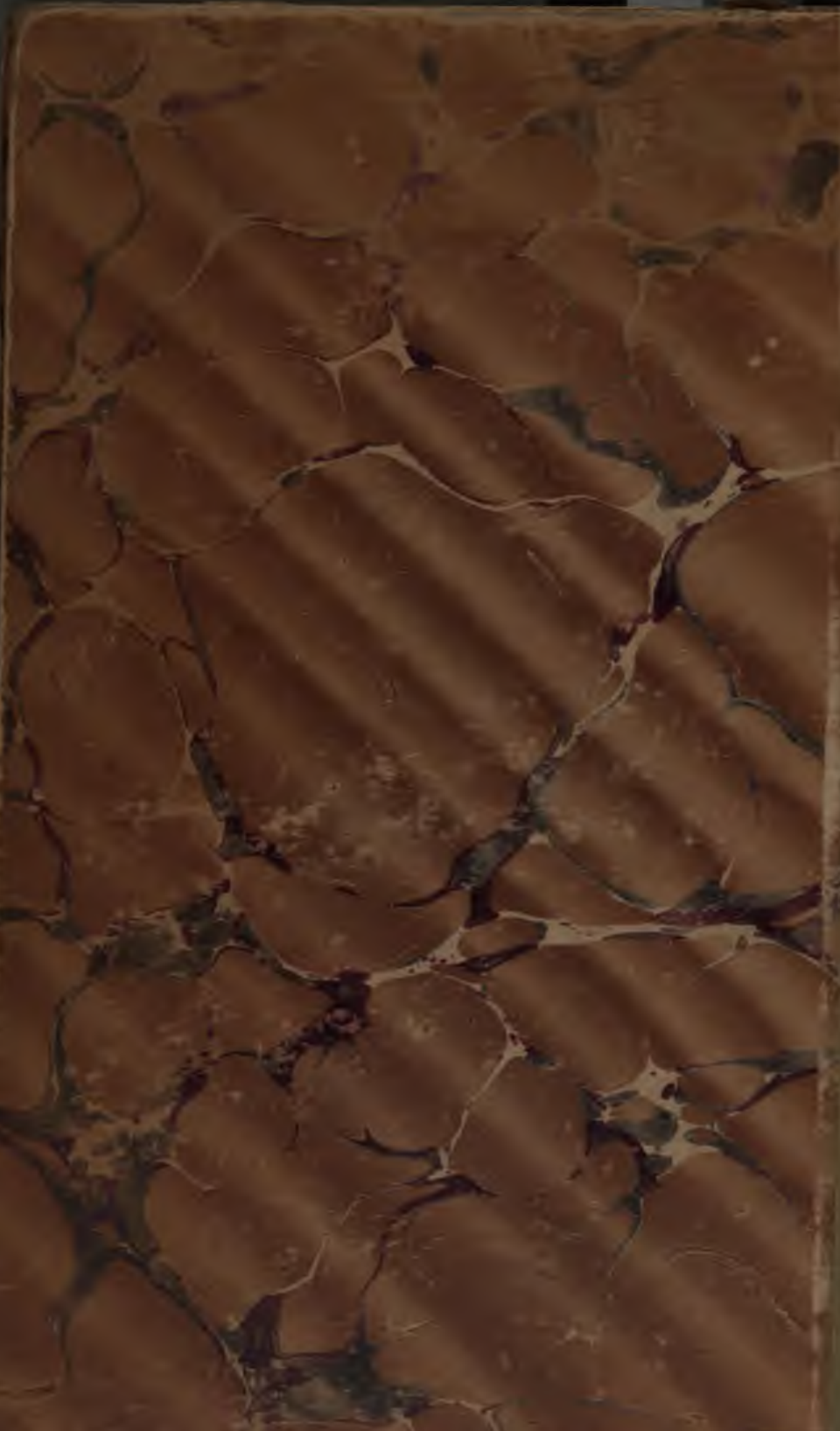




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THE SPECTRES ON THE ROAD.

REMARKABLE APPARITIONS,

AND

GHOST-STORIES;

OR,

AUTHENTIC HISTORIES OF COMMUNICATIONS (REAL OR IMAGINARY)

WITH

THE UNSEEN WORLD:

CONTAINING, ALSO, ACCOUNTS OF

SPECTRAL WARNINGS, HAUNTED HOUSES AND PLACES,
EXTRAORDINARY PROPHECIES, AERIAL VISIONS, &c.

COLLECTED, FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES,

BY CLARENCE S. DAY.



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IN undertaking my task, gentle reader, there are two things for which I feel most thankful:— The first is, that I never saw a ghost myself, and the second is, that other people have. The world does not always consider the debt of gratitude it is under to those who have vision for the invisible. I do not envy the feelings of any man who can while away the long winter evenings, by his own fireside, without occasionally introducing a ghost-story, as zest to the conversation. I have little sympathy with people whose talk, when they hitch their chairs closer together about a well-heaped

hearth, does not instinctively turn on haunted houses, nightmares, and warnings before death.

If any one doubts that telling ghost-stories is the proper employment for a winter's night, let him open his window and look out. Can anything be more spectral? There is not a hill or a hollow in sight but has put on a shroud, and stares at him with a still, white face, the phantom of itself. The trees stand like giant skeletons, lifting their bleached arms toward the trooping clouds that hurry across the sky, like witches flocking to their sabbath. What is all that but a ghost-story in dumb-show, told by the earth to the stars? If the doubter can go on doubting, in the face of an example like this, nothing that I could urge, in the way of precept, would be likely to decide him: I give him up, and can only hope it may not be my fate to have him for a reader. What has he to do with my book of ghostly horrors? He is a horror himself, more horrible than any that can be conjured up, for whatever fireside he sits at.

With these views of the propriety of narrating ghost-stories, I present my little volume to the public, with the perfect conviction that it can not offend, and with the hope that it will be received with favor, as a source of fireside amusements for winter evenings.

The public's humble servant,

THE EDITOR.

REMARKABLE APPARITIONS, &c.



Strange Fulfilment of a Dream.

THE following account of a most remarkable dream of Mrs. Griffiths, which was not only repeated, but was repeated a certain number of times, is related in a letter to the editor of Blackwood's Magazine, in the year 1826:—

Being in company the other day, when the conversation turned upon dreams, I related one which, as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth of it. About the year 1731, my father, Joseph D'Acre, Esq., of Kirkclinton, in the county of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then in the castle, and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr. D'Acre and three or four young gentlemen from England (his intimates) made parties to visit all the neighboring places about Edinburgh—Roslin, Arthur's Seat, Craigmillar, &c., &c. Coming home one evening from some of those places, Mr. D'Acre said, "We have made a party to go a-fishing to Inchkeith to-morrow, if the morning is fine, and have bespoke our boat; we shall be off at six." No objection being made, they separated for the night.

Mrs. Griffiths had not been long asleep till she screamed out in the most violent, agitated manner, "The boat is sinking; save, oh save them!" The major awakened her, and said, "Were you uneasy about the fishing-party?"—"Oh no," she said, "I had not once thought of it." She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again. In about another hour she cried out, in a dreadful fright, "I see the boat is going down!" The major again awoke her, and she said, "It has been owing to the other dream I had; for I feel no uneasiness about it." After some conversation they both fell sound asleep; but no rest could be obtained for her. In the most extreme agony she again screamed, "They are gone; the boat is sunk!" When the major awakened her, she said, "Now I can not rest; Mr. D'Acre must not go; for I feel,

should he go, I would be miserable till his return: the thoughts of it would almost kill me."

She instantly arose, threw on her wrapping-gown, went to his bedside—for his room was next their own—and with great difficulty she got his promise to remain at home. "But what am I to say to my young friends, whom I was to meet at Leith at six o'clock?"—"With great truth you may say your aunt is ill, for I am so at present. Consider, you are an only son, under our protection; and should anything happen to you, it would be my death." Mr. D'Acre immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat and all that were in it went to the bottom, and were never more heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen.

I often heard the story from my father, who always added, "It has not made me superstitious; but with awful gratitude I never can forget that my life, by Providence, was saved by a dream."

There is nothing unaccountable in this lady's having the same dream three times. If we allow that any circumstance which takes a strong hold upon the mind is likely to present itself, though frequently not in a distinct shape, in our sleep, why should it not do so more than once? and if twice, why not thrice?

The Assassination of Mr. Perceval, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, foretold by a Man who had never seen him.

THE following very remarkable dream is related in the London Times newspaper of 16th August, 1828:—

"In the night of the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Williams, of Scorrier-house, near Redruth, in Cornwall, awoke his wife, and, exceedingly agitated, told her that he dreamed that he was in the lobby of the house of commons, and saw a man shoot with a pistol a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, who was said to be the chancellor: to which Mrs. Williams naturally replied that it was only a dream, and recommended him to be composed, and go to sleep as soon as he could. He did so, but shortly after again awoke her, and said that he had the second time had the same dream; whereupon she observed that he had been so much agitated with his former dream, that she supposed it had dwelt on his mind, and begged of him to try to compose himself and go to sleep, which he did. A third time the same vision was repeated; on which, notwithstanding her entreaties that he would be quiet, and endeavor to forget it, he arose, it being then between one and two o'clock, and dressed himself. At breakfast, the dreams were the sole subject of conversation; and in the forenoon Mr. Williams went to Falmouth, where he related the particulars of them to all of his acquaintance that he met. On the following day, Mr. Tucker, of Trematon castle, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr. Williams, went to Scorrier-house about dusk. Immediately after their first salutations, on their entering the parlor—where were Mr., Mrs., and Miss Williams—Mr. Williams began to relate to Mr. Tucker the circumstances of his dream; and Mrs. Williams observed to her daughter, Mrs. Tucker, laughingly, that her father would not even suffer Mr. Tucker to be seated before he told him of his nocturnal visitation: on the statement of which, Mr. Tucker observed that it would do very well for a dream to have the chancellor in the lobby of the house of commons, but that he would not be found there in reality; and Mr. Tucker then asked what sort of a man he appeared to be, when Mr. Williams minutely described

him; to which Mr. Tucker replied, 'Your description is not at all that of the chancellor, but is certainly very exactly that of Mr. Perceval, the chancellor of the exchequer; and although he has been to me the greatest enemy I ever met with through life, for a supposed cause, which had no foundation in truth (or words to that effect), I should be exceedingly sorry indeed to hear of his being assassinated, or of any injury of the kind happening to him.' Mr. Tucker then inquired of Mr. Williams if he had ever seen Mr. Perceval, and was told that he never had seen him, nor had ever even written to him, either on public or private business; in short, that he never had had anything to do with him, nor had he ever been in the lobby of the house of commons in his life. At this moment, while Mr. Williams and Mr. Tucker were still standing, they heard a horse gallop to the door of the house, and immediately after, Mr. Michael Williams, of Treviner (son of Mr. Williams, of Scorrier), entered the room, and said that he had galloped out from Truro (from which Scorrier is distant seven miles), having seen a gentleman there who had come by that evening's mail from London, who said that he was in the lobby of the house of commons on the evening of the 11th, when a man named Bellingham had shot Mr. Perceval; and that, as it might occasion some great ministerial changes, and might affect Mr. Tucker's political friends, he had come out as fast as he could, to make him acquainted with it, having heard at Truro that he had passed through that place in the afternoon, on his way to Scorrier. After the astonishment which this intelligence had created had a little subsided, Mr. Williams described most particularly the appearance and dress of the man that he saw in his dream fire the pistol, as he had before done of Mr. Perceval. About six weeks after, Mr. Williams, having business in town, went, accompanied by a friend, to the house of commons, where, as has been already observed, he had never before been. Immediately that he came to the steps at the entrance of the lobby, he said, 'This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any room in my house;' and he made the same observation when he entered the lobby. He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham stood when he fired, and which Mr. Perceval had reached when he was struck by the ball, and where and how he fell. The dress, of both Mr. Perceval and Bellingham, agreed with the descriptions given by Mr. Williams, even to the most minute particular."

"The Times" states that Mr. Williams was then alive, and the witnesses to whom he made known the particulars of his dream were also living; and that the editor had received the statement from unquestionable authority.

Apparition of a sickly Young Man seen in the night-time by Lady Pennyman and Mrs. Atkins.

AT the commencement of the French revolution, Lady Pennyman and her two daughters retired to Lisle, where they hired a large and handsome house at a very trifling rent. During their residence in this abode, the lady received from her husband, Sir John Pennyman, a draft for a considerable sum, which she carried to the banker of the town, and requested to have cashed. The man, as is much the custom on the continent, gave her a large portion of silver in exchange. As Lady Pennyman was proceeding to pay some visits, she requested that the banker would send the money to her house, of which she described the situation. The parcel was instantly committed to the care of a porter; and on the lady's inquiring of him whether he understood, from her directions, the place to which his charge was to be conveyed, the man replied that he was perfectly aware of the place designated, and that it was called the "Haunted House." The latter part of

this answer was addressed to the banker in a low tone of voice, but was overheard by Lady Pennymán: she paid, however, no attention to the words, and naturally supposed that the report was one of those which are raised by the imagination of the ignorant respecting every dwelling which is long untenanted, or remarkable for its antiquity.

A few weeks afterward, the words were recalled to her recollection in a manner that surprised her: the housekeeper, with many apologies for being obliged to mention anything that might appear so idle and absurd, came to the apartment in which her mistress was sitting, and said that two of the servants who had accompanied her ladyship from England, had that morning given warning, and expressed a determination of quitting her ladyship's service, on account of the mysterious noises by which they had been, night after night, disturbed and terrified. "I trust, Carter," replied Lady Pennymán, "that you have too much good sense to be alarmed on your own account by any of these superstitious and visionary fears; and pray exert yourself in endeavoring to tranquillize the apprehension of others, and persuading them to continue in their places." The persuasion of Carter was ineffectual; the servants insisted that the noises which had alarmed them were not the operation of any earthly beings, and persevered in their resolution of returning to their native country.

The room from which the sounds were supposed to have proceeded was at a distance from Lady Pennymán's apartments, and immediately over those which were occupied by the two female-servants, who had themselves been terrified by them, and whose report had spread a general panic through the rest of the family. To quiet the alarm, Lady Pennymán resolved on leaving her own chamber for a time, and establishing herself in the one which had been lately occupied by the domestics.

The room above was a long, spacious apartment, which appeared to have been for a length of time deserted. In the centre of the chamber was a large iron cage. It was an extraordinary piece of furniture to find in any mansion; but the legend which the servants had collected respecting it appeared to be still more extraordinary: it was said that a late proprietor of the house, a young man of enormous property, had in his minority been confined in that apartment by his uncle and guardian, and there hastened to a premature death by the privations and cruelties to which he was exposed: those cruelties had been practised under the pretence of necessary correction. It was alleged that "he was idle, stubborn, inattentive, and of an untoward disposition, which nothing but severity could improve." In his boyhood, frequent chastisements, continued application, and the refusal of every interval of relaxation, were in vain essayed to urge and goad him to the grave, and to place his uncle in possession of the inheritance; his constitution struggled with the tyranny of his unnatural relation, and, wasted as it was by the unmitigated oppression, still resisted, with admirable vitality, the efforts which were ingeniously aimed against his existence. As he drew nearer the age in which he would have been legally delivered from the dangers and impositions of his uncle, his life was subjected to more violent and repeated severities; every, even the slightest offence, was succeeded by the most rigorous inflictions. The iron cage was threatened, was ordered, was erected in the upper chamber. At first, for a few weeks, it remained as an object of terror only: it was menaced that the next transgression of his guardian's wishes would be punished by a day's imprisonment in that narrow circle, without the possibility of rest, or the permission of refreshment. Twice the cage was threatened, and remitted, from an affected show of mercy, and the better to cover and to palliate the premeditated enormities: the youth, who was about sixteen, from the dread of this terrible infliction, applied himself with sleepless diligence to labors difficult to be accomplished, and extended, purposely extended, beyond the capacity

of the student: his lessons were exacted, not in proportion to his abilities, but his endeavors and performance.

The taskmaster eventually conquered: then followed the imprisonment, and the day without food. Again the imposition was set; again executed with painful exertion; again lengthened; again discovered to be impracticable; and again visited with the iron cage, and the denial of necessary subsistence. The savage purpose of thus murdering the boy, under the pretence of a strict attention to his interest or his improvement, was at last successful: the lad was declared to be incorrigible; there was a feigned necessity of more severe correction; he was sentenced to two days' captivity and privation. So long an abstinence from food and rest was more than his enfeebled frame and his broken spirits could endure; and, on his uncle's arriving, with the show of a hypocritical leniency, an hour previous to the appointed time, to deliver him from the residue of his punishment, it was found that death had anticipated the false mercy, and had for ever emancipated the innocent sufferer from the hands of the oppressor.

The wealth was won; but it was an unprofitable acquisition to him who had so dearly purchased it. "What profit is it," demands the voice of revelation, "if a man should gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" His conscience haunted him: the form of the dead and inoffensive boy was constantly before him. His dreams represented to his view the playful and beautiful looks that won all eyes toward him, while his parents were yet alive to cheer and to delight him; and then the vision of his sleep would change; and he would see his calm suffering, and his silent tears, and his patient endurance, and his indefatigable exertions in attempting the accomplishment of difficult exactions, and his pale cheek, and his wasted limbs, and his spiritless countenance; and then, at last, there were the rigid, bony, and distorted form; the glazed, open eye; the mouth violently compressed; and the clenched hands—on which his view had rested for a moment, when all his wicked hopes had attained their most sanguine consummation, as he surveyed the corpse of his murdered relative. These recollections banished him from his home; the mansion was left tenantless; and, till Lady Pennyman had ignorantly engaged it, all had dreaded to become the inmates of a dwelling which had been fatal to one possessor, and shunned as destructive to the tranquillity of his heir.

On the first night or two of Lady Pennyman's being established in her new apartment, she met with no interruption; nor was her sleep in the least disturbed by any of those mysterious noises in the "cage-chamber" (for so it was commonly called in the family) which she had been induced to expect by the representations of the departed servants. This quiet, however, was of very short duration: one night she was awakened from her sleep by the sound of a slow and measured step, that appeared to be pacing the chamber overhead; it continued to move backward and forward, with nearly the same constant and regular motion, for rather more than an hour—perhaps Lady Pennyman's agitation may have deceived her, and induced her to think the time longer than it really was. It at length ceased: morning dawned upon her. The lady naturally felt distressed by the occurrence of the night; it was, in every point of view, alarming: if she doubted its being the effect of any preternatural communication, there was only another alternative, which was almost equally distressing—to suppose that there were means of entering the house, which were known to strangers, though concealed from the inhabitants. She went down to breakfast, after forming a resolution not to mention the event.

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

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

More complaints from the housekeeper: no servant would remain; every individual of the family had his tale of terror to increase the apprehensions of the rest. Lady Pennyman began to be herself alarmed. Mrs. Atkins, a dear and approved friend, came on a visit to her. She communicated the subject which had so recently disturbed the family, and requested her advice. Mrs. Atkins, a woman devoid of every kind of superstitious fear, and of tried courage, understanding, and resolution, determined at once to silence all the stories that had been fabricated respecting the cage-room, and to allay their terror by adopting that apartment for her own bedchamber, during the remainder of her residence at Lisle. It was in vain to oppose her purpose: she declared that no half-measure could be equally effectual—that if any of the family were to sleep there, though their rest should be perfectly undisturbed, it would have no efficacy in tranquillizing the agitation of the family; since the servants would naturally accuse either Lady Pennyman or her son of being interested witnesses, and doubt of the fact of their having reposed in the centre of the ghost's dominions, without undergoing any punishment for the temerity of their invading them. A bed was accordingly placed in the apartment. The cage-room was rendered as comfortable as possible on so short a notice; and Mrs. Atkins retired to rest, attended by her favorite spaniel, saying, as she bade them all "Good-night," "I and my dog, I flatter myself, are equal to compete with a myriad of ghosts; so let me entreat you to be under no apprehension for the safety of Rose and myself."

Mrs. Atkins examined her chamber in every imaginable direction; she sounded every panel of the wainscot, to prove that there was no hollow-ness, which might argue a concealed passage; and, having bolted the door of the cage-room, retired to rest, confident that she was secure against every material visiter, and totally incredulous of the airy encroachments of all spiritual beings. Her assurance was doomed to be shortlived: she had only been a few minutes asleep when her dog, which lay by the bedside, leaped, howling and terrified, upon the bed; the door of the chamber slowly opened, and a pale, thin, sickly youth came in, cast his eyes mildly toward her, walked up to the iron cage in the middle of the room, and then leaned in the melancholy attitude of one revolving in his mind the sorrows of a cheerless and unblest existence. After a while he again withdrew, and retired by the way he entered.

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



THE FRIGHTENED BOY.

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

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

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

Apparition of the Radiant Boy to the Marquis of Londonderry.

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

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

Lord Londonderry, on entering his apartment, might have received some painful depressions and misgivings of the mind; surrounded by such a world of melancholy images, he might perhaps feel himself more than usually inclined to submit to the influences of superstition. It is not possible that these sentiments should have been allied to any feelings of apprehension. Fear is acknowledged to be a most mighty master over the visions

of the imagination: it can "call spirits from the vasty deep," and they do come when it does call for them: it trembles at the anticipation of approaching evil, and then encounters in every passing shadow the substance of the dream it trembles at. But such could not have been the origin of the form that addressed itself to Lord Londonderry: fear is a quality that was never known to mingle in the character of a Stewart.

Lord Londonderry examined his chamber; he made himself acquainted with the forms and faces of the ancient possessors of the mansion, as they sat upright in their ebony frames to receive his salutation; and then, after dismissing his valet, he retired to bed. His candles had not been long extinguished when he perceived a light gleaming on the draperies of the lofty canopy over his head. Conscious that there was no fire in the grate—that the curtains were closed—that the chamber had been in total darkness but a few moments before—he supposed that some intruder must have accidentally entered his apartment; and, turning hastily round to the side from which the light proceeded, saw, to his infinite astonishment, not the form of any human visiter, but the figure of a fair boy, who seemed to be garmented in rays of mild and tempered glory, which beamed palely from his slender form, like the faint light of the declining moon, and rendered the objects which were nearest to him dimly and indistinctly visible. The spirit stood at some short distance from the side of the bed. Certain that his own faculties were not deceiving him, but suspecting he might be imposed on by the ingenuity of some of the numerous guests who were then visiting in the same house, Lord Londonderry proceeded toward the figure:—it retreated before him:—as he slowly advanced, the form with equal paces slowly retired:—it entered the gloomy arch of the capacious chimney, and then sunk into the earth. Lord Londonderry returned to his bed, but not to rest: his mind was harassed by the consideration of the extraordinary event which had occurred to him. Was it real?—Was it the work of the imagination?—Was it the result of imposture? It was incomprehensible.

He resolved in the morning not to mention the appearance till he should have well observed the manners and countenances of the family: he was conscious that, if any deception had been practised, its authors would be too delighted with their success to conceal the vanity of their triumph. When the guests assembled at the breakfast-table, the eye of Lord Londonderry searched in vain for those latent smiles—those conscious looks—that silent communication between the parties, by which the authors and abettors of such domestic conspiracies are generally betrayed. Everything apparently proceeded in its ordinary course: the conversation flowed rapidly along from the subjects afforded at the moment, without any of the constraint which marks a party intent upon some secret and more interesting argument, and endeavoring to afford an opportunity for its introduction. At last the hero of the tale found himself compelled to mention the occurrence of the night. It was most extraordinary:—he feared that he should not be credited:—and then, after all due preparation, the story was related. Those among his auditors who, like himself, were strangers and visitors in the house, were certain that some delusion must have been practised: the family alone seemed perfectly composed and calm. At last, the gentleman whom Lord Londonderry was visiting interrupted their various surmises on the subject, by saying: "The circumstance which you have just recounted must naturally appear most extraordinary to those who have not long been inmates of my dwelling, and not conversant with the legends connected with my family; to those who are, the event which has happened will only serve as the corroboration of an old tradition that long has been related of the apartment in which you slept. You have seen the Radiant Boy—be content—it is an omen of prosperous fortunes. I would rather that this subject should no more be mentioned."



A Murder discovered after Twenty-two Years' Concealment.

THE following is a singular history of a murder, found out twenty-two years after it was perpetrated, in the town of Chelmsford, England, and discovered by Mr. Joseph Strutt, author of the Dictionary of Engravings, &c. :—

Some years ago, having occasion to be at Chelmsford, a very strange adventure happened to me. I arrived late in the evening, on my journey from Colchester, and, after having inquired for the best inn, was recommended to the White Horse, which was at the other end of the town, facing the market, and adjoining to the churchyard. In the morning I was desirous of seeing the church—a long, large, and stately edifice, and then just finished. After I had surveyed the building I walked among the tombs in the churchyard, and the sexton was then digging a grave for a burial, which was to be made of a townsman that evening. I stood awhile to observe the man, who, without the least compunction or reflection, cast out from the earth the remains of his fellow-mortals, and whistled with indifference.

Among a variety of bones thrown out of the pit, was a skull which appeared whiter than ordinary; this induced me to take it up, and turning it about, I heard something rattle within it; upon examination, I found a large nail, covered with rust, full four inches long. It surprised me to find a nail in such a situation, and on turning the skull about, I found on the forehead a perforation encrusted with the rust of the iron, and in which a part of the nail yet remained; this led me to suspect that the owner of the skull had been murdered; but without mentioning anything to my *grave* companion, I inquired if he knew to whom the bones which he was then throwing out of the earth belonged. "Yes, sir," said he, "and well, too; he was as hearty a cock as ever broke bread, and was the master of the White Horse two-and-twenty years ago." "How came he by his death?" "Oh, very suddenly! Alas! master, we are here to-day, and there to-morrow: death, when he comes, will not be said nay. Would you believe it, I drank with him the night before, and he seemed as well in health as I; but in the morning he was dead, and I buried him with my own hands in this grave." "He died suddenly, you say?" "He was dead, I tell you, the next morning." "Was any cause assigned?" "He died in a fit." "And do you think this was his skull?" "I'd not deceive you, sir, I am sure of it." "See, then," said I, "the cause of his dying suddenly," showing him the nail rusted in the skull, and the remainder corroded and loose in the cavity. He seemed astonished. "Had he no family?" "No; he left a widow—the woman who at present keeps the inn; and before two months

were past from the death of her husband, she married the hostler—he is at present the master.”

Without further questioning the sexton, I inquired for the residence of the justice, and taking the skull in my hand, I wrapped the end of my mantle about it, and went to him. I was readily admitted; and after apologizing for my intrusion, told him the cause of my coming, and then showed him the skull. He was struck in the same manner that I had been, that the owner of this skull had been murdered, and sent for the sexton, who confirmed what he said to me, and declared he was ready to make oath to the identity of the skull. The magistrate then sent for the woman by a mere verbal message, that no alarm might be given; she instantly attended. She seemed surprised at seeing me there. I smiled, and bid her good-morrow—said I had rested well, and had walked out for amusement; when, after some little extraneous conversation, the magistrate gave it a different turn, and without any more of previous introduction, began to question her concerning her first husband. She then affected to weep, and praised him for a paragon of kindness and virtue. “But still I hope you have no reason to complain of your present good man.” “Certainly not, your worship,” said she, “not upon the whole; but he has not the learning and breeding of my dear, dear Gregory!” “You married him, I understand, very soon after your dear Gregory’s death?” “Why, la! your worship, what could a poor woman do, left alone, as you may say, in a large inn, and all men-folk about her? Indeed, I wept for Gregory, but I was obliged to think for myself.” “He died suddenly, I heard?” “Ah, your worship, I was happy enough in the evening, and in the morning, your honor, I was a poor, miserable, lone woman! Indeed, it is true, your honor!” “Did you know the cause of his death?” “Oh, he was taken in a fit of apoplexy, and fell back on his chair, and spoke no more! We put him to bed, chafed and rubbed him, but all to no purpose.” “What help did you call in? did you send for the doctor?” “Oh, your worship, it was to no purpose, he was stone dead.” “But bleeding is sometimes efficacious. Then you did not call in the doctor?” “No, your honor, I was too much affrightened to think on’t.” “You said, we put him to bed; who was it that assisted you?” “Robert, the hostler, for I could not lift him by myself. But forsooth, your worship, we called in the gossips; they saw my dear husband’s corpse, and helped to lay it out, too, therefore there was no need of the coroner’s inquest; and he was buried, your honor, as a man (St. Michael bless him) should be buried, and holy mass said over him, or I should be much to blame, your honor?” “No doubt; but, prythee, did he never complain previously of the headache?” “Yes, your honor, after he had been mellow with his customers; for your honor must know, Gregory was a rare hand to make his customers drink.” “Yes, but immediately before his death,” said the justice, “did he not complain of the headache?” “Not in the least, your honor; he had just drank a cup of ale.” “Well,” said the magistrate, abruptly, “he complained not of the headache?” “Not in the least.” “Why,” said he, fixing his eyes full on her, “that is strange, indeed! I think a nail of half the length would have made me complain.” “Nail! your honor,” said she, trembling; “nail! oh, that is false! there was no nail!” She then hesitated, and soon after recollecting herself, rejoined, “Forsooth, I do not know what your worship means by a nail!” “Why, I’ll tell you, good woman,” said he, producing the skull, and the part of the nail found in it; “had such a nail as this been driven into my skull, it would also have prevented me from complaining.” The moment she saw the skull and the nail, she exclaimed, “Murder will out! Yes, Robert must die!” and instantly fainted away.

The justice caused her to be removed into an inner room, and sent for the husband, who was at home, but he excused himself on account of his wife

being absent and customers being in the house ; but the constable told him the business was of consequence ; he put on his hat and went with him. When he entered, the justice said, "Pray, Mr. Robert, excuse my sending for you in so peremptory a manner, but there is a question between this gentleman and me which you can readily answer." "Your worship knows you may command anything which is in my power," replied Robert. "Well, then, tell me, without disguise, how long can a man live after a long nail has been driven into his skull?" On the sudden statement of this question, his courage forsook him, his knees knocked each other, and his teeth chattered, and he exclaimed, "Why—why—why—your wor—ship—how should—I—I—kn—o—w?" "What is the matter with thee, Robert?" said the justice; "what is it that frightens thee? surely it is not the ghost of Gregory, thy master, which has occasioned this astonishment!" "Oh, then," cried he out, "I see that my she-devil has betrayed me! but it was all her doings." "What," cried the justice, "what was her doings?" "Ay," cried he, a little recollecting himself, "I want to know why your worship asks such strange questions. I am sure as how I do not know how to answer them: but your honor must know how I have got some horses from Thaxted fair coming home this morning, and I dare say they are home by now. I hope your honor will excuse me at present. If your worship is in this merry mood in the afternoon, I'll come and answer any of your honor's questions with all my heart." "Stop, my friend," said the justice, "we can not part at present quite so easily: shut the door there; and for the horses, your hostler, good master Robert, must look after them. But you must know, that you stand charged with murder: your wife has confessed the same, and it appears from her confession, you are the murderer." "I—I—your honor?" "Yes, of your master." "Did she confess?" "I tell you she did, and accuses you of doing the deed." "Oh! 'tis false! she wants to get rid of me as she did of Gregory. She persuaded me, but I never did any such thing!" "Look here, Robert," said the magistrate, "see this skull; it was thy master's—yes, 'tis Gregory's skull! see this nail found within it, corroded by age; see where the head remains still in the bone, and recollect at once your handywork."

The sudden exposure of the skull, and the address, so worked upon the mind of the unfortunate culprit, that, aided by the terrors of a guilty conscience, it led him to a full confession. He and his wife were consequently committed to the prison. I was obliged to appear as an evidence at the yearly assizes held for the county, where various circumstances were adduced in proof of the murder; and they, being justly condemned, suffered the punishment of death by hanging.

How two Murderers were pointed out by the Ghost of their Victim.

THE following narrative is contained in a letter of Doctor Ezekias Burton to Doctor Henry More:—

About ten years ago, one Mr. Bower, a gentleman living at Guildford, in Surrey, was found upon the highway, not far from that place, shockingly murdered, having one great cut across his throat, and another down his breast. Two men were seized upon suspicion, and put into jail at Guildford. That night one of the prisoners confined in the jail with these men, was awakened about one of the clock, and greatly terrified by an old man, who had a great gash across his throat, almost from ear to ear, and a wound down his breast. He also came in stooping, and holding his hand to his back; he said, "See what these cruel wretches have done to me—see how barbarously they have murdered me!" The prisoner, to whom these words

were addressed, called to his two companions and asked what it all meant; they grumbled at him, but made no answer.

In the morning he had retained so lively an impression of what he had seen, that he spoke to them to the same purpose again, and they told him it was nothing but his fantasy. But he was so fully persuaded of the reality of the apparition, that he told two others of it, and it came to the ears of Mr. Reading, justice of the peace in Surrey, and cousin to the gentleman that was murdered.

He immediately sent for the prisoner, and asked him in the first place, whether he was born or had lived about Guildford. To which he answered, No. Secondly, he inquired if he knew any of the inhabitants of that town, or of the neighborhood. He replied that he was a stranger to all thereabout. Then he inquired if he had ever heard of one Mr. Bower. He said, No. After this he examined him for what cause those two other men were imprisoned. To which he answered, he knew not, but supposed for some robbery.

After these preliminary interrogatories, he desired him to tell him what he had seen in the night; which he immediately did, exactly according to the relation he (Mr. Reading) had heard, and I gave before; and, withal, described the old gentlemen so by his picked beard, and that he was, as he called it, rough on his cheeks, and that the hairs of his face were black and white, that Mr. Reading saith, he himself could not have given a more exact description of Mr. Bower than this was. He told the prisoner that he must give him his oath (though that would signify little from a rogue), to which the man readily consented, and took oath before the justice of all this.

Mr. Reading being a very discreet man, concealed the story from the jury at the assizes, as knowing that this would be no evidence according to law. However, the friends of the murdered gentleman had been very inquisitive, and discovered several suspicious circumstances. One of which was, that those two men had washed their clothes, and that some stains of blood remained. Another, that one of them had denied he ever heard that Mr. Bower was dead, whereas he had in another place confessed it two hours before. Upon these and such like evidences, these two were condemned and executed, but denied it to the last. But one of them said the other could clear him if he would, which the bystanders understood not.

After sometime a tinker was hanged, who at his death said, that the murder of Mr. Bower of Guildford was his greatest trouble; for he had a hand in it; he confessed he struck him a blow on the back which fetched him from his horse, and when he was down, those other men that were arraigned and executed for it, cut his throat and rifled him. This is the story which I had from Mr. Reading himself, who is a very honest, prudent person, and not credulous.

Apparition of Mrs. Veal, which conversed two hours with Mrs. Bargrave.

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



MRS. VEAL'S DREAM.

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

Now you must know Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past, had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her by her going off from her discourse, very abruptly, to some impertinence: she was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man, to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null or quash the story. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships: and Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing, while Mrs. Veal wanted for both; insomuch that she would often say, "Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world; and no circumstance of life shall ever dissolve my friendship." They would often condole each other's adverse fortunes, and read together "Drelincourt upon Death," and other good books: and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after, Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the customhouse at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there was never any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifference came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half; though, above a twelvemonth of the time, Mrs. Bargrave had been absent from Dover, and this last half-year had been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

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

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

easily forgive it." "What do you think of me?" said Mrs. Veal. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me." Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did her in former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort, in particular, they received from "Drelincourt's Book of Death," which was the best, she said, on that subject, ever written. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, the two Dutch books which were translated, written upon death, and several others: but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and of the future state, of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt. She said, "Yes." Says Mrs. Veal, "Fetch it." And so Mrs. Bargrave goes up-stairs and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of heaven now, are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says. Therefore, be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favor; and, when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And, believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings; for I can never believe [and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which, indeed, ran through most of her discourse] that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state: but be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time." She spoke in that pathetic and heavenly manner, that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned "Dr. Horneck's Ascetic," at the end of which, he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said, "Their conversation was not like this of our age: for now there is nothing but frothy vain discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith; so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were: but," said she, "we ought to do as they did. There was a hearty friendship among them; but where is it now to be found?" Says Mrs. Bargrave, "It is hard indeed to find a true friend in these days." Says Mrs. Veal, "Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verses, called 'Friendship in Perfection,' which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book?" says Mrs. Veal. "No," says Mrs. Bargrave; "but I have the verses of my own writing out." "Have you?" says Mrs. Veal; "then fetch them;" which she did from above stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused and waived the thing, saying, "holding down her head would make it ache;" and then desired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring friendship, Mrs. Veal said, "Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you for ever." In these verses there is twice used the word Elysian. "Ah!" says Mrs. Veal, "these poets have such names for heaven." She would often draw her hand across her own eyes, and say, "Mrs. Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?" "No," says Mrs. Bargrave; "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

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

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

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

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before her death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sent a person to Captain Watson's, to know if Mrs. Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer, Mrs. Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name, or made some blunder; and, though she was ill, she put on her hood and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours." They said it was impossible; for they must have seen her if she had. In comes Captain Watson, while they were in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, when she sent to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how striped; and that Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs. Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed; for none knew, but Mrs. Veal and myself, that the gown was scoured." And Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up." This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition. And Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house, to hear the rela-

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

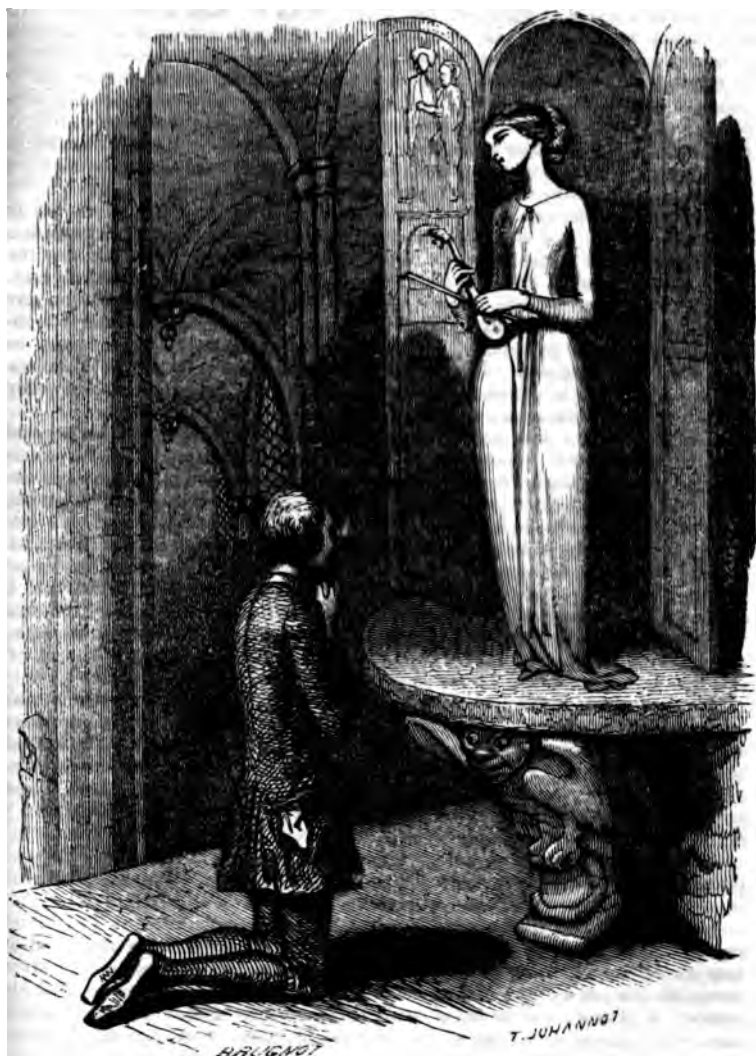
All the time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs. Bargrave, that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it to her.

Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in the neighbor's yard, adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's house, heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbor's the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's Book of Death is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed that, notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take anything of anybody, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

This story has very much affected the writer of it, who is as well satisfied of its truth as he is of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact, because we can not solve things of which we can have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case, and why not in this?

Extraordinary Case of Imposition by a Priest, showing how an Apparition appeared to an honest Blacksmith.

FRANÇOIS MICHEL, of Salon, in France, was a blacksmith by trade; and in the year 1697, being then about thirty-five years of age, going one evening to the chapel of St. Anne, just without the town of Salon where he lived, he asserted that while he was alone in the chapel, addressing his private devotions to the saint, suddenly he heard heavenly strains of music, when on looking up, he observed that the statue had disappeared and that a lovely being stood in its place, having apparently come out from the panels of the church. She was playing a guitar; she ceased playing and spoke to him, ordering him to take a journey to Paris, to say something to the king of very great importance, and only to be communicated by him personally to his majesty. The first time he paid no further attention to this appearance than talking to the people of his town of having seen it; but the same thing oc-



THE APPARITION TO A FRENCH BLACKSMITH.

curing three evenings successively, and the last time the spectre threatening him with calamities if he did not obey her orders, he began to think more seriously about it, and consider what was to be done. The whole neighborhood rang with nothing but this wonderful story; and at length Michel, having consulted with some of his neighbors, determined on going to Aix to impart the matter to Monsieur Lebreton, then intendant of the province. The intendant treated him as a visionary; but Michel replied, "I am far, sir, from being what you suppose: the whole town of Salon would testify for me, if you would take the trouble of inquiring, that I have always been a perfectly sober-minded man, attending diligently to my business, nor given in any degree to fanaticism. It is not till after having been accosted three times in the same way, that I have thought fit to trouble you upon the subject; I can not be mistaken in what I have seen, and can assure you, that it is a matter of great importance on which I am charged to speak to the king. I only beg, therefore, that you will write to the court, and obtain permission for me to execute the orders I have received."

Monsieur Lebreton thought that there must be something extraordinary in this matter. He saw that the man had no appearance of being insane, or a religious enthusiast; and that he himself firmly believed in having seen the spectre, and received the order to make some communication to his majesty. Since, moreover, he said he was strictly charged not to reveal it to any other person, it seemed at least worth while to write to the court for instructions how to proceed, that the mystery, whatever it was, might be thoroughly investigated. He accordingly promised Michel to write and obtain him the permission he desired, on which the latter returned peaceably to Salon to wait the event.

Monsieur Lebreton lost no time in acquitting himself of his promise, and received for answer a commission to authorize Michel to repair to Paris without delay. Michel no sooner received the commission than he hastened to Aix to make his acknowledgment to the intendant; when, having received his instructions from him, he set out on his journey. He was followed to a considerable distance from the town by a vast concourse of people, who were all eager to see the man who had seen a spectre, and who were also not a little anxious for the development of a circumstance which appeared so extraordinary. All the way he went he was followed by like crowds, for the rumor of the affair spread from town to town like a contagion, and a universal eagerness pervaded all ranks and degrees to get a sight of one who now appeared something above the ordinary level of mortals.

His arrival at Paris occasioned no less sensation, and every one was anxious for the event of this moral phenomenon. Michel was in a few days sent for to Versailles, where he actually was admitted to a secret conference of an hour with the king, Louis the Fourteenth. When he had quitted his presence, some of the courtiers remarked to his majesty, that he had just seen a very extraordinary madman. "He is not so mad as you think him," replied the king with some eagerness. This only increased the public curiosity, and rendered people more than ever anxious to see him. He was presented to Madame de Maintenon, and received considerable presents from her, from the king, and many great people about the court. His picture was taken at the king's desire by one of the best painters in Paris, and an engraving made from it, of which several thousands were sold, and it was dispersed all over the kingdom. At length he returned to his native town, the people all the way crowding to see him, even more than in his journey to Paris; and on his arrival, there was no end of the visits made him, and the questions put to him by people even from a great distance round. After this had continued for some time, he grew so weary with being made the universal object of public curiosity, that he quitted the town without notifying his intention to any one, and calling himself by another

name, went to live at Lançon, in hopes of enjoying, under an assumed character, that peace and quiet which he found must not now be expected under his own. Here in effect he remained unknown for many years, when the affair being pretty well gone by, he ventured to confess who he was. He did not return to Salon, but remained at Lançon, and died there at the age of sixty-five.

Endless were the conjectures to which this extraordinary affair gave rise ; but the real truth was not known till many years after, when a priest, who had been a principal agent in the imposture, made a full confession of it. He was himself of Salon, but used to go sometimes to Carpentras, where he had connexions, and here he became acquainted with a Madame de Rus, who had some property in that neighborhood, an intimate friend of Madame de Maintenon's, and a woman of great intrigue. It was always a favorite object of Madame de Maintenon to get the king to declare his marriage with her, and this scheme was projected as a means of accomplishing it. The priest was confessor to Michel ; and being won over by Madame de Rus, under the promise of a great reward if the scheme should succeed, he fixed upon him as the person upon whom to practise the deceit ; because, not being a fanatic, he would be the more likely to obtain credit when he asserted that he had seen a vision. Michel having been guilty of some trifling fault which he confessed to the priest, the latter ordered him as a penance to go alone every evening for a certain time to the chapel, just as the dusk came on, and there address such prayers as he directed to the saint. The priest had had the requisite machinery made to conceal a young girl (his own private mistress) and she it was who appeared in place of the statue of the saint, which was removed within the wainscot on each occasion. The pretended spectre ordered Michel to go to the king, and strictly enjoin him, under pain of the severest displeasure of Heaven, to declare his marriage with Madame de Maintenon ; at the same time giving him a ring, which he said had belonged to the late queen, and which the king would immediately know as such : that it had been miraculously transported from Paris, in order to be delivered to him as a testimony of the truth of his mission, but he must on no account mention the having received it, to any one but the king himself.

The imposture, however, did not succeed with the king ; though inclining toward dotage, too much of the native vigor of his mind still remained not to see through it at once : yet he chose to keep the discovery to himself, probably because the disclosing it would have led to his making in some sort the avowal which he wished to avoid, or else to his asserting a palpable falsehood in disclaiming the marriage : and he showed that he had still no small degree of soundness of judgment remaining, by the manner in which he knew how at once to silence the inquiries of the courtiers. It does not appear whether Michel himself ever knew of the trick that had been passed upon him.

How the Ghost of General Wynyard's Brother appeared to him and to Sir John Sherbroke.

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

neither of them had drank wine, and they had retired from the mess to continue together the occupations of the morning. I ought to have said that the apartment in which they were had two doors in it, the one opening into a passage, and the other leading into Wynyard's bedroom: there were no means of entering the sitting-room but from the passage, and no other egress from the bedroom but through the sitting-room; so that any person passing into the bedroom must have remained there, unless he returned by the way he entered. This point is of consequence to the story. As these two young officers were pursuing their studies, Sherbroke, whose eye happened accidentally to glance from the volume before him toward the door that opened into the passage, observed a tall youth, of about twenty years of age, whose appearance was that of extreme emaciation, standing beside it. Struck with the appearance of a perfect stranger, he immediately turned to his friend, who was sitting near him, and directed his attention to the guest who had thus strangely broken in upon their studies. As soon as Wynyard's eyes were turned toward the mysterious visitor, his countenance became suddenly agitated: "I have heard," says Sir John Sherbroke, "of a man's being as pale as death, but I never saw a living face assume the appearance of a corpse, except Wynyard's at that moment."

As they looked silently at the form before them—for Wynyard, who seemed to apprehend the import of the appearance, was deprived of the faculty of speech, and Sherbroke, perceiving the agitation of his friend, felt no inclination to address it—as they looked silently upon the figure, it proceeded slowly into the adjoining apartment, and, in the act of passing them, cast its eyes with a somewhat melancholy expression on young Wynyard. The oppression of this extraordinary presence was no sooner removed than Wynyard, seizing his friend by the arm, and drawing a deep breath, as if recovering from the suffocation of intense astonishment and emotion, muttered, in a low and almost inaudible tone of voice, "Great God! My brother!" "Your brother!" repeated Sherbroke, "what can you mean, Wynyard? There must be some deception; follow me:" and, immediately taking his friend by the arm, he preceded him into the bedroom, which, as I before stated, was connected with the sitting-room, and into which the strange visitor had evidently entered. I have already said that from this chamber there was no possibility of withdrawing, but by the way of the apartment, through which the figure had certainly passed, and as certainly never had returned. Imagine, then, the astonishment of the young officers when, on finding themselves in the centre of the chamber, they perceived that the room was perfectly untenanted. Wynyard's mind had received an impression, at the first moment of his observing him, that the figure whom he had seen was the spirit of his brother. Sherbroke still persevered in believing that some delusion had been practised. They took note of the day and hour in which the event had happened; but they resolved not to mention the occurrence in the regiment, and they gradually persuaded each other that they had been imposed upon by some artifice of their fellow-officers, though they could neither account for the reason nor suspect the author, nor conceive the means of the execution; they were content to imagine anything possible, rather than admit the possibility of a supernatural appearance. But, though they had attempted these stratagems of self-delusion, Wynyard could not help expressing his solicitude with respect to his brother, whose apparition he had either seen or imagined himself to have seen; and the anxiety which he exhibited for letters from England, and his frequent mention of his fears for his brother's health, at length awakened the curiosity of his comrades, and eventually betrayed him into a declaration of the circumstances, which he had in vain determined to conceal. The story of the silent and unbidden visitor was no sooner bruited abroad than the destiny of Wynyard's brother became an object of universal and painful interest

to the officers of the regiment; there were few who did not inquire for Wynyard's letters before they made any demand for their own, and the packets that arrived from England were welcomed with a more than usual eagerness, for they brought not only remembrances from their friends at home, but promised to afford the clue to the mystery which had happened among themselves. By the first ships no intelligence relating to the story could have been received, for they had all departed from England previous to the appearance of the spirit. At length the long-wished-for vessel arrived; all the officers had letters except Wynyard; still the secret was unexplained. They examined several newspapers; they contained no mention of any death, or of any other circumstance connected with his family that could account for this preternatural event. There was a solitary letter for Sherbrooke still unopened: the officers had received their letters in the messroom, at the hour of supper: after Sherbrooke had broken the seal of his last packet, and cast a glance on its contents, he beckoned his friend away from the company, and departed from the room. All were silent. The suspense of the interest was now at the climax; the impatience for the return of Sherbrooke was inexpressible: they doubted not but that letter had contained the long-expected intelligence. At the interval of an hour Sherbrooke joined them. No one dared be guilty of so great a rudeness as to inquire the nature of his correspondence; but they waited in mute attention, expecting that he would himself touch upon the subject.

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

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

Full of this impression, he immediately went over, and at once addressed the gentleman: he now fully expected to elucidate the mystery. He apologized for the interruption, but excused it by relating the occurrence which had induced him to the commission of this solecism in manners. The gentleman received him as a friend: he had never been out of the country, but was the twin-brother of the youth whose spirit had been seen.

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



MADAME DE BEAUCLAIR FORETELLING HER OWN DEATH.

How the Duchess of Mazarine appeared to Madame de Beauclair, and foretold her Death.

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

About this time it was that reason first began to oppose itself to faith, or, at least, to be set up against it by some who had an ambition to be thought more penetrating than their neighbors. The doctrine soon spread, and was too much talked of not to be frequently a subject of conversation for these two ladies; and, though I can not say that either of them was thoroughly convinced by it, yet the specious arguments made use of by persons of high reputation for their learning, had such an effect on both as to raise great doubts in them concerning the immateriality of the soul and the certainty of its existence after death. In one of the serious consultations they had together on this head, it was agreed between them that, on whichever of them the lot should fall to be first called from this world, she should return, if there was a possibility of doing so, and give the other an account in what manner she was disposed of. This promise, it seems, was often repeated, and the duchess happening to fall sick, and her life being despaired of by all about her, Madame de Beauclair reminded her of what she expected from her; to which her grace replied, she might depend upon her performance. These words passed between them not above an hour before the dissolution of that great lady, and were spoken before several persons who were in the room, but at that time they were far from comprehending the meaning of what they heard.

Some years after the duchess's decease, happening, in a visit I made to Madame de Beauclair, to fall on the topic of futurity, she expressed her disbelief of it with a great deal of warmth, which a little surprised me, as being of a quite contrary way of thinking myself, and had always, by the religion she professed, supposed her highly so. I took the liberty of offering some arguments, which I imagined would have been convincing, to prove the reasonableness of depending on a life to come: to which she answered that not all that the whole world could say should ever persuade her to that opinion; and then related to me the contract made between her and her dear departed friend, the duchess of Mazarine.

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

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

It was not, however, many months after we had this conversation that I happened to be at the house of a person of condition, whom, since the death of the duchess of Mazarine, Madame de Beauclair had the greatest intimacy with of any of her acquaintance. We were just set down to cards, about

nine o'clock in the evening, as near as I can remember, when a servant came hastily into the room, and acquainted the lady I was with that Madam de Beauclair had sent to entreat she would come that moment to her, adding that, if she desired ever to see her more in this world, she must not delay her visit.

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

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

The man being gone, we were beginning to form several conjectures on this message of Madam de Beauclair; but, before we had time to agree on what might be the most feasible occasion, he returned again, and with him Mrs. Ward, her woman, both seeming very much confused and out of breath.

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

These words were accompanied with the delivery of the legacy she mentioned, and that, as well as Mrs. Ward's words, threw us both into a consternation we were not able to express. The lady would fain have entered into some discourse with Mrs. Ward concerning the affair; but she evaded it, by saying she had left only an undermaid with Madam de Beauclair, and must return immediately: on which the lady cried, all at once, "I will go with you; there must be something very uncommon certainly in this." I offered to attend her, being, as well I might, desirous of getting some light into what at present appeared so mysterious.

In fine, we went that instant; but, as no mention was made of me, and Madam de Beauclair might not probably be informed I was with the lady when her servant came, good manners and decency obliged me to wait in a lower apartment, unless she gave leave for my admittance.

She was, however, no sooner informed I was there than she desired I would come up. I did so, and found her sitting up in bed, and, in my eyes, seemed in as perfect health as ever she had been. On our inquiring if she felt any inward disorder within herself, which should give room for the melancholy apprehensions her message testified, she replied in the negative; "yet," said she, with a little sigh, "you will soon, very soon behold me pass from this world into that eternity which I once doubted, but am now assured of." As she spoke these last words, she looked full in my face, as it were to remind me of the conversation we frequently had held together on that subject. I told her I was heartily glad to find so great a change in her ladyship's sentiments, but that I hoped she had no reason to imagine the conviction would be fatal; which she only answered with a gloomy smile: and a clergyman of her own persuasion, whom she had sent for, that moment coming in, we all quitted the room, to leave him at liberty to exercise his function.

It exceeded not half an hour before we were called in again, and she appeared, after having disburdened her conscience, to be more cheerful than

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

We were both beginning to dissuade her from giving way to thoughts which there seemed not the least probability of being verified ; when she put a stop to what we were about to urge, by saying, "Talk no more of that : my time is short, and I would not have the small space allowed me to be with you wasted in vain delusion. Know," continued she, "I have seen my dear duchess of Mazarine. I perceived not how she entered ; but, turning my eyes toward yonder corner of the room, I saw her stand in the same form and habit she was accustomed to appear in when living ; fain would I have spoke, but had not the power of utterance ; she took a little circuit round the chamber, seeming rather to swim than walk ; then stopped by the side of that Indian chest, and looking on me with her usual sweetness, 'Beauclair,' said she, 'between the hours of twelve and one this night you will be with me.' The surprise I was in at first being a little abated, I began to ask some questions concerning that future world I was so soon to visit ; but, on the opening of my lips for that purpose, she vanished from my sight, I know not how."

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

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

*An Account of the Extraordinary Detection of Three Murderers
by a Dream.*

Mr. William Smythies, curate of St. Giles's Cripplegate, London, in the year 1698, published an account of the robbery and murder of John Stockden, victualler, in Grub street, within the said parish, and of the discovery of the murderers by several dreams of Elizabeth, the wife of Thomas Greenwood, a neighbor to the said Stockden. Here is the substance of the account :—

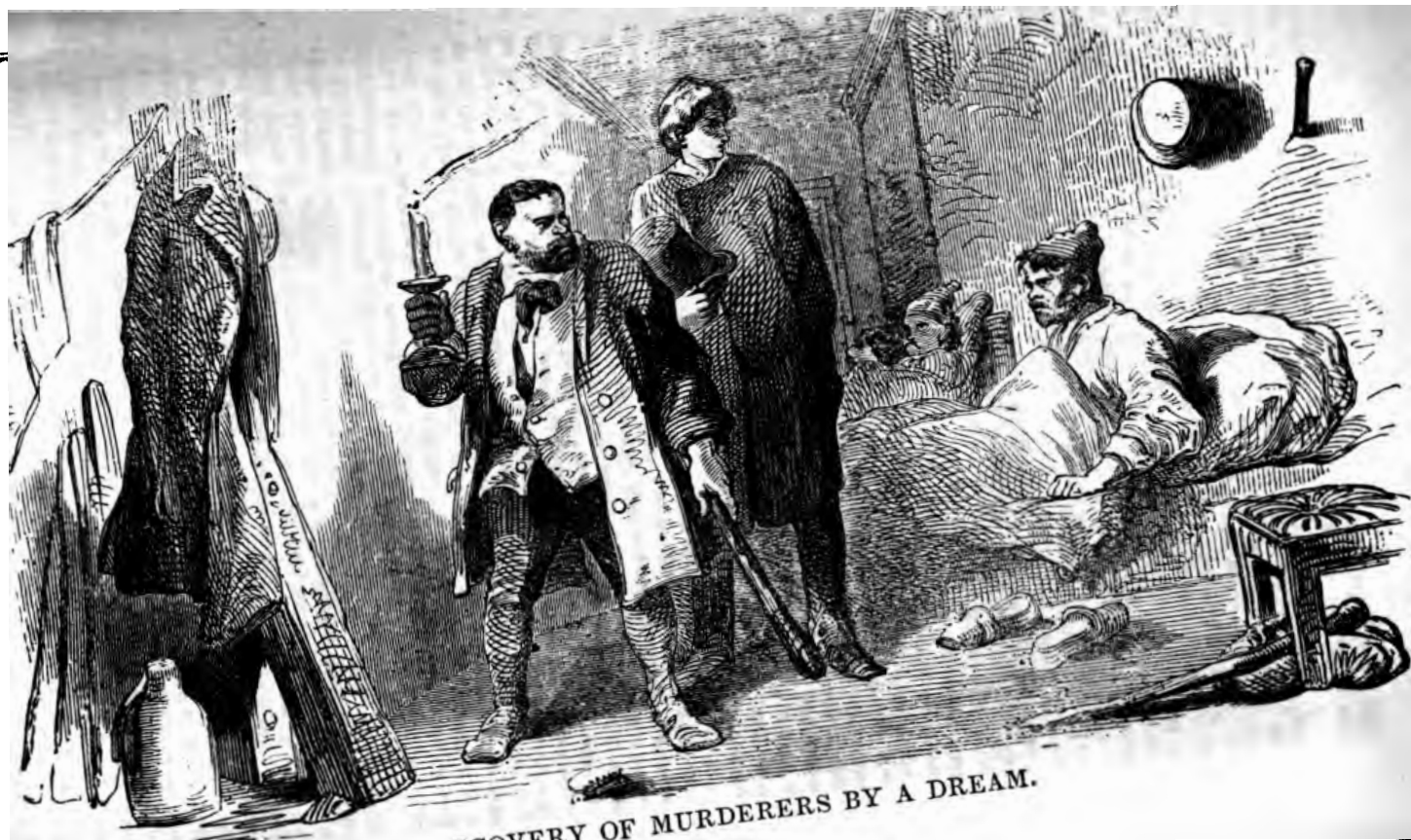
Mr. Smythies, first telling us that none can doubt but great discoveries have been made by dreams, says : Mr. Stockden was robbed and murdered by three men, in his own house, on the 23d day of December, 1695, about midnight. A little after the murder, there came a woman into the street, and said she believed one Maynard (a very stout and powerful man) to be one of the murderers, because she was informed he was full of money, both silver and gold ; upon which there was a warrant against him, but he could

not be found. Soon after this Stockden appeared to Elizabeth Greenwood, in a dream, and showed her a house in Thames street, near the George, and told her that one of the murderers was there: she went the next morning, and took one Mary Buggas, an honest woman, who lived near her, to go with her to the place to which her dream directed, and asking for Maynard, was informed that he lodged there, but was gone abroad. After that Stockden soon appeared again to Mrs. Greenwood, and then representing Maynard's face with a flat mole on the side of his nose (whom she had never seen), signified to her that a wire-drawer must take him, and that he should be carried to Newgate in a coach. Upon inquiry, they found out one of that trade, who was his great intimate, and who, for a reward of ten pounds, promised him on his taking, undertook it, and effected it. He sent to Maynard to meet him, upon extraordinary business, at a public house, near Hockley-in-the-Hole, where, after plying him with liquor, both parties went to bed; after which a constable came forward, armed with a great club to defend himself, and so apprehended him, and carried him before a magistrate, who committed him to Newgate, and he was carried thither in a coach.

Maynard, being in prison, confessed the horrid fact, and discovered his accomplices, who were, one Marsh, Bevel, and Mercer, and said that Marsh was the setter-on, being a near neighbor to Stockden, and knew he was well furnished with money and plate; and though Marsh was not present at the robbery, yet he meant to have a share of the booty. Marsh, knowing or suspecting that Maynard had discovered him, left his habitation. Stockden appeared soon after to Mrs. Greenwood, and seemed by his countenance to be displeased: he carried her to a house in Old street, where she had never been, and showed her a flight of stairs, and told her that one of the men lodged there: the next morning she took Mary Buggas with her to the house, according to the direction of the dream, where she asked a woman if one Marsh did not live there; to which the woman replied that he often came thither. This Marsh was taken soon after in another place.

After this, Mrs. Greenwood dreamed that Stockden carried her over the bridge, up the burough, and into a yard, where she saw Bevil, the third criminal (whom she had never seen before) and his wife: upon her telling this dream, it was believed that it was one of the prison-yards; and thereupon she went with Mrs. Footman (who was Stockden's kinswoman and housekeeper, and was gagged in his house when he was murdered) to the Marshalsea, where they inquired for Bevil, and were informed that he was lately brought thither for coining, and that he was taken near the Bankside, according to a dream which Mrs. Greenwood had before of his being there. They desired to see him, and when he came, he said to Mrs. Footman, "Do you know me?" She replied, "I do not." Whereupon he went from them. Mrs. Greenwood then told Mrs. Footman, that she was sure of his being the man whom she saw in her sleep. They then went into the cellar, where Mrs. Greenwood saw a lusty woman, and privately said to Mrs. Footman, "That's Bevil's wife, whom I saw in my sleep." They desired that Bevil might come to them, and first put on his periwig, which was not on the time before: the lusty woman said, "Why should you speak with my husband again, since you said you did not know him?" He came the second time, and said, "Do you know me now?" Mrs. Footman replied, "No;" but it proceeded from a sudden fear, that some mischief might be done to her, who had very narrowly escaped death from him when she was gagged; and as soon as she was out of the cellar, she told Mrs. Greenwood that she then remembered him to be the man. They went soon after to the clerk of the peace, and procured his removal to Newgate, where he confessed the fact, and said, "To the grief of my heart, I killed him."

Mrs. Greenwood did not dream anything concerning Mercer, who was a party concerned, but would not consent to the murder of Stockden, and pre-



RECOVERY OF MURDERERS BY A DREAM.

served Mrs. Footman's life ; nor has there been any discovery of him since. He consequently escaped, and the three others were found guilty and hanged.

After the murderers were taken, Mrs. Greenwood dreamed that Stockden came to her in the street, and said, "Elizabeth, I thank thee ; the God of heaven reward thee for what thou hast done." Since which she has been at quiet from those frights which had much tormented her, and caused an alteration considerable in her countenance.

This relation is certified by the lord bishop of Gloucester, who, with the then dean of York, the master of the Charterhouse, and Dr. Alix, had the particulars of the foregoing narrative from Mrs. Greenwood and Mrs. Buggas.

An Apparition which appeared to a Schoolboy : attested by the Rev. Mr. Ruddle, Minister of Launceston, in Cornwall.

In the beginning of the year 1665, a disease happened in this town of Launceston, and some of my scholars died of it. Among others who fell under its malignity, was John Elliott, the eldest son of Edward Treberse, Esq., a stripling of about sixteen years of age, but of uncommon parts and ingenuity. At his own particular request I preached at the funeral, which happened on the 20th day of July, 1665. In my discourse I spoke some words in commendation of the young gentleman—such as might endear his memory to those that knew him, and withal tended to preserve his example to those who went to school with him, and were to continue there after him. An old gentleman, who was then in the church, was much affected by the discourse, and was often heard to repeat, the same evening, one expression I then used out of Virgil :—

"Et puer ipse fuit contari dignus."—

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

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

On the Monday I went and paid my promised devoir, and met with enter-

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

First, he began to inform me of the infelicity of the family in general, and then gave instance in the youngest son. He related what a hopeful, sprightly lad he lately was, and how melancholic and sottish he was now grown. Then did he with much passion lament that his ill humor should so incredibly subdue his reason; saith he, "The poor boy believes himself to be haunted with ghosts, and is confident that he meets with an evil spirit in a certain field about half a mile from this place, as often as he goes that way to school." The old gentleman and his lady believed his story, and gave me a long narrative of the whole: in fine, they all three desired my thoughts and advice in the affair.

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

I had no sooner said so much, but I perceived myself in the spring their courtship had laid for me: for the old lady was not able to hide her impatience, but her son must be called in immediately; this I was forced to comply with, and consent to, so that drawing off from the company to an orchard hard by, she went herself and brought him to me, and left him with me.

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

I soon entered into a close conference with the youth, and at first was very cautious not to displease him, but by smooth words to ingratiate myself and get within him, for I doubted not he would be too distrustful or too reserved. But we had scarcely passed the first salutation and began to speak to the business, before I found that there needed no policy to screw myself into his heart: for he most openly and with all obliging candor did aver that he loved his book, and desired nothing more than to be bred a scholar; that he had not the least respect for any of womankind, as his mother gave out; and that the only request he would make to his parents was, that they would but believe his constant assertions concerning the woman he was disturbed by, in the field, called the Higher-broom-quartils. He told me, with all freedom and a flood of tears, that his friends were unkind and unjust to him, neither to believe nor pity him; and, that if any man (making a bow to me) would but go with him to the place, he might be convinced that the thing was real, &c. By this time he found me apt to compassionate his condition, and to be attentive to his relation of it, and therefore he went on in this manner:—

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

"It was about two months before I took any notice of it," continued he, "and though the shape of the face was in my memory, yet I could not recall the name of the person; but, without more thoughtfulness, I did suppose it was some woman who lived thereabout, and had frequent occasion to pass that way. Nor did I imagine anything to the contrary, before she began to meet me constantly morning and evening, and always in the same field, and sometimes twice or thrice in the breadth of it. The first time I took no notice of her was about a year since; and when I first began to suspect and believe it to be a ghost, I had courage enough not to be afraid; but kept it to myself a good while, and only wondered very much at it. I did often speak to it, but never had a word in answer. Then I changed my way and went to school by the under horse-road, and then she always met me in the narrow lane, between the quarry park and the nursery, which was worse. At length I began to be terrified at it, and prayed continually that God would either free me from it, or let me know the meaning of it. Night and day, sleeping and waking, the shape was ever running in my mind. Thus by degrees I grew very pensive, insomuch that it was taken notice of by all our family; whereupon, being urged to it, I told my brother William of it, and he privately acquainted my father and mother, and they kept it to themselves for some time. The success of this discovery was only this: they did sometimes laugh at me, sometimes chide me, but still commanded me to keep my school, and put such fopperies out of my head. I did accordingly go to school often, but always met the woman in the way."

This, and much more to the same purpose (yea, as much as held a dialogue of nearly two hours), was our conference in the orchard—which ended with my proffer to him that (without making any privy to our intents) I would next morning walk with him to the place about six o'clock. He was even transported with joy at the mention of it, and replied, "But will you surely, sir? will you really, sir? Thank God, now I hope I shall be believed!" From this conclusion we retired into the house.

The gentleman, his wife, and Mr. William, were impatient to know the event, insomuch that they came out of the parlor into the hall to meet us; and, seeing the lad look cheerfully, the first exclamation from the old man was, "Come, Mr. Ruddle, you have talked with Sam, I hope now he will have more wit; an idle boy, an idle boy!" At these words, the lad ran up the stairs to his chamber without replying; and I soon stopped the curiosity of the three expectants by telling them I had promised silence, and was resolved to be as good as my word; but when things were riper, they might know all: at present, I desired them to rest in my faithful promise that I would do my utmost in their service, and for the good of their son. With this they were silenced—I can not say satisfied.

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

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

In this juncture of time I had business which would admit no delay; wherefore I went for Launceston that evening, but promised to see them again the next week. Yet I was prevented by an occasion which pleaded a sufficient excuse: for my wife was that week brought home from a neighbor's house very ill. However, my mind was upon the adventure; I studied the case, and, about three weeks after, went again, resolving, by the help of God, to see the utmost.

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

On the evening of this day, the parents, the son, and myself, being in the chamber where I lay, I propounded to them our going all together to the place the next morning; and, after some asseveration that there was no danger in it, we all resolved upon it. The morning being come, lest we should alarm the family of servants, they went under the pretence of seeing a field of wheat, and I took my horse and fetched a compass another way, and so met at the stile we had appointed.

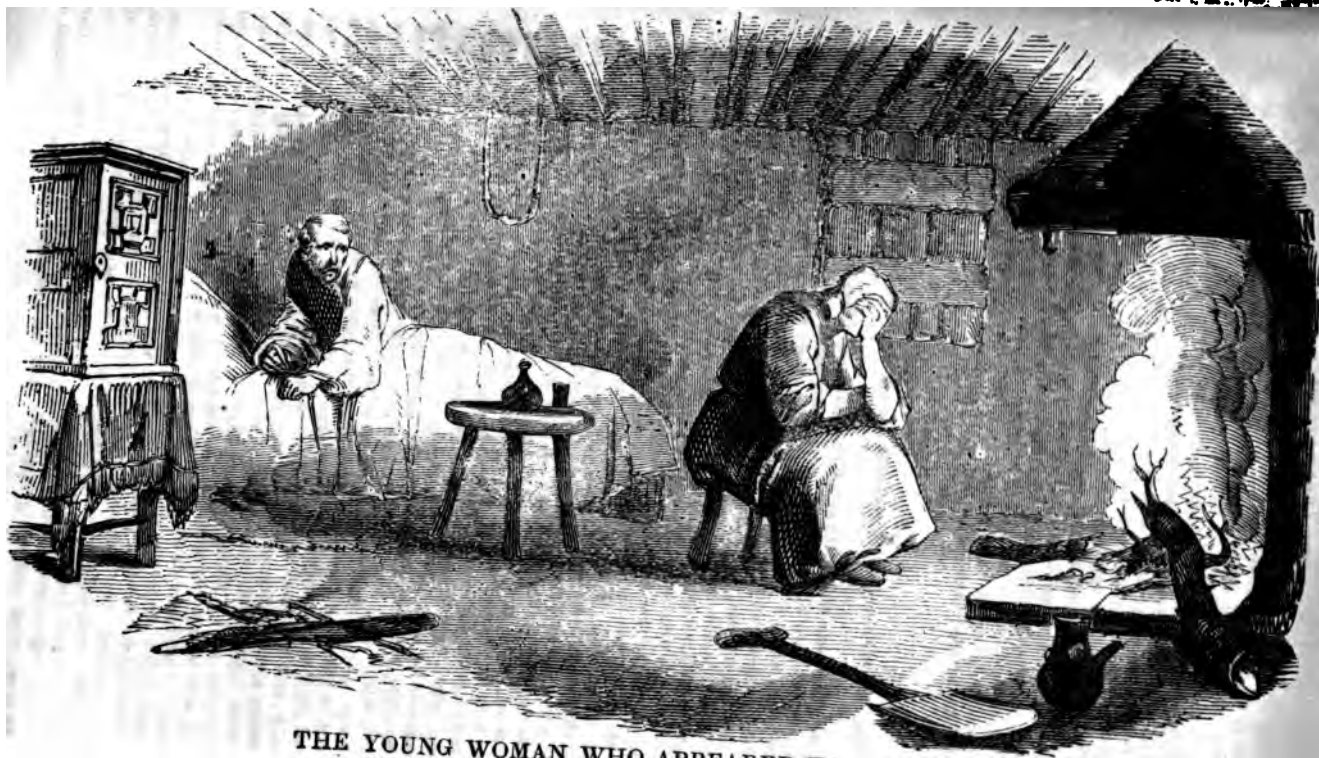
Thence we all four walked leisurely into the Quartils; and had passed above half the field before the ghost made its appearance. It then came over the stile just before us, and moved with that swiftness that, by the time we had gone six or seven steps, it passed by. I immediately turned my head and ran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

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

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

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

The next morning, being Friday, I went out very early by myself, and walked for about an hour's space in meditation and prayer in the field next adjoining the Quartils. Soon after five I stepped over the stile into the disturbed field, and had not gone above thirty or forty paces before the ghost appeared at the farther stile. I spake to it with a loud voice, in some such



THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO APPEARED TO A MILLER.

sentences as the way of these dealings directed me, whereupon it approached but slowly, and when I came near it moved not. I spake again, and it answered, in a voice neither very audible nor intelligible. I was not in the least terrified, and therefore persisted until it spake again, and gave me satisfaction. But the work could not be finished at this time; wherefore, the same evening, an hour after sunset, it met me again near the same place, and, after a few words on each side, it quietly vanished; and neither doth appear since, nor ever will more, to any man's disturbance. The discourse in the morning lasted about a quarter of an hour.

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

How the Ghost of a Murdered young Girl appeared to a Miller.

ABOUT the year of our Lord 1632, near unto Chester-in-the-Street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman of very good estate, and a widower, who had a young woman to his kinswoman, that kept his house, who was by the neighbors suspected to be with child, and was, toward the dark of the evening, one night sent away with one Mark Sharp, who was a collier, or one that digged coals under ground, and one that had been born in Blackburn Hundred, in Lancashire; and so she was not heard of a long time, and no noise or little was made about it. In the winter-time after, one James Graham, or Grime (for so in that country they call them), being a miller, and living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one very cold night abed in his room in the mill, with a good fire blazing on the hearth, he was awakened, and saw a young woman sitting upon a stool in the midst of the floor. She was dressed in a loose dress, with a white cap on her head, which was much stained with blood. She had five frightful wounds on her head and neck. Graham, the miller, being much affrighted and amazed, began to bless himself; but at last asked her who she was, and what she wanted? To which she said, "I am the spirit of the young woman, who kept house for Walker; and being got with child by him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well looked to, till I was brought to bed and well again, and then I should come again and keep his house. And accordingly, I was one night late, sent away with one Mark Sharp, who, upon a moor (naming a place that the miller knew) slew me with a pick (such as men dig coals withal) and gave me those five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal-pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank, and his shoes and stockings being bloody, he endeavored to wash, but seeing the blood would not wash forth, he hid them there." And the apparition further told the miller, that he must be the man to reveal it, or else that she must still appear and haunt him. The miller returned home very sad and heavy, but spoke not one word of what he had seen, but eschewed as much as he could to stay in the mill within night without company, thinking thereby, to escape the seeing again of that frightful apparition.

One night when it began to be dark, the apparition met the miller again, and seemed very fierce and cruel, and threatened him, that if he did not reveal the murder, she would certainly pursue and haunt him. Yet for all this, he still concealed it, until St. Thomas's Eve, before Christmas, when being, soon after sunset, walking in his garden, she appeared again, and then so threatened and affrighted him, that he faithfully promised to reveal it next morning.

In the morning he wrote to a magistrate, and made the whole matter known, with all the circumstances; and diligent search being made, the body was found in a coal-pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick, and shoes, and stockings yet bloody, in every circumstance as the apparition had related to the miller. Whereupon Walker and Mark Sharp were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the assizes following, they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed, but I could never hear that they confessed the fact. There were some that reported that the apparition did appear to the judge, or the foreman of the jury, but of that I know no certainty.

How a Rectory-House was haunted by the Parson.—Related by the Rev. Thomas Wilkins.

AT Warblington, near Havant, in Hampshire, within six miles of Portsmouth, in the parsonage house, dwelt Thomas Perse, the tenant, with his wife and a child, a man-servant, Thomas, and a maid-servant. About the beginning of August, 1695, on a Monday, about nine or ten at night, all being in bed, except the maid with the child, the maid being in the kitchen and having raked up the fire, took a candle in one hand and the child in the other arm, and, turning about, saw one in a black gown walking through the room, and thence out of the door into the orchard. Upon this the maid, hasting up stairs, having recovered but two steps, cried out; on which the master and mistress ran down, found the candle in her hand, she grasping the child round the neck with the other arm: she told them the reason of her crying out. She would not that night tarry in the house, but removed to another, belonging to one Henry Salter, farmer, where she cried out all the night, from the terror she was in; and she could not be persuaded to go any more to the house, on any terms. On the morrow (Tuesday) the tenant's wife came to me, lodging then at Havant, to desire my advice, and to consult with some friends about it: I told her I thought it was a *flam*, and that they had a mind to abuse Mr. Brereton, the rector, whose house it was: she desired I would come up; I told her I would come up, and sit up or lie there, as she pleased; for then, as to all stories of ghosts or apparitions, I was an infidel. I went thither, and sat up the Tuesday night with the tenant and his man-servant: about twelve or one o'clock I searched all the rooms in the house, to see if anybody was hid there to impose upon me. At last we came into a lumber-room: there I smiling, told the tenant that was with me that I would call for the apparition, and oblige him to come. The tenant then seemed to be afraid; but I told him I would defend him from harm, and then I repeated—"Barbara, celarent Darii," &c.: on this the tenant's countenance changed, so that he was ready to drop down with fear; and I told him I perceived he was afraid, and I would prevent its coming, and repeated—"Baralipton," &c.; then he recovered his spirits pretty well, and we left the room and went down into the kitchen, where we were before, and sat up there the remaining part of the night, and had no manner of disturbance. Thursday night the tenant and I lay together in one room, and the man in another room; and he saw something walk along in a black gown, and place itself against a window, and there stood for some time, and then walked off. Friday morning, the man relating this, I asked him why he did not call me, and I told him I thought that was a trick or a *flam*; he told me the reason why he did not call me was that he was not able to speak or move. Friday night we lay as before, and had no disturbance either of the nights. Sunday night I lay by myself in one room (not that where the man saw the apparition), and the tenant and the man in one bed in another

room ; and, between twelve and two, the man heard something walk in their room at the bed's foot, and whistling very well ; and at last it came to the bed's side, drew the curtain, and looked on them ; after some time, it moved off ; then the man called to me, desired me to come, for that there was something in the room that went about whistling. I asked him whether he had any light, or could strike one ; he told me, no. Then I leaped out of bed, and, not staying to put on my clothes, went out of my room and along a gallery to the door, which I found locked or bolted ; I desired him to unlock the door, for that I could not get in ; then he got out of bed, and opened the door, which was near, and went immediately again to bed. I went in three or four steps ; and, it being a moonlight night, I saw the apparition move from the bedside, and clap up against the wall that divided their room and mine. I went and stood directly against it, within my arm's length of it, and asked it, in the name of God, what it was that made it come disturbing of us. I stood some time, expecting an answer, and, receiving none, and thinking it might be some fellow hid in the room to fright me, I put out my arm to feel it, and my hand seemingly went through the body of it, and felt no manner of substance till it came to the wall ; then I drew back my hand, and still it was in the same place. Till now I had not the least fear, and even now had very little. Then I abjured it to tell me what it was : when, keeping its back against the wall, it moved gently along toward the door ; I followed it, and, going out at the door, it turned its back toward me ; it went along the gallery, and disappeared where there was no corner for it to turn, and before it came to the end of the gallery where were the stairs. Then I found myself very cold from my feet as high as my middle, though I was not in great fear : I went in to the bed between the tenant and his man, and they complained of my being exceeding cold. The tenant's man leaned over his master in the bed, and saw me stretch out my hand toward the apparition, and heard me speak the words : the tenant also heard the words.

The apparition seemed to have a morning-gown of a darkish color, no hat or cap, short, black hair, a thin, meager visage, of a pale, swarthy color ; seemed to be of about five-and-forty or fifty years old ; the eyes half shut, the arms hanging down, the hands visible beneath the sleeve ; of a middle stature. I related this description to Mr. John Lardner, rector of Havant, and to Major Batten, of Langstone, in Havant parish. They both said the description agreed very well to Mr. P., a former rector of the place, who had been dead above twenty years. Upon this the tenant and his wife left the house, which has remained void ever since.

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

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

Apparition to Lord Lyttleton, which foretold his Death.

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

Lord Lyttleton, in the winter of the year 1778, had retired from the metropolis, with a party of his loose and dissipated companions, to profane the Christmas by their riotous debaucheries, at his country-house, Pitt Place, near Epsom, in Surrey. They had not long abandoned themselves to the indulgence of these desperate orgies, when a sudden and unexpected gloom was cast over the party by the extraordinary depression of spirits and dejection of countenance which were observed to take possession of their host: all his vivacity had departed; he fled from the society which he had so solicitously collected round him; his laugh became forced, his eye was fixed upon the ground, and his attention always wandering from the present topic of consideration or amusement. His mind was occupied with a subject that distressed it; and if, unchecked by the visible melancholy of the master of the mansion, the spirits of the guests rose to their accustomed vivacity, as the wine, and jest, and song, and laughter, circulated about the table, a sigh, coming from the very inmost recesses of the heart, with a painful and laborious effort, as if it would rend the bosom from which it with difficulty escaped, instantly checked the awakening gayety of the party, and, in spite of every endeavor of Lord Lyttleton to restore a brighter tone of feeling, communicated a sympathetic sadness to the associates. It was in vain that he attempted to silence the inquiries of the guests on the subject of his uneasiness: they were convinced that he was ill, or had met with some loss at play, or was crossed in love; and his denial of all these imputations only excited a more eager curiosity to be informed of the real origin of his depression. Thus urged, he at last determined to reveal the secret that so painfully distressed him.

Two nights before, on his retiring to his bed, after his servant was dismissed and his light extinguished, he had heard a noise resembling the fluttering of a dove at his chamber-window. This attracted his attention to the spot; when, looking in the direction of the sound, he saw the figure of an unhappy female, whom he had seduced and abandoned, and who, when deserted, had put a violent end to her own existence, standing in the aperture of the window from which the fluttering sound had proceeded. The form approached the foot of the bed: the room was preternaturally light—the objects of the chamber were distinctly visible. Raising her hand, and pointing to a dial which stood on the mantelpiece of the chimney, the figure, with a severe solemnity of voice and manner, announced to the appalled and conscience-stricken man that, at that very hour, on the third day after the visitation, his life and his sins would be concluded, and nothing but their punishment remain, if he availed himself not of the warning to repentance which he had received. The eye of Lord Lyttleton glanced upon the dial: the hand was on the stroke of twelve; again the apartment was involved in total darkness; the warning spirit disappeared, and bore away at her departure all the lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirit, ready flow of wit, and vivacity of manner, which had formerly been the pride and ornament of the unhappy being to whom she had delivered her tremendous summons.

Such was the tale that Lord Lyttleton delivered to his companions. “And what reminded me of it now,” said his lordship, “is this singular circumstance: while I have been here this night, yea, this very hour, it seemed to me as though there were several females present in this company whose faces I recognised—who drank wine and smoked cigars as lively as the mer-



THE CHEVALIER DE SAXE AND THE DEVIL.

riest of you. I looked again and again, but could not conquer the delusion. I am well satisfied that I shall not survive the fatal hour." He was counselled that it was but the mind's disease, but was not convinced. He felt relieved by their distrust, and, on the second night after the appearance of the spectre, he retreated to his apartment, with his faith in the reality of the transaction somewhat shaken; and his spirits, though not revived, certainly lightened of somewhat of their oppression.

On the succeeding day, the guests of Lord Lyttleton, with the connivance of his attendant, had provided that the clocks throughout the house should be advanced an hour;—and, by occupying their host's attention during the whole day with different and successive objects of amusement, they contributed to prevent his discovering the imposture. Ten o'clock struck: the nobleman was silent and depressed; eleven struck: the depression deepened—and now not even a smile, or the slightest movement of his eye, indicated him to be conscious of the efforts of his associates, as they attempted to dispel his gloom; twelve struck: "Thank God! I'm safe," exclaimed Lord Lyttleton; "the ghost was a liar, after all! Some wine, there!—congratulate me, my friends—congratulate me on my reprieve! Why, what a fool was I to be cast down by so silly and absurd a circumstance!—But, however, it's time for bed: we'll be up early, and out with the hounds to-morrow. By my faith, it's half-past twelve!—so good-night, good-night!" and he returned to his chamber, convinced of his security, and believing that the threatened hour of peril was now past.

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

This is the account which the narrator received from a lady, a relation of Lord Lyttleton's. The subsequent passage is from Sir Nathaniel Wraxall:—

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

How a German Musician raised the Apparition of the Chevalier de Saxe.

THE man who exhibited at Dresden this extraordinary proof of his art—for such it must, in every case, be esteemed—was a person of the name of Schrepfer, who originally resided at Leipsic, of which city he was a native, and where he kept a coffeehouse. But, his business not producing him

either as much profit, or as much distinction as he aspired to possess, he pretended to study magic, and to have acquired many secrets or powers connected with that imaginary science. He boldly asserted that he had intercourse with, and a control over spirits, whom he could summon, command, and cause to disappear, if not altogether at his pleasure, yet by the force of his invocations. These agents he had the ingenuity and effrontery to divide into three classes, the friendly, the evil, and the neutral; all of whom he knew how to distinguish at their approach, or on their appearance, by the sounds and noises which preceded and attended them. Whenever he affected to exert his magical powers, he always began by calling to his assistance the benevolent spirits; in order, as he said, to defend him against the attacks of the malignant ones. Pretensions so extraordinary, sustained by some exhibitions which impressed the spectators with astonishment, soon procured him no little reputation.

Schrepfer, about this time, while he still resided at Leipsic, had given offence to Prince Charles of Saxony, by some expressions relative to him, of an unbecoming or insolent nature. The prince, irritated at such conduct, ordered an officer belonging to his household to repair to Leipsic, and there to inflict on Schrepfer, in his name, personal chastisement. His orders were exactly executed: but Schrepfer, though he attempted no other resistance, running into a corner of the room, threw himself on his knees, and loudly invoked his invisible allies to come to his assistance. Their visible appearance or interposition were however unnecessary, in order to rescue him from further violence: the officer, it is asserted, having been so much alarmed at the invocation and its possible consequences, as to quit the chamber with the utmost precipitation.

A circumstance of such notoriety, as well as so degrading in itself to Schrepfer, induced him to leave Leipsic. After an absence of some time, he appeared at Dresden, where he assumed a fictitious name, and announced that he was a colonel in the service of France. In that quality he even made an attempt to be presented to the elector; but Monsieur de Marbois, who acted as charge d'affaires in the absence of the French envoy, refused to carry him to court. His real name soon became known; and his pretences to skill in magic attracting many followers, his reputation speedily reached Prince Charles. It was accompanied with such extraordinary accounts of Schrepfer's powers as to induce that prince to make every exertion for obliterating the recollection of the indignity lately offered him. As one step toward it, he did not hesitate to go in person to the "Hôtel de Pologne," an inn where Schrepfer lodged, and, in presence of witnesses, to ask his pardon for the blows given him, as well as to offer every amend that the nature of the affront admitted. Schrepfer, flattered by such a condescension, having accepted the apologies, the prince then requested to see some proofs of his supernatural art. It is pretended that he exhibited many; all of which only tended to augment the prince's admiration, and to stimulate his curiosity for further specimens.

But the most difficult or sublime operation of magic in all ages has been to raise departed spirits from the tomb; a prodigy which Schrepfer made no secret of his ability to perform. Prince Charles having earnestly, as well as repeatedly, besought it of him, after many refusals, real or affected, obtained at length a reluctant promise to present before his eyes an apparition: for Schrepfer artfully professed the greatest repugnance and disinclination to the act, as being perilous to himself, and attended with various circumstances of horror. The promise thus obtained, it only remained, therefore, to fix on the spirit to be summoned from the tomb. After long consideration, the Chevalier de Saxe was named, and Schrepfer undertook to present his ghost in a visible form before a select company. The place chosen for making the experiment, was Prince Charles's palace in Dresden. But, as it was well



known that the elector, having the misfortune to be neither credulous nor inclined to permit such exhibitions in his capital, might disapprove and prohibit it, the strictest secrecy was observed previous to the affair.

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

Schrepfer naturally preferring darkness, as not only more private in itself, but every way better calculated for the effect of incantations, the company assembled on the appointed night. They were nineteen in number, of whom I personally know several, who are persons of consideration, character, and respectability. When they were met in the great gallery of Prince Charles's palace, the first object of all present was to secure the windows and doors, in order equally to prevent intrusion or deception. As far as precaution could effect it, they did so; and were satisfied that nothing except violence could procure access or entrance. Schrepfer then acquainted them, that the act which he was about to perform would demand all their firmness; and advised them to fortify their nerves by partaking of a bowl of punch, which was placed upon the table. Several of them (indeed, as I believe, all except one or two, thinking the exhortation judicious) very readily followed it; but the gentleman from whom I received these particulars, declined to profit by the advice. "I am come here," said he to Schrepfer, "to be present at raising an apparition. Either I will see all or nothing. My resolution is taken, and no inducement can make me put anything within my lips." Another of the company, who preserved his presence of mind, placed himself close to the principal door, in order to watch if any one attempted to open or to force it. These preparatory steps being taken, the great work began with the utmost solemnity.

Schrepfer commenced it by retiring into a corner of the gallery, where, kneeling down, with many mysterious ceremonies he invoked the spirits to appear, or rather to come to his aid; for it is allowed that none were ever visible. A very considerable time elapsed before they obeyed; during which interval, he labored apparently under great agitation of body and mind, being covered with a violent sweat, and almost in convulsions, like the Pytho-ness of antiquity. At length, a loud clatter was heard at all the windows, on the outside; which was soon followed by another noise, resembling more the effect produced by a number of wet fingers drawn over the edge of glasses than anything else to which it could well be compared. This sound announced, as he said, the arrival of his good or protecting spirits, and seemed to encourage him to proceed in his incantation. A short time afterward a yelling was heard, of a frightful and unusual nature, which came, as he declared, from the malignant spirits, whose presence, as it seems, was necessary and indispensable to the completion of the catastrophe.

The company were now, at least the greater part of them, electrified with

amazement or petrified with horror ; and of course fully prepared for every object or appearance which could be presented to their view. Schepfer continuing his invocations, the door suddenly opened with violence, and something that resembled a black ball or globe, rolled into the room. It was invested with smoke or cloud, in the midst of which appeared to be a human face, like the countenance of the Chevalier de Saxe ; much in the same manner, it would seem, that Coreggio or Annibale Caracci has represented Jupiter appearing to Semelé. From this form issued a loud and angry voice, which exclaimed in German, " Carl, was wolte du mit mich ? " " Charles, what wouldst thou with me ? Why dost thou disturb me ? "

Language is inadequate to describe the consternation produced among the assembled spectators at so awful a sight. Either firmly believing that the appearance which they beheld was spiritual and intangible, or deprived of resolution to approach and attempt to seize it, they appear to have made no effort to satisfy themselves of its incorporeal nature. The prince, whose imprudent curiosity had summoned his uncle's ghost, and to whom, as the person principally responsible the spectre addressed itself, far from manifesting self-possession, or attempting any reply, betrayed the strongest marks of horror and contrition. Throwing himself on his knees, he called on Heaven for mercy ; while others of the terrified party earnestly besought the magician to give the only remaining proof of his art, for which they now were anxious, by dismissing the apparition. But Schrepfer, though apparently willing to gratify them, found, or pretended to find, this effort beyond his power. However incredible, absurd, or ridiculous it may be thought, the persons who witnessed the scene protest that near an hour elapsed before, by the force of his invocations, the spectre could be compelled to disappear. Nay, when at length Schepfer had succeeded in dismissing it, at the moment that the company began to resume a degree of serenity, the door, which had been closed, burst open again, and the same hideous form presented itself anew to their eyes. The most resolute and collected among them were not proof to its second appearance, and a scene of universal dismay ensued. Schrepfer, however, by reiterated exorcisms or exertions, finally dismissed the apparition. The terrified spectators soon dispersed, overcome with amazement, and fully satisfied, as they well might be, of Schrepfer's supernatural powers.

The story of these proceedings no sooner spread through Dresden, than the elector expressed his disapprobation of such scenes, and issued his peremptory injunctions not to repeat them. Schrepfer soon retired to his native city, Leipsic, where his fame accompanied him, and drew after him a crowd of disciples or votaries. To them he continued to give, as is confidently asserted here, numerous and astonishing proofs of his supernatural power, some of which I have heard related ; but after the specimen that I have detailed, all others would be at once tedious and superfluous. Schrepfer did not long enjoy his celebrity, and his death is not the least extraordinary part of his history. Three gentlemen, whom he had in some measure initiated into his mysteries—for he professed to instruct in the science of magic—were promised by him an exhibition more wonderful than any at which they had yet assisted. For this purpose they attended him into the wood of Rosendaal, which is at a small distance without the gates of Liepsic. It was in summer, before the sun rose, between three and four o'clock in the morning. When they came to a certain part of the grove, he desired them to remain there a little, while he went on one side to make the requisite invocations. After waiting a few minutes, they heard the report of a pistol. Hastening to the spot, they found that he had shot himself, and was already without sense. He soon afterward expired. All those who believe him to have had intercourse with evil spirits, affirm that he was tormented by them perpetually, which rendering his life miserable, induced him to have re-



course to a pistol. I imagine, however, you will think with Horace, that it is not necessary to call in supernatural interference, in order to account for the violent end of such a man. He has left behind him many proselytes; but, I believe, no one who pretends to equal knowledge of his secrets.

How the Ghost of a Young Woman appeared to a Clergyman who had seduced her.

Some years ago, when travelling in Germany, it was our fortune to make the acquaintance of a Roman catholic clergyman, who was the subject of a most strange and frightful spiritual visitation.

In the year 1838, he had been appointed to a village parish, and entered upon his work with an ardor that distinguished him in all his pursuits. The first night that he spent in his own residence, he could not sleep; hour after hour he lay tossing on his restless bed, and rose in the morning without having closed an eye. He attributed this, however, to the excitement of his spirits, the strange bed, the fatigue of his journey—in short, to any cause but what proved to be the true one. The second night came, and he rested no better: the third and the fourth equally failed to bring him repose. He changed his hour of going to bed, worked hard during the day, did everything possible to win sleep to his pillow, but in vain. It might be on the seventh or eighth night that he felt, as he lay feverishly turning from side to side, something sitting, as he thought, on the side of his bed. He sat up, groped with his hand over the bed-coverings to the place where the pressure seemed to be, and was sensible of something that yielded to a push, but immediately after returned to its former place. He got up, and lighted a candle; there was nothing to be seen on the bed, nothing to be found in the room, that could have been the cause of his sensations. He lay down again, leaving the light burning; and now first did a superstitious awe steal over him, when he felt the weight on the bedside as before, while his eyes assured him that nothing visible occupied the place. Of sleep there was now no hope, and not only for that night, but for many following, till the health of the man, thus at once deprived of his natural rest, and pursued by the terrors of an invisible world, began perceptibly to give way. This had gone on about a fortnight, when he began to see something. It was the shape of a woman veiled from head to foot, as it seemed, in a gray mist, sitting on the bed. The haunted man began to fear for his reason; he wrote to Schubert, to Dr. Kerner, to Professor Eschenmayer, to every one he could hear of, as versed in the secrets of psychology; he detailed his sufferings; he supplicated help. As might be expected, the correspondence had no result but that of rendering the case more hopeless. The sufferer travelled from one master of the mystic science to another; and it was while on a visit to Schubert that we became acquainted with him. Of course all that could be done for him was done, and amounted to just—nothing. He returned in despair to his parish; and, to put the reality of the apparition to a new test, he spoke to it. It answered. He related this to his friends; they smiled, and said his poetical temperament was carrying him too far. More than one said, "Send your spectre to me; if there be anything in her, I'll find it out." He promised to do so, and kept his promise. Sleep, so long a stranger, revisited his bed; but the next morning, the rash inviter was sure to come, and say, one visit was enough for him, a second such night would drive him frantic. The niece of the clergyman, who was his housekeeper, a good-hearted and religious girl, heard of this, and begged her uncle to send her the apparition: he did it from time to time, to have a night's sleep. The phantom-lady, in all her visits to others, kept silence: no one but the cler-

gyman ever heard her speak ; perhaps, because no one else had the courage to speak to her. But *what* she said to him, he could never be induced to tell. So stood the matter when we were brought into contact with him. From other sources we have learned that he often passed his night in the open air, to evade the dreaded visitation, unwilling to lay too heavy a tax on the self-sacrificing affections of his niece.

Finally, on his death-bed, he confessed the apparition which had haunted him so long and so painfully, was that of a young girl whom he had seduced many years before, and who had died of a broken heart, because he had refused to renounce holy orders and marry her.



A Remarkable Dream verified.

The Roman orator Quintus takes notice of a very remarkable dream. This dream was so well known, and the relator a man of such authority, that he questions if there be any one that can possibly doubt the truth of it. Two Arcadian friends were travelling together, and when they came to a place called Megara, the one lodged at an inn, the other at a friend's house ; the latter, at the dead time of the night, thought he saw the other in his sleep entreating him that he would come to his assistance, for the innkeeper was going to murder him. The dream struck such a terror that he forthwith got up ; but after he had awhile recollected himself, and thought there was nothing of reality in what he had seen, he laid himself down again ; and falling asleep, he was soon importuned by the same person, that, since he did not help him when alive, he would not fail to see justice done now he was dead ; and for that purpose, let him know that the innkeeper had thrown his body into a cart, and covered it with dung ; but requested that he would be early at the gate, before the cart was gone out of town. The dream then made such an impression that, meeting with the carter next morning at the gate, and putting the question home to him, what he might have in his cart, the fellow was so confounded that he immediately took to his heels ; the corpse was dragged out, and the innkeeper had the punishment he deserved.

How a Young Woman was carried off by Fairies, and never recovered.

AN industrious man, a weaver in the little town of North Berwick, Scotland, was married to a beautiful woman, who, after bearing two or three children, was so unfortunate as to die during the birth of a fourth child. The infant was saved, but the mother had expired in convulsions; and as she was much disfigured after death, it became an opinion among her gossips, that, from some neglect of those who ought to have watched the sick woman, she must have been carried off by the elves, and this ghastly corpse substituted in the place of the body. The widower paid little attention to these rumors, and, after bitterly lamenting his wife for a year of mourning, began to think on the prudence of forming a new marriage, which, to a poor artisan with so young a family, and without the assistance of a housewife, was almost a matter of necessity. He readily found a neighbor with whose good looks he was satisfied, while her character for temper seemed to warrant her good usage of his children. He proposed himself and was accepted, and carried the names of the parties to the clergyman (called, I believe, Mr. Matthew Reid) for the due proclamation of banns. As the man had really loved his late partner, it is likely that this proposed decisive alteration of his condition brought back many reflections concerning the period of their union, and with these recalled the extraordinary rumors which were afloat at the time of her decease, so that the whole forced upon him the following lively dream:—

As he lay in his bed, awake as he thought, he beheld, at the ghostly hour of midnight, the figure of a female dressed in white, who entered his hut, stood by the side of his bed, and appeared to him the very likeness of his late wife. He conjured her to speak, and with astonishment heard her say, that she was not dead, but the unwilling captive of the good neighbors, or fairies. She told him that, if all the love which he once had for her was not entirely gone, an opportunity still remained of recovering her, or “winning her back,” as it was usually termed, from the comfortless realms of Elfland. She charged him, on a certain day of the ensuing week, that he should convene the most respectable housekeepers in the town, with the clergyman at their head, and should disinter the coffin in which she was supposed to have been buried. “The clergyman is to recite certain prayers, upon which,” said the apparition, “I will start from the coffin, and fly with great speed round the church, and you must have the fleetest runner of the parish (naming a man famed for swiftness) to pursue me, and such a one, the smith, renowned for his strength, to hold me fast after I am overtaken; and in that case I shall, by the prayers of the church, and the efforts of my loving husband and neighbors, again recover my station in human society.” In the morning the poor widower was distressed with the recollection of his dream, but, ashamed and puzzled, took no measures in consequence. A second night, the visitation was again repeated. On the third night she appeared with a sorrowful and displeased countenance, upbraided him with want of love and affection, and conjured him, for the last time, to attend to her instructions, which, if he now neglected, she would never have power to visit earth or communicate with him again. In order to convince him that there was no delusion, he saw in his dream that she took up the child at whose birth she had died, and gave it suck; she spilled, also, a drop or two of her milk on the poor man’s bedclothes, as if to assure him of the reality of the vision.

The next morning the terrified widower carried a statement of his perplexity to Mr. Matthew Reid, the clergyman. This reverend person, besides being an excellent divine in other respects, was at the same time a man of sagacity, who understood the human passions. He did not attempt

to combat the reality of the vision which had thrown his parishioner into this tribulation, but he contended it could be only an illusion of the devil. He explained to the widower, that no created being could have the right or power to imprison or detain the soul of a Christian—conjured him not to believe that his wife was otherwise disposed of than according to God's pleasure—assured him that protestant doctrine utterly denies the existence of any middle state in the world to come—and explained to him that he, as a clergyman of the church of Scotland, neither could nor dared authorize opening graves, or using the intervention of prayer to sanction rites of a suspicious character. The poor man, confounded and perplexed by various feelings, asked his pastor what he should do. "I will give you my best advice," said the clergyman: "Get your new bride's consent to be married to-morrow, or to-day, if you can; I will take it on me to dispense with the rest of the banns, or proclaim them three times in one day. You will have a new wife, and if you think of the former, it will be only as of one from whom death has separated you, and for whom you may have thoughts of affection and sorrow, but as a saint in heaven, and not as a prisoner in Elfland."

The advice was taken, and the perplexed widower had no more visitations from his former spouse. She had probably left him in disgust at his perfidy.

*Apparition of a Minister and his two Murdered Sons, seen by the
Königsberg Professor of Moral Philosophy, as related by the Count
Falkesheim.*

"I AM not so decidedly skeptical on the possibility of supernatural appearance," said Count Falkesheim to Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, "as to treat them with ridicule, because they may appear to be unphilosophical. I received my education in the university of Königsberg, where I had the advantage of attending lectures in ethics and moral philosophy, delivered by a professor who was esteemed a very superior man in those branches of science. He had, nevertheless, though an ecclesiastic, the reputation of being tinctured with incredulity on various points connected with revealed religion. When, therefore, it became necessary for him in the course of his lectures to treat on the nature of spirit as detached from matter, to discuss the immortality of the soul, and to enter on the doctrine of a future state, I listened with more than ordinary attention to his opinions. In speaking of all these mysterious objects, there appeared to me to be so visible an embarrassment, both in his language and in his expressions, that I felt the strongest curiosity to question him further respecting them. Finding myself alone with him soon afterward, I ventured to state to him my remarks on his deportment, and entreated him to tell me if they were well founded or only imaginary suggestions.

"The hesitation which you noticed," answered he, "resulted from the conflict that takes place within me, when I am attempting to convey my ideas on a subject where my understanding is at variance with the testimony of my senses. I am equally, from reason and reflection, disposed to consider with incredulity and contempt the existence of apparitions. But an appearance, which I have witnessed with my own eyes, as far as they, or any of the perceptions can be confided in, and which has ever received a sort of subsequent confirmation, from other circumstances connected with the original facts, leave me in that state of skepticism and suspense which pervaded my discourse. I will communicate to you its cause. Having been brought up to the profession of the church, I was presented by Frederic Wil-



THE SPECTRE PREACHER.

liam the First, late king of Prussia, to a small benefice, situated in the interior of the country, at a considerable distance south of Königsberg. I repaired thither in order to take possession of my living, and found a neat parsonage-house, where I passed the night in the bedchamber which had been occupied by my predecessor.

"It was in the longest days of summer; and on the following morning, which was Sunday, while lying awake, the curtains of the bed being undrawn, and it being broad daylight, I beheld the figure of a man, habited in a sort of loose gown, standing at a reading desk, on which lay a large book, the leaves of which he appeared to turn over at intervals; on each side of him stood a little boy, in whose faces he looked earnestly from time to time, and as he looked he seemed always to heave a deep sigh. His countenance, pale and disconsolate, indicated some distress of mind. I had the most perfect view of these objects, but being impressed with too much terror and apprehension to rise or to address myself to the appearances before me, I remained for some minutes a breathless and silent spectator, without uttering a word or altering my position. At length the man closed the book, and then taking the two children, one in each hand, he led them slowly across the room; my eyes eagerly followed him till the three figures gradually disappeared, or were lost behind an iron stove which stood at the farthest corner of the apartment.

"However deeply and awfully I was affected by the sight which I had witnessed, and however incapable I was of explaining it to my own satisfaction, yet I recovered sufficiently the possession of my mind to get up, and having hastily dressed myself I left the house. The sun was long risen, and directing my steps to the church, I found that it was open; but the sexton had quitted it, and on entering the chancel, my mind and imagination were so strongly impressed by the scene which had recently passed, that I endeavored to dissipate the recollection by considering the objects around me. In almost all Lutheran churches of the Prussian dominions, it is the custom to hang up against the walls, or some part of the building, the portraits of the successive pastors or clergymen, who have held the living. A number of these paintings, rudely performed, were suspended in one of the aisles. But I had no sooner fixed my eyes on the last in the range, which was the portrait of my immediate predecessor, than they became riveted to the object; as I instantly recognised the same face which I had beheld in my bedchamber, though not clouded by the same deep impression of melancholy and distress. The sexton entered as I was still contemplating this interesting head, and I immediately began a conversation with him on the subject of the persons who had preceded me in the living. He remembered several incumbents, concerning whom, respectively, I made various inquiries, till I concluded by the last, relative to whose history I was particularly inquisitive. 'We considered him,' said the sexton, 'as one of the most learned and amiable men who have ever resided among us. His character and benevolence endeared him to all his parishioners, who will long lament his loss. But he was carried off in the middle of his days by a lingering illness, the cause of which has given rise to many unpleasant reports among us, and which still forms matter of conjecture. It is, however, commonly believed that he died of a broken heart.'

"My curiosity being still more warmly excited by the mention of this circumstance I eagerly pressed him to disclose to me what he knew or had heard on the subject. 'Nothing respecting it,' answered he, 'is absolutely known, but scandal has propagated a story of his having formed a criminal connexion with a young woman of the neighborhood by whom it was even asserted he had two sons. As confirmation of the report, I know that there certainly were two children who have been seen at the parsonage, boys of about four or five years old. But they suddenly disappeared, some time be-

fore the decease of their supposed father ; though to what place they are sent, or what is become of them, we are wholly ignorant. It is equally certain, that the surmises and unfavorable opinions formed respecting this mysterious business, which must necessarily have reached him, precipitated, if they did not produce the disorder of which our late pastor died ; one singular incident occurred shortly after his death. A worthy farmer and his wife in this neighborhood, were passing through a forest two miles back of the parsonage, when they distinctly saw the apparition of their former pastor preaching from a pulpit. He then and there acknowledged that he was suffering torments for having perpetrated the murder.'

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

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

• *The singular Adventure of Thomas the Rhymer, and his Seduction by the Queen of the Fairies.*

Thomas of Erceldoune, in Lauderdale, familiarly called Thomas the Rhymer, on account of his producing a poetical romance on the subject of Tristrem and Yseult, which is curious as the earliest specimen of English verse known to exist, flourished in the reign of Alexander III. of Scotland. Like other men of talent of the period, Thomas was suspected of magic. He was said, also, to have the gift of prophecy, which was accounted for in the following peculiar manner, referring entirely to his singularly wonderful visit to Elfland, which is related as follows :—

As Thomas lay on Huntly bank, a place on the decent of the Eildon hills, which raise their triple crest above the celebrated monastery of Melrose, he saw a lady so extremely beautiful that he imagined it must be the Virgin Mary herself. Her appointments, however, were those rather of an Amazon, or goddess of the woods. Her steed was of the highest beauty and spirit, and at his mane hung thirty silver bells and nine, which made music to the wind as she paced along : her saddle was of royal bone (ivory), laid over with goldsmith's work : her stirrups, her dress, all corresponded with her extreme beauty and the magnificence of her array. The fair huntress

had her bow in her hand, and her arrows at her belt. She led three greyhounds in a leash, and three raches, or hounds of scent, followed her closely. She rejected and disclaimed the homage which Thomas desired to pay to her; so that, passing from one extremity to the other, Thomas became as bold as he had at first been humble. The lady warns him that he must become her slave, if he should prosecute his suit toward her in the manner he proposes. Before their interview terminates, the appearance of the beautiful lady is changed into that of the most hideous hag in existence: one side is blighted and wasted, as if by palsy; one eye drops from her head; her color, as clear as the virgin silver, is now of a dun, leaden hue. A witch from the hospital or almshouse would have been a goddess in comparison to the late beautiful huntress. Hideous as she was, Thomas's irregular desires had placed him under the control of this hag, and when she bade him take leave of the sun, and of the leaf that grew on the tree, he felt himself under the necessity of obeying her. A cavern received them, in which, following his frightful guide, he for three days travelled in darkness, sometimes hearing the booming of a distant ocean, sometimes walking through rivers of blood, which crossed their subterranean path. At length they emerged into daylight, in a most beautiful orchard. Thomas, almost fainting for want of food, stretches out his hand toward the goodly fruit which hangs around him, but is forbidden by his conductress, who informs him these are the fatal apples which were the cause of the fall of man. He perceives, also, that his guide had no sooner entered this mysterious ground, and breathed its magic air, than she was revived in beauty, equipage, and splendor, as fair or fairer than he had first seen her on the mountain. She then commands him to lay his head upon her knee, and proceeds to explain to him the character of the country. "Yonder right-hand path," she says, "conveys the spirits of the blest to paradise; yon downward and well-worn way leads sinful souls to the place of everlasting punishment; the third road, by yonder dark brake, conducts to the milder place of pain, from which prayer and mass may release offenders. But see you yet a fourth road, sweeping along the plain to yonder splendid castle? yonder is the road to Elfland, to which we are now bound. The lord of the castle is king of the country, and I am his queen. But, Thomas, I would rather be drawn with wild horses, than he should know what hath passed between you and me. Therefore, when we enter yonder castle, observe strict silence, and answer no question that is asked of you, and I will account for your silence by saying I took your speech when I brought you from middle earth."

Having thus instructed her lover, they journeyed on to the castle, and entering by the kitchen, found themselves in the midst of such a festive scene as might become the mansion of a great feudal lord or prince. Thirty carcasses of deer were lying on the massive kitchen board, under the hands of numerous cooks, who toiled to cut them up and dress them, while the gigantic greyhounds which had taken the spoil lay lapping the blood, and enjoying the sight of the slain game. They came next to the royal hall, where the king received his loving consort without censure or suspicion. Knights and ladies, dancing by threes (reels, perhaps), occupied the floor of the hall, and Thomas, the fatigues of his journey from the Eildon hills forgotten, went forward and joined in the revelry. After a period, however, which seemed to him a very short one, the queen spoke with him apart, and bade him prepare to return to his own country. "Now," said the queen, "how long think you that you have been here?"—"Certes, fair lady," answered Thomas, "not above these seven days."—"You are deceived," answered the queen, "you have been seven *years* in this castle; and it is full time you were gone. Know, Thomas, that the fiend of hell will come to this castle to-morrow to demand his tribute, and so handsome a man as you will attract his eye: for all the world would I not suffer you to be betrayed to such a

fate; therefore up, and let us be going." This terrible news reconciled Thomas to his departure from Elfin land, and the queen was not long in placing him upon Huntly bank, where the birds were singing. She took a tender leave of him, and to insure his reputation, bestowed on him the tongue which *could not lie*. Thomas in vain objected to this inconvenient and involuntary adhesion to veracity, which would make him, as he thought, unfit for church or for market, for king's court or for lady's bower. But all his remonstrances were disregarded by the lady, and Thomas the Rhymers, whenever the discourse turned on the future, gained the credit of a prophet, whether he would or not; for he could say nothing but what was sure to come to pass.

Thomas remained several years in his own tower near Erceldoune, and enjoyed the fame of his predictions, several of which are current among the country people to this day. At length, as the prophet was entertaining the earl of March in his dwelling, a cry of astonishment arose in the village, on the appearance of a hart and hind, which left the forest, and, contrary to their shy nature, came quietly onward, traversing the village toward the dwelling of Thomas. The prophet instantly rose from the board; and, acknowledging the prodigy as the summons of his fate, he accompanied the hart and hind into the forest, and though occasionally seen by individuals to whom he has chosen to show himself, has never again mixed familiarly with mankind, but has become the permanent slave of his fairy mistress.

The extraordinary Case of Lady Beresford, and Apparition of Lord Tyrone to her.

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

Their guardian dying when they were each of them about fourteen years of age, they fell into very different hands. The persons on whom the care of them now devolved used every means to eradicate the erroneous principles they had imbibed, and to persuade them to embrace revealed religion, but in vain. Their arguments were insufficient to convince, though they were strong enough to stagger their former faith. Though separated from each other, their friendship was unalterable, and they continued to regard each other with a sincere and fraternal affection. After some years were elapsed, and both were grown up, they made a solemn promise to each other that whichever should die first, would, if permitted, appear to the other, to declare what religion was most approved by the Supreme Being. Miss D—— was shortly after addressed by Sir Martin Beresford, to whom she was after a few years married, but a change of condition had no power to alter their friendship. The families visited each other, and often spent some weeks together. A short time after one of these visits, Sir Martin remarked that, when his lady came down to breakfast, her countenance was disturbed, and inquired after her health. She assured him she was quite well. He then asked her if she had hurt her wrist: "Have you sprained it?" said he, observing a black riband round it. She answered in the negative, and added, "Let me conjure you, Sir Martin, never to inquire the cause of my wearing this riband: you will never see me without it. If it concerned you as a husband to know, I would not for a moment conceal it; I never in my life denied you a request: but of this I entreat you to forgive me the refusal, and never to entreat me further on the subject."—"Very well," said he, smiling, "since you beg me so earnestly, I will inquire no more." The conversation here ended; but breakfast was scarcely over when



LORD TYRONE AND LADY BERESFORD.

Lady Beresford eagerly inquired if the post was come in : she was told it was not. In a few minutes she rang again, and repeated the inquiry. She was again answered as at first. "Do you expect letters?" said Sir Martin, "that you are so anxious for the arrival of the post?"—"I do," she answered : "I expect to hear that Lord Tyrone is dead ; he died last Tuesday, at four o'clock."—"I never in my life," said Sir Martin, "believed you superstitious ; some idle dream has surely thus alarmed you." At that instant the servant entered and delivered to them a letter sealed with black. "It is as I expected," exclaimed Lady Beresford ; "Lord Tyrone is dead !" Sir Martin opened the letter ; it came from Lord Tyrone's steward, and contained the melancholy intelligence of his master's death, and on the very day and hour Lady Beresford had before specified. Sir Martin begged Lady Beresford to compose herself, and she assured him she felt much easier than she had done for a long time ; and added, "I can communicate intelligence to you which I know will prove welcome : I can assure you, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that I shall in some months present you with a son." Sir Martin received this news with the greatest joy. After some months, Lady Beresford was delivered of a son (she had before been the mother of only two daughters). Sir Martin survived the birth of his son little more than four years. After his decease, his widow seldom left home ; she visited no family but that of a clergyman who resided in the same village ; with them she frequently passed a few hours every day : the rest of her time was spent in solitude, and she appeared determined for ever to banish all other society. The clergyman's family consisted of himself, his wife, and one son, who, at the time of Sir Martin's death, was quite a youth. To this son, however, she was after a few years married, notwithstanding the disparity of years, and the manifest imprudence of a connexion so unequal in every point of view. Lady Beresford was treated by her young husband with contempt and cruelty, while at the same time his conduct evinced him the most abandoned libertine, utterly destitute of every principle of virtue and humanity. By this, her second husband, she had two daughters ; after which, such was the baseness of his conduct, that she insisted on a separation. They parted for a few years, when, so great was the contrition he expressed for his former conduct, that, won over by his supplications, promises, and entreaties, she was induced to pardon, and once more reside with him, and was in time the mother of a son.

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

a period which is not far distant. You, Lady Betty, are no stranger to the friendship which subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself: we were educated under the same roof, and in the same principles of deism. When the friends, into whose hands we afterward fell, endeavored to persuade us to embrace revealed religion, their arguments, though insufficient to convince, were powerful enough to stagger our former feelings, and to leave us wavering between the two opinions. In this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other that whichever died first should (if permitted) appear to the other, and declare what religion was most acceptable to God. Accordingly, one night, while I was in bed, I suddenly awoke and discovered Lord Tyrone standing by my bedside. I screamed out, 'For Heaven's sake, Lord Tyrone, by what means or for what reason came you hither at this time of night?'—'Have you then forgotten our promise?' said he. 'I died last Tuesday, at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to appear to you, to assure you that the revealed religion is true, and the only religion by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you that you will soon produce a son, which it is decreed will marry my daughter. Not many years after his birth Sir Martin will die, and you will marry again, and to a man by whose ill treatment you will be rendered miserable; you will have two daughters, and afterward a son, in childbirth of whom you will die in the forty-seventh year of your age.'—'Just Heavens!' I exclaimed, 'and can not I prevent this?'—'Undoubtedly you may,' returned the spectre: 'you are a free agent, and may prevent it all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage; but your passions are strong, you know not their power; hitherto you have had no trials. More I am not permitted to reveal; but if, after this warning, you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable indeed!'—'May I not ask,' said I, 'if you are happy?'—'Had I been otherwise,' he replied, 'I should not have been permitted to appear to you.'—'I may then infer that you are happy?' He smiled. 'But how,' said I, 'when morning comes, shall I know that your appearance to me has been real, and not the mere representation of my own imagination?'—'Will not the news of my death be sufficient to convince you?'—'No,' I returned; 'I might have had such a dream, and that dream accidentally come to pass. I will have some stronger proofs of its reality.'—'You shall,' said he, and, waving his hand, the bed-curtains, which were crimson velvet, were instantly drawn through a large iron hoop by which the tester of the bed was suspended. 'In that,' continued he, 'you can not be mistaken; no mortal arm could have performed this.'—'True,' said I, 'but sleeping we are often possessed of far more strength than when awake: though waking I could not have done it, asleep I might; and I shall still doubt.'—'Very well,' said he; 'dress yourself, and come into your sitting-room.'

"As my husband, Sir Martin, still slept, I readily obeyed his order; when I was dressed, I found Lord Tyrone sitting upon the sofa. He arose as I entered. 'You are hard of belief,' said he: 'it would injure you irreparably were I to give you unmistakable proof; it is not for spirits to touch mortal flesh.'—'I do not,' said I, 'regard a slight blemish.'—'You are a woman of courage,' replied he; 'hold out your hand.' I did. He clasped it; his hand was cold as marble: he then put it to his lips, and in a moment the sinews shrunk up, every nerve withered. 'Now,' continued he, 'while you live let no mortal eye behold that wrist: to see it is sacrilege.' He stopped; I turned to him again: he was gone. During the time I had conversed with him my thoughts were perfectly calm and collected; but the moment he was gone, I felt chilled with horror; I endeavored, but in vain, to awake Sir Martin; all my attempts were ineffectual, and in this state of agitation and terror I resumed my bed and lay for some time, when a shower of tears came to my relief, and I dropped asleep. In the morning, Sir Martin arose

and dressed himself as usual without perceiving the state the curtains remained in. When I awoke, I found Sir Martin gone down ; I arose, and, having put on my clothes, went to the gallery adjoining the apartment, and took thence a long broom (such as cornices are swept with) : by the help of this I took down with some difficulty the curtains, as I imagined their extraordinary position might excite suspicion in the family. I then went to the bureau, took up my pocket-book, and bound a piece of black riband round my wrist. When I came down, the agitation of my mind had left an impression on my countenance too visible to pass unobserved by my husband. He instantly remarked it, and asked the cause. I informed him that Lord Tyrone was no more—that he died at the hour of four on the preceding Tuesday—and desired him never to question me more respecting the black riband, which he kindly desisted from after. You, my son, as had been foretold, I afterward brought into the world, and in little more than four years after your birth your lamented father expired in my arms. After this melancholy event, I determined, as the only probable chance to avoid the sequel of the prediction, for ever to abandon all society ; to give up every pleasure resulting from it, and to pass the rest of my days in solitude and retirement. But few can long endure to exist in a state of perfect sequestration : I began an intimacy with a family, and one alone ; nor could I then foresee the fatal consequences which afterward resulted from it. Little did I think their son, their only son, then a mere youth, would form the person destined by fate to prove my destruction ! In a very few years I ceased to regard him with indifference ; I endeavored by every possible way to conquer a passion the fatal effects of which I too well knew. I had fondly imagined I had overcome its influence, when the evening of one fatal day terminated my fortitude, and plunged me in a moment down that abyss I had so long been meditating how to shun. He had often solicited his parents for leave to go into the army, and at last obtained permission, and came to bid me adieu before his departure. The instant he entered the room he fell upon his knees at my feet, told me he was miserable, and that I alone was the cause. At that moment my fortitude forsook me, I gave myself up for lost, and regarding my fate as inevitable, without further hesitation consented to a union, the immediate result of which I knew to be misery, and its end death. The conduct of my husband, after a few years, amply justified a separation, and I hoped by this means to avoid the fatal sequel of the prophecy ; but, won over by his reiterated entreaties, I was prevailed upon to pardon, and once more reside with him, though not till after I had, as I thought, passed my forty-seventh year.

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

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

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

An hour passed, and all was quiet in the room. They listened at the

door, and everything remained still ; but in half an hour more a bell rang violently. They flew to her apartment, but, before they reached the door, they heard the servants exclaim, " Oh, she is dead ! " Lady Betty then bade the servants for a few minutes to quit the room, and herself with Lady Beresford's son approached the bed of his mother ; they knelt down by the side of it ; Lady Betty then lifted up her hand and untied the riband : the wrist was found exactly as Lady Beresford had described it—every sinew shrunk, every nerve withered.

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

How the Apparition of Dudley Moore, a Soldier of the Thirty-Second Irish Regiment, appeared to his Brother in Dublin.

Dudley Moore had enlisted in the thirty-second foot contrary to the wishes of his friends, and in fact without their knowledge. This was in the year 1810. His relatives did not even know that he had enlisted at all, until after the singular events occurred which we are about to relate. On the night of the 16th of May, 1811, when Mr. George W. Moore and his wife were about to retire to bed, they heard some one outside the house calling " George." Mr. Moore, thinking it was his brother Charles, slipped on his gown and pantaloons and started to go down to the front door. On gaining the hall, the same voice appeared to be in the passage-way, calling " George, O brother George !" Mr. Moore involuntarily started back into his sleeping apartment, but he was closely followed by the apparition (for such it proved to be) of his missing brother. " Why, Dudley !" exclaimed the terrified Mrs. Moore, " what is the matter with you [ghosts always look very pale], and where did you come from ? " " I belonged to the thirty-second regiment," said he, " and was at the bloody battle of Badajoz : I received a musket-ball here " (putting his hand upon his breast). Mrs. Moore, who had put on a morning dress, rang the bell for her servant, in order to provide a suitable apartment for her brother-in-law, and Mr. Moore left the room and asked him to walk down stairs. He followed his brother through the passage, but when the latter had reached the parlor, the mysterious guest was gone !

This singular visitation was talked of all over Dublin, before the news of the battle of Badajoz had reached there. Meanwhile George and Charles Moore procured a list of the soldiers of the thirty-second regiment, and found the name of their brother Dudley on it ! They also ascertained that the regiment had sailed for Spain some time before.

These singular coincidences were freely talked of in Dublin, and many believed that Dudley Moore was dead. Others believed that he was concealed somewhere about the city. Finally, in about two weeks, came the news of the bloody battle of Badajoz, which took place on the very day of the appearance of Dudley Moore. This fact staggered the most incredulous among his friends. It was nearly a month before it was positively ascertained that he was killed in that celebrated battle. Then all doubts of the positive appearance of his ghost ceased. There are persons now living in the city of New York who were fully aware of these singular events at the time they occurred in Dublin.



THE THREE BOSTON WITCHES.

An Account of Four Children in Boston who were bewitched.

COTTON MATHER relates the following very remarkable case of witchcraft, which is attested to by a whole court and jury assembled in the city of Boston:—

This is the case of four children of John Goodwin, of Boston, Massachusetts, all religiously educated. These children, in the year 1688, were wrought on by witchcraft, by an old woman, whom the eldest daughter, who was about thirteen years of age, had provoked, so that she was immediately seized with odd fits: in a short time after, one of her sisters and two brothers were horribly seized with the same, and all the children were tormented still just in the same part of the bodies, at the same time, though their pains flew like lightning from one part to another, and they were kept so far asunder, that they neither saw nor heard one another's complaints. At nine or ten of the clock at night they still had a release from their miseries, and slept all night pretty well; but when the day came they were again miserably handled: sometimes they were deaf, sometimes dumb, sometimes blind, and often all three at once, and many other unaccountable symptoms attended them: they made most piteous outcries, that they were cut with knives, and struck with blows, and the plain prints of the wounds were seen upon them. The suspected woman's house being searched, several images, or puppets, or babies, made of rags, and stuffed with goat's hair, were there found, and the woman confessed that the way to torment the objects of her malice was by wetting of her finger with her spittle, and stroking those little images. The abused children were then present in the court, and one of the images being brought to the woman, she started up, and snatched it into her hand, when presently upon it one of the children fell into sad fits, before the whole assembly. The judge cause a repetition of the experiment, and still found the same effect of it, though the children saw not when the hand of the witch was laid upon the images. To make all things clear, the court appointed five or six physicians to examine her very strictly, whether she were no way crazed in her understanding, who, after spending several hours with her, returned her *compos mentis*, and sentence of death was passed on her. After her condemnation, Mr. Mather says he visited her several times, and she then told him she used to be at meetings where her prince and some of her companions were present; she told him who her companions were, and plainly said that her prince was the devil. At their meetings they would sometimes have the naked bodies of dead persons, and would thus torment the living by plying at the vitals of the dead.

She was burnt at the public stake, in front of the town-hall, and at her execution she said the afflicted children should not be relieved by her death, for others besides herself had a hand in their affliction. Accordingly, the children continued afflicted far worse than before: one of the children discerned the spectres, and told the names of those that tormented them; a blow struck at the place where he saw the spectre, was always felt by the boy himself, in that part of his body which answered to that which was struck at; and this, though his back were turned, and the thing so done that there could be no collusion in it, yet after the agonies were over, to which a push or a stab at the spectre had put him to, as in a minute or two they would be, he would have a respite from his ails a considerable while, and the spectre would be gone. The affliction of the children went on till they barked at each other like dogs, and then purred like cats. They would complain they were in a red-hot oven, and sweated and panted as if they had been really so. Then they would say that cold water was thrown on them, at which they would shiver very much. They would complain of being roasted on an invisible spit, and lie, and roll, and groan as if it had been so;

and by-and-by screech out, that knives were cutting them. They would complain that their heads were nailed to the floor, and it was beyond an ordinary strength to pull them thence.

The eldest girl, being at Mr. Mather's house, a chain, invisible to any but herself, would be clapped about her, and she, in much pain and fear, would cry out when they began to put it on; sometimes persons present could with their hands knock it off, as it began to be fastened; but ordinarily when it was on she would be pulled out of her seat with so much violence, toward the fire, that it was as much as one or two could do to keep her out; if persons present stamped on the hearth, just between her and the fire, she screamed out, that by jarring the chain they hurt her. An unseen rope, with a noose was put about her neck, whereby she was choked till she was black in the face; and though it was got off before it had killed her, yet there were the red marks of it, and of a finger and a thumb near it, remaining to be seen for some while afterward. These children were often near burning and drowning, and strangling themselves with their neckcloths, but still seasonably succored; and, to omit many other circumstances, they were at length delivered from their great affliction by the prayers of a very religious man, who constantly besought God to turn the hearts of those obdurate witches.

It was ascertained afterward that this league of witches had disinterred the ashes of their burnt companion, and had used them in tormenting the children till they were entirely gone.

How a supposed Witch was weighed against a Church-Bible, and was acquitted of Witchcraft.

THE following inhuman proceedings occurred at Oakly, near Bedford, in England, on the 12th of July, 1707:—

There was one woman, upward of sixty years of age, who, being under an imputation of witchcraft, was desirous to escape from so foul a suspicion, and to conciliate the good-will of her neighbors, by allowing them to duck her. The parish officers consented to the experiment, and promised the poor woman a guinea if she should clear herself by sinking. The unfortunate object was tied up in a wet sheet, her thumbs and great toes were bound together, her cap torn off, and all her apparel searched for pins, for there was an idea that a single pin spoiled the operation of the charm. She was then dragged through the river Ouse by a rope tied round her middle. Unhappily for the poor woman, her body floated, though her head remained under water. The experiment was made three times, with the same effect. The cry to hang or drown the witch then became general; and as she lay half dead on the bank, they loaded the poor creature with reproaches, and hardly forbore blows. A single humane bystander took her part, and exposed himself to rough usage for doing so. Luckily one of the mob at length suggested the additional experiment of weighing the witch against the church-bible. The friend of humanity caught at this means of escape, supporting the proposal by the staggering argument, that the Scripture, being the work of God himself, must outweigh necessarily all the operations or vassals of the devil. The reasoning was received as conclusive, the more readily as it promised a new species of amusement. The woman was then weighed against a church-bible of twelve pounds, and as she was considerably heavier than the bible, was dismissed with honor. But many of the mob counted her acquittal irregular, and would have had the poor dame drowned or hanged on the result of her ducking, as the more authentic species of trial.

The Witch Pricker of Scotland—Singular Mode of Testing a Witch.

A CELEBRATED Scottish judge named Hopkins, had a peculiar mode of detecting witches, and torturing them at the same time, to draw forth confession. This was by running pins into their body, or pretence of discovering the devil's stigma, or mark, which was said to be inflicted by him upon all his vassals, and to be insensible to pain. This species of search was reduced to a trade; and the town witch-pricker was allowed to torture the accused party, in exercise of his lawful calling. At the trial of Janet Peaston of Dalkeith, the magistrates and ministers of that market town caused John Kincaid of Tranent, the common pricker, to exercise his craft upon her. He, having stripped her naked and searched her entire body found two marks of what he called the devil's making, and which appeared indeed to be so, for she could not feel the pin when it was put into either of the said marks, nor did they (the marks) bleed when the pin was taken out again; and when she was asked where she thought the pins were put in, she pointed to a part of her body distant from the real place. They were pins of three inches in length.

Besides the fact, that the persons of old people especially sometimes contain spots void of sensibility, there is also room to believe that the professed prickers used a pin, the point, or lower part of which was, on being pressed down, sheathed in the upper, which was hollow for the purpose, and that which appeared to enter the body did not pierce it at all. This was the more thought to be true from the fact that when persons of means were accused, they could easily buy off the public pricker by a gift.

How the Apparitions of Three Ladies in Green were made to appear to a brave Major after he got to bed.

At a certain old castle on the confines of Hungary, the lord to whom it belonged had determined upon giving an entertainment worthy of his rank, and of the magnificence of the antique mansion which he inhabited. The guests of course were numerous, and among them was a veteran officer of Hussars, remarkable for his bravery. When the arrangements for the night were made, this officer was informed that there would be difficulty in accommodating the company in the castle, large as it was, unless some one would take the risk of sleeping in a room supposed to be haunted; and that, as he was known to be above such prejudices, the apartment was, in the first place, proposed for his occupation, as the person least likely to suffer a bad night's rest from such a cause. The major thankfully accepted the preference, and having shared the festivity of the evening, retired after midnight, having denounced vengeance against any one who should presume by any trick to disturb his repose—a threat which his habits would, it was supposed, render him sufficiently ready to execute. Somewhat contrary to the custom in these cases, the major went to bed, having left his candle burning, and laid his trusty pistols, carefully loaded, on the table by his bedside.

He had not slept an hour when he was awakened by a solemn strain of music. He looked out. Three ladies, fantastically dressed in green, were seen in the lower end of the apartment, who sung a solemn requiem. The major listened for some time with delight; at length he tired: "Ladies," he said, "this is very well, but somewhat monotonous—will you be so kind as to change the tune?" The ladies continued singing; he expostulated, but the music was not interrupted. The major began to grow angry: "Ladies," he said, "I must consider this as a trick for the purpose of terrifying

me, and, as I regard it as an impertinence, I shall take a rough mode of stopping it." With that he began to handle his pistols. The ladies sung on. He then got seriously angry: "I will wait but five minutes," he said, "and then fire without hesitation." The song was uninterrupted—the five minutes were expired: "I still give you law, ladies," he said, "while I count twenty." This produced as little effect as his former threats. He counted one, two, three, accordingly; but on approaching the end of the number, and repeating more than once his determination to fire, the last numbers—seventeen—eighteen—nineteen—were pronounced with considerable pauses between, and an assurance that the pistols were cocked. The ladies sung on. As he pronounced the word twenty, he fired both pistols against the musical damsels; but the ladies sung on! The major was overcome by the unexpected inefficacy of his violence, and had an illness which lasted more than three weeks.

The trick put upon him may be shortly described by the fact, that the female choristers were placed in an adjoining room, and that he only fired at their reflection thrown forward into that in which he slept by the effect of an immense concave mirror ingeniously placed for the purpose.

Remarkable Apparition of Major Blomberg to the Governor of Dominica.

EARLY in the American war, the veteran Major Blomberg, the father of Dr. Blomberg, was expected to join his regiment, which was at the time on service in the island of Dominica. His period of absence had expired, and his brother officers, eagerly anticipating his return, as vessel after vessel arrived from England without conveying the looked for passenger, declared one to another, "Well, at all events, he must come in the next." His presence in the island now became indispensable; and the governor, impatient of so long an absence, was on the point of writing a remonstrance on the subject to the authorities in England, when, as he was sitting at night in his parlor, dressed in his gown and slippers, and reflecting on the conduct of the absentee, with no very favorable or lenient thoughts, a step was heard to ascend the stairs, and walk along the passage without. "Who can it be?" thought the governor, "intruding at so late an hour—it is certainly Blomberg's step." At this moment the door opened, and Major Blomberg stood before him. The major advanced toward the grate, and flung himself into a chair opposite the governor. There was something hurried in his manner; a forgetfulness of all the ordinary forms of greeting; and abruptly saying: "I must converse a moment with you, my friend," he rose and faced the affrighted governor. There was an air of conscious superiority about the manner of the visitor that admitted no dispute. "On your return to England," he continued, "you will go to a farmhouse, near the village of —, in Dorsetshire; you will there find two children; they are mine; the offspring and the orphans of my secret marriage. Be the guardian to those parentless infants. To prove their legitimacy, and their consequent right to my property, you must demand of the woman, with whom they are placed at nurse, the red morocco-case which was committed to her charge. Open it; it contains the necessary papers. Adieu! You will see me no more." Major Blomberg instantly withdrew. The governor of Dominica, surprised at the commission, at the abrupt entrance, and the abrupt departure, rang the bell to desire some of his household to follow the major and request his return. None had seen him enter: none had witnessed his exit. It was strange! it was passing strange! There soon after arrived intelligence that Major Blomberg had embarked on board a vessel for Dominica, which had been dismasted in a storm at sea, and was supposed to have sub-



THE APPARITION OF MAJOR BLOMBERG.

sequently sunk, as she was never more heard of, about the time in which the figure had appeared to the governor.

All that Major Blomberg had communicated was carefully stamped in the memory of his friend. On his return to England, which occurred in a few months after the apparition above described had been seen by the governor, he immediately hastened to the village in Dorsetshire, and to the house in which the children were resident.

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

This tale was related to Queen Charlotte, and so deeply interested her that she immediately adopted the son as the object of her peculiar care and favor. He was brought to Windsor, and educated with his majesty, George IV., of whom he was, through life, the favorite, the companion, and the friend.

How the Ghost of a Murdered Sailor haunted the Captain of a Vessel.

MR. WILLIAM CLERK, while a riding in a mail-coach, near London, met a middle-aged respectable-looking sailor, who declared positively he had seen a ghost under the following circumstances :—He had, in his youth, gone mate of a slave-vessel from Liverpool, of which town he seemed to be a native. The captain of the vessel was a man of a variable temper, sometimes kind and courteous to his men, but subject to fits of humor, dislike, and passion, during which he was very violent, tyrannical, and cruel. He took a particular dislike at one sailor aboard, an elderly man, called Bill Jones, or some such name. He seldom spoke to this person without threats and abuse, which the old man, with the license which sailors take in merchant-vessels, was very apt to return. On one occasion, Bill Jones appeared slow in getting out on the yard to hand a sail. The captain, according to custom, abused the seaman as a lubberly rascal, who got fat by leaving his duty to other people. The man made a saucy answer, almost amounting to mutiny, on which, in a towering passion, the captain ran down to his cabin, and returned with a blunderbuss loaded with slugs, with which he took deliberate aim at the supposed mutineer, fired, and mortally wounded him. The man was handed down from the yard, and stretched on the deck, evidently dying. He fixed his eyes on the captain, and said, "Sir, you have done for me, but *I will never leave you.*" The captain, in return, swore at him for a fat lubber, and said he would have him thrown into the slave-kettle, where they made food for the negroes, and see how much fat he had got. The man died ; his body was actually thrown into the slave-kettle, and boiled up, and the narrator observed, with a *naïveté* which confirmed the extent of his own belief in the truth of what he told, "There was not much fat about him after all."

The captain told the crew they must keep absolute silence on the subject of what had passed ; and as the mate (he who narrated this story), was not willing to give an explicit and absolute promise, he ordered him to be confined below. After a day or two, he came to the mate, and demanded if he had an intention to deliver him up for trial when the vessel got home. The mate, who was tired of close confinement in that sultry climate, spoke his commander fair, and obtained his liberty. When he mingled among the crew once more, he found them impressed with the idea, not unnatural in their situation, that the ghost of the dead man appeared among them when they had a spell of duty, especially if a sail was to be handed, on which occasion the spectre was sure to be out upon the yard before any of the crew.

The narrator had seen this apparition himself repeatedly—he believed the captain saw it also, but he took no notice of it for some time, and the crew, terrified at the violent temper of the man, dared not call his attention to it. Thus, they held on their course homeward, with great fear and anxiety.

At length the captain invited the mate, who was now in a sort of favor, to go down to the cabin and take a glass of grog with him. In this interview, he assumed a very grave and anxious aspect. "I need not tell you, Jack," he said, "what sort of hand we have got on board with us—he told me he would never leave me, and he has kept his word—you only see him now and then, but he is always by my side, and never out of my sight. At this very moment I see him—I am determined to bear it no longer, and I have resolved to leave you."

The mate replied, that his leaving the vessel while out of the sight of any land was impossible. He advised, that if the captain apprehended any bad consequences from what had happened, he should run for the west of France or Ireland, and there go ashore, and leave him, the mate, to carry the vessel into Liverpool. The captain only shook his head gloomily, and reiterated his determination to leave the ship. At this moment, the mate was called to the deck for some purpose or other, and the instant he got up the companion-ladder, he heard a splash in the water, and looking over the ship's side, saw that the captain had thrown himself into the sea from the quarter-gallery, and was running astern at the rate of six knots an hour. When just about to sink, he seemed to make a last exertion, sprung half out of the water, and clasped his hands toward the mate, calling, "By ———, Bill is with me now!" and then sunk, to be seen no more.

How the Ghost of a Drummer-Boy appeared to the Sergeant who had murdered him.

JARVIS MATCHAM was pay-sergeant in an English regiment, where he was so highly esteemed as a steady and accurate man, that he was permitted opportunity to embezzle a considerable part of the money lodged in his hands for pay of soldiers, bounty of recruits, and other charges which fell within his duty. He was summoned to join his regiment from a town where he had been on the recruiting service, and this perhaps under some shade of suspicion. Matcham perceived discovery was at hand, and would have deserted, had it not been for the presence of a little drummer-lad, who was the only one of his party appointed to attend him. In the desperation of his crime, he resolved to murder the poor boy, and avail himself of some balance of money to make his escape. He meditated this wickedness the more readily, that the drummer, he thought, had been put as a spy on him. After cruelly butchering the poor boy, and concealing his body, he changed his dress for one of disguise, and made a long walk across the country to an inn on the Portsmouth road, where he halted, and went to bed, desiring to be called when the first Portsmouth coach came. The waiter summoned him accordingly: but long after remembered, that when he shook the guest by the shoulder, his first words as he awoke were, "My God! I did not kill him!"

Matcham went to the seaport by the coach, and instantly entered as an able-bodied landsman on board a vessel. His sobriety and attention to duty gained him the same good opinion of the officers in his new service which he had enjoyed in the army. He was afloat for several years, and behaved remarkably well in some actions. At length the vessel came into Plymouth, was paid off, and some of the crew, among whom was Jarvis Matcham, were dismissed the service. He and another seaman resolved to walk to town,

and took the route by Salisbury. It was when within two or three miles of this celebrated city, that they were overtaken by a tempest so sudden, and accompanied with such vivid lightning, and thunder so dreadfully loud, that the obdurate conscience of the old sinner began to be awakened. He expressed more terror than seemed natural for one who was familiar with the war of elements, and began to look and talk so wildly, that his companion became aware that something more than usual was the matter. At length Matcham complained to his companion that the stones rose from the road and flew after him. He desired the man to walk on the other side of the highway, to see if they would follow him when he was alone. The sailor complied, and Jarvis Matcham complained that the stones still flew after him, and did not pursue the other. "But what is worse," he added, coming up to his companion, and whispering with a tone of mystery and fear, "who is that little drummer-boy, and what business has he to follow us so closely?" "I can see no one," answered the seaman, infected by the superstition of his associate. "What! not see that little boy with the bloody pantaloons?" exclaimed the secret murderer, so much to the terror of his comrade, that he conjured him if he had anything on his mind, to make a clear conscience as far as confession could do it. The criminal fetched a deep groan, and declared that he was unable longer to endure the life which he had led for years. He then confessed the murder of the drummer, and added, that, as a considerable reward had been offered, he wished his comrade to deliver him up to the magistrates of Salisbury, as he would desire a shipmate to profit by his fate, which he was now convinced was inevitable. Having overcome his friend's objections to this mode of proceeding, Jarvis Matcham surrendered to justice accordingly, and made a full confession of his guilt. But before the trial the love of life returned. The prisoner denied his confession, and pleaded not guilty. By this time, however, full evidence had been procured from other quarters. Witnesses appeared from his former regiment to prove his identity with the murderer and deserter, and the waiter remembered the ominous words which he had spoken when he awoke him to join the Portsmouth coach. Jarvis Matcham was thereupon found guilty. When his last chance of life was over, he returned to his confession, and with his dying breath averred, and truly, as he thought, the truth of the vision on Salisbury plain. He was hung in chains, and promised, on the gallows, that he would himself appear to the sailor who had given him up. Whether this promise was ever fulfilled, is not stated.

How the Ghost of a Murdered Sergeant appeared to Alexander Macpherson and pointed out the Murderers.

On the 10th June, 1754, Duncan Ferig, alias Clark, and Alexander Bain Macdonald, two highlanders, were tried before the court of justiciary, Edinburgh, for the murder of Arthur Davis, sergeant in Guise's regiment, on the 28th of September, 1749, when the following extraordinary evidence was adduced against them:—

It appears that Sergeant Davis was missing for years, without any certainty as to his fate. At length, an account of the murder appeared from the evidence of one Alexander Macpherson (a highlander, speaking no language but Gaelic, and sworn by an interpreter), who gave the following extraordinary account of his cause of knowledge: He was, he said, in bed in his cottage, when an apparition came to his bedside, and commanded him to rise and follow him out of doors. Believing his visiter to be one Farquharson, a neighbor and friend, the witness did as he was bid; and when

they were without the cottage, the appearance told the witness he was the ghost of Sergeant Davis, and requested him to go and bury his mortal remains, which lay concealed in a place he pointed out, in a moorland tract called the hill of Christie. He desired him to take Farquharson with him as an assistant. Next day the witness went to the place specified, and there found the bones of a human body much decayed. The witness did not at that time bury the bones so found, in consequence of which negligence the sergeant's ghost again appeared to him, upbraiding him with his breach of promise. On this occasion the witness asked the ghost who were the murderers, and received for answer that he had been slain by the prisoners at the bar. The witness, after this second visitation, called the assistance of Farquharson, and buried the body.

Farquharson was brought in evidence, to prove that the preceding witness, Macpherson, had called him to the burial of the bones, and told him the same story which he repeated in court. Isabel Machardie, a person who slept in one of the beds which run along the wall in an ordinary highland hut, declared that, upon the night when Macpherson said he saw the ghost, she plainly saw a naked man enter the house, and go toward Macpherson's bed.

The counsel for the prisoners asked, in the cross-examination of Macpherson, "What language did the ghost speak in?" The witness, who was himself ignorant of English, replied, "As good Gaelic as I ever heard in Lochaber."—"Pretty well for the ghost of an English sergeant," answered the counsel.

The prosecuting counsel averred that ghosts could speak in any language they chose, and that the proof was clear. So thought the jury, for they found both prisoners guilty of the murder, and they were hanged the next morning.

An Account of a young Woman who fell in Love with the Devil.

THE celebrated COTTON MATHER, a New England clergyman, relates the following singular case of a young woman who was troubled by an evil spirit:—

The name of this young woman was Anne Cole, a person of serious piety, living in the house of her godly father at Hartford, in the state of Connecticut. During the year 1662, Anne was taken with strange fits, so that she would express strange things, unknown to herself, her tongue being guided by a demon. The general purport of her discourse was, that such and such persons, whom she named, were consulting how they might carry on mischievous designs against her, and several others, by afflicting their bodies, or destroying their good names. One of the persons mentioned by her was a woman named Greensmith, who was then in prison on suspicion of witchcraft, and was brought before the magistrates. To these magistrates the ministers, who had taken notes of what Anne Cole had said, read what they had written, when she, with astonishment, confessed that the things were so, and that herself, with other persons, named in the paper, had familiarity with the devil, who told her, that at Christmas they would have a merry meeting, when the agreement between them should be subscribed in blood. Anne declared that her devil appeared to her first in the shape of an agreeable young man, and in that shape talked to her, and had frequently carnal knowledge of her. On this confession, with other concurring evidences, the woman Greensmith was burnt at the public stake on the Hartford green; but the other persons accused made their escape: whereupon Anne Cole was delivered of her extraordinary vexations, and was troubled no more with the agreeable young man at her bedside.



THE DEVIL MAKING LOVE TO A LADY.

The Plymouth Ghost, and the Mystery thereof fully explained.

A CLUB of persons, connected with science and literature, was formed many years ago, at the great sea-town of Plymouth, in England. During the summer months, the society met in a cave by the seashore; during those of autumn and winter, they convened within the premises of a tavern, but, for the sake of privacy, had their meetings in a summer-house situated in the garden, at a distance from the main building. Some of the members, to whom the position of their own dwellings rendered this convenient, had a pass-key to the garden-door, by which they could enter the garden and reach the summer-house without the publicity or trouble of passing through the open tavern. It was the rule of this club, that its members presided alternately. On one occasion, in the winter, the president of the evening chanced to be very ill—indeed, was reported to be on his death-bed. The club met as usual, and, from a sentiment of respect, left vacant the chair which ought to have been occupied by him, if in his usual health; for the same reason, the conversation turned upon the absent gentleman's talents, and the loss expected to the society by his death. While they were upon this melancholy theme, the door suddenly opened, and the appearance of the president entered the room. He wore a white wrapper, a nightcap round his brow, the appearance of which was that of death itself. He stalked into the room with unusual gravity, took the vacant place of ceremony, lifted the empty glass which stood before him, bowed around, and put it to his lips; then replaced it on the table, and stalked out of the room as silent as he had entered it. The company remained deeply appalled; at length, after many observations on the strangeness of what they had seen, they resolved to despatch two of their number as ambassadors, to see how it fared with the president, who had thus strangely appeared among them. They went, and returned with the frightful intelligence, that the friend, after whom they had inquired, was that evening deceased.

The astonished party then resolved that they would remain absolutely silent respecting the wonderful sight which they had seen. Their habits were too philosophical to permit them to believe that they had actually seen the ghost of their deceased brother, and at the same time they were too wise men to wish to confirm the superstition of the vulgar by what might seem indubitable evidence of a ghost. The affair was therefore kept a strict secret, although, as usual, some dubious rumors of the tale found their way to the public. Several years afterward, an old woman who had long filled the place of a sick-nurse, was taken ill, and on her death-bed was attended by a physician, who was a member of the club. To him, with many expressions of regret, she acknowledged that she had long before attended Mr. —, naming the president, whose appearance had surprised the club so strangely, and that she felt distress of conscience on account of the manner in which he died. She said, that as his malady was attended by light-headedness, she had been directed to keep a close watch upon him during his illness. Unhappily she slept, and during her sleep the patient had awaked, and left the apartment. When, on her own awaking, she found the bed empty and the patient gone, she forthwith hurried out of the house to seek him, and met him in the act of returning. She got him, she said, replaced in bed, but it was only to die there. She added, to convince her hearer of the truth of what she said, that immediately after the poor gentleman expired, a deputation of two members from the club came to inquire after their president's health, and received for answer that he was already dead. This confession explained the whole matter. The delirious patient had very naturally taken the road to the club, from some recollection of his duty for the night. In approaching and retiring from the apartment, he had used one of the pass-

keys already mentioned, which made his way shorter. On the other hand, the gentlemen sent to inquire after his health had reached his lodging by a more circuitous road; and thus there had been time for him to return to what proved his deathbed, long before they reached his chamber.

Singular Account of the Ghost of old Mrs. Leckie, and how she appeared and created Storms at Sea, and how she murdered her Grandchild.

AT Mynehead, in Somersetshire, England, lived an ancient gentlewoman, named Mrs. Leckie, whose only son and daughter resided in the family with her. The son traded to Ireland, and was supposed to be worth eight or ten thousand pounds. They had a child about five or six years old. This family was generally respected in Mynehead; and especially Mrs. Leckie, the old lady, was so pleasant in society, that her friends used to say to her, and to each other, that it was a thousand pities such an excellent, good-humored gentlewoman must, from her age, be soon lost to her friends. To which Mrs. Leckie often made the somewhat startling reply: "Forasmuch as you now seem to like me, I am afraid you will but little care to see or speak with me after my death, though I believe you may have that satisfaction." Die, however, she did, and, after her funeral, was repeatedly seen in her person a likeness, at home and abroad, by night and by day.

One moonlight night a doctor of physic, walking into the fields, met with this spectre, whom he at first accosted civilly, and paid her the courtesy of handing her over a stile; observing, however, that she did not move her lips in speaking, or her eyes in looking round, he became suspicious of the condition of his companion, and showed some desire to be rid of her society. Offended at this, the hag at the next stile planted herself upon it, and obstructed his passage. He got through at length with some difficulty, and not without a sound kick, and an admonition to pay more attention to the next aged gentlewoman whom he met.

At noonday this ancient lady would appear upon the key of Mynehead, and cry, "A boat, a boat, ho! a boat, a boat, ho!" If any boatmen or seamen were in sight and did not come, they were sure to be cast away; and if they did come, 'twas all one, they were cast away. It was equally dangerous to please and displease her. Her son had several ships sailing between Ireland and England; no sooner did they make land, and come in sight of England, but this ghost would appear in the same garb and likeness as when she was alive, and, standing at the mainmast, would blow with a whistle, and though it were never so great a calm, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break, wreck, and drown the ship and goods, only the seamen would generally escape with their lives. Thus, by her frequent apparitions and disturbances, she had made a poor merchant of her son, for his fair estate was all buried in the sea, and he that was once worth thousands, was reduced to a very poor and low condition in the world; for whether the ship were his own or hired, or he had but goods on board it to the value of twenty shillings, this troublesome ghost would come as before, whistle in a calm at the mainmast at noonday, when they had descried land, and then ship and goods went all to wreck. At last these mysterious facts became so proverbial that Mr. Leckie could get no ships at all, nor any mariner to sail with him; for, knowing what an uncomfortable, fatal, and losing voyage they should make of it, they declined every one his service. In her son's house this ghost had her constant haunts by day and night; but whether he did not or would not own that he saw her, he always professed he never saw her. Sometimes when this unfortunate couple were in bed, the wife would cry out, "Husband, look! there's

your mother!" And when Mr. Leckie would turn to the right side, then was she gone to the left; and when to the left side of the bed, then was she gone to the right. One evening their only child, a girl of about five or six years old, lying in a truckle-bed under them, cried out, "O help me, father! help me, mother! for grandmother will choke me!" and before they could get to their child's assistance the ghost had murdered it; the poor girl's throat had been pinched by two fingers, which stopped her breath and strangled her. This was the sorest of all their afflictions, their estate was gone, and now their child was gone also. One morning after the child's funeral, her husband being abroad, about eleven in the forenoon, Mrs. Leckie went up into her chamber to dress her head, and, as she was looking into the glass, she spied her mother-in-law looking over her shoulder. This cast her into a great horror; but collecting her affrighted spirits, and recovering the exercise of her reason, faith, and hope, having cast up a short and silent prayer to God, she turned about and spoke to her: "In the name of God, mother, why do you trouble me?"—"Peace!" said the spectre, "I will do thee no harm."—"What will you have of me?" inquired Mrs. Leckie.—"Go, daughter, and accuse Mr. Atherton, the bishop of Waterford. He is a bad and guilty man. During my life this man wronged me. I gave birth to a child which he cruelly murdered. I am partly guilty. When he is punished, my spirit will be allowed to rest." She then told where the remains of the murdered infant were buried. Mr. Leckie, on his wife's relating these facts, gave information against the bishop. The remains of the infant being found at the place described, the bishop was brought to trial, found guilty, and executed. Some writers assert that he confessed his crime. The ghost of old Mrs. Leckie never appeared again after the bishop's arrest.

Mysterious Appearance of a Phantom-Ship off New Haven Harbor.

THE following circumstances are attested by the Rev. James Pierpont, formerly pastor of the church in New Haven, Connecticut; and there is no reason to doubt that the facts occurred exactly as described by him.

"In the year 1647, a new ship of about 150 tons, containing a valuable cargo, and several distinguished persons as passengers, put to sea from New Haven in the month of January, bound to England. The vessels that came over the ensuing spring, brought no tidings of her arrival in the mother-country. The pious colonists were earnest and instant in their prayers, that intelligence might be received of the missing vessel. In the course of the following June, a great thunder-storm arose out of the northwest; after which (the hemisphere being serene), about an hour before sunset, a ship of like dimensions with the aforesaid, with her canvass and colors abroad (although the wind was northerly) appeared in the air, coming up from the harbor's mouth, which lies southward from the town, seemingly with her sails filled under a fresh gale, holding her course north, and continuing under observation, sailing against the wind, for the space of half an hour. The phantom-ship was borne along until, to the excited imaginations of the spectators, she seemed to have approached so near that they could throw a stone into her. Her main-topmast then disappeared, then her mizen-topmast, then her masts were entirely carried away, and finally her hull fell off and vanished from sight, leaving a dull and smoke-colored cloud, which soon dissolved, and the whole atmosphere became clear. All affirmed that the airy vision was a precise copy and image of the missing vessel, and that it was sent to announce and describe her fate. They considered it the spectre of the lost ship, and the Rev. Mr. Davenport declared in public, that God had condescended, for the quieting of their afflicted spirits, this extraordinary

account of his sovereign disposal of those for whom so many fervent prayers were made continually."

The results of modern science enable us to explain the mysterious appearance of this ship in the air. It is probable that some Dutch vessel, proceeding slowly, quietly, and unconsciously, on her voyage from Amsterdam to the New Netherlands, happened at the time to be passing through the sound. At the moment the apparition was seen in the sky, she was so near that her reflected image was painted or delineated to the eyes of the observers, on the clouds, by laws of optics, before her actual outlines could be discerned by them on the horizon. As the sun sank behind the western hills, and his rays were gradually withdrawn, the visionary ship slowly disappeared, and the approach of night, while it dispelled the vapors from the atmosphere, effectually concealed the vessel as she continued her course along the sound.

