

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

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

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

ORTHODOXIES theological or scientific are very near akin in their attitude and mental outlook. They are indeed birds of a feather. Facts which do not square with their accepted theories are tabooed, and their discoverers or re-discoverers receive scant courtesy or consideration at their hands.

THE CHURCH  
CONGRESS AND  
ARCHDEACON  
COLLEY

They quarrel, of course, with each other, but their quarrels are the quarrels of brethren, and what they resent most is to see their own shortcomings reflected in each other's characters. One does not expect that the world will be any the wiser at the end of a Church Congress than it was at the beginning, though doubtless certain ecclesiastics will be more self-complacent. Judging from the accounts that reach me of Archdeacon Colley's lecture on the subject of Spiritualism the Congress did not lose a very great deal by its exclusion. Bald statements of a single individual's experiences—and that one whose occupation has scarcely fitted him for detecting imposition or fraud—are hardly likely to carry conviction to an audience naturally sceptical of the reality of such phenomena. And the general public which refused to accept the conclusions arrived at by such men as Professor Russel Wallace and Sir William Crookes after careful scientific investigation could scarcely be expected to regard the worthy archdeacon as otherwise than the dupe of tricksters, or as labouring under a somewhat curious form of hallucination.

Under the circumstances the wonder is that Archdeacon Colley should have found so large or so comparatively sympathetic an audience as he actually did, and that the interest aroused should have been so keen—as my information (herein differing *in toto* from the impression conveyed by certain newspaper reporters' statements) satisfies me that it actually was. You cannot, however, gather figs of thistles, and there can be no doubt that Bishop Wordsworth would have had the entire support of Mrs. Grundy—herself, I believe, a most devout church-goer—in ruling out of court evidence on the subject of the reality of a future life, at a Church Congress, as “dangerous and unusual.”

Are we, then, to understand that the orthodox Christian has *no* interest at all in such matters? Or is it that  
 FAITH VERSUS FACTS. facts, as *facts*, are distasteful to those who would live by faith alone? Perhaps the objector fails to appreciate an important distinction. It is true, an echo from a bygone century seems to waft back the stern denunciation, “Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!” but it must be remembered that these were the words of a sworn opponent of orthodoxy, and it is with *orthodox* Christianity (with the emphasis very much on the adjective) that we have now to do.

Meanwhile we find the subject of Mrs. Eddy's Christian Science trotted out again, with all its threadbare nonsensicalities. Had the Bishop ruled *this* subject out of order as neither Christian nor scientific, he would have deserved well of Science and of Christianity. Perhaps a sop had to be thrown out to the weaker brethren. It is curious, nevertheless, how orthodox Christianity seems ever to cotton to the pseudo-scientific.

“How is your father?” asked a lady of the Christian-scientific persuasion on meeting a gentleman acquaintance in the street. “I am sorry to say he is very ill indeed,” was the reply. “Oh, don't say he's ill; he only *thinks* he's ill,” was the comforting rejoinder. They met again after a fortnight, and the lady again inquired, doubtless anxious to ascertain if the patient had got rid of his delusion. Her acquaintance was equal to the occasion. “He thinks he's dead,” was his terse comment on the situation.

It is quite otherwise with theological orthodoxy, which thinks itself very much alive indeed, and is quite unable to realize its moribund condition. Unfortunately, however, for the doc-

trines of Christian Science, all the thinking in the world is quite unable to put the life of the spirit into the dry bones of twentieth century orthodoxy. Still, doubtless Bishop Wordsworth has his justification, for is not Pentecost itself our witness that there is that in the life of the Spirit which comes perilously near falling within the episcopal description of "dangerous and unusual"?

The dramatist—and who does not fancy himself a dramatist?—delights to represent the last moments of great men as in harmony with their lives, and naturally would fain portray them as passing away with some appropriate ejaculation on their lips. The death of Sir Henry Irving, while his words in the character of Thomas à Becket, were still almost ringing in his audience's ears, is one more piece of evidence that the element of the tragically dramatic is not confined to the stage. We associate the words "Light, more light," with the death of Goethe. Oscar Wilde, true to the last to himself, apologized to his doctor for "dying beyond his means," having no money to pay his doctor's bill, just as the urbane second Charles did "for being such an unconscionable time dying"; and did not the late Archbishop Benson of Canterbury drop dead while repeating the Lord's Prayer?

On the other hand, should his hero fail to "come up to the scratch"—to use a somewhat vulgar expression—at the last moment, there is a great temptation for the dramatic historian to invent for him such appropriate words as he might be suspected to have uttered, and the consequence is that the last words of great men naturally tend to fall under suspicion. Caesar, as the author of the *Comic History of Rome* cynically remarks, crawled under Pompey's statue, "that he might form a tableau in expiring"; and doubt has been thrown on the celebrated "Et tu, Brute!" as a touch of the historical dramatist. Pitt—the great Pitt, who ought to have known better—ejaculated as his last remark, "I think I could do with another of those mutton pies!" though I believe the historian has invented for him something more suitable to the occasion. Plon-Plon, otherwise Prince Jerome Napoleon, who lay so long on his death-bed, lamented that he had failed in everything else in life, and could not even succeed in dying.

All this is à propos of the fact that I am publishing an article in the present number of the OCCULT REVIEW on "Death as a

Psychic Experience," and is intended somewhat as a reminder that as there are all kinds of lives, so also there are all kinds of deaths, and that those who see the gates of heaven opened before they pass into another sphere of action are probably in a small minority. Those, however, who have records of such death-beds would confer a kindness if they would communicate them to the Editor for the benefit of his readers. I know, I must confess, of one case where his wife's death-bed strangely confirmed the, till then, latent scepticism of the husband, who thought he saw, in witnessing it, evidence of the fact that death was the final end of all. The record of another death-bed—that of a relative of my own—I hope to give in a future number, as it is to my mind, all things considered, the most important piece of evidence of the reality of a future life that has so far come under my notice.

# A JAVANESE POLTERGEIST.

BY NORTHCOTE W. THOMAS

ALTHOUGH the subject of Poltergeists has occupied the attention of the Society for Psychological Research, and in particular of Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Podmore, on more than one occasion, it cannot be said that much has been achieved by the discussion. Mr. Podmore is happy when he can point out the naughty little girl who tricks her elders ; Mr. Lang, with obvious justice, asks for the production of the naughty little girl who will produce the phenomena, or colourable imitations of them, in the presence of a committee of the Society. A trial of this sort would not, of course, be a complete solution of the problem, which is clearly duplex. In the first place, no amount of trickery by naughty little girls will satisfactorily account for the cases in which the little girls were entirely absent, or too young to perform the feats attributed to them, or, finally, under careful supervision during the progress of the phenomena. In the second place, if, on investigation, every case can be traced back to human agency of a normal character, it is clearly highly important to know how credible witnesses at all times and in all nations have been led to believe that they were otherwise caused. If it can be shown that children, or even grown up tricksters without special training, are capable of completely mystifying apparently competent and sceptical observers, one will naturally be compelled to revise one's estimate of probabilities with respect to the non-spontaneous phenomena of Home, to take the case of a medium against whom no trickery has ever been proved, or even suggested except on the most flimsy grounds.

It is obvious that the theory of the naughty child is at a serious discount if there was no child present, or even in the house, when the phenomena took place, and this seems to have been the case in some of the classical instances. Not only so, but it is a familiar experience, if my own case is typical, to investigators of haunted houses, to find poltergeist phenomena mixed up with the more harmless apparitions, and this when no children were present. Twice within a few months I have got narratives of objects moving of their own accord when the only persons in the house were an elderly couple, in both cases highly respectable and free from any

hysterical or other taint, so far as I could judge. In a case, the account of which has been translated by Dr. Leaf from the Russian of Aksakof and published in the *Proceedings* of the S.P.R. vol. XII p. 322 et seq., the naughty little girl or boy was indeed in the house ; but as it was an infant, we may, in spite of any leanings towards a theory of original sin, find the naughty child theory an unsatisfactory explanation. There were, indeed, other persons to whom suspicion might attach ; in particular the wife of the main witness, a Russian country gentleman, was seriously compromised in the eyes of those who explain all by the operation of normal causes, by the fact that all the earlier phenomena occurred in her presence. But no less striking phenomena occurred in her absence, and even had it been otherwise it seems beyond the capacity of a young wife to set fire to the dress she was wearing and severely burn her rescuer without herself suffering any injury. A poltergeist of the third class, in which the supposed naughty child was kept under careful observation, though without any idea probably that she would be put down as the *fons et origo* of the whole affair by European sceptics, is supplied by a Javanese poltergeist reported by Gerstaecker, who some twenty years later, inhabited the house in which the events occurred. The weak part of the case is the late date at which the record was made, giving time for all sorts of hallucinatory memories to spring up ; at the same time, as a haunted house case published by the S.P.R. some three years ago proves, lapse of time by no means necessarily implies a falsification of recollection. Moreover, against this theory of hallucinatory memory we have to set the fact that one of the chief witnesses, a soldier, who would not readily develop hallucinations which might cast doubt on either his acuteness or his courage, avoided the subject in later years, and no more than a decade after his experiences compelled a brother in arms who induced him to narrate them, to apologize for a no greater offence than a sceptical smile.

The evidence, published by Gerstaecker in *Gartenlaube*, 1871, p. 397 sq., was collected in 1854, the report being based on the testimony of two European and about twenty native witnesses. The events themselves took place in 1837. The report naturally gives no first hand accounts ; we cannot therefore judge of their congruity or otherwise. The facts however seem fairly simple.

In 1837 the Assistant Resident, v. Kessinger, occupied an official residence, one storied and standing in its own grounds, with his wife, who was colonial born, and an adopted native child, about ten years old. One day when v. Kessinger was absent on an official tour the child sprang up and ran crying to her

adopted mother, complaining that her "kabaya," or Indian dress, was stained with sirih-coloured saliva. A new dress was put on the child, who was playing in Frau v. Kessinger's room, and the same thing occurred again; at the same time a stone as big as a hen's egg fell at the feet of the lady. After this had occurred several times at short intervals the native prince, a man of proved uprightness, was appealed to. He posted his retinue about the house and cleared the room, but the phenomena still went on. In the evening the High Priest was sent for; he had no sooner opened the Koran than the lamp was sent flying in one direction and the book in another. Thereupon the child and her mother moved out of the house for the night and remained unmolested, a fact which goes some way to prove that the former was not a conscious trickster. On the return of the Assistant Resident the phenomena still went on; only a few stones fell at night and by day the child alone was molested.

The events came to the ears of the Governor General, who sent Major, afterwards General, Michiels, an officer renowned for his bravery, to report on them. He posted his soldiers on the roof and in the trees, as well as in the house, and with considerable ingenuity turned the observation room into a tent by spreading linen curtains inside. He then took the child upon his knee, but the dress suffered the same catastrophe as before; the stones flew and were found to be warm in summer weather and wet in rainy. Five or six fell in quick succession and then a pause intervened. No hole was visible in the linen; they fell vertically and became visible some five or six feet from the ground. Once a *papaya* fruit fell, and the tree was found from which it had been taken. Another time the missile was a piece of lime as big as a fist from the kitchen chimney. The mark of a moist hand was seen on a mirror (finger prints might have given a clue, but those were early days) and chairs, glasses and other objects moved.

The question of the value of these details is complicated by the possibility of mythical addition. We do not know for which the European witnesses vouched and which rest on native testimony alone, so far as Gerstaecker's information went. As reported, they seem to be obviously beyond the powers of a child ten years old, even had the major not made assurance doubly sure by his precaution. If we only knew what was done with the stones which fell, what persons entered or left the room in the intervals between the flights, and how far it was possible for such persons, if any, to conceal the five or six stones about their persons, we might form some idea as to the probability of trickery being at work.

Whatever the explanation was the major was profoundly impressed. He did not care to refer to the subject in later years ; and when, in 1847, General v. Gagern extracted from him an account of his experiences, he found that General Michiels was in no humour to brook a sceptical attitude on the part of his hearer. It does not appear that General Michiels himself supplied the details of the interview ; but if they are correct, there can be no doubt of his views as to the phenomena he had witnessed. He certainly did not put them down to the naughty little girl or any other ordinary agency.

Two other cases of some interest are reported by the same narrator. In the one a French family named Tesseire suffered from showers of stones when they were at their meals. M. Tesseire was pelted in the fields as he sat in a cart ; buffalo bones and a skull fell in the house and so on. The Regent of Sukapore was appealed to and took up his quarters in the house ; in the presence of his son, on whose evidence Gerstaecker based his narrative, the Regent's bed was raised from the ground several times in a good light. A mountain torrent ran about 150 feet almost perpendicularly beneath the house. An ingenious mind suggested that the stones should be marked and thrown over the precipice. The result was surprising ; several were thrown again, sometimes less than a minute after they had found a resting place in the torrent. It would of course be interesting to know what precautions were taken to prevent other persons from marking other stones and making use of them for the phenomena. However that may be, it seems clear that the investigators thought they had secured themselves against deception. Even if they did not there remains the incident of the bed ; whatever kind of bed it was, it is difficult to see how it could have been raised off the ground by trickery, without at the same time exposing the author of it to instant detection.

The other case took place near Bandong. The Resident Ament heard of it, and it was on his evidence that Gerstaecker based his narrative. The phenomena took place in a small native hut, inhabited by an old woman, a native. A file of the native militia were marched up and surrounded the scene of the poltergeist's operations. The first thing that occurred was that the old woman was dragged several yards shouting loudly for help, before she entered the hut. This however does not call for any supernormal explanation ; she was obviously capable of counterfeiting the games of a tricky spirit. More important is the fact that the Resident, when he approached the hut and opened the door, was met by a



volley of gravel full in the chest. As the hut consisted of a single room, was surrounded by soldiery and was opened by the European observer who was interviewed by Gerstaecker, there does not seem much room for errors of detail. That an old Javanese woman could produce the phenomenon as narrated seems to be stretching the hypothesis of the naughty old girl to breaking point. At any rate the Resident, who was no coward, had no desire to try another experiment, as he assured Gerstaecker. Here too the theory of hallucinatory memory has to be stretched very far to cover the case. No man willingly proclaims himself a coward; if anything one's recollections are apt to grow in the other direction. Not only so, but it is an ordinary experience that the recollection of the average non-psychical, non-spiritualistic man, is far from magnifying the abnormal element in the events which he has witnessed, which tends, as is well shown by the Russian report already referred to, by the contradictory evidence of Brewster on the subject of his experiences with D. D. Home, and probably by the experience of all sceptics and many open-minded investigators, to diminish in a rapid ratio and even vanish altogether. In the present day it might be possible to suggest that the European witnesses with whom Gerstaecker conversed were spiritualistically inclined and dismiss their witness on the ground that they were prejudiced in favour of the supernormal. It must not be forgotten that the cases here given in abstract occurred in the pre-spiritualistic days. Even were it otherwise, the soldier and the Indian official are not prone to credulity on these subjects; and we can hardly suppose that the Governor General would have selected any one with a suspicion of superstition about him for the post of official Psychical Researcher.

In its early days the S.P.R. managed to investigate some cases while the Poltern was in full flood. A few more cases investigated by trained observers would do more than a whole host of reports of ancient, or even modern, instances where expert evidence is conspicuous by its absence. The well of poltergeists has certainly not dried up; but the Society somehow does not manage to view the phenomena with its own eyes. To the unsophisticated mind the phenomena seem of sufficient interest to call for some investigation, even if it is only a naughty child who manages to trick her betters; the *modus operandi* is at least a matter for detailed observation and comparison with similar records from uncivilized or savage regions. If, as seems to follow from the cases dealt with above, the naughty child is not necessarily *en evidence* at all, the problem is not less but more interesting, and

it is a matter for surprise, that a society formed for the investigation of such matters does not succeed in accumulating more expert evidence, either of fraud or of unexplained phenomena.

More than one competent observer is convinced that Eusapia's manifestations are not completely accounted for by the hypothesis of fraud. If they *are* fraudulent, she has had years of training in the art of deceiving observers and frequently imposes conditions in which only the most elementary precautions are possible. Poltergeist phenomena, on the other hand, are produced, if by an ordinary human agency, then by the hands of babes and sucklings, or by more mature but equally inexperienced tricksters, under conditions which should favour detection, or at any rate do not favour fraud. With an adequate local organization it should be possible for the S.P.R. to receive early information of poltergeist phenomena and throw more light on them than has hitherto been the case.

## GEORGE MACDONALD, SEER AND POET.

So he is dead that wrote of Faerie  
And of Phantastes wrote,  
Who was the bard of every beechen tree,  
And with a golden throat  
And silver words sang of the lives that be  
Enshrined in leaf and flower,  
Known of the moth, the wasp, the honey-bee  
Enfranchised only at the midnight hour,  
When all good spirits frolic and are gay  
Only because the night is fairies' day.  
He sang of thrushes with the thrush's note,  
His faery wisdom faery labour sped,  
And he is dead.

The white sleep is upon him : in old age  
His mirth and minstrelsy he half forgot,  
And the forgetfulness that years allot  
Each man, o'ertook him in his pilgrimage ;  
But he was not forgotten of his own.  
The Little People loved him, and they love,  
Good Neighbours they all human folk above.  
They fed him with bright dreams of Faeryland,  
And in the withered hand  
Shut fast the fairy gift, the golden key  
That only he shall see,  
Man grown, who looks through innocent child's eyes  
Where at the rainbow's foot glittering it lies.

He wrote of children, children shall recall  
The fancies that no more his pen lets fall,  
The beast whose paw soft woman-fingers hides,  
Curdie, the Princess, and their goblin guides.  
Gibbie the silent, Malcolm dreaming deep,  
And Daylight dancing when the world's asleep.  
He is asleep to all the world, we know,  
But wakeful to the worlds whose ebb and flow  
Is around ours, as round an isle the sea :  
And fairies welcome him to Faerie.

NORA CHESSON.

# THE ONLY WISDOM

BY LADY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

## PART II.

ONE hesitates to set down what may seem platitudes to the student of things "Occult," but for the feeling that none write in vain if they contribute but one mite to the Occult Treasury, by some passing observations based on their individual experiences.

Psychic phenomena in its manifold phases, form-manifestations, lights, hypnotism, telepathy, the higher or *finer* phenomena of clear-seeing, clear-hearing, clear-feeling, instinct, inspiration, genius, or "sublime power" demonstrates every manifestation to be one of a sequence extending from a lower to a higher or finer plane, through the physical consciousness to the subliminal and again through the subliminal to the physical. For the meaning of "sublime power" compare with Sir Oliver Lodge's observations when lecturing on "Miracles of Genius."

We sometimes wonder why, if these things are about us, there is not more ghost seeing? There should be more ghost seeing, and without panic. We should then hear less ghost twaddle. Things viewed "through the mist of fear, shock and confuse the abused sight." Our defective judgment is caused by our superstitious fears. And our superstitious fears have no doubt reacted lugubriously on our messengers.

No faculties are more hereditary than the psychical, but that they have been overlaid in the process of civilization is the inevitable conclusion. Uncultivated they certainly will remain dormant throughout a lifetime. Given that mankind, and indeed the whole of the creature-world, have souls—or the germ of that which men call "the soul,"—must we not conclude that we all are psychics consciously or unconsciously, that we all at one time or another are in a state of receptivity? Many poets and painters have been, and are at the present time, most remarkable examples of those who have lived and live in continual psychical consciousness.

Tasso and William Blake lived in conscious communion with

the spirit world. The allegations of Tasso bear not a little resemblance to the statements of modern spiritualists. Such was his assertion that an imp (Foletto) filched things away from him, and his lengthened colloquy—of which Manso was an astonished witness—with a spirit (to Manso invisible), carried on in a very high strain by Tasso himself with intervals of presumable question or answer on the spirit's part. Blake's "phantasmagoria" or "ghost of a flea," it will be remembered, he affirmed he had "painted from life!" That it was conceived by his exalted and whimsical imagination and externalized by the will-power of some lawless genius affined to him, is not improbable.

The characteristic physical conditions under which the psychical events happen, are so varied and complex that to define them, or fix them, is impossible. Time, atmosphere, temperature, environment, that is to say, physical and psychical surroundings, affect the activity of the super-normal faculties enormously. Those who cultivate those faculties and analyse carefully their sensations, and the conditions which evoke them through, perhaps, a long and bewildering course of awakening, find that according to the self-critical faculty they exercise regarding their own impressions, correspondingly their receptivity, perceptivity and lucidity becomes stronger and clearer. To command passivity is to control the positive and negative state of the Self, and thus in a measure attain comprehension of that goodwill which lies at the centre of everything. To attain to this understanding is to have mastered one of the secrets of adeptship, known to the ancients. In this will lie our psychic strength and the strength of our enlightening messengers. Supposing they never gave to us more than indications of their *modus operandi* in producing the objective phenomena, such as movements of furniture without contact, the passing of matter through matter, tying knots on an endless cord. If we accept them, analyze them, test them, we find it is as they affirm: they can make and unmake instantaneously under certain magnetic conditions—can re-create as it were. We find that to them our matter is tangible or intangible at will, and that by their familiarity with a power which is an art, they are enabled to produce tangible and intangible results which sometimes surpass their calculations, as much as they do our own.

It is said that prejudice, a bigoted antagonism, is giving way to a spirit of fair criticism and open inquiry. Still, the attitude of scientific men suggests that as a body they hold by the axiom, that none but a ghost can prove a ghost, and that

none but a psychic can prove a psychic, and if this is so, and if "the human race is the sole laboratory in which the facts can be studied," then it will be the scientific man of psychic temperament who is constituted to head a pilgrimage through the Land-psyche. Those who go but half-way with him he will surely leave behind as penitents—penitents who will follow after.

The sensitive human instrument must indeed be the study of scientific men. To gain his or her confidence under the seal of sympathy, is to stride from the known to the unknown. From the occult circle, the wondermonger should be locked out. If I look back in the past to many a gathering, nominally for occult experiment, made up for the most part of the flippant and the curious, with rarely a sprinkling of those who were intelligent enough to know that they were not omniscient, I see now, as I did then, in these rudimentary events, a struggling shaft from the eternal sun touching the dust on our floor. It is, after all, only the undiscerning who mistake a sign of God's presence for God Himself. Fanatics are they, who, like the dull aspiring moth, drawn into the candle lose themselves.

To learn the ABC of psychic phenomena is important. An apprenticeship in "the commonplace" is always an insufferable ordeal to contemplate! But in connexion with occultism we must pass through it before we dare affirm that the ways are safe, as well as open for intellectual intercourse between spirits and men. In learning by evidence that the ways *are* open, we realize that like draws to like by immutable law, we also realize the gods cannot be kept out, and that because they are with us, potent for evil and for good, we have to keep watch, and that to ignore those things which *are*, is the world's danger.

A trait in the physiology of the psychic is an aptitude for developing one class of phenomenon more or less to the exclusion of others. The finite mind can conceive no greater phenomenon than that a living human body of flesh, blood and bones, can through certain elements in nature be momentarily constructed and instantly dispersed. Yet it exists. It is an everyday occurrence. So perpetually has it been evolved through certain sensitives that in its demonstration and evolution directing spirithood have proved themselves conjurers, practised experts with forces between the seen and unseen, and the body of the psychic, by these operations they have proved to be a living practical system, or body of new philosophy which exceeds all those that have ever been compounded. A body which has founded for us a new literature on the one and "Only Wisdom."

Were it not for the Psychological Research Committee we should have had no systematic synthesis of psychical episodes in modern days, published under the name of *Phantasms of the Living* and *Human Personality* which treats of phantasms of the dead. But has not the time come for an assorted, assimilated and graded synthesis of the ancient "Wisdom" and for a vocabulary less voluminous, mechanical, and pedantic? A ghost personality, or spirit—without imputation of straw splitting—might ask why he or she is called a phantasm of the dead? When is a wraith not a wraith? To answer when it is a "film" is to get no farther. What is a coincidental hallucination? and when is a coincidental hallucination not a coincidental hallucination? Why should a house of haunted repute be called "a local centre of permanent possibilities of hallucination?"

On the subject of psychical science Taine unfortunately was at sea. On the nature and reduction of images, he says "the person under hallucination continues to see his phantoms as external." If this means that when a sane man sees a phantom, to him external, it must be an hallucination, we answer the phantom may actually be visible to a sane man, yet he believes it to be an hallucination. This sort of hallucination is very common!

Apparitional experiences may be grouped in a sequence. First, objective, the form-manifestations to which I have alluded, when to our normal senses of sight, sound and touch a spirit has taken on the mortal. Secondly, what a spirit thinks or wills, he causes the sensitive to see subjectively. It may be in pictorial vision, or sometimes by mesmeric process the invisible one opens *the sight* of the sensitive to see objectively the spirit world. Thirdly, when by an enforced sleep or trance we step out of our earthly envelope, "the mortal body," and realize for a moment or some moments almost the conditions of "disembodied" spirit.

Spirits can induce the conditions of magical sleep or trance on mortals. It may happen within doors or out of doors, on hill or on shore, we find ourselves solid face to face with a hypnotizer, not of this world, we then see, hear, feel, converse, recognize, learn and understand with a clearness of understanding impossible to describe. Messages received then, because unblurred by our human mentality are revelations. We are in the aether breathing it, our sensations belong to the aetheric conditions, our aetheric body actively conscious while our mortal body is held in trance. The ancients understood this well. When the Faed-Fia or magic

fog was removed, the magicians of Ancient Gaeldom stood face to face with their deified races. . . ." "They could be seen distinctly, eaten with, fought with, touched like mortals . . . . Uath of Lough Uath walks out of his Lake to the call of the Red Branch Champion with his brazen adze in his hand as real as a man and addresses the heroes."<sup>1</sup>

In the law of chemical affinity we find explanation of form manifestations. Investigation shows us that these phenomena are entirely congruous with the phenomenon of the noisy house-haunting ghost, and indeed that they are mutually explanatory. In form manifestations, we witness the transformability of the medial energy when associated with that of the Spirit Operators. Experiment has proved that the transformability of a given amount of energy, or, at least, the mode of its transformation, often depends in a very curious manner upon the relative quantity of matter with which it is associated.

Every spirit that manifests itself to our outward senses must focus or gather up by a natural law of attraction the medial or Psychic force, sometimes by drawing upon one particular organism exceptionally constituted to yield it (also exceptionally constituted to act as a conductor for the magnetic or odyllic currents), sometimes by collecting it from various organisms having a more limited power of yielding it up, and sometimes by focussing the human magnetism with which certain localities and with which most ancient houses are charged

It is this last method which seems most commonly adopted by what are called haunting spirits or ghosts. The one and only medium at the command of a manifesting spirit is this universal force called Psychic

Some years ago, it was said the weighing experiments had a potent influence in withdrawing these phenomena from the region of the irrationally miraculous into the region of law, they proved how closely woven is the web which unites the psychic and the spirit who takes on earthly conditions. These experiments have proved that the law of the conservation of energy is never broken, that a mechanical effect is produced, but never without a corresponding decrease of power somewhere else. "It merely means that a power gradually drawn for twenty minutes from the psychical atmosphere can be stored up and expended in one minute; or in other words, that a great effect is produced in a short time, instead of weaker effects throughout

<sup>1</sup> O'Grady's *History of Ireland*.



a long time, but the amount of energy involved is the same in both cases."

If it is still argued that such apparitions are the double of the principal psychic, or emanations of persons constituting that particular circle, or merely portrait-statues of spirits constructed, animated and operated by the elementals, we may ask what plea is there in favour of their existence? What if we find these embodiments of minds varying in intelligence, trivial, inconsequent in speech and behaviour, sometimes not always? Can we gauge the degree of a trivial soul's inanity, or time the stages of his progress in the hereafter? At every strike of the hour, the good, bad and indifferent are passing into eternity, fools and varieties of fools, the petty fool, the big fool, the rogue fool, the fool simplex, the fool complex. Shall we affirm that all are struck wise at the stroke of death. Moreover, many phenomena apparently puerile are the pranks of child-spirits.

Victorien Sardou has publicly said in print: "I have seen everything, everything, everything." But our convictions must have come as they did to him through our own psychical temperament. Those who have had no personal experience of a tangible kind will probably argue from the conciliatory standpoint of the landlord of the *Rainbow* in *Silas Marner*: "There's folks in my opinion, they can't see ghos'es, not if they stood as plain as a pikestaff before them. And there's reason i' that. For there's my wife now, can't smell, not if she'd the strongest o' cheese under her nose. I never see'd a ghost myself, but then I says to myself: Very like I haven't got the smell for 'em. I mean putting a ghost for a smell or else contrariways. And so I'm for holding with both sides, for as I say the truth lies between 'em." It is undeniable that psychic phenomena, commonly called ghost-seeing, points to curious and apparently contradictory evidence regarding our happy speculations on the new body made perfect, in a hereafter where we are told deformity is unknown. Well may we ponder on the inscrutable ways of the tolerated household ghost. The one who walks with his head tucked under his arm, or the "old" lady who would not relinquish her familiar armchair. Why did that respectable "old" lady return again and again and sit smiling in that armchair she occupied years ago in No. 5, B — Street? She was ninety when she passed away, and she returned with all the attributes of age upon her, which were hers in earth life, the spectacles, the worn hands clad in apparently the selfsame mittens, apparently knitting the selfsame stocking of this world, com-

placent as ever. This "old" lady's answer would be accepted by the spiritualist. "For identity's sake, the secret of my make up is my own." And for those who like speculative thoughts, and who have seen the triumphs in dramatic make-ups of to-day it may appear in the ordinary course of things that this art should be capable of a fuller development in a more advanced world. The general experience corroborates the theory that under certain conditions a spirit to our mortal senses of sight and hearing can and does make apparent such part—of his or her form—tone of voice, manner of speech, as shall establish his or her identity. A story told lately by an eminent judge in India about a nautch-girl is one of countless examples. Judge —— strolled into a disused temple at Singapore, accompanied by his native servant. His attention was attracted by the sound of tinkling bells. Looking in the direction from whence it came, he was riveted by the sight of a pair of naked little brown feet dancing across the floor. The silver bell anklets which adorned them jangled sweet music as they danced. The Judge in amazement pointed out the phenomenon to his servant ; the native with eyes wildly staring, gasping for breath, gave a terrific yell and dropped down dead. The Judge discovered a nautch-girl had been murdered in the temple by a native answering to the description of his servant. The old lady of B—— Street seems to have proved her identity by spectacles and mittens, the nautch-girl by her musical feet.

Perhaps there is no phase of phenomena more interesting than that to which modern scientists have given the name of the "N-rays," because it is a phase with which nearly all psychics from all time have been familiar. The scepticism of certain scientists appears to be founded on the fact that they have not personally witnessed through their own senses these radiations, which French scientists, notably M. Blondlot, vouch for, from their own personal observation. To this class belong the coloured auræ which surround individuals, and which in darkness are visible to the sensitive. The subtle properties and potency of these rays it will be remembered Baron von Reichenbach discovered when he made experiments through sensitives. After methodical study of twenty years he designated them odylic flames. This force he clearly defined as distinct from heat, from light, from electricity and from magnetism, admitting the possibility of their connexion in the future. In his published researches he observes : "The elective affinity of the crystallic force to attract living and not dead

matter is the most extraordinary character it displays and points to the powerful connexion in which it stands with the inmost essence of that which we call life, and respecting which, if I am not most grossly mistaken, it promises closely imminent and most important results."

From the Baron's book with which students of the Occult are familiar, I remember noting his experiment with the man who was stone blind, in his darkened laboratory filled with magnetic objects. I quote his words: "For the first time since men have existed, the blind led the seeing." A ninefold horse-shoe appeared to the blind sensitive, as a large luminous cloud, which spread the light almost forty inches round upon the neighbouring objects. Many experts having photographed similar emanations without photographic apparatus by means of electricity, points to a further advance in this branch of discovery. Shall we not group with these phenomena the "Merioneth mysteries" in Wales, the globes of fire and other luminous "skyey" signs, the Faerie Lights or Elf-candles of Scotland which are so inseparably associated with the Border-world, more particularly in the west Highlands.

It is believed in Gaeldom that those lights belong to the pageants of the Hosts of the Spee,\* and that unseen hands are holding them. When locally seen by the West Highlander they are attributed to the goodwill of the Highland Faerie Kingdom, and are more often observed in the neighbourhood of a spirit who has passed or is about to pass away. I remember one autumn evening returning from visiting a dying man on Loch Fyne side. I was cycling down the north side. The road is skirted on the right by thick nut woods, on the left by the tangled shore. It was a still grey evening, the stillness so profound that no footstep could fall without being felt, no leaf could stir without being heard, a calm in which a far sea-bird's cry seemed a call through eternity. On the south side of the Loch two people watched the course of my cycle for half a mile or so, wondering at the long procession of lights varying in size and brilliance, which through the dusk closely followed my wheel the whole way, and my footsteps when I crossed the shore, even to the rock where my boat was moored, nor left me till I reached the gunwale and took the oar, when they vanished—the dying man passed away that night.

But these lights do not belong only to the pageants of the

\* Sidhe or fairy (Gael).

Hosts. There is that old story, which is at least two centuries old, told by the wisest man in Kingussie, Inverness, for the benefit of one, whom the relater says he "considered at that time the foolishlest woman in the neighbouring parish." It is translated from the Gaelic from his words :

"There was in Glenfeshie a poor woman whose husband and children had died and left her without support ; and so, when she was deprived of all, she saw nothing better than to submit to the will of her Master and go (with your leave) to ask help from her neighbours. They were kind to her, because she was ever faithful and blameless. But when a year of scarcity came on, she did not wish to burden her kind neighbours, but went down to Strathspey, which you know to be a better corn country. She, being considerate, wished to find her night's lodging where the trouble would be least felt. She went to the house of a rich childless tenant, who (with your leave) was a sort of churl. This tenant was also (with your leave) very good to himself.

"You have known many people who, though they do not like to give, like well to hear. He was just one of those people. So he asked the poor widow much of whom she was and whence she came. She told all the truth, and the rich carle's conscience was awakened ; and he said to himself, 'Here am I that have abundance, and never knew the heartache of losing a child ; yet I have murmured against the Highest for not giving me were it but a single one. This woman has nothing left. She is bereaved of children who have looked in her face and warmed her heart. She is come in the cold, ill-shod, and over rough ground ; yet she praises the Almighty and looks satisfied.'

"So this man ordered the woman her supper, and a bed in the corner farthest from the fire. Well, to bed she went, which was of short broken straw upon the ground. These were good days when Southern fashions, of dividing houses and such useless niceties, were unknown. There was nothing taken off the house but the pantry.

"This man, being very rich for a tenant, lay on a feather bed. Very ill, however, he rested ; and by the glimmer of the fire he could see the poor woman's hard bed in the distant corner where she slept.

"Midnight came, and the embers were dying when he saw a procession approach from the door—six bright lights followed by a small greenish one, like a candle burning in the socket.

"Three times he saw these lights move round the bed of the sleeper, and thrice he saw the disordered straw smoothed and

regulated by seven pairs of little hands. The lights returned the way they came ; and the man, filled with wonder, could sleep no more. In the morning he told the woman what he had seen, and how much he was surprised to see her sleep so sound upon her hard bed of straw, while he was so restless upon his bed of feathers. ' Wonder not,' said the beggar. ' I know what you saw, and well know what it means. My children died before they had done evil. Each of them I have faith to believe is a light in the presence of the Holiest. I had six, which were the lights you saw, and one born untimely, which was the dim light which followed. They come nightly to smooth the bed of my repose ; they cheer my dreams, and the time is very short till I rejoin them. The blessed Father has not forsaken me.' "

This is the power which binds, which always binds, which eye hath seen, which ear hath heard, which eye and ear accept not. A power which has been called by those who ride upon the infinite wheels of eternity, superstition ! We call it a possession of far-reaching reality, wonderful, infinite. We call it Love.

# DEATH AS A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE

By MABEL COLLINS

EVEN by the students of occultism death is too often looked upon as a physical event. The pressure of materialistic thought in this country is so strong that even advanced psychics are to a certain extent unconsciously affected by it, and feel a sense of regret when they hear of the death of a friend or a person they respect. A frequent excuse made for this is that the person who has gone will be so much missed, and was so needed here. Nothing shows more plainly than this how the brain of man narrows his horizon. That beloved or useful spirit is needed elsewhere, outside this temporary dwelling place, and the more lovable and useful he was, the more probable is it that he has found promotion, and therefore the event is altogether an occasion for rejoicing. "Death," said Andrew Jackson Davis, "or the transition so termed, is of all things the most to be admired, and its prospect is the first thing to be cherished and appreciated." He perceived very plainly that the laying down of the body, which is the circumstance so habitually regretted, is but a detail of the event. The late Empress of Austria, who met with her death in such a tragic manner, had, long before her time came, perceived that the laying down of the body is not only a detail but one which can be quite dissociated from the real event itself. She clearly saw that death is a psychic experience. Her words were, "There is in life, for every one of us, a moment when he dies inwardly, and it is not necessary for this to be postponed until the death of the body." George Macdonald, who has so lately passed through this wonderful psychic experience, wrote the lines :

Better is death when work is done  
Than earth's most favoured birth.

He looked forward to delightful meetings on the other side of the grave, being a believer in the immortality, not only of human beings, but of animals, and he was beloved of many of both these orders of beings. The average spiritualist of all countries recognises with pleasure the probability of such meetings after death, and looks forward to freedom from the limitations of the body. All the religions teach their followers to look forward to the particular kind of heaven which forms part of their special

scheme. But the old teaching which has come to us through Egypt contains more than this; it indicates that the spirit of a man is expected to take a difficult step upward in the course of that psychic experience which we call death, and that much help must be given to him from above and below. With the Egyptians a complex ritual full of profound occult meaning was a recognised method by which the spirit was expected to find help in threading the difficult way upwards from the life here to a better life elsewhere; after the physical death had occurred he must be given every assistance in taking the great step which was the object of the psychic change. Such complicated means are unknown to the modern Western, and the idea of a great effort to be made by the spirit immediately after the death of the body is not a familiar one. But that such an effort is expected and is indicated to the dying by unseen presences which surround them is made clear by the occurrences at some death-beds. Miss Frances Power Cobbe once said to the present writer that she believed much might be learned by a collection of death-bed anecdotes in which the actual words of the departing spirit were carefully recorded. Such a collection cannot be made even by the most painstaking worker in a country where the doctors rule the death-chamber, and make their laws to suit the dying body instead of the living spirit. If a dying person speaks of great solemnities, and attempts to describe the wonderful things he perceives, the doctor simply says, "He is wandering—he is delirious." I have myself been present at a death-bed when the doctor, on hearing the patient speak of a solemn truth which he himself heard stated frequently in the church that was visible from the window, said "This is delirium." The medical profession refuses to regard death as a psychic experience, and very naturally so, as it exists solely to treat the body. It shows the fact that it regards the last hours of the body as entirely unimportant by making experiments on patients who are certain to die, and thus disturbing the time which should be devoted to the most important work of this life, that of passing from these conditions into other conditions. If death were truly regarded as the supreme moment of life, and the watchers gave their full value to every word uttered by the departing one, we might know much more of the nature of the event as a psychic experience. There is very little doubt that much help is given even to the most untutored and unlearned, and that those whom they have loved and who have preceded them on the path are often the ones who come to give that help, as is described in

Buchanan's *Somnium Mystici*. The deep sadness of this poem arises in its story some time after the spirit has left the death-bed of the body. It is cheered and gladdened at first by the presence of a long-lost brother, who leads and guides it on the difficult way. But a pause comes—a moment when the spirit new to spiritual life must remain alone to learn the A B C which it has not yet mastered. Had it been the spirit of an ancient Egyptian, possibly this pause and fresh parting and subsequent long loneliness would not have been necessary, the teaching having been conveyed by profound and well-prepared means. Love is the great lever that raises the ignorant, and those who have studied the death-beds of simple peasants I believe have found that two things always occur—one, that the departing spirit knows it has to rise, to go upward, and regards this as a difficulty; the other, that those of their own family, or among their friends whom they have most loved who have passed on before them, come to help them make this upward effort. I was once present at the death-bed of a very poor old woman, living in a slum in a north country town. For fifty years she had lived in the same sad and sordid surroundings, and hers had been a splendid life of devotion, self-sacrifice and uprightness. She was quite blind with cataract in both eyes for some considerable time before her death. When the end was close at hand, I was surprised to see her move her sightless orbs up to the ceiling and then down to her bed repeatedly, as though she were watching objects that descended from above. This went on for some time. At last she murmured the names of two of her daughters who had died twenty years before her, and said, "They are throwing flowers down to me—beautiful, beautiful flowers—and they say 'Don't be long, mother—we will help you up.'" This old woman was on parish relief, so there was no doctor to say "She is wandering,"—the busy parish doctor had no time to stay and listen to her words. Another bedside at which the invisible help was described to me by the dying person was that of an ignorant sailor lad. He was rather afraid of death, as of something serious and unexpected. He had not thought to die so young, and when the doctor told him the end was at hand, he gave a terrible cry as of despair. But that first distress passed away, and he told me that though he was disappointed at having to go before he had really begun to live, still he did not mind much—only he was a little afraid, because he had not always been good. He seemed to think he should be quite unable to know what to do when he left his body—but just at the very end he whispered with diffi-



culty : " It is all right—I can get up—they are letting down a rope to me—I can get up by that." This idea of going upward had come into his own mind ; no one had said a word about it. He was one of a household that was professedly infidel, no member of which went either to church or chapel. But love and death worked their miracles there as well as with those who have the ministrations of clergyman or priest. Death showed itself to them, when it was in their midst, not as the end of life and consciousness, but as a passing from one state of life to another. I was with this boy's mother just before her death, and asked her if she was glad to go to him, and his two sisters who had died before him ; for I knew how great her love for them was. She had two grown-up sons, unmarried, living with her and caring very much for her.

She hesitated before she answered me, and then she said, " I don't know—they want me here, and they want me there——"

I asked her if she was conscious of her children who had gone before. " Oh, yes ! " she said. " I see and hear them just as plain as the others. They are all with me." She died in a few hours after that, but I was not with her at the end, so I do not know if she spoke of being helped upwards. Some pure and highly developed spirits appear to be carried upward in such a wonderful and beautiful manner when they are released from the physical body, that they are not aware of any effort, only of a marvellous uplifting. In such cases clairvoyants have seen strangely beautiful and significant visions ; as with Frances Willard, whose last words were, " How beautiful it is to be with God ! " and who was seen by clairvoyants to be carried swiftly upward out of sight by a band of flying angels. These angels, who wait for the passing of purified spirits and carry them over the first part of the way that lies before them, are not infrequently seen by clairvoyants.

To enter upon the consideration of death as a psychic experience is a great consolation to those who are witnessing, or have witnessed, the death of one they love when the body suffers torture. It seems more than probable that the spirit is engaged in its spiritual experience long before the body has ceased to utter the moans of pain which wring the hearts of the watchers. In the long periods of unconsciousness it may be far away, tasting the pleasure of that freedom which is soon to be entered upon completely. A great and dreadful loneliness often descends upon the watcher when the dying person has fallen into a deep sleep, or is under the influence of an opiate ; it is as though the

spirit has gone up—up on white wings, or golden stairs, and desires not to be drawn back again. Once more the eyes open with consciousness in them and a look of love, but only for a moment or a little while. Already the parting has taken place. A curious thing was said once by a dying woman. She had been unconscious for some time, and her husband brought her back to this life by a strong restorative. She looked at him reproachfully and said, "Why have you brought me back? I have such a steep hill to climb, and I had nearly got to the top when you brought me back." She soon became unconscious again, and he knelt beside her and let her spirit pass upward without hindrance.

Undoubtedly, to the occultist, the disciple, the moment of death, or severance from the interests of an incarnation, takes place without connexion with the death of the body, as the Empress of Austria perceived. The uplifting occurs, sometimes, some years before the end of the life, and others become aware of what seems like a total change of character in the one who is passing away. Then when the physical life ceases all happens very simply and without effort, as with Mr. Moody (of "Moody and Sankey" fame), who, coming out of a state of unconsciousness just before his death, said, "If this is death, there is no valley. It is glorious. Earth is receding, Heaven is approaching." Mr. Moody was a great personal friend of Henry Drummond, whose passing away was of a similar character. W. Robertson Nicoll said of his death, "It seemed as if his sufferings revealed and liberated the forces of his soul. Those who saw him in his illness saw that, as the physical life flickered low, the spiritual energy grew." Doubtless the moment of psychic decision, when the spirit turned to leave this house of life, took place at the beginning of his illness, perhaps even earlier, and what the watchers saw was simply the spirit freeing itself from the impediment of an envelope it desired to lay aside. How wonderful this must look to the watcher on the other side who sees with spiritual sight! It is marvellous with mortal eyes to watch the opening of an earthly flower; what a spectacle must be the unfolding of a spiritual shape as it escapes from its sheath.

It is remarkable how many great men and women, whose words have been noticed and preserved by their friends, have looked forward to death with a keen interest and a great longing for this supreme psychic event to take place. Prince Bismarck said some time before the end came: "My only happy day will be the day I die"; and he, the Iron Chancellor, whose sufferings at the close

of his life had the character of violence and tragic fierceness which belonged to his career, passed away with all the gentleness of one about to be re-born. He awoke from a quiet sleep into which he had fallen, to find his daughter sitting at his bedside wiping his brow, and as he said "I thank you, my child," he fainted and never again recovered consciousness on this side of the veil that shrouds the mysterious step. The colossal character of Mr. Gladstone also exhibited this wonderful gentleness and peace towards the end. He regarded his approaching death as a laying down of a worn-out garment, and spoke of the "happy change of raiment" in a letter to Dr. Guinness Rogers. A clairvoyant had foretold, long before his fatal illness set in, that he would die in a chair of fire; the fire came—he himself often spoke of the intense pain he had to endure as "the fiery furnace." But a great calm, the peace that follows the storm, enveloped him before the actual change of raiment took place, and he considered himself as "dead" so far as this world was concerned long before that physical event occurred. When Mr. George Russell came away from this death-bed he said he felt as if he had seen a glimpse of Paradise through the gates ajar. Both Bismarck and Mr. Gladstone had intense friendships with animals, and in Mr. Gladstone's case the most intimate of his friends among the animals is known to have decided to surrender its life because of its separation from him. Little Petry was a black Pomeranian dog who for nine years had been his constant and faithful friend and companion. He was one of the happiest little beings, always joyous, and in quite aggressively good health and spirits. This natural gaiety which is a characteristic of some dogs is frequently a source of great pleasure and solace to those who become attached to them. Little Petry was gay till his beloved master went abroad without him, and then his joyous, happy spirit left him altogether. He went with Mr. and Mrs. Drew to Buckley Vicarage, close to Hawarden, and he was always running back to his old home, and would not be comforted, and finally he refused food and died. Was he to accompany the one he loved so much in the great step? Was his loving little presence to be a solace still to the departing spirit? The fact of animal immortality can never be doubted by a seer or clairvoyant, and there have been death-bed scenes which would give colour to this suggestion. I have myself been the witness of a dying person's keen delight at the presence of a little dog who had been dead ten years. There was no delusion as to his being alive in this world. My friend was lying very still, apparently unconscious, when suddenly she tried in

vain to lift herself, and an expression of the greatest delight came upon her face.

“Oh! there is dear little ——” she said. “Two beautiful angels have brought him to me.” Then she addressed these visitors, and begged them to place the dog within her reach as she could not move herself. And it was most wonderful to see her lift her almost lifeless hands to caress the invisible creature. I was not able to see the little loving spirit whose coming gave her such joy, but her actions made its presence real to me. For some moments she held it to her with one hand, and the other moved to and fro with the action of stroking a dog’s head; and then she said: “They are taking him away,” and sank back exhausted, but looking very happy. “I *am* glad I shall have him with me again,” I heard her murmur feebly.

A friendship with a dog had a tragic ending some little time ago, in the case of a widow who had once been rich and very charitable, and who became so poor as to come upon the parish for relief. Her one devoted friend was a dog, and because she kept this dog her parish relief was stopped. When she became very ill she would not go into the Infirmary because her dog would be taken from her. When she died the dog hid his head in some of her clothing and refused all food and soon followed her.

“I feel as if I were to be myself again,” said Sir Walter Scott when he was dying. “Never say of me that I am dead,” were Browning’s last words. He had long realized that death is a great psychic event, and in the death scene of Paracelsus had touched on the wonderful companionship which comes on both sides of the veil to those who are passing. Nothing could be more beautiful or more complete than the picture of the dying Paracelsus holding the hand of one friend who sits, embodied by his death-bed, and clinging to the hand of the other, the disembodied one, who stands awaiting the uprising of his spirit from that death-bed.

The appearance of the Christ figure at the actual bedside seems to be most frequent with the entirely friendless, who have no one bound to them by ties of love waiting for them on the other side of the veil. As an instance of what I mean I will refer to the case of Hannah ——, the daughter of a Lancashire farmer. She was what is called an “innocent,” and was frequently “possessed.” One aspect of her nature was that of a sweet, gentle, tender girl, loved by every one. In the other condition she was an awful being, and her ravings were terrible. Her people did not like even the clergyman, who knew all the circum-

stances, to see her when in that state ; they were ashamed of her changed voice and the dreadful language she used. Her brother grew up an intelligent man and became a schoolmaster. It was the day before his wedding day that in the early morning Hannah said to her mother : " I had such a lovely dream last night ; I saw a beautiful garden, more beautiful than any I have ever seen, and there was Jesus Christ on the other side of the garden gate, and He is going to open the gate for me."

Her mother answered : " Don't talk about dreams, help me get your father's breakfast ; this is a busy day." She did as she was told, but when her father came in she again tried to get a chance of describing what she had seen. " Nonsense ! " said her mother ; " your father hasn't time to be bothered about dreams."

So she never was allowed to describe all she had seen ; but the gate was opened for her. The next morning they found her lying dead in her bed, looking very sweet and happy.

A boy who was the child of quite poor Lancashire factory workers, hurt his back and fell into a decline. One evening when his mother was working in his room he suddenly said to her :

" Don't go on with your work. Don't you see the Lord Jesus standing there ? "

" No," she answered.

" Oh, but He is," said the boy positively, " and He has a shining belt on with letters on it. The letters are L, I, G, H, T. Surely you hear the music, mother ? "

" No," she answered.

" Then it must be the angels of light singing to welcome the pilgrim of the night," he cried, and almost immediately afterwards he died. What he said showed the memory of a favourite hymn ; but it also showed that he had understood the meaning of the words of that hymn, and also that the companionship and help he needed was given to him.

In another case which came to my knowledge, the deaths of two persons, husband and wife, illustrate very clearly that which I am endeavouring to demonstrate. The husband was a plain man, a book-keeper in a mill, without any education beyond what was necessary for such a clerkship. It is certain that he had never heard, for example, of the Holy Grail. He and his wife were both very good, simple, religious people, who brought up a large family so conscientiously that every member of it turned out well. The wife, when she was dying, was full of hope and eager anticipation, and spoke much to one of her daughters of what she was experiencing and looking forward to. Then she grew

silent, and the daughter at last said : " Mother, do you know me ? "

" Yes," she answered, " but do not speak again. The Lord Jesus is standing here." She died in a few minutes.

Her husband lived for some years after her, and greatly missed her. When he was lying on his death-bed he said to the daughter who was with him : " I see such beautiful things."

" What are they, father ? " she asked.

" I don't know," he answered ; " they are more beautiful than anything I ever saw before, but I cannot describe them."

" Oh, do try and tell me what they are like," she begged.

" There is a beautiful light," he said, " and in the midst of it something more like the Sacrament cup than anything else—but oh, so much grander—more bright and beautiful ; just now it was so close, right on my bed."

When on the point of death he said : " Fanny, I see a little white gate, and your mother is on the other side of it—but I cannot open and pass through—but I shall do, very soon now." We all owe a debt of gratitude to this young woman, who wished to know what her father saw, and remembered all he said.

I well remember a case of a girl who, as she lay dying, saw a vision so lovely that she longed to tell those about her bed what it was, and to describe it ; but they would not allow her to because she was so weak. She tried her utmost to get them to listen to her, and she could not. " Oh, but I would like to tell you," she said, and died as she said it. Was not this an opportunity wasted ? I cannot forgive those who stood round her for depriving themselves and others of such knowledge.

It is seldom the dying who fear death ; I have only heard of one or two cases of such fear existing at the last, and it has in each instance been the close of a bad and selfish life persisted in to the end. Even with those who have always dreaded death, the dread passes away before the event takes place, the developing spirit as it approaches freedom doubtless conquering the physical timidity. It is not the dying who fear death, but those around them ; it is not the fault of the dying that we have not a great deal more information about the way of passing from one life to another, but the fault of those around them, who refuse to listen to the precious words, or enjoin silence, or regard what is said as the wanderings of delirium. With those who know their death is approaching, some time before the end a condition of great peace and hope usually sets in, and they pierce the hearts of those about them by speaking with satisfaction of the change about to take

## DEATH AS A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE 249

place. This is ignorantly regarded as a state of resignation, a condition of mere obedience. It is, in fact, the result of the psychic change having commenced, that inward change which the Empress of Austria spoke of, and which is sometimes the herald of a violent or so-called sudden death. It certainly does not occur only when death is brought about by disease, and is therefore not a result of illness of body, though in some cases it is co-incidental with ill health.

Alexander Ireland went to see Robert Chambers, the brilliant author of *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, some time before his death, and said : "It was touching to witness the perfect serenity, I may almost say cheerfulness, with which he regarded his failing strength and the approach of the inevitable end. He spoke of the cloud of life in which we all seemed now to move, and of the hope of an ultimate emergence from shadows and obscurities into full light."

Through the gateway of death we all emerge from the shadows, and by it alone can the race pass to freedom. It is the greatest psychic event we know of, the crown and climax of this temporary life.

## THE OCCULT IN THE NEARER EAST—VI.

BY A. GOODRICH-FREER (MRS. HANS SPOER)

WOMEN have many disabilities in the East; one is the fact that each woman has her double, who, moreover, has as many children as she. She is called the "Karine," but fortunately Solomon, who had a thousand reasons for taking an interest in women-kind, induced the "Karine" of his acquaintance to promise amendment in the manners of her race on condition of wearing a charm, one of the common type of written amulet divided into 7 x 7 squares, containing numbers from one to twenty-nine. A Shech at a village near Lydda, is renowned for making them.

Ghouls are no longer active but places are shown where they have been turned into stone, one, as we were told, when a woman, who was taking her cake out of the oven, threw a loaf at a procession of them. Bread has an extraordinary sacredness in the East, and often when I have been feeding pariah dogs and stray cats,—though these are not nearly so numerous as in England—always encouraged by the Moslems in the streets, and even protected by them against the jeers and insolence of Christians, I have remarked with interest the care with which, when I have finished, they will pick up every fragment, placing it on some wall or bank, where it cannot be trodden under foot. It is generally carried off by birds, who are very tame here, being treated with great gentleness, many even being regarded as sacred, by the Moslem population.\* The word for bread in Egyptian Arabic is *eys*, which also means "life," and Lane † relates that in Cairo the natives will carefully pick up the fragments after eating, and place them where they will be found by some dog or cat. We have seen in Cairo twenty or thirty cats collected waiting for the meal daily distributed from the mosque.

A well authenticated example of what we may call ghost-possession is recorded by Mr. Baldensperger, one of a well-known and very highly respected family of Alsations, long resident in Judaea. He writes (*P. E. F. Quarterly Statement*, 1893):

"On December 31, 1891, a woman living in the next field to

\* Baldensperger *op. cit.* gives a list of these, pp. 212-13.

† *Op. cit.* vol 1, ch. xiii.



ours in Jaffa, was seized by a man wrapped in white and with a pointed cap on. She was struck dumb by terror, and ran into the house, but could show only by signs that something extraordinary had happened. Immediately a Shech from Saknet Abu Darwish near by, was fetched, who brought his sacred books—ghost books—and, to begin with, administered a severe flogging to the patient, then, burning incense all the time, he began questioning :—

“Shech. Who art thou ?

“Ghost (*out of the woman.*) A Jew.

“Sh. How camest thou hither ?

“Gh. I was killed on the spot.

“Sh. Where art thou come from ?

“Gh. I am from Nablûs (Shechem).

“Sh. When wast thou killed ?

“Gh. Twelve years ago.

“Sh. Come forth of this woman !

“Gh. I will not.

“Sh. I have fire and will burn thee.

“Gh. Where shall I go out ?

“Sh. From the little toe.

“Gh. I would like to come out by the eye,—by the nose, etc.

“After long disputing, the ghost, with a terrible shake of the body and of the leg, fled by the toe ; the exhausted woman lay down and recovered her language. An amulet was then written and put in a small leather bag, which was well waxed with beeswax, through which the Jan cannot penetrate.”

Baldensperger also relates the history of a well-known Shech, who is a great Koran scholar and has become haunted by a certain saint or *wely*, el Shazili, who is buried in Acca, and who gave him no peace till he went to Acca (Acre) and was initiated into the Order of Welys of which Shazili was the founder, wearing the green turban. In 1887 he returned home, and has lived an ascetic and saintly life ever since, calling the hours of prayer from the roof of his own house as if it were a minaret, although he lives over a mile away from the town, in a lonely orange garden.

Another form of divination practised in Jerusalem and Jaffa is known as *darb er-raml* (the way of the sand), and consists in reading the indications formed by small heaps of sand which, being roughly arranged, fall at a touch into accidental outlines. The professors of the art are generally Copts or negroes, and though I have experimented with them several times, I have had no results worthy even of being classed as thought-transfer-

ence. I was told, by a Moslem, that these performers are the degenerate representatives of astrologers, and that the designs thus drawn were originally horoscopes, of a kind popular among the Mecca pilgrims, in which the numerical value of the client's name, together with that of his mother (cf. *re* mother ante-Chapters *On amulets*) formed an important element in determining the signs exerting an influence upon his career. I may remind the readers that in Hebrew, and indeed most Semitic languages, as originally in Arabic, the numerals were represented by letters.

Lane quotes cases of *apports*,\* but I have heard of none in this country, although examples of various kinds of physical phenomena, including the stone-throwing ghost so familiar in story, are very frequent, and usually ascribed to Jan.

The more thoughtful among the Moslems have certainly some perception of the theory of the astral plane, although they appear to have no definite terms in which to express it. For example, we were on one occasion visiting the city prison with a party of friends, among whom was a well-educated effendi who had read and travelled much. A number of convicts were gathered in the yard of the prison, where they enjoy fresh air and some degree of freedom during daylight hours, a few only wearing irons, and many indeed occupied in small industries. Our friend remained talking with the governor, and meanwhile the rest of our party had passed through the iron gates which, as a joke, the jailer closed behind us, leaving him within. My husband, leveling his camera, called out that he would photograph the effendi through the bars among the prisoners, but our friend showed such real distress that he desisted, assuring him he was only in fun. I had been in advance and knew nothing of the incident, till the effendi overtaking me, related it very seriously. "You do not think the Professor really took the photograph?" he asked. "Those cameras work with a touch." Supposing his *amour propre* to be wounded, I replied that if my husband had taken it I was sure he would willingly destroy the film, and no one would ever see it. "It is not that which matters," he answered. "The point is, *was the picture made?* I should not like to be haunted by the idea that imprisonment was before me!"

Hypnotism is again an idea quite familiar to the oriental mind, and suggestion, as we have seen, and as might be further illustrated in a great many directions, is a recognized means of cure. A large proportion of the performances of the darweeshes are

\* (e.g. *op. cit.* I ch. xii).

obviously hypnotic, and one has only to watch the excited and fanatic multitudes assembled at any religious feast, to observe a dozen varieties of hypnotic influence. I have noticed that the leaders make counter-passes and wave their hands in the faces of those whom they wish to restore to a normal condition.

I have even seen this done by the colonel of a Turkish regiment, when, during Ramadan (when the Moslem fasts, even from tobacco and from water, from dawn to sunset for thirty days), his men had become stupefied with exhaustion and bad air, when on guard within the crowded precincts of the Holy Sepulchre, during the Greek Easter festival.

The Moslems go so far as to explain many exhibitions of magic as due to hypnotic influence. They divide magic into two classes\* (1) *Spiritual or supernatural* which is dependent upon faith, the power of the name of God, the agency of angels, bad and good, and so on,—and (2) *deceptive* which they believe to be dependent upon influence exerted over the minds of the spectators, an influence due in part to perfumes, drugs, and above all suggestion.

The theory of suggestion has a strong hold upon the oriental mind, though the idea might be otherwise expressed. The sick are laid by Moslems and Christians alike under certain trees and upon certain rocks, and still more in certain sacred places such as the Tomb of Lazarus, the Rock of the Ascension and so on, often with the best results. Water is brought to them from sacred springs, to the Moslems especially from Mecca, to the Christians from the Jordan, or from the Well of the Virgin, to all alike from the spot known as Job's (more correctly Joab's) Well, erroneously supposed to be the overflow of the Kedron, accessible only after exceptional rain.

Cakes made from the dust of the Milk Grotto have been already referred to. Others are brought from the tomb of the Prophet, just as water is brought equally from Lourdes, and from the sacred well of Yenizem at Mecca. The water of Yenizem is exported for sprinkling on grave-clothes, just as the soil of Jerusalem is exported by the Jews to lay upon the eye-lids of the dead.

The Arabs, so far as I can discover, express a general belief in astrology and the signs of the zodiac appear in various charms and amulets but the actual astrologers are, so far as our experience goes, Egyptians, Algerians, or negroes. The oath "By the life of this star" has especial sanctity, and it is said that the Bedu

\* Lane, *op. cit.* I ch. xxiv.

have names for most of the fixed stars. There seems to be a sort of reluctance to speak of the heavenly bodies, except of course in Europeanized and Christian districts where few have anything to say that is of any interest. It is possible that the Moslems still preserve the traditional mistrust of exhibition of interest in the heavens, the teaching of the Prophet having been directed against any religious sentiment in regard to them. The devout Moslem, for instance, will refrain from prayer at sunrise or sunset, lest he might appear to be saluting the sun himself as he rises between the horns of the devil. They have, however, certain forms of augury from the stars, as for instance, as to the agricultural conditions for the year, as denoted by the position of the Pleiades at the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross (Sept. 14), when, at midnight, Auriga rushes in among them and scatters them in various directions. The comet of 1882 was looked upon as having foretold the Egyptian War, since it denoted the Christian sword threatening the Crescent star which forms the crest of the Turkish Empire.

Divination in various forms is undoubtedly in constant use. In the first chapter I referred briefly to the following incident, which came under my personal observation. A girl in a Jewish school had committed an act of dishonesty, the theft of a list of bad marks, and as, under the circumstances, it seemed almost impossible she could have done it without the connivance, or at least the knowledge, of others, the whole class, of perhaps forty, having in vain been exhorted to confession, was threatened with exclusion from a school festival unless the discovery of the culprit were made within a given time. This caused great consternation among the guiltless, and they took their own measures to arrange the affair. Charms were wrought, spells were cast, and finally ordeal by fire was resorted to ; \* and dozens of little red and swollen hands testified entire innocence. The culprit was shortly discovered, having an impulse, somewhat late, to confess, and naturally the utility of the means resorted to was established.

My efforts to reason upon other lines, elicited various stories of interest in the same connexion, one of which was cited as proof that divination is lawful from the religious point of view, as it is practised by the most learned Rabbis. No place is more sacred to the devout Jew than the so-called Wailing-Place, where, on the eve of the Sabbath, he laments over the remains of the outer wall of the Temple, "for the glory departed." A pious and learned

\* cf., description of similar ultimate resort. Burckhardt, *Notes on Bedouins*, I. p. 121.

Rabbi was one Friday summoned in haste from these devotions, with the information that the Jewish quarter was in an uproar, the people having accused the Jews of having killed a Moslem boy, and of mixing his blood with their Passover cakes. The Rabbi, as a representative man, was taken before the Pasha, confronted with the corpse, and threatened that unless the murderer were given up, vengeance would be taken upon the entire community.

The Rabbi called for writing materials and a bowl of water, and having inscribed certain cabalistic sentences, together with the sacred name, upon fragments of paper, wetted these, and applied them to the lips of the boy, who at once sat up, and seizing a by-stander cried: "This is the guilty man and no other." The Moslem, thus convicted, confessed his crime, and was duly punished. The rest of the story is edifying in another direction. By this time the sun had set, and the Rabbi had violated the Sabbath by writing, and by occupation with worldly concerns. He passed the rest of his days in ascetic penance, and when he died was interred by his own wish as a malefactor, in a grave marked only by the stones cast upon it by passers-by. A heap of stones does indeed mark the spot, which is even regarded by those ignorant of its pious origin as a place of dread.

One naturally inquires if, among so many occult practices, the weaving of amorous spells has no place? As a rule love has, except among the Bedu, but little relation to marriage, being among the upper-class Moslems mainly a family affair, an arrangement for the support of the family dignity, and among the Christians and lower class Moslems a matter of gain. Now and then, however, one comes across an incident showing that even here "there remains a good deal of human nature in man, especially woman." We had the following story direct from the principal actors, on an occasion not to be forgotten, a moonlight picnic upon the Mount of Olives, the sleeping city in the distance, while immediately below us were hundreds of white tents, a veritable temporary village destined to disappear at daybreak, the occasion of its erection being the Feast of the Repose of our Lady, celebrated in the Chapel of the Tomb of the Virgin, and frequented by thousands of Greeks and Moslems.

Our host was one of the hereditary officials of the Mosque, rich and eccentric, intensely picturesque in his white turban and grey jubr, his teeth and eyes gleaming in his dark countenance as he swayed while he talked in a low sing-song voice, in the moonlight. He had a good wife, very good, he loved her much, but

Allah, may His name be exalted, had given them no son. It was a sorrow but he would have borne it, had not one, a relative, not young, not beautiful, ardently desired him. Since she was related to him he owed her a duty, and was about to give way, when a great and good man, now at rest, rebuked him.\* God had given to each man a woman, he declared ; to take two was contrary to His will. He desisted, but the woman cast spells upon him. Again he was about to yield, but again his teacher assured him that God's blessing would not be upon him. What these people say is a true word, they speak with God. Misfortunes came, and for long he thought no more of the matter. But woman is strong, she cast spells, and the longing for a son increased. Again his teacher spoke. "God will give you a son," said he. It did not seem possible, they had been married for many years without children, but the spells of Nazarenes, that is of such of them as do, as well as say, after God's will, are stronger than all others, and the son was born. God had blessed the path of the upright. But finally the spells became irresistible. Against his will he married the woman, and Allah, as predicted, turned away His face. The woman bore a son, but misfortunes came. Both died. The first wife, now unhappy, died. Her son had not turned out well. Truly one should yield only to spells which are good, and vows should be kept holy. Had he not vowed a sheep if one of the Colony, who had gone on a long journey, should return in safety? Next week it would be killed. See he eats out of my hand! He is fat! Will not the Sitt Inglese come too, and eat of him? †

Some sort of divination or psychometry is practised among the native Christians, but for practical reasons our inquiries upon this subject were cut short. About a year ago, a school-boy, a Greek, left his uncle's home after breakfast one morning without announcement of his purpose. The day passed, and the boy did not reappear, and before nightfall scouts were sent in all directions, as it was believed he had fallen, as happened also in old days to "an ox or an ass, into a pit." Empty cisterns are scat-

\* This was Mr. Spafford, one of the founders of the American Colony in Jerusalem, already spoken of. They lead the life of the early Christians having all things in common ; quiet, industrious, non-propagandist, and immensely charitable. Their influence upon the Moslem population—the influence not of words but deeds—is unprecedented in any country.

† Lane tells a story *op. cit.* I, ch. xii, of "an enchanter who was banished for writing a charm which caused a Muslimeh girl to be affected with an irresistible love for a Copt Christian." Such stories are, however, rare.

tered in all directions, and even the ordinary pedestrian in broad daylight needs to be cautious, so that it may be imagined how easily a heedless child, running rapidly under the shade of the trees, might meet with an accident. The search was continued for several days, the town crier proclaimed the loss in all directions, special search-warrants were issued by the European Consuls, as well as the Turkish authorities, but no trace could be found. Finally, and naturally with diffidence, recourse was had to an English lady, whom rumour had credited with supernormal powers of "trace." She was much concerned for the child, and for his relatives, and went willingly, accompanied by an Englishman, to the Greek convent, where the uncle, a priest, resided. It was understood that the object of this visit was merely to place herself among the latest surroundings and associations of the missing boy, and she was therefore surprised when, after some delay, she was introduced into a room crowded with visitors, and with Greek priests of various grades. She had consented to the experiment but a few hours earlier, and was at a loss to know how or why such a concourse had been collected. At length a curious fact transpired. A local sorceress had been already consulted, and had declared herself powerless, but had alleged that the whereabouts of the boy would be revealed by a foreign lady who would come, with a gentleman, to the convent, and great were the expectations of all concerned. The lady, under the unfortunate conditions, was however only able to say that the child was alive and well, that news would be received from him, and that at the moment he was on, or near, water. It transpired, some weeks later, that he had been kidnapped, taken down to Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem, and removed, of course by sea, to Rome, where he is now being educated, at his own wish, in a Latin institution. He had been under rather perplexing educational influences. Of the Greek Church by family he had spent his most impressionable years in a Roman Catholic convent, and was then removed to a Protestant school. He had returned on the morning in question to his first teachers who, in mediæval fashion, had secured a lamb to the fold, cruelly regardless of the feelings of those nearest to him, who, however, are now quite content with the arrangement, having received his own assurance that he is happy and satisfied.

The lady had hoped that the incident would give her a glimpse into the esoteric psychic life of Jerusalem, and enable her to make acquaintance, at least, with "the sorceress" in question. Such people are very suspicious of English-speaking Franks,

by whom they have been systematically and unintelligently scorned and derided; and she had sought their acquaintance in vain. Unfortunately, however, the matter had brought her such unlooked for notoriety, and she was so besieged by persons desiring supernormal advice of various kinds, that to escape importunity she had to refuse all intercourse upon the subject, and even to leave the neighbourhood for some weeks.

The rapidity with which news travels, partakes almost of the supernormal. The European "society" of Jerusalem is much what might be found in any second rate suburb or small country town of England, where intelligent occupation is lacking, and the same people meet over and over again, with nothing new to talk of; where literature, art, music, and even amusement, beyond tea-parties and prayer-meetings, are unknown; but with the special addition that there are no local papers, no law of libel, and that the "gentle" sex enormously preponderates. That fact and imagination should circulate rapidly is not surprising, but, not to quote many well authenticated instances in private circles, I may refer to two which are historical, in which wireless telegraphy, thought transference, or accidental coincidence can alone account for knowledge of events at a distance. One is the well-established fact that the bombardment of Alexandria was known in Jerusalem twenty-four hours before the news arrived by the Egyptian telegrams, our only means here of obtaining political information, before the arrival of European papers.

For the other I cannot give chapter and verse, but it will be found in Seetzen's *Reisen*. (1806-8), not accessible here, that Napoleon's escape from Elba was known here some days before the news could have arrived by such means of communication as were then possible. Burckhardt, in his *Notes on the Bedouins*, 1831, has also a reference to the rapid circulation of news. I can personally testify to having heard, many times during the past winter, of incidents of the Russo-Japanese war before any telegram could have related them, but, in such cases one always has to discount for expectation, whereas in Seetzen's story such an element must have been wholly lacking. Such gossip as prevails here can only be treated as on the analogy of dreams. Where people are for ever talking, they must, by the laws of average, occasionally speak the truth, just as dreams must now and then come to pass, but one can estimate their value only by counting the misses as well as the hits.

It is of course well known that mirror-gazing was formerly



practised in Egypt, and a classical instance is that related by Lane and afterwards quoted in the well-known article in the *Quarterly Review* (No. 117). Like some other forms of divination known in Palestine, it is seldom indigenous here, and even where it is performed by natives may have been introduced, with many other customs, by the Egyptian immigrants under Muhammed Ali early in last century. In the plain, especially about Lydda, they form quite an important element in the population from which their dress and accent still differentiates them. Baldensperger relates that a man of this district has the power of divining the whereabouts of stolen articles with the aid of a basin of water. The sorcerer who employs him adds various magical features, such as reading of passages from the Koran, and the burning of incense, by which he professes to bring the Jan together, but this is probably the usual *mise en scène* of the paid medium. He cites, however, an interesting case coming from Hebron, about six hours' ride south of Jerusalem. A robbery had been committed at Urtas, near Bethlehem and three Shechs were sent for to divine the mystery.

"They gathered all the Urtas people together on a house-top, had the place well swept, and burned incense, reading a book. A young girl (before puberty) was set down in the middle, and some ink put in the hollow of her hand; she had to look into this and never look up whilst she was examined." She related that she saw a man sweeping. It will be remembered that Lane's medium also began with this, and I have met other cases in which the vision opened in the same way. One is tempted to wonder if this is the orthodox oriental prelude, like the shiver and long-drawn breath of the professional medium—whether Lane's classical case started the precedent, or whether there is any inherent reason for such a beginning? After this she saw another man sweeping—then one sprinkling water, then a tent put up—men with arms and spears—chairs arranged about the tent. These chairs remained so long unoccupied that after some more reading of the Koran, the Shechs remarked that it was Thursday afternoon, and the expected guests were doubtless occupied with their religious duties. The procedure began again next day, but the thief, perhaps impressed or frightened, confessed and paid back, on condition that the examination was not continued. Mr. Baldensperger concludes, "So this case was not brought to an end by the Jan, for the man declared himself guilty, and as far as I can learn it almost always ends in this way."

I tried to follow up this case, but the whereabouts of the

Shechs was unknown, and the girl, I was informed, having since become a mother, had lost her gift of divination.

Palmistry is practised here, but mainly by Hindoo pilgrims—and by the city Christians, who may have learnt it from tourists.

Certain days are, as with us, regarded as fortunate, Friday it may be remarked as especially so, the eve of Friday being the favourite day for marriages, hence Thursday also counts as a lucky day. The Prophet died on Sunday night, so that Monday is a bad day. Tuesday and Saturday are the worst days, the last being especially avoided by travellers, or for being shaved or bled. Indeed Tuesday is the best day for the last purpose, still usual for all sorts of ailments, as the day is associated with the death of martyrs and hence with the spilling of blood.

As in the Highlands, omens are drawn from the first object which meets the eyes upon leaving the house in the morning or upon starting on a journey, and while speaking of the Highlands it is worthy of remark that the distinction of *dessil* and *tual* is observed here as among the Gaels. A marriage procession on leaving the house must turn to the right, as must that of the bride when coming from the bath, and of the newly circumcised when returning home. At a funeral, however, the procession is often diverted at the will of the dead, who may inspire the bearers to turn this way or that, or even seek to compel them to remain at a given spot. This is, however, seldom acceded to, except in the case of welys (saints) whose graves one finds in very unexpected places—in the streets or even in the courtyards of houses.

Dreams among the Semites now as in Bible times are regarded as of great significance, and the Shechs of the Mosques, like Joseph or Daniel, have sometimes much skill in their interpretation. Books too, exist, which we have tried to buy, but in vain, as they appear to have a special sanctity and may not be handed over to Nazarenes. A Schech was, however, persuaded to let us have a queer little parchment book of magic consisting mainly of amulets and magic squares. When any one says "I have had a dream," it is proper to reply, "May it be blessed to thee"; for if the dream were evil the dreamer would be unwilling to mention it, but would spit over his left shoulder. A man who is seeking a girl in marriage will cause careful inquiries to be made whether she sleeps quietly, or whether she cries out, or grinds her teeth, which are signs of possession by evil spirits, and may indicate the body's remonstrance at being deserted by the spirit, which is busy elsewhere, or as the efforts of some alien spirit to manifest itself. It is interesting to note in this connexion, that in Highland stories,

as well as in conventional fairy-tales, one who has been away with the Jan or fairies, loses all sense of time, and can seldom give any account of what has occurred to him.

The Moslems pay great respect to all that appertains to the body, and the comb and tooth-brush, such as they are, are always among the wares of the pavement tradesmen resorted to by the Bedu and Fellaheen, and their use as well as frequent ablution was ordered by the Prophet, the author of the much disputed 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness.' Children run about dirty and neglected, purposely to avoid the Evil eye, but here, with some Christians, and still more Jews, for contrast the cleanly habits of the Moslems are very pleasing. It is fair to say in passing, that the Armenian Christians are notably cleanly and orderly in their habits, the very pavements in their quarter are washed with soap, and they have baths and wash-houses of their own. It is perhaps rather, in part, from this respect to the person that the Moslems bury their nail-parings and hair and beard clippings in the ground, and not, as in the Highlands, where also they are carefully concealed, from the fear that any one possessing himself of these fragments of the body may obtain undue influence over the whole. Prayer is not acceptable from the unclean, and the nails are carefully kept and clipped lest impurity should collect beneath. The women are as a rule less religious, and therefore less cleanly, than the men.

An accepted trait of Oriental character among all creeds, is that which among Moslems is also a religious principle, and expresses itself in the phrase *Maktoub*, "it is decreed," literally "it is written." It is the "resignation" of Christians, the "acceptance of life" of the philosopher, the "subliminal indications" of the psychic student. The superior person calls it superstition, the cynic attributes it to "climate." There is a sense of restfulness in the Moslem's calm submission to the will of Allah, in the active perception of the "something not ourselves, that makes for righteousness," in the practical obedience to the "Revere your intuitions" of Emersonian dicta. I could quote a great number of instances which we have observed here—I select one or two which are, at least, first-hand.

The American Colony, like all who seek to do good, have met with incredible persecution and slander. Personal malignity venge itself a few years ago by making it impossible for them, for the time, to obtain access to their own private means, thus reducing them to actual poverty. On one occasion, a fellah (field labourer) brought in 500 eggs for sale in Jerusalem, and stopping on his way at the Colony door to offer his goods for the large household

gathered there, "We should like some very much," was the reply, "but we have no money to pay for them." The poor man regarded his little capital with thoughtfulness, and finally answered quietly, "No matter, you need them, I shall leave you a hundred," and asked that his boxes might remain in the court while he went down to the market in search of customers. Presently, he came back—the eggs were ordered, he would carry off the box. As he lifted it the bottom gave way, and four or five eggs rolled out. "Surely Allah has rebuked me!" he cried; "it was not a part but the whole I was to give to those who needed," and he entirely refused to remove any portion of his wares. "Have I not brought them safe for many miles over the mountains and shall I not learn my lesson when it comes to me so plainly?"

Another time he was bringing in pomegranates from a garden some four hours distant, into the city. He had a new donkey which, however, trotted along with others coming in to market, who all knew their way into the city, while the owners came on foot behind. At the Damascus gate there was a dispute, as usual, with the police, and the men were detained for some minutes, while the donkeys made their way along the accustomed route. The men soon followed to the market, but, arrived there, the new donkey with his precious load was missing. He was sought in every direction, but at length traced to a by-road at right angles, leading up a circuitous and obscure path to a distant quarter wholly unknown to him. Among other houses along the way was that of the Colony, and there he was found, patiently standing at the gate. "It is decreed," perceived the owner, and unloading his beast, he carried all his store into the court-yard as an offering demanded by Allah.

One more such story and I have done. Persecuted and robbed there came a day when the Colony had not even bread. Nevertheless the table was laid with its accustomed neatness, and the hour of dinner was drawing near, when the bell rang, and a porter entered bearing sixty loaves of white bread, and several joints of meat ready cooked. He could give no account of his errand, but that he had been paid to bring them to the house. It was long before the very simple explanation was discovered. A rich American had suddenly given up the idea of a journey, and his dragoman had an impulse to send the provision, no longer needed, to some who would see that it did good and was of use. None are trusted here for active philanthropy as are the Colony, and the intuition, which had never occurred before, and has never been repeated, was certainly as fortunate as it was timely.

## REVIEWS

THE MYSTICS, ASCETICS AND SAINTS OF INDIA. By John Campbell Oman. London : T. Fisher Unwin.

INDIAN Mysticism is one of those, alas, too numerous subjects about which there is a great deal of glib talk and very little real depth of knowledge, at least, in this country. Yogi, Fakir, Buddhist—these are words which are at the tip of all our tongues, and we most of us know about as much of what they connote as we do of, say, Sanskrit grammar. Mr. Oman's book is a singularly fair-minded record of a very curious phase of human life, and is written with a semi-sceptical candour which by no means excludes sympathy with the subject of which it treats. The author takes the mental peculiarities and habits of the Indian ascetics as affording the best possible index to the salient characteristics of the Hindu race, and the declared aim of his book is, by portraying these faithfully, to "help to interpret the people of India to that section of the English public which is, more or less, interested in a little understood but most fascinating land, with whose fortunes are irrevocably linked, for good or evil, the destinies of Great Britain and the Anglo-Saxon race."

The book is somewhat bumped out by long accounts of Hindu religious traditions and legends, which have not half the charm of the Greek and Roman classical tales, and might, one cannot help thinking, have been considerably curtailed without too much sacrificing the picture they convey of the intellectual-religious attitude and ethical ideals of the people. In any case, they rather pall on the reader ; while the personal experiences of the writer and the information he is able to supply as to the present conditions prevailing in India, and the habits and practices of the various ascetic sects are full of interest and fascination, and have all that realism which only first-hand information can supply.

Mr. Oman has not gone into great detail with regard to the conjuring tricks and alleged miracle-working of Sadhus and Fakirs. (The former name, it may be well to mention before going further, stands as a general name for any Hindu ascetic, without reference to sect or order ; and the latter as the corresponding term for ascetics who profess Islam.) The author does, however, give some record of the doings of Hassan Khan, who

enjoyed a great reputation as a miracle-worker at Calcutta a generation or so ago.

Several European friends of mine (he writes) had been personally acquainted with Hassan Khan and witnessed his performance in their own homes. It is directly from these gentlemen and not from Indian sources that I derived the details which I now reproduce. Hassan Khan was not a professional wizard, nor even a performer, but he could be persuaded on occasion to display to a small circle his peculiar powers, and this without any pecuniary reward. For example, he would call upon any person at such a meeting to ask for some ordinary wine, and on the particular one being named, would request him to put his hand under the table, or may be behind the door, and, lo ! a bottle of the wished-for wine, with the label of some well-known Calcutta firm, would be thrust into the extended hand.

Similarly he would produce articles of food, such as biscuits or cakes, and cigars too, enough for the assembled company. On a certain occasion, so I was informed by one who was present, the supply of comestibles seemed to be exhausted. Several members raised a laugh against Hassan Khan, and jeeringly challenged him to produce a bottle of champagne. Much agitated and stammering badly—he always had an impediment in his speech—Hassan Khan went on to the verandah, and in angry tones commanded some unseen agent to bring the champagne at once. He had to repeat his orders two or three times when, hurtling through the air, came the required bottle. It struck the magician on the chest with force, and falling to the floor, broke into a thousand pieces. "There," said Hassan Khan, "I have shown my power, but I have enraged my *djinns* by my importunities."

Hassan Khan was on one occasion induced by a friend of the author's to relate the story of how he obtained his magical powers. His narrative was as follows :—

When I was a mere lad said the magician, there came one day to my native village a gaunt Sadhu with matted locks and an altogether repulsive aspect. The boys crowded round him and mocked him, but I reproved their rudeness, telling them that they should respect a holy man, even though a Hindu. The Sadhu observed me closely, and later on we met frequently, for he took up his abode in the village for some little time. One day he offered to confer on me an important secret power, if I would follow his instructions implicitly. I promised to do so, and, under the Sadhu's directions, commenced a system of discipline with fasting which lasted many, perhaps forty, days. My instructor taught me to repeat many mystic spells and incantations, and, after imposing a very strict fast, commanded me to enter a dark cavern in the hillside and tell him what I saw there. I obeyed his behests, and returned with the information that the only thing visible to me in the gloom was a huge flaming eye. "That is well—success has been achieved," was the Sadhu's remark, and I began wondering what power I had acquired. Pointing to some stones lying about, the Sadhu made me make a particular mystical sign upon each one. I did so. "Now go home," said my mentor, "shut the door of your room, and command your *familiar* to bring these stones to you." Away I went, in a state of nervous excitement, and locking

myself in my chamber, commanded the unseen *djinn* to bring those stones to me at once. Hardly had my mandate been uttered, when, to my amazement and secret terror, the stones lay at my feet. I went back and told the Sadhu of my success. "Now," he said, "you have a power which you can exercise over everything upon which you can make the mystical sign I have taught you, but use your power with discretion, for my gift is qualified by the fact that, do what you will, the things acquired through your *familiar* spirit, cannot be accumulated by you, but must soon pass out of your hands." And the Sadhu's words have been verified in my life, and his gift has not been an unmixed blessing, for my *djinn* resents my power, and has often tried to harm me; but happily his time is not yet come.

The mental attitude inculcated as that to be adopted by the faithful Sadhu is well illustrated in the 24 upa gurus which the author learned from a friendly Sanyasi. Two typical ones are subjoined:—

(1) *The Earth*.—The lesson to be learned from this guru is patient endurance. As the uncomplaining earth suffers injuries and affronts without any sign of resentment, so should the Sadhu be unperturbed by any ill-treatment and indignities he may be subjected to.

This inevitably recalls Goethe—

Wen ich mal ungeduldich werde  
Denk ich an die gedult der Erde  
Die wie man sagt sich taglich dreht  
Und jährlich so wie jährlich geht,  
Bin ich denn fur was anders da?  
Ich folge die lieben Frau Mamma,

though the German poet's lines are animated by a somewhat alien spirit to that of the Hindu sage.

(2) *The Heavens*.—Into the serene sky ascend the glad sounds of mirth, the fierce war of battle, the beating of drums, and the clash of swords; but it retains none of them; the Sadhu in the midst of the turmoil of life should, in like manner, retain no impression of the events about him, be they joyous or mournful.

The study of Indian asceticism is specially valuable as offering an object lesson in the results to which the hyper-conscientiousness of the religious devotee must inevitably conduct him if he follows it to its logical conclusion. The Jain monks or Yatis are but another variety of the same type. Their most sacred tenet is absolute respect for life in all its forms. They wear a bib of three or four folds of white cloth over their nose and mouth to obviate the possible accidental destruction of even the minutest organisms by being drawn into these channels in the ordinary process of respiration. Jain Sadhus should never bathe; if they draw water from tank or well they are sure to be the cause of death or suffering to living creatures.

The two main objects of the average Indian ascetic are, firstly, the subjugation of the animal instincts and passions so as to avoid the evils incidental to re-birth; and secondly, the attainment of supernormal powers through a process of constant fasting and self-denial which endows the individual soul with the capacity for uniting itself with the All-spirit, and thus enables it to obtain a far-reaching knowledge of nature's secrets and a general control over mankind and natural phenomena.

Mr. Oman's work is a very valuable contribution to the study of the most morbid forms of religious asceticism. One can but be struck with the similarity of the religious ideals prevalent in the Indian peninsula with those of Christianity in its more extreme forms, and the contrast which they both of them offer to the Greek ideal of the harmonious development of the whole man.

It is not without some feeling of surprise that one realizes that the robust instincts of Western Europe were captivated by the former rather than the latter, but in realizing it one appreciates the fact that the religion of Christendom has always been in the nature of a revolt of the few against the sensualism and over-indulgence of the many, and thus has somewhat conspicuously failed to voice the aspirations of Western thought as a whole and its yearning towards the development of the natural man, self-controlled indeed, but not warped by morbid ideals of self-suppression, nor rendered emasculate in this world, the better to qualify for the assumed conditions of life in the Hereafter.

R. S.

THE ROSE GARDEN OF SADI. By L. Cranmer Byng. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. Price 1s.

To Sadi, the Persian Dervish, the world owes three good books, of which the *Gulistân*, or "Rose Garden," is perhaps the best known to European readers. It contains a series of stories in prose, to each of which the poet-philosopher has added some verse emphasizing the moral of the story. Their wisdom and universal applicability are due to the strange and eventful life of the author, who, as we learn in Mr. Byng's introduction to the book, said of himself:—

I went a pilgrim through the universe,  
And communed oft with strangers as I strayed;  
In every corner some advantage found,  
And from each sheaf of corn I drew a blade.

Schooled at Bagdad, he left that city in search of adventure, enlisting at length in the Holy War against the Christians.



Being taken captive, he was put to work in the trenches along with some Jews at Tripoli. There he was recognized by one of the chiefs of Aleppo, ransomed by him for ten dinars, and given his daughter in marriage, along with a dowry of one hundred dinars. He appears to have passed a very unpleasant time, and bickerings soon grew into recriminations.

“ The lady had a tongue of eloquence, but not in the direction of poetry, and at length even the gentle Sadi turned upon her. Once, when reproaching him, she said : ‘ Art thou not the man whom my father ransomed from the captivity of the Franks for ten dinars ? ’ He answered : ‘ Yes ! I am he who was redeemed for ten dinars and sold to thee for a hundred ! ’ ”

Sadi spent the last sixty years of his life as a hermit, and he lived to the extreme age of ninety-eight. He had passed his fortieth year before he learned the language (Persian), in which he wrote the *Gulistàn*, a work finished by him after he had attained sixty years.

With Mr. Byng’s rendering of that work before us we have practically the letter of the text, the words and the spirit of Sadi, for an introductory note informs us that the translation has been prepared by the author in collaboration with Dr. Kapadia, and readers of “ The Odes of Confucius,” “ The Never-Ending Wrong,” and other poetical renderings by Mr. Byng, will have no doubt of his ability as interpreter.

The *Rose Garden* is divided into eight chapters with a prologue, every one full of wit and wisdom, expressed in prose, quatrains and distiches, with here and there a bloom of special beauty from the Garden, like this :—

“ I saw a golden bouquet of fresh roses  
Shine o’er a cupola of new-mown hay.  
I said, What is this mean grass that imposes ?  
What beggar flaunts it in a king’s array ?  
Replied the lowly grass : ‘ No vile pretender  
To royal friendship soils the pride of kings ;  
And I that have nor beauty, scent, nor splendour,  
Am I not grass that from His garden springs ? ’ ”

It is a good thing to be with Sadi in the Garden, for though in the morning of his life he ravened like the wolf, he learned wisdom as he went, and in the evening of his life he had no other wish than to divide the spoil. To this moral Benjamite the Editors of *The Wisdom of the East* have given us a fine introduction, and so leave us to hold quiet converse with “ the chief among the roving tribes of song.”

SCRUTATOR.

MINOR MELODIES. By J. M. Stuart-Young. Kegan Paul.

THIS little volume of poems commences with a dedication by Richard Le Gallienne, from which we quote the last two verses :

A dead man singing of his maid,  
 Makes all my rhymes in vain ;  
 Yet his poor lips must fade and fade,  
 And mine shall kiss again.

Why should I strive through weary moons  
 To make my music true ?  
 Only the dead men know the tunes  
 The live world dances to.

The subjects treated of are very various, and the poems in every case quite short, and most of them fairly simple in subject. The writer has sentiment, and a certain religious vein, slightly tinged with melancholy, runs through most of the verses. He also has a strong feeling for nature and for bird and animal life. Taste and a sympathetic touch are not infrequently more in evidence than power of expression, and this gives a rather unequal character to the contents of the volume.

We pick out the following as fair samples of the author's better work :—

Sister, beyond the Gate, speak, speak to me !  
 Break, break the silence, and my fears dispel,—  
 Whisper from Death's dark shore, and tell to me  
 That " All is well."

What of the night, whose glooms I saw surround thee ?  
 Hast thou of Happiness or Tears to tell,—  
 Or Hope and Peace and Love—dear friends around thee,  
 And " All is well " ?

Why didst thou doubt, my soul—why wert thou broken ?  
 Thou mightst have stood God's steadfast sentinel ;  
 And in the dark and weary world have spoken—  
 " All—all is well."

#### DEDICATION.

To Thee, King Christ, round whom through haggard years  
 Our priests have builded up a creed of fire,  
 I dedicate my song. (Thy tender tears  
 Drip on my soul and quench my large desire.)  
 \* \* \* \* \*

O Jesus ! in Thy purpled pain's surcease,  
 Free us from ills to which our flesh is heir ;  
 Pour on the waiting world Thy radiant Peace,  
 And soothe its weeping and its dark despair.

RELIGION OF THE JEWS AND CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By William Loftus Hare. London : C. W. Daniel, 3, Amen Corner, E.C. 6d. net.

IN these two small volumes we have the fifth and sixth of the remarkable series of World Religions which Mr. Hare has compiled and in this special form associated with his own name to his great credit. There is no small degree of literary art in presenting a complete and synoptical view of so extensive a system of thought as is comprised by any of the World Religions in the brief form of a sixty-page booklet, yet the author has effected this again and again in the course of the series, and has, moreover, done his work with thoroughness and care. The books are not scrappy, but are complete digests of the systems dealt with, and are very informing. The authors of our school text-books have produced nothing on the same subjects half so interesting, and these books might well find a place on the shelves of every student of comparative theology.

SCRUTATOR.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

ANNALES DES SCIENCES PSYCHIQUES. Paris : 6, Rue Saulnier. In the August number of this journal (No. 8, 15th year) Prof. Charles Richet concludes his summary exposition and criticism of the "Reguier" case contained in the Latin record entitled *Narratio rei admirabilis* in the archives of the City of Presbourg, a translation of which appeared in the May number of the *Annales*. It is stated, in effect, that, apart from the psychological phenomena involved, the evidences of a material order such as the movement of solid bodies without control, inadequately observed, were of a nature resembling those described as happening in spiritualistic séances.

This is followed by a long essay by M. Ernest Bozzano on "Psychic Perceptions and Animals." M. Bozzano arrays his evidences with commendable skill under eight heads : (1) *Telepathic Hallucinations*, in which animals function as agents ; (2) in which animals function as percipients ; (3) and collectively by the man and animal ; (4) *Visions of Human Phantoms*, apart from telepathic coincidence, seen by men and animals collectively ; (5) of animal phantoms, seen by both men and animals apart from telepathic coincidence ; (6) *Animals and Haunted Places*. Authentic instances are given in connection with each of these categories, the whole being eventually summarized,

Altogether there are sixty-nine separate cases dealt with, including under the first head the recent experience of Rider Haggard in connection with the death of the retriever dog "Bob." This and other cases cited in the same category clearly indicate the existence, under certain conditions, of a telepathic *rapport* between man and the lower animals. It is observable throughout the narratives that horses and dogs play the most important part in these psychic phenomena, a fact probably due to their humanized evolution and comparatively high calibre among animals. Pets and animals of a lower grade of intelligence do not appear to share in these experiences. It also appears that horses, dogs and cats are normally more clairvoyant than the average human. Instances occur in which the lower animal proves to be more susceptible, under the same conditions, than its human companion; and others in which human beings, although present, did not participate in the experiences recited. M. Bonazza concludes his investigations by saying that the scientific proof of psychic perceptions by men and animals, and of these perceptions being manifested in identical manner by them, will constitute evidence of there being no radical difference of quality in the soul of man and that of the lower creature, it being then proved that the higher forms of purely animal instinct have their natural extension also in the subconsciousness of man. He considers that it will be possible to demonstrate a psychological parallel to the biological evolution of the species, and to show that natural selection is due to the amatory principle manifesting as organic force, in virtue of which alone the law of selection acts for the bio-morphological evolution of the species. If M. Bonazza succeeds only in scientifically demonstrating his "material principle" as *souverainement actif* in the brain cortex of men and animals alike, he will have advanced by many degrees the pure pose of his present record and exposition.

*Light* of October 14 has a critical leader dealing with the disposition of certain pressmen who will not leave Spiritualism alone, and yet who will not examine the evidences, contenting themselves with the ignorant statement that as these mysteries of the life beyond are hidden from the scrutiny of the world, they are intentionally so, and it is something in the nature of a blasphemy or sacrilege to inquire further concerning them. The *Nottingham Guardian* especially is called to account and dealt with effectively if severely. The *Guardian* is willing to "suppose" that the witch of Endor enabled Samuel to manifest to Saul, but suggests that

the medium was a knave ! Perhaps she was, but she was clairvoyant enough to pierce the disguise of the king, and woman enough to sympathize with the king in his adversity. A general policy of "Don't look," on which *Light* bases its just complaint, is advocated in regard to all evidences of the Occult. But this will not work. The mere fact that the evidences as now mustered and arrayed are new to the world in general is no valid argument for their remaining a *terra incognita* for all but the few. Our knowledge of electricity might have been left in the thundercloud, our conceptions of the stellar worlds and of the solar system might have been limited to the Mosaic record ; but to the infinite benefit of the race and the greater glory of its Creator, we have wrestled with the problems of past ages and found an answer to the questions which human aspirations dictated. Reading this article by the editor of *Light*, one cannot but see that the spirit of the age and all the forces of Nature as expressed in evolution are on the side of the sincere investigator of imponderables, the psychologist, the spiritualist and the occultist of whatever school or persuasion.

The *Two Worlds* as usual contains a number of psychic records and also a certain amount of interesting correspondence. There is a noteworthy article in the issue of October 20 drawing attention to the darker side of Revivalism which the writer stigmatises as an appeal to the emotions pure and simple. The following opinion of a doctor is quoted on this subject : "One of the most successful revivalists is now in a private lunatic asylum. When the meetings were on I was called at two in the morning to the house of another religious enthusiast, who, after a strenuous meeting, wished to decapitate his father in order that men might see something like John the Baptist's head on a charger ! Lymphatic subjects are the harvest of the revivalist, people with much shallow emotion and insufficient mental restraint." The writer also quotes the opinion of a famous Nonconformist who stated that he was of opinion that revivalism not only failed to bring mankind nearer to the angels, but that it actually tended the other way. "Experience convinces me," he observed, "that revivalism is mere emotionalism and as such has no lasting influence. Life is only changed by intellectual conviction."

The *Theosophical Review* for September has an article by Mrs. Annie Besant which deserves wide reading. It is entitled "Eastern and Western Ideals of Life." It is said that in the

recent triumph in arms of Japan "we have before our eyes a great object lesson, and in this twentieth century some of the long-standing accounts between Eastern and Western nations are to be settled." It is then shown that the dominance of the Oriental mind by Western ideas and ideals followed upon the subjugation of the East by the conquering sword, while Europe grew to regard Asia as "her natural inheritance," and what the sword left untouched commercial interests quickly absorbed. And since things in the East are what they are by a destiny above human control, the advantage gained by the West seemed likely to remain permanent. But then arose the westernized forces of Japan, and redress began for Eastern ideals which "have no chance of anything save contempt and despoliation until they are lifted on high in a hand that can wield the sword and show itself as strong on the field of battle as it is in the realm of mind." One aspect of the equation, however, to which our attention ought to be called lies in the fact that in proportion as the East has been adopting our methods of life, our enterprises and our forms of government, we of the West have been absorbing Oriental thought, as well as largely augmenting our importations of the natural and industrial produce of the East. This appears barter of the right sort.

SCRUTATOR.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editor of the Occult Review.*

SIR,—

### HYPNOTISM AND DRAUGHTS.

A short time ago I hypnotized a lad, and persuaded him he was the great Wylie, the celebrated draught player. Each move was made without hesitation, and the game played in the presence of witnesses. I took white.

Following is a list of moves:—

9-13	27-24	7-10	29-25	10-26
24-19	16-20	25-22	17-22	30-23
11-16	32-27	2-7	26-17	8-11
22-18	10-14	22-18	12-16	17-10
5-9	18-15	13-17	19-12	Black wins

I thought it might interest your readers who are fond of the homely game of draughts.

Yours truly,  
S. ELLIOTT.