

DEFOE DANIEL

THE FRIENDLY DAEMON,
OR THE GENEROUS
APPARITION

Daniel Defoe
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the Generous Apparition

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of a Miraculous Cure, Newly Perform'd / Upon That Famous Deaf and
Dumb Gentleman, Dr. Duncan / Campbel, by a Familiar Spirit That
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BEING

A True Narrative of a miraculous Cure, newly

perform'd upon that famous Deaf and Dumb Gentleman,
Dr. Duncan Campbel,

*By a familiar Spirit that appear'd to him in a white
Surplice, like a Cathedral singing Boy.*
By Daniel Defoe.

*If by our Senses Spirits we perceive,
Or from the strength of Fancy, so believe,
No Fault do we commit that merits blame,
If to the Publick we report the same;
For whether by our Eyes we Spectres see
Or by a second Sight, we must agree,
Things are to us as they appear to be.*

**To my anonymous worthy Friend,
Physician and Philosopher,
whose Name, for certain
Reasons, I forbear to mention**

SIR,

I Cannot, without great Ingratitude, forget the friendly Visits and kind Advice I frequently receiv'd from you, during, not only, a dangerous but tedious Indisposition, which surprisingly seiz'd me in the Year 1717, and, notwithstanding your extraordinary Care as well as unquestionable Judgment, continu'd upon me till the latter end of the Year – 25; in which long interval of Time, the Attendance you gave me, and the Trouble you gave yourself, abstracted from all Interest, made you truly sensible of my unhappy Condition, and myself equally apprehensive of the great Obligations I shall ever be under to so sincere a Friend.

The first occasion of my Illness, as I have good reason to imagine, was a very shocking Surprize given me by certain Persons, who pretended to be my Friends in a considerable Affair then depending, wherein their Treachery threaten'd me with succeeding Ruin, had not Providence interpos'd and deliver'd the Oppress'd from the cruel hands of such deceitful Enemies: Upon whose hard Usage, and the news of my Disappointment,

I was struck at first with a kind of Epilepsy and depriv'd of all my Senses in an Instant, drop'd down in a publick Coffee-House, under violent Agitations, which, it seems, are generally concomitant with this miserable Distemper; but being luckily assisted and kindly supported by some Gentlemen present, I happen'd to escape those ill Consequences that might otherwise have attended me, during the extremity of my Convulsions, which were reported, by those that held me, to be so strong as to be almost insupportable, till the Paroxism declin'd, which terminated in a cold Sweat, Trembling and Weeping, and this was the first Attack that ever this terrible Assailant made upon me; tho' afterwards he forc'd himself into a further familiarity with me (much against my Will) nor could your kind Endeavours, by the Art of Physick, back'd with my own strength of Constitution, fright away this evil Companion from me, till my good Genius, by the direction of Providence, communicated a particular Secret to me, which, with God's Blessing, has lately prov'd my Deliverance, in what manner, before I conclude, I shall very freely acquaint you, in hopes you will favour me with your candid Opinion in answer thereunto.

Near eight Years, was a long Time to continue under the frequent returns and uncomfortable dread of such a shocking Affliction, which, upon every little disorder of Mind or disappointment in Business, never fail'd to visit me; till, by convulsive or involuntary Motions in my Head and other Parts of my Body, my Eyes were bury'd in their Sockets, my other

Features contracted, my Limbs often distorted, my Bowels sometimes wrack'd with intolerable Pains, and all the Faculties of my Mind so greatly weaken'd and impair'd, that I, who, for many Years before, had been esteem'd as an Oracle, by the most Polite and Curious part of both Sexes, was now, for want of strength of Mind and ability of Body to imploy my Talent and excercise my Art as usual, treated like an old Soldier, who had lost his Limbs in the Service of his Country, and thought only worthy, by way of requital, to be made a hobbling Pensioner in some starving Hospital; but, I thank my Stars, it prov'd not quite so bad with me, for tho' some Ladies were too hasty and importunate to bear with the least disappointment or admit of any delay, without shewing their resentment, or refusing to trust their Money till my Convulsions afforded me a rational Interval, wherein I might be able to give them ample Satisfaction: Yet, others, of a more considerate, easy and compassionate Temper, were so highly concern'd for my too apparent Indisposition, that, in order to drive out this tormenting Demon that possess'd me, they brought me all the old Recipes they could muster up among their crazy Aunts and Grandmothers, practis'd upon all Occasions in their several Families, perhaps ever since the Times of *Galen* and *Hippocrates*, but, having been long under the Care and Friendship of so able a Physician as your self, tho' to little or no purpose, I could nor put Faith enough in old Womens Medicines to receive Benefit thereby, so, under a kind of despondency of every thing but Providence, I suffer'd

my Distemper to take its own Course, till my Fits encreas'd upon me, to at least twenty in a Day, and by their frequent reiterations brought, at length, such a dimness upon my Sight, such a weakness in my Joints, and tremor upon my Nerves, that render'd me incapable of all manner of Business, especially that which I had so long profess'd and successfully perform'd, to the full Satisfaction and great Astonishment of Thousands; but being now unable to Write; and, for want of Speech, having no other way of communicating my Answers to the demands of the Ladies and Gentlemen that apply'd themselves to me, except by Digitation, which they understood not, I was forc'd sometimes, when much disorder'd by my Convulsions, to send 'em away dissatisfy'd, which, if it were any Mortification to them, prov'd a much greater to my self, because, upon my ready performances in the Mystery I am Master of, depends the welfare of my whole Family.

Under these unhappy Circumstances I labour'd till the Month of *October*, in the Year – 24, confin'd by my Distemper to my own Habitation, not daring to go abroad for fear of falling in the Streets, having been before surpriz'd by my Fits in *St. James's* Park and several other Places; but, about this Time, being possess'd with a strong Inclination to the Cold-Bath, near *Sir John Oldcastle's*, and the great desire I had to experience the same, being highly encourag'd by your Advice and Approbation, I summon'd all the Strength I had to my Assistance, and pursuant to the Dictates of my own restless Mind, had recourse thither

accordingly, attended by a proper Person to take due Care of me, for fear of the worst.

I had not repeated this cold Expedient above twice or thrice, but I was sensible of the Benefits I receiv'd thereby, for my Distemper began to treat me with less severity than usual, and my Fits were succeeded with a greater Defluction of Tears than what was common, before I apply'd my self to the Bath, so that, after my Weeping was over, I found my self much refresh'd and all my Faculties abundantly more alert, than at any Time they had been since my first Illness, insomuch, that, from a timely continuance of this external Application, I entertain'd great hopes of a perfect Recovery; but, notwithstanding my diligent Prosecution of this sharp and shivering Method, I was, to my great Sorrow, unhappily disappointed; for my Convulsions were as frequent, tho' not so violent as formerly, and I was now again divested of all hopes of Relief, except by the Hand of Providence, having nothing to trust to, but that infallible Physician who can Cure all things in an Instant.

The Despondency I was now under of any Assistance from humane Art, and the slender Opinion you seem'd to entertain of my Recovery, made my Intervals as Melancholy as my Fits were troublesome; oppress'd with these hard Circumstances, I supported a burthensome Life, and drag'd on the tedious Hours till the latter end of the Year – 25, about which Time, as I was slumbering one Morning in my Bed, after a restless Night, my good *Genius* or Guardian Angel, Cloth'd in a white Surplice like

a singing Boy, appear'd before me, holding a Scrowle or Label in his right Hand, whereon the following Words were wrote in large Capitals.

READ, BELIEVE AND PRACTISE, THE
LOADSTONE SHALL BE YOUR CURE, WITH AN
ADDITION OF THE POWDER HERE PRESCRIB'D
YOU; BUT KEEP THE LAST AS A SECRET; FOR
WITH THAT AND THE MAGNET YOU SHALL
RELIEVE NUMBERS IN DISTRESS, AND LIVE
TO DO GREATER WONDERS THAN YOU HAVE
HITHERTO PERFORM'D; THEREFORE BE OF GOOD
CHEAR, FOR YOU HAVE A FRIEND UNKNOWN,
WHO, IN THE TIME OF TROUBLE, WILL NEVER
FAIL YOU.

This comfortable News, tho' deliver'd to me after so surprizing a manner, yet, was it very welcome to a languishing Person under a complication of Misfortunes, notwithstanding I had a great struggle with my natural Reason, before I could convince my self of what I was yet confident my very Eyes had seen, or at least had been represented to me after an extraordinary manner, for betwixt really seeing what we call a Vision or verily believing we do see it, there is but a slender difference; however, the intire Confidence I had put in Providence, and the great desire I had to be reliev'd, were to me convincing Arguments, beyond all Objection, that my Guardian Angel had actually appear'd and communicated to my Eyes the very Scrowle that I had read, the Words of which, lest my Memory should have prov'd

treacherous, I enter'd in my Pocket-Book as they are before recited, the Recipe only excepted.

Having thus subjected my Reason to my Senses, or at least my Faith, for I either saw or believ'd I saw what I have here reported, I had nothing else to do, but to put in Practice the Receipt which my good *Genius* had imparted to me, tho' how to come at a Loadstone, seem'd to me as difficult as to find out the Philosopher's Stone, having but a slender Knowledge of the thing it self, and much less of its Virtues; however, upon enquiry, I soon found out a certain Virtuoso, near *Moorfields*, who is an eminent dealer in such sort of Curiosities, and by his Assistance I presently furnish'd my self with what I wanted, and sending for some fat Amber and a certain preparation of Steel, which I privately dispens'd in a very particular manner, according to the *Recipe* communicated by my *Genius*; then applying both as directed, was miraculously deliver'd, in a great measure, from those wracking Convulsions which had so long afflicted me, and in less than a Month's Time my whole Microcosm was restor'd to such a happy State of Health, Strength and Vivacity, that Heaven be prais'd, I could do any thing as usual, but, if I leave off my Loadstone for two or three Days, which I have sometimes done, meerly out of Curiosity, my Fits, as yet, will remind me of my foolish Presumption, and force me to have recourse to my wonderful Preservative, which has not only prov'd so great a friend to my self, but has reliev'd others in the like distress; and as I have found by three or four late Experiments, is as effectual

in suppressing Vapours and removing or preventing Hysterick Fits in Women, as it is in Epilepsies and Convulsions in our own Sex, either Men or Children.

Now, Doctor, since I have happily conquer'd so stubborn an Enemy, by such miraculous means, as do not fail to afflict others as well as my self, I desire you will vouchsafe me your real Sentiments of this uncommon way of Cure, your Notions of the *Genii*, and the wonderful manner of communicating the *Recipe*, your Thoughts of the Loadstone and the Virtues thereof, your Opinion of Sympathy and the Cures perform'd thereby, for I know you are Philosopher sufficient, as well as Physician, to give a very good light into all these Mysteries, in which I own I am to seek; therefore hope you will condescend so far as to spend a leisure Hour upon the foregoing Particulars, and you will infinitely oblige,

Sir,

Your assured Friend,

and humble Servant,

Duncan Campbel.

*To my Deaf and Dumb Friend, Mr.
Duncan Campbel, in Answer to
his Letter to an anonymous worthy
Friend, Physician and Philosopher*

SIR,

I Receiv'd your Letter and read the same, with no less Surprise than Satisfaction; for, as I am greatly pleas'd at your miraculous Recovery, so, I am equally astonish'd at the wonderful Means by which it was obtain'd; I confess, I have been too great a Student in Physick and natural Philosophy, to entertain any extraordinary Opinion of Miracles, no ways accountable to human Reason, except those that concern Religion, which are brought down to our Knowledge well attested and recommended to our Faith by unexceptionable Authorities; not, but, that I am ready to admit, that the Power of Healing is in the Hand of Providence, and that some Patients, when their Distempers, thro' the frailty of humane Judgment, derive their Essence from so obscure an Original that even puzzles the Physician, I am free to acknowledge, especially when the Blessing of God accompanies the Administration, that the most trifling application in the Eyes of Art, may recover such Persons from the most dangerous Infirmities: This, I look upon to be your extraordinary Case, and therefore think not the means to

which you ascribe your Cure or the manner of the *Recipe's* being communicated to you, a proper subject for a Physical Enquiry, unless you had sent me the Prescription of your *Genius*, which I understand by your Letter, you are oblig'd to conceal, and then perhaps I should have been able to have judg'd, in some measure, which of the Applications are most Essential, the Powder or the Loadstone, also how far your Guardian Angel is a Regular Proficient in the modern Practise of Physick.

However, as you desire my Opinion of the *Genii*, the Loadstone, the Powder of Sympathy, and the like, I shall not be only willing to give you my own Thoughts, but the Sentiments of others, before I take my leave, who have made the foregoing Particulars their principal Studies, and are therefore better acquainted with the nature of Spirits, than I pretend to be.

As for *Genii* or familiar Spirits, good and bad, believ'd and reported, by the most Wise and Learned of the Ancients, to attend Mankind, and the various Operations they have had upon humane Minds as well as Bodies, I cannot but confess, seem very wonderful to my defective Understanding; yet, when we observe what innumerable Instances have been handed to us by the most reputable Authors, both Antique and Modern, attested from Time to Time by unquestionable Authorities, who, that, before he div'd into these Mysteries, look'd upon the same to be Whimsy, can forbear staggering in his Opinion?

The most celebrated Instance of a *Genius* among the Ancients, is that of *Socrates*, one of the wisest of the Philosophers in the

Age he liv'd in, and that he had such a familiar Spirit to attend him, which the *Greeks* call'd *Dæmon*, and the *Latins* *Genius*, is sufficiently testify'd by three of his Contemporaries, viz. *Plato*, *Xenophon* and *Antisthenes*, also further confirm'd by *Laertius*, *Plutarch*, *Maximus Tyrius*, *Dion*, *Chrysostomus*, *Cicero*, *Apuleius*, and *Facinas*; besides others more Modern, as, *Tertullian*, *Origen*, *Clemens Alexandrinus*, &c. but that which is of greater Authority than all the Vouchers aforementioned, is what *Socrates* says of himself, in *Plato's Theage*, viz. *By some Divine Lot, I have a certain Dæmon, which has follow'd me from my Childhood, as an Oracle; and this Voice, says he, for so he terms it, whenever it speaks to me, disswades me from engaging in what I am about to put in Action, but never prompts me to attempt any thing.* This, I presume, might be the chief Reason, why *Socrates* persu'd not his own Inclinations, which were naturally Vicious, as himself confess'd to the Physiognomist, but was always accompany'd with a divine Spirit that restrain'd him from it; for, in speaking to *Alcibiades*, a vicious Noble Man of *Athens*, but reclaim'd by *Socrates*; says he, *My Tutor* (meaning the Spirit that attended him) *is wiser and better than you.* And to further shew, that what he call'd his *Dæmon*, was something more than a secret Impulse of the Mind, or Dictates of a good Conscience, *Theocritus* affirms in *Plutarch*, that a Vision attended *Socrates* from his Childhood, going before him and guiding him in all the Actions of his Life, being a constant light to him in such Affairs as lay not within the reach of humane standing, and that the Spirit often

spoke to him, divinely governing and inspiring his Intentions. A thousand Instances of the like nature, I could collect from the Ancients, to prove, that what you have reported to me, in your Letter, may be no Delusion, but real Fact, with all it's surprising Circumstances, could the Task be compris'd within the compass of a Letter, but, a Treatise of this nature, being much fitter for a Volume, I shall only proceed to a few familiar Instances of a more modern Date, that your wonderful Cure may gain Credit with the Publick, because I know your Sincerity.

Froissard reports, That in the Time of *Edward* the Third, there was a certain Knight in *France*, call'd *Corasse*, who could tell every thing Transacted throughout the whole World, in a Day or two at the most, were the distance never so remote, and this he did by an invisible Intelligencer or familiar Spirit, which he call'd *Orthone*, who was always at his Command and brought him News continually for many Years, till, at last, he lost the Benefit of so useful a Companion, through a vain desire of gratifying his Curiosity after the following manner, (*viz.*) The Knight, having hitherto only heard the Voice of his spiritual Emissary, was now infatuated with an earnest inclination to behold his Shapes, which favour he requested of *Orthone*; accordingly, whose Answer was, that the first thing he should see on the morrow Morning, after he was risen from his Bed, should be the Object he desir'd, or Words to that effect. The Knight, the next Morning, pursuant to the direction of his Spirit, arose from his Bed, look'd about him, but could not discover any thing worthy of Remark; upon

which disappointment, he upbraided *Orthone*, with being worse than his Word, who reply'd he had kept his Promise, desiring the Knight to remind himself of what he had first observ'd after his rising; the Knight, upon recollection, reply'd, that he saw nothing uncommon, but a couple of Straws tumbling upon the Ground and sporting with one another, as if agitated by the Wind; *That was I*, saith the Spirit, *and therefore I kept my Word*. Then the Knight desir'd to see him once more, in such a Shape as might induce him, the next Time, to take more notice of him, to which the Spirit consented, saying, *the first thing you see to morrow Morning, after your uprising, shall be me again*; accordingly, when the Time appointed was arriv'd and the Knight was risen from his Bed, looking out of his Chamber Window, the first Object he espy'd, was a Lean ill-favour'd Sow, so deform'd and ugly, that he was not able to abide the sight of her; and not expecting *Orthone* to appear to him in so homely a manner, he set his Dogs upon the Sow, to drive her away, who being highly affronted at such unfriendly usage, immediately Vanish'd, to the Knight's great surprise; and his old acquaintance *Orthone*, never came near him after. This relation, *Froissard* asserts he had from the Knight's own Mouth, with whom he was very intimate.

From hence I conclude, That the same sort of Spirit that attended *Corasse*, has been always a Friend to you, not only of late, in your miraculous Recovery, but has at all Times assisted you in Writing the Names of Strangers, discovering the most secret Intrigues and foretelling future Events, for which you have

long been Famous. As a further Proof of the Existence of Spirits and that at some other Times, as well as in your Case, they have prescrib'd Physick to their living Friends, I shall quote an Instance out of Mr. *Glanvil's Reports*, attested by the late Lord *Orrery*, the Famous Mr. *Greatrix*, and many others, living in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second.

A Gentleman in *Ireland*, near to the Earl of *Orrery's* House, sending his Butler one Afternoon to a neighbouring Village to buy Cards, as he pass'd a Field, espy'd a Company in the middle thereof, sitting round a Table, with several Dishes of good Cheer before them, and moving towards 'em, they all arose and Saluted him, desiring him to sit down and take part with them; but one of them whisper'd these Words in his Ear, *viz. Do nothing this Company invites you to*: Whereupon, he refusing to accept of their Kindness, the Table and all the Dainties it was furnish'd with immediately vanish'd, but the Company fell to Dancing and playing upon divers Musical Instruments, the Butler being a second Time solicited to partake of their Diversions, but would not be prevail'd upon to engage himself with them; upon which, they left off their Merry-making and all fell to Work, still pressing the Butler to make one among 'em, but to no purpose; so that, upon his third refusal, they all vanish'd and left the Butler alone, who in a great Consternation return'd home, without the Cards, fell into a Fit as he enter'd the House, but, soon recovering his Senses, related to his Master all that had pass'd.

The following Night, one of the Ghostly Company came to

the Butler's Bed-side and told him, that if he offer'd to stir out the next Day, he would be carry'd away; upon whose Advice, he kept within till towards the Evening, and having then an Occasion to make Water, ventur'd to set one Foot over the Threshold of the Door, in order to ease himself, which he had no sooner done, but a Rope was cast about his Middle, in the Sight of several Standers-by, and the poor Man was hurry'd from the Porch with unaccountable Swiftmess, follow'd by many Persons, but they were not nimble enough to overtake him, till a Horseman, well mounted, happening to meet him upon the Road, and seeing many followers in pursuit of a Man hurry'd along in a Rope, without any Body to force him, catch'd hold of the Cord and stop'd him in his Career, but receiv'd, for his Pains, such a strap upon his Back with one End of the Rope, as almost fell'd him from his Horse; however, being a good Christian, he was too strong for the Devil, and recover'd the Butler out of the Spirits Clutches and brought him back to his Friends.

The Lord *Orrery*, hearing of these strange Passages, for his further Satisfaction in the Truth thereof, sent for the Butler, with leave of his Master, to come and continue some Days and Nights at his House, which, in Obedience to his Lordship, the Servant did accordingly, who after his first Night's Bedding there, reported to the Earl in the Morning, that his Spectre had again been with him, and assur'd him, that on that very Day he should be spirited away, in spite of all the Measures that could possibly be taken to prevent it: Upon which, he was conducted

into a large Room, with a considerable Number of holy Persons to defend him from the Assaults of Satan; among whom, was the famous stroker of bewitch'd Persons, Mr. *Greatrix*, who liv'd in the Neighbourhood, and knew, as may be presum'd, how to deal with the Devil as well as any Body; besides several eminent Quality were present in the House, among the rest, two Bishops, all waiting the wonderful Event of this unaccountable Prodigy.

Till part of the Afternoon was spent, the Time slid away in nothing but Peace and Quietness, but, at length, the enchanted Patient was perceiv'd to rise from the Floor without any visible Assistance, whereupon, Mr. *Greatrix* and another lusty Man clapt their Arms over his Shoulders, and endeavour'd to weigh him down with their utmost Strength, but to no purpose, for the Devil prov'd too powerful, and after a hard struggle on both sides, made them quit their hold, and snatching the Butler from 'em, carry'd him over their Heads and toss'd him in the Air, to and fro, like a Dog in a Blanket; several of the Company running under the poor Wretch to save him from the Ground, by which means, when the Spirits Frolick was over, they could not find that in all this hurry-scurry, the frighted Butler had receiv'd the least Damage, but was left in *Statu quo*, upon the same Premises, to prove the Devil a Liar.

The Goblins, for this bout, having given over their Pastime, and left their Maygame to take a little repose, that he might in some Measure be refresh'd against their next Sally, My Lord order'd, the same Night, two of his Servants to lie with him, for

fear some Devil or other should come and catch him Napping, notwithstanding which, the Butler told his Lordship the next Morning, that the Spirit had again been with him in the likeness of a Quack Doctor, and in his right Hand a wooden Dish-full of grey Liquor, like a Mess of Porridge, at sight of which, he endeavour'd to awake his Bedfellows, but the Spectre told him his attempts were fruitless, for that his Companions were enchanted into a deep Sleep, advising him not to be frighted, for he came as a Friend, and was the same Spirit that caution'd him in the Field against complying with the Company he there met, when he was going for the Cards; adding, that if he had not refus'd to come into their Measures, he had been for ever miserable; also wonder'd he had escap'd the Day before, because he knew there was so powerful a Combination against him; but assur'd him, that for the future there would be no more attempts of the like Nature; further telling the poor trembling Butler, that he knew he was sadly troubl'd with two sorts of Fits, and, therefore, as a Friend, had brought him a Medicine that would Cure him of both, beseeching him to take it, but the poor Patient, who had been so scurvily us'd by these sort of Doctors, and fearing the Devil might be at the Bottom of the Cup, would not be prevail'd upon to swallow the Dose, which made the Spirit Angry; who told him, however, he had a kindness for him, and that if he would bruise the Roots of Plantane without the Leaves, and drink the the Juice thereof, it should certainly Cure him of one sort of his Fits, but as a Punishment for his Obstinacy in refusing the

Liquor, he should carry the other to his Grave, then the spiritual Doctor ask'd his Patient if he knew him; the Butler answer'd, *No. I am, says he, the wandring Ghost of your old Acquaintance John Hobby, who has been dead and bury'd these seven Years; and ever since, for the wickedness of my Life, have been lifted into the Company of those Evil-Spirits you beheld in the Fields, am hurry'd up and down in this restless Condition, and doom'd to continue in the same wretched State till the Day of Judgment.* Adding, that *Had you serv'd your Creator in the days of your Youth, and offer'd up your Prayers that Morning, before you were sent for the Cards, you had not been treated by the Spirits that tormented you, with so much Rigour and Severity.*

After the Butler had reported these marvellous Passages to my Lord and his Family, the two Bishops, that were present, among other Quality, were thereupon consulted, whether or no, it was proper for the Butler to follow the Spirit's Advice, in taking Plantane Juice for the Cure of his Fits, and whether he had done well or ill, in refusing the Liquid Dose which the Spectre would have given him; the Question, at first, seem'd to be a kind of moot Point, but, after some struggle in the Debate, their Resolution was, that the Butler had acted, through the whole Affair, like a good Christian, for that it was highly sinful to follow the Devil's Advice in any thing, and that no Man should do Evil that Good might come of it; so that, in short, the poor Butler, after all his Fatigue, had no amends for his trouble, but was deny'd, by the Bishops, the seeming Benefit that the Spirit intended him.

I do not introduce this old surprising Story to amuse you, but to let you know, that it is no new thing for Spectres to turn Doctors to such ailing Persons as they retain a Respect for, and that your *Genius* was not the first Spirit that ever practis'd Physick; therefore, if this Narrative reported by *Glanvil*, *Beaumont*, and others, may obtain Credit, upon the Authorities of my Lord *Orrery*, Mr. *Greatrix*, and divers Persons, who were in a great measure Eye-Witnesses of the matter, I see no Reason I have to doubt the Truth of your Letter, since I know your Integrity; besides, it has always been allow'd by such Dæmonologers as have Publish'd their Thoughts upon the visibility of Spirits, that *Scotland*, is never without such a sort of People as they call Second-sighted, who have not only the Power of discerning Apparitions, but, by their frequent Conversation with Spirits, foretel future Events, to the great Astonishment of all Persons that consult them: That there are such sort of Diviners in the World, especially in *Scotland*, I am throughly convinc'd; of which Number I take your self to be one, but how to account for your mysterious Performances, I readily confess, I know not, and therefore shall submit that Task to such as are qualify'd with a more subtil Penetration.

I doubt I have tir'd your Patience with too much Prolixity upon familiar Spirits, therefore, to make you amends, I will be but short in my Dissertation upon the Loadstone; which in the first place, is, a very ponderous Fossile, found in different Climates, and seems in its Nature and Qualities to be nearly related to

Iron Oar, from whence it is endow'd with a peculiar property of drawing Iron to its self by the Power of Sympathy, or the natural Disposition it has to Embrace that particular Metal. In *Ægypt* there are large Mines of it, some few Magnets have been found in *Æthiopia*, which have attracted Iron very forcibly; but two sorts are dug up at the foot of the *Sardinian* Mountains, of such different Natures, that as one draws Iron, the other will repel it; as you will find it reported by *Johannes Jonstonus*, in his *History of Nature*, also by *Pliny*, in his Second Book, who, for the aforesaid Reason, calls this Stone *Theamedes*: As to the singular Virtues hitherto discover'd in the common Loadstone, the most admirable of all are the strict Correspondence it maintains with the two Poles, and the wonderful Property it communicates, by a touch, to the Needle, for the Benefit of Mariners. The Power of its Attraction, is thought by some Virtuosos to be owing to a clammy bituminous Substance, by which the Contexture of the more solid Parts are closely semented and confirm'd; to prove this, work a Loadstone in the Fire and it shall cast forth a blewish Flame, like that of lighted Brimstone, and so continue, till it spends its Life and loses the Power of Attraction. There is a great deal of Sulphur in Iron as well as in the Loadstone, which is the principal Cause of their Sympathising with each other, and if you destroy the first in either, the last will fail in course, which is the Reason, why the Loadstone will not attract the Rust of Iron, tho' it will the Filings, because in the former, the bituminous Matter is quite spent and nothing left but a kind of *Caput mortuum*.

The Loadstone hath also two Poles, which answer those in the Heavens, if you touch the Needle with the North Pole of the Stone, it will point to the Artick, if with the South part thereof, as it stood posited in the Mine, it will point to the Antartick, but not with the utmost exactness, except it stands in the Meridian. But to be further satisfy'd in these Mysteries, have recourse to *Libavius, Cardanus, Pliny, Bodin, Porta*, our own *Philosophical Transactions*, and such Authors as have treated more largely upon this Subject: for, I suppose, all that you want to know of me is, if ever I have heard from others, or discover'd by my own Experience, any such Physical Virtue in the Loadstone, as may tend to the Cure of any Chronical or other Disease incident to humane Bodies, that may strengthen the Opinion you seem to entertain of it in such Cases, from the Benefit your self has lately receiv'd in so extraordinary a manner.

In answer to this, I confess, I have heard it affirm'd (but not by a Physician) that the Loadstone hath withdrawn the Inflammation and given Ease in the Gout, and by changing the Application of it from one side to the other, has at length chas'd it away, to the perfect recovery of the Patient; but in any other Case, excepting your own, I never heard of a Cure so much as facilitated or attempted to be perform'd thereby; therefore, as the Use of it in any Disease is quite Foreign to the common Practice of Physick, if others, as well as your self, have receiv'd Benefit by this new Discovery, I think not my self oblig'd to account for it, till it becomes practical among my own Fraternity, and then it will

be Time enough for any Physician to give his Thoughts thereon; besides, I am a Stranger to the Preparation prescrib'd to you by your *Genius*, and without the knowledge of that material Secret, it is impossible for any Physician, in your Case, to make a clear Judgment, or to know which of the two your Cure is chiefly owing to, the Powder or the Loadstone; for how far the latter may operate upon a Body prepar'd by *Pulvis Martis* or other Chalybeates, I shall not pretend to determine, tho', for ought I know, wonderful Cures may be perform'd in that way, but upon what Reason in Nature, such a new System can be founded, seems very remote from my present understanding; but, since you are become sole Master of so wonderful a Secret, my Advice is, that you keep the *Recipe* to your self, in Obedience to your *Genius*, and tho' you Assist others, never to do it without Fee or Reward, for all useful Discoveries ought to be render'd Profitable.

In answer to the last Article of your Request, I shall now proceed to say something of Sympathy, and the Cures reported to have been done thereby. The Sympathetick Powder, so highly esteem'd about a hundred Years since, by Men of Art in this Kingdom, was first brought into *Europe* by a Religious *Carmelite*, who in his Travels thro' *India*, *Persia*, and *China*, had made himself Master of this Secret, and from some of those *Eastern* Countries, came over into *Tuscany*, where he perform'd many considerable Cures by this occult Method, to the great Astonishment of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons in

those Parts; insomuch that the Duke of *Tuscany* himself was very desirous of becoming Master of this surprizing *Arcanum*, but, the honest Fryar by many handsome Excuses brought himself off, and would not be prevail'd upon to communicate his *Nostrum* to his Highness.

Some few Months after this, our Famous *English* Virtuoso, Sir *Kenelm Digby*, happening in his Travels to be at the Grand Duke's Court, an Opportunity fell accidentally in the Knight's way to do the Fryar a Service, which the good old Man took so kindly at his hands, that he recompenc'd the Curtesy with a Discovery of his Secret; and soon after returning into *Persia*, left no Man in *Europe* Master of the same but Sir *Kenelm*, who was the first Person that brought the *Recipe* into *England*, and that here wrought Cures by it himself, and recommended it to the Practice of others; so that, in a little Time, every Mother-Midwife, and Country Fleabeard, became topping Surgeons, especially for the Cure of Green-Wounds; for it is not to be trusted to, in other Cases.

This Sympathetick Powder, by which many Miracles have been perform'd at great Distances, is nothing more than the Simple Powder of *Roman Vitriol*, either Chymically prepar'd, or imperfectly calcin'd in the Beams of the Sun; from whence, 'tis said, it derives a very balsamick Virtue; a little of this apply'd to any Instrument that has done Mischief, or to a Rag dip'd into, or stain'd with, the Blood of a Wound, never fails of Curing the Patient at the widest Distance, provided the Wound be Curable.

Sir *Kenelm Digby*, to advance the Credit of this surprising Medicine, speaks very largely in Commendation thereof, in a little Treatise of his, written first in *French*, upon the same Subject; wherein he boasts of a remarkable Cure perform'd by himself, in a most wonderful manner, with only the use of this astonishing Powder; and, therefore, as in religious Cases, Example goes beyond Precept, so, to convince you of the Miracles perform'd by Sympathy, Instances, perhaps, may prove more effectual than Arguments; for which Reason, I shall proceed to furnish you with a notable Experiment of this Magical Powder, and so conclude.

"Mr. *James Howel*, a trusty Servant to King *James* the First, famous in those Days for Compiling a Treatise, entitled *Dendrologia*, and afterwards for his Legacy to the World, call'd, *Epistoliæ Ho-Elianaæ*, happen'd, when he was a Young Gentleman, to accidentally come by, when two of his dearest Friends were fiercely Engag'd in a very dangerous Duel, and to prevent the Mischief very likely to ensue, too rashly catch'd hold, with his naked Hand, of his Sword, whose Passion prompted him to be the most desperate; in which attempt, the Weapon, being drawn through Mr. *Howel's* Palm, cut the Nerves and Muscles thereof to the very Bone, and, as they were thus Scuffling, holding up the same Hand to defend one of his Friends from a Blow upon his Head, receiv'd another cut upon the back of his Hand, cross all the Veins and Tendons, more terrible than the former, which, his Friends perceiving, put a sudden stop

to their inebrious Fury, run both to embrace him and to express their sorrow for the unhappy Accident, lending him their Assistance to bind up his Wounds with one of his own Garters, and so conducted him to his Lodgings, where they sent immediately for a Surgeon, who found the Case desperate, for he bled abundantly.

"Mr. *Howel*, being a Gentleman much respected by the Quality, the News of his Misfortune soon reach'd the Court; and his Majesty, having, also, a great regard for him, sent one of his own Surgeons to attend him, who found the Case to be so very bad that he seem'd doubtful of a Cure, without cutting off his Hand, which occasion'd Mr. *Howel*, about five Days after the Hurt receiv'd, to apply himself to his good Friend and Neighbour, Sir *Kenelm Digby*, who, at that Time was famous for the Sympathetick-Powder, begging his Assistance in that painful Extremity, telling him, that his Surgeons were apprehensive of a Gangrene.

"Sir *Kenelm*, opening the Wounds, found a terrible Case of it, and a dangerous Inflammation upon the Part, which, Mr. *Howel* acknowledg'd, gave him such intolerable Pain as was scarce supportable; the Knight, ask'd him, if he had any Bandage with the Blood upon it, Mr. *Howel* answer'd, *Yes*; accordingly sent his Servant for the bloody Garter which had first bound up his Wounds, and deliver'd it to Sir *Kenelm*, who, calling for a Bason of Water, went into his Closet for a handful of his Powder, which he infus'd therein, and then soak'd the Garter in the same Liquor; whilst Mr. *Howel* was talking with another Gentleman, at the further End of the Room, not knowing in the least what

Sir *Kenelm* was doing, who, after he had bath'd the Garter in the Bason about a Minute, call'd to his Patient and ask'd him how he found himself, who answer'd, *So wonderful Easy that the Inflammation seems to be totally Extinguish'd, the Pain quite gone off, and my Hand I find as cool and as much refresh'd, as if it was wrap'd up in a wet Napkin.* Then, reply'd the Knight, *fling off your Dressings, meddle no more with Plasters, only keep your Wounds clean and from the Air, and I doubt not, but in a few Days Time, I shall effectually Cure you, without putting you to any further Trouble.* Much Comforted with this Assurance, Mr. *Howel* took a thankful Leave of Sir *Kenelm*, and so departed.

"Mr. *Howel*, had not been gone above a Quarter of an Hour, but the Knight took the Garter out of the Liquor, to dry it before the Fire, and carelesly hanging it a little too near, the extraordinary Heat, by the Concatination of Effluvia's, had such an Effect upon the Patient, that he made as many wry Faces as a Cook that had burnt his Fingers; dispatching his Servant, with all imaginable Expedition, to let his Doctor know what a Condition he was relaps'd into.

"Sir *Kenelm*, who presently conjectur'd the Cause of this Disaster, smiling at the Message the Servant had deliver'd, and snatching the Garter from the Fire, told him, that his Master should be very Easy by the Time he could return to him, which the Footman, by the acknowledgment of his Master, found to be true accordingly; Sir *Kenelm*, doing nothing more to work this change, than cooling the wreaking Garter by a speedy Repetition of his former Application; so that, without any further Accident

interposing, the Patient was thoroughly cur'd, in five or six Days Time, by this extraordinary Method, to the inexpressible Admiration of all his Majesty's Surgeons."

SIR,

This is all, at present, I am at Leisure to say in Answer to your Letter, and I doubt you will think it enough too, except more to the purpose: What extraordinary Cures you happen to perform by your new Method, I desire you will communicate to me as soon as you can conveniently, for to hear of your Success, will be no little Satisfaction to,

Sir,

Your assured Friend,

and humble Servant.

FINIS

POSTSCRIPT

THE Powder, communicated to Doctor *Campbel* by his *Genius*, together, with the Use of the Loadstone, having wrought many wonderful Cures upon other Patients as well as himself; this Postscript is to acquaint the Publick, that any Person labouring under one or more of the following Calamities, *viz.* Hypochondriacal, Hysterical, Epileptical, Convulsive, or any other sort of Fits that either Sex can be subject to, may be reliev'd, after the same manner as aforementioned; at Doctor *Campbel's* House, in *Buckingham-Court*, over against *Old Man's* Coffee-House at *Chairing-Cross*, where they may be readily furnish'd with his *Pulvis Miraculosus*, and the finest sort of *Ægyptian* Loadstones, ready arm'd and fitted for the purpose, which if apply'd and continu'd according to Direction never fail of Success.