her bed-closet ; the door of the latter next opened, and she again beheld the unwelcome visitor—the spectre of the morning.

She was only able to articulate, “ Who comes there ? ” when the stranger replied, “ this is my native place, and I have a long history to tell you ! ” The lady thinking the intruder was a robber, pointed to a small box containing her keys, and bade him take what he wanted, and be gone. The mysterious personage still wished to speak ; but as she waved her hand, and inclined not to listen, he disappeared. As he retired, she again heard the heavy foot tramping down the creaking stairs, till the slashing of the outer door announced his exit.

Although the lady passed a sleepless night, she was unwilling to disturb the inmates of her house, which consisted only of a maiden lady and a domestic. Next morning, when the servant came for the key of the outer door, she told her what had happened, and that she imagined robbers had been in the house. The maid had also the imperfect recollection of some voice ; but it was like the voice of a dream. At her lady's desire, she immediately went to the press where the family plate was deposited, but found it unmolested ; the silver wine cup stood on the mantle piece, below the crucifix, untouched, and the outer door remained fast ; in short, every thing stood in its place, as on the preceding evening.

It was the impression of the less superstitious part of the neighbourhood, that the old lady was superannuated, and that the ghastly visitant was the creature of a dream. Be this as it may, on that day twelvemonth, the lady of Garleton was seized with a convulsive fit in the evening, and expired about the same hour at midnight that she had had an interview with the unwelcome

visitor. I have only to add, that the person from whom I had the preceding story is of unquestionable veracity, and that she had often heard it from the lady's own lips.

The ruins of the mansion house still remain at the foot of Garleton hills, and are a fine miniature specimen of Highland scenery.

APPARITION TO MR. WESTON, OF OLD SWINFORD,
WORCESTERSHIRE.

IN the summer of 1759, Mr. Weston was walking one evening in the beautiful park of Lord Lyttleton, at Hagley, (characterized in Thomson's Seasons, the British Tempe,) when being overtaken by a shower of rain, ran into a grotto, and stood beneath a spreading oak ; under the shade of which several cattle were grazing.

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

On Mr. Weston's return to Swinford, he found that the death of the labourer was just announced in the neighbourhood. He instantly related the circumstance

to his friend. He had the body decently interred at his own expense ; and afterwards contributed to the support of the widow, not only by remitting a year's rent for her cottage and piece of ground, but also by settling a small annuity upon her till she should marry.

SECOND-SIGHT.

SUPERSTITION has been universally attributed to the Scottish character, and it forms a prominent feature in its history. The author of *Waverley* has availed himself of their most popular Northern legends, and on them he may be said to have laid the basis of his literary fame; indeed, they may be considered as adding a peculiar charm to Scottish literature.

Among these traditions none are better authenticated than those of **SECOND SIGHT**, which subject has been specially treated by various authors, at considerable length.

Martin gives the following account of it:*

"The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an other, wise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person that uses it for that end; the vision makes such a live'y impression upon the seers, that they neither see, nor think of any thing else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial, according to the object which was represented to them.

"The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place, of a vision, before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons, living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstance of an object, is by observation; for several persons of judgment, without this faculty, are more capable to judge of the design of a vision, than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

* Description of the Western I lands of Scotland, 8vo, 1103.

“ If an object is seen early in a morning (which is not frequent,) it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards. If at noon, it will be commonly accomplished that very day. If in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night: the later always in accomplishment, by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of night the vision is seen.

“ When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death; the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer; and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience confirms. Examples of this kind were shewn me, when the persons of whom the observations were then made, enjoyed perfect health.

“ One instance was lately foretold by a seer that was a novice, concerning the death of one of my acquaintance; this was communicated to a few only, and with great confidence: I being one of the number, did not in the least regard it, until the death of the person, about the time foretold, did confirm me of the certainty of the prediction. The novice mentioned above, is now a skilful seer, as appears from many late instances; he lives in the parish of St. Mary, the most northern in Skie.

“ If two or three women are seen at once, near a man's left hand, she that is next him will undoubtedly be his wife first, and so on, whether all three, or the man, be single or married at the time of the vision or not; of which there are several late instances among those of my acquaintance. It is an ordinary thing for them to see a man that is to come to the house shortly after; and if he is not of the seer's acquaintance, yet he gives such a lively description of his stature, complexion, habit, &c. that upon his arrival he answers the character given him in all respects.

“ It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all three; and this in progress of time uses to be accomplished: as at Mogshot, in the isle of Skie, where

there were but a few sorry cow-houses, thatched with straw, yet in a very few years after, the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished, by the building of several good houses on the very spot represented by the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

"To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast, is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several fresh instances.

"To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death soon after.

"When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

"Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the people that appeared: if there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers, but they know nothing concerning the corpse."

Dr. Johnson, in his *Journey to the Hebrides*, says: "The Second-sight is an impression made either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things distant or future are perceived and seen as if they were present. A man on a journey far from home, falls from his horse; another, who is perhaps at work about the house, sees him bleeding on the ground, commonly with a landscape of the place where the accident befalls him. Another seer, driving home his cattle, or wandering in idleness, or musing in the sunshine, is suddenly surprised by the appearance of a bridal ceremony, or funeral procession, and counts the mourners or attendants, of whom, if he knows them, he relates their names; if he knows them not, he can describe the dresses. Things distant are seen at the instant when they happen. Of things future I know not that there

is any rule for determining the time between the sight and the event.

“ By the term second-sight seems to be meant a mode of seeing superadded to that which nature bestows. In the Earse it is called *Taisch*; which signifies, likewise, a spectre, or a vision. I know not, nor is it likely, that the Highlanders ever examined, whether by *Taisch*, used for the second-sight, they mean the power of seeing, or the thing seen. I do not find it to be true, as it is reported, that to the second-sight nothing is presented but phantoms of evil. Good seems to have the same proportion in those visionary scenes as it obtains in real life: almost all remarkable events have evil for their basis, and are either miseries incurred, or miseries escaped. Our sense is so much stronger of what we suffer, than of what we enjoy, that the ideas of pain predominate in almost every mind. What is recollection but a revival of vexations, or history but a record of wars, treasons, and calamities? Death, which is considered as the greatest evil, happens to all. The greatest good be it what it may, is the lot but of a part. That they should often see death is to be expected, because death is an event frequent and important. But they see likewise more pleasing incidents. A gentleman told me, that when he had once gone far from his own island, one of his labouring servants predicted his return, and described the livery of his attendants, which he had never worn at home; and which had been, without any previous design, occasionally given him.”

We now proceed to quote a few instances of this remarkable faculty:—

Prognosticated Death.

— A GENTLEMAN travelling in the Highlands, in the year 1654, with a retinue of servants, ordered one of

them to precede him, and bespeak accommodation for him at an inn, in the neighbouring town. On entering the house the man suddenly stepped back, and fell by a stone, against which he struck his foot. On his master questioning him as to his fears, he said, he must not lodge in that house. The master asked him the reason, when he replied, because a dead corpse would very shortly be carried out of it; and that several persons met him at the door, carrying the body, when he cried out. He conjured his master not to lodge in the house, which induced the latter to inquire if there was any sick person there, when he was answered in the negative. The landlord, a strong healthy Highlander, died the next day, of an apoplectic fit.

In January, 1652, Lieut. Col. Monro was quartered in a public-house in Ferrinlia, in Rosse. The Colonel and a friend were one evening seated by the fire, with a vacant chair on the left of the former. In the corner of a capacious chimney were two Highlanders, who had arrived that evening. While one of them was in conversation with Monro's friend, the other looked strangely towards the Colonel; on being asked his meaning he desired him to rise from that chair, because it was an unlucky one. On being asked why, he said there was a dead man in the chair next to it. The Colonel replied, "Well, if he be in the chair next me, I may keep my own; but describe the man." The Highlander replied that he was a tall man, wearing a long grey coat, with boots, one of his legs hanging over the arm of the chair, his head hanging on the other side, and his arm hanging down, as if broken. At that time there were some English troops quartered in the adjoining village. About two days afterwards four or five of these troops rode by

the door of the inn, who, with the assistance of some servants were carrying one of their comrades, who had his arm broken. They brought him into the hall, and set him in the chair which the Highlander had singularized to Colonel Monro a few days previous.

A gentleman connected with the family of Dr. Ferrier, an officer in the army, was quartered early in life, in the middle of the eighteenth 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 which was favoured by his retired habits. One day, while he was reading a play to the ladies of this 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.

Aubrey, Beaumont, Baxter, Glanvill, Scott, &c. abound with similar narratives, but contain none of less impeached veracity, than the preceding.

DUEL PREVENTED.

THOMAS HORTON, esq. a gentleman of fortune, had an intrigue with a lady, in which his younger brother was his rival. The lady was handsome, and of respectable fortune, but much inferior to the eldest son of the family, whose expectant fortune was near two thousand pounds per annum, after the death of his father Sir George Horton.

The younger gentleman was really in love with the lady, and inclined to marry her, if he could bring his father to consent to it, and had two or three times spoken to the knight on the subject; nor was his father averse to it, except that he thought her fortune too small.

The rivalry between the two brothers continued for some time; several quarrels took place, when one evening, the younger brother received a challenge from the elder, appointing time and place to meet the next morning at five o'clock. The father, who was then living, could know nothing of what had passed between his sons, for he was at his seat in Wiltshire, sixty miles from London, when this affair took place.

On the morning appointed, they accordingly met, when the younger brother seeing his antagonist at a distance said, I am sure I am within time; don't be impatient, Tom, I'll be with you presently. He had not proceeded many steps, before he saw his brother (as

he still thought him to be) advancing as if to meet him, with his drawn sword in his hand.

You are very nimble with your sword, said he, what did you think I would not give you time to draw? but how was he surprised, when he came up to him, and found it was not his brother, but his *father*; and that, instead of a sword in his hand, he had a small cane, such as the old knight generally walked with.

He was the more at a stand, because he supposed his father was, as is said above, at his seat in Wiltshire, above sixty miles off; however, he was out of doubt, when he not only saw him nearer hand, but that his father spoke to him.

Why how now, Jack, said the old gentleman, what, challenge,* and draw upon your father?

You may be sure, Sir, said he, I did not suppose it was you. I make no doubt but you know whom I expected here; it is a poor cowardly shift for him first to challenge his brother, and then send you in his stead. It is no time to talk now, Jack, said the father, I have your challenge here, and I am come to fight you, therefore, draw. Draw! says Jack, what, upon my father! Heaven forbid! no, I'll be murdered first.

But his father advancing again, with a furious countenance, Jack pulled out his sword and scabbard, and throwing it on the ground, cried out, there, Sir, take it, kill me with it; what do you mean? But his father running upon him, Jack turned from him, and seemed resolved to run from him: at which his father stooped, took up his sword, and stood still. The young gentleman, surprised and amazed at the rencounter, knew not

* When he thought he saw his brother with his sword in his hand, he had laid his hand on his sword.

what to do ; but retiring, observed that his father was gone. He, however, resolved, though he had no sword, he would go to the place appointed, and see if his brother was come. Accordingly he returned to the place, and waited near two hours there, but heard nothing of his brother ; but on coming away, he found his sword lying in the place where it was thrown down. This surprised him still more, and at length he took up the sword, and went home wondering at the meaning of all this.

He had not been long at home, before his brother's servant came to his lodgings with a civil message, to ask him from his brother, if he had not met with something extraordinary that morning, and to tell him, that he (his brother) was very ill or he would have called on him. The oddness of this message added to his surprise ; he called the messenger up stairs, and the following dialogue ensued :—

J. What's the matter, Will ? how is my brother ?

Will. My master gives his service to you, Sir, and sent me, to know how you are.

J. Indeed ; I'm a little out of order ; but how is your master, what's the matter ?

Will. Why truly and't please you, Sir, I don't know what's the matter, I think my master has been frightened this morning.

J. Frightened Will ! with what, pr'ythee ? your master is not easily frightened.

Will. Why no, and't it please you, I know he is not ; but there has been something extraordinary ; I don't know how it is, for I was not with my master ; but they talk in the house, that he has seen his father, or seen an apparition in his father's shape.

J. Why so have I too, Will ; now you frighten me indeed, for I made light of it before ; why, it was my father to be sure.

Will. No, Sir, alas, your father ! why, my old master was at Sarum, in Wiltshire, and very ill in his bed, but last Friday ; I came from him, my master sent me to him on an errand.

J. And did you see him yourself, Will ?

Will. I'll take my oath I saw him, and spoke to him, in his bed

and very ill he was ; I hope your worship will believe I know my old master.

J. Yes, yes, you know him, no doubt, Will. I think you lived four years with him, did you not ?

Will. I dressed and undressed him five years and a half, and't please you ; I think I may say I know him in his clothes or out of them.

J. Well, William, and I hope you will allow that I know my father too, or him I have called father these thirty years.

Will. Yes to be sure, and't please you.

J. Well, then, tell my brother, it was either my father or the devil ; I both saw him and spoke with him, and I am frightened out of my wits.

The servant returned with this message to his master, who immediately went with Will to see his brother.

As soon as he came into the room to his brother, dear Jack said he, we have both played the fool, but forgive me my part, and tell me what has happened. The servant had previously acquainted the elder brother with the appearance of his father to him that morning.

The other then related his story to the same purpose ; that as he was coming to the place appointed, his father met him, and asked him whither he was going ; that he put him off, and told him he was going to Kensington to meet some gentlemen there, who were to go with him to Hampton-Court. That upon this, his father seemed very angry ; and said that he knew his errand as well as he did myself ; that he was going to murder his younger brother, and that he was come to satisfy his fury himself, and that he should murder him, not his brother.

The brothers now became reconciled ; but Jack was uneasy about this being the real appearance of his father ; and the words of his brother's man William ran in his mind all that night ; for as to this first meeting, it was

so taken up with the ecstasy of their reconciliation, that they had no time for any thing else; but the next morning the young gentleman went to see his brother, to return his visit.

The young men were now very uneasy about one part of the story; accordingly they set off for their father's residence. They found him at home, and very ill, nor had he even been from home, but was greatly concerned for the safety of his sons, upon the following occasion:

One night he was surprised in his sleep with a dream, or rather a vision, that his two sons had fallen out about a mistress; that they had quarrelled so as to challenge each other, and were gone into the fields to fight; but that somebody had given him notice of it, and he had got up in the morning at four o'clock to meet and prevent them. Upon this dream, he awaked in great disorder and terror; however, finding it but a dream he had composed his mind and gone to sleep again, but that he dreamed it again. That in consequence of this dream, he had sent a servant to ascertain if there had been any such breach; and earnestly to press them, if any breach had happened, that they would consent to let him mediate between them. This was the contents of a letter, which arrived in town a few hours after they were set out. It should be here mentioned, that the old gentleman could not have been in London, for he had scarce been a whole day from off his bed.—*Sinclair's Invisible World.*

THE SAMPFORD GHOST, in 1810.

THE narrative of the Sampford apparition is, we believe, the last of its kind on record, of authenticated character. It excited intense interest in the county of Devon,

which was not a little increased by the circumstance of a clergyman of the established church, the Rev. C. C. Colton, publishing an account of the whole transaction. It took place at the house of one Mr. John Chave, in the village of Sampford Reverell, Devon, about five miles from Tiverton, in the year 1810.

As is usual on all such occasions a variety of wilful misrepresentations were propagated on the subject; but the history published by Mr. Colton is certainly entitled to our preference, on account of the perspicuity which characterises its details, and with which we shall proceed forthwith.

Mr. Colton, says the house became extremely troublesome, speaking in September, 1810, although long before that time some very unaccountable things had occasionally taken place in it. An apprentice boy had expressed himself often dreadfully alarmed by the apparition of a woman, and had heard some extraordinary sound in the night, but little or no attention was paid to it. But about April the inhabitants of the house were alarmed in the following manner: noises and blows by day were heard, extremely loud, in every apartment of the house. On going up stairs and stamping on any of the boards of the floor in any room, say five or six times, or more, corresponding blows, but generally louder, and more in number, would be instantly returned; the vibration of these boards caused by the violence of the blows, would be sensibly felt through a shoe or boot, on the sole of the foot, and the dust was thrown up from the boards that were beaten, with such velocity, as to affect the eyes of the spectators.

At mid-day the cause of these effects would announce its approach, by amazingly loud knocking in some apartment or other of the house, above stairs or below,

as might happen, for at times more than a dozen witnesses have been present at once.

These noises would very often, and in repeated instances, absolutely follow the persons through any of the upper apartments, and faithfully answer the stamping of their feet, wherever they went. And if persons were in different rooms, and one stamped with his foot in one room, the sound was repeated, and in an instant was repeated on a stamp in another room, and these phenomena by day continued almost incessantly for about five weeks, when they gradually gave place to others still more curious and alarming, viz. There are two apartments in this house: whatever females sleep in either of these apartments, (with the exception of one single instance,) experienced some of them all, and all of them some of the following sensations; they are most dreadfully beaten, as bye-standers may hear and witness. I am quite certain I have heard myself more than two hundred blows given in the course of a night. The blows given can be compared to nothing but a very strong man striking with the greatest force he is master of, with a closed fist on the bed; which leave great soreness, and visible marks; I saw a swelling at least as big as a turkey's egg on the cheek of Ann Mills; she voluntarily made oath that she was alone in the bed when she received the blows from some invisible hand. Mrs. Dennis, and Mary Woodbury, have both sworn voluntarily before me, and Mr. Sully the exciseman, and Mr. Govett, that they were so much beaten, as to experience a peculiar kind of numbness, and were sore many days after; and that the shrieks he heard himself, and Mr. Govett, surgeon, were so terrible that they could not be counterfeited.

Mr. Chave, the occupier of the house, deposed, that one night the two servants were so much agitated that they refused to sleep any longer in their apartment; Mr. Chave permitted them in the dead of the night to bring their bed and bed-clothes into the room where he and Mrs. Chave slept; after they had been quiet about half an hour, and the light put out, a large iron candlestick began to move most rapidly over the whole room. He could hear no footsteps, but in the act of ringing the bell, the candlestick was violently thrown at his head, which it narrowly missed. Mr. Searle, late keeper of the county gaol, and a friend, watched one night; they saw a sword placed by them on the foot of a bed, with a large folio Testament placed on it, thrown violently against the wall, seven feet off. Mr. Taylor deposed that in going into the room in consequence of the shrieks of the women, the sword that was before lying on the floor, he saw clearly suspended in the centre of the room, with its point towards him: in about a minute it fell to the ground with a loud noise.

On September 14th, Ann Mills deposed on oath before Mr. Sully and myself, that she was beaten so violently on that night, and while striking a light she received a very severe blow on the back, and the tinder-box was forcibly wrenched out of her hands and thrown into the centre of the room.

Mr. Sully the exciseman, and his wife, are ready to swear to the truth of what they have heard of these noises and thumpings, &c.; James Dodds, cooper, voluntarily made oath, September 14th, that in his workshop adjoining Chave's house, he had constant opportunities of hearing these noises.

The Rev. Gentleman said the names of all the fe-

males that have suffered are as follows, Mary Dennis, sen. Mary Dennis, jun. Martha Woodbury, Anne Mills, Mrs. Pitts, and Sally Case.

I have seen a sword when placed in the hands of some of these women, repeatedly and violently wrested out of them, after a space of a few minutes, and thrown with a very loud noise sometimes into the middle of the room; sometimes still more violently against the wall. This sword I have heard taken up, and with it beat the bed, by its shaking the handle in a particular manner; I have placed a large folio Greek Testament, weighing eight or nine pounds, on the bed; it has been repeatedly thrown into the centre of the room. Mr. Pullen, Mr. Betty, and himself have placed the Testament on the end of the bedstead, in such a manner that no part touched the bed-clothes, but it was thrown with a loud noise from the foot of the bed to the head: all this time the women were in bed, and he is sure they never moved, and he administered an oath to them the next morning in the presence of the same gentlemen. I have often heard the curtains of the bed most violently agitated, accompanied with a loud and almost indescribable motion of the rings. These curtains, to prevent their motion, were often tied up, each one of them in one large knot, (being four.) Every curtain in that bed was agitated, and the knots thrown and whirled about with such rapidity, that it would have been unpleasant to have been in their vortex, or within the sphere of their action. Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Chave, of Mere, (no relation to the occupier,) were witness to all this, and that took up about two minutes, and concluded with a noise resembling the tearing of a person's shirt from top to bottom, but on examination, a rent was found across the grain of a strong new cotton curtain. I have heard in the presence of other witnesses

footsteps walking by me, and round me, and one or two candles burning, yet could see nothing. Mr. Quick heard it come down stairs like a man's foot in a slipper, and passed through the wall. I have been in the act of opening a door, which was already half open, when a violent rapping was produced on the opposite of the same door; I paused a moment, and the rapping continued; I suddenly opened the door, yet I can swear I could see nothing, with a candle in my hand. I have been in one of the rooms that has a large modern window, when from the noises, knockings, blows on the bed, and rattling of the curtains, I did really begin to think the whole chamber was falling in. Mr. Taylor was sitting in the chair the whole time; the females were so terrified that large drops stood on their foreheads. When in the act of beating the females in one bed most violently, and from the sound of the blows, apparently near the foot of the bed, I have rushed to the spot, but it has instantly been heard at the same moment near the head of the other bed.

Mr. Colton's statement was corroborated by the following affidavit:—

"I now proceed to a short detail of circumstances, to the truth of which, I have voluntarily sworn, with a safe and clear conscience; I am well aware that all who know me, would not require the sanction of an oath, but as I am now addressing the public, I must consider myself before a tribunal, of which my acquaintance constitutes a very small part. And first, I depose solemnly, that after an attendance of six nights, (not successive,) at Mr. Chave's house, in the village of Sampford, and with a mind perfectly unprejudiced, after the most minute investigation, and closest inspection of all the premises, I am utterly unable to account for any of the phenomena I have there seen and heard, and labour at this moment under no small perplexity, arising from a determina-

tion not slightly to admit of supernatural interference and an impossibility of hitherto tracing these effects to any human cause. I farther depose, that in my visits to Mr. Chave's house, at Sampford, I never had any other motive, direct or indirect, avowed or concealed, but an earnest, and I presume, not a culpable wish, to trace these phenomena to their true and legitimate cause. Also, that I have in every instance, found the people of the house most willing and ready to contribute every thing in their power, and to co-operate with me in the detection of the cause of those unaccountable sights, and violent blows and sounds.

"Also, that I am so deeply convinced of the difficulty of proving these effects to be human, that I stand engaged to forfeit a very considerable sum to the poor of my parish, whenever this business, now going on at Sampford, shall be made appear to have been produced by any human art or ingenuity, collectively, or individually exerted. Also, that I have, in the presence of many gentlemen, repeatedly sworn the domestics to this effect, namely,—that they were not only utterly ignorant of the cause of those circumstances, which then astonished us, but also of the causes of many other things, equally unaccountable, which we ourselves did not hear, nor see, but to the truth of which they also swore, no less than to their perfect ignorance of the means by which they were produced. Also, that I have affixed a seal with a crest, to every door, cavity, &c. in the house, through which any communication could be carried on;—that this seal was applied to each end of sundry pieces of paper, in such a manner, that the slightest attempt to open such doors, or to pass such cavities, must have broken these papers, in which case my crest must have prevented their being replaced without discovery; that none of these papers were deranged or broken; and also, that the phenomena that night were as unaccountable as ever. Also, that I have examined several women, quite unconnected with the family of Mr. Chave; but who, some from curiosity, and some from compassion, have slept in this house—that many of them related the facts on oath—that all of them wished to be so examined, if required, and lastly, that they all agreed, without one excep-

tion, in this particular,—that their night's rest was invariably destroyed by violent blows from some invisible hand—by an unaccountable and rapid drawing and withdrawing of the curtains—by a suffocating and almost inexpressible weight, and by a repetition of sounds, so loud, as at times to shake the whole room.

“To the truth of the above cited particulars, I voluntarily make oath, in the presence of B. Wood, Master in Chancery, Tiverton.

“B. WOOD, M.C.”

“I shall here subscribe the names of a few, selected from a cloud of witnesses, on whose minds a sensible experience of similar facts hath produced similar convictions; facts, which though they are willing to substantiate on oath, they are utterly unable to trace to any human agency. The names are as follows:—

Mr. JOHN GOVETT, Surgeon, Tiverton.

Mr. BETTY, Surgeon, Tiverton.

Mr. PULLIN, Merchant, Tiverton.

Mr. QUICK, Landlord of the White House, Tiverton.

Mr. MERSON, Surgeon, Sampford.

JOHN COWLING, Esq. Sampford.

Mr. CHAVE, Mere, near Huntsham.

All these gentlemen are ready, if called on, to depone to their having witnessed circumstances in this house at Sampford, to them perfectly inexplicable, and for which they are utterly incapable to account.

C. COLTON.”

Mr. Colton published an appendix to his narrative, which was closed by the following affidavit:—

“Thursday, September 27th, 1810, John Chave, William Taylor, James Dodge, and Sally Case, voluntarily make oath this day as follows:—‘That they are entirely ignorant of the cause of all those extraordinary circumstances that have and are occurring in the house of Mr. Chave, in the parish of Sampford. Also, that they have never made in or on any part of the premises, any sounds or noises, by day or night,

by blows, or knockings, either with or without an instrument, in order to induce any one human being whatever to believe, or even to think, that there was any thing unaccountable or supernatural in the house. Also, that they have never requested any other person so to do, and that they firmly believe no such attempts have been made by others. Also, that they have repeatedly heard in mid-day most violent and loud noises in the house, when numerous persons have been assembled, some in the upper, and some in the lower apartments, at the same time; and all of them anxious and eager to discover the cause. Also, that the marks on the ceiling have been made by the persons trying, but in vain, to imitate the same sounds. Also, that to the best of their knowledge and belief, there are no subterraneous passages in or about the house.'—Sworn before me, the 27th of September, 1810.

“J. GOVETT, Mayor of Tiverton.”

Talley, the landlord of the house, whose interest it certainly was to rid his property of such visitations at the moment that he brought it into the market for sale, now pretended to have discovered the whole affair; but this was on his own surmise, and not on the confession of either party. The house was certainly in a shattered condition, and somewhat out of repair: to this he ascribed the shaking, &c. A cooper, a mopstick, and a bludgeon, were likewise found concealed in the house, one night when Talley had arranged to sleep, there; but forsooth! might not the cooper and his implements have been placed there by Talley? With this broomstick and bludgeon, the cooper was said to have produced the noises! One Taylor, a young wag, was magnified into a necromancer on this occasion, and was said to have communicated his cabalistic attainments to Sally the servant; thus attempting to prove they were both in the plot. This pretended exposure drew down the vengeance of the populace on Chave at Tiver-

ton, inasmuch, that he narrowly escaped with life. Chave was even compelled to fire a pistol on his assailants, and one man fell dead on the spot.

Soon after this Mr. Colton writes thus: * "An affair is still going on in this neighbourhood, and known to the public by the title of the Sampford Ghost, which might puzzle the materialism of Hume, or the immaterialism of Berkely. Here we have a visible and incomprehensible agent, producing visible and sensible effects. The newspapers were not quite so accurate as they might have been in their statements on this occasion. First the real truth is, that the slightest shadow of an explanation has not yet been given, and that there exist no good grounds even for suspecting any one. The public were next given to understand that the disturbances had ceased; whereas it is well known to all in this neighbourhood, that they continue with unabating violence to this hour. Soon after this, we were told, by way of explanation, that the whole affair was a trick of the tenant, who wished to purchase the house cheap—the stale solution of all haunted houses. But such an idea never entered his thoughts, even if the present proprietors were able to sell the house; but it happens to be entailed. And at the very time when this was said, all the neighbourhood knew that Mr. Chave was unremitting in his exertions to procure another habitation in Sampford on any terms. And to confirm this, these disturbances have at length obliged the whole family to make up their minds to quit the premises, at a very

* Notes to "Hypocrisy," a satire, 8vo, 1812. Mr. Colton is the author of "Læon, or many things in few words," 2 vols, 8vo. universally allowed to be one of the most piquant works in modern literature.

great loss and inconvenience, as Mr. Chave has expended a considerable sum in improvements, and could have continued on a reduced rent.

“When one of the labourers on the canal was shot, the newspapers informed us, that this took place at the house of the Mr. Chave above mentioned. The fact is, that this circumstance happened in another part of the village, at the house of another Mr. Chave, neither related nor connected with the Mr. Chave in question.

“If these nocturnal and diurnal visitations are the effects of a plot, the agents are marvellously secret and indefatigable. It has been going on more than three years, and if it be the result of human machination, there must be more than sixty persons concerned in it. Now I cannot but think it rather strange that a secret by which no one can possibly get any thing, should be so well kept; particularly when I inform the public, what the newspapers would not, or could not acquaint them with; namely, that a reward of two hundred and fifty pounds has been advertised for any one who can give such information, as may lead to a discovery; nearly two years have elapsed, and no claimant has appeared. I myself, who have been abused as the dupe at one time, and the promoter of this affair at another, was the first to come forward with one hundred pounds, and the late mayor of Tiverton has now an instrument in his hands, empowering him to call on me for the payment of that sum, to any one who can explain the cause of the phenomena.

“Many circumstances, if possible still more extraordinary than those I have related, have also occurred, but as they do not offer the least clue that may enable us to discover the cause that produced them, I shall do the public no service by relating them. A gentleman who

commanded a company in the Hereford militia, was stationed at Sampford : his curiosity was much excited, and he sat up in Mr. Chave's house, at different times, thirty nights. I dined with him at Ottery barracks ; his brother officers were anxious to know his opinion of that affair. He immediately replied, ' Mr. Colton, who sits opposite, has engaged to give one hundred pounds to any person who can discover it. If he will hand me half a guinea across the table, I engage before you all to pay the money instead of him, whenever he is called upon.' I did not take his offer. A clear proof that neither of us think a discovery the most probable thing in the world."

THE END.

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The Editor is indebted to an interesting Volume, entitled, "ACCREDITED GHOST STORIES," by T. Jarvis, Esq. for the narratives of Lady Pennyman and Mrs. Atkins, and of Lord Tyrone; also to a popular Periodical Work, "The ALBUM," for that of Sir John Sherbroke and General Wynyard.