

of sight out of mind? Do you not know me? I am your cousin, Stewart of Allanton.' 'Impossible,' said I, 'for my dear friend Allanton was old and plain-looking, whereas you are the most beautiful youth that my eyes ever beheld.' 'Even so,' said the youth, 'all those who come here are made youthful and beautiful. There is here neither age nor plainness. I am no other than your dear cousin and old friend Allanton, and within twenty-four hours you will be here with me, and you will be young and beautiful like me.' Hereupon I heard the loud fluttering of wings of doves, and I suddenly awoke."

It may be imagined that Westburn's dream made a deep impression, not unmingled with awe, on his affectionate wife. She deemed it to be a warning that she must hold herself in readiness to resign him ere long; and even so it came to pass. On the following morning Westburn was found dead in his bed. His spirit had departed during the night and gone to join his early friend and kinsman in the gardens of Paradise.

(FROM BERNARD BURKE'S *Family Romance*.)

Whittier, J. G.

I have been recently deeply interested in reading a paper from a gentleman who has devoted much of

his leisure, for the last seven years, to a patient investigation of this subject. He gives the particulars of a case which occurred under his own observation. A young girl of great purity of character, in a highly exalted state of what is called clairvoyance, or animal electricity, was willed by the magnetiser to the future world. In the language of the narrator, "The vision burst upon her. Her whole countenance and form indicated at once that a most surprising change had passed over her mind. A solemn, pleasing, but deeply impressive expression rested upon her features. She prophesied her own early death, and when one of her young friends wept, she said, 'Do not weep for me; death is desirable, beautiful. I have seen the future and myself there. Oh! it is beautiful, happy, and glorious. And *it is not dying*, only changing places, states, and conditions and feelings.' She seemed to see her mother who was dead, and when asked to speak to her, she replied, 'She will not speak; I could not understand her. They converse by willing, thinking, feeling, without language.' "

All this may in part be accounted for on the theory of cerebral excitement,—the disturbed over-action of a portion of the brain, or, to speak phrenologically, of the "religious organs." Yet the mystery even then is but partially solved. Why, in this state of exaltation

and preternatural mental activity, should similar images and thoughts present themselves to persons of widely varied temperaments and beliefs, from the cold materialist to the too ardent spiritualist, from the credulous believer to the confirmed sceptic ?

Wishart, George

The executioner having kindled the fire, the powder fastened to his body blew up. The captain of the castle, perceiving that he was still alive, drew near, and bade him be of good courage ; whereupon Wishart said, " This flame hath scorched my body, yet it hath not daunted my spirit ; but he (Cardinal Beaton) who from yonder place beholdeth us with such pride shall in a few days lie in the same, as ignominiously as he is now seen proudly to rest himself." As he was thus speaking, the executioner drew the cord that was about his neck so strait that he spoke no more.

It is said that his death was no less than murder, in that no writ was obtained for it, and the clergy could not burn any without a warrant from the secular power. This stirred up Norman and John Leslie, of the family of Rothes, William Kirkaldy of Grange, James Melvill, Peter Carmichael, and others, to avenge Wishart's death. Accordingly, upon the 28th of May 1546 (not three months

after Wishart suffered), they surprised the castle early in the morning, and either secured or turned out the persons that were lodged in it. On their coming to the Cardinal's door, he was by this time alarmed, and had secured it; but upon their threatening to force the door, he opened it, crying, "I am a priest! I am a priest!" But this had no effect upon them; for James Melvill, having exhorted him in a solemn manner to repentance, and having apprised him that he was now about to revenge Mr. Wishart's death, stabbed him twice or thrice, which ended his wretched days.

(From HOWIE'S *Scots Worthies*.)

Wolsey, Cardinal

The following passage from Cavendish, which relates to Cardinal Wolsey's last illness, is deeply interesting. It shows that the cardinal had been in the habit of consulting, like many great men in those times, with astrologers and fortune-tellers, who had predicted to him the exact hour of his departure.

"Upon Monday, in the morning, as I stood by his bedside, about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having wax lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing fast to his end. He perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bedside asked, 'Who was there?' 'Sir, I am here,' quoth I. 'How do

you do ?' quoth he to me. 'Very well, sir,' quoth I, 'if I might see your Grace well.' 'What is it of the clock ?' said he to me. 'Forsooth, sir,' said I, 'it is past eight o'clock in the morning.' 'Eight of the clock,' quoth he ; 'that cannot be ;' repeating divers times, 'eight of the clock, eight of the clock. Nay, nay,' quoth he at last, 'it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock you shall lose your master ; for my time draweth near that I must depart out of the world.'

"On the night which followed Wolsey repeatedly swooned away, and when Kingston, the Lieutenant of the Tower, came into his chamber and bade him good morrow, asking him how he did, 'Sir,' said he, 'I tarry but the will and pleasure of God, to render unto Him my soul. . . .'

"His voice now failed him, and the attendants having sent for the Abbot, he administered extreme unction. He expired soon after, as the clock was striking eight—the hour to which himself had alluded on the preceding day—a coincidence which his servants at that moment were disposed to regard as supernatural."

W——, Mrs.

The wife of a common mechanic in S—— possessed the gift of prescience in a high degree. She had almost

constantly, day and night, visions from the world of spirits ; but she kept them very secret, and disclosed them only to very intimate friends. The following prediction of hers is remarkable. In the beginning of the Revolution a tradesman travelled to Leipzig, on business, to the fair. During his stay there he was publicly denounced as a spy. This caused his family great alarm. It was feared that he would be arrested on his return, and orders were really issued to that effect. His wife was an intimate friend of Mrs. W.'s. She therefore ran to her, and expressed to her all the anxiety that she felt. After some minutes Mrs. W. said to her, "Compose yourself ; nothing will happen to your husband ; he will return in safety. You may perfectly rely upon what I say to you ; you know that I am incapable of telling you an untruth ; you may fully depend upon it he will come safely back." Her friend believed what she said, and went away from her quite consoled. She had already gone a few paces when Mrs. W., who still stood at the house door, called her back, and said to her, "Understand me properly : your husband will return in safety ; he has, however, a hurt on one foot, but it is of little consequence." This prediction was punctually fulfilled. The merchant travelled with his clerk through the provinces where he had been denounced ; no one recognised him, and he

arrived happily in S——; but he had a hurt on one foot. In Smalcald he had been thrown out of the carriage by the horses running away, and on his return was confined to his bed for some weeks. He was, however, subsequently perfectly healed.

Yount, Captain

As I sat by the fire one stormy November night in a hotel parlour in the Napa Valley of California, there came in a most venerable and benignant-looking person with his wife, taking their seats in the circle. The stranger, as I afterwards learned, was Captain Yount, a man who came over into California as a trapper more than forty years ago. Here he has lived, apart from the great world and its questions, acquiring an immense landed estate, and becoming a kind of acknowledged patriarch in the country. His tall manly person and his gracious paternal look, as totally unsophisticated in its expression as if he had never heard of a philosophic doubt or question, marked him as the true patriarch. The conversation turned, I know not how, on spiritism and modern necromancy, and he discovered a degree of inclination to believe in the reported mysteries. His wife intimated that probably he was

predisposed to this kind of faith by a very peculiar experience of his own.

At my request he gave me his story. About six or seven years previous, in a mid-winter's night, he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of emigrants arrested by the snows of the mountains, and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff; he saw the men cutting off what appeared to be tree-tops rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons, and the look of their particular distress. He woke profoundly impressed with the distinctness and apparent reality of his dream. At length he fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in shortly with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his recognising without hesitation the scenery of the dream. This comrade came over the Sierra, by the Carson Valley Pass, and declared that a spot in the pass answered exactly to his description.

By this the unsophisticated patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men, with mules and blankets and all necessary provisions. The neighbours meantime were laughing at his credulity.

“No matter,” said he; “I am able to do this, and I will, for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream.” The men were sent into the mountains, one hundred and fifty miles distant, to the Carson Valley Pass, and there they found the company in exactly the condition pictured in the dream, and brought in the remnant alive.

A gentleman present said, “You need have no doubt of this, for we Californians all know the facts, and the names of the families brought in, who now look upon our venerable friend as a kind of saviour.” These names he gave, and the places where they reside, and I found afterwards that the Californian people were ready everywhere to second his testimony.

(From BUSHNELL'S *Nature and the Supernatural*.)

Youth of Elsen, The

Antony, called the “Youth of Elsen,” lived in a village near Paderborn, in Westphalia. He had the gift of the “second sight,” *i.e.* he saw visions, and had a great reputation in that country as a true seer. His predictions were first collected by Dr. Kutscheit, from whose work the following are extracts :

1. “When the convent of Abdinghof is occupied by soldiers, armed with long poles to which little flags are

attached, and when these troops leave the convent, then is the time near."

In 1849 Prussian lancers occupied the convent, which was converted into a barrack. This was not the case when the prediction was made.

2. "From Neuhaus houses may be seen on the Bock, and a village is founded between Paderborn and Elsen. Then is the time near."

The Bock is a wooded eminence near Paderborn, where an inn was built. To obtain a fine view from the inn, the wood was lately cut through, and thus the buildings have become visible from Neuhaus. The village, or "dorf," is a newly founded country-house, or rather farm-house, with its appurtenances.

3. "When people see in the Roman field houses with large windows; when a broad road is made through that field, which shall not be finished till the good times come, then shall come heavy times."

In the Roman field on the high road to Erwitte the Thuringian railway was begun in 1847, and a terminus, the buildings of which have very large windows, has been erected on the spot. The works have been from the necessity of the times suspended for the present.

(From *Blackwood's Magazine*, May 1850.)

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