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THE DARKER SIDE OF SCIENCE.

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GOETHE, or some other, has somewhere said that whilst the man, with all his ripened powers, is but the fuller development of the child; there is a period between these two of change and uncertainty, when the true character is veiled for a season; when the calm of childhood is already lost, and the stronger calm of a ripe manhood not yet attained. Such a transition-stage is science at this time passing through. The science of the not far-distant future will call back much, both in its method and in its teachings, that the science of to-day has willingly suffered to pass into oblivion.

Science is the idol of the nineteenth century, and it is well that we should look with discerning eyes on the faults, no less than on the merits of our idol. Very much has she already done for us, but we ask that she should do yet more. I do not speak of the material benefits she has conferred upon us; they are but as dust in the balance. Our men of science bestow on us far greater gifts than these. They show us that all things are possible to the strong will and the untiring hand. They teach us no longer to think things as we would wish them to be, but to see them as they are. More than all, they have set us a conspicuous example of honesty and fearlessness. And the lesson is needed. All around us—politics, society, religion, are tainted by the spirit of compromise. But science is, above all things, honest. Her disciples believe, as no other men can believe, that "whatever is, is right." Professor Clifford infers from what he now sees, that a time shall come when life and consciousness shall perish from off the earth, and all its beautiful men and women shall be swallowed up of nothingness. But he boldly looks his belief in the face and acts upon it, calling upon us, since we may not look forward to the future, to lay to our

hands and help, seeing that "this day we are alive together." And in his closing words to the British Association, assembled last year at Belfast, Professor Tyndall displayed a faith more real than that of the theologians who opposed him. He attempted no refutation of their arguments; he made no answer to their attacks; but only, "Let be; if I have spoken aught that is false, a few more years and it shall pass away and be forgotten; but if true, you have no power to weaken or destroy it."

These things they have done, but this other they have left undone. They are strong to destroy what is false, but too often powerless to build anything in the stead of that which they have destroyed. They are wise: but it is not with the wisdom of Socrates. They are daring: but it is not seldom the daring of the fool, in things which ask an angel's reverence.

It has been said by one well qualified to judge, that enthusiasm is fatal to the truest interests of science. And though Professor Tyndall recently tried to explain away this dictum, it is certain that he, and those of whom he is the type, are found wanting in just that quality of enthusiasm for the interests, not of knowledge, but of humanity. They are as zealous in establishing a theory, as our theologians in defending a creed; and as blind as they to the true end of both religion and science. It is not that they are in doubt of the truth that they know; still less that they are in doubt of its beneficial results if universally recognised; but that they feel less sympathy with the personal than the abstract; that they more desire, undisturbed by all other cares, to round into perfection a theory of the universe, than by wearily teaching those who will not hear, to make their ideal a reality. No doubt the scientific world and Professor Huxley himself rate the philosophy, of which he is so able an exponent, as something far higher than his efforts in the cause of educational reform; but on this last rests his real claim to have done a good work here, and not in his triumphant demonstration of the origin of life in protoplasm, or in his defence of the theory of animal automatism. The *Spectator* of Saturday, the 8th, speaking of Sir John Lubbock—in this, at least, a representative man of science—says, "A little deficient in that desire to convince others, which belongs to the ethical temperament, . . . he contemplates with at least as much curiosity as anxiety the political dispositions of his colleagues and opponents, feeling, no doubt, when he sees evidence of an unreasonable prepossession, very much as he does when he picks up a flint-flake that carries him back to earlier times—namely, that he has chanced upon a vestige of an earlier world, which, if not promising for the future, is at least an interesting clue to the past."

Science proffers her wares like the ancient Sibyl: she is not

over-anxious that you should accept them: she uses no huckster's art, no cunning words, to adorn the solid worth of what she sells. She only warns you that it is well that you should listen, for that if you reject her now, you shall purchase a lesser boon at a heavier cost hereafter. But the grand disdain of the Roman Sibyl seems to us paltry compared with that spirit which can cry, "Strike, but hear me." And if our men of science neglect to force the truth on unbelieving ears, their duty is but half-fulfilled.

Again, it is quite possible that a man of science should be as pitiable a specimen of humanity as an English commentator on Juvenal, or the German editor of a Greek tragedian. Science has its pedants as well as literature, and a life spent in counting the joints in the toe of a beetle is likely to be no more profitable than that which is devoted to the critical study of the particle γέ. Not one or two naturalists, reputed great, rest their principal claim to that distinction on having bestowed three Latin names on what their predecessors had but burdened with one. There are plenty of people who would be as undisturbed as Horace's philosopher by the downfall of the world, if they could find a new species of cockroach amongst the ruins: who will echo the wish of the enthusiastic student, that Westminster Abbey should be turned into a Museum of Natural History, and St. Paul's Cathedral into a dissecting-room: who will spend their lives amid things beautiful and marvellous and never learn to wonder or admire. This is not the fault of all men of science, but it is the fault of some, and is not seldom accompanied by a petty jealousy and illiberality that we fail to discern in their more generous brethren.

But in sacrificing the greater, they have failed to obtain the less. By excluding the emotions from all share in determining our convictions they have attempted to reduce the human mind to "the clear, cold, logical machine," which one of their leaders has set up as his ideal. They have "spurned" the swift fore-runner of Reason, half-perceiving Hope, and they find that without hope, reason itself is blind. They have shown that there is a prejudice which has its birth in the intellect, no less fatal than that which springs from the feelings. The dogmatism of those who condemned Galileo is the chosen weapon of Galileo's descendants. For proofs of this we need go no further back than the present century. English geologists generally, until quite recently, have treated with contempt what they now recognise as absolute proofs of the immense antiquity of man. The now universally accepted undulatory theory of light was stigmatised on its first enunciation as baseless, ridiculous, and even demonstrably impossible. Orthodox physicians will now

recognise mesmeric phenomena which their fathers treated as the work of delusion or imposture. When Mr. Adams, in 1845, calculated the exact position of an unknown planet, Mr. Airy absolutely refused to look at his statements, and thus, when the next year Le Verrier made the same calculations and verified them, England lost the honour of having discovered the new planet, because the English Astronomer-Royal had declared the feat to be impossible. Again, when, in 1846, Sir John Forbes read a paper on Homœopathy, in which he condemned in the warmest terms the "heroic" system of treatment then prevalent, the outcry raised against him was so great that he was forced, two years afterwards, to resign his editorship of the *British and Foreign Medical Review*, a post which he had filled for a quarter of a century. But a practitioner who should now revert to the old blisterings and bleedings would meet with as universal, if not as vehement, disapprobation as thirty years ago befell the advocate of the modern system.

And now once more Science shows herself to be but a blind leader of the blind. When asked to prove the alleged wonders of Spiritualism, this leader of Science attends one séance—by his own confession an unsuccessful one—and thenceforward refuses to investigate any further, and this other declares that the phenomena, if genuine, possess no interest for him. And yet, if they would but see it, Spiritualism has come, not to overthrow, but to confirm, to reconcile, and to expand. They can only see in spirit a property inseparable from matter; this shows them that matter is always associated with spirit. They tell us that we are as the brutes, and shall live, or, more probably, die with them; this proves that the brutes shall certainly live with us. They cannot believe in an impossible heaven and hell; this demonstrates that we are after death what we were in life. Science denies the miracles of times past, for she will tolerate no power that offers not homage to the conservation of energy. Spiritualism shows that those miracles no more do dishonour to her Fetish than do the actions of the human automaton, and that things seen and things unseen alike bow down before the reign of law. Science tells us that water can be forced through gold, the densest of the metals: that the solid corpuscles of the blood "move through the walls of the blood passages, and wander about freely in what we call solid tissues:" * nay, that matter itself, however impenetrable and motionless to the sight, is but a collection of constantly-moving atoms, with wide intervals between, held together by forces of whose nature and operation we know only more than nothing. And yet, that one of these

* *Nature* for Aug., 1875, p. 327.

bundles of shifting points should pass through another, they assert, against the evidence of the senses and the testimony of men well skilled to judge, to be absolutely impossible. Sir W. R. Grove, one of the most devout worshippers of this doctrine of the "Conservation of Energy," says:—"The conviction that the transient gleam of light leaves its permanent impress on the world's history, also leads the mind to ponder over the many possible agencies of which we at the present day may be as ignorant as were the ancients of the chemical action of light." And a little further on—"Myriads of organised beings may exist, imperceptible to our vision, even if we were among them."* And Professor Cook goes further than this, and says:—"When we reflect that there are waves of light and sound of which our dull senses take no cognisance; that there is a great difference even in human perceptivity, and that some men, more gifted than their fellows, can see colours and hear sounds which are invisible or inaudible to the great bulk of mankind; you will appreciate how possible it is that there may be a world of spiritual existence round us, inhabiting the globe, enjoying the same nature—in fact, the wonders of the New Jerusalem may be in our midst, and the songs of the angelic hosts filling the air with their celestial harmonies, although unseen by us."† And yet, when their conjecture is proved a reality, when they are called on to recognise those unknown agencies, and to believe in those unseen, yet ever-present beings, they turn away their eyes and close their ears, and cry that it is a delusion and a fraud.

But to turn to other considerations. Science holds up to our view a world that is one huge machine. A machine, moreover, which, admirable though it be, is yet far from perfect. There are in it many misadaptations, many palpable blunders, much reckless and cruel waste. Perfection is never fully attained, and ideals half realised meet us on every side. Nature is without anger, but she is without pity. "Ignorance is visited as harshly as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Her discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first: but the blow without the word. It is left for you to find out why your ears are boxed."‡ Throughout her realm is one fierce struggle for life, and in that struggle might is right. Her prizes fall to the swift, and her rule is the rule of the strong.

It is no marvel, then, if those who are continually contemplating such a picture should manifest in their own natures somewhat of the spirit of that which they make their study. We might

* Correlation of Physical Forces, pp. 152, 161.
† "Religion and Chemistry," p. 147.
‡ Huxley, "A Liberal Education, and Where to Find it."

expect to find that in such men the softer part of our nature would never reach its full development. And we do find it so. They have learnt to look on a passionless, mechanical life as a life altogether righteous and desirable. And they have taught other men to look on it as such. Mr. Ruskin is anxiously waiting for the time when the country shall come to its senses, and tear down the railroads and machinery, and finds a curious speculation in conjecturing what they will do with the pieces. He has indeed discerned the evil, but hardly yet the remedy. It is good that there should be machines to do the work of men: it is not good that men should try to do the work of machines, and nothing more. And this is what they would have us do. Professor Huxley would make the intellect "a clear, cold logic-engine," not seeing that the feelings are inseparable from the understanding. It is in vain to warn those "who have escaped from these religions into the high-and-dry light of the understanding," to beware how they deride them, if by his words and actions Professor Tyndall does not make manifest in himself that reverence which he would fain inculcate in others. And that their works, no less than their words, display their want of humanity, bear witness the recent horrors of vivisection. Not that it is lawful to kill animals to gratify a perverted appetite or pamper a mischievous vanity, and unlawful to kill them for the furtherance of knowledge and the common good of mankind. But these are the motives of the few. "With the many," says an eye-witness,* "the idea of the good of humanity is simply out of the question, and would be laughed at, the great aim being to keep up with, or get ahead of, one's contemporaries in science, even at the price of an incalculable amount of torture needlessly and iniquitously inflicted on the poor animals." What that torture is may be gathered from the fact that the mangled animals are frequently left to endure a further operation on some other day; that the experiment sometimes requires —as in the case of artificially-induced disease—that the subject of it should linger on in pain for weeks; and that the very object of some operations is to demonstrate *hyper-æsthesia*, or a sensibility to pain so acute "that the least pressure on the skin makes the animal shriek."† So needlessly and shamefully extravagant are these men that one physiologist states that "he has already made this (last) experiment on animals belonging to more than twenty species;"‡ that dogs, rabbits, and guinea-pigs are used

* See Mr. George Hoggan's letter to the *Morning Post*, reprinted in the *Spectator* of February 6th.

† Quoted in a pamphlet entitled, "Reasons for Public Interference with the practice of Vivisection," p. 6.

‡ Ibid.

wholesale for such purposes; and that beginners are allowed to mangle and torture at will, not for the purposes of original investigation, but for the acquirement of greater firmness and dexterity. And the evil has gone farther than this. To those who know that man is but separated by a few generations from the brute, the first is as lawful an offering as the last on the altar of Science Omnipotent. And that they have not shrunk from the logical conclusion the Secretary of the British Association committee which sat in 1870-71 on this subject—himself one of our own* professors—bears witness. In many foreign hospitals, this gentleman tells us, the patient who comes in with an interesting disease is never suffered to go out again alive, if his death can be in any way made to serve the interests of humanity.

But all these, indifference, narrowness, dogmatism, inhumanity, may be summed up in one: our teachers of science are not reverent. For as those who write commentaries on ancient authors are not always those who most appreciate their excellence, just so these, though ever studying the wondrous world, have forgotten how to admire. Their eyes are so dazzled by searching for microscopic defects that they have no longer power to discern the perfection of the whole. Or if they contemplate the whole at all, it is as some huge assemblage of wheels within wheels, which shut out all else but law, and force, and inevitable fate: and looking on this stony Gorgon they are themselves changed to stone. They believe in nothing that they cannot see, and tell us that faith is the one unpardonable sin, scepticism the whole duty of man. In their calculations they will tolerate no unknown quantities. They have dared to fix bounds to the illimitable, and to make their intelligence the measure of the universe. And esteeming themselves wise, they are seen to be very fools.

And yet it was not always so. There was a time when the the followers of science were willing to believe that they were not only teachers, but learners. Professor de Morgan† thus describes this golden age: "When the Royal Society was first founded, the fellows set themselves to work to prove all things, that they might hold fast that which was good. They bent themselves to the question, whether sprats were young herrings. They made a circle of the powder of a unicorn's horn, and set a spider in the middle of it; 'but it immediately ran out:' they tried several times, and the spider 'once made some stay in the powder.' They inquired into Kenelm Digby's sympathetic powder—Magnetical cures being discoursed of, Sir Gilbert Talbot

* This Essay was originally read before a Society in Oxford.

† "From Matter to Spirit," p. xx.

promised to communicate what he knew of sympathetic cures; and those members who had any of the powder of sympathy were desired to bring some of it at the next meeting. June 21, 1661, certain gentlemen were appointed curators of the proposal of tormenting a man with the sympathetic powder.'" Apparently, from this last extract, their science was not always more humane than that of the present, but, at least, it was more humble. There was a time when science burned to utter the truths she knew, and thought it no shame to confess her wonder and adoration. Then Kepler could cry out, in giving the result of his labours, drunk with enthusiasm, "I have stolen the golden keys of the Egyptians, I will indulge my sacred fury;" and dare the world to rob him of his fame, seeing that he could well wait a generation or two for a reader, when God had waited six thousand years for one to learn. Then Newton at the close of his life could rate himself as a little child, picking up shells on the shore of the ocean immeasurable, and prostrate himself before the Unknown, the hem of whose garment he had hardly touched.

And when the sins and follies of her wayward youth are past, and the mist that is on them has been lifted from her eyes, Science shall receive once more the spirit of a little child. And even now there are the tokens of a great regeneration. Buckland and Agassiz, Miller and Kingsley, shall not be without successors in the coming time. They have shown us that reverence may go hand in hand with knowledge, and science make humanity more human. But they were too impetuous to be accurate, too enthusiastic to be wholly void of prejudice.

But there are amongst us one or two who unite their warm glow with a power to deal with realities, and a "wide and luminous view" which it is given to none others to attain. Mr. Darwin, with an infinity of detail that would have crushed any but himself, has only shown himself the truer philosopher and the nobler man for this. And Mr. Herbert Spencer, great as a philosopher and a scientist, is yet greater in this, that he, alone of all men, has taught us to do well, regardless of the consequences, for that justice is the truest expediency, and that, to secure the last, we must regulate our conduct by the first. Of the man who can teach this, and teach it not by authority, but by invincible proof, we may say that he is at once the most religious and the wisest of his generation. With him and his descendants rest the hopes of the future: they shall be our philosopher-priests, who shall show us how to join, with knowledge reverence, and charity with power.

"CUI BONO."

Such is the title of an interesting article published in the *Medium* of 11th September, 1874. It is a hymn of thanksgiving of a poor invalid miraculously cured of a cancer through mediumistic prescriptions. It is also a most effectual answer to the irony of the crowd of sceptics always more ready to laugh than to investigate. Of what use they cry! They say the world goes on very well without troubling oneself about a future life; science is incessantly occupying itself with the well-being of mankind, and statistics complacently publish the result of the progress accomplished—what necessity is there for us to trouble ourselves about insoluble problems? Spiritualism is based upon hypothesis, and its followers may be divided into two classes, knaves and fools—the first live on the second; and the Maskelynes and Cookes of London are far superior to the Davenports. The spiritualists are then called upon to show, by citing cases appertaining to the philosophy of psychism, that the application of its laws exercise a hitherto unknown beneficent influence upon the material world, and this in so manifest a way, that negation is impossible to honest and unprejudiced men. But in order to carry conviction, the publication of facts must proceed from those who are not afraid to openly declare themselves. The refusal to authenticate by name is to be deprecated, as hindering verification, and we have seen that the readers of the *Medium* have remonstrated against the anonymous form under which the author of the article, *Cui Bono*, has concealed her personality.

These considerations have induced me to publish the following narration. My name is not unknown to spiritualists: this fact alone tempts me to relate to them an occurrence of a personal nature. I wish to show that if it is useful to seek the solution of important questions concerning God and the soul, there is a tangible and immediate benefit to be derived from the unexpected assistance which the invisible world renders to the visible one, which desires, so to speak, to compel us to believe in it, from the great proof of love that it manifests.

I had started about three years ago, in company with my wife and Caterina, for the neighbourhood of Trieste. Almost as soon as I was seated in the railway carriage, I was seized with a violent pain in the chest, which lasted for about ten minutes, then ceasing only to recommence soon after. The pain soon became so great, that upon stopping a few hours after, I had recourse to chloral, a remedy I had always avoided on account of the excessive sensitiveness of my nerves. Although I had reduced to about a twentieth the dose that was ordered me, the

effect was none the less deplorable, I was thoroughly prostrated. I lost my sight and hearing, and could hardly breathe—the fever and debility were such, that I could not swallow a table-spoonful of broth, without being covered with a profuse perspiration which suddenly broke out all over me. I had not even the strength to sit up, and I was seized with a terrible pain in the chest, stomach, and loins. The grief of my companions may be imagined. In one day I became like a corpse, and alone in a tavern they expected to see me die. Happily "Giafferro" was watching over me. I will not speak of his medical treatment, for it is not a medical case that I am relating, but an intervention of a spirit; for I am desirous to prove the advantage that might be derived from developing curative mediumship in families. This kind of mediumship is not so rare as is supposed, and it certainly would be much less so, were young girls, susceptible to ordinary magnetism, properly developed.

Three or four times a day Caterina called "Giafferro," who examined me carefully and gave me his prescription. The second day he spoke seriously: "This evening," he said, "at eleven o'clock, when Leon is in bed, keeping only a feeble light in the room, continue praying until one o'clock in the morning—do this for three consecutive evenings. You, Leon, remain passive; do not pray, and do not resist in any way what is taking place in you—the spirits will come to your assistance."

Nothing could have been more solemn than these three evenings—on the one hand a poor sufferer almost dying, and on the other two women in silent concentration, bathing, as it were, with their tears, the ardent prayers addressed to heaven. But nothing could be more extraordinary than the effect produced. The pains I endured were intolerable, and appeared to defy all relief; but, scarcely had they begun their prayer, when a calm came over me, the pains one by one became less, strength seemed to be passing into my muscles, life flowed in on me on all sides, and these two hours passed away while I was in a mysterious and indescribable state of happiness and resuscitation. "The spirits," said "Giafferro" to me, "as they knelt at your bed, made you a crown—to-morrow have faith and glorify God." At the end of a week, M. Pinaté, the great medical light of the north of Italy, considered me irretrievably lost. One month later the astonished doctor could not believe his eyes—he had seen a dying man, and he found a man full of life.

I have already related elsewhere* how "Giaffero" had saved me from a malady that was leading me to the grave. This second case is then but the continuation of his good work. But

* History of a Spiritualist.—*Human Nature*, Sept., 1871.

"Giafferro" is not the only healer. Legions of beneficent spirits come to the assistance of this halting science, which is only able, alas! to affirm its doubts and prove its insufficiency. When Spiritualism shall have penetrated the mass of humanity, and shall no longer be tabooed by ignorance and dishonesty, every family will cultivate and develop it. Mediums will arise on all sides, and professional science, in its turn convinced by the grandeur of the manifestations, will become the auxiliary of this force of which it has been so long its enemy. While waiting the arrival of these days—certain, though distant—the indications of the new phase are multiplying themselves. In England a number of healing mediums are appearing—with me there is the well-known name of "Giafferro"; in Styria, we have the respected name of a gentlewoman, the Baroness Adelma von Vay, who bestows without grudging, her fortune and vitality to relieve sufferers. Being a clear seer in a glass of water, and the esteemed author of a remarkable spiritualistic book, Madame von Vay has devoted to the service of the cause which she holds dear, herself, and the prestige of her rank and position. Every suffering being finds access to her, and had sceptics only the opportunity of knowing her, they would not ask *Cui Bono*.

But independent of the material fact of the mitigation of suffering—showing one of the beneficial features of Spiritualism—a question arises which certainly is interesting for investigators. What means do the spirits use to bring relief and even a cure? The way is full of difficulties for one whose faith is not assured. Finding ourselves utterly unable to arrive at a complete conviction through our senses, we are compelled to accept the explanation that the spirits choose to give us. Obliged to abandon the firm ground of personal observation, and to have recourse to hypothesis, we must be prepared to admit it when we find it based upon logical principles and common sense. Now the spirits tell us that there are three ways of establishing the health of a patient:—

1st. The direct employment of spiritual magnetism. A large number of suffering persons have experienced the benefit of it, and I can corroborate their assertion by my own experience. Seldom do the spirits remain deaf to my call, and I distinctly feel the presence of the fluid, the beneficial effect of which, long use has taught me to recognise. According to the spirits, this treatment, which is beyond our control, could be made of infinite service to us. The spirits have not always at their command the medium—the necessary instrument for their purpose. It is necessary to have a harmonious blending of fluids that is not always obtainable; but nearly always they can exercise a direct action upon the invalid, and then it is without his knowledge

that they bring him relief. I had read in an English journal that the spirits had operated upon an internal tumour which threatened the patient's life—this surgical case had, from its importance, seemed impossible. I questioned "Giafferro," the powerful healer, about it; here is his answer:—"You must know that the venous system, which is, so to speak, the soul of material life, contains within itself all the chemical principles with which the earth is saturated, every man being the centre of a world. Among these chemical principles, those commonly called blood acidity produce irregularity of circulation from the time they cease to be in equilibrium. This irregularity is caused again by the acrid principle, out of equilibrium, attracting to itself a great number of foreign molecules. If there is an organ out of order, it is upon it they depose the acidity, and the continual circulation brings about the gradual increase of this deposit: this happens more quickly or more slowly according to the disturbance of the equilibrium. This deposit produces a swelling, which becomes a tumour. Our fluid allowing us to see into the body, when we are very clairvoyant, and can understand the nature of the molecules, and the acidity of which the tumour is formed, we concentrate upon the diseased part the chemical ingredients which we draw from our own fluid, and we chemically resolve that which has been chemically formed. This power is not given to all spirits. No one can have it who has not a profound knowledge of the acidity of which the tumour is composed, in order to be able to direct upon it the action necessary to decompose the molecules. It is this power which enables spiritual magnetism to supply a sick person with a vigour far superior to that which can be obtained from human magnetism, from the fact that we eliminate from the blood all the diseased elements. It is the disturbance in the blood that causes almost all the suffering that afflicts humanity."

2nd. *The intervention of mediums.* This is the most general manner of curing. Young girls, women of quality, children, who have not the slightest medical knowledge, diagnose most admirably, giving the most complicated prescriptions, with the correct dose to be taken. This action differs so little from that of lucid clairvoyants, both as to the mode of examination and the manner of prescribing, that one is led to ask oneself whether mediums and clairvoyants do not belong to the same category of seers.

This is an important question.

It has, indeed, hitherto nearly been generally admitted that somnambulic lucidity was an exclusive property of the soul. The fluidic action of the magnetiser has the effect of neutralising or suspending the external influences which matter communi-

cates through the senses. Thus, concentrated in a temporary passivity, the soul manifests the latent faculties which form a portion of its attributes. And so the soul, finding no obstacle in its material envelope, it goes forth in its liberty, and experiences a capability and power to an extent but little understood by the non-lucid. One can dimly perceive, in this temporary freedom, the grandeur of the aptitudes to be developed, when less gross organs are used. The life of the soul, after its final deliverance, is faintly perceived, when immortality crowns it with its halo.

What essential difference is there between mediumistic and clairvoyant manifestations? The result, useful and certain in both cases, being the same, who can say that the cause is different? The medium is entranced, that is to say, pervaded by an influence which does not belong to his ordinary state. Is it not a force, as yet unknown, emanating from the soul of the medium, which acts upon his faculties? The clairvoyant can magnetise himself, as the medium goes into a trance, by prayer, or an act of will-power—who has been able, hitherto, to indicate the point where the power stops which has its source in ourselves? And if the medium is only a variety of somnambulist, acting under conditions little different, what becomes of the theory of the *insufflation* of spirits?

But on the other hand, how are we to know if the phenomena produced by somnambulists are not connected, in some way as yet unknown, with the intervention of the disincarnated, who seize with ardour every occasion of coming to the aid of their brothers, and of working in helping them for their own advancement? How otherwise explain the faculty of somnambulists, who speak and write languages of which they are ignorant? Can not one find proof of this in the loss of memory of all that took place during the sleep? If the spirit or soul of a somnambulist create the phenomena produced, would not an impression of them be made on the brain, which most certainly would cause them to be remembered? And is not this want of memory a proof that the somnambulist, like the medium, is in the hands of spirits—a passive instrument which they make use of to accomplish their mission?

It will be said, no doubt, that the somnambulist resigns his liberty to the magnetiser, who uses it as he chooses. This mysterious faculty is the slave of the master's will who calls it forth—excites, develops, and annihilates it at his pleasure. Spirits then, have nothing to do with a manifestation, the key of which the magnetiser holds, and we can only see in the effects produced, the natural aptitudes of the soul freed from matter.

All this is true, but it equally applies to mediumistic clair-

voyance. The lucidity of those entranced does not depend upon themselves; they are subject, like the somnambulists, to the will of their guides. They evoke a spirit, and another presents himself: they ask for something, and something quite different is spoken of: they ardently desire, and with faith and fervour pray that they may have certain phenomena, in order to enlighten and convince their friends, and nothing appears; or, at least, something quite different to what was demanded. Are the conditions not absolutely the same? So the gist of the question is not there. The magnetiser fulfils towards the somnambulist a *rôle* which is limited to the neutralisation of certain material forces which oppose his clear seeing. In substituting his thoughts in the place of that of the somnambulist, he does not place his soul there, but he imprints an image upon that organ exactly as an external impression would. The remarkable phenomenon is that the soul of the magnetiser acts in an objective manner upon the somnambulist, whose brain, thus influenced, manifests what it has felt—that is to say, it is a recipient. But the soul of the somnambulist has not yet begun to play its part. The unspoken command of the magnetiser suffices to put in motion the fluidic current which is directed upon the subject. The organ subjugated by the flowing in of the fluid obeys. It is then the soul begins its *rôle*. Bound to obedience, it throws itself into space, and whether there be question of illness or of other matters, it makes use of its latent faculties, of which it alone holds the secret. But who can say whether the revelations that it makes are due to its own power, and not rather to the assistance of spirits affording invisible aid? Many somnambulists see spirits, whom they describe and converse with: it is assuredly not the fluid of the magnetiser which discovers them, for very often the magnetiser is incredulous, and laughs at what is said. The soul of the somnambulist, disengaged by the magnetic passes, finds itself in the same condition as that of the medium, who also sees spirits and converses with them. But the inspiration is not direct in the case of the somnambulist, which is the reason it is not perceived, while that of the medium is direct, which makes it perceptible to the eyes of all. Nothing prevents us, it seems to me, from believing that it is possible for somnambulists and mediums to draw their lucidity from the same spiritual source. The question of somnambulism is thus simplified, certain hitherto incomprehensible phenomena receive their explanation, and we are able to determine how far the double action of the incarnated and the disincarnated goes, and also perceive how infinitely superior the latter is to the former, since it can act upon the soul, while the former can only influence the bodily organs.

I do not pretend to resolve thus briefly a question so complex; I am content to propose it, leaving to those wiser and better informed the task of elucidating it.

3rd. We have now come to the mode the most difficult to prove, having nothing to guide us but the assertion of the spirits. This mode, in my opinion, may be classed among the hypotheses subject to the judgment of our reason. They should be kept in reserve and carefully noted, for the day may come when they will be suddenly explained by some unexpected phenomenon which will establish the truth. Until then our faith has no other basis than the confidence we give to the spirit who makes us the communication.

Now we must not forget that all spirits accomplish a mission which has a double object, viz., the benefit of those for whom they work, and their own moral advancement. This mission, then, is incessant, and its action continual, whether we have cognisance of it or not. In order to relieve sickness, healing spirits, in the first place, make use of mediums, and perhaps somnambulists: in the second place, by direct influence, as we have just seen; but in both modes, harmony of fluid is necessary. The material conductor can not be eliminated—What is to be done then? The spirits declare they exercise their action upon the brain of those who surround the invalid, but especially upon the doctor who is attending. They endeavour to make him see clearly what is the matter, and to inspire him to give remedies the best adapted to effect a cure. They evidently there also must find themselves hindered by difficulties inherent to the organism, but the observation of the effect is none the less valuable, as showing once more the numberless ways in which the disincarnated are mingled with our life.

A circumstance has enabled me to acquire almost a demonstration of the reality of this mode of action. Madame Elena Cristofero Thoves, of Scordia in Sicily, had read, in *Human Nature*, the account of my cure by "Giafferro." Her daughter being ill, she thought of evoking this spirit, and she had not to wait long for an answer. She received from a spirit, calling himself "Giafferro," an exact description of the malady, and some valuable advice, which brought about great relief.

Being informed of this, I interrogated "Giafferro." He explained to me that not being able to communicate directly with Madame Thoves, he had succeeded in getting another spirit, whose medium this lady was, to dictate the prescriptions and sign them with his (Giafferro's) name.

We see that the fluidic conditions are always limited, but Madame Thoves was a medium, and it was by means of the spirit whose fluids harmonised with those of Madame Thoves

that "Giafferro" was able to accomplish his mission. He has to effect a cure, and so sometimes he makes use of his own mediums, sometimes he works with other spirits, and sometimes he acts directly, and without their being aware of it, upon the patient and the doctor.

I only glance, in passing, at the great question of the manner in which the spirits use this faculty: how far, for instance, our own will can be influenced by this continual intervention working upon us without our knowledge. I leave to others the elucidation of a problem so deep that it touches the question of the responsibility of our actions.

At all events, whether we admit or deny the hypotheses proposed to account for proved facts, it seems that there is no doubt that spirits work with ardour and success for the relief of human infirmities; which hold so prominent a place in life, that such an auxiliary should be blessed. *What Use?* receives then a satisfactory answer, and Spiritualism must appear, to the least convinced, as a heavenly gift whose value cannot be sufficiently appreciated. And yet, this phase of its importance is certainly the smallest, and, if this article had not grown so large, I could easily prove that the soul receives, even more than the material envelope, its share of the benefits which the bounty of the heavenly Father scatters over humanity by the popularisation of the new science. It is love that is in germ in these forerunners: it is love that those who call themselves spiritualists preach, and those who are really so in spirit and truth should practise: it is love which will raise the coming epoch in its gradual ascension towards God.

F. CLAVAIROZ.

BYRON'S SPIRIT REVISITING HARROW: A POEM.

By GEORGE BARLOW, *Author of "Under the Dawn," etc.*

SCHOOLBOY.

"Last evening, in the churchyard green,
I heard a sudden voice serene
And clear; and turning, saw a face
Of wondrous and unearthly grace.
Close by the Tomb* a figure stood;
He seemed in some impassioned mood—
And from his lips the swift words fell
That I am now about to tell;
For every word upon my brain
Lighted,—like drops of burning rain.

* The tomb in Harrow Churchyard called Byron's Tomb, on which he is said to have been in the habit of sitting and meditating. There is a grandly extended view of the neighbouring country from that part of the churchyard in which the tomb is situated.

"When thou hast listened, reader—say,
Who was it in the twilight grey
That spake in this fantastic way?"

SPIRIT.

"Again I stand where oftentimes of old
I watched the sunset's face of burning gold,
And where within the leafy or budding trees
I marked strange hints of Nature's mysteries,
Dreaming away the hours while others played
Or idled—now my spirit has been conveyed,
But how I know not, to the very hill
Where once with early joy 'twas wont to thrill.
"How changed am I for all the years between;
Sadder I am—but calmer, more serene;
Inured to all the fluctuating scope
Of mortal things; less versatile in hope;
Yet largely joyous, too—not all dismayed
By sorrow, nor by lengthening years downweighed.
Ah! since I fell, and gladly fell, in Greece,
What changes have been wrought! what years of peace
And years of war have acted on the earth,
And brought new joys and new desires to birth!
But all the natural passions as of old
Redound and flourish: love with wings of gold
Still flutters through the pleasant summer air;
And still is woman's beauty the one thing fair.
Still, still, with triumph in the early morn
Of life is passion jubilantly born;
Still, still, with trouble as the years decay
Doth passion's forehead show thin streaks of grey;
Still, still, doth death with eager foot pursue
The dreams and golden hopes men have in view;
Still, still, are maiden's tender souls decoyed
Into a loveless waste, a flowerless void;
Still, still, sweet passion is a memory pure;
Still, still, the subtle laughing gods allure
Fresh mortals on the old well-trodden track
Whence none returns, no wayfarer comes back.
"Through many changes hath my soul been swept:
For years I've travailed and for years I've slept;
For years I've toiled to wash my stains away;
For years I've laboured to amend the clay
Whereof my strange and wayward being was made;
Through suns I've passed, I've lingered in the shade;
I've seen the occult haunts of distant stars,
And ridden in heaven's most glowing, swiftest cars;
The secrets of sweet flowers have been my own,
And many a maiden's murmuring gentle tone,

And many a new development of sense
Divinely fashioned, lavishly intense,—
And now on the old Harrow hill I stand
And mark before my eyes green fields expand,
And all the brightness of an earthly day,
Bright as of old the glad hours were in May.
There is the church, and there the moss-grown tomb
Yet further covered with bright emerald bloom,
And from the gleeful playing grounds below
I hear the schoolboy voices that I know
So well—which seem to sweep me æons back
Along my lonely and pain-stricken track.

"Ah, one reward have I for all my care
On earth—one guerdon ample and most fair;
One garland have I through my sorrow won;
One perfect, pleasant wreath surpassed by none.
The eternal bays of poesy are mine,
Around my forehead I with laughter twine
The ever-living, ever-verdant leaves—
This, this my soul with ecstasy achieves.
Love's roses were not plenteous on my brow
On earth—love's roses I in plenty now
Can gather in the eternal meadows fair,
And wreathe them softly in celestial hair;
But that one earthly gift, divine, supreme,
Was mine—and mine more than I dared to dream.

"Oh songs and lyric snatches that I wrote,
Have ye then found sweet wings whereon to float
Through the soft airs of summer and the fierce
And wintry gales of earth? Do my words pierce
The very cores of eager listening hearts?
Yea, are they pointed as well-fashioned darts?
And do the people listen to my song,
And doth it with its own life clear and strong
Surmount, surpass, and render void and pale
The church's prayer and many a weak priest's wail?

"'Tis not with me as once of old it was,
When my slow, living footstep trode the grass
In England and in Italy—when I
Lived luridly, and, living, longed to die:
Now am I mingled with the fair swift breeze,
And one with thunders of the billowy seas,
And one with glorious music as it seeks
The skies, and flushes all the hearers' cheeks,
And one with all the passions that I dreamed
About—one with the joys that round me gleamed
In sad far glimpses; now they are to me
The very essence of my purity.

Now can I speak the whole truth without fear,
There is not any wanton mortal near,
There is not any to misunderstand—
I am a lonely spirit in this land.
Now can I see, and, seeing, freely say
What 'twas that hindered my sad earthly way,—
'Twas genius, genius, genius—climbing on
Towards heights moon-stricken, sunless yet and wan
With pallid glances of the early dawn:
Towards these lone heights my daring foot was drawn.
I walked at Harrow like a dreamer; then
I was as some strange spirit-denizen
Of earth, and I in after life became
A fire that breathed, a bright embodied flame;
And, being disembodied now, I know
What 'twas that purged and scourged and vexed me so;
For, being in the flesh, my soul was free
At seasons, and it left the body of me,
And wandered like a meteor through the night,
Clothed in its own interminable light.

"I see the truth of all my early dreams;
Now, now the light eternal through me beams;—
I know what the fierce speechless rapture meant
That through each fibre of my spirit went
When, rapt in cloud of pale ecstatic awe,
I wrote, rejoicing that, without a flaw
Of diction, in sweet, perfect melody,
I could narrate what I was wont to see,
Hurling my wild, strong utterance on the page
As if with some superb inventive rage.
I know what I was struggling to discern
When, in Childe Harold, at each stanza in turn
I tried to reach a loftier summit yet,
Where the glad vocal morning might be met.
The nations have progressed; the dawn is nigh
Now; for that dawn I gladly sought to die,
Knowing that every death for freedom's sake
Must every solid throne of tyrant shake;
And now, as I in spirit look upon
The earth, I see that tyranny is gone!

"Yet, yet remains some joyous work to do
Before the earth is green, the skies are blue,
And looking heavenward man may quite rejoice,
Lifting towards heaven an unimpeded voice.
But I can bid the spirits of struggling bards,
Whose glory and whose praise dull time retards,
Take warning and take happy hope from me;
As I am now, their perfect spirits shall be.

They shall return to homes, revisit fields,
And find new lustres blazoned on their shields
By those who hastened after they were dead
To give them that high meed for which they bled.
The eternal crown for each true poet waits
Till that true poet's foot within the gates
Of death with quiet confidence doth sound—
Then lo! on earth his laurel wreaths abound,
And those who cursed and mocked—why, where are they?
Their very names have wholly passed away.
But ah! the eternal crown—the years proceed,
But that divine and ever-lustrous meed
Still brightens, brightens, brightens, till the bays
Gleam like the golden lustre of gold sprays,
And every leaflet is transmuted:—so
It shall be with their fame—'tis white as snow,
The glory of many whose names while alive
Were but as targets that each fool might strive
To soil with many arrows, and to make
Muddy and filthy as a muddy lake.
But this is over—long ago for me—
It shall be over, brethren mine, for ye;
There are alive now bards whose fame shall shine
With lustre as fair and glory as pure as mine;
Whose spirits shall pass without a lapse at all
Into the poets' immemorial hall,
Where Dante, Spenser, Chaucer, Shakespeare wait
To welcome each new bard within the gate.
Ah, small the critics' casual cry now seems
To one who has wandered by the endless streams:
Ah, puerile and a fickle feeble thing,
The outcry raised 'gainst those who strive to sing
Some new fair glory in words that hale the sense
To listen by their rhapsody intense.
Ah, little, little, does it matter now
That I was once a mark for every bow,
And little will it matter unto you
At whom the treacherous critics and their crew
Of subtle toilworn archers take their aim:
They never injured yet a worthy name.
As little would it matter to a star
That paltry telescopists from afar
Struggle and speculate and plan its size,
With timid daring in their upcast eyes:—
As little would it matter to the sun
That human beings his pure warmth should shun,
Proclaiming the cold moon the one thing pure,
And basking 'neath her silver rays demure.
Oh, living poets, heed the clamorous crew

But little—gaze towards the eternal blue
Of heaven,—if but your names be written there,
Ye have a crown no folly can impair.
Ye have a garland sweet, and strong as time,
Eternal as the stars, spotless, sublime.
When any one of you has felt within
The spirit of love, be certain that no sin,
No subtle clinging weakness, in the end
Shall cause the glory of that soul to descend;
For there is but one God, and that God speaks
When the bright flush is on a poet's cheeks;
And there is but one Love, and that Love flows
With mingled pangs and ecstasy and throes
Of fierce and of unutterable disdain
Through poets when their clamorous harps complain.
Poets are lords of all the living world,
And at their feet the wings of time lie furled—
Poets are kings of every woman's heart,
They reach with perfumed and transcendent dart
Its inner secret haunts, and then they speak
Till love adorns that listening woman's cheek:
Their voice is endless as the endless wind—
Their flowers of song are perfectly designed
To include all colour and all fragrance rare
In the soft wreath of woven song they bear,
And when they die, their names are not as those
That perish—they are not as flowers that close
When death brings near the evening of their days—
Then, then, the victory and the eternal bays;
Then, then, the ample glory and the crown
That the white hands of wondering folk lay down;
Then, then, the calm and the fruition fair
Of what they fiercely sought nor wholly were;
Then the desire accomplished and the bright,
Pure, endless diadem of starry light.

"Morbid—mad dreamers—so the people say;
Such are the words they bandy every day;
Such are the windy attributes they fling
With scorn at that pale hero who can sing.
And so each singer has his cross to bear,
And all his raiment red with blood to wear,
As through the bitter world he climbs along,
Making the dull roads cheerful with his song,
Making the wilderness a blossomy grove,
Filling it with green bowers and flowers of love.
'Tis not for ever! as I passed throughout
This world until with final gladsome shout
I perished for the lovely land of Greece;
So shall your troubles, fellow-poets, cease,

And ye shall know the meaning of your words—
The sons of men are sheep-like, timid herds,
They follow one another,—but their praise
Brings no reward indeed; it brings no bays:
Those are the certain perfect fruits of time
To every man whose spirit is sublime,
And whose high spirit sounds within his song:
As is his strength of heart, his voice is strong.

"I pass away from earth; I feel again
The stress of plumes that quiver and that strain
Towards distant stars; I weep with pleasure here,
Surveying fields and blossoms once so dear,
And all the wide domains of simple earth,
Where my desires and all my joys had birth.
The key of life is progress: progress brings
From quiet souls and voiceless one who sings,
And he who sings through many cares becomes
A spirit in whom the eternal blossom blooms,
And with no loss of self he passes towards
New climes and heavenly flower-besprinkled swards.
So was it with me: so shall it be with you
Who now are singing underneath the blue
Of present heaven—ye in your turn shall be
Spirits triumphant, ye shall outstrip me,
And your high fame shall be a golden crown
On England's forehead where my bays gleam brown
With age—oh poets, one thing ye must do,
Be endlessly, remorselessly untrue
To Custom, and to Custom's bitter chains,
In fetters no strong poet sang fair strains;
Oh cast them off and rend them in the void—
And be not by the crowns of men decoyed,
In poets' garlands ever as yet a thorn
Has crept from that high coronet well-worn
By Christ upon his piteous Calvary—
For every poet too a bitter tree
Is waiting; then that tree in flowers of fire
Blossoms, and each transfigured pure desire
Is as a living blossom thereupon:—
Oh poets, love and labour when I am gone
To further shores and stars ye see not yet;
With love and pity of you my orbs are wet,
And that fair triumph which you cannot see,
Gleams like a glorious sun in front of me,
And towards that triumph I direct your gaze—
Sing, sing,—be strong,—and ye shall wear the bays,
That are not as the crowns that women give:
A lover falls; who wins the bays shall live.

"I feel that no song in fair England yet
Has made the sun of my song sink and set:
I know that there shall not be any song
More solemnly triumphant, and more long:
I proudly cherish the sweet thought that I,
While England lasts and listens, cannot die:
I laugh to think that I the scorned one hold
My own name wreathed in letters of fair gold,
Copied as I beheld it on the minds
Of Englishmen: my glorious present blinds
My spirit to sad remembrance of the past,
When all my voice was as the hollow blast
That wails and rails round Britain's iron shores.
Now every tender spirit my spirit adores,
And, glad with incense of sweet Britain's kiss,
I pass towards further and unfathomed bliss;—
So farewell, Harrow! justice now is done
To your rebellious poet: claim your son."

REGINA DAL CIN, THE CELEBRATED HEALER OF HIP-DISEASES.

To the Editor of HUMAN NATURE.

SIR,—The accompanying account of a most remarkable woman is of sufficient interest to warrant the hope that you may think fit to lay it before the readers of *Human Nature*. It is from the pen of a distinguished authoress, and has been entrusted to me by a personal friend, who vouches for its contents. It seems that a magazine which covers so wide a field as *Human Nature* professedly does, is the most suitable vehicle for this narrative.—Faithfully yours, M.A. (Oxon.)

IT must be now more than a year and a half since we first heard of this remarkable woman—the bone-setter of Ceneda—and it was our intention, or rather, perhaps, our wish, to visit her last autumn, on our return from the Tyrol, where we had spent the summer. Circumstances, however, prevented this, and the strong desire to see her, and to ascertain for ourselves the certainty of the almost miraculous cures attributed to her, had lost somewhat of its force, when, being a short time ago in Venice, the old wish was not only again awoke, but we were enabled so satisfactorily to accomplish it, that I now feel it as an incumbent duty to do what little lies in my power to make known this extraordinary gift of healing which God has placed in the hands of a simple, unlettered, peasant woman.

In Venice it was our agreeable surprise to meet with the two sisters of one of our Roman-American friends, but why, particularly so at this moment, I must explain. The brother of these

two ladies, Mr. N., an American student in Rome, having heard of the wonderful skill possessed by Regina Dal Cin in the healing of hip-diseases, took no small pains to ascertain the truth of her reported power, by putting himself in communication with persons said to have been cured. Finding that no doubt could remain on the subject, he, therefore, having gone to America on a visit, induced a sister of his, who had suffered from the dislocation of the hip-joint for five and twenty years, to return with him in the late autumn, for the sole purpose of placing herself under the care of this woman.

The young lady herself had but little hope; few, indeed, of such sufferers retain much hope after many years of ineffectual endeavours after cure. Her family, however, wished the attempt to be made, and she came. Now, in the month of June, she was in Venice with her sister, and from both these ladies we received the most complete authentication of all the wonders we had previously heard of this woman's remarkable power.

Of Miss N.'s lameness, I must, however, say that it was not as severe as is, unhappily, frequently the case from dislocation of the hip. The limb, however, was shrunk from want of full use, and was so much shorter than the other, that it was supported merely by the point of the toe; so that, although she was not compelled to the use of crutches, she could only move about by the support of a stick, and was so decidedly lame as to be incapable of much exertion.

In the month of January, Miss N., accompanied by her sister, paid a visit to Regina Dal Cin, who, at once, on examination of the injured joint, gave the fullest assurance of cure.

"I had," said Miss N., in describing the circumstance, "so little expectation of a successful issue of this attempt, that when this simple woman assured me, in her calm and decided way, that a cure was certain, a conviction of the truth of her words so completely took possession of me that I burst into tears, and my sister, who is of a very sensitive nature, and who certainly felt more anxiety about me than I had done for myself, quietly fainted away on the sofa where she sat.

At once yielding to the treatment which this unlettered healer dictated, Miss N. placed herself in her hands, willing to submit to whatever means of cure she deemed necessary. This, indeed, seems to be the condition into which her force of character immediately brings her patients, and no wonder, for, speaking of her now from what we ourselves saw later, it is evident that her simple, earnest, yet singularly calm manner, her clear headedness, kindliness, and unquestionably perfect knowledge, win for her that entire confidence which is irresistible, and in which the success of the true physician consists.

Miss N., therefore, immediately took to her bed, as Regina prescribed, and the injured joint was laid in bran poultices. When this had been continued for some days, the joint was examined, and Regina, apparently satisfied with the progress of what she spoke of as the softening of the muscles, remarked, that in a few days it would be ready for the operation. At the same time taking hold of the leg with a strong grasp, with a touch at once delicate, yet with the force as of a vice, gave it the peculiar movements, as of lifting and adjusting, and said,

"It is done! The hip is now in the socket."

And, incredible as it may appear, such was the fact. Without the slightest jar, and *wholly without pain*, the important operation was performed.

The young lady herself would hardly believe it. Nevertheless, so it was! A simple peasant woman, who could neither read nor write, had effected that of which the most skilful surgeons in America had been incapable.

After this the hip was firmly bound, to keep the joint in its place; and now, for a couple of days, commenced the only pain of which the patient was conscious; a strange pain, as she said, which seemed almost unbearable. Regina, however, made light of it. It was, if I remember rightly her explanation, simply an effect produced upon the unaccustomed muscles, and that it was a proof, rather than otherwise, of the reality of the cure, and that it would shortly subside. She was right, in two or three days the pain was gone, and now nothing but care and the prudent use of the limb were requisite.

For two months the sisters remained in Ceneda, during which time they had the fullest opportunity of studying the character of this singularly gifted woman, and witnessing the cures which were constantly being performed under her hand. Amongst these was one which interested them greatly, the little crippled daughter of wealthy parents, brought there from Paris by her mother. The child, as is so often the case, was supposed to have been dropped by a careless nurse whilst in arms, and was now pitiably and hopelessly lame, moving only on a little pair of crutches. Her anxious parents had consulted the first surgeons in Paris, and ascertained that although there might be a possible chance of restoration, it would require eighteen months of treatment, accompanied by several operations of so severe a character as to require the aid of chloroform. The parents, distressed beyond measure, could not bear the thought of this, and having heard of the cures performed by Regina Dal Cin, resolved to learn whether there was hope from her.

On the first examination, as in the case of Miss N., she pronounced the child curable, and the American sisters had the

happiness of seeing a perfect restoration in her case. She was no longer a cripple, and, as may be supposed, the joy and gratitude of her parents knew no bounds.

Miss N., at the time we saw her, five months after the cure, required the heel of the boot worn by the recovered foot to be about half an inch thicker than the other, but the form of the foot was perfectly natural, the sole flat, and the shrunken leg had already grown into its proper roundness and proportions; and it is not improbable—indeed, Miss N. seemed quite to expect it—that it will gradually grow to the proper length. Pain or sense of weakness there is none; no support is needed, and nothing but the slightest halt in the gait remains as a reminder of the former condition.

Before proceeding to our own personal narrative, I will give you another case of cure as recorded in the *Osservatore Romano*, of 29th June, of the present year, 1872.

The writer says that his young daughter became entirely lame in her early childhood, one leg, the hip of which was partially if not wholly displaced, being shrunk into a state of perfect atrophy, and consequently hung powerless and useless, whilst the suffering was extremely great. No help could be obtained from physicians or surgeons; and, according to the father's account, a more pitiable object could hardly be imagined. At length a surgeon, more liberal or enlightened than his professional brethren, advised the distressed parents to try what the much-talked of Dal Cin could do for their child. On the 16th of April, therefore, of the present year, they took her to Anzano, the residence of the famous bone-setter, near Ceneda, but to their great dismay, she declined, on examination, to undertake the case, probably fearing that it might not prove to be a permanent cure, her enemies having made this an argument against her. The parents, greatly disappointed, went to Venice, where they again consulted doctors. Regina Dal Cin had said that though the injury was of long-standing yet that the hip was but partially displaced. This opinion was confirmed by a surgeon who now carefully examined the young patient, and he recommended salt-baths and the internal use of iron; and the case being apparently beyond his skill, he also suggested a visit to the woman of Ceneda, "who had," he said, as was well known, "made the lame to walk."

"Accordingly," says the father, "on May 21st, we returned to Anzano, and begged her, at her own risk, to undertake the case, and moved by the tears and entreaties of my wife, she did so. On the third day, with the greatest ease, in less time almost than it requires to tell it, she turned the tibia with one hand and with the other pushed the head of the femur into the cavity,

and all without giving any pain to the patient. Our joy and delight is not to be expressed. And, furthermore, our astonishment when, as in a moment, we beheld the quality, as it were, of the leg totally changed. Yes, it may perhaps be imagined, but it cannot be described. It must be borne in mind that the displacement of the joint was of long standing, and the atrophy of the leg extreme, yet, in the course of an hour or two, the cold and apparently lifeless muscles began to vitalize, warmth returned to them, and they showed every sign of life and action."

During his stay in Ceneda he testifies, also, that he saw and conversed with many people who had been cured by the same hand, and that he received from trustworthy witnesses accounts of other cures no less remarkable. In conclusion, after expressing his indignation at the attempts which have been made by magistrates and doctors to prevent and punish the exercise of this invaluable gift, he says, very properly, "That in his own case, so great is his obligation, that no doctors of science or law can ever lessen its deep and grateful sense."

After meeting with Miss N. in Venice, our former desire to see Regina Dal Cin returned, as was natural, and fortunately—Ceneda lying in the direct line of our route to the Tyrol—nothing could be easier. The distance from Venice is forty miles, one post-station from Conegliano, where the railroad is left.

Ceneda is a small cathedral-town, very pleasantly situated amongst green hills, not unlike those of Wales, excepting that a pilgrimage church crowns one height, with its white stations ascending upwards from the town. But though there is a pilgrimage church and a bishop, the most noted and the most far-famed person, and the most noteworthy object of the town and its neighbourhood, is Regina Dal Cin. At Conegliano we hired a carriage for our four days' journey. The driver was an intelligent man of Conegliano, who, as we approached Ceneda, desirous of pointing out any object of interest and giving us all possible information, failed not to speak of Regina; nor was he in the least surprised to learn that we were intending to see her that evening. She was much talked of; indeed, everybody knew about the famous peasant-woman, once poor, now rich, who had built herself a palazzo; and presently he pointed to a large mansion, shining out white and stately, to the right, on the hillside, before we reached the town. Very rich she was, he continued to say, quite a signora now, and had thrown off the dress and style of the peasant. We had heard the same in Venice, and that her son, whom she had educated as a priest, knowing the wealth of which he was the heir, had only reluctantly taken orders. As to the cures which she performed, they were very

numerous and very remarkable, doubtless, the man said, but she was not so much in request now as she was two or three years ago. Then people came by thousands. The town was quite in confusion; counts and countesses, and grand signors with their lame children. It was wonderful! But the cures did not stand, he had heard. She was famous for hip-diseases, but the hips came out of joint again. He could not assert it as a truth, but people said so. And she had made no end of money.

The prophet is not honoured in his country, as we know from the highest authority, therefore why should the people of her neighbourhood speak well of the healer.

The sun had set when we reached the hotel in Ceneda, and, according to report, it was two miles to Regina's house, the Palazzo Dal Cin at Anzano, and twilight in this southern latitude comes on quickly after sunset. Ordering, therefore, a carriage to take us thither immediately, we were soon driving along a pleasant country road of the town, the stars faintly coming out in the moonless sky, and the fire-flies flashing in and out and over the dark hedges which bordered the road.

And now we inquired of our young and handsome driver whether it was true, what we had heard, that the cures effected by this famous bone-setter did not last? The young man turned round in his seat almost indignantly. "It is not true," he said. "Hundreds of people can prove just the contrary. Those in Ceneda know differently; they know by the experience of thirty years that her cures are real."

The prophet, after all, *had* honour in her own country. "But," continued the young man, "it was the fashion about two years ago for rich people to come to her. Hundreds and hundreds of people came; the town was thronged with them; rich, titled people out of Austria and from Trieste and Croatia—hundreds from Croatia—and that all could not be cured stands to reason. And with all those throngs of rich people, she grew rich, and people envied her and talked against her, and the doctors were her enemies. But she is rich, as I said, so she built herself a grand house in which to receive her patients. Yes, yes, she is a wonderful healer," he repeated, "of this you may be sure, and the greatest friend the poor ever had."

It was too dusk for us clearly to note the distinctive features of the large, white mansion, at the entrance-gate of which we now stopped. This, however, was evident, that it stood commandingly and pleasantly on the hillside; below was a court or garden, on the left hand of which appeared to be an extensive orangery or conservatory—though perhaps, indeed, it might be merely stables. The house itself was reached by a long, broad

flight of white stone or marble steps, with a centre landing, on which we were soon aware that three persons were standing to receive us: the two on the left hand, a young man and woman, having the appearance of servants; the one on the right the tall and elegant figure of a young priest, an abbé, he might have been, from his style and appearance. The letter which we had sent a few days before to request an interview with Regina had not come, and it was evidently supposed that we were one or more patients arriving. Of this, however, they had the good taste to give us no intimation, but receiving us at once with the most friendly courtesy, though we were entire strangers, the young priest conducted us up the second flight of steps, acknowledging himself at the same time as the son of Regina Dal Cin. We now entered a considerable-sized lofty hall or reception-room, furnished with two sofas, and lighted by a chandelier depending from the ceiling, and which, being enclosed in a net of pink gauze, filled the room with a soft rose-coloured light, whilst fire-flies flashed their pale electric sparks in the darker angles of the ceiling.

We had scarcely time, however, to take in the features of the apartment when a lady entered by a side door, slight in figure, somewhat above the middle size, of an agreeable countenance, and with a manner at once so frank, friendly, and self-possessed as to produce a most favourable impression. This was Regina Dal Cin. We were not here, however, as patients, and had no other excuse for coming thus unceremoniously and late in the evening than a desire to see the person to whom God had given so remarkable a gift, and of whom we had heard so much. This was all that was requisite.

At once a friendly understanding was established amongst us, and we, in the first place, inquired from her the probability of cure for two cases of hip lameness in which we were interested, the one that of a child, the other of a lady of forty, whose lameness dated from infancy. As regarded the child, there seemed to be no doubt whatever as to a perfect cure; the other was less hopeful, simply because every possible means of cure which English surgery could devise had been resorted to. The forty years' duration of the injury, she said, was not the impediment, for injuries of sixty years' standing had been remedied; but the application of caustics and burning rendered cure impossible, though few cases existed in which amelioration might not be hoped for. She did not, however, like to give an opinion without seeing a case. Nevertheless, this was a fact, that "burning," as she called it, rendered in every case a perfect cure impossible.

The frankness with which she answered every question, the

entire simplicity, good sense, and absence of anything like quackery or empiricism, inspired us involuntarily with confidence and respect. It has been said that she can neither read nor write. It probably may be so, but God has given her plenty of good sense and tact, to say nothing of higher gifts, so that no intellectual deficiency is apparent, whilst a native grace and simplicity, combined with calm self-possession, more than compensates for any want of higher education.

We went prepared with a number of questions, to all of which she gave the most unhesitating answers. The gift of healing, or rather of bone-setting, had been in her mother's family for some generations; her great-grandfather practised it, her mother also, but they, rather for sprains and broken bones, and injuries to all joints, excepting the hip. Regina alone was possessed of the intuitive knowledge of the hip-joint, together with the whole system of osteology. She never studied anatomy scientifically under any teacher; none of the family ever had done so. The gift was direct from God; it was nothing which could be learned. She knew the structure of the human frame, as it were, intuitively. She *felt*, and *she understood by feeling*. And here I may remark that her hands are in themselves noteworthy: somewhat large, but beautifully formed, the touch of which is gentle, but full of intelligence, if such an expression conveys the full meaning, endowed with a perceptive sense, as are the hands of the blind, the very finger-ends seeming to take knowledge, whilst the grasp is irresistible. But though she never studied anatomy scientifically, or under any teacher, yet she studied, in her own way, bones and muscles, and made her observations on the dead bodies in the hospital at Ceneda, when at ten years of age she left her native place of Vendemiano, and went to live with her brother at Anzano.

The young girl was seen frequently in the hospital, but being modest and retiring, attracted little attention. "How, by a process of her own," says a little biographical sketch which has just come into my hands, and to which she herself referred me for information, "she developed in a peculiar manner a fine sense of observation, conscious that her knowledge of the human frame was increasing daily, and that she was obtaining a clear and positive intuition regarding osteological phenomena, accompanied by a delicacy of touch at once unique and assured, so that she perceived and comprehended the smallest particulars in the human frame by touch alone. During all this time she also tested her knowledge by setting broken bones and dislocated joints through the country round."

As she herself told us, she first exercised her gift at nine years old upon her mother, who had broken her leg. But before re-

lating this interesting fact, I must be allowed to say a few introductory words from her biography.

"Regina was born at Vandemiano, one of the many villages which surround Conegliano, on April 4th, 1819. Her parents were Lorenzo Marchesini and Marianna Zandonelli, natives of Cadore. They were neither poor nor rich, kept a country public-house, and had the reputation of being good people. The peasantry had an especial reverence for the wife, who practised the art of bone-setting through all the country round with great success." As I have already said, the family of Zandonelli had long been possessed of this gift, but the mother of Regina seems to have exercised it with extraordinary aptitude and success. She was an excellent woman, assiduous in her humble home-duties, and greatly in request amongst the peasantry in all cases of accident.

"Regina grew up without education; indeed at that time school learning could not be obtained in those remote villages. The mother, however, perceiving in the child not only a good disposition, but a certain natural acumen and talent, determined to instruct her in the profession which she herself followed; and that she was right in so doing, was soon seen.

"She was now nine years old, and had already acquired a great love for her mother's profession, by being constantly the witness of the benefits she was able to render to the suffering. One day, returning with her, in some kind of country vehicle, from a visit to one of her patients in a distant village, the roads being extremely bad, they were overturned, and both thrown out. The girl was soon on her feet, uninjured, but the mother's leg was broken, and the situation of both may be imagined. A child of nine, and a woman thus injured, in a lonely country place, where help was not to be had, would be terrible in any ordinary circumstances. But the little girl did not lose her self-possession. She managed, by degrees, to draw her mother to the side of the road, and out of view, when, acting on her instructions, she set the fractured limb, improvised some simple splints, and a sufficient bandage, after which help was fetched, and the mother conveyed home, where she kept her bed for forty days, attended only by her daughter, who thus, following her mother's instructions, and with an affectionate zeal, made her first essay in her future profession. Still more, whilst the mother was confined to her bed, she continued her operations, carrying them out by the hands of her daughter, who thus, in her very childhood, came into the responsible exercise of her great gift. At the age of ten, she left her native village, and very rarely saw her mother afterwards.

"At eighteen she married, and entered into the family of

her husband, Lorenzo Dal Cin, who was as poor as herself. She relates that, on the morning of her wedding day, she reduced, successfully, two dislocations, and with the money thus obtained, paid for the wedding feast. She soon became a widow, with one son, over whose education, in the neighbouring seminary of Ceneda, she has watched, and has directed with affectionate devotion.

"It was not till two years after her marriage, when her fame and reputation were daily on the increase, that the surgical profession, taking umbrage at her practice, commenced their system of enmity and prosecution. The first occasion was this—A man of Alpago, in the province of Belluno, coming with his cart to Ceneda, fell, and the wheel passing over his leg, it was broken. A consultation of surgeons being held, it was thought necessary to amputate the limb. The poor man had resigned himself to his fate, when he was told of a young woman of Anzano (she was then only twenty years of age), who understood such cases better than the doctors, and as there was time before the day fixed for the operation, he desired her to be fetched. She came, examined the fracture, and with her usual decisive frankness, declared the amputation to be totally unnecessary, adding, that if he would trust himself to her, he would be perfectly cured. The man refused to be operated upon, and in a month's time, under her care, rose from his bed and walked across his chamber, and shortly after, full of delight and gratitude, was able to return to his labour and the maintainence of a large family.

"But all this was extremely displeasing to the doctors, who demanded from the authorities that Dal Cin should be punished for practising a profession for which she had not been legally educated. She was accordingly brought to trial, the most opprobious epithets were heaped upon her as a quack, a charlatan, and an ignorant peasant woman. The man who was cured came forward, however, on the trial, and most warmly defended her. She was acquitted for this one offence, but forbidden to practise again, under the severest penalty.

"But she was neither a timid nor a feeble character; the afflicted and the suffering sought to her for aid, and she gave it, and in 1843, successfully performed, for the first time, an important operation which her mother had never attempted, the replacement of the dislocated hip-joint. From this time to 1867, she secretly practised her profession, in order to avoid further prosecutions."

We inquired from her the number of cases she had operated upon. She replied, with the greatest simplicity, that it was impossible to say, for they were so numerous, and she had

never kept an account of them. Within the last year, when, for instance, she had been allowed to cure in the hospital at Turin, she had successfully operated upon six or seven and twenty a-day. But she had to suffer a great deal before favour such as this was permitted to her.

Spite of all her circumspection, certain doctors pursued her with the most vexatious prosecutions, so that for a long period, sought to and beloved as she was by the suffering peasantry, she was despised and misrepresented by the public at large. Even now, however, a noble exception occurred here and there amongst the medical men;—of these must be mentioned the physicians Alexander de Mori and Francesco Gajotti, now deceased, and the doctors Trojer and Bortoletti, still living, who privately encouraged and defended her, and publicly acknowledged her incontestible ability.

In 1867 she was subjected to a new prosecution. She had been called in to a woman of Fidalto for a fracture. She set and secured the bone, but was apprehensive of inflammation taking place, and, in the presence of a number of persons, ordered the rings to be taken from the patient's fingers, and that the bandages, should they become tight, should be loosened. Neither of these orders were attended to, nor was Regina sent for; but a doctor was called in, who, seeing the extent of the inflammation, had a consultation with his medical brethren, and the limb was amputated. Regina Dal Cin was accused as responsible for the case, and summoned to the presence of the Prefect of the town, who condemned her to two months' imprisonment. She appealed and was acquitted. She still recounts the sharp words launched against her by her accusers; and the public, on the other hand, remembers the quickness of one, at least, of her remarks.

The doctors, to prove to the judges the ignorance and charlatanry of this peasant woman who presumed to meddle with the most complicated surgical cases, called upon her to name the different bones and muscles, endeavouring, at the same time, to confuse her by their scientific phraseology. "These gentlemen," remarked she with ready wit, "name the bones; I put them in their places."

The result of this prosecution, however, was a fresh prohibition to practise; on which she said that she should continue to practise till her death. Indeed, it would have been impossible for her to have discontinued practice. The suffering and the injured flocked to her with unabated faith, and, as it happened, many cases of dislocation of the hip-joint were presented to her; all of which she treated successfully. This again brought her under the notice of the medical profession, and again a fresh

storm commenced,—this time in Venice, when, fortunately for her, a distinguished surgeon of that city, Signor Trombini, so far from regarding her as a charlatan, gave it as his opinion, "that the practice of Dal Cin merited to be calmly studied by the professors of surgery."

According to scientific opinion, dislocations of the hip-joint, congenital or chronic, could only with difficulty be cured, and that rarely could any be reduced which were of more than forty days' standing. But it was precisely these so-called irremediable cases that Regina Dal Cin at that time operated upon, and which have ever since been so successfully treated by her. Happily for her, one of these remarkable cures made her known in Venice.

It was in 1868 that a lady of that city, suffering from dislocation of the hip-joint, went to Anzona, and placing herself in the hands of Dal Cin, returned after eighteen days perfectly cured. This fact was communicated at first only to her own private circle lest annoyance to the operator should follow. It was impossible, however, to keep the fact secret, and a Signora Rubelli, who had a daughter reduced to a most deplorable state by this species of injury, came to hear of it. The thigh of this young lady being dislocated, the affected leg was thrown over the other in so strange and distorted a manner that she was obliged to be moved by a machine. Her case was one of those which modern surgery had pronounced irremediable. She was taken to Regina Dal Cin, who, having examined the affected limb, asserted that the hip-joint might be replaced and the distortion of the leg corrected, though it was probable that it might not recover its full length from the cessation of development during the period of the injury.

The young lady was operated upon, and the result corresponded with the declaration of Dal Cin. The hip-joint was reduced, the leg restored to its proper position, and in nine days she was able to walk with a crutch.

This cure became extensively known in Venice; and in Nov., 1870, Regina Dal Cin received an invitation from Signor Canali of that city to his house. She went, and operated upon his daughter so admirably that in a month's time she was perfectly restored. Since that she has frequently visited Venice, always signalising her stay by remarkable cures; in consequence, the most virulent attacks were again made upon her by some of the medical men and their journals.

In the midst, however, of this storm, an invitation came to her from a Signor Cunenidi of Trieste, who had a daughter afflicted with congenital dislocation. She went thither, and having not only performed this cure, but many others, the whole

city believed in her, and was excited to the utmost enthusiasm in her favour. Public demonstrations were made, and the Municipality invited her to operate in the city hospital in the presence of the most distinguished surgeons, which she did with entire success.

During her sojourn here she offered her services to all who needed them, rich or poor, and such was the feeling excited by her generous and philanthropic conduct, that many times she was applauded in the public streets. A commission of representatives of the operative class presented her with a handsome album containing 4000 signatures of citizens, as a testimony of their admiration and recognition of her services. The Padesta invited her to his house, and the Municipality presented her with a hundred Napoleons, accompanied by a letter expressive of grateful feeling and esteem. It says that, amongst other things, when the necessitous poor, after her successful treatment of disease in private families had become public, flocked to her imploring from her hands a cure of their infirmities, which had already resisted all other treatment, she invariably sent them away healed, and that, therefore, for that and other services, the Municipality expressed its most heartfelt thanks—that the poor would ever bless her for their almost instantaneous cures—and that the city thus desired to express its grateful recognition.

Amongst other offers made to her in this grateful city was, that if she would take up her abode there they would assure her a house and an income of three thousand gulden a-year, with the free exercise of her medical skill; but she would not separate herself from the little community at Alzano, where she felt herself at home, and where she was received with every demonstration of affection. So far, I have given the substance of the little biographical sketch which has been published, and now return to our own interview with her.

Her son, the handsome young priest, who sat on the opposite sofa, together with the young man, whom we had seen on the steps, and who was, we were now informed, her nephew, were both possessed of the gift of healing. The son, however, being a priest, could only operate on male patients. Very different this, we thought, to the practice of our Lord, and certainly a strong argument against his remaining a priest, if, as we were told in Venice, he had no inclination for that calling. Be that, however, as it might, he, in his priestly character, accompanied by his cousin, were, as we were informed, shortly intending to go to America, there to exercise their gift of healing.

Regina, on her part, was expecting to go to France in about two months from that time for the same purpose; and here, I may remark, that she does not lay claim to mesmeric power, nor

yet to any apostolic gift of healing, as by prayer and the laying on of hands. She does not, by any means, call herself a miraculous healer, though truly she may be considered such. Her cures are simply performed, she says, by intuitive knowledge, which, however, she most emphatically declares to be God's gift to her; and that all thanks are due to God, not to her, she being only the instrument, as it were, through which He works. There is, however, no cant of religion about her, and this avowal regarding her great gift was drawn from her by our own remarks. She is, like all these simple peasant people, a devout Catholic, but no parade of her faith, either in her own person or house, can offend the most rigid Protestant.

Yet, though she refers her power to God, it is very evident that the natural gratitude of man has made her a wealthy woman—and this is right; and as far as she is concerned, nothing apparently can be more judicious than the manner in which she has used her wealth. She has built a large, handsome, and airy house for the reception of her patients. We were taken into one of the upper sitting-rooms, handsomely furnished and decorated in good taste. We saw, however, but two patients—Americans, I believe—both gentlemen, and one of them, at least, who had come there for the cure of deformed feet. That she successfully practises also in this deformity may be inferred if we were to credit such testimonials as numbers of strangely-distorted shoes which had been left by patients who had gone away whole. Besides, there were crutches in great numbers, some of them of so careful and costly a make as to prove that they who had used them belonged to the wealthy classes. Crutches there were, and staves, and complicated straps and pads, and iron instruments, which looked like instruments of torture, by which crooked limbs had been held in shape. All these remained, some of them inscribed with the name of the former user and sufferer, in grateful acknowledgment of perfect cure. We have all, it may be said, seen such things in degree at least, *ex voto*, offerings at holy wells, and famous shrines of Catholic saints, and we have put no faith in them. The reader may, perhaps, doubt the authenticity of even these. We might have done the same had we not seen Miss N. in Venice, and heard what she herself had witnessed.

Besides, no one who saw and conversed with Regina Dal Cin and her son could believe them to be impostors, however wonderful, nay, even miraculous, is the gift of healing to which they lay claim.

Fortunately for her she has been called in, by his own desire to attend a distinguished officer of the Italian army, for a fracture, and is now authorized to practise her art by the Minister

of the Interior, with the concurrence of the Supreme Council of Health. This we rejoice in, not only for the sake of suffering humanity, but as an evidence of Italian liberality.

The charge which she makes for a cure is 200 fr., or about £8 English. The poor she treats almost gratuitously. It is evident, however, as is but natural, that the gratitude of the wealthy does not satisfy itself with so small a payment. Rich she is unquestionably, report says, immensely so. But whatever may be the extent of her wealth, she is unspoiled by it, and the rings which she wears and the gold chain round her neck are but the evidence of human gratitude, the thanksgiving for, or the memorial of some great cure, for which she in her turn thanks God.

Hearing of her intention of going to France, we inquired if she had ever thought of visiting England. She said she should not do so, excepting under certain conditions. She had no desire to go there or anywhere else for the mere purpose of making a wonder of herself, or of calling forth needlessly the hostility of the medical profession, and, indeed, she is right in this respect. But, she said, if she could have from forty to fifty patients ensured to her, the treatment of whom would be left entirely to herself, then she would go to England.

Excepting under these conditions it would be almost madness. She, a woman—a peasant woman, without book-learning, who had never studied anatomy, excepting by herself, who never witnessed a dissection, and yet who pretends to cure just those cases of injury and deformity which are believed to be almost incurable, by some intuitive knowledge which she has at her finger-ends—what would the medical world say to her?

Truly, unless the ground could be insured, as it were, under her feet, it would not be worth her while to go to England. She has fought the battle out nobly in her own country, and has now the satisfaction of the public sanction of no less than eighteen medical men in Venice, of fourteen in Trieste, of eighteen in Vittoria, and eight in other places, who have all given their names in attestation of her extraordinary power and success in healing. In Italy she now practises under government protection, in England she would have no legal protection whatever.

CHATTERTON.

With Notes by Himself.—Chapter II.

In September, 1768, the first deception was attempted. A new bridge being erected at Bristol, to replace one grown ruinous, Chatterton published in *Felix Farley's Journal* a graphic account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the ancient struc-

ture, entitling it "The Mayor's Passing Over the Old Bridge."* The learned were puzzled and curious.† Sought for with zeal, this unknown antiquary, whose research all admired, was discovered to be an apprentice of sixteen. Half a score of gentlemen quickly added themselves to the youth's list of acquaintances, and an explanation was besought. With little hesitation, Chatterton rehearsed his already-prepared tale. No distrust appears to have been excited, although he obstinately refused to produce the MSS. that would have proved its truth. He offered copies, however, and promises were made to publish them. Thus urged, the poet completed the tragedy of "Ella." Early in 1769, he brought it to his friends, with ingenious excuses for the delay. But the day of enthusiasm was past. None would now yield the guarantee necessary to content a bookseller; and Chatterton, after a fruitless application to the great London publisher, Dodsley, cast "Ella" aside in disgust. A new device speedily filled his brain. Macpherson's forgery, "Ossian," had lately appeared. Successful for a time, it was at length convincingly exposed in the "Tour to the Hebrides." But in 1768-9, though doubt had arisen, the dupes were still many. The young author of Bristol was among those who had seen the work, and with the insight of genius he had at once detected the cheat. Contempt for the bombast of the "impudent Highlander" was mingled with admiration of his success. He alternately laughed at the poems and imitated them. Beyond doubt, the phantom singer, "Ossian," suggested to Chatterton his own creature of the brain, the monk, Rowley.‡ Of this, his conduct in the spring of 1769 gives convincing proof. Among the most eminent of that knot of antiquaries who heralded with an exultant flourish of trumpets the entrance of Fingal and his family into the world, was the eccentric Walpole. His behaviour in the

* "The Mayor's Passing Over the Old Bridge" was an alteration of an ancient document—not a composition entirely my own.

† The Bristol learned of that day were an absurd set. There were among them antiquaries with whom an old saucepan-lid might have passed for a shield, and clergymen who, seeing the New Testament in Greek, would probably have taken it for Hebrew. Very little wisdom was required to constitute an English savant a century ago. I can recall one reverend man who gained considerable reputation in the West by a theory respecting the Garden of Eden. He placed it in Cashmere—his argument being that this happy valley was the only Asiatic country whose climate could ever have permitted two human beings to exist in a state of nature as Eve and Adam are said to have done before the Fall. I believe he looked on the Himalaya Mountains as a kind of wall erected by the Divine Being to keep our first parents out of their old country seat.

‡ This is, indeed, true. "Ossian" suggested "Rowley"—the *poems*, not the *man*,—and Macpherson's success made me hope that I, too, would succeed. "Ossian" was but a poor affair, and I have always considered my own works superior to the Scotchman's mass of bombast. I know there are fine passages in it; but it is not poetry.

matter had made clear to an acute observer the superficiality of his learning, and the innate credulity that was concealed beneath the thin varnish of his scepticism. Having, by the success of Macpherson, been inspired to attempt a similar deception, it was natural that Chatterton, when other efforts to bring the work before the world had failed, should conceive the design of practising on those weaknesses which had already proved so lucrative to one literary adventurer. A month after the rejection of "Ella" by Dodsley, the new test of Walpole's simplicity was made. An ingenious account of imaginary painters and sculptors flourishing in Bristol during the dark ages, was sent him to be made use of in the next edition of his "Anecdotes of Painting." Deceived into a belief in these unreal personages,* Walpole returned a letter of warm thanks, and desired further information. In his reply, Chatterton committed a fatal indiscretion. He created for the occasion a number of poets as shadowy as his artists, and in forwarding histories of these, with specimens from their works, did well enough. But he, to the ruin of his hopes, disclosed in the same epistle his youth and poverty, and hinted that his correspondent's influence might aid him to lift himself from the latter. So direct a request excited Walpole's suspicions. His pride and aristocratic instincts were revolted, moreover, by the discovery that *he*, the future noble, had written in the language of compliment to an obscure lad of sixteen. A coldly-evasive letter answered the poet's appeal, and the manuscripts sent were laid before Gray and Mason. Both quickly pronounced them forgeries. Desirous to conceal his mistake, Walpole assured them that their judgment had, in the first instance, been his own, and, without noticing the additional letters that reached him, left for Paris. On his return, the following not unjust remonstrance awaited him:—

"July 24th, 1769.

"Sir,—I cannot reconcile your behaviour to me with the notions I once entertained of you. I think myself injured, sir, and did not you know my circumstances you would not dare to treat me thus. I have sent twice for a copy of the MS.—no answer from you. An explanation or excuse for your silence would oblige, "THOMAS CHATTERTON."

Disgusted with the haughtiness of this epistle, Walpole packed the manuscripts sent him in a cover, and returned them, unaccompanied by comment of any kind. When the young genius who

* Why *unreal* personages? When I composed these fragments I was unknowingly influenced by certain of the old monks who had dwelt in the cloisters around Saint Mary's. Day and night was I haunted with thoughts of Canynge and Rowlie, and that vanished time when the Catholic priesthood of England was yet in the splendour of its prosperity. Of what I then penned I do not know, and probably never shall know, how much was true—how much false. Not only had I the documents discovered in the Bristol merchant's coffer to aid me, but the inspirations of invisible minds.

had offended him had gone down to so early and so sad a grave, all Grub Street joined in a howl against the patrician who might have saved him, and did not. The narrative just given sufficiently shows that Walpole deserved blame, at least, as little as he did praise. But his irritable and ill-balanced mind resented none the less keenly the abuse with which he was bespattered. He retained through life a hatred to the very memory of Chatterton, and endeavoured by systematically blackening his name to atone for the injury attempted to his own. The brilliant cheat of the Rowley Poems is, he tells us, a crime but one degree less heinous than pecuniary forgery. He remarked cynically that it was quite as well Chatterton died as he did, for had he been spared he had most certainly ended his days on the gallows.* In a Wesley or a Johnson such harshness might perhaps be pardoned. But the devil quotes Scripture with as good a grace as Walpole rebukes imposture. The man who published "The Castle of Otranto," as a transcript from an old manuscript discovered in a north of England library, and laughed afterwards at the public for believing him, did ill to vilify a genius who had merely attempted, with more ingenuity, in poetry what he had himself done in prose. Such misery, too, as the young poet had suffered might have covered a deadlier multitude of sins.† Adversity had truly rebuked him with a whip of scorpions—his great gifts had won for him but ruin and death. A generous enemy would have written with charity of his faults, and compassionated his fate. But the little sympathy of which Walpole's heart was capable was uniformly bestowed upon creatures as inconsiderable as himself. The death of a favourite dog could move him to tears; but he found matter for sarcasm in the wretchedness of obscurely-born genius. He did with zeal the humblest offices of literature for a number of noble and worthless authors; but he turned his back contemptuously upon men whose intellects were to his as the Alps to a dwarfish hill. That he wore his peer's coronet passably well, must be admitted; but he had certainly done better had Providence been pleased to appoint to him the condition of a footman. In the plush, Walpole would have shone. The servility, the insolence, the affectation—the thousand courtier-like qualities that distinguished him, must in such a garb have beamed forth resplendently; and had he still stooped to wield the pen, he would have left us some *chronique scandaleuse* whose

* It was not Walpole who said this of me. He and I understand each other better now than we did one hundred and six years ago.

† Atoned for them at least. Disappointment and neglect; the "sickness of hope deferred," and the deeper sickness of want—despair, and a violent death—these were the rewards I reaped.

interest had been eternal. He has, indeed, succeeded excellently as it is in demonstrating how good a book a little mind may produce;* but it is to be regretted that fortune mistakenly bestowed on him the peer's livery and not the serving-man's.

For some months after July, 1769, Chatterton made little use of his pen. He sold to Mr. Barrett, a Bristol surgeon, who was writing the history of his native city, part of the MSS. Walpole had rejected, and indulged in one or two new falsifications of history for the occasion.† Possibly these apocrypha were to the full as valuable as the major part of that chronicle, which the good surgeon afterwards credulously gave to the world as accurate. But their author earned by them neither honour nor any appreciable profit. He was now become determined to quit Bristol. Two lonely years, spent at the desk in an attorney's office, with no other company than his pride and melancholy, had left those vultures ample leisure to gnaw their way to his heart. Indeed, the yoke that was put on him might have galled a milder spirit. Mr. Lambert, his employer, was a strict, honest, dull man; harsh-tempered and narrow-minded; who looked upon his apprentice as a fool, and treated him as a child.‡ He forbade him to write verse, and made the footboy his bedfellow, by way of impressing on him the humbleness of his position. From this bondage Chatterton had hoped that his genius would free him. But in the winter of 1769, when every resource of intellect had been exhausted, liberation seemed further off than ever. He had imposed on Horace Walpole, and hoaxed the antiquaries of Bristol, and all in vain. There dwelt in the city at the time one Mr. George Catcott, a tradesman, with a taste for the fine arts, who was warmly interested in the youth's discoveries, and fully believed them genuine.§ Boswell mentions this gentleman in his one great work.

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* These sarcasms are unjustly severe. Walpole refused, it is true, to play a patron's part towards me; but what claim had I upon his generosity? His intellect was not so puerile as is here represented. His faults were the faults of his birth and training. Though he lived a fribble and a scandal-monger he had qualities that might have made him pre-eminent. I do not judge of him now as I judged on earth. When the dim eyes of the body are sealed in death mind can look more clearly upon mind, and they who below were bitter in hatred may here meet as friends.

† I very sincerely repent the impositions practised on Mr. Barrett. He did me several kindnesses, though not always in the most acceptable way. I was not the only one who deceived him with false historical documents.

‡ I did indeed suffer much in Lambert's service. He was quite unsuited to understand me, and treated me with the utmost harshness. When I was in London, and looked back to those three years, I wondered how I had lived through them.

§ Catcott was a curious compound of miserliness and good-feeling—of credulity and culture. He believed the "Rowley Poems," genuine; and held them beyond all price: yet when I—between jest and earnest—demanded of him ten guineas in

"On Monday, April 29th, Dr. Johnson and I made an excursion to Bristol, where I was entertained by seeing him inquire upon the spot into the authenticity of Rowley's poetry, as I had seen him inquire upon the spot into the authenticity of Ossian's. George Catcott, the pewterer, who was as jealous for Rowley as Dr. Hugh Blair was for Ossian (I trust my reverend friend will excuse the comparison), attended us at our inn, and with a triumphant air of lively simplicity cried out, 'I'll make Dr. Johnson a convert.' Dr. Johnson, at his request, read aloud some of Chatterton's fabricated verses, while Catcott stood at the back of his chair, moving himself like a pendulum, and beating time with his feet, and now and then looking into Dr. Johnson's face, wondering that he was not yet convinced. We called at Mr. Barrett, the surgeon's, and saw some of the originals, as they were called, which were executed very artificially; but from a careful inspection of them, and a consideration of the circumstances with which they were attended, we were quite satisfied of the imposture, which, indeed, has been clearly demonstrated from internal evidence by several able critics. Honest Catcott seemed to pay no attention whatever to any objections, but insisted, as an end of all controversy, that we should go with him to the tower of the church of St. Mary Redcliff, and view with our own eyes the ancient chest in which the ancient manuscripts were found. To this Dr. Johnson good-naturedly assented, and though troubled with a shortness of breathing, laboured up a long flight of steps, till we came to the place where the wonderful chest stood. 'There,' said Catcott, with a bouncing, confident credulity, 'there is the very chest itself.' After this ocular demonstration, there was no more to be said."*

To Mr. Catcott, Chatterton had given copies in his own handwriting of the most important of the poems, and he acquired the title of "Rowley's midwife," by bringing them before the world for the first time, two years subsequent to the poet's death. The publication gained him what he was little entitled to—a profit of fifty pounds. It appears the common fate of genius to sow that another may reap. Wishing to be provided with a little money in case he quitted Bristol, Chatterton, towards the end of his stay there, made out the following strange account, and

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return for the MSS. he had received, he was excessively displeased, and refused me even one. I displeased him still more by penning a satire on his brother, the Rev. Alexander Catcott, who had published a ludicrous theory respecting the Deluge.

* From what I have learned, Boswell was a goose who cackled foolishly at times. He sneers at Mr. C. with vast complacency in this account: yet I fear he would have been puzzled to adduce a reason for his sarcasms. Evidently he was incapable of forming any decided opinion for himself, and simply adopted that of Dr. Johnson, whose utterances, I believe, were oracles to him.

presented it to the man in whose keeping were the choicest fruits of his intellect:—

Mr. G. Catcott.

To the Executors of Thomas Rowley.

To pleasure received in reading his Historical works, .	£5	5	0
To pleasure received in reading his Poetical do., .	5	5	0
	£10	10	0

Mr. Catcott, however, refused point-blank to part with his guineas in exchange for the coinage of the brain he had received. It was possibly this disappointment which induced the young poet to make preparations for suicide, and draw up his extraordinary will. That document has by some been held sufficient proof of his insanity. Indeed the subjoined lines seem designedly written to create such a belief.*

"The last will and testament of me, Thomas Chatterton, of the city of Bristol, sound in body, or it is the fault of my last surgeon: the soundness of my mind the coroner and jury are to be judges of, desiring them to take notice that the most perfect masters of human nature in Bristol distinguish me by the title of the Mad Genius; therefore, if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which all savoured of insanity."†

In the body of the will appear various mock bequests. To the Bristol aldermen—noted devotees at the shrine of turtle—he leaves his abstinence, to the clergy his freethought, to the merchants his spirit and disinterestedness—"parcels of goods unknown on the city quays since the days of Canyng and Rowley." He desires, if lunacy be the verdict, to be buried in St. Mary Redcliff, and a stone raised over his remains, at the expense of two gentlemen named. Should they comply with the request, his satire, "Kew Gardens," is to be inscribed to them in the following terms—"To P. Farr, and J. Flower, Esqs., this book is most humbly dedicated by the Author's Ghost."

Passing from prose to rhyme, Chatterton analyses the charac-

* I was at this time in the mood of Hamlet, when, after killing Polonius, he jests about the deed. The desperation of my spirit found an outlet in mockery. Still it was not Catcott's refusal that led to the drawing up of the Will.

† Genius and madness being both abnormal conditions of mind, it is but natural that mistakes should occur. Even the possessors of the first cannot at all times distinguish it from the latter. To determine the boundary-line between the two is most difficult. Many madmen have been ranked for a time among the teachers of the world; and many truly great minds, which might have shone as the beacon-lights of their respective ages, have been cooped within the narrow limits of a mad-house. The phantoms that so-called insanity perceives, are not always mere creatures of the brain. Every high intellect is influenced from the world of spirits. From that world proceed the germs of thoughts which, in the mind of a Shakspeare or a Newton, become fully vivified—then are clothed with words, and introduced to mankind.

ters of his chief acquaintances, mixing blame pretty impartially with praise. In the opening of the epistle, he had already apologised for lampoons directed against Mr. G. Catcott and his brother, saying, and doubtless truly, that "when the fit of satire was on him, he could spare neither friend nor foe." With an imprecation on the Rowley poems, "his first, chief curse," the will closes. It bears date as being "executed in the presence of Omniscience, the 14th of April, 1770." One item, not set down in mockery, there appears—"I leave my mother and sister to the protection of my friends, if I have any such."*

Such a composition is certainly the production of an unsound mind; but it is as undoubtedly not the offspring of insanity. Various biographers of Chatterton, perceiving this, have spoken with horror of the desperate levity that jested even with self-murder. But what they denounced as vice was most probably chiefly woe. Despair can stir some to bitter laughter, as it does others to prayer or tears. Men not renowned for wit have become strangely humorous on the scaffold. From a mind so disposed to satire as Chatterton's, such a document as this will comes as naturally before the last act as a series of protestations of misery and hopes of Heaven's forgiveness from ordinary suicides.

But the young genius had yet four months of life allotted to him. Mr. Lambert, discovering prematurely in his apprentice's desk the will, and a letter addressed to a gentleman of the city, was startled by their contents, and sent for the historian Barrett. An earnest admonition from this friend affected the impressionable poet deeply, and, for the moment, shook his resolve. But he could write to him the next day as follows:—

"Sir,—Upon recollection, I don't know how Mr. Clayfield could come by his letter, as I intended to have given him a letter, but did not. In regard to my motives for the supposed rashness, I shall observe that I keep no worse company than *myself:* I never drink to excess, and have, without vanity, too much sense to be attached to the mercenary retailers of iniquity. No, it is my pride:—my damn'd, native, unconquerable Pride, that plunges me into distraction. You must know that the 19/20th of my composition is pride. I must either live a Slave—a Servant: to have no will of my own:—no sentiments of my own which I may freely declare as such;—or Die. Perplexing Alternative! but it distracts me to think of it. I will endeavour to learn humility; but it cannot be here. What it may cost me in the trial, Heaven knows! †

"Your much obliged, unhappy, hble. Servt., "T. C."

* My mother—and my poor sister—how much they suffered when I had quitted earth. Through all ages I shall remember and be grateful for the conduct of my dear friend and brother-poet Robert Southey, in publishing an edition of my works, and applying the receipts to my sister's benefit. It was an act of most noble and unselfish kindness.

† How true that letter was! It *was* my pride—it has ever been my pride—which has rendered me unhappy. When I was on earth Milton's "Lucifer" was

The servitude that vexed him was, however, at an end. Fearful lest he should fulfil these threats of suicide, Mr. Lambert ordered him from his house, and offered to cancel his indentures. Thus left penniless, the poet again turned his thoughts towards a literary career. He had, since November, 1768, contributed occasionally to various London magazines—notably, the *Town and Country*. To the editors of these, and certain publishers, he now wrote, inquiring whether employment would be forthcoming should he quit Bristol for London. The replies sent were encouraging. Determined to risk the journey, but unprepared for its expenses, Chatterton stooped his pride so far as to borrow of the richer among his acquaintances the necessary sum. On the 24th of April, 1770—four months to a day before his death—he bade farewell to his mother and sister. A friend who inquired respecting his programme in the metropolis was thus frankly answered:—"My first attempt shall be in the literary way. The promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt; but, if deceived, I shall turn Methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that, too, fail, my final resource is a pistol."* The words cannot be commented on. That parting between mother and son, sister and brother, was for ever in this world; perhaps, also, in the next.†

my favourite hero,—I admired above all things that unconquerable will which, according to the old Puritan, God himself could not force to yield. I believe it to be part of my being this impatience of servitude—this inability to brook a master. And the feeling is not in itself sinful, however I have misdirected it. We are but erring beings, in this world as on earth. I trust the future will be better than the past.

* It is too much that I should be branded with such an imputation as this. Something of the kind I did say, I think, to a youth named Thistlethwaite; but, as regarded turning preacher, the words, if spoken at all, were spoken in jest. How unendurable that a few thoughtlessly-uttered sentences should be treasured up thus, and given forth again for the purpose of blackening my memory. Methodism I loathed, and perpetually wrote against. Not all the wealth of Clive or Newcastle would have induced me to assist in spreading the doctrines of Wesley. I had, alas! few principles then, but I was not capable of the hypocrisy of preaching a religion I in my heart despised.

† No, thank heaven, not for ever in *this*. Partings are but temporary, and those who have loved on earth must meet sooner or later in the spheres beyond. It is one of the falsest teachings of the Christian Churches that God can fix an *eternal* gulf between a mother and her child. Better would it be for earth if her ministers of religion ceased to preach perdition, and employed the future in teaching truth. The immortal mind carries within itself hell or heaven. Into this life beyond we bear the memory of all the good and evil done on earth. To deliver the masses from ignorance—to exalt the soul and subdue the body,—these should be their aims who would guide mankind. How many millions are there among you who in intellect but a very little excel the brutes. Whosoever would reach the souls of these must first purify their bodies. Did the priests of to day, like their Master, pass about doing good, this were their mission: to house the poor decently; to teach them cleanliness; to banish from among men the tavern and the shambles. I know not which most harm the intellect,—the drinking of

RESEARCHES IN THE PHENOMENA OF SPIRITUALISM.

NOTE TO CHAPTER IV.

WHEN, at the close of this chapter, I complained that no direct evidence of imposture was brought forward to support the allegations freely made, I did not think that I should so soon be in possession of what I demanded. A recent trial in Paris has furnished clear evidence of a long and systematic course of fraud on the part of one of the photographers of whom I have spoken in this chapter. Buguet, by his own confession, as well as by demonstration, stands revealed as an impostor. During the time that the trial was in process it would have been improper to allude to the subject. I refrained partly from that feeling, and partly because I had nothing but hearsay evidence to go upon. But now that the case is settled, my readers may reasonably expect me to state what modification in my conclusions has been made by these disclosures. I will do so with complete frankness, premising, first of all, the position in which the case stands.

It will be remembered that in speaking of Buguet's pictures, I selected two classes for comment, rejecting all that did not come within them. The first, on which I principally insisted, included those only which had been recognised by one or more persons (generally by more than one) as portraits of friends who had departed from this life. I was not fortunate enough to obtain such a picture myself. On the only occasion on which I sat to Buguet, the resulting photograph showed a spirit-form which I did not recognise. I depended, therefore, upon the evidence of credible persons. Much that was offered I rejected as insufficient. What I finally accepted, I placed before my readers entire.

The second class mentioned included pictures which had been taken under test conditions. On these I laid no great stress, except as evidences of inexplicable occurrences. The first is the class on which I rely as evidence. Both, however, are impugned in the late trial. Buguet affirms that none of his productions are genuine, and that all alike are the product of knavery and fraud. The recognitions are coincidences—the result of a disordered fancy. The whole subject is one vast imposture on a very credulous and half-witted set of people; and M. Buguet seems to consider himself as rather a clever fellow, who has traded, as so many others do, on the follies of his fellow-creatures. The judge was of a different opinion, for he sentenced him to a year's imprisonment and 500 francs fine.

It is impossible to say now how much of his impending punishment Buguet may have bought off by this iniquitous and lying statement. There is strong reason to believe that the instigators of this prosecution were determined to crush Spiritualism in Paris once and for all. The *Revue Spirite* had been ill-advised enough to answer an allocution of the Archbishop of Toulouse, in which he spoke, from his own point of view, about the truth and tendency of Spiritualism. It was a pity to do so, for the document was of the usual windy character that such utterances affect, and no reply could have had any effect against one who believed himself to be the sole possessor of truth. Moreover, discretion might have whispered that the Catholic Church was all-powerful, and that Paris was under martial law. However, the reply appeared, and the result is that the editor of the *Revue* is condemned to the same term of imprisonment as

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alcoholic drinks, or the devouring the flesh of animals. In my brief earthly day I shunned both. If there be pleasure in intoxication I missed it; and it is known that from my thirteenth year until my death-hour I never tasted flesh.

is Buguet. *The prosecution was not instituted by any person who felt himself aggrieved, and bears throughout traces of clerical origin.*

The case was tried by a Judge who was strongly biassed—the very judgment bore internal marks of having been previously prepared,—and Buguet had been well primed beforehand with the story he was to tell. As soon as it was found that he could be manipulated, he was released from prison, while M. Leymarie was held in durance almost to the last. During the time that elapsed between his release on bail and the trial, Buguet had ample time to make large additions to his box of ghosts which was produced at the trial. Any *real* spirit picture could be copied and added to the list which formed the "*pièce de conviction*": so that if an inconvenient piece of testimony was put in, it could be disposed of by a reference to the ghost-box. Buguet being released on the understanding (as I believe) that he should turn king's evidence, he had ample time to fabricate any ghosts that he might need. The man who did not scruple to do it for the purpose of trading on the feelings of his clients before, would not hesitate in order to save his own carcase. When the trial came his story was ready. "Spiritualists are fools: and I am a knave. They *would* be duped, and I duped them." It is the old story of Orton over again: "Plenty brains" preying on "plenty money."

The English papers, one and all, regard the moral of the trial as this: the utter folly of people with the evidences of fraud before them persisting in believing that Buguet had the power to produce true pictures of spirits. Well, I am as incredulous as the most sceptical of them. I not only believe,—I *know*, as surely as I know anything, that some of Buguet's pictures were genuine. I have the direct affidavit of such persons as the Countess of Caithness and the Comte de Bullet, to say nothing of others: and, in the plainest English, I affirm that I consider their statements as valid and true in spite of any affirmations of such a person as Buguet is on his own confession.

I have, moreover, the fullest proof in my own case that results were obtained which prove the mediumship of Buguet. I received full details of those results by spirit communication long before any news came from Paris. Therefore, if the picture was fraudulently produced, my information must be so too. I have never found it so in other cases, and it will take far more than the word of Buguet to make me believe it. The pictures of my double, and of the double of the Comte de Bullet's sister, are genuine and real. Of that I entertain no doubt.

That the "accursed greed of gold" drove an originally good medium to cheating is unfortunately true. That mediums who are exposed to all kinds of mixed influences are in great peril thereby, is also true. Buguet is not the first man who has so fallen. His unenviable notoriety will rest hereafter on the cold-blooded attempt made by him to save himself at the expense of all truth.

The outcome of all will be clear ere long. In the inception of a science it is necessary to weed out from time to time facts that appear doubtful: and to revise opinions grounded on insufficient premises. If Buguet's results are to be utterly expunged, which is far from being the case, there is sufficient evidence for the reality of Spirit Photography to make us pursue the subject in confident expectation of future results.

M. A. (Oxon).

NOTICE.—The publication of the Researches in Spiritualism, by M. A. (Oxon), is unavoidably interrupted in consequence of the author's engagements, and absence from town. Having regard to the rapidity with which the Materialisation phenomena are developed, it is hoped that conclusive evidence of the inde-

pendent existence of the spirit-form may be gathered in several cases before the autumn. Any one who can communicate clear cases of the spirit-form being visible at the same time as the medium, or of satisfactory tests which prove its independent existence, is invited to send them to M. A., at 15 Southampton Row. He will be glad to devote time to careful experiments with any medium who is willing to try for such results as those mentioned above.

MISCELLANEA.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—Some time ago, Elizabeth Lippert, the wife of a farmer named Gottlieb Lippert, of Newburg, Warwick County, was taken very ill with inflammatory rheumatism, and the disease continuing, her life was despaired of. She continued to grow weaker and weaker, and a few days since died, or expired to all appearances. The grief of the family was very great, but at the death-bed there was also a number of neighbours. In the hour of distress they turned in to make themselves useful, and proceeded to prepare the corpse for burial. The body was placed in a convenient position, and was noticed to be still warm, but not more than they usually are after dying of fevers. The neighbours about half an hour after Mrs. Lippert's death, began to wash the body. As soon, however, as water was placed on the face the corpse seemed to become inspired with life; and after the ablutions had continued for nearly fifteen minutes she opened her eyes, much to the astonishment of the attendants, who were not a little frightened, for they thought they were dealing with a corpse instead of one still on this side of the celestial world. The women continued their attentions, however, until Mrs. Lippert was able to speak. She said that just before she "died" everything about her became dark, and soon she went to sleep. When she woke it was bright, and, as she tells, it was in a strange place, feeling an ecstasy of pleasure, and was devoid of all the racking pains with which she was afflicted during her illness. She gives no definite idea of the land into which she had in spirit wandered, or the people she met, but is certain she was in heaven, and in her simple way described the place as being an elysium of bliss. While enjoying all this it became dark suddenly, and she awoke as from a pleasant dream to find that she had been a corpse for nearly an hour, and that the neighbours were washing her face. Since then Mrs. Lippert has entirely recovered, and is now able to be about attending to her household duties, and in her leisure moments relates to the open-mouthed Newburgers the story of her death.

THE man who dares to think, to live
True to his soul's divinest light,
Will to the world an impulse give
For truth and right.

The cross may meet his noblest deeds,
The faggot blaze at every word;
Yet o'er the angry strife of creeds
He will be heard.

Thus through the fire and through the flood,
All bruised, and scarred, and battle-worn,
Baptised in sweat, and tears, and blood,
Great souls are born.

—*Lizzie Doten.*