

Thesaurus of horror; or, The charnelhouse explored!! : being an historical and philanthropical inquisition made for the quondam-blood of its inhabitants! by a contemplative descent into the untimely grave! shewing, by a number of awful facts that have transpired as well as from philosophical inquiry, the re-animating power of fresh earth in cases of syncope, &c.; and the extreme criminality of hasty funerals: with the surest methods of escaping the ineffable horrors of premature interment!! The frightful mysteries of the dark ages laid open, which not only deluged the Roman Empire, but triumphed over all Christendom for a thousand years! Entombing the sciences, and subsequently reviving all the ignorance and superstition of Gothic barbarity! / by John Snart.

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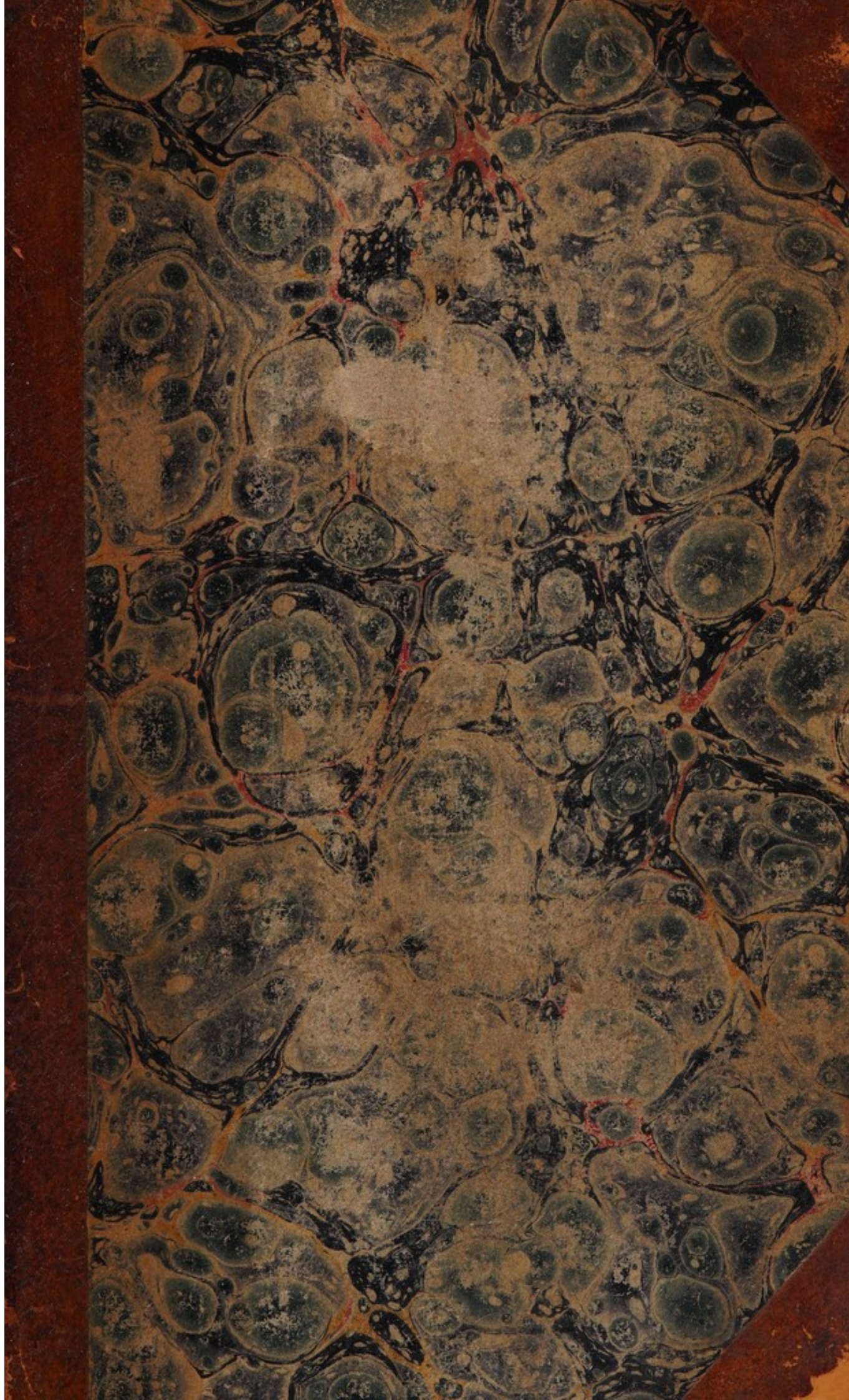
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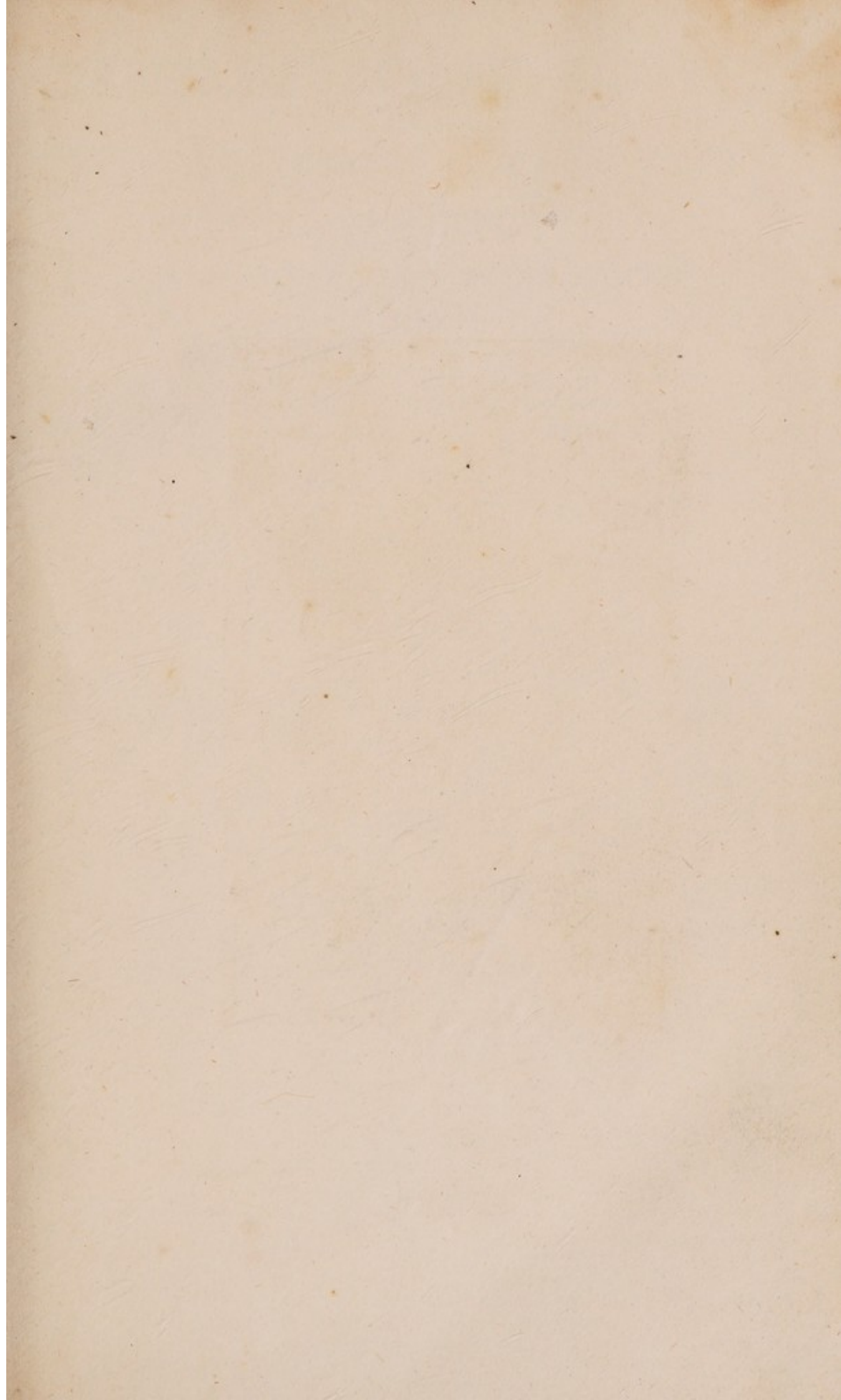


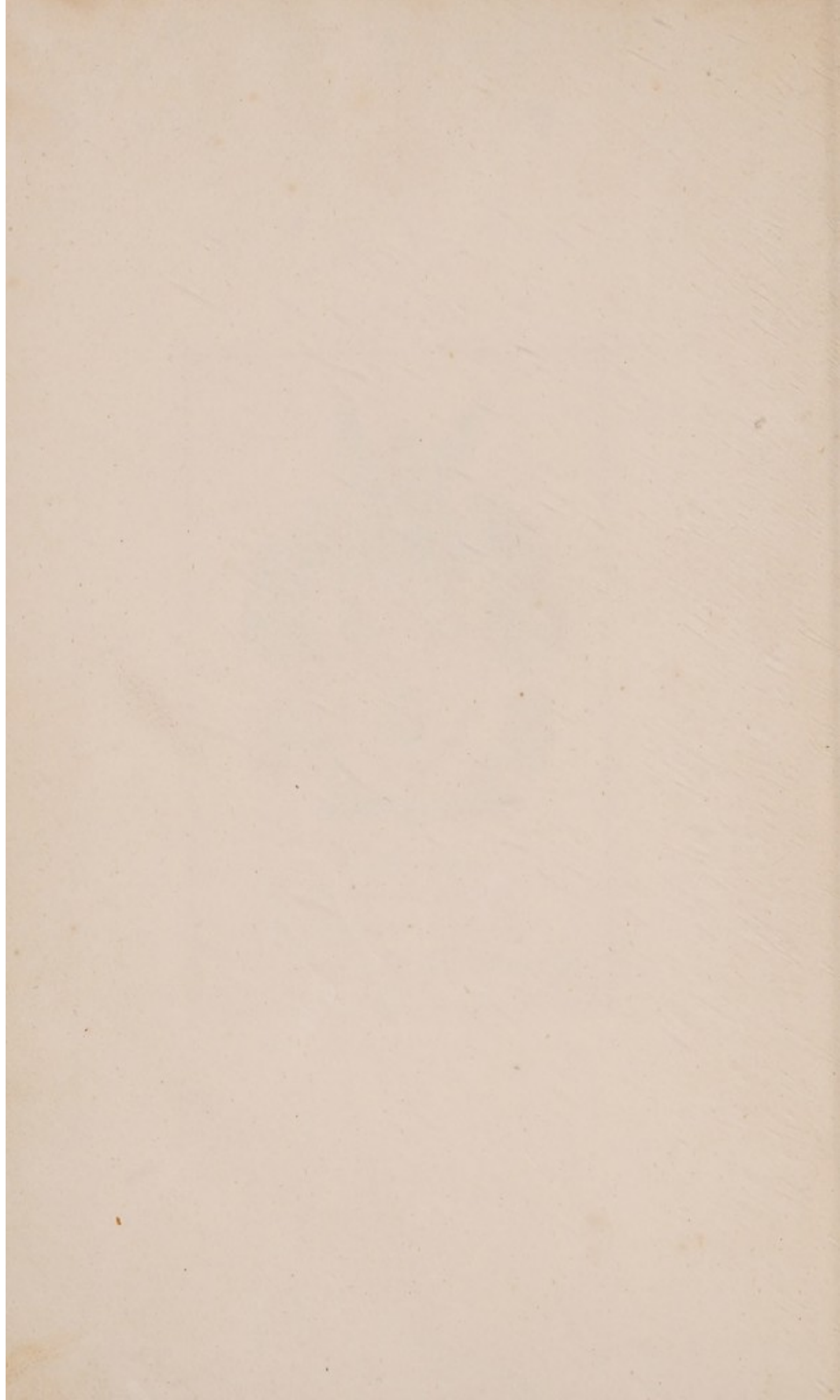
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Bateman
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

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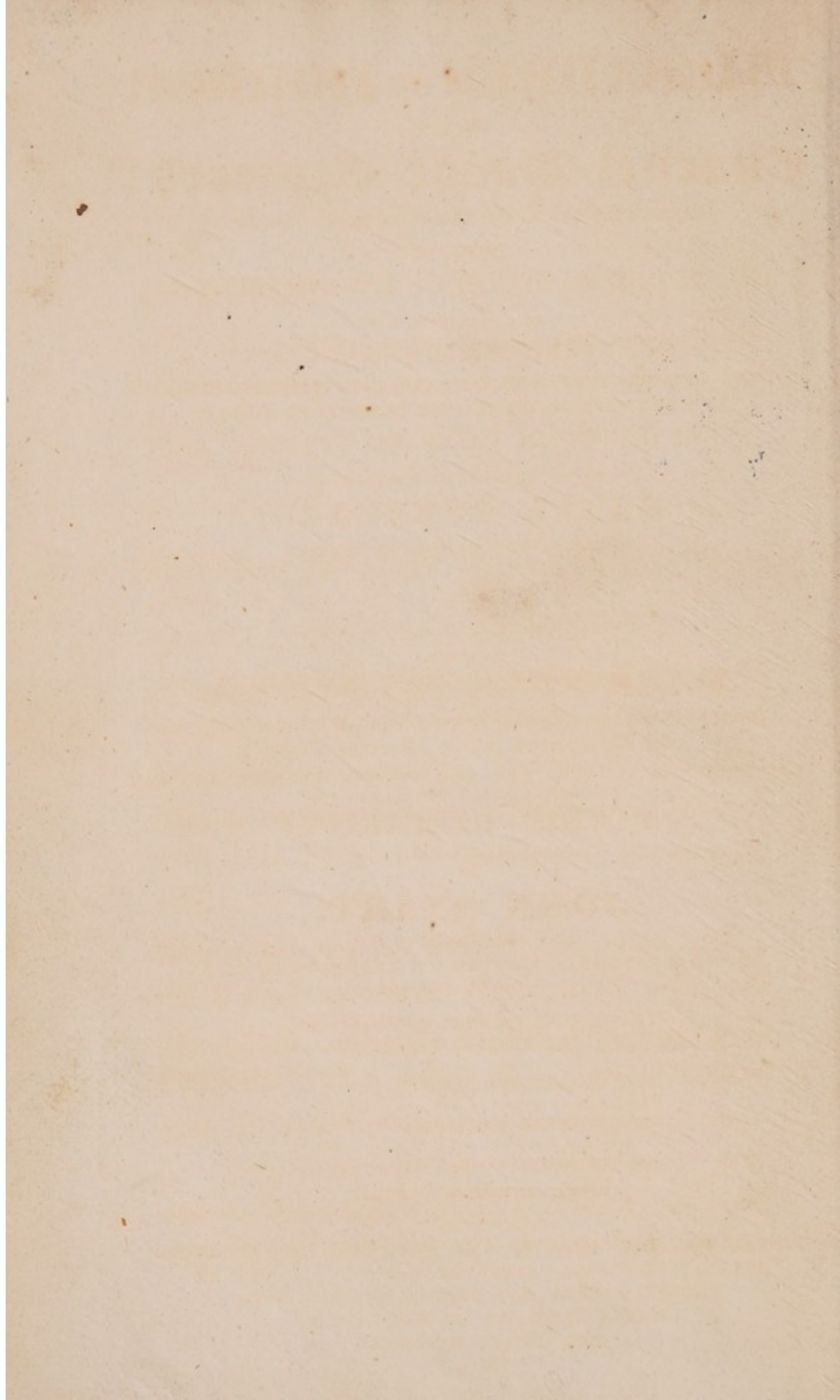
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THE SAURUS OF HORROR;

OR, THE

Charnel-House Explored!!

BEING AN HISTORICAL AND PHILANTHROPICAL INQUISITION

MADE FOR

THE QUONDAM-BLOOD OF ITS INHABITANTS!

BY A CONTEMPLATIVE

DESCENT INTO THE UNTIMELY GRAVE!

SHEWING, BY A NUMBER OF AWFUL FACTS THAT HAVE TRANSPIRED AS WELL AS
FROM PHILOSOPHICAL INQUIRY, THE RE-ANIMATING POWER OF
FRESH EARTH IN CASES OF SYNCOPE, &c.

AND THE EXTREME CRIMINALITY OF

HASTY FUNERALS:

WITH THE SUREST METHODS OF ESCAPING
THE INEFFABLE HORRORS OF PREMATURE INTERMENT!!

THE

FRIGHTFUL MYSTERIES

OF THE

DARK AGES LAID OPEN,

WHICH NOT ONLY DELUGED THE ROMAN EMPIRE, BUT TRIUMPHED OVER
All Christendom for a Thousand Years!

ENTOMBING THE SCIENCES, AND SUBSEQUENTLY REVIVING ALL THE
IGNORANCE AND SUPERSTITION OF

GOTHIC BARBARITY!

BY

JOHN SNART,

Φιλάνθρωπος,

AUTHOR OF THE MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES OF MENSURATION, &c.

“Κουφή σκιά, καὶ ατμίς ἐστὶν ἀνδρῶν εἶς.”

“I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul,” &c.

SHAKSPEARE'S HAMLET.

But if the fertilizing earth restore
The dubious fragment of a borrow'd life,
Can man's most desp'rate scuffle force the grave,
Or must he, grappling, bathe himself in blood,
And burst his eye-balls in the vain attempt!!!

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD,
NEELY, AND JONES, PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND SOLD BY
DARTON, HARVEY, AND DARTON, GRACECHURCH-
STREET; AND ALL BOOKSELLERS IN
THE UNITED KINGDOM.

1817.

DEDICATION.

.....

To His Royal Highness Prince Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, Earl of Inverness, and Baron of Arklow, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c. both Houses of Parliament, the Dignitaries of the Church, and Sons of the Clergy throughout the Realm, and all Others to whom the Legislation and Dispensation of these Rites in any way pertain.

ALTHOUGH your Royal Highness was born an Illustrious Prince, and, therefore, have a natural claim upon every Englishman's respect by birthright! yet, (as the human feelings cannot be forced,) *that* which actuates a man of *mind* to offer his ingenuous and unextorted tribute of acknowledgement is not so much the *hereditary* pretension of your Royal Highness to this affec-

tion, as a knowledge of your *mental* excellencies and *public* spirit! For those who are born and bred in palaces are too apt (through breathing nothing but *royal* air) to be absorbed in the contemplation of their *own* dignities, confine all worth to these splendid mansions and look upon all *plebeian* undertakings beneath their notice.

But the superiority to these prejudices, daily evinced by your Royal Highness, while it enstamps your nobility *more genuine*, renders you of easier access, and makes every man a *volunteer* in your just praise! Convinced that, *however* high your *birth* and *lineage*, the virtues of your *mind* (grown *stronger* by *mixing* with society) transcend them, and constitute you at once the favourite and Mæcenas of the age, and a pattern to all other princes in the world who have not attained this *maximum of true manhood!* they, therefore, feel but one sentiment towards you, (that of love!)

It was from a knowledge of these social virtues having taken a permanent residence in your

superior mind, that the Author ventured to aspire to so noble a patron, and begs leave to apologize for the presumption by the *necessity* of the thing!—The world is already not only *threatened*, but nearly *deluged*, with torrents of vapid publications, so as to require an almost general index *expurgatorius*, upon their numbers; and yet humanity impels *another*: but, be assured it is no *common* subject that seeks protection or calls so many patrons to its aid! but a *legitimate* though helpless *protegée*, who, without your interference, must be immolated to the *gorgon of gothic barbarity*!

The subject is that of preservation from the *horrors of the grave by premature interment*! A subject (next to *religion*) paramount to all others, and the result of many years serious reflection of a son of sorrow and adversity, conscientiously stimulated to this most imperious moral duty by *humanity*! A subject which, though many have taken in hand, none have had the firmness requisite to carry it into *practical* effect, (without which all writings

are in vain,) but, petrified by the *gorgon's horrid front*, have retired from the charge and left it unfinished rather than wound the feelings of themselves or the public by probing it to the bottom; until, like a long neglected disease, the evil has become desperate and almost incurable by *inveterate custom*!

It is addressed to you, *collectively* and universally, to avoid controversy or suspicion of schism! Not from motives of *interest*, or *place*, or *honour*, or for the sake of *form*, but from pure benevolence to all the world; because, to you, as legislators, pertain the emendations of pernicious customs: and you are the legitimate sources from whom all improvements should emanate or receive *patronage* at least; and, under whose auspicious acceptance, the writer hopes to see it translated into every vernacular tongue, and, by your sanction, find its way into the most remote and minute ramifications of society throughout the habitable globe, to the removal of the premature Jewish custom. And, although not written by a *regular graduate*, yet, as far as it

carries within itself its own unaided evidence and intrinsic demonstrations, the Author humbly hopes it will be no less cordially received and patronized, (as “those who are not *against* you are *for* you”). Without your aid the writer is quite aware how vain would be an individual’s attempt to stem the tide of VULGAR PREJUDICE, overturn the inveterate custom of GOTHIC BARBARITY, or chase its GRISLY GORGON from the GRAVE!

He, therefore, appeals to your sacred tribunal, fully expecting a liberality of sentiment commensurate to your respective superiority of station and power to do good. And if magnanimity of mind be most exalted when it exerts itself to save those who are most *depressed*, it never can shine so resplendently as when it intrepidly passes the rubicon of horror, descends into the *premature grave*, and snatches the poor devoted victim from the ineffable fate of living inhumation or being BURIED ALIVE!!!

Beside, “this virtue is not without its *own re-*

ward;" for he that establishes this law upon an universal basis eventually secures himself from the direful penalties arising from neglecting it.

If the Author's feeble efforts to convince you of the necessity of interfering in this momentous affair should excite a disposition to see its importance, and your benevolence should impel you to give it full effect, it will satisfy him that having justified his existence, (as every man ought to do by doing some *permanent good* to society), he will leave the world better than he *found* it; and, in due time, quietly resign himself to his parent earth, persuaded he was not born or lived in *vain!*

And begs leave to subscribe himself with submissive allegiance to your Royal Highness, and due deference to all the rest, their devoted servant in the cause of humanity, &c.

JOHN SNART.

3d July, 1817.

PREFACE.

THE progress of human attainment, whether of one individual or a whole nation, is such an incompatible mixture of error and correction, from *perfect inanity* to what purblind mortals call *maturity*, that though every *gradus* seems right to the possessor, at the moment of exercising it, yet a prudent man, if he intend his sentiments to stand the test of time and experience, is puzzled to know where, or in which stage of his own blundering existence, to advance his opinions to the world; lest future improvement in himself or others may make *that* which seemed *indubitable*, at the time of writing it, appear crude and ridiculous in *future!* and more especially on *original* subjects, which (like the following strictures on *Premature Interment*) have not been familiarised by *time*, or sanctioned by the public, to render them *digestible*.

Cogitations of this kind (encouraged and cultivated by the Author of the present piece to destroy, by time and after-thought, the dross of

vanity) have kept this performance back upwards of thirteen years after the *first* impression had fixed itself on his mind; for though, in himself, he considered the work paramount, in importance, to all others, yet, the idea of advancing to the whole world a subject (though not *altogether* new in itself, yet) so little attended to in the quotidian and stunning clamours of *money-getting*, as to have become nearly obsolete, he considered running a very great hazard.

There is something so *sacred* in *custom*, in the idea of the major part of the world, that any *innovation* upon its usages is sure to create an *alarm!* consequently, the work and writer both would have to pass the "fiery ordeal" of every one's criticism, qualified or not: or whatever particular cast of thought such critic might be of! or stage of progression he might be in at the time of judging! and well knowing that the accidental modes of life, education, and degree of experience, individuals may have attained to, influence the human mind more than the possessor is generally aware of, he became alarmed at standing alone, even in the cause of *humanity* itself! at least, as far as regarded *co-temporary* support, and would have thrown the work *totally* aside, had not two or three cases, which transpired in the public newspapers, (of persons being *buried alive!*) stimulated his conscience

afresh to the recollection, “ that a candle is not lighted to be put under a *bushel!*” he was, therefore, imperatively urged to diffuse *that* light to the world, which common justice and humanity told him was too much neglected in the present day, or those accidents could not have taken place; thus, viewing himself amenable to God and his country for any consequences resulting from his withholding it, on the one hand, yet determined that whatever he might write on this awful subject should never call up the blush of guilt on the other, or reproach him for vanity, in future, for writing it, he has taken the opinion and advice of *others*, before he would let it appear on the great theatre of the world for general inspection.

He knew that the disposition of the great bulk of mankind was rather to lull itself in false and fatal security, (perhaps *future ruin*,) than expose its present feelings to the necessary pangs of *investigation*; and, to rouse such *dull* minds as these, he has been more descriptive in the scenes of horror, than sensibility or his own wishes required; but, as the unthinking could not be awakened from their torpor without bringing the matter quite home to *themselves* or *relatives*, he hopes the delicate reader will pardon it: for his object has not been to wound the heart or ear of the most *susceptible*; and if the soul be some-

times harrowed up by descriptive cases, yet the wounded feelings are fully compensated by the modes of *relief* or *cure* afforded in the work.

Religious opinions was the next consideration : and this diversity appeared an almost *insuperable barrier* to its appearance ; *much* was to be *done*, but much more was to be *avoided*, where a man wished to conciliate *all* parties so diametrically opposite as some of them.—To attain this object, he has, therefore, dispensed with his own feelings and sentiments, and endeavoured to steer quite clear of all polemical discussions and particular tenets or modes of faith, that he might serve *all* the *world*, without offending any but such as it would have been *criminal* to please.

Notwithstanding all his care to prevent it, there still may be *more* to *pardon* than *approve* : he, therefore, hopes they will be as liberal towards him as he has been to them, and tolerate his *manner* for the sake of the important *matter*, for there are yet many cases of premature interment in the world, after all the seeming securities against it, and if a knowledge of these dreadful occurrences have roused his energies to sometimes over-step the usual mode of speech in depicting them—he can only say that such awful matters required an intensity of description and *deprecation* too, yet he hopes he

has always restrained the enthusiasm of expression and turbulence of sympathetic emotion, as much as perspicuity would admit of, to make himself clearly understood ; and, even where the agonized transports of kindred feeling would have justified all the vehemence of *rhapsody* itself to transfuse its own tortures of commiseration to an unconscious world, he has carefully avoided all *impiety* or *imprecation*, though, perhaps, (and most surely,) no subject in nature would so well have justified it.

As to what philosophers may think, he is somewhat more indifferent, not from disrespect either to them or their opinions, but because, as they profess to be of *no sect* or *party* against *evidence*, he supposes them to be plain *matter-of-fact* men, like himself ; therefore, if his arguments can be proved *false*, or his deductions inconclusive, let them *refute* him, and if they can prove that part, or even the *whole*, of his solicitude (either “ *à priori*, or *à posteriori*”) is without foundation, they will confer a greater favour on him, by removing the *cause* of his inquietude, than all their praises could bestow, by an unqualified assent to the *truth* and reality of it, without giving hopes of *relief*.

When *Magna Charta* was about to be re-established, at Westminster, in the 37th year of Henry the Third's reign, after being violated,

several times, by the perfidy of faithless kings, such was the fervor of mankind to secure only the *common benefits* of life, that it was ratified by a most *solemn oath* of the king, who, to give it more weight, kept his hand to his *heart* the whole time of its being read, the nobles and bishops holding lighted tapers in their hands, to increase the solemnity.—The moment they had obtained the royal assurance, upon *oath*, they threw down and extinguished all their tapers at once, exclaiming, (*unâ voce*,) “ *Thus let him be extinguished and stink in hell who violates this Charter!*” And yet, what they stipulated for therein, were but *trifles*, when compared with the guarantee of safety from the *horrors of the grave!*

Notwithstanding all that has been said, the Author is quite aware that many will yet start and shudder (through false delicacy) at so gloomy a subject as *premature interment* as much as if it were *advocated* by him; and perhaps if they discover, (what cannot long be hidden) that he is not a writer by *profession*, may think he is not master of his subject, that he “reckons without his host,” or that the attempt is an *innovation* upon the privileges of *regular graduates*; especially when they find four-fifths of the world censured for the retention of *barbarous* customs in the 19th century of Christianity, and an age

of *consummate refinement* as well! And more particularly near *home*, and by those who knew him in childhood, for as Christ has said, "though a prophet be not without honour, he seldom gets it from his *own brethren* or countrymen," for when a man is known, he is liable to the fastidious remarks of all his acquaintance *first*; who, either from envy or some other cause, will be sure to attack that work they would not have meddled with had it been the production of an entire *stranger*, because human pride does not like to be schooled by its own acquaintance, therefore with him they are sure to measure the lance of competition and dispute every inch of ground. But they should consider that sometimes the choicest grapes are gathered from the most *unpromising* vines, while mere *non entities* of sterility are often equipped in all the proud trammels and blandishments of scholastic learning, or invested with splendid titles and dignified initials of their authors' high pretensions, all of which the present Writer is *destitute* of. It is the *matter* and not the *manner* that is to be considered. For though he lays no claim to *inspiration* or any thing above justice, common sense, and humanity for his discoveries, yet he must continue to think the subject imperiously demands an *universal attention*, and stands paramount in importance to every other temporal concern.

He is quite aware that the great art of persuasion lies very much in giving every reader *a good opinion of himself*, because it soothes the general propensity men have to be in love with their own prejudices and predilections. — To this courtesy he can have no objection, while they grant him the same indulgence and do not expect him, (upon *this* occasion at least,) to flatter their understanding as *superior* to his own! As that would be sacrificing the “*fortiter in re* to the *suaviter in modo*” beyond all reason. And to do which, while the *present barbarous* system of *Gothic* custom exists, that menaces the age with so much horror, would be tacitly acknowledging the present strictures thereon *superfluous*.

Beside readers are quite as liable to err as writers, (and with *impunity* too,) and yet it is much easier to find *real fault* with a work than to write a *better*. Indeed no one knows his *weakness* here until he has tried his *strength*.

The Author, therefore, addresses the present piece only to the *wise* and *prudent*, because liberality is generally associated with wisdom and experience. Added to this consideration, *they alone* are the persons most likely to carry its object into the *fullest effect*!

But in an age wherein witticism and criticism supersede all sober thought among the gay sons of prosperity and youth, when puns and jests fill up

the vast vacuity of mind, it is almost dangerous for a man to risk his reputation upon so neglected a subject as the *grave* or its collaterals; these considerations, however *mean* in their origin, have had their weight in suppressing the work, in one in whose breast these contaminations had too much influence, and had almost determined its Author, if he did publish it *at all*, to let it appear *anonymously*. (Cast out on the wide world as a foundling orphan, to take its chance of standing or falling against the caprice of fashion *by its own intrinsic power!*) But, gathering *non chalance* as well as confidence by *time*, he saw it *cowardly* to desert so legitimate an offspring of humanity, in compliment to the flimsy opinions of *wits*, well aware that they were not obliged to *read* it till they arrived at years of *discretion*, or became "*compos mentis*" to the task! And knowing that he was actuated by conscience and benevolence, rather than stimulated by *pride*, he has at length determined to espouse its cause before the *whole world*, and to sign this *chef-d'oeuvre* of humanity without *disguise*, letting the vanity of names and the guiltless shame of hiding them, (where *general benefit* is intended,) both sink alike in the importance of the work itself, or be restricted by punctilious *etiquette* to subjects of mere *taste* or *fashion*.

On so *unique* a subject *dress* and *address* were

mere *trifles*; the question with him all along has been, whether the work *itself* would be tolerated, or treated with *contempt* and condemned after all his trouble and solicitude. Because, although it has been noticed several times before, it has always been rather *hushed up* than *explored*, consequently the *ultimate* stages of his inquiry are in a path before *untrodden*, where neither guide or precursor could be found, therefore his principal object has been to rouse the human mind from its fatal security by *any* means, rather than let it sleep in *error*; and to venture his reputation and style together, knowing that, if the subject itself were admitted, the dress could be cut to any other fashion, when it gets into abler hands. And he will not feel himself *angry* at being *eclipsed* in the attempt to *serve a world*! For his feelings throughout have rather been like those of Jonah, the prophet, when he was sent to preach to the Ninevites, than impelled by the "*cacoethes scribendi*, or itch of writing!" And, if the public act as prudently as the Ninevites did, (Jonah, chap. iii. v. 8 and 9,) he will think his labour *well rewarded*. Indeed, it has been a very inconvenient matter for him to write *at all*, and to do it he not only left a work nearly finished, on the mathematics, but his own *regular* avocations as well. But as he had pledged his word in the *Encyclopædia* (as will be shewn

in the work) to do it, and no one else seemed to have any idea of the thing, he was in a manner *compelled*.

In looking over the work he sees it is very *faulty* in its *arrangements*, such as too *replete*, descriptive, and desultory. However, the digressions and repletions are generally *pithy* and *interesting*, and made to fix the precise meaning. But should the acceptation of the public justify *another edition*, little as the Author is qualified, he will do his best to amend not only the faults of his *own* discovering, but those also which may be found by persons less liable to indulge him, which it will be much easier to do from the present materials than from *none at all*, or from a hundred loose fragments, wrote in all parts of the town, wherever an idea struck his mind; for, in *original* works like this, a man has to *conceive* and *study* as well as *write* all he has to say, and *some indulgence ought* to be allowed for these things.

The totality of these difficulties and the length of time the work has been in hand (or *agitation* rather than *progress*) tend to make it somewhat *heterogenous*, though not *incompatible*. And the most fastidious censures that can be cast upon it, even by an *enemy*, will never distress the Author more than his own cogitations have done, under the various circumstances and

modes of thinking that *time* places a man in. He has, therefore, only attended to the more *discreet* and sober impulses of his own mind. The steady *reflex* light of reason, where the sedateness of thought admits of distant and painful realities, which bustle, levity, or hilarity's intoxication totally overlook.* And he would

* That enigma, which has puzzled metaphysicians and logicians so long, respecting the *absolute* line of demarcation between man and brute. Though human penetration has not yet perfectly scanned it, or lexicographers given a name to a principle compounded of integrity, investigation, and justice, yet the characteristic feature of this unborn term appears to be *reflection*! This principle differs from conscience and memory too, both of which have been disputed as legitimate proofs of human identity and superiority, and, however the promiscuous dispensation of them may be found in lower orders of beings, yet there is something peculiar in *reflection*, it is the very source and foundation of all *moral justice*, the *application of another's case to a man's own self*, and the consummation of that divine maxim, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you!"

To those who have never been used to conscientious *abstraction*, or turned their eyes *inward*, this remark may appear *trifling*, but he that has not exercised his peculiar human franchise is a stranger to all true autosophy, or *self-knowledge*, and therefore unqualified to give judgment.

This principle is found in its greatest purity when a man first awakes in the morning, and the system by prostration and rest has acquired the mild and untainted invigoration of nature, which too often becomes debased by the pursuits of the day or debauched by the revels of the night!

advise his readers to bring what he has written to the same touchstone, for, "*nemo mortalis omnibus horis sapit.*" These latter remarks are made to save reviewers the trouble, and assure them that the work is not given as a *finished* piece of erudition, but as an offering of *humanity*, which he was anxious to shew to the whole world, before death arrested his mortal progress. However, if they see any other faults than the acknowledged ones, the Author cannot expect more lenity from them than another man, who is an entire stranger. Much interest and remark no doubt will be excited by a work so intirely at variance with *general* prejudices,—prejudices which only look to *externals*. Thus, while modern undertakers are procuring patents for *impregnable coffins* to defeat the more *obvious* purposes of anatomical depredators, and adding new shackles to the fetters of the grave! the object of the present work is to *protract* this awful ceremony of seclusion from hope therein until all human means of resuscitation have *failed*, and even then, in case of recovery in that forlorn situation, to give every facility of escape from its horrors, instead of *barring them down!* Conscious of the high importance of the undertaking, the necessity of enforcing it, and the invincibility of the arguments, as well as the multiplied authenticity of the facts in both antient and modern history,

the writer conceives any farther apology unnecessary, and begs leave, after a word or two on *authorities*, to proceed with the work itself. Being fully persuaded that its publication will be the most essential benefit he, as an individual, can confer upon mankind, under the present perilous circumstances, entailed upon them by a senseless *gothic custom* of the dark ages, which, as shewn in the work, has involved the world in misery. Ad-
 ducing only a *few* cases of horror, out of a *host* that have transpired within the knowledge of man, where the defunct have been kept eight, ten, twelve, or even more days, after cessation of visible life, (and upon which men are so apt to solace themselves, and rest in comfortable and unconscious security of all being *quite right*). Leaving *reflec-
 tion* to fill up the fearful hiatus of terror, according to its own intellectuality and solicitude. And if his own authority should have no weight with the public, let it be remembered that authors of the first celebrity are not wanting to second, or rather *lead him on*; authors whose acknowledged merit alone have insured them *that* immortality which has made the present age acquainted with them.

And when it is considered that such illustrious men as Empedocles, Esculapius, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and many others, have seriously taken this matter up, he need not blush for want

of *patrons*, or suspect the rectitude of his mind for standing *alone*.

But as their works on this subject are only *historical*, and not detached in any English translation, what they had written has, in a great measure, become *obsolete*. And, owing to the desultory avocations of men and the giddy vortex of novelty, by which they are ingulphed and whirled round, little that the ancients have said is now known beyond the *external* feature of the evil. Therefore, in the *ultimate* stages of this fearful investigation of the supernumerary miseries in the supposed mansions of *peace*, like another *Telemachus*, he must descend the frightful vault of death alone, and pursue his devious journey through the *horrible* "*avernus*" of darkness, (to which all men must one day submit,) without a precursor, associate, or guide, regardless of the sentinel *gorgon's horrid front*, who lies athwart his path.

Death, in a natural way, is the common lot of all mortals, from which none can escape; but this horrid supplement of supernumerary woe, is a *second death*, extrinsic of that originally intended and far surpassing it in misery!

PRELIMINARY ARGUMENT,

Not for the sake of Form,

BUT ESSENTIAL TO BE READ.

“ The wise Man foresees the Evil, and runs and hides himself. But the Fool goes on and is punished.”——PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

Without firm nerves let no one dare approach,
For mine's a theme the stoutest will appal!!

UNDER the article Mausoleum, in No. 995, Vol. 14, of the Encyclopædia Londinensis, may be seen a hasty projection for “ *Public Mausolea*, intended to secure *all* Persons indiscriminately from the horrors of *premature Interment* in *confined Graves*.” The full illustration of which subject is therein referred to the future article, *Re-animation*. As the letter M was in full progress at that time, and could not wait the completion of the *heart-appaling account* without incommoding the public by the delay; and, as a long time must *yet* elapse (in a work like that, confined to *alphabetical* arrangement), before the letter R can appear, the author of the piece could not conscientiously suppress his feelings

upon so imperative a duty till that time arrived ; and the delay having furnished him with many more ideas and, he trusts, *improvements* upon his original plan, he has, conformably to the impulses of his best mind's best means, resorted to what he conceives the more consistent determination of publishing a *separate and cheap* statement of such facts and observations as have transpired or occurred within his own reading, with his thoughts thereon ; in hopes that, by a *general* diffusion of this most important affair, a sufficient number of readers may be found to give it *universal publicity*, so that it may not (like a *nine days wonder*, or matter of mere curiosity) be *once* read and then thrown carelessly aside, as many pieces are, be locked up in the cabinets of ostentation, or doomed to oblivion and the support of *worms*, but be *acted* upon and carried into the *fullest effect*, (without which *all* works are in *vain*!)

The object of the writer is not to create a *false alarm* or excite groundless fears, to lessen the pittance of human happiness by vague terrors, or to harrow up the passions of the soul by *romantic* vapours, arising from a melancholy cast of thought in himself, the inflations of a turbulent spirit, or the illusions of a distracted brain ! but to call forth the rational faculties *alone* to exert their proper functions, and avert the impending evils and immensity of woe that the present *monstrous* system of interment me-

naces the world with. Indeed, if he rightly appreciates his own mind, he is so much the advocate for the entire sovereignty of dispassionate reason, that his proudest thought shall submissively bow to her supremacy; therefore, whatever feelings he may have in wading through this *latent aceldema*, (made populous by ignorance,) his rhapsodies shall always be restrained by her authority.

However, the subject is too *real* and important to be treated on with such feelings as his without *some* warmth; and the thoughtless apathy of the age rather requires *Stentorian* lungs to arouse it from the unaccountable torpor by which it is benumbed, than the placid courtesy of a delicate writer to sooth it with compliments; and if this divine gift had never been neglected or forsaken for something infinitely *beneath* it, the present *barbarous* system had never existed, or these strictures thereon been required. Indeed, this principle is the true touchstone of *all* human acquirement, which, like Ithuriel's spear, detects every counterfeit coin, fabricated by knavery or interest, is the radix of all true intellect, and the glorious and inimitable palladium of integrity, teaching men to "be wise as *serpents*, yet harmless as *doves*," and neither *has* or *seeks disguise*; therefore, to her tribunal shall the present work make *all* its appeals.

The number of dreadful catastrophes, arising from premature interment, and the desertion of

this divine principle, that have been *discovered* only, or have transpired to men *above ground*, both in antient and modern times, conveys, to every reflecting mind, the fearful thought that they are but a *sample*, (*per Synecdoche*,) out of such an incalculable host (perhaps one in a thousand) of those martyrs of the grave who have been immolated, and fallen victims to this *gothic custom*, as would petrify the stoutest heart to look on, and humanity turns aside to deplore the direful mishap of those who have drank the bitter cup of misery before her reign.—Conscious that though much is hid from her scrutinizing eye, yet those cases which have come to light too fully justify the awful truth, that the present alarm is no phantom of hypochondriasis in the writer, or the effect of too intensely poring over a matter without foundation for obtruding it.

What, though the defunct are hidden from *vulgar* penetration and all but *reflecting reason's eye*,—the facts are often transpiring,—their stifled blood full often bursts the shell of earth, and the accidental breaking of a coffin tells the horrid tale, displaying all the *bloody shroud*, and calling for vengeance upon a stupid and unintellectual custom which has BURIED THEM ALIVE !!

In common cases of jurisprudence, it is a maxim, that what *has* once happened may, under the same circumstances, happen again. Now, all men must needs know that this calamity (dreadful as it is to contemplate) has

not only *happened*, but it has *transpired* and come to *light* in such a way as to create a *just* apprehension that it *often* occurs in those secluded and dark mansions of supposed tranquillity, where ignorance, unconsciously, consigns its victims to the inexorable prison of a *narrow grave* ! and its dearest relatives are crammed and stamped down into the dark, dank, and impervious, earth !!

Guided by facts, the brain of the thinking man turns giddy in the contemplation of what may afterwards occur : his mind becomes delirious, and can go no farther, and he is ready to exclaim, happy are they who live and die like *brutes*, and never think at all, if thinking make a man more miserable !

But cease the tumult of desponding frenzy, for prudent thought *averts* the hell it is menaced with, and human caution screens itself from danger by its fond solicitude ; therefore, let not men, for the sparing of their present feelings, act like poltroons or cowards, by their few days' precursors in death ; for, if they desert them, through *false delicacy*, they entail incalculable horrors upon *themselves*.

Ancestry has erred through apathy and ignorance, and, therefore, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum* ;" but the present and succeeding generations shall no longer have the same excuse ; for, while the bare *possibility* of the recurrence exists, (if it were but in *one* case out of a *thousand* mil-

lions, or the whole population of the *world*,) men would, after this warning, be the vilest monsters on earth, to be less than infinitely circumspect to prevent its future consequences.

It is not to be expected that all persons will feel exactly alike upon this occasion, for there are not only as many *species* of men in the world as of *plants*, flowers, &c. but even the *same man* differs as much from *himself* (independently of the progressive stages from infancy to dotage) as hilarity differs from melancholy; — and he that daily watches his own mind *feels* it; yet even such self-cultivators (who alone know their own mutability) can scarcely restrain the influence of the passions upon the understanding, so as to make these inflections quadrate with the sterner reflections of abstraction, (the “*ne plus ultra*” of human wisdom).

These fluctuations of mind (so essential for every man to understand) have been inferred from what physicians technically, though, perhaps, somewhat *improperly*, term the *non-naturals*, or *habit*, because no part of the *pristine* composition, yet, by assimilation, they become adventitious causes of health or disease both of the mind and body, they, therefore, by habit, as said above, are a *second* nature influencing the possessor throughout, inso-much that a man seldom is, *se ipse*, possessing the “*mens sana in corpore sano!*” or is quite free from the influence of some *internal* gubernating

principle. They are six in number,* and the knowledge of their influence comprehends, in a *natural* way, the whole physical *autosophy*, or a man's knowledge of *himself*. And though it is not meant to the full *moral* extent, it verges very closely upon it, and is an exact *parallelism* with good or bad society, the basis of all self-knowledge, and needful for a person to know before he reads this work ; for man is a compound being, throughout, both in body and mind, possessing nothing *essentially*, or *sui generis*, either in life or death ; for the moment he ceases to grow and assimilate as a living man, he begins, in nature's alembic, to disorganise or decompose the whole material, till having saturated that earth with his own blood, from whence he sprung, he vegetates the influence back, as the totality of promiscuous association admits ; and though self-love and self-sufficiency (if he have not been used to honest *abstraction*) may induce him to think he inherits every thing in body and mind, *sui generis*, and that he *is* something, *knows* something, can *do* something, —yet, *reflection* tells him, he is a mere *automaton* and a vessel, and, in these modern days, no longer a son of nature, or *natural* man, but

* The non-naturals are divided into six classes, viz. air, meats and drinks, sleep and watching, motion and rest, retention and excretions, and the passions of the mind : the totality of these operations, acting upon the stamina of nature, give what is called a constitutional or characteristic feature to every man.

wholly an *artificial* being,—his body is daily modified and formed by these non-naturals,—and his mind by *education, society, and habit*;—all things are adventitious and supervening to him, and liable to be altered or expunged in a moment!!! A proud or self-opinionated man may very fairly be compared with a bottle which has always been kept full of wine, &c. until it is ready to burst, by fermentation, and, could such bottle cogitate, it would think the repletion an *essential* quality of its *own*, (for fermentation, though a bouncing quality, like pride, arises from *mutability*,) and though it might be induced to insult all *empty* ones, or those filled with *sober water*, or other *less changeable* fluid than itself, yet a more philosophic bottle would discern between the vessel and the liquor contained in it, both as to the quantity and quality, and learn modesty from the lesson.

What then is human knowledge? (if the mathematics be excepted) — A monstrous unfinished pyramid without an apex or point, —an heterogeneous compound of *disputed* and *fluctuating* data, doomed, like its votaries, to exist for a time, then be called in question throughout, and superseded by some other ephemeral novelty, and which, though equally mortal, *reigns for a time*, till, crushed by its own weight, it falls a victim too before it is completed, leaving, however, some vital rudiment to germinate into fresh infancy, and pass through

every *gradus*, from birth to dissolution, as a lesson to man; that, although nature perpetuates all her works, by *generation*, yet they are never made perfect in the *same* individual! And, if *reason* come to maturity, it is all man should expect: so that, in brief, human knowledge amounts to little more than conviction of ignorance and imbecility, respecting what is extrinsic of himself.

What then is *human pride*?—A stark mad passion of the soul, arising from self-love, ignorance, and blind infatuation, which (where it is encouraged) tells all men they are greater than all *other* men, and that every foible *becomes* them—A blind tyrant that shuts out all reproof, and instruction too!—A canker of the soul that destroys all true intellect, and makes a man not only an enemy to society but to *himself*! What, then, is *prudence*?—The child of wisdom, and an honest reprover of this delirium;—a man's highest acquirement and achievement, too;—an unqualified concession that he *is nothing, knows nothing, can do nothing*:—a caution that walks blindfold through all the latent perils that lie, like snares, in darkness for his feet! yet here he is always in greater safety than when he treads with *confidence*; indeed, he is scarcely to be trusted with his own intellect, for, of all species of beings, man disgraces his rank the most.

All other creatures pursue the sober path of *nature*, while he alone deserts her. The insanity of

mental intoxication, levity, wantonness, and hilarity, are all peculiar to the *human* species !

As for *discretion*, it is *never inherent* or indigenous at all, but always generated by castigation in this monstrous compound epitome of all that is *good* or *bad*, and *either* germ may be cultivated to *perfection* in the vigorous soil of human hearts; but, had not man the power of making his *own free election* of the *two*, he would not be a *responsible* being.

Thus it appears there is a peculiar cast of thought essential to every pursuit in life, and for *this* solemn inquiry a long exercise of practical virtue and steady resistance to every intemperance is requisite! Man must be abstracted from folly, and his vicious inclinations made subservient to the dictates of sober intellect, before he is capable of judging rightly in this momentous affair. For, though the subject is not *abstruse*, yet it is abstracted from common observation; therefore his mind must be attenuated from all prejudices of custom and interest, or the discolorations of mental jaundice will deceive him! But, alas, in how few instances does reason arrive at maturity at all, or the human mind bear any thing better than the *wild fruit of the passions*?

Indeed, (with the exception of taking care for their own *wants*, which is nothing above the instinct of a *beast*,) without *precocity* of mind, men can scarcely be said to think *at all*, till they

arrive at *thirty*, fewer yet have any real principle of their own; and of those who do think, either before or after that age, how few can divest themselves of *interest*, *passion*, or the prejudice of *custom*?

These observations are not made as an *apology* for the present work, but as the arguments of it are somewhat out of the *usual track*, it may require a little ingenuity and address to persuade men not to censure them as superfluous or out of season, till they have brought them to the touchstone of *sober reason and prudence*, lest (as it is for their *own good*) what they say in the plenitude of evening *pride* may sting them with *remorse* in the morning of *reflection*! or call them to a severe account in the hour of misery, or gloom of midnight! which wise men say approximate to *death*! or, when the king of terrors (hovering) waits the issue of an hopeless disease! or, when the playful harbinger of fantastic prophecy assails them, and night's aërial phantom, to cajole the mental powers, steals the key of hidden fate and peeps into *another world*! mocking the human mind in dreams, with shreds and flights of more than mortal wisdom, making a man the dupe to his own digestive powers! and, in this *dubious* state 'twixt life and death, she shews, or *seems* to shew, to man the important mystery of his own existence!

So far, too, she leads him in this devious maze, that, leaving earth, he seems to fly, or tread upon

the wind; and all his waking thoughts are baffled to solve the enigma of *who or what he is!* Thus she coquettes from time to time with human pride and human *feelings* too, (as renders it doubtful whether *sleeping* or *waking* thoughts are most *substantially real*, and yet *all is real* that engrosses *all the feelings*,) half opes the secret page on which his longing fancy dwells, as if she wished to blab the matter out, then wakes him up forthwith to feel that he is a *fool!!!*

All men, though they have not considered these sublime *nocturnal* riddles, or ruminated on the causes of this universal assailment of the empire of collected reason, (so worthy of their notice,) will attend upon the *first* summons to the more obvious and apparent concerns of *money-getting!* But, such is their criminal apathy in matters that are unpleasant, though *inevitable* and of infinitely more importance, (if only a day's march behind them,) that they can scarcely be excited to action by any stimulus whatever, until it is *too late!* And those who *talk* about it are seldom *practical* converts to their own professed principles, or do any thing more than *talk* and *intend*, and then retire in *statu quo* and forgetfulness! for, human depravity is such a Proteus of dissimulation, that it beguiles its own foster father and possessor by its versatile metamorphoses, and, like a cherished adder, leaves the deadliest sting with those who most *encourage it!*

Hence the admonitory maxim of *Solon*, the

great legislator and wise man of Greece, “ Γνωθι σεαυτόν!” Know thyself! A maxim so essential in reducing the insanity of pride to reason, that even Christ himself censured his own disciples for their ignorance of its worth!

The Author having premised these cautions, for the purpose of restoring the palladium of sober and unspotted reason to the supreme seat in the human mind; his next object is to proceed more minutely to the *subject itself*, as well as to shew how the world became so involved by the darkness of ignorance as to *require* these strictures, after it had been *once enlightened*.

The barbarous custom of hermetically sealing up bodies in *fresh earth*, in a state of insulation from atmospheric air, (which the Jews, from antiquated prejudices, are notorious for doing in *one or two days at farthest*); it is much to be feared is not only a *cause of frequent restoration to life*, but (dreadful to contemplate) of also *smothering* the seemingly defunct in their graves! And though not often discovered, as before said, on account of their *latent* situation, yet the grounds of suspicion are too presumptive, and the proofs, alas! of both antient and modern history too multiplied and strong to suffer a just man to disallow either.

This is no visionary phantom of superstition, or a diseased imagination,—no causeless timidity or effect of melancholy! but a rational conviction, from well-attested *realities*, which none but

a sceptic, or enemy to himself as well as society, can deny! for the Author has no other fear than that which is founded on a *natural basis*, guided by reflection and confirmed by authentic evidence! and, being taught in the school of *adversity* the painful duties of *self-denial*, can, in his own case, as steadily contemplate the daily ravages of this insatiate glutton and universal despoiler of all human beauty (death!) in a natural way, as perhaps any man, who is not temerarious enough to rush into his jaws by *suicide*! Yet, nevertheless, one who brings the reality home to himself without prejudice, favour, or partiality! and is accordingly convinced that he must one day, (*volens nolens* and in *propria persona*,) meet and submit to this *grisly king of terrors*! one who knows that it is no *peradventure* or *perchance* he may die and be supinely laid in the grave!

No, this is a certainty that affects every one, and even the *present reader* must submit to his fate, and be either maturely or *prematurely* consigned to some grave, or what is equivalent thereto!—no proxy is or can be found for this; (nor, as Solomon says,) is there any discharge in this *individual* warfare! *Substitutes* are out of the question. And to gently slope the way to this sure dissolution, and to disarm this invincible warrior of his most envenomed dart is the object of this otherwise *gloomy* treatise!

But, as the golden fruit could not be obtained from the Hesperian garden, as the mythological

fable runs, till the *sentinel dragon*, who watched over it, was *slain*, so the monster of *gothic barbarity* (grown *colossal* by inveterate custom) must be displaced before its *horrid usages* can be superseded! not that auxiliary fables are requisite to add force to *superlative terror!* For, indeed, the present subject, without exaggeration's aid, transcends all power of fiction, and stands unique in *awful intimidation!* Therefore, plain matters of *fact* and rational probabilities *alone* shall be adduced, before whose omnipotent evidence the *magic spell* of *custom*, that enslaved the dark ages and immolated its own votaries, (as far as reason goes,) shall be dissolved, the odium wiped away, and the prejudices, if possible, *annihilated!* and though these prejudices have been many times interrupted by the wisdom and prudence of thinking men in some ages and states, yet (except among the Noblesse of Persia) they have never been permanently superseded; therefore, though the emendations of intellectuality have promised reformation under some *humane* auspices, yet "*tempus edax rerum!*" The ruthless barbarians have succeeded benevolence to wield the iron sceptre of despotism, and triumphed over every vestige of amelioration and common sense! and, like the Turks and Saracens, destroyed those works they neither knew how to appreciate or *copy*, but persecuted every virtue above their savage comprehensions.

Thus the librating statics of human jurispru-

dence have had no long fixity or been much above mediocrity for any length of time, and if ever they arrive at the *maximum of perfection*, so as to maintain that happy exaltation, it must be in a *free* country, capable of protecting itself from *internal* as well as external invaders!

But, alas, human emendation too often falters and runs retrograde before it attains its object or arrives at this desideratum of maturity! And as the sun to the *polar* regions sinks beneath the horizon before it has dispersed all the *hyperborean* mists and vapours of those *frigid* climes! so have the projections of intellectual humanity ceased before its laws were made perpetual, and the amelioration of the wisdom of one age has been obliterated and perverted by the cruelty and ignorance of the next. Instead of being learnt by (what is vulgarly termed *heart*, but more properly) *art*, and handed down, (as all *humane* improvements ought to be,) both by oral and written tradition, to the latest posterity!

Of the many historic proofs that might be adduced in evidence of this melancholy fact, let that suffice which befel the imperial *Roman* state,—the once proud mistress and lawgiver of the whole *occidental* world!—whose consummate arts and extended empire (previously devastated by Attila, surnamed the *scourge of God!*) were, in A. D. 476, trampled under foot by the vile Ostrogoths and other barbarians, led on by *Odoacer*, king of the *Herculi*, who deposed the last Roman

emperor *Augustulus*, and succeeded to his distracted throne and possessions, where, like savage bears in a palace, his hirsute minions revelled and triumphed with true *ursine* ferocity over the remaining skeleton of their former splendour, together with the arts, sciences, and works of taste, not only of *Rome*, but extended their brutal demolitions over all Christendom, or western Europe, polluting the temples, despoiling and depopulating the cities, destroying all the works of literature, taste, and those records without the assistance of which the span of human limits is too short to reduce some of the protracted laws of Nature into anything like a comprehensible system! to wit, the procession of the equinoxes, or shifting of the equinoctial points, and with them the summer and winter solstices, the encroachments or recession of the sea on eastern or western shores, the obliquity of the ecliptic, acceleration of the moon, her cycle, that of the sun, trajectories and registers of known comets, time of great conjunctions and occultations, with the particular æras of time now sighed and sought after by modern astronomers, in vain; those meteorological variations which change the face of Nature for centuries together, indicative of periods beyond the human grasp, without these *data* to solve them by, such as the changes of seasons which now puzzle philosophy itself to account for; but from which, upon supposed *scriptural* warrant, fanciful *soothsayers* infer the

world's approximation to final *dissolution!* yet all were lost!

For, though the Romans were never celebrated as a *nation* for their philosophic investigations, they were not *altogether* destitute, as may be deduced from the critical attention paid to these subjects by *Julius Cæsar* himself, and many others collectively, (witness the early sagacity displayed in the *Julian year*) ; besides, they had records of many illustrious *foreigners*, such as Pythagoras, Ptolemy, Thales, Archimedes, Hipparchus, Plato, and several others, all of which those barbarians swept away, making a horrid hiatus or impassable gulph of darkness, difficult alike to permeate or cross!

And not only *sciences*, but even the scite and very recollection of considerable *cities* as well were buried in this chaos of impervious darkness, to wit, Herculaneum, Pompeii, &c.* which were all swallowed up in A.D. 79, by the destructive lava of Mount Vesuvius's eruption in that year, in which state they lay engulfed under the incinerated remains of this copious torrent of liquid fire upwards of 1600 years, unknown to even geographers themselves, because the records had been destroyed by the no less destructive torrent of barbarians; nor were they ever discovered till 1713!

During this dreadful lapse of time! a frightful compound monster reared its blood-smeared

* See Appendix.

head, made up of the double paganism of *Scandinavian* idolatry of the Ostro and Visigoths on the one part, associated with the *Pantheism* of Rome and united by impious commixture with *infantine* Christianity on the other! forming a most incongruous and unnatural coalition of religious sentiments (or seeming coalition at least) of the subduers and *subdued*, inculcated by superstition, planted by the sword, and irrigated with *human blood*, and all together grafted by ignorance and ferocity on the sceptre of *power*, formed an opprobrious, obscene, and military government of the most *terrific aspect*, whose predatory ruffians (ever seeking fresh adventures and more *plunder*) ravaged all civilized Europe, (and, drawing the innocent into the crafty plots of the wicked,) gave birth to the insane folly of *knight-errantry*, *feudal tyranny*, and *crusades* or *holy wars!* conceived and carried on by most *unholy* means! and whose desperate and infatuated votaries always directed their guilty steps with zeal proportioned to the expected and *untoiled-for* plunder!

Hence, too, arose the *papal* worship and “the man of sin!” with all the direful consequences of subsequent times that have deluged Europe with *blood!* Nor did a thousand years suffice to wipe away the horrid opprobrium! or one gleam of *rational* light appear; for such was the awful declension of this subjugated people from all rectitude, that, from the moment these rapacious *Goths* and *Huns* had fixed their *blood-stained*

standard, every vestige of amelioration became obliterated! Murder and rapine trampled on humanity, Quixotic chivalry's infatuation justified the mad career, and superstition triumphed over all rational devotion and common sense! burying alike, in a millenium of oblivion, the achievements of the solitary great with the ruthless outrages of the numerous sanguinary despoilers in one promiscuous ruin!

Science, sad and solitary, in those days, like a forlorn widow, hung its useless unstrung harp on the drooping willow! retired to the sad cypress gloom! and sighed in secret for its bereft and hapless future offspring! who must henceforward wade afresh through every gradus of error towards improvement, before it could be *re-instated*! Thus learning and its collaterals, with the labours of many centuries, became *extinct*! Man returned to his former *savage* state! and all human emendation then sustained *a thousand years* retrogradation!!! "These are thy foul works, parent of evil!"

During the horrid chasm, made by this infernal dynasty, the arts (perverted and monopolised by mongrel priests and monks!) knew no *rational* elucidation, and the few phenomena of nature, within the narrow compass of their shallow and contracted minds, were all adulterated by the superstitious contaminations of their grisly god Wodin*, and were all conjured up and sold

* Wodin, or Odin, was the Scandinavian Mars, from whom it

as *miracles* instead of arts, and dispensed in a *mystical* way to the besotted tyrants above, and the subjugated slaves beneath them. For, to the sacred orgies and private incantations of these privileged soothsayers, none were admitted who had not been solemnly or *blasphemously* matriculated! As for many of their lordly superiors, (which some make such a boast of descending from,) it is notorious that they knew nothing above the *grossest sensualities*, the useless sports of the *field* or the flying a *hawk*, and balancing him well on their *fists*, which may be proved by antient records, as Spencer's description of *Sir Tristram's* boast of his own *superior* accomplishments will shew:—

“ Ne is there hawk which mantleth her on pearch,
 “ Whether high tow'ring or accoasting low,
 “ But I the measure of her flight do search
 “ And all hir prey, and all hir diet know!”

Book vi. canto 2.

This was the *ne plus ultra* of an antient nobleman's acquirement! As for the *poor*, they were

is supposed the name of Wodin's day, or Wednesday, is derived: for these blind Pagans had a mixed ebdomeral worship, or a God for each day of the week, in common with most other Heathens; but in this case they differed from all the rest, by giving their *martial* deity, or god of war, *Wednesday*, instead (as was customary with all the other Pagans) of *Tuesday*. Hence, *Dies Martis*, among the Romans or Latins, and *Mardi*, with the French, are both equivalent, not to *Wednesday*, but to *Tuesday*. Indeed, the example of such brutish marauders was unworthy of imitation! However, it is not with a view of

slaves to their lords, and *dupes* to their tutors; and the *priests* were the only persons who could write or even *read*, therefore the only formers of the human mind, and badly enough they managed it; for they taught what was convenient, and acted as they were impelled by interest or passion.

And as *cupidity* has ever been a *giant-vice* among men, they revelled in the full fruition of all its exuberances, and always found a sacred pretext to justify their *mal-practices*! Phylacteries, amulets, charms, sacred and cabalistic words, and talismanic seals and rings, were manufactured and sold in abundance. Dæmonology, necromancy, sorcery, magic, witchcraft, and all the occult arts, were resorted to by these depraved men to accomplish their diabolical purposes!

To those who have never seen any of this mystical trumpery, as well as to expose its folly to those who *have*, it may not be amiss to shew an example or two, to prove that such nonsense had not only tyrannized over the human mind, in *former* times, but has *still* considerable hold upon it in the estimation of *thousands*. Extracted from John Aubrey, Esq. F.R.S. published 1784.

“ In Moreri’s Great Historical, Geographical, and Poetical Dictionary, *Abracadabra*, a mys-

“ kicking the *dead lion*,” that the author is so severe upon those disorganized barbarians (who have paid the debt of Nature), but to reprobate the *principle* itself in their numerous virtual descendants, or those persons who inherit the same ferocity *now*!

“ terious word, to which the superstitious in
 “ former times attributed a magical power to
 “ expel diseases, especially the tertian-ague,
 “ worn about their neck, runs in this manner.
 “ Some think, that Basilides, the inventor,
 “ intends the name of God by it.* The method
 “ of the cure was prescribed in these verses.

“ *Inscribes Chartæ quod dicitur Abracadabra*
 “ *Sæpius, et subter repetes, sed detrahe summam*
 “ *Et magis atque magis desint elementa figuris*
 “ *Singula quæ semper capies et cætera figes,*
 “ *Donec in angustum redigatur Litera Conum,*
 “ *His lina nexis collo redimire momento.*
 “ *Talia languentis conducent Vincula collo,*
 “ *Lethalesque abigent (miranda potentia) morbos.*

“ *Abracadabra*, strange mysterious word,
 “ In order writ, can wond'rous cures afford.
 “ This be the rule:—a script of parchment take,
 “ Cut like a pyramid revers'd in make.
 “ *Abracadabra*, first at length you name,
 “ Line under line, repeating still the same:
 “ But at its end, each line, one letter less,
 “ Must then its predecessor line express;
 “ 'Till less'ning by degrees the charm descends
 “ With conic form, and in a letter ends.
 “ Round the sick neck the finish'd wonder tie,
 “ And pale disease must from the patient fly.

“ Mr. Schoot, a German, hath an excellent
 “ book of magic: it is prohibited in that country.

* Serenus Samonicus who has so seriously recommended this word as an antidote to evil, states, that *Abracadabra* is the name of a Syrian God.

“ Three spells, which are much approved, are
 “ here set down.

“ *To cure an Ague.*

“ Write this following spell on parchment, and
 “ wear it about your neck. It must be writ tri-
 “ angularly.

ABRACADABRA
 ABRACADABR
 ABRACADAB
 ABRACADA
 ABRACAD
 ABRACA
 ABRAC
 ABRA
 ABR
 AB
 A

“ With this spell, one of Wells, hath cured
 “ above a hundred of the ague.

“ *To cure the biting of a Mad-Dog, write these*
 “ *words on paper, viz.*

“ *Rebus Rubus Epitepscum*, and give it to the
 “ party, or beast bit, to eat in bread, &c. A
 “ gentleman of good quality, and a sober grave
 “ person, did affirm, that this receipt never fails.

“ *To cure the Tooth-Ach : out of Mr. Ashmole's*
 “ *manuscript writ with his own hand.*

“ *Mars, hur, abursa, aburse.*

“ *Jesu Christ for Mary's sake,*

“ *Take away this Tooth-Ach.*

“ Write the words three times ; and as you say
 “ the words, let the party burn one paper, then
 “ another, and then the last. He says, he saw
 “ it experimented, and the party immediately
 “ cured.

“ Mr. Ashmole told me, that a woman made
 “ use of a spell to cure an ague, by the advice
 “ of Dr. Nepier ; a minister came to her, and
 “ severely reprimanded her, for making use of
 “ a diabolical help, and told her, she was in
 “ danger of damnation for it, and commanded
 “ her to burn it. She did so, and her distemper
 “ returned severely ; insomuch that she was im-
 “ portunate with the Doctor to use the same
 “ again ; she used it, and had ease. But the
 “ parson hearing of it, came to her again, and
 “ thundered hell and damnation, and frightened
 “ her so, that she burnt it again. Whereupon
 “ she fell extremely ill, and would have had it a
 “ third time ; but the Doctor refused, saying,
 “ that she had contemned and slighted the power
 “ and goodness of the blessed spirits (or angels),
 “ and so she died. The cause of the Lady
 “ Honeywood’s Desperation, was that she had
 “ used a spell to cure her.

“ *Jamblicus de Mysteriis de nominibus Divinis.*
 “ *Porphyrius querit, cur Sacerdotes utantur*
 “ *nominibus quibusdam nihil significantibus ? Jam-*
 “ *blicus respondet, omnia ejusmodi nomina signi-*
 “ *ficare aliquid apud deos : quamvis in quibusdam*

“ *significata nobis sint ignota, esse tamen nota*
 “ *quædam, quorum interpretationem divinitus ac-*
 “ *cepimus, omnino verò modum ineis significandi*
 “ *ineffabilem esse. Neque secundum imaginationes*
 “ *humanas, sed secundum intellectum qui in nobis*
 “ *est, divinus, vel potius simpliciore præstantio-*
 “ *rieque modo secundum intellectum diis unitum.*
 “ *Auferendum igitur omnes excogitationes et ra-*
 “ *tionales discursus, atque assimulationes natura-*
 “ *lis vocis ipsius congenitas, ad res positas inna-*
 “ *tum. Et quemadmodum character symbolicus*
 “ *divinæ similitudinis in se intellectualis est, atque*
 “ *divinus, ita hunc ipsum in omnibus supponere,*
 “ *accipereque debemus, &c.*

“ *Jamblicus, concerning the mysteries relating to*
 “ *divine names.*

“ Porphyrius asks the question why priests
 “ make use of certain names which carry with
 “ them no known import or signification? Jam-
 “ blicus replies, that all and every of those sort
 “ of names have their respective significations
 “ among the Gods, and that though the things
 “ signified by some of them remain to us un-
 “ known, yet there are some which have come
 “ to our knowledge, the interpretation of which
 “ we have received from above. But that the
 “ manner of signifying by them, is altogether
 “ ineffable. Not according to human imagina-
 “ tions, but according to that divine intellect
 “ which reigns within us, or rather according

“ to an intellect that has an union with the
 “ gods, in a more simple and excellent manner.
 “ And whereas the symbolical character of the
 “ divine likeness is in itself intellectual and
 “ divine, so are we to take and suppose it to be,
 “ in all, &c.

“ *To cure an Ague, Tertian or Quartan.*

“ Gather cinquefoil in a good aspect of ♃ to
 “ the ♃, and let the Moon be in the Mid-Heaven,
 “ if you can, and take——of the powder of it
 “ in white wine: if it be not thus gathered ac-
 “ cording to the rules of astrology, it hath little
 “ or no virtue in it. With this receipt—one
 “ Bradley, a quaker, at Kingston-Wick-upon-
 “ Thames, (near the bridge end) hath cured
 “ above an hundred*.”

In these supposed portentous days, i. e. upon the first propagation of this mummery, men were neither *Pagans* or *Christians*, but a mixture of both; for, though the pure doctrines of that *new* system had been preached by the apostles, and their successors, Polycarp, Ignatius, (surnamed Theophrastus), Irenæus, and several others, and though they affected to be called *Catechumens*, at least to a religion so much at variance with their *former* profession, the pollutions and horrid usages of their obscene idols were by no means effaced, or the foul contamination washed

See Appendix, No. II.

away; therefore, though they were denominated *Christians*, they still inherited all the baseness of double Paganism, resulting from an adulterous union of Scandinavian worship with Roman Pantheism! from the mysteries of Eleusis to the orgies of Bacchus, and viler obscenities of Pan and Priapus*! but the wise men of Rome had long surmounted the tyranny of these superstitions, and were in the road to exterminate all the mythological phalanx, and enlighten the world, as may be seen from the speeches of Cicero, &c. till these wretched *barbarians* involved it afresh!

Feats were said to be performed by sorcerers and magicians, which filled cotemporaries with terror, and posterity with wonder! and the legendary tale was crammed with subjects of romance†, which even true religion and philosophy themselves have not yet been able to obliterate; but, (except in populous cities,) the common intellect is still crushed and stunned by the stupendous accounts which make so horrid a blank and chasm in the history of Europe, of more than *a thousand* years! (i. e. from the dissolution of the Roman empire till the reformation in 1517, or 300 years back!) The human mind is distressed at the dreadful hiatus and horrid lapse of time!

During this triumph of darkness, the pursuits of

* See Appendix, No. III.

† These stories, when raked up, form tales of wonder, which amuse a curious age without amending it.

men were of the most monstrous and superstitious kind; for all *rational* science and study, as before said, had been immolated to *Gothic barbarity*, in that fearful revolution which stamped knowledge and humanity under its brutal feet, enslaved the world, and paved the way for the domination of *ignorance* and its vile concomitants! while superstition, like an opprobrious hag, sat grinning over the ruin! Then could a pair of artful jugglers, by knavish compact and the influence they had obtained over the depraved intellect of the people, buy and sell them at their pleasure, and drive not only men, but even their cattle, mad; waste their flesh, or fill them with loathsome and incurable diseases, and though maliciously effected by *natural* means; yet in these dark times, men were too much debased to exercise a grain of *common sense*; therefore, in *their* estimation, all was done by some *egregious necromancer's* or enchanter's potent spell!

Then were close alliances entered into between men and devils; the arm of each was pricked, and the horrid mutual compact signed by *blood of both!* Such coalitions as these were as common as the day, and would terrify a whole city, and even took a share in the superstitious *legislation* of those times, and have, in some measure, descended to within 150 years of the present day, in some countries.

Witches and wizards were seen posting through

the air astride on brooms, or sometimes, upon emergency and to *spite* a man, would take his horses out of the stable in the dead of night, and drive them over sea and land indifferently, 500 or 1000 miles in a few hours, collecting noxious weeds and poisonous plants, under some *malign* aspect of *Mars* and *Saturn*, to curse a neighbour's family or cattle; and what justifies the present exposition of these satanic doings is, that there are *thousands* in the world yet, who will vouch for the truth of such doings! and can tell by the *look* of a horse (who has happened to stray out of an old stable, in the night, to a good pasturage), whether he has been *witch-ridden* or not! However, this is one of those arts that can only be explained to *their own confederates*.

In those days not only henbane, rat's bane, wolf's bane, deadly nightshade, &c. were in high repute and price; but tongues and toes of lizards, skins of snakes, livers of wolves, blood of bats, and hearts of toads, were *costly* articles! To which might be added, for particular purposes, the embers of *kittens burnt alive*, the hearts of pigeons torn out, transfixed with pins, and roasted before a fire, as *mysteriously* compounded of far-fetched materials, as the infernal offerings and hellish fumigations! These inflictions were said to attach to a man for whom they were provided, if he were 1000 miles off, and oblige him to come and compromise the matter in dispute with the

enchautress, who, at other times, took up her abode in the body of a black cat, night raven, bat, or owl!

Hollow voices, in those times, were heard to grumble from the depths below! and every bat that flew was a *witch* or wizard *in disguise*, foreboding some disaster!

These, indeed, were days of terror and nights of *horror*, as emphatically depicted and execrated, too, by all good and wise men; and against whom the maledictions of the Prophet Isaiah were so justly fulminated, “when witches and wizards peeped and muttered.”

These were they who kept the world in darkness and in bondage, and hid the key of knowledge in monstrous and unnatural obscurity, hoodwinking the understanding, while they rifled the coffers of their duped imaginants, whose implicit superstition gave them all their consequence, and forged those chains which bound themselves and children down to perpetual slavery, while the solemn impostors laughed in their sleeves, at the blind credulity, kept all the natural arts a profound secret from rational inspection, and bound themselves with impious oaths to maintain their mystical Babel, in *secret*.

In those days, though the natural sources of all phænomena were *denied*, and every thing was ascribed to *mystery*, *miracle*, and *occult* causes, yet all the known arts were called to aid and abet their duplicity and vile chicane, and even the *sci-*

ences were made panders to their perfidy and cajolment of the ignorant!

Thus, *acoustics* will explain their reverberated sounds and echoes, which they ascribed to *enchantment*, witchcraft, or necromantic spells! *Arithmetic* furnished them with *mystic numbers*. *Astronomy's* celestial aspects with predictions, which, though calculable and *natural*, made the *vulgar stare*, and dread their power, as the savages of America did that of Columbus, when he foretold an *eclipse*!

Chemistry (little as they knew of it) became a source of numerous miracles, which not only furnished them with sympathetic inks, that would *come and go at pleasure*! but with fumes, flames, smoke and vapour, local earthquakes, and stunning detonations, so very essential in their mystic operations!

Dæmonology, though one of their *principal* studies, and talked so much about, was always an equivocal counterfeit, and a nose of wax, which could be moulded into any form, and derived all its consequence from ignorance and the people's fears! While *blind imagination*, led by crafty knaves, became the most effective engine to work its own disgrace! ascribing to another's power the work *itself* had done! Magicians knew this well enough, and, therefore, in their incantations, or invocations only had to name the shade they meant to raise, when straight imagination's fertile fancy, joined to fear, gave it all its features and

existence too! whether it was raised from smoke of burning camphor or the lambent flame of phosphorus!

Hail! darkness, hail! mysterious rod of power! or rather, thrice hail the sovereign light of reason, which, re-kindling the torch of science, detects the foul machinations!

As for their mystical paraphernalia and mummery of sacred robes, holy girdles, consecrated bonnets, talismanic rings, cabalistic words, magic wands and circles, and other solemn trumpery, they only serve to make the matter more contemptible in the estimation of every reasonable man! But not so in those days! as may be seen from Virgil's description of one of these sibyls, translated by Dryden, which, though *anterior* to the date spoken of, is precisely of the same species with those impostors in question.

————— “*Poscere fata*
Tempus,” ait: “*Deus ecce, Deus*” cui talia fanti
Ante fores, subito non vultus, non color unus,
Non comptæ mansère comæ: sed pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument; majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans: afflata est numine quando
Jam propiore Dei.

————— “*Aloud,*” she cries,
 “*This is the time, inquire your destinies,*
He comes, behold a God!” Thus, while she said,
And shivering at the sacred entry staid,
Her colour chang'd, her face was not the same;
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came;
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring breast.

Greater than human kind she seem'd to look,
 And with an accent more than mortal spoke.
 Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll,
 And all the God came rushing on her soul!"

Divining was another of their sciences, and there was not a subject in Nature, from the hum of a beeto the appearance of a sea-monster, or an earthquake, but these wise *soothsayers* could explain its *arcana*; and, as the prophet says, "they peeped in the *liver* and saw futurity in the entrails!" These are delusions, indeed, which stick close to the human composition, and make dupes of their own votaries.

Electricity, though not cultivated as a *science*, was, nevertheless, *somewhat* known, and had been ever since the days of Thales, the Milesian, six hundred years before the Christian æra, and could furnish them with lightning, flash, and motion!

Gastriloquy (now called ventriloquism) was rather a *gift* than a science or *art*, and would furnish those who possessed the power with a *natural* diploma to join their horrid federation! accordingly, such men were sure to be selected and enlisted to play their parts in this *mystical drama*, as they could produce petrifying sounds, distinct and distant voices well directed, articulated what the solemn cheats proposed, and played their part with the sibyl above mentioned.

Ghost finding, though now pretty much out of date, except among the ignorant, (where it is to be

hoped this work will reach,) was then a *first rate* pursuit, and there were men called *seers*, who could negotiate business with them in a regular way, though by all accounts these ghosts were very unreasonable, ignorant, and stupid beings, and whatever their business might be, they always transacted it like *stark fools*, carrying their messages to the *wrong* persons, or those who knew nothing about it, and after terrifying people with their gossamer dresses, pale faces, goggling eyes, and mouths of flame, at the most unseasonable hours of midnight, and when there was no other witness than some love-lorn maid's fears, they refused to speak or tell their errand, lest their voices should be *known*, unless they were addressed with as much form as the *great Mogul*; and when they did, it was always some nonsense or other, not worth being disturbed about, and delivered it in a *disguised* and *hollow voice*! however, those *seers* (of which some still remain) profess to know *a deal about them*, and, if what they say be *true*, these ghosts are in a very miserable state, and always under the influence of *hydrophobia*, as they will, if properly managed, agree to *any* thing rather than submit to banishment in the *Red Sea*! the very naming of which makes them tremble.

Though these noctambulists are very scarce *now*, in populous towns at least, and since the empire of *reason* has extended itself, yet the time is not very remote when every unoccupied house became tenanted by them; every field, lane, ditch, cave,

rock, and hill, and even the sea itself was haunted, to the annoyance of all those who *believed* in them; but they were always too cowardly to face any of those who would *withstand* them, and have uniformly “skulked, like guilty things, away,” when the experiment has been tried! which proves that they are *not supernatural* agents, or even *rational, just, or courageous*, but result only from diseased imagination! such as fear—imperfect vision of some unexpected sight; for the wisest of men are much at a loss to account for many of their sensations, therefore, no wonder the *ignorant* should resolve like impressions by such *mystical data* as these, when they have been taught nothing else than this; beside, being of a *terrific* nature, it fixes itself on their nerves, and *dares* them to shake it off! However, they must have been mere conceits or *impostures*, for there are no ghosts *now*, and a man might as well look for a *fairy*; and, although the laws of *men* are continually changing, like *fashions* and modes of *thinking*, yet the laws of nature are *immutable*, therefore there were none *then* except *knaves*!

However, these nocturnal gambols called forth the *counter* part of the imposture to *adjure* them, displaying all the mummery and gibberish of the times. Crosses, beads, cabalistic words, and mystical sentences, were compounded to read all ways, like a magical phylactery, or a witches prayer, and form a jargon of incomprehensibilities, joined to the solemn trumpery of rotten wood,

relics of saints, holy slippers, and consecrated candles, fumigations, &c. and all *hell's arcana* stood dismantled for materials. Thus exorcised and well paid for, the evil ceased, unless it were a *post obit* visitant who wished to *speak* and must be tempted with a *fee* to do it! In which case another farce was acted, by tracing a circle on the ground, guarded by magic words and holy names, *polluted*, by the *foul* use to which they were applied. Sulphurous flames and smoke, and fumes produced by chymic arts, teeming with horrid spectres, thence arose, bewailed their fate, confessed their sins, and deprecating the undisputed power of the exorcist, begged remission of the final sentence of laying them in the *Red Sea*, (for neither men or dæmons ever chose that fatal doom); and, if it were a human spirit, it always had some nonsensical request to make; but, if a dæmon, it would volunteer its services as a *familiar spirit* to do all the drudgery of iniquity, run on errands as long as the magician lived, or give bond to be confined to Tartarus or the Stygian flood, for at least *a thousand years*, or any thing to commute the *Red Sea* sentence.

Sometimes, indeed, they proved *refractory* and obstreperous toward the skilled magician's art; in which case, fortunes were expended on costly odours, rich perfumes, and even precious stones and talismanic rings, (for diamonds, &c. were efficacious in those days to repel evil spirits, or to cure diseases, though they have lost that virtue

now!) aromatic gums and spices too, were also offered to sooth and charm that spirit they could not lay, and even *human* subjects were not to be dispensed with, occasionally!

Thus was the human mind cajoled to pacify those spirits, which had no other existence than in the *people's fears*, worked up to horror by the knavish monopolizers of knowledge, who had locked up all the sciences from the people, and hid the key in a jargon of cabalistic mystery*!

Magnetism furnished them with animated and prophetic rods, by which they could *divine!*

Optics could produce illusory shades, and ghosts, phantoms, goblins, spectres, and *fac-similies* of departed souls, or distant friends, were seen in *magic wells*, or the *camera obscura!* which satisfied the ignorant that they indeed "could call up spirits from the vasty deep!" Thus, all the sciences were prostituted to the worst of purposes, and none dare tell the secrets of the federation, or attempt to enlighten the world, without exposing himself to excommunication, as was the case with *Friar Bacon*, who first broke through the horrid gloom with the torch of reason in his hand, and held it out to the benighted world, for which, in his 64th year, he was sentenced to imprisonment, remained incarcerated for ten years, and was afterwards excommunicated as a sorcerer, in A. D. 1278, for his phantasmagoriæ, automatic,

and other exhibitions, or rather for *explaining* them in a *natural or rational* way, as sciences, and not *miracles*, for they *all* practised these things in *secret*; therefore, whether the world is more indebted to his *vanity* or *benevolence*, or whether he *temporized* with the world and the monks upon his discovery of GUNPOWDER, is not now knowable. But, certain it is, that it appears in *shackles* of the old sort from his pen, which insured him the credit of the *invention*, without making the world a *whit the wiser*, for no man could solve his riddle, or grammatize his anagram, till he knew the secret *without* it. It ran thus, CAN. VBRE. LURE. MOPE. as the third and last article in the composition, after naming *sulphur* and *nitre* as the other two, and it was not until *carbonem pulvere*, or pounded charcoal, was discovered (by the second invention of this destructive compound) to be the third principle in making gunpowder, that they knew how to appreciate the worth of his riddle!

As a proof that these men were not in the dark themselves, he even knew the *ponderosity* of *air*, and declares, that if a *ball of copper* could be exhausted of this fluid, it would float in the atmosphere, and, if big enough, carry a man or several persons through these regions. But, the *mechanical* pressure of the circumambient air did not occur to him; and, as for hydrogen gas to counteract its pressure, he was equally at a loss about. However, he furnished the world with spectacles,

though Alhazan disputed the honour of the invention, after there was no farther danger of imprisonment for it.

But, the progress of human improvement is very slow, for even *now* superstition is not entirely subsided! and proudly as the pyramid of rational learning may soar above ignorance! yet, after all, men's powers are very *limited*, and little do the wisest know of *first* or *ultimate* causes. Do they understand secondary? Not always! Attraction of cohesion; deflection of the needle; or even its polar direction; encroachment or recession of the sea, &c. &c. and even the cause of *gravity itself* are only known in a *secondary* way; while the *ens primum* is hidden in impervious sublimity. But, if men know enough for their own purposes, it is all they can arrive at, and he that destroys the honest progress, as those brutal Ostro and Visigoths did, is the worst of assassins!

No doubt there were some exceptions, for the world has never been left without a witness of *truth*, who are emphatically called "the *salt* of the *earth*," and keep the moral world from *utter putrefaction*, as may be seen by the fathers of the *true church*, whose works speak for them, and exhibit the knavery of the others. But, while the *few* were calling synods to fix the canon of Scripture, establish creeds, liturgies, and homilies, for the use of the people, and so honourable to themselves, in these dark ages; the *many* were either employed as said above, or, perhaps, a more nu-

merous class were lost in the sordid pursuits of *alchemy*, q. d. the chemistry of *God!* or the transmutation of all the baser metals into *gold!* (a mania which lasted five hundred years!) During which time men's crazy pates were distracted about the *materia subtilis!* *philosopher's stone!* *aurum potable!* *elixir of life and universal medicine!* or, a medicine for *metals* as well as men, which was to destroy all impurities, and leave nothing but *gold* to the *metal*, and *eternal health* and *juvenility* to the possessor; for, as the Apostle says, "the *love of money* was the *root of all evil,*" at that time, and on this sordid pursuit, ("As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and ever "will be!") But, notwithstanding these and much more Utopian jargon, all the projectors *died*, and gave the *lie* to their own infatuations!*

* Although this specious science is said to have been practised by *Tubal Cain*, by *Moses*, *Solomon*, and *Mercury* or *Hermes*; from whom it is likely it took the name or rather epithet of *Hermetic philosophy*; yet the most *comprehensible* account of it (if the *mystical* rant of its professors may be *so called*,) is that of the sect denominated ROSICRUCIANS, who sprung up in Germany about the year 1320, under the appellation of *Invisible Brothers*, *Theosophists*, *Behmenites*, *Illuminati*, and, sometimes, *Immortales!** The *sanctity*, *mystery*, and importance, of its *first* projectors, together with the dreadful solemnity of its *oaths* of inauguration, as well as the *consequence in life* of some of the *revivers*, gave a sanction unexampled in history to this delusion of *avarice*; and there is no doubt it was from this *last* principle, that it obtained so *many votaries*; who, like various other speculators, while they

* See Appendix, No. V.

As for *rational* science it was in a languishing and fettered condition in those days ; for these were the *philosophers* of the dark ages, and (amongst the middlings) some of the *best* of men.

And even the *reformers themselves* were equally bewildered in logic, and other branches of metaphysical doctrines and mysteries, about *hypostases*, *immaterial* or *unsubstantial substances*, *inexplicable* predicates, falsely premised and *inconclusive* syllogisms, incompatible and incomprehensible creeds, major and minor subtleties, and sophisms without beginning or end, to the neglect and injury of what was *rational*, *useful*, or *bene-*

were expecting *hermetic* fortunes from *transmutation*, spent *real ones* in the *visionary pursuit* !

The nobly-born though illegitimate Paracelsus, was one of the most considerable proficient as well as advocates for this specious delusion, and, it is said, was so thoroughly persuaded of its effects, that he staked his *own* immortality on the *test* of its powers, and was to be *disgraced* if ever he *died* ! But that *vulgar* accident happening to befall him, in his thirty-fifth year, or before he had attained the maturity of *other* men, his compeers were much chagrined and disconcerted, until the inventive influence of their *materia subtilis* cheered them up by ascribing the *accident* (for so they termed it) to *forgetfulness* ; for it seems he had gone from home and left his *infallible nostrum* behind him ! Yet, surely, such an antidote to all *disease*, and specific of eternal health and juvenility, ought to have *perfected all* his faculties ; for to protract a life of *infirmity* and *misery* is but a bootless gain ! But it is no wonder that he was *out-witted* and *deceived* in this avaricious pursuit, when it is considered that the patron deity of the illusion, Hermes or Mercury, is, notwithstanding his silver-tongued eloquence, the God of *thieves* and *liars both*.

ficial. For although the world had long *before* arrived at maturity of thought and knew better once; yet, as said above, by their *depravity* and this *Gothic millenary innovation*, men had all their former work to *do again*. And in the devastation there was no distinction; but the innocent suffered with the *guilty*! (for though men may *sin individually*, yet, in national tumults, they are punished *en masse*!)

Indeed, the excesses and arbitrary pride of the Romans, as far as related to their *governors* and *military*, had long rendered them extremely offensive to all their neighbours, so that in effect what was done by these *savages* was no more than *retaliation* for their *own* oppressions of others, who happened to be too weak to defend themselves, or resist their tyranny! And the proud maxim, "*aut Cæsar aut nullus!*" (so often quoted with approbation by *modern tyrants*) may be taken for a *sample, characteristic* of their *general* feature, as well as applicable to *Cæsar* himself; and can never be selected for *imitation*, but by persons equally overbearing and proud! The sentence certainly has a very grand *sound*, but this untamed principle of human pride is a very bad *next-door neighbour*! and generally prognostic of a *fall* to its owner; and such maxims are seldom reducible to harmless, peaceable, or innocent *practice*, or, indeed, to any continuance; for, being a principle at war with *all the world*, all the world will naturally be at

war with *it*; indeed it is the first born of pride, self-confidence, self-love, and tyranny, and can only be tolerable to its *own possessor*; and the indulgence of it, (together with its associate, *luxury*,) proved the *downfal* of the *Romans!!!*

They had had their day of exaltation and proud triumph over *other nations!* *Persia, Egypt, Iberia, Britain, Gaul, &c. &c.* had bowed to their yoke, and in the second Punic war, the forum had rung with the ferocious exultation, "*Delende est Carthago!*" when that antient city, whose legions had so long withstood them, *fell!* It was now *their* turn to fall, and feel the effects of all their former violence! and *retaliation* was made by these barbarians for every crime from chaste *Lucretia's* rape, by *Tarquinius Superbus*, in their *infant* state, to the persecutions of Nero and Domitian, the last of the twelve Cæsars, in their *decline*, the awful consequences of which have been described. And if a judgment might be formed in the present day of the frightful retrogradation produced by these barbarians, from the *fruit* of it, (which is generally the *best* rule), the *whole* of their works *disgrace* them! And a man has only to open his intellectual eyes, and take notice of the *unhealthy, inelegant, and inconvenient*, streets houses, &c. of only one or two centuries back, to be convinced that the projectors had either been *crushed* by *barbarism*, or had never *emerged* from its *frightful* customs!

At length, by *slow* degrees, the intellectual

sun began to rise and disperse the inveterate mist that had darkened Europe for a *thousand years*!

A *Bacon*, a *Lord Verulam*,* a *Newton*, a *Boyle*, a *Locke*, a *Pope*, &c. were born in England. *Alhazan*, *Copernicus*, *Galileo*, *Torricelli*, *Otto Guericke*, and a number of other luminaries of the first magnitude on the continent, beside a variety of inferior ones, (all reciprocal auxiliaries to one another,) and all tending to irradiate the world afresh, and (*astounding fatality*!) to convince reason that not only *men* but *states*, *nations*, and *intellect*, perhaps *worlds* themselves, are all *limited* in their duration, and are *all* subject to *decay and death*!

All have their time of gestation proportioned to their continuance! *all* are subject to the vicissitudes of health and disease, prosperity and adversity! *all* have their infancy, adolescence, maturity, declension, and mortality! and in whose vast vortices men, as moving *monades*, by

* The name of *Bacon* stands pre-eminent in the annals of *intellectuality*; for England has furnished two *first-rate* luminaries of that name. The first, Roger Bacon, the friar, born 1214, (see page 62.) The second, Sir Francis Bacon, born 1560, who was created Lord Verulam, and afterward Viscount St. Albans, the first man who submitted *dogmatic* opinions to the honest test of *experiment*, and made the proud *à priori* rule, submit to common sense, and the inference *à posteriori*, against the Peripatetics, who used to lay down their doctrine *à priori*, and then torture the inference to make it comport with the *dogmatic* induction; and as all things are great or small by comparison, he was a *giant*, to the *pigmies* of his own times; and many are of opinion, that this great man was the *philosophic* progenitor of the immortal Sir Isaac Newton.

simultaneous impulse, are drawn and involved! and, by the omnipotent laws of nature and *universal sympathy*, become assimilated into the very predicament of the state in which they live! So far the antient heathens were *right*, when they made this fatality, or “the *fates*,” superior to even *Jupiter himself!*” See Appendix, No. VI.

Well then might the corrected Agrippa, (after wading through the intricate mazes and devious labyrinths of *occult philosophy*,) coalesce with Solomon, and inscribe his last work “*De Vanitate Scientiarum.*” For, indeed, all human acquirements have hitherto been extremely *transitory and vain*, but “*nil desperandum!*” A person has a better chance of success in opposing an inveterate habit in *these* days, than he would have had *500 years ago*, when the human mind was fast bound in the fetters of *ignorance and bigotry!* The greatest difficulty *now* is for a man to make his feeble voice be heard so as to be *identified* amidst such a number of dissimilar clamours, as the human ears are daily assailed by, but still it is an arduous undertaking to attempt the eradication of *long standing prejudices*, which the following, as well as the former pages, are intended to accomplish, by a statement of the fearful consequences entailed upon the world by that dreadful revolution, which destroyed the very seat of intellect of *all Europe!* and (without saying with Lord *Monboddo* that they became “*Mutum et turpe pecus!*”) reduced them to *pristine savagism!* But “*Sic transit gloria mundi!!!*”

THESAURUS OF HORROR;

OR, THE

Charnel-house Explored!!!

.....

CASES OF PREMATURE INTERMENT.

[Extracted from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.]

“ EMPEDOCLES, in the 84th Olympiad, restored to life Ponthia, a woman of Agrigentum, who was about to be interred, (See Diogenes Laertius de Vitæ et Moribus Philosophorum, lib. 8.) which induced the Greeks, for the future protection of the supposed dead, to establish laws which enacted that no person should be interred until the *sixth* or *seventh* day!

“ But even this extension of time was not found sufficient to give general satisfaction; therefore we read that when Hephestion, at whose funeral obsequies Alexander the Great attended, was to be burned, it was not suffered to be done till the *tenth* day. Acilius Aviola fell a *victim* to the premature disposal of the supposed dead,

and was *burnt alive!* and though he cried out, it was too late to save him, so much had the fire raged before life returned. Shocking as this case was, it is reduced to *insignificance* when compared with what would have been the consequence, had the custom been to *bury* such men, although the world, in that instance, would have known nothing about it. For this man had fallen, (*as many do,*) into a *syncope*, which had lasted beyond the usual time of probation! The prætor Lamia met with the same fate! Tubero, who had been a prætor, was saved at the funeral pile, before the ceremony had proceeded so far! Asclepiades, or Æsculapius, a physician, and emphatically denominated the *God of Physic*, who lived in the time of Pompey the Great, about 120 years before the Christian æra, returning from his country-house, observed near the walls of Rome a grand convoy and crowd of people, who were in mourning, assisting at a funeral, and shewing every exterior sign of the deepest grief, asked what was the occasion of this concourse. No one made any reply. He, therefore, approached the supposed dead body; and, by virtue of his superior knowledge, imagined he perceived indications of life in it. He ordered the by-standers to take away the flambeaux, to pull down the funeral pile, and extinguish the fire. A murmur on this arose throughout the whole assembly. Some said they ought to believe so great a physician; while others turned both him and his profession into

ridicule. The relations, however, at length yielded to the remonstrances of Asclepiades, and consented to defer the obsequies for a little time. The consequence was, the restoration of the supposed dead person to life!

“ These examples, and several others of the like nature, induced the Romans to delay their funeral rites to a greater extent, and caused laws to be enacted to prevent precipitation in burning and interment as well. Therefore, after allowing a sufficient time for mourning, the nearest relation generally closed the eyes of the deceased; and the body was bathed with warm water, either to render it fitter to be anointed with oil, or to *re-animate* any principle of life, which they were aware might remain suspended without manifesting itself! Proofs were afterwards made to discover whether the person was *really dead* or not, which were often repeated during the time that the body remained exposed; therefore, they appointed proper persons to visit the dead, and *prove* their situation! On the second day, after the body had been washed the second time, it was anointed with oil and balm. Their solicitude for the undisturbed repose of their relations, even degenerated into luxury, which increased so much in the choice of foreign perfumes for this purpose, that under the consulship of Licinius Crassus and Julius Cæsar, the senate forbade any perfumes to be used, except such as were the production of Italy.

“ On the third day the body was clothed ac-

ording to its former dignity and condition ; the robe called the *prætecta* was put upon magistrates, and a purple robe upon consuls ; for conquerors who had merited triumphal honours, the robe was of gold tissue ; for other Romans it was white ; and black for the lower classes of the people. On the fourth day the body was placed on a couch, and exposed in the vestibule of the house, with the visage turned toward the entrance, and the feet near the door. In this situation it remained till the *end of the week*. And not until the *eighth* day were the funeral rites performed.

“ The Turks seem no less careful to prevent the fatal consequences of premature interment, and subject the defunct to every test ; among others they examine whether the *sphincter ani* has lost its power of contraction ; and if they find this muscle still remain contracted, they endeavour to recal the body to life.

“ At Geneva, there are people appointed to inspect all dead bodies, to ascertain whether they be really dead or only *entranced*. In Holland, they carry their precautions still farther, and delay their funerals much longer. But, in England, bodies are generally interred in the short space of three or four days ! - *in a week*

“ Notwithstanding the customs above recited, still, in many places, and on many occasions, in *all* places, too much precipitation attends this last office ; or, if not precipitation, a neglect of due precautions in regard to the body. In *gene-*

ral, indeed, the most *improper* treatment,³ that can be imagined, is adopted; and many a person is made to descend into the grave before he has sighed his last breath. The histories related by Hildanus, by Camerarius, by Horstilus, by Macrobius, in his *Somnium Scipionis*, by Plato, in his Republic, by Valerius Maximus, and by a great many modern authors, leave no doubt respecting the dangers or misconduct of such precipitation.

“ It must appear astonishing that the attention of mankind has, after all, been so little roused by an idea the most terrible that can be conceived on this side eternity! If nature recoil from the idea of *death*, with what horror must she start at the thought of *death anticipated*! precipitated, by inattention, to a return of life in *darkness*, (*distracted* and *despair*!) to death, *repeated* under agonies unspeakable! to revive, nailed up in a coffin! The brain can scarcely sustain the reflection in man’s coolest, safest moments! yet, according to present usage, as soon as the semblance of death appears, the chamber of the sick is deserted by friends, relatives, and physicians; and the apparently dead, though frequently living body, is committed to the management of an ignorant and unfeeling nurse, whose care extends no further than laying the limbs straight and securing her accustomed *perquisites*. The bed-clothes are immediately removed and the body is exposed to the air;

this, when cold, must extinguish (or, perhaps, *disguise* only,) any part of life that remains, and which, by a different treatment, might have been kindled into flame; or, it may only continue to *repress* it, by which the unhappy person may afterwards revive amidst the *horrors of the tomb!!!*

“ The difference between the end of a weak life and the commencement of death is so small, and the *uncertainty* of the signs of the latter is so well established, both by antient and modern authors, who have turned their attention to this important subject, that it can scarcely be supposed undertakers are capable of distinguishing an apparent from a *real death*. Animals, who sleep during winter, shew no signs of life: in this case, circulation is only suspended; but, were it annihilated, the vital spirit does not so easily lose its action as the other fluids of the body; and the principle of life, which long survives the appearance of death, may re-animate a body in which the action of all the organs seems to be at an end. But how difficult it is to determine whether this principle may not be *revived!* It has been found impossible to recal to life some animals, suffocated by mephitic vapours; though they appeared less affected than others who have revived. Coldness, heaviness of the body, a leaden livid colour, with a yellowness in the visage, are all very uncertain signs. Mr. Zimmerman observed them all upon the body of a criminal, who fainted through the dread of that

punishment which he had merited. He was shaken, dragged about, and turned in the same manner that dead bodies are, without the least signs of resistance; and yet, at the end of twenty-four hours, he was recalled to life by means of *volatile alkali*.

“ A director of the coach-office at Dijon, named *Colinet*, was supposed to be dead, and the news of this event was spread through the whole city. One of his friends, who was desirous of seeing him at the moment when he was about to be buried, having looked at him for a considerable time, thought he perceived some signs of sensibility in the muscles of his face; he, therefore, made an attempt to bring him to life by *spirituous liquors*, in which he succeeded; and this director afterwards lived a long time enjoying the benefit of his friend's precaution. This remarkable circumstance was much like those of *Empedocles* and *Asclepiades*. Such instances would, perhaps, be more frequent, were men of skill and abilities called, in cases of *sudden death* in particular; in which people of ordinary knowledge are often deceived by false appearances. A man may fall into a syncope, and remain in that condition *seven or eight days*. People, in this situation, have been known to come to life when deposited among the dead! A body, belonging to the hospital at Cassel, appeared to have breathed its *last*: it was carried into the hall where the dead were exposed, and

was wrapped up in a piece of canvas. Some-time after, recovering from his lethargy, the man recollected the place in which he had been deposited, and crawling towards the door, knocked against it with his foot; the noise was, luckily, heard by the sentinel, who soon, perceiving the motion of the canvas, called for assistance. The youth was immediately conveyed to a warm bed, and soon perfectly recovered; but, had his body been confined by close bandages or ligatures, he would not have been able, in all probability, to make the sentinel hear, and his unavailing efforts would have made him fall again into a *syncope*, and he would have been *buried alive!!!*

“ It is not to be wondered at that the servants of an hospital should take a *syncope* for a *real* death, since even the most enlightened people have fallen into errors of the same kind.

“ *Dr. John Schmid* relates that a young girl, seven years of age, after being afflicted for some weeks with a violent cough, was, all on a sudden, freed from this troublesome malady, and appeared to be in perfect health; but, some days after, while playing with her companions, the child fell down in an instant, as if struck by *lightning*. A death-like paleness was diffused over her face and arms; she had no apparent pulse, her temples were sunk, and she shewed no signs of sensation when shaken or pinched. A physician, who was called, and who believed her to be dead, in compliance with the repeated and pressing re-

quests of her parents, attempted, though without any hopes, to recal her to life; and, at length, after several vain efforts, he caused the *soles of her feet to be smartly rubbed* with a brush dipped in *strong pickle*; at the end of three quarters of an hour she was observed to *sigh*; she was then made to swallow some spirituous liquors, and was soon after restored to life, much to the joy of her disconsolate parents.

“ A certain man having undertaken a journey, in order to see his brother, on his arrival at the house, found him dead! This news affected him so much that it brought on a most dreadful *syncope*, and he himself was supposed to be in the like situation. After the usual means had been employed to recal him to life, it was agreed that his body should be dissected to discover the cause of so sudden a death; but the supposed dead person, overhearing this proposal, opened his eyes, started up, and immediately betook himself to his heels.

“ Cardinal Espinola, prime minister to Philip the Second, was not so fortunate; for the memoirs of *Amelot de la Houssai*, &c. say that he put his hand to the knife with which he was opened, in order to be embalmed! In short, almost every one knows that *Vesalius*, the father of anatomy, having been sent for to open a woman, subject to hysterics, who was supposed to be dead, he perceived, on making the first incision, by her motion and cries, that she was *still alive!* This

circumstance rendered him so odious, that he was obliged to fly the place, and was so much affected by it, that he died soon after! On this occasion we cannot forbear to add an event more recent, but no less melancholy! The Abbé Prevost, so well known by his writings and the singularities of his life, was seized with a fit of the apoplexy, in the forest of *Chantilly*, on the 23d of October, 1763. His body was carried to the nearest village, and the officers of justice were proceeding to open it, when a cry, which he sent forth, affrighted all the assistants, and convinced the surgeon that the Abbé was not dead; but it was too late to save him, as he had already received the mortal wound!

“ Even in old age, when life seems to be gradually drawing to a close, the appearances of death are often fallacious. A lady, in Cornwall, more than eighty years of age, who had been a considerable time declining, took to her bed, and, in a few days, seemingly expired in the morning. As she had often desired not to be buried till she had been two days dead; her request was to have been regularly complied with by her relations. All that saw her looked upon her as *dead*, and the report was current through the whole place; nay, a gentleman of the town actually wrote to his friend, in the island of Scilly, to inform him that she was deceased. But one of those, who were paying the last kind office of humanity to her remains, discovered some

warmth about the middle of the *back*, and acquainting her friends with it, they applied a mirror to her mouth, but, after repeated trials, could not observe it to be stained in the least by her breath; her under jaw was likewise fallen, (as the common phrase is,) and, in short, she had every appearance of a *dead person*. All this time she had not been stripped or dressed for burial; but the windows were opened, as is usual, in the chambers of the deceased. In the evening the heat of her back seemed to increase, and, at length, she was perceived to *breathe!*

“ In short, not only the ordinary signs of death are very uncertain; but the same might be said of the stiffness of the limbs, which may be *convulsive*; of the dilation of the pupil of the eye, which may proceed from the same cause; of *putrefaction*, which may equally attack some parts of a living body; and of several other criteria, with which most people seem satisfied, are conclusive and final proofs of death.

“ The difficulty of distinguishing a person apparently dead from one who is *really* so, has, in all countries where bodies are interred too precipitately, rendered it necessary for the law to assist humanity. Of several regulations made on this subject, a few of the most recent may suffice:—such as those of Arras in 1772; of Mantua in 1774; of the Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1775; of the Senechaussée of Sivrai in Poitou in 1777; and of the Parliament of Metz

in the same year. To give an idea of the rest, it will be sufficient to relate only that of Tuscany. By this edict the Grand Duke forbids the precipitate interment of persons who die suddenly. He orders the magistrates of health to be informed, that physicians and surgeons may examine the body; that they may use every endeavour to recal it to life, if possible, or to discover the cause of its death; and that they shall make a report of their procedure to a certain tribunal appointed to hear their depositions.

“ On these occasions the magistrate of health orders the body not to be covered until the moment it is about to be buried, except so far as *decency* requires; observing always that the body be not closely confined, and that nothing may compress the jugular veins and the carotid arteries. He forbids people to be interred according to the *antient method*; and requires that the arms and hands should be left extended, and that they should not be folded or placed cross-wise upon the breast. He forbids, above all, to press the jaws one against the other, and prohibits filling the mouth and nostrils with cotton or other stuffing. Lastly, he recommends not to cover the visage or face with any kind of cloth until the body is deposited in its coffin!”

Thus ends the *Encyclopædia Britannica* account of instances and precautions against premature interment of many ages and countries, except what will appear for *modes of treatment*

in doubtful cases in a proper place; which accounts, if they *lessen* the *originality* of the present work, tend, in the same ratio, to corroborate the *necessity* of it, and clear the Author, at the same time, from the idle imputations of fastidious men, of his solicitude being a superfluous solecism.

After having shewn, by so many incontestible proofs and such very respectable authorities, not only the *reality* of this most dreadful affair, but the very serious attention that has been paid to it by some of the *greatest* and *best* of men, in all ages and countries, the Author of the present piece conceives himself sufficiently warranted to proceed without danger of becoming the subject of *ridicule* to those conceited foplings who, in the heyday of health, plume themselves upon what they call being *wittily quizzical* upon all matters they are too frothy to rightly understand. He, therefore, begs leave to submit a few cases, some of which have transpired within his own memory, and somewhat nearer *home*; and though he has not witnessed them himself, yet the same authority will screen him from the imputation of *superstitious credulity* in believing them but *too true*, both from the circumstances in each case being so very similar to those historical accounts, and from the consideration that *that*, which is but a *natural* occurrence, requires *no miracle* to confirm it.

MODERN DISCOVERIES OF PREMATURE
INTERMENT.

A Mr. Cornish, who was twice mayor of Bath, about eighty years since, and whose grave-stone the great grandson, and writer of this article, remembers to have been shewn to him in the abbey-church there, was a silk-mercant and milliner of some eminence, had a son, who seemed to die of a malignant fever. The shop being the resort of people of fashion, it was considered necessary to inter the body as speedily as possible. While the grave, upon this occasion, was but yet half filled with the earth, the grave-digger (like his predecessor in Hamlet) had occasion to retire for a "stoop of liquor," when some persons, who were walking in the abbey, (which is always open to gratify the curiosity of strangers,) were alarmed by some deep but *stifled groans* which appeared to issue from the nearly half filled grave!—a more attentive consideration of the sounds confirmed the heart-appaling apprehensions that the person just interred had been *buried alive!* Immediate assistance was procured; the earth thrown up; and the coffin wrenched open; when, horrible to relate, the poor victim of premature interment was discovered with his knees and elbows beaten raw, and the tears standing, in large drops, upon his cheeks! But the discovery was, unhap-

pily, too late to be availing ; he had drunk the bitter cup of *superlative misery* to the dregs !

The half-sister of this person has been often heard to supplicate her relatives most earnestly, that, when they conceived *her* to be dead, they would have her head separated from her body to avoid the possibility of so dreadful a catastrophe.

About forty years ago a man, well known about the streets of London and its environs as an itinerant vender of handkerchiefs, &c. was not only supposed dead, but partly buried alive ; however, he was happily rescued from the above horrible fate by some providential accident of delay in totally filling up the grave, and, before the grave-diggers had left the spot, he was heard to groan, and was instantaneously relieved from his perilous situation, the particulars of where it happened have escaped the Author's recollection, but the awful substance is not obliterated in the least. This man lived many years after his exhumation, and till within these few years has travelled the streets of London, a living witness of the *horrible temerity of premature interment*, and became the standing jest of obdurate folly and consummate ignorance of those who were daily taunting him about it ! Report says, that the same man, some years after the first occurrence, lay apparently dead for a *fortnight*, but that the former case had impressed his mind so deeply that he had always desired his relatives not to suffer him to be buried in less than a *month* after

he might seem to die, and that this precaution saved him the second time from the horrors of the tomb.

Thus it seems as if there were something *constitutional* in this man that rendered him obnoxious to this dreadful calamity. And no doubt but there are many others in the world of the same texture and habit, and yet custom, *stupid custom!* subjects *all* indiscriminately to the same *gothic* treatment, regardless of what disease they appear to die of, or what may be their physical qualities. Thus, by this unintellectual practice, a man who had lost his *head* would, for *custom-sake*, be kept as long as he who ceased to breathe from *syncope!*

But this example is but *preparatory* to the following case of *consummate horror!* which was discovered about the same time in Bermondsey church-yard, Surrey! In digging a grave then about to be occupied, the operator came to a previously interred coffin, whose cover, or side, by a cause (hereafter to be explained) gave way, which induced the removal of that part entirely; perhaps to examine whether the bones were fit to be taken out, as is usual, and deposited in the *charnel* or bone house! when a spectacle presented itself to view, the *relation* only of which turns the course of nature, and makes her crimson tide run *retrograde* toward its own original source for protection! A spectacle! that must appal the heart of any being who is not *more or less than man!*

Fortitude! intrepidity! resolution! or if the human mind can form a *greater* muster; and that magnanimous phalanx of true intellectual manhood and commiseration can dare to take a view in retrospection's mirror, let them summon all their forces, and behold a *master-piece of horror!!!*— A torn and bloody shroud! battered forehead! broken knees and elbows! (O God!! O God!! *misericordia!!*) all! all! appeared in view!! Even the barbarous prison of the *inanimate* coffin had, as it were, *relented*, and, relaxing its cruel grasp, suffered its screws to be *torn out*, to expose the *living inhumation* and the ensanguined consequences of the *horrid scuffle*, when that poor devoted victim *grappled* with a complication of all that *gothic inanity* could inflict!!!

Cæstrial powers! fertilize an humble pen, and humanize the heart of senseless man, to make him feel, by kindred *sympathy*, at least enough to parry from himself this dreadful thrust! for materials fail, and description can go no farther! But reflection and intellectual courage, if they have hardihood enough to look again, will fill up all the rude hiatus of this most *horrific scene!!!*

Reader, here is a *matchless tragedy indeed!* not founded upon *fiction*, but upon *facts!* a subject of supreme misery and superlative distress! one that will justify *any* mode of expression, and for which, instead of *suppressing* the exuberance of thought and intensity of description, it requires a pen dipped in *liquid fire* to depict.—No lan-

guage can be adequate to the immensity of the horrors! and even *hyperbole* itself, which distorts and exaggerates all other things beyond their natural size and dimension, *fails here*, and cannot produce a metaphor equivalent to the *plain matter of fact*; and, if dramatic writers want a *transcendent* figure for their future fictions, to harrow up the soul! let them find the motive to it in the *untimely grave!!!*

To illustrate plain truths, men have borrowed from *fable* long enough;—now, let *truth*, by one substantial figure, brought from the *grave*, cancel all the deep arrears!

The matter was hushed up as soon as possible, when half a dozen had witnessed the *heart-rending* scene; though the story was current for some time, and as the matter could not be *retrieved*, perhaps it was *merciful* not to *identify* the victim! but highly *criminal* on the part of those who had then come to years of maturity, not to write *this volume*, to prevent a recurrence of the evil! Such a sight as this is bringing the torments of *hell*, in reality, within the ken of human optics!!!

Were this case perfectly *unique*, or a solitary instance of more than mortal horror heaped upon a *mortal!* of what base stuff must human hearts consist, (how much beneath the *brute*,) that being *once* instructed they should let their darling passions rob them of the salutary lesson's instruction, efface it from their memories, or pursue practices subversive of their own interest. If

this had been the fate of the most noxious animal or poisonous reptile, how must *rational* sympathy agonize at the thought! But when it is considered the case of one of the *human species*, perhaps a relation or dear friend, in whom a man centered all his felicity, nature recoils upon herself in vain at the description, faints at the task, and yet cannot cease to hover over the dreadful tale! and well might he, in such a case as *this*, adopt the words which *Hamlet* was made to use, upon the discovery of only a *common murder* and regicide, committed upon his father, "Henceforth I'll wipe away all saws of books, all trifles new or old, and thou shalt live *alone* within the volume of my brain while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe!" But, alas! alas! *numerous* are the cases that have *since transpired*, and what may not imagination feel, without exceeding human probabilities, of those which have not transpired at all, or come to mortal knowledge, but yet have been too fatally *realized*? Two of which have appeared in the public papers, exclusively of flying reports; one, as published in the *Statesman*, about the 11th or 12th of January, 1815, was a young man who had been absolutely interred, but was heard to groan, and was accordingly dug up from under the load of stifling earth! which case determined the writer of the present work to revive a piece that had been thirteen years before attempted, but was laid aside, lest empty cox-

combs should laugh at his fond inquietude and anxious solicitation for a *public interference*; but time, as it defaces the wild fruit of youthful folly, ripens that of *prudence* into maturity, he is, therefore, now determined to serve society in defiance of all his former fears! How long the young man survived his happy exhumation, the Author never heard.

The next case that has transpired within the writer's knowledge is not a twelvemonth back, and, according to newspaper reports, is well authenticated. It happened at Edinburgh, and teems with similar horrors to those cases at *Bath* and *Bermondsey*. Upon breaking the coffin the defunct was found upon his *face!!!*

Reflection, cogitation, and honest intellect, must here supply the place of *description*, for particulars did not *transpire* in the London papers; but he that possesses *mind*, with intrepidity and honesty enough to exercise it, must needs *guess!* And it is very evident that no *external* agency could have turned a *mere corpse* in a coffin, *too narrow* to let it *roll over* on its face! yet some hasty reasoners attempted to justify the possibility of its having been turned in bringing it *down stairs*, but that was totally *impossible*. *Ergo*, it must have turned *itself* in that awful scuffle when it grappled with death on most unfair, unequal, and unnatural terms! The agonizing circumstances of which, only to *contemplate*, without either *seeing* or *feeling*, petrifies the soul with horror, baffles the

understanding, and sets all human description at defiance!

Another case of exhumation was that of a hop-factor, in the borough of Southwark; another of a man at Jedborough, in Scotland, who was saved from interment by his son cutting his ear, according to his former request, which aroused him from his somnolescent state. See Appendix, No. VII.

Let not softened humanity's self-deluding tenderness wash away these awful impressions with unavailing tears! Tears which only cancel and sink into oblivion that they would condole and serve! Let tears be shed on trifles, or the common fictions of romance, they are the spontaneous sluices of the soul, that serve themselves and not another! Here men are not called upon to act in masquerade, or to barter away the understanding for the momentary glow of passion's waste of tears, which deluge the virtue they were meant to cherish, but rather to make them subservient to the imperative dictates and most exalted duties of humanity! Therefore let them rather repress the lachrymal fount of superfluous generosity to fertilize the heart with honest vigour, and fructify to perfection the paramount virtue of protecting the apparently dead from the most ineffable of mortal horrors! those of being buried alive!!! that the departed manes of their friends may have no cause to revisit or reproach them as barbarians, and the worst of murderers! Let them act like men in earnest, and bring this im-

portant matter to *maturity* and solid *action*, nor rest till they see the ultimate issue of it reduced into a permanent *law*, established by *Act of Parliament*, enacting that no person shall, upon pain of *death*, bury their relatives or friends under a *month*, or until the future means (hereafter to be explained) shall have been resorted to. But death in the *common way* is too *lenient* a punishment for so great a crime as *smothering another in the grave!* And tears of *blood* cannot wash away or compensate for the criminal omission of seeing their last obsequies safely guarded from the *horrors of the grave!*

Survivors generally see the *outward* forms of these last sad offices performed with *decency*, sometimes with external *splendour*, but does every man consider whether he is depositing to peaceful repose the remains of a beloved wife, whose image was so dear to his heart that she became a rival to his *god?* or, child, whose presence seemed essential to his very existence, the heir-expectant to all his former toils! or, whether he is unwittingly consigning them to all the *horrors of the grave!* to a *prison*, where the soul cannot escape from the merciless clutches of the fell monster of *gothic horror*, who haunts it, and, like an overgrown vampyre, or giant sarcophagus, fastens on them, foully sucks their blood, and stifles their *remaining breath!*

Or, perhaps, a venerated parent, whose prudence had diverted him from folly, directed all his

prosperous steps, and furnished him with means to live in affluence! A dear mother, friend, or sister, whose unspotted and unsuspected friendship shut all suspicion out, and formed an alliance closer than even *consanguinity* itself! And though *last*, yet not *least* in consideration, *he himself* is equally menaced by this horrid gorgon of the tomb!!!

Direful incompatibility!—After the sable pageant has cost a man half his *means*, to be defeated in his *ends* by the pertinacious adherence to an antiquated custom, local, barbarous, and stupid in its origin, and tyrannically pernicious in its effects, consigning its adherents “to the land of *darkness*, without form or order,” after all its pompous ceremonies! No scriptural warrant either to justify its brutal domination, for though found in the Bible as a *ceremonial* among the most ignorant of mankind in the dark ages, yet it is no part of the Hagiography.* (For the antient Bibles were divided into three parts. Hagiography from *Αγιος*, “holy,” and *γραφο*, “I write,” according to the Greeks; or Cetuvim, (כתובים) Neviim, and the Law.) But such was the inflexible attachment of the Jews to their ceremonials, if only *oral* traditions, that they became the continual subject of execration, even of

* Hagiography, or Cetuvim, (כתובים) contained the following twelve books, viz. Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, Chronicles, Canticles or Songs of Solomon, Ruth, Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, and Esther.

CHRIST himself, when among them; and they have never reformed since! therefore are very unfit examples for men to follow. “O, my soul, come “thou not into their secret!” nor be thou drawn into the vortex of *bootless misery* entailed upon their obstinacy!!!

All other deaths admit of some relief; at least, the sorry one of *expiring!* that is, of suffering the breath to *escape* from the *lungs*, and men cherish the forlorn hope that (however oppressed through life) they shall find a *resting place in the grave*, from all their labours and sorrows too! but *this* appalling thought of *another* conflict in the *goal of deliverance* murders all hope, and the very transcript of *divinity* itself within the sufferer's breast and stifles it in its exit; entailing a *second* death infinitely worse than that designed by nature, the horrors of which baffle the human pen to describe! A needless supplement of misery that far transcends the original penal sentence denounced on Adam and his posterity for transgression, (“*thou shalt die!*”) and refuses the manumitted slave his free emancipation!

Though it would be cruel to disturb a man's hope, either in the grave or elsewhere, even if it were founded on *falsehood*, without having the means of giving him a *better*; yet, it would be atrociously wicked to connive at errors which might be the cause of launching him into needless or bootless miseries therein; therefore, let him not spare his present feelings to escape an

evil so inseparable from neglect! — an error which allows of no correction! — a self-injury which admits of no reparation!

Behold the hapless victim of this horrid custom, upon the return of life, shut in the clay cold prison! — he lifts! ah, no! — his trembling hands to procure him that relief he feels so much the *need of*; and though before grown *feeble* by *disease*, made *desperate now*, by the maddening sense of his hapless situation and *lost estate*! But yet the attempt is stopped! — the coffin lid is *shut*, shut for *ever*! screwed down! — loaded with unrelenting earth! *Terror*, — *despair*, — *horror*, — torments, unknown before, seize on him! Madness, — rage, — all! all! — no power to live! no power to die! no power, alas, to cry for aid! but pent, barricaded, and pressed by accumulating condensation! The brain distracted! the eyes starting from their sockets! the lungs ruptured! the heart rent asunder by unusual impulses! the ducts and glands suffused, the emunctories choked by surcharge of feces, rendered viscid by incalescence and external resistance; and every vein and artery hursting in the super-human conflict! The office of inosculation (baffled) tries in vain to force its valves and runs retrograde, bathes the poor grappling victim in extravasated blood *without*, and forms new channels *within*, in this dreadful scuffle, which knows no cessation or abatement, till coagulation's influence stagnates and deprives him of all thought, and he becomes a fermenta-

ble mass of murdered, senseless, decomposing
matter !!!

How bless'd, then, he that wing'd lightning's flash,
Or whizzing thunder-bolt from heaven kills !
Or feebler cannon's emulative rage,
(Of fulminating benefit to man !)
Or he who, launch'd from that Tarpeian height,
Romantic lovers sought in days of old,
To cure a disappointed passion's rage ;
Where one bold leap cut short all mortal woes !
Nor less bless'd he, whom panthers, leopards, bears,
Hyænas, jackals, or the lion, gluts ;
The hissing serpent, or the howling wolf ;
Or (of the *finny* tribe) the shark devours !
Or treach'rous tiger, whose insidious grin
On caitiff man the weaker beasts avenge,
Champing his forfeit limbs o'errun with gore,
And, with his blood, incardicates the plain !!!
Or of the pois'nous reptile kind, or plants,
Whatever strikes most dead the vital stream !
If asp, or basilisk, or noxious weed,
(Distilling mortal venom through the frame,)
The more they're fatal,—sudden, more their aid
To snatch me from this horrid fate I crave !
Tarantulas and rattle-snakes attend,
And hard-mouth'd alligators, come and dine !
For, though ye paralyze or rend the frame,
Ye have not learnt to *bury men alive* !!!
Disease, attend too ; that which kills most sure,
Whether it gravel be, or painful stone,
(Calling the aid of Esculapian knife !)
Or decomposing fire, which all devours !!!
Gaunt famine, and the pestilential air,
Emaciate and mortify this frame,
To screen from smoth'ring in the narrow grave !
Come *all in any form, so this I'scape* !!!

* * * * *

Let not false delicacy stop its ears,
 Or cruel mercy shut all mercy out!
 (Heaven's not brav'd, but rather much invoc'd!)
 Yet, burst my heart to deprecate this ill!
 Celestial powers,—horrify my pen!
 Teach me to waken dull lethargic man,
 Whether in temp'rate or in frigid climes,
 Or more extended range of *torrid* zone,
 Where suns, eternal, scorch the Ethiop's skin,
 (Forming a link conjoining man with *brute*,)
 And fertile earth incinerates to sand!!!——
 And, so awaken'd, make them all combine
 To let the borrow'd fragment of thy grace
 (With ampler motive for eternal song)
 Return without impediment to thee!
 That, while the earthy part resumes its dust,
 The captivé ('scaping on exulting wing)
 Triumphantly may rise and join its god!!!

The following quotation of Lucan, from his own *Pharsalia*, on the civil war between Pompey and Cæsar, as made use of by him when bleeding to death in the warm bath, by order of Nero, whom he had been rash enough to eclipse in poetry, is emphatically descriptive of such a catastrophe as *premature interment*; though too mild to be *equivalent*, because there is no *stifling* the blood or breath:—

“ *Sanguis erant lachrymæ: quæcunque foramina nova*

“ *Humor, ab his largus manat cruor: ora redundant,*

“ *Et patulæ nares: sudor rubet: omnia plenis*

“ *Membra fluunt venis: totum est pro vulnere corpus.*”

Lib. ix. v. 814.

" Now the warm blood at once, from every part,
 " Runs purple poison down, and drains the fainting heart ;
 " Blood falls for tears ; and, o'er his mournful face,
 " The ruddy drops their tainted passage trace ;
 " Where'er the liquid juices find a way,
 " There streams of blood—there crimson rivers stray !
 " His mouth and gushing nostrils pour a flood,
 " And e'en the pores ooze out the trickling blood ;
 " In the red deluge all the parts lie drown'd,
 " And the whole body seems one bleeding wound !"

Rowe.

PHILOSOPHIC DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE
PRECEDING MATTERS.

Whether of noble or plebeian birth,
 Frail man, at length, resumes his kindred earth ;
 But, oh, alas ! (*humiliating thought!*)
 By *adventitious* aid he's hither brought !

Vitality, or life, is an emanation or spark of the effulgence of divinity, absorbed by organized beings, and borrowed from the plenitude and ubiquity of deity ! for an uncertain number of days, months, or years ; and which must, from the declension of nature, return to that eternal *ens primum*, from whom it first proceeded ! Impressed, however, (as wise men say,) with sufficient identity and consciousness, to constitute its individuality and capability to receive beatification, or endure rejection, according to its purity or contamination ! for which there is not only scriptural authority. But philosophic reason likewise shews, that all ethereal and elastic bodies receive an exaltation above the grosser elements propor-

tioned to their degree of attenuation or defecation from impurities!

The first reception of this principle constitutes the *man*! the privation of it *eventually* reduces him to pristine earth!

But, waving all metaphysical discussion, as extrinsic, of the ostensible design, the object is to understand the nature of the superlative horror called *premature interment*! and endeavour to find the surest means of relinquishing, in a natural way, this animating loan of heaven, without encountering those impediments which incorrigible ignorance and stubborn intractability have thrown in their way, and piled upon their own authors, mountains of supernumerary miseries, beyond those allotted to mortality by the laws of nature!

Let them, *una voce*, join like men in earnest, and defeat this remorseless gorgon of horror! who, under sanction of an antiquated gothic custom, has buried their predecessors alive, and, like a horrid vampyre, battered on their blood!!!

Let them form an invincible phalanx of *guiltless warriors* against this sarcophagus of terror, (to whom Moloch was a very *dove*!) and, regardless of his colossal bulk or more enormous chains, “drag the horrid Cacus from his den” to the tribunal of justice, taking the comparatively *few* cases that have transpired alone (in evidence) to pollute the page of blood-stained history, as a sample of his more *extended* ravages, lest growing stronger

by indulgence and neglect, the unintellectual savage should, without mercy, trample themselves and children under his brutal feet! and, after binding him with his own chains, let them brace their agitated nerves by *resolute humanity*, and try if they can, without fainting, muster intrepidity enough to explore the *horrors of the grave*, when brought *nearer* to their view! For he that descends there to snatch the devoted victim thence, must not consult his own feelings, but *theirs* he means to serve! And he that rescues a living soul entranced in the delusive semblance of death, not only serves the individual, his country, the world, but emancipates the emanative essence of *deity* itself from the ruthless detention of senseless earth! Yes, and of *senseless man* beside, whose ignorance would detain the spark of heaven from its indigenous source! Not that it can be detained *entirely*; for it must and will return, though compassed about by bars of steel or encased in adamant itself. But what must the possessor feel, when that strong impulse (stopped at every avenue) is devastating all his frame to make its final exit?

Human penetration finds its limit here, and can go no farther; yet reason says it must be so! The spirit *must* find means to force its way through all the impediments that ignorance and custom have laid in its passage, and when impeded in its wonted evolution, no man can tell the extent of horror that would ensue to the suffering

subject, and by the attempt alone to scan the awful consequences, the brain becomes *distracted!!!*

It has been said, “that if the whole bulk of
 “ the earth were one continuous mass of *solid*
 “ *iron*, (nearly 8000 miles diameter,) and the
 “ least drop of water were confined in its centre,
 “ such would be the expansive force of this fluid,
 “ if heated or otherwise rarefied, that the whole
 “ orbicular shell, or rather nearly *solid sphere*,
 “ would not be able to resist its centrifugal or
 “ impulsive energies to escape! but must be rent
 “ asunder to liberate its intestine prisoner!”

Although the allusion may be justly considered extremely hyperbolic, yet, from the well-known energies of nature’s omnipotent laws, the hypothesis is not preposterous, because the case is *parallel*, and the conclusion cannot be contradicted, though it is only quoted as a case in point, and a proof that other authors have taken notice of the unlimited powers of *expansive forces!*

Besides, it is well known that the stoutest bombshells of iron have uniformly been rent asunder only by the freezing of water in them, and the expansion of the ice is *entirely* owing to the escapement of *caloric* or elementary fire from the water in the act of congelation, which accounts for the *chrySTALLISED* appearance and numerous interstices in the refrigerated mass; so that the hyperbole is not at all *monstrous!*

Let it then, for the moment, be imagined, that his insulated or intestine drop has in itself,

or can communicate to the mass of iron, the same power of *feeling* as a man or other animated being has, upon his breath being stifled, or let any defender of the present custom try the experiment upon *himself*, only for the short space of *one minute* or a minute and a half, (if he can endure to have his mouth and nose confined so long without bursting his lungs,) and, if he never knew before, he will soon find an accumulation of distraction and increasing horror that would drive him raving!

It is in vain to elude the distress or evade the argument by saying, "He should die;" the question recurs, *How is he to die*, in such a case? The soul cannot *expire* or make its escape, till it has rent the enclosure quite asunder, or permeated its interstices, and is carried off by absorption. Here is the cause of that intimidating terror, that every thinking man must feel, at the idea of being confined in the narrow limits of a coffin, under a load of impervious earth, shut up from all assistance, in a prison impregnable to his own efforts, and secluded from all adventitious aid! This (dreadful as it is to contemplate) has, nevertheless, been the fate of *thousands*, doomed, by an obdurate *gothic custom*, to feel the unabated horrors of an *untimely grave*; as spirits expand and burst the bottles which are closely corked to contain them, so the soul, dilating now by incalcent excitation, in consequence of the mural or equally impressive earthy

vault's confinement, quickens the latent and supposed extinct spark of life to fresh action. The air becomes more and more mephitic, by continual respiration, and would expand afresh at every expiration from the lungs, were there but *room!* But, no! a stupid *gothic custom* has *shut the door of hope!* it must, therefore, be *condensed*, in proportion to how much it is *heated* to expansion by the *incalescent* principle, and heated by how much it is *condensed!* stimulating the subject more and more from his somnolescent state to a horrid sense of his forlorn and hapless situation, in which he is walled in on every side by the impregnable coffin's narrow limits, and more inexorable load of senseless earth!—impervious to his breath, deaf to his complaint, and superior to his maddened efforts to raise it! and, grappling with horrors immeasurably great and before unknown, his eyes desert their sockets in the unutterable conflict! he beats, alas, in vain, his narrow-sided prison! (where all his troubles should have *ceased*). Elbows, knees, and forehead, all battered in the direful conflict's dreadful scuffle! his blood, extravasating from every ruptured vein, forms new channels and most unnatural ramifications throughout the whole system; and, finding no relief there, surcharges all the emunctories, forces a passage outwards, deluging the coffin with the unavenged martyr's blood; and, to increase the horror, shed, perhaps, causelessly and innocently by a fond *pa-*

rent's pertinacious or thoughtless adherence to what is improperly termed *decent custom*.

Parents, children, husbands, wives, start not cowardly away from this unnatural aceldema's superlative horror! nor quit a scene of *supreme misery* to spare the *present* feelings; but take an indelible impression, that no time or circumstances shall ever be able to obliterate or divert you from conscientiously observing.

You have erred through ignorance or want of thought; but, henceforth, let your course be altered and amended, that not only your precursors in death, but *yourselves*, may be saved from this most unnatural and *bloody catastrophe*, by the salutary caution of prudence, guided by truth and stimulated by a benevolence that affects the *whole world*!

Statesmen, senators, and legislators, of every description and degree, forego (for a little time at least) your *trifling money-concerns*, and, for *humanity's* sake, attend to the more important enactment of laws for the preservation of the people from the transcendent horrors of *premature interment*; and let it not be said for ever, that ignorant *Mahometans* or antiquated *heathens* excel you in the executive or legislative department of so paramount a duty of jurisprudence towards society; nor let the consideration of your acknowledged superiority make you think yourselves scandalized at being admonished thereto by a *plebeian*.

England has had the proud boast, for nearly a century and a half, of "teaching other nations how to *live*;" but to teach them how to *die*, in comfortable assurance of finding an unmolested resting place in the *grave* (the last sad hope of the wretched!) would place a jewel in the diadem of human glory outshining all the rest in brilliancy. Let a tribunal of health be erected, extensive as your sway, with proper rules, regulations, and officers, to enforce an observance of the future emendations hereafter to be named, with medical men to ascertain the certainty of death in every case, similar to those of Metz, Poitou, Arras, Mantua, Tuscany, &c. And, as *example* does more than *precept*, all other parts of the world (not yet reclaimed from this *most barbarous* feature of barbarism) will copy you in defending their subjects from the horrors just *witnessed*; at least, as far as *imagination* can supply the place of *knowledge*.

The human mind is too limited in its powers to know, with accuracy, how every individual would be situated, or what degree of life or sensation may be produced by this subterraneous resuscitation, or how long it may continue; but men may be sure of *this*, that the stifling persecution would *never cease* as long as the power of *feeling* it endured; for, the laws of nature know nothing about *their* sensations, and cannot sympathize with them, however *acute* or *protracted*. No; *her* laws are built on an eternal

basis; are universal, fixed, and irrevocable; and, if the lower dispensations of them are submitted to man's administration, *he* is, therefore, made responsible for every transgression of them by *wilful neglect* or infraction through *culpable* ignorance; but *nature* can neither be soothed by flattery, diverted by cunning, or thwarted by *power*, to counteract the imperious necessity and fatality of them:* therefore, if a man swallow *poison* he must take the consequences, and, unless he can find out an antidote, must *die!* Nevertheless, her powers may be turned to the *best* account, if *reason* be man's supreme director; but if pride, folly, interest, passion, or ignorance, interfere, they are sure to marr the work they undertake to mend, and no concession can move her to *relent*, no atonement soothe her to suspend their operations: therefore, though she be a law-giver, she is physically proved to be *unworthy* of any other worship than that of *observance!* For *mental* devotion and *sympathetic* attention to *wounded feelings* pertain only to an *intellectual being*; and if *her* laws (like any of human engines of power) be but duly appreciated and well directed, they may be conducive to all men's wants, and become perfect examples for them to copy; but, as *she* is not an *intellectual* being, she knows nothing of individual *sympathy*, and will not stop, restrain,

* See Appendix, No. VI.

or warp, her operations for their convenience; therefore, *man*, as God's vicegerent upon earth, is the more imperiously called upon to do these things for himself and his fellow mortals; but *her* laws are action and reaction, attraction and repulsion, affinity, cohesion, projection, impulsion, &c. from which result circulation, vegetation, the chemical combinations, and the subsequent and consequent ramifications of reciprocating natural power, all harmonized and balanced with such astonishing wisdom and regularity as to induce, in every *thinking* man, sentiments of *rational* devotion to that *eternal law-giver*, who (*through her medium*) reveals his *own* *perfections* and enstamps upon her laws, the very image of his own, otherwise incomprehensible, attributes, furnishing man with divine archetypes for his future humbler performances and operations in all the essential arts of life, and, without which instruction, he never could have attained those things which human genius sometimes achieves.

Indeed, in the most *mechanical* of her laws, reason may always see something equivalent to economy, truth, and even *justice* itself; for, "*He has laid judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet!*" and, however men's comments may differ, or their deductions vary, all must infer the vast machine to be the production of *infinite wisdom!* and a volume, written by *his own hand*, descriptive alike of the most minute animalculæ, and those systems of *distant*

worlds which stun and confound the *human* intellect to ponder! systems which drew the unenlightened Heathens into the absurdity of neglecting the *cause* to worship the *effect*, until they had increased the number of their deities from one to more than *thirty thousand*, and the *pantheon* (vast as it was) could not contain them.

The Reader, it is to be hoped, will pardon a digression which has wandered from that acedema of horror, ignorance and neglect have made so *ample*, to the concatenation of nature's causes and effects, not for the sake of being *desultory*, but for the double purpose of giving some respite from the direful scene of superlative misery; and, at the same time, convincing man what link he is, or which place he holds in that vast chain of events that grow out of sometimes *distant* causes.

But to return to the victims of *premature interment*!—The examples of history, and the philosophic scrutiny upon the deplorable state in which the sufferers have been found, who have endured this unnatural martyrdom, prove that the horrors have not been *over-rated*!

But should there still remain any *doubters* on this subject as to its fatal *realities*, or persons who hope that these surmises are *groundless*, the cautions superfluous, or the before-mentioned facts should not be sufficient to awaken them to prudent circumspection, let such convince themselves by considering the physical effects produced upon a piece of *damp sponge*, or any other substance

containing *humidity*, when corked up in a wide-mouthed bottle, when they will find the evaporizable principle will spread itself throughout the whole interior of such vessel, though no such thing would have happened had the bottle been left *open*.

It may be argued that this evaporation is not *life*: granted. But yet life and all its collaterals are reproducible upon gallinaceous birds, by means *exactly parallel*. However, to convince such, (*en passant*,) let them attach a small piece of German tinder, punk, or any other combustible material, previously steeped in a solution of common salt-petre and evaporated to dryness, to the end of a piston-rod, fitting air tight, into a cylinder of any kind, when, by one thrust downward, and *condensation alone real and ardent fire* will be elicited from its *latent* state, in which, before it was imperceptibly combined with air, to its free or *active* state! This method of producing fire without the assistance of *collision*, though not universally known, has, notwithstanding, become of *some notoriety* of late years; and the articles are made and sold in London, Paris, and Vienna, where they were first vended as *pocket German tinder-boxes*.

Again, by *incalescence* alone, arising out of the *decomposition* of water and its *chemical affinity* for other bodies, it is but *too well* known that damp hay, tow, corn, lime, and many other substances produce a like effect; nay even

metal itself will become *red hot* and burn to a cinder, upon similar principles, as may be seen by the *cold* crystals, or *nitrate of copper*, strewed over a sheet of *tin foil*, sprinkled with *cold* water and immediately folded up, (as a *gothic custom* shuts up *man*,) when the decomposition of materials produces an incalcescent power, by the evolution of oxygen, that destroys the articles from which the heat was generated.

These instances are only adduced to shew the effects arising from condensation and seclusion from circumambient air, (as not being producible where there is a free access of that fluid,) for it is not presumed that the interred subject is *burnt* in his grave, either by condensation or seclusion from this respirable medium, but having the dregs of this vital principle within himself, which the tinder gains from the condensed air, and the nitrate from the cold water, his case is *infinitely worse!* he becomes *re-vivified*, to feel all the tortures which caution may fear and provide against, but none can fully *describe!* Tortures to which he never would have been exposed, had the last spark of existence (which in some cases lingers a long time in the intestines) been suffered freely to *expire!* and not been brought into untimely and renewed action by chemical decomposition or mechanical condensation, through *confinement* in a *premature grave!* which many historical examples prove but too circumstantially true, and too fatally shew that the solicitude of the Author

is founded on more substantial ground than the rhapsody of *thought*, or embryo alarms of a diseased imagination!

It would be in vain to attempt to identify the sensations of this horrible state with those of *pneumatic* exhibitions, so frequently made by philosophic-speculators, of subjecting rats, mice, birds, &c. to the milder yet cruel experiment of having their lives exhausted or pumped out of them under the receiver of an *air-pump*, where they are killed by extreme *attenuation* and privation of oxygen; for it is not only *not* the same with this more *excusable* wantonness, but *diametrically opposite* and infinitely worse! And, therefore, it is hoped that no one will be so depraved as to subject any living being to the inhuman tortures of the opposite experiment, by *condensing* the air upon them, whether it be a bird, beast, fish, or reptile; for all that *virtuous* intellect and *true* philosophy wants to know may as well be ascertained (indeed much *better*) by trying the experiment on *themselves*, because they would be able to describe the sensations more accurately, from their *own feelings*, than by the fallacious exterior contortions of any of those inferior beings, who might be selected for their pseudo-philosophical curiosity, and any other motive than *utility*, for subjecting creatures to misery of this kind would be *monstrous* in the extreme, and an everlasting stigma upon those who would forfeit the dignity of manhood to do it.

Probably the writer may be considered nervous, pusillanimous, or woman-hearted, for his pointed reprobation of such monstrosities, but that shall not deter him from continuing his execrations and abhorrence of *wanton cruelty*, and he is quite sure these censures will only emanate from such as he would *wish* to be at *eternal odds with*, but hopes, for humanity and good manners sake, there are but *few* such to be found. However, if there be any who doubt the intensity of the misery of *stifling*, let any one of them stop his own mouth and nose (for sake of proof) only *one minute of time*, by a *seconds watch*, and when the sensation is at the *worst*, let him conceive the idea of being irrecoverably doomed to know no respite from the maddening torment; but in lieu thereof an increasing and endless *accumulation* of it, without the possibility of relief, and that he is for ever shut and barred down from all assistance, and that even all the stifled shrieks and cries of desperation itself cannot procure him one respiration, and from this one *self-wounding* experiment he will know *then*, by *experience*, what he has inflicted on *others*, and these sensations (if he has any reminiscence in his composition) will produce a greater effect than any admonitory lesson upon those who are habituated to torturing others beneath them, and there are some such unsympathetic and remorseless boobies in the world. But to the glory of true wisdom these are generally found only among the *incurables of igno-*

rance! amongst bipeds who disgrace the human species, by having accidentally assumed the exterior form of man; but true wisdom is always associated with humanity, prudence, and magnanimity.

Therefore, those who possess these innate and essential characteristics of manhood cannot feel themselves scandalized at being *distinguished* from such human brutes; and the only consolation to the world (derived from *them*) is, that the sterility of their minds is always proportioned to the baseness of their hearts! let them be high or low in station, (“for wisdom is justified of *all* her children!”) but, such as these generally pursue some sordid passion or other, in which they manifest a deal of low *cunning*, but no *wisdom!* *That* is too sacred for such to acquire or even emulate.

Animated nature staggers at the thought of this accumulated supplement of human misery, and recoils upon herself for protection, seeking that relief, every avenue of which is shut up by ignorance and custom. She cannot bear the load of suppressed life! cannot respire her breath! yet there is no *relief!* Custom has barred and bolted fast the door of hope and mercy, both!—*Hope!* that comes to all above ground, is for ever shut out, and who shall heave the massive bar? Even the forlorn and last hope of the miserable (the hope of *expiring!*) is annihilated! desperation and madness! Where

will this end? The brain turns giddy at the thought, and a *deeper* knowledge of the matter only confirms the madness! and makes it more terrific!

It is recorded that toads have leaped from stocks of trees upon their being cleft asunder, or from solid blocks of marble, in full growth and vigour, where, perhaps, the original rudiment had been deposited 1000 years before; or, while the material they have just evolved from was yet an unpetrified fluid. But, even in *that* state, nature's energies operating on the germ of life within the *spawn* had given them full maturity of size within the *yielding matrix* of the future stone! How far these immured reptiles could suffer by the seclusion from external air is past the scrutinizing eye of human philosophy to determine; but, sensibility must kindly hope, that never having known another state than that of *confinement*, they would feel the restraint no more than the unborn *fœtus*! Perhaps not! But, if it be *equal*, it is bad enough! for *that* must receive *parturition* in due time, or *death ensues*! but, in the impervious prison of a block of marble, death cannot take place by natural expiration, any more than a fluid could evaporate; because there is no possible egress for the vital principle to escape, until some *extrinsic* accident sets the captive at large; whereupon, (although its conformation has been adapted to the circumstances of the place,) it takes a leap or two in

open air, and then expires! for no creature is so perfectly amphibious as to exist *indifferently* in *two* states so opposite as these! as may be seen by those reptiles, which wanton and thoughtless speculators have confined in bottles, &c. who, though they have continued to *exist* for a long time, as a reproach to their tormentors, yet they have, nevertheless, in all cases, manifested evident proofs of uneasiness and distress at being confined in a state *opposite* to nature, however different their lungs may be to *hot-blooded* creatures; while, such as have lungs similar to *man*, must be situated infinitely *worse* under the same circumstances; because, by the *lungs alone*, their blood receives oxygen or the vital principle is imbibed from the *air*,—while the reptile kind, perhaps, receive this pabulum of life, principally, by *absorption*.

It would not only be somewhat irrelevant to the main object of such a work as this, as well as exceeding the intended limits, to enter into a *physiological* inquiry, of *how inosculation* is performed in these cold-blooded creatures, where only a *small* portion of their blood passes through the lungs; and having but *one* circulation, accounts for it being *generally limpid*; or how they came to be immured alive in solid blocks of stone, otherwise than what goes to justify the *possibility of the thing*, by supposing (against those who have contradicted it) that it takes place before *induration*,

or while the infant stone was yet a soft and unpe-
trified substance (perhaps *fluid*). And as the
probability of such facts *having* taken place, im-
plies *no absurdity* or contradiction in nature, *à*
priori, and is so well supported by attestation of
facts, there can be no sufficient reason for *ob-*
jecting to it, especially when the *negative* cannot
be proved *à posteriori*.

It is natural to suppose, that the first rudiment,
or *ovum*, being deposited in a *soft* or *yielding* mat-
ter gathers nutriment, from the interior part of the
infant stone, to subsist on, ensuring room for its
future wants, by *assimilation*, proportioned to its
bulk, which it is enabled to do the more effec-
tually, by arriving at maturity considerably before
the *embryo stone*; for, there being two distinct
principles in the mass,—one *animal* and of *short*
gestation, the other *mineral* or calcareous, of infi-
nitely longer date, each exert all their energies ac-
cording to their qualities, and both evolve them-
selves agreeably to their respective powers, till one
is a *reptile* and the other a perfectly *indurated*
stone.

Indeed, those who have written expressly on
the subject, and with the *undisguised* view of
refuting its authorities, and have reduced it to
cruel experiment accordingly, by submitting
living toads to air-tight confinement in boxes, (as
did Herissant, before the *French Academy*,) have
been obliged to concede to the *truth* of that very
principle they set out to *refute!* and, the experi-

ments made were upon reptiles, who had been accustomed to live in the *open air, too*. (So much for *human sagacity!*) However cruel these experiments were, or troublesome in their process, they, nevertheless, were unequivocal and unfair means of trying the truth of assertions, confined to creatures whose original *ova*, or first rudiments, had been evolved within the matrix of the yielding fluid mass, before induration or petrification (which authors are so divided about) had taken place; in which aboriginal state, perhaps, only a *vegetative* sort of life and growth might have been experienced in their state of *indigenous torpidity*, and from which they might never have awakened, but from the *adventitious* admission of oxygen and sudden incubation of atmospheric air! But all the experiments of the Professor Herissant, and the Academy, (though made for the *opposite* purpose,) tend to corroborate the truth of the first assertion, and support its various *postulata*.

By his directions, “*three living toads* were inclosed in separate boxes, and these were immediately covered with a thick coat of mortar, and kept in the apartments of the Academy. At the end of eighteen months the boxes were opened, and two of the toads were found *living!* They were again inclosed; but, upon being re-opened, after some months had elapsed, they were found dead!”

This statement is verbatim from the trans-

lation of their own account, and, no doubt, true; but this must convince every rational mind, that (though they were no friends to the possibility of the thing) their experiments prove the existence of creatures, under the worst of circumstances, to a *frightful* extent of time, and the high probability of a much longer continuance in this miserable state in *solid stone*, where no causticity of mortar, or other noxious quality, could annoy them; especially creatures who had never breathed a *free* air, or been subjected to the reiterated persecution of confinement; surcharged each time they were put in with oxygenated air in the boxes, as well as their own bodies!

This is not only inhumanity but *pseudo-philosophy* as well, because the boxes, lungs, and blood, were all saturated with principles unknown to the natural prisoners in *marble* or the *stocks of trees*, and the poor creatures were absolutely persecuted to death by downright *perseverance* and unrelenting wantonness! However, Frenchmen can treat these matters with the greatest indifference; and, if an expostulation were to be made on the *cruelty* of them, would, with a facetious shrug and great *sang froid*, exclaim, “*ce n'est qu'une bagatelle de cruauté, à fin d'atténir l'effet d'un experiment philosophique extraordinaire!*” However, their premises and deductions were *both wrong!* But, it cannot be expected the head should be more *consistent* than the heart is *merciful*; and men of *feeling* would not have been

guilty of such deliberate baseness, which becomes heightened in proportion to their elevation in life; and, though generally *winked* at in such, ought to be reprobated, by how much their example is apt to lead *others* into similar inhumanities! For, if man, indeed, be lord of creation! he ought to shew himself *worthy* of that distinguished prerogative, by engrafting the sceptre of power with the olive branch of *mercy* to all *beneath him!*

In the dark ages, or before cruel speculation had taken shelter under the sanction of *philosophical* experiments, when men were only cruel for plunder, revenge, or ignorance, no less a personage than a *Roman emperor* was branded for cruelty, for the *puny* impiety of *killing flies* for his amusement! But, the contrast is so great between this and what has just been read, that there is no comparison between the two. As for *curiosity* being satisfied is no palliation at all, as it affords no abatement of misery to the sufferer, nor compensates its woes in the least; beside, an enlightened age ought to be as much above the ancients in moral duties, as it thinks itself superior in knowledge.

The humane reader, by this time, it is presumed, will be ready to ask, what *benefit* arose to society from these experiments, which have so sickened the heart to hear of, and where poor unoffending creatures were put to the worst of tortures, merely because they were *reptiles* and in

man's *power*, which ought to have guaranteed their safety. What benefit does the reader ask? None at all: none was expected: none was sought for: none was intended! It was all done to satisfy *curiosity*, justify an obstinate assertion, and establish a negative contrary to a *host of evidence*, without one useful deduction being made, (at least as far as has transpired in England,) the same as boys trounce frogs, impale living flies, and despoil them of their wings! so that the world still remains in the dark (as to the experiment) whether these poor creatures had all their blood-vessels ruptured by the excruciating torments of being mechanically *smothered* by compression! or, whether all their blood became de-oxydated by carbonic acid gas, formed by the lime or mortar's absorbing the humidity of their bodies, or whatever other gas might be evolved from such a precarious mixture and situation; or, whether they were partly decomposed or destroyed by ammonia emitted or exuded from their own bodies, in self-defence, and combined with pyrolignous acid; or poisoned by reiterated breathing of mephitic air, which it is impossible for even chemists to more than *conjecture now*, though the *operators* could have ascertained *all* these matters at the *time*, if they had meant the experiment to be of *use*; and, if any thing could have extenuated the crime, or palliated the cruelty, *all* these knowledges might, although nothing could *justify* it; but, wanting all these it is only

a fit subject for unqualified execration and abhorrence!

To such as may be disposed to think gases cannot be evolved without *artificial* means, it may be replied, that both hydrogen and carbonic acid gases, in *particular*, are *spontaneously* produced in mines by the operation of *nature* and her own materials, which produce the most fatal effects, as known by the appellations of *choak-damp* and *fire-damp*, so fatal to miners.

When the projection of transfusion of blood was first made, some years ago, it excited a great deal of censure; but this was a *venial* crime, indeed, compared with *stifling!* beside, it had its *ostensible uses*, at least, if not *real* benefit. This operation, so at variance with all the laws of nature, was performed by means of silver tubes fitted into the jugular veins and carotid arteries of the subjects to be operated on (for the purpose of conveying the *arterial* blood of one animal into the *veins* of another); and its object was to perpetuate life, health, and vigour, to the nobler valetudinary animal, at the expense of the inferior but healthy one, by exchanging their blood! Perhaps the ideas were *illusory* enough, but there is nothing *very* terrific in it; and, after a few human subjects were lost by it, the legislature put a stop to these speculations; however, dogs, cats, rabbits, &c. have all been dissected *alive*, at least so far as to afford *ocular* demonstration to anatomists to witness the *living action* of the different

viscera, the progress of disease, or capability of supporting life with *half a liver, one kidney*, or the viscera mutilated or abridged. Crania of turtles, tortoises, &c. have been trepanned, and part, or the whole of the brain extracted, and the excavated part filled up with *wool, cotton, &c.* nay, they have even been decapitated, in order to shew the possibility of existing without *head or brains*, and kept alive for six months together in that state; and similar experiments have been made on *horses*. These operations, however, would have been unpardonable for their *cruelty*, had they not been considered somewhat essential to attainment of knowledge in medicine and surgery, and conducive to general benefit, by guiding the surgeon's knife aright when operating on the human subject, under the various circumstances of accident or disease, or the physician's skill in prescribing!

Upon the same principle, the most deleterious poisons have been inserted, either directly by venesection, or by the absorbent vessels, into the circulation of inferior animals, in order to shew their progress and paralyzing effect, and teach mankind how to prescribe as well as *avoid* them. All these things, though cruel enough in all conscience, may be heard without *fainting*, because there is no *stifling* the breath, or forcing nature to run retrograde, and without *some* sacrifices as well as experiments, the human mind is *too dark to know any thing*, and every new idea

that is conceived must be reduced to *some sort* of practice, before it is safe to administer it. Therefore, in more modern days, *pneumatic* speculations have been made with *æeriform* medicines, or factitious gases, both by inhalation and by potation, in which last the gas is mixed with water, either by agitation or absorption, and those gases which are known to be most deleterious or poisonous, when inspired or drawn into the *lungs*, have been found not only to be harmless, but even salubrious in a very high degree, when mixed with water, and afford a most exhilarating and pleasant beverage, as well as having a tendency, like *soda-water*, to medicate the human system. Thus, modes of practice will ever be subject to vary, according to the state of knowledge.

The antients knew nothing of the nature of *pneumatic* medicine, or even of the existence of the gases themselves; and, the object of this treatise is not to trace the sources of pathology, or compare the pretensions of antient with modern physicians, but only to avail itself of what they have done, as far as relates to the principle of life, or to gather this information from any *other* quarter, however remote.

Much speculation and inquiry on the physical causes of life and death have been made by others who were far more competent, both in knowledge and means, though with quite opposite views to the *present*; and, as no cases of suspended animation are so frequent as drowning, per-

haps the human mind never entered so deeply and minutely into the secret recesses of death as it has done here; yet even in *this* the most eminent of men are found to differ. Some have contented themselves simply by saying, life became extinct or suspended (according to whether the patient recovered or not) by *suffocation!* but this is saying nothing! a thinking man wants to know *how* this was effected! but even anatomists do not agree. Some who have dissected the viscera found water in the lungs in considerable quantity. Some found but *little*, and not sufficient to procure *death*, because a greater quantity was afterwards inserted by the artificial means of opening the trachea, by cutting one of the cartilaginous annuli and introducing it; yet the animals survived. Others have said they found *none*; but Doctor Edmund Goodwyn went farther, he inserted not only water but ink, and even quicksilver, because it was not miscible with animal fluids, into the lungs, to try the same effects, after having drowned a number of cats, dogs, rabbits, &c. in an apparatus made on *purpose*, and concludes that water does enter the lungs in drowning, and mixing with pulmonary mucus, in the animal's effort to inspire, produces that froth which is found there on opening; upon the whole of which he very naturally supposes the water to be a *mediate*, but not *immediate*, cause of death, by excluding *fresh air*, and suppressing that already in the lungs, just as experience

proves that water only extinguishes fire by cutting off the communication of the air, and mediately puts it out, but not immediately, because it is well known that fire will burn as well under water as in open air, if it can but be provided with oxygen to support combustion, as may be seen by taking a small quantity of pounded lump sugar, mixed with half the quantity of oxy-muriate of potassium, which compound will take fire under any quantity of water, or at any depth, and may be lighted by sulphuric acid alone; therefore, it is not from any *chemical* effect that water has on the animal system that it destroys life, but merely stopping *respiration*, that is, preventing the escape of breath from the lungs.

To this *mechanical* amputation of life Dr. Cullen fully subscribes in his letter to Lord Cathcart; and, in the 66th volume of the Philosophical Transactions, Mr. Hunter is found stating the same thing, beside many others, although they disagree about the quantity of water found in the lungs, but which is a thing of no consequence. The main object for quoting these authorities was, to prove the fatal effects of being confined from air, which is proved by analogy of other writers; for, though the cases between drowning and *smothering* are not identical, they are quite *analogous* enough to shew the nature of suffocation, and that it is superinduced by *an inclosure or covering of water suppressing the free respiration of breath*; and, though *drowning* is mild

when compared with *smothering* in a *close grave*, in the exact ratio of the *mobility* of the water to the *immobility of the load of earth, leaden coffin, or mural vault*, yet the mode of it is exactly similar. But could not the air escape from the lungs (which always forces its way through the deepest water, and evolves itself on the surface) the case of mortals would be desperately deplorable indeed, because so *many* are drowned; and, in such a case, all the devastation would be turned *inward* upon the sufferer, because re-action must always attend action, and be equal to it, if it were obliged to recoil upon itself to fulfil that law of nature.

It is astonishing that none of these learned philosophers ever thought of the *mechanical* pressure of the water, so as to resolve the different quantities found in the stomach and lungs of those who were drowned, by so very obvious a law as that of *hydrostatics*, which would have solved all the phænomena, because they must needs know, that the *deeper* the submersion of the subject in the fluid, the greater the pressure would be on the stomach; consequently, the greater the condensation of the breath, the greater the difficulty of respiring, the greater the volume when evolved, the *greater the torment of the sufferer*, and the greater the force and quantity that must rush into the system, to restore the disturbed equilibrium.

As for the accounts of the persons themselves, who have been restored, (from a very obvious cause,) they cannot be depended on; for the

mental powers must sympathize with all the derangement of the natural functions of the body, and man is no longer a man than while these concur and harmonize in their wonted courses; beside, the unnatural determination of blood upon the brain of a man who had been nearly drowned in *deep* water, must soon distract him, though his sensation of *feeling* might not be at all blunted; therefore the *ipse dixit* of such could have no greater weight than an *insane* person, i. e. when the stifling had been carried to a *great extent*, and even the *reminiscent* faculty could only date its account from that part of the process, or returning to life, whence it was called to *fresh action*, and had become somewhat *rational*; perhaps, in *shallow* water, where the breath could easily expire from the lungs, the sensations might be infinitely *milder*.

There is, also, reason to suppose, that there is a great deal of difference in the whole texture, habit, faculties, and powers, of different persons, who have been restored, which, together with the state they may have been in when the *reminiscent* faculty returned to them, may reconcile the differences in their accounts. As a proof of the pressure being proportioned to the depth of submersion and density of the fluid,—if a common wine bottle be corked up ever so tight, having a natural charge of atmospheric air in it, (that is, being full of air of the same density as the circumambient,) and this bottle be sunk by

means of an attached weight, into 50 or 60 fathoms of sea-water, such would be the pressure of the water upon every part of it, that the cork would be forced *inwards*, and the bottle, when brought up, would of course, *be filled*, although, from the condensation of the air, by the whole length of the cork being thrust in, it would have a small disposition to *fly out*. If this experiment were made in *fresh* water, the force of compression would be diminished in the proportion of about 29 to 31, because about 31 feet of fresh or 29 feet of salt water is equal in weight to an equal column of air, the whole height of the terrestrial atmosphere, when the barometer is at a mean height, and a similar number of inches of mercury will counteract an equal column of the air. Indeed, it is said by most seamen, that if the cork be so defended that it cannot give in to the pressure, that the water will permeate the *sides* of the bottle itself, and nearly fill it. However, the Author cannot vouch for the truth of the *last*, though he has a quart wine bottle of such water, said by the label on it to have been obtained from the depth of 100 *fathoms*, and came attested with the cork, guard, and seal, all entire; since which, to put the matter past the possibility of a doubt, he caused two globes of glass to be blown and *hermetically* sealed at the glass-house, one of which was submitted to the deep, but broke in the experiment.

Having shewn the efforts of nature's laws on the lungs of drowning persons, to preserve her

wonted equilibrium, and somewhat of the laws of hydrostatics on the bottles, it may not be considered irrelevant to adduce another proof of this law of nature also, that *re-action must be equal to action in the animal economy of gallinaceous birds*, as inferred from the brutish amusement of what might fairly be called *Christianity run mad!* or the inhuman sport of shying at cocks on a Shrove-Tuesday, which was performed by fixing a stake firmly in the ground, with the top level with the earth, having a ring at the upper end, to which the bird was fastened for depravity to manifest itself, and libel the human species, by *shying* or *throwing billets* at them! The thing is too *monstrous*, as well as inimical to the circumstance it pretends, by perverting, to celebrate, to require any moral animadversion upon it, because none but an incorrigible brute, a savage, or a fool, would ever lend his hand or approbation to so infernal a diversion. Therefore, if humanity draw any useful hints from the matter, it never could have been intended or thought of by such wretches, because consummate *ignorance* is the inseparable companion of wanton *inhumanity!* However, to the credit of an enlightened age, these diabolical practices are *nearly obsolete*. It is hardly credible, that such a barbarous custom as this satanic amusement, upon a poor unoffending victim, should ever have obtained in England, or indeed in any other Christian country, and looks so much like *malignant persecution* against the whole species of gal-

linaceous birds, as if it intended to submit the vigilant herald of the morning to *perpetual martyrdom*, because one of that tribe had, forsooth, by crowing, awakened Peter to a sense of his impious tergiversation and cowardly desertion of his master, and taught mankind a lesson of fidelity and human diffidence! Had blind zeal *canonized* the bird, or ordained an annual festival in commemoration of its supposed *apotheosis*, it would not have been so much to be *wondered at*; or if this shrill-toned clarion of the morning, like the crepusculum of old, had received *quotidian* honours, in gratitude for being the joyful harbinger of day, the misplaced devotion would have been *comprehensible*, at least; but *now* it is only resolvable into an undisguised and hostile *defiance* of Christianity, set up by some of the old worshippers of *Odin* or *Wodin*, co-incident with the ruthless heathen *Mars*, and bearing the same resentful features with his stern sentence ordained, and fixed on his servant *Gallus*,* as the mythologic fable tells, in revenge for causing his illicit amour with Venus to be detected by Sol, and himself exposed to bear the ridicule and scoffs of all the fabulous empyreum.

* Gallus, the servant of Mars, was metamorphosed or changed into a cock, by his master, and sentenced to announce the coming of Sol, upon the appearance of Crepusculum, or twilight, ever after: a striking example of the stupid heathen way of putting the *effect* before the *cause*; for *Gallus* signifies a *cock*.

However, whether the institution took its rise in any of the old heathen customs or not, is of *little* consequence; but it is in the course of this diabolical practice, after the poor victim of human inhumanity, had been mercilessly knocked about, so that he was incapable of standing up to receive any more contusions from the bludgeons of senseless country boobies, the owner of the bird would dig up the earth and *bury its head five or six inches deep to re-animate it*, and though the creature was *apparently dead*, and *would* have expired, had nature had its course, yet the determination of blood upon the brain, together with checking all respiration, was so extremely stimulating that it never failed (where the vitals were not ruptured or coagulation taken place) to restore the creature to the capability of enduring another and another proof of gothic magnanimity! and a proof of the *resuscitating* power of *fresh earth*, for which proof's sake the inhuman relation is made. Indeed, the Author has been informed, by one of the late *amateurs* of this inhuman sport, that it was a common practice to throw the wounded birds aside as *dead*, to *charge* for them as *killed*, and produce substitutes; but that eight, ten, or even *twelve*, hours afterwards, the original owners (having the secret of *resuscitating*) would take them up, and, by submitting them to this partial interment, frequently restored those birds for the *evening's pastime*, who had been butchered in

the *morning* ! This was the practice in the weald of *Kent*, but it is by no means *peculiar* to that county ; for the same amusements are carried on in Scotland and elsewhere. The transition is so plain from the gallinaceous bird to the *premature interment* of a human or other subject, that it needs no farther illustration ; for, as Solomon, in Ecclesiastes, chap. iii. verse 19, says, “ *all have one life !*”

Proud man ! if common sense, common humanity, and common *decency*, have not all fled, *blush* to own the species to which you belong ; and, yet, some of those who would blush for such a transaction, when *explained*, are so lost to *reflection*, that they can, without thought, consign a beloved parent, partner, or child, to the hazard of all the horrible consequences, not of a *partial* interment, which they might escape from, upon renewed vitality being granted, but (ineffable horrors) to a *total*, relentless, and *final*, interment ! *ten feet under ground in a close, coffin !* regardless of the nature of the disease that arrested their functions ! nor once in *rational* contemplation descend into the grave or make the least inquisition for their blood so untimely spilt ! But, still, nothing can be more obvious than the extreme difference of habits and diseases, without particularizing the fearful train, which, from being so numerous and *varied*, require a *chemical*, as well as physical, consideration !

A person, for instance, who ceases to breathe

through *de-oxydation* of the blood, would always be more liable to restoration by *hyper-oxygenation* than one who assumes the same appearance from an opposite cause, as has been proved by the writer himself (as a mild experiment) upon a young adder or viper, who had resisted all the powers of the *Boylean* vacuum under the receiver of an air-pump and the *Torricellian* vacuum as well; yet, upon being immersed in newly made carbonic acid gas, prepared for that purpose, he ceased to shew the least appearance of life in a few minutes, and continued in the same apparent state for at least a quarter of an hour afterward, though handed round the table from one to another.

After the whole of the society were satisfied of the final exit of its life, the writer resorted to the method used for restoring the martyred *fowl*, only with this difference, that, instead of *fresh earth*, knowing the viper had been so far killed by de-oxygenation, he spread a quantity of the oxy-muriate of potassium on the table, and placed the head of the reptile thereon, and, lastly, covered the whole head and part of the body with the same preparation, gently pressing it down; the result was, what he had told the society he expected, that in half a minute, as if by electricity, the creature was not only restored, but became full as vigorous as ever, and began his former practice of rearing himself on his nether fulcrum, or tail; and, in that posture, menaced all

about him with the usual and rapid evolutions of his tongue and darting forward of his head. A week afterwards the same experiments were made with precisely similar effects. Three or four weeks subsequently to that (all which time he was as lively as ever) he was brought to a *third* test of the truth of the deleterious effect of the carbonic acid gas and the antidote thereto, *oxygene*; and the society being desirous to know, if he were left to himself, whether he would recover in the *open air alone*, he was left in that state *two hours* before the specific was applied, but though he had not been immersed in the gas a longer time than in the two former instances, yet neither the atmospheric air or even the *muriate* could restore him! his fluids had become coagulated, and the system lost all contractile motion, as well as the power of being excited by friction, or even this *pabulum of life itself*.

If such effects as these are producible by *absorption* alone, through the pores of the skin, and under the effects of so deleterious a gas as that used, what may not be expected when the antidote enters the *lungs* in a *gaseous* form, as it would do with all warm-blooded creatures, where there is a *double* circulation of the blood; to which experiment (i. e. of the *oxygene gas*) the Author laments not having submitted him, but he had not then time to prepare the gas, and had none made by him.

As there was no *evolution of gas* in this case, it

seems as if the stimulus were effected by *absorption*, as *snuff* excites the olfactories to *sternutation*, or *sneezing*.

Trifling as this little series of experiments may appear to many, some very useful deductions may be inferred from them; and, *first*, that out of 10,000 cases of human demise, not above *one* can be expected to be equally unfavourable to resuscitation, because accident seldom furnishes such extreme or intense malignity, and disease *never can!* Secondly, in many causes of death, life lingers a long time in the intestines, and wants but feeble auxiliary aid to restore it! And, lastly, this feeble aid, it is more to be *feared* than *hoped*, may be found in the *fresh earth*, either by mechanically stopping all powers of escapement, whose re-action being, in all cases, equal to action, both combine to excite life and sensation; or, chemically, by producing from the humidity of the body or some quality of the disease enough oxygen to answer the purposes of horror, and produce all the direful effects this work is written to obviate.

The French physicians are so well aware of the frequent restoration to life, that at the *Hôtel Dieu*, in Paris, when a supposed corpse is consigned to the dead-room, wires, which communicate with a bell in the surgery, and fastened to the fingers and toes, are attached, by means of which, the smallest result of re-animation would be immediately communicated: neither is this

room kept so cold as to be unfavourable to resuscitation, should any spark of life remain ! But, in England, which in most other cases gives laws of humanity to the whole world, they have no such precaution, though they abound in public institutions and charities for the more *apparent* evils of life, beyond any other country ; yet, in this case, which transcends every other in consequence and universality as well, no thought is taken about the matter or attention paid to *suit* the *means* to the *case*, but, let the disease be what it may, there is but one standing rule, which knows no inflection from its usage, which is to hire some ignorant old woman to wash and lay the subject out, and, regardless of the case, bury them in a *few days*, seldom exceeding a week ! Indeed, the Jews, from their narrow minds and rigid attachment to customs, ordained in days of ignorance and adapted to *hot climates*, seldom keep them *two* days ; though the noisome or cadaverous effluvia in such a place as England would not be so great in winter in two months as in two days there. And if only one in a million fall the victim to this horrid custom, all their sacrifices, fasts, and lamentations, put together, could not compensate for the immeasurable calamity, because where the evil falls it is not shared among the multitude, but fixes all the penalty on that *one poor victim* of besotted ignorance ! not that the fragment of life is of any consequence, in ge-

neral cases, but that the misery is superlative! ineffable! and distracting to contemplate!

The test or method used by the Turkish physicians seems very simple and natural, for they never think a subject dead, or even *hopeless*, while there is any irritability or contractile power in the *sphincter ani*; this may be easily performed by taking an ox, or a large pig's bladder, with a tube attached to its orifice, and inflating it in the usual way, by blowing air into it from the mouth, after which (if it be cold weather) it may be moderately heated by immersion in hot water, or holding it before a fire, and its tube inserted into one corner of the subject's mouth, the air may be forced down the throat by compressing the bladder, while an assistant closely stops the nose and the lips, except the aperture which admits the tube, it will soon be ascertained whether there be a thorough passage for the escapement of the air, or whether any muscular action takes place in its efforts to pass.

It is scarcely requisite to say, that the subject (for *obvious* reasons) should not be laid on a *bed*, or any other *soft* substance, while this experiment is made, though it is indispensable that they should be in a *prostrate* situation. This appears so simple a test, that it never ought to be omitted, even if all other trials had failed, and it is within every one's power to try it.

As for the laxity of the jaw which takes place, and admits of what is called the "*falling of the*

jaw," though it has been held in high and long esteem, it is found to be at best equivocal, and always uncertain, and only shews a *local* debility, while the unextinguished principle of vitality may linger in the *intestines*. The same objections, or equally potent ones, will arise against the *stiffness* of the *joints* which may be *convulsive*; or, of the *dilation* of the pupil of the eye; or even of *putrefaction* itself, which often is local also, and attacks a diseased *living* body as well as a dead one, and, upon serious inquiry, it will be found that many other tests are equally *fallacious*; and, as too much precaution cannot be used, subjoined will be found a few *ultimate tests* and perfect guarantees from the horrors of the grave, for whose admission alone the Author has endeavoured to pave the way, at the expense of his own feelings as well as the reader's.

TESTS OF LIFE AND DEATH, WITH MODES OF
RELIEF AND ASSISTANCE.

As when a frightened trav'ler 'scapes the lion's prowl,
And spies a shelter from the tawny foe,
With double energies he flies to reach the goal,
And bids defiance to his former woe.

HAVING, (as most individuals do the *first attempt*,) in a very *imperfect* manner, passed this rubicon of a superlative horror and traced the direful calamities to the sources of *ignorance* and the *dark ages*, the next rational step of justice

and humanity is that of obviating these evils in *future*, by exhibiting the best modes of ascertaining the *certainty* of death in those about to be buried, before that *awful* ceremony takes place; also, to ascertain if there be the least ground of suspicion that any remains of life be left; or any circumstance should preclude the power of keeping the defunct until every satisfactory symptom be fully shewn; or time and putrefaction destroy the possibility of such renovation taking place. The best tests of life, death, and restoration, suited to the compound circumstances of the life, habit, declension, and demise, of the supposed corpse, not any fixed rule, but a radical and fundamental *system* of inquiry, which shall inflect itself and vary its modes so as to apply to the most *dissimilar* cases. And, although every person in the world will have the power, more or less, to become satisfied on all these grounds, according to their respective integrity, intellect, and sympathy, yet, upon a broad principle, and to give *legal* authority to it, an *act of parliament* should first be made, and a *medical tribunal* erected, by the name of *protectors* or *guardians* of the *grave*, whose mandates should be imperative, and jurisdiction extend as far as the *regal authority*; which tribunal should have the power of fixing medical stations, assigning indispensable duties in all cases under the legislature, with full power of amercement, &c. for failure or omission, subject to *recipro-*

cal impeachment of either party, with ample rewards to the informant, as ministers, for the *lesser* consideration of *stamp duties*, &c. have enacted to preserve *them* inviolate. This tribunal (erected at the public expense) should also have power to depute proper persons all over the kingdom wherein they reside, and to which every one practising physic or surgery should (before he is qualified to act *publicly*) be obliged to resort, and pass the probationary ordeal of strict examination as to his capability and integrity, after which his *new diploma* might be granted upon *oath*, according to his religious persuasion, and large rewards given upon well-attested proofs of *restoration* effected by him, guarded, however, against all *syncofes fraudulently* procured by *opiates*, &c.—somewhat after the manner of the *Humane Society*, instituted to avert the more *obvious and apparent* consequences of submersion, but yet of paramount consideration. Secondly, whatever modes of restoration may have been found effectual, should be collected and published *annually* in every *almanack*, that none may be ignorant thereof, until the thing becomes a *custom*, and then it will *support itself*. Thirdly, for the *practice*, as far as has transpired to the Author, from reading and study, perhaps the best mode, upon cessation of visible life, would be to decently wash and dry the subject, covering it up to the chin with warm blankets, and laying it in a supine posture, with the hands open

on each side; but by no means on the body, having some persons to watch attentively, for the first week at least, and *constantly* the *first twenty-four hours*, without trying any indecent experiments; but let nature take her own course: however, a small looking-glass might, now and then, be applied to the mouth, to try if it became at all distained by slight expirations of breath, which, *should* it be so, immediate recourse might be had to decent medical operations; such as smartly rubbing the soles of the feet with a stiff brush, dipped in strong pickle, as recommended by Dr. John Schmid. Electricity or galvanism applied (*secundem artem*) by a medical man, who had undergone probation before the said tribunal, might not be amiss. The *volatile alkali*, *spirituous liquors*, the *warm bath*, or whatever else accident or design may have found effectual, might be resorted to and modified according to existing circumstances, when, if the least symptom of life appeared, every other experiment should follow, until *perfect restoration* took place! not for the value of such a fragment of life, (for it might only be *irksome* to the valetudinary possessor,) but to prevent the possibility of restoration in that entombed state, when it would be a most *horrible calamity*, instead of benefit, to resume it!!!

Although the test of breathing upon a *cold* looking-glass may be a very *good one* in the hands of the *skilful*, yet it cannot be always de-

pended on ; because, although *warm* breath might respire, it might happen when the glass was *away* at that time on the one hand ; or, if the glass were left before a person's mouth, continually breathing upon it, would raise the temperature of the glass to that of the subject ; therefore, *no condensation* would take place on the other hand. And, if the respirations were only *occasional*, the critical moment of condensation might be missed ; so, that the bulb of a *self-registering thermometer*, put into the patient's mouth, or even *before* it, would be a *better test*, inasmuch as the index would shew if any increase of temperature had taken place during the intervals of *absence* of those appointed to watch.

Or, what would be better still, a *hygrometer* might be constructed, having a register, or index, which should point out the maximum of humidity it had imbibed in the said interval ; when, if either of these instruments became affected, it would be a proof of vitality and respiration from the lungs ; because, it is the decomposition of oxygene that gives and supports, animal heat and vitality.

Dr. Fothergill has proposed another test of certainty, which seems very important, though but little known, and, perhaps, less attended to ; which is, to close the nostrils of the subject, by compression, and force warm air, either from the mouth of a strong man or from an ox bladder, &c. into the lungs of the supposed defunct, by

the mouth, to try if it will pass through the intestines without irritating the internal sphincters, or producing muscular contraction, which, if it should do, would afford, at least, *one* presumptive proof of *utter death*!

As ultimate tests, or trials, of the reality of life or death, or to produce a state equivalent to *interment*, while yet the means of relief were within the power of relatives or friends, the subject might be laid in a *warm bath* for a few hours, with the mouth and nostrils just covered with water, to ascertain if continual air bubbles would devolve from the lungs; that is, if abstraction from inhalation and respiration of air would stimulate the system to fresh action, while yet there is relief at hand, (as it is to be feared the *fresh earth and confinement* does,) instead of finding this stimulus in the *hopeless grave*!

The reader must not be alarmed at this mild process, or think *drowning* is intended, for it is only recommended as one of the *ultimate* tests, and not to be resorted to in less than a *week* or *ten days*, in which time vulgar prejudice would have consigned the subject to the *inexorable grave*! Those persons who have not the convenience of a *bath*, may do that which is equivalent thereto, only by closely pasting a piece of tissue paper over the orifice of the *mouth* and nose, which would easily be ruptured by any internal effort to respire, and afford a proof of breath having been emitted, and direct

sympathetic prudence or humanity to the antecedent and subsequent means of restoration.

Scotch snuff might, also, be blown out of a quill up the *nose*, and should have been mentioned *before*, or *sal volatile* as a substitute, when *that* cannot be obtained, but the snuff is *best*. Spirituous liquor, or the volatile tincture of ammonia, or guaiacum, &c. might also be poured down the throat by means of a *funnel*, and raising the subject to a *half sitting* posture; and as *social duty* is now put to the *last test* of *fidelity*, to do that for the subject it cannot do for *itself*, and which will one day be the assistant's *own case*, let such consider how *imperiously* they are called upon to fulfil its obligations, and remember that, *however painful the duties, they are responsible* for all consequences; therefore, if they can devise any thing else, and will soberly communicate it to the Author, it shall be inserted, as their own option shall direct, either *with* or *without* the name of the informant, in the next edition. For, it is an appalling thought, that the time will *soon come* when not only all a man's property and most *hidden secrets*, but even the future disposal of his *body* itself, and that in the *most important state*, will be in *other hands*, and he without the power of *helping himself*; *this*, to a *reflecting* mind, did not *trouble* prepare the way for *so awful a change*, would be *intolerable* and *insupportable*, though the *unthinking* and *fool-hardy* may, in health and prosperity, *laugh at the cautionary solicitude!*

Those who are not satisfied with the above tests, may have a farther assurance of the safety of their relatives or friends, after the medical inspectors have announced the subject *irrevocably dead*, by cutting the jugulars quite through, separating the carotid arteries, dividing the *medulla* or spinalis, or piercing the heart! any or *all* of which, so far from being *cruel*, would be more than *innocent solicitude*, provided it be reserved until the medical inspection and decision have taken place, and performed either in their presence, or *by them*, just before *interment*; because, if this could cost the subject *one pang*, it would only be in such cases as had eluded all human inquiry, and where the *omission* would have entailed unspeakable horrors upon the person who was the unhappy victim to ill-timed and mistaken humanity.

Mausolia or catacombs might also be constructed, as described by the Author, in No. 995, Vol. 14, of the Encyclopædia Londinensis, or those of Naples, Egypt, &c. or even *sarcophagi*, such as the Egyptians used to *hasten putrefaction*, would be an improvement upon subterraneous seclusion.

And to those who have no abilities or inclination to do any thing else, it should be recommended, before the tribunal makes it *compulsory*, that they at least keep their relatives for a *month* or six weeks before interment, unless demonstrable proof of death should render such caution

unnecessary or impossible; and, it is to be hoped that *medical* men will not (for their *own* reasons, and *intellect cannot*,) oppose these measures, for they are both fully indemnified herein.

If these salutary cautions be attended to with *half* the intensity and earnestness they have been projected by the Author, new *data* will soon be formed in medicine; a new era and face of things will be exhibited; thousands will be snatched from ineffable horror, and thinking beings may go down to the grave, with *rational* assurance of safety in *that* asylum, which was only rendered tolerable before by unconscious *ignorance* of its *horrors!*

APPENDIX.

No. I.—p. 42.

Extracted from the Encyclopædia Britannica.

HERCULANEUM, an antient city of Campania, in Italy, which was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, in the first year of the emperor Titus, or the 79th of the Christian era, and lately rendered famous on account of the curious monuments of antiquity discovered in its ruins; an account of which has been published, by order of the king of Naples, in a work of six volumes, folio.—The epocha of the foundation of Herculaneum is unknown. Dionysius Halicarnassensis conjectures that it may be referred to 60 years before the war of Troy, or about 1342 years before Christ; and, therefore, that it lasted about 1400 years.

The thickness of the heap of lava and ashes, by which the city was overwhelmed, has been much increased by fiery streams, vomited since that catastrophe, and now forms a mass 24 feet deep, of dark grey stone, which is easily broken to pieces. By its non-adhesion to foreign bodies, marbles and bronzes are preserved in it as in a case made to fit them; and exact moulds of the faces and limbs of statues are frequently found in this substance. The precise situation of this subterraneous city was not known till the year 1713, when it was accidentally discovered by some labourers, who, in digging a well, struck

upon a statue on the benches of the theatre. Many others were afterwards dug out and sent to France by the prince of Elbœuf. But little progress was made in the excavations till Charles, infant of Spain, ascended the Neapolitan throne; by whose unwearied efforts and liberality a very considerable part of Herculaneum has been explored, and such treasures of antiquity drawn out as form the most curious museum in the world. It being too arduous a task to attempt removing the covering, the king contented himself with cutting galleries to the principal buildings, and causing the extent of one or two of them to be cleared. Of these the theatre is the most considerable. On a ballustrade, which divided the orchestra from the stage, was found a row of statues; and, on each side of the pulpitum, the equestrian figure of a person of the Nonia family. They are now placed under porticoes of the palace; and, from the great rarity of equestrian statues in marble, would be very valuable objects, were their workmanship even less excellent than it is: one of them in particular is a very fine piece of sculpture. Since the king of Spain left Naples, the digging has been continued, but with less spirit and expenditure: indeed, the collection of curiosities brought out of Herculaneum and Pompeii is already so considerable, that a relaxation of zeal and activity becomes excusable. They are now arranged in a wing of the palace, and consist not only of statues, busts, altars, inscriptions, and other ornamental appendages of opulence and luxury; but, also, comprehend an entire assortment of the domestic, musical, and chirurgical, instruments used by the antients; tripods of elegant form and exquisite execution, lamps in endless variety, vases and basons of noble dimensions, chandeliers of the most beautiful shapes, pateras and other appurtenances of sacrifice, looking-glasses of polished metal, coloured glass, so hard, clear, and well stained, as to appear like emeralds, sapphires, and other precious stones; a kitchen completely fitted up with copper-pans lined with silver, kettles, cisterns for heating water, and every utensil necessary for culinary purposes; specimens of various sorts of combustibles, retaining their form, though burnt to a

vinder; corn, bread, fish, oil, wine, and flour; a lady's toilet, fully furnished with combs, thimbles, rings, paint, ear-rings, &c. Among the statues, which are numerous, connoisseurs allow the greatest share of merit to a Mercury and a sleeping faun: the busts fill several rooms, but very few of the originals whom they were meant to imitate are known. The floors are paved with antient mosaic. Few rare medals have been found in these ruins; the most curious is a gold medallion of Augustus, struck in Sicily, in the 15th year of his reign. The fresco paintings, which, for the sake of preservation, have been torn off the walls, and framed and glazed, are to be seen in another part of the palace. "The elegance of the attitudes, and the infinite variety of the subjects, (Mr. Swinburne observes,) stamp them as performances worthy the attention of artists and antiquaries; but no pictures, yet found, are masterly enough to prove that the Greeks carried the art of painting to as great a height of perfection as they did that of statuary. Yet, can we suppose those authors incapable of appreciating the merits of an Appelles or a Zeuxis, who, with so much critical discernment, have pointed out the beauties of the works of a Phidias or Praxiteles, beauties that we have still an opportunity of contemplating? Would they have bestowed equal praises upon both kinds of performances if either of them had been much inferior to the other? I think it is not probable; and we must presume, that the capital productions of the ancient painters, being of more perishable materials than busts and statues, have been destroyed in the fatal disasters that have so often afflicted both Greece and Italy. Herculaneum and Pompeii were but towns of the second order, and not likely to possess the masterpieces of the great artists, which were usually destined to adorn the more celebrated temples, or the palaces of kings and emperors." A more valuable acquisition than bronzes and pictures was thought to be made, when a large parcel of manuscripts was found among the ruins. Hopes were entertained that many works of the classics, which time has deprived us of, were now going to be restored to light, and that a new mine of science was on the

point of being opened. But the difficulty of unrolling the burnt parchment, of pasting the fragments on a flat surface, and deciphering the obscure letters, have proved such obstacles, that very little progress has been made in the work. A priest invented the method of proceeding; but it would require the joint labours of many learned men to carry on so nice and tedious an operation with any success. The plan is dropped; and the manuscripts now lie in dusty heaps, as useless to the learned world as they had been for the preceding seventeen centuries.

POMPEII, a town of Campania, near Herculaneum, and destroyed along with it by the great eruption of Vesuvius in the time of Titus. It is about 15 miles from Naples, and 6 or 7 from Portici.—So much has been said and written on the discovery of this place, as makes it unnecessary for us to say much: we shall, therefore, only give a short extract on the subject from an anonymous work lately published, apparently of considerable merit. “On entering the city (says our author*), the first object is a pretty square, with arcades, after the present manner of Italy. This was, as it is imagined, the quarter of the soldiers; numbers of military weapons being found here.

“A narrow but long street, with several shops on each side, is now perfectly cleared of its rubbish, and in good preservation. Each house has a court. In some of them are paintings *al fresco*, principally in *chiaro-scuro*; and their colours not the least injured by time. The few colours which the ancients knew were extracted only from minerals; and this may be a sufficient reason for their freshness. The street is paved with irregular stones of a foot and a half or two feet long, like the Appian way.

“In discovering this city, it was at first doubted whether it were actually Pompeii: but the name inscribed over the gate-

* Comparative Sketch of England and Italy, with disquisitions on National Advantages.

way put it beyond all doubt. The skeletons found were innumerable. It is said that many had spades in their hands, endeavouring, probably at first, to clear away the torrent of ashes with which they were deluged. Indeed the satisfaction which is felt at the view of antient habitations, is much allayed by inevitable reflections on this frightful scene of desolation, though at the distance of so many centuries.

“ An antient villa is also seen entire at a little distance from Pompeii. The house is really elegant and spacious, but only two stories high. The pavement of the chambers is composed of tessellated marble, and, when polished, displays the design perfectly well. There is some at the museum of Portici brought from this place, which the eye would really mistake for painting. Under the house is a fine triangular cellar, of which each part is 100 feet long, well filled with amphoræ. The skeletons of 29 persons were found here, supposed to have fled to it for safety. Each house is filled with ashes: they have almost penetrated through every crevice; and it is incredible how such a volume of them could have been thrown out by Vesuvius with sufficient force to have reached so far. It has been observed by some travellers that spoons were found among the ruins of Pompeii, but no forks, from which it is concluded, that the table utensils of the latter description were not known to the Romans at that period. Forks, it is supposed, were invented at Constantino-ple, and were not in use in Italy till about the year 1000 of the Christian era.”

In concluding our account of Herculaneum, it was stated that the means attempted for unrolling the manuscripts found among the ruins, had been unsuccessful, and that the plan had been dropped. It will not, we presume, be a little gratifying to the admirers of antient literature, to be informed that this difficult labour has been resumed under the auspices of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and that six volumes of Papyri, presented to his Royal Highness by the king of Naples, have reached London.

In the year 1800 the Rev. Mr. Hayter, an excellent scholar,

with a liberal provision from the prince, and with permission of the king of Naples, went to Italy for the purpose of unrolling and transcribing the Papyri. The following narrative extracted from a letter addressed to his royal patron by Mr. Hayter, will, we doubt not, be interesting to our readers.

“ The numerous settlements (says the author) of the Greeks in Italy received the name of Magna Græcia, because their mother country was of a size considerably less than that in which they were planted: among these were nearly all the cities in the province of Campania, including Naples, the capital of his Sicilian majesty, and also Herculaneum and Pompeii, which are supposed to boast a foundation coeval with Hercules himself, three thousand and fifty years ago, or twelve hundred and fifty years before the Christian era. This province, more than any other part of Magna Græcia, was always celebrated for the studious and successful cultivation of the arts and sciences. The two cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii ranked next to that of Naples in every respect, as places of considerable note; they had their public theatres, with every other attendant of great population, splendour, opulence, and general prosperity. These, in common with all the rest of Campania, became the elegant and favourite resort of the Romans, for the different purposes of health, luxury, repose, and erudition.

“ In the ninth year of Nero’s reign, these two cities experienced a most formidable shock from an earthquake, which overthrew a great part of them. Nor had they recovered altogether from the effects of this calamity by their own exertions, and the aid of imperial munificence, when a second calamity, of a different nature, but equally unexpected, consigned them both at once to the most complete oblivion. This calamity was the great eruption of Vesuvius, which happened on the 24th day of August, two full months from the accession of the emperor Titus Vespasian. Herculaneum was buried under a mass of lava and volcanic matter to the depth of 24 feet. Pompeii, being more distant from the mountain, was overwhelmed principally with a shower of ashes, nor in any place

more than half the depth of the other city. But the fate of both was sudden and inevitable; and yet it appears that almost all the inhabitants, and, what is an equally surprising circumstance, more of the Herculaneans than the Pompeians escaped. By the few skeletons which have been found in either place, the relation of Dio Cassius, who states the destruction of the people while assembled at the theatre, is proved to be totally erroneous. It may be proper to remark, that before this eruption the whole of Vesuvius was in a state of cultivation and fertility from the top to the bottom; and though the form and soil of the mountain in one particular spot seemed to denote the traces of some former explosion, yet no extant memorial of any kind had recorded it.

“ Neither of these two cities were discovered again till a long period of sixteen hundred and thirty-four years had elapsed. It was in the year 1713, that some labourers, in sinking a well, struck their tools against a statue, which was on a bench in the theatre of Herculaneum. Forty years afterwards Pompeii was excavated with much less difficulty, as the incumbent stratum was neither so hard nor so deep as that of the former city.

“ The number of the manuscripts saved from both those cities is said to be about 500; but, if I am rightly informed by those whose official situation must give them a competent knowledge of the subject, your Royal Highness, by facilitating the development of these volumes, will probably be the means of further excavation, and of rescuing from their interment an infinite number of others. About thirty years ago his Sicilian majesty ordered the development, the transcription, and the printing, of the volumes, which had been saved, to be undertaken. This operation was accordingly begun, and has never been discontinued till the late invasion of the French. But its mode, however excellent, was extremely slow; it has been performed by a single person, with a single frame only, under the direction of the marquis del Vasto, chamberlain to the king, and president of the royal academy.

“ The frame consists of several taper and oblong pieces of

wood, with parallel threads of silk that run on each side, the length of each piece: when the frame is laid on any volume, each piece of wood must be fixed precisely over each line of the page, while the respective threads being worked beneath each line, and assisted by the corresponding piece of wood above, raise the line upwards and disclose the characters to view.

“ The operation seems ingenious, and well adapted to the purpose: it was, I believe, invented by a capuchin at Naples. The fruits of it are said to be two publications only; one on music, by the celebrated Philodemus, who was a contemporary of Cicero; and the other on cookery. The first is in his majesty’s library, at the queen’s palace. Through the obliging politeness of Mr. Barnard, the king’s librarian, I have had the advantage of perusing it. Indeed I hope your royal highness will not disapprove my acknowledging in this place the very warm and respectful interest which both this gentleman and the right honourable the president of the Royal Society have expressed for the furtherance of your royal highness’s great and good design. Meanwhile, by this specimen of Philodemus, I am convinced, that, if the frames should be multiplied to the proposed extent, several pages of thirty different manuscripts might be disclosed and transcribed within the space of one week.

“ But the very period at which the manuscripts were buried serves to point out to your royal highness that you may expect the recovery of either the whole, or at least parts, of the best writers in antiquity, hitherto deemed irrecoverable. All of these, in truth, had written before that period, if we except Tacitus, whose inestimable works were unfortunately not composed till twenty years afterwards, during the reign of Trajan.

“ Nor can it be imagined for a moment, that among five or six hundred manuscripts, already excavated, and especially from the numberless ones which further excavations may supply, lost at such a period in two of the most capital cities, in the richest, most frequented, and most learned, province in

Italy, each of them an established seat of the arts and sciences, each of them the resort of the most distinguished Romans, not any part of those illustrious authors should be discovered.

“ But the manuscript of Philodemus itself makes the reverse of such an idea appear much more probable. To the moderns, who have

“ Untwisted all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.”

his Treatise on Music cannot, indeed, be supposed to communicate much information; yet the subject is scientific, and scientifically treated. The author himself, too, was one of the most eminent men in his time for wit, learning, and philosophy. But in the rest of the arts and sciences, in history, in poetry, the discovery of any lost writer, either in whole or part, would be deemed a most valuable acquisition and treasure, and form a new era in literature.

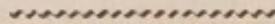
“ It is extremely fortunate that the characters of these manuscripts, whether they should be Greek or Latin, must be very obvious and legible. Before the year of our Lord 79, and some time after it, the Majusculæ or Unciales Litteræ, capital letters, were solely used. A page, therefore, in one of these manuscripts, would present to your royal highness an exact image of some mutilated inscription in those languages on an antient column, statue, or sepulchre.

“ There cannot remain a doubt, even omitting the assurances from men of official situation to that effect, that your royal highness’s superintendant will receive every possible assistance from the marquis del Vasto; and in that case it seems improbable that the object of this mission can be altogether fruitless.

“ With such a termination of it, however, your royal highness, by having proposed to concur with his Sicilian majesty in the quicker and more effectual development, transcription, and publication, of these manuscripts, will reap the satisfaction of having made a most princely attempt in behalf of knowledge and literature, on an occasion where their interests

might be affected most materially, and in a manner of which no annals have afforded, or can hereafter afford, an example. Your very interposition will be your glory: your want of success will only make the learned world feel with gratitude what you would have done.

“ The interposition of his royal highness has had the happiest effect. The splendid encouragement which he gave to the work revived the drooping spirits of the Italian literati; and the consequence has been, that the business of unrolling and transcribing the manuscripts now proceeds with an alacrity which promises the most brilliant success. In forty-six years not more than eighteen rolls were developed before the interference of our prince. Under his encouragement, ninety have been recovered in two years! What new facilities may not now be expected when all the vigour of British intelligence is exerted on the subject!”



The difficulty attending unrolling the incinerated remains of the rolls or volumes of those antient MSS. as stated in the Encyclopædia Britannica account above, induced the present Author, in the year 1801, to construct a small and simple apparatus, which could not *fail* to unrol these torrifed volumes of papyrus with *infinitely less hazard and trouble* than those tedious means adopted at *Naples, &c.*; and not only *unrol* them, but *preserve* them as well for as *many centuries* more as they had existed. This plan was submitted to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, at his palace of Carlton-House, by whose letter the Author was summoned there; but his Royal Highness had appointed Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt to treat with the Author in his stead, and some specimens had been prepared, and left by the Author on the second attendance, which were to be submitted to his Royal Highness and Sir Joseph Banks in *confidence*, but the Author has not heard any more of them since.

To the account of these lost cities may be added a statement, that *Tertullian*, who was born in the *second* century of Christianity, or anterior to the destruction of those places, gives in cap. 39 of his Apology for Christianity.

According to this Father, an island, or rather a *continent*, which *once* existed in that part of the Atlantic Ocean which lies between Spain and the West Indies, and was called the *Atlantic Island*, larger than all Asia and Africa put together, sunk by an earthquake, and was swallowed up by the sea, and all the inhabitants perished in one day. And, if this pious Carthaginian's account be correct, such a tract of land must have nearly united the *western* continent, or new world of America, with the eastern one of Asia, Europe, and Africa, and would countenance a late disputed relation, that some parts of America have *aboriginal* inhabitants, who speak the *antient British language*, which, if *true*, proves that there must have been an emigration either from Wales to America, or from America to Wales to *plant* it, long before the time assigned by Europeans to its discovery; or before that vast gulph of ocean had disunited them, unless men are disposed to say, that languages came by *inspiration*, which, to be sure, is a summary way of closing all argument and sitting down in pristine ignorance!

But, *indeed*, the *moderns*, owing to the convulsions of nature as well as devastations of *barbarians*, know comparatively *nothing* of *antient geography*; beside, it is evident that such a broken and disunited world as *now* exists, could not have been *originally* created! and, although Dr. *Burnett's* account of the *primitive earth* may, in some instances, be deemed *fanciful*, yet it is no absurdity to suppose, from the equilibrium between centripetal and centrifugal forces, that, in the *first* formation, the whole exterior was an *orbicular* shell, which, breaking and falling in, produced what is called a *deluge* by Noah, Ogyges, and Deucalion. And, although the accounts are nearly lost *now*, except by some quotations, dark hints, and intimations, yet they *once* existed. But, before *printing* was invented, these writings seldom had *duplicates* to preserve them, in case of losing a copy, but were generally *unique*; yet, the writings of *Plato*, &c. as related by *Marcellinus*, *Nauclerus*, *Tritheimius*, *Langus*, *Surius*, &c. &c. all prove that the *former world* was as different from the present, as its *inhabitants*; though these things are generally *overlooked*!

No. II. — p. 51.

ABRACADABRA. To the wonderful effects ascribed to this mystical farrago of perfect, as well as *mutilated*, nonsense, in the shape of an inverted pyramid, or cone, might be added a thousand others, *equally efficacious*, from a *horse-shoe*, nailed on the threshold of every house, to the more pompous emblem of the *cross*, surmounting their public buildings; for every thing was not only *symbolical* but *mystical* in those days. However, as it is not intended to *teach* these abstruse matters they are hardly worth enumerating, though magicians then held them in *high repute*, and infamously blended them with the *religion* of the times; therefore, even the accidental form of a word, or the arrangement of its letters, were matters of *importance to fanciful men*, thus MADAM HANAH DOD became *talismanic* and anodyne, and put in for its share of consequence as well as the best of them, because, like a witch's prayer, it read backwards and forwards alike; and those cloistered friars had nothing else to do but amuse themselves with such puerilities, and where the *miraculous* display did not *naturally occur*, (as the system was *ad libitum*, and *common sense* was out of the question,) words could be *manufactured*, which would inflect to their purposes. Thus the *arbitrary* term AREPOTENS, which is without meaning in itself, became *talismanic* in the *highest degree*, because when anagrammatized and garbled, it produced *five* other words, which they esteemed *eminently* significant, and formed a *magic square* of twenty-five letters, which could be read *twenty* ways, or each word *four ways*, that is from left to right and *vice versa*, beside upwards and downwards. But what rendered it of *inestimable worth* as an amulet was *this*, that the middle word *tenet*, formed a *cross*, running through the centre and could not be read amiss. This charm could not fail to accomplish *wonders!* and as there is some ingenuity in the thing it must not be omitted!

S	A	T	O	R
A	R	E	P	O
T	E	N	E	T
O	P	E	R	A
R	O	T	A	S

By these things "Men used to *live*," but since *reason* has taken the rein of government they can only be esteemed as *useless curiosities*, or admired for the correct reiteration of the same word by every mode of reading.

But as the dawn of reason approached they turned their minds towards more *useful* things, and some of them speculated in *figures*, and a species of *pious legerdemain* was set up in the *numerical* form, which had it been divested of that *mockery of sanctity*, which stuck too close to them ever to be *entirely* dispensed with, would have been more praise-worthy; for men should not, as Solomon says, "*be righteous over much*," or make pretensions where there is no *reality*; and *some* of *these* were better informed than to do it, though they could not forget what was *habitual*, and whatever they did must have *some* leaven of mystery in it; for, when men are once bitten with a mania, there is no knowing where it will end! And the *uses* of these mathematical symbols became only *secondary*, instead of *primary*, considerations, when depraved fancy took the matter up. And of *all numbers* none had so much *planetary* influence as the number *seven*, which was called *Venus*; and a *perfect number*, not on account of its mathematical or *semi-scissible* powers, or any other excellence or *use*, but because it was an *emblematical number*, indicative of the limits assigned by them to *all things*: thus there were seven heavens, seven

millennia, seven days in the week, seven wise men, seven wonders of the world, seven sciences, seven champions of Christendom, seventh sons, and (until the discoveries of modern astronomers, chemists, and mineralogists, extended the limits, there were) seven *planets*, seven *metals*, seven *every things*.^{*} Therefore a table, composed of the *square* of 7 or 49 must be *perfect indeed*; however, this square they accomplished by setting down the natural numbers, from 1 to 49, inclusive, and artificially arranged into as many cells, or square divisions; so that every column either vertically or horizontally read the same number, (175,) which is the sum produced by dividing 1225, or the total amount of the whole numbers added together, by 7. These fourteen columns, together with two *diagonal* readings, making sixteen ways, (still producing the same number 175,) was thought a *miracle* indeed!

But the present writer, not satisfied with their wonderful work being the *ne plus ultra* of perfection, has made another of exactly the *same materials* and form, which, by making all the *acute* angles, *right* angles, and *obtuse* angles *read*, as well as the different columns, counts *fifty* ways; but, so far from seeing any *miracle* in it, he has long since discovered, by calculating the permutations of forty-nine figures, that it was not even as perfect as it *might have been*, because these permutations amount to no less than sixty-three figures, or an entire sum of 608281864034267560872252163321295376887552831379210240000000000 and this sum, divided by the number of cells, would give an *enormous quotient*, not worth calculating; therefore his own

* The fanciful parallelism and connexion between celestial influences, planets, precious stones, colours, &c. are the bases of all *heraldic tints*; the cause why their number has, till of late years, been confined to *seven*, and at the same time accounts for all the colours having *different terms* applied to them, according to the *rank* or quality of those who bear them: thus *mars*, *ruby*, *gulés*, *iron*, *red*, are all equivalent to *red colour*, and are all lined the same way in engraving, but read *differently* according to the rank of the bearer, and so of all the *other six*; but modern heralds have added two or three more. Beside, all these colours are made to be emblematic of some *virtue* as well. Although the system is very *obscure*, like every things else that these men did, yet there is something very ingenious and classical in the laws of it.

square is but a *bagatelle toy* at best and not worth inserting, beside these things have *lost* their *consequence* since the *miraculous* is taken off. However, *that* made by the rules of Emanuel Moschopulus, as laid down by Cornelius Agrippa, (who found out that it was under *Venus*,) is here inserted, though like many other cryptographical wonders, the moderns will see nothing in it beyond an *artificial* arrangement of the forty-nine natural numbers, any more than the writer does.

1	9	17	25	33	41	49
24	32	40	48	7	8	16
47	6	14	15	23	31	39
21	22	30	38	46	5	13
37	45	4	12	20	28	29
11	19	27	35	36	44	3
34	42	43	2	10	18	26

The construction of the *Hebrew* letters, words, and sentences, became another source of *inexhaustible wonders*. And the Cabala, כבלה; the Gemara, גמרה; the Talmud, תלמוד; and the Targum, תרגום; were ransacked to find out deep mysteries that never entered the thoughts of the profound legislators themselves, who wrote these egregious sublimities. But nevertheless fanciful *nonentities* were found by commentators, lurking under hieroglyphics that rationality would never have dreamt of, and even the *form* of every *letter* was deemed *symbolical*, and contained some *deep mystery*. א, aleph, they found out to signify the head of an ox; ב, beth, a house, not

from the *meaning* of the word, but the *contour* of the letter ; and so of all the others ; and this pious legerdemain inoculated thousands, who were never a whit the wiser, by absorbing the learned infection, because these mysteries have no affinity for any thing else but themselves.

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No. III. — p. 52.

PAN and PRIAPUS. The following is extracted from the ritual of *Mendes* or the god *Pan*. “ The ladies’ hymn to that deity, under the bicorporeal appearance of half a *man* and half a *goat*, not only as the god of the *woods*, but as the principle of *fecundity* as well. Εγενετο δ’ εν τω νομω τούτῳ επ’ εμευ τουτο το τερας γυναικι τραγῳ̄ εμισγετο αναφανδον τουτο ες επιδειξιν ανθρωπων απικετο. See Herodotus on the prefecture of *Mendes*. Lib. II. chap. 26, also Jablonski *Pantheon Egyptiorum* ;” also Plutarch, Pindar, and Strabo.

After the Author had translated this *obscene* hymn, and rendered it into an English paraphrastic verse, he found he could not publish it on account of its extreme moral *turpitude*, and yet such was the prevalence of *custom*, that the female devotees of the *pagan* worship were not ashamed, under the sanction of what was then called *religion*, to chaunt such infamy in *public* ; nor does it appear that they were branded as *loose women* for the oral devotion ; for indeed such would not have been admitted to these rites ; therefore, they were always ladies of *character* as well as distinction who presented themselves.

No. IV. — p. 62.

GHOSTS, &c.—Although these supposed supernatural visitants, as before stated, have, in a great measure, *subsided* among the *intelligent* part of the community; yet, as a proof that they are not all laid in the *red sea*, in the *general* estimation, the Reader will only have to recollect, a few years back, the wonderful doings at *Stockwell*, in *Surry!* the whole of which transactions were published in a pamphlet, (and signed by most of the *respectable inhabitants* of that place as *witnesses*,) under the title of “*The Wonders of Stockwell!*” wherein a farce is stated to have been carried on, from house to house, for several days and nights together, which baffled all attempts to detect the imposture; sweeping away whole shelves of pewter-dishes and plates, earthenware, china, and glasses; some of which were stated to have jumped and danced about the floors without injury by the *fall*, yet afterwards fell to pieces of their own *accord*; punch-bowls, wine-glasses, tea-equipages, &c. were dashed about the room by an *invisible hand*; casks of ale turned topsy-turvy, and pails of water upset, bells rung, women screamed and went into fits, and the men turned pale, and the whole village was in a state of perfect alarm and uproar, worse than the time of “*The Cock-Lane Ghost!*” Yet all this *rascally knavery* is published with the most (not to say *serious*) but *solemn gravity*, and thorough persuasion of its *spiritual reality!* Nay, a similar farce was played within these *four months*, in the parish of *Bermondsey*; but the goblin, after breaking windows and other diabolic outrages, for a week or a fortnight together, and escaping the vigilance and sagacity of the *police*, was detected by a *rational unbeliever*, to be an *epileptic girl*, whose infernal pranks had obliged the family to quit the house for safety!!!

To these, were it worth while, might be added the wonderful feats said to be performed by the late famous, or rather *infamous*, *Dr. Dee*, and his *black stone*, which he received

either from the angel *Gabriel* or *Raphael*, and by which he could conjure up spirits when he pleased,* and by the *five* words, *wyhrr, wyhrr, wyhrr, abursa, whoop*, disperse them!!! But these *spiritual* performers, like *other players*, always succeeded best when they had their *proper stages* to act on, with convenient *trap-doors, dresses, masks, lights, shades, &c.* and the Greek term, *ὑποκριτής, hypocrite*, is the word for either. And those who are not yet satisfied may consult the *profound Dr. Isaac Casaubon*, whose talents are justly stigmatised and tarnished by *defending* this *solemn imposture*; also another learned *dunce*, *Dr. Glanville*, together with the works of the wretched driveller, *Kelly*, just spoken of in note, who was Dr. Dee's jackal and accomplice. The works of these men are brim full of legerdemain, and wonderful stories of *corpse candles, second sight, funeral processions in the air, transportations through these regions by witches, tales of persons who have been both hag-ridden and hag-riding for many miles together, (for report says they took turn and turn about as men ride in Yorkshire,) and others of persons who have had the power of abstraction, and throwing themselves into what they technically term a luminous crisis, and going into, not the local or ælestial orbs, but the different invisible worlds of ☉, ♃, ♀, ♁, ♄, or ♅, and conversing with the beatified*

* It was in allusion to this wonderful speculum, that the facetious Butler wrote that couplet of his *Hudibras*, part ii. canto 3, l. 631.

“ Kelly did all his feats upon

“ The devil's looking-glass, a stone.”

This black stone, into which Dee used to call his spirits, was in the collection of the Earl of Peterborough, whence it came to the Lady Elizabeth Germaine, it was next the property of the late Duke of Argyle, and is now Mr. Walpole's. Upon examination, it appears to be nothing but a piece of *cannel-coal*, and, without the former spiritual or angelic intercourse and influence, incapable of producing any other effect than that of supporting a *fire* for a few minutes, like another coal. But most likely the *virtue died* with the *redoubtable doctor!* However, Dr. Hook has endeavoured to excuse this vile impostor of necromantic notoriety, by supposing what he wrote and said were to be understood only in a cryptographical acceptation; but those who know the villainous pursuits of Dee must consider the doctor *too lenient*.

or *reprobated* manes of persons who have been dead five hundred years !

As for the tales of *audible* ghosts and haunted houses, though the *superstitious* always resolve these matters by *supernatural* agencies, &c. *rational* men, who resort to *reason* and *nature*, can generally discover them to be either *cats* or *rats* in *town*; and *wind*, *cats*, *rats*, *bats*, or some other *night birds* in the *country*; and the *visible* ones, who seldom come to *town*, nothing more than some phosphoric vapour, *ignis fatuus*, *will-with-a-wisp*, or *jack-with-a-lantern*, which are only exhalations arising from *putrefaction*, unless, as before stated, they are like the *Cock-lane*, *Stockwell*, and *Bermondsey*, ghosts, the effect of some *knavery!* and those who are terrified by such natural operations should read the story of “ the Spectre of the *Broken*, one of the Hartz mountains of Hanover, towards Achtermannshöhe, which terrific figure was frequently so extremely *colossal*, that it measured from five hundred to six hundred feet high, and though perfectly *harmless*, yet his *quotidian* visits had rendered these mountains *fearful to approach*, till *M. Haue* was *temerarius* enough to witness and *philosophise* upon it; when it proved to be no more than *his own shadow*, striking upon the dense vapours beyond the mountain upon the rising or setting of the sun;” and, if all ghosts and spectres were resolutely followed up till *caught*, they would (unless they be *human imposture*) turn out to be quite as *unsubstantial* and *harmless* as the Spectre of the *Broken!*

It being morally impossible to guard children from the officious garrulity or superstitious believers in these supernatural appearances, and the Writer knowing that some fool or other would try to infuse this useless terror into *his* children, by way of insuring *subordination*, and exercising *that* franchise antiquated sots esteem their indubitable prerogative over the rising generation, whether they require it or not; he *anticipated* these teachers by representing to his children the *possibility* of the thing in their *infancy*; but, to counteract the fear, treated on them as *philosophical curiosities* of the first importance;

so that if they seemed inclinable for sport, or chanced to be *ill* at any time, he could always pacify them by the *promised treat of ghost-hunting*, until they would go *alone* about the house of an evening with a bottle to catch one, to see it put under the receiver of an *air-pump*, and be subjected to the pneumatic test instead of a rat,—the natural consequence was what he *expected*, they have not been alarmed at ghosts ever since. This may be a lesson to those parents who are *ruled by their own children*, not to suffer them to be inoculated by such idle stories, with which, if they once become frightened, they never can be persuaded, by reason, to surmount it; and every parent has power enough, if he knows how to govern himself by reservation, to subjugate the most *refractory* child without appealing to the shades of darkness for goblins to discipline them with *lying terrors!*

These strictures can hardly be closed without taking notice of another imposture which frequently annoys the public, under the semblance of *religious prophecy*; the visionaries of which have infested the world in all ages, and even had the effrontery to obtrude themselves in the *nineteenth century*; and, to the disgrace of the age, found *hundreds of thousands* flocking to their mystical standards. Two of the most *notorious* of these, were the mad prophet *Richard Brothers*, who claimed the deity as his *uncle*, and was to lead his followers to *Jerusalem*, and reign over them there as a king, perhaps, for a *thousand years!* But this nonsense, however egregious, was not *too absurd* to be swallowed by Englishmen; for many persons sold off their property to be ready upon the word of command, to join the company, in this *modern quixotic crusade!* and, what is equally strange, this maniac found preachers, coadjutors, and *literary defenders* to his ravings; but, so badly was this poor infatuated man adapted to fulfil his high behest, of leading the people triumphantly to Jerusalem, as prophesied, or to the defence of his own doctrines, that, even in his own house, when opposed by the present Author, and finding himself at a loss for *rational* argument, he pretended to be seized by the *prophetic furor*, ran towards him and put-

ting his hand upon the Author's head, announced the solemn benediction upon him warm from heaven, as he pretended he had just received it. But all impostors are *cowards* when *opposed!* true courage only associates with *integrity!*

Some apology, however, ought to be admitted in his behalf; for the *dilettanti* were as mad as himself; and no wonder that chariots and horses should *run in the head* of a man who was infested all day long by these splendid vehicles of fashion, and besieged by the continual incursions of the *polite* idlers of the town, desperately jostling for *priority* at his *levee!*

The *last* (of any *notoriety*, at least) was *Joanna Southcott*, an infatuated old hag; who, though *professing Christianity*, threatened to bring forth an *Anti-Christ*, Shiloh, into the world! and, without address, talent, plausibility, or any thing else, but flagrant ignorance, blasphemous absurdity, and downright *raving!* had more *volunteer* fanatics in her service than the Sultan of Constantinople, &c. can boast of janissaries in *his!* and not to say any thing of the myriads who paid their *half-crowns* for *seals!* the regalia and apparel which was provided for this *specious embryo of divinity*, or rather *monstrous conception of insanity*, who never appeared, was equally extravagant with *that* bestowed on the *Lady of Loretto*, at *Genoa!* or, "*our Lady of Walsingham*," who insured so much *devotion* and *perquisite* in the *dark ages*. But these insane prophets and prophetesses have infested the world *in all ages*, from the *proto-psuedo* phalanx of "*Korah, Dathan, and Abiram*," down to the present hour; and, were it not for *reason*, (heaven's vicegerent upon earth,) would not only *involve* but keep the people in *continual slavery!*

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No. V. — p. 65.

#### IMMORTALES!

IN vindication of what has been said of the supposed *sanctity* of this *delusive imposture*, let the reader peruse the following old verses, which as they are now very *scarce* may be the more

*interesting*, especially as they profess to be *explanatory*, but, if the *reader* should understand them, it is more than the *writer* does; however, there is a salvo provided for this ignorance in the *first line*.

“ ——No man could yet this science reach,  
 “ Except God send a master him to teach;  
 “ For it is so wonderful and so felcouth,  
 “ That it must needs be taught from mouth to mouth;  
 “ Also he must (be he never so loath)  
 “ Receive it with a most sacred dreadful oath  
 “ —— That he shall not be so mild  
 “ To teach this secret to his *own child*.  
 “ So blood, *as blood*, may have hereof no part:  
 “ But only *virtue* winneth this holy art.  
 “ Therefore straightly you shall search and see  
 “ All virtues and manners with th’ ability  
 “ Of the person which shall this science leere  
 “ And in likewise make him straightly swere!”

Also the following ambiguous rule for operating, or producing this long-sought, but *never found, wonderful stone*, they so warmly imagined would make all their fortunes, and eradicate every species of disease in men and metals both.

Among these fanatics was Jacob Behmen, a shoemaker, alchemist, and *theosopher*, born 1575, in a village of Germany, near *Gorlitz*, whose works were favoured and published, in England, in 2 vols. 4to. by the famous Mr. *W. Law*, author of *Christian Perfection*; they consist of the most rapturous flights of fancy, called “*Aurora*, or the rising of the *sun*,” and are a mixture of astrology, alchemy, philosophy, and divinity, all in the most quaint and obscure style imaginable; however, the verses will give an idea of these *illuminati*, but they are too “*dark*, by *excess of light*,” to be *understood*.

“ Of the *sun* take the light,  
 “ The red gum which is so bright;  
 “ And of the *moon* do also,  
 “ The which gum they two

“ The philosophers *sulphur vive*,  
 “ This I call withouten stryve.  
 “ *Ribright* it is call'd also;  
 “ And other names many moe.  
 “ Of them draw out a *tincture*:  
 “ And make of 'em a marriage pure  
 “ Between the *husband* and the *wife*  
 “ Espoused with the water of life.  
 “ But of *this water* thou must beware,  
 “ Or else thy work will be full bare.  
 “ *He* must be made of his own kind.  
 “ Mark thou now in thy mind.  
 “ *Acetum philosophorum* men call this  
 “ A water abiding to it is.  
 “ The *maiden's milk* of the dew  
 “ That all our work doth renew.  
 “ The *spirit of life* it is call'd also;  
 “ And other names many moe.  
 “ The which causeth our generation  
 “ Between the *man* and the *woman*.  
 “ But look that no division  
 “ Be then in the conjunction  
 “ Of the *moon* and of the *sun*  
 “ After the marriage is begun.  
 “ And all the time they be a wedding  
 “ Give to 'em their drinking,  
 “ *Acetum*, that is good and fine,  
 “ Better to 'em than any wine.  
 “ Now when the marriage is done,  
 “ *Philosophers* call it a *stone*.  
 “ The which hath a great nature  
 “ To bring a *stone* that is so pure,  
 “ So he have kindly *nourishing*,  
 “ Perfect *heat* and *decoction*.  
 “ But in the *matrix* when about,  
 “ Let never the vessel be unshut,  
 “ Till they have engend'ed a *stone*,  
 “ In all the world is not such a one.

“ On the ground there is a hill  
 “ And also a *serpent* in the *well!*”

However unintelligible this farrago may seem to the *present* generation, who are such *sceptics* as to want *demonstration*, this was the study of *adepts in former ages*, among whom, beside Behmen, may be found a Friar *Bacon*, a *Lully*, a *Geber*, a *Paracelsus*, &c. to whom were owing the restoration of what was in those dark times called, by these mystical pretenders, the *chemical art*, after the persecution of the Emperor Dioclesian, who under severe penalties commanded all books relating thereto to be *burnt*. Nor has *this nation*, in *later days*, been left without testimony, that *alchemy* is still preserved *here*; as they must confess, who read *Ashmole's Theatrum Chemicum*; and the works of *Sir Francis Bacon*, *Sir Kenelm Digby*, *Mr. Boyle*, &c.

The last feature of the secret working of this old *anguis in herba*, under a *philo-cryptosophic* garb, at least, were those three *modern hoaxes*, called *Hehlism*,\* *Yeldalism*, and *Perkinism*—Or, 1<sup>mo</sup>, animal magnetism, by which the subject was excited and thrown into a *luminous* or other *crisis*, as they *technically* termed it, by the operator's drawing his hand over the parts, without, however, *touching*, which was said to do *wonders* in medicine, and provoke involuntary motion in the imaginant, such as raising *the hand*, making them *sick*, &c. but when the *grand* operation was to be performed, a considerable deal of *grimace* as well as *gesticulation* attended the farce, such as opening the *hands quite wide*, and *charging*, as they termed it, the patient, by dashing forward, and seeming to throw *manipuli* of air at them, the *eyes* and *mouth* of the operator staring *wide open* the whole time; these mountebank tricks, sometimes played off in *chapels* upon *weak sisters*, would

\* This *mystical system*, which made, and for thirty years kept up, so much noise in the world, under the cunning management of *M. Mesmer*, a physician of *Germany*, together with *M. Deslon*, his pupil, who in *France*, &c. realised £100,000 sterling by the cheat, while *De Louthenburg*, &c. were doing the same in *England*, was the invention of *Father Hehl*, a German physician also, in 1774, as *Drs. Yeldall* and *Perkins* were of the *other two specious delusions*, which bear their names.

throw the poor things into a kind of panic, or hysterics, called a *luminous crisis*, the very *acme* of the art! and, while the patients were in this *frenzied* state of excitation, they could see with their *fingers* or *toes*, and transfer all the senses as they pleased; and not only so, but with their eyes *shut*, could see all things *remote* or *near*, and tell the hour by the *back* of a watch, as well as by the face, in the room or out of it, &c. &c. It was then time to *draw off* or discharge the spiritual influence, and with it the *disease*, no matter what it was. *2do*. The next *hoax* was that of the *achroamatic* belts, which also were *sovereign* and *universal specifics* for *all* diseases; it was performed by about twenty inches of *clock spring*, though no doubt a piece of old *iron hoop* would have done quite as well, to be worn round the waist, magnetised at each end with the *same* quality, not *north* and *south*, but both ends *alike*; to give them what the Doctor called the *centrifugal* power, which could not be *imitated*; the price was *five or six guineas*. *Chapels* again were made the theatres of wonderful manifestation, and thousands of the blind, lame, and lazy, flocked thither; and, though they entered quite emaciated, they were said to be soon restored by these *wonderful belts*, which the Doctor challenged the whole world to *imitate*, and induced the Author to *make them*, and discover that *mystics* was a better trade than his own, for these five or six guinea articles cost him but fifteen or *eighteen pence* each, leaving a very good profit to the patentee inventor!

*Ultimo*. The *metallic tractors* were next introduced to cajole the public, consisting of two semicones, one of *brass* the other of *iron*, made like a small straight *radish*, longitudinally *bisected*; but said to be *mysteriously* compounded of metals and semi-metals, though to *vulgar eyes* they appeared only like *brass* and *iron*; these, like the belts, were only to be traced over the diseased parts *to cure all diseases*, however dissimilar or inveterate. But "*audi alteram partem*," for "these foxes are all tied by their *tails*, if their heads be far apart," and all their pretensions are resolvable into the *first hoax*, of *animal magnetism*, or *self-abuse*; for they are so closely related to the old magical *legerdemain*, that it looks like *consanguinity* itself; and yet

these impostures have met with more patronage, from an ignorant predilection and love of novelty, raree-show, and marvellous, than the most *useful* invention could ever aspire to without this *mysterious* garb to cover it. And many of those practitioners have made ample *fortunes* in *England, France, Germany, &c.* but an insipid and unprincipled age likes to be tickled by matters they do not *understand!*

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No. VI. — p. 70 and 106.

MORTALITY OF INTELLECT IN STATES AND  
NATIONS.

As a proof that every habitable part of the earth is visited in its *turn* by the *intellectual*, as well as the *visible, sun*, let the reader take but a retrospective view of *former times*, and behold the once proud city of *Egypt*, the very *cradle* of the sciences! Of Ethiopia, Babylon, Assyria, Chaldea, Phrygia, Palmyra, Persepolis, Nineveh, Jerusalem, Thermopolis, Sparta, of Athens, and of Rome themselves, beside a number of others, who basked in *prosperity* and revelled in the full fruition and plenitude of luxury, while *Britain* and all the *northern parts* were yet in the most abject state of ignorance and *barbarity!* But where are these cities *now?* Nothing remains to the *best* of them but the disgraced *skeletons* of their former splendour! Their sun is set, perhaps to *rise no more!!!* “And the cormorant, the bittern, the vulture, the eagle, the vampyre, the bat, and the screech-owl,” have long since occupied the proud attics of these once splendid palaces, and every obscene beast and noxious reptile has polluted the lower tenements. Where, too, are their *inhabitants?* *blasted* and lost in *arid nescience*, and sunk and disgraced to the lowest pitch of *slavery* and *barbarity;* or, joining the lawless band of predatory ruffians, are levying contributions upon the frightened passing traveller! or, joined in *horrid league*, sometimes so potent as to intercept, rob, and murder the whole caravan of merchants, though a thousand strong! As for the proud city of *Babylon!* to which *modern*

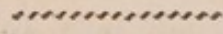
cities are scarcely to be called *hamlets!* the last account to be depended on, describes it as a natural *menagerie*, or a complete den of *wild beasts!*

The mystical accounts, extravagant chronology, and stunning joggles of *Hindostan, China, &c.* if *accredited*, would induce one to suppose these empires *exceptions*, but though they cannot yet be measured by the *same* scale of *final mortality*, are, nevertheless, *no exception* to the rule, that *intellect* is but for a *season!* and even the *insulting* and *boasted antiquity* of the *Shanscrit* language itself and the mysteries of their *Indus Triad* are no exoneration from the *penal laws of nature*;—witness the slavery and stupid mortification of their *Parias* and *Fakirs*, which demonstrate the *sterility of mind* of these zealots, and the superstitious adherence to the disgraceful *Casts*, among the *Hindoos, Gentoos, &c.* which, while their blind devotees are performing nonsensical and even *criminal* works of *supererogation*, in conformity to the *inhuman* mandates of the supposed *most holy* system of religion, are debarred the *common privileges of men*, and are downright *besotted slaves* of a *solemn tyranny!* and their wild account of all their gods from *Brahma* to *Jaggernaut* and *Iswara*, are *equally absurd!* Indeed this overgrown state is but an *enormous* and wealthy *monster at best*; for even all their *sciences* are built upon absurdities which can never be explained by *themselves*, or comprehended by *others*; and, though they claim a *priority* of knowledge on *every subject*, and affect to treat all others with *contempt*; yet, by *their* consent, the world is *never a whit the wiser* for them. As for *architecture, geography, or perspective*, it is *sickening* to see or hear of their projections upon any one of them; and their set *formality* of manners, which assumes so *mysterious* a demeanour and deportment, is only a *solemn foppery* and disguise to its *ignorance* and *deformity!* In a word, it is that sort of *craft* which makes the *illiterate* suppose them *great men*, and shuts the door of all inquiry into their ridiculous absurdities; and the proud boast of their *high antiquity* is (“*risum teneatis!*”) somewhat like the pompous display of seventy-two quarterings in the escutcheon

of a family, who is obliged to refer back a *thousand years* for these splendid achievements, after they have lost all power of *imitating* them; as these do 2367 years to *Confucius!* whose date is but as *yesterday* compared with the duration of their four *Jogues*, or æras of time:—

| Æras of Time. | Contained<br>Years. | Age of<br>Man.                                  |           |
|---------------|---------------------|-------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| 1 Suttee      | } Jogues, {         | } 100,000<br>10,000<br>1,000<br>100 . in Years. |           |
| 2 Tirtah      |                     |                                                 | 3,200,000 |
| 3 Dwapaar     |                     |                                                 | 2,400,000 |
| 4 Collee      |                     |                                                 | 1,600,000 |
|               |                     | 400,000                                         |           |

amounting, all together, to 7,600,000 years! In the *first* Jogue the height of man was twenty-one cubits, or thirty-one feet six inches, by the *least* measure, but if the *scriptural* rule be take one hundred and twenty feet nine inches!—To people who talk at *this* rate *Europeans* can make *no reply!*



No. VII. — p. 91.

#### CASE OF PREMATURE INTERMENT.

Between thirty and forty years ago, another case of the same horrible description transpired in *Bishopsgate* church-yard, London, the victim of which was a *pauper* belonging to that *workhouse*, who had been buried from thence, in that part of the church-yard next *Wormwood-street*, or facing the church. The discovery was made in consequence of some *boys* remaining after the sexton and grave-diggers (who had only *half filled* the grave) had left the spot; but, as the boys were finishing their work they heard the *stifled groans*, and ran to give the *alarm!* but succour came *too late* to be of any avail! for, upon opening the shell, the poor martyr was found in a similar state to the *Bermondsey sufferer!* In the conflict he had turned upon his left side; his lungs were ruptured, and the coffin was *recking* with *blood* from mouth, nose, ears, and eyes, and, by the account of an *eye-witness* to the horrid scene, (who also saw, by accident, this work, before it had proceeded beyond page 90,)

Physician Hawes, of Spital-square, wrote a pamphlet upon the case; in which, it seems, he used similar arguments to the *present*; but such is the criminal apathy of the world in respect to matters where there is *no money to be got*, that the public have suffered the publication to *die*; therefore the Author of the present piece has never yet seen it.

Now, as *this* and all the preceding resuscitations that have been stated, must have been effected *somehow*, and as no *better* reason can, or, at least, *has yet*, been assigned for such *horrible catastrophes*, the Author cannot see any objection to the *mechanical resistance to expiration*, joined to *chemical affinities* and decompositions being the *real and genuine* causes; and, therefore, calls upon humanity and intellect to seriously turn their thoughts to the obviating these perils in future; for, by a *circumstantial* account given, 27th instant, to the Author, in consequence of his prospectus being seen, if *some medical men would tell all they knew*, one in ten still fall victims to this dreadful custom!!!

If the antients had the least idea of these horrors, they are well justified in so frequently blending together *שאול*, *Ades*, *Tartarus*, *Infernus*, and the grave!

THE END.

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### ERRATA.

- Page 9, Line 6, for possessor, read projector.  
 — 12, — 9, for them, read these.  
 — 18, — 15, for it gets, read the subject falls.  
 — 19, — 9, for acceptation, read acceptance.  
 — 20, — 30, (note,) for untainted, read mild and untainted.  
 — 21, — 8, dele the word mortal.  
 — 27, — 20, for required, read requisite.  
 — 32, — 1, for modulated, read modified.  
 — 41, — 15, for procession, read precession.  
 — 43, — 23, for Hence, read Thence.  
 — 58, — 7, for beeto, read bee to.  
 — 60, — 16, for it fixes, read the idea fixes.  
 — 64, — 20, after the word exceptions, add to this knavery.

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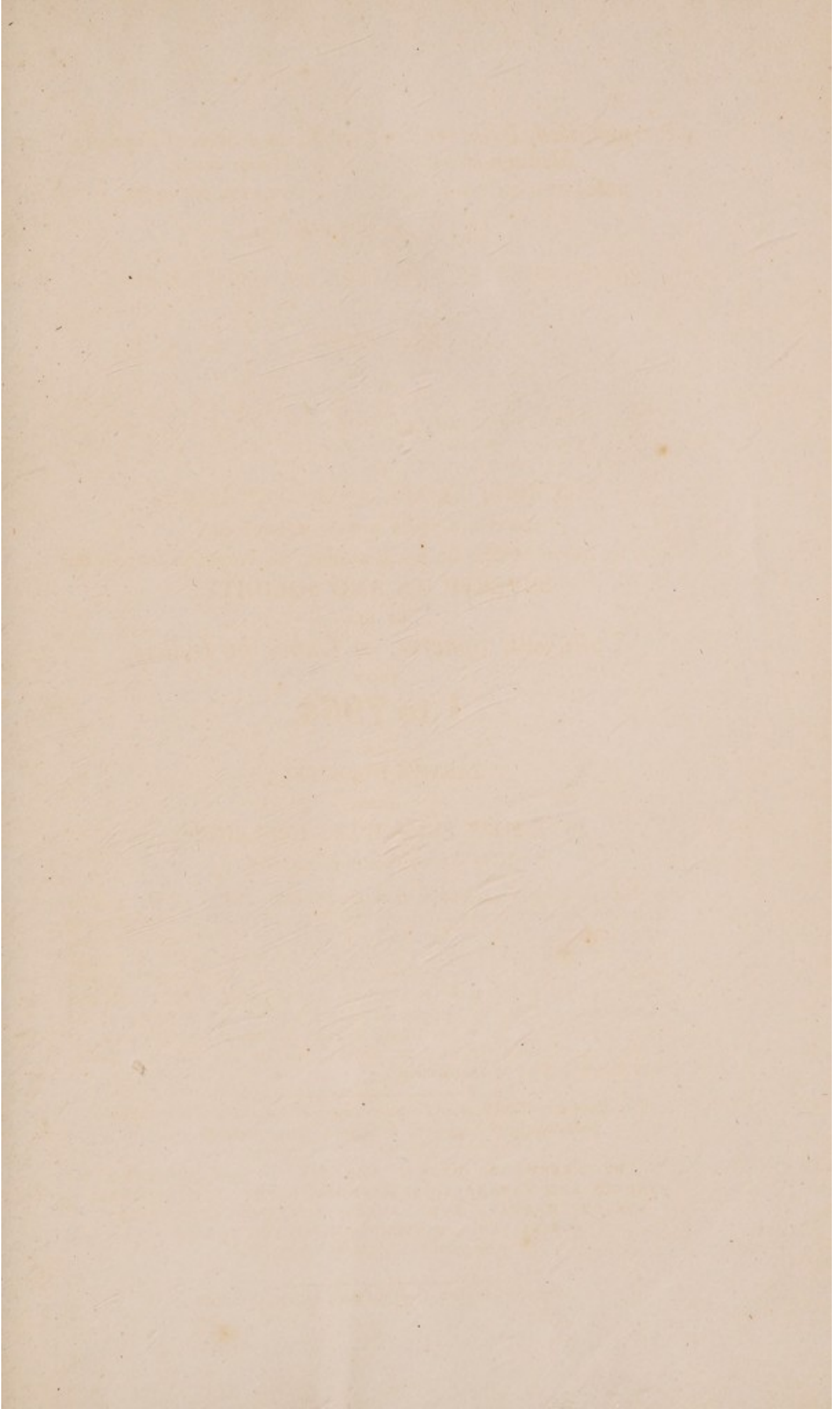
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