

THE OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPER-NORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

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Price SIXPENCE; post free, SEVENPENCE. Annual Subscription, SEVEN SHILLINGS

Entered at Stationers' Hall

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LIMITED, 164 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

VOL. II.

JULY 1905

No. 7

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

THERE have been a considerable number of books and articles written during recent years the object of which has been to find some one solution of all well-attested psychical phenomena. The treatises written with this object in view have been singularly successful in proving the ingenuity of their writers, but have failed uniformly to establish the validity of that one universal law which will fit all known cases. I take the present opportunity of making this statement, as I am anxious to clear myself from the imputation of having fallen into a similar error.

I made some remarks in reference to a certain class of apparitions in the June number of this magazine which have

been taken by a contemporary to imply that the explanation that I offer of the incidents related is to be regarded as a general explanation which will fit all and every ghost story or narrative of haunted localities. It was far from my intention to convey any such impression. It is doubtless true that all psychic phenomena are in a manner related ; but whereas in certain instances there is strong evidence tending to show the actual presence of some conscious entity, in the majority of cases the probabilities seem to me clearly to point to the automatic repetition of some scene or occurrence quite apart from any intelligent conscious agent. It doubtless complicates matters from the point of view of science that this should be so ; but it is much to be feared that

CONSCIOUS ENTITIES AND PSYCHIC LAW in the scheme of the Cosmos the convenience of the modern scientist was not taken into consideration. In psychic questions we have to deal with many phenomena more or less nearly allied, and the same law that renders possible the oft-repeated re-enactment in visible form of some scene from the past renders possible also the visibility of the conscious entity. The results of conscious action on a higher plane cannot however be explained by natural laws, such as, for instance, the law of gravitation, and the transference of objects from one part of a room to another (supposing such transference to take place) must be held as evidence of the presence of such conscious spiritual entities and not of some psychic law whose ruling characteristic to fit the circumstances of the cases cited could be only pure undiluted caprice.

It is this reluctance to admit the existence of conscious beings capable of manifesting on another plane which has reduced these would-be solvers of the riddle of the Sphinx to such parlous straits, though why such an hypothesis should not be admitted as readily as another, where all is dark and unexplained, would appear rather difficult to apprehend, were it not for that rooted antipathy to all such admissions which survives as an enduring evidence of the still potent influence of the materialistic science of the nineteenth century. True, it survives now only as a prejudice, since the evidence underlying the assumption has been shattered, but yet it is no less strong as prejudice pure and simple in the minds of the many than it was to a less philosophic generation when held to be the logical deduction from the evidence of conclusive facts.

It has been persistently maintained alike in psychical and scientific circles that all other possibilities must be exhausted before the possibility of conscious action on the spiritual plane can be so much as considered as a tenable hypothesis. Even then it must be looked upon with the utmost suspicion. When will science realise that the only true scientific attitude is *that the conclusions arrived at should be strictly in accordance with the weight of the evidence?* To preach as science does to-day (and as other people who have not the excuse of being hide-bound by the rigid orthodoxy of scientific tradition have also reiterated) that it is our bounden duty always and everywhere to commence all investigation of phenomena with a bias in favour of materialism, has as little justification as to argue that the bias should be precisely in the opposite direction. Let us hope the time is not far distant when it will dawn at last upon the scientific world that the only true method for the true scientist is to start without any bias at all—to take the facts as he finds them, and to follow them towards the light.

To recur to the matter of my June notes on the subject of telepathy in dreams, a special caution is necessary in connection with apparitions during sleep, whether these dream-apparitions take the form of the deceased or of living persons with whom the dreamer is in more or less frequent association. The dramatic element in dreams is so powerful a factor that the tendency is invariably towards what Baron Carl du Prel has called, in his most suggestive work on "The Philosophy of Mysticism," the dramatic sundering of the ego. That is to say, the dreamer tends to attribute knowledge which he himself possesses, at least subconsciously, to a second person, an alter ego, who is in reality nothing but himself over again, and the dramatising tendency which is so curious a concomitant of dream-phenomena lends to the ideas in the dreamer's mind the form of an acted scene in which the dreamer, unconsciously to himself, takes all the parts. The following instance, taken from the book referred to, will illustrate my meaning.

In the example given the dreamer (in this case the writer himself) fancied himself once more back in his schooldays and undergoing viva voce examination. He racked his brain in vain

to remember the right answer to the tutor's question, aware all the time that another boy in the class would answer it at once if he didn't. "The tutor," he writes, "at length passed me over and said to the next boy, 'Now it is your turn.' This scholar immediately explained the meaning of the word in question, and the interpretation was so simple I could not conceive how I had missed it."

A TYPICAL
DREAM AND
ITS MORAL

Obviously the other scholar was only the dreamer in another guise. Instead, however, of merely recollecting what he had forgotten, as he would have done in his waking moments, the dreamer's imagination conjures up a whole scene, including a number of different actors, one of whom enlightens his ignorance. So it is more than probable that the apparition of the friend or relative who appears to counsel and advise in a dream is nearly always (and perhaps always) the dreamer's second self or subconscious ego.

I must confess to falling myself into the dramatising mood very frequently in my waking moments when left alone and undisturbed, scenes and dialogues in which obviously both the disputants are puppets of my own creation reproducing themselves in my mind almost automatically, without any pause or break in the discussion. This, however, is, I take it, an individual peculiarity, but it shows the tendency of the mind when self-absorbed. For these reasons we need not assume, in the following dream-narrative (which appeared originally in the *Scotsman* and was quoted in the *Times* of April 25, 1865), that the boy referred to actually appeared to his mother *in propria personâ*, but rather that the mother's subconscious mind dramatised the scene automatically.

The narrative, old as it is, is evidently authentic, and so well illustrates my point that I shall make no apology for giving it in full. "The legal proceedings," it runs, "which lately took place in the Sheriff Court of Clackmannanshire with regard to the violation of a grave in the churchyard at Alloa and the unwarrantable exhumation of the body of James Quin, had their origin, it is stated, in a remarkable dream of the mother of the deceased. Young Quin died in September 1863, and was buried in a lair in the churchyard, which was purchased by his father from

William Donaldson, the kirk treasurer, it being agreed that the price was to be paid by instalments. About six months afterwards Robert Blair, the sexton or gravedigger, took upon himself (without the authority, it would appear, of Donaldson) to sell the same lair to another person, and to inter therein a relative of the new purchaser, without, however, at that time exhuming the body of Quin, the former tenant. Some considerable time after this, the mother of Quin, being desirous of erecting a headstone on the grave of her son, made some inquiries with that view, in the course of which she heard something of another person having been buried in his grave, this having, as she stated, been 'cast up' by Blair's nephew to a younger son of hers on their way from the Sunday school. But the gravedigger denied the truth of this story, and managed to pacify her. Feeling, however, that he had got into a scrape by the lair having been resold, he, some weeks after Mrs. Quin had interrogated him on the subject, dug up the body of her son during the night of Thursday, the 23rd of March last, and reinterred it in other ground. Now, on that very Thursday night, as sworn to by Mrs. Quin at the trial, she had this remarkable dream : She dreamt that her boy stood in his nightgown at her bedside, and said to her, 'Oh, mother, put me back to my own bed.' She then awoke her husband, and, forgetting in her half-dreaming state that her son was dead, said to him : 'Jimmie is out of his bed ; put him back into it' ; after which she fell asleep and again had the same dream. A third time during the same night she dreamt that her son was standing beside her bed ; but on this occasion remembering that he was dead, the figure of the gravedigger was mixed up with that of the boy, and he appeared to be shoving his spade into the body. Awakening in great trepidation, and feeling certain that her boy had been taken out of his grave, she went to the gravedigger and vehemently accused him of having dug up the body, which, after some prevarication, he at last admitted. Hence arose the action of damages against Donaldson, the kirk treasurer, and Blair, the gravedigger, which, being restricted to £12, was brought in the Small Debt Court. The Sheriff, after a long proof, assoilzied Donaldson and found Blair liable in damages, which, the parties not having settled the same extrajudicially, have since been assessed at £5."

Now it is a not unreasonable assumption that Mrs. Quin may

have been made aware telepathically during sleep of occurrences which took place in her immediate neighbourhood and so nearly affected herself, and that these facts translated DREAM AS A DRAMATIST themselves, under dream-conditions, into the dramatic scene just related in which the boy appears at his mother's bedside and begs to be put back into his own bed. It is worthy of remark that we not only get the dramatic form in which the action of the mind in sleep shows such a tendency to clothe all incidents, but we also get the allegorical method of expression, "Put me back into my bed," another noticeable peculiarity of dreamland, which abounds everywhere in parables and symbols.

Baron Carl du Prel would not have hesitated to affirm that this bedside interview was only one more instance of the "dramatic sundering of the ego," and that the mother and son in the dream were in reality merely the mother's double consciousness above and below the threshold (supraliminal and subliminal) taking upon itself an illusory form to satisfy the dramatic instincts of the dreamer; just as in the other dream IMPROBABILITY OF THE SPIRIT HYPOTHESIS related the dreamer and the clever pupil who gave the tutor the correct answer were merely the twin mentalities of the dreamer himself. The alternative supposition in the present case, that the spirit of the boy really appeared to his mother and asked to be put back into his grave, involves the acceptance of such a gruesomely materialistic creed that probably few people nowadays would be willing to admit the only possible deductions involved in a literal interpretation in this sense.

The cause to which I attribute the dream above related—namely, the fact of the dreamer being placed *en rapport* telepathically through the medium of his subconscious self with circumstances related to him, either by his proximity to them locally or by some personal interest or link connecting him with them, or by both—is the one of all others, I am convinced, which produces the vast majority of those dreams which have from time immemorial excited the wonder of mankind by their apparently supernatural character. Once grant this rapport or mental relationship between the subconscious self of the dreamer and his environment (mental and physical) and we have a ready solution of them in the working of a little-understood mental law.

I print two or three letters in the current issue of this

magazine which are obviously of this character, and the instances I cited last month were doubtless of the same kind, though one of them contained a feature somewhat more difficult of explanation. I will add one more to the list by drawing from my own experience in the matter, as the dream, though it has already been recorded elsewhere, will doubtless be unfamiliar to the large majority of my present readers. I may say before recording it that it is only one of a number of similar dreams that I have had at various times of my life, and still continue to have from time to time.

Frequenter of the Thames will hardly be at a loss to identify the locality (though I give only initials) when I say that it was some eight or nine years back (time flies so I will not be responsible for the exact date) that I happened to be staying the night at a well-known inn in a very pretty part of the River Thames, called the M— of M—. Whether it was the heat of the day or the fact that I was overtired by rowing, I cannot say, but I slept neither deeply nor soundly, and was not a little disturbed by annoying dreams. In one of these I saw a small boy done up in irons from head to foot. So strange was the effect that it gave me the impression in my dream that he must inevitably fall to pieces if the irons were taken off. I noticed, however, that his condition did not seem to weigh on his spirits, for he appeared bright and cheerful in spite of it. The dream

TELEPATHY FROM THE THAMES gave me no further concern when I came down to breakfast the next morning; but on strolling to the front door, my meal over, I met the landlady, Mrs. M—, whom I had seen before (this not being my first or second visit to the place), who welcomed me, and began talking immediately of her two little boys, who were playing outside. I had seen her little daughter before, but of the existence of the boys I was unaware, as they had been at school on my previous visits, and I told her that I did not know she had any. "Oh, yes," she said, "those are both my boys, and I have had some trouble with the younger one, as he has got his neck twisted, and the doctor has insisted on putting him in irons. Not only so, but he has had to have the irons put the whole way down his body in order to make the cure effectual, and he cannot even take them off himself." This, then, I said to myself, was the boy I saw in my dreams. I should perhaps add, as it is a matter of importance, that when dressed it was not apparent that the boy had his irons on.

MY OCCULT EXPERIENCES

By NORA CHESSON

A CELT to the core of me, daughter of an Irishman and a Welshwoman, there is small wonder that I became in very early days a lover of the world outside the world visible, inside the world tangible. The wonder lay only in the fact that of two doors that lead into that world I speak of I opened only one, and became, first of all, not a seer of visions but a dreamer of dreams. In those child-days there were for me on the Door of Desire five locks, and these I opened with five keys of various metals and diverse shapes, each one stamped with a name. Set down in the order of my love for them, the names run thus: Andersen, La Motte Fouqué, Longfellow, Macdonald, Grimm. Of Andersen the wild and dark fancies that are called "The Marsh King's Daughter," and "The Girl Who Trod on a Loaf," most deeply impressed: then I fell as a child of seven under the spell of "Sintram and His Companions," and I have not shaken it off to this day. Bewildered and bewitched by the wild glamour of those four companions, Bjorn, Fulke, Death, and the Little Master, I entered into an inheritance not new, but wholly dear when I first read the "Saga of King Olaf," and I can still recapture with the single line,

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

the first feelings of delight and awe with which I made friends with those gods who, because they must all die, never become emasculated or enervated as has, or may, or must, a Zeus, an Osiris, a Huitzilipochtli, a Manobozho, a Krishna, a Lemminkäinen, a Perun. From the Twilight of the Gods my thoughts went straight into a land where ash-trees stretched threatening hands out by day and walked abroad to do actual bodily and spiritual harm by night, where brooks flowed through bedrooms, and in a beast's paw one felt the hand of a woman; in a word, I came under the influence of George Macdonald, and all those fairy tales of his that are truer than truth. Grimm caught me by the hair just as I was entering upon my teens; and his was my fifth fairy land. Beyond his country of easantry and pleasantry, helpful beasts and furnished tree-trunks,

there lay Everyday, a country that I was at first afraid to enter upon, as at heart is every dreamer, I believe.

Yet it was in this very country of Everyday that I had my first real psychic experience. In my early teens I came under the control of an earnest music-mistress, who exacted of me two and a half hours of practice every day; and while drudging through my second hour I heard our very solidly built staircase creaking as it gave back the sounds of a man's feet passing slowly upstairs.

"That is my father," said I, leaving the piano and going to look out into the hall. The footsteps had stopped by that time, stopped on the last stair but one, which, having a loose board, was always ready to creak underfoot. It creaked now as I stood listening in the hall, but after that I heard no more. The footsteps did not descend, and that night neither I nor my mother dreamed of the dead man whom, consciously, I had never seen. My mother armed herself with a belief that I was hysterical, and ministered to me with sal volatile, but I cannot remember to have felt the least fluttered or frightened, although, when I slipped from the music-stool, it was with the full expectation of seeing in visible shape the father who was only a name to me, because he died when I was an infant in arms.

Perhaps the next time that the Other-World touched me, being older I was more ready to be touched, for your ordinary school-girl is a healthy happy animal, pagan to the tips of her fingers, selfish to the inmost cell of her brain.

I had rolled my hair up to the crown of my head, and my skirts were on visiting terms with my ankles, when the home circle was suddenly narrowed by the loss of a pet cat, a little loving creature who did not need the gift of speech, her eloquent emerald eyes were such homes of thought, the touches of her caressing head and pleading paw so naturally tender and persuasive.

Sickness of some kind had kept me to my room for a week, and I had wondered why my cat Minnie had not courted my company as usual, but accounted for her sudden indifference by a possible reflux of motherly devotion to her kitten, now about six weeks old. The first morning of my convalescence the bedroom door, which stood ajar, opened a little further, and Minnie came in. She rubbed her pretty tortoiseshell-tabby coat against me, in affectionate greeting; she clasped my hand with ecstatic paws in a pretty fondling gesture that was all her own; she licked my fingers, and I felt her white throat throbbing with her loud purring, and then she turned and trotted away.

"Minnie has been in to see me, at last," said I to the maid who brought in my lunch. "I wonder why she kept away from me so long."

"Minnie's been dead and buried these two days, and her kitten's fretting itself to skin and bone for her," said Louisa, looking scared. "Your mamma wouldn't tell you while you weren't well, Miss, for she knew you'd take on, being *that* fond of the little cat." Minnie was undoubtedly dead and buried, and a stone from our garden rockery was piled upon her place of burial, yet as undoubtedly Minnie came to welcome my return to health. Is this explicable? I know that it is true.

I was a child and a girl, normal in mind and body, imaginative but not a visionary, and bred up in a family that heartily disliked and feared any talk of things supernatural.

"It's flying in the face of Providence to talk of ghosts," an aunt of mine would declare when I did seriously incline to speak of the Dweller on the Threshold. "You never know what you might see when you've put your candle out." So I forebore. It was years later that I felt the power upon me again. I was crossing a field in Bedford Park across which ran the short cut to the house of some girl-friends of mine, and though I walked with my eyes on the grass, I was suddenly aware of a pair of bare feet walking along just ahead of me, brushing the dandelion rosettes, bending the daisies down, avoiding the bare pebbly patches in quite a natural and human way. I was aware that if I lifted my eyes I should see the rest of the figure, but somehow I did not do so. I was afraid, and I kept my eyes on the feet. At the two posts where the field ran into an ordinary side-road in the Park they stopped, and I saw them no more. I often crossed that field when visiting the same house in sunny, in snowy, and in blowy weather, and perhaps three or four times in all I saw the feet again; but never again with any idea that I should see more than the feet. I had had my chance of that, and lost it, being afraid. They were small, and the feet of a woman, I am sure; and there abides with me a clear memory of the rosiness of the heels. The last time I crossed the field it was a wilderness of bricks and mortar, churned mud and kerbstones lying heavily on bennet grasses and fool's parsley; but that time I did not see the feet.

Experiments with a crystal brought me little that is worth recording; with ink poured out into a shallow dish, I saw once a veiled and cloaked figure with a light shining through the

drapery over her arm, as if she carried a lantern under her cloak, and a whirl of fragments from a broken rainbow in which the green outlasted and overmastered all the other colours. Invited to try a psychic experiment by the poet William Butler Yeats, an ardent student of mystical history and philosophy, I walked through a cave or tunnel treading hot sand underfoot, and coming out into light saw a tree, one of whose branches I either wished to pluck, or was bidden to pluck by the poet (I forget which), but felt a strong restraining grasp on my arm—the grasp of fingers that I knew—and therefore came back at once to daylight and Everyday.

I have handled a Oui-ja board in company with an earnest though timid inquirer, and got spelled-out messages that meant something to my companion but little to me; and, sitting with my hands on a home-made substitute for "Planchette," I have received one or two decipherable answers to an unimportant question, asked, of course, in spite of its lack of importance, with no flippancy. In each case, before the pencil began to work, my hands grew stiff and chill with a cold breath upon them, and were afterwards numb with the numbness that comes sometimes before and sometimes after the unpleasant sensation known as "pins and needles." In none of these cases, however, have I felt the warm tingling that is one with the same pain "of pins and needles."

Since this article was written, and while it was in the printer's hands, I have had the most remarkable spiritual manifestations of my life, manifestations shared by a companion on whose intellectual plane there was neither room nor welcome for any conviction of a continued existence after death, an indestructible individuality. But the room has been made, the welcome has been gained, and my companion and I are at one in our belief in a continuing personality that not "all the solemn and strange surprise of the change" can shear of its warm human emotions of love and dislike, its superhuman tenderness and wisdom, and its desire for warmth and remembrance.

AUTOMATIC ROMANCE

By M. BRAMSTON

THE object of this paper is to point out a factor in so-called spirit-communication which seems to me to be very generally overlooked: but I do not wish my readers to think that I am arguing against the possibility of such intercourse. What I desire is that a form of mental activity little known except to writers of fiction should be taken into account in estimating the value of such communications.

Let me begin with an allegory drawn from "Abt Vogler." Browning likens the "beautiful building" of music to the "runner" tipping with fire the illumination lights round St. Peter's dome — so far he only reaches transfigured normal human intelligence. But on the top of this comes something more wonderful and mysterious—

Novel splendours burst forth, grew familiar and dealt with mine,
Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering star:
Meteor-moons, balls of blaze—

My contention is that in "spirit-communications" you have two elements: the "illumination lights" of the subconscious self of the medium which can be accounted for by normal mental activity unconsciously exerted, and the "meteor-moons" of clairvoyance, clair-audience, "trace," and premonition, and other elements of knowledge not normally acquired.

As a rule, it seems that the "illumination lights" of spirit-communication have been so far overpowered by the wonder and brilliancy of its "meteor-moons" that they have not been properly investigated, and that when investigated they often appear to be fiction automatically invented in the subconscious mind, and brought to the surface in automatic writing or entranced speaking.

Let us take an imaginary instance. Miss Spooker, the medium, speaks and writes, now as Martin Luther, now as Shakespeare, now as your alleged angel guide Serafico, and now as your deceased grandmother Sarah Higgins. In all these communications we find no verifiable information unknown to Miss Spooker's conscious self, or your own, and we call the result automatic romance. But if, as Sarah Higgins, she in-

forms you of the verifiable existence of your great-uncle Gregory Higgins, who was hanged and whose name was designedly dropped from the family memory so that your generation has never heard of him (and if the medium could not have done so without consulting the annals of Newgate, which you know she has not done), some source of knowledge has been tapped which cannot be explained either by the medium's subconscious imagination or your knowledge telepathically or otherwise conveyed to her. The ordinary remarks of Sarah Higgins, etc., we call an illumination light, but the sad history of Gregory Higgins we call a meteor-moon.

But it will not do to think that whenever Gregory Higgins' name appears in the communications, they must necessarily be on the meteor-moon level. If Miss Spooker's voice changes from the dulcet tones of the angelic Serafico to the gruff voice of an old man who says he is Gregory Higgins, and warns you not to steal, because dishonesty led him to his end, it is of course possible that Gregory Higgins may be there as a discarnate spirit anxious to save you from 'the gallows, but it is perhaps more probable that however he came upon the scene, once there he has simply taken his place with Serafico, Martin Luther, Shakespeare and Sarah Higgins as personages in Miss Spooker's automatic romance.

Has it not been too much the habit of "spiritists" to take for granted that if unknown "veridical" information is imparted through a medium—say the fact of Uncle Gregory's existence—therefore all ensuing personation of Uncle Gregory must be authentic also? But if automatic romance is really a factor in the matter, and if we can study its nature—as I think we can—with our minds unmoved by the exciting question as to whether the spirits of the dead can return or not—had we not better study the known factor with a view to eliminating it before we pronounce upon the unknown?

So before dealing with the three automatic romances which lie before me—Stainton Moses', Héléne Smith's, and Mrs. Piper's—I will give my own view of automatic romance, as I have experienced it both in the spinning of fiction and in automatic writing.

It is possible, I know by experience, to invent fiction in two ways: consciously and subconsciously. The fiction which is *throughout* conscious is, I think, much less interesting than what is partly subconscious, and in which the author does not manipu-

late the characters, but finds them manipulate themselves. It is also, in my experience, much greater labour to work altogether in the upper consciousness than to carry on part of the work in the lower consciousness.

The process of subconscious or automatic fiction-writing is as follows : As in conscious work of the same kind you probably invent your puppets consciously ; but once invented—given the rails on which to run—the constructive imagination does its best work unconsciously. The puppets take themselves into their own hands, choose their own names, disregarding what you have chosen for them—two of mine, for whom I had destined other and more individual names, insisted on being named respectively Ellie and Nora—and settle their own adventures when their author is thinking about something else. The whole story drags if the puppets do not like their names. Also they insist on taking their own time in certain situations ; and if, when you get into a difficulty, you leave them alone for a day or two, the solution will suddenly start into verisimilitude—frequently in church—and the story will turn out to be full of “undesigned coincidences” which you never thought of, so that everything fits in to the lines laid out by the subconscious action of the constructive imagination.

The difference between the automatic romance of fiction and the automatic romance produced in automatic writing seems to be that in the first, as I have said, you use your conscious mind in the invention of your puppets, and in the second, the puppets invent themselves. It is noticeable that in almost all automatic writing one of the puppets, round whom the others group themselves, is the automatic writer ; and when the automatic writer has a strong egotistic tendency, as in the case of the late Mrs. Kingsford, the other puppets pay her the compliments which, perhaps, she sometimes misses in real life. Sometimes they “name the faults” of the automatic writer, sometimes they give him wise instruction : but in the majority of cases the automatic writer is the centre of the automatic plot.

When I have practised automatic writing proper (which I could never achieve concurrently with the writing of fiction), I have found it a very much more severe task than normal story-writing. I believe that in automatic writing we catch the constructive imagination at its subconscious work, and draw it to the light, as a man might harness a porpoise and make it swim alongside a ship on the surface of the waves instead of diving down

at its will. It is very restive at first. It was some time before I could break in my automatic imagination to a pen ; and though steady perseverance made it at last produce really interesting and edifying utterances, disuse of the effort soon made it skittish again, and if I tried to write automatically now I should have to begin the taming process again from the beginning. It was always a fatiguing experience, and two half-hours, morning and evening, were all I could manage without symptoms of nervous exhaustion. It was slow work, except for the short period in which I had it well in hand. At the beginning it would write two or three intelligible words and lapse into nonsense. Then I would mentally scold it, and make it begin the word again, and it might possibly go on for two or three more. When I became adept at writing, I generally, but not always, knew, not the whole phrase, but a couple of words, ahead of what I was writing ; but frequently when I came to the important word of the sentence, my automatic self would write a synonym of the word I expected. Sometimes it wrote quite a different word and changed the drift of the sentence, but not very often. I have often thought it was going to write "devil," and been relieved when the word became "development" ; for I have heard of pencils which used bad swear-words, and I did not wish mine to become demoralised. It had, of course, no means of dotting its i's.

So much for the method : as for the substance, it was almost entirely an automatic romance, pure and simple, highly interesting when dealing with unverifiable matter, hopelessly astray when tested by facts. It differed from the automatic romance of fiction because it constructed, so to speak, its own puppets and plot, instead of having them presented to it by the conscious imagination. I myself, as was perhaps natural, was the centre of the romance ; and spirits "of sorts" purported to be the other actors. The first time I tried writing I had a great objection to having anything to do with spirits, and suggested that the pencil should write as from living authors. It was obliging enough to do this. Tennyson kindly wrote a poem inspired by "Mary had a little Lamb," and informed me that

Everywhere the spirits went
Mary was sure to go.

Ruskin produced the following effusion, the only one I can now remember : "Rose of a day ! All our life is so interwoven with the part that we cannot now be roses of a day. Be good

and gentle, and your Past shall answer to your Present (!), and so shall your yearning heart be satisfied !”

I had an illness after this, and it was some time before I tried automatic writing again. When I first began, the words were frequently unintelligible, and a very tiresome spirit called Jones came on the tapis, whom I snubbed persistently, generally laying down my pen when he appeared. But I must own that on one occasion a “meteor-moon” phenomenon, though of a trivial kind, came into Jones’s writing. He personated a deceased friend (very badly) who had written a book in my possession. He informed me that on p. 41 I should find the name *Jones*, and then changed this announcement to p. 17. Nothing was on p. 41, but on p. 17 (which number might be mistaken for 41 if read upside down by the automatic romancer), I found the following, speaking of the villain of a South London theatre: “The most covert way in which they allude to an intended murder is as follows :—Grey-haired villain : We must get Jones out of the way.” Now as I had read this passage, both it and the number of the page had doubtless passed before my eyes, but my conscious memory had retained neither.

However, before long Jones withdrew—perhaps an automatic grey-haired villain got him out of the way—and his place was taken by the personation of a real personage, a boy friend who had died at seventeen, and whom I shall speak of as Blanco Paul. His death, which had happened twelve or fourteen years before, had been connected with other events which had greatly altered my life. With his entrance upon the scene, the automatic romance began to have a real plot. He was my guide and instructor, and I was his disciple. The real Blanco Paul had had a beautiful character, and the characteristics of the automatic Blanco Paul were not unworthy of him. He was uniformly courteous, dignified and reverent, not at all priggish, and not averse to touches of humour. The spirit of his teaching was admirable, and often morally and spiritually helpful to the supraliminal personality of his automatic disciple. As a rule each writing began “Blanco Paul,”—went on “ask about” so-and-so—often not the subjects my upper consciousness wished to discuss—and ended “rest now.”

I hoped for a long time that Blanco Paul might really prove to be a communicating spirit : I am afraid he was but a personage of my automatic romance. He told me interesting and sometimes beautiful things about the world unseen, which I could not

verify: he invariably failed to tell me anything I could verify, such as what his mother was doing in London at that moment. He invented ingenious but very far-fetched reasons to account for his failure. "When a trifling thing as this morning comes wrong, that merely means that I was not exercising my mind on the subject at all (1)"

However, when I asked Blanco Paul for a convincing test after this, he proceeded to prophesy vaguely about a catastrophe which was to come in the future, and at the time I thought he was a little wicked and malicious, and that his desire to excuse himself had passed on to a desire to make me uncomfortable. However, when nine or ten years afterwards I read these papers again, I discovered that such a catastrophe had really occurred about four years after the prophecy, and that such details as were given had been extremely apposite to the facts. I think this was a meteor-moon, not an illumination light. Meteor-moons, however, rarely occurred in my automatic romance. Once, when I was anxious about one little girl, Blanco Paul persisted in asking me to concern myself about another with regard to whom I was not in the least anxious. It was not till six months after that the second unbosomed herself to me, and I found that she had wanted to speak to me at the time of the message.

The following passages are specimens of Blanco Paul's utterances. The italicised words were written unconsciously, and frequently I could not read them at all when they were first written.

When people who are not good come here they have a great deal to learn before the stripping of the sheath (expression previously explained), and they may or may not submit to the discipline. If they refuse to submit they are allowed to choose their own sphere of life, and those who are *sottish* and those who are indolent here choose the earth to hover about their former *Reli*-spheres of interest which are the only interests they have and those who are sensual and malicious try to enter again into the bodies of human spirits and possess them. What the discipline is it is difficult to explain to any one on your side, but it requires a good deal more courage and strength to go through than you can guess when you wish that murderers should be sent into the next life as they are, they are more likely to produce more murders than less.

In this the word *sottish*, which is a word I should never have used supraliminally, was written a few minutes before I could read it. I imagine that *Reli* was an attempt at *relics* of interest; but as I could not understand it while writing the automatic romancer proceeded to substitute "spheres."

Here is another passage in which I did not know what the pen was going to write about until after the word *merit* was written, as it made a sudden excursion from practical advice regarding a small girl to theology.

A most deleterious idea is that about *merit* which absolves you from taking trouble, and overspirits say that it does more harm than anything else, you are so apt to lean on anything which absolves you from exertion of any kind. Yes, of course it has its true side, for He has *veritably deserved* our redemption, and only his death could have conquered our enemy, but any one dwelling only on that is on the wrong tack.

"Veritably deserved" was also written apart from the supraliminal consciousness. According to my automatic romance Blanco Paul converses and explains, but does not preach or "orate." This, I think, is a good specimen of his explanations:

Ask about spiritual growth. This is done through the effect on us of the gradual clearing and thinning of matter about the divine spark, so that it shows through more and more clearly. Very often the effect of pain and ill-health is to clear the spark from the surrounding matter which encumbers it, but not always; sometimes evil tendencies make the life selfish and invalid without need, and so the matter is no thicker (thinner?) at the end than the beginning. Matter is an emanation from God of course or it could not exist, but it is the least living of his products; if all were the same it would be impossible for any one to choose the better, which is the clue to all the enigmas both of liberty and life. The divine spark can't increase, because God is all there in every part, not being bound by the conditions of time and space, but our capacity of displaying it can. First the body has to become translucent, then the spirit has to be transformed, and at last we are to be to him as the coloured flame of a candle to its light.

Once or twice Blanco Paul wrote in Latin. When I was going to a séance he wrote: "Desint adductores verbi insipientis." I am not a great Latinist, but I imagine *adductores* is rather automatic than classical.

The automatic romance in Stainton Moses' "Spirit Teachings" is of quite a different character from that of Blanco Paul. It was written in 1873, the time when the average Churchman was beginning to suspect, often with much misgiving, that the edifice of the conventional Christianity of the day rested on no sure foundations, and that it behoved him to look and see on what it was based. The automatic romance in which Imperator and Rector hold the pen is practically a protest against the particular form of Christianity which Stainton Moses had until then held, and an attempt to substitute for it a spiritualistic

Unitarianism. Blanco Paul's romance was written in 1893, when this phase had passed, and its theology is of a constructive rather than a destructive character.

The personages of Stainton Moses' romance are spirits called by the names of Emperor, Rector, Doctor, and Prudens, and of course himself as the disciple. The real names which he considered to belong to these spirits have not been publicly disclosed. Emperor is the chief speaker, and he is very oratorical and longwinded, and invariably in the pulpit.

Stainton Moses' subconscious romance was produced, like mine, by automatic writing when the writer was fully conscious : but it was very unlike mine by being complicated by "physical manifestations" of a kind of which I am glad to say I have no experience : one of them consisted of the oozing of scent from the pores of the head. However for my purpose—the study of the automatic romance—we may leave these on one side ; the "meteor-moons" of our search are confined to the imparting, through the romance, of information normally unknown to the writer.

The style of Emperor is very different from that of Blanco Paul. Stainton Moses wrote sermons. I wrote tales in normal life. Stainton Moses admired the style and substance of Emperor's communications. Perhaps we all admire unduly our own automatic romance.

This is one of the better passages :

We call you from the dead formalism, the lifeless, loveless literalism of the past, to a region of spiritualised truth, to the lovely symbolism of angel teaching, to the higher planes of spirit, where the material holds no place, and the formal dogmatism of the past is for ever gone.

And this is one of the most pompous—though possibly thirty years back it may have seemed daringly magnificent :

Theology! it has been the excuse for quenching every holiest instinct for turning the hand of the foeman against kindred and friends, for burning and torturing and rending the bodies of the saintliest of mankind, for exiling and ostracising those whom the world should have delighted to honour, for subverting man's best instincts and quenching his most natural affections. Aye, and it is still the arena in which man's basest passions vaunt themselves, stalking with head erect and brazen front over all that dares to separate itself from the stereotyped rule. Avaunt! there is no room for reason where theology holds sway!

When Emperor is asked for texts he invents many excellent reasons for not complying with the demand. On one occasion

Stainton Moses' faith is staggered because a spirit, in "direct" writing, had proved to be unable to spell his own name. Imperator explains that the spirit who showed so deplorable a lack of orthography was only the amanuensis of the real spirit who owned the name, and that "the error which arose in this way through inadvertence was during the séance corrected in a communication given through the table, but it would seem to have escaped you."

Imperator says he respects Stainton Moses' doubts, but "we blame and censure the attitude which makes it well-nigh impossible for us to remove them ; which fences you in as with an icy barrier which we cannot pass ; which degrades a candid and progressive soul to a state of isolation and retrogression, and binds the spirit to the dark regions of the nether earth."

Imperator's information on the Old Testament writers suggests that the automatic romancer had studied the higher criticism of the day and got it wrong. Haggai, he says, was concerned in the compilation of the book Ezra. As Ezra lived about seventy years after Haggai this would seem to be a case of "your Past answering to your Present." However, automatic writing, like automatic drawing, seems to have a curious tendency to reverse the order of facts.

Stainton Moses surpassed most mediums in "physical manifestations," but the only "meteor-moons" connected with his automatic writing in "Spirit Teachings" are of the same class as "We must get Jones out of the way," and deal almost entirely with literary subjects and references in books. But as the books belonged to him it is probable that his unconscious memory had seen and registered the passages given as tests.

The automatic romance of Héléne Smith, related by Professor Flourney of Geneva, has the advantage of having been studied and analysed during its production by a scientific observer. This romance seems, unlike mine, to be written in trance. Like the rest, it has for its plot the automatist instructed and guided by a spirit. The spirit here called himself Leopold, and said he was the discarnate intelligence of Cagliostro.

The "meteor moon" here seems to be not the imparting of unknown verifiable information, but the remarkable heightening of the powers of the automatist. Leopold instructs her in the language, manners and customs used on the planet Mars : and she draws automatic pictures of Martian landscapes and Martian houses. But it is the Martian language in which the powers of the

automatic romancer are most surprising. Many of us perhaps have invented, or tried to invent, new languages in our early youth : the object being usually to say what we thought about our elders in their presence without detection. But most of us have also found it worse than French verbs or Latin declensions to remember the language we have invented, and even when the invented language is formed by a simple reduplication of the consonants of the original word, as *bubookuk* for *book*, it never proved easy to write or speak it. Now Hélène Smith not only wrote and translated the Martian language with ease, but wrote it in the Martian character : and the Martian character is not a mere collection of unintelligible dashes and lines, but a real character in which each letter has its constant equivalent, and each word is translated by its own French rendering, also constant. Indeed, we might almost believe that we had the Martian language ready for telegrams to that planet, but for a curious fact discovered by M. Flourney, namely, that the construction of the Martian language is purely French, and that a Martian sentence possesses exactly the same number of words in the same order as is found in the same sentence in French. The fact was that Hélène Smith was familiar with no language but French, and though her automatic powers were heightened to a remarkable extent, the fundamental knowledge from which they worked was that, and no more than that, which Hélène Smith possessed supraliminally.

When it was pointed out to Leopold that the Martian language bore this suspicious likeness to French, he began forthwith to invent another language in which the characters stand for single words, which M. Flourney calls ultra-Martian : and after this a third language, purporting to be spoken by the inhabitants of Uranus, which has been written and pronounced, but not, in our latest information, translated. This also has its own script, quite distinct from the other two.

We pass from Mlle. S——'s automatic romance to Mrs. Piper's, where meteor-moons are certainly of very frequent occurrence—much more frequent than with any of those we have hitherto considered. Mrs. Piper did not apparently begin her career as an automatic writer, but as an entranced speaker. We may, I think, expect that when surface impressions are shut off from the mind by the trance, any supernatural information is likely to have a better chance of entering ; and it appears to me clearly proved that Mrs. Piper did very frequently produce

for her sitters information which she had not obtained in any normal way.

As an entranced speaker, we should expect to find that the automatic romancer would take a different form from what it does with a writer : and Mrs. Piper's automatic romance is a dramatic one. Up to 1892 her "control" was Dr. Phinuit, whose gradual inception of human existence can be traced. A medium, Mr. Cocke, whom she visited, professed to be controlled by a French physician, whose name was spelt Albert G. Finnett, and pronounced (somewhat strangely) Finnee in English characters. One would have expected a Frenchman to be Finette or Finnet. This medium understood French, and Albert G. Finnett spoke French fluently. Perhaps he informed his medium that his name should be pronounced Finny. However, having once been introduced to Mrs. Piper's automatic self, he took possession of her, first as Phinnuit, then as Phinuit : and as Phinuit he denied all knowledge of Albert G. Finnett, and declared that his name was Jean Phinuit Scliville. He also lost all knowledge of the French language except two or three words known by Mrs. Piper. Scliville does not seem very happily chosen, as the French form of a word of the kind would undoubtedly make the initial S into Es : and even then, Escliville would be somewhat unnatural on French lips, and would probably have become turned into Esquville or some such form. He said he was born at Marseilles, and lived in his later life at Metz, where there were so many English that he forgot his French ! No trace of his human existence, or that of either of his two names, has been found in either place. Perhaps if Mrs. Piper's supraliminal self had had more knowledge of Metz, she might have substituted German for English residents. As it is, Phinuit's ordinary knowledge seems in all points strictly limited by Mrs. Piper's own ; which throws out into greater relief the subliminally acquired information of which she is evidently supraliminally wholly ignorant.

We must turn away from Mrs. Piper's meteor-moons, however, which have been so ably investigated by Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. R. Hodgson and others, and stick to her automatic romance. Here, if I may offer a different solution to that suggested by Mr. R. Hodgson, I do not think that Phinuit was a "fragment of her personality." I think he is simply a character of fiction automatically evolved, whom she dramatised and whose part she acted when entranced. I do not think that he was any more of

a real person than Mr. Micawber or Colonel Newcome, but that his real analogue may be seen in the acting of small children. "Don't call me Dolly; I'm Dr. Smith and I'm going to give you a powder," says the four-year-old child. So Mrs. Piper, when entranced, practically says, "Don't call me Mrs. Piper; I'm Dr. Phinuit, and I'm going to call up spirits from the vasty deep." And so she appears to do, dramatising each spirit "control" in its turn. But it seems to me that, granted that in her entranced state she can get at the minds of her sitters, a good many of her controls are simply figures in her automatic romance, drawn entirely from the pictures in the minds of those who surround her.

At times, however, the "meteor-moons" of her automatic romance seem to go beyond this. Instead of merely dramatising the pictures in the sitter's mind, she produces information about the subjects of these pictures not known to the sitter; and I own that to me it seems to be exceedingly probable that in such cases the information may be transferred direct from the personality of the person in question to her own, whether dead, or living but absent. This seems to me possible in the George Pelham occurrences, such as those mentioned in S.P.R. Proceedings, xxxiii. p. 329; though it must be remembered that the stud incident may be also explicable on the theory of "trace."

However this may be, George Pelham from henceforward takes his place among the *dramatis personæ* of the automatic romance, whence he gradually ousts poor Phinuit. About the same time with his appearance in this capacity, Mrs. Piper begins to develop automatic writing instead of speaking, and under this new method the painful and spasmodic accompaniments of her trance almost disappear. Soon after this change our old acquaintances Emperor and Rector appear upon the scene. Mrs. Piper, I do not know exactly at what date, had read Stainton Moses' "Spirit Teachings," and they had so far been absorbed by her subliminal consciousness that his controls were ready to be adopted as hers. But he had not publicly revealed the names under which they announced themselves to him, and the names which she believed them to possess were wholly different from these, known only to two or three people in this country. The differences which can be traced between Stainton Moses' Emperor and Mrs. Piper's seem to me most instructive.

The original Emperor was a rhetorician and preacher, but he thoroughly understood the grammar of the English language.

The American Emperor is not a rhetorician, not much of a preacher, and announces his appearance by "Hail thee, friends of earth once more."

In fact, except that the *noms de plume* are the same, there seems to me no possible identity between Stainton Moses' Emperor and Rector and Mrs. Piper's. Stainton Moses' Emperor is an "advanced" preacher of the seventies, who denounces conventional orthodoxy with much unction. Mrs. Piper's is an American minister who begins the sittings with devout extempore prayer, couched in the ordinary reiterative phrases of extempore prayer used in the "Free Churches," and who lets conventional orthodoxy and all other phases of belief severely alone. It is observable also that Mrs. Piper's Emperor and Rector always speak of Sunday as the Sabbath, a note probably of the American minister as familiar to Mrs. Piper. In both Rector is the subordinate of Emperor; but in Mrs. Piper's automatic romance he seems to be the Vizier and take the most active part in the "control." The capital H which Mrs. Piper's Rector assigns to Emperor's pronoun suggests that Mrs. Piper identifies Emperor with a name to which most of us would shrink from attributing Emperor's remarks; but it is highly probable that the automatic figure which embodies Mrs. Piper's conception of Him may take the form of an American minister, who calls Sunday the Sabbath.

It appears to me that this fundamental difference of rendering vitiates much of Professor Hyslop's reasoning, p. 177, ff., S.P.R. Proceedings xli. Neither does the "dramatic play of personalities" seem to have the evidential force he attributes to it. The automatic romance is always a drama, and when carried to a high power as in Mrs. Piper's case it is probable that the dramatic play of personality would also be carried to a high power. The *quality* of the personality seems somewhat overlooked by Professor Hyslop.

According to the theory I have been trying here to express, the automatic romance is a drama performed by the automatist and one, two or more characters in relation to the automatist. It is the framework upon which the automatist hangs mysterious recognitions of the knowledge, both conscious and unconscious, of other minds brought into contact with his, and also, apparently, of discarnate minds in possible connection with the sitters. It is of course exceedingly difficult to grasp this last possibility, and it seems to me needful to guard against the fact that the automatist

can get hold not only of some of the facts, but of some of the imaginations, of the sitter's mind, and weave them into his dramatisation of the discarnate spirit in question.

For instance, I once had an interview with Mrs. R——, a non-professional medium, who did not become entranced, but "saw" your deceased friends around you and conversed with them. Among these was Blanco Paul's sister, Helen: Blanco Paul himself did not appear, somewhat to my surprise. Helen Paul said much what I thought she would be likely to say regarding her life on the other side, according to my conception of it. Mrs. R—— described her appearance in a white robe, blue jewelled girdle, etc., rather according to her own imagination than mine; and then followed: "She says her hair is much more golden than it was." Now Helen was not at all the girl to have in life called attention to the colour of her hair: but when she was a child I often thought how colourless her hair was, and how much prettier it would have been with more gold in it, though I am sure I never spoke of it to her. This, I think, must have simply been picked up from my own past impressions. At the same time the dramatic personation was so excellent that Mrs. R—— gave clearly a kind of little hesitating pause natural to Helen when she wished to answer an important question correctly. Supraliminally she had never seen her at all, nor was her name mentioned between us at the sitting. I do not know whether Helen was there in a discarnate condition or not: it is fair to say that two predictions were made in this interview, one which crossed my fears and the other my hopes, both of which have proved true; but I do not think this fact has any real bearing on the question whether Helen's discarnate entity was there or whether Mrs. R—— dramatised her from the picture she was able to draw from my memory and imagination.

The occurrence of a "meteor-moon" in the communications of a "control" does not really prove the identity of the control: it only proves that the medium is in some unknown way in possession of supernormal powers. *How* she can tap the long past and forgotten thoughts of the sitters is a mystery, but it certainly appears as if she could. Personally, too, I have no doubt that she does in some cases possess the power of premonition, the exercise of which is not always connected with spirit communication of any kind.

ON THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN INDIA AND ITS LESSONS

By ALFRED J. PEARCE,

Author of the "Science of the Stars," &c.

IN the year 1834, the late Commander R. J. Morrison, R.N., published his conclusions as to the exciting causes of great earthquakes, and stated that observation showed that :

"Earthquakes generally follow close on the heels of Eclipses ; and they happen more frequently when there are planets—especially the larger planets, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars and Uranus—in the signs *Taurus* and *Scorpio*, and when there are several planets on or near the tropics or equator."

Morrison illustrated the truth of this axiom by foretelling, from the great solar eclipse in *Gemini*, of June 6, 1853, whereat three of the superior planets were in the sign *Taurus*, that when Mars arrived at that degree (the 16th of the sign *Gemini*), viz. in the middle of the following July, and Jupiter arrived at the opposition thereof at the same time, "there would be sudden chasms in the earth and earthquakes along the northern coast of South America." On July 15, 1853, the ancient city of Cumana had all its public buildings overthrown and 4000 of its inhabitants killed by a terrible earthquake.

Many subsequent great earthquakes were accurately foretold by Morrison in the various editions of *Zadkiel's Almanac* for later years, the predictions being published many months before those phenomena took place. Yet the scientific world ignored this incontrovertible evidence of the fact that "the heavens do rule."

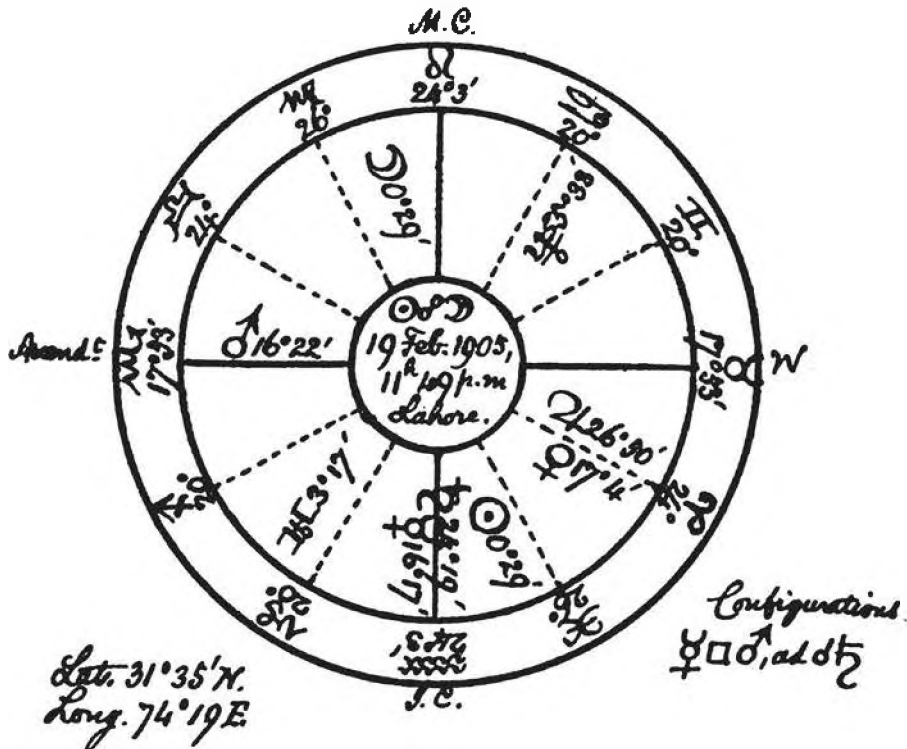
The writer has verified Morrison's axioms, and has proved their truth by foretelling a year in advance the great earthquakes in the United States, which destroyed the greater portion of Charleston on August 31, 1886, naming the 77th degree of west longitude as probable seat of the shocks. The earthquakes were felt between 76° and 82° west, in the States, the longitude of Charleston being 79° 56' west ; and quickly followed the great solar eclipse of August 29, 1886.

Again, the writer foretold the great earthquake at Kuchan of

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November 17, 1893, naming the fifty-eighth degree of east longitude as the probable point of severest shocks. Kuchan's longitude is $58^{\circ} 24'$ east. More than 160 distinct shocks of earthquake were counted. The loss of life amounted to 12,000 out of a population of 20,000. The basis of this prediction was

Lunar Eclipse, 1905, at Lahore.



the conjunction of Mars with Saturn in *Libra* in the lower meridian there, on October 30, 1893.

Finding that at the moment of full moon—a partial lunar eclipse—on February 19, 1905, Saturn would be on the lower meridian 74° east of Greenwich, the following prediction was made: "About the seventy-fourth degree of east longitude, where Saturn is on the fourth angle, a sharp shock of earthquake will soon be felt, most probably at the latter end of March and beginning of April"—*vide Zadkiel's Almanac* for 1905, page 68. This prediction was written in July, 1904, and the almanac was published at the beginning of October, six months before the terrible earthquake took place at Lahore, the longitude of that ancient city being $74^{\circ} 19'$ east.

The diagram shows not only Saturn, in *Aquarius*, on the lower meridian, but Mars rising in *Scorpio* $16^{\circ} 22'$, in quartile with Mercury, and applying to the quartile (90°) aspect with Saturn. The full moon took place at 11h. 49m. P.M. of February 19, 1905, at Lahore, the sidereal time being 9h. 45m. 27.7s., equivalent to $146^{\circ} 21' 55''$ the line of right ascension of *Leo* $24^{\circ} 3'$, so that $24^{\circ} 3'$ of the opposite sign *Aquarius* was on the lower meridian, and Saturn's geocentric longitude was $24^{\circ} 19'$ of *Aquarius*. The right ascension of Saturn was $327^{\circ} 0' 48''$, and subtracting from his the R.A. of the lower meridian $326^{\circ} 21' 55''$, it is found that the meridian distance of Saturn is but $0^{\circ} 38' 53''$. The writer concluded that the shock of earthquake thus pre-signified would be felt at the end of March or beginning of April, because (1) the Sun would form the semi-quartile with Saturn on April 4; (2) that Mars would be *stationary* in $25^{\circ} 6'$ of *Scorpio* on April 2, within 1° of the place of Saturn at the eclipse; (3) that there would be three planets—Mercury, Venus and Jupiter—in *Taurus*, and one—Mars—in *Scorpio* at the beginning of April, and two of them—Venus and Mars—would be *stationary*.

The student will find that at 6 hrs. 10 m. A.M. of April 4, when the severest shock was so fearfully destructive to life and buildings at Lahore and the vicinity, Mercury's declination was $14^{\circ} 47\frac{1}{2}'$ N., the contra-parallel to that of Saturn— $14^{\circ} 31'$ S.—at the eclipse; that Mars was in *Scorpio* $25^{\circ} 6'$ in quartile to the place of Saturn and the degree in the lower meridian at the full moon of February 19; and that the Sun was within $32'$ of the exact semi-quartile with Saturn, and Jupiter was within $19'$ of the exact parallel of declination with Saturn.

It is to be hoped that astronomers and seismologists will no longer ignore the evidence here presented that *astronomical causes* must be studied in connection with great earthquakes. Let them remember that it is on record that Pliny found that "earthquakes are caused by the congress of Saturn, Jupiter and Mars with the Sun or with each other, and this chiefly happens *circa quadrata mundi*"—meaning the equinoxes and tropics. Moreover, Pliny states that earthquakes happen frequently about the time of eclipses; and that great philosopher placed on record the fact that Anaximander foretold the earthquakes which overthrew Lacedæmon. Democritus said that when Jupiter is in *Taurus* "you must pray there may be no earthquakes." The *modus operandi* is probably electrical, and that electrical phenomena accompany earthquakes is beyond dispute.

THE EVIDENCE FOR GHOSTS

By ALFRED FELLOWS

WHEN Scrooge saw Marley's ghost he had learnt enough science to know the influence of bodily conditions on the reliability of the senses, and that defective assimilation was especially prone to lead to deception; and he summed up the matter in the pregnant sentence, "You may be a bit of undigested potato."

A well-known Theosophical writer in one of his works gives his readers directions on how properly to address an apparition, recommending an attitude of polite helpfulness combined with promptitude, on the ground that for a disembodied spirit to make itself visible and audible requires a most intense effort of will, so that nothing but the most urgent need of communication with the living produces the effect, and that only for a short time. The seer must therefore, in common humanity—if this quality includes kindness to ghosts—give the best assistance he can in the few moments afforded.

Probably the great majority living at this moment have never had any experience which the most superstitious could call abnormal, and, if those who profess to speak with authority report truly, are not likely to do so without definite assistance from White or Black Magic. And as White Magic requires the most rigid discipline a man can undergo, and Black Magic is said to bring with it dangers beside which those of dynamite and prussic acid are insignificant, the ordinary individual must make up his mind—again, if authority is to be trusted—that his knowledge of apparitions must be entirely second-hand, unless some very unusual combination of circumstances should ensure for him a special favour.

If to the student of the occult this should seem disappointing, let him pause a moment and consider how much he knows from the direct evidence of his own senses. He believes that the earth is spherical. Why? Even if he has seen a ship hull down, this can very well be explained by atmospheric effect, as the next Zetetic he meets will be glad to tell to him at any length he pleases. Similarly, every good citizen now believes that lightning is electric, that matter is built up of molecules and atoms, and that the earth and planets revolve round the sun as a central

luminary. But again, why should he? Not from his own personal experience—a few hundred years ago he used to burn anyone pestilent enough to suggest such things, and though he travels in railway trains and electric cars, and uses telegraph and telephone, these do not supply the answer.

If the question is put to him directly, he may even need help to elucidate his own mental processes: it is quite possible that he has no better reason for his beliefs than that they are authoritative and part of his education, just as some of the ancient Egyptians believed very fervently that when dead their own disembodied spirits would need certain material things to be placed in their tombs, or as a savage to this day believes in his ju-ju or poo-jah because his medicine-men tell him it is efficacious. He believes his medicine-man is a credible person, and is content to trust what he says; and the average citizen of a civilised country adopts the same attitude to his professors of science.

However, those interested in the occult may be credited with acquiescence a little more intelligent, and to have some notion of the case the scientists put to them. The discovery of Neptune and continually successful predictions of the places of the planets and exact times of eclipses justify astronomers, theoretical chemistry has its verified predictions and practical successes, and every accepted theory has been so tested and re-tested that, by all the laws of reason and logic, the chance of its untruth is infinitesimal. Moreover, the inventor of any new theory has a burden of proof which is, properly, extremely stringent, and nothing new is accepted which cannot force recognition from scientific men, working on the same lines and very often in jealous competition with the discoverer. So that, although very few of us have the direct evidence of our senses, for the truth of modern science (even those engaged on the work have to rely for many things on the observations of predecessors) it can very safely be assumed that our many scientific guides do not speak falsely.

It is thus easy to prove that each man's knowledge of the world around him must very largely be taken on trust by him, and during the last century trust in scientific men became so strong that the very foundations of religion itself were shaken; in fact, so successful were the scientists in their own line, that intellectual arrogance took possession of them, and there were no things in heaven and earth undreamed of in their philosophy. And as none of them had seen ghosts or anything supernatural, such

things were officially non-existent. In men like Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge a reaction may be traced from a scepticism which was sometimes rather indistinguishable from bigotry; but the modern inquirer, though he does not start with a prejudice which would make all his deductions worthless, requires evidence which will conform to the rules men find necessary when they elucidate the truth about other things, and to such rules the evidence regarding the truth or otherwise of apparitions must be strictly subject.

For a man taking this point of view and beginning his investigations, one preliminary inquiry would now seem paramount; the Psychological Research Society have been working for many years on such lines, and he would naturally ask for guidance from this body. Unfortunately, however, he will find a definite and authoritative answer to his question is not yet forthcoming. Some have accused the leading officials of undue timidity, of rejection of perfectly good evidence, and of adopting a "natural" interpretation when by all the laws of probability the supernatural is the only likely one; others think that fifteen years with no positive result goes far to prove the negative, and that it is time the Society realised this. One eminent member of the Society, now deceased, declared that he was convinced of the survival of the personality over bodily death by the accumulated evidence, another merely that a case had been made out worthy of further investigation. However this may be, it is clear that from the nature of the subject an irrefutable proof of this must be a matter of enormous difficulty, and it may well be that the Society is right in delaying an official pronouncement until all the conditions that are demanded by a jealous science can be fulfilled completely. But in the meanwhile the ordinary inquirer might find himself satisfied with reasonably clear evidence sufficient to convince him, if not the whole world; and the question for him is, does such evidence exist?

To deal with it, he need not be accused of flippancy if he finds Mr. Scrooge's attitude a useful one. No proof is required that some people are subject to hallucinations—normally so in delirium and some cases of hysteria, and now and then occurring in sane and healthy persons—and that the investigation of hallucination *per se* is profitless except for specialists. Suppose a man comes to the inquirer and says he has seen an apparition—how can "objective"—a visitant from the spirit-world—be distinguished from "subjective"—a valueless illusion?

In testing every case, there are three links of the chain :— (1) The witness may be telling an intentional falsehood. (2) His memory may play him false. (3) Or his senses may. The first source of error is probably the least frequent, except perhaps in certain cases when dealing with professional occultists or where there is some financial interest involved in the commission of fraud. On subjects of no direct personal and pecuniary interest the ordinary person is much more likely to tell the truth than otherwise, even if this is due to a paucity of inventive power ; and the scientific man who distrusts the simple tale of an old country-woman may be reminded that his own class does not monopolise veracity, even when testifying as expert witnesses.

The test of memory is sometimes made in a game where the players sit in a circle, and the leader tells a story to the player on his left, which is passed verbally round till it comes back to him with "corroborative detail, calculated to give verisimilitude." No investigator can afford to disregard the tricks a witness's recollection may play him, but these will more usually be in details than in the main incidents, and every day in the Law Courts men and women may be heard testifying to incidents several years old without judicial comment. The person to whom any abnormal experience has come should, of course, commit his story to writing as soon as possible, when memory is clear and distinct ; but oral testimony is not necessarily valueless, even on ancient matters.

Undoubtedly, the great factor which vitiates ghost-stories is the third, the deception of the senses, to which all without exception are liable ; and at present the impartial inquirer must assume, in the absence of good proof, that there has been an hallucination in each case, thus putting the burden of proof on those who allege the existence of "ghosts" proper. In fact, Scrooge's mental attitude was correct enough, and the only legitimate comment that can be made on his actual behaviour is that, until he was certain of his facts, politeness would have cost nothing, while equally suiting either hypothesis.

There may, however, be external circumstances to be considered : as, for example, in the many recorded instances of apparitions of the dying appearing to their friends. In the typical case the narrator, very often an educated person, tells how he has seen an apparition of his friend within a few hours of the death of the latter, and sometimes the incident is recorded before the seer has had news of the event, or even heard anything

to make him believe it is impending. How should the inquirer deal with such a case? Fifty or sixty years ago a scientific man would have heard the story, assumed the narrator to be lying, and troubled himself no more about it; or, if unusually open-minded, he might have admitted the fact of hallucination, but assumed at once that the theory of mere accidental coincidence completely explained everything. Now, however, it is recognised that such treatment is both unmannerly and unscientific as well, and that "the long arm of coincidence" cannot be strained beyond a certain point on the rack of improbability. Any healthy person who has seen one such death-bed apparition in his life, and never suffered from hallucinations, is more than justified in ascribing causal connection between his friend's death and his own vision; and any acquaintance of a credible and healthy person who tells such a story may very well do likewise.

Such causal connection would be beyond the laws of Nature, as, for example, Professors Huxley and Tyndall knew them, and even in our own day might be termed "supernormal." Whether apparitions of this sort could in every case be explained by telepathy between the living (though one be moribund), or whether in some cases the postulate of the continued existence of the dead would be the only reasonable one, would be the subject of further investigation, to which the Society for Psychical Research may some day supply a definite answer. But the man who does not believe in ghosts because he has never seen one, or treats all ghost-stories as mere lies, or meaningless hallucinations with or without some striking coincidence, should nowadays be treated, kindly but firmly, as an intellectual troglodyte, and given to understand that his views cannot be accepted in the twentieth century by those who are capable of seeing the light when it shines on them.

THE OCCULT IN THE NEARER EAST

By A. GOODRICH-FREER

II.—AMULETS (MOSLEM)

AS has been already shown, the belief in the occult is, in Palestine, equally active among Christians, "Jews, Turks, Heretics, and Infidels," and the use of amulets, perhaps one of the most elementary forms of superstition, is practically universal. We may apply to Jerusalem to-day what Lane wrote of Egypt nearly a century ago :

Muslims, Christians, and Jews, adopt each other's superstitions, while they abhor the leading doctrines of each other's faith. In sickness, the Muslim sometimes employs Christian and Jewish priests to pray for him; the Christians and Jews in the same predicament often call in Muslim saints for the like purpose. Many Christians are in the frequent habit of visiting certain Muslim saints here; kissing their hands; begging their prayers, counsels, or prophecies; and giving them money and other presents.*

A fragment of the "true cross" is a powerful amulet among Moslems and others in whose possession one would certainly not expect to find it,† and a large number of shrines are resorted to for healing or good luck by all religious communities alike, although it is worth mentioning, on behalf of those who "call us to deliver their land from error's chain," that some of these have been abandoned by the Moslems, on account of the superstitious orgies practised in the name of Christianity,‡ especially in those dedicated to St. George, much resorted to by women. We ourselves bought, as a charm of special sanctity, a medal of St. Joseph from a Samaritan at Shechem; and the Jerusalem Cross, the insignia of the Franciscans, is a favourite decoration of the camel, a beast whom it is generally safe to assume to be the property of Moslems. Among Christians, the Roman Catholics, peasants, and townsmen, more carefully instructed in their faith as compared with the countless other sects of Judæa—I am not speaking of the better educated class which,

* Lane, "Modern Egyptians," I. ch. x.

† "Zeitschrift des Deutschen Palestina-Vereins," vol. xii. 205. Lane, *op. cit.* li. Appendix A.

‡ Curtiss, "Primitive Semitic Religion to-day," ix. 119.

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thanks to the American schools, is to be found further north—are less superstitious as to the Evil Eye and the presence of Jinns than are others; perhaps because their powers of credulity are often diverted into other channels. I remember, for example, one summer evening when, in one of the quaint old tunnelled streets of Jerusalem, I gathered about me a crowd consisting of Moslem soldiers and police, Protestant servants, and Greek and Armenian tradesmen, not one of whom would venture to accompany me into an empty house for the rescue of a deserted kitten, on account of the spirits who haunt such places, although the Arabs at least showed much sympathy, and all knew that they were certain of earning backsheesh. At last there arrived a young dragoman from the Franciscan Convent, who contemptuously offered his escort to the armed watchman who went so far as to accompany him to a point where his lantern, which he refused to part with, gave sufficient light to reveal the kitten, which I need not say took refuge in a hole in the floor, declined to be rescued, and screamed all night as only an Arab cat knows how.

This syncretism is by no means uncommon, even among the intolerant orientals. At this moment, when the excavations of the Germans on Franciscan property at Capernaum have just revealed the magnificent remains of a synagogue, in exquisitely classic, and definitely non-Jewish taste, one is reminded, not to speak it profanely, of the Pagan who came to the great Healer, and of whom it was said "he loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue," probably that now exposed.

In distinguishing, therefore, among amulets, Moslem, Jewish, and Christian, I am conscious of some degree of cross-division, and would be understood to refer rather to their association with these respective creeds, than to draw a hard and fast line as to their use and purpose.

Amulets are used upon an immense variety of occasions which, for practical purposes, may all be included as belonging to the Evil Eye, although many of those resorting to them would not so characterise their personal intention. Here, as in the Highlands and elsewhere, the Evil Eye is not necessarily inspired by hate, but its effect may be accidental, or even consequent upon genuine and kindly admiration.

"*El-öz billäh min wāhad edshrūdi, 'ēneh zurok u'snāns furok*" ("God preserve us from the beardless, the blue-eyed, and from those with prominent teeth"), say the Arabs. They themselves

have, as a rule, extraordinarily perfect and well-formed teeth, and the allusion to the blue-eyed and beardless may be a reminiscence of crusading times when the Frank was their enemy. The beard and parenthood of sons are the measure of God's regard, and it is said that a European, resident here, defends himself against the greater popularity of a colleague, by reminding the natives that the latter is without beard or son, while he himself is more favoured of God, if not of man. The Arabs, as is well known, swear by the beard, and to have "disgraced his beard" is the strongest term of reprobation of the conduct of another. It will be remembered that in *The Tempest*, a tale of known oriental origin, Caliban describes his mother, the witch Sycorax, as "a blue-eyed hag," and it is a commonplace of Jerusalem life that a mother will resent even the kindly glances of a blue-eyed stranger.

It is an interesting point, however, to the psychic student, that the glance of the Evil Eye is not always accidental, and that countless stories are told here of what the Society of Psychical Research would perhaps describe as "telepathic suggestion." One such I offer upon the excellent authority of Frau Einsler, a daughter of the well-known Jerusalem archæologist, Dr. Schick. A Moslem, credited with the Evil Eye, was speaking of his faculty, and instanced that he could bring about that the flesh of a camel which was being driven along the distant slopes of the Mount of Olives, should be sold that very day as meat in the market. Those present, doubtful that his evil glance could really extend to so great a distance, encouraged him to attempt to realise his boast. He stared fixedly at the beast, uttered the sound known as *shah-kā*, the Arabic expression of admiration, exclaimed, "Cursed be thou ! How fat thou art, O camel !" and the beast stumbled and fell ! A camel who falls under the heavy load usual in this country, where carts are almost unknown and their burdens are heavy and often so miscellaneous as to be difficult to balance, falls, as a rule, never to rise again. No attempt is made to restore a broken leg, and they are at once slaughtered, and sold as a delicacy in the Moslem market.

I was myself once present when a party of Moslem ladies were admiring a little boy just promoted out of nursery clothes, who went from one lady to another exhibiting his pockets and buttons. One, sitting beside me, picked him up, kissed him and set him down again. A murmur of discontent passed through the room—this latest admirer had not uttered the name of God !

the more incumbent upon her, as she was already known to make spells and suspected of the Evil Eye, and as such had been closely watched. Just as in the Highlands, if you count your neighbour's chickens, or children, or what not, you should add, "Up with their number," so here she should at least have added, *Má-sháa-lláh*—"What God willeth"—(*i.e.*, comes to pass). Indeed, under the suspicious circumstances, she would have done well to repeat, "In the name of God, the Compassionate, the Merciful." A really cautious parent would have taken a morsel of the boy's tunic, burnt it with the addition of some alum and certain seeds, and fumigated the child with the smoke. It is also a good plan to repeat over a child who has been admired at least a part of the 113th sura of the Koran, which prays for protection from "women blowing on knots," that is the witches who tied knots in a cord * over which they muttered words against any given person, and from "the envious when he envieth." This chapter is regarded as a sovereign remedy against the powers of evil. It is carved upon the doorway of a certain shop in Jerusalem, *vis-à-vis* to the entrance of that of a not over-scrupulous rival.

The utterance of the name of God is not only the great specific against envy, but is even used to express admiration, as I discovered to my enlightenment, when, after performing on the piano before an Arab audience, Christian and Moslem, I was rewarded, not with the conventional thanks or hand-clappings, but with cries of "Allah! Allah!" which, when very *empressé*, sounded like "Ullaw Ull-aw-w!" The sacred name is indeed used so freely that one cannot wonder at the promulgation of the First Commandment among a Semitic people, though the present-day Jew cannot be said to offend in this respect. His superstition takes the contrary form, and I have seen a case of a teacher dismissed from a Jewish school for careless utterance of "the unspeakable name." If you even remark that it is a fine day—if you ask a question, express an intention, the usual reply is *Inshallah*—"As God wills," the equivalent of the D.V. of the Protestant, who is doubtless equally innocent of intentional profanity. The Name is also often sculptured over the door of a house; but I soon found, after a little study of the people, that I was misinformed by an English resident, who asserted that the houses, Moslem, Jew, and Christian, might be distinguished according as they were

* This was practised by the witches who, like those in *Macbeth*, sold winds to sailors, a method known in the Middle Ages as *nouer l'éguillette*.

decorated with the Name, the Divine Hand, or the Cross. The signs are interchangeable, at least between Moslems and Christians, who both, moreover, use the hand-mark over the doorway, generally made by simply dipping a hand, often that of the eldest boy, in the "blue-bag," who then stamps it on any prominent position of the house-front. In some cases, however, the hand is three or four feet long. All three signs are often found, accompanied by lumps of alum, bunches of herbs, or sometimes an egg.

The origin and precise nature of the virtues of alum I have in vain attempted to ascertain. Even Lane offers no suggestion, though he frequently mentions its power in various connections. It is largely worn by children, generally sewn up in a little bag, and fastened to the cap, or tarboosh. A favourite fashion is to enclose it in a net-work of small blue beads, for on homœopathic principles blue is at once the cause and the cure of evil; sometimes a morsel forms the centre of a tassel of blue beads or cowrie shells, and is worn, not only by children, but by domestic animals.

Alum is also used as the substance of what, in the Highlands, we call a *corp cradle*, and is burnt upon hot charcoal, when it takes the shape of the enemy, just as in various parts of Britain similar figures are made of wax or clay, which are then as here cursed and tortured in order to produce a corresponding effect upon the evil-doer. Sometimes paper is pricked with the same purpose, saying at each stab, "This is the eye of the envier." In the case of a similar demonstration, which I was privileged to witness in the New Forest, it was the heart which was aimed at, but here in the East the eye is the seat of suffering, and the constant source of disfigurement and loss, detracting from the marketable value of the women, and the commercial activities of the men. It is worth while to mention in passing, that except among the educated classes, no means, other than occult, are taken to prevent the destruction of the eye-sight by infectious disease. What happens is *maktoub*—"decreed." In a later chapter I hope to speak of the occult in relation to sickness and death. The readiness to resort to charms outside of their own faith was instanced but a few weeks ago under somewhat picturesque circumstances. A colony of Americans living on early Christian principles, and devoting themselves to love of their neighbours in a fashion unprecedented in Jerusalem, have won, as no one else has even attempted to do, the esteem and

confidence of the Moslem population. They are even entrusted with the charge of the Government Schools, and are thus brought into very close relation with rich and poor alike. A young Moslem woman in their employment, belonging to a very fanatical family, was greatly distressed by the illness of her only child, a boy. One of the American ladies visited her, but found that to proffer advice would be worse than useless. Upon every occasion she found the room crowded with neighbours, while shechs of the Mosque, in numbers which increased, as time went on, from one to seven, were engaged in writing verses upon paper, which were burnt in the fumes of certain herbs and seeds, the wretched infant, who for several days had not been undressed, being fumigated with the smoke, in spite of which its convulsions and sufferings continued and increased.

One morning, at an early hour, the kindly Americans were aroused by a peremptory ringing at the door, where they found the young mother, carrying the infant, and accompanied by a friend. They had come, they explained, to request the cure of the child. They had not come earlier for obvious reasons, but now that the shechs had failed, now that all their own measures had availed nothing, they were ready to try the Christian method of casting out the Evil one, and the child was to be baptized. The Colony not being in any conventional sense concerned in "missionary" work, and having no personal ends to serve, declined this method, adding, however, "As we all worship the same God, let us ask that if it be His will, the child shall be cured." The suggestion was accepted, but full dramatic accessories were insisted upon, and every one in the house was summoned to participate. The prayer, in the name of the Great Physician, touched the two women to tears, while the child, gently handled and soothed, ceased its wailing even while the devotions were being carried on. These were followed by a warm bath, and clean and suitable clothing, and under such influences the boy fell into peaceful sleep, and the Moslems rejoiced in the effect of the Christian charms. I may add that, for many weeks the child was daily visited, bathed and dressed in a wardrobe presented by kindly hands, and which, no doubt, was regarded as part of the treatment, a rival method to that recommended of swaddling the child in red and leaving it so enveloped for forty days. He is now as fine a boy as even Moslem parents could desire.

Prayer, to the Moslem, is mainly invocation of the Deity ;

rather, if one may so say, a claim upon His attention, than a recital of definite and individual desires. A person pursuing you in the road will say, "May thy path be broad," he thanks you in the phrase, "May God increase your goods," he greets you with "May thy day be blessed," and bids good-bye with "Peace be to you"; but if you listen to the repetition of his rosary, which he handles at every leisure moment, you will find that it consists entirely of invocations. As the rosary of thirty-three, or preferably of ninety-nine beads, is inseparable from the town Arab, Moslem or Christian, its use is doubtless in many instances purely mechanical, and in any case is seldom devotional, in our sense of the word; rather, at best, an amulet against any evil influence which may happen to be present. Once however, when visiting in the harem of a distinguished official of high rank, I spent some hours in the society of a lady who had been early widowed, and who, devoted to the memory of a beloved husband, passed her days, we were told, in prayer. Her conversation was something like this, a bead being passed at each devotional phrase, recited under her breath:

"I fear you have had a hot drive. *God is most great.* The lemonade will be here directly. *The perfection of God.* I am happy to see you so well. *Thy perfection I extol,*" and so on. While others talked or replied to her questions, her lips moved the whole time, though eyes and ears were fully occupied.

There are countless stories, many of which sound like an appendix to the "Arabian Nights," as to the consequences of performing the commonest domestic tasks without invocation of the Deity; and those whose business it is to supply wives, seeking out the most suitable in appearance, manner and habits, will not fail to inquire whether the young lady under consideration fulfils this duty. Not merely have the Jinns (of whom more later) influence over food, vessels, clothing, etc., not so protected, but these are doubly susceptible to the action of the Evil Eye.

As elsewhere the use of charms and amulets is here, theoretically, if not in fact, largely in the hands of the women, for which reason it is commonly known as the science of the distaff. Lane, however, suggests that the term '*ilm er-rukkeh*' may be a corruption of '*ilm er-rukkeh*', the science of enchantment, or that a play upon the words may be intended. It is to be observed, however, that amulets, except those specially for pain or sickness, are worn for the most part by women and children. This is true not merely of the peasant class but among ladies in a position to

afford costly jewellery. Curtains, carpets, embroideries, metal-work, are constantly decorated with designs consisting of letters which, put together, form verses from the Koran, and necklaces and pear-shaped pendants especially are often ornamented with such invocations as "O Restorer to health," "O Preserver," "O Trustworthy."

Of all charms in use among Moslems none are so efficacious as the *hegab* portions of the Koran, and these, enclosed in ornamental cases of silk, leather, or silver, rarely gold, which is little favoured by Moslems, are worn by men as well as women. The women, however, contrive to turn them to purposes of decoration, enclosed in small cases and worn suspended by a chain or string round the neck, or on the right side, above the waist. Sometimes the cases, of gold or silver, often enriched with gems, are themselves inscribed in fanciful lettering, with invocations such as are quoted above. The portions of the Koran most commonly used as *hegab* are the following suras in whole or part—the 6th, 18th, 36th, 44th, 55th, 67th and 78th. Space will not allow me to give the reasons for their selection, generally obvious when read. Among separate verses in special favour against the Evil Eye are the following: "And the preservation of both (heaven and earth) is no burden to him" (ii. 256); "God is the best protector" (xii. 64); "They watch him by the command of God" (xiii. 12); "A guard against every rebellious devil" (xxxvii. 7).

The writing of these portions, generally on parchment, afterwards coated with wax, is quite a trade in itself. They are of special value when manufactured by a *haj*, one who has performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, incumbent, personally or by proxy, upon every good Moslem. It is not to be supposed that even the poorest Moslem woman is without personal ornament. Every beggar-woman, every leper even, who asks for alms, holds out a hand decorated with rings and bangles, often of the blue glass made at Hebron, or of silver, set with sham turquoises. She wears, moreover, a necklace of blue beads, sometimes of the usual circular form, but often consisting of glass hands or camel's eyes, both powerful against the Evil Eye. A common blue china plate is frequently built into the wall of a house either inside or out as a protection. The colour attracts the regard of the Evil One.

A fact especially pleasing in the East, where the natives are accused of cruelty towards animals, not wholly without justice, although in this they are surpassed by Jews and European

tourists, is, that a valuable charm is composed of the names of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, together with that of their dog Katmir who guarded them for three hundred years, and whose name is so identified with fidelity that it is even engraved upon seals, to ensure the safe arrival of letters. The same names may be found upon metal cups and trays, and even woven into carpets and curtains. A kind of sanctity attaches to these articles of domestic use, as well as to a few other trifles, which, like them, constituted the personal property of the prophet, and which are therefore commonly adorned with sacred words, and arabesque ornamentation.

In the following chapter I hope to speak of the charms and occult procedure employed by Jews and Christians—*Inshallah!*

REVIEWS

By SCRUTATOR

THE CREED OF CHRIST. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head.

IN this work by an anonymous author we have an entirely new canon of criticism afforded to students of the Gospel teachings, a new view of the purpose of the Christ's mission, and many fanciful lights thrown upon the character and personality of the Master. The writer seeks to determine the fundamental ideas that dominated the thought, influenced the will, and shaped the life of the Christ. It is affirmed that for nineteen centuries we have steadily averted our eyes from these questions. We have been concerned with our beliefs concerning the relation of Christ to the Deity and of man to the Universe. Our author would have us reconstruct our views and attempt to determine what Christ thought concerning God, Man and the Universe.

In order to do this, as our author believes :

We need a preliminary acquaintance with the mind and soul of Christ—an acquaintance which scholarship cannot give us, but which is open to any one who will free his mind from prejudices and foregone conclusions to endeavour to acquire. We need more than this; we need what scholarship, in the sense of historical research, can give us—an insight into the nature of Christ's surroundings; but we need this first and foremost.

The writer then proceeds to apply this new canon of criticism to a number of "unorthodox" passages and others of doubtful authenticity, showing that in many instances

nothing but the genuineness of such sayings could have procured them admission into the narrative in which their presence must have been highly inconvenient for those who edited the narrative.

There are also the reputed sayings which are antagonistic to the general trend of belief in the times in which Christ is said to have lived, and others which are "obviously unintelligible, either wholly or in part, to the authors of the Gospels." With these also the writer deals in a very able manner, arguing that Christ was in the widest sense of the word a Prophet,

possessed of large and far-reaching ideas of a more or less revolutionary character, and that he was therefore, speaking generally, in revolt against the tendencies of the age in which, and the people among whom, he lived.

It is shown that the attitude of Christ toward the Pharisaism of the day, which is characterised as "the logical expression of the religious consciousness of the Jews," was similar in all respects to that of the Buddha towards Brahmanism six hundred years before, and that "the hatred of Pharisaism was one of the

master passions of Christ's life." Taking this and the foregoing designation of Christ as a poet and a prophet, and—granting the view to be a correct one—we have at our hands certain

rough and ready rules for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious sayings of Christ—suggested to us by the conclusions which this brief study of the undoubtedly genuine sayings has enabled us to reach.

The author is careful to distinguish between the purpose and teaching of the Master and the necessarily conventional forms in which that purpose and teaching are expressed, while admitting that there may be some surface respect for current beliefs with which he was at heart out of sympathy. Certain passages of the Scripture are then submitted to the test of this canon of criticism, and the conclusions drawn favour the method, while they clearly show that we have here an author who, himself long subject to the dogmas of the Church, and not a little affected by the canons of the literalists, is making a brave struggle for freedom, both for himself in the writing and for his readers in the conning of this book.

And the gist of it all is that the ground of contention is between the literalists and the idealists, those who accept the literal form and build up their beliefs on it, and those who have regard to the spirit of the letter—a conclusion which, in effect, is as old as the Gospels themselves, regarding which it was said : The letter killeth but the spirit giveth life. Hence we find our author at all points at variance with the theologian of orthodox faith, and in line with the teachings of the Mystics, Idealists, and Spiritualists of every century. Yet this stage is only reached by a true understanding of the Universe and Man's relation thereto, and it is well stated in the last chapter of this work—Final Triumph, where it is said :

The supernatural world is doomed. The floods have risen and are already beating against it. Inward, outward, from deep to deep, from height to height, from plane to plane, from world to world, Nature expands unceasingly before our eyes ; and we need not be gifted with prophetic vision to see that, sooner or later, her limits will become commensurate with those of the Universe. . . . We are at last beginning to realise that the range of human nature is illimitable, that the depths of the "buried life" are unfathomable, that the possibilities of man's development are infinite. . . . If it is Nature which makes us hunger and thirst after meat and drink, it is Nature also—a higher development of Nature, and as such *more* worthy of the name—that makes us hunger and thirst after righteousness, that inspires the Poet and the Prophet, that gives courage to the Hero, and singleness of heart to the Saint. There are two ways, and two only, by which man may hope to possess himself of the inmost truth of things. He may wait for a message to come from beyond the limits of Nature. . . . Or he may strive to penetrate the deeper secrets of Nature by the use of those higher faculties—some awake and active, others as yet latent and quiescent—which are truly divine because they are essentially human.

This is the keynote of our author's theme, the humanising of the Divine ; and here we may leave his pages, with the remark that he has in our opinion seized upon the very spirit of true religion, and portrayed it with commendable skill.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA: A Lecture. By Archdeacon Colley.

At last we have a man of the Church who, like John Wesley, can talk of salvation of souls and conditional immortality with something in the nature of personal experience in support of the idea that there is actually a soul to save. Archdeacon Colley, rector of Stockton, in an address delivered at the Albert Hall on March 28 last, related a series of very remarkable experiences in spirit phenomena, regarding the reality of which he has no shadow of doubt, but for which he is still seeking a fitting explanation. He spoke with evident conviction, and affirmed that

The time is not far off when the invisible will be seen, the intangible sensibly felt; when matter will rarefy to spirit and spirit solidify to matter, . . . when they of the spiritual world will be able, under fitting conditions, to visit us as in Bible times,

and we in our turn shall be able to make our incursions to the world beyond. It appeared, from the evidences, that this was a sane view of a possible future intercourse between man embodied and disembodied. Each would be capable of supplying the conditions and the material by which the transition from one state to the other would be rendered possible. And here are the facts upon which Archdeacon Colley has founded his views of the future "community of spirits." They are taken from the diary and are told with greater attention to detail than can be attempted in this place.

Four of us were sitting with our medium in perfect accord and taking the utmost care of the tests, which were of a most stringent nature. The first form from within was that of a little child. . . . This small figure was observed to grow out of the left side of the medium, in view of us all and in full gaslight, as in black coat he stood in the middle of the room beneath the chandelier.

In form and manner it was as a child of seven years. It clapped its little hands, pursed its mouth to be kissed by those present and spoke in childish language, all the while answering to the instructions of the medium, who sent it to various parts of the room to fetch articles. Then after an affectionate embrace

it gradually disappeared into the left side of the medium and I watched it to within eighteen inches of the medium during its strange evanishment, when it left for the moment a species of vapour on the black coat of the medium, a vapour which presently faded away.

Incidentally it was observed that there was a perfect physical rapport between the medium and the child, any change of temperature experienced by the latter being recorded in the consciousness of the medium. Although the child possessed the faculty of speech, it would happen that when questioned the medium would answer in its stead. This community of sensation between the medium and the form casually related to him was a

subject of considerable difficulty to the Archdeacon, but it gives one to think of the "casual relationship" which may exist between ourselves as embodied humanity and the source of our being.

A second form which appeared was that of a friend of the medium's, a fellow student and minister. One of those present recognised it as his pastor of former days. The medium being cautiously awakened, a dramatic recognition took place, and thereafter for a while the two walked about the room, while the spirit form greeted his other friend and "did many things to show how perfectly he was a man."

The third form was that of an Egyptian, some eight inches taller than the medium, who walked with a manly step and dignified carriage, inspected things about the room, and finally sat down by the Archdeacon. The latter examined the flesh of this bronzed Egyptian through a Stanhope lens, observed the frontal ornament of the turban worn by him, and was surprised to find that on trying to feel it the article became impalpable, seeming "to melt away like a snowflake," and then to grow up again.

"From the medium these spirit people came," it was affirmed, "and through the medium they went back to invisibility." This relationship of the spirit-form to the physical body of the medium is in direct support of the teachings of Paracelsus and other occultists, who say that the astral body is located in the spleen, that mysterious gland whose function has for so long a time puzzled the physiologists and vexed the bodies of certain sensitive organisms. It is reported, for instance, that Shelley, whose "double" was seen on more than one occasion, suffered from congestion of the spleen. In this connection the Archdeacon further reports that he saw

at a distance of a few inches the psychic form of a lovely maiden extruded from the left side of the medium. This form failed at first to detach itself, and when at length it did so there was an attachment like a gossamer filament, which gradually, as she left the side of the medium, attenuated and then disappeared.

On her retirement, however, the filament again appeared, presenting the appearance of a waterspout or sand column. But most surprising of all the experiences of the lecturer was that of a spirit-form coming from another spirit-form, that of the Egyptian already mentioned, which gave the name of Alice, and was well known and dear to some of those present during her lifetime. This "form" came to deliver a message. The Egyptian, on the other hand, remained with them in close communion for an hour, writing characters on the back of a visiting card. These characters were submitted to an authority at the British Museum and declared to be "in the nature of ancient Coptic writing." This card was on view at the lecture. In conclusion the Archdeacon said that he was prepared to answer questions, but would not discuss the subject. He had

learned from patient investigation and experiment, and was himself convinced beyond argument. Others could obtain the same results by the same means. "Controversy," as some one had said, "equalised men and fools," and the fools knew it!

LOVE'S CHAPLET. By the author of "Light on the Path," etc.
London: The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, W.

The definition of what is called "Love's Chaplet" is to be found in the opening words of the book under the title of "The Mystery of the Action of Love," where it is said:

Love's Chaplet is the crown of the immortal spirit when it has become entirely purified and deathless, and has cast off all those parts of itself which are vestures. The laying down of these vestures constitutes the change known as death.

Thereafter we are told that Love itself, so far as its earthly expression is concerned, is no exception to the law, but that it must die. The corruptible must put on incorruption. The nature of the Three Vestures and the process of their shedding. Then comes the fulfilment, and lastly the Vision. In this there is a note which will bear pondering:

The strangely familiar character common to all great things (and Love has been called the greatest in the world) is the inherent proof of eternal nature. In all the past we have known them, in all the future we shall know them. This is so with great truths; it is so with great loves. They are ours—they are ourselves; and when we encounter them we recognise this.

There are many whom this little work will touch sympathetically as a congenial theme. To others it may appear as new light upon an old worn path.

PSYCHIC MANUALS. By R. Dimsdale Stocker. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

The first four manuals of this series deal with the subjects of *Telepathy*, *Soul-culture*, *Clairvoyance* and allied phenomena, and *Mentalism* or Mind and Will Training. These little handbooks are written in a serious and elevated mood, evidently designed to reach the sympathies of the teachable reader, but are hardly calculated to supply the needs of the critically scientific investigator in the matter of evidences. As must needs be the case, these manuals are only introductory to the subjects of which they treat, and in the quality of suggestiveness, as in that of lucidity, they should prove fair material for the early student.

THE GOSPEL OF THE HOLY TWELVE. Brighton: 3, Evelyn Terrace.

This publication purports to be the true translation of the Lost Word, which for a long time has been associated, on account of a statement in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, with the

Buddhistic Monasteries of Tartary or Thibet. The text, whether in the Aramaic, Syriac or any of the Mongolian tongues, is not in evidence, neither is it clear that Swedenborg would have led us to expect a literary form such as we have here. The authors have given us in effect a new version of the New Testament, in which certain passages are amplified, and certain others dealing with the early life of the Nazarene introduced. The doubtful books are expunged. It is so much what one would have been led to expect from a diligent study of the Canons that there is practically little to be said for or against it. But when we come to inquire concerning the source of this compilation we are met with a very singular statement which briefly refers the authorship to Swedenborg and another, who appear to have honoured the recipient with long bedside visits in the course of which this version was unfolded. It is not for us to disparage such an august source of scriptural revelation, more particularly as the recipient is one whose physical infirmities and mental abilities conduce to a singular isolation, but I may be permitted the regret that the text itself was not the subject of communication. Students of psychology would be well rewarded by a study of the preface to this publication, apart from its claims to introduce what is called the Gospel of the Holy Twelve.

The explanation is as ingenious as it is ingenuous, and really rivals the performance in its inducement to levitation.

FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

THE De La More Press will shortly issue two works of great interest by Mr. N. W. Thomas, the ex-Organising Secretary to the Society for Psychical Research, entitled respectively "Thought Transference" and "Crystal Gazing." The first of these is a survey of the evidence for telepathy, and deals critically but sympathetically with the work of the Society for Psychical Research. It will be appreciated by all who wish to know what to believe on the subject. The second, to which Mr. Andrew Lang has written an introduction, is mainly concerned with the history of the subject, which is now for the first time treated with any pretension to completeness. Both works will be indispensable to inquirers and students of the subjects, and are, in fact, the first of the series of text-books whose absence was deplored by Professor Richet in his recent address to the Society for Psychical Research.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

Light for June 3 contains the first instalment of the address recently delivered to the Spiritualist Alliance by Dr. Peebles, and reviewed in these pages. Dr. Peebles is somewhat of a wag, and his good spirits are contagious. In his "Recent Journeyings in England, Scotland and Wales," which appears in the same issue, he has some play of wit. Describing one of the séances with David Duguid he says :

My accompanying friend, Elder F. Evans, the Shaker . . . proposed that each of us should hold one of Duguid's hands and see if the materialised hands of Steen and others would produce the paintings. We did so—and paintings were promptly produced. The medium was entranced and the eyes closed before the light was turned off. But to make the fact still more patent, if possible, we bandaged Duguid's eyes, turned off the light, and each took hold of one of his hands, and the paintings were again produced. "Well," remarked the Elder, "this must be the work of God or of the devil or of the spirits. . . . It cannot be the God of the patriarchs and the prophets of Israel, for they never showed any taste for art; and it cannot be the devil, for I don't believe in him, and so it must be the spirits.

What the Elder's belief or disbelief has to do with it does not appear conspicuous, but the incident is worth preserving in relation to a very interesting and extraordinary set of phenomena such as those produced by David Duguid. And in regard to the fact that they are produced in the dark only Dr. Peebles says :

Yes, but there is nothing very suspicious or dangerous in darkness. Our earth is in darkness about half of the time. Photographers develop their pictures in the dark, and in America; . . . potatoes grow under ground in the dark, and the wicked things persist in doing so. I am sure they would not submit to the "test" of being compelled to grow on the top of the ground in the blazing sunlight.

The learned writer then proceeds to show that light and heat are forces to be provided against in the chemistry of spirit-manifestation. All force is invisible, and it is a question whether we have any right to dictate the terms under which manifestations of spirit power shall occur. The whole article is worth reading.

The issue for June 10 contains an article on the philosophy of clothes, from which it would appear that whatever fashionable fads may impose upon us in the nature of externals individual character yet appears in the wearing of them, and yet from the spiritual point of view they bear no direct relation to the character of the wearer. In the spirit world we are told the garments worn are the product of character, and the faculty of a Worth is there of no avail. Strangely enough, however, most "materialisations" of spirits wear a very familiar cut, which leads to the conclusion that they manifest from "memory."

The Two Worlds for June 2 has an exceptionally interesting article on "Ousting a Ghost." It is related that a certain Mrs.

Haley, a medium, was staying at the house of some friends, which house was reputed to be haunted, and the usual phenomena of a disturbing nature had been experienced by several independent occupants of the particular room in which the man in possession was wont to assert his rights. During a sitting at the Deansgate room of the Central Association, at Manchester, Mrs. Haley fell under a strange control, which in effect proved to be due to the individual who haunted the room referred to. He had been the previous owner of the house, he explained, and was determined to retain possession.

In vain various members of the circle strove to make him realise that he was what is commonly called "dead." "I'm not dead!" he reiterated, "I'm alive. I'm myself." Ultimately he was convinced that, though a man in past life he was now using a woman's body, and this revelation had a startling effect upon him. He implored the circle to let him go. He had done wrong in the past, but it was no business of theirs. He wanted to be left alone, and had no desire to stay where he was, but wished to go back to his house.

Ultimately, a controlling spirit of the name of Patsy explained that it was "owing to his misdeeds that he was bound to the room which was haunted." Instructions were then given as to the method of ejecting him. The medium (Mrs. Haley) was to occupy that room and be again controlled by the Undesirable. It would then be arranged that the medium should be led downstairs and out of the hall door. At this point the master of the house was to be ready to catch the medium, as on reaching the open air the infesting or earthbound spirit would quit her body and she would be in danger of falling.

All arrangements were carried out to the letter. . . . Everything was arranged as ordered by Patsy, and shortly after the medium had retired with her hostess she was controlled by the same person (the haunting spirit) who had manifested at the Deansgate room. Immediately he made for the door and began to descend the stairs, making straight for the hall door, which had purposely been left open. No sooner had he stepped out into the air than he lost control of the medium, who fell into the waiting arms of her host. From that day to this the room has been free from the troublesome spirit.

In regard to this narrative it is difficult to agree with the statement made by Patsy to the effect that the spirit had been condemned for his misdeeds to be confined in that particular room with that of the spirit itself at the control in Deansgate, where it showed voluntary intention of possessing the room. Further, in view of the visit of this spirit to Deansgate, it is difficult to understand the purpose of his being taken into the fresh air in temporary possession of the medium's body. The Deansgate trip was apparently further afield than the hall door. It would be interesting to learn that other hauntings had been similarly successfully dealt with.

Modern Astrology for June contains an article on the influence of the planet Neptune in relation to the type of man known as "The Mystic." This will be found very suggestive and replete with intuitive deductions. The student of Astrology will find other articles of much interest in this number.

Destiny deals chiefly with the mathematics of Astrology, and is evidently making a sincere attempt to place the science on a reputable footing.

Broad Views for June contains the conclusion of "American Spiritualism," by Rear-Admiral W. U. Moore, and an able article on "The Alleged Bacon Cipher."

The Theosophist for May has an article of especial interest to botanists, entitled "The Magic Horticulture of Burbank." The familiar Cuttings and Comments of this journal are always of particular interest to Occultists.

In the May issue of *The Theosophic Review* there is a notice by Mr. Keightley of a work, "Why the Mind has a Body," by C. A. Armstrong, Professor of Psychology in Columbia University. In this, as in all his reviews, Mr. Keightley is to be taken as a critical and impartial exponent of the thought with which he is concerned for the time being, and in the instance before us he shows remarkable acumen. To review Mr. Keightley is in effect to review Professor Strong, a task not to be undertaken at second-hand. But there are some conclusions so effectively put by the reviewer that they are worthy of citation. On the subject of the simultaneous production of mental events with cerebral changes, it is said :

The argument from the principles of biology—in belief that the mind must somehow have practical importance since it has been evolved in the struggle for existence—seems to prove the mind to be "efficient"; that is, to be a true cause of bodily action; but it is subject to the difficulty that no origin can be found for consciousness. On the other hand, the argument from the principle of the conservation of energy raises a strong presumption, which, however, does not amount to proof, that the contrary is the case. And thus we find physics and biology arrayed against one another, and are quite unable to arrive at any definite conclusion after the most careful examination of the empirical facts and arguments.

In the resort to metaphysics it would appear the Professor is more happy in his results, and having arrived at the conclusion that "things in themselves" are to be understood as "realities external to consciousness of which our perceptions are the symbols," draws to the conclusion that "it is perfectly obvious that the relation of mind and body will evidently be an essentially different thing according as the body is the symbol of a reality external to consciousness, or only a phenomenon within consciousness." And the sum of his conclusions is, says Mr. Keightley, that "things in themselves are essentially of a spiritual character." And for those who may have had doubts in the matter this ought to be good reading.

CORRESPONDENCE

[THE following is a letter addressed to me by Dr. Veeder, of Lyons, N. Y., in answer to an enquiry which I set on foot relative to a statement which appeared in the London Press to the effect that discoveries had been made of human remains at the Fox Sisters' House, at Hydesville. The statement was referred to on p. 160 of the April number of the OCCULT REVIEW. The letter appears to minimise the importance of the alleged discoveries.—ED.]

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of May 2nd and the copy of the OCCULT REVIEW have been received.

I have seen Mr. Hyde personally, and he showed me the bones, which he himself took from the cellar of the Fox Sisters' House, of which he is the owner at present. These were the bones of the forearm of *three* arms, in part,—and some other odds and ends of bones, perhaps about a dozen in all. It looked as though they had been picked up by some boy or some one without a knowledge of anatomy and put into the cellar, a portion of the loose wall having been pushed or fallen over. There does not seem to have been any attempt at verification, or any interest taken, they were simply dumped into a nail keg in the barn and left there. The whole thing seems trivial. It seems to me I am unfortunate, this is the way spiritualistic phenomena have invariably turned out so far as I have had any opportunity for observation.—Yours very truly,

June 5, 1905.

M. A. VEEDER.

TELEPATHIC PHENOMENA, ETC.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Some years ago I was engaged in a well-known London bank, and lived in a suburb I will call "N.," with a widowed sister and her two sons, young men between twenty and twenty-five years of age ; one of them started an oil factor's business and had a store room and shed for this purpose nearly opposite, and at a few hundred yards from the private residence mentioned. After a time I thought it would be better for the sons, and give them a greater sense of responsibility, if they did not have a bachelor uncle living with them, and other circumstances seemed to point in the same direction, so I left my sister's residence and went to live with some friends in another

part of London. I might say that a strong sympathy and affection existed between my sister and myself, and on leaving I felt a little anxious as to whether her sons, at their age, would be as considerate and careful of their mother as her highly sensitive and delicate nervous organisation required, so there was perhaps always a certain undercurrent of anxiety in my mind in relation to her.

One night, some few months after I had left my sister's house, I had a very vivid dream, in which I seemed to be standing in the garden in rear of my sister's house, and I saw flames bursting out of the windows, and the house on fire. Whilst I was watching, the thought seemed to pass through my mind that as my sister slept in the front of the house she would be all right, and, ridiculously enough, this appeared to comfort me, and all sense of her being in danger seemed to pass away. The sequel is very significant, for the next morning, less than half an hour after I had arrived at the bank where I was employed, a customer of the bank, whom I knew by sight as living at N., where my sister resided, came to the counter, and seeing me exclaimed, "Have you heard of the fire at your nephew's place?" It is needless to say that having my dream of the previous night still vividly in mind, I felt aghast—but was relieved to hear that the fire had occurred at my nephew's *oil stores* and *not* at the private residence, although my sister and her sons had been much excited about it, and it occurred during the early part of the previous night.

I am quite sure the risk of fire as a cause for anxiety had never occurred to me or impressed me.

The only other instance in my life of a similar occurrence was once several years later, when, in Italy, the same sister seemed to appear to me in a dream and awakened me by saying impressively, "It may mean robbery or it may mean murder"—I lay awake a little while, and distinctly heard the handles turned successively of two doors to my room, while dogs down below were barking furiously. (I found it was about 3 a.m.)—and in the morning I heard from a fellow-traveller that some little time previously a man was robbed and murdered in this very hotel.

I ought to say that my sister never said she had been impressed with a sense of my being in danger at this time, but perhaps her thoughts had been generally turned towards me, as two or three days before she had lost her eldest son, of which I had not then heard.

It may have some value to scientific investigators for me to mention that my sister was in her early girlhood a somnambulist, that is on several occasions she was found walking in her sleep; she was highly sensitive, suffering twice in her life from melancholia, the last time terminating in a tragedy, of which, in the interests of truth, I must remark that I never had the least warning or premonition, so that in this case some of the factors

upon which the phenomena must depend evidently were absent, although the factor of mutual affection (if it be one) still existed in full force.

J. H. M.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing in your OCCULT REVIEW you are thinking of devoting some space to the study of telepathy evidenced through dreams, I have pleasure in giving you an experience of mine. I have had many strange dreams, some of which can be explained by telepathy, some which cannot. However, to the one in question. I dreamt one night that my cousin—a young fellow residing in Perth, Scotland, was going out to the South African War, which was then in progress. I thought that he came to my home, and that I was about to see him off from the landing stage. This dream so upset me that next morning I wrote to him telling him of it. Almost by return post I received a letter from him, in which he stated that he had intended to volunteer, and had been to the barracks the day that I had had the dream, to see if he would be accepted. He, however, failed to pass the doctor.

Had he been accepted, Liverpool would have been the port from which he would have sailed.

Yours truly,

RUTH PETERS.

Fairfield, Liverpool.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—The following instance of telepathic dreams may interest your readers. I quote from a diary. The initials are altered.

"Feb. 26, 1903.—I wrote to F. D. K. that I had dreamt of her on the night between 19th and 20th, for though I could recall little I remembered to have dreamt that I had seen a sheet, or book, of accounts, and that I was told that they referred to the expenses entailed by not living in her own house, but in rooms . . . She writes back ; ' Yes, you get it correctly about my doing accounts on the night of the 19th. I had a good bit of the evening at it. . . And you were even right in detail, for my calculation was to find the average monthly total of my expenses here by the eight months past. . . They worried me, would not come square.' "

Accounts are particularly distasteful to both of us, and certainly were not likely to be in my thoughts in connection with her. My friend subsequently mentioned that after working at the accounts she had thought of me.—Yours truly,

H. A. DALLAS.

[Further letters on this and kindred subjects will appear in next month's issue.]