THE PHILOSOPHY OF DREAMS.

Dr. Cantor delivered a lecture on Wednesday, at the Mechanics' Institution, in the course of which he mentioned some curious circumstances respecting dreams. He said that the succession of ideas which had passed through our minds when awake were often remembered, and recalled during sleep, and that was what was called dreaming. Dreams generally took place when the circulation of the blood was impeded. Our memory was often more distinct and strong when we dreamed than when we were awake. It was because, when we were asleep, the association of ideas went on without being disturbed or counteracted, and there was no controlling power over it. He would say a few words about the most extraordinary of all classes of dreams—namely, the prophetic dreams, in which the future is revealed to the dreamer. They were all acquainted with the facts connected with the assassination of Mr. Perceval, the Prime Minister. When that statesman was still alive, a gentleman in the country, of the name of Williams, dreamed that he was standing in the lobby of the House of Commons and saw Mr. Perceval enter, and instantly a man discharge a pistol at him. Mr. Williams told his wife, who made light of it, and his friends called him a fanatic. A week afterwards the news arrived that Mr. Perceval had been murdered in the very way the gentleman had dreamed. A still more remarkable instance had occurred to the late Sir H. Davy. When young, and ill of the typhus fever, he dreamed he saw a dark-haired and dark-eyed young lady, with whom he fell in love. Years afterwards he went to the continent, and there met with the identical party, and it was to her care that he owed the complete restoration of his health, and he married her. There was a great number of such dreams recorded. The ancients paid great attention to dreams. A decree was published under Augustus commanding that every one who had dreamed a remarkable dream should report the same to the government. It was certain that the mind possessed sometimes in dreams an *a priori* knowledge which was highly remarkable. It was sometimes the same just before the moment of death. There was, indeed, scriptural authority in favour of dreams. But the fulfilment of dreams was by no means astonishing, generally speaking. Let them take the population of London, viz., nearly 2,000,000, and when they reflected that one half of these had dreams every night, there would be about 300,000,000 of dreams per year. Now, was it astonishing that amongst this immense number of dreams one or two should be fancies that really come to take place. The dreams that were realized were noted or remarked upon, but no notice was taken of the immense number that were never realised. It was natural, according to the doctrines of chances, that a few should turn out to be true. Some extraordinary examples of the effect of sleep were quoted. Once a person went to sleep as he was chaunting a psalm, and after being unconscious for a long time, awoke, and began singing precisely where he had left off. Again, an old lady was recorded who went to sleep whilst playing at whist, and on awaking several days after, cried out, "what's trumps?" August 31-1840.

1834. JH Gardner
8473 aa 17

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DISCOURSE

ON

DREAMS AND NIGHT-VISIONS;

WITH

NUMEROUS EXAMPLES ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By the Rev^d. DAVID SIMPSON, M. A.

Thoſe who moſt attentively conſider the phenomena of the moral and natural world, will be moſt inclined to admit the agency of inviſible beings.

ADVENTURER.

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M, DCC, XCI.

DREAMS.—The Rev. H. Alexander, on lecturing at Lancaster last week upon dreams, related the following story:—There had been a sad murder committed on an amiable young man named Horrocks. He was found robbed, and his head beaten in with bludgeons. The murder excited more than common sympathy, and for many months vigilant search was made for the perpetrators. A particular friend of the murdered man one night awoke in great terror, and told his wife that God had revealed to him in a dream that Samuel Longwith, of Bolton, was the murderer. It is important to observe, that Longwith was a man with whom he had no acquaintance, whom he had scarcely ever seen, and who lived 20 miles off. His wife told him to think no more about it, but to go to sleep. He did so, but again awoke from the effects of the same dream. He resolved to set out for Bolton instantly, and apply for a warrant against Longwith. He did so, but the magistrate to whom he applied refused to take it on such evidence. He retired in mortification. As he was passing through the market place he met Longwith, whom he immediately desired to go to a public-house with him to hear something he had to communicate. There, locking the door, he at once charged Longwith with the murder. The man was seized with all the disorder of guilt, and faintly denied the accusation. In his confession he said he was innocent, for *he* did not strike the blow. "Then you know who did," replied the friend of the murdered man; and the man was taken up and examined. He prevaricated in his statement, and was remanded for three days, at the end of which, after many hours' prayer, he confessed that he had been induced to join three men in a robbing expedition; meeting Horrocks, who made some resistance, his companions murdered him. This confession came out before the Grand Jury, and upon it Longwith was brought to trial. The dream, and every thing supernatural, was of course not offered in evidence. "I was at the trial," continued St. Lawrence, in "*Human Life*," "and the man, who was doggedly silent after being found guilty, again confessed his guilt just before his execution, to the no small satisfaction of the Judge (Rook), who had no doubts, but many fears, arising from the paucity of the evidence, and the peculiar nature of the facts which led to the discovery."

SOMNAMBULISM EXTRAORDINARY.—We quote the following strange consequence of somnambulism from the *Droit*:—"A working jeweller, in the Quartier St. Jacques, had repeatedly lost articles of value intrusted to him by his employers, and, from the circumstances of his life and establishment, could not believe the abstractions to have been made by any one but his own daughter. He repeatedly accused her of the thefts, which she strenuously denied. As they continued till all his savings were exhausted, and his conviction as to the cause remained unshaken, he turned his child out of doors and lived alone. Notwithstanding this, his losses did not cease, and he was almost in despair, when a few nights ago he was awakened from his sleep by a violent pain in one of his feet. On examining it, he found that it arose from a wound, in which there was a piece of glass. On recollection, he called to mind that on the preceding day he broke a glass on the table, and was convinced that he must have trod upon the fragments with his naked feet, and to do this must have walked in his sleep and got upon the table. Following up this idea, he made an investigation, and at length discovered all the missing articles concealed in the corner of the ceiling of the room. He sent for his daughter home next morning."

July 14: 1840.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE phenomenon of dreaming is extremely curious, and has excited the attention both of the Divine and Philoſopher in every age. A few thoughts are here thrown together upon the ſubject, the reaſonings confirmed by a variety of examples, and the whole applied to the purpoſes of morality and religion. The Author is not particularly anxious to eſtabliſh the authenticity of every inſtance here adduced. All he has got to obſerve upon them in this place, is, that ſome of them are recorded by our beſt hiſtorians; others by thoſe writers who have treated profeſſedly on the ſubject: while ſome few have been received from perſons now living, whoſe names he could produce, and whoſe veracity he hath no reaſon to call in queſtion. Various will be the opinions of his Readers on the treatiſe. Some will, probably, peruſe it with pleaſure, others with indifference, and not a few with diſdain. But to every claſs of his Readers the Author has only to reply——Read with ſerioufneſs, judge with candour, and then—valeat quantum valere poteſt.

SINGULAR SUICIDE CAUSED BY A DREAM. — A young lady, at a boarding school near Birmingham, had been set a task, and felt indignant at being obliged to learn it out of an old book, while the other scholars were indulged with new ones. She went next day to an old woman in the neighbourhood, and told her that she had had a singular vision: she dreamt that she was dead, and had been carried to the grave by such and such young ladies, naming some of her companions and young friends. She then asked the old woman what she thought of it? The reply was, that she put no faith in dreams. A few days afterwards, when walking with the other scholars, she loitered behind, and, making her escape from the party, drowned herself in a pond near the school. On the bank of the pond she left her bonnet, in which was pinned a letter to her parents, entreating their forgiveness for such a rash act. She also requested to have at her funeral for bearers, the girls whom she dreamed had carried her to the grave, and enclosed some locks of hair as mementos of friendship. She was only about eleven years of age, and the daughter of very respectable people in the neighbourhood.—*Winslow's Anatomy of Suicide.*" Dec. 15. 1840.

SOMNAMBULISM.—At the cavalry barracks attached to the Ecole Militaire at Paris the greater part of the 10th Regiment of Chasseurs was suddenly awoke one night last week by shouts of "*Il est mort!*" It was presently ascertained that a young Lancer had thrown himself out of the first-floor window of the Ecole Militaire. His name was Charrier; he entered the service in 1836, was always well-conducted, and no reasonable motive could be ascribed for the commission of the act, which proving fatal immediately after it was committed, no explanation could be got from the unfortunate young soldier himself. He was separated for a few days from his regiment, which is stationed at Versailles, having been brought up to Paris to give his testimony as a witness. The occurrence was subsequently explained by his regimental comrade stating the fact that he was addicted to somnambulism, and the circumstances were as follow:—During the course of the day he had gone out, in company with a Dragoon, to take a stroll through the streets of Paris. It had been his intention to visit his sister, a *bonne d'enfans*; but they had loitered so long elsewhere that this they found impossible; and the military hour of *couvrefeu* (curfew) arriving, they were forced to return to barracks. But Charrier being uneasy in mind, and dreaming, probably, of going to his sister's, ran during the night. Those who slept in the same room observed that he made his bed very carefully, put on his orderly jacket and his sabre, made a turn through the room, and then proceeded to open a window, which looked out on one of the courts of the military school. A sergeant of Chasseurs, whose bed was near this window, awakened by the cold, reproached the young lancer somewhat vehemently for opening the window at such a time and in such dreary weather. Whilst the sergeant was addressing him Charrier put his leg through the window, muttered a few words, and flung himself on the pavement before the other could make the least movement to prevent him. The poor young soldier had been awoke by the voice of the sergeant, and in his first movement of surprise mistook the window for his bed, and killed himself. December 25. 1840.

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DISCOURSE, &c.

JOB IV. 12—21.

Now a thing was ſecretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the viſions of the night, when deep ſleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to ſhake. Then a ſpirit paſſed before my face; the hair of my fleſh ſtood up: It ſtood ſtill, but I could not diſcern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was ſilence, and I heard a voice, ſaying, Shall mortal man be more juſt than God? ſhall a man be more pure than his Maker? Behold, he put no truſt in his ſervants; and his angels he charged with folly: how much leſs in them that dwell in houſes of clay, whoſe foundation is in the duſt, which are cruſhed before the moth? They are deſtroyed from morning to evening: they periſh forever without any regarding it. Doth not their excellency which is in them go away? they die, even without wiſdom.

AT ſundry times and in divers manners God hath made himſelf known unto the world: ſometimes by a voice; ſometimes by dreams; ſometimes by viſions; ſometimes by Urim and Thummim; ſometimes by prophets; ſometimes by apoſtles; but more eſpecially by his Son. All theſe

methods are ſpoken of in ſcripture, and a variety of inſtances is recorded of each. This that I have juſt read for the text is a remarkable inſtance of divine revelation by a dream or viſion, and extremely beautiful in its nature, as well as important in the inſtruction it conveys. Whoever has a taſte for fine writing will not fail to admire the very elegant and awful repreſentation.

The late pious and ingenious Mr. Hervey amplifies the whole viſion in the following maſterly manner:

" '*Twas in the dead of night*: all nature lay ſhroud-
" ed in darkneſs. Every creature lay buried
" in ſleep. The moſt profound ſilence reigned
" through the univerſe. In theſe ſolemn moments,
" Eliphaz alone, all wakeful and ſolitary, was mu-
" ſing upon ſublime and heavenly ſubjects:—When
" lo! an awful being, from the inviſible realms,
" burſt into his apartment. *A ſpirit paſſed before*
" *his face.* Aſtoniſhment ſeized the beholder.
" His bones ſhivered within him; his fleſh trembled
" all over him; and the hair of his head ſtood erect
" with horror.—Sudden and unexpected was the
" appearance of the phantom; not ſuch its depar-
" ture. *It ſtood ſtill,* to preſent itſelf more fully to
" his view. It made a ſolemn pauſe, to prepare
" his mind for ſome momentous meſſage.—After
" which a voice was heard; a voice, for the impor-
" tance of its meaning, worthy to be had in ever-

" laſting

" laſting remembrance; for the ſolemnity of its
" delivery, enough to alarm a heart of ſtone.—It
" ſpoke; and this was the purport of its words:
" *Shall man*, frail man, *be juſt before the mighty God?*
" Shall even the moſt accompliſhed of mortals be
" pure in the ſight of his Maker? *Behold*, and conſi-
" der it attentively, *he put no* ſuch *truſt in his* moſt
" exalted *ſervants*, as could beſpeak them incapable
" of defect. *And his* very *angels he charged with*
" *folly*; as ſinking even in the higheſt perfection of
" their holineſs, infinitely beneath his tranſcendent
" glories; as falling, even in all the fidelity of their
" obedience, inexpreſſibly ſhort of the homage due
" to his adorable majeſty. If angelic natures muſt
" not preſume to juſtify either themſelves or their
" ſervices, before uncreated purity; how much
" more abſurd is ſuch a notion, how much more
" impious ſuch an attempt *in them that dwell in*
" *houſes of clay*; whoſe original is from the duſt,
" and whoſe ſtate is all imperfection?"

Such is the nature and purport of this celebrated portion of holy ſcripture. Whether it contains the relation of a real matter of fact, or only a poetical fiction, I undertake not to determine; nor is it needful to our preſent purpoſe that it ſhould be determined either one way or the other. For, however it may be with this, it is very certain there are many other caſes recorded in the word of God, which bear no doubtful aſpect. And the book, from whence

our text is ſelected, ſpeaks of it as a thing common, and generally taken for granted, in that day. *When I ſay*, ſays Job, *my bed ſhall comfort me, my couch ſhall eaſe my complaint; then thou ſcareſt me with dreams, and terrifieſt me through viſions.* Theſe, however, ſeem to imply nothing ſupernatural; they might be the mere effects of his diſorder. But then Elihu tells us in the latter part of the poem, that God oftentimes doth give lectures of inſtruction in our nocturnal viſions: *God ſpeaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a viſion of the night, when deep ſleep falleth upon men, in ſlumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and ſealeth their inſtruction, that he may with-draw man from his purpoſe, and hide pride from men.* This, I think, implies an agency upon the mind above what is natural. Indeed, the doctrine of dreams and night-viſions, conſidered in this light, is well nigh exploded by moſt of the pretenders to reaſon and philoſophy in the preſent day; [1] inſomuch that it requires no ſmall ſhare of firmneſs of mind to avow a belief which is deemed ſo highly ignominious. [2] And, it muſt be confeſſed

[1] It may be ſome conſolation to a Chriſtian, who is ſober-minded enough to believe, with the bible, and many of our beſt Engliſh writers, in defiance of the ſneers of our ſceptical philoſophers, to know, that Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Ariſtotle, Cicero, Pliny, and ſeveral more of the greateſt men of all antiquity, believed the doctrine of dreams and night-viſions, as laid down in the following pages.

[2] It ſhould ſeem the excellent biſhop Bull was of the ſame opinion, when he delivered the following ſentiments, in his diſ-

confeſſed, we cannot be too much upon our guard againſt illuſions of this kind. In ages that are paſt they have been extremely common, and attended, in ſome caſes, with moſt unhappy conſequences. But

courſe on the Office of the Holy Angels. "It is true indeed", ſays this pious man, "the good angels do not now ordinarily "appear in viſible forms, or ſpeak by audible voices to men, "as in ancient times they did. After God had once ſpoken "unto men by his own Son, manifeſted in the fleſh, and by "him fully revealed his will to the world, and confirmed that "revelation by a long ſucceſſion of unqueſtionable miracles, "there was no ſuch need of angelic appearances, for the in-"ſtruction, confirmation, and conſolation of the faithful. The "ſucceeding ages do indeed afford us very credible relations of "ſome ſuch apparitions now and then; but ordinarily, I ſay, "the government of angels over us is now adminiſtered in a "ſecret and inviſible manner. Hence too, too many have "been inclined either flatly to deny, or at leaſt to call in queſ-"tion the truth of the doctrine we are now upon. But they "have ſouls very much immerſed in fleſh, who can apprehend "nothing but what touches and affects their ſenſes; and they "that follow this groſs and ſenſual way of procedure, muſt at "laſt neceſſarily fall into downright Epicuriſm, to deny all par-"ticular providence of God over the ſons of men, and to "aſcribe all events to thoſe cauſes that are next to them.

"But, beſides, although the miniſtry of angels be now for the "moſt part inviſible, yet to the obſervant it is not altogether in-"diſcernable.

"We may trace the footſteps of this ſecret providence over "us in many inſtances, of which I ſhall note a few. How often "may we have obſerved ſtrong, laſting, and irreſiſtible impul-"ſes upon our minds, to do certain things we can ſcarce for "the preſent tell why or wherefore? the reaſon and good ſuc-"ceſs of which we afterwards plainly ſee? So, on the contrary, "there are oft times ſudden and unexpected accidents, as we "call them, caſt in our way to divert us from certain enterprizes "we are juſt ready to engage in, the ill conſequences whereof "we do afterwards, but not till then, apprehend. Again, quan-"tum eſt in ſubitis caſibus ingenium! How ſtrange many times "are our preſent thoughts and ſuggeſtions in ſudden and ſurpri-"zing dangers! We then upon the ſpot reſolve and determine

But, at the ſame time, it will be allowed by all, that we ought not to reaſon from the abuſe of a doctrine to the utter rejection of it; that matters of fact, when once clearly aſcertained, can no more be ſubverted by infidelity now, than in any former age; and that what has been ſo frequently found true in experience, may, under the ſame circumſtances of human

" as well, as if we had a long time deliberated, and taken the " beſt advice and counſel; and we ourſelves afterwards wonder " how ſuch thoughts came into our minds. Hither alſo we may " refer that lucky conſpiracy of circumſtances, which we ſome- " times experience in our affairs and buſineſs, otherwiſe of " great difficulty; when we light upon the nick of opportunity; " when the perſons whoſe counſel or aſſiſtance we moſt need " ſtrangely occur, and all things fall out according to our deſire, " but beyond our expectation. What ſtrange ominous abod- " ings and fears do many times on a ſudden ſeize upon men of " certain approaching evils, whereof at preſent there is no " viſible appearance! And have we not had ſome unqueſtion- " able inſtances of men not inclined to melancholy, ſtrongly and " unalterably perſuaded of the near approach of their death, ſo " as to be able punctually to tell the very day of it, when they " have been in good health, and neither themſelves nor their " friends could diſcern any preſent natural cauſe for ſuch a per- " ſuaſion, and yet the event hath proved, that they were not " miſtaken. And although I am no doter on dreams, yet I ve- " rily believe, that ſome dreams are monitory, above the power " of fancy, and impreſſed on us by ſome ſuperior influence. " For of ſuch dreams, we have plain and undeniable inſtances " in hiſtory, both ſacred and profane, and in our own age and " obſervation. Nor ſhall I ſo value the laughter of Sceptics, " and the ſcoffs of the Epicureans, as to be aſhamed to profeſs, " that I myſelf have had ſome convincing experiments of ſuch " impreſſions. Now it is no enthuſiaſm, but the beſt account " that can be given of them, to aſcribe theſe things to the mini- " ſtry of thoſe inviſible inſtruments of God's providence, that " guide and govern our affairs and concerns, namely, the " angels of God".

human nature, be expected to ariſe again. We will therefore endeavour to illuſtrate the ſubject by producing a number of inſtances, wherein God hath indiſputably manifeſted his ſpecial providential care and attention, to the concerns of his creatures, by dreams and night-viſions; firſt, from the word of God; ſecondly, from ancient hiſtory; and, thirdly, from well authenticated accounts in theſe latter ages, and even in the preſent day. We will then, laſtly, make ſuch reflections as naturally ariſe out of the caſes produced, and conclude with an application of the whole to the purpoſes of morality and religion. The ſubject itſelf is curious, and of greater importance than, on the firſt view, may appear: for, taken in all its conſequences, it involves an unanſwerable proof for the Being of God, and a particular providence; for the exiſtence of ſeparate ſpirits, and the immortality of human ſouls. I readily grant, with all our beſt writers upon theſe ſubjects, that the greateſt part of our dreams or night-viſions are the mere creatures of imagination, [1] wild and extravagant

[1] Mr. Addiſon conſiders our common dreams as giving us ſome idea of the great excellency of a human ſoul, and ſome intimation of its independency on matter. The heads of what he obſerves upon them are as follow: 1. Our dreams are great inſtances of that activity which is natural to the human ſoul, and which it is not in the power of ſleep to deaden or abate. 2. Dreams are an inſtance of that agility and perfection, which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are diſengaged from the body. 3. The paſſions affect the mind, with greater ſtrength when we are aſleep, than when we are awake. 4. What

vagant as the power that brings them forth.[a]

But

gives us a very high idea of the nature of the ſoul, in regard to what paſſes in dreams, is that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then ariſe in her. 5. The next property of the ſoul, is that wonderful power of producing her own company on theſe occaſions. 6. The laſt property of the ſoul, I would mention, is its power of divining in dreams. See Spectator, N°. 487. where all theſe heads are enlarged upon.

Dr. Young hath ſummed up the uſes of common dreams in his uſual ſprightly, yet ſolemn manner thus:

" 'Tis paſt conjecture; all things riſe in proof:
" While o'er my limbs ſleep's ſoft dominion ſpreads,
" What tho' my ſoul phantaſtic meaſures trod
" O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
" Of pathleſs woods; or, down the craggy ſteep
" Hurl'd headlong, ſwam with pain the mantled pool;
" Or ſcal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds
" With antic ſhapes, wild natives of the brain?
" Her ceaſeleſs flight, tho' devious, ſpeaks her nature
" Of ſubtler eſſence than the trodden clod;
" Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
" Unfetter'd with her groſs companion's fall.
" Ev'n ſilent night proclaims my ſoul immortal:
" Ev'n ſilent night proclaims eternal day.
" For human weal heav'n huſbands all events:
" Dull ſleep inſtructs, nor ſport vain dreams in vain."

NIGHT I.

[a] The phenomenon of dreaming has exerciſed the wit of man in all ages; and various have been the theories invented to account for it. " Epicurus fancied, that an infinite number of " ſubtle images, ſome flowing from bodies, ſome formed of " their own accord, and others made up of different things va- " rioufly combined, were continually moving up and down in the " air about us; and that theſe images, being of extreme fineneſs, " penetrate our bodies; and, ſtriking upon the mind, give riſe " to that mode of perception which we call imagination, and to " which he refers the origin both of our waking thoughts and " of our dreams.

But the queſtion now is, not whether *many* of them are fooliſh and incoherent.

" Ariſtotle ſeems to think, that every object of outward ſenſe " makes upon the human ſoul, or upon ſome other part of our " frame, a certain impreſſion, which remains for ſome time af- " ter the object that made it is gone, and which, being after- " wards recognized by the mind in ſleep, gives riſe to thoſe vi- " ſions that then preſent themſelves".*

Mr. Lock ſays, " The dreams of ſleeping men are all made up " of the waking man's ideas, though for the moſt part oddly put " together." Eſſay on the Underſtanding, vol. 1. p. 76. c. 17.

Dr. Hartley explains all the phenomena of the imagination by his theory of vibrations and aſſociations. " Dreams," ſays he, " are nothing but the imaginations or reveries of ſleeping " men, and they are deducible from three cauſes, viz. the im- " preſſions and ideas lately received, and particularly thoſe of " the preceding day, the ſtate of the body, and particularly of " ſtomach, and brain, and aſſociation." Obs. on Man, vol. 1. c. 5. p. 383, &c.

Mr. Baxter, in his Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul, aſcribes all our dreaming to ſeparate ſpirits having acceſs to our minds, and furniſhing us with ideas while we ſleep.

Phyſicians have frequently accounted for dreams from the ſtate of the body. The obſervations of Hippocrates are curious. I will produce a ſpecimen. " To dream of fire", ſays he, " in- " dicates a redundance of yellow bile; to dream of fogs or " ſmoak, indicates a predominancy of black bile; to dream of " ſeeing a fall of rain or ſnow, or a great quantity of ice, ſhews " that there is a redundance of phlegm in the body; he who fan- " cies himſelf among bad ſmells may be aſſured, that he har- " bours ſome putrid matter in his body; to have red things re- " preſented before you in ſleep, denotes a redundance of blood; " if the patient dreams of ſeeing the ſun, moon, and ſtars, hurry " on with prodigious ſwiftneſs, it indicates an approaching deliri- " um; to dream of a turbid ſea, indicates diſorders of the belly; " and to dream of ſeeing the earth overflowed with water, or of " being immerged in a pond or river, indicates a redundance of " watery humours in the body; to dream of ſeeing the earth " burnt or parched up, is a ſign of great heat and dryneſs; the " appearance of monſters and frightful enemies, indicates de- " liriums in diſeaſes, and to dream often of being thrown down

* See two excellent Papers on Dreaming in the Mirror, vol. 2. p. 298—319.

rent, [13] and rise no higher than the common powers of nature, but whether God *ever* hath permitted, in ages that are past, and whether he *ever doth now*, upon *any* occasion whatever, permit his creatures to have such dreams and night-visions as are supernatural, significant, and admonitory.

Now,

"from some very high place, threatens an approaching vertigo, "or some other disorder of the head, as an epilepsy, apoplexy, "or the like". †

Chaucer, in his tale of the Cock and the Fox, gives us a like physical reason for dreams. His words are thus modernized by Dryden.

——————" All dreams
" Are from repletion and complexion bred,
" From rising fumes of indigested food,
" And noxious humours that infect the blood.
" When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
" Of flames, and all the families of red:
" Red dragons, and red beasts in sleep we view;
" For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.
" From hence we dream of war, and warlike things,
" And wasps, and hornets with their double stings.
" Choler adust congeals our blood with fear;
" Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
" In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound:
" With rheums oppress'd we sink in rivers drown'd:
" The dominating humour makes the dream."

It will easily be observed how utterly inadequate all these ingenious conjectures are to the accounting for most of the dreams and night-visions produced in the present discourse.

[13] Mr. Locke, by a fair inference, seems to be of opinion, that some of our dreams are rational and consistent: but whether he was of opinion that any of them are monitory and significant he does not say. See his Essay, b. 2. ch. 1. Sect. 16 and 17.

† See Chamber's Cyclopædia, by Reeves, art. Dreams.

Now, we may here obſerve, it has been the opinion of all ranks and denominations of men, in all ages and nations; among Heathens, Jews, Mahometans and Chriſtians, that God doth make known his will upon ſome occaſions in this manner. The holy ſcriptures always take it for granted, and indeed give us abundance of inſtances of ſuch manifeſtations. Neither are other writings, whether ancient or modern, wanting in ſimilar well-atteſted relations. We will produce a few of each of theſe kinds.

1. The firſt we meet with in the bible, is in the 15th. chapter of Geneſis, where we are told God appeared unto Abraham, and acquainted him with the captivity and deliverance of his poſterity.

2. In the twentieth chapter, we are alſo informed, that Abimelech, king of Gerar, had a dream, wherein God made known unto him, that Sarah was the wife of Abraham.

3. In the twenty ſixth chapter it is ſaid, the Lord appeared unto Iſaac by night, and bleſſed him.

4. In the twenty eighth chapter is recorded a very remarkable myſterious dream, that Jacob had of a ladder, and the angels of God aſcending and deſcending upon it.

5. In the thirty firſt chapter we find the angel of the Lord ſpake unto Jacob in a dream, and ſhewed him the reaſon of Laban's cattle bearing ring-ſtraked, ſpeckled, and griſled young.

6. In the ſame chapter it is related, that God ſpake unto Laban by night in a dream.

7. In

7. In the thirty ſeventh chapter, we have two prophetic dreams of Joſeph; the one about the ſheaves making obeiſance to his ſheaf, and the other about the ſun, moon, and eleven ſtars doing him honour.

8. In the fortieth chapter we have two other ſignificant and prophetic dreams; the one by the chief butler, and the other by the chief baker of Pharaoh.

9. In the next chapter of the ſame book it is related that king Pharaoh himſelf had too expreſſive and prophetic dreams, both which, as well as the two former, Joſeph truly interpreted.

10. There is another ſingular one recorded in the ſeventh chapter of the book of Judges, about a cake of barley bread, which tumbled into the hoſt of Midian, and which was interpreted to be the ſword of Gideon. After this interpretation Gideon was encouraged to attack the enemy, and obtained a complete victory.

11. In the third chapter of 1 Kings it is ſaid, that the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream, and held a converſation with him. It is a very inſtructive one, and therefore I will produce it at length: *In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God ſaid, Aſk what I ſhall give thee. And Solomon ſaid, Thou haſt ſhewed unto thy ſervant David, my father, great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteouſneſs, and*

in

in uprightneſs of heart with thee, and thou haſt kept for him this great kindneſs that thou haſt given him a ſon to ſit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou haſt made thy ſervant king in ſtead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. And thy ſervant is in the midſt of thy people, which thou haſt choſen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude. Give therefore thy ſervant an underſtanding heart to judge thy people, that I may diſcern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy ſo great a people? And the ſpeech pleaſed the the Lord, that Solomon had aſked this thing. And God ſaid unto him, Becauſe thou haſt aſked this thing and haſt not aſked for thyſelf long life, neither haſt aſked riches for thyſelf, nor haſt aſked the life of thine enemies, but haſt aſked for thyſelf underſtanding to diſcern judgment; behold, I have done according to thy words: lo, I have given thee a wiſe and an underſtanding heart, ſo that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee ſhall any ariſe like unto thee. And I have alſo given thee that which thou haſt not aſked, both riches and honour: ſo that there ſhall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways to keep my ſtatutes and my commandments, as thy father did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and, behold, it was a dream: and he came to Jeruſalem, and ſtood before the ark of the covenant of the Lord,

and offered up burnt offerings, and peace offerings, and made a feaſt to all his ſervants.

12. The dreams of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, are very remarkable, and involve the hiſtory of the world. Thoſe of Daniel too are much of the ſame kind, and contain a figurative view of the ſtate of mankind to the end of time, and the diſſolution of all things.

Several other dreams and night-viſions are recorded both in the Old Teſtament, and in the Apocryphal books, highly worthy the attention of the curious; but as the volume in which they are contained is in every perſon's hand, and leſt I ſhould appear too tedious in multiplying quotations, we will paſs on to thoſe in the New Teſtament.

13. When our Saviour was about to be born there were ſeveral notices conveyed to the mind of Joſeph, his reputed father, in the ſame ſupernatural manner. Yea, in the two firſt chapters of St. Matthew's goſpel there are no leſs than five admonitory dreams recorded.

14. I do not know if our Saviour's temptation in the wilderneſs was not of the dream, or viſion kind: for, if we read it conſiderately, we ſhall ſee, that there are ſome circumſtances in it, that cannot eaſily be accounted for on any other principle.

15. The dream of Pilate's wife appears evidently to have been ſupernatural and admonitory.

16. In

16. In the eighteenth chapter of Acts we have a relation of a vision that St. Paul had, saying; *Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee, to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city.*

17. And again in the twenty seventh chapter there is one similar: *There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cesar: and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.*

These relations are all recorded in the holy scriptures. Several of them have been attended with the most important consequences in the history of mankind: and they are all so interwoven with the sacred story, that they cannot be rejected without shaking the credit of the whole book wherein they are found. But the truth of holy scripture is established upon such an immoveable foundation, that it can never be subverted, but upon principles that would overturn the faith of all history. Before we can commence infidels, therefore, with respect to these parts of the bible, which record the divine interpositions by dreams[1] and night-visions, we

[1] Dr. Jortin, than whom there are few more capable of forming a true judgment, observes, that, "setting aside several sorts "of divination, as extremely suspicious, there remain predictions by dreams, and by sudden impulses upon persons "who were not of the fraternity of impostors; these were allowed to be sometimes preternatural by many of the learned "Pagans, and cannot, I think, be disproved, and should not be "totally rejected."

Remarks upon Ecclesiastical History, vol. i. p. 81.

muſt be prepared to reject the whole ſyſtem of revelation. For the credit of the former ſtands or falls with that of the latter.

II. But, ſecondly, theſe views of dreams and night-viſions are by no means confined to the holy writings. We have ſeveral ſimilar ones upon record in the works of ſome of the moſt learned of the Heathen. Homer, in particular, expreſsly tells us, in the beginning of his immortal poem called the Iliad, that "dreams deſcend from Jove." And he gives us a fine example of one in the beginning of the ſecond book. Mr. Pope tranſlates it in the following manner:

18 "Now pleaſing ſleep had ſeal'd each mortal eye,
"Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie,
"Th' immortals ſlumber'd on their thrones above;
"All, but the ever-watchful eyes of Jove.
"To honour Thetis' ſon he bent his care,
"And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:
"Then bids an empty phantom riſe to fight,
"And thus commands the viſion of the night:
"Fly hence, deluding dream! and light as air,
"To Agamemnon's ample tent repair.
"Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattl'd train,
"Lead all his Grecians to the duſty plain.
"Declare, ev'n now 'tis given him to deſtroy
"The lofty tow'rs of wide extended Troy.
"For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
"At Juno's ſuit the heav'nly factions end.
"Deſtruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
"And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall.

Swift

" Swift as the word the vain illuſion fled,
" Deſcends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;
" Cloath'd in the figure of the Pylian ſage,
" Renown'd for wiſdom, and rever'd for age;
" Around his temples ſpreads his golden wing,
" And thus the flatt'ring dream deceives the king.
" Canſt thou, with all a monarch's care oppreſt,
" Oh Atreus' ſon! canſt thou indulge thy reſt?
" Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
" Directs in council, and in war preſides,
" To whom its ſafety a whole people owes
" To waſte long nights in indolent repoſe.
" Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,
" Thou, and thy glory, claim his heav'nly care.
" In juſt array draw forth th' embattl'd train,
" Lead all thy Grecians to the duſty plain;
" Ev'n now, O king! 'tis giv'n thee to deſtroy
" The lofty tow'rs of wide extended Troy.
" For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
" At Juno's ſuit the heav'nly factions end.
" Deſtruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
" And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
" Awake, but waking this advice approve,
" And truſt the viſion that deſcends from Jove.
" The phantom ſaid; then vaniſh'd from his ſight,
" Reſolves to air, and mixes with the night."

19. Similar to this, in ſome reſpects, is that remarkable viſion, which is recorded in the twenty ſecond chapter of the firſt book of Kings: *And the Lord ſaid, Who ſhall perſuade Ahab that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-gilead? And one ſaid on this manner, and another ſaid on that manner. And there came forth a ſpirit, and ſtood before the Lord, and ſaid,*

I will perſuade him. And the Lord ſaid unto him, Wherewith? And he ſaid, I will go forth, and I will be a lying ſpirit in the mouth of all theſe thy prophets, and the Lord hath ſpoken evil concerning thee.

As Homer's night-viſion will probably be conſidered as no more than a poetical fiction, a few ſimilar inſtances from the Pagan hiſtorians and others may not be unacceptable.

20. The night before the murder of Julius Ceſar, as he was in bed with his wife, we are told, all the doors and windows of the chamber where he lay flew open on a ſudden. He was ſtartled at the noiſe, and at the light which broke into the room, and by the moon-ſhine perceived Calpurnia faſt aſleep, but heard her utter in a dream ſome indiſtinct words and inarticulate groans. She fancied at that time ſhe was weeping over Ceſar, and holding him butchered in her arms. When it was day, ſhe begged of Ceſar, if it were poſſible, not to ſtir out; and, if he ſlighted her dreams, at leaſt to conſult his fate by ſacrifices, and other kinds of divination. Nor was he himſelf without ſome ſuſpicion and fear; for he never before diſcovered in Calpurnia any womaniſh ſuperſtition, though he now ſaw her under ſuch terrible apprehenſions.—He went abroad, however, that day, and was ſtabbed with twenty three wounds in the ſenate houſe by ſome of his moſt intimate friends. [a]

21. The

[a] Roman Hiſtory.

21. The night viſion of Brutus is well known. He being to paſs his army from Abydos to the oppoſite continent, laid himſelf down one night, as he uſed to do, in his tent: he was not aſleep, but thinking of his affairs, and the event of the war; for he was naturally of a watchful conſtitution, and no general ever required ſo little ſleep. He thought he heard a noiſe at the door of his tent; and looking that way, by the light of his lamp, which was almoſt extinguiſhed, he ſaw a terrible figure, like that of a man, but of an extraordinary bulk and grim countenance. He was ſomewhat frighted at firſt, but ſeeing it neither did nor ſpoke any thing to him, but only ſtood ſilently by his bedſide, he aſked it at laſt, Who it was. The ſpectre anſwered him, I am thy evil genius, Brutus, and thou ſhalt ſee me at Philippi. Brutus anſwered very courageouſly, Well, I will ſee thee there. And immediately the apparition vaniſhed. When the time was come, he drew up his army near Philippi againſt Antony and Ceſar, and in the firſt battle got the day, routed the enemy, and plundered Ceſar's camp. The night before the ſecond battle, the ſame ſpectre appeared to him again, but ſpoke not a word. He preſently underſtood his death was near, and expoſed himſelf to all the danger of the battle; yet he did not die in the fight; but ſeeing his men defeated, he got up to the top of a rock, and there preſenting his ſword to his

naked breaſt, and being aſſiſted, as they ſay, by a friend, who helped him to give the thruſt, died upon the ſpot. [4]

22. The emperor Marcus Antoninus in the firſt chapter of his Commentaries profeſſeth, that he owed it to the gods that certain remedies were ſuggeſted to him in dreams, and among the reſt, that againſt ſpitting of blood and giddineſs of the head; as happened to him at Gaeta.

23. Soranus tells us that Hippocrates, the father of phyſic and prince of phyſicians, was divinely admoniſhed in a dream, to go and ſettle in Theſſaly. [5]

24. Galen, after Hippocrates, prince of the Greek phyſicians, choſe phyſic for his profeſſion, being determined thereto by a dream which his father had a little before his death. [6]

25. Dion Caſſius informs us that he was divinely commanded in his ſleep to write his hiſtory of the Romans. [7]

26. Pliny writes, that the cures of many diſeaſes, unknown before, had been diſcovered in dreams. [8]

27. St. Auſtin tells us, that one Praeſtantius deſired a ſolution of a doubt from a philoſopher, which he refuſed to give him. The night following Praeſtantius being awake ſaw this philoſopher ſtand by

[4] See Roman Hiſtory and Plutarch's Lives.
[5] Life of Hippocrates. [6] See his Life.
[7] See his Hiſtory. [8] Natural Hiſtory.

by and ſolve the doubt, and preſently go away. Praeſtantius meeting him the next day, aſked him, Why, having refuſed to ſolve the queſtion the day before, he came to him at midnight, of his own accord and ſolved it? To which the philoſopher replied, I came not in reality, but in my dream I ſeemed to do this to you. [9]

28. Before the martyrdom of Polycarp he had a viſion: the pillow under his head ſeemed to him on fire: upon which he ſaid prophetically, that he ſhould be burnt alive; which accordingly came to paſs three days after. [1]

29. When Cicero was forced into exile by an oppoſite faction, while he abode at a village in the fields of Atinas, in his ſleep he thought, that while he wandered through deſart places, and unknown countries, he met with C. Marius, in all his conſular ornaments, and that he aſked him, Wherefore his countenance was ſo ſad? and whither he intended that uncertain journey of his? And when he had told him of his misfortune, he took him by the right-hand, and gave him to the next Lictor, with command to lead him into his monument, inſomuch as there was reſerved for him a more happy fortune, and change of his condition. And it came to paſs accordingly. For in the temple of Jupiter, erected by Marius, there it was that the ſenate paſſed the decree for the return of Cicero from his exile. [2]

30. A

[9] See Beaumont on Spirits.
[1] Account of his Martyrdom.
[2] Valerius Maximus.

30. A rich veſſel of gold being ſtolen out of the temple of Hercules, Sophocles was ſhewed the reſemblance and name of the thief in his ſleep, which, for the firſt and ſecond time, he neglected; but, being troubled the third night, he went to the Areopagi, to whom he made known what had paſſed. They upon no other evidence, ſummoned the party before them, who, after ſtrict examination, confeſſed the fact, and made reſtitution of the veſſel.[3]

31. Crœſus, king of Lydia, had two ſons; one of which being dumb, was a perpetual ſubject of affliction to him; the other, named Atys, diſtinguiſhed himſelf by all kinds of good qualities, and was his great conſolation and delight. The father dreamed one night, which made a great impreſſion upon his mind, that this beloved ſon of his was to periſh by iron. Upon this, care is taken to remove out of the young prince's way every thing made of iron. No mention is made of armies, wars, or ſieges, before him. But one day there was to be an extraordinary hunting match, for the killing of a wild boar, which had committed great ravage in the neighbourhood. All the young lords of the court were to be at this hunting. Atys very earneſtly importuned his father, that he would give him leave to be preſent, at leaſt as a ſpectator. The king could not refuſe him that requeſt, but let him go under the care of a diſcreet young prince, who had

[3] Heywood's Hierarch.

had taken refuge in his court, and was named Adraſtus. And this very Adraſtus, as he was aiming to fling his javelin at the boar, unfortunately killed Atys. And ſo the dream of his father was accompliſhed, notwithſtanding all his precaution.[4]

32. When Socrates was in priſon, Crito went to pay him an early viſit, and told him, he was informed by perſons come from ſea, that the ſhip from Delos would return that day, the conſequence of which was, that Socrates ſhould be put to death on the morrow. Be it ſo, ſaid Socrates, if it pleaſe the gods: yet, I think, the ſhip will not be here to-day, but to-morrow. Why ſo, dear friend? ſaid Crito. Becauſe this night, replied Socrates, a woman of a beautiful and majeſtic form, clothed in a white robe, appeared to me in a dream, and calling me by my name, ſaid, The third day ſhall land thee ſafe at fruitful Phthia. They are the words of Achilles in Homer, when he propoſed to return home. Socrates took it for a prediction of his death, becauſe he judged, that to die was to go home to his own country. And his dream was accompliſhed.[5]

The next is ſingularly remarkable, and as well authenticated as any thing of the kind is well capable of being. I will give it in the words of Rollin.

33. When Alexander laid ſiege to Tyre, the Samaritans ſent him a conſiderable body of troops; whereas

[4] Herodotus. [5] Plato's Crito.

whereas the Jews thought they could not ſubmit themſelves to him, ſo long as Darius, to whom they had taken an oath of allegiance, ſhould be living.

Alexander, being little uſed to ſuch an anſwer, particularly ſince he had obtained ſo many victories, and thinking that all things ought to bow to him, reſolved, the inſtant he had conquered Tyre, to march againſt the Jews, and puniſh their diſobedience as rigorouſly as he had done that of the Tyrians.

In this imminent danger, Jaddus, the high-prieſt, who governed under the Perſians, ſeeing himſelf expoſed, with all the inhabitants, to the wrath of the conqueror, had recourſe to the protection of the Almighty, and gave orders for the offering up public prayers to implore his aſſiſtance, and made ſacrifices. The night after, God appeared to him in a dream, and bid him to cauſe flowers to be ſcattered up and down the city; to ſet open all the gates, and go, cloathed in his pontifical robes, with all the prieſts dreſſed alſo in their veſtments, and all the reſt cloathed in white, and meet Alexander, and not fear any evil from that king, inaſmuch as he would protect them. This command was punctually obeyed; and accordingly this auguſt proceſſion, the very day after, marched out of the city to an eminence called Shapha, whence there was a view of all the plain, as well as of the temple and city of

Jeruſalem

Jeruſalem. Here the whole proceſſion waited the arrival of Alexander.

The Syrians and Phenicians who were in his army, were perſuaded that the wrath of this prince was ſo great, that he would certainly puniſh the high-prieſt after an exemplary manner, and deſtroy that city in the ſame manner as he had done Tyre; and, fluſhed with joy upon that account; they waited in expectation of glutting their eyes with the calamities of a people, to whom they bore a mortal hatred.

As ſoon as the Jews heard of the king's approach, they ſet out to meet him with all the pomp before deſcribed. Alexander was ſtruck at the ſight of the high-prieſt, in whoſe mitre and forehead a golden plate was fixed, on which the name of God was written. The moment the king perceived the high-prieſt, he advanced towards him with an air of the moſt profound reſpect; bowed his body, adored the auguſt name above-mentioned, and ſaluted him who wore it with a religious veneration. Then the Jews, ſurrounding Alexander, raiſed their voices to wiſh him every kind of proſperity. All the ſpectators were ſeized with inexpreſſible ſurprize; they could ſcarce believe their eyes; and did not know how to account for a ſight, ſo contrary to their expectation and ſo vaſtly improbable.

Parmenio

Parmenio, who could not yet recover from his aſtoniſhment, aſked the king how it came to paſs that he, who was adored by every one, adored the high-prieſt. I do not, replied Alexander, adore the high-prieſt, but the God whoſe miniſter he is; for whilſt I was at Dius in Macedonia (my mind wholly fixed on the great deſign of the Perſian war,) as I was revolving the methods how to conquer Aſia, this very man, dreſſed in the ſame robes, appeared to me in a dream; exhorted me to baniſh every fear, bid me croſs the Helleſpont boldly; and aſſured me, that God would march at the head of my army, and give me victory over that of the Perſians.

Alexander added, that the inſtant he ſaw this prieſt, he knew him, by his habit, his ſtature, his air, and his face, to be the ſame perſon whom he had ſeen at Dius; that he was firmly perſuaded, it was by the command, and under the immediate conduct of heaven, that he had undertaken this war; that he was ſure he ſhould overcome Darius hereafter, and deſtroy the empire of the Perſians; and that this was the reaſon why he adored this God in the perſon of his prieſt. Alexander, after having thus anſwered Parmenio, embraced the high-prieſt, and all his brethren; then walking in the midſt of them, he arrived at Jeruſalem, where he offered ſacrifices to God, in the temple,

after

after the manner prescribed to him by the high-priest. [1]

34. Two Arcadians of intimate acquaintance lodged at Mægara, one at a friend's house the other at an inn. He that lodged with his friend, saw in his sleep, his companion supplicating his host not to kill him; and heard his voice begging him to come to his assistance. Suddenly awaking, he started from his bed, and was hastily running out of the room; but recollecting his senses, he found he had only been in a dream; he therefore returned to his bed, and composed himself again to sleep. His friend again appeared to him with several wounds in his body, and said, Since you would not prevent my murder, yet I conjure you to revenge it. My host has killed me, and has laid my body at the bottom of a dung cart, and is now carrying it out at the west gate of the city. The man at this suddenly awaked again, and putting on his clothes, ran hastly to the western gate, where he overtook the cart, and, under a heap of dung, found the mangled body of his murdered friend. The innkeeper was seized, and suffered the punishment he so well deserved.

Thus we see that dreams and night-visions have been common in all former ages and among all ancient

[1] Ancient History, vol. 6. Turner 49. Valer. Max. 1. c. 7. Dr. More Immort. of the soul. l. 2. c. 16.

ancient people; and, that they have ſometimes been very important and inſtructive is clear, beyond all manner of doubt, to every perſon who will give credit to hiſtory, whether ſacred or profane. Heſiod has delivered the doctrine of guardian angels, from whom, poſſibly, many of our ſupernatural impreſſions proceed, in a very diſtinct manner. And he lived, it is ſuppoſed, near a thouſand years before our Saviour:

" Exactly mark, ye rulers of mankind,
" The ways of truth, nor be to juſtice blind;
" Conſider, all ye do, and all ye ſay
" The holy dæmons to their God convey,
" Aerial ſpirits, by great Jove deſign'd
" To be on earth the guardians of mankind,
" Inviſible to mortal eyes they go,
" And mark our actions, good, or bad, below;
" Th' immortal ſpies with watchful care preſide,
" And thrice ten thouſand round their charges glide.
" They can reward with glory, or with gold,
" A pow'r they by divine permiſſion hold."

How this old Bard ſhould come by theſe ſentiments I cannot conceive, unleſs he had read the ſtory of Eliſha and the Syrians in the ſecond book of Kings, where it is ſaid, *the mountain was full of horſes and chariots of fire round about Eliſha.*

Be this as it may, Homer, we have ſeen already, is full of the ſame ſentiments, as well as the Old and New Teſtament. And our great countryman Milton, in his immortal poem called Paradiſe Loſt,

Loſt, doubtleſs had his eye on this part of Heſiod, where he ſays:

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

And that he was of the ſame opinion with us concerning dreams, is, I think, pretty evident from his repreſenting Eve, the mother of mankind, while in a ſtate of innocence, as being diſturbed with monitory impreſſions upon her mind, when under the dominion of ſleep:

34. " O ſole in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
" My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
" Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
" (Such night till this I never paſs'd) have dream'd,
" If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
" Works of day paſt, or morrow's next deſign;
" But of offence and trouble, which my mind
" Knew never till this irkſome night:——
——————" O how glad I wak'd,
" To find this but a dream!" [1]

He has alſo given us another beautiful ſpecimen of the pleaſing and innocent kind of dream in his Paradiſe Regained, which, he ſuppoſes, our bleſſed Saviour had, when he was in the wilderneſs tempted of the devil:

35. " Where will this end? four times ten days I've paſſ'd
" Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food

[1] See the whole dream, Paradiſe Loſt, b. 5. l. 28——93.

" Nor taſted, nor had appetite; that faſt
" To virtue I impute not, or count part
" Of what I ſuffer here; if nature need not,
" Or God ſupport nature without repaſt
" Though needing, what praiſe is it to endure?
" But now I feel I hunger, which declares
" Nature hath need of what ſhe aſks; yet God
" Can ſatisfy that need ſome other way,
" Though hunger ſtill remain: ſo it remain
" Without this body's waſting, I content me,
" And from the ſting of famine fear no harm,
" Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
" Me hung'ring more to do my Father's will.
" It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
" Commun'd in ſilent walk, then laid him down
" Under the hoſpitable covert nigh
" Of trees thick interwoven; there he ſlept,
" And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
" Of meats and drinks, nature's refreſhment ſweet;
" Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith ſtood
" And ſaw the ravens with their horny beaks
" Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn,
" Though ravenous, taught t'abſtain from what they [brought:
" He ſaw the prophet alſo how he fled
" Into the deſert, and how there he ſlept
" Under a juniper; then how awak'd,
" He found his ſupper on the coals prepar'd,
" And by the angel was bid riſe and eat,
" And eat the ſecond time after repoſe,
" The ſtrength whereof ſuffic'd him forty days;
" Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
" Or as a gueſt with Daniel at his pulſe.
" Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
" Left his ground-neſt, high tow'ring to deſcry

" The

" The morn's approach, and greet her with his ſong:
" As lightly from his graſſy couch up roſe
" Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream.
" Faſting he went to ſleep, and faſting wak'd."

3. But, thirdly, ſuch things happened in old times, we are ready to ſay, or elſe the people were formerly more ſuperſtitious and eaſy of belief; but now it is not ſo; times are changed; mankind are more enlightened and more liberal, and ſuperſtition flies before learning and knowledge as darkneſs before the riſing ſun.—All this is in a good degree true; but yet God is juſt what he was in any former period, and man alſo is exactly the ſame as of old, both in his nature, and active powers. Matters of fact alſo are no more to be ſet aſide by folly and incredulity now, than in ancient times. Beſides, ſcripture being judge, dreams and night-viſions were ſo far from being to ceaſe under the Chriſtian diſpenſation, that they were to be more generally and abundantly given under the œconomy of the goſpel, than they had ever been in former ages. *It ſhall come to paſs afterwards, ſays God, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all fleſh; your ſons and your daughters ſhall propheſy, your old men ſhall dream dreams; your young men ſhall ſee viſions.*[1] Theſe words of the prophet Joel are expreſsly applied to the goſpel times by an authority that cannot be queſtioned: *Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell*

[1] Joel 2. 28.

at Jeruſalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words: for theſe are not drunken as ye ſuppoſe, ſeeing it is but the third hour of the day: but this is that which was ſpoken by the prophet Joel: And it ſhall come to paſs in the laſt days, ſaith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all fleſh; and your ſons and your daughters ſhall propheſy, and your young men ſhall ſee viſions, and your old men ſhall dream dreams: and on my ſervants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in thoſe days of my Spirit, and they ſhall propheſy.[2]

Here we may obſerve the prophecy is expreſsly applied by St. Peter to the times under the goſpel; and no other part of the holy ſcripture, that I recollect, revokes the grant, either directly or indirectly. I conclude, therefore, as a believer of the bible, that God doth ſtill, upon proper occaſions, make known his will to his creatures by dreams and viſions of the night. If I believe my bible I muſt believe this. They ſtand or fall together.[3] I, for my part, never had

[2] Acts 2. 16——21.

[3] "That ſeveral divinations by dreams have been made" ſays the elegant Mr. Addiſon again, "none can queſtion, who "believes the holy writings, or who has but the leaſt degree of "hiſtorical faith; there being innumerable inſtances of this na- "ture in ſeveral authors, both ancient and modern, ſacred and "profane. Whether ſuch dark preſages, ſuch viſions of the "night proceed from any latent power in the ſoul, during this "her ſtate of abſtraction, or from any communication with the "Supreme Being, or from any operation of ſubordinate ſpirits, "has been a great diſpute among the learned. The matter of "fact is, I think, inconteſtible, and has been looked upon as "ſuch by the greateſt writers, who have been never ſuſpected "either of ſuperſtition or enthuſiaſm."

Spectator, N°. 487.

had any dreams or night viſions, which I could fairly conſider as ſupernatural, and which implied the agency of ſeparate ſpirits upon the imagination: but I have known thoſe who have, and whoſe veracity I could no more call in queſtion than my own exiſtence. Several likewiſe we have on record, which have happened in theſe latter days, that are extremely remarkable, and by no means to be accounted for upon the common principles of nature.[4] A few of each of theſe I will now relate, that we may all learn this uſeful leſſon, which we are ſometimes apt to forget—God is *the ſame yeſterday, to-day, and forever.*

36. The ſtory of the Duke of Buckingham is well known. I will relate it in the words of Lord Clarendon.

1. There were many ſtories ſcattered abroad at that time, ſays his Lordſhip, of ſeveral prophecies, and predictions of the Duke's untimely and violent death. Amongſt the reſt there was one, which was upon a better foundation of credit, than uſually

[4] The apparition of Mrs. Veal to Mrs. Bargrave, which is frequently printed before Drelincourt's book on Death, is very remarkable, and as ſtrongly atteſted as any thing of the kind is well capable of being. But this was neither a dream nor a night-viſion, and therefore does not properly come within the deſign of this diſcourſe. We may obſerve, however, with Dr. Aſſigny, the tranſlator of that very uſeful and popular book, that "to reject all narratives of this kind as fictitious, argues as "great an error, weakneſs and prejudice, as to believe all that "is reported of apparitions."

ſuch diſcourſes are founded upon. There was an Officer in the King's wardrobe in Windſor caſtle, of a good reputation for honeſty and diſcretion, and then about fifty years or more: this man had, in his youth, been bred in a ſchool, in the pariſh where Sir George Villiers, the father of the Duke, lived; and had been much cheriſhed and obliged, in that ſeaſon of his age, by the ſaid Sir George, whom afterwards he never ſaw. About ſix months before the miſerable end of theDuke of Buckingham,about midnight, this man, being in his bed, at Windſor, where his office was, and in a very good health, there appeared to him on the ſide of his bed a man of a very venerable aſpect, who drew the curtains of his bed, and fixing his eyes upon him, aſked him if he knew him. The poor man, half dead with fear and apprehenſion, being aſked the ſecond time, whether he remembered him? and having in that time called to his memory the preſence of Sir George Villiers, and the very cloaths he uſed to wear, in which at that time he ſeemed to be habited, he anſwered him, that he thought him to be that perſon. He replied he was in the right; that he was the ſame, and that he expected a ſervice from him; which was, that he ſhould go from him to his ſon, the Duke of Buckingham, and tell him, if he did not ſomewhat to ingratiate himſelf to the people, or, at leaſt, to abate the extreme malice they had againſt him, he would be ſuffered to live but a ſhort

time,

time. After this diſcourſe he diſappeared; and the poor man, if he had been at all waking, ſlept very well till morning, when he believed all this to be a dream, and conſidered it no otherwiſe.

The next night, or ſhortly after, the ſame perſon appeared to him again in the ſame place and about the ſame time of the night, with an aſpect a little more ſevere than before; and aſked him, whether he had done as he had required him? and, perceiving he had not, gave him very ſevere reprehenſions; told him, he expected more compliance from him; and that if he did not perform his commands, he ſhould enjoy no peace of mind, but ſhould be always purſued by him: upon which, he promiſed him to obey him. But the next morning waking out of a good ſleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively repreſentation of all particulars to his memory, he was willing ſtill to perſuade himſelf that he had only dreamed: and conſidered, that he was a perſon at ſuch a diſtance from the Duke, that he knew not how to find any admiſſion to his preſence; much leſs had any hope to be believed in what he ſhould ſay. So with great trouble and unquietneſs, he ſpent ſome time in thinking what he ſhould do; and in the end reſolved to do nothing in the matter.

The ſame perſon appeared to him the third time with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproaching him for not performing what he had promiſed to do. The poor man had by this time recovered the

the courage to tell him, that in truth he had deferred the execution of his commands, upon conſidering how difficult a thing it would be for him to get any acceſs to the Duke, having acquaintance with no perſon about him; and if he could obtain admiſſion to him, he ſhould never be able to perſuade him, that he was ſent in ſuch a manner; but he ſhould, at beſt, be thought to be mad, or to be ſet on and employed, by his own or the malice of other men, to abuſe the Duke; and ſo he ſhould be ſure to be undone. The perſon replied, as he had done before, that he ſhould perform what he required; and therefore he were better to diſpatch it; that the acceſs to his ſon was known to be very eaſy; and that few men waited long for him; and for the gaining him credit, he would tell him two or three particulars, which he charged him never to mention to any perſon living, but to the Duke himſelf; and he ſhould no ſooner hear them, but he would believe all the reſt he ſhould ſay: and ſo repeating his threats he left him.

In the morning, the poor man, more confirmed by the laſt appearance, made his journey to London; where the court then was. He was very well known to Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the Maſters of Requeſts, who had married a lady that was nearly allied to the Duke, and was himſelf well received by him. To him this man went; and though he did not acquaint him with all particulars, he ſaid enough to him

him to let him ſee there was ſomething extraordinary in it; and the knowledge he had of the ſobriety, and diſcretion of the man, made the more impreſſion in him. He deſired that, by his means he might be brought to the Duke; to ſuch a place, and in ſuch a manner, as ſhould be thought fit: affirming, that he had much to ſay to him; and of ſuch a nature, as would require much privacy, and ſome time and patience. Sir Ralph promiſed he would ſpeak firſt with the Duke of him, and then he ſhould underſtand his pleaſure: and accordingly, in the firſt opportunity, he did inform him of the reputation and honeſty of the man, and then what he deſired, and of all he knew of the matter.

The Duke, according to his uſual openneſs and condeſcenſion, told him, that he was the next day early to hunt with the King; that his horſes ſhould attend him at Lambeth bridge, where he would land by five of the clock in the morning; and if the man attended him there at that hour, he would walk, and ſpeak with him, as long as ſhould be neceſſary. Sir Ralph carried the man with him the next morning, and preſented him to the Duke at his landing, who received him courteouſly; and walked aſide in conference near an hour, none but his own ſervants being at that hour in that place; and they and Sir Ralph at ſuch a diſtance, that they could not hear a word, though the Duke ſometimes ſpoke, and with great commotion; which Sir Ralph the more eaſily obſerved

obſerved, and perceived, becauſe he kept his eyes always upon the Duke; having procured the conference, upon ſomewhat he knew there was of extraordinary. And the man told him in his return over the water, that when he mentioned thoſe particulars which were to gain him credit, the ſubſtance whereof he ſaid he durſt not impart to him, the Duke changed colour, and he ſwore he could come to that knowledge only by the devil; for that thoſe particulars were known only to himſelf, and to one perſon more, who, he was ſure, would never ſpeak of it.

The Duke purſued his purpoſe of hunting; but was obſerved to ride all the morning with great penſiveneſs, and in deep thoughts, without any delight in the exerciſe he was upon, and before the morning was ſpent, left the field, and alighted at his mother's lodgings in Whitehall; with whom he was ſhut up for the ſpace of two or three hours; the noiſe of their diſcourſe frequently reaching the ears of thoſe who attended in the next rooms: and when the Duke left her, his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger; a countenance that was never before obſerved in him, in any converſation with her, towards whom he had a profound reverence. And the Counteſs herſelf (for though ſhe was married to a private gentleman, Sir Thomas Compton, ſhe had been created Counteſs of Buckingham, ſhortly after her ſon had firſt aſſumed that title)

title) was, at the Duke's leaving her, found overwhelmed in tears, and in the higheſt agony imaginable. Whatever there was of all this, it is a notorious truth, that when the news of the Duke's murder (which happened within a few months after) was brought to his mother, ſhe ſeemed not in the leaſt degree ſurpriſed; but received it as if ſhe had foreſeen it; nor did afterwards expreſs ſuch a degree of ſorrow, as was expected from ſuch a mother, for the loſs of ſuch a ſon.[1]

The two following inſtances are taken from the little book by Henry Fielding, Eſq. entitled, "Examples of the Interpoſition of Providence in "the Detection and Puniſhment of Murder," and are both more or leſs to our preſent purpoſe.

37. In the reign of king James I. one Ann Waters, having an unlawful and wanton intercourſe with a young man in the neighbourhood; and finding her huſband ſome embarraſſment to their wicked pleaſures, determined to put him out of the way: and accordingly one night, aſſiſted by her paramour, ſhe ſtrangled her huſband, and they buried his body under a dunghill in the cowhouſe. The man was miſſing, and his wife made ſuch a lamentation about him, that the people greatly pitied her, and gave her all the aſſiſtance in their power in ſearching for her huſband. But as ſhe knew where ſhe had laid him, ſhe

[1] Hiſtory of the Rebellion, vol. 1. p. 42.

ſhe took care to direct their ſearch, far from the place where her barbarity would have been diſcovered.

After the ſearch was at an end, and it was imagined the man might be gone away for debt, without acquainting his wife with his intentions; a woman in the neighbourhood dreamt, that a ſtranger told her, that Ann Waters had ſtrangled her huſband, and had hid him under the dunghill. She at firſt diſregarded the dream, but it being repeated ſeveral nights, it began publicly to be talked of; and at length they got authority to ſearch the dunghill, where the dead body was found; and other concurring circumſtances appearing, the wife was apprehended and convicted of the murder, which before her execution ſhe confeſſed, and impeached the young fellow her accomplice. He, on her being apprehended, immediately fled, but was purſued and taken, and on his own confeſſion was alſo executed for the murder. Ann Waters was burnt, and her paramour was hanged in chains.[a]

38. In the year 1690 a man in Ireland dreamt that he was riding out with a relation of his, who lived at Ameſbury in Wiltſhire on the Downs near that town; and that his relation was robbed and murdered by two men, whoſe perſons and dreſs he perfectly remembered. His dream was ſo ſtrong, that

[a] Turner 29. Wanley's Wonders, &c. book 1. ch. 41. Baker's Chron. p. 614.

that he wrote to his couſin at Ameſbury, begging him not to ride late, and then related the dream he had had concerning him. The man received the letter, but laughed at the caution: and the next night on the very ſpot therein mentioned, he was both robbed and murdered. His wife extremely afflicted for his loſs, ſhewed this letter to her friends; and, from the exact deſcription of the murderers, they were taken up, ſeparately confined, and by their equivocal and contradictory anſwers, ſome of the murdered man's things being alſo found upon them, they were convicted, and hanged in chains on the ſpot where the murder was committed.[1]

39. Monſieur Calignan, chancellor of Navarre, was eſteemed a man of ſingular virtue. Being at Berne, one night as he lay aſleep, he heard a voice which called him by his name, Calignan! Awaking, and hearing no more of it, he imagined it was only a dream, and fell aſleep again. A little after he heard the ſame voice, calling him in the ſame manner. This made a greater impreſſion on him than the former; ſo that being awaked, he called his wife, who was with him, and told her what had happened. They both lay waking for ſome time expecting to hear it a third time. At length they went to ſleep together, when the voice awaked him again, calling him by his name, and adviſing him to retire immediately out of the town, and to remove his

[1] Turner, p. 54.

his family, for that the plague would rage horribly in that place within a few days. He followed the direction, and, within a few days after, the plague began in the town, and deſtroyed a great number of people.[2]

40. When the celebrated Dr. Harvey, being a young man, went to travel towards Padua, he went to Dover, with ſeveral others, and ſhewed his paſs, as the reſt did, to the Governour there. The Governour told him, that he muſt not go, but he muſt keep him priſoner. The Doctor deſired to know for what reaſon, and what he had done amiſs. He ſaid it was his will to have it ſo. The packet boat hoiſted ſail in the evening, which was very clear, and the Doctor's companions in it. A terrible ſtorm enſued, and the packet boat, with all the paſſengers, were caſt away. The next day the melancholy news was brought to Dover. The Governour was a total ſtranger to Dr. Harvey, but by name and face; only the night before, he had a perfect viſion, in a dream, of Dr. Harvey, who came to paſs over to Calais; and an order to ſtop him. This the Governour told the Doctor the next day, and the Doctor told the ſtory again to ſeveral of his friends in London.[3]

41. Dr. Donne and his wife lived for ſome time in London with Sir Robert Drury. Sir Robert, having occaſion to go to Paris, took the Doctor, along

[2] Beaumont on Spirits. [3] Ibid.

along with him, whoſe wife was left big with child at Sir Robert's houſe. Two days after their arrival at Paris, Dr. Donne was left alone in the room where Sir Robert and he, and ſome other friends had dined together. Sir Robert returned in half an hour, and as he had left, ſo he found the Doctor alone; but in ſuch an ecſtaſy, and ſo altered in his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold. He enquired the cauſe; and after ſome time the Doctor told him he had ſeen a dreadful viſion. I have ſeen, ſays he, my dear wife paſs twice by me, through this room, with her hair hanging about her ſhoulders, and a dead child in her arms. A meſſenger was immediately diſpatched to England, to enquire after Mrs. Donne, and it appeared, that ſhe had been brought to bed of a dead child, after a long and dangerous labour, about the very hour that Dr. Donne affirmed he ſaw her paſs by him in his chamber at Paris.[4]

42. Sir Charles Lee, about the year 1662, had a daughter by his firſt wife, who was upon the point of being married to Sir William Perkins, but was prevented by death. One night, after ſhe was in bed, ſhe thought ſhe ſaw a light, and knocked for her maid. She aſked why ſhe left a candle burning in her chamber. The maid ſaid ſhe had left none, neither was there any fire. The young lady therefore concluded it was a dream, and compoſed herſelf

[4] Walton's Life of Dr. Donne.

ſelf to ſleep again. About two o'clock ſhe was awaked again, and ſaw the apparition of a little woman, who told her ſhe was her mother, that ſhe was happy, and that by twelve o'clock that day ſhe would be with her. She immediately knocked again for her maid, got up, dreſſed herſelf, wrote to her father who was abſent, and made all things ready for her departure out of the world. Lady Everard, her aunt, who was in the houſe with her, thought ſhe was gone off her mind, and ſent immediately to Chelmsford for a phyſician and ſurgeon. They came, but could diſcover no traces of a diſordered imagination. They let her blood, however, and uſed ſuch other means as they thought proper: which, when they had done, ſhe deſired the chaplain might be called to pray with her. When prayers were ended ſhe took her gittar and pſalm book, ſat down upon a chair without arms, and played and ſung ſo melodiouſly, that her muſic-maſter, and all who heard her, wondered greatly. When twelve o'clock drew near ſhe aroſe and ſat herſelf down in a great chair with arms, and preſently, fetching a ſtrong breathing or two, ſhe inſtantly expired. She died at Waltham in Eſſex, about three miles from Chelmsford.[s]

43. Major Sydenham and Captain Dyke had frequent diſputes together concerning the Being of God and the immortality of the ſoul. Not being able

[s] View of the Inviſible World.

able to ſettle their opinions on theſe ſubjects they agreed together, that whether ever died firſt ſhould appear to the other at ſuch a time and place. The Major happened to be called firſt. The Captain accordingly attended at the time and place appointed; but no Major appeared. About ſix weeks after, however, the Major came to him when he was in bed, and cried, Cap! Cap! which was the term of familiarity the Major uſed to call the Captain by when he was living. The Captain replied, What, my Major? To which he returned, I could not come at the time appointed, but I am now come to tell you, that there is a God, and a very juſt and terrible one; and if you do not turn over a new leaf, you will find it ſo.—The Captain lived about two years afterwards, was very much affected with the appearence of his friend, and continued to affirm the truth of it to his dying day.*

44. Thomas Wotton, Eſq. a little before his death, dreamt that the univerſity of Oxford was robbed by five men. He wrote to his ſon, who was then in Oxford, and told him the particulars of his dream. The univerſity was robbed accordingly, the very night before the letter came to his ſon's hands. As ſoon as morning arrived there was a great noiſe concerning the robbery. Whereupon the young man ſhewed his letter to the perſons con-

* Ibid.

cerned, and all the five men were taken up and found guilty.[2]

45. William Neſſenus, on a certain day after dinner, in a gentle ſleep he had, dreamt that he was paſſing a river in a fiſher's boat, as he frequently did for his diverſion, and that the boat, ſtriking on the trunk of a tree, was overturned, and he was drowned. This dream he told to Philip Melancthon, who then accidentily came to ſee him, at the ſame time deriding the vanity of dreams. But, however, that very evening his dream had its accompliſhment.[3]

46. A certain ſoldier at Genoa dreamt one night he was devoured by a ſerpent. A tumult ariſing in the city ſoon after, he was killed by the ball of a cannon, which is uſually called a Serpent.[4]

47. An ingenious young man, ſcholar to Alexander of Alexandria, ſaw in his ſleep his mother carried to be buried; whereupon he fell into great ſighs and lamentations. Being overheard, he was awaked, and aſked the cauſe of his uneaſineſs? He anſwered, His mother was dead, and he ſaw her carrying to be buried. Alexander obſerved the day and time the dream or viſion happened. A little after a meſſenger came with the news of the mother's death. And upon enquiry it appeared ſhe died the ſame day the viſion was ſeen.[5]

48. Johannes

[2] Life of Sir Henry Wotton.
[3] Camerarius's Life of Melancthon. [4] Beaumont on Spirits.
[5] Ibid.

48. Johannes Maria Mauroſenus, a ſenator of Venice, while he was prætor in Dalmatia, ſaw in his dream one of his brothers, whom he much loved, come to embrace him, and bid him farewell, becauſe he was going to the other world. And having, as he thought, followed him a little way weeping, he awaked all in tears, and was in great fear for his brother at Venice. On the third day letters were brought him from home, acquainting him that his brother died on that night, and about the hour he had had his dream. This he frequently told with tears in his eyes.[6]

49. In the year 1610, Peireſkius returning from Montpelier to Niſmes with one James Rainer, a citizen of Aix, they ſlept together at an inn on the road. As Peireſkius ſlept Rainer obſerved that he muttered ſomething to himſelf in an unuſal manner. He awaked him, and aſked him what was the matter? O, ſaid Peireſkius, from what a pleaſant dream have you rouſed me? I was dreaming, ſaid he, that I was at Niſmes, and that a goldſmith offered me a golden medal of Julius Ceſar for four crowns, and I was juſt paying him his money for it when you diſturbed me. They went on to Niſmes, and while dinner was preparing Peireſkius took a walk into the city; where lighting by chance on a goldſmith's ſhop, he aſked the maſter of it, whether he had any curioſity to ſhew him? He told him he had

[6] Ibid

a Julius Cesar of gold. He asked him the price. He replied, Four crowns. He paid him the money, and his dream was fulfilled in every particular.[7]

50. In the year 1695 one John Stockden, of the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, in London, was robbed and murdered. Soon after which the said Stockden appeared several times to one of his old neighbours named Elizabeth Greenwood in her dreams, and laid open to her the whole business; in consequence of which the murderers were taken, confessed the fact, and were executed. And again after the murderers were taken Mrs. Greenwood dreamt 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.—This business made a great noise at the time, and is attested by the Bishop of Gloucester, the Dean of York, the Master of the Charterhouse, and Dr. Allix, who had the particulars from Mrs. Greenwood. A fuller account may be seen in Beaumont on Spirits.

51. Marcus Antoninus Flaminius being at Genoa, and somewhat indisposed in his health, borrowed a book of a friend to divert himself. After some days he happened to leave it on a couch with some other books, when it was lost, and could no where be found. In the night following he saw one of the maid

[7] Gassendus's Life of Peireskius.

maid ſervants of the houſe in a dream take the book from the couch, and as ſhe was laying it on a table, the book happened to fall upon the ground, and was injured. He ſaw moreover the maid hiding it in a ſecret place for fear. Flaminius riſing in the morning, and remembring his dream, ſought for the book, and found it in the place where he had ſeen it put by the ſervant in his dream. He then charged the girl with what was done, and ſhe confeſſed that every thing was done by her as he had ſeen in his ſleep.[8]

52. Geſner dreamt one night that he was bit by a ſerpent, and the next morning ſaid he ſhould be ſeized with a peſtilential carbuncle. A few days after a carbuncle appeared in his left breaſt, and in five days he died.[9]

53. The wife of one of the chief members of the parliament of Provence in France dreamt one night that her huſband was executed. When ſhe awoke ſhe found one of her hands ſo ſtiff with the fright, that ſhe was not able to bend it; and in it was the image of her huſband depicted with his head cut off, all beſmeared with blood.—Her huſband was beheaded at the city of Paris in the manner ſhe had ſeen in her dream.[10]

54. A certain Phyſician in America was miſerably diſturbed with dreams of his being drowned for three nights together. On the third of theſe nights his

[8] Beaumont on Spirits. [9] Ibid. [10] Ibid.

his dreams were ſo troubleſome, that he was caſt into extreme ſweats by ſtruggling under the imaginary waters. With the ſweats yet upon him he came down from his chamber, telling the people of the family what it was that had ſo diſcompoſed him. Soon after there came in two friends, that aſked him to go a little way with them in a boat upon the water. He was at firſt afraid of gratifying them in it, but being very calm weather, he recollected himſelf, and thought, Why ſhould I mind my dreams, or diſtruſt Divine Providence? He went with them, and before night, by a thunder ſtorm ſuddenly coming on, they were all three drowned.[1]

55. Doctor Pitcairne is ſaid never to have related the following ſtory without ſome emotion of mind. His friend Mr. Lindſey upon reading with the Doctor, when very young, the known ſtory of the two Platonic philoſophers, who promiſed to one another, that whoever died firſt, ſhould return a viſit to his ſurviving companion, entered into the ſame engagement with him. Some years after, the Doctor, at his father's houſe in Fife, dreamt one morning, that Lindſey,

[1] Cotton Mather, in his Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory of New England, aſſerts this of his own knowledge.

Grotius alſo gives us an inſtance of a very curious monitory dream in the 405th. of his epiſtles. It may be ſeen at large in Jortin's Remarks on Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, vol. I. page 79, and vol. II. p. 117.—Jortin calls it a well atteſted ſtory.

See likewiſe in the ſame entertaining work, vol. I. p. 249, a curious account of the viſions and dreams of Price Evans. "They are, at leaſt, a curioſity deſerving to be known," as Jortin obſerves, "but not a foundation to build any thing upon."

Lindſey, who was then at Paris, came to him and told him, that he was not dead, as was commonly reported, but ſtill alive, and lived in a very agreeable place, to which he could not as yet carry him. By the courſe of the poſt news came of Lindſey's death, which happened exceeding ſuddenly, the very morn-in of the dream.[2]

56. Colonel Gardiner having made an aſſignation with a woman of eaſy virtue to meet her at twelve o'clock on a certain ſabbath-day, left the company with whom he paſt the evening about eleven. Re-tiring to his room to ſpend the intermediate hour, he took up a book and began to read. While he was reading, an unuſal blaze of light ſeemed to fall on the book, which he at firſt imagined might hap-pen by ſome accident in the candle. But, lifting up his eyes, he apprehended, to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were ſuſpended in the air, a viſible repreſentation of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt upon the croſs, ſurrounded on all ſides with a glory, while a voice ſeemed to ſay, Oh, ſinner, did I ſuffer this for thee, and are theſe the returns!

From that time he became as eminent a ſaint, as before he had been a ſinner![3]

57. Some time ago a Lady dreamt that a fright-ful figure appeared at the window of her dining room, which was full of company. Upon her en-

quiring

[2] View of the Inviſible World.
[3] Doddridge's Memoirs of his Life.

quiring what it was, they told her it was Death. She begged they would keep him out; but he forced his way in, and pointed his dart at her. She prayed very earneſtly that he might be kept from her; upon which he anſwered her, She might put him from her for nine days, but then he ſhould return to her and take no denial. Immediately after, ſhe was tranſlated into heaven, where ſhe ſaw a great company all ſinging, and very happy. But as ſhe knew not the tune, nor the words, ſhe was very melancholy. At length ſhe ſat down in a corner by herſelf, when an angel came to her, and aſked her why ſhe looked ſo melancholy, as nothing but happineſs was there? She replied, Becauſe ſhe could not join. He then aſked her, how ſhe came there? She anſwered, ſhe did not know. Upon which he opened a door, and let her down into a moſt dreadful place, which ſhe found to be hell, where ſhe heard ſuch ſhrieks and cries of the damned, that ſhe awaked.

This was the dream. And it proved that the Lady died on the very day that Death ſaid he would return.[4]

58. The late Lord L—n as he lay in bed, was awaked out of his ſleep, as he himſelf deſcribed it, by a noiſe not unlike the fluttering of a bird, about the curtains of his bed. On opening his eyes, he ſaw the appearance of a woman. He was prodigiouſly

[4] Wills's Spiritual Regiſter.

ouſly ſhocked, and cried out, What do you want? Why do you diſturb me? She anſwered, I am come to warn you of your diſſolution. He replied, What! ſhall I not live two months? To which ſhe made anſwer, No, you will die within three days.

His Lordſhip was greatly agitated in his mind; and told his dream or viſion to many of his friends that afternoon in the Houſe of Lords. At length, ſaturday, which was the third day, came; and though well all the intermediate time, and much in company with his friends, he died a little before twelve that night. All were aſtoniſhed that hard it; and in ſpite of the infidelity of the age, every mouth was ſtopped.[a]

59. A young man, a tinner in Cornwall, who was very wicked, dreamed one night that he had been long dead; and now hard the trumpet ſound to judgment. Fain would he have called to the mountains and rocks to fall on him and hide him from God and the Lamb. While he was thus filled with horror, expecting the ſentence, *Depart ye curſed*, to be pronounced upon him; a voice was hard to ſay, Spare him a little longer. This ſo overpowered him with joy, that he inſtantly awoke. The impreſſion was ſo ſtrong upon his mind for a few days that he made ſome feeble attempts to reform. But, getting among his drunken, ſwearing, companions again, he relapſed into his former wicked

[a] Ibid.

wicked courſes, and was cut off in a fever within a month in black diſpair.[a]

60. A common hackney coachman, had a moſt remarkable dream not long ſince; which is as follows: He dreamt one ſaturday evening, that he was out with his coach plying for a fare; and being engaged, had directions given him where to drive. As he was carrying his paſſengers, he thought he was called to aſcend an exceeding ſteep hill; and when he reached the ſummit, he found the declivity of the hill ſtill more troubleſome. However, with great difficulty he got down, and as he proceeded, he arrived at a pair of great iron gates, wide open. When he had paſſed them, he found himſelf in an uncommonly dark and gloomy place, in which were vaſt crowds of people dreſſed in mourning, all of whom, by their countenances, ſeemed to be in a very penſive frame of mind. Hereupon he ſtopped, and aſked one of the perſons, what place that was? He anſwered, It was hell. Hell! (ſaid the coachman) I have had more frightful ideas of hell than this appears to be: if this be hell I ſhall not be under ſuch fearful apprehenſions of hell as formerly. Upon this the perſon informed him, that hell was not ſo much outward, as it was inward; and, as a proof of this, he opened his waiſtcoat and ſhewed him his heart, which was in a flame of fire. This ſhocked the coachman to a great degree

[a] Ibid.

degree: but the perſon proceeded to inform him, that his caſe was not ſingularly ſhocking; for all whom he then ſaw were in the ſame condition; (and added) if he would accompany him, he ſhould ſee worſe than that. Here the coachman refuſed; and in great confuſion and conſternation attempted to return; but, to his ſurpriſe, the perſon, in conjunction with others, caught hold of him, and refuſed to let him go, except he would promiſe to come again. After he had uſed every effort to free himſelf to no effect, he at laſt promiſed, if they would let him go, he would certainly come again at twelve o'clock. Upon this condition they let him depart, and he drove off in haſte. When he was got out, he awoke in great horror of mind. He then awoke his wife, and related the whole to her; but ſhe treated it with ridicule, and ſoon went to ſleep again. But the poor man ſlept no more; and in the morning ſaid, he was afraid he ſhould die and go to hell; and deſired his wife to ſeek for ſome man to go out with the coach that day, for he could not; and refuſed to eat or drink any thing. Hereupon his wife took fire, and uſed him with rough language; and went among her acquaintance, ridiculing his fancy, and ſaid her huſband was going to hell at twelve o'clock. This paſſed on, and the man got worſe in his mind, till the clock ſtruck twelve; when his wife damned him, and ſaid, It is twelve o'clock, and you are not yet gone to hell. With

that

that; he replied, Hold your tongue, for I am going; and immediately fell down dead. This the perſon related to the miniſter, the Rev. Mr. W. who communicated it to me as certain, and ſubjoined, that the wife was then almoſt in a ſtate of diſtraction.[3]

The foregoing relations have all been recorded in one publication or another, and moſt of them ſeveral times over. Theſe that follow, I believe, are entirely new, and never yet have made their way into any collection of this kind. They have all, excepting that concerning myſelf, been related to me be perſons upon whoſe veracity I have every reaſon to depend. Indeed I have moſt of them before me in the hand writing of the ſeveral perſons to whom they relate, and could produce all their names at length, were it expedient ſo to do.

61. Jane Cotterel of L—— was afflicted with a cancer in her mouth for ſeveral years, and was brought very low both in body, mind, and circumſtances. Being in an agony of pain one day, while the ſurgeon was dreſſing the ſore, ſhe cried out in great earneſtneſs—"My good God, look "down upon me in mercy, for Chriſt's ſake." The ſurgeon, being angry, immediately left off dreſſing the wound, bid her go to the God ſhe called upon, and ſee if he would help her, for he himſelf would have nothing more to ſay to her. The poor afflicted woman was greatly ſhocked at his behaviour

[3] Ibid.

behaviour, and begged to know what he demanded for his attendance. His demand was exorbitant, and reduced her and her family almoſt to want. However, at laſt ſhe paid all he required, and returned home with a light purſe and a heavy heart.

Some little time after this the poor woman dreamt three or four nights together, that ſhe ſaw a man who made a perfect cure of her cancerous complaint. Upon this ſhe greatly importuned her huſband to take her to the place where ſhe ſaw the man. He, thinking it was nothing but a dream, in conſequence of her ſuffering, begged her not to think of going again from home, ſo ill as ſhe was. Perſiſting, however, in the thought of going to the place where ſhe ſaw the man, her huſband at laſt conſented. She went, and had not been long at the place before ſhe ſaw the very perſon walk into the room that ſhe had ſeen in her ſleep. She immediately ſtarted up, thanked God, and running to the man, ſaid, ſhe was rejoiced to ſee him. The man ſurpriſed (having never ſeen the woman before) aſked what ſhe meant? O Sir, ſaid ſhe, you are the perſon who are to cure my cancer. Good woman, ſays he, I never cured a cancer in my life. At this reply the poor woman was caſt down, and cried out, Then all is over. The man, ſeeing the woman in ſuch diſtreſs, and a deplorable object to look upon, aſked the cauſe of her applying to him.

She

She told him all the particulars before related; and added, If you can help me, do. He then bid her be comforted; for he knew of ſomething which had been of uſe, if ſhe would try it. Any thing Sir, you adviſe I will moſt certainly try, ſaid ſhe. He accordingly made her up an application, which ſhe uſed. And, in a little time, ſhe was quite cured of the cancer, and reſtored to perfect health. This happened upwards of fifteen years ago. I could mention the ſurgeon's name who treated her with ſuch inhumanity, if it were expedient. He was a noted deiſt.

62. Some years ago the Lady of colonel Gale, having loſt her huſband, was going to Kingſton in Jamaica, to adminiſter to his effects. In her way ſhe ſtopped all night at a friend's houſe, intending to proceed on her journey the next morning. She accordingly ordered her coachman to be ready to ſet out at the appointed hour. Mrs. Gale's waiting woman, who accompanied her miſtreſs, dreamt that night, that her maſter appeared to her, and enquired where her miſtreſs was. The ſervant told him, that her Lady was going to Kingſton, and was now on her journey. The Colonel replied, She muſt not go, ſhe muſt return with him, for he was come to fetch her. This the ſervant told next morning to the family where they were. Soon after this ſhe went into her Lady's room to call her up; but was told by her, that ſhe found herſelf

ſomewhat

ſomewhat indiſpoſed, and did not think ſhe ſhould be well enough to proceed on her journey that day. She moreover deſired the ſervant to forbid the carriage being got ready, according to the order given the coachman the night before. When the Lady of the houſe perceived her friend very feveriſh and indiſpoſed, the Doctor was called in, but all to no purpoſe: for the fever increaſed upon her to ſuch a degree, that ſhe ſurvived little more than a week or ten days.

63. A child, about nine or ten years of age, was ſent to Mr. P— a Bank-director from Portugal for its education. A ſervant woman uſually ſtaid by the child till ſhe went to ſleep. One night the child waked ſcreaming, My papa is drowned; my papa is drowned! The ſervant tried to pacify her in vain, and called Mrs. P— into the chamber to the child. But all that could be ſaid or done was to no effect; for the child continued ſcreaming, My papa is drowned!— I ſaw the boat turn over, and my papa in it!

All the family, both gentlemen and ladies, thought the circumſtance ſo extraordinary, that they made a memorandum of it, and the time it happened, in writing; and the event proved, that the child's father was drowned at that very time. For he with ſeveral other gentlemen had dined on board an Eaſt India veſſel, and ſtaid late in the evening; but having ſome urgent buſineſs to attend early next morning

morning, he hailed a fiſhing boat to carry him on ſhore; which boat was overſet, and he was drowned.

64. W—A— ſent his eldeſt ſon to the Eaſt Indies in the rank of a midſhipman. When the ſhip had ſailed from London about five months, Mr. A. dreamt that he ſaw his ſon thrown over the ſide of the veſſel, and the ſhip paſs over him. He awoke much agitated, and told his wife the dream. She uſed every argument to invalidate the force of ſuch a chimerical viſion, but to no purpoſe; for he continued ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed with a belief that his ſon was actually dead. The event was, that the young man had died of a fever, and was interred in the waves of the ſea, ſewed up in a ſheet, that very night his father dreamt he ſaw him thrown over the ſide of the veſſel.

65. Mr. W—t had a brother that married without the approbation of his relations, who are of large property. They were ſo diſobliged with his conduct, that they brake off all intercourſe with him. The young man's family ſoon grew numerous, and their ſubſiſtence ſcant. In this ſituation he wrote to his oldeſt brother, and ſupplicated relief. But Mr. W— was inexorable to his entreaties. One night after this, he dreamt that his brother came to him, and looked thin and ſhabby, but did not ſpeak. The ſame thing happened a ſecond, and third time, only with this difference, that the laſt time the young man had his night cap on, and reproached him

him for his cruelty and neglect, adding, It was now too late, and ſo left him. This laſt dream affected Mr. W—t's feelings greatly, and he awaked in vaſt horror of mind. He inſtantly rung his bell, and ordered his ſervant to put the horſes to his poſt carriage without delay. He ſet out to viſit his brother, who lived in a very retired country place. He was met at the door of his brother's poor habitation by one of his children, that conducted him to his brother's room, who lay ſtretched on a bed in the agonies of death, having on the dirty night cap, and the very dreſs in which he dreamt he ſaw him. He died that ſame day, and his death ſo deeply affected Mr. W——t that he never recovered his ſpirits afterwards, though he provided amply for the widow and children.

66. About the year 1774 a conſiderable number of families went out of Yorkſhire to ſettle in Nova Scotia. Among others was one man, whoſe name was Brian Kay, that lived near Northallerton. He was poſſeſſed of a ſmall property, and a family of ſeveral children, ſome of whom were growing up to be young men and women. The eldeſt of the daughters had been upon a very intimate footing with a perſon of the ſame age, named Polly Smith, who was a near neighbour. When theſe two girls parted, great was their mutual diſtreſs. She that went to Nova Scotia particularly requeſted from her friend, to let her know how matters ſtood in Eng-

land; at the ſame time aſſuring her, whatever happened to her in Nova Scotia, ſhe would let her know, either one way or another. Theſe were her laſt words to Polly Smith. Accordingly, Kay and his family ſet ſail from Liverpool. And, ſome weeks after they were gone, this ſame Polly Smith had a moſt afflictive dream or viſion concerning her abſent friend. It was on the 2d. of June 1774, about one o'clock in the morning. She thought the room where ſhe lay was full of light, and ſhe ſaw Betty Kay, her friend, ſtanding by the bedſide all in white, with her face looking as though ſhe was dead. O Betty, ſaid ſhe, what is the matter thou lookeſt ſo ill? What, is not Nova Scotia as good as old England? Betty anſwered, No, no; but it is a good while ſince I left Nova Scotia. Polly aſked her where her father and mother, and all the reſt of the children were? She ſaid, They were then in Nova Scotia. Polly aſked her what they built their houſes on? She ſaid, Moſt of them on wood. Polly aſked her various other queſtions, all which ſhe anſwered, and then ſhewed her a letter about the ſize of a Reading-made-eaſy, which had two ſeals on it. Betty then ſaid, Your father will receive ſuch a letter as this from my father, which will tell you all. Polly then became quite awake, and Betty lifted up her hands and eyes to heaven, and ſunk down with three dreadful groans, and diſappeared. Immediately the room was all dark.

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This dream or viſion made a prodigious impreſſion upon the mind of the young woman. She told it next morning to her father and mother, and other friends, with many tears. They did all that in them lay to convince her it was but a dream, and ought not to be regarded; but all to no purpoſe. Her health was greatly affected by the anxiety of her mind, and ſhe continually affirmed, that her friend was dead, and did not doubt but ſuch a letter would arrive as Betty had let her ſee. From this time, which was in June, as we have obſerved above, ſhe kept anxiouſly looking for the letter in queſtion, till near Martinmas, when Polly's father received a letter from the ſaid Brian Kay, exactly of the ſize and ſhape of that which Polly had ſeen in her ſleep, ſealed with two ſeals, and giving a full account of the death of both his eldeſt daughters, and all the misfortunes which had befallen them to that time, juſt as had been repreſented in the night viſion.

67. J—R— had a ſon, an officer in a diſtinguiſhed line, who was with his regiment in the Eaſt Indies, and about whoſe ſafety ſhe was perfectly at reſt, having had recent accounts of his health, and of the country's being in peace. She went to bed one night, at her uſual hour, and ſoon after, falling aſleep, ſhe dreamt ſhe was in a ſtrange place, and heard a buzzing ſound of human voices at a diſtance. She looked towards the place from whence the noiſe came, and ſaw the approach of

many men, and ſome ſoldiers, carrying a veſſel like a long baſket or cradle. In this cradle was her ſon, laid at his length, looking deadly pale, dreſſed in a light brown ſurtoot coat, and one lap thrown careleſsly over his middle. She was ſtruck with ſuch horror, that ſhe awaked in great agonies, and ſlept no more that night. The next morning ſhe told her dream to the lady with whom ſhe was at breakfaſt. The ſervant who attended them had been a ſoldier in the early part of his life, and was ſo ſtruck with the circumſtance, that he, of his own accord, wrote down the occurrence; as did alſo ſome other ladies who breakfaſted with them. The event proved, that the young gentleman was killed by a ball at that very inſtant, and carried to the General's tent in a ſort of cradle, juſt as his mother ſaw it in her dream.

It is remarkable, that the young officer being engaged in directing a battery at the time of his fate, the General [1] called to him, and deſired him to change his regimental coat, as it was of too glaring a colour, and would make him a conſpicuous mark for the enemy's cannon. This was done a ſhort time before he fell. And this was the very identical coat, as it afterwards appeared, which his mother ſaw in her ſleep.

68. Mr. R—— was abroad, and his wife in England. One night ſhe dreamt that her wedding ring

[1] The preſent General Smith.

ring broke into many pieces, and fell from her finger. She fancied that ſhe tried to collect the bits, and put them together again, but could not effect her purpoſe; which gave her ſo much pain, that ſhe ſcreamed out in her ſleep ſo vehemently as to awake her maid ſervant, who ſlept in an adjoining room. The ſervant went inſtantly to her miſtreſs's chamber, and found her weeping, juſt awaked from her dream. She told the dream to her maid, and alſo to her niece, and in a ſhort time afterwards ſhe received an account of her huſband's death. On examining the memorandum made of the time of her dream, it appeared he had died about 11 o'clock that day.

69. A certain lady was married to a gentleman, whoſe circumſtances were involved, and in a ſhort time afterwards he was obliged to leave his family and go abroad to repair his ſhattered fortune. He left his wife in the care of a gentleman, whom he thought his friend, but in that was miſtaken. The lady was young, well acompliſhed, and very beautiful. Her guardian proved a villain, and tried every art to gain the lady's affections. But finding all his wiles made no impreſſion upon her, he had recourſe to ſtratagem. The plan was ſo deeply couched, that the lady's innocence would, moſt probably, have been a victim to his vile purſuit, had not a dream alarmed and determined her to avoid the danger.

She dreamt ſhe was going to a ſtrange houſe, cloſe to which appeared a thicket, in the form of a labyrinth. This labyrinth ſhe entered, and followed its windings till they terminated in a ſmall open ſpace, in which there ſtood a horſe, paſturing. The moment the horſe ſaw her, it reared up and plunged, and then ran full ſpeed towards her, with its mouth open, and its two fore feet lifted up, as meant to trample her down. She was dreadfully affrighted, and looked round to make her eſcape, but found no paſſage for retreat. However, being determined, if poſſible, to avoid the furious animal, which threatned her deſtruction, ſhe ran into the hedge, which was full of quick thorns and briers. Juſt as ſhe entered the hedge, a great black man, like a monſtrous negro, burſt from the hedge, and engaged the horſe for ſome time, and at laſt ſlew him. When the horſe fell dead to the ground, the black man called to her, and bid her come and view him. She trembled every limb, more afraid, if poſſible, of the man, than ſhe was before of the horſe. She durſt not, however, diſobey him, but went tremblingly forward. When ſhe came to the place where the horſe lay and the man ſtood, Look here, ſaid he, and ſee who lies before you in the diſguiſe of a horſe. He ripped open the horſe's ſkin, and ſhewed her the gentleman whom her huſband had entruſted her to the care of, and then ſaid, Look at me. She did ſo, and ſaw an angel, who inſtantly

inſtantly diſappeared. Her fright awaked her, and made ſo deep an impreſſion upon her mind, that ſhe wrote to the gentleman the next day, and related to him her dream. This ſo ſhocked him, that he ever after deſiſted from his hidden wicked purpoſe. He confeſſed to her his horrid deſigns, begged her forgiveneſs, and became a great penitenr. The dream, notwithſtanding, was litterally fulfilled in part; for this gentleman's affairs fell into diſorder, and he was obliged to aſſume a diſguiſe ſeven years after, and go into a part of the kingdom, where he was not known, to avoid a proſecution for debt. He took a fictitious name, and died in that ſtate, without any one around him knowing who he really was, till his family took his corps away. Marvelous as this ſtory appears, it is nevertheleſs ſtrictly true.

70. Mrs. R— ſome years ago dreamt ſhe ſaw her youngeſt child, who was then an infant about nine months old, ſtretched a corps, with rags upon its eyes, and placed on a broad landing in the ſtair-caſe. She waked in a ſad fright, and was ſo rejoiced to find it a dream, that ſhe put on her night gown and ſlippers, and run up to the nurſery, where the babe was laid in the arms of his wet nurſe. She took up the child, kiſſed him and wept over him bitterly, from the dream's having made ſuch an impreſſion upon her ſpirits. The child's nurſe was much ſurprized and enquired the cauſe. I thought I ſaw him dead; replied the mother, and you weeping at his feet. In

In ſeven months after, when the dream was forgot, till all the occurrences took place exactly as they had been dreamt, the child died. The corps was ſtretched upon a twilight table in a dreſſing room. The child's godmother, entering the room, found it very cloſe and hot, and the child's eyes a little open. She therefore took two halfpennies and wrapped them in bits of fine linen, and laid them on the child's eyes to cloſe them up. Which done, ſhe removed the corps to the landing of the ſtairs, and went down. The nurſe, who was up another pair of ſtairs, was ſent to fetch ſomething, and found the corps removed, and ſtood weeping over it. When the child's mother deſcended the ſtairs, and ſaw them both juſt as ſhe had dreamt ſeven months before, ſhe was ſo ſtruck, that ſhe ſunk down upon the ſtairs. The nurſe cried out, I know, madam, what you are thinking of. Pray, Ellin, ſaid the mother, what is it? Your dream, replied the nurſe. The mother never was ſo affected as when ſhe found the corps in the ſtair-caſe. But neither ſhe nor the nurſe knew at that time by whoſe means the child was placed there.

71. While the above child was buried Mrs. R— ſent another of her ſons, about five years and four months old, to the houſe of a friend in the country, to be out of the way of the funeral, while every precaution was uſed to prevent his knowing that his brother was dead. On his return home, and ſeeing

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the nurſe without his little brother, he enquired for him. She and the ſervants told him, his brother was gone to the houſe of a relation in the country, whom he well knew. But how could you let him go, nurſe, ſaid the child, without you? The nurſe replied, He muſt not ſuck any longer, he is now got well again. Is he? ſaid the child, and aſked no more queſtions concerning him. In the courſe of a few days after, the child came to the chamber door of his father and mother very early in the morning; and, knocking hard, with great impatience deſired to be let into the room. His father called out to bid him go back to the nurſery. No, ſaid the child, I will come in. Upon this the door was opened, and in he went, with no other covering but his ſhirt. Surpriſed to ſee the child in that ſituation, they called him to go to bed to them. This he refuſed to do, but addreſſed himſelf to his father with great earneſtneſs, ſaying, No, papa, I will not come to you, nor to my mamma neither; no, never! for you have put my brother Billy in a box, and put him in the pit-hole; you have; and you will put me there by and bye; you will. All this time he wept bitterly. His parents fetched him to them, and tried every method to divert the child from this idea, and to compoſe his mind. When he was pacified they enquired who had told him ſuch ſtories? This queſtion ſet him a weeping afreſh. He replied, however, that it was his brother

ther Billy had told him ſo himſelf. How could your brother tell you ſo? ſaid his father: you know he cannot talk. Yes, Papa, ſaid the child, but he can, and walk too; for he came into my room, and ſaid, Brother Tommy, papa and mamma have put me in a box into the pit-hole, and they will put you there by and bye. Why, Tom, you talk nonſenſe, ſaid his father; and then offered him a bribe to inform him who had told him ſuch ſtuff. But the child kept to his ſtory, and added that his brother Billy was grown very tall, and could walk as well as any perſon, and talk too, and wore a white dreſs with a train to it.

When his parents went down ſtairs they ſtrictly interrogated the ſervants whether they had any of them told the child of his brother's death: but they all made the moſt ſolemn declarations, that they had never heard him mention his brother, but the firſt time when he queſtioned the nurſe, nor had any thing ever been ſaid to him on the ſubject. He lived juſt ſeventeen months after his brother, and then took a ſudden illneſs, and died in the ſpace of two days.

72. Mr. A— was a man of brilliant talents, lively wit, and that ſort of accommodating turn, which procured him the attention of people in the moſt diſtinguiſhed ranks of life. His temper was extremely volatile, and led him into ſome gay and faſhionable vices; while, in other reſpects, he had great

great merit, being a good huſband, a good father, and a very domeſtic man. His mind had been injured by reading deiſtical authors, and living in the ſociety of certain perſons who profeſſed thoſe tenets. While this was his ſituation, a ſudden turn of fortune took place in his affairs, and he was reduced from a ſtate of eaſe and affluence to a ſtate of all but indigence. His mind was badly ſuited to meet ſuch a ſhock. He tried to conceal it from his family and friends, hoping by certain experiments in buſineſs to retrieve his affairs. All his attempts, however, proved abortive, and only contributed to haſten ſo much the faſter the entire ruin of his family. Sometime before this reverſe of fortune took place, his eldeſt daughter went into France with a party of ladies for education. About the time of Eaſter, a French pedlar called upon the ladies with his merchandiſe, conſiſting of a great variety of curious prints and painted pictures. They all became purchaſers, and determined to ſend a choſen ſet of the prints, as a preſent to Mr. A— his wife, and daughters, by the firſt mail to England. The parcel that contained the pictures arrived at the houſe of Mr. A— in London about three o'clock in the afternoon; and by the footman was placed, with other letters, in Mr. A's cloſet. Mr. A— being gone to the Queen's palace did not return home to dinner till half paſt four o'clock. As ſoon as he entered the dining room Mrs. A— told

told her husband of the letters. He ordered them to be brought to him. And on perceiving one of them very large he opened it: which he had no sooner done, but he cried out, sunk down in his chair, and fainted away. When he recovered, he faintly said to his wife, Do you remember what I said to you this morning when you awaked me? Yes, very well. Pray what was it? You appeared greatly agitated in your sleep, I feared you were ill, and awaked you. But what did I say to you at that time? You told me, that I had disturbed you in a very interesting moment, for that you were dreaming the sky opened, and a hand appeared holding a small figure representing our Saviour upon a cross. Mr. A— then took the picture, painted upon vellum, that had first presented itself to him in the parcel, and shewed it to his wife and daughters. The young ladies immediately said, Papa, that is exactly like what you told us you dreamt you saw when mamma waked you this morning.

This occurrence Mr. A— endeavoured to shake off his mind, but to no purpose. The conviction of a separate existence pursued him into every place. All his deistical reasonings failed him. His mind became perplexed, his circumstances more so. His gay friends forsook him. The world reproached him. His mind was in darkness and horror. He wished for death, but durst not look that way. Thus he lived in perpetual conflicts between Christianity

tianity and Infidelity, with much diſpair, and but little hope. At length he left his family, retired into a ſmall country village, where, like a hermit, he ſpent his time in penitence and prayer. In about a year he died, at a diſtance from all his friends, meek, humble, and reſigned, a thorough convert from deiſm to Chriſtianity. Such was the iſſue of his dream!

73. The Lady of Sir Watkin William Wynne ſome years ago dreamed two or three times in one night, that her huſband was killed by a fall from his horſe in hunting; and on his awaking in the morning, and ordering the huntſman to get the hounds ready, for that he intended to hunt that day; his lady entreated him not to go. He deſired to know her reaſon for objecting to his going then, as ſhe had never done ſo before. She was unwilling to tell him her dream, fearing ſhe ſhould be laughed at by him. But on his urging it, ſhe told him what ſhe had dreamt. He, as ſhe ſuppoſed, laughed heartily at her, ſaying, He would certainly go now, in order to let her ſee there was nothing in dreams. He went—was thrown from his horſe—and killed—juſt as had been repreſented to his lady in her dream.

74. I ſaid above, that I myſelf was a ſtranger to ſuch dreams or viſions of the night, as could juſtly be conſidered ſupernatural. I will take the liberty here, however, of relating a circumſtance of a ſimilar kind, which happened to me many years ago. When I was yet a boy, and undeſigned for the miniſtry

miniſtry, either by my Parents, or from inclination, one ſunday evening, while reading prayers in my Father's family, ſuddenly a voice, or ſomething like a voice, called aloud within me, yet ſo as not to be perceived by any of the perſons who were kneeling around me—You muſt go and be inſtructed for the miniſtry.—The voice, or whatever it might be, was ſo exceedingly quick and powerful, that it was with difficulty I could proceed to the end of the prayer, which, I well remember, was that form for families at the end of the little book called "The Chriſtian Monitor." As ſoon, however, as the prayer was ended, I made requeſt to my Father to let me be trained for the Miniſtry. I told him all that I knew of the circumſtance. He, of courſe, denied my requeſt, thinking it was ſome whim I had got into my head, which would go off again when I had ſlept upon it. But the voice, or, what ſhall I call it? gave me no reſt night or day for three weeks, when my ever dear, honoured, and indulgent Father gave way to my wiſhes, and put me into a train of ſtudy to qualify me for the univerſity.

This is the ſimple fact, and all that I know of it. The reader will account for as he thinks proper. It cannot be called, I think, either a dream or a viſion, with propriety. Some have been pleaſed to ſay, it is a little like unto the calling of Samuel. I pretend not to determine any thing about the fact.

fact. Only ſo it was. It produced a very important change in the courſe of my life. I bleſs God for it. And I thought it not unworthy of being recorded, now I am ſpeaking upon a ſubject nearly allied thereto.

75. Mr. G—S— had a dream ſome years ago, of a kind ſimilar to ſome of the foregoing. He thought in his ſleep he received a letter from God, which he opened and read, the ſubſtance of which was as follows:—You muſt go to preach the goſpel in a foreign land, unto a fallen people, a mixture of nations.—He thought he was conveyed to the place where the ſhip lay, in which he was to embark in an inſtant. The warf and ſhip appeared as plain to him as if he had been awake. He replied in his dream, Lord, I am willing to go in thy name; but I am afraid a people of different nations and languages will not underſtand me. An anſwer to this was given; Fear not, for I am with thee. He awoke from his ſleep greatly affected, revolved the dream in his mind for a long time, but knew not what it meant. However, ſix years after this he was providentially called to preach the goſpel in America; and when he arrived at Peel, and ſaw the ſhip and warf, all came freſh into his mind; the ſhip, the place, and the warf being the very ſame he had ſeen in his dream ſix years before.

76. The following dream of the pious and learned Mr. Howe is very remarkable and divine. I will

will deliver it in his own words, and leave the reader to form what judgment he thinks proper upon it.

December 26, 1689.— After that I had long, ſeriouſly, and repeatedly thought with myſelf, that beſides a full and undoubted aſſent to the objects of faith, a vivifying ſavoury taſte and reliſh of them was alſo neceſſary; that with ſtronger force, and more powerful energy, they might penetrate into the moſt inward center of my heart, and there being moſt deeply fixed and rooted, govern my life; and that there could be no other ſure ground whereon to conclude and paſs a ſound judgment on my good eſtate God-ward: and after I had, in my courſe of preaching been largely inſiſting on 2 Cor. 1. 12. this very morning I awoke out of a moſt raviſhing and delightful dream, that a wonderful and copious ſtream of celeſtial rays, from the lofty throne of the divine Majeſty, did ſeem to dart into my open and expanded breaſt. I have often ſince, with great complacency, reflected on that very ſignal pledge of ſpecial divine favour vouchſafed to me on that noted memorable day, and have, with repeated freſh pleaſure, taſted the delights thereof. But what of the ſame kind I ſenſibly felt, through the admirable bounty of my God, and the moſt pleaſant comforting influence of the Holy Spirit, on Oct. 22. 1704, far ſurpaſſed the moſt expreſſive words my thoughts can ſuggeſt. I then experienced an inexpreſſibly pleaſant melting of heart, tears guſhing out of my eyes

eyes for joy that God ſhould ſhed abroad his love abundantly through the hearts of men; and that, for this very purpoſe, my own ſhould be ſo ſignally poſſeſſed of and by his bleſſed Spirit. Rom. 5. 5.[1]

77. The following extraordinary Narrative was related to me[2] by the very perſon who is the chief ſubject of it, as alſo by his two comrades in the veſſel, whoſe veracity appears to me unqueſtionable.

There were two Brothers (of the name of Clarke) who had the command of a ſmall trading veſſel, in the Iſle of Man; and, as they were lying at anchor, ſome diſtance from the harbour, waiting for a fair wind, a ſailor on board wanted to go on ſhore, which they were unwilling to conſent to. Being Methodiſts, the man had great enmity againſt them, and, therefore, after ſome perſonal abuſe, he ſwore moſt deſperately that he would not be hindered by them. Accordingly, he went down into the boat, which was lying at the ſide of the ſhip, and as he took the oar, in order to ſend himſelf to ſhore, it fell out of his hand, and he lay with his head hanging over the gunnel. For ſome time they apprehended he was going to ſleep, but not ſeeing him move, one of the brothers got into the boat, and, ſhaking him by the ſhoulder, found he did not awake. Then looking upon his face, and feeling

[1] This dream and the laſt have been recorded, the former in the Armenian Magazine, vol. 13. p. 237; the latter in Burnham's Pious Memorials, art. Howe.

[2] The Rev. E——d S——h.

that he was as cold as a corpſe, Clarke cried out to his brother, The fellow is dead. They then faſtened ropes about his body, and pulled him up into the veſſel, and after ſtripping him, they threw pails of water upon his face, and over different parts of his body, in hopes this might be a means of rouzing him, if he was in a trance or fit. Finding this ineffectual, they laid him on his belly, acroſs a piece of timber, and one holding him by the head, and the other by the feet, they pulled him alternately, thinking that the friction might be of ſervice. But as no ſigns of life appeared, they agreed to leave him upon deck, and to go to a veſſel not far from them, that they might bring ſome of the crew to ſee that there were no marks of violence upon the body. After this was done, various efforts were uſed to reſtore the man to life; and, at laſt, he was heard to groan, and, ſhortly after, he opened his eyes. They then put him to bed in the cabbin, where he lay for ſome time without ſpeaking, being exceedingly weak. As Thomas Clarke was ſtanding at the bed ſide, the other ſaid to him, Oh, Tom, Tom, I have been a wicked wretch: I have uſed you and your brother very ill: can you forgive me? Clarke replied, Indeed I can, and do, with all my heart: and I hope God will forgive you. When he had regained ſome ſtrength, he then addreſſed Clarke in the following manner: I have been out of the body, and have ſeen wonderful things. As ſoon as I jumped into

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the boat, my ſpirit departed, and I found myſelf in the cuſtody of two devils, in the ſhape of black bears, who dragged me to a lime-kiln, out of which I ſaw flames of fire aſcending. I ſhriked horribly, and juſt as they were going to throw me in, an angel, dreſſed in white robes, whoſe face reſembled Mr. Maſon's, the Methodiſt preacher's, ſuddenly appeared, and ſaid to the devils, He is not yours—let him go: upon which they immediately vaniſhed. The angel took me by the arm, and led me from the lime-kiln, and when we had gone a little way, I obſerved a man, with a black mantle over his ſhoulders, ſtanding up to his middle in mud, from which he was ſtriving to extricate himſelf. On coming nearer to him, I knew him to be a companion of mine, and it was impreſſed on my mind that he was ſuffering there, becauſe he neglected to pay a vow which he once made to God. We were both, ſome time ago, in a ſmall fiſhing boat, and a great ſtorm coming on, we expected nothing but death, therefore ſeeing ourſelves in ſuch danger, we prayed to God to deliver us, and promiſed upon our knees, that if he would bring us ſafe to ſhore, we would give a ſhilling a piece to the poor; but when we got to land, we never thought more about our vow. And now, Tom Clarke, as I do not think I ſhall live long, I find myſelf ſo very weak, I beſeech you to ſpeak to my wife and charge her to give a ſhilling to the poor for me, or I ſhall never be happy.

When Clarke assured him he would, he then continued his discourse.—The angel, after this, led me to a beautiful river, at the other side of which, in a flowery meadow, I saw a great number of people, (chiefly Methodists) and among the rest, you and the Predestinarian that was arguing with you yesterday. At the time of your dispute, you may remember that he quoted this text of scripture: *The Lord hath made all things for himself, yea even the wicked for the day of evil.* At this, thinking I was one of the reprobates that would be damned, I said within myself, Surely, from my past debauched life I must expect it, and therefore it is in vain for me to look for salvation. I may continue still in my wicked courses, and make myself as happy as I can while I live, since I must go to hell at last. Indeed I now believe that this was only a temptation of the devil; for as I saw you on the bank of the river, with the bible in your hand, opened in that very place where the text was, the angel said unto me, Tom Clarke is right—the other man is wrong—my grace is free for all, therefore free for you.—And now, to convince you that I am telling no lies, as you know I can neither read nor write, if you look into the bible, you will find that text in the 16th. chapter of Proverbs, and that the first letter of the chapter is a T.—Upon this, Clarke examined his bible, and finding it to be true, he desired the man to go on with his story.—Well (says he) after receiving some comfort

comfort from what the angel ſaid, I ſaw a large gate at the end of the field, which was ſtudded all over with diamonds, and out of the key-hole the rays of the ſun ſhone ſo brightly, that my eyes were quite dazzled; and, as I was admiring the ſight, a white dove came through the key-hole, and flying ſtraight acroſs the river, ſtruck me with force upon the breaſt, and while it was fluttering there with its wings, I found my life returning by degrees. He then told Tom Clarke, that if God would but ſpare him, he would become a new man, and that both he and his wife (whom before he had groſsly abuſed for going to hear the Methodiſts) would join them; which they did ſoon after. He had been among them, I think, two years, when this account was given to me, and he was then walking in the fear of God, and happy in the light of his countenance. And though he was advanced in years, he had himſelf taught to read, that he might be able to ſearch the ſcriptures, and learn from thence the truth as it is in Jeſus. ——

It were eaſy to multiply inſtances, but I need mention no more. Theſe are clear and full as neceſſary. They are all matters of fact, authenticated as well as the nature of things will admit: and we uſually ſay, Facts are ſtubborn things. In what manner will thoſe who are incredulous in theſe mat-

ters account for them?[1] They eſtabliſh inconteſtably, if they are admitted, the Being of God, and a particular providence; the exiſtence of ſeparate ſpirits, and the immortality of human ſouls, in oppoſition to the Atheiſts and Sadducees of the day. It will be obſerved, I produce them not as matters of opinion, but as matters of fact; and as facts authenticated in the moſt ſatisfactory manner. Some of them reſt upon the faith of ſacred hiſtory, ſome upon the credit of profane ſtory, and others upon private teſtimony. The queſtion is, how to account for them, ſo as to ſatisfy a religious and philoſophic mind? An abſolute denial of the facts will involve us in as great difficulties as the admiſſion of them: for, if we deny ſome and not all, it will be incumbent on us to account for ſuch as we cannot refuſe credit to. If we reject the whole together, as incredible or impoſſible, then we muſt give a reaſonable account why ſo many perſons of the moſt reſpectable

[1]Even Monſieur Bayle, that celebrated French ſcholar and philoſopher, who was far from being over-ſtocked with cedulity, could not with-hold his aſſent from the doctrine of monitory dreams: "I think," ſays he, "we may ſay of dreams the ſame "almoſt as of inchantments, that they are far leſs myſterious "than people believe, and ſomewhat more than unbelievers "fancy. The hiſtories of all times and places relate, both with "reſpect to dreams and magic, ſo many ſurprizing things, that "thoſe who obſtinately deny them all, render themſelves ſuſpect-"ed, either of want of ſincerity, or judgment to diſcern the "force of the proofs. A violent prejudice, or a certain turn of "mind, blinds their underſtanding, when they compare the rea-"ſons pro and con."

CRIT. DICT. ART. MAJUS.

reſpectable characters, and, upon all other occaſions, of the moſt undoubted veracity, ſhould, upon this, endeavour to deceive the public, by aſſerting what they know to be falſe.[2] If we grant, that they believed their own tales, but were themſelves deceived, then we muſt either give ſome ſatisfactory account of this ſtrong illuſion of their ſenſes, or elſe admit the facts. If we deny the whole, without either rhyme or reaſon, and turn all ſuch relations into ridicule; by the ſame mode of proceeding we may ſubvert every fact recorded in hiſtory. We grant the doctrine of dreams and night-viſions is attended with difficulties, on which ſide ſoever we conſider it; but then ſo is every other doctrine that can be propoſed. So is the doctrine of the Divine exiſtence; the Divine perfections; the doctrine of angels, ſpirits, and all inviſible beings:[3] ſo is the doctrine of creation, re-

 demption

[2] " A perſon who is terrified with the imagination of ghoſts " and ſpectres," ſays Mr. Addiſon again, " is much more rea- " ſonable, than one, who, contrary to the reports of all hiſtorians, " ſacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions " of all nations, thinks the appearance of ſpirits fabulous and " groundleſs. Could not I give myſelf up to this general teſti- " mony of mankind, I ſhould to the relations of particular per- " ſons who are now living, and whom I cannot miſtruſt in other " matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the hiſtorians, " to whom we may join the poets, but likewiſe the philoſophers " of antiquity have favoured this opinion."

SPECTATOR, 110.

[3] Monſieur Le Clerc's ſentiments on the doctrine of ſpirits are modeſt and juſt:—" As for apparitions of ſpirits," ſays this learned man, " we cannot by any reaſon ſhew from the nature " of the thing itſelf, that it is not poſſible for ſpirits to be joined " with a ſubtle body; nor is it likely that ſo many nations, and

demption, renovation, diſſolution, reſurrection, immortality, eternal life: and indeed ſo is the doctrine of every object around us. If therefore we will believe no doctrine till we can fully account for it, and admit no facts till we are acquainted with all the circumſtances attending them, we involve ourſelves in greater difficulties than thoſe we attempt to avoid. But if, without pretending to be wiſe above what is written, we tread in the good old path of our forefathers, and grant there is a God, and particular providence; that the ſoul of man is immortal, and exiſts in a ſeparate ſtate; and that there are ſuch beings as guardian angels, the facts here recorded will eaſily be accounted for. If indeed there is no God and particular providence; or if the ſoul is not immortal, and there are no *ſuch* beings as thoſe juſt mentioned, I confeſs, I do not ſee what reaſonable account can be given of theſe relations. The theories of anxiety of mind, ſtrong imaginations, aſſociation, indigeſtion, and the like, ſeem to me utterly inadequate to the buſineſs.[4] I will readily allow, that the

" ſo remote in places and opinions ſhould agree in a lie, as to all " they have ſaid concerning the apparition of ſpirits. It is " much more likely, that the ground of the lies invented about " this matter, was ſome true apparition, to which, as is uſual, a " world of other relations of the like kind have been feigned."
View of the Inviſible World.

Let the Reader conſult Le Clerc on Gen. 12. 7. concerning revelations by dreams, and Smith's Select Diſcourſes, p. 161—273.

[4]The Author of the Mirror, before quoted, concludes his two very ſenſible Papers on dreaming in the following manner:—

the cry of ſuperſtition and credulity may be a ſufficient anſwer to ninety nine in a hundred of the dreams and viſions which are daily related; but, I apprehend, ſuch anſwer will by no means give ſatisfaction to a ſober and religious mind, in moſt of the caſes which have here been laid before the Reader.[5]

But,

" To conclude: Providence certainly ſuperintends the affairs of " men; and often, we know not how often, interpoſes for our " preſervation. It would, therefore, be preſumptuous to affirm, " that ſupernatural cautions, in regard to futurity, are never " communicated in dreams. The deſign of theſe remarks (on " common dreams) is not to contradict any authentic experi- " ence, or hiſtorical fact, but only to ſhew, that dreams may " proceed from a variety of cauſes that have nothing ſupernatu- " ral in them: and that, though we are not much acquainted " with the nature of this wonderful mode of perception, we " know enough of it to ſee, that it is not uſeleſs, or ſuperfluous, " but may, on the contrary, anſwer ſome purpoſes of great im- " portance to our welfare both in ſoul and body."

[5]Several of the caſes before related are very ſurprizing, and, if true, undoubtedly ſupernatural. But the following narrative, which I have ſince met with, is very much out of the common way, and appears highly incredible. The late Mr. Weſley, however, believed it, and gave his reaſons for ſo doing. Thoſe reaſons, with the narrative itſelf, I will here ſubmit to the Reader's conſideration, and leave him to form what judgment he thinks proper both of it and them.

May 25, 1768, and the two following days, being at Sunderland, I took down from one who had feared God from her infancy, one of the ſtrangeſt accounts I ever read. And yet I can find no pretence to diſbelieve it. The well-known character of the perſon, excludes all ſuſpicion of fraud. And the nature of the circumſtances themſelves, excludes the poſſibility of a deluſion.

It is true there are ſeveral of them, which I do not comprehend. But this is with me a very ſlender objection. For what is it which I do comprehend, even of the things I ſee daily? Truly not

" The ſmalleſt grain of ſand or ſpire of graſs."

I know not how the one grows, or how the particles of the other

But, it is continually aſked by thoſe who oppoſe the reality of præternatural dreams, Cui bono? to what

cohere together. What pretence have I then to deny well-atteſted facts, becauſe I cannot comprehend them?

It is true likewiſe, that the Engliſh in general, and indeed moſt of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions, as mere old wives fables. I am ſorry for it: and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my ſolemn proteſt, againſt this violent compliment, which ſo many that believe the bible pay, to thoſe who do not believe it. I owe them no ſuch ſervice. I take knowledge, theſe are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raiſed, and with ſuch inſolence ſpread throughout the nation, in direct oppoſition not only to the bible, but to the ſuffrage of the wiſeſt and beſt of men in all ages and nations. They well know, (whether Chriſtians know it or not) that the giving up witchcraft, is in effect, giving up the bible. And they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourſe of men with ſeparate ſpirits be admitted, their whole caſtle in the air, (deiſm, atheiſm, materialiſm) falls to the ground. I know no reaſon therefore, why we ſhould ſuffer even this weapon to be wreſted out of our hands. Indeed there are numerous arguments beſides, which abundantly confute their vain imaginations. But we need not be hooted out of one: neither reaſon nor religion require this.

One of the capital objections to all theſe accounts, which I have known urged over and over is this, "Did you ever ſee an "apparition yourſelf?" No: nor did I ever ſee a murder. Yet I believe there is ſuch a thing: yea, and that in one place or another murder is committed every day. Therefore I cannot as a reaſonable man deny the fact; although I never ſaw it, and perhaps never may. The teſtimony of unexceptionable witneſſes fully convinces me both of the one and the other.

But to ſet this aſide, it has been confidently alledged, that many of theſe have ſeen their error, and have been clearly convinced, that the ſuppoſed preternatural operation was the mere contrivance of artful men. The famous inſtance of this, which has been ſpread far and wide, was the drumming in Mr. Mompeſſon's houſe at Tedworth; who it was ſaid acknowledged, "It "was all a trick, and that he had found out the whole contri-"vance." Not ſo. My eldeſt brother then at Chriſt-Church, Oxon, enquired of Mr. Mompeſſon his fellow collegian, "whether his father had acknowledged this or not?" He an-

what purpoſe? Why ſhould God interpoſe, or ſuffer his inviſible agents to interpoſe in the paltry concerns of mortals?

" Nec

ſwered, " The reſort of gentlemen to my father's houſe, was ſo " great, he could not bear the expence. He therefore took no " pains to confute the report that he had found out the cheat: " although he, and I, and all the family knew, the account " which was publiſhed to be punctually true."

This premiſed, I proceed to as remarkable a narrative as any that has fallen under my notice. The reader may believe it if he pleaſes: or may diſbelieve it, without any offence to me. Mean time let him not be offended if I believe it, till I ſee better reaſon to the contrary.

1. Elizabeth Hobſon was born in Sunderland, in the year 1744. Her father dying when ſhe was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man brought her up as his own daughter. She was ſerious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God. Yet ſhe had deep and ſharp convictions of ſin, till ſhe was about ſixteen years of age, when ſhe found peace with God, and from that time the whole tenour of her behaviour was ſuitable to her profeſſion.

On Wedneſday, May 25, 1768, and the three following days, I talked with her at large. But it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to ſpeak. The ſubſtance of what ſhe ſaid was as follows.

2. From my childhood, when any of our neighbours died, whether men, women, or children, I uſed to ſee them either juſt when they died or a little before. And I was not frightened at all it was ſo common. Indeed many times I did not then know they were dead. I ſaw many of them by day, many by night. Thoſe that came when it was dark, brought light with them. I obſerved all little children and many grown perſons had a bright, glorious light round them. But many had a gloomy diſmal light, and a duſky cloud over them.

3. When I told my uncle this he did not ſeem to be at all ſurprized at it. But at ſeveral times he ſaid, " Be not afraid: only " take care to fear and ſerve God. As long as he is on your " ſide, none will be able to hurt you." At other times he ſaid, (dropping a word now and then, but ſeldom anſwering me any queſtions about it) " Evil ſpirits very ſeldom appear, but be- " tween eleven at night and two in the morning. But after they " have appeared to a perſon a year, they frequently come in the

" Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
" Inciderit."[1]

" Nor

" day time. Whatever ſpirits, good or bad, come in the day,
" they come at ſun-riſe, at noon, or at ſun-ſet."

4. When I was between twelve and thirteen, my uncle had a lodger, who was a very wicked man. One night I was ſitting in my chamber, about half hour after ten, having by accident put out my candle, when he came in, all over on a flame. I cried out, " William, why do you come in ſo to fright me?" He ſaid nothing, but went away. I went after him into his room: but found he was faſt aſleep in bed. A day or two after he fell ill, and within the week died in raging deſpair.

5. I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to croſs into a low ground which was ſaid to be haunted. Many perſons had been frighted there: and I had myſelf often ſeen men and women, (ſo many, at times, that they are out of count) go juſt by me and vaniſh away. This morning, as I came towards it, I heard a confuſed noiſe, as of many people quarrelling. But I did not mind it, and went on, till I came near the gate. I then ſaw on the other ſide a young man dreſt in purple, who ſaid, " It " is too early: Go back from whence you came. The Lord " be with you and bleſs you." And preſently he was gone.

6. When I was about ſixteen, my uncle fell ill, and grew worſe and worſe for three months. One day having been ſent out on an errand, I was coming home through a lane, when I ſaw him in the field coming ſwiftly towards me. I ran to meet him; but he was gone. When I came home I found him calling for me. As ſoon as I came to his bed ſide, he claſped his arms round my neck; and burſting into tears earneſtly exhorted me, to continue in the ways of God, kept his hold, till he ſunk down and died; and even then they could hardly unclaſp his fingers. I would fain have died with him and wiſhed to be buried with him, dead or alive.

7. From that time I was crying from morning to night, and praying that I might ſee him. I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning about one o'clock, as I was lying crying as uſual, I heard ſome noiſe, and riſing up, ſaw him come to the bed ſide. He looked much diſpleaſed, ſhook his head at me, and in a minuet or two went away.

8. About a week after I took my bed and grew worſe and

[1] Ars Poetica Horat. l. 191.

" Nor let a God in perſon ſtand diſplay'd,
" Unleſs the labouring plot deſerve his aid."

No man, one ſhould ſuppoſe, would aſk queſtions like theſe, by way of getting clear of the ſupernatural

worſe, till in ſix or ſeven days my life was deſpaired of. Then about eleven at night, my uncle came in, looked well pleaſed, and ſat down on the bedſide. He came every night after at the ſame time, and ſtayed till cock-crowing. I was exceeding glad, and kept my eyes fixt upon him, all the time he ſtayed. If I wanted drink or any thing, though I did not ſpeak or ſtir, he fetched it, and ſet it on the chair by the bedſide. Indeed I could not ſpeak; many times I ſtrove, but could not move my tongue. Every morning when he went away he waved his hand to me, and I heard delightful muſic, as if many perſons were ſinging together.

9. In about ſix weeks I grew better. I was then muſing one night, Whether I did well, in deſiring he might come? And I was praying, that God would do his own will, when he came in, and ſtood by the bedſide. But he was not in his uſual dreſs: he had on a white robe which reached down to his feet. He looked quite well pleaſed. About one, there ſtood by him a perſon in white, taller than him and exceeding beautiful. He came with the ſinging as of many voices, and continued till near cock-crowing. Then my uncle ſmiled and weaved his hand towards me twice or thrice. They went away with inexpreſſible ſweet muſic, and I ſaw him no more.

10. In a year after this, a young man courted me, and in ſome months we agreed to be married. But he purpoſed to take another voyage firſt, and one evening went a-board his ſhip. About eleven o'clock, going out to look for my mother, I ſaw him ſtanding at his mother's door with his hands in his pockets, and his hat pulled over his eyes. I went to him, and reached my hand, to put up his hat. But he went ſwiftly by me, and I ſaw the wall on the other ſide of the lane part as he went through, and then immediately cloſe after him. At ten the next morning he died.

11. A few days after, John Simpſon, one of our neighbours, a man that truly feared God, and one with whom I was particularly acquainted, went to ſea, as uſual. He ſailed out on a Tueſday. The Friday night following, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I heard one walking in my room, and every ſtep ſound-

ſupernatural part of the phenomenon of dreaming, who embraces the wonderful ſcheme of redemption exhibited

ed, as he was ſtepping in water. He then came to the bedſide in his ſea-jacket, all wet, and ſtretched his hand over me. Three drops of water fell on my breaſt, and felt as cold as ice. I ſtrove to wake his wife, who lay with me; but I could not, any more than if ſhe was dead. Afterwards I heard, he was caſt away that night. In leſs than a minuet he went away. But he came to me every night, for ſix or ſeven nights following, between eleven and two. Before he came and when he went away, I always heard ſweet muſic. Afterwards he came both day and night: every night about twelve with the muſic at his coming and going, and every day at ſun-riſe, noon, and ſun-ſet. He came whatever company I was in; at church, in the preaching-houſe, at my claſs: and was always juſt before me, changing his poſture as I changed mine. When I ſat he ſat; when I kneeled he kneeled; when I ſtood he ſtood likewiſe. I would fain have ſpoke to him, but I could not; when I tried, my heart ſunk within me: mean time it affected me more and more, ſo that I loſt both my ſtomach, my colour, and my ſtrength. This continued ten weeks, while I pined away not daring to tell any one. At laſt he came four or five nights without any muſic, and looked exceeding ſad. On the fifth night he drew the curtains of the bed violently to and fro; ſtill looking wiſhfully at me, and as one quite diſtreſſed. This he did two nights. On the third, I lay down about eleven, on the ſide of the bed. I quickly ſaw him walking up and down the room. Being reſolved to ſpeak to him, but unwilling any ſhould hear, I roſe and went up into the garret. When I opened the door, I ſaw him walking toward me, and ſhrunk back; on which he ſtopped and ſtood at a diſtance. I ſaid, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy "Ghoſt, what is your buſineſs with me?" He anſwered, "Be-"ſy, God forgive you, for keeping me ſo long from my reſt. "Have you forgot what you promiſed before I went to ſea? "To look to my children, if I was drowned? You muſt ſtand "to your word or I cannot reſt." I ſaid, "I wiſh I was dead:" He ſaid, "Say not ſo. You have more to go through before then. "And yet, if you knew as much as I do, you would not care "how ſoon you died.—You may bring the children on in their "learning while they live: they have but a ſhort time." I ſaid, "I will take all the care I can." He added, "Your brother has "wrote for you, to come to Jamaica: But if you go it will hurt

exhibited in the goſpel. For the attention of the Almighty to the concerns of man is therein ſeen to be

" your ſoul. You have alſo thoughts of altering your condition: " but if you marry him you think of, it will draw you from God, " and you will neither be happy here nor hereafter. Keep cloſe " to God, and go on in the way wherein you have been brought " up." I aſked, " How do you ſpend your time?" He anſwered, " In ſongs of praiſe. But of this you will know more by " and by: for where I am, you will ſurely be. I have loſt " much happineſs by coming to you: And I ſhould not have " ſtayed ſo long without uſing other means to make you ſpeak: " but the Lord would not ſuffer me to fright you. Have you " any thing more to ſay? It draws near two, and after that I " cannot ſtay. I ſhall only come to you twice more before the " death of my two children. God bleſs you." Immediately I heard ſuch ſinging, as if a thouſand voices joined together. He then went down ſtairs and I followed him to the firſt landing. He ſmiled, and I ſaid " I deſire you will come back." He ſtood ſtill till I came to him. I aſked him one or two queſtions, which he immediately anſwered; but added, " I wiſh you had not ca- " led me back; for now I muſt take ſomething from you." He pauſed a little and ſaid, " I think you can beſt part with the " hearing of your left ear." He laid his hand upon it, and in the inſtant it was deaf as a ſtone. And it was ſeveral years before I recovered the leaſt hearing of it. The cock crowed as he went out of the door: and then the muſic ceaſed. The elder of his children died at about three years and a half, the younger, before he was five years old. He appeared before the death of each, but without ſpeaking; after that, I ſaw him no more.

12. A little before Michaelmas 1763, my brother George, who was a good young man, went to ſea. The day after Michaelmas-day, about midnight, I ſaw him ſtanding by my bedſide, ſurrounded with a glorious light, and looking earneſtly at me. He was wet all over. That night the ſhip in which he ſailed, ſplit upon a rock, and all the crew were drowned.

13. On April 9, 1767, about midnight, I was laying awake, and I ſaw my brother John ſtanding by my bedſide. Juſt at that time he died in Jamaica.

14. By his death I became intitled to an houſe in Sunderland, which was left us by my grandfather, John Hobſon, an exceeding wicked man, who was drowned fourteen years ago. I employed an attorney to recover it from my aunts, who kept poſſeſſion

be ſuch as almoſt baffles belief, and cauſes the very angels to ſtand amazed at the Divine condeſcenſion.

If

of it. But finding more difficulty than I expected, in the beginning of December I gave it up. Three or four nights after, as I roſe from prayer, a little before eleven, I ſaw him ſtanding at a ſmall diſtance. I cried out, "Lord bleſs me! what brings you "here?" He anſwered "You have given up the houſe: Mr. "Parker adviſed you ſo to do: but if you do I ſhall have no reſt. "Indeed Mr. Dunn, whom you have hitherto employed, will "do nothing for you. Go to Durham: employ an attorney "there, and it will be recovered." His voice was loud, and ſo hollow and deep, that every word went through me. His lips did not move at all, (nor his eyes) but the ſound ſeemed to riſe out of the floor. When he had done ſpeaking, he turned about, and walked out of the room.

15. In January, as I was ſitting on the bedſide, a quarter before twelve he came in, ſtood before me, looked earneſtly at me, then walked up and down and ſtood and looked again. This he did for half an hour: and thus he came every other night, for about three weeks. All this time he ſeemed angry, and ſome times his look was quite horrid and furious. One night I was ſitting up in bed crying, when he came and began to pull off the cloaths. I ſtrove to touch his hand, but could not; on which he ſhrunk back and ſmiled.

16. The next night but one, about twelve, I was again ſitting up and crying, when he came and ſtood at the bedſide. As I was looking for an handkerchief he walked to the table, took one up, brought and dropt it upon the bed. After this, he came three or four nights and pulled the cloaths off, throwing them on the other ſide of the bed.

17. Two nights after he came as I was ſitting on the bedſide, and after walking to and fro, ſnatched the handkerchief from my neck. I fell into a ſwoon. When I came to myſelf he was ſtanding juſt before me. Preſently he came cloſe to me, dropt it on the bed, and went away.

18. Having had a long illneſs the year before, having taken much cold by his frequent pulling off the cloaths, and being worn out by theſe appearances, I was now moſtly confined to my bed. The next night, ſoon after eleven, he came again. I aſked, "In God's name, why do you torment me thus? You know, it "is impoſſible for me to go to Durham now. But I have a fear "that you are not happy, and beg to know, whether you are or

If therefore God acts not without reason, man must be of much higher account in his estimation

G than

not? He answered, after a little pause, "That is a bold ques-
"tion for you to ask. So far as you knew me to do amiss in my
"life-time, do you take care to do better." I said, "It is a
"shocking affair, to live and die after that manner." He re-
plied, "It is no time for reflections now: what is done cannot
"be undone." I said, "It must be a great happiness to die in
"the Lord." He said, "Hold your tongue! Hold your tongue!
"At your peril never mention such a word before me again!"
I was frighted, and strove to lift up my heart to God. He gave
a shriek, and sunk down at three times, with a loud groan at
each time. Just as he disappeared, there was a large flash of
fire, and I fainted away.

Three days after, I went to Durham, and put the affair into Mr. Hugill the attorney's hands. The next night, about one, he came in; but on my taking up the bible, went away. A month after, he came about eleven. I said, "Lord, bless me!
"What has brought you here again?" He said, "Mr. Hugill
"has done nothing but writ one letter: you must write or go to
"Durham again. It may be decided in a few days." I asked
"Why do not you go to my aunts, who keep me out of it?"
He answered, "I have no power to go to them. And they
"cannot bear it. If I could, I would go to them, were it only
"to warn them: for I doubt, where I am, I shall get too many
"to bear me company." He added, "Take care: there is
"mischief laid in Peggy's hands: she will strive to meet you
"coming from your class. I do not speak to hinder you from
"going to it, but that you may be cautious. Let some one go
"with you and come back with you; though whether you will
"escape or no, I cannot tell." I said, "She can do no more
"than God will let her." He answered, "We have all too lit-
"tle to do with him. Mention that word no more. As soon as
"this is decided meet me at Boyldon-hill, between twelve and
"one at night." I said, "That is a lone place for a woman to
"go to at that time of night. I am willing to meet you at the
"Ballast-hills, or in the church-yard." He said, "That will
"not do. But what are you afraid of?" I answered, "I am not
"afraid of you, but of rude men." He said, "I will set you
"safe, both thither and back again." I asked, "May I not
"bring a minister with me?" He replied, "Are you there-
"abouts? I will not be seen by any but you. You have plagued

than this objection ſuppoſes. It has been ſaid, "The "eternal ſalvation of one ſoul is of greater import-ance

"ed me ſore enough already. If you bring any with you, take "what follows."

From this time he appeared every night, between eleven and two. If I put out the fire and candle, in hopes I ſhould not ſee him, it did not avail. For as ſoon as he came, all the room was light, but with a diſmal light, like flaming brimſtone. But when ever I took up the bible, or kneeled down, yea, or prayed in my heart, he was gone.

On Thurſday, May 12, he came about eleven, as I was ſitting by the fire. I aſked, "In God's name, what do you want?" He ſaid, "You muſt either go or write to Durham. I cannot "ſtay from you 'till this is decided: and I cannot ſtay where I "am." When he went away, I fell into a violent paſſion of crying, ſeeing no end of my trouble. In this agony I continued till after one and then fell into a fit. About two I came to myſelf, and ſaw ſtanding at the bed-ſide, one in a white robe, which reached down to his feet. I cried, "In the name of the Father, "Son, and Holy Ghoſt—" He ſaid, "The Lord is with you. "I am come to comfort you. What cauſe have you to complain "and murmur thus? Why do you mourn thus for your friends? "Pray for them, and leave them to God. Ariſe and pray." I ſaid, "I can pray none." He ſaid, "But God will help you: "only keep cloſe to God; you are backward likewiſe in praying "with others, and afraid to receive the Lord's ſupper. Break "through that backwardneſs and that fear. The Lord bleſs "you and be ever with you!" As he went away, I heard many voices ſinging Hallelujah, with ſuch melody as I never heard before. All my trouble was gone, and I wanted nothing but to fly away with them.

Sat. 28. About twelve, my grandfather ſtood at the bedſide. I ſaid, "In God's name, what do you want?" He ſaid, "You "do not make an end of this thing: get it decided as ſoon as "poſſible. My coming is as uneaſy to myſelf, as it can be to "you." Before he came there was a ſtrong ſmell of burning, and the room was full of ſmoke, which got into my eyes, and almoſt blinded me for ſome time after.

Wedneſday, June 21. About ſunſet, I was coming up-ſtairs at Mrs. Knot's and I ſaw him coming towards me out of the oppoſite room. He went cloſe by me on the ſtair-head. Before I ſaw him I ſmelt a ſtrong ſmell of burning: and ſo did Miſs Hoſ-

" ance,and big with greater events, than the ſalvati-
" on of a whole kingdom, for any limited time,

 " though

mor. It got into my throat and almoſt ſtifled me. I ſat down, and fainted away.

On Friday, July 3. I was ſitting at dinner, when I thought I heard one come along the paſſage. I looked about, and ſaw my aunt, Margaret Scot of Newcaſtle, ſtanding at my back. On Saturday I had a letter informing me, that ſhe died on that day." Thus far Elizabeth Hobſon.

On Sunday, July 10. I received the following letter from a friend to whom I had recommended her.

" Sunderland, 6 July, 1768.

" I wrote you word before, that Elizabeth Hobſon, was put into poſſeſſion of the houſe. The ſame night her old viſitant, who had not troubled her for ſome time came again and ſaid: " You muſt meet me at Boyldon-hill, on Thurſday night, a little before twelve. You will ſee many appearances, who will call you to come to them: but do not ſtir, neither give them any anſwer. A quarter after twelve, I ſhall come and call you: but ſtill do not anſwer nor ſtir. She ſaid, 'It is an hardſhip upon me for you to deſire me to meet you there. Why cannot you take your leave now? He anſwered, " It is for your good that I deſire it. I can take my leave of you now. But if I do I muſt take ſomething from you, which you would not like to part with." She ſaid, 'May not a few friends come with me?' He ſaid, " They may; but they muſt not be preſent when I come."

That night, twelve of us met at Mr. Daviſon's and ſpent ſome time in prayer. God was with us of a truth. Then ſix of us went with her to the place, leaving the reſt to pray for us. We came thither a little before twelve, and then ſtood at a ſmall diſtance from her. It being a fine night, we kept her in our ſight, and ſpent the time in prayer. She ſtood there 'till a few minutes after one. When we ſaw her move, we went to meet her. She ſaid, 'Thank God it is all over and done. I found every thing as he told me. I ſaw many appearances, who called me to them; but I did not anſwer or ſtir. Then he came and called me at a diſtance; but I took no notice. Soon after he came up to me and ſaid,' " You are come well fortified." He then gave her the reaſons, why he required her to meet him at that place; and why he could take his leave there, and not in the houſe, without taking ſomething from her. But withal he charged her to tell this to no one; adding, " If you diſcloſe this

" though it were for the ſpace of ten thouſand ages: " becauſe there will come up a point, an inſtant in " eternity, when that one ſoul ſhall have exiſted as " many ages as all the individuals of a whole king- " dom, ranged in cloſe ſucceſſion, will, in the whole, " have exiſted, in the ſpace of ten thouſand ages. " Therefore one ſoul is capable of a larger ſhare of " happineſs or miſery, throughout an endleſs eter- " nity, than a whole kingdom is capable of in ten " thouſand ages." The ſeraphic Young hath carried this conſideration ſtill further:

" Know'ſt thou th' importance of a ſoul immortal?
" Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
" Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze!
" Ten thouſand add; add twice ten thouſand more;
" Then weigh the whole; one ſoul outweighs them all,
" And calls th' aſtoniſhing magnificence
" Of unintelligent creation poor.[1]

If ſuch is the value of a human ſoul, we need no longer aſk, why God interpoſes in a ſupernatural manner

" to any creature, I ſhall be under a neceſſity, of troubling you " as long as you live. If you do not, I ſhall never trouble you, " nor ſee you any more, either in time or eternity." He then bid her farewell, waved his hand, and diſappeared.

WESLEY'S WORKS, Vol. 32. p. 180——199.

[1] The profound Paſcal likewiſe tells us, " that the whole " ſyſtem of bodies, the firmament, the ſtars, the earth, and the " kingdoms of it, are not fit to be oppoſed in value to the loweſt " mind or ſpirit; becauſe ſpirit is endued with the knowledge " and apprehenſion of all this; whereas body is utterly ſtupid " and inſenſible."

Thoughts on Religion, p. 148.

manner, upon ſome occaſions, when we ſhould little expect it. We may be aſſured he has reaſons, and the beſt reaſons, for his conduct, in all caſes whatever. We are ill judges of propriety. We ſee but a little way. Every ſupernatural interpoſition may, for any thing we know to the contrary, have conſequences very important, and extremely remote,[2] though it may appear to us inſignificant in no ſmall degree. Our buſineſs therefore is not with the importance of ſupernatural interpoſitions, but with the interpoſitions themſelves. If the facts are once eſtabliſhed, we may be aſſured there is a reaſon for them

"In heaven's great and conſtant effort for our welfare is capi-
" tally written the dignity of man. That is a key to the moral
" world, and opens, and explains the reaſon of all God's,
" otherwiſe myſterious, conduct in it. Every ſtep of which is
" evidently calculated for man's preſent, or future, felicity; or
" both. The long ſhining ſeries, the golden chain of all
" God's marvellous acts, from the beginning to the cloſe of
" time, ſpeaks his uninterrupted regard for human nature; and
" what can more loudly proclaim human dignity than this?"

Young's Centaur not Fabulous.

See ſome fine ſentiments on the immortality of the ſoul in Smith's Select Diſcourſes, p. 54——115.

[2] " Reſpecting man, whatever wrong we call,
" May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
" In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
" A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
" In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
" Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
" So man, who here ſeems principal alone,
" Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown;
" Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
" 'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole."

POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN. B. I.

in the divine adminiſtration, and a reaſon ſufficiently cogent.

But, waving all other, may not the Divine Being permit, occaſionally, ſuch events to happen as we have been ſpeaking of, with intent to keep up in the minds of his creatures a perſuaſion of a ſeparate ſtate of exiſtence, and of his own government of the world? If no other reaſon could be aſſigned, this alone appears to me ſufficiently grand and important to juſtify ſuch a proceeding. For, does it not ſeem proper, a priori, that man ſhould be aſſured of his own immortality?[3] And may not the Deity think good to confirm the declarations of his word, when his wiſdom judges meet, by ſenſible appearances? Is it not fitting that he ſhould govern his own world, and that his vice-gerent man ſhould have every ſuitable proof, that he actually doth preſide over the work of his own hands? Are not the bulk of mankind, notwithſtanding all that hath been done to enlighten them, extremely low and grovelling in their views? Is not every attempt to meliorate our race, and raiſe us from the ruins of our fall, comparatively, to little purpoſe? And has not the experience that many men have of ſignificant dreams and night-viſions a more powerful effect upon their minds, than

[3]Mr. Lock has written at large on the nature of body and ſpirit in his excellent "Eſſay concerning Human Underſtanding;" and he tells us, that "we have as clear a notion of the ſubſtance of ſpirit, "as we have of body," and that "the idea which belongs to ſpirit "is at leaſt as clear as that which belongs to body." Vol. 1. p. 247.

than the moſt pure and refined precepts? It ſhould ſeem then, that the belief of theſe ſupernatural phenomena, upon certain occaſions, is ſo far from being weak and enthuſiaſtic, as our rational gentry, *falſely* ſo called, pretend, that it is conſiſtent with the ſoundeſt principles of reaſon and religion;4 and that whoſoever, *univerſally*, rejects the doctrine, ſwallows abſurdities infinitely greater than thoſe he wiſhes to avoid.

The ſum of what has been ſaid is this: Monitory dreams and nocturnal viſions, of various kinds, have been frequent from the earlieſt accounts of time. We have all the evidence of this fact that we have for any other facts recorded in hiſtory. Sacred and profane ſtory are equally full and ſatisfactory upon the ſubject. Several of thoſe we have produced, can, I apprehend, neither be fairly denied nor accounted for, upon any other principle, than that of

4 " It is perfectly conſiſtent with our fulleſt belief of a merciful " providence, that ſome occaſional evidences ſhould be given of a " ſtate after death: nor does it at all leſſen this probability, that " inſtances of ſuch appearances are very rare, becauſe whenever " they have happened, or do happen, it is to be ſuppoſed, that rea- " ſons ſubſiſt for it, which are at preſent unknown to us. Witch- " craft is perverting nature; but this is not the caſe with appari- " tions any more than dreams, and many other proofs that are " given of the compound nature of man. We confeſs, indeed, that " this is a ſubject enveloped in conſiderable obſcurity, and that it is " the ſource of much weakneſs and impoſture; but all this will not " warrant a peremptory concluſion againſt the hypotheſis of appa- " ritions, becauſe it is a ſubject, of which we are not as yet compe- " tent to judge."

EUROPEAN MAG. for Feb. 1792. p. 109.

an agency deſtinct and ſeparate from the mind of man, and the common, well known powers of human nature. All thoſe caſes from the bible, namely, the firſt ſeventeen in this collection, ſeem to be directly from God, or his holy angels. Thoſe from the Heathen authors and other Ancients appear to have come from ſome ſeparate exiſtences, good or bad. But that of Alexander the Great, number 33, is particularly worthy of heavenly communication. Number 76 appears to have been from the Holy Spirit of God, agreeably to the oeconomy of the goſpel. Numbers 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 44, 45, 46, 49, 51, 52, 54, 56, 57, 59, 60, 61, 62, 69, 70, 71, 73, 74, 75, and 77, ſeem all likewiſe to have been the effects of angelic influence upon the human mind. If any perſons ſhould be diſpoſed to object to the ſuppoſition, let them recollect, that the agency of angels is every where inculcated in the holy ſcriptures; and, particularly, that they have their ſeveral diſtinct charges.—*Take heed*, ſays our bleſſed Saviour, *that ye deſpiſe not one of theſe little ones; for I ſay unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.*[5] And St Paul ſays, *Are they not all miniſtring ſpirits, ſent forth to miniſter for them who ſhall be heirs of ſalvation?*[6]

Others

[5]Mat. 18. 10.——[6]Heb. 1. 14.——Let the Reader, who wiſhes for more ſatisfaction, conſult archbiſhop Tillotſon's 75th Sermon on "The nature, office, and employment of good angels."

Others of the foregoing caſes prove inconteſtably the ſeparate exiſtence of human ſpirits; that man doth not die like the beaſts that periſh; and that neither doth his ſoul ſleep in the duſt with the body till the morning of the reſurrection; but that he continues to exiſt, in a ſtate of real ſenſibility, good or bad, according to his conduct in the preſent life. This, I think, is clear from Numbers 41, 42, 43, 47, 48, 50, 53, 55, 58, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, and 72. If the truth of any one, or more, of theſe facts ſhould be called in queſtion, yet there are others of them attended with all the evidence of which any thing of the kind is capable. An unbeliever may cavil with them, and raiſe ſeveral plauſible objections againſt the whole, as he may do againſt every thing elſe, even the truth of ſcripture and the exiſtence of God (Voltaire has done the former, and Hammon the latter) but one may defy any man to give a fair, clear, ſolid anſwer to each of the above caſes, on any other ſuppoſition than that which is admitted in theſe papers; or, at leaſt, on the mere acknowledged principles of human nature.

If all this is ſo (and let him deny it who can; though I know, as is juſt obſerved, ingenious men will prove or diſprove any thing, it matters not by what kind of evidence) if, I ſay, all this is ſo, what becomes of the gloomy principle of our modern Sadducees, who pretend the ſoul ſleeps in the duſt with the body? For, one ſingle, well authenticated, inſtance

ſtance of a human ſoul's being permitted to reviſit the frail abodes of mortals, after diſſolution, overturns their whole hypotheſis root and branch. Indeed, that one declaration of our Saviour might ſuffice, if there were no other recorded in holy ſcripture:—*Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the ſoul; but rather fear him who is able to deſtroy both ſoul and body in hell.*[7] The parable of the rich man and Lazarus is ſtill ſtronger, if poſſible, for the doctrine of a ſeparate exiſtence, and an immediate conſciouſneſs of happineſs or miſery after the diſſolution of our bodies[8]:—*There was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and faired ſumptuouſly every day. And there was a certain beggar, named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate full*

[7]Mat. 10. 28. Dr. Jortin reaſons thus upon this text:—"If "the ſoul hath ſuch a neceſſary dependence upon the body, that "when this dies, that dies with it,—then he who kills the body, "would with the ſame ſtroke kill the ſoul alſo. But our Saviour "tells us that this is impoſſible, becauſe the ſoul remains after the "diſſolution of the body, or is out of the reach of human or created "power. If it be ſaid that our Saviour only means the utter and "eternal deſtruction of the ſoul, which no one can effect, becauſe "God hath promiſed us a reſurrection to a ſecond life, this would "be a mere ſhift to avoid the force of a plain text. For in this "flat and far-fetched ſenſe, our Lord might as well have denied "that men can kill the body, becauſe at the reſurrection we ſhall "again conſiſt of ſoul and body, knowing ourſelves to be the ſame "perſons that we were before".

Sermons, vol. 2. p. 371.

[8]Homer introduces the departed ſpirit of Patroclus as appearing to Achilles in his ſleep in the twenty third book of his Iliad, with great beauty, where he gives us the ſentiments of the Ancients on the ſubject of ſeparate exiſtence. It will gratify the Engliſh reader to lay the paſſage before him in the words of Mr. Pope.

full of ſores, and deſiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came

——"Great Pelides, ſtretch'd along the ſhore,
" Where daſh'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
" Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
" The martial Myrmidons confus'dly ſtand.
" Along the graſs his languid members fall,
" Tir'd with his chaſe around the Trojan wall;
" Huſh'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
" At length he ſinks in the ſoft arms of ſleep.
" When lo! the ſhade, before his cloſing eyes,
" Of ſad Patroclus roſe, or ſeem'd to riſe;
" In the ſame robe he living wore, he came;
" In ſtature, voice, and pleaſing look the ſame.
" The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
" And ſleeps Achilles (thus the phantom ſaid)
" Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?
" Living I ſeem'd his deareſt, tend'reſt care,
" But now forgot, I wander in the air.
" Let my pale corſe the rites of burial know,
" And give me ent'rance in the realms below:
" 'Till then, the ſpirit finds no reſting place,
" But here and there, the unbody'd ſpectres chaſe
" The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
" Forbid to croſs th' irremeable flood.
" Now give thy hand; for to the farther ſhore
" When once we paſs, the ſoul returns no more:
" When once the laſt funereal flames aſcend,
" No more ſhall meet Achilles and his friend;
" No more our thoughts to thoſe we lov'd make known;
" Or quit the deareſt, to converſe alone.

. . . . . .

" 'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, tho' dead, retains
" Part of himſelf; th' immortal mind remains:
" The form ſubſiſts without the body's aid,
" A'erial ſemblance, and an empty ſhade!"

In the above paſſage Homer followed the philoſophy of the Egyptians, who ſuppoſed man to be compounded of three parts, an intelligent mind, a vehicle for that mind, and a body. St. Paul ſeems to have had the ſame ideas when he ſaid to the Theſſalonians, *I pray God your whole ſpirit, ſoul, and body, may be preſerved blameleſs.* See more to the ſame purpoſe in the notes of Pope's tranſla-

came and licked his ſores. And it came to paſs that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's boſom: the rich man alſo died, and was buried, and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and ſeeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his boſom. And he cried, and ſaid, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and ſend Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham ſaid, Son, remember that thou in thy life-time receiveſt thy good things, and likewiſe Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. And beſides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: ſo that they which would paſs from hence to you, cannot; neither can they paſs to us, that would come from thence. Then he ſaid, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldeſt ſend to my father's houſe: for I have five brethren; that he may teſtify unto them, leſt they alſo come into this place of torment. Abraham ſaith unto him, They have Moſes and the prophets; let them hear them. And he ſaid, Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. And he ſaid unto him, If they hear not Moſes and the prophets, neither will they be perſuaded, though one roſe from the dead.

This is the parable. The poor man died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's boſom. What

tion of Homer's Iliad, book 23, line 92, &c. See alſo the ſixth book of Virgil's AEneis.——Conſult likewiſe Cicero's Tuſculan Diſputations.

What was carried? Not his body ſurely. That was committed to the duſt from whence it was taken. But his ſpiritual part, after its ſeparation from the body, was immediately conducted by the angels of God to the boſom of Abraham, the father of the faithful.—*To Abraham's boſom.*—Does not this alſo imply, that Abraham was, not only in a ſtate of conſcious exiſtence, but of actual happineſs?—*The rich man alſo died, and was buried, and in hell he lift up his eyes.* His body with great pomp and ſtate was interred among his anceſtors, but his ſoul, the immortal part of his nature, was immediately ſenſible of having died out of the favour of it's Maker.

If it ſhould be replied, that all this is but a parable. It is true. But parables, though not real hiſtories, are figurative repreſentations of real truths. And one of the truths repreſented by this parable, is the immediate happineſs and miſery of the ſouls of the rich man and Lazarus, after the death of their bodies. But if real hiſtories and matters of fact might be of greater avail in this buſineſs, a very remarkable one preſents itſelf, as directly to our preſent purpoſe as poſſible:—*And it came to paſs about an eight days after theſe ſayings, he took Peter, and John, and James, and went up into a mountain to pray. And as he prayed, the faſhion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and gliſtering. And behold there talked with him two men, which were Moſes and Elias, who appeared in glory, and ſpake of his deceaſe which*

he

he ſhould accompliſh at Jeruſalem. But Peter, and they that were with him, were heavy with ſleep: and when they were awake, they ſaw his glory, and the two men that ſtood with him. And it came to paſs, as they departed from him, Peter ſaid unto Jeſus, Maſter, it is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moſes, and one for Elias: not knowing what he ſaid. While he thus ſpake there came a cloud, and overſhadowed them: and they feared as they entered into the cloud. And there came a voice out of the cloud, ſaying, This is my beloved Son; hear him. And when the voice was paſt, Jeſus was found alone: and they kept it cloſe, and told no man in thoſe days any of thoſe things which they had ſeen.[9]

Thus it may be obſerved, here is, firſt, a poſitive declaration from the mouth of the Saviour of the world, that the ſoul of man cannot die.[1] Here is then, ſecondly, a parabolical repreſentation of real, ſenſible,

[9]Luke 9. 28——36.

[1]There are various arguments from nature and reaſon, beſides thoſe infallible ones adduced from holy ſcripture, in favour of the ſoul's immortality, which ſeem to me incapable of any ſolid and ſatisfactory anſwer. Mr. Addiſon has thrown ſome of them together at one view, in thoſe well known and juſtly admired lines, which he puts into the mouth of Cato:—

" It muſt be ſo—Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well!
" Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
" This longing after immortality?
" Or whence this ſecret dread, and inward horror,
" Of falling into naught? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
" Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
" 'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
" 'Tis heaven itſelf, that points out an hereafter,
" And intimates eternity to man.———

ſenſible, conſcious exiſtence, and immediate happineſs or miſery after diſſolution. And then here is, thirdly, a plain, hiſtorical matter of fact, that two perſons the moſt renowned among the ſaints of the Old Teſtament (one being the giver, and the other the reſtorer, of the law) appeared on earth, and converſed with the Lord Jeſus Chriſt concerning his approaching death. This ſeems a ſufficient anſwer to every objection. It is impoſſible *fairly* to ſet the evidence

" The ſoul, ſecured in her exiſtence, ſmiles
" At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
" The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
" Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years,
" But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
" Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
" The wreck of matter, and the cruſh of worlds."

This is the ſoliloquy of the above celebrated Roman. The no leſs celebrated Athenian, Alcibiades, though a man of a boundleſs love of pleaſure, has delivered one of a ſimilar kind:—" I am now wholly " alone, my ears are not entertained with muſic, my eyes with " beauty, nor any of my ſenſes ſo forcibly affected, as to divert the " courſe of my inward thoughts: methinks there is ſomething ſa- " cred in myſelf, now I am alone. What is this being of mine? " I came into it without my choice; and yet Socrates ſays it is to " be imputed to me. In this repoſe of my ſenſes, wherein they com- " municate nothing ſtrongly to myſelf, I taſte, methinks, a being " diſtinct from their operation. Why may not then my ſoul exiſt, " when ſhe is wholly gone out of theſe organs? I can perceive my " faculties grow ſtronger, the leſs I admit the pleaſures of ſenſe; " and the nearer I place myſelf to a bare exiſtence, the more wor- " thy, the more noble, the more celeſtial does that exiſtence appear " to me. If my ſoul is weakened rather than improved by all that " the body adminiſters to her, ſhe may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to " be deſigned for a manſion more ſuitable than this, wherein what " delights her diminiſhes her excellence, and that which afflicts her " adds to her perfection. There is an hereafter, and I will not " fear to be immortal for the ſake of Athens."

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evidence aſide. One had been dead many hundreds of years, and the other tranſlated, that he ſhould not ſee death, and yet both appeared, and were ſeen converſing with Jeſus, by three witneſſes the moſt unexceptionable, who either ſealed, or were at all times ready to ſeal, their teſtimony with their blood. And it ſeems to me, that one ſuch clear, indiſputable fact ſpeaks more powerfully than a thouſand ſubtil reaſonings, made uſe of by vain and ſelf-conceited philoſophers,[2] upon any given ſubject whatever. But if theſe facts ſhould appear to be many in number, and *the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect* ſhould have *frequently* viſited our world, by the high permiſſion of heaven, then it muſt be allowed, that a ſtate of ſeparate exiſtence is according to the general laws of nature, and a fundamental principle of God's eternal empire.[3]

From

[2]True philoſophy is the handmaid of true religion. But there is a ſpurious kind of wiſdom much in vogue, which aſſumes the name, and which yet is a ſtranger to the nature of true philoſophy. The followers of this ſpecious wiſdom are uſually mighty pretenders to reaſon, freedom of thought, liberality of ſentiment, and a great many other fine things, with which they amuſe themſelves and their friends, while, at the ſame time, they are the mere ſlaves of their luſts and diſorderly inclinations. Or if they are decent in their morals, they are uſually under the dominion of pride, conceitedneſs, and various other vices of the mind.—*From ſuch turn away.*

[3]The exiſtence of the human ſoul in a ſeparate ſtate, as a principle diſtinct from the body, is a doctrine frequently and ſtrongly inculcated in holy ſcripture. The above three paſſages to that purpoſe appear to me unanſwerable: at leaſt I have never ſeen any tolerable anſwer given to them. I will, however, in this note throw a few other ſcriptures promiſcuouſly together, which, by a juſt and fair interpretation, ſeem clearly to convey the ſame meaning:—*And the*

From the foregoing extraordinary relations, and theſe reaſonings upon them, it appears, I think, firſt, that there is a God, becauſe there can be no effect without a cauſe. Secondly, that this God undoubtedly exerciſeth a particular providence among mankind, either by his own direct agency, or the agen-

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Lord God formed man of the duſt of the ground, and breathed into his noſtrils the breath of life; and man became a living ſoul, Gen. 2. 7.——*Then ſhall the duſt return to the earth as it was, and the ſpirit ſhall return to God who gave it,* Ecc. 12. 7.——*To day ſhalt thou be with me in Paradiſe,* Luke 23. 43.——*Father, into thy hands I commend my ſpirit,* Luke 23. 46.——*Lord Jeſus, receive my ſpirit,* Acts 7. 59.——*Make to yourſelves friends of the mammon of unrighteouſneſs, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlaſting habitations,* Luke 16. 9.——*A ſpirit hath not fleſh and bones as ye ſee me have,* Luke 24. 39.——*I think it right as long as I am in this tabernacle to ſtir you up, knowing that ſhortly I muſt put off my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jeſus Chriſt hath ſhewed me,* 2 Pet. 1. 13, 14.—*I knew a man in Chriſt about fourteen years ago, whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth; ſuch an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew ſuch a man, whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell: God knoweth; how that he was caught up into Paradiſe, and heard unſpeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter;* 2 Cor. 12. 2—4.——*I pray God your whole ſpirit, ſoul, and body, be preſerved blameleſs unto the coming of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt;* 1 Theſ. 5. 23.——*We know if the earthly houſe of this tabernacle were diſſolved, we have a building of God, an houſe not made with hands, eternal in the heavens: For in this we groan earneſtly, deſiring to be clothed upon with our houſe, which is from heaven, knowing that while we ſojourn in the body, we are abſent from the Lord. We are confident, I ſay, and willing rather to be abſent from the body and preſent with the Lord. And we labour, whether preſent or abſent, to be accepted of him,* 2 Cor. 5. 1—9.——*To me to live is Chriſt, and to die is gain.—I am in a ſtrait betwixt two, having a deſire to depart, and to be with Chriſt, which is far better,* Phil. 1. 21. 23.——The laſt paſſage of ſcripture I ſhall mention, is that remarkable one in the book of Revelation, where the ſouls of the righteous are deſcribed as in a waking condition. *I ſaw,* ſays St. John, *under the altar the ſouls of them that were ſlain for the word of God; and they cried, How long, O Lord holy and true, doſt thou not judge and avenge our blood? And it was ſaid to them that they ſhould ſtill reſt for a little ſeaſon,* Rev. 6. 9, 10.

cy of angels, who are his miniſters in the govern-ment of the world. And, thirdly, that the ſouls of men do actually exiſt in a ſtate of ſenſibility and activity, after they are ſeparated from the body.[3]

Let

[3]The excellent biſhop Bull before mentioned, all whoſe works are highly to be valued, and ſhould be in the hands of every clergyman, has two diſcourſes upon the ſtate of man after death. The former attempts to prove, that "the ſoul of man ſubſiſts after death "in a place of abode provided by God for it till the reſurrection;" and the latter is "concerning the middle ſtate of happineſs or "miſery allotted by God to every man preſently after death, ac-"cording as he has been good or bad in his paſt life."—Dr. Jortin has alſo a good ſermon upon "the intermediate ſtate between death "and the reſurrection." It is the 19th in the ſecond volume. He there obſerves, that "the ſubſiſtence of the ſoul after the death of "the body appears to be the doctrine of Chriſt and his Apoſtles "delivered in the New Teſtament. To this it ſhould be added," continues he, "that the Fathers of the church, who lived in or "near the times of the Apoſtles, were unanimous in this opinion, "and perſuaded that the ſoul of every man, upon the diſſolution "of the body, died not, but had a proper place to go to.

——"The ſame opinion was alſo, by a tradition from the re-"moteſt antiquity, adopted by all the civilized Heathen nations in "Greece, and in the Eaſt; and indeed in thoſe parts of the world "which have been more lately diſcovered, in the vaſt regions of "America."

The above biſhop Bull likewiſe, ſpeaking of the opinions of the Chriſtian Fathers concerning the ſtate of human ſouls after death, ſays, "I do affirm the conſentient and conſtant doctrine of the pri-"mitive church to be this—That the ſouls of all the faithful, im-"mediately after death, enter into a place and ſtate of bliſs, far ex-"ceeding all the felicities of this world, though ſhort of that moſt "conſummate, perfect beatitude of the kingdom of heaven, with "which they are to be crowned and rewarded in the reſurrection. "And ſo on the contrary, that the ſouls of all the wicked are pre-"ſently after death in a ſtate of very great miſery; and yet dread-"ing a far greater miſery at the day of judgment." Vol. 1. p. 102.

The celebrated Dr. Clarke is of the ſame opinion: "In the "intermediate ſeparate ſtate," ſays this great man, "between "death and judgment, when the vanities of this deceitful world "ſhall be at an end, and the deluſions and falſe colours here put "upon things ſhall all entirely diſappear; the natural effects and "impreſſions made by virtuous and vicious habits upon the minds "of men, will be ſtill more lively and ſenſible. Beſides; in that

Let not unthinking men, therefore, who are enſlaved by their paſſions, take refuge in this groundleſs perſuaſion, that when they die they ſhall be no more; that they ſhall never be called to any account; but ſhall ſleep ſweetly in the duſt through everlaſting ages, or at leaſt for many thouſands of years till the reſurrection, which, they fondly hope, may never happen. For let them be aſſured there is a retribution day at no great diſtance, when the Judge of all the earth will call us to a ſtrict account for every thing done here below. Let them read the foregoing relations of ſupernatural interpoſitions with attention; let them examine the holy ſcriptures with ſerioufneſs and impartiality; let them conſult their own minds and conſciences; and then let them ſoberly, and in the fear of God declare, whether they have no uneaſy apprehenſions concerning the conſequence of their preſent irreligious conduct. *Surely there is a God that judgeth the earth*, and taketh notice

" ſtate, the righteous cannot but be very happy; through the cer-
" tain expectation of that *crown of righteouſneſs, which* they know
" *the Lord, the righteous Judge, ſhall give them at that day*; and the
" wicked, on the contrary, cannot but be made very miſerable, by
" a certain *fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation*,
" though the irreverſible ſentence ſhall not be actually executed
" upon them before the great day."*

Tillotſon has two good diſcourſes on this ſubject, namely, the 24th and 184th, which ſhould be well conſidered by thoſe perſons who have any doubts upon their minds concerning the future deſtination of human ſpirits.

See alſo the ſecond of Dr. Bentley's Sermons at Boyle's Lecture on the immortality of the ſoul, where all the ſophiſtry of materialiſm is refuted with great learning and ability.

* Sermons, vol. 7. p. 263.

of the behaviour of men. And all our infidelity, and inattention to the calls of virtue and religion, all our drollery and wanton profaneneſs upon the awful interpoſitions of heaven, may entertain, for a ſeaſon, our deluded companions in vice and folly, but aſſuredly they will be ſharp arrows and hot burning coals in our ſpirits on a dying pillow, and the day of final retribution.* Nothing upon earth can prevent

*We have a remarkable inſtance of a gentleman of this deſcription, and in this ſituation, recorded in the 81ſt paper of the Guardian. Would men of ſimilar characters attend to it in time, it might be of all conceiveable advantage to them:——

" Oh, almighty Being! how ſhall I look up towards thee, when I " reflect that I am of no conſideration but as I have offended? My " exiſtence, O my God, without thy mercy, is not to be prolonged " in this or another world but for my puniſhment. I apprehend; " oh my Maker, let it not be too late; I apprehend, and tremble " at thy preſence. And ſhall I not conſider thee, who art all good- " neſs, but with terror? Oh! my Redeemer, do thou behold my " anguiſh. Turn to me, thou Saviour of the world; who has of- " fended like me! Oh, my God, I cannot fly out of thy preſence; " let me fall down in it: I humble myſelf in contrition of heart. " But, alas! I have not only ſwerved from thee, but have laboured " againſt thee. If thou doſt pardon what I have committed, how " wilt thou pardon what I have made others commit? I have re- " joiced in ill, as in a proſperity. Forgive, oh my God, all who " have offended by my perſuaſion, all who have tranſgreſſed by my " example. Canſt thou, O God, accept of the confeſſion of old " age, to expiate all the labour and induſtry of youth ſpent in tranſ- " greſſions againſt thee! While I am ſtill alive, let me implore " thee to recall to thy grace all whom I have made to ſin. Let, oh " Lord, thy goodneſs admit of his prayer for their pardon, by " whoſe inſtigation they have tranſgreſſed. Accept, O God, of " this interval of age between my ſinful days and the hour of my " diſſolution, to wear away the corrupt habits in my ſoul, and pre- " pare myſelf for the manſions of purity and joy. Impute not to " me, oh my God, the offences I may give, after my death, to " thoſe I leave behind me; let me not tranſgreſs when I am no " more ſeen: but prevent the ill effects of my ill-applied ſtudies, " and receive me into thy mercy."

'It is the moſt melancholy circumſtance that can be imagined to 'be on a death bed, and wiſh all that a man has moſt laboured to

vent the moſt fatal conſequences taking place, but a ſpeedy returning from the error of our ways unto the ſervice of the living and true God. A door of hope is ſet open, even for the profligate and abandoned ſinner; and nothing can by any means ſhut it, but our own obſtinate and perverſe unbelief. The Son of God hath died an atoning death, and removed every impediment out of the way of our ſalvation. Only let us repent, believe, and obey the goſpel, and whatever our paſt conduct may have been, we ſhall live forever. *There is balm in Gilead, there is a phyſician there.* The blood of Chriſt is of

 ſovereign

'bring to paſs, were obliterated for ever. How emphatically worſe 'is this, than having paſſed all ones days in idleneſs? Yet this is the 'frequent caſe of many men of refined talents. It is, methinks, 'monſtrous, that the love of fame, and value of the faſhion of the 'world, can tranſport a man ſo far, as even in ſolitude to act with ſo 'little reflection upon his real intereſt. This is premeditated mad-'neſs; for it is an error done with the aſſiſtance of all the faculties of 'the mind.

'When every circumſtance about us is a conſtant admonition, 'how tranſient is every labour of man, it ſhould, methinks, be no 'hard matter to bring one's ſelf to conſider the emptineſs of all our 'endeavours. But I was not a little charmed the other day, when 'ſitting with an old friend, and communing together on ſuch ſubjects, 'he expreſſed himſelf after this manner:——

"It is unworthy a Chriſtian philoſopher, to let any thing here be-"low ſtand in the leaſt competition with his duty. In vain is reaſon "fortified by faith, if it produces in our practice no greater effects "than what reaſon wrought in mere man.

"I contemn, (in dependence on the ſupport of Heaven I ſpeak "it) I contemn all which the generality of mankind call great and "glorious. I will no longer think or act like a mortal; but con-"ſider myſelf as a being that commenced at my birth, and is to "endure to all eternity. The accident of death will not end, but "improve my being. I will think of myſelf, and provide for my-"ſelf, as an immortal; and I will do nothing now which I do not "believe I ſhall approve a thouſand years hence."

ſovereign virtue, and no man ever ſincerely believed in him and was confounded. "Millions of ſouls in "glory now" were once entangled as we are, tied and bound with the chains of their ſins, as we many of us ſtill continue to be, who yet by virtue of that blood, and the efficacy of God's Spirit, found both the guilt and power of ſin removed. Why then, why ſhall not we be free? Why ſhall we live as though we ſhould never die? Are we happy in our preſent folly? And do we feel confidence that all ſhall end as we could wiſh in the moment of nature's extremity?[s] Have we not immortal ſpirits within us, which

[s] The letter written from the younger Villiers Duke of Buckingham upon his death-bed, to the profoundly learned Dr. Barrow, contains a very important and highly uſeful leſſon to us all, and is more eſpecially applicable to the gay and thoughtleſs young people of the age. It is as follows:

"Dear Doctor,

"I always looked upon you as a man of true virtue; "and know you to be a perſon of ſound judgment. For, however "I may act in oppoſition to the principles of religion, or the dic- "tates of reaſon, I can honeſtly aſſure you, I had always the high- "eſt veneration for both. The world and I may ſhake hands: for, "I dare affirm, we are heartily weary of each other. O Doctor, "what a prodigal have I been of the moſt valuable of all poſſeſſi- "ons, time! I have ſquandered it away, with a perſuaſion it was "laſting: and now, when a few days would be worth a hecatomb "of worlds, I cannot flatter myſelf with a proſpect of half a dozen "hours.

"How deſpicable is that man, who never prays to his God, but "in the time of his diſtreſs! In what manner can he ſupplicate that "omnipotent Being in his affliction, with reverence, whom, in the "tide of his proſperity, he never remembered with dread? Do not "brand me with infidelity, when I tell you I am almoſt aſhamed to "offer up my petitions to the throne of grace; or of imploring that "divine mercy in the next world, which I have ſo ſcandalouſly a- "buſed in this. Shall ingratitude to man be looked on as the "blackeſt of crimes, and not ingratitude to God? Shall an inſult "offered to the king be looked on in the moſt offenſive light; and

which pant for ſomething higher and better than we ever yet poſſeſſed? If we have, let us liſten to the invitation of the Evangelical prophet. He will tell us where the longings of our ſouls may be ſatisfi-

" yet no notice taken when the King of kings is treated with indig-
" nity and diſreſpect?

" The companions of my former libertiniſm would ſcarce be-
" lieve their eyes, were you to ſhew them this epiſtle. They
" would laugh at me as a dreaming enthuſiaſt, or pity me as a ti-
" merous wretch, who was ſhocked at the appearance of futurity.
" They are more entitled to my pity than my reſentment. A fu-
" ture ſtate may very well ſtrike terror into any man, who has not
" acted well in his life; and he muſt have an uncommon ſhare of
" courage indeed, who does not ſhrink at the preſence of his God.

" You ſee, my dear Doctor, the apprehenſions of death will ſoon
" bring the moſt profligate to a proper uſe of their underſtanding.
" I am haunted by remorſe, deſpiſed by my acquaintance, and, I
" fear, forſaken by my God. There is nothing ſo dangerous, my
" dear Doctor, as extraordinary abilities. I cannot be accuſed of
" vanity now, by being ſenſible that I was one poſſeſſed of uncom-
" mon qualifications; as I ſincerely regret that I was ever bleſt
" with any at all. My rank in life ſtill made theſe accompliſh-
" ments more conſpicuous; and, faſcinated with the general applauſe
" which they procured, I never conſidered about the proper means,
" by which they ſhould be diſplayed. Hence, to purchaſe a ſmile
" from a blockhead, whom I deſpiſed, I have frequently treated the
" virtuous with diſreſpect; and ſported with the holy name of
" Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were en-
" titled to nothing but my contempt.

" Your men of wit, my dear Doctor, look on themſelves as diſ-
" charged from the duties of religion; and confine the doctrine of
" the goſpel to people of meaner underſtandings: and look on that
" man to be of a narrow genius, who ſtudies to be good. What
" a pity that the holy writings are not made the criterion of true
" judgment! Favour me, my dear Doctor, with a viſit as ſoon as
" poſſible. Writing to you gives me ſome eaſe. I am of opinion
" this is the laſt viſit I ſhall ever ſolicit from you. My diſtemper
" is powerful. Come and pray for the departing ſpirit of the
" unhappy

BUCKINGHAM."

Arminian Mag. vol. 13. p. 433.—Let the Reader conſult the account of the Honourable Francis Newport's laſt moments, in the firſt vol. of Sacred Literature, p. 141, which is one of the moſt affecting narratives recorded in any language.

ed: *Ho, every one that thirſteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye ſpend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which ſatisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your ſoul delight itſelf in fatneſs. Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your ſoul ſhall live; and I will make an everlaſting covenant with you, even the ſure mercies of David.*[6] In this remarkable paſſage God calls us to turn from the vanities of the world, to believe in his Son, and to imbibe the Spirit's chearing influence. Let us hearken unto him, then, and our ſouls ſhall live. We ſhall flouriſh and bloſom like the roſe *in all the fruits of righteouſneſs, which are by Jeſus Chriſt, unto the glory and praiſe of God.* The peace of our minds ſhall even now be ſuch as we never did or could enjoy, in purſuing *the luſts of the fleſh, the luſts of the eye, and the pride of life.* Enjoyments of this nature leave an aching void within, which never can be filled, till the pure and refined pleaſures of religion are experienced in the boſom. "The ſoul's calm ſun ſhine "and the heart-felt joy;" *the peace of God which paſſeth all underſtanding*; "the tears that ſpeak, and "the ſighs that waft the ſoul to heaven," are all the preſent effects and rewards of genuine religion. Theſe we all may have, in a greater or leſs degree, whenever

[6]Is. 55. 1——3.

whenever we turn unto God by penitence and prayer. And as we continue to tread the paths of virtue, and advance to greater lengths, and breadths, and depths, and heights of holineſs and devotedneſs to the God of our ſalvation, *our peace ſhall flow as a river, and our righteouſneſs abound as the waves of the ſea.* In waiting upon the Lord from time to time we *ſhall renew our ſtrength*, we *ſhall mount up with wings as eagles*; we *ſhall run and not be weary, and we ſhall walk and not faint.* We *ſhall delight ourſelves in the Lord, and he will cauſe us to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed us with the heritage of Jacob, for the mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it.*

But if, on the contrary, we turn a deaf ear to all the calls and admonitions of God and conſcience, of virtue and religion: if we are reſolved to take our ſwing of ſenſual pleaſures, and not to with-hold our heart from any wanton joy: if we determine to turn our backs on God, and our faces towards the ſilly vanities of the world, which never did, neither ever can yield us ſolid ſatisfaction; then let us liſten to what the Lord God will ſay concerning us, and tremble for our own ſafety: *The curſe of the Lord is in the houſe of the wicked.—Curſed ſhalt thou be in the city, and curſed ſhalt thou be in the field. Curſed ſhall be thy baſket and thy ſtore. Curſed ſhall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy land, the increaſe of thy kine, and the flocks of thy ſheep. Curſed ſhalt thou be when thou comeſt in, and curſed ſhalt thou be when thou goeſt out.* Yea, all the curſes which are written in the book of

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the law of God ſhall come upon thee and overtake thee. *Yet a little while and the wicked ſhall not be; yea, thou ſhalt diligently conſider his place, and it ſhall not be. For the wicked ſhall periſh, and the enemies of the Lord ſhall be as the fat of lambs: they ſhall conſume, into ſmoak ſhall they conſume away.—I have ſeen the wicked in great power, and ſpreading himſelf like a green bay-tree; yet he paſſed away, and, lo, he was not; yea, I ſought him, but he could not be found.*

All this is true, with reſpect to the bodies, families, and worldly circumſtances of ungodly men. With reſpect to their future condition we can be at no loſs to determine. It is engraven as with the point of a diamond, in various parts of that book, which was long ſince written, by holy men under divine influence, for our inſtruction. I will recite only one paſſage:—*The Lord Jeſus ſhall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the goſpel of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt: who ſhall be puniſhed with everlaſting deſtruction from the preſence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, when he ſhall come to be glorified in his ſaints, and to be admired in all them that believe in that day.*[7] Not to know God, and not to obey the goſpel of his Son, is to be expoſed to all the horrors of the divine indignation.

And as all the denunciations of heaven will have a moſt aſſured accompliſhment upon the proper objects

[7] 2 Theſ. 1. 7—10. See alſo Mat. 7. 13. 14. Mark 9. 43—48, and many others.

jects of them, we may be equally assured the promises of God to the pious and virtuous, the religious and moral, shall not fail of their design. For as is the majesty of the Divine Being, so is his mercy. *He is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. He is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. Yea, as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy towards them that fear him. As far as the east is from the west, so far will he remove our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourishes: for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.* You that are religious characters need not be afraid, therefore, lest God should deal hardly by you, or lest you should be forgotten and neglected among the infinity of beings, which he hath continually under his care. Neither need you to fear lest your disembodied spirit[8] should lose

[8] "If we consider the dignity of an intelligent Being, and put "that in the scales against brute inanimate matter, we may affirm, "without over-valuing human nature, that the soul of one virtuous "and religious man is of greater worth and excellency than the "sun and his planets, and all the stars in the world."—If this is the case, good men need not be afraid lest the Divine Being should desert and neglect them in the moment of nature's greatest need.

See Dr. Bentley's Sermons at Boyle's Lecture, p. 259.

loſe its way amidſt the immenſity of his works. He will give his angels charge over you, and they ſhall conduct you ſafe into the place appointed for you. "Make you his ſervice your delight, he'll make "your wants his care." He may not indeed favour you with any of thoſe monitory dreams and nocturnal viſions, of which we have been diſcourſing. Nor is it needful he ſhould. Theſe are the privileges of few, and make no eſſential part of any man's happineſs, though they may anſwer very important ends in the Divine adminiſtration.[9] But—which is of much greater conſequence—of this you may be aſſured, he will order the whole courſe of his providence in ſuch a manner, that you ſhall be made the moſt compleatly happy you are capable of being. And, ere long, your eliminated ſoul ſhall expatiate on all the wonders of his works, the rectitude of his government, and the glories of his nature and perfections through everlaſting ages. Bleſſed ſhall you be while you live, and eternally bleſſed when

[9]Nothing can be more vague and deluſive than the common dreams, of which moſt men are more or leſs ſenſible; and it argues a weak and ſuperſtitious mind to pay any ſerious regard to them. We ſhould, however, at the ſame time be cautious, leſt we deviate into the contrary extreme, and treat the *real* interpoſitions of heaven as the deluſions of a diſordered imagination. To avoid the imputation of ſuperſtition we muſt not recur to infidelity and ſcepticiſm. Better believe too much than too little. A good general rule in this caſe may be the following:—Any admonition in our ſleep, by an attention to which we ſhould do ſome good, eſcape ſome evil, and ſuſtain no injury; or by an attention to which we ſhall in any meaſure become wiſer and better, may ſafely be attended to. To treat all others with a ſteady diſregard will be for our comfort and ſatisfaction, and diſplay our good ſenſe and ſtrength of underſtanding.

when you die. *Bleſſed ſhalt thou be in the city, and bleſſed ſhalt thou be in the field. Bleſſed ſhall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy ground, and the fruit of thy cattle, the increaſe of thy kine, and the flocks of thy ſheep. Bleſſed ſhall be thy baſket and thy ſtore. Bleſſed ſhalt thou be when thou comeſt in, and bleſſed ſhalt thou be when thou goeſt out.* Yea, all the bleſſings which are written in the book of the law of God ſhall come upon thee and overtake thee. And when nature's period ſhall arrive, and you ſhall turn your face to the wall, and bid adieu to men and things below, the eyes of your ſpirit ſhall open upon the eternal world, and you ſhall *come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jeruſalem, and an innumerable company of angels, to the general aſſembly and church of the firſt-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, and to Jeſus the Mediator of the new covenant.* Having *been delivered out of great tribulation, and waſhed your robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, you ſhall be before the throne of God, and ſerve him day and night in his temple, and he that ſitteth on the throne ſhall dwell among you. You ſhall hunger no more, neither thirſt any more*; neither ſhall heat or cold annoy you. *But the Lamb, which is in the midſt of the throne, ſhall feed you, and ſhall lead you unto living fountains of waters; and God ſhall wipe away all tears from your eyes.* Happy ſhall you be that ever you were born. The end of your creation ſhall be anſwered. And rapturous

turous hymns and ſongs of praiſe ſhall aſcend from your glorified ſpirit through everlaſting ages. Then ſhall you be made fully acquainted with the ſecrets of the inviſible world. The nature of angels[10] and ſpirits, and all the reaſons of their ſecret agency, which at preſent cauſes ſuch terror and amazement to poor mortals, will be developed to your full ſatisfaction

[10]See two valuable diſcourſes on "the Nature and Employment "of good Angels," in biſhop Conybeare's Sermons, vol. 2. p. 267. &c.—I have been pleaſed with the view which biſhop Burnet gives us of inviſible beings:—"We perceive", ſays this able writer, "that we ourſelves, and the reſt of mankind, have thinking prin- "ciples within us; ſo from thence it is eaſy enough for us to ap- "prehend, that there may be other thinking beings, which either "have no bodies at all, but act purely as intellectual ſubſtances; "or if they have bodies, that they are ſo ſubtiliſed as to be capable "of a vaſt quickneſs of motion, ſuch in proportion as we perceive "to be in our animal ſpirits, which in the minute that our minds "command them, are raiſing motions in the remoteſt parts of our "bodies. Such bodies may alſo be ſo thin as to be inviſible to us; "and as among men ſome are good and ſome bad, and of the bad "ſome ſeem to be determinedly, and as to all appearance, incur- "ably bad; ſo there may have been a time and ſtate of liberty, in "which thoſe ſpirits were left to their choice, whether they would "continue in their innocency, or fall from it; and ſuch as conti- "nued, might be forever fixed in that ſtate, or exalted to higher "degrees in it: And ſuch as fell from it, might fall irrecoverably "into a ſtate of utter apoſtacy from God, and of rebellion againſt "him. There is nothing in this theory that is incredible. There- "fore if the ſcriptures have told us any thing concerning it, we have "no reaſon to be prejudiced againſt them upon that account. Be- "ſides that, there are innumerable hiſtories in many ſeveral coun- "tries and ages of the world, of extraordinary apparitions,* and "other unaccountable performances that could only have been "done by inviſible powers. Many of theſe are ſo well atteſted, "that it argues a ſtrange pitch of obſtinacy, to refuſe to believe a "matter of fact when it is well vouched, and when there is nothing "in reaſon to oppoſe it, but an unwillingneſs to believe inviſible "beings. It is true, this is an argument in which a fabulous hu- "mour will go far, and in which ſome are ſo credulous as to ſwal-

*See the apparition of Sichæus, Virgil's Ænead, b. 1. l. 253—359. See alſo Burnet's Life of Rocheſter, p. 16—20.

faction. In the mean time, be patient; enquire not too curiouſly into the myſteries of the unſeen world, but do what God hath commanded you, and *quit yourſelves like men*; *be ſtrong, yea, be ſtrong*. See that you *do juſtly, love mercy, and walk humbly with your God*. Practice rather than profeſs. Say little, do much. If you enjoy faith in Chriſt, *add to that faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godlineſs, and to godlineſs brotherly kindneſs, and to brotherly kindneſs charity*. Strive to *preſent your bodies a living ſacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reaſonable ſervice*. Lay yourſelves out to the utmoſt of your abilities, your time, your fortune, and your influence, to promote the glory of God and the general welfare of mankind. At the ſame time be not wanting to yourſelves. Keep under your own bodies, and bring them into ſubjection; leſt that by any means, while you are labouring to do good to others, ye yourſelves ſhould become caſtaways.[12] To periſh as a common ſinner is dreadful

" low down every thing: Therefore all wiſe men ought to ſuſpend " their belief, and not to go too faſt; but when things are ſo un- " deniably atteſted, that there is no reaſon to queſtion the exactneſs " or the credit of the witneſſes, it argues a mind unreaſonably " prepoſſeſſed to reject all ſuch evidence."

Expoſition of the 39 Articles, p. 43.

[12] I have often been affected with the final ſcene of the excellent Grotius. To one that admired his great induſtry he ſaid, " Ah! " I have waſted my life in a laborious doing of nothing."—And to another, " I would give all my learning and honour for the plain " integrity of Jean Urick." This Jean Urick was a religious poor man, who ſpent eight hours of his time in prayer, eight in labour, and but eight in meals, ſleep and other neceſſaries. Though

ful: but to perish as a professor of the pure and holy religion of Christ is much more dreadful.[13] Profess therefore what you please; but be what you profess

Grotius was a great and good man he seems to have been uncomfortable in his mind, and to have lived beneath the privileges of the gospel dispensation. For *the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.* And those who serve God with true freedom of mind and in the genuine spirit of the gospel, *abound in joy through the power of the Holy Ghost: the fruit of the Spirit being love, peace, joy,* and every other affection of the mind, which can constitute a human being holy and happy here, and prepare him for glory and immortality hereafter. Such happy beings do not so much suffer the stroke of death, as they triumph over it. While to others, whose minds are clouded with guilt, and the sense of an absent God, he is the king of terrors; to them who walk in the true liberty of the gospel, and feel the joys of pardoned sin, he is a messenger of peace. And the language of their quivering lips is—*O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!*

[13] See Mat. 11, 20—25.—A Methodist Preacher in America, some years ago, had a dream, that the day of judgment was come, and that all the world was summoned to the supreme tribunal. He thought he saw the whole process. The innumerable multitude of creatures divided to the right and left. He himself was of the latter description. After the sentence was past, he thought he sunk gradually down till he came to hell. No sooner was he there than the devils left off tormenting one another, and all turned upon him. With horrible cries and shouts of triumph they called aloud, "A Methodist "Preacher! A Methodist Preacher!" kicking him about from place to place, and exerting all their skill in torture; shouting and yelling ever and anon, "A Methodist Preacher! A Methodist Preacher"! An admirable lesson this, not only to that society of men, but Preachers of every description! I do not, however, apprehend there was any thing supernatural in it. I mention it here rather as a curious, than as a supernatural; night-vision. The Reader may rank it under what denomination he pleases.—

I recollect perfectly well, that upwards of twenty years ago, I had a dream of a similar kind, which made a considerable impression upon my mind at the time, and which I have ever since retained fresh in my memory, with all its circumstances. The substance was as follows:—I thought the day of judgment was come. The Son of God descended in the clouds of heaven, surrounded with a numerous host of Angels. He came as quick as lightening. An Archangel preceded with a trumpet,

profeſs. Sincerity is the ſoul of religion. The greateſt abilities without it, are in the ſight of God of little eſtimation: the meaneſt talents with it, are a ſacrifice acceptable and well pleaſing unto him, when offered on the altar of the croſs. Let no one therefore deceive himſelf: *God is not mocked: for whatſoever a man ſoweth, that ſhall he alſo reap. He that ſoweth to his fleſh, ſhall of the fleſh reap corruption: but he that ſoweth to the Spirit, ſhall of the Spirit reap life everlaſting.*

and ſounded the awful ſummons—"Ariſe, ye dead, and come to "judgment!—Ariſe, ye dead, and come to judgment!" The ſound of the trumpet was ſo exceedingly loud and ſhrill that it ſeemed to pierce my very ſoul, and pervade univerſal nature. And no ſooner had it ſounded, but the dead aroſe out of their graves on every hand, where they had lain interred for ages. I beheld the imperfect ſkeletons forming, and bone uniting itſelf to bone. I heard them rattle againſt each other as they formed their junction. All the ground ſeemed to be riſing into life around me.—I fled in wild diſmay, and begun to call on the rocks to hide me, conſcious of being unprepared to meet the Judge. The fright awaked me, and I was infinitely overjoyed to find it was but a dream!

The End.

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DEPARTMENTS OF LEARNING.

By the Rev. DAVID SIMPSON, M. A.

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HAVING been applied to upon ſeveral occaſions for direction in the choice of books in the ſeveral departments of learning, I take this method of obliging thoſe few friends, and ſuch others as may be in a ſimilar predicament. I have only mentioned a ſmall number upon each topic; not meaning hereby to depreciate other authors that may be equally valuable, who have written upon the ſame ſubject; but only to meet the wiſhes of ſuch young perſons as have no better guide.

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SOMNAMBULISM.—At the cavalry barracks attached to the Ecole Militaire at Paris the greater part of the 10th regiment of Chasseurs was suddenly woke one night last week by shouts of "Il est mort!" It was presently ascertained that a young Lancer had thrown himself out of the first floor window of the Ecole Militaire. His name was Charrier; he entered the service in 1836, was always well conducted, and no reasonable motive could be ascribed for the commission of the act, which proving fatal immediately after it was committed, no explanation could be got from the unfortunate young soldier himself. He was separated for a few days from his regiment, which is stationed at Versailles, having been brought up to Paris to give his testimony as a witness. The occurrence was subsequently explained by his regimental comrade stating the fact that he was addicted to somnambulism, and the circumstances were as follow:—During the course of the day he had gone out, in company with a Dragoon, to take a stroll through the streets of Paris. It had been his intention to visit his sister, a *bonne d'enfans*; but they had loitered so long elsewhere that this they found impossible; and the military hour of *couvrefeu* (curfew) arriving, they were forced to return to barracks. But Charrier being uneasy in mind, and dreaming, probably, of going to his sister's, ran during the night. Those who slept in the same room observed that he made his bed very carefully, put on his orderly jacket and his sabre, made a turn through the room, and then proceeded to open a window, which looked out on one of the courts of the military school. A sergeant of Chasseurs, whose bed was near this window, awakened by the cold, reproached the young lancer somewhat vehemently for opening the window at such a time and in such dreary weather. Whilst the sergeant was addressing him, Charrier put his leg through the window, muttered a few words, and flung himself on the pavement before the other could make the least movement to prevent him. The poor young soldier had been awoke by the voice of the sergeant, and in his first movement of surprise mistook the window for his bed, and killed himself. December 24-1840

A GHOST.—That apparitions do not always wander without sufficient cause, is proved in a well-attested fact, which we copy with the endorsement of the *Montreal Transcript*. Last Tuesday fortnight, as Mrs.——(a lady of literary taste and rather studious habits,) sat reading in her drawing-room, the clock on the mantel-piece struck twelve, and as the last stroke reverberated through the apartments, the door was suddenly flung open. In the act of raising her head to reprove the intrusion (unrung for) of her servant, her eye rested on the form of her late husband; she screamed, and fell senseless on the carpet. This brought up such members of the family as had not yet retired to rest; restoratives were administered; and when Mrs——had regained possession of her suspended faculties, being a woman of strong mind and highly cultivated intellect, she felt disposed to consider the whole distress she had undergone as the result of certain associations between the melancholy tale she had been perusing and her late loss operating on a partially deranged nervous system. She, however, considered it advisable her maid servant should repose in her chamber, lest any return of what she had determined to consider a nervous affection should distress herself and alarm the family. Last Tuesday night, feeling stronger, and in better spirits than she had enjoyed for several months past, Mrs. —— dispensed with the presence of her attendant, retiring alone to her chamber, and went to bed a little before ten o'clock. Exactly as the clock struck twelve she was awakened from sleep, and distinctly beheld the apparition she had before seen advancing from the table (on which stood her lamp), till it stood opposite to, and drew aside the curtains of her bed. A sense of suffocating oppression deprived her of all power to scream aloud. She describes her very blood retreating with icy chillness to her heart from every vein. The countenance of her beloved in life wore not its benevolent aspect;—the eyes once beaming with affection, were now fixed in stern regard on the trembling half dissolved being, who, with the courage of desperation, thus abjured him:—"Charles! dear Charles! why are you come again?"—"Jessie," slowly and solemnly aspirated the shadowy form, waving in its hand a small roll of written paper, "Jessie, pay my newspaper accounts, and let me rest in peace!"—*American Paper.*

SOMNAMBULISM EXTRAORDINARY.

[FROM THE HEREFORD TIMES.]

A most extraordinary case of somnambulism occurred in this city on Friday last. We can vouch for the facts as we are about to relate them, as they transpired within our own cognizance, and all the parties are personally known to us. On Friday morning, at half-past five o'clock, a resident in Widemarsh-street was awakened by the violent ringing of his door bell; not hearing any servant answer a second ring, he rung his bell for the man servant, which, however, was not answered. He then jumped out of bed, and pulling aside the window blind, saw what he believed to be his own horse saddled and bridled in the street, and held by a strange man, habited as a labourer. Marvelling what could have brought his horse so unexpectedly to his door at so early an hour, he left his chamber, and at the bottom of the stairs called aloud to the man servant. One of the female domestics replied that he had gone down at five o'clock with the intention of going on the horse to Withington to see a cow which he was to look at for his master. The master then returned to his bed room, threw up the window, and, on inquiring the man's business, the reply was "Your man, sir, has been thrown from his horse in the meadow; I was just going by and saw him on the ground, his foot hanging in the stirrup, his face cut and bleeding, and the horse standing quietly by. I fear he is much hurt. I led him to my house near the turnpike, and there he is now. My wife has lighted a fire, for he is sitting in a chair shivering with cold, and cannot speak." The master immediately requested the messenger to lead the horse back and turn him into the meadow again, and stated that assistance would be forthwith sent. A surgeon and one of the domestics were quickly in attendance. The man was found exactly in the state described. The surgeon carefully examined the body, and happily found that no bone was broken, and no other perceptible injury than the wounds on the face. He was then led home, apparently insensible, only answering to every question put to him, "I don't know." He was conducted to his bed room, undressed, and put to bed; his eyes all the time being wide open, but fixed, and the pupils being much dilated. At nine o'clock he awoke, and the first question he asked, occasioned by his feeling his cheek sore and bleeding, and observed his clothes not in the position he had placed them the over night, "Where am I? What's the matter?" He positively had not, and he has not up to the present moment, the slightest recollection of a single circumstance that had occurred from the moment he dropped to sleep on the previous night, to the moment he awoke at nine o'clock in the morning! We may state that it was his intention the previous night to go to Withington, and for this purpose he had put 6d. in his pocket to pay the gates; but he had not, and has not now, the least remembrance of rising, dressing himself, knocking at the girl's door, unlocking and unbolting the front door, walking down the street to the meadow, unlocking the gate, catching the horse, saddling and bridling it, falling off, being picked up, led to the man's house, being examined by the surgeon, led home, and put to bed!—of all these events he is perfectly oblivious. We may add that he is a steady sober person; and we pledge ourselves for the truth of the case as we have related it.

SOMNAMBULISM.—About one o'clock on Sunday morning, a servant in the house of Mr. Toolby, of Westgate-street, Gloucester, got up in her sleep, and opening a front room window on the second floor, walked herself out. The perpendicular height from the ground was upwards of 30 feet, and, had she fallen upon the pavement, in all probability she would have been killed; but she fell into the carriage-way, which, having been recently covered with a thick coating of loose gravel, fortunately broke her fall. A policeman on duty near the spot heard the window thrown up, and the fall of some heavy body, and on coming up found the poor creature lying in her night garments, in a state of insensibility. Surgical assistance was promptly procured for her, when it was found that not a bone was broken, and the injuries she had sustained were comparatively trifling.

A correspondent informs us that the following most singular coincidence occurred at Tullyallan Castle on Monday. One of the gardeners belonging to the estate, on coming to his work, related that he had dreamed the preceding night that Norman M'Kinlay, another of the gardeners, was shot. A third gardener, on coming up to his fellow-workmen in the morning, declared, without knowing any thing of the other's prediction, that he too had dreamed that Norman had been shot in front of the castle. As the day wore on, the joke went round that Norman was a doomed man; and, under the influence of superstitious dread, he was induced to make his will, in which he bequeathed his coat to one, and his bonnet to another. In the afternoon the gardeners were all employed in the flower-garden, and it so happened that a few young men were at the same time practising about 300 yards distant, but hid from observation by a rising ground, with fowling-pieces, at a target. Well, what could be more natural than that some of the balls should reach the flower-garden, and what still more so, that one of them should strike poor Norman. Such, we are informed, was the fact; but, most fortunately, the ball, after penetrating his vest, came in contact with his large gardener's knife in his pocket, which it shattered all to pieces, and then lodged in the vest. Poor Norman, upon being struck, immediately fell down, but soon rose, little the worse of his wound, though the mark made in his side by the knife is said to be distinctly visible.—*Stirling Journal.*

Chronicle.

Le Voleur Malgre Lui.—The proprietor of a small house in the rue du Haut Moulin, in the Cité, occupied the upper part and let the two lower stories to different tenants. Having from time to time lost various valuable articles belonging to him, he began to fear that he was unfortunate in his choice of tenants, and even at length entertained suspicions of his own brother, who was one of them. To accuse his relative without proof would, he justly felt, bring dishonour upon himself, and he therefore kindly gave him notice, not many days since, to quit. In the mean time he set a species of trap in the place where he kept his plate, so contrived that any hand which might attempt to steal it would be caught in the act, and the thief held fast. The night before the brother was to remove he was awakened by the cries of the suspicious proprietor, and, hastening up to his apartment, found him caught in his own snare, his hand grasping a silver knife and spoon. On investigation it was ascertained that the proprietor was the only perpetrator of the several robberies upon himself, which he had committed in a state of somnambulism; for on being afterwards watched by his brother, he was seen, while in his sleep, to get up, take his own watch, and go with it to the common sewer, into which he threw it. On searching the place the following day for the watch, all the missing articles were found in the same receptacle.—*Galignani.*

A "Ghost" in Cambridge.—The inhabitants of Sidney Sussex College Lodge have lately been alarmed by a supernatural visitation of a very awful description. The following are, as far as we can learn, the circumstances of this affair:—On Friday night last, about the dread hour of midnight, the nursery maids, who were about retiring to rest, were terrified by hearing several strange and mysterious noises; the sounds appeared to proceed from the staircase; presently they ceased, and the door of the nursery was slowly opened, and a figure of tall and unnatural proportions presented itself before the horror-struck maids. The apparition had a head white and ghastly, long legs, also white, but the body was distinguished only by a dim outline. The body was a shadow—it was a thing of head and legs. The affrighted maids rushed shrieking from the room—the lodge was aroused—the police were called in—but no trace of the apparition was visible, unless a curious odour which perfumed the apartment might be considered so. Next morning a precognition was made by Mr. Skrine and Captain Purchase, two of our magistrates, but nothing was discovered. The affair remains shrouded in mystery.—*Cambridge Advertiser.* August 12. 1841.