a brief prophetic history of the house of Hohenzollern, the royal house of Prussia.

After various details concerning the fate of Brandenburg, plundered by robber knights and barons, who were to be put down by a strong emperor, as happened under Charles IV., who died in 1378, he comes to the accession of the Hohenzollerns, and describes the first prince of that family as rising to distinction by holding two castles or Burgen. The Emperor Sigismund sold Brandenburg to Frederick, Burggraf of Nuremberg, of the house of Hohenzollern. He belonged to the lower nobility, but now became more important by the possession of two castles, those of Nuremberg and Brandenburg. After several Margraves, Electors and Kings, we come to Frederick the Great, whose career, with its vicissitudes, is indicated with tolerable clearness. One line is curious—

Flantibus hinc Austris, vitam vult credere claustris,

"When the south wind blows, he trusts his life to the cloisters."

In fact, Frederick, when hard pressed by the Austrians, was once compelled to conceal himself in a monastery. Auster signifies south wind, but is probably here used for Austria. After his successor Frederick William II., whom Hermann describes as vicious,

sensual, and oppressive, but not warlike, comes this line—

Natus florebit; quod non sperasset, habebit.

"The son shall flourish: he shall possess what he did not hope for."

The application of this to Frederick William III. is obvious. Under him Prussia, after having been reduced to the lowest ebb by Napoleon, became, unexpectedly, far more powerful than it had ever been.

Hortense, Queen

One day in 1834 or 1835, when Queen Hortense was residing at Arenenberg, the conversation turned on mesmerism. The Queen was anxious to put it to the test, to see if any hand possessed the power of raising before her the curtain of the future. Dr. Bailly, who happened to be on a visit to the chateau, brought forward a negress who happened to be in the service of the Queen. He mesmerised her and placed her in communication with the Queen, who demanded if she could see her son, the Prince being that day at the camp of Thun. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, she next inquired what he was then doing, and was about to do?

"I see him," replied the negress, "surrounded by soldiers who crowd around him, shouting and brandishing their sabres." "Is it in Switzerland?" "No,

but the people speak German." "What more do you see?" "Alas, all is over; he is taken prisoner." "And whither are they conducting him?" "To America." "Shall I follow him there?" "No; illness will prevent your doing so."

Two months afterwards the Prince went to Strasburg, was there taken prisoner, and sent to America, whither the Queen, having been taken ill, was unable to accompany him.

Hone, William, author of "The Every-day Book"

Hone once dreamt that he was introduced into a room where he was an entire stranger. On going towards the window, his attention was attracted to a knot in the shutter which was of singular appearance. When he awoke, the whole scene, and especially the knot in the shutter, left a most vivid impression on his mind. Some time afterwards, on going into the country he was shown into a chamber where he had never been before, which instantly struck him as being the identical chamber of his dream. He turned at once to the window, where the same knot in the shutter caught his eye. This incident induced a train of reflection which overthrew the theories of materialism which he had hitherto held, and resulted in the con-

viction that there were spiritual agencies as susceptible of proof as any facts of science.

Hunter, Dr. John

Early in the year 1793 a dispute arose between Hunter and his colleagues at St. George's Hospital. The Hospital Governors had issued an order that no person should be admitted as a student without bringing certificates that he had been educated for the profession. Hunter, who was in the habit of receiving pupils from Scotland of the class prohibited, took this as aimed against himself; and two young men having come up, who were prohibited by the rule from entering the hospital, Hunter undertook to press for their admission before the Board.

Accordingly, on the proper day he prepared to fulfil his promise; though he was so well aware of the risk he incurred in undertaking a task which he felt would agitate him, that on mentioning the circumstance to a friend in the morning, he expressed his fear lest some dispute should occur, and his conviction that if it did "it would certainly prove fatal to him." When he arrived at the hospital, he found the Board already assembled; and on entering the room he presented the petition of the young men and proceeded to urge that they should be admitted.

In the course of his remarks he made some observations which one of his colleagues thought it necessary instantly and flatly to contradict. Hunter immediately ceased speaking, retired from the table, and struggling to suppress the tumult of his passions, hurried into the adjoining room, which he had scarcely reached, when, with a deep groan, he fell lifeless into the arms of Dr. Robertson, one of the physicians of the hospital.

Huss, John

Shortly before his martyrdom, John Huss said to his persecutors, "Ye burn now a goose; there succeeds me a swan," Huss meaning "goose" in the dialect in which he spoke. The "swan" is generally supposed to refer to Luther.

James I. of Scotland

On the evening of the night in which he was assassinated by Sir Robert Graham and other conspirators, King James was playing chess with one of his knights, whom, for his remarkable devotion to the fair sex, he humorously nicknamed "the King of love." The King was in high spirits during the progress of the game, and indulged in a number of jokes at the expense of his brother King. Among other things he said, "Sir King of love, it is not long since I read a prophecy which

foretold that in this year a king should be slain in this land, and ye know well, sir, that there are no kings in this realm but you and I. I therefore advise you to look carefully to your own safety, for mine is provided for."

Shortly after this a number of lords and knights thronged into the King's chamber, and the mirth and revelry went on with increased vigour. In the midst of the merriment, however, the King received a warning of his approaching fate. "My lord," said one of his favourite squires, "I have dreamt that Sir Robert Graham will slay you." The Earl of Orkney, who was present, rebuked the squire for the impropriety of his speech, but the King, differently affected, said that he himself had dreamed a terrible dream similar to that of the squire.

On this fatal evening another circumstance occurred which might have aroused the suspicions of the King if he had not been most unaccountably insensible to the hints and intimations he had received of some imminent peril hanging over him. A woman sought at a late hour of the night to be admitted to the presence of the King. "Tell him," she said to the usher, "that I have something to say to him." The usher immediately conveyed the message to the King, but he being wholly engrossed by the game in which he was at the

instant engaged, merely ordered her to return on the morrow. "Well," she replied, "ye shall all of you repent that I was not permitted just now to speak to the King." The usher, laughing at what he conceived to be the extravagance of a fool, ordered the woman to be gone, and she obeyed. The same night James was assassinated.

James IV. of Scotland

When James IV. was preparing for the campaign which ended in the disastrous battle of Flodden Field, while he was at his devotions in the church of Linlithgow, a figure clothed in a blue gown secured by a linen girdle, and wearing sandals, suddenly appeared in the church, and calling loudly for the King, passed through the crowd of nobles by whom he was surrounded, and finally approached the desk at which his Majesty was seated at his devotions. Without making any sign of reverence or respect for the royal presence, the mysterious visitor now stood full before the King, and delivered a commission as if from the other world. He told him that his expedition would terminate disastrously, advised him not to proceed with it, and cautioned him against the indulgence of illicit amours. The King was about to reply, but the figure had disappeared, and no one could tell how.

James II. of England

The coronation of James II. was attended by many sinister omens which are thus reported by Blennerhasset in his *History of England*. "The crown being too little for the King's head, was often in a tottering condition, and like to fall off. But there was another simultaneous omen which affected the Protestant enthusiasts, and the superstitious, whether Catholic or Protestant, still more alarmingly. The same day, the King's arms, pompously painted in the great altar window of a London church, suddenly fell down without apparent cause, and broke to pieces."

Aubrey also notices the following strange incidents at the coronation of this unfortunate monarch. When the King was crowned all the peers went to kiss the King; the crown was almost kissed off his head. An Earl set it right, but as the King came from the Abbey to Westminster Hall, the crown tottered extremely. When the signal was given from the Abbey to the Tower where Sir Edward Sherborne stood, to give the signal to fire the cannon and hoist up the great flag with the King's arms, the wind took the flagstaff off and carried it away to the Thames.

Jaspers

Jaspers, a Westphalian shepherd of Deininghausen, predicted shortly before his death in 1830, as follows :

" A great road will be carried through our country from west to east, which will pass through the forest of Bodelschwing. On this road carriages will run without horses, and cause a dreadful noise. At the commencement of this work, a great scarcity will prevail here ; pigs will become very dear, and a new religion will arise, in which wickedness will be regarded as prudence and politeness. Before this road is quite completed a frightful war will break out." These words, to the astonishment of the people, were nearly all fulfilled. The railway from Cologne to Minden subsequent to Jaspers' death was carried through the very district he mentioned in 1830, before the first English railway had been opened, and when the primitive shepherds of Westphalia were little likely to know anything about railways. The scarcity took place at the time specified ; and his remark as to a new religion is supposed to have been applied to a deterioration of manners among the simple people, consequent on the opening up of their district. A personal friend of Jaspers' collected several of his sayings, and among them is the following :

"Before the great road is quite finished, a dreadful war will break out."

Now by the end of 1849 the second line of rails had not been laid, and in 1848 and 1849 there had been war in Schleswig-Holstein, Hungary, Italy, Posen, and Baden.

Joan of Arc

The "voices" heard by Joan of Arc made three predictions which were all fulfilled. (1) That the siege of Orleans would be raised; (2) that Charles VII. would be crowned at Rheims; (3) that she herself would be wounded. She also said that there was a sword hidden behind the altar in the Church of St. Catherine of Fierbois. This being searched for, was found there, and thenceforth worn by the maid.

Josephus

At that feast which we call Pentecost, as the high-priests were going by night to the inner court of the Temple, as their custom was, to perform their sacred ministrations, they said that in the first place they felt a quaking, and after that they heard a sound as of a great multitude saying, "Let us remove hence." But what is still more terrible, there was one Jesus, the son of a plebeian and a husbandman, who four years

before the war began, and at a time when the city was in very great peace and prosperity, came to that feast, whereon it is our custom for every one to make tabernacles to God in the Temple, and began to cry aloud, "A voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four winds, a voice against Jerusalem and the holy house, a voice against the bridegrooms, and the brides, and a voice against this whole people!" This was his cry as he went about by day and by night in all the lanes of the city. However, certain of the most eminent among the populace had great indignation at this dire cry of his, and took up the man, and gave him a great number of severe stripes; yet did he not either say anything for himself or anything peculiar to those that chastised him, but still he went on with the same words which he cried before.

Hereupon our rulers, supposing, as the case proved to be, that this was a sort of divine fury in the man, brought him to the Roman procurator, where he was whipped till his bones were laid bare; yet he did not make any supplication for himself, nor shed any tears, but turning his voice to the most lamentable tone possible, at every stroke of the whip, answered, "Woe, woe to Jerusalem!" And when Albinus the procurator asked him who he was? and whence he came? and

why he uttered such words? he made no manner of reply, but did not leave off his melancholy ditty till Albinus took him to be a madman and dismissed him.

Now during all this time that passed before the war began, this man every day uttered these lamentable words, as if it were his premeditated vow—"Woe, woe to Jerusalem!" Nor did he give ill words to any of those that beat him every day, nor good words to those that gave him food; but this was his reply to all men, and indeed no other than a melancholy presage of what was to come. This cry of his was the loudest at the festivals; and he continued this ditty for seven years and five months, without growing hoarse, or being tired therewith, until the very time that he saw his presage in earnest fulfilled in our siege, when it ceased; for as he was going round upon the wall, he cried out with his utmost force, "Woe, woe to the city again, and to the people, and to the holy house!" and just as he added at the last, "Woe, woe to myself also!" there came a stone out of one of the engines, and smote him, and killed him immediately, and as he was uttering the very same presages he gave up the ghost.

Julian, The Emperor

When the Emperor Julian was about to start on his Parthian expedition, he threatened on his return to wipe the Christians entirely from the face of the whole earth. Libanius, the rhetorician, asked one of them scoffingly what the carpenter's son was doing on their behalf? "Making a coffin," he replied, "for your master, the Emperor." The event proved the answer to be prophetic; for Julian was mortally wounded in a night skirmish.

Julius Cæsar

On the eve of the fatal day he was entertained by Lepidus, and when in the course of conversation some one started the question, "What kind of death is the best?" it was remarked that he cut short the discussion with the reply, "That which is least expected." The constant tradition of antiquity declared that among many prognostics of an impending catastrophe, his wife had revealed to him in the morning an ominous dream, and when she prevailed upon him to consult the sacrificers, the signs of the victims were fearfully inauspicious.

(From MERIVALE'S *Romans under the Empire.*)

Jung Stilling

1.

The merchant in whose employ I was formerly, frequently related to me a remarkable presentiment which he once had in Rotterdam. On commencing business he took a journey into Holland for the purpose of forming connections for his extensive ironworks. But his chief attention was directed to Middleburg in Zealand, to which place he had several recommendations from his friends. Having finished his business in Rotterdam, he went in the morning to the Middleburg market-boat, which was lying there at anchor, ready to sail at noon to Middleburg. He took and paid for his place, and then requested that a sailor might be sent to him at an inn, which he named, when the vessel was about to sail. He then went to the inn, prepared for his voyage, and ordered some refreshment to be sent up to his room at eleven o'clock.

When he had almost finished his repast, the sailor came to call him; but as soon as the man opened the door, and the merchant cast his eyes upon him, he was seized with an unaccountable trepidation, together with an inward conviction that he ought not to go to Middleburg, so that all his reasoning against it was of no avail; and he was obliged to tell the sailor that he

could not accompany him, to which the latter replied that, if he did not, he would lose his fare; but he felt himself compelled to stay. After the sailor was gone, the merchant coolly reflected on what might be the probable reason of this singular mental impulse. In reality he was sorry and vexed at thus neglecting this important part of his journey, as he could not wait for the next market-boat.

To banish his tedium and disappointment he went out for a walk, and towards evening called at a friend's house. After sitting there a couple of hours, a great noise was heard in the street; inquiry was made, and they learnt that the Middleburg market-boat, having been struck by lightning, had sunk, and that not a soul was saved.

2.

A very worthy preacher addressed to me the following letter:

"Besides several presentiments of no importance which my wife has had in her dreams, she had one which is remarkable and was as follows. Six weeks before the event took place, my wife dreamt she was travelling with some one. On the road this person fell ill; she nevertheless continued her journey. The sick person became worse, and she requested an old woman with a

very forbidding physiognomy, to give her something to eat, but she gave only bread and water. The patient shortly afterwards was put to bed; a clergyman appeared, at whose stupidity those present were disgusted. My wife then saw the patient lying dead, the mourners entering the room, heard the funeral hymn sung in the street, saw the mutes in attendance, which is by no means customary here, and six weeks after this every circumstance was most minutely fulfilled. She related all this to me the next morning after having had the dream; it is therefore no subsequent invention, nor enriched with additions."

3.

When a person resides for a while in the villages, amongst the lower orders, he will occasionally hear of some gravedigger, watchman, attendant upon the dead, nurse, &c., that can foresee funerals. This second-sight generally manifests itself as follows. The individual feels himself impelled, generally in the night time, to go out towards the neighbourhood of the house, out of which the corpse is to be brought; he then sees the procession, with all, even the minutest of its details. There is no doubt but that much dreaming and delusion is mingled with the matter.

In my younger days there was a dinner given in the

village where I was born, on the occasion of a baptism, to which the clergyman of the place was invited. During dinner, the conversation turned upon the gravedigger of the parish, who was well-known and even feared on account of his second-sight; for as often as he saw a corpse, he was always foretelling that there would be a funeral out of such and such a house. Now, as the event invariably took place, the inhabitants of the house he indicated were placed by the man's prediction in the greatest anxiety, particularly if there were any one in the house who was ill, whose death might probably be hastened if the prediction were not concealed from him.

This man's prophecies were an abomination to the clergyman. He forbade them, he reproved, he scolded, but all to no purpose, for the poor dolt believed firmly that it was a prophetic gift of God, and that he must make it known in order that the people might repent. At length, as all reproof was in vain, the clergyman gave him notice that if he announced one funeral more he should be deprived of his place and expelled the village. This produced the desired effect, and the gravedigger was silent from that time forwards.

Half a year afterwards the gravedigger came to the clergyman, and said: "Sir, you have forbidden

me to announce any more funerals, but I must now tell you something that is particularly remarkable, that you may see that my second-sight is really true. In a few weeks a corpse will be brought up the meadow, which will be drawn on a sledge by an ox." The clergyman seemingly paid no attention to this, but listened to it with indifference, and replied, "Only go about your business, and leave off such superstitious follies; it is sinful to have anything to do with them."

The thing nevertheless appeared extremely singular to the clergyman; for in my country a corpse being drawn on a sledge by an ox is most disgraceful, because the bodies of suicides and notorious malefactors are thus drawn on sledges.

Some weeks after a strong body of Austrian troops passed through the village on their way to the Netherlands. Whilst they were resting there a day, the snow fell nearly three feet deep. At the same time a woman died in another village of the same parish. The military took away all the horses out of the country to drag their wagons. Meanwhile the corpse lay there, no horses came back; they were therefore compelled to place the corpse upon a sledge and harness an ox to it.

In the meantime the clergyman and the schoolmaster with his scholars proceeded to the entrance of the village to meet the corpse; and, as the funeral came

along the meadow in this manner, the gravedigger stepped up to the clergyman, pulled him by the gown, pointed with his finger to it, but said not a word.

4.

Another history of this kind for the truth of which I can vouch was related to me by my late father and his brother, both very conscientious men, whom it would have been impossible to have told a falsehood. Both of them had business on one occasion in the Westphalian province of Marck, when they were invited to dinner at the Protestant preacher's. During the repast the subject of second-sight was brought up. The minister spoke of it with acrimony, because he had also a gravedigger with this unfortunate gift. On one occasion the prognosticator came to the minister and said, "I have to tell you, Sir, that in a short time there will be a funeral from your house, and you will have to follow the coffin before all the other funeral attendants."

Terror and anger got so much the better of the pastor that he drove the thoughtless fellow out of the door, for his wife was near her confinement: and notwithstanding his disbelief in the prophecy, he passed a very melancholy time, till at length his wife was safely

delivered and out of all danger. He now reproached the gravedigger most bitterly and said, "See now, how unfounded thy reveries have been!" But the corpse-seer only smiled and said, "Sir, the matter is not yet finished." Almost immediately afterwards the preacher's servant-maid died of apoplexy. Now it is the custom there for the master of the house, on such occasions, immediately to follow the coffin before the nearest relatives; but this time the preacher endeavoured to avoid doing so in order to confound the corpse-seer. He did not venture, however, to offend the parents of the deceased, which he would have done most grossly, if he had not followed the coffin. He found therefore a suitable excuse in the circumstance, that his wife should take his place, and he would then accompany the schoolmaster and the scholars. This was discussed and agreed upon, and the parents were likewise satisfied with it. On the day when the funeral was to take place the company assembled at the parsonage. The coffin stood in the porch on a bier; the schoolmaster with his scholars stood in a circle in front of the house and sang; the minister was just going out to his appointed place, his wife stepped behind the coffin, and the bearers laid hold of the bier, when that very moment the minister's wife fell down in a fit. She was taken into a room, and recovered,

but was not able to go to church. The minister was so alarmed by this accident that he no longer wished to prove the gravedigger a liar, but took his place quietly behind the coffin, as the prognosticator had said.

5.

It is a matter of almost universal notoriety that a female figure, clothed in white, has been seen in several castles, *e.g.* those of Neuhaus in Bohemia, Berlin, Bayreuth, Darmstadt, and Carlsruhe. She wears a veil through which her face can just be distinguished; she generally appears in the night, not long before the death of one of the reigning family, although many of them die without the spirit's appearing. She sometimes also foreshadows by her appearing the death of those who belong to the Court but not to the reigning family. This "White Lady" has been seen by different persons in the Castle of Carlsruhe, and the two following instances of her appearing are decisive. An illustrious lady went one evening to walk in the garden of the castle accompanied by her husband. Without the remotest thought of the White Lady, she suddenly saw her very plainly standing near her on the path, so that she could distinctly perceive her whole figure. She was terrified and sprang to the other side of her husband, on which

the White Lady vanished. Soon afterwards some one belonging to the lady's family died.

I have the second proof of it from a pious and very learned man who fills a high office at the Court and is a valued friend of mine. This gentleman was passing one evening late through one of the lobbies of the castle, without thinking of anything of the kind, when the White Lady came towards him. At first he believed it was one of the ladies of the Court that wished to terrify him; he therefore hastened up to the figure in order to lay hold of it, but he then perceived that it was the White Lady, for she vanished before his eyes.

(*Note.*—A similar figure is said to have appeared to the late Empress of Austria, shortly before her assassination in September 1898.)

Knape, Dr.

You desire me to give you a written account of what I lately verbally related to you regarding the soul's faculty of prescience. As my experience rests solely upon dreams, I have certainly reason to apprehend that many will take me for a fantastic dreamer; but if I can contribute anything to the very useful object of your work, it is no matter what people think. Be that as it may, I vouch for the truth and veracity of what I shall now more particularly relate.

In the year 1768, whilst learning the business of an apothecary in the royal medical establishment at Berlin, I played in the seventy-second drawing of the Prussian numerical lottery, which took place on the 30th May of the same year, and fixed upon the numbers 22 and 60. In the night preceding the day of drawing I dreamed that towards twelve o'clock at noon, which is the time when the lottery is generally drawn, the master apothecary sent down to me to tell me that I must come up to him; on my going upstairs he told me to go immediately to Mr. Mylius, the auctioneer, on the other side of the castle, and ask him if he had disposed of the books which had been left with him for sale; but that I must return speedily, because he waited for the answer. "That's just the thing," thought I, still dreaming, "the lottery will just be drawing, and when I have executed my commission, I will run quickly to the general lottery office, and see if my numbers come out (the lottery was drawn at that time in the open street). If I only walk quick, I shall be at home again soon enough."

I went therefore immediately (still in my dream) in compliance with the orders which I had received, to Mr. Mylius, the auctioneer, executed my commission, and after receiving his answer, ran hastily to the general lottery office on the Hunters' Bridge. Here I found

the customary preparations and a considerable number of spectators. They had already begun to put the numbers into the wheel, and the moment I came up No. 60 was exhibited and called out. "Oh," thought I, "it is a good omen that one of my own numbers should be called out the moment I arrive."

As I had not much time, I now wished for nothing so much as that they would hasten, as much as possible, with telling in the remaining numbers. At length they were all counted in, and now I saw them bind the eyes of the boy belonging to the orphan school, and the numbers drawn in the customary manner. When the first number was exhibited and called out, it was No. 22. "A good omen again," thought I, "No. 60 will also certainly come out." The second number was drawn, and behold it was No. 60. "Now they may draw what they will," said I to some one who stood near me, "my numbers are out; I have no more time to spare;" with that I turned round and ran directly home.

Here I awoke, and was as clearly conscious of my dream as I am now relating it. If its natural connection and the very particular perspicuity had not been so striking, I should have regarded it as nothing else than a common dream. But this made me pay attention to it, and excited my curiosity so much, that I could

scarcely wait till noon. At length it struck eleven, but still there was no appearance of my dream being fulfilled. It struck a quarter, it struck half-past eleven, and still there was no probability of it. I had already given up all hope, when one of the work-people unexpectedly came to me, and told me to go upstairs immediately to the master apothecary. I went up full of expectation, and heard with the greatest astonishment that I must go directly to Mr. Mylius, the auctioneer, and ask him if he had disposed of the books in auction, which had been entrusted to him. He told me also at the same time to return quickly, because he waited for an answer.

Who could have made more dispatch than I? I went in all haste to Mr. Mylius, the auctioneer, executed my commission, and after receiving his answer, ran as quickly as possible to the general lottery office on the Hunters' Bridge; and, full of astonishment, I saw that No. 60 was exhibited and called out the moment I arrived. As my dream had thus far been so punctually fulfilled, I was now willing to wait the end of it, although I had so little time; I therefore wished for nothing so much as that they would hasten with counting in the remaining numbers. At length they finished. The eyes of the orphan boy were bound as customary, and it is easy to conceive the eagerness with which I awaited

the final accomplishment of my dream. The first number was drawn and called out, and behold it was No. 22. The second was drawn, and this was also, as I had dreamed, No. 60.

It now occurred to me that I had already stayed longer than my errand allowed; I therefore requested the person who was next to me in the crowd, to let me pass. "What!" said one of them to me, "will you not wait till the numbers are all out?" "No," said I, "my numbers are already out, and they may now draw what they please, for aught I care." With that I turned about, pushed through the crowd, and ran hastily and joyfully home. Thus was the whole of my dream fulfilled, not only in substance, but literally and verbatim.

(From MORITZ'S *Experimental Psychology.*)

Knox, John

Knox, the Reformer, possessed an extraordinary portion of prophetic confidence; he appears to have predicted several remarkable events, and the fates of some persons. We are told that when condemned to a galley at Rochelle he predicted "that within two or three years he should preach the Gospel at St. Giles' in Edinburgh," an improbable event which happened. Of Queen Mary and Darnley he pronounced that "as

the King for the Queen's pleasure had gone to Mass, the Lord in His justice would make her the instrument of his overthrow."

Other striking predictions of the deaths of Thomas Maitland and of Kirkaldy of Grange, and the warning he solemnly gave to the Regent Murray not to go to Linlithgow, where he was assassinated, occasioned his contemporaries to imagine that Knox had received an immediate communication from heaven.

Latimer, Hugh

When they were tied to the stake, Latimer said to Ridley, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

Laud, Archbishop

Archbishop Laud, not long before the disastrous circumstances happened which hastened his tragical end, on entering his study one day, found his picture at full length on the floor, the string which held it fastened to the wall having snapped. The sight of this struck the prelate with such a premonition of his fate, that from that time he never enjoyed a moment's peace. It moreover brought back to his mind a

disaster that had occurred to one of his boats on the very day of his translation to the see of Canterbury, when it sank with his coach and horses into the Thames.

Leibnitz

In the seventeenth century Leibnitz foresaw the French Revolution of the eighteenth, and wrote as follows: "I find that certain opinions approaching those of Epicurus and Spinoza, are, little by little, insinuating themselves into the minds of the great rulers of public affairs, who serve as the guides of others, and on whom all matters depend; besides, these opinions are also sliding into fashionable books, and thus they are preparing all things to that general revolution which menaces Europe; destroying those generous sentiments of the ancients, Greek and Roman, which preferred the love of country and public good, and the cares of posterity to fortune and even to life. If this epidemical and intellectual disorder, whose bad effects are already visible, could be corrected, those evils might still be prevented; but if it proceeds in its growth, Providence will correct man by the very Revolution which must spring from it."

Leighton, Archbishop

Archbishop Leighton used often to say "that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be in an inn; it looked like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it; that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those who could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance." He came to London in 1684 at the earnest request of his friend Burnet, for a benevolent purpose. He was then somewhat more than seventy. His friend remarked on his appearing so fresh and so well; he answered that he was then very near the end of his work and his journey. The next day he was taken ill. His disease was a pleurisy, and he expired the day after without a pang or convulsion in such a place as he had desired, for he died at the Bell Inn in Warwick Lane.

Lenormand, Madame

It was towards the end of the reign of Louis XVI. that Madame Lenormand commenced the rôle of a prophetess in Paris. The unfortunate Princesse de

Lamballe, whose untimely fate she predicted, was one of her frequent visitors; and she possessed a letter from Mirabeau, written from his prison at Vincennes, in which he entreated her to tell him when his captivity would cease. It was at this time that two French guards who had joined the crowds in the attack on the Bastille, visited the celebrated reader of futurity. To one she predicted a short but glorious military career and an early death by poison; to the other the baton of a maréchal of France. The former was afterwards General Hoche, whose untimely fate fulfilled the augury; the other the celebrated Lefebvre.

During the Reign of Terror Madame Lenormand continued for some time undisturbed in the exercise of her divinations, and was visited one evening by three men, who demanded with smiles of evident incredulity to learn their future destiny. On examining their hands attentively she became greatly agitated, probably knowing the parties she had to deal with; they encouraged her, however, to speak without fear, as they were ready, they said, to hear whatever doom she should pronounce. For some time she remained silent and continued to examine the cards apparently with great attention, but evidently under considerable excitement; yielding at length to their encouragement, she foretold their destiny, and, tragic though it was,

her visitors received the prophecy with shouts of incredulous laughter. "The oracle has failed for once," one of them observed; "if we are destined to destruction, we shall at least fall at the same time; it cannot be that I should be the first victim, and receive such splendid honours after death, whilst the people shall heap on your last moments every possible insult." "She slanders the citizens and should answer for it at the tribunal," observed the youngest of the party. "Bah!" replied the third, "the dreams of prophecy are never worth regarding." The death of Marat, one of the inquirers, soon after confirmed the first part of the prediction; and the completion of the second alone saved the prophetess from destruction, she being incarcerated when Robespierre and St. Just, the other two visitors, met the destiny she had foretold them.

That she really had faith in her own power of divination seems to be proved by her conduct with regard to her brother, who was in the army. Receiving intelligence that he was severely wounded, she never ceased seeking, by means of the cards, to know his state of health; and at length having passed a night in various cabalistic researches, she was found in the morning by her attendant bathed in tears, and gave orders for mourning, having ascertained, she said, that her brother

was dead; which was soon afterwards confirmed by the arrival of letters.

After the Reign of Terror the celebrity of the prophetess continued to increase. Barrère was one of her constant visitors. Madame Tallien seldom allowed a week to pass without availing herself of her supernatural powers. Barras frequently sent for her to the Luxembourg. The Empire was, however, the season of her richest harvest. Josephine, as is generally known, was a firm believer in auguries and prophetic intimations. She constantly sent to Madame Lenormand, to ask, among other questions, explanations of the dreams of Napoleon; and when the latter projected any new enterprise, the empress never failed to consult the reader of futurity as to its results. The disasters of the Russian campaign, it is said, were clearly predicted by Madame Lenormand; and it was from her also that Josephine received the first intimations of the divorce which was in contemplation; which premature revelation, unfortunately for the authoress, procured for her an interview with Fouché. The latter, on her being introduced, inquired in a tone of raillery if the cards had informed her of the arrest which awaited her? "No," she replied, "I thought I was summoned here for a consultation, and have brought them with me;" at the same time dealing them out upon the table of the

Minister of Police without any apparent embarrassment. Without mentioning the divorce Fouché began to reproach her with many of the prophecies she had lately uttered. These, notwithstanding the kindness she had received from the empress, had been employed to flatter the hopes of the royalists in the Faubourg St. Germain.

Madame Lenormand continued to deal the cards, repeating to herself in an undertone, "The knave of clubs! again the knave of clubs!" Fouché continued his reprimands, and informed her that however lightly she might be disposed to regard the matter, he was about to send her to prison, where she would probably remain for a considerable time. "How do you know that?" asked the prophetess. "Here is the knave of clubs again, who will set me free sooner than you expect." "Ah! the knave of clubs will have the credit of it, will he?" "Yes, the knave of clubs represents your successor in office—the Duc de Rovigo."

The fall of Napoleon brought fresh credit and honour to Madame Lenormand. She had foretold the restoration of the Bourbons, and was rewarded for it. The Emperor Alexander visited and consulted her, as did also Louis XVIII., Talleyrand, and Madame de Staël.

In the course of conversation with the last, Madame

Lenormand observed, "You are anxious about some event, which will probably take place to-morrow, but from which you will receive very little satisfaction.' On the succeeding day Madame de Staël was to have an audience of the first consul, who well knew her pretensions, and was but little disposed to yield to them. Madame de Staël, however, flattered herself that the power of her genius and the charms of her conversation would overcome the prejudice she was aware he had conceived against her.

She was received in the midst of a numerous circle, and fully expected to produce a brilliant effect upon Bonaparte and all who surrounded him. On her being introduced, the consul abruptly asked, "Have you seen 'la pie voleuse' ('the thieving magpie') which is so much in fashion?" Surprised at the unexpected question, Madame de Staël hesitated a moment for a reply. "On dit," he added, "we are soon to have 'la pie seditieuse' also." The second observation completed the lady's confusion; and the first consul, not wishing to increase it, turned and entered into conversation with some more favoured minister. After this memorable audience Madame de Staël called to mind the observation of Madame Lenormand, and from that time had great confidence in her skill, paying her many subsequent visits.

During the latter years of the reign of Louis Philippe, Mrs. Bonaparte Paterson, the wife of Jerome Bonaparte, was in Paris. She happened one day, moved by the curiosity of a friend, to accompany her to the house of Madame Lenormand, to whom she was personally unknown; and this fact renders the following prediction doubly curious. Madame Lenormand foretold to her that, ere long, the Bonaparte dynasty would again reign in France, and be more powerful than ever they had been. Mrs. Bonaparte Paterson smiled at the prediction, and regarded it as the vaticination of a distempered fancy; and at the time she mentioned the fact, some years previous to 1853, she continued to laugh at it, as well she might—the career of Louis Napoleon as President being only at its commencement. But later on his full-blown Imperial power showed that Madame Lenormand had correctly calculated the chances of the future.

Lilly, William

In Lilly's Astrological Predictions for 1648 occurs the following passage, in which it must be allowed that he attains something like prophetic truth, when we call to mind that the Great Plague of London occurred in 1665 and the Great Fire in the following year. "In

the year 1656 the aphelion of Mars, who is the general signification of England, will be in Virgo, which is assuredly the ascendant of the English monarchy. When this absis, therefore, of Mars shall appear in Virgo, who shall expect less than a strange catastrophe of human affairs in the commonwealth, monarchy, and kingdom of England? There will then either in or about these times or near that year, or within ten years more or less of that time, appear in this kingdom so strange a revolution of fate, so grand a catastrophe and great mutation unto this monarchy and government, as never yet appeared; of which, as the times now stand, I have no liberty or encouragement to deliver my opinion—only it will be ominous to London, unto her merchants at sea, to her traffic on land, to her poor, to her rich, to all sorts of people inhabiting in her or her liberties, by reason of sundry fires and a consuming plague." This is the prediction which in 1666 led to Lilly's being examined by a Committee of the House of Commons, not, as has been supposed, that he might "discover by the stars who were the authors of the fire of London," but because the precision with which he was thought to have foretold the event gave birth to a suspicion that he was already acquainted with, and privy to, the supposed machinations which had brought about the catastrophe.

Lincoln, Abraham

When Abraham Lincoln's ministers met at the council board on a certain afternoon, they wondered what had come to their chief. Instead of lolling in his chair, and telling quaint and irrelevant stories, as was his habit on such occasions, the President sat silent with his head resting on his breast, as if he were cogitating some sad and serious problem. "Gentlemen," said he very gravely, "something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon." "Something good, sir, I hope," observed the Attorney-General; eliciting the reply, "I don't know; I don't know, but it will happen, and shortly too." That evening he was shot. On the same day he is also reported to have said: "Before any great national event, I have always had the same dream—of a ship sailing rapidly."

London Literary Gazette

At the time of the American War, a gentleman (a mere youth) entered the army and saw some service. During an engagement he was knocked down, and a soldier, setting his foot upon his chest in passing over him, hurt him so exceedingly that he became senseless. Upon somewhat recovering he found himself still

stretched upon the ground, and a strange-looking woman stood beside him, who, as he opened his eyes, exclaimed in an ill-boding voice, "Ay, young man, mark my words, that hurt will be the death of you in your forty-second year." He recognised in this old woman one of those fortune-tellers who usually followed the army, and gained a livelihood by her oracular powers. The young soldier returned to England, quitted the army, entered the Church, and among other reminiscences used frequently to mention the prediction. He did die in his forty-second year, and of a disease in his chest, although he had never suffered from the hurt after the time at which he had received it.

Louisette, Mademoiselle

"Fulfil your engagements like a sensible creature," was the well-meant advice of Mademoiselle Louisette's confidante, when that tight-rope dancer consulted her upon the advisability of cancelling an engagement to appear at the Volks Theatre in New York, for no better reason than that she had a presentiment that the engagement would prove a fatal one, as indeed it did. Her first appearance at that theatre was her last. She went through the performance without a hitch, but as she was stepping from the cross-trees to the stage her

gauzy dress caught fire at the footlights, and before help reached her she was so badly burnt that medical skill was of no avail.

Lyttleton, Lord

The subject of this narrative was the son of George Lyttleton, and was alike distinguished for the raciness of his wit and the profligacy of his manners. The latter trait of his character has induced many persons to suppose the apparition which he asserted he had seen to have been the effect of a conscience quickened with remorse on account of many vices. The probability of the narrative has consequently been much questioned; but two gentlemen, one of whom was at Pitt Place, the seat of Lord Lyttleton, and the other in the immediate neighbourhood at the time of his lordship's death, bore ample testimony to the veracity of the whole narrative. The various accounts of this singular occurrence correspond in material points; and the following are the circumstantial particulars written by the gentleman who was at the time on a visit to his lordship.

"I was at Pitt Place, Epsom, when Lord Lyttleton died; Lord Fortescue, Lady Flood, and the two Miss Amphetts were also present. Lord Lyttleton had not

long returned from Ireland, and frequently had been seized with suffocating fits: he was attacked several times by them in the course of the preceding month, while he was at his house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square. It happened that he dreamt, three days before his death, that he saw a fluttering bird; and afterwards that a woman in white appeared to him, and said, 'Prepare to die; you will not exist three days.' His lordship was much alarmed, and called to a servant from a closet adjoining, who found him much agitated and in a profuse perspiration. The circumstance had a considerable effect all the next day upon his lordship's spirits.

"On the third day, while his lordship was at breakfast with the above persons, he said, 'If I live over to-night, I shall have jockied the ghost, for this is the third day.' The whole party presently set off for Pitt Place, where they had not long arrived, before his lordship was visited by one of his accustomed fits; after a short interval he recovered. He dined at five o'clock that day, and went to bed at eleven, when his servant was about to give him rhubarb and mint-water; but his lordship, perceiving him stir it with a tooth-pick, called him a slovenly dog, and bid him go and fetch a tea-spoon; but on the man's return he found his master in a fit, and the pillow being placed high, his chin bore

hard upon his neck. The servant, instead of relieving his lordship on the instant from his perilous situation, ran in his fright and called out for help, but on his return he found his lordship dead."

Macchiavelli

I cannot give the reason of it, but all history, both ancient and modern, attests the fact, that no great misfortune happens either to a town or a province which has not been foretold by some one possessed of the power of prophecy, or else it has been announced by prodigies or other celestial signs. It is very desirable that the cause of this should be discussed by men acquainted with things both natural and supernatural, an advantage we do not ourselves possess. Whatever may be the explanation, the thing itself cannot be questioned.

(From the *Discours sur Tite-Live.*)

MacKinnon

Young Mr. MacKinnon mentioned one MacKenzie, who is still alive, who had often fainted in his presence, and when he recovered mentioned visions which had been presented to him. He told Mr. MacKinnon that at such a place he should meet a funeral, and that such

and such people would be the bearers, naming four; and three weeks after he saw what MacKenzie had predicted. The naming the very spot in a country where a funeral comes a long way, and the very people as bearers, when there are so many out of whom a choice may be made, seems extraordinary. We should have sent for MacKenzie had we not been informed that he could speak no English.

Mrs. MacKinnon told us that her father was one day riding in Skye, and some women who were at work in a field to the side of the road said to him that they had heard two "taiscks" (that is, two voices of persons about to die), and what was remarkable, one of them was an English "taisck" which they never heard before. When he returned, he at that very place met two funerals, and one of them was that of a woman who had come from the mainland, and could speak only English. This, she remarked, made a great impression on her father.

(From BOSWELL'S *Tour to the Hebrides.*)

MacQuarrie

MacQuarrie told us a strong instance of the second sight. He had gone to Edinburgh and taken a man-servant along with him. An old woman who was in

the house said one day, "MacQuarrie will be at home to-morrow, and will bring two gentlemen with him," and she said she saw his servant return in red and green. He did come home next day. He had two gentlemen with him, and his servant had a new red and green livery, which MacQuarrie had bought for him at Edinburgh upon a sudden thought, not having the least intention when he left home to put his servant in livery; so that the old woman could not have heard any previous mention of it.

Mar, the Earl of

There is a very singular prophecy in this family, which is of great antiquity, there being perhaps no title in Europe so ancient as that of the Earl of Mar. The time of the delivery of the prophecy was prior to the elevation of the Earl in 1571 to be the Regent of Scotland. The original is said to have been delivered in Gaelic verse, but it is doubtful if it was ever written down, and the family themselves have always been averse to giving any details concerning it. The contributor of the details here recorded knew intimately the restored Earl, John Francis, and all his children, but never could induce them to do more than attest its general truth. His father repeated it in 1799, and

may have known it many years earlier. Thus it is not a prediction after the event.

"Proud chief of Mar: Thou shalt be raised still higher, until thou sittest in the place of the king. Thou shalt rule and destroy, and thy *work* shall be after thy name; but thy *work* shall be the emblem of thy house, and shall teach mankind that he who cruelly and haughtily raiseth himself upon the ruins of the holy cannot prosper. Thy work shall be cursed and shall never be finished. But thou shalt have riches and greatness, and shalt be true to thy sovereign, and shalt raise his banner in the field of blood. Then, when thou seemest to be highest, when thy power is mightiest, then shall come thy fall; low shall be thy head amongst the nobles of the people. Deep shall be thy moan among the children of dool (sorrow). Thy lands shall be given to the stranger, and thy titles shall lie among the dead. The branch that springs from thee shall see his dwelling burnt, in which a king is nursed,—his wife a sacrifice in that same flame; his children numerous, but of little honour; and three born and grown, who shall never see the light. Yet shall thine ancient Tower stand, for the brave and the true cannot be wholly forsaken. Thou proud head and daggered hand must *dree thy weird*, until horses shall be stabled in thy hall, and a weaver shall throw his shuttle in thy chamber of

state. Thine ancient Tower—a woman's dower—shall be a ruin and a beacon, until an ash sapling shall spring from its topmost stone. Then shall thy sorrows be ended, and the sunshine of royalty shall beam on thee once more. Thine honours shall be restored, the kiss of peace shall be given to thy countess, though she seek it not, and the days of peace shall return to thee and thine. The line of Mar shall be broken, but not until its honours are doubled, and its doom is ended."

In explanation of this long prophecy, which has worked through three hundred years, it is stated that the Earl of 1571 was raised to be Regent of Scotland, and guardian of James I., whose cradle belongs to the family. He as Regent commanded the destruction of Cambuskenneth Abbey, and took its stones to build himself a palace in Stirling, which never advanced further than the façade, which has always been called "Mar's work." The Earl of Mar in 1715 raised the banner, in Scotland, of his sovereign, the Chevalier, James Stuart, son of James II.; and he was defeated at the bloody battle of Sheriff Muir. His title was forfeited and his lands of Mar were confiscated, and sold by the government to the Earl of Fife.

His grandson and representative, John Francis, lived at Alloa Tower, which had been for some time the abode of James VI. as an infant. Miss Erskine, afterwards

Lady Francis, was burnt by accident, and died, leaving, besides others, three children who were born blind, and who all lived to old age. The family being thus driven away from Alloa Tower, it was left as a ruin, and used to be a show.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century, upon an alarm of a French invasion, all the cavalry and yeomanry of the district poured into Alloa, a small poor town, in which they could not find accommodation. A troop accordingly took possession of the Tower, and fifty horses were stabled for a week in its lordly hall. In or about 1810, a party of visitors found, to their astonishment, a weaver very composedly plying his loom in the grand old chamber of state. He had been there a fortnight, and the keeper of the Tower professed to know nothing of it. He had been dislodged in Alloa for rent.

Between 1815 and 1820 the writer of this contribution often formed one of a party who had shaken the ash sapling in the topmost stone. They clasped it in their hands, wondering if it really were the twig of destiny, and if *they* should ever live to see the prophecy fulfilled. In 1822 King George the Fourth came to Scotland, and searched out the families who had suffered by supporting the princes of the Stuart line. Foremost of them all was the Erskine of Mar, grandson of Mar who had

raised the Chevalier's standard, and to him accordingly the king restored his earldom. John Francis, the present peer, and the grandson of the restored earl, boasts the double earldoms of Mar and Kellie. His countess was never presented at St. James's; but she accidentally met Queen Victoria in a small room in Stirling Castle, and the Queen immediately asked who she was, detained her, and kissed her. Many who knew the family in its days of deepest depression have lived to see "the weird dreed out and the doom of Mar ended."

Meadows-Taylor, Colonel

(From his *Autobiography*, vol. i.[1])

The day I arrived, a Brahmin entered my cutcherry, or office-tent, sat down quietly in a corner, and, after remaining a while silent, rose and said, "I hear you speak Mahratta; is it so?" "I am only a beginner," I replied, "but I daresay I can follow you." "I am struck with your face," he continued, "and I should like to see your hand and cast your horoscope. Do you know when you were born?" I gave him the date, and he proceeded to examine first my forehead and then my left hand. "It is a long and happy life on the whole," he said, "but

[1] By permission of Messrs. Blackwood & Co.

there are some crosses and some deep sorrows. You are not yet married, but you soon will be, and you will have children—not many—some of whom you will lose. You will never be rich nor ever poor; and yet much, very much money will pass through your hands. You will not stay long here, but after many years you will return and rule over us. Fear nothing; your destiny is under the planet Jupiter, and you will surely prosper."

He added some further details, when he brought my horoscope some hours later, one which especially struck me being that I should become a rajah, and rule over a large tract of country to the south. I thought the affair curious enough, and wrote out a translation of it, which I sent home.

On my return from Sholapoor I went out to my tents, which were pitched at Tooljapoor, my old favourite resort in 1825. On the day of my arrival I had just breakfasted, and sat down to begin work in my cutcherry, or office-tent, when an old Brahmin came in, and for a time sat down quietly in a corner without speaking. Seeing that I was alone he came up to my table, and, peering closely into my face, as he leant upon his staff, he said, "Are you the Taylor Sahib who came here many years ago?" When I answered that I was the

same, he produced a bundle of old papers, and asked me whether I recollected them. As I looked over, I saw that I had put my initials to each of them, but forgot at the moment why I had done so; for in any case of inquiry or settlement it was my habit to initial all the papers, and I thought these documents must relate to some old claim or suit to be revised. I was soon undeceived.

"Have you forgotten, sahib," said the old man, "that I once cast your horoscope, and told you that you would return here to govern us after many years? And see! it was true! you have come; and indeed there is little difference in the time I recorded—twenty-five years! I had not the exact data, if you remember, that I wanted—you could not give it me." It was all true enough; there I was, the "ruler" over them, and then I recollected how strange it had appeared to me at the Residency when my destination was so suddenly altered from Berar to these western districts, on the requisition of the Government of Bombay. The prediction had certainly been a strange one, and was as strangely fulfilled, even to the very letter of time.

"And you have been a 'rajah' too," continued my old friend, "and have governed a country to the south for ten years; that I recorded—see, sahib!" and he pointed excitedly to the document. "See, there is no

mistake there either." "Not quite a rajah," I said, laughing, "only manager of the country, while the rajah was a child." "It was all the same," returned the old Brahmin; "you were all-powerful, and just like a rajah, and you governed the people. And you have seen sorrow, too, sahib; you were not married when you were here, and now you have lost wife and dear children, I hear. I wrote that. I saw it all plainly—it is here. And you are not rich, they tell me. Yet lakhs of rupees have passed through your hands. Did I not tell you that too?"

"No, indeed," I replied, "I am not rich; indeed much the reverse, and I have had heavy sorrows." "It could not be avoided," he said; "no one could have mistaken what I discovered just twenty-five years ago. You were born for work, not for the indulgence of wealthy idleness, and so you will continue. If you want these papers, I will give them to you; if not, let them remain with me," and so saying he took his leave. He soon afterwards went on a pilgrimage to Nassick, and there died.

I did not want the papers, and he kept them. I cannot account for his prediction. I told my old Serishtadar Baba Sahib about my horoscope and its results, but he was not in the least surprised. "We Brahmins," he said, "believe in astrology, and you

English laugh at it, but when one who understands the art casts a horoscope and calculates it scientifically, the result is seldom wrong. You were to have gone to Berar, and yet your fate has brought you here to Tooljapoor again, at the very time appointed, twenty-five years after, in spite of yourself and also of the Resident. Can you doubt after this? Is there not more in astrology than you believed?"

I made no comment. How could I, in the face of the simple facts that had occurred?

(*From the same*, vol. ii. p. 117.)

Mozart

The death of Mozart took place on the 5th of December 1792, when he had not attained his thirty-sixth year. Indefatigable to the last, he produced in the concluding three months of his life his three *chefs d'œuvre—The Enchanted Flute*, *Clemenzadi Tito*, and a Requiem, which last he had scarcely time to finish. Before he had completed *The Enchanted Flute*, Mozart was seized with a fit of melancholy, and fancied that he should not long enjoy life. A singular incident accelerated the effect of this fatal presentiment. One day, while plunged in a profound reverie, he heard a carriage stop at his door. A stranger was announced, and begged to

speak to him. Mozart gave the order to admit him, and a middle-aged man, well dressed and of imposing mien, was shown into the room. "I am commissioned, sir," said he, addressing Mozart, "by a person of rank, to call on you." "Who is that person?" interrupted Mozart. "He does not choose to be known," replied the stranger. "Very well; what does he wish?" "He has just lost a friend, who was very dear to him, and whose memory he must eternally cherish; and, intending to commemorate her death by a solemn service every year, he wishes you to compose a Requiem for the occasion."

Mozart was much struck at the grave manner and tone of voice in which this address was pronounced, and with the mystery which appeared to accompany the application. He promised to compose the Requiem. The stranger added, "Exert all your genius in this work; you will labour for a connoisseur in music." "So much the better." "How long will you require to do it?" "A month." "Very well; I will return in a month. How much will you charge for the work?" "A hundred ducats." The stranger counted out the money upon the table and withdrew. Mozart remained for some minutes plunged in profound reflection; he then suddenly called for pen, ink, and paper, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his wife, he began

to write. This rage for composing continued for several days. He wrote almost the whole day and night, with increasing ardour as he advanced; but his health, already feeble, could not long support this enthusiasm, and one morning he fell senseless upon the floor. This compelled him for a time to suspend his labours.

Two or three days after, his wife endeavouring to divert his attention from the melancholy ideas which possessed it, he replied quickly, "I am persuaded that I am composing the Requiem for myself; it will serve for my funeral service." Nothing could dispel this idea from his mind.

As he continued his work, he felt his strength diminish daily, while the score of the music advanced but slowly. The month had now expired when, one morning, the stranger suddenly reappeared. "I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word." "It is of no consequence," replied the stranger; "how much more time do you require?" "A month. The work has become more interesting than I imagined, and I have extended it to a much greater length than I had at first intended." "In that case it is right to augment the price; here are fifty ducats more." "Sir," said Mozart, more astonished than ever, "who are you then?" "That has nothing to do with the matter; I shall return within the month."

Mozart immediately called one of his servants, and desired him to follow the extraordinary stranger, and find out who he was; but the servant returned, saying he could not trace him.

Poor Mozart now took it into his head that the stranger was not a being of this world, and that he had been sent to warn him of his approaching end. He applied himself with greater diligence than ever to his Requiem; during his labours he frequently fell into fainting fits. At length the work was finished before the month had quite expired. The stranger returned at the stated time and claimed the Requiem—Mozart was no more.

On the day of his death he desired that the Requiem might be brought to him. "Was I not right," he said, "when I assured you that I was composing this Requiem for myself?" And his eyes became quickly suffused with tears. It was his last farewell to his art, and his widow long preserved the score of the composition as a memorial of his genius.

Nagotsky, Princess

A short time before the Princess Nagotsky of Warsaw travelled to Paris, she had the following dream. She dreamt that she found herself in an unknown depart-

ment, when a man, who was likewise unknown to her, came to her with a cup and presented her to drink out of. She replied that she was not thirsty, and thanked him for his offer. The unknown individual repeated his request, and added that she ought not to refuse it any longer, for it would be the last she would ever drink in her life. At this she was greatly terrified and awoke.

In October 1720 the princess arrived at Paris in good health and spirits, and occupied a furnished hotel, where, soon after her arrival, she was seized with a violent fever. She immediately sent for the king's celebrated physician, the father of Helvetius. The physician came, and the princess showed striking marks of astonishment. She was asked the reason of it, and gave for answer that the physician perfectly resembled the man whom she had seen at Warsaw in a dream; but she added, "I shall not die this time, for this is not the same apartment which I saw on that occasion in my dream."

The princess was soon after completely restored, and appeared to have completely forgotten her dream, when a new incident reminded her of it in the most forcible manner. She was dissatisfied with her rooms at the hotel, and therefore requested that a dwelling might be prepared for her in a convent at Paris, which was accord-

ingly done. The princess removed to the convent, but scarcely had she entered the apartment destined for her than she began to exclaim aloud, "It is all over with me; I shall not come out of this room again alive, for it is the same that I saw at Warsaw in my dream." She died in reality not long afterwards in the same room, in the beginning of the year 1721.

Napoleon

1.

In the spring of 1799, when Napoleon was lying before Acre, he became anxious for news from Upper Egypt, whither he had despatched Desaix in pursuit of a Mameluke leader. This was in the middle of May. Not many days after, a courier arrived with favourable despatches—favourable in the main, but reporting one tragical occurrence on a small scale, that, to Napoleon, outweighed the public prosperity. A "djerme," or Nile boat of the largest class, having on board a large party of troops and wounded men, together with most of a regimental band, had run ashore at the village of Benouth. No case could be more hopeless. The neighbouring Arabs were of the ferocious Yambu tribe. These Arabs and the Fellahs had taken the opportunity

of attacking the vessel. The engagement was obstinate, but at length the inevitable catastrophe could be delayed no longer. The commander, an Italian named Morandi, was a brave man; any fate appeared better than that which awaited him from an enemy so malignant. He set fire to the powder magazine; the vessel blew up, Morandi perished in the Nile, and all of less nerve, who had previously reached the shore in safety, were put to death to the very last man.

For all this Napoleon cared little; but one solitary fact there was in the report which struck him with consternation. This ill-fated djerme, what was it called? It was called *L'Italie*, and in the name of the vessel Napoleon read an augury of the fate which had befallen the Italian territory. Considered as a dependency of France, he felt certain that Italy was lost, and he was inconsolable. But what possible connection, it was asked, can exist between this vessel on the Nile and a peninsula of Southern Europe? "No matter," replied Napoleon; "my presentiments never deceive me. You will see that all is ruined. I am satisfied that my Italy, my conquest, is lost to France!" So indeed it was. All European news had long been intercepted by the English cruisers; but immediately after the battle with the Vizier in July 1799, an English admiral first informed the French

army of Egypt that Massena and others had lost all that Napoleon had won in 1796.

2.

If that vast empire (Russia) be not conquered this year by the taking of St. Petersburg and of Moscow and by the complete submission of the Emperor Alexander, Napoleon will be enabled to make but little progress during the winter in an immense region, covered for six months in the year with snow and ice, where he can obtain neither provisions nor forage. He will be compelled at the close of the campaign, which must necessarily finish in October, to collect together his army, broken, discouraged, reduced by one-half by famine, desertion, sickness, and the Russian snow, and encamp them between the Dwina and the Niemen. It is for this that he has constituted Wilna a stronghold. In the event of being forced to retreat, he will endeavour to avoid the damaging influence of a failure by pretending to desire the completion of the reorganisation of Poland, before undertaking the actual subjugation of Russia; but no one will be blinded by his cloak of self-love. It will be known that his campaign was a failure, and the world will be convinced of his real impotence and his inability to work out his gigantic designs. The attacks of his enemies will become more rapid and powerful;

the allies he has constrained to adopt his cause will abandon him, and if the war lasts two campaigns, he will be in danger of losing his reputation, his influence, and his empire, and of becoming suddenly the victim of his own mad ambition.

(*From a letter of Dumouriez*, 1812.)

Needs, John

In the year 1707, John Needs, a Winchester scholar, foretold the deaths of Mr. Carman, chaplain to the college, Dr. Mew, Bishop of Winchester, and himself, John Needs, within that year. This exposed him to much raillery in the school, and he was mockingly called "Prophet Needs." Mr. Carman died about the time he mentioned. Within the time also, Bishop Mew died by a singular accident. He was subject to fainting fits, from which he was soon recovered by smelling spirits of hartshorn. Being seized with a fit while a gentleman was with him, he eagerly pointed to a phial in the window, which the visitor took, and in his great haste poured down the Bishop's throat, and instantly suffocated him.

As the time approached which Needs had foretold for his own dissolution, of which he named even the day and hour, he sickened, apparently declined, and

kept his chamber, where he was frequently visited and prayed with, but in vain. With great calmness and composure, Needs resolutely persisted in affirming that the event would verify his prediction. On the day he had fixed, the house-clock, being put forward, struck the hour before the time; he saw through this deception, and told those that were with him that "when the church-clock struck, he should expire." He did so.

Mr. Fletcher left a statement of the above facts in writing, and Bishop Trimmell about the year 1722, having heard this story at Winchester, wrote to New College, of which Mr. Lavington was then fellow, for further information. His answer was that "John Needs had indeed foretold that the Bishop of Winchester (Mew) and old Mr. Carman should die that year. As to foretelling the time of his own death, I believe he was punctually right."

(From the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1774.)

Nixon, "the Cheshire Prophet" (circ. A.D. 1620)

He was at first ploughboy to Farmer Crowton of Swanlow, and so stubborn that they could make him do nothing without beating. They could seldom get anything out of him but "yes" and "no"; and if he spoke much more, it was unintelligible. The first time

he was found out to have a prophetic gift was as follows: Farmer Crowton being one day ploughing in a field, and his boy Nixon following him, the latter suddenly stopped, dropped his bottle, which he carried to the field with him, and stood motionless, with his eyes turned towards heaven. Neither words nor blows could get him out of this trance for the space of an hour. When he had recovered he took up the things he had dropped, and followed the plough. His master and the men that were at work in the same field stood by him all the while, taking him to be in a fit, but wondered still that he stood upright and did not fall down. He himself seemed insensible of any alteration that had happened to him, but for a quarter of an hour afterwards he talked very rationally of several things that had been done some time before, and dropped expressions regarding others that were to be done. He foretold the Civil Wars, the death of Charles I., the restoration of Charles II., the abdication of James II., the Revolution and war with France, adding that "these things will as certainly happen as that I shall be sent for by the king, and be starved to death."

When he had finished his speech, he returned to his natural dulness and silence. Some time afterwards he was sent for to court by King James I. When he came to court the king gave him in charge to one of his

officers, commanding him to keep him in close confinement, and to observe him strictly that he might be assured there was no imposture in the matter. This gentleman kept Nixon locked up, and, going in a hurry with the king to Theobald's, he forgot to leave him any provisions, so that he was starved to death.

Nostradamus

Nostradamus published his prophecies in the form of quatrains to the number of a thousand, in A.D. 1558, and dedicated them to King Henry II. of France. The next year the king received a wound at a tournament, of which he died, and it was thought that so unusual an accident could not have been omitted in Nostradamus's predictions; accordingly his book was immediately consulted, and in the thirty-fifth quatrain of the first century were found the following lines :—

"Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera
En champ bellique par singulier duel,
Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crevera
Deux plaies unes, puis mourir ; mort cruelle."

So remarkable a coincidence greatly increased his fame, and he was honoured shortly afterwards with a visit from Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, and his wife, Margaret of France. Another remarkable quatrain is

the forty-ninth of the ninth century, which is supposed to refer to the death of Charles I. :—

" Gand et Bruxelles marcheront contre Anvers ;
Senat de Londres mettront a mort leur Roi ;
Le sel et le vin lui seront à l'envers ;
Pour eux avoir le regne en desarroi."

In the dedication of his work to Henry II., he predicts that the Christian Church will suffer from a cruel persecution " et durera ceste cy jusqu'a l'an mille sept cent nonante deux, que l'on cuidera estre une renovation de siècle." The latter part of this sentence is certainly remarkable when we recollect that the French Republic dated its existence from September 22, 1792, and that in all public acts time was reckoned from that day as from the commencement of a new era.

Parker, Theodore

He had an insight into the processes of history and a feeling for the subtle underground laws that govern events, which may fairly be called prophetic, and which would in a less scientific age have given him the reputation of a seer. In 1856 he predicted explicitly that, in the event of Mr. Buchanan's election to the Presidency, the Union would be dissolved by civil war,[1]

[1] The Civil War broke out in 1861.

before the close of his term of office. He wrote thus in June to Horace Mann, in August to Edward Desor, in October to John P. Hale, in November to Miss Hunt, in Europe. It is not conjecture, it is prevision; it is not guess, it is assertion. He acts on his prophecy with a sure instinct that things will come out according to his foretelling. "I have been preparing for civil war this six months past," he writes to Mr. Hale. "I buy no books except for pressing need. Last year I bought fifteen hundred dollars' worth. This year I shall not order two hundred dollars' worth. I may want the money for cannon." This prescience he owed to the depth and quickness of his sympathy with popular feeling.

(From the *North American Review*, 1864.)

Parsons, Richard

In Dodsley's *Annual Register* for 1766 there is a very curious letter from William Dallaway, Esq., High Sheriff of Gloucestershire. It details at considerable length the remarkable case of Richard Parsons, who had a dispute with his companions while playing at whist, declaring that he and his partner were "six," which the others denied. He was in a violent rage, and uttered the most dreadful imprecations, among others, "that

his flesh might rot upon his bones if they were not six." They continued to play all night; towards morning Parsons complained of a pain in his leg, which, increasing, obliged him very soon to get surgical advice. Violent inflammation had set in, and, notwithstanding all that medical skill could advise, rapid mortification ensued and spread to different parts of his body; he died in less than a week in great agony. A letter from the surgeon was enclosed in that of the sheriff; it stated the case and concluded with these remarkable words, "I shall not presume to say that there was anything supernatural in this case, but it must be confessed that such cases are rather uncommon in subjects so young, and of so good a habit as he had always been, previous to this illness."

Paul I., Czar of Russia

Four or five days before his assassination the Czar Paul was out riding. Turning suddenly to his Grand Master of the Horse, he said, "I felt quite suffocated; I could not breathe; I felt as if I was going to die. Won't they strangle me?" The incident was related to the Russian general officer in whose papers it is recorded, the very same evening by the Grand Master himself. It was no doubt natural that a Czar should expect to

be strangled, but why should he have had this feeling of suffocation, and why should it have come to pass so few days before he was actually strangled ?

Peden, Alexander

When Peden was a prisoner on the Bass, as he was engaged in public worship one Sunday, a young woman mocked him with loud laughter. Peden said to her, "Thou mockest at the service of God; but God hath said, 'I also will laugh at your calamity, and will mock when your fear cometh.'" Soon afterwards this young woman was walking on the rock, and a sudden blast of wind swept her into the sea, and she was drowned.

One day while he was walking on the rock, a soldier cried out to Peden, "The devil take you!" "Fie! fie!" said Peden; "you know not what you say, but will ere long repent it." At this reproof the soldier went to the guardroom as one distraught, crying like a madman, "The devil! the devil!" Peden heard of the man's insanity, went to him, prayed over him, and he returned to his right mind.

(From *The Martyrs of the Bass Rock.*)

For other "prophecies" of Peden, *vide Dictionary of National Biography, sub voce.*

Pendergast

General Oglethorpe told us that Pendergast, an officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, had mentioned to many of his friends that he should die on a particular day; that upon that day a battle took place with the French; that after it was over, and Pendergast was still alive, his brother officers, while they were yet in the field, jestingly asked him where was his prophecy now? Pendergast gravely answered, "I shall die notwithstanding what you say." Soon afterwards there came a shot from a French battery, to which the orders for a cessation of arms had not reached, and he was killed upon the spot. Colonel Cecil, who took possession of his effects, found in his pocket-book the following solemn entry (here the date), "Dreamt or was told by an apparition Sir John Friend meets me" (here the very day on which he was killed was mentioned). Pendergast had been connected with Sir John Friend, who was executed for high treason. General Oglethorpe said he was with Colonel Cecil when Pope came and inquired into the truth of this story, which made a great noise at the time, and was then confirmed by the colonel.

(From BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson.*)

Perceval, Spencer (Chancellor of the Exchequer)

Early in May 1812 Mr. Williams of Scorrier House, near Redruth in Cornwall, awoke his wife, and, exceedingly agitated, told her that he had dreamed that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man shoot with a pistol a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, who was said to be the chancellor. Mrs. Williams naturally replied that it was only a dream, and recommended him to be composed, and go to sleep as soon as he could. He did so, but shortly after again awoke her, and said that he had the second time had the same dream; whereupon she observed that he had been so much agitated with his former dream that she supposed it had dwelt on his mind, and begged him to try to compose himself and go to sleep, which he did. A third time the same vision was repeated, on which, notwithstanding her entreaties that he would be quiet and endeavour to forget it, he arose, it being then between one and two o'clock, and dressed himself.

At breakfast the dreams were the sole subject of conversation, and in the forenoon Mr. Williams went to Falmouth, where he related the particulars of them to all of his acquaintance that he met. On the following day Mr. Tucker of Trematon Castle, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr. Williams, went to Scorrier

House about dusk. Immediately on their entering the parlour, where were Mr., Mrs., and Miss Williams, Mr. Williams began to relate to Mr. Tucker the circumstances of his dream, and Mrs. Williams observed to her daughter, Mrs. Tucker, laughingly, that her father could not suffer Mr. Tucker to be seated before he told him of his nocturnal visitation. Mr. Tucker observed that it would do very well for a dream to have the chancellor in the lobby of the House of Commons, but that he would not be found there in reality; and Mr. Tucker then asked what sort of a man he appeared to be? Mr. Williams minutely described him, to which Mr. Tucker replied, "Your description is not at all that of the chancellor, but is certainly very exactly that of Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and though he has been to me the greatest enemy I ever met with through life, I should be exceedingly sorry to hear of his being assassinated.'

Mr. Tucker then inquired of Mr. Williams if he had ever seen Mr. Perceval, and was told that he never had seen him, nor had ever even written to him; in short, that he had never had anything to do with him, nor had he ever been in the lobby of the House of Commons in his life. At this moment, while Mr. Williams and Mr. Tucker were still standing, they heard a horse gallop to the door of the house, and immediately after Mr.

Michael Williams, son of Mr. Williams, entered the room, and said that he had galloped out from Truro, having seen a gentleman there who had come by that evening's mail from London, who said that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of May 11th, when a man named Bellingham had shot Mr. Perceval; and that as it might occasion great ministerial changes, and might affect Mr. Tucker's political friends, he had come out as fast as he could to make him acquainted with it.

After the astonishment caused by this intelligence had a little subsided, Mr. Williams described most particularly the appearance and dress of the man that he saw in his dream fire the pistol. About six weeks after, having business in town, he went with a friend to the House of Commons. Immediately he came to the steps at the entrance to the lobby, he said, "This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any room in my house." He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham had stood when he fired, and that which Mr. Perceval had reached when he was struck by the ball, and where and how he fell. The dress both of Mr. Perceval and Bellingham agreed with the descriptions given by Mr. Williams even to the most minute particular.

Philipsons of Colgarth

The Philipsons of Colgarth coveted a field like Ahab, and had the possessor hung for an offence which he had not committed. The night before his execution the old man read the 109th Psalm as his solemn and dying commination. The psalm contains a prayer for vengeance upon "the wicked and deceitful who have spoken with a lying tongue, and whose days are to be few, their children to be fatherless and continually vagabonds and beggars, and their posterity to be cut off." The curse was fully accomplished; the family were cut off, and the only daughter who remained sold laces and bobbins about the country.

(From SOUTHEY'S *Commonplace Book.*)

Piero de Medici

Among the numerous records of predictions conveyed in dreams, there are few perhaps more remarkable than that which foretold the downfall of the House of Medici. The improvisatrice Candière, who used to delight Lorenzo de Medici with his extempore effusions, which he accompanied with the lyre, continued to reside in the palace after Lorenzo's death. He told Michael Angelo one morning that he was greatly troubled in consequence

of a dream which he had the night before. He thought Lorenzo appeared to him, wrapped in a tattered black robe, and commanded him to tell his son, Piero de Medici, that he would soon be driven from his house, never to return. Michael Angelo urged him to obey, but Candière, knowing the disposition of Piero, feared to tell him. A few mornings after, Michael Angelo met him in the court of the palace, and perceived that something had alarmed and distressed him. Candière told him that Lorenzo had again appeared and upbraided him for not having communicated what he had desired to Piero. Being urged by Michael Angelo, Candière took courage and told Piero what had occurred. Piero and all his attendants laughed heartily. "Would not Lorenzo," said his chancellor, "have appeared to his son to impart the information, and not to another person?" The prediction made such an impression on Michael Angelo that he left Florence in a few days, and within the year the Medici were expelled from their possessions.

"Piers the Plowman"

In the tenth canto of *Piers the Plowman*, a long poem written by William Langland early in the fourteenth century, "Clergy," one of the allegorical personages,

after a long exposition of the sad state into which religion had then fallen, gives warning of the coming though still distant retribution in the following lines :

"Ac there shal come a kyng
And confesse you religiouses
And bete you as the Bible telleth
For brekynge of your rule ;
And amende monyals (nuns)
Munkes and chanons,
And puten to hir penaunce
Ad pristinum statum ire.
And thanne shal the Abbot of Abyngdone
And al his issue for evere
Have a knok of a kyng
And incurable the wounde."

Two centuries elapsed, and the forgotten prophecy was fulfilled ; a king with a decided propensity for "knocking" in all its branches was seated on the English throne, and the Abbot of Abingdon and his brethren duly received the "incurable wounde," commonly called "the suppression of the monasteries." The effect of the coincidence is much heightened by the simplicity of the case, and the impossibility of any trickery being employed to bring about the result.

Plutarch

One night before he passed out of Asia, he was very late all alone in his tent, with a dim light burning by him, all the rest of the camp being hushed and silent; and, reasoning about something with himself and very thoughtful, he fancied some one came in, and, looking up towards the door, he saw a terrible and strange appearance of an unnatural and frightful body standing by him without speaking. Brutus boldly asked it, "What are you of men or gods, and upon what business come to me?" The figure answered, "I am your evil genius, Brutus; you shall see me at Philippi." To which Brutus, not at all disturbed, replied, "Then I shall see you." As soon as the apparition vanished, he called his servants to him, who all told him that they had neither heard any voice nor seen any vision. So then he continued watching till the morning, when he went to Cassius and told him what he had seen.

(*Brutus before the battle of Philippi.*)

(Brutus was defeated by Antony at Philippi, and committed suicide.)

Poniatowski, Joseph

Prince Poniatowski was, about six years before his death, on a visit to a relation in Silesia with a numerous

party. They were assembled in the pavilion of the country-seat, when a plaintive but melodious voice was heard from the gate. It came from a gipsy, who was called in to prophesy the fate of each person. The first who stepped forth was Prince Poniatowski. The gipsy took his hand, looked at it attentively, then at him, and muttered in a low voice, "Prince, an *Elster* will bring you death." Some of those who were present wrote down the prediction, witnessed it, and sealed it. It is still extant.

Subsequently Prince Poniatowski, commanding a mixed corps of French and Poles, fought bravely in various battles, and was made a marshal of France by Napoleon, just before the battle of Leipzig in 1812. A few days after, on the 18th of October, while protecting with a handful of men the retreat of the French, he was twice wounded, and, being pressed by the enemy upon the banks of the river Elster, which was swelled by the rains, he spurred his horse into the river, and disappeared in the flood.

Porteous, Captain

One day as Captain Porteous, captain of the city guard of Edinburgh, was mustering his men in a field near the city, he saw a man of Musselburgh, who was