



*A Spirit passed before my face —
it stood still — an image was
before mine eyes; there was silence,
and I heard a voice. Job. IV. 13.*

Barlow sculp.

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MACLEOD'S HISTORY of WITCHES &c.

The

MAJESTY of DARKNESS DISCOVERED;
In a Series of TREMENDOUS TALES, Mysterious,
Interesting, and Entertaining, of Apparitions, Witches,
Augers, Magicians, Dreams, Visions, and Revelations, in
Confirmation of a FUTURE STATE, & the Superintendency
of a Divine Providence, by the Agency of Spirits & Angels.
By MALCOLM MACLEOD, D.D. With the PROPHECY of PEDAN;

The Caledonian Apocalyp^{se} of the last Century;
Sublimely adumbrating the awful Events which
now amaze and alarm all Europe?



L O N D O N.

Printed by and for I Roach, Ruseel Court, Drury Lane, 1793.

Price One Shilling.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

A BRIEF *PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE* ON THE
DOCTRINE OF APPARITIONS, SPIRITS, AGEN-
CY OF ANGELS, &c.

Dii quibus imperium est animarum umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui; sit numine vestro
Pandere res altâ, terra et caligne merfas.
Ibant obscuri, sola sub nocte, per umbram,
Perque demos Ditis vacuos, et inenia regna;
Quale per incertam lunam, sub luce maligna
Est iter in fylvis.— VIRGIL.

Ye subterranean Gods, whose awful sway
The gliding ghosts and silent shades obey;
O, Chaos hear, and Phlegethon profound!
Whose solemn empire stretches wide around!
Give me, ye great tremendous powers, to tell
Of scenes and wonders in the depths of hell;
Give me your mighty secrets to display,
From those dark realms of darkness to the day.—
Obscure they went; through dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead;
As wand'ring travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light.

THE notion of a state separate from the natural
world, is certainly coveal with creation itself.

The author of the Pentateuch, the most ancient of all historians, has not entirely left this sublime subject untouched. He introduces the Almighty amidst the majesty of darkness, brooding upon the face of the water, giving birth to harmony and order, and at his feet beholding light instantaneously arise. When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

WE behold the *Shechinah* or divine presence also displayed after the completion of creation, in the acts of Providence. A supernatural being unites the first pair—communicates to them the two covenants—pronounces sentence on disobedience—and opens a prospect of paradise regained, at the instant the flaming sword guarded every avenue to the tree of life. So likewise, in the case of Cain and Abel, the same angel is represented by Moses as interfering.—Enoch, the seventh from Adam, walked with God, and by him was taken away to

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the invisible world. The same patriarch, previous to his translation, prophesied of a general judgment, as we see in the Epistle of Jude. So that even the antedeluvian world was not left without witness of the reality of a future state, and the interposition of angels ; not without the most solemn warning of a day, when the righteous God will distribute justice, amidst ten thousand of his saints and angels.

THE frequent appearance of angels bestow on the book of Genesis the utmost sublimity.—After the flood, we see an agent of the Almighty confounding the language of the builders of Babel.—Abraham we hear called from his own country by a voice supernatural. He foresees his family flourish in vision, and equalling the stars in number in a strange land, beneath the rod of oppression.—The chastity of Sarah is preserved by a miraculous dream. Hagar and her child Ishmael are supported by an angel.—Jacob, in a dream on a desert, when a stone was his pillow, beholds a scale which reached from

Earth to Heaven, and the angels of God descending. The same patriarch we see wrestling with God, and prevailing.—The future pages present us with the dreams of Joseph—his interpretation of *Pharaoh's* visions, which saved the lives of myriads, —raise that depressed captive to the pinnacle of honour, and accomplish the grand design of Providence, foretold to Abraham.—But the father of this new Lord of Egypt dares not hazard a journey so arduous, until he heard a supreme voice in a dream, saying, “fear not to go down into Egypt, for I will go down with thee, and will surely bring thee up again.”

FROM what we have already observed, we discover the futility of those writings which maintain, that the doctrine of a future state, and of angels was unknown to the people of *Israel*. The Jews, considered as a people, although under a *Theocracy*, could *only* have the sanctions of rewards and punishments of a *temporal* kind; but, as individuals, those sanctions reached another life;

nor

nor can the Judge of all the Earth, who certainly will do right, otherwise reward or punish any people complexly considered. Punishment in this world will descend to the third and fourth generation of those who hate, and to thousands in them who love the Lord; but every man must die eternally for his own sin, or be everlasting rewarded, in point of degree, for his own righteousness.

WE might expatiate on the bush-burning—the miracles of Moses—the enchantments of the Egyptian magicians—the destroying angel—the division of the Red Sea—the fiery pillar—the argent cloud—the raining of Manna—the thunder and lightning which shook mount Sinai—the voice of the Great Supreme reaching round the camp of Israel—the opening earth devpuring *Korah* and his company—but all these wonders of the ancient world would very far exceed our present design, and break the narrow boundary of a book, whose brevity will perhaps constitute its greatest beauty.

HOMER was certainly the greatest and most sublime Poet of all the ancients among the heathen, and his sublimity chiefly appears in his machinery of the Gods, or supernatural beings. Much of the marvellous must be mingled in an epic poem to charm the bulk of readers. *Virgil*, *Lucan*, *Tasso*, and *Fenelon*, have all in this imitated the father of Grecian poetry. But much more marvellous than all their invented machinery, is that reception which the world has given to their monstrous deities. How far superior does *Milton* in sublimity arise above those bards by adhering to "a more sure word of prophecy." His *Paradise Lost* being founded on the scriptural theology, his supernatural beings form not the machinery, but appear the principal actors in the poem.

No ideas are so sublime as those taken from the Supreme Being. He is the least known, but the greatest of all objects. His nature is infinite, his duration eternal, and these joined to his omnipotence, surpass our conception, yet raise them to the highest!

—————How

—————How oft, amidst

Thick clouds and dark, does Heaven's all-ruling Sire
 Chuse to reside, his glory unobscur'd,
 And with the majesty of darkness round
 Circles his throne.—————

MILTON.

IT is this awful obscurity that raises the mind of man to the solemn summit of sublimity. To us the Great Supreme is but dimly seen in his works of creation and Providence. In the sacred book of Revelation he has been pleased to display his power, wisdom, and goodness, by the ministry of men and of angels. The character of Melchisedec, that wonderful priest, is dimly drawn by Moses and Paul, and it is the dark shade that eclipses his comely countenance which renders him so highly venerable. Some even have supposed him to be no less a person than the Messiah himself. The angels who appeared to Abraham at the door of his tent, announcing the sudden destruction of Sodom, are so mystically represented, that we hardly can call them created beings. Divines are generally agreed
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in allowing the messenger who spake to Moses from the burning bush, to be the angel of the covenant, the sent of God in his human nature, in the body prepared for him. With this divine person the great prophet and lawgiver of the Jews, is represented as speaking face to face, as a man speaketh with his friend. But we are told that no man has seen God at any time, and that no man can see him and live. How is this to be reconciled with the vision of Moses, who beheld all his glory pass before him. Certainly by no other means, than supposing the incarnation.

THERE are other angels which are ministering spirits, sent forth to those to whom the Almighty is pleased to communicate his will; in the special affairs of this world, instances of such agents are innumerable in the sacred volume. These angels are assuming bodies in the likeness of human nature, and are capacitated to speak in the language of men.

A VERY awful messenger of this kind, we have represented in the book of Job, which is no inconsiderable

considerable proof of the real existence of apparitions. The obscurity of this image conspires to render the description truly tremendous. "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a *Spirit* passed before my face; the hair of my head stood up; it stood still; but I could not discern the form thereof; an *Image* was before mine eyes; there was silence; and I heard a voice—" shall mortal man be just before God."

GOD himself is a spirit; ~~a being immaterial~~ and immortal. Angels and the souls of men are also immaterial, and made immortal by the great Supreme; being his offspring. We are taught that many of these angels fell from their first state, and were removed from the realms of happiness, to the mansions of misery. These evil spirits are ever meditating the ruin of mankind, and employ all their power to seduce human souls from the path of duty. How far they have proved successful, the

the history of the world affords a most melancholy representation. Satan is said, in the second book of Chronicles, to have tempted David to number his people, thereby trusting more to an arm of flesh, than in the living Lord Almighty. The dread consequence of that, was the sudden destruction of a great multitude by pestilence. Something like this is represented by *Homer*, in his first Iliad, where *Apollo*, by a pestilential air, deals death to thousands in the camp of *Achilles*.

THE same prince of the power of the air, as the apostle Paul denominates the arch evil spirit, appeared in the presence of God, and gained leave to try Job's integrity. He slew his children, blowed down his habitation, destroyed all his substance, and afflicted his body with loathsomeness and torment. An evil spirit from the Lord was dispatched to the host of Assyria, and in one night destroyed a numerous army. Our Saviour himself was tempted in the wilderness by this malignant wicked being, and the dæmons in his days appear-

ed to have had the fullest commission to possess mankind.

FROM what has been said, it appears plain that the notion of spirits, angels, and dæmons, was familiar to the Jews. There were some Sadduces mingled in the body of the people, who denied the being of angels, and the doctrine of a future state. Such sceptics are to be found in our own days, but to them we may well apply the words of Christ to the materialists of the ancient school—" ye do err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God."

THE story of Saul with the witch of Endor, is a plain demonstration that apparitions were believed in by the Hebrews. That disobedient monarch had in a fit of zeal, in fulfilling the injunction of Moses, banished from his kingdom all those who pretended to auguring by witchcraft; but afterwards, on being denied an answer from the Almighty, through the medium of his prophets, was sadly necessitated to apply to a silly old woman at
 Endor.

Endor. Here Samuel was actually raised from the dead, but whether his real body, or an assumed one, is not certain. However the image spoke to the king in an audible voice, and foretold his death, and that of his sons, on mount Gilboa.

THE rich man in hell, and Lazarus in heaven, as represented by Christ, with the dialogue between Dives and Abraham, leave no room to doubt of the reality of a state of rewards and punishments in an immortal state, but on the contrary demonstrate that the souls of men are capable of existing in a state separate from their bodies. This idea has prevailed in the world in all ages, even among the most savage and unenlightened nations: and it will be the employment of the following pages to blazon abroad the truth of that doctrine, on which the idea is founded:—

That to the height of this great argument
 We may advance, assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to man.

T H E
M A J E S T Y O F D A R K N E S S
D I S C O V E R E D.

C H A P. I.

THE following interesting, and entertaining tales of apparitions, dreams, augurs, witches, omens, and special revelations, being well authenticated, and all stamped with the seal of truth, will better elucidate the preceding remarks, than any logical arguments or metaphysical disquisitions, which might be produced in a treatise of this nature. And though we have studied conciseness, and avoided prolixity, we have omitted no relation, which is calculated to satisfy the curious, or raise the mind of man, to the highest pitch of sublimity.

An Hebrew tradition, on the apparent perplexity in Providence.

When Moses was on the mount, receiving the law from the hand of the Almighty, he not only beheld all God's goodness pass before him, in the future glory of the chosen people, but also saw a particular scene which vindicated the ways of the divine majesty to man.

From the lofty summit of the sacred hill, this prophet looked towards a valley, where he beheld a great road, by the side of which was a well of water. The first person he saw approaching the fountain, was a man of war in armour, and on horse-

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back,

back. He alighted, and refreshed himself at the well. On his return he chanced to drop a bag of money, and pursued his journey for some time without missing it.

The next object which drew the attention of Moses, was a boy, who having reached the fountain, found the money of the soldier, and went on his way, in a path which parted from the main road.

An old enfeebled man now made his appearance, and having quenched his thirst, sat down on the margin of the well to rest his weary limbs. Here the aged traveller sat a considerable time, so long that the military hero having missed his money, was returned to the fountain before he arose.

The languinary soldier seeing the old man, and no one else, without hesitation, challenged him with having secreted the bag and its contents. The aged sojourner, trembling and in tears, solemnly protested, that he had not seen it; on which the warrior drew his sword and killed him that instant on the spot.

At this fight Moses was amazed, and fell down before the Almighty, saying, "shall the righteous Lord suffer such an act of injustice in his creation?" The divine Being vouchsafed thus to reply: "O, Moses, thou seest but a part of the ways of Providence. Hadst thou beheld the whole of this scene, thou would'st have acknowledged the justice in killing the aged man; for know, that he was the murderer of the boy's father."

This tale reminds us of the confession of archbishop Cranmer, who was burnt at Oxford in the reign of queen Mary of merciless memory. He owned that his punishment was right by the hand of the Almighty, however wrong in his judges and accusers; for, said that penitent good prelate at the
 stake,

stake, "Had not I prevailed on my royal Master, Henry VIII. to burn an old woman for heresy—Thomas Cranmer would not now been brought to a similar situation."

A dream of Alexander the Great, saved the Jews from destruction,

When this resistless conqueror of the world was besieging the city of Tyre in Syria, he found the place almost impregnable. He sent to the people of the neighbouring nation, the Jews, in order to obtain their assistance in the reduction of the city; but they, not caring to plunge themselves unnecessarily in war, declined affording their aid. The siege being long and arduous, Alexander, though then unable to resent the refusal of the Jews, was resolved to hurl ruin and destruction on their country, as soon as it should suit his convenience.

Accordingly, after the surrender of the city, he led on his victorious troops to Palestine, in order to fulfill his decree of desolation. The Hebrews, as well may be supposed, was filled with the utmost perplexity, and their terror more and more prevailed, on the nearer approach of the enemy.

At this critical conjuncture *Jaddus* the High Priest, was warned by the Almighty in a vision to face the hero in all the pomp of his sacerdotal garments, the mitre on his head, and on that the name of God, attended by a number of the priests, and people. The High Priest obeyed the admonition of the Almighty, and met Alexander. At sight of the venerable pontiff the monarch was filled with awe, and with great submission he saluted him, and bowed with reverence, the people all around shouting "God save the king."

On this *Parmenio*, the chief general of the Macedonian hero expressed his displeasure at beholding his sovereign so humble as to adore the High Priest of the Hebrews. On which the king replied, "I worship not the Priest but his God, who appeared to me in a dream in the same form at a city in Macedonia, promising me the exertion of his divine power, in an expedition against Asia, in conquering that part of it which yet remains unsubdued." On which Alexander, according to the testimony of Josephus, honored and enriched the city and nation of the Jews.

Augustus, the Roman Emperor, preserved from death by a dream.

The Emperor's physician, Antonius, was forewarned in a vision, by a dæmon, in the form of the Goddess Pallas, of the imminent danger his monarch was in, if the next day he continued in his tent; advising him not to fail being present at the battle. He accordingly was carried in a litter to the field, to be present with the army, although he was unable to fight by reason of sickness. The consequence was, the soldiers of Brutus, who were charged to surround Augustus in his tent, missed their aim, and the sick Emperor was preserved to be the blessing of myriads, and many years an ornament to humanity.

St. Augustine's story of the Milanese citizen.

A citizen of Milan being demanded money, as being due to the creditor from his father who was dead, was assured in a dream that the debt was actually paid. At the same time the apparition, which represented his deceased parent in every feature, informed him where he might find the acquittance.

On the morrow, agreeable to the advice received from the vision, he found the receipt, which St. Augustine declares he saw with his own eyes. Many such revelations have been made in England upon great emergencies, as may be seen in books which abound with stories of a similar nature. But one well authenticated tale, taken from so high an authority, may well be supposed sufficient in a book abounding with variety.

Joan of Arc, commonly called the Maid of Orleans.

This damsel dealt in divination, in the reign of Charles VII. of France, during the siege of Orleans by Henry VI. of England. Success certainly had attended the arms of several successive monarchs of Albion for a long series of years. As certain it is, that affairs took quite a different turn on the appearance of this maiden, who being introduced to Charles, declared that she had been favoured with a supernatural revelation in a vision of his restoration by her means. "I am the virgin," said Joan, "decreed by Heaven to replace the crown upon thy head, after relieving Orleans."

Although the king paid but little regard to a tale of that sort, by the persuasion of the person who introduced her, he gave her a troop of an hundred men. On which the heroine, in the habiliments of the other sex, valiantly marched to the relief of the city, supplied the besieged with food, and inspired them with a spirit of courage, unknown before to Frenchmen. At the same time, a spirit of dejection prevailed amidst the English, who imbibed a notion that the maid was actually sent to war against them by the Almighty.

She a second time relieved the place with plenty of fresh provisions, and the enemy beheld her

at the head of fifteen hundred men eager for victory. The Virgin, in person, entered the strongest fort undismayed. The next day she took two other forts, fighting miraculously, and encouraging her men to follow her example. In three days the English lost 8000 men, whilst the French lost only 100. These victories were crowned with the desired success. The English were so dispirited, on the supposition of an agency above nature, being employed against them, that they abandoned the siege of Orleans, and Charles was crowned at Rheims, and all the country yielded to him.

This young woman afterwards was burnt on a charge of witchcraft.

C H A P. II.

The King and the Spider.

SOLOMON says, "The spider layeth hold with her hand, and is in kings palaces." That even a king may receive omenous information from a reptile insignificant, the following story will demonstrate.

Robert Bruce of Scotland, had long waged war with Edward I. of England without success: Edward II. bent to follow his father's example, and obey his solemn injunction, resolved to reduce Scotland; for which purpose he raised an army of no less than an hundred thousand men, including his foreign allies. Bruce, being in great difficulty, was obliged one night to take up his quarters in the barn of a loyal farmer. In the morning, still reclining his head on a strawy pillow, he beheld a spider climbing a beam, to gain its curious attenuated web at the summit. The insect in its effort fell to the ground, and made a second essay. This attracted the hero's notice, who with regret saw it fall a second time, from the same situation. It made a third attempt without success. and in the fourth also failed.

Not without a mixture of concern and curiosity, the monarch twelve times saw the persevering creature baffled in its aim to reach the place of its natural laboratory. But the thirteenth time proving successful, the king started from his couch, and thus exclaimed; "This little insect has taught me a lesson of perseverance, and set me an example, which I *will* follow. Have not I, in like manner, been twelve times disappointed of my wish, and defeated by the enemy's superior treachery. On
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one trial more depends the fate of my poor distressed country."

So saying, Bruce arose, rallied his forces, and a few days after, gained the memorable battle of Bannockburn, in which 30,000 of the enemy fell in the field, and restored the monarchy of Scotland.

The vision of James IV. King of Scotland, recorded by Buchanan the historian.

James, intending to meet the English on the borders of England, in his way attended vespers at the church of St. Michael at Linlithgow. Whilst ardently employed in his devotion, an old man, with a venerable aspect, walked along the aisle, and reached the canon's seat where the king sat, thus addressed him; "I am sent unto thee, O king, to warn thee against proceeding in the war in which thou art engaged; for if thou perseverest in thy project, thy ruin will be certain and sudden."

Having so said, the aged messenger withdrew, walking through the crowded congregation. After service the king grew more inquisitive, and earnestly made enquiry of many bystanders after the old man. But no body could give him the least intelligence of this person, although many had seen him pass. The queen, on the night preceding, had been alarmed by a frightful dream, in which she beheld her royal spouse fall from a lofty precipice, and lost one of his eyes, &c.

The king, however, would not be dissuaded from his enterprize, but pursued his way to the field of Flodden, where he was slain, with a great number of his nobility and soldiers, Sept. 9, 1513. Some historians say, that he escaped from the battle of Flodden-field, but was barbarously murdered at Hume Castle in his retreat.

A remark-

A remarkable dream of the Rev. Mr. Newton, rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, in London, told by himself, as the procuring cause of his conversion to God.

Mr. Newton, in a series of letters of Mr. Ha-weis of Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, has written a sketch of his own life, which has been published in London.

This now reverend gentleman in his early life, followed the profession of a mariner. In this situation he suffered many hardships abroad, arising chiefly from his own imprudence and impetuosity. He was once punished for leaving his ship, and afterwards went to the coast of Africa, where he remained in a state of deplorable slavery.

In these letters appear many memorable and even miraculous deliverances from death; but his deliverance from hell was brought about by a most solemn warning, received in a dream, the most awful and tremendous upon record.

On his return from a dreadful captivity, one night he saw in a vision, the mouth of hell opening wide to receive him alive. He heard the howlings of the unhappy in the infernal pit, and the horrible groans of the condemned criminals in Tophet's parched pit, in which is no water, under the lashes of their callous tormentors. At this most alarming scene of woe, the most intolerable, he expected every instant to be precipitated to the devouring jaws of the adamantine pit, as many forked furies approached him, amidst the dread confusion of his soul.

But just as the blackest despair seized his mind, he saw an old man with a comely countenance, and majestic deportment, who addressed him in language, at once alarming and consolatory, warning him

him to fly from the wrath to come, and exhorting him to seek an asylum beneath the wings of HIM, who is Almighty to save.

When Mr. Newton awoke from the terrible slumber, he resolved to be obedient to the heavenly vision, A sense of his sins, and apprehension of mercy from one mighty to save, so operated upon his mind, from that period, that he never left off praying, until he saw himself safe, on the salvation side of that river, which makes glad the city of our God.

On his landing in England, he found friends who helped him on in the world; and although for a series of years, by such help, he returned to the slave trade, and as a master of a vessel, carried on the nefarious business, yet at length he was prevailed upon to abandon that traffic, and betake himself to the study of the sacred scriptures. He is now an esteemed preacher, earnestly intreating all his auditors, who are numerous, to continue in that liberty, wherewith Christ has made them free;—and if the son has made him free, then is he free indeed.

Happy are all those who are warned of impending danger. The men of Nineveh will rise in the judgment against such as disregard the voice that speaketh from heaven.

Alexander the great, whom we had occasion to mention with honour in the preceding chapter, presumptuously entered Babylon, where he met his fate, though warned by the wise men of the East. A certain augur in his army also strove to dissuade him from going to that city, where poison was preparing her baneful cup, to present him death in the dregs. Yea, though he himself saw Cassander represented to him in a dream, as his murderer, he

he resolved to pursue his way to the place where the poisoned cup was already prepared.

Relation of a dream, which saved the life of an English gentleman in Flanders.

Mr. John Smith, of London, merchant, being about business on the continent, chanced to meet an old schoolfellow, who had turned Roman catholic, and received priest's orders. This meeting naturally recalled their former affection and friendship, and, regardless of their different religious sentiments, induced them to spend the evening in a manner the most convivial and agreeable. This was in French Flanders, where the wine being good, they were led on almost insensibly to a midnight conversation, in which religion became the principal topic. That, as is too often the case between persons of a different persuasion, was on both sides carried on beyond all bounds of decency. 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 appeared much chagrined, and his countenance visibly discovered the violent emotions of his mind. At length, however, seeming 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 apparently in the utmost friendship, and the merchant soon after went to bed. Falling into a sleep, he had a dream of the most frightful nature. He thought he entered a den where were ten thousand hissing serpents; one of them twisted its train around his neck, and darted its sting into his bosom. The dread of this awful sight instantly awaked him, and caused him to start from his bed in the greatest agitation. His mind, during

during the remainder of the night, was in the utmost agony. He again endeavoured to compose himself to sleep, but in vain: the horror of the vision hung upon his imagination till the sun arose, when he got up and walked to a field, to receive the cheering gales which were wafting the odours from the vines and fragrant flowers.

Meeting a countryman whom he had known some years, who being a military man, headed a company of soldiers encamped in the vicinity, the confusion of his face discovered that his mind was not so tranquil as usual. In short, to this friend he opened the whole business, who thus answered him; "Although I pay no regard to dreams in general, yet there is something in yours so extremely uncommon, that I verily consider it as omenous of evil, which must be avoided: but I would by no means have you to go to the convent, for it is possible you may resume the topic of religion, and he is a cock that will not take it kind, to be conquered on his own dunghill."

As I have promised, I must revisit my old school-fellow, said the merchant. My friend, quoth the captain, if you will go, I wish you well out again!

These words so sensibly struck the mind of Mr. Smith, that he desired the captain to call, as by accident, at the convent, just half an hour after the time appointed.

At nine Mr. Smith knocked at the gate of the convent, and was met by the priest in person, who welcomed him to the place with every appearance of friendship. Then conducting him up stairs, 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

on the priest's ringing a bell, flew open, and presented a fire, with 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 villains in waiting instantly to perform their business.

Just at that moment a dreadful and loud alarm was given below; which greatly surprizing the priest, he went to know the cause of. The ruffians followed him, leaving the merchant alone, who imagining that some sufferers had gained the mastery over their tormentors, had courage enough to run down stairs, at the bottom of which he was most agreeably surprized to meet his friend the captain, with a file of musqueteers, who instantly took the merchant into their protection, and safely conducted him from the convent to the inn; where the captain declared, that he was obliged to break open the door before he could gain admittance to his protection.

C H A P. III.

The emphatical well attested tale of Mrs. Veal.

ON a Saturday, a little before noon, Mrs. Bargrave, the wife of a barrister at law, of Canterbury, being alone in her own house in that city, heard somebody knock at the door, and going out found to her astonishment that it was her old friend Mrs. Veal, with whom some time before she had been very intimately acquainted.

After expressing her surprize to see so great a stranger, Mrs. Bargrave offered to salute her; but the other declined that ceremony, by hanging down her head, and saying, *I am not well.*

She was dressed in a silk dove-coloured riding gown, with French night-cloaths, and appeared the same without alteration. Mrs. Bargrave remembered to have heard her steps distinctly as she walked into the parlour.

On being asked by Mrs. Bargrave, where she was going in that dress? she answered—*I am going my journey.* This was understood then by the other to be her usual journey to Tunbridge.

Mrs. Veal then began to enquire why Mrs. Bargrave looked so ill. She replied, I have been thinking of the sad misfortunes which my husband has brought upon me by his inhumanity. I must now act the part of a friend to you, as you often have done to me; and so immediately entered upon some consolatory discourse drawn from religion.

Mrs. Bargrave, moved by the conversation, by a sudden turn of her chair, chanced to throw down from a shelf Drelincourt's Treatise on Death.—I see, said Mrs. Veal, you keep on in your old way of reading, which if you continue to do, will not fail to bring you to the happy condition the author of that book speaks of. The other mentioning Dr. Sherlock, and some others on that subject, Mrs. Veal replied, Drelincourt has the clearest notions of death, and neither Dr. Sherlock, or any other on that subject, are comparable to him.

Dear Mrs. Bargrave, continued Mrs. Veal, if the eyes of our faith were but as open as our bodily eyes, we should see innumerable angels about us for our guard.—Believe me, my dear friend, one moment of future happiness will be more than amends for all your sufferings: nor yet can I believe that God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted condition, but be assured your troubles will leave you, or you them in a short time.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bargrave's husband dying about two years after, made her reflect on this part of her discourse, as pointed to her deliverance from his brutality.

To divert the discourse, Mrs. Bargrave asked her, if she had seen a copy of verses on friendship, written by Mr. Norris, in a dialogue between Damon and Pithias. She said, I have 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 down to her to read; but Mrs. Veal said, it is your own scrawl, pray read it yourself, for holding down my head, will make it ach; so Mrs. Bargrave read them. There was a passage that friendship survives after death, which the other desired to have repeated, and said, Mrs. Bargrave, the poets call heaven by a strange name, that is Elisium, and, added with a particular emphasis, that their friendship should have no end in a future world.

There are some, said she, who think that women have no souls, and make it a thing indifferent whether they have any religion or no; but we shall be found to have souls as well as men, and are not a little obliged to a certain divine, who is of opinion that they shall make the greater number of the happy.

Some discourse they had upon charity, with respect to our differences in religion; as to which she said, people had but little religion while they talked so much about it, and were so little influenced by it, in their temper and practice, and when they were all going to heaven, were to blame to fall out by the way. This part of their conversation lasted near an hour and a half, part in English, and part in French. All this time Mrs. Bargrave

observed nothing particular but the vehemence of her discourse. When she looked earnestly at her, she rubbed her eyes, and asked her if her fits had not quite altered her senses; to which Mrs. Bargrave replied, I think I never saw you look better in your life.

Mrs. Veal then asked her, what was become of her husband; and being told he was abroad, she said, I wish he may not come home while I am here; for though he has always treated me with respect, yet I have been sometimes frightened with his frolics. Mrs. Bargrave then asked if she would drink tea? —I warrant you, said the other, this madman has broke all your trinkets. Mrs. Bargrave replied, I will get something to drink in for all that. I will, if I want it, said the other.

At last she had great apprehensions of her fits, and said, in case I should die of them, I desire you to write to your brother, and tell him I would fain have him do such and such things, viz. Give my best cloaths to your uncle Watson's daughter, as also two small pieces of gold, laid up in a cabinet in a purse. She then directed her to give so many 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 to charge her brother, to take no interest of such a person whom she had a kindness for, 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.

Mrs. Veal replied, though it may appear impertinent now, you will see the reason hereafter.— My brother, though a sober man, and free from other vices, is vain, and I desire you would tell him so, as also our conversation. Here, in order to give credit to Mrs. Bargrave, she told her of a secret of consequence, between him and herself. Seeing her quite 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 kind of discourse gave Mrs. Bargrave apprehensions of a returning fit, so that she drew the chair close to her, to keep her from falling. She several times took hold of the sleeve of her gown, which Mrs. Veal told her was scoured the second time, and the other commended it for a pretty silk. Mrs. Veal said, you had better take it for yourself. You are going a journey; how will you do without it? replied Mrs. Bargrave. As well as you, who have often taken off your gown from your back for me, said Mrs. Veal.

She informed Mrs. Bargrave that Mr. Bretton, commissioner of the customs above mentioned, had given her a pension of ten pounds a year, and also that the same gentleman had proved her friend and generous 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 expressed a surprise, at her ordering matters so strangely. She said the house was ready for them.

It proved, as Mrs. Bargrave afterwards was informed, that Mrs. Haslewood and her husband came to her house at Dover, just as she was dying.

She now began to look dreadfully disordered, as if acting a part to prevent a suspicion in Mrs Bar-

grave of knowing her real situation. The visit appears to have been the effect of gratitude, and the several circumstances which appear in the conversation, were introduced as credentials of her actual appearance.

Having enquired for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter, who then was at school, and expressing a desire to see her, that lady went out to a neighbour's house, to send for her, and on her return found Mrs. Veal without the door of the house, in readiness to be gone.

Mrs. Veal asked if she would 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 now saw her walk off, till she came to the turning of a corner, and then lost sight of her.

Mrs. Bargrave at that instant told a neighbour of Mrs. Veal's visit, and the matter of their conversation; and a neighbour's servant, from a yard near her window, heard part of the discourse; and being asked by her mistress, if Mr. Bargrave was talking with his wife? made answer, that he never talked of any thing so good.

At night her husband came home, turned her out of the house in a frolic, and caused her to remain in the garden all the night. Happy it was, that she then had no apprehension, that the person, to whom she had talked so long the preceding day, was the ghost of Mrs. Veal, who died at Dover the same morning.

Miss Pringle's appearance at two far distant places at nearly the same time. From the MS. of a Minister of the Church of Scotland,

MRS. JANE LOWE, house-keeper to Robert Pringle, Esq. of Clifton Park, in the south of Scotland, in the summer of 1745, beheld the apparition of a lady walking in the avenue of the Hall, on the margin of a rivulet, which runs into Hale-water. The form exactly represented a daughter of her master, a young lady who had long been abroad in the South of France for the recovery of her health.

As Mrs. Lowe walked nearer the water the similitude of the phantom appeared perfectly plain, and seeing her master in a field adjoining, she communicated to him her observation. Mr. Pringle laughed and said, "You simple woman, that lady is Miss Peggy Chattow, of Moorbattle, going no doubt to bath in the water." However, Mrs. Lowe prevailed upon him to accompany her to the place, which they had nearly reached, when the apparition instantly sprung into the rivulet, and was no more seen.

Mr. Pringle, and his servant, on returning home, apprised the family of the vision, and were heartily laughed at for their pains. The Minister of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Turnbull, happened to breakfast that morning at the Park with Clifton and his family, who joined in the ridicule.

About three months after, the same reverend gentleman honoured the family again with his company; when, standing at a window in a lower room, he observed a poor ragged lame man slowly approaching the house. Here comes a *real* apparition,

rition, cried the Minister, with a contemptuous smile. This drew the attention of all present, and Mr. Pringle himself quickly recognized the person of his second son, whom he had not seen for many years.

On his arrival he soon convinced them that he was no ghost, declaring that he had narrowly escaped with his life from Tunis, in the vicinity of which he had long been a slave to the Algerines, but had happily been ransomed at the critical moment when he was ordered to be put to death for mutiny.

He added, that on his return home through France, he called at the place where he had heard his sister resided, and, to his unspeakable grief, found that she died on the 25th of May the same summer, about five in the morning, which he declared was the precise time when he was delivered from the jaws of death, and the moment when he beheld his sister smiling upon him.

Mrs. Lowe, who was present in the room, on hearing the son's declaration, broke out into rapture, exclaiming, "That was the very hour and morning on which Clifton and me saw the apparition of Miss Pringle!"

The following fact recently appeared on the evidence of a youth, at the Old Baily Session.

The young man, being servant to a silk-mercant, in New-street, Covent-garden, was, on Sunday, entrusted with the sole care of the house. In the evening, having, as he thought, properly secured the house, he ventured out to an evening lecture in the city. He had not been long present, when, by an unaccountable emotion in his mind, he imagined

gined all was not safe at home. At the first he paid but little regard to the secret intimation, but the idea of a robbery continuing to operate upon his fancy, he was at length prevailed upon to retire, and return home immediately. On his arrival at the corner of New-street, he observed the door unbarred and half open. On rushing into the shop, two men ran past him with the greatest precipitation; he followed fast, gave the alarm, and they were stopped, and secured in the watch-house.

All the most valuable goods in the shop, to the amount of several hundred pounds, were packed up. Several impliments of house-breaking were found on the thieves and in the shop, and the miscreants, who were old offenders, were committed, tried, convicted, and executed for the burglary.

Certainly an invisible Minister of Justice moved the mind of this young man, which, like the vapour in the brain of King Ahasuarus, the Persian, would not suffer him to remain at rest till the property of his employer was happily preserved, his own integrity displayed, and the offenders punished.

C H A P. IV.

A wonderful preservation of life by the ghost of a poor man, just deceased.

MR. WESTON, of Old Swinford, in Worcestershire, was walking one evening, in the summer of 1759, in the Park of Lord Lyttelton, at Hagley, and being overtaken by a sudden shower, fled for shelter into a grotto, and stood under a spreading

spreading oak, under the shade of which several cattle were standing.

He had not been ten minutes in that situation, before he beheld the form of a man pass over the brook, almost close to the shade. Supposing it to be a poor peasant who had long worked for him, he called upon him by name, but received no answer; and the apparition instantly becoming invisible he found his mind much agitated.

Regardless of the storm, Mr. Weston removed from the place where he had sought an asylum, and ran round a rising hill, in order to discover the form which had just presented itself. That, however, had not the effect desired, but one abundantly more salutary it certainly had; for, just as he had gained the summit of the hill, on his return to the grotto, a tremendous flash of lightning darted its forked fury on the venerable oak, shivered it to pieces, and killed two of the cattle beneath its branches.

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

We have told this tale simply as it was related by Mr. Weston, and leave the reader to make his own reflections on so marvellous an interposition of Divine Providence; without deciding in this or any other case, whether the form that appeared
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was the soul of the deceased, exerting its philanthropy in its flight to the unknown regions, or the guardian angel of that soul returning to produce his account at the bar of the Supreme.

When Peter was redeemed from death, being freed from prison by a power miraculous, he visited the assembly of the saints, who could hardly believe that their eyes beheld their apostle, but said *it is his angel*. This proves that the notion of ministring spirits prevailed in the earliest age of Christianity; a notion which not only accords with many passages of the Old but also of the New Testament.

The wonderful conversion of Colonel Gardiner, attested by the Rev. Dr. Doddridge, and the Rev. Mr. Spears.

The Colonel having spent the Lord's day evening in a gay company, made an unhappy appointment to meet a married woman exactly at twelve o'clock. The company broke up about eleven, and not judging it convenient to anticipate the time, went into his chamber, as he said, to kill time with some book or other amusement.

It providentially happened that he took up a religious treatise, which either his mother or aunt had slipped into the portmanteau. The book was called "The Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm," written by Mr. Watson; and, guessing by the title of it he should find some phrases of his profession, spiritualized in such a manner as might afford him some diversion (as he said) he resolved to dip into it a few minutes; but yet he took no particular notice of any thing he read in it; but on a sudden, while the book was open

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in his hand, there was presented to his sight, in a very lively manner, not to his imagination only, but to his bodily eyes, the Lord Jesus Christ upon the Cross, surrounded by a refulgent light and glory; and that a voice was impressed upon him in words to this effect: "O sinner, did I suffer all this for thee? and, are these the returns?"

"Struck with so amazing a phenomenon," said he to Dr. Doddridge, who wrote the Life of the Colonel, "there remained hardly any life in me; I sunk down into an arm chair on which I sat, and so continued, I know not how long, quite insensible." Whether in a sleep or not he could not say; but after a while he opened his eyes, and saw nothing more than usual; nor did he, during the night, as he declared, once recollect that criminal and detestable assignation, which had before engrossed all his thoughts.

He then rose from the chair in a tumult of passion not to be conceived, and walked to and fro in his chamber, till he was ready to drop down in unutterable anguish; now appearing to himself as the vilest monster. All his sins passed before him in array; at the same time he was not without his pleasing apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, who died to save the chief of sinners.

From that period, which was about the middle of July, 1719, his life and manners were visibly altered, having ever after the highest veneration for the cause of God, and the utmost reverence for his sacred name. He was, after his conversion, highly favoured with many manifestations of the divine favour, and never after doubted of his salvation through the Redeemer. His delight was with the eminent servants of the Most High, and the Rev.

Mr.

Mr. George Whitefield, as well as those Reverend Gentlemen named in the beginning of this narrative, never mentioned the Colonel's name but with the highest respect.

The Colonel had also, in a dream, a foresight of his death, as he himself thus related: "I thought I saw my Saviour walking over a great field, and the Lord turned round and smiled upon me, so that I never after doubted of his aid and protection, nor in my interest in his precious blood."

The field, which the good Colonel saw in the vision, was the plain of Preston Pans, where a battle was fought in September, 1745, between the royal army and the rebels, in which our Christian hero was mortally wounded in sight of his own house, which he exchanged for the house in which are many mansions.

Death in the Pot, a Revelation to Thomas Lilly, of Scotland.

On the first Sabbath-day of the year 1749, a young man, the son of a farmer in the parish of Kelfo, in Roxburghshire, intended for the Church, and who had made no small progress in literature, remained at home to keep the house, in company with a shepherd's boy and a maid-servant, all the rest of the family being gone to church. The youthful student and the boy being sitting by the fire, whilst the maid was gone to the well to draw some 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 great chest that served for a table, and turn over to a certain chapter and verse, in the second book of Kings. The

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youth

youth did so, and read these words: "There is *death* in the pot."

Upon this the aged stranger, with apparent agitation, pointed to the great family pot, then employed in boiling beef and pudding on the fire, declaring, that the maid had actually cast a quantity of arsenic into it, with intent to poison the whole family, to the end she might rob the house of an hundred guineas, which she knew her master had lately taken for sheep and grain that he had disposed of,

Just as he had so said the damsel returned to the door, announcing her approach by the noise of the nails in her shoe heels.—The old man said, "Remember my warning, and save the lives of the family;"—and that instant disappeared.

The maid now came in with a smiling countenance, emptied her pail, and returned to the well for a fresh supply. Mean while young Lilly put some oatmeal into a wooden dish, skimmed the pot of the fat, and mixed it for what is called crowdy,—“Come, Peggy,” said he to the maid, on her return from the well, “here is enough left for you. Are you not fond of crowdy?” 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 dish being set down by the girl, fell a victim to his voracious appetite; for, before the return of the family from sermon, it was enormously swelled and died in great agony.

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

Soon after his father, mother, brothers, sisters, with all the rest of the men and maid servants, returned home from Kelfo, all hungering *after* the word, and ready to sit down around the rustic table.

The board 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 that homely dainty of Tiviotdale.

The master began grace, and all hats and bonnets were instantly removed. "O Lord," prayed the master of the assembly, "we have been hearing thy gracious word from the mouth of thy aged servant, Mr. Ramsay; and have been alarmed by a description of the awful famine in Samaria, and of death being in the pot!"

"Yes, father!" exclaimed the student, "there is death even now in these dishes, filled from that pot! as much to be dreaded as the poisoned pot in Israel of old!—Touch not! taste not! see the poor dog dead by the brose!"

"What," cried the father, "have you been raising the devil by your conjuration? Is this, Sir, the effect of your fine learning?" "No, Sir," said the youth, I pretend to no such arts as magic and necromancy; but behold this day, as the boy can testify, I had a solemn warning from one whom I take to be no dæmon, but a good angel; since to him we all owe our lives. As to Peggy, according to his intimation, she it is who has poisoned the pot, for the cruel purpose of de-

froying the whole family root and branch, faving herself.

Here the girl fell into a sudden fit, from which with some trouble being recovered, she confessed the whole of her deadly design, and was suffered to withdraw from the house, and her native country, to meet her fate elsewhere : which she soon after did at Newcastle upon Tyne, where being condemned for murdering her own bastard child, she again confessed her intention in the above diabolical business.

C H A P. V.

Mr. Thomas Lilly and the ghost of his Grandfather, a tale of the eighteenth century.

ABOUT the beginning of 1750, Mr. Thomas Lilly, the student recorded in the last century, was one day reading the xx chapter of the Revelation of John the Divine. Just as he was entering upon that part, which describes the angel descending from heaven, with a great chain in his hand, to bind the Devil for 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 demanded whom he was, and the nature of his business. Shall I call thee Satan, the crooked serpent, Belzebub, or Lucifer son of the morning?

Ghost. I am a messenger arisen from the dead, to behold justice done to thee and thy father. I am the spirit of one of thy ancestors!

Lilly. Art thou the son of my grand-father, who amidst uncounted riches, perished for want of food and raiment.

Ghost.

Ghost. Thou art right verily. Money was my God, and Mammon my master. The gold of Ophir I heaped up like Solomon; but possessed none of his wisdom to use it as the blessing of heaven.

Lilly. I have often heard my father mention you, as a fordid, avaricious, miserable man.—How disposed you of the immense wealth, which you were said to have accumulated by infinite toil, drudgery, and self mortification?

Ghost. It is for the most part concealed in a field, in the farm of your father. My will is, that you should be the sole possessor of the treasure, without suffering your father to know from whence originated your riches.—Do not you remember my face since the beginning of the last year?

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

Ghost. I am. Think not therefore your father ill rewarded already.

Lilly. How shall I be able to account to him for the immediate accumulation of so much money as you seem to mention?

Ghost. Twenty thousand pounds, good sterling money, as ever filled the bags of a banker!

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

Ghost. But, alas! I cannot now touch the money of mortals; else would I wing my way to the Bank of England, or the mines of Mexico, and with gold, bestow a superior glory on my native land.—Follow me out to the field, and I will point out the precise place, where you are to dig for the delightful, precious, golden God of thy grandfather.

Here the apparition stalked forth round the barn yard, Lilly following him dreadless and undismayed, till he came to a field about three furlongs from his father's house; when the ghost stood still at a certain point, wheeled thrice round, and then vanished into air.

This proved to be the very spot, where Lilly and his youthful companions had often sported, being a hollow place whence stone had formerly been taken to build the ancient monastery of Kelso. He lost but little time in consideration; for having procured a pick-axe and spade, he employed a moonlight evening in search of the treasure, with the desired success.

However, having made the discovery, and not being able to apply it to immediate use, as he was then but nineteen, he found himself obliged to tell his mother of the adventure, and she told her sister in law, and the whole business came to the knowledge of the farmer himself. He sent his son to the University of Edinburgh, and settled upon him an handsome fortune; which, with the stipend and glebe, which he now enjoys as a minister, together with the manse, has ever since rendered him respectable, and enabled him to perform many acts of charity in that country, as many to this day can testify.

The pots in which the money was deposited, are still in possession of the parson, and have often been shewn as curiosities, hardly to be equalled in the rarities of Tiviotdale.

Oliver Cromwell.

The Rev. Mr. Durant of Hagley, told the following story of Oliver Cromwell, to a noble and numerous auditory, at his own church, in the winter of 1757. Previous

Previous to the battle of Dunbar in Scotland, the Devil appeared at midnight, to the General, assuring him of success in the engagement against the Covenanters, on condition that he would enter into a compact with him, solely to resign himself to his dominion. This covenant was mutually agreed upon, signed and countersigned by the contracting parties, and dated Sept. 3, 1650.

The tenor of this agreement was, that Oliver, on that day twelve months should renew the same, and in consequence again prove successful in the defeat of the young king.

It is certain that Oliver actually carried an entire victory at Dunbar the same day; it is equally true, that he overcame the royal party at Worcester in the year following, and on the third of September; and it is equally certain that the great Protector died on the third of September, exactly seven years after the battle of Worcester.

Omenous presages relative to the memorable Miss Mary Blandy, who was executed at Oxford in April 1752, for the murder of her father; found among the manuscripts of the late Rev. Mr. Blandy her uncle.

A few days before the death of Mrs. Blandy, several awful presages alarmed the family. A grand chorus of music was heard by the daughter and several of the servants at midnight, as if proceeding from the garden. This musical noise was succeeded, by three distinct knocks on the window of Miss Blandy's chamber, adjoining to that of her mother. Mean while, though the old lady was insensible of these sounds, she was horribly affrighted by a dream, in which she beheld her husband quaffing a cup of liquid, administered by her daughter.

Presently

Presently she thought he swelled to a monster, and soon expired in agony not to be expressed by language.

When she awoke in the morning, she told the dreadful dream to the nurse who attended her, and the next day she died.—This happened about two years before the murder of Mr. Blandy, of which he himself had several presages.

The story of that dreadful parricide is briefly as follows.

Mr. Blandy of Henly upon Thames, was an attorney of some eminence, and by his practice had accumulated several thousand pounds. On this occasion he used a kind of pious fraud, by giving out his daughter's fortune to be no less than thirty thousand pounds. Captain William Cranston, brother to Lord Cranston of Scotland, a little before the death of Mr. Blandy's spouse, was upon a recruiting party in Oxfordshire, and hearing the fame of the young lady's fortune, found means to introduce himself to the family.

He soon gained an ascendancy over the mother, and Miss herself soon discovered a sensible feeling for the soldier. But there happened to be an almost insuperable obstacle in the way of their mutual felicity. The Captain had been privately married in Scotland. This however he hoped to overcome, by obtaining a decree in his favour, from the High Court of Session; especially as the marriage had never been consummated. His expectation was but ill founded, and a long time elapsed without bringing his cause to issue. Indeed Mr. Blandy by no means would give his consent to the union of his child, with one who, however honorable by birth, was capable of acting derogatory to religion and humanity.

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The mother, as has been seen, suddenly departed this life. The father remained inexorable; so that the Captain may be said to have a great gulph between him and happiness,—over which he resolved to pass.

This, as may well be supposed, set the sanguine soul of the soldier on an arduous undertaking. He found the affection of the lady, for a profligate about double her age, perfectly agreeable to his desire, and determined to impose on her easy nature, in procuring the consent of her father, by magically mingling a kind of love powder with his tea.

The lady declined obeying the injunction of her amorous Captain, on account of a dream, in which she saw her father fall into the ocean from a precipice. The Captain wrote to her again, and discovered his design in words rather enigmatical but easily understood.—In fine he found means to persuade Miss Blandy, that something must be done to facilitate their union, though even by *forcing* the affection of her father.

At length the lady saw the business in the same light with the Captain. Her fancy was enflamed, and she was even heard to utter this dreadful expression; “Who would not send an old fellow to hell for thirty thousand pounds!”

The die was cast. The powder was mingled. The father tasted; complained too late. His body was enormously swelled. His last words hung upon Mary—crying, alas! you have killed your father! Of this I was warned.—O fly! O take care of the Captain! So he died a melancholy spectacle.

The lady was taken as attempting to withdraw from Henly, and was committed to the Castle of Oxford. She denied the design of poisoning her father to the last moment of her life.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

Apparition of Miser Booty, running into a burning furnace on the side of a mountain. Extracted from the Records of Westminster.

THREE sea Captains, named Barnaby, Bristow, and Brewer, sailed together for the Island of Lusara, and being come to anchor there, all three went on shore to shoot curlewes, a large bird, on Mount Strombolo. These gentlemen also had a Mr. Bell in their company, a merchant of Wentworth.—Whilst in that situation, they saw two men running with great swiftness. Captain Barnaby cried out, “Lord blefs me! the foremost man is Mr. Booty, my near neighbour in London.” He had on grey cloaths, with cloth buttons of the same. The other was in black. They both ran straight into the burning mountain, and at the instant they entered there was heard by these gentlemen, a noise the most hideous that can be imagined.

On their return on board, they accurately minutated down the strange transaction, inserting the precise time, viz. 10 o'clock, May 6, 1672,

When they arrived at Gravesend in the October following, Captain Barnaby went on shore, and met a particular friend, who, after welcoming him home, said, “I can tell you some news; old Booty is dead.” “That we all know,” replied the Captain, “for we saw him run into hell.” By this he said he meant the burning mountain, which so much as he imagined, resembled that place of fire and brimstone.

This saying coming to the ear of Mrs. Booty, she entered an action against Captain Barnaby, laying

ing the damages in the declaration, at a thousand pounds, being for scandal.

This cause being tried in the court of King's Bench, the two other captains, Mr. Bell, and such of the seaman, who beheld the horrible fight at Mount Strombolo, were called, and upon oath declared, that they saw Booty actually run, or was driven by his fable companion, into the burning mountain; also deposing that they saw a coat with buttons, such as these which were produced in court.

The precise time of his death which the plaintiff's witnesses pointed out, exactly agreed with the minutes which they swore to, as made the moment they returned on board their vessel, and which also appeared accurately inserted in their journals.

When all these witnesses were examined, the counsel for the plaintiff replied, and the Chief Justice gave his charge to the Jury with much impartiality and candour. Towards the close of his charge he thus exclaimed, "Lord have mercy upon us! Though one or two might be deceived, we cannot suppose that above thirty could be mistaken."
 —Verdict for the Defendant.

Apparition of the learned Henry Jacob.

Henry Jacob of Merton College, Oxon. died in 1673. About a week after, his cousin Dr. Jacob of Canterbury, being in his bed and broad awake, the moon shining clearly, saw Henry Jacob, standing by his bed, as in his shirt and a white cap on his head. His beard which he used to wear in a particular form, exactly resembled that form when alive.

On the first appearance the Doctor could hardly believe his eyes, and therefore rose up, and after viewing

viewing more distinctly, was perfectly persuaded that he actually saw the apparition of his cousin Henry.

When the Doctor went down stairs, rather relenting his want of resolution in speaking to the ghost, he was relating the story to those of the family who were in the kitchen, when the cook-maid, who was just coming in from the wood-stack, declared, with much trepidation, that she had seen a ghost in a shirt on the top of the pile of wood.

The late Rev. Mr. John Wesley.

About a month before the death of that celebrated preacher, a young man of his connections, in Yorkshire, dreamed that he saw him departing this life, and delivering a farewell sermon to a numerous congregation, previous to his departure. The young man, soon after coming to London, communicated the dream to that divine, who appeared not a little moved at the relation.

Dream of the Mother of Captain Porteus.

In the study of an eminent divine in the Church of Scotland, was lately found a manuscript, relating a very remarkable dream, with which, and the memorable fulfilment of it, we present the reader, as positively authentic.

A lady, married about half a year, saw one day at noon, in a vision, the embryo in her womb arise to an elevated situation in society, then having a command over soldiers; afterwards dragged to a dungeon, tried for murder, condemned, pardoned, and soon after torn to pieces by an enraged populace.

populace. After this much confusion arose in the country, even until the name of her son, on whose account the confusion came, rendered odious and detestable.

The child, agreeable to the prediction, proved a son. Much care was taken of his education at one of the public schools of Edinburgh. When he grew up he discovered a strong inclination for travelling, and, going abroad without the consent of his parents, entered into the King's service. Obtaining at length his discharge, he resided for some years in London; all the while totally unmindful of his filial duty, and indeed never taking the least notice of his parents, who then lived in a reclusive situation, about ten miles west from Edinburgh; to which city the hero of our story returned about the year 1735, and was, through the interest of a gentleman, soon after appointed to the command of the City Guard.

It will not perhaps be thought an anticipation of our story, to inform the reader, that this person was no less a character than the notified Captain Porteus.

One day, as the Captain was mustering his men in a field not far from the city, a man of Mussleburgh, who was reputed to possess the second sight, presented himself. The Captain called the augur aside, and required him to foretel his destiny. The silly soothsayer, with much reluctancy, informed the curious enquirer, that he should one day be a midnight *Grass-market-man*. This threw the officer into a passion, and had not the sage softened his sentence, by bestowing another turn on the prophecy, he might have received a sound flagellation from a fellow of his tyrannical disposition.

Soon after two notorious smugglers were condemned to die at Edinburgh, for breaking into the King's store-house at Leith, and recovering those goods which had been taken from them by the officers of the revenue. These men, on the Sunday previous to their appointed period of execution, were conducted to one of the churches under a guard, as was then usual. During the sermon, notwithstanding the vigilance of Captain Porteus, one of the prisoners effected his escape, and got clear off. The other, on the Wednesday following, was executed in the Grass-market, much contrary to the wish of the populace. As soon as the man was turned off, the boys began to pelt the executioner, when the impetuous Captain, who then attended with a strong party, commanded the men to level their pieces, and follow his example. On this he snatched the firelock of a private man, and fired at a young gentleman, of a good family in the Highlands, and killed him on the spot. The men then instantly discharged their muskets, and killed several of the citizens, who were beholding, from their windows, the lamentable spectacle.

The Captain was seized by order of the Lord Provost, and conducted to the Tolbooth. He was afterwards tried and found guilty on the clearest evidence. He then received sentence of death, and his execution was fixed for a certain day.

It was now 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 he sent her during his trouble. The lady, readily recollecting her dream, flew to Edinburgh in the utmost distress, and would certainly have been quite distracted

tracted had she not heard, from a quarter where much confidence might be placed, that great interest was making at London in favour of the Captain.

In a few days a respite actually arrived from the Queen (for George II. was then at Hanover, with a peremptory order to secure the Captain in the Castle. This quite altered the face of affairs with both the Captain and his mother, who began to ridicule the prediction in the dream and the soothsayer. That evening they made merry with several of their friends in the prison, till the Captain was cast into a state of inebriation, and consequently unprepared to meet the awful fate which yet awaited him.

In this he was not unlike the Eastern Monarch, who beheld amidst his banquet the hand-writing on the wall. The people resolved that his life should not surpass the original day appointed for his execution, and that was the next, in which he expected to meet an asylum in the Castle. At midnight he was alarmed with a report that the youths of the city were up in arms, disguised in womens' apparel, and determined on his sudden destruction.

The tremendous noise on the iron doors of sledge hammers, soon convinced him that the alarm was not chimerical.—In short, the enraged multitude gained entrance, dragged forth the prisoner, and led him in triumph along the High-street, regardless of the menaces of the military officers, and the remonstrances of the magistrates. Having procured a rope, they reached the usual place of execution, and there, after suffering him to say a short prayer, suspended him upon a pro-

jecting pole ;—a dreadful spectacle to an assembled city at midnight,

The great confusion in the national established church of Scotland, cause by the Queen's subsequent proclamation, being read by few, but burnt by many, is too well known to be recorded in this place, but proved an almost literal accomplishment of the visionary prediction of the mother, who survived not long the calamity of her son.

An Omen, relative to the Houses of York and Lancaster. From Hall's Chron.

While Edward Duke of York, father to King Edward the Fourth, was declaring his title in the Chamber of Peers, there happened the following strange accident.

A crown, which hung in the middle of the room, to ornament a branch to set the lights upon, suddenly fell to the floor without touch, or the breath of wind ; and just at the same juncture fell the crown which stood upon the top of Dover Castle. This was a sign and prognostication, that the crown of the kingdom should be changed from one line to another.

C H A P. VII.

On Sleep and Dreams.

WHATEVER pleasure or pain man is capable of receiving or suffering in sleep, it must be in proportion to the perfection of the senses as to degree.—A man born blind can have no idea of vision, awake or asleep. To him the fair face of
Creation

Creation is totally veiled in profound darkness, and all the beauties of Spring, the glory of Summer, the ripeness of Autumn, and the snows of Winter—are perfectly erased, as to the pleasure of beholding them.

The blind man, in his dream, fancies no fairy fields, beholds no rocks, mountains, or precipices, whence to rise or descend.—He may indeed be terrified by the noise of thunder, storms, and tempests, the hideous howl of winds, or the tremendous roaring of the ocean, but the lightning's flashes, the bending of boughs in the waving forest, or the motion of the mighty waters, fall not under his observation.

If a deficiency of one of the senses thus incapacitates a man from forming adequate notions of the works of nature, how much more would the mind of man be enlarged in its conceptions by the addition of a *new* sense, or even by an enlargement of the sense of vision? Of the effects of the former we can have no more a conception, than a man born blind can have of colours; of the latter, we are enabled to form some idea from what we behold in others, who are endowed with a superior degree of vision.

This would naturally lead us to enquire into the nature, power, and activity of what is called the **SECOND SIGHT**, or Complex Vision, both bodily and mental; but the limits which we prescribe to these pages, will not permit us to pursue so curious a subject to any considerable degree.

Suffice it to say, that this sense or faculty furnishes the mind with fresh ideas, and opens an infinite field for the fancy. Scenes, remote from the eye of others, are naked to the augur, the prophet, the second-sighted seer, the agents of beings

perched on the pinnacle of pre-eminence, whose piercing eye takes in kingdoms and continents, and at one view beholds myriads the most minute or the most magnificent.

To illustrate these few hasty observations, take the following stories :

The Wise Woman of Worcester.

Mary Marshall, of the city of Worcester, spinster, aged 63, was all her life long known to be in the complete possession of the second sight. She had the surprising gift of beholding objects in her sleep at midnight, and positively without deception.

Sir Thomas Lyttelton chanced once to mention Mary to a company of gentlemen from London, on a visit at his house. Most of these strangers were little better than sceptics, as to the doctrine of superior gifts of vision. The knight, however, having known from repeated experiments on the power of Mary, offered to lay any wager with the most backward in the belief of the whole company. One of them proposed a bet of fifty guineas against an hundred with Sir Thomas, that the wise woman of Worcester could not, by all her art, tell the hour and minute of the evening, agreeable to his watch. The other agreed, and they all bent their way to her little hut on the hill, half a mile from the mansion.

On their arrival at her gothic window, the knight rapped, exclaiming,

Mary, we at your window knock,
To know just what it is o'clock ?

To

To which the wife woman, awaking that instant, replied thus, without hesitation :

Miss Martha Muke, that fairy elve,
Makes it twelve minutes after twelve.—

'Tis time for us to mount the moon,
Arrived at her highest noon.—

Come mount, my men, upon my broom—
I'll warrant you, we'll all find room.

This the knight and the gentlemen chusing to decline, she immediately mounted herself, and arose in the air so high that they soon lost sight of her. The next day Sir Thomas, in consideration of his success, by means of Mary Marshall, sent her a whole sheep, a large cheefe, and wheat, for bread, in proportion.

It was a common report in that country that Mary, in order to evade the mill-toll, used to set the wind-mill to work, during her aerial excursion, and that, having finished her ramble on the heath, with her auguring sisters, she returned to the mill, before the cheating fellows were up, and carried away her bag of flour.

A Story of the celebrated Rev. Mr. Hervey.

Two persons, who had been hunting together in the day, slept together the following night. One of them was renewing the pursuit in his dream; and having run the whole circle of the chace, came at last to the fall of the stag. Upon this he cries out, with a determined ardour, "I'll kill him, I'll kill him;" and immediately feels for the knife, which he carried in his pocket. His companion happening to be awake, and observing what passed, leaped from the bed. Being secure from danger,
and

and the moon shining into the room, he stood to view the event. When, to his inexpressible surprise, the infatuated sportsman gave several deadly stabs in the very place, where a moment before the throat and the life of his friend lay.

This I mention, says that good man, as a proof that nothing hinders us from being assassins of *others*, or murderers of ourselves, amidst the mad fallies of sleep, only the *preventing care* of our heavenly Father.

Apparition of Sir George Villiers. From Clarendon's History.

An officer, in the King's wardrobe, in Windsor Castle, of good repute for integrity, aged 50, about six months before the death of the Duke of Buckingham, there appeared to him at midnight, by the bed-side, a man of a very respectable aspect, who, drawing the curtains of his bed, and fixing his eyes upon him, asked if he knew him.

The poor man, half dead with fear, being asked a second time the same question; recalled to his mind the person of Sir George Villiers, his old school-fellow, and recognized the very cloaths which he had seen him wear.

Sir George said, "I expect a certain service of you.—Go to my son, the Duke of Buckingham, and tell him, that if he does not something to appease the people, he will be suffered to live but a short time."

So saying the vision disappeared, and the man resumed his sleep, and thought it was but an idle dream.

The next night the same venerable person again appeared, and in the same place, but with an aspect

aspect more severe, complaining of his neglect in not obeying his injunction; assuring him, that in failure in future, he should enjoy no peace of mind as long as he lived.

The same person a third time returned, and with a terrible countenance, bitterly reproached him for disobedience to his desire. The man, by this time, having recovered his courage, informed the ghost, that he had weighed the matter in his mind every time, but could not think of approaching so great a personage as the Duke, lest he should be thought mad, and be abused by his Grace as an enthusiast.

The spectre replied, "My son is easy of access, and as to your credentials, I will unfold a few particular incidents, which I solemnly charge you never to mention to any but to the Duke himself, who will no sooner hear them than he will believe the truth of your testimony, that I have sent him the warning."

The next morning, being more confirmed than ever of the reality of the vision, he set out for London. On his appearance at Court, he was well known to Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the Masters of Requests, who had married a relation of the Duke. To this gentleman he communicated a small part of the story, who, knowing him to be a man of probity and good sense, promised to speak to the Duke himself.

In consequence of this, the Duke promised an interview with the man at Lambeth-bridge, where he was to land in order to hunt with the King.

Accordingly the next morning Sir Ralph introduced the man to the Duke at the place appointed, and then retired to a convenient distance. To his Grace the man then told the whole story, mentioning,

mentioning the incidents which served as his credentials.

The Duke, greatly surpris'd, swore that he must have seen the devil, as those things were unknown to any man, but one whom he knew would never discover them.

The Duke pursued his purpose of hunting, but was observ'd to wear a pensive air. Before he had spent the morning agreeable to his design, he left the field precipitately, and alighted at the lodgings of his mother at Whitehall.

With her he was closeted near three hours, during which the noise of their conversation reach'd those in waiting in the adjoining rooms. When his Grace withdrew, he appear'd full of the utmost perplexity, and on his departure, his mother was seen by the servants overwhelmed with tears.

The Duke, not regarding the warning of his father's ghost, or deeming it impossible to avoid his fate, pursued his old way, and was actually stabbed by one Felton, an officer, a few months after,

It has often been privately reported, that the chief secret token, communicated to the man at Windsor, was an incestuous breach of modesty between the Duke and a certain lady, too nearly related to him, which it surpris'd him to hear of, as he had good reason to be sure the lady would not tell of herself; so he thought none but the devil could tell it besides her. This so astonish'd him, that he was very far from receiv'ing slightly the message from the man, or laughing at his credulity.

When the news of his murder arriv'd, his mother discover'd no surprize, but received it as if she had foreseen the event with certainty: nor did she express

express that sorrow which might have been expected for the loss of such a son.

The Witch of Salisbury.

Ann Know, towards the end of the 13th century, was well known to the farmers in Wiltshire, and the citizens of Salisbury. Many strange stories are recorded of her in a book, which has long been lost, called "*The Wonders of Stonehenge*," written by William of Winchester, of which the following is a fragment :

One night as Nanny was dancing with her sister witches round the Druidical monument on Salisbury Plain, Edward I. King of England, with a small party of his Court, passing that way at midnight, dismounted from their horses, and joined in the convivial scene, beneath the glimpses of the moon.

Edward beheld the sisters form themselves into a circle, and sit down on the grass to a delicious banquet, which Nanny Know conjured from the King's table. Fish, flesh, fowl, of every kind, arose to his sight, and wines of the richest kind crowned the nocturnal repast. Music was performed by the aerial bards, which so charmed the hero and his train, that they all sat down in the circle, and enjoyed the rural repast with the utmost hilarity.

One of the Monks of Old Sarum chanced that instant to pass that way, having been on a visit to his brother in the West. He soon discovered that the company belonged to Nanny Know, of Salisbury, whom he had often strove in vain to confess. The music, soft and melodious as it was, could not charm him, and he resolved to break
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the enchantment. To effect which he called up from the shades of Erebus the witch of Endor, in the shape of a flying steed, and, on her appearance, uttered certain cabalistic words, which moved the whole sisterhood to mount. Instantly, in wild vagaries, they arose and flew away, and only left behind the King and the Monk upon the plain.

C H A P. VIII.

The Minister and Maid of Wiltshire.

A CERTAIN young lady, near Salisbury, was courted by a gentleman, whose father had a good estate in the vicinity. The amour had proceeded to a considerable degree, when the lady discovered his insincerity, but found herself incapable of receding from what steps she had already taken. She, at length, overcome by his promises, yielded to his importunity so far as to appoint a meeting at a farmer's house in the neighbourhood, for a purpose too obviously unchaste to be named in this narrative.

Towards the evening, she dressed herself, and set out, with her maid Mary, for the purpose of meeting her lover. When she came near the house, she found some excuse to send back the maid, who, as it appears, was not in the secret.

As she was about to dismiss Mary, she saw the minister of the town coming along the path. On this she said to the girl, now you need not go a foot farther, for here comes Dr. —, so I shall have his company. The maid also seeing the minister, immediately left her mistress and returned.

As

As soon as the Minister came up, after the usual compliment, he asked the lady, how she came to be in the fields alone?

"I have not been alone," said the lady, "having just sent back my maid on seeing you coming; besides I am only going to the farmer's house before us."

"O, Madam," replied the Doctor, "are you going thither?—then I know your business."

She blushed, but quickly recovering herself, answered quickly, "What business, Sir?"

"Why, Madam," said the Minister, "it may not be proper for me to name it, but you know it well enough."

"What do you mean, Sir?" said she; "I do not understand you." "Your favourite, the young squire, is there before you, Madam."

Here she was much surprised, supposing the young fellow had been boasting of favours before he had received them, and had betrayed her even to the Doctor.—"Madam," said the Minister, in a solemn tone, "if you would take my advice—" "What advice, Sir?" said the young Lady; "I do not understand what you mean."

"Why, I would advise you," said he, "to return to the town, and not run into the way of mischief."

She still withstood and put him off with the same answer. The Doctor at last put on a more stern air, and raising his voice a little, answered, "Come, come, young Lady, you cannot conceal your wicked purposes, you have made an appointment with Mr. ———. He prevailed on you last night, and you have decked yourself up in your ornaments to meet him, and prostitute your virtue, your honour, and your conscience, to his corrupt vicious

appetite, and I know it, as you see I do. My advice is, that you go back, break your wicked promise, and repent that you made it.—I shall give him the same advice presently.

The Lady for some time was confounded, but at length said, “ If you know the Gentleman is there, Sir, I will not go; especially as you entertain such bad thoughts of me.”

On this she turned back, and saw the Minister go towards the house, and actually beheld him go in and shut the door after him.

The Lady was now convinced that she was betrayed, and was afraid of being exposed to the world. She lived with an aunt, who was dependent on the young man's father, and added much to her mortification.

Mean while the young man, having long waited at the farmer's house, grew impatient, and returned to the house where his lover lived, enquired of the maid for her mistress. The Lady was not to be seen. He wrote to her—she answered. After much writing, he at last was permitted to speak to her. She told him what had happened, and all that the Doctor had said to her.

A few days furnished him an opportunity of speaking to the Minister himself. The Doctor was much surpris'd on the occasion, declaring, that what he had been told was impossible to be true, as at the time alluded he was actually at London.

Upon this the young man rallied his mistress for having put the trick upon him in forfeiting her word, and inventing the story of the Doctor.

Here she called Mary, who corroborated the story, by assuring the gentleman, that she also saw the
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the Minister in the field leading to the house of the farmer. Said the Lady, "I will speak to the Minister myself to confront you." "I have already spoken to him," said the youth, "and he denies the whole; besides, he was at London at that time and some days after, which he declares he can prove by twenty witnesses. What answer could you give to this, if you should again speak to the Doctor?"

"Why, my answer would be this—it must then have been the Devil."

"Well then," said he, "it was the Devil; I will not dispute that with you, Madam."

"No, no," said she, "I can satisfy you that it could not be the Devil.—Do you think the Devil would have turned me back, when he knew what errand I was upon?"

After this conversation they parted, both not a little perplexed about the matter.

Something happened soon after which cast a light upon the whole business. The Lady had occasion to visit a friend in a neighbouring village one evening, and, being alone, as crossing a field, again met the Doctor.

When he came up to her he pulled off his hat very courteously, and then entered upon the subject on which he had talked to her on the former occasion. "Sir," said she, "I have been very ill used upon that day's work." "I know it," said he, "I know it well; but your innocence shall be cleared up, and I will do it myself. Do you be thankful you escaped the snare."

He passed by her without taking any farewell, and instantly vanished from her sight. The Lady fell down in a fit. A poor woman found her in that situation, and led her home. She was several

days indisposed, during which the young gentleman visited her, and heard her story of a second meeting of the supposed Doctor, whom they both concluded must have been—not a goblin damn'd, but a minister of health, whose presence prevented that evil which angels cannot view without detestation—the seduction of a sister.

May such a Minister of Grace ever meet in time those who are treading the devious paths of Vice, to teach them—that “Wisdom’s ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

Lord Lyttelton’s Vision.

Thomas Lord Lyttelton, the famous orator in the House of Lords, on the 25th of November, 1779, lay in his superb chamber, in Hagley Hall, Worcestershire, and, being restless during the night, beheld a beautiful young lady, dressed in white, with a bird in her hand, approached his bedside, in a very awful and solemn manner.

His Lordship sat up, and observed the vision with some deliberation, and then exclaimed—“What art thou, that thus disturbest my repose?” The lady answered—“One sent to warn thee, ☉ thou degenerate son of thy virtuous father, that thy end is nigh. Set thine house in order, for thou must soon die—and no longer live in this stately mansion.” “How long have I to live?” replied his Lordship, while terror and trembling seized every nerve, and almost froze his blood.—“Not quite three days!” said the mystic messenger, and then disappeared.

Next morning the impression of the vision quickly wore off the mind of his Lordship, who told the tale to two ladies, sisters, named Amphlet, with

with an air of indifference and jocularity.—He frequently mentioned the same to several other ladies, and affected to make light of the matter.

On the evening of the Saturday following, he pulled out his watch, observed that it was half past ten, and that he had still one hour and a half to live. Then jocosely chucking under the chin one of his nieces, his Lordship danced about the room, saying—“Do you think, Madam, I shall get over?”

The young ladies joined in the merriment, and rose up to dance with as little concern as the daughter of Herod did when she demanded the head of the Baptist.

They at length sat down to supper. His Lordship was quite cheerful, ate heartily; but soon after found himself indisposed and went to bed. Complaining of an uneasiness in his stomach, one of the servants was ordered to prepare a cup of rhubarb and peppermint-water, a medicine which his Lordship had frequently used with success; but before it was ready he suddenly expired.

A few days before, his Lordship caught a Robin, which had been shut in the green-house, and set it at liberty; which he mentioned to account for his beholding the bird in the vision.

Lord Mohun's appearance to his Mistress on the morning of his murder. From Aubrey's Miscellanies.

Lord Mohun was a fashionable young gentleman, in the reign of Charles I. According to
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the custom of that time, his sense of honour led him to relent, in a serious manner, an affront which had produced a quarrel between him and a person of the first quality in this kingdom, tho' a foreigner.

By appointment they met in Chelsea fields, near a place called Ebery-farm, and where Lord Mohun was killed, but not without suspicion of foul play.

At the same time Lord Mohun kept company with a certain lady in James-street, Covent-garden. His Lordship was murdered about ten o'clock in the morning; and, at that very time, his mistress being in bed, saw him come to her bedside, draw the curtains, look upon her, and go away. She called after him but received no answer. She then rung for her maid, asked for Lord Mohun, but the woman replied, "I did not see him,"—and had the key of the chamber-door in her pocket. This story was attested by the lady and her maid, to Mr. Aubrey.

C H A P. IX.

*An Apparition to a Pedlar, discovering Money.
An authentic Tale.*

THERE was a certain Pedlar who used to travel with his pack through the county of Suffolk, and kept a warehouse in a market town.

Returning home late one evening, being much fatigued, he rested on a stile. He had not sat long before the apparition of a woman, in a white shroud, came up to him with a smiling countenance. Having discovered herself, she stepped backwards,

backwards, and having held up a fine white hand, beckoned him with a finger to follow her.

The Pedlar, alarmed as he might well be supposed to be, accordingly followed her over three fields; the apparition all the while going backwards, and still beckoning to him. On arriving at a certain place where was a stone, the apparition stamped with her foot, and instantly disappeared.

The man observed the place, marked the stone, and then carried his pack, not without being sanguine in his expectations of meeting that below which he had long been searching for with so little success above the surface of the earth.

Next night he went out with spade and pick-axe, and fell to work. He had not dug deep before a large chest presented itself to his ravished sight. With the exertion of much industry and some skill, he cleared the chest from the ground, split it open, and viewed the contents with rapture.

It was crammed full of silver coin, of so large a number of pieces, that he could remove them only by degrees. In time, however, he gained his point; and, having taken home all the cash, carried the chest also to his habitation.

By the good use of this large treasure he set up a shop in the town, and quickly appeared a respectable tradesman.

About this time the parish church was about to be repaired, by a voluntary subscription. The officers walking round to solicit assistance, came at length to the Pedlar's, and presented their book of subscriptions.

Looking over the list, the pedlar saw the names of certain great men set down to very small sums, on which he subscribed no less than twenty pounds, to the surprize of the officers.

Having

Having occasion, soon after, to make a hatch to his door, he found employment for the old chest, in which his wealth was once deposited, by turning it into the hatch, to the end also, that it might always be in sight as a memorial of his good fortune.

One day, as he was standing behind his counter, he observed an ancient gentleman, who was reputed an antiquarian, standing poring through his spectacles upon the new hatch.

“ You have something very remarkable upon your door, Master,” said the Gentleman,

“ What is it, Master,” replied the Pedlar.—
 “ It is in the old Saxon Gothic characters,” replied the Virtuosi. “ Read it, Sir, in English,” said the tradesman. On this the Gentleman, after a short pause, thus read it :

“ — Where this late stood

“ Now stands another—twice as good.

“ Hum!” said the Pedlar. “ that is old stuff, indeed.—What can it signify?”

“ Nay,” said the old Gentleman, “ that I do not know; for who can tell where this once stood?”

“ Aye, who indeed,” replied the Pedlar, “ and if they did, what can it mean?”

“ Do you know where it once stood?” quoth the Antiquarian.—The Pedlar was glad to get rid of the old Gentleman; and, as soon as he was gone, said to himself—“ Aye, aye, I know where this stood—and will soon see if I can find the other—twice as good.—There is a blessing in subscribing to the building of churches!”

But then he considered it was near seven years since he had seen the place, and supposed it not impossible

impossible that the ghost might have discovered the other to somebody else. He communicated the matter to his wife, and she would not suffer him to go to bed another night, without making a trial.

He went, therefore, in quest of the remaining money, but, after much searching, could not discover the particular spot which he had before been pointed to. He returned, told his spouse that all his hope was gone; and she prevailed upon him to make a second essay, supposing the good devil would naturally return to lead him to the particular place.

By the importunity of the woman he went, and she followed to urge him on in the adventure.— In short, the apparition again made its appearance, and led them both to the field, pointed out the particular stone with a stamp—and then vanished in a flame.

The pedlar went to work, and digging a little deeper than he had done before, found another chest, bound round with iron, not so large, but, as he soon discovered, abundantly richer than the former;—the first being but silver, the second being all gold. This they carried home with secrecy and success.

The sum is not ascertained in the story; but it affirms, that he laid out no less than a thousand pounds in rebuilding the church. In memory of which, on one of the windows, and in stained glass, are portrayed the Pedlar and his Pack, with the Ghost beckoning him to the place where the treasure was deposited.

The Witch of Wigan.

A woman in Lancaster being reputed a witch, was dreaded by the farmers about Manchester, and those parts, not only as the prognosticator of evil, by her appearance in the morning of Valentine's day, and certain other times commonly observed, but as the sworn enemy to industry, and the destroyer of cattle, &c.

She occasionally assumed several shapes, in order to elude the detection of the peasants; but one morning in May, 1755, a young gentleman, named Nuttal, being in a field near Wigan, saw a hare of an uncommon size sitting in a bush. A grey-hound, which attended him, instantly sprang to the spot, and attempting to seize the supposed prey, that moment expired. The hare remaining unmoved, to the astonishment of the gentleman, whose wonder was not a little increased on beholding it suddenly assume the shape, figure, and deportment of the Witch.

The Three Warnings.

A young man of considerable fortune married a young beautiful lady of a good family in the north of England. On the wedding-day the bridegroom, being somewhat indisposed, towards the afternoon retired from the company, to indulge a soft repose in his chamber. Having slept a while, he saw, or supposed that he saw—a horrible spectre standing at the foot of the bed, withdrawing the curtains. He sat up, looking steadfastly at the grim figure, and demanded its business.

The

The spectre answered, in a hollow tone of voice—“ I am Death, the King of Terrors, and the Terror of Kings! Prepare to meet thy God, O man, this moment!”

The youth, believing himself wide awake, and the vision to be no deception, thus seriously expostulated with the apparition:—“ Have pity! have pity! O thou enemy of mortals, on a young man, who imagined himself on the summit of happiness.—Shall the fair one, whom I have this day espoused, be cruelly disappointed of her anticipated joys, by beholding the man, in whom all her wishes united, a deplorable corpse, and a day appropriated to festivity turned into a day of lamentation and mourning?”

The hideous spectre now withdrew his dart, which before he had held up as ready to strike the fatal blow, and assuming an air of gentleness, thus replied: “ I was now sent only to alarm your fear, and put you in mind of what must be.—I shall again call, but at a distant period, previous to which *three warnings* shall be given you.—But, behold, when I renew my visit—be ready; for I shall delay my errand no longer!”

So saying the dismal form disappeared, the young man arose, and forgot the vision; he joined the convivial assembly, and tasted the blessings of Heaven for a long series of years, without much reflecting on a life everlasting. He who causes his sun to shine, and his rain descend on the evil as well as the good, bestowed plenty on this unmindful man, and caused his ground to yield a large increase, and filled his barns with abundance. Yet of all this bounty and beneficence was he truly unthankful.

When

When far advanced in life, and well stricken in years, this man, as he lay alone in his bed, beheld the same spectre with his dreadful dart advancing towards him, and exclaiming—"Art thou now ready?"

Recognizing the form, and instantly remembering his former vision, though many years before, he endeavoured to expostulate with the spectre.

Old Man. Thou art Death — where were thy promised *three warnings*?

Death. Thou hast already had them.

Old Man. When? Thou never hast appeared to me since the day of my marriage, when thou didst pay me the unseasonable visit.

Death. Do not trifle with me.—Goesst thou ever to church?

Old Man. No; I am lame, and cannot walk.

Death. Hast thou none that can read to thee for instruction?

Old Man. Verily I am deaf, and cannot hear.

Death. But thou canst read I suppose?

Old Man. Once I certainly could read — but now I cannot see.—I am almost totally blind.

Death. Thy *blindness*, *deafness*, and *lameness*, are the *three warnings* which I promised. They came with slow steps, and thou hast had much time to meditate on their gradual advances, declaring that thy end approached. This night thy soul is required of thee.

So saying, the hideous herald struck his envenomed javelin into the heart of the unholy man, and hurried him away to the other world, without adding one more to the *three warnings*.

The two Libertines.

A story told by the Rev. Erasmus Middleton, in the pulpit of Blackfriars Church, London.

Two gentlemen, ridiculers of all religion, made an agreement in one of their merry meetings, that the first of them who died should come again from the other world, to apprise the other of what state he was in.

Accordingly one of them soon died, and a few nights after actually made his appearance to his surviving companion, exclaiming, in a terrible tone, and with much emotion—"I am come to let you know, that there is a hell, and I experience it!"

The vision vanished, the man was not a little shocked at first; but afterwards, being ridiculed by his jovial friends, he joined in the laugh, and remained unmoved in his wickedness. So true is the assertion of Abraham in Heaven to the rich man in Hell, "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."—We behold this truth established in the instance of the Jews in our blessed Saviour's days. He raised Lazarus from the dead in the sight of a numerous assemblage of people, who soon forgot that wonderful work, went their way, and remained hardened in unbelief.

The Ghost of Major Sydenham.

The Major had many warm disputes with Captain Dyke, about the being of a God, and the immortality of the Soul. It was agreed between them, that the first which departed this life should,

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the third night after his funeral, return, if possible, to his survivor at midnight, and meet him in a little summer-house at the bottom of the garden adjoining to the Major's house, at Delverton, where they had often carried on their disputes.

The Major died first, and was interred. On the night appointed it happened that the Captain lay with his brother, Dr. Dyke, when he acquainted the Doctor with the appointment they had made, for which purpose he got the key of the garden door.

The Doctor tried all in his power to dissuade his brother from such an idle purpose, but when the clock struck twelve he was upon the spot waiting the event. He waited two hours and a half without seeing any thing of the Major; but about six weeks after, the Captain and Doctor went together to Eaton, and lay in an inn together, but not in the same chamber.

The morning before they went from Eaton the Captain staid in his room longer than usual, and at last went into the Doctor's chamber, but with a visage and form very much altered from what he usually appeared to wear. His hair stood on end—his eyes stared, and his body all over trembled. The Doctor, much amazed, asked him why he appeared so much altered and disordered. To which he replied, with a steady voice and much apparent sincerity—"I have seen the Major!"

The Doctor smiled. "If ever I saw him in my life, Sir," said the Captain, "I have seen him just now." The Doctor now appeared attentive, and the Captain thus proceeded:—"This morning, after it was light, one came to my bed side, drew back the curtains, and called—"Cap, Cap," (which was a word familiar to him when he usually called me)

to

to which I replied, "What, my Major!" He answered—"I could not come at the time appointed; but now I am come time enough to tell you—*there is a God*, a just and terrible one! if you do not turn over a new leaf of your life, you will too soon find it so."—He then vanished away.

The thoughts of this remained on the Captain's mind as long as he lived, but appeared to have no influence on his life. They were both men bred at the University, and possessed the highest spirits whilst living together of any two gentlemen in the army. A story like this, told by Flavel, and attested by the Doctor, as proceeding from the mouth of such a character, needs no further confirmation.

C H A P. X.

A Vision of Hell.

Told by the late Rev. Mr. John Wesley.

A GREAT Libertine in the Bishoprick of Durham, had the following awful vision:

He thought he was carried into a strange place, resembling a long gallery, where he observed several gentlemen, who walked to and fro, seeming in a quiet and composed state. He looked on them for some time, at length accosted one of them, saying, "Sir, you seem to appear to be very quiet and happy in this place." "Happy!" exclaimed the person, "this place is Hell;" and opening his gown shewed him his heart, which was surrounded with a burning flame of fire. "This is," said he, "the reward of an ill-spent life, and you

yourself will be here amongst us before this time twelvemonths."

So saying, the scene changed into the most horrid dark and dismal place, incapable of being described, which sight awaked him in the utmost perturbation.

A short time after, being in company with a particular companion, he told his dream; which had such an effect on the man's mind, that he instantly was filled with terror, and resolved to amend his life. This resolution he carried into practice, whilst his friend, the dreamer himself, unmoved by the awful scene which he had beheld, and had described to his reformed companion, persevered in his wickedness, and before the expiration of that year died without the least signs of repentance.

The Witches of Teviotdale.

There is an ancient monastery still remaining at Kelso, on the banks of the Tweed, where a great number of Friars once lived in peace and plenty. One of these fathers was an acute necromancer, and cultivated the occult sciences with success. He gave out to his brethren and the world, that he had a power of raising the devil, and ruling at his pleasure all the powers of the air called witches.

To shew his skill, he proposed, at the grand festival of Witfunday, to accompany the rest of the fathers to the pinnacle of the monastery, which the fairy elves, the wizards of the rocks, and the witches of Teviotdale, appropriated to their peculiar pastime.

Accordingly

Accordingly, at midnight, the moon shining in all her silver rays, they solemnly surrounded the scite, and loudly sang their orisons, amidst an assembled multitude from all parts of the country, whom curiosity had drawn together to behold a battle between the spiritual fathers and the horrid hags, who had long disturbed the repose of Kelfo.

They had not long closed their holy rites before a hideous howling was heard from the summit of the sublime tower. The vociferation was a mixture of all the intolerable cries that ever grated the human ear. An assemblage of ten thousand cats squalling, as many hogs grunting, the shrieking of so many owls, the croaking of as many ravens, and so forth, would have proved perfect melody in comparison of this unsonorous lamentation. At length a solemn silence prevailed in the hell-bred congregation, and *Jenny Fairly*, the chief sister, waved her broom thrice, and all the rest waved their brooms in the mystic dance around the pinnacle; Jenny singing,

On we fly—mounted high,
 High as the top of lofty Cheviot;
 No Monk or Friar—e'er soar'd higher—
 The Fathers 'twixt the Tweed and Tiviot.
 Know your dooms!
 Mount your brooms.—
 Keep to yourselves,
 Ye fairy elves,
 Trot and troll—O Latiloll,
 And sister Kitty of the Cave,
 And as we stray—we backwards pray—
 Who, but the De'el can witches save!

Jenny Fairly then again waved her broom, and commanded silence, whilst she proceeded in her incantation, as follows :

Ye rulers of the Scottish nation,
 All listen to my incantation.—
 Ye wiley wizards come away,
 And all attend our pleasant play.
 Witches, round the rocks of lizards,
 Come along with all the wizards.
 From the rock sublime of Dover,
 Wave our master to come over,
 With all our cousins fair of France,
 Joining in the midnight dance ;
 For, lo, to-night shall grace our table,
 The Monks and Friars dress'd in fable,
 From Princes' pantries quickly bring
 The dainties that delight our King.
 Who now arises from the Tweed ;—
 My God 'tis he ! 'tis he indeed !

So saying, the whole horrible herd alighted, and sat down in an open place called the Abbey Close, where appeared a spacious table covered with viands of the richest kind, and garnished with every delightful herb of the field and garden.

Our holy necromancer now ordered the phalanx of Fathers to follow him, which they instantly did, and reached the table just in time to ask a blessing before meat.

For every one of the Fathers a stool was set, and after every one was placed in order, agreeable to his rank or seniority, by Jenny Fairly herself, still a seat remained unoccupied at the head of the table.

The chief holy father waited in deep anxiety some time, in expectation of seeing the empty stool filled. At length the witches roared aloud in such a horrid acclame, that terror and trembling suddenly seized the numerous spectators surrounding the guests, who all cried out—*the Devil is come!* That moment an old gentleman in black, of a gigantic figure and sublime demeanour, though much faded in his countenance, and dejected in his look, appeared at the head of the board. All the witches, wizards, &c. bowed lowly at his rising up, and silence was proclaimed by Jenny Fairly.

The old gentleman thrice attempted to address the mixed auditory, and failed each time through the superior enchantment of the Chief Friar. At length he waved a wand, and all the scene instantly disappeared. All the fathers, with the multitude around, remained visible, excepting the Chief who was not to be found.

Now the fair hour of prime approached. The fan of Aurora wafted the gales from the winding rivers, the Tweed and Tiviot, and the odours of the flowers were grateful to the smell of the holy fathers as they retired from the banquet of witches. But great was the grief, and loud the lamentation of these holy men, during the day, for the loss of their elder brother. Every old woman in the dale, every suspected cunning man of the valley, was strictly examined by the civil powers respecting the conjuration and spell of the preceding nocturnal meeting. All scrutiny proved ineffectual—all investigation was fruitless for a long series of days.

Word of this woeful enchantment was carried to his holiness the Pope, who caused a solemn fast to be observed throughout all his wide dominion.

But

But this also was vain. At last it was given out that the soul of the Friar was fled to Heaven, by the way of Purgatory. But the question was, Where then is the body?

This emphatical question puzzled the Pope, Cardinals, and the whole herd of dignified Ecclesiastics for full eleven months;—at length, one of the witches of Kelso, who was wiser than them all together, on being accused of sorcery, sooth-saying, and necromancy, to save her soul from sudden damnation, and her body from burning, was prevailed upon to point out a way by which the long lost Friar might be restored to his Society.

By her advice the whole family of holy fathers attended at midnight, at the Monastery, exactly twelve months from the time when the Father was lost. They heard the same howling—saw the same crew of witches on the steeple—listened to the same incantation—beheld the same table in the Abbey Close—saw the same old gentleman at the head of the board—and above all, had the inexpressible pleasure to behold their elder brother on the self same stool on which they saw him sit 365 days, and near four hours, previous to that instant period.

The Friar, who had taken the chief place in the Convent, in the room of the enchanted Father, thus accosted him:—“Where was thy superior art in the occult science, that thou sufferedst thyself to be kept in captivity so long as a whole year?” “What mean you?” replied the original chief, “I have not half finished my meal. Are not the meats delicious, the wines superlative, and the company most curious? Are you impatient at a repast so pleasant? the nectar and ambrosia of
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the of the Gods are not so rare, the tables in Heaven cannot be covered with more superb dishes. Let us behold the result of the whole, and not forsake a scene so mavelous, till the breaking of the day."

The Friar so said, and astonished his brethren, who all refrained from eating, lest they also should be enchanted. At length the old gentleman, on essaying to say grace, missed a phrase which broke the enchantment. The table vanished—the old one disappeared, saying, "All you fathers return, but these my sisters, the witches, this hour shall be in my dominion."

The old hag who gave the advice, fell prostrate, and said, *Our father which wert in Heaven, &c.* but that prevented not her removal. Though the hag was horridly ugly and unshapely, she would do well enough to burn; for the devil minds not whether the logs for his fire are rough or smooth, crooked or straight.

A solemn Admonition of a Young Lady from the Dead.

Two ladies of fortune were intimately acquainted with each other. One of them fell sick of the small pox, and desired mightily to see the other, who, fearing to catch the distemper, would not go. The afflicted lady at last died, and had not been long buried before she appeared at the house of the other lady, in the dress of a widow, and asked for her friend, who then happened to be at cards.

The living lady sent down her maid, to know her business; the answer was, that she would impart it to none but her lady, who, after receiving
this

this message, bade 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, down stairs went the lady to the ghost, to know her business.—“Madam,” said the apparition, turning up her veil, and her face appearing full of the small pox, “you know very well, that you and I loved each other entirely, though I took it very ill of you, that you was not so kind as to come and see me. 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; for there is a righteous God above, and you know you have led a very unthinking giddy life—for many years. I cannot stay—I am going—my time is just spent—prepare to die, and remember this, that *when you make the thirteenth 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 thirteenth in number, and was after asked by the brother of the deceased, whether his sister actually appeared to her as was reported. She returned no answer, but fell a weeping, and died in a little time after.

CONCLUSION.

MR. ADDISON, in No. 110, of the Spectator, observes, that they are more excusable 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, 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.

Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy (says the same excellent author,) 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 had often appeared after their death.

To prove the general opinion of mankind, innumerable quotations might be taken from the sacred writings, many of which are noticed in the introduction; but a few more may now be mentioned.

When our Saviour walked upon the sea, the apostles cried out for fear, saying, "*it is a spirit:*" — The doubting apostle St. Thomas did not hesitate at the possibility of Christ's second appearance, he only questioned the reality of his appearance in the same body. Other disciples also supposed that they had seen a spirit, when they beheld Christ after his resurrection, but Jesus assured them of the contrary, saying; "behold my hands and feet, handle

dle me and feel, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have."

All the legends of the latter ages concerning apparitions are certainly not to be credited, but still the general belief of a life hereafter, and the remarkable proofs of spirits appearing in the Old Testament to men upon many occasions, shew that the opinion of mankind in all ages has been well founded. Milton says,

Millions of spirits walk the world unseen,
Both when we wake, and when we sleep:
These execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

The Rev. Mr. Baxter, who was no enthusiast, has written a treatise on apparitions, and confesses, that his having found so much evidence in Scripture, that angels and disembodied spirits hold converse with the inhabitants of this lower world, has proved a subordinate help to his belief in enjoying a happy immortality with Christ, after the death of the body.

"Doubtless,"—says Tertullian—"when the soul is separated from the body, it comes out of darkness into its own pure and perfect light, and quickly finds itself a substantial being, able to act freely in that light, and participate heavenly joys."

A person lately deceased gave a convincing proof of this in his last moments, who, though in great pain, and under a sore sickness, was in such raptures of joy, that he said he felt no pain at all, but declared that he was then in heaven, and that he heard distinctly music, as of angels singing melodiously, and would join with them in their Hallelujah. So his soul, in that triumphant manner, departed] to the place which it had not only anticipated, but actually beheld with rapture.

To

To conclude the whole, the Editor of this once heard the Rev. Mr. Toplady, who was a learned and sensible Minister of the Gospel, solemnly aver, that at certain times, when he has been racked with bodily pains, his soul, filled with a sense of the love of God, has actually been as absent from the body, and did not in the least degree participate of its misery and pain; and it is well known, that the same good man departed this life amidst tortures of body without the least regarding them, singing—

The world recedes; it disappears;
 Heaven opens to my eyes, my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend me your wings! I mount, I fly!
 O Grave, where is thy victory?
 O Death, where is thy sting?

THE
EMPHATICAL PROPHECY OF PEDAN;
 OR,
A CALEDONIAN APOCALYPSE
OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The FULFILMENT of which now amazes the World.
 Discovered in the Cave of a Rock in one of the
 HEBRIDES, by the late celebrated
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

*O, for that warning Voice, which he who saw
 The Apocalypse heard cry in Heaven aloud.*

MILTON.

C H A P. I.

1 AWAKE, awake, O Pedan; lift up thine eyes, thou that preacheth upon the mountain.

2 For, behold, the mystic Muse holdeth up a mirror to thy sight, through which the days of futurity appear, as they revolve in the years of the ages to come.

3 And a certain angel of light carried the prophet up to the sublime mountain of the Hebrides, which looketh towards the Western Ocean, and commanded him to look through a curious glass; and he was obedient to the heavenly vision.

4 And

4 And, lo, when he had beheld many scenes which amazed him much, the angel wiped his eyes, and annointed them, to the end he might see the great Monarch of the Isles in all his glory.

5 And a great wheel appeared in the sea, rolling round, moved by a power which he could not behold.

6 The preacher said unto the angel, what meaneth that wheel, which resembleth the bended bow in the heavens?

7 And *Ithurial*, which is the name of the angel, answered, saying, behold this is the great wheel of time; keep stedfastly thy eye upon what will quickly arise from the world of water.

8 And it came to pass that an exceeding great multitude appeared on the circle, and they ran with one accord to a strong tower, with instruments of destruction and weapons of war.

9 And when they had opened its adamantine gate, and unbarred the doors of iron, behold, the captives came forth with great gladness, and fled far away, even to a great island in the sea.

10 Then, straightway the multitude demolished the dungeons, and left not one stone upon another of the mighty fabric.

11 The people also prevailed over the King of that land, and the Princes and the Nobles fled away like the released captives from the house of bondage.

12 And, lo, a terrible trembling seized the despot, who sat upon an exalted throne, and he beheld a certain hand-writing upon the wall which warned him also to flee.

13 And it came to pass, that he arose at midnight, he and his Queen, and his children, who rushing into the chariot, commanded the driver

to hurl swiftly, and halt not in all the plains, until he arrived at a distant country.

14 Then sang the great multitude, saying, lo, the good man is not at home; he is gone a long journey: yet will he return on the day appointed.

¶ 15 Now, behold, when the King and his train came to a certain city, not far from the country to which he was fleeing for refuge, a man saw his face darkly in the chariot, and knew him to be the King of the country.

16 And the devil that instant entered into the heart of the citizen, tempting him to seize his Sovereign, and carry him back, with his family, to the great city.

17 So the sinner did seize them, and prevailed on the chief men of the city to assist in carrying back the captive King.

18 And the prophet, even Pedan, cried and shed many tears, when he beheld the Monarch betrayed into the hands of a sinful generation of vipers, which thirsted for his blood.

C H A P. II.

1 And the angel said, knowest thou not, O Prophet of Caledonia, that the King whom thou just now saw, is the man that shall in the future day strive with all his might to humble the King of the Isles in those days.

2 There is a tree planted in Albion, which has already spread wide its beautiful branches to the rising and setting of the sun.

3 Behold that King whom thou saw in captivity put forth all his strength to cut down the tree, and prevailed against the branches, but the root remained invulnerable against his axe.

4 And,

4 And, behold, it shall come to pass in those days, that the people of his land shall ingraft one of the boughs of that tree to their old stock, and it shall bear good fruit.

5 But the breath of the people shall blast that plant, and it shall not be found.

¶ 6 Now it came to pass, that the Prophet again looked through the mystic mirror, and beheld the same captive King, his Queen also, and children, in a certain prison, called a Palace.

7 And a Herald cried aloud, Woe, woe, woe, to the mighty Monarch, and inhabitants of his kingdom.

8 And he sounded a trumpet, and behold the Kings and Princes of the distant lands were alarmed, and gathered their armies to battle, to the end the captive might be redeemed from the oppressors.

9 And when one of the Kings, and also one of the Princes, entered the land of the captive, the multitude of the great city prepared to meet them.

10 But, behold, before they went forth to the field, they ran violently to the palace of the King, and demanded him and his family.

11 Howbeit the King that day escaped from the mob, and sought an asylum in the great assembly of the sinners, even the heads of the people.

12 And, to the end he might be preserved in safety from the rage of the rabble, and the madness of the multitude,

13 The assembly commanded their agents to carry him to the Temple, he and his family, there to be incarcerated until the further pleasure of the people should be known.

¶ 14 Then said the leaders of the multitude one to another, this is a day of good tidings; let us enter

ter the place, and divide the spoil with our wives and children.

15 And it came to pass, that they ran with one accord to the palace, which they found guarded with armed men of a foreign nation.

16 Then the armed men lifted up their weapons of war against the people, and smote certain of them with the edge of the sword.

17 Which when the wives of the citizens saw, they ran furiously upon the guards, and put them to death.

18 And the men helped the women in the massacre, and many that day were killed: their head also were cut off by the wives, and held up to the marvelling multitude, who shouted for joy, saying,

19 Let us also open the prisons, and destroy all our enemies, before we go forth to the battle.

20 And the deed seemed good in the sight of the mad people, and the captives, and all those who remained in the city, even the friends of the King, were killed or driven away from the land.

21 Howbeit the King, the Queen also, and the children remained in the Temple, even the prison prepared for them by the Assembly.

C H A P. III.

1 Then spake the angel unto the prophet, saying, Behold the triumph of the terrible is but of short duration.

2 This is the man who sought to destroy the tree of liberty, and, behold it flourisheth before his face in his own kingdom.

3 He is as a dream, and shall quickly vanish,
yea,

yea, as a vision of the night shall he flee away, and be no more found among men.

4 The poison of asps shall he imbibe; the tongue of the viper shall slay him, and a fire, not blown, shall consume him.

¶ 5 Now it came to pass, that the prophet in the vision beheld Death mounted on his pale horse, going forth to the field amidst the men of war.

6 Famine also and pestilence followed fast the destroying angel, and slew their thousands of the enemy, even the invaders who approached the great city, breathing out slaughter against the king's enemies.

7 And the residue of them that went forth, even the men of the land afar off, fled from before the people of the great city, and were pursued beyond the borders of their own country.

¶ 8 After this the prophet looked towards a certain south country, saying,

9 O Ithural, what shall befall this island in those days?

10 And when the angel answered him not, he took up this parable and spake, saying,

11 Behold, the days come, when the people of the provinces shall assemble, and strive to seduce the people of Albion from their allegiance to their Sovereign.

12 And many shall say, lo here, and lo there, and read the books of an incendiary writer, whose works shall fill the land, even as the frogs filled Egypt.

13 And the disaffected, the desperate, and the disappointed, shall encourage the people to cut off the branches of the sacred tree, and make it bare as the Birks of Indermay in winter.

14 Howbeit they shall not prevail, for a standard shall be raised in Albion, and the soldiers shall pass over the mighty water to war with the murderers.

15 Death shall be glutted with destruction, and the eagle shall devour the slain.

16 The lion roareth in his den, the young lions long for prey upon the mountains.

17 The ships of Hispannia shall fall to the Gauls, but the sons of Albion shall receive their riches.

18 The prison house shall be filled with the fowers of sedition ; they there shall rest until the wars are over.

¶ 19 Again the prophet looked, and behold a marvellous machine, in the centre of the great city in which the great king was kept a captive, appeared to his sight.

20 And he wept much, and would have left off looking, had not the angel said, look on, and behold the end of the great Monarch.

21 And whilst he was looking, a numerous band of soldiers appeared in the scene, each mounted on a horse.

22 And a chariot rolled towards the machine, and from it came forth the captive King.

23 And the officers of cruelty led him up to the scaffold on which the machine stood, and he essayed to harangue the surrounding multitude,

24 But was not suffered to say much ; neither would the noise of the drums suffer the people to hear him speak.

25 Then beheld the prophet the instrument of murder prepared to meet the Monarch.

26 And the slaves of the convention seized the King, and stripped him of his garments, and laid

laid him down upon the block, fixing him fast, so that the axe of injustice should not miss its way.

27 The axe was elevated high, and it fell on the neck of the King, and smote off his head.

28 And when the prophet beheld the awful and inhuman scene, behold he suffered the mystic mirror to fall upon the cleft of the rock, and it was broken to pieces.

C H A P. IV.

1 PEDAN the Prophet said unto Ithurial, shall these things verily come to pass in the future age?

2 And the angel answered him, saying, such things certainly are sealed in the dread decree of the Most High.

3 But, lo, all this generation, and the generation yet unborn, shall pass away before the completion of this prophecy.

4 Before the arrival of that awful period, shall many wonderful events proceed from the womb of time.

5 Now it came to pass that the prophet was filled with the spirit of auguring, and took up his parable, saying,

6 I will record the acts of Albion, even the glories of the latter days of felicity to Britain and her Kings.

7 A war is begun in Gallia, the confederated Kings wield their weapons of war against the misers of the nations.

8 Yet a King shall reign in that land, but he shall wade his way thither through the blood of the slain.

9 But

9 But, behold, Freedom shall still prevail amid the nations, and the ships of Albion shall trade with all nations.

10 The Ethiopian shall no longer be in bondage, and oppression shall cease from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same.

11 The sons of Albion shall be free to chuse their elders, and all shall be represented from the least even to the greatest.

12 And it came to pass, whilst he was yet prophesying, that the angel again anointed his eyes, and held up to them another mirror, more excellent than that which fell upon the rock.

13 The augur therefore again looked, and behold a monster arose from the sea, having three crowns on his head, and clad in a gorgeous garment.

14 And he said unto the angel, what is this which I behold?

15 And the angel said, lo, this is he who hath long deceived the nations by his enchantments, and caused much blood to be shed by his fooleries.

16 Howbeit, his day is done, and behold I am sent to sink him in the sea, that he may no more deceive the nations.

17 As he so said, he lifted up his hand to Heaven, and, with a loud voice, pronounced the solemn decree, saying,

18 Thou miscreant monster, and enemy of all good, this hour shall bring thy sudden destruction.

19 Long hath been thy inglorious reign; in the days of darkness was thy sole dominion.

20 In darknes thy sons delight to dwell, and
into gros darknes thou hast led the people.

21 The light hath bursted forth, the rays of
the glorious sun bid thee hide thy guilty head in
the regions of night everlasting.

22 Ithurial spake, and waving his spear, the
monster sunk in the ocean, and a perfect calm
prevailed.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 4. For *feet*, read *fat*.

Page 42. For *century*, read *chapter*.

B O O K S

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