

# MESMERISM:

OR,

THE NEW SCHOOL OF ARTS.

WITH

CASES IN POINT.

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“ He will make  
Nature ashamed of her long sleep; when Art,  
Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,  
In her best love to mankind, ever could.”  
BEN JONSON.

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“ This fellow’s of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,  
Of human dealings.”

OTHELLO.

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**ANTHONY MESMER**, whose acumen detected that truth of nature on which the science of Mesmerism has since been established, first saw the light at Mersburgh, in the year 1734. The powers of his mind were devoted to the study of the Art of Healing. He took his degree of doctor in the University of Vienna, in the year 1766; the subject of his inaugural thesis was the “*Influence of the Planets on the Human Body*.” The master-hand of Chaucer sketched his likeness nearly five hundred years ago:—

“ With us there was a Doctour of Phisike,  
In all this world ne was there non him like  
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie ;  
For he was grounded in astronomie.  
He kept his patient a full great dell  
In hourès by his magike naturell ;

B

He knew the cause of every maladie,  
Were it of cold, or heate, or moist, or drie,  
And wherof engendred was eche humour,  
He was a veray parfite practisour."

There was in Vienna, at the period of Mesmer's entrance upon public duties, a professor of astronomy, named HEHL, who was busily engaged in curing all sorts of maladies by the use of steel plates impregnated with the essence of loadstone. Mesmer, who was himself a believer in the curative powers of the magnet, availed himself of Hehl's apparatus, for the purpose of exhibiting the remedy according to his own notions of propriety; and the use of the new formula in his hands was attended by the most extraordinary success. "Two of a trade can never agree"—the jealousy of the astronomer involved him in a quarrel with the physician; the former was the better tactician, and in the end Hehl and his myrmidons drove Mesmer out of Vienna. Scotched but not killed, Mesmer wended his way towards France, scattering blessings on the road; and in the year 1778 he established himself in the more genial atmosphere of Paris. There he was soon surrounded by crowds of patients; the happiest results again followed his manipulations, and he conciliated the gratitude of multitudes; but his popularity excited the envy of some of the less worthy members of the medical profession, and Deslon with some of his confrères broke in upon the grounds which Mesmer had cultivated with indefatigable assiduity and consummate skill, and carried away the crop. Bitterly disappointed, Mesmer applied to the ruling powers for compensation, and he succeeded in obtaining the patronage of the Queen, and the promise of an annuity of thirty thousand francs, on condition that his processes should be submitted to the examination of three persons named by the government; he however suddenly left Paris, and went to Spa, and thither he was followed by a host of patients of rank and fortune. At Spa he soon amassed a sum of money sufficiently large to enable him to return to Paris, and recommence his professional career in a becoming style; but the formation of a society for the gratuitous propagation of his principles contracted the

sphere of his usefulness, and he withdrew from "the madding crowd" and the public walks of life, and retired to "the cool sequestered vale"—the place of his nativity. Thus genius rose and set,

" And shot a day-spring into distant climes—  
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,  
Then show far off their shining plumes again."

The discovery—according to Mesmer's own account of it—introduced "an universal method of healing and preserving mankind." The active principle he represented as "a fluid universally diffused. It perfects the action of medicines; it excites and directs salutary crises in such a manner that the physician may render himself master of them; by its means he knows the state of health of each individual, and judges with certainty of the origin, the nature, and the progress of the most complicated diseases" This fluid is "the medium of a mutual influence between the heavenly bodies, the earth, and animated bodies; it is continuous, so as to leave no void; its subtilty admits of no comparison; it is capable of receiving, propagating, and communicating all the impressions of motion; it is susceptible of flux and of reflux. The animal body experiences the effects of this agent; by insinuating itself into the substance of the nerves it affects them immediately. This action takes place at a remote distance without the aid of any intermediate body; it is increased and reflected by mirrors; communicated, propagated, and augmented by sound; its virtues may be accumulated, concentrated, and passed from body to body." But "although this fluid is universal, all animal bodies are not equally susceptible of it; there are even some, though a very small number, which have properties so opposite, that their very presence destroys all the effects of it on other bodies." The most susceptible subjects, in the opinion of a writer in the *Phreno-magnet*, are those who have "a temperament composed of about three parts nervous, and one bilious;" according to another authority, "women are incomparably more susceptible of the magnetic influence than men."

Some years ago, an ingenious individual, named Perkins, devised

an instrument which he called the Metallic Tractor, and for which he obtained patent rights, for the purpose of collecting the fluid and applying it to the body; these instruments caused great temporary excitement, but fell into desuetude in consequence of the discovery by Dr. Falconer, that tractors of wood were quite as efficacious as tractors of metal. This circumstance was regarded by many as affording sufficient grounds for the rejection of the entire system; but, in point of fact, the intervention of wooden *media*—such are the peculiar properties of the fluid—is in no way incompatible with the successful administration of the *power*. There exists some difference of opinion among professors on the subject of this fluid; but its real existence has lately been demonstrated by *Messieurs Thirlorier and Lafontaine*. In a recent number of the *Gazette des Hôpitaux* it is stated that these gentlemen “have at length discovered the third imponderable fluid, so long and vainly sought after by others, and have proved its existence by making passes at the Galvanometer;” while in Kent it has actually been seen in the semblance of a lambent *blue flame*;

“ Oh that the chemist's magic art  
Could crystallize this sacred treasure !”

In England the science is now advancing, in the face of sturdy opposition, with mighty strides; in the words of the editor of the *Phreno-magnet*, it is “becoming *respectable*, and will ere long, no doubt, be fashionable;” its present “dignified position” is attributed, by another public character, to the “exertions of the phrenologists.” The Phreno-mesmerists do indeed appear to have fallen upon a rich vein; for although their works hitherto can scarcely be said to be carried below the superficies, yet they are daily astonishing the world by the display of their great and increasing riches. The Magnetists must not however, as a school, be confounded with the Phrenologists; many receive the dogmas of Gall who reject those of Mesmer; and many, again, admit the value of Gall's anatomical discoveries who regard his mental system as delusive. As a whole, Mesmerism still presents many moot cases, many knotty points; there are yet many depths to be sounded, many mysteries to be un-

veiled; but, trampling upon difficulties, its course is still *onward*. "In Mesmer's tub there lay a mighty science in its cradle"—what may we not expect when the infant becomes a man?

"Most things hae a sma' beginning,  
But wha kens how things will end?"

In his search among the authorities for illustrations of the general truth of his own representations, the writer met with many narratives of philosophical phenomena and mesmeric facts, which displayed the wonders of modern science in vastly more vivid lights than any of those in which he had endeavoured to exhibit them; brief notices of a few of the more striking of these narratives will be found in the sequel. The historical facts involved in the *Cases in Point* may fail to annihilate dogged scepticism, but they will not fail, it is presumed, to excite deep thought in the minds of all unprejudiced readers; and to the extent that they do this will they have a tendency to subserve the cause of true philosophy—of the liberal sciences and the useful arts.





## MESMERISM.

---

EUREKA! *Eureka!* sure under the sun  
There never till now were such prodigies done!  
By the Mesmerist's fiat the blackness of night  
Is rendered diaphanous—brilliant as light!

Walls of stock, stone, or brick—  
No matter how thick—  
To the clairvoyant Seer  
As crystals are clear;

While, without intervenient optical gear,  
He kens the remote quite as well as the near;  
What a vast field of vision is open'd to view!  
Mind no longer will *march*, but with impetus new,  
Will dash on at a rate, which were *Babbage* to strain  
His machine to find out, 'twould be labour in vain;  
From the flight of the sunbeam in vain should we seek  
For light or for data—the matter's unique;

What an age do we live in ! in matters of mind  
 We're leaving the ancients some cent'ries behind ;  
 But *nil nisi bonum* of men that are dead—  
 We all shall be *ancients* some cent'ries ahead.

All matter is seen through, and so is all-*mind*,—  
 The Essence of Spirit philosophers find

In cerebral bumps,  
 And frontal lumps ;  
 Men's ossified humps  
 Are thinking clumps !

Our five common senses the spirit encumber,  
 The moderns forge tools which lop off all the lumber ;

Then the mind's eye can view,  
 By lens transcendental,  
 And see through and through

The simple and gentle,  
 All forces and entities now in creation,  
 Nay—scan the profounds of efficient causation.

The modern Philosopher raises his hand,  
 He does n't *incant*, or make use of a wand,  
 But, wielding more pow'r than did *Archimæge* ever,  
 By a *coup de main* PASS soul from body does sever\* ;

\* Sometimes by a *coup d'œil* pass—a species of fascinating regard ;  
 sometimes by simple “ *volition* ;” and it is thought that the effect  
 can also “ be secured by the party fixing his own gaze upon some

Or else he subjects to the former the latter,  
 So that no more the *thrall*, mind's the *master* of matter,  
 (An issue instructive to those who essay  
 To mend the world's morals, but this by the way,)
   
     And free from its clog,  
     It feels all agog  
 To be off, and disseminate light for the million,  
 Make the Universe bright as Aladdin's pavilion,  
 Annihilate Error, exterminate Doubt,  
 Put charlatans—knaves of all sorts—to the rout.  
*What* the Traveller is it were hard to declare,  
 Though not a *ghost proper*, 'tis certes as rare,

point above or below the plane of easy vision." This however is mysterious—if the *active principle*, thus excited, is disposed to go astray, who is to call it home again? Would there not be some danger of its going on—like the artificial leg that wanted a *catch*—till it lost itself, leaving its own relics in a state of indescribable destitution? The *trait* however, if carefully pursued, may possibly lead to the detection of the volatile intelligence that now wanders about unseen.

It behooves the Professor himself to be very wary, lest some day—raising a spirit that refused to be laid—he share the fate of *Frankenstein*, or of *Actæon*; the writer has seen a young girl, under the demesmerising hand, go off into what would have been termed a fit of hysterics, by those who knew no better; and, says a recent writer, "all in the trance, if any attempt be made to puzzle them, are wroth, and will not reply to impertinent questions—they will have their own way."

*Mesmer* certainly made use of a *wand*, though such utensils are now regarded as useless; in the demesmerising process, puffing is frequently brought into operation.

For it glides to and fro in complete incognition—

· (It at least can defy,

When it chooses, the eye—)

Volition its *motive*, its light Intuition.

With ease, by mere digital contact\*, *one-half*  
Of the soul is excited to fondle and laugh ;  
While *the other*, thrown into synchronical dumps,  
Discloses its feelings by threat'nings and thumps !  
You may finger what organs you like—in the mind  
Any *vis-à-vis* powers may with ease be combin'd ;  
Things not at all fitted for pulling together,  
By Art are attached to a singular tether ;  
*Pro* and *Con* in a compact are subtilely bound,  
In a *tête-à-tête* Virtue and Vice may be found ;—  
Such facts may elucidate ethical gloom,  
May serve to illustrate the *Travels of Br——m*,  
The *Prestiges de Joinville*, and *Bull's Civil Wars*,  
*The Castles of Owen*, and *Family Jars*.

It may be that Science yet lower will go,  
And light on the brutal economy throw †,—

\* The organs are sometimes excited by the effluent finger of the Flamen, "without contact."

† If any one should feel disposed to regard this speculation as a mere Utopianism, let him remember that very recently, as the *Edinburgh Reviewer* tells us, "we have seen the aspect of all chemical, and a great part of physical science changed, in consequence of the convulsions excited in the limbs of a DEAD frog."

That birds, beasts, and fishes—the nether creation—  
 Subjected to mesmeric manipulation,  
 May show mind and matter in rare catenation ;  
     Cataleptical dogs,  
     *Quasi* clairvoyant hogs,  
     The fowl of the skies,  
     Geese, popinjays, pies,  
     Bees, ants, Spanish flies,  
     E'en the watery fries,  
     May bristle our hair  
 With their tales full of wonder,  
     And make people stare,  
 As they do at loud thunder !  
 Who knows, but that *Instinct* if taken in hand,  
     And well educated,  
 May put on new attributes, take a new stand,  
     And with *Reason* be rated !

*Burns* affectionately apostrophized a mouse as his “ fellow-mortal ;”  
*Byron* declared that the only friend he ever knew was his dog ; and  
*Goldsmith* celebrated the moral qualities of brutes generally, in the  
 following language,—

“ Who ever knew an honest brute  
 At law his neighbour prosecute ?  
 Bring action for assault and battery ?  
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery ?  
 Brutes never meet in bloody fray,  
 Nor cut each other's throats for pay ;  
 They undertake no dirty job,  
 Nor draw the quill to write for Bob !”

Now screw up your courage, and just take a glance  
At a wight in the *Coma*—a sort of a trance ;

*Imprimis* you doubt

Whether life's in or out,

So make an experiment—give him the stick,—

What! does n't he feel it? you looked for a kick!

Try something more potent, his skin may be thick—

A knife or a needle,—he heeds not the prick!

Now you fancy he's dead, but he is n't—he's quick,—

Second thoughts supervene—you're convinced 'tis a  
trick,—

But lastly, you're sure he's in league with *Old Nick*!

Your visage is ashy, you look at the wick—

There's blueness about it—you turn away sick.

Stop! *Savans*, on tiptoe, are pressing around,

All “rigid in thought;” hark! the *subject* has found

The use of his tongue, *ecce signum*—'tis *sound*;

His body—his case—long a riddle has been,

Now he sees his own bowels—lungs, liver, and spleen;

He sees through that pain in his side, and discovers

What pills he must gulp ere his health he recovers!

The *Doctrinaire's* cheered,

The Doctors are queered;

They fear lest these new *Æsculapians* should seize

All their practice and patients, and pocket the fees.

That boy is describing the statues at large,  
 Which in Baker Street *Madame Tussaud* has in charge,  
 He never looked on them with bodily eyes,  
 He's not muffled up in conspirator's guise,  
 On the table before you his character lies ;  
 What *can* this new power, or new Entity be ? \*  
 Matter, demi-demented, is all we can see,  
 How *can* it incite the odd fellow that's gone  
 To the waxen assembly in Marylebone ?  
 Who—what—is the 'Scout which it works to its ends ?  
 The *Alteram Partem* to which it attends ?  
 The *Esprit du Corps* which on errands it sends ?  
 The acting *Co-partner* that goes on the journey ?  
 The *Pow'r* that does more than a pow'r of attorney ?  
 Does it own any *stamina* ? is it the ape  
 Of manhood, or womanhood ? has it a shape  
 Which a mortal to question might liberty take ?  
 Which question'd, a sensible answer could make ?  
 Does it move, without physical motive, *per se* ?  
 Did it put down its shilling the wax-men to see ?

\* The American magnetists entertain very conflicting opinions respecting the nature of the agent ; one of them is confident that it " is nothing more nor less than electricity "—another declares that it is " a nervous fluid," or emanation—and a third says " it is not a fluid elementated from the operator, or from a machine," but " nervous induction, or sympathy." *Lord Bacon* is of opinion that " the registering of doubts hath two excellent uses ; the one, that it saveth philosophy from falsehoods ; the other, that the entry of doubts is as so many suckers or sponges to draw use of knowledge."

The face of the module just shows a result,  
 Like the face of a clock, with its wheel-work occult,  
 But what is the *matter*? the mass that remains?  
*Caput Mortuum*? Nay—for there's life in the veins,  
 The brains are *in loco*, the muscles and all!  
 What's the THING that's now stalking through Effigy  
 Hall?

*Pythag'ras*\* or *Berkeley* might furnish the clew  
 Of which we are painfully feeling the dearth,  
 But the bishop and sage have both quitted the earth,  
 And both have, we trust, something better to do;  
 And 't were futile our brains any further to teaze  
 With subtilties—recondite questions like these;  
 The answers from *Time* we, perchance, may exact,  
 He figures but poorly who fights with a fact,  
 And he that affects to deny a result—

Who treats his own senses as knaves, who defies  
 The nose in his face, disbelieves his own eyes—  
 (I make a name for him—) is simply a *Stult*!  
 We gaze on the compass, and follow its cue,  
 Where lies its attraction no mortal e'er knew;  
 We plow, and we sow, and we husband the grain,  
 Not *Loudon* the life of the blade could explain;

\* This "taciturn old bachelor," as Dr. Walsh—from the oddness of his notions of the fair sex—presumes to call him, thought that the soul of a woman was merely the *immigrant soul* of a man doing penance.



We bask in the sunshine, but who can disclose  
What the matter of heat is ? not *Faraday* knows.

That woman is reading a book *with her soul*,  
For the book, *devant derrière*, faces the poll !  
Prodigious ! such deeds, when the Tudors were kings,  
Would have brought men to stakes, or equivalent things;  
What's to keep her from reading a book in one's pocket?  
Or *billets*, for safety laid by under locket ?  
What a helpmate a clair-voyante woman would be  
To th' Statesman whose duty requires him to see  
The insides of our letters, though "private," ere we  
Can be trusted to see them ourselves ; for would he  
But keep such a woman, at once she'd reveal  
All embryo-plots without breaking a seal !  
There's one point of danger—that troublesome elf  
*Tom Duncombe*, might get such a helpmate himself.

This spell, or afflatus,  
Puts men in a *status*

For losing a member—an arm or a leg—  
And getting a cork in its place, or a peg,  
Without interfering with comfort a whit ;  
A nod, and anon  
The member is gone,  
And the cut did n't hurt the man's feelings a bit !  
A happy discov'ry, a capital hit,  
As touching a wretch that must either submit

To be mortified,  
Or have a lop-side !

No longer is tooth-ache a matter of dread,  
Before you're aware, every tooth in your head  
May be out on the table ; and when you awake  
You may get a new set in that never will ache !  
If *Burns* were in Ayr he might write a *Farewell*  
To what of "a' dools" he declar'd "bore the bell."

It must make a man start  
To behold his own heart ;  
Not a few at the sight  
Would shriek with affright !  
The imps that it holds,  
The slime of its folds,  
Few the vision would dare,  
Few the vision could bear !

The turgid and fester'd, the wither'd, the hard,  
The gnaw'd and the dirty, the seam'd and the scarr'd,  
The ugly, the hollow, the black, and the rotten,  
Could hearts such as these are be ever forgotten ?  
The best of us all would feel *somewhat* distress,  
And wake up, I opine, in the fidgets at best.

But *mirabile dictu !* confoundingly odd is  
The power of the Pass to pierce *other men's* bodies !  
The power of Adepts to lay open the breast,  
And rummage, occultly, another man's chest !

Who knows but some day,  
 They may find out the way  
 To analyze motives? ideas dissect?  
 And the "heart of heart" secrets of all to detect? \*  
 To think that a carle with shut eyes, far away,  
 In Sligo, or Sego, the *heart* might waylay!  
 Might catch all your thoughts, all your feelings survey,  
 You thinking in Saxon, he perhaps in Malay!  
 Who, if you spoke to him, would certainly need  
     A verbal translation,  
 But who, by some mystical *modus*, could read  
     Off hand, cogitation!  
     The thought is horrific,  
     'Tis all but petrific!  
 If the heart *at its work* can so clearly be seen,  
 What it *does* may be got at as clearly, I ween.  
 As it is, a man's doings are pervious to sight,  
 Maugre distance, and thick mural strata, and night;  
 And if *Thought* should *de même* be dragged forth into  
     light,  
 What rubbing and scrubbing there'll be by and by,  
 To render it passably clean to the eye!

\* " Quoth Hudibras, you lie so ope,  
     That I, without a telescope,  
     Can find your faults out, and descry,  
     Where you tell truth, and where you lie."

Had that great man any knowledge of the principles of what is  
 now called Mesmerism?

My Lord *Aberdeen* strictest vigils should keep,  
Lest into the Cabinet slyly should creep  
Some *Chargé d' affaires*, full of thievish intents,  
And rifle the drawers of their precious contents ;  
How the watch should be kept 't is n't easy to say—  
Let *Vernon* be catechised as to the way.

His lordship, I trow,  
Would esteem it too low

For nobility on such an errand to go,  
Or else what discov'ries his lordship might make,  
What light on our foreign relations might throw,  
If to Paris, Vienna, or Rio, he'd take,

By mesmeric sleight,  
A professional flight !

If his lordship wants nerve, 't would be safer to choose  
A *Familiar*, and send him *incog.* on the cruise.

Men that are knowing—the widely awake—  
Should shut up their eyes and advantage take,  
In cases of doubt, of this wonderful light ;  
For instance—a bachelor wishing to wed,  
Should look at the *heart* of his sweetheart, instead  
Of the bloom on her face, or the flax on her head,  
Though often the view might unsettle him quite ! \*

\* *Benedick's* " bachelor of threescore " might then be more frequently met with than he is at present.

*De la Beche* should set out on an under-ground trip,  
 And see how the coal-measures grow ;  
 And Lloyds' should insist that in every ship  
 A clairvoyant pilot should go ;  
*Herschel* afflated might reach to the stars,  
 And for comets in coma dive ;  
 And learn if in Mercury, Venus, or Mars,  
 Any bodies to live can contrive ;  
*Liebig* the loadstone quarries should roam,  
 In quest of secrets magnetic ;  
 He'd be sure to bring wonderful principles home,  
 He might give us the loadstone synthetic !  
 In coma,\* the Rhymster might *poetry* write,  
 The Preacher find *thought* for his lecture,  
 The Lawyer—he verily puzzles one quite,  
 The Doctor—it passes conjecture,  
 The class must decline, or—cut up by surgeons—  
 Be turned into dentists, or cuppers, or surgeons ; †

\* *Technically*, the coma may be considered as initiatory to the haute clairvoyance; in both states the subject is asleep, but the sleep of the somnambulist is *specifically* termed—by Dr. Elliotson—“ sleep-waking.” It is difficult—at least for the normal eye—to distinguish the boundaries of the different colours of light ; and the mesmeric *nuances* run almost as imperceptibly into each other.

† Perhaps it is the apprehension of some catastrophe of this kind that impels the faculty to such half-mad attempts to stay the progress of science, and to put down “ every respectable magnetist.” A popular lecturer states, that “ during his public experiments in London, the conduct of whole troops of practitioners was worse than

No inference surer did logic e'er draw,  
For now all the functions of liver and maw,  
Glands, kidneys, secretions—while quite at our ease—  
May be seen in full action as busy as bees.

On the age-stained college walls,  
See, a beam of brightness falls !  
Now the rising, struggling ray,  
To the cloister wins its way ;  
Hail we the prelusive sight !  
Soon a flood of glorious light,  
Shall from academic glades  
Chase the last, the lingering shades ;  
Startled by the eye of day,  
Night's tuneless birds shall flee away,  
And—*mind ascendant*—this retreat  
Shall be a “ greenery ” *tout de suite* !

Not the high seats of Learning alone, but the nether  
Will all be enlightened—“ reformed altogether ; ”

that of a crowd in the gallery of a common theatre ;” and that at Nottingham, “ they came in a gang, with Dr. Robertson at their head, and by clamour, clapping, yells, and hisses, interrupted the lecture for two hours.” This barbarism is said to pervade “ the general body,” though there are some honourable exceptions—few enough, it appears, to establish the rule.

*Mesmer* was treated in a similar manner, but he did not always act very prudently ; to some extent he provoked the spirit of persecution—“ medical men he called poisoners, and all their drugs poisons.”

Old rules will be routed,  
 Old principles scouted,  
 The College, the Hall, and the School, now incrustèd  
 With layers of dust, in a trice will be dusted ;  
 An era prolific of changes arise,  
 And a "New Moral World," will forthwith bless our eyes !

All in vain were the husbandman's trouble and toil,  
 If his seed did n't suit both the climate and soil ;  
 Would all the guano of Ichaboe Isle  
 Work the Desert of Araby up to a smile ?  
 Could *Ducie* make mangoes or oranges bloom  
 On the mountains of Scotland—the home of the broom ?  
 " How is it that masters, and science, and art,  
 One spark of intelligence fail to impart ?"  
*How is it ?* because they bestow all their pains  
 On cold, muddy, heavy, ungenial brains—  
 On rocky, or sandy, or boggy domains !  
 They toil to raise myrtles on soils that, with care,  
 Might be cropped at a profit—might cabbages bear ;  
 While often, *au contraire*, the esculent grows  
 In nooks that invite the Sweet William and Rose ;  
 And withal many flow'rets are "blushing unseen,"  
 And wasting their sweets on a desolate scene.  
 Such blunders will all by and by be corrected—  
 The plough, spade, and rake, be by science directed ;  
 First the *head* will be handled—the surface dissected,

The sub-soil be sounded, the aspect inspected,—  
 Its good or bad properties all be detected ;  
 Then promising skulls will be wistfully tended,  
 Bare, ill-favoured specimens skilfully mended,  
 And numskulls be done by as nature intended ;  
*Si sic*, mind will bourgeon, and quickly assume  
 Its pristine, its paradisiacal bloom ! \*  
*Si sic* ? can we doubt it ? the Dullards may frown,  
 And the Doctors may rage, but can *mind* be put down ?  
 Men may mob a Professor, and call him a fool,  
 May snub him, and push him away from his stool—  
 Opinion is often the Lord of misrule ; †  
 The Doctors dubbed *Harvey* a dolt for his pains,  
 When he told them their blood ran about in their veins ;  
*Galileo* was forced by the blockheads to lie,  
 As touching the world's running round in the sky ;  
 Yet the globules of blood are still beating their bounds,  
 And the globe in the sky is still running his rounds !

\* “ *Thomson* was no schoolmaster,” said a venerable tutor to the writer some time ago, “ or he never would have written *Delightful task to rear the tender thought!*” But when tender thoughts are reared, and young ideas taught to shoot, on scientific principles, it will be found that there is as much of truth in the words of the bard as there is of poetry. Oxford and Cambridge must have their Professors of Mesmerism, and put the *Alma Mater* of Gower Street to the blush.

† “ Why is opinion, singly as it stands,  
 So much inherited as house and lands ?  
 Whence comes it that from sire to son it goes,  
 Like a dark eye-brow, or a Roman nose ? ” *Miss Taylor.*



Philosophers, standing on vantage ground,  
 Look down, as their foreheads with rapture glow,  
 On the hubbub, *the fight of opinion* below,—  
 They know that *the world*, by degrees, will come round.

What's become of the *Ghosts*, which, as all of us know,  
 Peopled England so thickly a cent'ry ago ?  
 Have the spectres been ousted by civilization ?  
 Or are they nomadic—a wandering nation ? \*  
 I throw out the questions, but shall not pursue  
 The vista of thought which they open to view ;  
 The foll'wers of *Mesmer* may stumble some day  
 On the haunts of the Sprites, but be this as it may,  
 'Tis evident modern Philosophy's nod——

(*Ignorami* may jeer,  
 And sceptics may sneer,

And nine out of ten may consider it odd—)  
 Can endue gifted souls with the requisite skill  
 To see *Apparitions* whenever they will ;  
 They have but to nod, in an apposite way,  
 And nature and things *sub and super* obey ;  
 And here a *cui bono* is easily shown—  
 A murder's committed by “ some one unknown,”  
 A nodding policeman at once might disclose  
 Who loaded the pistol, or dealt out the blows ;  
 Or an amateur, drawn by a tempting placard,  
 Such as often are seen, headed MURDER ! REWARD !

\* “ We do not know the laws of that country.” *C. Lamb.*

Might befriend *Number One* and Society too,  
 By taking a doze with the felon in view !  
 “ The Statutes at Large ” might be largely amended,  
 All the blessings of law might, in sooth, be extended,  
 Bad cases foreclos'd, and bad actions forefended,  
 And rods made to fall just where Justice intended,—\*  
 But utility's stamp is so clearly imprest  
 On the Art, that 't were vain further hints to suggest ;  
 And as probably vain were a notification  
 Of what, *in his rebus*, *Peel* owes to the nation ; †  
 There never occurred such a crisis, I wis,  
 For picking up laurels and glory, as this ;  
 Well—*magna est veritas* ! statesmen may rail,  
 But “ knowledge is power ”—“ the truth shall prevail .

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*  
 \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Upward to the starlit skies ! †  
 Gorgeous grandeur meets my eyes ;  
 The “ ample road ” my feet essay,  
 “ Powder'd with stars ”—the milky way ;

\* “ Boys, dear, wont ye give *one* shout for justice ? 'tisn't often it troubles ye ! ” *Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

† *Mesmer* “ advocated a political revolution and reorganization on magnetical principles.” *Quarterly Review.*

‡ “ I was so light, almost  
 I thought that I had died in sleep,  
 And was a blessed ghost ! ”

*Coleridge.*

Now I scale, with high intents,  
 Heaven's adamantine battlements ;  
 Now o'er cerulean hills I bound !  
 Luciferous fountains shed around  
 A pure, serene, a sunless light,  
 A day that nothing knows of night ;  
 Here the leaf is never sere,  
 Balmy is the atmosphere ;  
 Here in " feathery palm-tree bowers "—  
 Bedight with amaranthine flowers  
 Whose odours rain nectareous showers— \*  
 Symphonious voices, softly clear  
 And richly sweet, entrance the ear,  
 And " with such concert as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy feather'd sleep."  
 But what has sleep to do with day ?  
 Do spirits doze, like things of clay ?  
 This can't be Paradise ! *Away !*  
 Downward to the hearts of things !  
 Ponder nature's secret springs—  
 Underneath are diamond-rocks,  
 Topaz-boulders, ruby-blocks,  
 Golden rivers, silver-streams,  
 Richer sights than visit dreams ; †

\* " A rare courtier ! *rain odours !* well." *Shakspeare.*

† " In spots like these it is we prize  
 Our *memory*—feel that she hath eyes."

*Wordsworth.*

I trace the roots of granite-hills,  
I see the fuel piled which fills  
Ætna, Vesuvius, Stromboli,\*  
Whose storms of fire fright earth and sea.  
Now with curious eye I pore  
On ocean's tessellated floor—  
    Wealth untold,  
    Pearls and gold,  
    Precious stones,  
    Inlaid with bones !  
Dismal, deathful, is the scene,  
Cheerless all its gemmy sheen !  
From these catacombs away  
Through Ocean's zones of life I stray ;  
In nature's freaks the scene is rife—  
Quaint plants, and quainter moving life ;  
Strange unnamed monsters of the deep,  
Before me swim, around me creep.  
Now, far removed from coral groves,  
My eye o'er other objects roves ;  
*Viz.*—a table, a desk, and a couple of chairs,  
With sundry odd volumes, up three pair of stairs !

\* “ A salamander-gathering down Ætna—worse than samphire-picking by some odds,” says *Lamb* ; but *facilis descensus* in coma—quite as facile, certainly, as a passage through a waterspout dry-shod, a mesmeric privilege, or power, which a learned writer claims on behalf of his clients.

No doubt I've been off in a technical doze,  
 To Self I was just on the point to propose  
 A tour on the *surface* ; \* I purposed to roam  
 First of all to the Louvre, thence onward to Rome ;  
 In Shiraz I hoped to regale ears and noze  
 With the song of the bulbul, the scent of the rose,—  
 In the palm-groves of India I meant to repose ;  
 The great in-walled Empire I thought to survey,  
 And the great *enchained* Settlement—Botany Bay ;  
 Thence to glance at the New World I purposed to go,  
 To look at the Andes, where nature of snow  
 Forms “ avalanche-thunderbolts ! ” thence to survey  
*Brother Jonathan's* States †—see Niagara's spray ;

\* Time was, when enamoured of tropical waterscapes, the writer ignorantly penned the following lines ;—

Sunrise and sunset ! ye are glorious things  
 All round the world, *here* exquisitely so ;  
 To watch the earliest pearly gleam that springs  
 From out the deep, till all the heavens glow  
 With “ magic tints,”—to watch when darkness flings  
 Shade after shade on glory,—*you must go*  
*To sea to see it* ——

But it is not so—Science can introduce an Atlantic dawn into a back attick in Lower Fogbury, or anywhere, at the very noon of night !

† And visit, for mesmeric research, the philosopher mentioned in the unpublished *Life and Adventures of Jack Tar* ;—

He knew a Pennsylvania-man,  
 Whose tongue so very smoothly ran,  
 He could, in languages diverse,  
 With three men all at once converse !

All this was involved in my plan, and some more,  
 But in lieu of a glimpse of the classical shore  
 Of Egypt, or Attica—up in my attick,  
 Common places, and things any thing but emphatic,\*  
 Bespeak my attention—I'll double the doze !  
 And I'll have the trip yet, for 'twere weak to suppose  
 That *Mesmer* was either a knave or a fool,  
 Or a hybrid between them—a bi-footed mule ;  
 If the Coma at Deptford so clearly makes known  
 All that *Madame Tussaud* hides in Marylebone,  
 (A fact so notorious 'tis question'd by none,)  
 It were facile by *ergo* in logic to show,  
 By the same mode of transit, that others might go  
 And look over the Sultan's Seraglio,  
 Or Her Majesty's Palace at Pimlico !  
         (Not as did the *Boy Jones*,  
         Who went in flesh and bones ;  
 For the personal vagabond, missing his way,  
 Was nabb'd, and for peeping made dearly to pay !)

There's one disadvantage, a little drawback,  
 Attending such journies—you carry no sack,  
 You never can bring any specimens back ;  
 But Science omnific will fill up the lack—

\* For—in its normal state—

“ There's very little landscape in a garret.”

*Peter Pindar.*

Aerial coaches will shortly be out,  
Aerial wagons will follow, no doubt,  
*Io! Triumphe!* all join in the shout!  
What an age do we live in for going a-head!  
The ancients——*Nil nisi*——'Tis well they are dead.





## CASES IN POINT.

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“ Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.”

*Winter's Tale.*



## EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

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“ And he is one,  
The truest manner'd ; such a holy witch,  
That he enchants societies unto him,  
Half all men's hearts are his.”

*Cymbeline.*

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THE effects produced by the hands of the primitive mesmerists, are described by the Commissioners who were appointed by the French Government to investigate the matter, in the following terms ;—

“ The patients in their different conditions present a varied picture. Some are calm, tranquil, and experience no effect ; others cough, spit, feel slight pains, local or general heat, and sweat ; others again are agitated and tormented with convulsions. These convulsions are remarkable in regard to the number affected, and to their duration and force ; and are characterized by the precipitous involuntary motions of all the limbs and of the whole body, by the constriction of the throat, by the leaping motions of the hypochondria and the epigastrium ; by the dimness and wandering of the eyes ; by piercing shrieks, tears, sobs, and immoderate laughter. They are preceded or followed by a state of languor or reverie, a kind of depression, and even drowsiness. The smallest unforeseen noise occasions shudderings ; even a change of tone and measure in the airs played on the piano-forte influences the patients, a quicker motion agitating them more and renewing the vivacity of their convulsions. Nothing is more astonishing than the spectacle of these convulsions ; one who has not seen them can form no idea of them.

The spectator is equally astonished at the profound repose of one part of the patients and the agitation of the rest ; at the various accidents which are repeated and the sympathies which are established. Some patients devote their exclusive attention to each other, rushing towards one another, smiling, speaking with affection and mutually soothing their crises. All are under the power of the magnetizer ; it matters not in what state of drowsiness they may be—his voice, a look, a gesture, brings them out of it."

In order to form "a chain of connexion," Mesmer passed cords round the bodies of his patients ; and sometimes, for the same purpose, he made each one take hold of his neighbour's thumb with one hand, while the other grasped a rod, one end of which was plunged into a tub filled with powdered glass, iron filings, and water. Among the other operational means originally employed, that of music was very conspicuous ; a person was kept constantly playing upon a piano-forte, which having previously been charged with prepared water, flooded the atmosphere with sweet sounds in combination with specific virtue. But above all other means, Mesmer relied principally for making salutary impressions, on "the application of his hands and the pressure of his fingers on the hypochondria and on the regions of the abdomen ; an application often continued for a long time, sometimes for several hours."

*Nous avons changé tout cela.* The rod is broken, and the crisis-chamber shut up—patients now are not fumigated—it is found unnecessary to darken the theatre, or let loose the soul of music ; indeed a late writer declares that all sorts of manual and mechanical appliances are supererogatory, and that the *will* of the mesmerist, if accompanied by appropriate "gesture," is perfectly irresistible. Moreover the gesticulations may be performed in a closet, and without the leave or even the knowledge of the "*sujet*," and yet lose none of their potency. A truly amazing power ! and one that might be most awfully abused ; though liability to abuse, it must be confessed, might be predicated of almost every other blessing we enjoy.

## THE BLUE LIGHT.

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" This is a most majestic vision—  
May I be bold to call these spirits?"

*Tempest.*

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The existence of "the third imponderable fluid" was demonstrated in England on Friday, July 21st. 1843, by *Mr. Benjamin Dann*, of Maidstone; "an experimental philosopher, whose whole energies, as opportunities have been afforded him, have been devoted to scientific discoveries." The mysterious agent manifested itself in the shape of a flame of *blue fire*; the subjoined account of its first appearance is extracted from a work just published by Mr. Richardson of Cornhill.

"On the evening of Friday, July 21st., I again put E. W. into the mesmeric sleep, in a room where another patient had already been subjected to it; when the lads began remarking upon each other at the very singular appearance each exhibited. E. W. said that W. C. was covered all over with fire; and W. C. said that he compared E. W. to a *blue devil*. At the same time a very powerful attraction was exerted between them; they conversed freely together at the distance of three yards, though their ears were closed to those who were nearer. One of them now beckoned to the other to come to him, and the other said he as much wanted to go to him; at last we allowed them to go together, when a most interesting effect was produced, evinced not merely by a feeling of pleasure visible in their countenances, but more powerfully verified by their movements—taking each other by the arm with manifest delight,

drawing their chairs close to one another, and talking together in the most familiar manner." \*

"On the 24th., having the two young men before alluded to in my room together, I first put one of them only into the sleep, and directed his attention to the other; when he remarked that 'that was the person he had been looking for, but he did not now look as he did when he saw him before'—meaning at the previous experiment, which he would not do as then he was in the mesmeric sleep, now he had not yet been mesmerized—'he was then covered all over with *blue fire* like unto phosphorus, and was so plump and fat; but now he was so thin and such a little chap, he hardly knew him,'—a clear proof that without the envelope of fire, or the being covered with magnetic fluid, he would still have appeared in his normal state. On directing my eyes to my other patient to induce the sleep, E. W. exclaimed, 'Oh! look! he is coming all over fire again; look! it is a flowing from his eyes, down his face and over his face!' And when I began to make the *passes*, he said, 'there it goes, it is now spreading all over him;' and when I had made two or three passes down to his feet, he said, 'see! just look, he is now covered all over with it, just as he was when I saw him before—he is looking so plump and so fat!' They then drew their seats near each other, and congratulated themselves that they had met again; at last they proposed to take a journey together, and it proved very interesting to me, but as it does not relate to my present object, I leave it."

On other occasions E. W. made various pertinent and deeply interesting communications; for instance—"I excited the organ of language by pointing to his eyes with my fingers, when he exclaimed, 'look! look! there is fire coming from your fingers, and from his eyes, and they join together!'—proving the joint co-operation of operator and patient in producing the effect." Again,—"'I will now tell you just how it is—that fire shoots up through the skin,

\* "As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,  
Touched with the magnet had attracted his."

Cowper.

*out of the pores*, and comes through the sleeve of the jacket, shooting out all around when you draw your hand down his arm.' W. C.'s arm was now quite stiffened, catalepted, as it is termed, *but still awake*,\* and said that he could feel his arm powerfully attracted to E. W. as if drawn to him by a wind. His arm was now touched by a spectator, to ascertain its stiffness, when E. W. instantly called out 'You should not let him do so—he has taken away nearly all the fire; I saw the blue fire run to his hand, up his own, and now there is but little of it left.' But when I had made another pass, E. W. said, 'it is come again.' And when I had demesmerised the arm by blowing upon it, E. W. said, 'there! look! the fire is all gone again—you have blown it all away!'"

Fearless of the eye of scrutiny, Mr. Dann announces that E. W. is "*Edward Wisenden*, a young man 19 years of age; who has spent the greater part of his time at New Romney, in Kent, and at a small village near Maidstone; he has had but little opportunity of obtaining a knowledge of the world."

The writer has not heard that the *blue fire* has been visible anywhere out of Kent.

\* Mr. Dann does not appear in this particular to express himself with his usual perspicuity; unless indeed he really means to say that the arm was awake and vocal. In the nomenclature of Science, as in the language of poetry, the eye—not the tongue—is set down as the organ of language; and the annals of Mesmerism show that hands and feet may be qualified for fulfilling the functions of eyes and ears.

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## DELICATE INVESTIGATION.

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“ Make me to see it; or, at the least so prove it,  
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on.”

*Othello.*

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Once upon a time it happened that Mr. Dann was anxious to know what his wife was doing at that particular moment; and he requested Mr. Wisenden to go and see. Happily for the peace of the family, the envoy found the lady “at work;” but an incident occurred immediately after his arrival, of which he gave an account in the following words;—

“A customer coming into the shop, I saw her give a woman something, but did not observe what it was, and the woman gave her some halfpence for it; yet when she gave it over the counter, I saw a cockroach run from it towards the woman, when she squeaked out, being frightened.”

And so it actually was; but it is obvious that experiments of this nature ought always to be conducted with very great caution.

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## ANNIHILATION OF TIME AND SPACE.

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“ See him set on to London.

So swift a pace hath thought, that even now  
You may imagine him upon Blackheath.”

*King Henry V.*

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The annexed narrative of a *Trip to London*, performed by Mr. Wisenden “while in the sleep,” is from the pen of the gentleman who wrote the history of the discovery of the blue light. *Bodily*, the traveller “has never been in London, or ever read any account of its public buildings.”

“I desired E. W. to go to London *by the railway*. He soon entered on the rail. After about three minutes had elapsed, he called out, ‘Hallo! I have overtaken you, have I?’ I enquired what had happened. He said, ‘I have just *passed* the train on the rail.’ Soon after this he shivered, and buttoned up his coat, saying, ‘I don’t like going under ground, it strikes so cold!’ but immediately unbuttoned it again. In a short time he said, ‘I have got to the end of the rail; which way shall I go? for its all confusion here.’ He then passed over London Bridge, describing it as a large and handsome structure; and here he noticed a very lofty building, which proved to be the Monument. At my request, he ascended to the top, complaining that it *made his legs ache*. He then placed himself on the flame—and gave me a very pretty description of all that he could see; saying that ‘the people appeared to be very small.’ He then descended, counting the steps as he came down. I now told him, that when last in London, a young woman threw herself from the top; when my patient immediately said, ‘I cannot see how she could do so, there is no place for her to get out at, it is all enclosed like a cage.’ From the Monument he went up King William Street, into the Bank of England, giving a description of some of

the offices—of large quantities of writings deposited in a strong iron closet, on shelves—and of a great quantity of sovereigns in a chest, in another closet, the closet and the chest as being of iron, and the date on those sovereigns to be 1842. But as I was not able to say whether his observations on the Bank were correct or not, I directed him to St. Paul's. Passing on, he said, 'I cannot get along, there are so many people in the way; the streets are full of people and carriages, and such a noise!' Presently he said, 'Oh, I suppose this is St. Paul's, a very large building with iron fencing round it; which way shall I go in? But stop! is there not a clock? Oh, here it is; how high up! It is twelve minutes past ten. I will now go inside. Oh! is not this a large place? Talk of buildings—this is one!' I then directed him to find a way up stairs; he did so, and found the wheelwork of the clock, giving a description of it and of the large bell, saying, 'How large it is, and so thick! I would measure how thick, but have not time now—it is wider across than I can reach—I suppose this lump lifts up when the clock strikes.' (*Operator*.—I have never seen the clockwork or the bell.) He then went into the body of the building, not by the stairs, but at once, and gave a description of some of the monuments—but it being nearly eleven o'clock, Saturday night, I woke him up."

Mr. Dann is of opinion that "the aerial clairvoyant transit must be made through the strata of the atmosphere, occupying the space between the mast-head of a ship and the water's edge;" and he supports this opinion with arguments of a very cogent character. But he gives no opinion as to *what part* of Mr. Wisenden it was that performed the journey; it seems to have been something *material*, inasmuch as it experienced great inconvenience from the pressure of the crowd in Cheapside. Yet how was it—travelling so rapidly—that it did not experience inconvenience from the *pressure of the atmosphere*? Had Mr. Dann subjected his patient to a skilful cross-examination on this point, he might have elicited information that would have opened the eyes, and stopped the mouths, of all the sceptics in the world.

## HEROD OUT-HERODED.

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“ All hail, great master ! grave Sir, hail ! I come  
 To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,  
 To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
 On the curl'd clouds.”

*Tempest.*

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When the writer suggested the possibility of getting a distant interior view of “ Her Majesty's Palace at Pimlico,” by means of the new light, he was really not aware that the deed had been done—but it has. The following revelation is enough to “fright the isle from her propriety;” its circumstantiality is perfectly astounding—*ecce iterum* DANN. On the 13th of July, Mr. Dann “put E. W. to sleep again,” and directed him to go to Westminster. Reaching the Bird-cage Walk, E. W. said, “ ‘ This is a very pretty place—I don't want to be hurried on. I can see yonder some iron-gates, is that Buckingham Palace, the place you want me to go to ? ’ I said, yes; when he paused, and said, ‘ I don't like to go in here, for there are soldiers walking to and fro—such tall men—I don't like to pass them ! ’ I told him they would not touch him, when he presently said, ‘ I have passed those tall soldiers, and got to the steps, but I don't want to go inside. ’ By persuasion he enters, and exclaims, ‘ How grand ! *this is not a fit place for me !* ’ I persuaded him to stay and look about him, when he soon finds a large room, and said—‘ What a grand place this is ! I can count fourteen gentlemen and ladies round a table, and one man appears to be older than the rest; he has a long visage, and is dressed like a soldier. There are some ladies, and one of them appears younger than the others; and that young lady has a watch at her side, on the outside of her clothes; the face is turned inwards; it is six minutes past ten by it. I will now look at that gentleman's—it is in his waistcoat

pocket; it is four minutes and a half past ten by this watch. But I don't like to be here, it is so fine a place; would rather be outside; I only came in here because you wanted me to do so.' "

On the ensuing day E. W. again perambulated the Palace. "At my request," says his editor, "he looked into several rooms, and says, 'Here is that young lady I saw before, and the young gentleman too; they are now in a room by themselves, but it is only a small room; but there are many people on the outside.' "

No doubt Mr. Wisenden felt that the Queen's *boudoir* was "not a fit place" for him; for, apparently without interrupting the royal *tête-à-tête*, he passed thence into the gardens. Here however he manifested something very much like a want of delicacy in following Her Majesty everywhere as closely as her shadow; yet it must not be forgotten that he entered the royal precincts "as rated spaniel takes his burden up;" and that he possessed but little "knowledge of the world;"

" He little dreamt when he set out,  
Of running such a rig! "

"I shall stop here, and look at all the flowers, they appear to be all new. Here is a handsome one, standing on a stalk by itself; this flower is like a large cup, of an orange colour, with red stripes. Here is a seat, *I shall stop here!* That young lady has been walking about here to-day, and the gentleman too; some ladies walked behind her, and held up her gown, but I went on before her—where she went I went. How very smooth the paths are; but I do not walk on the paths when by myself, but from one flower to another, across the beds. The young lady sat down once—and when she went back to the Palace I went in with her; but she did not go in by the door I came out of, but went in by a door into a room, and I went in with her; and as she went from one room to another, I went with her!"

Prodigious! On a subsequent occasion the visitor had "a prime ride," as he expressed it, in an open carriage with a lady and gentleman, who "laughed much as they rode along;" and one day he took an airing with them "on horseback." Once he introduced a

companion, and led "him into various apartments;" he afterwards attended a State Ball, and gave minute and accurate descriptions of the company and the cheer. "When they got into the ball-room they began to move about amongst one another in a huddling manner for some time, and then they danced." If he wished to know the name of a guest, he "looked into his pocket." While admiring *Tippoo Saib's* tent, "the Duke of Wellington came up and talked about the siege; and said that the officers displayed great courage there, and the Duke appeared much pleased to talk about it." The tent was "filled with refreshments; when any one chose, they went in and took what they pleased; some of them took a pretty good share too!" Mr. Dann remarks that "some of the observations were made on the same evening that the ball took place, and that Edward had "not read a newspaper for six months."

Assuredly this feat is more calculated to agitate even the strong mind than any thing that has ever been achieved—except the blowing up of *John o' Gaunt* off Brighton by Captain Warner.\* And, *cum aliis*, it is suggestive of many interesting questions—what are the limits of a Clairvoyant's sensibilities? He delights in a garden—can he relish a remote jelly? He buttons up his coat in a cold tunnel—is he proof against a pistol-ball? He does what Falstaff refused to do, he acts "upon compulsion"—why is he thus abject? But for the present we must repose upon the *facts* of the case, and exercise patience; we shall know more anon;—

" This is as strange a maze as e'er was trod ;  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of; some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge."

\* The writer would not rob labour of its reward, or merit of its palm; but before Sir Robert Peel consents to pay £300,000 for blowing up a ship of the line, he ought to be thoroughly satisfied that it is not effected by mesmeric sleight; for if it be, the *Prince de Joinville* will most surely possess himself of the *imitabile fulmen, le grand œuvre*, without paying for it—indeed the process must soon become patent to all the world. Already does Brother Jonathan threaten to "thunder us in pieces;" if the newspapers

In the garden we catch a glimpse of Fairyland, the realm whither the ancients were wont to repair, "to play with the light—to listen to the soft language of the flowers and catch their secrets," and to enjoy the music of their "soft bells pealing,"

" With faint sweet tones on night serene,  
When glow-worm lamps illumine the scene."

Mr. Wisenden did not "walk on the paths," but flitted "from one flower to another, across the beds." Our grandsires all were believers in the veritable existence of Oberon and Titania, Robin Goodfellow and Pigwiggin, Tib and Fib, and "the crew that never rest;" and who will now dare to write FOOL on his grandfather's grave on account of his creed? We have had our laugh at the witcheries and *diableries* of the olden times—the Mesmerist is now laughing at the superstitions and reveries of Young England. Our traveller has restored a long lost gem to the British Crown, and immortalized the reign of Queen Victoria, the gardens of Pimlico, and *himself*!

" Come, follow, follow me,  
You fairy elves that be ;  
On tops of dewie grasse  
So nimbly do we passe,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends when we do walk."

report truly, Mr. Colt, "in the Potomac, in the presence of the President," has blown up "a ship of 500 tons at a distance of two miles, while she was going through the water at the rate of eight miles an hour, under a full press of canvass." What was the ship's ensign? What became of the crew?

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## TOUTVOYANCE.

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“ Daylight and champion discover not more ; this is open.”

*Twelfth Night.*

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“ A gentleman previously wholly incredulous as to the truth of Mesmerism, said that if any mesmerised subject, who had never entered his house, would describe to him the furniture of his drawing-room, he should be convinced. The challenge was accepted. The subject was mesmerised at some distance from the residence—the lad was desired to describe the furniture. *After looking it carefully over*, he enumerated the articles one by one, but said, ‘ there is one, I cannot tell what it is.’ It was a splendid upright piano, an instrument the boy had possibly never seen before ; whether so or no, he must have actually seen it then, or he could not have said there is one article, I cannot tell what it is.”

“ The lad was asked what a gentleman present had in his trousers’ pocket? ‘ He would see.’ In a minute he told us, ‘ I think he has a little box.’ Query from a spectator, made known to him through the operator—‘ Is it like a snuff-box?’ He said, ‘ I will see.’ In another minute he said ‘ there was a glass in it.’ It was a pocket magnifying glass. ‘ Is that all in the gentleman’s pocket?’ ‘ I do not know, but will see.’ In half a minute he said, ‘ In the bottom there is gold, but whether a sovereign or a half-sovereign I am not sure!’ In a few minutes he announced it to be a half-sovereign, the date of 1824. ‘ You are not correct.’ ‘ I will look again.’ A minute and a half passed, when he said, ‘ the last figure is nearly out, I see it now, 1828.’ It was so. Had there been any deception, he would naturally have said at first 1824, and afterwards 1828 ; thus proving by demonstration that he must have seen and contemplated the figures separately, combining them *seriatim* in his progress.” *Spurrell’s Rationale.*

Science, by and by, may perchance render half-sovereigns, under button, as "sensible to feeling as to sight;" if it should, what curious points in jurisprudence, what nice cases for counsel, it would originate! The Clairvoyant—as in the case of Mr. Wisenden—is clearly susceptible of fatigue, physical suffering; but is he capable of physical ill-doing? Could he pick a pocket—or a lock? Fire a gun—or a house? Give a blow—or a bruise? And is he capable of moral ill-doing? Is he responsible—amenable to law? Subjected as he is to the despotism of a superior power, should he not be regarded, at the worst, rather as a tool than a *particeps*? But, in case of need, how could he be arraigned? By what canon could his personal identity be established? What kind, what amount of evidence would satisfy twelve simple minded men of his guilt? And is he punishable? Could he be confined within stone-walls? Would triple iron hold him? Could he be attached to a treadmill? He could transport himself to Botany Bay in a twinkling, or less; but could the High Sheriff transport him thither?

It would not be reasonable, at the present moment, to expect answers to questions of this nature; the science though Herculean is still infantile, still "in its cradle;" time alone can unfold its proportions, and develope its mighty powers.

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## SHARPNESS OF VISION.

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"Some strange commotion is in his brain." *King Henry VIII.*

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"I continued to point with my finger, when my patient exclaimed, 'See! see! he is now going to speak, I can see that he is getting ready for it!' I then asked him how he knew that he was



going to speak ? He answered, ‘ Oh, I can see it by his looks, for I can see *his head inside*—the brain all in motion ! ’ ” *Dann.*

This incident elucidates an obscure passage in the speech of Henry V. to the army before Harfleur ;—

“ Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;  
Let it pry through the portage of the head ! ”

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## OBLIQUITY OF VISION.

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“ O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks ! O that you could ! ” *Coriolanus.*

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“ Our next experiments were holding several articles over the back of his head, and questioning as to what they were. The first thing was a snuffers, which he told without the least hesitation ; then a brass candlestick, which he told directly ; then an Italian iron, which he called a round box. A pocket book was then presented shut, which he called a square box, but when open he told what it was with a few particulars relating to it.”

I tried “ if cards could not be named as readily as persons, with the organ of Individuality. I placed six or seven in her hands, they were all read ; likewise over the head and at her back.”

*Correspondents of Phreno-magnet.*

The great *Sir John*—the “ round man ”—were he now living, might at any time get a sight of “ his own knee.”

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## A THOROUGH SEARCH.

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“ Let them anatomize Regan, and see what breeds about her heart.”

*Lear.*

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“ During the progress of one of his investigations, the lad suddenly appeared to me to be what in his waking moments would have been deemed a brown study; the Operator asked him if he was comfortable? Yes; and said he had been examining *the health of the company*; this put us all on the *qui vive*, the very tiptoe of expectation, as to what might transpire. Query by the Operator—Do you see any thing particular the matter? ‘Nothing *very* particular.’ Fully satisfied with the reply, we thanked our stars that it were no worse with any of us.” *Rationale of Magnetism.*

The Life Assurance Companies must soon be in a state of complete revolution; the value of life will shortly cease to depend, to the extent that it now does, on algebraic signs and bills of mortality; and insurers whose hearts and livers will bear the eye, will save fifty pounds *per centum per annum*, more or less. This will indeed be a BONUS *pro bono publico*—*O vitæ Philosophia dux!*

Is it the force of habit, or a weak deference to popular prejudice, or the order of the Directors, that induces Dr. E—— to persist in the use of the Stethoscope, as he does, when investigating the state of health of parties proposing to insure their lives? Let not this question be denounced as impertinent—the inconsistencies of professed friends do more injury to the cause of truth than the obstreperous hostility of avowed enemies. Besides—is not *demonstration* more satisfactory, more philosophical, than *inference*?

## EXTRA-JUDICIAL POLICE.

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“ Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brentford? My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.”

*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

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In the preceding part of this work the writer indicated a scientific method of increasing the efficiency of the detective police force of the country; he has since learnt that his plan has been actually put to the test, and that its practicability has been placed beyond a doubt. In the case now referred to the subject was employed in a “ sheep-stealing investigation at Harrietsham;” he gave “ a minute description of the men—and said they were talking about the robbery.” He stated that “ the man looking out of window, with black hair, and a frock on,” was innocent; that it was another that “ committed the robbery, and the third assisted him in lifting the sheep over the gate.” *Spurrell's Rationale.*

It is not very probable that a jury could at present be found who would convict on such evidence as this; for though we have emerged from the gross darkness that enveloped our ancestors, we yet enjoy only the light of dawn. Scarcely two centuries have passed since “ Simon Read of St. George's, Southwark, professor of physick, was indicted for the invocation of wicked spirits, in order to find out the name of the person who had stolen £37 from Tobias Matthews of St. Mary Steynings in London;” but the philosopher of the present day enjoys all the immunities which knowledge and virtue can confer—for him the law has no fang, while the “ clamour” of jealousy is nothing more than an innocuous *brutum fulmen*—the institutes of society are favourable to the progress of truth.

There will be a question by and by as to the Clairvoyant's *religionem jurisjurandi*; but we need not anticipate difficulties.

"I have taken you napping," as Tranio said to Bianca, will soon cease to be regarded as a mere trope ; while Dogberry's *charge to the watch*, which has been laughed at for ages, will be seen to be rich in traits, indicative on the part of its author, of a profound knowledge of human nature ;—

"WATCHMAN.—We will rather sleep than talk ; we know what belongs to a watch.

DOGBERY.—Why you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman."

How appositely is *Justice* symbolized as a Clairvoyante with bandaged eyes !

The writings of men of genius of all ages teem with indications of the prevalence of mesmeric power ; although, as a science, Mesmerism has not long had an existence. Talus, the "yron man" of Spencer, is clearly the *magnetic* man, or magnetist, of more recent times ; while his "yron flayle" and the rod of Mesmer are evidently correlatives ;—

"And that same yron man, which could reveale  
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent  
To search out those that used to rob and steale ;  
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment."

Having, of course, first made the rogues restore all their ill-gotten gain.

## DUPLEX INDIVIDUALITY.

"Come, we'll have you merry ; I'll bring you where you shall see the gentleman that you asked for." *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

"In Philadelphia there dwelt a solitary man, in a lonely house. He was very benevolent, but extremely retired ; and strange things

were narrated of him, amongst which were his being able to tell a person things that were unknown to every one else. The captain of a vessel belonging to Philadelphia, when about to sail, promised his wife that he would return again in a certain time, and that he would write to her frequently. She waited long, but no letter arrived; the time appointed passed over, but her beloved husband did not return. She was deeply distressed, and knew not where to look for consolation; at length a friend advised her to go to the pious solitary, and tell him her grief. The woman went to him; after she had told him all her troubles, he desired her to wait awhile there, until he returned and brought her an answer. She sat down to wait, and the man, opening a door, went into his closet. But the woman thinking he staid a long time, rose up, went to the window in the door, lifted up the curtain, and saw him lying on the couch *like a corpse*. She immediately went back to her place. At length he came, and told her that her husband was in London, in a coffee-house which he named, and that he would return very soon; he then told her the reason why he had been unable to write. The woman went home, pretty much at ease. What the solitary had told her was minutely fulfilled—her husband returned, and the reason of his delay, and his not writing, were just as the man had stated. The woman was now curious to know what would be the result, if she visited the friendly solitary in company with her husband. The visit was arranged; but when the captain saw the man he was struck with astonishment. He afterwards told his wife that *he had seen that very man*, on such a day—the very day the woman had been with him—in a coffee-house in London; that he had then stated the reason why his return was delayed, and of his not writing, and that he would shortly come back; on which he lost sight of the man among the company!" *Rationale of Magnetism*.

The *Mirror of Merlin* which brought into view

" Whatever thing was in the world containd,  
Betwixt the lowest earth and heavens hight,"

must have been a tantalising instrument at the best—more adapted to excite *the pains* of hope than confer *the pleasures*; we are much

better off without it. This case has completely annihilated a half-formed theory of Clairvoyant Vision which the writer was constructing; the revelations of Mr. Dann first suggested doubts as to its stability, but now it is proved to have been altogether a "baseless fabric." There is no longer any occasion to talk about *aberration*, or *refraction*; we need no light from the *mirage*; neither are we under the necessity of presuming on the existence of any occult law of dioptrics, by means of which the mesmerist might be enabled to pass rays of light through opaque substances—the American Solitaire was corporally in two places at the same time. "Truth is stranger than fiction," and fact "makes fancy lame." Conder ejaculates

" O that in *unseen* communion,  
Thought could hold the distant friend ! "

Science can do more than the poet imagined, or sighed after—it can bring distant friends together to all intents and purposes.

The practicability of holding personal intercourse with correspondents afar off and across seas, must affect, eventually, the value of investments in railways and steamers, and it will destroy altogether the revenue of the Post Office; but these are partial evils only, while all the changes will be conducive to "universal good." Moreover, the facts of the case will serve to elucidate a vast number of *alibi* questions; and if a body can be in two places at once, why not in *three* ? or more ? Philosophy makes light of impossibilities; at present we catch only "the distant tops of thoughts"—time will bring up the rest. What a multiform mystery is human nature !

" Who the secrets can unravel  
Of the body's mystic guest ? "

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## UNIQUE DUPLICITY.

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“ Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? ”

*Macbeth.*

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THE inhabitants of most of the chief towns of England have lately been privileged with opportunities of becoming familiar with specimens of this singular duplicity, of seeing “ two faces under a hood ”—the agonistic features of a body possessed of two spirits. The writer lately encountered a double minded man, whose tongue, doing double duty, ejaculated alternately, but in one breath, such phrases as the following—suiting the action to the word—“ *Come here! come! You must n't leave me! Do come!—I'll crush ye to atoms! I will!* ” *Bellum, pax rursum.* In the *Ate* that Spencer drew, this dual *animus* is strikingly embodied;—

“ Her tongue was in two parts divided,  
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;  
And as her tongue so was her hert discided,  
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.  
Likewise unequal were her handés twaine,  
The one did reach, the other pusht away,  
The one did make, the other mar'd againe.”

The spirit of moral deformity still haunts the world.

On the same occasion, a girl under excitement was desired to sing; she objected, declaring that she “ could n't sing ”—she “ never could.” It was suggested by a spectator that if the organ of self-esteem were excited conjointly with the organ of tune, the difficulty

might be overcome; the hint was taken, the device succeeded, the organs of articulation responded, and they

“ Forced a girl to sing a sang,  
That ne’er could sing a sang ava ! ”

“ I touched the organ of Benevolence,” says Mr. Stevenson, in the Phreno-magnet, when the subject “ immediately said she would like to give her uncle all she had, and wished she could give more. On my touching Veneration she expressed herself as being very happy, and seeing angels. I placed a finger on Tune, and she directly said, ‘ I should like to sing the Evening Hymn.’ I requested her to sing a song, but she said ‘ No, I must not sing a song here, but I will sing the Evening Hymn.’ When she had completed the third line, I removed my finger from the organ of Tune, and she was instantly silent. On replacing the finger she re-commenced singing exactly where she had left off. After demesmerising these parts, I touched Ideality and Language, and was alike surprised and delighted at the fine poetic style in which she described the sky, the sun, moon, and stars, as also the surrounding landscape; on touching Colour in conjunction with Ideality, she described the picture as the most sublime, and spoke of the colours of the surrounding objects with all the impassioned fervour of an enthusiastic admirer of nature. On removing the finger from Colour to Individuality she said, ‘ Oh, I see those beautiful trees, and a many people walking there!’ The question I now asked was, How many people are there? Answer—‘ I cannot count them.’ I touched the organ of Number, and she instantly said, ‘ Oh, yes, I *can* count them—one, two,’ &c., up to twelve, when I took my finger off the part, and she instantly ceased. I next tried the effect of suggestions, and found that the patient would *say or do any thing I suggested!* ”

With respect to the last-mentioned trait, an American writer declares that “ there is no conceivable feeling or condition of the human body, no sounds or motions peculiar to human beings, or indeed to animals, fish, or birds, which we are not, in some cases, able to induce in some persons; ”—

“ Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonder—  
I wonder what it bodes ! ”



Whatever is may *bode*, it brings into mind one of Milton's heroes,—

“ I shall ere long  
Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd  
About my mother Circe.”

Mesmerists, however, have nothing to do with *Circe*; they “work by wit, and not by witchcraft.”

Gall's diagrams indicate the localities of about thirty primitives; Phreno-mesmerists have discovered the seats of many more; for instance, says Mr. Pembroke, “*Riding* in Locality, *Aversion* near Benevolence, and one—I am not sure whether *Relaxation* or *Good Fellowship*, but the manifestation is as follows—She sits in a lolling position, imitates smoking, and calls for cigars. What will the suggestive whisperers say to this, when I declare that cigars are never used in my house? With respect to the organ of *Dancing*—the instant I put my finger on this organ, she said *I am going to a party*; she then rose up and danced round the room.”

*Des Cartes* said “*Il n'y a que six passions primitives*,” *Plato* placed the understanding in the brain, anger in the heart, and concupiscence in the liver; and *Lavater* regarded the nose as a most significant gnomon. Modern science confines its attention to the cranium; but has the brain even now been thoroughly explored? Is it certain that there is no remaining *Terra Incognita* in either of its hemispheres? Is the last edition of the Chart of the Skull perfectly correct? Blunders have heretofore been committed in this matter, as egregious as those chronicled in the distich—

“ Geographers, on pathless downs  
Place elephants, for want of towns; ”

and it is very remarkable, that organs often “come out in parts foreign to their proper situations,” the result of “the infusion into the patient's system of an influence antagonistic to that of the original operator.”

“The action of a single organ,” says Mr. Pochett, “if such can act alone, is a sort of blind impulse, but combined with others different results follow. Twenty-four will allow of 621,654,561,827, 891,919,360,000 different combinations; as far as variety is con-

cerned, these may be considered amply sufficient for all the purposes we can conceive necessary."

This is somewhat unphilosophical; first, because it is obvious that we have not yet passed beyond the vestibule of the Temple of Mental Philosophy, and therefore are not competent to say what *variety* of organs is essential to the maintenance of a correct balance of power; secondly, because we have nothing to do with the fabrication of the organs—we have no power either to increase or diminish their number—we are bound to take the complement as nature presents it, and to make the best of it; and lastly, because the calculation seems to involve the supposition that twenty-four organs may be in full excitement at the same moment. Were this possible, the multitudinous *manifestations* of the case would certainly assimilate the grave philosophers "ranged around" to the gazing rustics of Auburn—

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew."

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## THE TIME O'DAY.

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"I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day." *King Henry IV.* p. 1.

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DR. TESTE one day magnetized a young lady in the *Rue Sainte Dominique*, and asked her the time o'day; "Three quarters past four." He pulled out his watch, and that was the "precise time."

"You have then seen the hour on my watch, madam?—No, sir.—Where then have you seen it?—Nowhere.—Then how do you know it?—I know it.—But again?—I *feel* it!"—*Manuel Pratique*.  
*Translated by D. Spillan, M.D., A.M.*

This is not the first young lady who has felt time !

“ Stay, hoary sage ! one moment deign  
To hear thy duteous child complain ;  
Thy fearful scythe in pity hide,  
And that old hour-glass throw aside ! ”

## A STRANGE TONGUE.

“ This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist.”

*All's Well that Ends Well.*

DR. TESTE magnetised a young lady living in the *Rue d'Enfer*, who, before being put to sleep, was engaged in arranging some lace. The doctor took it into his head to ask her where she got the lace ; in reply she said—

“ It is a present from my sister-in law, a present which gives double pleasure ; for *dolci in ogni tempo è il beneficio, ma viè piu dolce quando è accompagnato dalla sorpresa!* ”

“ Ah ! you understand Italian, madam ? ”—“ Yes.”

“ Not a word, monsieur ! she understands not a word of it ! ” exclaimed M——, who appeared almost *aghast* at seeing his lady so learned.

“ Madam, however, has studied this language ? ”

“ Never ! certainly never ! ”

“ Madame M——, when she awoke, was totally unable to translate this phrase, which she certainly understood in her sleep, since she quoted it quite *à propos*.”

The manifestations in the *Rue d'Enfer* must ere long lead to the discovery of a mode of mastering unknown tongues with a rapidity

never before *dreamt of* in anybody's philosophy. Madame M—— might perhaps have conversed in Chinese, or Hebrew, with as much facility as in Italian, had she or the operator *willed* it; and although the newly-acquired faculty departed when sense regained its seat, yet future experiments will no doubt result in detecting the means of fixing the mesmeric adumbrations in the brain—as the hyposulphite of soda fixes the tracings of the rays of light upon photogenic paper.

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## VATICINATION.

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“ Ask me what question thou canst possible,  
And I will answer unpremeditated.”

*King Henry VI.* p. 1.

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J. F., “ on many occasions when in the trance, has described remarkable events which have occurred some time after, and also the time of their occurrence, as then present to him.”

The same person, in another lucid interval, “ read verbatim two letters then coming to him by post, one from London, and the other from Sheffield.”—*Phreno-magnet*.

The gift of prescience which mesmerism bestows, will surely lead to the revival of the *Art of Fortune Telling*, to eradicate which the Justices have long been striving with as much energy as our ancestors did to eradicate the Jews. We justly denounce the barbarity that subjected to torture persons of a certain class, in order to extort from their weakness a confession of commerce with Satan; yet there are still among us not a few who cherish a spirit of persecution, although they are shorn of the power to inflict the lash, or fire the fagot. In a newspaper, at the moment of writing wet from the

press, there occurs the following passage, in reference to a book on mesmerism just published by an eminent bookseller in the city;—

“ It is not surprising, that after such strange statements as these should find their place in printed books, mesmerists should be charged with *holding communion with the devil* ! ”

The power of looking into closed letter-bags, although *civilly* it may be attended with some conveniences, yet *socially* it may open the door to many evils. And how is the good to be secured, and the evil avoided? Can letter-bags and boxes be sealed mesmerically? or placed under efficient mesmeric surveillance? Could unauthorized interference with the private affairs of the community be stopped by putting mail-guards and other public servants into a state of “ sleep-waking? ” or would one clairvoyant surveyor suffice for a district? These are questions that demand the instant attention of the profession; the public mind ought to be set at rest upon points of such vast importance, without any delay or waste of time.

Some years ago the celebrated Thomas Moore published a series of metrical epistles, which have hitherto been always regarded as his own compositions; but it is now become a question, whether the poet did not surreptitiously obtain possession of the original matter, merely “ fringing with rhyme ” the prose of the real authors. Recent discoveries show that such a plagiarism was clearly within the range of possibility; the question, at this distance of time, is mainly one of character; Mr. Moore stands on high ground, and the judgment of posterity will probably be in his favour; nevertheless, *the letters in question may be nothing more than Fudge.*

In the Republic of Letters, the rising of mesmerism will be as the opening of a diamond-mine in Cimmeria. The lurking places of all the missing works of the ancients that are still extant will be found out—we may recover piles of the physics of Archimedes, and the five hundred tomes of Galen. The literary treasures of Pompeii will be unfolded by mesmeric hands—we shall need no Young to teach us the grammar of Ancient Egypt. Geographical pursuits will not necessitate the sacrifice of human life—the Niger and the North Sea will be navigable in an easy chair—the modern traveller may explore the old cities of Yutucan without danger, diffi-

culty, expense, or waste of time. These exhilarating anticipations are all legitimately deducible from mesmeric premises; in truth, the premises would bear deductions which for brilliancy would dim them all. Let the sober-minded reader glance at the exploits of mind as exhibited in the various *cases in point*—let him thoroughly satisfy himself that *thought* is legible by the mind's eye—and then let him ask himself, whether, when science shall have permeated the world, *printed books will be of any use whatever?*

There are other striking lights in which the attributes possessed by such persons as J. F. may be viewed; it would probably be as facile for the clairvoyant—Janus-like—to look into the past as to pry into the future—the thieves previously noticed, were seen in the act of robbing the fold, some time after the villany had been perpetrated. By the well-directed use of such gifts, what mistakes in history might be rectified! and what justice done to the memory of many now in their graves, and to the characters of some still above ground!

But again—Endowments of this order might be rendered still more useful to the world, in *the prevention of evil*. One of the patients of Foissac—an epileptic whose paroxysms were almost of daily occurrence—was accustomed to foretell the hour of attack; but on one occasion, the fit did not arrive at the fixed time—the magnetist actually intercepted it by throwing the patient into a timely crisis. “Prevention is better than cure;” it is quite impossible to appreciate the benefit that may accrue to society from the exercise of this wonderful power, provided it be placed under the control of men of virtue and intelligence—as Cowley says,—

“This is, this is the only way  
To outlive Nestor in a day!”

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## ELEMENTS OF THOUGHT.

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" *Charmian*.—Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?

*Soothsayer*.—In nature's infinite book of secrecy,

A little I can read."

*Anthony and Cleopatra*.

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" All somnambulists are not lucid ; but most of them become so, more or less, after a certain number of experiments, They feel and announce several days in advance, the day and hour when they shall see. That which happens to them then astonishes them—it is almost always a bright light with which they are inundated, *a splendid sun*, according to the expression of Catherine Samson." *Dupotet*.

" Her face,

As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,

And made a sunshine in the shady place."

It is worthy of studious consideration, whether this " bright light" might not be rendered subservient to the illumination of the physically blind. Mr. Wisenden saw and described the monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral, although he had " never been in London," and had " never read any account of its public buildings;" in this matter he could have received assistance in no conceivable way from the eye of the body. Can there then be any absurdity in supposing it possible, that the born-blind, by means of magnetic light, may be enabled to see the world, and look upon the works of nature and of art? *Where is the difficulty?* The unhappy persons alluded to only want that which Mr. Wisenden, and all clairvoyants, find to be of no use ; which some even—as will appear in the sequel—find to be a positive encumbrance. The hypothesis is at least worthy of

careful examination; and to say nothing of the psychological knowledge, the exciting descriptions of things by persons whose ideas were all acquired in the dark, which its verification would produce, the pleasure that would arise from "pouring the day upon the sightless eye-ball"—or rather, upon the "mind's eye"—of a fellow creature whose whole previous life had been one unbroken night, would surely be more than a compensation for any time, or exertion, or money, that might have been expended in the investigation.

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## A METAPHYSICAL LUMINARY.

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"O this learning! what a thing it is!"

*Taming of the Shrew.*

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"Madame Hortense ———, during her sleep, reasons and converses with me on the most refined metaphysical subjects; she often puzzles me by the quickness of her repartees, and the subtilty of her arguments. Her language is brilliant, easy, often metaphorical, and sometimes picturesque, but still, for all that, true."

*Manuel Pratique.*

"A great perturbation in nature," as another doctor declares, "to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching;" but the *historiette* illustrates the feasibility of a previous suggestion, that

In coma, the rhymster might *poetry* write,  
The preacher find *thought* for his lecture.



Various other professors might avail themselves of the same facilities for increasing their intellectual stores ;—

The painter might spread o'er his canvass the glow  
Of tints brought from regions above, or below ;  
And the minstrel might gather ideas of tune,  
As novel as if they fetch'd from the moon.

No longer can distance interpose any difficulty, or strangeness of tongue any impediment, to the diffusion of knowledge ; neither can chill penury any more freeze up “ the genial current of the soul ;” nay, the mesmerist can invest the idiot-brow, in spite of Spurzheim, with a refulgence that would have heightened the glories of La Place. Puysegur had a patient, idiotic when awake, but of whom he said, that “ when in a crisis, I know no one more profound ;” and the philosopher fondly called the idiot his “ *Intelligence !*” The Maidstone clairvoyant described the “ forked lightning to the life ;” and to *Hauffe* “ the electrical fluid was visible and palpable !” *Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo*. Ere long, the Chemist will be able to detect that which has hitherto defied his eye—an *atom*. All the gases will be solidified, and all the tallow-chandlers and all the gas-companies in the world will be ruined ; for a stick of hydrogen—not worth perhaps a penny, so abundant is the raw material—may suffice to enlighten a lecture-room for a season. Pure carbon will be crystallised ; the diamond will soon be recognised as the true philosopher's stone, and brilliants will be reduced to the value of Brazilian pebbles.

In Geology, a profound view of the bottom of the ocean would realize a scene wholly destitute of every thing capable of being associated with human existence or activity. Steel, at the centre of the earth, would be compressed into one fourth of the space which it occupies on the surface ; there may therefore be ocean-depths which the heaviest bower-anchor, all aloose, would never reach ; but which the Geologist, in the crisis, might be able to visit with perfect safety. What heterogeneous masses must now be accumulating at different depths of the sea, according to their relative specific gravities ! What strata must there be in those still regions, in suspense, in a transition

state, undergoing a long-drawn process of conglomeration ! This notion was turned up by the writer some years ago, when plowing the Southern Ocean ; and he handed it over to a learned geologist, who expected, by its light, to find among the obscure carboniferous rocks the materials for constructing a satisfactory theory of the growth of coal. But does not Mesmerism indicate a vastly better method of exploring those regions of darkness, and of bringing up perfectly fresh knowledge *de profundis* ?

In Astronomy, the telescope is clearly a doomed thing ; ere long it will be found only in museums, among " the spoils of time "—Roman pottery, Egyptian mummery, and other relics of semi-civilized nations. The parallax of the particles of " star-dust " that powder the milky-way will be calculable without the intervention of optical gear of any kind ; at an early period we may expect to be introduced to an acquaintance with the Lunarians, and to a knowledge of their literature. The peerless telescope of Lord Rosse will be a monument of shortness of sight.

## THE SENSES ACTING BY PROXY.

" There's two or three of us have seen strange sights."

*Julius Cæsar.*

*Sophia Laroche*, " when in the crisis, *hears, sees, reads, feels, tastes, and touches*, by means of the *feet and hands*."

*Petetin* made a lady " taste bread and milk by placing it on the epigastrium ; he also made her name several cards by placing them on the same region." *Teste.*

" Nature hath formed strange fellows in her time ! "

There exists a striking analogy between mesmeric energy, with regard to its growth, and all the ordinary powers of man, both physical and mental; the following exemplification of this truth is taken from the *Rationale of Magnetism*;—

“ When I directed him to go into the street, he complained of his inability to *see*—he could hear the people talk, but could not see them. And this defect made him very unhappy, when asleep; but I encouraged him by persuading him that he would obtain the power; and he *gradually* obtained his sight. First he could see the light of the sun, then the gas-lamps, and soon after the shape of objects, when at length he could minutely describe every thing he saw, *without limit as to the distance* of objects from him. It was still a fortnight before he fully obtained his sight—his clairvoyant and ultra-auditum powers.”

This narrative shows that if Society is to derive extensive benefit from the discoveries of science, arrangements must be made for giving the people a scientific education—a point worthy the consideration of Lord Wharncliffe.

Mr. Jabez Inwards, in a letter published in the *Phreno-magnet*, says that some patients “ see from nearly all parts of their bodies;” and he particularizes two “ who can read from their finger-ends, one of which can command the power when in a *natural state*.” In the same publication parties are mentioned “ who can distinguish the most delicate scents at any distance whatever;” and a Miss —— is introduced “ who can see much better with the mind than the eye; she could see any thing through the wall when she looked with the mind, *but could not when she looked with the eyes!*” *Eo ipso præfulgebant quod non visebantur.*

When Aristippus was reprov'd for insulting Philosophy by falling down at the feet of Dionysius, he declared that “ it was not his fault, but the fault of Dionysius, who had his *ears in his feet!*”

“ I'm sure it may be justly said,  
His feet were useful as his head.”

## DANGEROUS GROUND.

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“ Something may be done that we *will* not,  
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers.”  
*Troilus and Cressida.*

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The American pathetist, *La Roy Sunderland*, says “ it often happens that persons succeed in putting others to sleep, and find it impossible to wake them again. What shall be done in such cases ? Learn to be more careful how you meddle with an agency of which you know so little. We have known serious results to follow the operations of persons when the motive has been mere curiosity.” And an anonymous writer in the *Phreno-magnet* declares that *insanity* “ has often been the fatal result of an injudicious course of mesmerism.”

“ Mr. Poyser allowed a medical man to try his so-called tests upon one of his patients—a fine athletic young fellow—who became in consequence both mentally and physically deranged, and continued in a state of madness till the afternoon of the following day. Mr. Poyser came and requested our attendance; by an arduous process we released the patient from his awful sufferings in half an hour. The Doctor had been forewarned of the consequences of his interference ; and when he had produced the effects described, threw the *onus* on the lecturer, and afterwards endeavoured to excuse himself by representing the whole as a sham ; thus proving himself either grossly unfeeling, ignorant, or false \*.” *Spencer T. Hall.*

\* For the treatment of the mental disturbance which results from what is technically called *cross-magnetism*, the editor of the *Phreno-magnet* prescribes “ plenty of cold water,” which is to be poured upon the middle of

There are sections of dangerous ground which cannot here be opened. The French Commissioners, in their secret report, stated that magnetism "ought to be prohibited," on the ground of its immoral tendencies; and a recent writer on Mesmerism has deemed it his duty to devote a chapter of his book to the inculcation of purity of conduct on the part of professors. There is reason to believe that, on the continent, scenes have been enacted, under the guise of science and philanthropy, full of the

"Horrible and awfu',  
Which e'en to name wad be unlawfu'."

In the *Rationale of Magnetism* "the expediency of having direction-posts for clairvoyants, as well as for other travellers," is insisted upon; otherwise, it is remarked, "circuitous routes will often be taken, and sometimes the way may be missed altogether." It is not likely that such polyglot-posts will be put up until the world is more enlightened; and the clairvoyant whose powers are mature can never need them.

the back, the head, etc. "If there be any foreign influence in the system, it will be all drawn together, and flitting about with a throbbing sensation, from one locality to another. And if good judgment be exercised in pouring water upon any point in direct magnetic sympathy with that part the influence may for the moment occupy, it will be speedily expelled—unless the abnormality has been induced by complex causes." This method has been successful, it is stated even in cases of madness occasioned by "cross-influence."

The process very much resembles that followed by the regular physician in the early and furious stage of mania; but the eye of the man of mere routine is not keen enough to detect the virus of madness which flits about from spot to spot to avoid the cold affusion.

La Roy Sunderland says "if your subject should become convulsed do not be alarmed; keep calm and indulge no unkind or impure feeling—if left entirely to himself the influence will in time disappear."

## PATTERNS OF PATIENCE.

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"I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report." *Coriolanus*.

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"Madame B——— is 25 years of age and of an extremely sensitive character; she has an intense dread of the least pain. I had several times produced somnambulism in her, and ascertained her insensibility in this state. I pricked her several times with a pin; I held one of her fingers for some seconds in the flame of a candle; she gave not the least sign of pain. During these trials she answered my questions with her usual ease."

"She sat like Patience on a monument."

"Madame Plantain, aged 64, consulted M. Clocquet about a cancer in her breast, which she had had for several years. M. Chapelain, the lady's physician, proposed to M. Clocquet to operate during magnetic sleep; the latter, who considered the operation indispensable, consented, and fixed the day for performing it. The operation lasted twelve minutes; during this time the patient continued to converse tranquilly, and gave not the least sign of sensibility. When awoke, she did not appear to have any idea or feeling of what had passed; but on ascertaining that she had been operated upon, and seeing her children around her, she evinced considerable emotion, which the magnetiser checked by immediately putting her to sleep." *Clocquet*.

Reports of cases resembling the foregoing are to be found in all books on Mesmerism, and in the newspapers of the day; these two

will suffice to illustrate the soothing power which the magnetist has at command;—

“ Is not this something more than fantasy ?  
What think you of it ? ”

In attempting to answer questions of this kind, the sceptic usually refers to the ordinary effects of physical stimulants, telling us that they excite the vascular and nervous systems, and then induce insensibility or collapse; the subject of them, like *Tam o'Shanter*, sees “ unco' sights,” and rises “ o'er a' the ills o' life victorious ;” or, he is utterly prostrated, so that one is obliged to ask whether he is “ dead or drunk ”—as was the case with *Christopher Sly*—in which state the loss of a set of teeth would not excite a murmur. He then expatiates on the passions of the mind, and the power they possess of producing similar results ; he says the lever of the dentist often scares away the tooth-ache—that *Irving* performed various cures on nervous women—that the French Commissioners reported that they found, after a full investigation, that man could act upon man at all times, and almost at will, by striking his imagination ; and that this action upon the mind was reducible to an art—that an excited imagination often induces insanity, and sometimes death. Then is proposed a series of inferential questions, somewhat resembling those that follow ;—does not the mesmerist always look out for the extremely sensitive, and admit that women succumb to his power more regularly than men ? does he not sometimes excite the brain until delirium ensues ? are not epileptic patients known to be more susceptible than any others ? has not *the mysterious* an almost magical power of charming the crowd ? do not men of strong mind and firm health, keeping their eyes in the plane of easy vision, and not fixed on one spot, set the pass at defiance with invariable success ? did not Dr. Elliotson prevent men of science from sounding the depths of Mesmerism, by proposing conditions of inquiry to which the Fellows of the Royal Society refused to assent ? you blazon your lucky strokes—what do you do with your *non liquets* ? To all such queries, and to others broadly suggestive of suspicions of venality, professional and plebeian, the mesmerist contents himself by

replying—"out of all your sleights," and take the evidence of your senses! Did Herr Dobler or Katterfelto ever try the combustibility of a live finger?

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

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## THE INVISIBLE HAND.

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"Hold it in!  
For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
Hearing of this."

*Lear.*

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"M. Husson came to apprise me that M. Recamier desired to see me put Catharine to sleep *through the partition*. I at once expressed my wish that so respectable an evidence should be admitted. I passed into the closet, in which I was shut up. The woman was then brought forward, and placed at a distance of more than six feet from the closet. *They tell her that I am not to come.* I set myself to work. In three minutes she is asleep. Three minutes after, M. Recamier touches her, raises her eyelids, shakes her by the hands, questions her, pinches her, strikes the furniture to make as much noise as possible; he pinches her again, and with all his force, five times; again he begins to torment her; he raises her up three different times, and lets her fall back again; the patient continues insensible to so much violence, which I could not witness without pain, knowing that the painful sensations which were not evinced at this moment, would be reproduced on awaking, and would occasion convulsions. During her probation, I put several questions to her, to which she returned answers; M. Recamier interposed his



own, on which she was invariably mute. I return to the closet, and the signal for awaking her having been given, she awoke in two minutes." *Dupotet*.

"Every man's house is his castle;" but the moat and the portcullis oppose no obstacles to the ingress of Science, and Science may, now and then, give the privilege of *entrée* to Ferocity—the *nec sinit esse feros* is not invariably true. This is one of the terrific attributes of Mesmerism.

The indications of this case do not quadrate with the Rev. La Roy Sunderland's theory of *Pathetism*, so called "because the term gives an idea of the susceptibility to change, induced by contact or mental apprehension, or sympathy with the process adopted to bring it about." This writer says, "take any subject who is highly susceptible, and cause him to *apprehend* you are willing him to go to sleep, and during the sitting, you will him *not to go to sleep*, and you will find that he will fall into the somnipathetic state, in despite of your will." This doctrine contravenes those taught by the majority of mesmerists concerning the power of volition, and the force of gesture; and also those promulgated by another section of professors relating to the fluidity of the agent. In express terms, the reverend gentleman declares that the agent in mesmerism "is not a fluid;" and this, he asserts, "any one may demonstrate in five minutes." What then becomes of the magnetic fluid of Mesmer? the nervous fluid of Buchanan? the galvanic fluid of Lafontaine? the blue fluid of Dann? Mr. La Roy Sunderland ascribes all the effects produced by mesmerism to "nervous induction or sympathy;" and considers it as "amazing that scientific gentlemen should be so often deceived with regard to this agency—it was ignorance of this law," he says, "that led Mesmer into so many egregious blunders, and caused the commissioners of the French Academy to decide in such strong terms against this subject.'"

Thus does this reverend magnetist seek to stultify and defame all his scientific predecessors, and give plausibility to the objections of those opponents who attribute the results of <sup>m</sup>esmerism to nervous irritation, and mental excitement.

Dr. Sigmond says the somnific "art seems to me to consist in

obliging the individual to inspire, by the nostril, the carbon he has already expired, whilst the currents of air caused by the extended fingers produce some effect upon the facial nerves, thus inducing the eyelids to fall down. I have exercised this art with very general success in the fairer part of creation."

The theory of the author of "*Animal Magnetism*" may here be noticed; it is propounded as accounting for the power claimed by the magnetist of *forcing* sleep. The persons "over whom magnetism exerts such control have marked affections of some part of the nervous system, a fact which leads us to infer that there may be some corresponding structural change or lesion, by which an enfeebled resistance, on the part of the organs of sense is made to yield to ordinary mental excitement, and a train of strange phenomena to result." To account for the insensibility evinced by many, in the comatose stage, the same writer suggests that it may result from "vigorous resistance for purposes of deception;" or, where imposture cannot be charged upon the patient, "from compression of the nervous filaments, and disturbance of the central nervous organ, the brain." He supports the first supposition by referring to the Florentine Witches—after the application of *the magical unction*, "the pretended witch lies down, and immediately goes to sleep; she is bound to her bed; punctures, blows, and even cauterization, could not interrupt her deep slumbers." (*Salveste—Des Sciences Occultes.*—) The second hypothesis is based on the fact, that all the nerves "are in some parts so situated, that they may be compressed by muscular and other contractile tissues. The effect of such compression upon these nervous threads is to lessen their power as conductors. This insensibility is most frequently coexistent with the cataleptic stage, when all the contractile tissues are in a state of tense rigidity; from which it is obvious that the nervous apparatus becomes so compressed that, as in some instances, a *high* degree of temporary insensibility may be obtained. We have witnessed again and again, during an attack of hysteria, hartshorn applied to the nostrils—the skin pinched—the hair *most violently* pulled—the tongue bitten—and noises made in the apartment, without being in

the slightest degree heeded; the patients are afterwards ignorant of what occurred during the paroxysm."

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" The unlearned cannot do better than meditate on the words of Bacon—"if you take out an axiom, as the sticks of a fagot one by one, you may bend them, and break them at pleasure; *quæstionum minutiis scientiarum frangunt soliditatem.*"

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## INSTRUMENTS OF ART.

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"The genius, and the mortal instruments,  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection."

*Julius Cæsar.*

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THE comparative value of magnetic instruments was subjected to a severe test, in the case of O'Key, by the Editor of the Lancet. Dr. Elliotson ascribed extraordinary virtues to *nickel* but considered that *lead* possessed none. Mr. Wakley succeeded in repeatedly producing the same effects by using lead, that others had produced by using nickel; and subsequently, when he substituted the nickel for the lead, he produced no effect whatever. Dr. Elliotson, however, thought that it was the nickel after all that excited the girl, the lead merely arousing latent virtues previously lodged in her system; but the case excited doubt, and retarded for a while the progress of Mesmerism. Men of science, almost universally, believe that the intervention of mechanical media is needless; wands especially, are deemed of no more actual efficiency than the civic mace—an instrument to which our forefathers looked up with so much reverence.

Contrariety of opinion has ever pervaded all the departments of

magnetic lore; proofs of this are numerous scattered throughout these pages. A few more instances may be noticed—they will serve to show the activity of the mind in the pursuit of knowledge; *ars inveniendi adolescit cum inventis*. Georget prescribes that “both the magnetiser and the magnetised should direct as intently as possible all their cerebral action towards the production of somnambulism;” Fahnestock never knew experiments to fail “when the desire to perform them originated with the patients;” and Dr. Holland says that “by mental efforts, sensations of heat and cold may readily be created,” and in hysterical habits such effects produced “as may appear to belong to a more mysterious cause.” Dr. Elliotson claims for Mesmerism a specific influence—“a power acting constantly in all living things, vegetable and animal;” the second French Commission reported that “magnetism had no effect upon persons in a sound state of health.” Dr. Sigmond speculated on a “nervous electricity,” or emanation, analogous to the odoriferous exhalations of certain beasts; John Hunter regarded the imagination as alone accountable for magnetic phenomena. Kluge deemed himself in possession of an inherent power, “discharged and directed by will”—but knew not whether it was “material or spiritual;” Bailly believed that all the phenomena attributed to Mesmerism might be referred to known causes. Dupotet states that the magnetic agency “may be said to be almost intellectual—success depends on the energy of the will;” Mr. Mayo asserts that the “influence depends upon the proximity and motion of the hand of the operator, and cannot be effected by mere motion and intention.” Mr. S. T. Hall finds “in man a sentient principle, amenable neither to the laws of time, space, or matter, but having the power of cognizance without the aid of corporeal agents;” Dr. Macaulay considers the products of magnetism as the offspring of “a credulous imagination deceived by artful imposture.” The Rev. Mr. Townshend thinks that we live in a specific “elastic ether,” the equilibrium of which can be disturbed by the mind, and made to produce “mental effects through unusual stimulation of the brain and nerves;” and another reverend gentleman ascribes, or did ascribe, mesmeric operations to the energy of Beelzebub!

“ Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,  
 Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
 And know their spring, their head, their true descent.”

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### “ INTERNAL PREVISION.”

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“ O, speak no more ;  
 Thou turn'st my eyes into my very soul,  
 And there I see such black and grained spots,  
 As will not leave their tinct.”

*Hamlet.*

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CLARY D—— was the daughter of a bookseller residing in the Rue Pavée-Saint-Andrée. “ On the 6th of May, 1840, I saw her for the first time. She was magnetised—she saw her disease, described it accurately, but *the instinct of remedies* was wanting, and she never could succeed in prescribing for herself.”

“ Do you see your intestines?—Yes, sir.—And what do you see?—Red spots of blood, and others blackish; in one place a number of red pimples.—How will you go on to-morrow?—A little better.—How will you be on the 1st of June?—Worse, my entire body will be swollen.—And then?—On the third, oh! how sick I shall be!—And then?—Wait! the fourth I cease to see!”

The patient was aroused, she had “ no recollection of what she had said, and on the fourth she died.”—TESTE.

## “ EXTERNAL PREVISION.”

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*Valentine.*—“ Are all these things perceived in me ?

*Speed.*—They are all perceived without you.”

*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

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“ SOMNAMBULISTS have as well the consciousness of that which takes place in the system of individuals brought *en rapport* with them, as of that which passes within themselves. I was consulted regarding a child labouring under pulmonary affection; after one previous examination, I present the child to my somnambulist. She examines the child *without touching him*, and says—

“ This child is very bad—worse *than you suspect*. Its lungs are gorged with blood and mucosity that is almost purulent.—Do you see any ulcerations there?—Yes; in the lower part of the right lung.—But what is to be done for it?—Place a blister on the chest, *et cætera*.—And with this do you think the symptoms will subside?—Please God.”

“ When the relations had retired the Somnambulist said—‘ This child is lost, it will die in twenty days.’ On the 26th of the month the child died.”—*Manuel Pratique.*

Did it never occur to the worthy Doctor to avail himself of the services of Madame C——, with a view to discover the proximate cause of gout? There can be no reasonable doubt of her ability to do this. Moreover, she might be able easily to solve the great problem of pathology, to *see* whether inflammation arises from a thickening of fluid, or a constriction of vessel—whether it is caused by increased action, or the very reverse. She should be instructed to keep her eye—using the word as a figure—upon the opium-eater, and watch the *modus operandi* of the drug, from the first moment of

impression till impression had destroyed sensibility; her own experience of the power of the poppy, for which her taste is well known, might form a contribution to medical literature as instructive as the *Confessions* of De Quincy. It would be very satisfactory to know that the plague is not contagious—to learn what contagion really is—to have within reach a cure for hydrophobia—to get a clearer insight into the nature of tubercles, and the natural history of hydatids; why does the Doctor allow the gifted lady to waste her time upon details, and not drive her at once into great principles?

Happily Madame C—— is not the only clairvoyante in the world; in truth, we have reason to hope that the Art of Healing will soon be as universally known and practised as the Art of Cookery now is.

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## VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

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“ Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not budge,  
 You go not, till I set you up a glass  
 Where you may see the inmost part of you.”

*Hamlet.*

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“ WHEN a patient presents himself to me for consultation, I expressly recommend him to tell me nothing—interrogatory is banished from my house—nothing is asked, but all that is necessary is revealed. The patient gives his hand to the somnambulist, sits beside her, and still observes silence. To a madman she will say, *You have not your reason*; to a phthisical patient, *You cough, and spit blood, and you have a pain there*, putting her finger upon the apex of the ulcerated lung. Now after this I ask any person of common sense whether, with such facts, there is a possibility of mistake, or of deception?”

So writes Dr. Teste in the *Manuel Pratique*; and the statement and question preface the annexed graphic illustration of a *case in point*;—

“About three months since M. X., a wealthy banker, came to consult my somnambulist. This gentleman did not believe in magnetism—I still see the poetic but jeering expression of his countenance when he presented his hand to Madame C——, saying to her, ‘The physicians, Madam, do not appear to comprehend the nature of my disease; let us see if you will be more successful.’ Madame C—— took the patient’s hand, and after half a minute’s attention, she turns to him and says—

“You know it, sir, the nature of your disease; but you are afraid to own it to yourself!”

“I—Well!—Yes—I think I have an affection of the heart.”

“No, sir; it is not there you have it; neither is that *what you think* you have!”

“What is it then?”

“I do not wish to tell you; but here is what *you feel*.”

“Now at each symptom which she mentioned, M. X., who no longer smiled, seemed to become paler, and appeared to pronounce only with horror the terrible affirmation which a sort of magic power forced from him. ‘Well, sir; since you no longer think of calling in question my power of seeing your disease, I hope you will believe in the power I possess of curing it.’ On this she dictated his prescription, which I wrote out; and M. X. quitted us at once terrified, consoled, and converted.”

“Her treatment, I confess, is often strange enough; and without the least resemblance to that adopted by physicians; but what matter if it be good?”

To which question every reasonable man, not being a regular physician, will answer—*none*.

“How *she* solicits heaven  
Herself best knows; but strangely visited people,  
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, she cures.”



## A CLEAR CASE.

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"O happy fair! Your eyes are lode-stars!"

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

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"How do you find yourself, Josephine? Very well. Do you see? Not yet, but I shall presently. In how many minutes? In seven."

The seven minutes elapse, and Josephine, astonished at her nascent lucidity, cries out—

"Oh! there! there! I see it as clear as in the open day! I see within you as if you were a lantern! Oh! there is fire at the ends of your fingers. Well! how astonishing! But I see something within myself also. It is certain—it is my heart! *Tic, toc—tic, toc*—how curiously it beats! And my blood, there! hold, hold—red on one side, and black on the other! And my abdomen! there are entrails! Oh! how disgusting!"

"And, Josephine, do you see your own disease?"

"No, I don't see it, because I think it is every where; but no matter, I feel right well what it will be necessary to do to me in order to cure me."

"What will it be necessary to do to you?"

"To magnetise me, *to make me drink wine and eat roast beef.*"

"Is that all?"

"Yes, for the present."

*Manuel Pratique.*

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## SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

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“ Give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body.”

*As You Like It.*

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A nameless physician “ had been treating a woman named Perry for an intermittent disease by Mesmerism ; during sleep, she was asked what would cure her. She replied, ‘ the same medicine that was employed by Dr. Sigmond—it is a mineral ; I know you have it in your house ; it is the sixth bottle on the second shelf in your medicine-chest ’ The bottle alluded to contained the ammonia-chloride of iron, which was administered, and by it the patient was cured.” *Animal Magnetism.*

“ I have seen a woman insist on taking substances which appeared to me to be dangerous for one in her condition. Thinking her in error, I opposed her opinion. I directed her attention to the state of her organs, such as it seemed to me. I ordered several drugs to be brought, among which were those which she desired ; *she recognised them*, and insisted on taking them. I struggled with her for *several hours*, and I at length gave way ; the alarming symptom of her malady was instantly arrested, without any thing unpleasant occurring.” *M. Koreff.*

Surely the *Elixir Vitæ*, after which the ancients toiled so vainly, cannot be very far off !

“ I assure you  
He that has once the flower of the sun,  
The perfect ruby, which he calls Elixir,  
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,  
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,  
To whom he will.”

## FINE TASTE.

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“ You rogue, here's lime in this sack too ! ”

*King Henry IV* p. 1.

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“ The magnetiser took hold of the patient's hand; Mr. Crofts, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Josh. Hollings, and I, formed a chain. I, being at the extreme point, put a little ale into my mouth, and on asking *what made her move her lips*, she said she tasted ale. After rinsing my mouth, I swallowed a little mint-water, which she could not so readily distinguish, but she said it was tee-total drink. Mr. Roberts then took hold of the magnetiser and put salt into his mouth, when she instantly ‘ *set a face* ’ and spit out, saying it was salt.”

*Dr. Cryer.*

“ Would a patient be affected by an emetic taken by the operator ? ” This question was opened in the tenth number of the Phreno-magnet; and correspondents were requested to reply by “ stating facts.” It would be satisfactory to know whether the query met the eye of any one possessed of sufficient philosophy, or good humour, to induce him to swallow three grains of tartar emetic; but the periodical is now extinct, and the writer is unable to supply any information as to the result of the inquiry. It is, however, more than probable that medicines of every kind may be taken vicariously; “ every physician knows,” says a transatlantic magnetist, “ that disease is often communicated by sympathy; and it will appear on examination, we think, that the same agent may be equally efficient in its cure.” The spirit of the age would frustrate any attempt to bring the question to an issue, by experimenting upon convicted criminals; but could there be any reasonable objection to the offer of a free pardon, in certain cases, as the recompense of voluntary subjection to a blister ?

Digby could heal the wounds of men at a distance, by applying his "sympathetic ointment" to their bloody clothes; and Kluge, a Prussian surgeon, states that an emetic, taken by a magnetiser, creates a wondrous "fellow feeling" in his patient's stomach.

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## ANNIHILATION OF MATTER.

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"Art thou any thing?" *Julius Cæsar.*

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"A simple magnetic pass is sufficient for a piece of furniture, a person, a portion of a room, to disappear from the eyes of a somnambulist. Question her by surprise, lay for her all the snares you will, never will she see any of the persons or things that her magnetiser shall have rendered invisible." *Du Ponceau.*

"Care avaunt, with all thy crew,  
Goblins dire and devils blue!"

Whether Kirke White succeeded in exorcising the fiends by simple deprecation is doubtful—blue devils are not easily charmed. Those who are similarly tormented should fly to Mesmerism;

"Tis the secret  
Cures all diseases, coming of all causes;  
A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve,  
And, of what age soever, in a month;  
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors."

"There is," said Mesmer, "one health, one disease, one remedy, and one physician; and that physician am I!"

## SOMETHING LIKE CREATION.

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“ *Snug*.—You never can bring in a wall. What say you Bottom?

*Bottom*.—Some one must present wall.”

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

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“ Rosalia is in her closet, adjoining a drawing-room, in a state of somnambulism ; the communication between these apartments is closed, but another door giving egress from the drawing-room to a staircase is open. The magnetiser places a barrier there magnetically ; then Rosalia is introduced by a stranger. She is requested to go out to the staircase ; but she declares that she cannot do so, because, says she, ‘ *this door is barred !* ’ ”

It is not therefore impossible to bar one's domicile against the obtrusive clairvoyant, though it is clear that perfect security cannot be attained but by the exercise of incessant vigilance. The excited eye of speculation may, it appears, be prevented from examining the budget before the time, and that of the *chargé d'affaires* from inspecting private papers in the Foreign Office ; but in operations of such speciality, success will obviously depend as much upon the *premier pas* as it does in an encounter with the basilisk—the *beau idéal* of positive and negative magnetism—“ if he see you first, you die for it ; but if you see him first, he dieth.” The day cannot be very distant when the statesman will have to

“ Burn his useless Machiavel, and *sleep*.”

“ After having magnetised Rosalia in the closet of Madame —, I ask what it is they desire I should make her see. ‘ A little girl.’ I approach a chair, and strive in making some passes to fix my idea to it. Rosalia, whom I bring before me, concludes by saying, ‘ It is

little Hortense !' Having sent her into another room, I remove the chair, in order that she may not recognise it ; but I hesitate, and place it in several different places before fixing it. I then go to awake Rosalia in the closet, and proceed with her into the little room. Now that she is *well awake*, what does she see ? Not one little girl, *but six little girls !* In vain I try by transverse passes to abolish my manifold creation ; it is impossible. Curious to have an explanation, I again put Rosalia to sleep, and ask her the solution of the enigma ;—' In good faith, sir, you need not have removed the chair, then I should have seen but one child ; but every where you put it down, the fluid passed through, and formed a child like the one that is above.' *Du Ponceau.*

" Were such things here as we do speak about ?

Or have we eaten of the insane root,

That takes the reason prisoner ? "

The feat of Pygmalion, which hitherto has been vulgarly considered as a figure of the creative energy of genius, may turn out after all to have been a bald matter of fact. The Welshman could " call spirits from the vasty deep ; " the Frenchman called six young ladies *ex nihilo*. *Du Ponceau* invited his audience to task him to their " strong bidding ; " his power of production appears to have been mightier than that of Ben Jonson's shop-boy—" what do you lack, what is 't you lack ? Any fine fancies, figures, humours, characters, ideas, definitions of ladies and gentlemen ? Waiting-women, parasites, knights, captains, courtiers, lawyers, what do you lack ? " That which yesterday was looked upon as satire, may to-day—making liberal allowance for the gloss of caricature—be viewed as prophecy,—

" Thus science distorted, and torn into bits,

Art tortur'd, and frighten'd half out of her wits,

In portions and patches, some light and some shady,

Are stitched up together, and make a *young lady*."

## A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.

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“ I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pound.” *Hamlet*.

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The writer is compelled to admit that he was ignorant, when he wrote the metrical essay, of the recent appearance of ghosts in Europe ; the following statement is extracted from “ *Animal Magnetism*,” where it appears as a quotation from a work written by a magnetist of Wurtemberg, who is well known to be “ a shrewd man.” The history thoroughly unfolds the mode of life of these creatures ; and abounds with novel details relative to their moral habitudes and capabilities—their sympathies and antipathies—their mutual relationships and influences—their physical organization, (for they are not *all* spirit,) and their bodily powers. Altogether, the narrative is one of the most instructive of the kind that has ever challenged the attention of the world.

“ The spirit of all things was perceptible to her, more particularly the spirits of metals, herbs, men, and animals. The different colours of the rays of light, produced upon her particular effects. To her the electrical fluid was visible and palpable. Her guests were frequently visitors from the unseen world ; and amongst them were sometimes the unhappy ghosts of murderers, who sought her instruction. One ghost in particular was an irresistible importunate, until she consented to a conversation. He confessed to having murdered his brother, and that he was a Knight of the Weiler family, of Lichtenberg. She taught him to pray, and prayed for hours with him kneeling by his side. On the seventh night, the apparition told her that his hour of liberation was near. On a sudden seven of his children joined the party, all white, shining, and joyful ; they

formed a circle round him, and sang in exquisite melody\*. The knight wished to mark her hand in remembrance of him, and refused to quit her until obliged to do so by the timely arrival and interference of the ghost of her grandmother."

" Ghosts look like thin clouds ; but are not transparent, though they at first seem so ; still I never saw one that cast a shadow. Their shape is like that which they had during life—only colourless and grey ; so is their clothing, but it is also colourless, as if made of cloud. The brighter and better spirits have a long garment, with a girdle. Their expression is generally solemn and sad. Their eyes are like fire. None of them had hair on their head. They make noises to excite attention—sounds in the air, sometimes sudden and sharp, producing a shock ; sometimes musical ; at others resembling the rustling of paper, the rolling of a ball, &c. They can carry heavy substances, overturn tables, knock plates about, &c. The better spirits are brighter than the bad ones, and their voice is not so strong. The darker ones sucked in my words of religious conversation, and I saw them become brighter in consequence ; but I was rendered weaker. Most who come to see me are in the lowest regions, which are in our atmosphere ; they were the grovelling ones of this world, or such as did not die in the Christian faith. In these inferior regions the spirits are still exposed to the temptations of the devil. Children grow after death ; the soul expands its vest until it is as large as it would have become on earth."

For further particulars the reader must consult the original work of Kerner ; it is comprised in two large volumes, one of them describes the magnetic state of the subject—whose name was *Hauffe*—and the other details her ghostly experience.

The well known ghost of the royal Dane—unlike these bald spirits—was allowed to retain his " sable silvered " beard, though doomed to " fast in fires ;" and he differed in almost every point

\* The supernaturals of *Burns* were all musical,—

" To gie them music was his charge ;  
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,  
Till roof an' rafters a' did dirl."



from his German congeners. He had, it is true, "a countenance more in sorrow than in anger;" yet he was full of revenge; and, except where his private interests were involved, very incommunicative, revealing few of the "secrets of his prison-house." Altogether, his marked inferiority, in character and accomplishments, to these genuine ghosts, excites a doubt as to his veritable existence; he may be merely a "being of the mind," the creature of man's imagination.

If science should establish a regular communication with ghostly powers, dreams will lose much of their importance; but the subject is inscrutable—the ghosts must be left to unfold their own tales.

## THE STATUE OF FLESH.

"Why should a man whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes?"

*Merchant of Venice.*

"Rosalia is sleeping calmly on the sofa. Her magnetiser raises her feet, then passes his hand between them and the floor; this signal is to place a stool under her feet. Actually from this moment the two feet of Rosalia remain in the air as if they were supported by an object placed beneath them. When *strong pressure* is made on them, they are forced to yield; but then the entire body follows the movement, and instantly as the action ceases the two feet rise together in the position given them by the magnetiser."

"After having remained a long time in this way without evincing any fatigue, Rosalia is asked why she keeps her feet raised; because, says she, 'I have placed them on a stool.'" *Du Ponceau.*

“ Limbs so set  
As if they had some voluntary act  
Without man's motion, and must move just so  
In spite of their creation.”

This experiment might have been varied ; the operator, no doubt, might easily have passed the sofa away from Rosalia, leaving *the whole* of her rigid body “ in the air ”—like the material part of Mahomed—without any visible means of support.

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## THE WAY TO WIN.

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“ Nay, soft, I pray ye ; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.”  
*King Henry IV.* p. 1.

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“ CALLIXTE is one of those rare and valuable subjects whom science may work on with confidence. Put to sleep by M. Ricard, and his eyes covered with a bandage, he commences by forming several card parties. The cards are new, and for the greater regularity, we were requested to supply them ourselves. All this precaution does not prevent him from winning on his adversary. The rapidity with which he plays is incredible, so much so, that it would astonish any one even if observed in a man broad awake.

“ Sometimes, before his adversary had time to look at his game, Callixte throws his on the table, saying, ‘ I play without proposing, and you have lost, for you have such and such cards in your hand.’ Nor was he mistaken on any one occasion.”

“ On a number of small cards were written beforehand the different movements which the spectators may make him perform. M. Ricard—after this plain admonition—*Callixte, pay attention, I am*

*going to speak to you*—reads MENTALLY the phrase, adds not a word, makes no gesture, and Callixte obeys his *thought*."

"On one card was written, 'Let the somnambulist rise, take four steps, and touch with his right hand the chest of the magnetiser.' The mental order is given; Callixte reflects an instant, rises, walks, counts his steps, hesitates some seconds, then finishes by completing the performance of the mysterious order."

"I myself drew, at hazard, three cards from a hat where they were mixed; their united sense forms this phrase—'Let the somnambulist rise, mount on a chair, and fall backwards into the arms of his magnetiser.' Callixte rises, mounts on a chair, hesitates, and then lets himself fall at once into the arms of M. Ricard, who fancies himself upset by the violence of the shock."

"Let us remind our readers that our Juggler has his eyelids covered with combed cotton, and over this a thick handkerchief."  
*Manuel Pratique.*

And yet some persons are cynical enough to compare "our Juggler" with the Great Wizard of the North, or Travitanto Tudesko—Hyperion to a Satyr!

"Green heads as void of wit as thought,  
Suppose *themselves* monopolists of sense,  
And other men's abilities pretence."

Why did not Callixte become a competitor for the prize offered by Burdin to any one who could read without eyes? Pigeaire, a venal physician, was tempted, on this occasion, to descend to trickery, employing as his tool his own daughter, "who could never read with her finger," as the umpires declared, unless when placed in such a position that some light might pass between the edge of the bandage and her nose. Sordid impostors are always on the alert to seize upon any temporary advantage which the lights of science may give them. Not long ago a boy was exhibited in London who "invariably gave correct answers concerning objects which he could not see;" but it was soon discovered that his father, when speaking to him, "began each successive sentence with a *word*, the first letters

of which put together formed the answer; for instance—if the object was of silk, the father might thus address him;—

‘ See now you speak correctly—  
 I know you will—  
 Look well before you speak—  
 Know now what you are about.’ ”

Ben Jonson refers to a cognate cozenage in his *Volpone*;—

“ The meat was cut  
 So like his character, and so laid, as he  
 Must easily read the cypher.”

The path of the mesmerist, unhappily for the cause of science, has been beset by unprincipled pretenders; and tools for doing any kind of dirty work are always easily found, or fabricated. The facility with which many of the effects of mesmerism may be simulated, has suggested temptations too strong for corrupt human nature to withstand;—

“ Feign a distemper  
 Of walking i’ your sleep, or talking in ‘t  
 A little idly, but so much, as on it  
 The doctor may have ground to raise a cure  
 For ‘s reputation.”

The mesmerist not unfrequently damages his own cause by unwisely giving to facts a higher colouring than truth requires; the details of the Leicester case—the great mesmeric fact of the day—have provoked public disclaimers, on the part of some gentlemen who witnessed the operation, of their concurrence in the accuracy of the published report. Mr. Shaw declares, that “ unquestionably, the patient exhibited strong marks of sensibility to pain;” and Mr. Paget says “ there was a considerable groaning, writhing, and an approach to screaming. I have seen those who, under operations equally severe, have, without mesmerism, given far less indications of pain; and, but for the after declarations of the patient herself, I should have concluded that she had endured with *no very unusual* fortitude the ordinary amount of suffering.” It has occasionally

happened that, after a battle, both the belligerent parties have laid claim to the victory; it is evident that, in this contest, the palm must be left at the disposal of the patient; but then comes the question—WHAT IS THE CHARACTER OF THE WOMAN?

A few months ago, a man was charged at one of the police courts of the metropolis, with committing a theft; the defence set up was that the party at the time was in a magnetic crisis; but as no respectable magnetist was called to establish the truth of the assertion, the magistrate refused to listen to the plea; and the probability is that the accused was a normal thief. Such knavish practices have always a bad tendency, although they greatly affect only minds of small caliber; Rochefoucauld says *l'hypocrisie est un hommage que le vice rend à la vertu*.

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## VEGETABLE MAGNETISM.

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"The blest INFUSIONS that dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones."

*Pericles.*

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"THE famous tree of Busancy—magnetised from time immemorial by the love of pleasure, is so now by the love of humanity. M. Puységur has imparted to it a salutary, active, penetrating virtue. Its emanations are distributed by means of cords, with which the body and branches are surrounded, which are affixed to it all around, and are prolonged at pleasure. Several stone seats have been placed around this mysterious tree, on which all the sick persons are seated, who twist the cord round the affected part of the body. Then the operation commences, every one forming the chain and holding each other by the thumb. The magnetic fluid circulates at these moments

with greater freedom. If any one breaks the chain by letting go his neighbour's hand, some of the patients feel a constricting sensation, and declare aloud that the chain is broken."

"Ask all the unfortunate persons who come to implore the assistance of the Lord of Busancy, they will all tell you, he has consoled us, he has cured us; several among us wanted bread, we dared not appeal to his beneficence—he divined our thoughts, and relieved our wants." *Clocquet.*

In the treatment of many diseases an attention to regimen is often of more importance than the administration of medicine, while in no instance can diet be neglected with impunity. It is evident from the case now under review, that the restorative influences of mesmerism may be greatly enhanced by judicious alimentary regulations; some of these patients "*wanted bread,*"

"And forthwith then they a' down clank,  
Upon the green, and rank by rank  
Tak what's to gie; for which they thank,  
And make nae fyke,  
For some o' them are e'en right lank,  
And hungry-like."

The celebrated tree of Passy threw one of Deslon's patients into a crisis at the distance of eight yards from the centre of power; the commissioners considered that the man, in this matter, played the part of a blunderer; but Deslon explained the circumstance by showing that there had been a radiation of virtue from the apricot-tree, which had affected all the other trees in the orchard. According to Mesmer, not only trees, but water, articles of food, "all bodies in nature," are susceptible of magnetism. He informed Dr. Von Ellekon in 1804, that twenty years previously he had "*magnetised the sun,*" which was the reason why "water exposed to its rays was superior to all other water."

"Had old Hippocrates or Galen,  
(That to their books put medicines all in,)  
But known this secret, they had never  
(Of which they will be guilty ever)

Been murderers of so much paper,  
 Or wasted many a hurtless taper;  
 No Indian drug had e'er been famed,  
 Tobacco, Sassafras not named;  
 Ne yet, of guacum one small stick, sir,  
 Nor Raymond Lullie's great elixir,  
 Ne had been known the Danish Gonswart,  
 Or Paracelsus, with his long sword."

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## ZOOLOGICAL RESEARCHES.

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"To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?"

*King Henry VI.* p. 3.

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"Is it a magnetic power which Van Amburgh, Carter, and others, exercise over their lions and tigers? This is commonly said, but how to prove it?"

"It has been said that certain animals magnetise by the look others that are weaker than themselves, and which they make their prey; now it is exceedingly probable that this hypothesis is well founded; and, for my own part, I consider it worthy of credit."

"It happened to me one day to magnetise a cat for an entire hour. I sweated large drops of sweat at it; but at length I fancied I had succeeded, when the noise of a dish suddenly dissipated my illusion, by making the villanous beast who feigned to be asleep on them fly off from my knees." *Teste.*

This rencontre with disappointment brings to mind that experienced by the gudeman of Auchtermuchty, who crabbedly sent his wife "to the pleugh the morn,"—

“ Then to the kirk that he did stour,  
 And jummilt at it while he swat;  
 When he had jummilt a full lang hour,  
 The sorrow crap of butter he gat.”

Jacquelin is said to have manipulated his horses, in order to prove that the imagination was in no way ministrant to the production of mesmeric phenomena; and it is understood that the animals exhibited “ all the usual magnetic phases, even to somnambulism.” So we read that “ one Smug made his horse laugh, and broke his halter.”

Is it a magnetic power that snake-charmers exercise over their Cobras and Leffas? Did St. George derive any aid from magnetism when he “ shaved the dragon’s beard?” or Una, when she cowed “ the ramping lion ” that—

“ With gaping mouth at her ran greedily?”

By what mystic means was Bellerophon enabled to annihilate the Chimæra, and Perseus the Gorgon? By what resistless energy did Orpheus subject Cerberus to his will, when, returning from the palace of Pluto, the “ swaine ”

“ Brought forth with him that dreadful dog of hell  
 Against his will, fast bound in yron-chaine,  
 And roring horribly?”

The few records of antiquity that have floated down to us are enveloped in “ shadows, clouds, and darkness;” but brought forth into the strong light of modern science, much of the obscurity that surrounds them might be dissipated. The deeds ascribed to some of the old pseudo-gods must have had a foundation in fact; sheer falsehood never obtains extensive currency—fiction always needs some amalgam of truth to make it passable. The Heathen Mythology, subjected to a refining, or to a sifting process, under the supervision of a modern philosopher, might produce results that would incalculable.



lably increase the worth of the literary remains of the ancients ; \* if there is but one grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff, the value of the particle makes it worth while to sift the mass;—

“ Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,  
On Christian, or on heathen ground.”

Attempts have lately been made to rob Mesmer of his laurels, by insinuating that he was a mere *felix doctrinæ prædo*; a charlatan, who did nothing more than “grind old science down into modern use.” Paracelsus healed wounds by a “sympathetic ointment,” and “cured gout, jaundice, and many other diseases, by means of the magnet”—but does not this prove Mesmerism to be a truth of nature? Copernicus went out of the world before Galileo came into it; does this circumstance tarnish the fame of the Tuscan? Is the glory of Newton sullied by the poetry of Ovid—

“ Circumfuso pendebat in ære Tellus  
Ponderibus librata suis ? ”

The spirit of the literary Sibyls and the writhing Pythoness were possibly of the same genus as those that animate our own convulsed augurs ; Argus and Briareus—*par nobile fratrum*—were perhaps nothing more than personifications of Animal Magnetism ; and Hercules destroying monsters with his club, was—it may be—a mere figure of the power that we call Mesmerism triumphing over fierce diseases. The trees of Dodona may have their actual equivalents in those of Passy ; the caduceus of Mercury and the dart of blind-folded Cupid their counterparts in the patent tractors ; and the pipes of Pan their representatives in the armonicas of Mesmer himself. But Mesmer has, at least, the honour which arises from giving a name to a system, which, it is *possible*, he may have formed by

\* In allusion to the notions of the Rev. Mr. Townshend, the author of *Animal Magnetism* says, “ It would appear that the ancient doctrine of the *Anima Mundi* is still retained, and, with slight modification, the correlative hypothesis of bodily polarization.”

binding together a number of scattered hypotheses; at all events, who has done more than he to render knowledge subsidiary to the promotion of the Arts of Life?

"He is a rare physician, do him right,  
An excellent Paracelsian and has done  
Strange cures with mineral physic.  
Doctor! proceed with your cure, I'll make thee famous,  
Famous among the sons of the physicians,  
Machaon, Podalirius, Esculapius."

## THE SIXTH SENSE.

"Keen as the razor's edge, invisible—  
Above the sense of sense; so sensible  
Seemeth their conference."

*Love's Labour Lost.*

BERTRAND, unmagnetising a patient, had at the same time *the determined wish that he should not awake*; convulsive movements followed,—

"What ails you?"

"Why do you tell me to awake, and you do not wish that I should?"

Bertrand also cites the case of a poor and uneducated woman who understood the meaning of words when asleep which she could not understand when awake—a phenomenon, he says, which "can only be explained by acknowledging that she read in my very thoughts the meaning of the word."

*Quousque tandem abutere patientiâ nostrâ? Patere tua consilia non sentis?* When will it be useless for a man to "smile, and smile,

and be a villain?" When will no one find it difficult to make out a correct list of his *friends*? How much longer will men addict themselves to deceptive Professions? How much longer will they continue to wear masks and cloaks?

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## NE PLUS ULTRA.

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"Murd'ring impossibility, to make  
What cannot be, slight work."

*Coriolanus.*

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"MADAME HORTENSE takes three minutes and a half to enter into somnambulism. The bandage which is to cover her eyes is folded up and applied by M. Bouillard, an illustrious unbeliever. In an hour she reads a verse in a book printed in small Roman type. The bandage which comes down to the *ala nasi* was not displaced even a single line."

"All the lights are put out, and profound darkness reigns through the apartment. M. H. is then disengaged from her bandage."

"Could you read this, Madame?—Yes, sir.—Well, what is the title of the book?—M. Cormac several times says in a low voice, *Rousseau's Works*.—No, sir, they are the Poems of Malherbe!"

"Here is a box, let one of you write legibly whatever phrase he likes; let the box be corded, and sealed, and if on the morrow I send you the whole untouched, with an accurate copy of the phrase, will you believe?—Yes."

"On the next day I wrote to Dr. Frapart—'There is in your box, *'le possible est immense.'* M. Frapart said, 'We have gained; for M.

Hortense has really read the hemistich of Lamartine.' As M. Latour, who till then distrusted only magnetism, now did us the honour of distrusting us, it became necessary to re-commence the experiment for him. It was he, then, who wrote the phrase, and without revealing what he had written, deposited the scroll in the box. Three days after I called on Dr. A. Latour, and returned him the box; he examined it, and recognised the seals.—“ Well? ”—“ *L'eau est composé d'hydrogène et d'oxygène.* ”—“ Well, you are the devil, or magnetism is true.” *Manuel Pratique.*

Truly, *le possible* EST *immense*; which means, in plain Latin, *nihil mortalibus arduum est*; or, still better, in the vernacular,—

“ Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible,  
Yea, get the better of them! *What's to do?* ”

There seems to be no reason for suspecting that this box was ever passed through the Post Office.

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Many of the arguments put forward in opposition to the truth of Mesmerism, would be quite as apposite, *mutatis mutandis*, if advanced in opposition to the truth of Homæopathy, or Hydropathy, or any other medical improvement or reform. The mesmerist recollects the rancour with which Vaccination was assailed on its advent; and considers it as no wonder “ that a subject which opposes the pecuniary interests of the more unworthy members of the medical profession, threatening at once their pudding and their praise, should be assaulted with malignant virulence.” Not many years have passed since the writer himself, undergoing the purgatorial process of qua-

rantine off the coast of Brazil, did not scruple to allude to the disciples of Mesmer in very depreciating language; he is not afraid to confess this—Southey, when a reformed character, was not ashamed to own Wat Tyler ;—

O ye who handle the mesmeric tools,  
 Fright'ning the ladies into fits and starts,—  
 Whose powers are great in somnifying fools,  
 Who masters are, *par excellence*, of arts,—  
 O come and visit the *Olinda* schools !  
 O come and paw that monster !—

A formal recommendation of Bacon in the present day would savour of the coxcomical; yet his lordship's works are sadly neglected by some of our schoolmen. " Every medicine is an innovation; and he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils. A froward retention of a custom is as turbulent a thing as an innovation; and they that reverence too much old times, are but a scorn to the new. I know it will be impossible for me, by any pleading of mine, to reverse the judgment of Esop's cock, that preferred the barley-corn before the gem; being a figure of those which prefer custom and habit before all excellency." These are the men to whom the poet refers,—

" Philosophers who darken and put out  
 Eternal truth by everlasting doubt."

But the mesmerist fixes his eye upon the magnet, and holds on his course in defiance of obscurity, vulgar prejudice, and professional hostility ;

" Extremes are only in the master-mind !"

On the other hand, the great public seems to stand in need of a little gentle admonition; *artice proxima saepe rosa est*—the most distinguished magnetists proclaim this. Many events of daily occurrence are characterized by mystery, to an extent calculated to awake suspicion, that the occult power " universally diffused," in some undefinable manner, is contributory to their production. What

strangely mystic power does the gamester exercise over the dupe ! the schemer over the capitalist ! the quack over the valetudinarian ! the editor over the world ! Is there nothing magnetic in gold—" the world's soul, that makes men do all things ? " Do not some juries deliver their verdict as if the address of the advocate had put them to sleep ? Sir Thomas Wylde was pleased very recently to excite the risible muscles of grave judges at the expense of the mesmerists ; but in spite of his protestations, is it not manifest that there is some occult power lurking beneath that wig of his ? Is not the learned Sergeant's power of face frequently petrific ? the effect of his words and gestures often *cataleptical* ? By *suggestions*, does he not sometimes " make the patient (witness) *say any thing*" that suits his client's purpose ? by *cross*—not leading—questions, often " entangle him in another man's mind ? " Then again, are not the pulpit-attitudes of some divines almost proverbially somniferous ? Cowper, pointing to the rector in his place, exclaims,

" Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk—  
And sweet the clerk below ! "

And Ben Jonson says, " we had a preacher that would preach folk asleep still ; and so they were prescribed to go to church, by an old woman that was their physician, thrice a week." And in the senate-house of the land, what is the charm that so frequently *constringes* the senses of many of the members, covering the benches with the supine, while business of importance (to their constituents) is being forwarded a stage ? And what the *suggestive* cause of that medley of queer sounds, of noises " peculiar to animals, fish, and birds," which some of the junior senators occasionally indulge in ? And has not Sir Robert Peel been accused of throwing a *spell* over all the farmers in the country ? and all the bankers too ? Are not the landed interest, and the sugar interest, and various other interests, now in *convulsions* from an influence—analogue in its effects to cross-mesmerism—put forth by the Premier, the noble leader of her Majesty's Opposition, and the head of the League ? Is not the accomplished politician—like the American solitaire—frequently the occupant of more than one place at a time ? The magnetist boasts

that he can make his subject "do any thing;" what is the mysterious power that not rarely makes *statesmen* rival *harlequin* in suppleness and trappings?

"You patriot, too, who presses on your knight,  
And seems to every gazer all in *white*,  
Is with address in candour you attack.  
He bows, turns round, and whips—the man's in *black*!  
You politician, famous in debate,  
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;  
Yet when he deigns his real shape to assume,  
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom!"

*Goldsmith.*

The truth is that Mesmerism is "an agency of which we know so little," that until a plenteous induction shall have increased our intimacy with it, it behooves every one to move about with great circumspection. There is on record the case of a lady who was magnetised by means of a letter, sent to her from a distance by an enthusiastic professor; and there is reason for suspecting that ladies are often subjected to similar treatment, while every one knows that a book frequently exercises a soporific power. If such should happen to be the case with respect to this book, the writer most seriously asserts that it will not result from his *volition*; and for the consolation of any who may be caught nodding over his pages, he deems it right to declare, that in every such instance, to the best of his belief, the sleeper will be in a normal state, and the sleep itself perfectly *natural*.