

# 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

IS it that the barriers are breaking down between this world and the next, or is it that advancing civilization, with its constant demands upon our over-taxed energies, is gradually leaving us a prey to numberless strange fancies and morbid if fascinating hallucinations? Each individual will doubtless find his answer to this question in accordance with his own mental trend and intellectual proclivities; but the fact remains that that Jacob's ladder which formed a bridge in the ancient story between this world and the next has been multiplied a thousand fold during recent years (in reality or in fancy), and while assuming countless shapes according to individual needs and conditions, has still in its numerous forms maintained the one essential characteristic of the ladder of Jacob's vision in serving always as a connecting link between the denizens of the two sundered planes of existence.

It may be a voice or a vision, or the reflection in a crystal, or a mirror, or the invitation held out by the conditions established at a séance, and the utilization of a psychic's vital force, or else a human hand placed at the disposal of a spirit mes-

senger. In all methods alike the object is to bridge over the chasm, to break down the age-old barrier, and to get in touch with the influences on the other side. The narrow stream of death must have become narrow indeed if mortal men can hold parley with the spirit world across its dark waters.

So of the visions of Ida Llymond.\* "Some will scorn them as the fancies of delirium, perhaps ascribe them to opiates too freely given." But (asks the authoress) "if a friendly voice spoke to you in whirlwind and in storm: told you of a shelter that proved to be your salvation, would you be reasoned out of the fact that you heard the voice of your friend because the sea sounded in your ears, and the wind howled, and the huge timbers of the trees cracked? . . ."

THE VISIONS OF IDA LLYMOND. "The bitter exposure and chill attendant on an escape from drowning had planted a thousand invisible arrows in my frame . . . which were but the double of the mental and spiritual pangs which I had endured with gathering intensity for years." Such was the cause which resulted in the physical (and psychical) conditions in which Ida Llymond beheld these visions of the other world for which the eye and ear within were opened to see and hear what the writer confesses can only be very imperfectly remembered and set down.

As to how far the authoress (if we are justified in calling her so) has played upon a brilliant fancy and how far she has given us records of genuine experiences on other planes of existence I am not in a position to express an opinion, and there are many readers who will not trouble to question too closely. But speaking for myself, I must frankly confess that this is the only book I have ever read which has made the other world appeal to me as a reality. Most unlike the general run of books dealing with such subjects, it is a book hard to put down, a book that seems to give an added meaning to life.

If, however, Ida Llymond has set her feet upon the steps of Jacob's ladder, she is not the only mortal who has done so recently or is doing so, by a very long way, if all such claims are to be allowed. Some such hour of vision, however unsatisfactory in its character, is described to us by Mrs. Alexander in the current issue of this magazine. Lord Carlingford, better remembered as Mr. Chichester Fortescue, has come back to earthly scenes, if we may believe the record in *Broad Views*, to indite "Letters from

\**Ida Llymond and her Hour of Vision.* Skeffington & Son, 34, Southampton Street, W.C.

the Next World," and to argue plausibly enough in favour of reincarnation. "Very soon after death," says the editor of that review, "Lord Carlingford began to communicate from the next world with his cousin, Mrs. Arthur Nugent, gifted herself with psychic faculties which enabled her to become conscious of his presence." Another medium subsequently became amanuensis and (to continue the quotation) "during the

LORD  
CARLINGFORD'S  
COMMUNICA-  
TIONS.

six or seven years that have since elapsed, the communications coming over in this way have constituted an extensive correspondence, the more private portions of which have embodied for his cousin, who knew their author very intimately in life, such overwhelming certainty of his actual identity that the whole correspondence is one of peculiar and entrancing interest"—but still, for all that, to judge by the first specimen, just a trifle dull from the outsider's standpoint. But then, was not Lord Carlingford a politician? and so, as our neighbours say, what would you have? Is some one constantly pulling somebody else's leg? or are we on the eve of a psychical revolution, compared with which all other revolutions whatever fade into insignificance? And then we have, of course, *The Letters of Julia*. A neat little new edition of these is just out, price one shilling net. The official bureau of communication for which she was so anxious was, it seems, never established. But with all these private Jacob's ladders springing up in all directions where, one may ask, was the necessity? unless, indeed, we could have one which was absolutely guaranteed genuine—no personations allowed, no elementals masquerading in spooks' clothing to be admitted on any consideration. But even Julia, I am afraid, could hardly promise us this.

JULIA'S  
VIEWS OF  
MEDIUMSHIP.

Julia is most interesting, to my thinking, when she explains the action of one mind upon another, the action, perhaps I should rather say of the psychic intelligence on the human brain. "How little you understand," she says to her amanuensis—she

is not always complimentary,—“of the working of mind on mind. All that I see in your mind—knowledge of the English language, for instance, or associated ideas—all to me is so much material by which I can get my thought into your consciousness. All your stored-up ideas, memories, associations are like the letters inside a typewriter. I strike whatever I need. The alphabet was yours, but the touch was mine. . . . It is easier working with familiar tools. When I try to make you

write words with which you are not familiar I fail at least as often as I succeed. Hence I am always more pleased when I can revive an old idea, or use a metaphor that would be familiar to you than if I were to laboriously try to move your fingers to trace words which you had never seen before. . . . What I want you to say I make you feel in the readiest way possible, always using your own language and your own ideas as I use your own pen and your own handwriting. But I use them to impress my idea, to deliver my message."

The suggestion seems to be that the writing is more or less a paraphrase of what the writer would have said in *propria persona*. And it is certainly not a little curious how in automatic writing the characteristics of two personalities seem to become blended if not confused. Perhaps, however, when the medium's character is less positive than that of Julia's amanuensis, this may be less liable to be the case. A curious planchette record was recently submitted to me in which the medium normally wrote French and was imperfectly acquainted with the English language. The communicating influence writes in English, and the result is that the English sentences take a French form. It may be argued that this is evidence of fraud, but it recurs so frequently where intentional fraud is quite unthinkable, that I question if this very obvious criticism has any real weight. It may, however, be evidence of the action of the sub-conscious self.

Dr. Richard Hodgson, the secretary of the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research, whose sudden death from heart disease on December 20 was recently announced, will doubtless be chiefly remembered as the exposé of the Blavatsky frauds. Though he saw reason to modify his opinions on many matters of psychic interest after fuller investigation, he adhered to the end to the conclusions he arrived at in this investigation, while not prepared to deny that the founder of the Theosophical Brotherhood was possessed of certain psychic powers. It may, therefore, be not without interest to recapitulate the conclusions arrived at by the Committee after hearing Dr. Hodgson's report, on his return from India in the spring of 1885. These were unanimously arrived at and were as follows :—

(1) That of the letters put forward by Madame Coulomb, all those at least which the Committee have had the opportunity of themselves examining and submitting to the judgment of experts, were undoubtedly written by Madame Blavatsky; and suffice to prove that she has been engaged in a long-continued

combination with other persons to produce by ordinary means a series of apparent marvels for the support of the Theosophic movement.

(2) That in particular the shrine at Adyar, through which letters purporting to come from Mahatmas were received, was elaborately arranged with a view to the secret insertion of letters and other objects through a sliding panel at the back and regularly used for this purpose by Madame Blavatsky or her agents.

THE  
BLAVATSKY  
EXPOSURE.

(3) That there is consequently a very strong general presumption that all the marvellous narratives put forward as evidence of the existence and occult power of the Mahatmas are to be explained as due either (a) to deliberate deception carried out by or at the instigation of Madame Blavatsky, or (b) to spontaneous illusion, or hallucination or unconscious misrepresentation or intention on the part of witnesses.

(4) That after examining Mr. Hodgson's report of the results of his personal inquiries, they are of opinion that the testimony to these marvels is in no case sufficient, taking amount and character together, to resist the force of the general presumption above mentioned.

Readers may require to be reminded that M. and Madame Coulomb had occupied responsible positions at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society, from which they were subsequently dismissed in Madame Blavatsky's absence.

# GWENHIDWY

BY NORA CHESSON

GWENHIDWY walks along the shore,  
Alone she paces evermore,  
And herds her giant flocks who feed  
Upon no grass our uplands breed,  
Nor any other shepherd heed.

Gwenhidwy's feet are deep in weed,  
Yet pace with more than woman's speed ;  
Gwenhidwy in her gathered gown  
Bears seaweeds red and seaweeds brown  
Among whose tangles sailors drown.

Gwenhidwy, more than mortal tall,  
Is more than mortal fair withal.  
Men's bodies on the rocks have bled  
Because that way before them sped  
The brightness of Gwenhidwy's head.

The blossom of her mouth is red,  
And on her eyes men's eyes have fed,  
Till dream-bereft, unsatisfied,  
They filled with darkness that denied  
All save itself : and so they died.

Foam-white her forehead is, and breast  
That never yet had love for guest ;  
And white as foam the arms that hold  
No mortal lover young or old,  
But, looking warm, are yet so cold.

A keeper of no mortal fold,  
And by no mortal laws controlled,  
Gwenhidwy walks upon the sea  
As other shepherds on the lea—  
Her white flocks surging round her knee.

# PROFESSIONAL ASTROLOGY IN ANCIENT ROME

By ROBERT CALIGNOC

WHEN Cato the Censor, in his fine old Roman manner, forbade good farmers to consult astrologers, he can hardly have realized that he was taking sides in a contest which was destined to form an important feature in the history of a mighty empire. Yet so it was. And though, from one reason or another, histories of Rome may have been written, and may yet be written, containing little more than a passing or contemptuous reference to the existence of this class of person, no complete history of Rome could possibly be written without a full account of their exploits and of the kind of influence exercised by them.

It would, of course, be difficult, or even impossible, to say how far, if at all, the word which Cato uses, viz., *Chaldaeus*, is to be taken literally. Seeing that astrology flowed into Rome on the tide of Greek learning, and under the patronage of the Stoics, it is possible that we have no right to extract more meaning from the title than a mere allusion to the supposed local origin of this particular type of psychological science. Be that as it may, the power of its devotees in Rome seems to have made itself felt at a comparatively early date. We do not hear much talk of the seedling, the nurturing hand, the tender growth, or the precocious bud. Astrology has no history here in the ordinary sense of the word, for all is awry in the land of Uranus. It is only by the hooting that we know she must have made her appearance on the stage. A damnatory clause is her introduction, a *coup de tonnerre* her letters of credit. The *praetor peregrinus* for the year 139 B.C. says that astrologers must leave Rome, ay, and Italy too, in ten days. Valerius Maximus tells us so.\*

P. Cornelius Hispalla—that was the praetor's name—may well have been a man of some insight into the future himself. He may well have seen, and foreseen, the sort of influence which the literal acceptance of the astrological dogma is capable of exercising, and which it actually did exercise in the heart of Rome for centuries to come. The Romans of 139 B.C. may have been narrow-minded enough, but they were not children, to be frightened with bogies. Then why that bomb, that sudden

\* Val. Max. i. 3.

edict against the astrologers—to leave Rome, and Italy, and in ten days ?

But the heavens do rule, and not the mop-policies of Hispalla and the rest. And besides, when you have consuls for clients, what matter the edicts of a *praetor peregrinus* ? A learned and cynical Frenchman remarks that it is possible to consult a banished astrologer by correspondence. We may add that it is also possible for the astrologer to slip back home unobserved. When Cn. Octavius was murdered by Marius' soldiers, seated upon his consular chair on the Janiculum, a "Chaldaic diagram" was found on him, says simple Plutarch. "And," continues our naïve moralist, with the naïvest touch of all: "he was one of the most upright men among the Romans." \*

Sylla, the Dictator, was no Cnaeus Octavius, and did not pretend to be. "Epaphroditus" he styled himself, the "favourite of Venus," an epithet that can hardly have referred to his complexion, which, according to an Athenian jester, was like "a mulberry strewed over with meal." Perhaps it referred to his horoscope. For the great Dictator went to the Chaldaeans as well as the modest consul. He did more. Our moralist is getting hardened, and lets it out. The fact is, he tells us, that Sylla foresaw his own death, and wrote about it, and says that the Chaldaeans prophesied that after a life of glory he would depart in the height of his prosperity.† He did so, like Herod Agrippa, not like a favourite of Venus.

Cicero complains, probably with some justice, that the astrologers prophesied round rather wildly about most of the prominent men of his day. It is a way some astrologers have. But this hardly affects the simplicity of the ultimate question as to whether planetary influence is a fact in nature or not. Nor do Cicero's more or less academic discussions on astrology concern us on this occasion. While fully appreciating the fact of its ancient origin and the sublimity of the idea of divination in general, he makes the mistake made by so many modern critics, in thinking that he is capable of discussing a system of which he has no personal experience, and of canvassing views with which he is but imperfectly acquainted.

There was one contemporary of Cicero, however, who wanted to get in touch with reality. Publius Nigidius Figulus seems to have thought (simple man !) that, in order to be able to judge a matter fairly, you must look at it from the inside as well as

\* Plut. *Mar.* 42.

† Plut. *Syll.* 37.



from the outside, and try to understand the advocate's point of view. An unusual and dangerous doctrine!

But unusual and dangerous doctrines had no terrors for Nigidius where reality was the prize. So he stole off to see the astrologers. He left them no peace, but he harried them, and badgered them, and sucked their brains dry. And the gods rewarded his simplicity by lifting the curtain for a moment.

It was in the senate-house. The Catilinarian Conspiracy was the subject of debate. Cicero was doubtless in "fine form," posing as the perennial *pater patriae*. But, for once, the Ciceronian vapourings did not hold Nigidius' attention, for his thoughts were elsewhere—with the pilot stars.

Then he looked round the senate-house once more. Where was Caius Octavius? Why was he absent on such an important political occasion? He put the question to his neighbour.

"Have you not heard the news?" was the reply. "His wife has at last given birth to the child she was expecting—a boy. The youngster is a month late, they say."

Nigidius asked at what time the birth had taken place. He was informed. "Then the universe has a master," he said. "The boy will be lord of all the world."\* Nigidius, and not Cicero, was in touch with reality.

When the boy grew up he visited an astrologer himself. He was living at Apollonia in Illyria, when he ascended the observatory of Theogenes in the company of Agrippa. Suetonius tells the story in his *Life of Augustus*,† and says that Agrippa had the first consultation, and received predictions of such extraordinary prosperity, that the young Octavius, when his turn came, refused to give particulars of his birth, lest his horoscope should turn out not to be so good as Agrippa's. The astrologer, however (who, we may suppose, had already cast a horary figure for his own delectation), insisted. Octavius then yielded, and gave the required particulars. They seem to have had a similar lightning-effect on Theogenes to that which they had years before on Nigidius that day in the senate-house. *Exsiluit Theogenes, adoravitque eum.*

Mr. Bryce sagely remarks in his *History of The Holy Roman Empire*, that "of those who in August, 1806, read in the English newspapers that the Emperor Francis II had announced to the

\* Quo natus est die, quum de Catilinae conjuratione ageretur in curiâ, et Octavius ob uxoris puerperium serius affuisset, nota ac vulgata res est, P. Nigidium, compertâ morae causâ, ut horam quoque partus acceperit, affirmasse dominum terrarum orbi natum. Suet *Aug.* 94. † *Ibid.*

Diet his resignation of the imperial crown, there were probably few who reflected that the oldest political institution in the world had come to an end." And he goes on to say: "The Empire which a note issued by a diplomat on the banks of the Danube extinguished, was the same which the crafty nephew of Julius had won for himself against the powers of the East, beneath the cliffs of Actium." Mr. Bryce does not, however, tell us anything about the auspices under which the Man was born by whom the political institution, that was to live so long, was founded. And yet the Man himself, who ought to know, thought the matter an important one. He published his horoscope, says Suetonius, and struck a silver coin, which bore the symbol of the sign Capricorn, under which he was born.\* Much virtue in Capricorn.

Astrology now became the fashion, though not as yet the rage. If the patron dabbled in it, why should not also the clients do so? Thus Horace, fearful of the influence which "Babylonian numbers" might have on Leuconœ's nerves, and advising her to give them a wide berth, † sees no harm in taking a private tour by himself round the entire zodiac, in search of his own "ascendant." Perhaps he did not know the exact moment when he uttered his first baby-cry, and the astrologers he had visited had failed to "rectify" the figure to each other's satisfaction. His ascendant might be Libra, he suggests, or even that horror, Scorpio; and, when he came to think of it, Capricorn, tyrant of the western wave, was not an impossible alternative.‡ Presently he darkly hints that he is a Mercurial man, from which we might gather that he is not unwilling to consider applications from Gemini and Virgo. And why should he propose to sacrifice a lamb, except for the purpose of propitiating Aries? Be his ascendant what it might, there was not the slightest doubt, he assures us, that it was the same as that of Maecenas. Maecenas had just recovered from an illness; and did not a tree nearly fall on his own head the other day? He does not seem, however, to have thought of Taurus.

Virgil, Propertius, Ovid. They all try their hand at it. The poets of the Augustan Age could no more keep entirely clear of astrology than can the modern scientist of metaphysics. Virgil farms with it, Propertius fools with it, and Ovid curses with it.

\* *Tantum mox fiduciam Augustus habuit, ut thema suum vulgaverit, nummumque argenteum notâ sideris Capricorni, quo natus est, percusserit.* Suet. *Aug.* 94.

† *Hor. Od.* i. 11.

‡ *Hor. Od.* ii. 17.

But one not of them touches it with so light and winsome a pen as Horace.

In his palmier days, Agrippa packed the astrologers off,\* just as old Cornelius Hispalla had done some hundred years before. Had Augustus and he forgotten Theogenes and the observatory at Apollonia? Had they forgotten Capricorn? That can hardly have been the case; so many better explanations are quite possible. Acquaintance with, or even friendship for, Theogenes, does not prevent his tribe from becoming a nuisance. It is quite possible that the Chaldaeans presumed. It is quite possible that, whenever Augustus was temporarily under evil influences, they had the imprudence to say so. It is quite possible (Ovid seems to hint it) that they had begun to upset family life in Rome. They certainly appear to have upset everything later on.

For, with the development of the Principate, Rome rushed headlong into astrology. Juvenal does not mince matters at all, and nothing could be more explicit than his statements. Those who find them exaggerated only evince ignorance of the power of Uranus when he cares to take a whole nation by the heels.

"What can I do at Rome?" exclaims the satirist's real or imaginary friend, Umbricius, in words that must be well known to every youthful student of the immortal Latin Primer. "What can I do at Rome?" I'm not a liar, and I'm not a flatterer, and I'm not an astrologer!"† Elsewhere, Juvenal enters into more picturesque details. Astrology had left other forms of divination in the lurch. The oracles had dropped into silence, and the astrologer was regarded as a little oracle himself. Prosecution merely acted as an advertisement. In fact, he was only a poor astrologer who had not "done time." And the man who had just missed capital punishment, oh! he was the man, when you wanted a nice little consultation about your domestic affairs. The fine ladies who consult these people know nothing about astrology themselves, of course; but, for Heaven's sake, avoid the one who does. There's no mistaking her. She always has a well-thumbed ephemeris in her hand. She doesn't ask for consultations. Oh! no, my dear sir, she gives them. It's a fact. What's more, she won't go with her husband to the front, no, by Jove, and she won't come home again either, if Thrasyllus' Ephemeris says she mus'n't. It's the very devil, man! D'you know, she won't go a mile in a litter, without looking out the "transits"? If just the corner of her dear little eye is sore, has

\* Dio Cass. xlix. 43.

† Juv. iii. 43.

got rubbed, she'll examine her nativity before she puts on cold cream. She may be really ill, she won't take a particle of nourishment, except when old Petosiris says she may.\*

So Juvenal, freely paraphrased. Juvenal is, in many ways, a very "modern" writer.

Of the various astrologers of the name of Thrasyllus known to history, not the least important was the contemporary and confidant of Tiberius. The story goes that Tiberius, when living in sullen retirement at Rhodes, before being chosen by Augustus as his successor, used to make trial of those who laid claim to astrological powers, and then, if they did not come up to the ideal he imagined they ought to reach, had them gently but firmly pushed over the cliff's edge. Thrasyllus, however (whether by means of worldly or unworldly wisdom is not so clear), was equal to the occasion, and not only passed his examination satisfactorily, but even obtained "honours" by stating that he was aware, on astrological grounds, of the risk which he (Thrasyllus) had just run. The story, which can be read in the sixth book of the *Annals* of Tacitus (ch. 21), hardly sounds less weak to the astrological ear than it must seem to that of common-sense, in the form in which Tacitus gives it. But the suspicious Tiberius was duly impressed, and, instead of throwing Thrasyllus over the cliff, he embraced him. Possibly, if we knew more of the details, we should be equally prepared to embrace Tacitus' narrative. Suetonius gives an account of what appears to have been a different incident, † but he seems to have got it slightly mixed up with the one described by Tacitus. Dio Cassius tells the two stories successively; ‡ and Dio's versions, whether true or not, have the merit of being perfectly compatible with the possibilities of astrology.

It must not be thought that, when Augustus departed this life, and Tiberius, in accordance with the prophecies of Scribonius and Thrasyllus, took his place, astrologers had a particularly good time. There was the affair of Libo Drusus, for example.§ Libo Drusus was a young man connected in more than one way with the imperial house, who possessed ambitions rather of a vain and visionary, than of a practical nature. He began by dreaming dreams, dabbling in magic, and consulting the "Chaldeans." For this outrageous conduct he was secretly reported to Tiberius, who, true to his character, took no notice of the accusation, except to confer a praetorship on the accused and

\* Juv. vi. 551-582.

† Suet. *Tib.* 14. ‡ Dio Cass. lv. 2. § Tac. *Ann.* ii. 27-32.

to invite him frequently to his table. Libo easily fell into the trap, and like our old friend, Owen Glendower, gave way to psychical research, and took to calling spirits from the vasty deep. This was too much for Tiberius, who seems to have thought that Libo was poaching on the imperial preserves. A formal accusation was brought, and the accused committed suicide.

The incident is important, because it shows the connection which existed, and which always did exist, in the Roman mind, between astrology and treason. To the practical, unphilosophical Roman, the natural and normal purpose for which astrology seemed capable of being employed was invariably one—conspiracy in some shape or form. The history of professional astrology under the Principate is darkened by repetitions of the same sickening tale—slave turned against master, son against parent, *civis* against *princeps*. Espionage, poisonings, adulteries, black magic, these were the chief associations which the very name of the most sacred of all sciences must have frequently called up in the general mind. The spirit of the old saw—*corruptio optimi pessima*—is nowhere more true than it is in the case of astrology.

That there were some, even in this dark period, who looked beneath the surface, who perceived the sublime possibilities of the astrological idea, no reasonable person can doubt, for the most blatant age has its secret philosophers. Nor is it inconceivable that there was something higher than mere political vindictiveness in the severities which Tiberius, an ardent astrologer himself, always visited upon the impostor and the scoundrel. In this case, the time-honoured farce was, of course, once more enacted. A clean sweep, in the way of banishment, was made of the professional astrologer and magician. But for two of their number a sterner fate was reserved. Lucius Pituanus was hurled from the Rock. Publius Marcius was conducted by the Consuls outside the Esquiline Gate, and flogged to death, in the ancestral manner, to the sound of the trumpet.

On Tiberius' departure from Rome before his retirement to the island of Capreae, where he spent much of the last twelve years of his life, there was a general outburst of astrological and semi-astrological prediction, to the effect that the Princeps would never enter the city again, and even that he was about to die.\* Tacitus points out that the former part of the prediction was literally fulfilled. It is a fact that Tiberius never entered Rome

\* Tac. *Ann.* iv. 58.

again, though he came within sight of the city shortly before his death. The historian, however, goes on to say that the fact that he did not die at once proves how closely truth is mingled with error, and that, though astrology is undoubtedly true in principle, the astrological cause is badly damaged by its professors. While not entirely taking exception to Tacitus' remarks, we might observe the fact that the notion that the Princeps was about to die was quite possibly a mere popular deduction from the prediction that he would never enter Rome again. Suetonius, however, has an interesting comment here.\* He points out (a thing which Tacitus very well knew), that Tiberius did, as a matter of fact, narrowly escape death shortly after leaving Rome. A roof fell in while he was dining; many were killed and injured; and, as we read in Tacitus' version of the accident, Tiberius' life was only saved by the heroism of Sejanus.

That one of the objects Tiberius had in view, in retiring to Capreae, was that he might be able to study astrology in seclusion, seems pretty clear. He built twelve villas in the island, the number, be it observed, of the signs of the zodiac. "The Princeps, sitting on Capreae's narrow ledge with his Chaldaean herd,"† has, of course, always been the object of derision and the plaything of scandal. When you do not understand a man, it is so easy to accuse him of something you do understand. That he had other motives for his retirement, which were connected with his knowledge of his destiny, may not seem so evident. Suetonius thinks he had. In any case, the ordinary man would be well advised to refrain from the futile attempt to plumb the depths of so unfathomable a character as Tiberius. The Recording Angel is more competent to deal with the problem.

The official critic, who attributes other people's views of the Universe to the activity of the mythopoeic faculty, and expects them to accept his own without demur, may take a well-earned holiday while we briefly refer, in conclusion, to one or two of the more piquant among the numerous astrological stories which relieve the monotony of "theories of the Principate." Caligula cannot have cared much for theories of the Principate that day he spanned the Gulf of Baiae with ships, and then rode across it, arrayed in armour worn by Alexander the Great. There must have been, however, many theories of the Principate among the spectators, for the whole shore from Misenum to Puteoli

\* Suet. *Tib.* 39.

† Principis angustâ Caprearum in rupe sedentis Cum grege Chaldaeo.  
*Juv.* x. 94.

was crowded with them. Suetonius, ever equal to an occasion, says that he knows the real reason for Caligula's extraordinary behaviour.\* When the biographer was a boy, he heard a man, who was in touch with the imperial household, tell his (Suetonius') grandfather that the astrologer Thrasyllus, seeing Tiberius hesitating about the choice of his successor and rather leaning towards Caligula, had affirmed that Caligula would no more be Princeps than he would cross the Gulf of Baiae on horseback.

What, indeed, can Nero have cared about his constitutional position, when, on the appearance of a comet, he sought the advice of the astrologer Babilus, who recommended him to avert the omen as far as he personally was concerned, by indulging in a massacre of the aristocracy?† And would it not be entertaining to learn what were Vitellius' views on these abstract questions, when, in reply to the hoary old edict forbidding astrologers to be in Italy after October the first, the astrologers issued a counter-edict of their own, forbidding Vitellius to be anywhere at all after the same date!‡ Titus, we venture to think, would scarcely have satisfied the examiners in his Mommsen or his Hirschfeld, on the occasion when, hearing of a conspiracy against his life, he sent for the conspirators, and told them that the Principate was the gift of Destiny (*principatum dato dari*); next, handed them weapons, which, needless to say, they did not use; and, finally, closed the dramatic scene by having their horoscopes cast for them and sending them about their business.§ So, if one thing is more certain than another, sure it is that Domitian was worrying less about the legalists than about the Chaldaeans when, on the day before his assassination, he suddenly exclaimed that on the morrow the moon would cover herself with blood in Aquarius, and a deed would be executed of which men would speak from one end of the world to the other.||

And Hadrian. He also walked in the ways of Uranus. Was not his whole life one perpetual progress, and did he not count himself of the number of those whose line is gone out into all lands; of those who look for the causes of things, and, looking, do not scorn to find them in the mysterious soul-whisperings of the eternal stars?

\* Suet. *Calig.* 19.

† Suet. *Ner.* 36.

‡ Suet. *Vitell.* 14.

§ Suet. *Tit.* 9.

|| *Conversus ad proximos affirmavit, fore, ut sequenti die luna se in Aquario cruentaret, factumque aliquod exsisteret, de quo loquerentur homines per terrarum orbem.* Suet. *Dom.* 16.

# CARDS : A THEORY

By M. BRAMSTON

I WISH to disclaim any certainty in my own mind about the theory here put forth. Perhaps it may bring out from some better instructed person information which may modify or destroy it ; perhaps, on the other hand, it may prove to be approximately correct. In any case it is interesting.

The old story of our childhood, to the effect that cards were invented to amuse poor mad Charles VI. of France, may, I think, be discarded. But it is quite possible that they may have been introduced then into Europe through Jewish or Moorish physicians or astrologers, with chess, algebra, alchemy, almanacks, and various other things which carry their Arabic descent in their names. If this was the case, I think the cards then introduced must have been our ordinary playing cards ; for the Tarot cards, of which I possess a set, bought in Italy, seem to me probably European in invention. The Tarot cards, it may be explained for the benefit of those who do not know them, consist of twenty-two pictures, added to the fifty-two, or sometimes fifty-six,\* of the cards we know. They are used in fortune-telling, and, I believe, in ordinary card games on the Continent, though little known here.

The Tarot cards are sometimes called the Greater Mysteries, the ordinary playing cards the Lesser Mysteries. These names, I think, ought to be exchanged. The Tarot cards, if dealt out in threes from 1-15, and in twos from 16-21, produce a very intelligible picture-sermon on the careers of the bad and good occultist respectively ; the ordinary playing cards, as I shall try to show, take us into the mysteries of the Kabbala.

I will begin with the Tarot cards. The first of them is numbered 0, and is called the Fool. It does not come into the series which form the sermon, and I imagine that its use was to be turned up when any undesirable inquirer was to be refused further initiation. The Fool is chasing a butterfly with oval wings,

\* The variation is caused by the addition of a knight in every suit to the three honour cards ; but I think there is reason for regarding this as a mediaeval, if not modern accretion.



and has a butterfly net over his shoulder. In some impressions he carries a money-bag instead of a net, slung on a stick.

Dealing out the cards into series, thus: 1, 4, 7, 10, 13, 16, 18, 20; 2, 5, 8, 11, 14; 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 17, 19, 21; we take the middle series first. This may be supposed to represent the ideal way of Virtue, for it contains, 2, Truth; 5, Wisdom; 8, Justice; 11, Fortitude; 14, Temperance. Temperance is represented as pouring from one ewer into another; Fortitude, in some impressions, closes, but in mine opens, a lion's mouth; I fear the conception was vulgarized before mine were designed. Justice holds a sword; Wisdom is now a Pope, but originally an Adept with two disciples; and Truth with her open book is now La Papessa.

The left hand series describes the bad occultist, his worldly success, and his awful end. He begins as a Juggler; he becomes an Emperor; he drives his Chariot over graves; he stands at the top of the Wheel of Fortune; he calls Death to mow down his enemies; his Tower is struck by lightning and he is slain; his bones are eaten by dogs or wolves under a baleful moon, on the shores of the Stygian lake; and the last trump summons him in terror to receive his final doom.

The right hand series describes the good occultist. The first (No. 3), called the Empress, must, I think, stand for the Ideal which rises before his eyes and stirs him to begin his career. In the next, he is turning away from his earthly love at the command of his crowned empress, though a very stout Cupid is aiming a substantial dart at him (in my card, at the crowned vision). Next, as a hermit, he searches for truth with a lantern; then his bodily austerities are represented by a stout young man in strong boots, hanging by one foot from a green gallows; then he obtains control of a most unpleasant devil and two little devilets, who are showing him their tongues, in my card, as if he were a doctor; then comes what is really in idea a most poetical representation of the good man's death. The card is called the Stars, and there are five or seven stars at the top, a large one surrounded by smaller ones. Below, a nude female figure representing the Soul empties with either hand a pitcher back into the spring, and a bird sits on a flower ready to take flight when the last drop is poured away. This is the contrast with the Tower struck by lightning. In the next two children are playing in an enclosed space by a neat brick wall, while the sun beams kindly upon them; has the good occultist met his lost love in Paradise? And last of all, the angel of victory floats in the

midst of a laurel wreath, while the emblems of Man, Lion, Ox and Eagle represent the Vision of the Divine to which he has now attained.

What I have always found difficult to understand is the absence of the Theological Virtues from the niches so conspicuously ready for them between 16, 17; 18, 19; 20, 21; was it that their insertion would have spoilt the mystic number of three times seven, or that the occultist who invented the Tarot was not a Christian? Possibly he might have been Moorish or Jewish, or have belonged to the secret societies which were supposed to have tainted the Templars and which the Church exterminated when she could find them. The number 22 suggests the sacred number of the letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

Here then is really scarcely room for theory: if one once stumbles on the right arrangement of the Tarot cards they tell their own story. I must call on my readers for more indulgence when I come to the four suits of thirteen cards we know so well.

It is possible that here we have the "four worlds" which the Kabbala borrowed from Aristotle and Plato, and the "ten Sephiroth," which were the active emanations of the Deity; and, that in our court cards, are represented the supposed masculine and feminine sides of His nature, and the Logos which carries His decree into effect: Kether, Chokmah, and Binah.

The relative power attributed to the various cards seems to me to bear out this suggestion. Any of the ten plain cards can be taken by the Knave, the Knave by the Queen, the Queen by the King; but any of these must give way to the Ace. The Unity of the Deity is greater than any of His attributes: therefore the Ace takes everything else.

There is, however, a difficulty in identifying the pip cards with the Sephiroth, because Kether, Chokmah and Binah are the names of the first three Sephiroth, and would, therefore, be reduplicated. I am not sure if the theories of a certain Moham-medan Persian sect, the *Brothers of Purity*, who lived during the period when the Kabbala was taking shape, and who shared with its authors the mystical views which the mediæval Jews had taken from Plotinus and the philosophical theories of Aristotle, may not give us a clearer clue. The value of the Ace, and of the King, Queen, and Knave, would be the same under both systems, but the signification of the mystical numbers seems clearer in the Persian arrangement.

In this the nine digits each represent a stage of the Divine progress towards the creation of man, in this manner:

1. Allah, the Principle of all things.
2. The *Nous* (Plotinian form of Logos).
3. The World-Soul.
4. Uncreated matter (in the thought of the *Nous*).
5. Created matter.
6. The *κόσμος*.
7. Nature.
8. The Elements.
9. Minerals, plants, animals.
10. would plainly be Man, the digits of which number added together make 1, and would represent the destined return of Creation to its Divine source.

It is almost ludicrous to suggest that the instruments of the most frivolous of pastimes should have been meant to convey deep philosophical theories ; but I do not suppose the cards were invented for playing purposes. It is much more likely that the "Devil's Books" were called so because they were used for unlawful peeps into the future, than because they led the unwary to gamble away their fortunes. From serious prediction the frivolity of man has degraded them to Bridge.

The four suits represent, if I am right, the "four worlds," each of which, according to some authority, I have read but cannot name at this moment, had ten Sephiroth of its own. They seem to have been a Jewish adaptation of Plato's theories as modified by Aristotle. Heinze gives their names thus : Azilah, the first stage of emanation, out of which the three other worlds were created ; Beriah, the world of Ideas ; Jezirah, the world of spirits ; Asijja, the world of matter. I have often tried to imagine a relation between the suits as we know them and these four worlds, but I fear only antiquaries could tell us what form of pip comes nearest to the original. Where we have Diamonds, Hearts, Spades and Clubs, my Tarot suits are Money, Cups, Swords and Clubs—the clubs realistically represented ; and it is probable that the pips have been designed in many other forms also.

I am inclined to think that the numbers of the cards as we have them are more ancient than those of the Italian cards, with fourteen cards to a suit, for this reason. The object of making the cards fourteen must have been to get a multiple of the sacred number seven ; but there seems to have been a far more recondite way of getting other sacred numbers. If you add together the digits  $1 + 2 + 3 + 4$  you get 10 ;  $1 + 0 = 1$ .

If you add to this 10, already arrived at,  $5 + 6 + 7$  you get 28;  $2 + 8 = 10$ ;  $1 + 0 = 1$ . Any other numbers, treated in this way, except those which *follow* a multiple of 3, give a multiple of 3 when thus added together; but those which follow any multiple of 3 can be reduced to 1. Now all the numbers in our playing cards can be reduced to 1; 4 suits, 13 cards to a suit, 52 cards to a pack. Perhaps this tradition reigned in the 22 of the Tarot picture cards, though the desire to have only multiples of 7 was so strong that the Fool is marked 0, and the numbers begin with the Juggler.

# THE ONLY WISDOM

BY LADY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL

## PART III

WHAT is Spiritualism? I refer to the modern use of the word, on the old world interpretation, lest we lose sight altogether of the etymological meaning of the term *Spiritual*. For vulgarized and degraded by the wondermonger since the correlation of the sciences, psychical and physical, has been discussed, it has represented in print to the average reader little beyond a belief in table-turning and possibly ghosts.

Spiritism \* and Spiritualism have assuredly been confounded, "Le Spiritisme" was the term which in France some twenty years ago designated the objective phenomena which M. Richet has called *Metapsychical*. Le Spiritisme was the foundation of the revised doctrine propagated by Allan Kardec—the doctrine of reincarnation.

Great minds, deep thinkers have come and gone—holding adequately and unhesitatingly to the conviction, without evidence—through magical initiation—that the natural and the spiritual world is one. Surmising that the Invisible behind the visible must be a fact as capable of scientific confirmation and demonstration as—let us say—the deep sea wonders of the Great Barrier Reef of Australia. Such men are and were Spiritualists.

What if through the limitations of our uncultivated psychical faculties many of us are shut off from direct and conscious telepathic intercourse with minds within the world, or behind the world, who, in sympathy with us, could, by symbol or word, make themselves known and understood. Be our thoughts with the Spirit world we are living in both worlds—we are Spiritualists. If we accept the churchman's article of belief in the Communion of Saints as a fact, not merely a religious observance, we are Spiritualists.

Spiritualists laugh at the many superstitions attached to ghosts, at the public credulity fostered on the stage. That Sir Henry Irving delighted in the sadness and weirdity of those "poor ghosts" is proverbial. A veritable nightmare is the dug-up putty-faced ghost! from what dark dormitory or vault does it

\* "Le Spiritisme."

rise droning in sepulchral monotones, sliding, strutting, stalking to the accompaniment of shaky chords, comporting itself in so impossible a fashion as no human soul could or would, who had ever lived and moved on earth. Think of Hamlet's father as a man—that is to say, of Hamlet's father as Shakespeare gloriously pictures him—then in contrast think of his ghost as we have seen it on the stage.

See what a grace was seated on his brow :  
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command ;  
A station like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;  
A combination and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man.

Horatio remarks to Hamlet that his father's ghost would much amaze him. How much more must it amaze a spirit to see himself as he is generally represented on the stage ! A curious reflection perhaps—why should your ghost so sadly deteriorate when you revisit your relations ? And though Hamlet's father—I mean the ghost—utters things which one feels it were best he had forgotten, still Horatio observes his courtesy—

Look, with what courteous action  
It wafts you to a more removed ground.

But the courteous action is hardly ever apparent ; indeed, if we accept in good sooth the ghost's own statement literally as to where it came from—which is difficult—even the purging fires would not account for an appearance savouring of the grave. When *dead men* speak, all is up ! None can be more alive to this than the art managers of the present day, and the realism of the ideal in stage ghosts is no doubt what their refined and cultivated intellectualism will bring about.

I remember saying to Madame Sarah Bernhardt in the first flush of my conversion from an unreasonable scepticism : “ Madame croit sans doute aux esprits ? ” Her answer, “ Aux esprits gardiens, oui—aux esprits qui tappent, non ! ” struck me as typical of the popular ignorance and the muddle-headed point of view held by the *convives* around that dinner table. But that was years ago !

In the first chapter, “ The Only Wisdom,” I suggested that the “ knock knock ” has no appearance of strength. I have been asked my meaning. I was thinking of the “ knocking ” as one of the most beautiful things put into the world—of those among

the bright spirits on the threshold who are patiently knocking at the gates of our transitory world, at the closed door of our very hearts, shut out because of our unbelief. Undoubtedly the practical though primitive method of other world communication through such clumsy machinery as table, or wainscot knocking, or through the illiterate scrawls of automatic writing, has in a great measure proved a crowning obstruction to belief in the spiritual source of the messages. Yet our greatest men of science are at last realizing this anomaly to be but a superficial one after all. Nothing is more arbitrary than speech. All animal intercommunication is based on a mutual agreement of signs, and what those signs shall be depends in a great measure on the various conditions, intellectual and physical, under which the intelligences are forced to communicate. It is easy to conceive that a discarnate spirit on his or her early attempts to speak to one incarnate finds that the simplest method—though a primitive one—is to make magnetic beats on a hard substance, and that the subsequent command of the direct voice is due to a fuller acquaintance of the potency of the magnetic waves. We have but to remember that the oracular tripod of the Delphic Pythoness was not despised.

Some years ago the published experiments of Monsieur Eugène Nus, with his intellectual friends round his "table de tric-trac," refuted the vulgar opinion that talking tables only talk commonplace trivialities. The audacious sceptic who challenged it received the courteous reply: "*Revenants, nous qui nous élançons dans ce monde, nous sommes aussi du monde intelligent.*" M. Eugène Nus had said in his work called "*Choses de l'autre monde*": "Persecution is the lash of the whip which makes the idea gallop." \* And for his intellectual company to the lash of the whip this "guéridon" galloped. For in the profound answer to the profoundest of questions on metaphysics, philosophy, religion, art and science put by that intelligent circle, it proved itself more than a match for its inquisitors, and—they marvelled! Confirmatory evidence to many attested facts proving that an active spirithood attunes itself to its company.

The reasoning most commonly adopted regarding the most elementary of psychic episodes is of the kind which is called reasoning in a circle. With regard to any startling phenomenon the question is, "Is the phenomenon the result of occult agency, or has there been trickery?" To start with the foregone conclusion that there has been trickery, and then to seek some

\* La Persécution est le coup de fouet, qui fait galoper l'idée.

explanation of it, as though the fact of trickery were admitted, is not to reason but to beg the question. Say, for instance, that at an experimental sitting a piece of furniture has been moved in such a way that all present are agreed that if the movement was effected by one of the sitters, this must have been by the one next to the piece of furniture. The sceptic is evidently guilty of a sophism if he thinks, that because this has been proved, it has also been proved that the furniture *was* moved by that person. It was no proof that because a certain physical intervention on the part of a certain sitter was the only one that could have achieved the result, therefore trickery *has* taken place. It only goes to show that if there has been trickery (the very point in dispute) this is the only possible explanation. The question, of course, remains, "Has there been trickery?"

We read that M. Richet suspends his judgment *vis-à-vis* of his recent materialization experiments at the house of a leading family in Algiers. If to have braved the anathema, to have suffered the hissing and reproach, contemned as dupes when not accomplices, in imposture, regarding this very phenomenon called materialization—if this entitles us to a voice, we would advise that isolation of the sensitive is unnecessary and tends to equivocal results.

Sir William Crookes has spoken of the vibrations of the Röntgen rays as a possible mode of transmitting intelligence and a possible key to much that is obscure in Psychical research. In what group of Occult events will the phenomenon of psychic luminosity be classed? I refer to the latest development, the transfiguration of the human body into a human body of light. Such was the late tentative experiment of Dr. Maxwell and Sir Oliver Lodge with the French psychic who, under crucial conditions on returning into the darkness, became, in their presence after exposure to the sun, transfigured "into a man of light." Should further tests establish this particular case to be genuine, whether proved to be physiological, pathological or *metapsychical*, it will corroborate Reichenbach's assertion that "human things are luminous almost all over the surface of their bodies . . . and that he was not mistaken in declaring that the rays of *Od* penetrate clothes"—nor was he wrong in declaring that "people who are not exceedingly sensitive must remain for a whole hour, or even two, in absolute darkness before their eyes are sufficiently prepared to perceive the odic light, and that they should not, during that time, receive a trace of other light."\*

\* See Sir Oliver Lodge's account of this experiment, *Journal of S.P.R.*, December, 1905.



Surely all this may be related to the phenomenon observed in catalepsy when the human body is observed to glow in prismatic colours, and possibly to the not very rare faculty of omitting odic flames from the point of the fingers sufficient to light a candle, but it cannot account for the globes of light and vivid flames which appear as warnings before death.

Luminosity I have often observed in psychics. When sitting for phenomena the hands of my friend, Miss Clarisse Miles, glow all over with sharp specks of light. Her face also sometimes becomes luminous. Before the glow appears on her hands she feels a sharp prickling sensation on the back of hands and fingers, but not on the palms.

Before the greatest King Light travels far,  
Its customs mighty known but to the few.

This is the advancing Light, not only in metaphor do we speak, if it be the motive power of our wing-footed heralds, the chariot of our messengers. If life in its essence cannot be conceived in physico-chemical terms,\* neither can we conceive in such terms the manifested marvels of "radiant matter" or liquid light. Is there any analogy, one may ask, in the irradiations of the returning Spirit body with those emanations of light called meta-psychical which are seen round the sensitive when in a state of exaltation? No one condemns the Spirit body but the Theosophist. What of the radiant visitants who surprise us, not necessarily of, nor belonging, to the "séance-room"? "Like ships that pass in the night," our unseen watchers come and go, when seen they do irradiate their own Soul-light.

The faculty of the seer has often been confused by writers on mental science with the highly imaginative power which belongs to genius—the self-conscious process of conjuring up an imaginary situation vividly, the lucid memory that calls up at will a past event with such intensity that it stands forth and appears to him an active external reality. But this conscious intellectual elaboration of sensation, positive in action, is the opposite of vision. The seer is liable to receive auditory and visual impressions suddenly, spontaneously, unexpectedly, provided he is in the negative state necessary for their reception.

Defective judgment in the seer we must be prepared to encounter. It is inherent to an early stage of development in all psychical communication, whether seen, heard, or felt. Such defect of judgment we may aptly compare to the sudden acquisi-

\* Herbert Spencer.

tion of sight in a man born blind. The blind man cured by Christ said he saw "men as trees walking."

Be we ever so initiated in the mysteries of things Occult, we are told that compared to the Hindoo adepts we are nowhere. Their wisdom, they maintain, is the wisdom they have inherited from the ancient masters. Yet we may suspect there was a time when the earth discovered those wise men, not that those wise men discovered the earth; for in the study of metapsychical and psychical science, contemporarily with the late rapid developments in physical science, we are in Europe certifying their correlation, and are nearer to discovering the corresponding facts of the spiritual world than at any other period of life's history. In tracing the existence of matter in supersensuous states, in acknowledging it, and finding it to be visible objectively, and tangible to our normal senses, through certain physico-chemical processes, the Western and the Eastern systems are at one. Though we have not inhaled the celestial passions of the sensuous sons of the gods of long ago, we are learning what the Easterns long have known, that psychic force, though it fall into a stable of stone, cannot be kept back; that it can shake a house from its foundation in the presence of strong psychic conditions, as my house shook from its foundation at an atheist's emphatic negation of a personal God. It can show that walls are alive. It can cause them to shine in living light effulgent and unearthly as that luminous fluid produced by the fiat of the adept Coomra Sami in his library at Serinagur in the North Western Himalaya.\*

When Sir William Crookes lectured on thought transference or telepathy at the S.P.R., he reminded us that we are dealing with conditions removed from our material and limited conception of space, matter and form. This truth is asserting itself in the practice of telepathic intercourse across the world, by visualized sign, symbol, and even by auditory speech sent from mortal to mortal, and by a code of agreement between the human transmitter and the human receiver, it is practically being reduced to a system.

Those who hear, feel, or visualize the concentrated thoughts of a transmitter in sympathy with them in this sphere declare that they are every whit as prone to hear, to feel, or visualize the concentrated thought of a mind who has passed behind the world. The rate of those brain-wave vibrations—their high frequency we cannot tell, possibly may never know, as they pass through

\* See article by Dr. Hensoldt, OCCULT REVIEW, December, 1905.

that diviner air we call the Ether, or the Liquid Light. When every now and then comes this or that message quick over hills and lochs and seas, from whence no man can say, messages whispered or voiced, words softly intoned, sweet but distinct in assonance, experience tells us—confirms us in the certainty that at those moments the auditory sense of our imprisoned soul has been freed by some finer intelligence to hear and understand. As in the intelligible messages transmitted through this world's telephone when the line is clear, we have, of course, the converse case when those messages reach us blurred and muddled by mortal meows and squeaks, often rendering our intelligent human communication impossible. Our comparison of a transcendental telephony from sphere to sphere to the telephony of our busy world suggests the idea that when and if we are "put through" to the psychic world we may hear the irrelevant chatter of passers-by at the Great Exchanges behind the world.

The leading scientists who now admit a provisional hypothesis of immortality say it may be so. We say it must be so—our revealers say it is so.

At the gates of slumber gods still speak to mortals. Keats knew this. "There is an inner breathing of the spirit in sleep so subtle, so thin a breathing, not the spider's shuttle circled a million times within the space of a swallow's nest door could delay a trace, a tinting of its quality." Through this dream-web a god's thoughts sometimes wander: then it happens, what that god thinks a mortal dreams. These are the inspired emphatic dreams. There are wakeful moments also, when our outward senses are held in thrall. Then we feel rather than hear a "voice, unclothed of its bodily vesture, speak." It may sometimes be heard and identified, sonorously persuasive, yet falling softly as music, or stealing into the senses of our soul as the pure voices came to Psyche in the delightful hostelry of the god of Love. It often comes from those we have known, through veils of silver, and star-lit ways. . . . This is Spiritualism—The Only Wisdom.

# SOME GLIMPSES OF THE UNSEEN

BY REGINALD B. SPAN

WE stand on the borders of the Unseen ; most people do not know it, and others who believe in a Spiritual world cannot realize our near proximity to it. The veil between the worlds of Spirit and Matter is really very thin, and is easily rent, so that at times the wonders of the Unseen stand revealed to our awe-struck vision, and then we see that we are not alone, but move, act and have our being, surrounded "by a great cloud of witnesses," and fight out the battle of life in the arena of the gods, whose presence and surveillance we are seldom, if ever, aware of. "Spirit forces move the visible world," wrote Milton, with the insight of the real poet, and—

All around us, though unseen,  
The blest immortal spirits tread,  
For all the boundless universe  
Is Life: there are no dead,

sang another poet of immortal fame.

There is no vacuum in Space. The apparently empty void contains endless Spiritual Spheres, inhabited by countless millions of beings in every grade of evolution, from the most debased and malignant demons, to the highest Angels of Light. Close to this Earth sphere there are spiritual beings of every imaginable kind, in infinite variety, mingling unseen, unknown, with us human beings. Often we come in contact with some of them (when conditions are favourable), and we are terrified, and say "we have seen a ghost!" and are laughed at by our friends for our foolish superstition and easily deluded minds and senses. It has been given to me to come much in contact with the Unseen, and have strange psychical experiences, and also to know something of the wonderful occult forces which are latent in mankind, and lie concealed in the atmosphere around us. I have also met many people in various parts of the world who have had glimpses into this Occult World. I can vouch for the veracity and sincerity of these seers, and have no reason to believe they were victims of delusion, or trickery.

I will relate a few typical instances out of a large selection, some of which are rather grotesque and unpleasant.

My mother, when staying at the house of some friends in the West of England, was given a room which had the reputation of being "haunted." One evening, soon after her arrival, she had retired to her room, and was standing in front of the fire, in a meditative mood, when she heard footsteps in the passage outside, approaching her room, and the door was thrown open, and in walked a little old man, dressed in the costume of a bygone age. He had silvery white hair and beard, and a mild kindly face. My mother was too astonished to say a word, and the apparition did not seem to see her, as he brushed past and went across the room—apparently looking for something—and then, after peering round the room, he returned to the door, passed out, and disappeared. My mother ran to the door and looked out, but there was no sign of any one. She afterwards heard that this apparition had been seen by every one who occupied that room. No one had ever been frightened by it. It was quite unexplainable by any natural cause.

Another apparition of a very different kind was seen by a lady I met in Ireland, who related the facts to me just as they occurred. She was staying at a house near Bandon, co. Cork. One evening she was walking up the long carriage drive to the house (it was bright moonlight, and nearly as light as day) when she saw a tall figure coming down the narrow footpath beside the "drive," towards her. On coming closer, she saw that it was a man dressed all in black, wearing a tall silk hat, and she wondered who it could be. His head was bent forward, so that the face was in shadow, but as they came close to each other, he raised his head and looked at her, and showed the most horrible face imaginable. With a gasp of terror she stepped off the path, and at the same moment he did the same, and putting out a claw-like hand touched her arm, and as she shrieked out in fear he completely vanished. She did not see him go, but he dissolved like mist. His face was not that of a human being, and the horror of it was quite indescribable. *Her arm, that the spectre touched, was paralyzed, and remained so for two weeks after.* This apparition had been seen by other people, but only at a distance, and but few believed the stories current about the place being "haunted."

Another strange incident, which also occurred in Ireland, was told me by a coachman in my cousin's employ at Killeacon, near Limerick. This man had previously been a park-keeper to Lord Doneraile in co. Cork. One bright moonlight night he was coming across Lord Doneraile's park—having been round to see that the gates were shut—when his attention was drawn to the distant bay-

ing of hounds, and he stopped to listen, as the sound seemed to proceed from within the park walls, and he knew there were no hounds kept on the estate. His young son was with him, and also heard the noise, which was getting louder and clearer, and was evidently moving rapidly in their direction. His first idea was that a pack of hounds which were kept in the hunting-kennels a few miles away, had escaped, and had somehow got into the park, although he had seen that the gates were closed, and there was really no way by which they could have entered. The baying of hounds, as if in "full cry," sounded closer and closer, and suddenly, out of the shadow of some trees, a number of foxhounds, running at full speed, appeared plainly in the clear light of the moon. They raced past the amazed spectators (a whole pack of them), followed closely by an elderly man on a large horse. Although they came very near, no sound could be heard but the baying of one or two of the hounds. The galloping of the horse was not heard at all. They swung across the grass at a tremendous pace, and were lost to view round the end of a plantation. The park-keeper knew that all the gates were shut, and that it would be impossible for a pack of hounds to pass out, and he thought the mystery might be solved the next day. However, it never was explained—by any natural cause. No hounds or horseman had been in the park. The mansion was closed, Lord Doneraile being away, and no one had the right of entering the grounds within the park walls. He heard later that there was a story in the neighbourhood about the "ghost" of a former Lord Doneraile "haunting" the park—and possibly the spectral horseman was he. I questioned the man and his son closely about it, and am convinced they were not deceived by hallucination, and that their account is perfectly true.

The British Consul for a Riviera town told me of a house at Mentone, belonging to Baron de X—— which is "haunted" by the "ghost" of a beautiful woman, which often appears in a "fancy" costume; passing through the rooms in the full light, throwing the doors wide open, but taking no notice of the human occupants—except on one occasion, when she was seen standing by the bedside of the butler (who was dying of pneumonia), gazing fixedly at him.

This man had been to the Carnival at Nice and contracted a chill which developed into pneumonia. The apparition several times passed through his room, before his death. Baron de X—— stated that on several occasions, when he had been sitting up, at night, writing or reading, the door of his "study" was suddenly

thrown wide open, and this apparition walked in and passed quickly through the room, and then through the door at the other side. He thought it rather a nuisance, as she always left the doors wide open, and he had to get up and shut them after her. On being approached, the phantom would instantly vanish.

Last winter, when I was staying at Mentone, the most remarkable phenomena occurred at another house (which, however, is *not* "haunted!") and lasted several months.

The electric lights were switched off and on by unseen agencies, the sound of bells ringing was heard where there were no bells, loud rappings sounded on the furniture in the salon in the full light, billiard balls were removed from the billiard table by unseen hands and dropped from the ceiling, various things were thrown about the rooms, and unseen hands clutched hold of people, and strange forms were dimly seen appearing and disappearing. So many extraordinary manifestations occurred, that it would require a long article to record them. They commenced suddenly, and unaccountably, in November, and continued, at intervals, until March, when they suddenly ceased. Trickery, of course, was suspected at first, and the manifestations were subjected to the closest scrutiny and investigation, but the cause or reason of them was never discovered.

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On receipt of the above article, it occurred to me that it might be possible to obtain some further corroboration with reference to these records, especially that of the apparition of huntsman and hounds at Doneraile Park. I therefore wrote again to the author of the article, and also to the present Lord Doneraile, and obtained the following letters in response to my inquiry:—

*Letter from Mr. R. B. Span.*

DEAR SIR,—I have just received yours of yesterday, and in reply beg to state that I will corroborate the stories I sent you to the best of my ability. The little old man seen in the house in the West of England by my mother has been seen by several people. The house is close to the Clifton Suspension Bridge in the Leigh Woods. My mother (Mrs. Span of Woodlands, Tenby, S. Wales) would no doubt be willing to confirm my account. She has several times related the incident to me and to others.

(b) The apparition near Bandon, co. Cork, was seen by a Mrs. Hornibrook, who was in the employ of my cousin, the Rev. H. Darling, then Rector of Kilpeacon (near Limerick), but now

residing in Australia. She was most truthful and sincere, and I have no reason to doubt her story.

(c) The apparition of hounds and huntsman was witnessed on an estate belonging to Lord Doneraile, in the South of Ireland, (Doneraile Park). The man who told me the incident was coachman in the service of my cousin, Rev. H. Darling, of Kilpeacon, near Limerick. His young son confirmed his father's account, as he also saw it.

Yours faithfully,

REGINALD B. SPAN.

[Confirmation of other stories follows, but is not for publication.—ED.]

*Letter from Lord Doneraile.*

DEAR SHIRLEY,—It is rather a curious thing that neither Lady Castletown nor Lady Doneraile have ever heard of the story of the moonlight vision of Lord Doneraile and the pack of hounds. However, there is a man at Doneraile called Jones, a chemist, who is a most enthusiastic antiquarian and a dabbler in the occult sciences, and he takes the greatest interest in all that concerns the St. Legers. Lady Castletown wrote to him, and the reply comes from his brother (I suppose he is away), and that I send you.

Lady Doneraile says it must refer to the third Lord Doneraile of the first creation, who was killed in a duel afterwards; and there appear to be a lot of stories either which Jones has ferreted out or been told.

Of course, I don't know how far you could say Jones was authentic. All I can say is that he believes the things himself.

Yours sincerely,

DONERAILE.

*December 27, 1905.*

I should perhaps explain that Lady Castletown is daughter to the late Lord Doneraile, and present owner of Doneraile House.

*Extract made by WALTER A. JONES, Doneraile, from his MS. notes on the Legends of Peasantry in connection with Doneraile branch of the St. Leger family. Dated December 21, 1905.*

I HAVE heard the following story respecting the Lord Doneraile, who pursues the chase from Ballydineen through Glounna-goth Wilkinson's Lawn, through Byblox, across the ford of Shanagh aha Keel-ahboobleen into Watkins's glen into the Old



Deer Park at Old Court, thence into the Horse Close, and from thence into the Park. He appears to take particular delight in Wilkinson's Lawn according to tradition, for it was there that the noble stag was lost sight of, and of course it was there he was most searched for. It was only last autumn that two gentlemen were going to a fair, as I heard, and leading a very fine horse behind the trap. The night being fine and moonlight, they stopped at the iron gate there to light their pipes, when a gentleman dressed in old style, with buckskin leggings, walked through the iron gate, though closed, and patted the led horse on the neck. They both agreed that he was most like to gentlemen of the St. Leger family whom they had known. The Radiant Boy also appears here, and for years in the early part of last century no one would pass there after nightfall. The Lord Doneraile, who is believed by the peasantry to stand under Lord Doneraile's Oak, it has been told me positively, was third viscount.

There is an old man called Reardon here now who saw a gentleman riding a powerful black horse along Lord Doneraile's route in the middle of the day, and his sister who was with him failed to see the horseman, though her brother had to pull her out of his way.

I went up to Saffron Hill last winter to see the ostrich-like ghost which is there, and I heard a great sweep as of hounds and horses going past me. Paddy Shea, late herd to Lord Doneraile and Lord Castletown, also would swear he saw the phantom Lord Doneraile pursuing the chase often. I have heard that James Mullane also saw him in Wilkinson's Lawn, but have not any further proof. It is very few people will admit having seen these things. George Buckley, present keeper of the Doneraile Park, got a great fright one night which might have been from the same cause.

# DREAMS

BY NORA ALEXANDER

THE subject of Dreams is one of peculiar fascination to many minds, but especially to those which love rather to frame the hypotheses of imagination than to toil through slow verification to the Q.E.D's of science. For nowhere is there to be found a wider or a richer field for speculation and for theorizing, since it still lies enveloped on all sides in twilight mists, and abounding in dim vistas as yet unexplored by the white searchlights of Knowledge.

Dreams may be of two very distinct kinds with many intermediate stages covering the gap between them; that is to say, they may be on the one hand, wild and incoherent and disjointed, and on the other, sane and connected and logical. And even concerning these latter one can do no more than make purely tentative suggestions arising from no deeper or more comprehensive source than individual or personal experience.

The question as to whether there is any positive value to be attached to dreams, as to whether one may ever obtain any help or learn any real truths from them, is one which the majority of people would probably answer unhesitatingly in the negative. Yet there are some few who are inclined to be less dogmatically sure; and in their defence it may be urged that though, as Herbert Spencer tells us, "Experience is the sole origin of Knowledge," the means by which we gain that experience are so diverse and so numberless that there is nothing scientifically incredible in the suggestion that dreams may be one of them: that there may be some solid foundation in hitherto-undiscovered fact to justify credence in the theory that when the conscious logical processes of thought are in abeyance, valuable subliminal experiences may, so to speak, rise to the surface, and occasionally succeed in impressing themselves upon a passive brain. But how or why, who shall say? since there is no subject on which we are so profoundly ignorant as that of the nature and the powers of that undefined and indefinable force within us which we call soul. The term itself

has been so loosely and so variously applied that it is perhaps best to state at the outset that it is used here in a general and comprehensive sense as the totality of those forces which constitute the Ego, as the power which stands in the same relation to brain as walking does to legs. And just as the idea of walking is in itself limitless, while the capacity of the legs for expressing that idea is limited, so the ideas of the soul are, if not limitless, yet far beyond the powers of the brain to express.

Perhaps no man has more vividly embodied this truth, and the consequent struggle it implies, than Richard Jefferies in his *Story of My Heart*, which is indeed the Story of a Soul, where one sees, as it were, an infinite force striving to express itself through a finite instrument, a force dimly conscious of its own greatness, and keenly conscious of the limitations of its tool. "I have that to say which I cannot say," is the unuttered cry that comes up from beneath every phrase in that wonderful little volume, a cry which would have been just as distinct had he never even tried to voice it.

Browning, too, in his *Two in a Campagna*, imprisons in a few words, as perhaps only he could, this elusive, phantom-like truth, this inner knowledge of a something yet to tell which never may be told, this realization of a barrier, impalpable yet impassable, which no soul in mortal frame may cross.

Only I discern  
Infinite passion and the pain  
Of finite hearts that yearn.

It may be that Dreaming is a sixth sense or an art, or a special gift; but those who have it know that in attempting to express the experiences of Dream Life in the terms of Waking Life this barrier is far more keenly felt, for three reasons: first, that the soul, being less trammelled by its material envelope, feels more intensely and more vividly; secondly, that words are often not the means of communication; and lastly, that one sometimes sees that which has no counterpart on earth. One is thus confronted by the kind of difficulty one might expect to feel on suddenly becoming aware of the presence of a denizen of the Fourth Dimension, viz., an inability to express him adequately in words, however real he might be to one's consciousness.

In this connexion it may be interesting to mention two slight incidents which have come within my own knowledge, and which seem to point to the possibility that children—some children at least—realize and unquestioningly accept this difficulty. Many

years ago a mother described to me how she had found her child, who was then about three or four, sitting up in bed sobbing in a kind of paroxysm of fear, and how all attempts to extract the cause had elicited only the explanation, "It wur ze uvver fings."

I had long since forgotten the incident when another child of the same age gave me, quite unexpectedly, what looks very like the clue. She was telling me a fantastic dream in which giraffes, lions, elephants, and a few more assorted Natural History specimens figured largely, when she suddenly ended it with the remark, "An' zen ze uvver fings comed."

"What other things?" I inquired.

"Ze fings wot thoo can see in ze dark an' can't say," she explained.

"But what are they like?" I persisted. "What sort of things?"

She regarded me thoughtfully a moment, then shook her tumbled head. "Thoo knows wot I means," she assured me, and added confidentially, "I don't mind tellin' fings to thoo, cos I knows thoo so well; but it don't do to tell zem to ornery peepuls."

Now what do those mysterious "other things" mean? Are they merely to be referred to a child's inability to clothe ideas in words, or are they indeed akin to those dream experiences of adult life for which one knows quite well there are no words to fit? It is not a point on which dogmatism is in any degree possible, and I hazard it only as a conjecture that the latter may be the true solution, and that they may constitute one of those strange "reticences" of childhood of which every sympathetic mother is well aware.

As there has not as yet been any consensus of opinion on the subject of Dream Teachings, and their value or otherwise as applied to waking life, we can each one only be guided in the formation of our judgement by our own individual experiences. And the probabilities are that that judgement will consequently be biassed. Frankly, I confess that this occurred in my own case at the early age of three, when, heart-broken at the death of a tiny sister, a dream came to me, so vivid and so real, that every detail is clear to-day, which held a comfort sought in vain elsewhere; held, too, the knowledge, which in a childish way I perfectly comprehended, of the strongest of all moral weapons wherewith to fight the battle of life. A certain inborn scepticism feebly protested at times against the acceptance of comfort and instruction from such a source. "It was only a dream," I used to tell myself, and always added immediately after, "but it is just as true as if it had been

true," which bewildering statement appeared to the mind of three, eminently satisfactory and convincing.

Since then I have had many "dreams," and two facts in connexion with them may be worth mentioning: first, that my own part in them is almost always that of a spectator, and secondly, that often during one dream I recall another long since forgotten, but applicable to the events of the dream then going forward. In the one given below I have endeavoured to give as faithful a reproduction as possible, but am very conscious that at best it is rather a poor and unsatisfactory one for the reasons which I have stated previously.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some dim presentiment warned me that before me Horror lay, and I shivered and drew back, till an impulse stronger than my fear urged me forward again, and I stumbled half-blindly on, looking neither to right nor to left, conscious only that all about me were those who suffered, those in whom the divine gift of Reason lay shattered and destroyed. At last I came to an abrupt stop, knowing instinctively that here was my goal, and lifted my eyes to the woman sitting before me. Anything so tragically still as her face, particularly in conjunction with the restlessness of her hands, I have never seen in waking life—eyes that looked out on an eternal hopelessness; lips that closed on an eternal silence; brow that hid an eternal ruin. And behind it all, a soul in hell.

But I did not know that yet, as I stood watching in a kind of fascination the regular, ceaseless, monotonous movements of the thin white hands. First they reached down on either side of her and drew up two chains with a broken link, and very slowly, very laboriously, she brought them together; but always just at the crucial moment, just as they seemed about to touch, one would slip from her nerveless grasp, and she would straightway repeat the whole action again from the beginning, never pausing, never hesitating, just pursuing endlessly an unwearying round of patient endeavour, half attainment, total failure. A great pity seized me, and as I moved nearer I became aware of another watcher, clad in misty, grey-blue draperies: a watcher who stood beside her, and who seemed her counterpart in every way except, indeed, in the tragic intensity of her gaze upon the moving hands, the unspeakable agonized longing that not only her face but every line of her figure seemed somehow to express.

"It's her soul," I whispered, and over my own there surged a flood of comprehending sympathy, an intolerable ache that found vent in an insistent need to succour and to aid.

"Let me help you," I cried, "let me help you." And at that instant, as though in answer to the call, I seemed to become in some strange, mysterious way a part of that soul, or at least so at one with it that its torture became my torture, its appeal my appeal, its despair my despair, so that in a flash I understood the meaning of all I saw. For here was a soul, a conscious, feeling, suffering soul walled up into a living material tomb, from which no exit might be found, save through Death. The brain was dead, but the soul, whose instrument it had been, still lived, fettered to its material habitation. Into my mind came the memory of the old Anglo-Saxon term "helled" and its meaning, "walled in."

The explanation of those restless fingers was clear, too, now—it was no more than the mechanical representation of an idea, probably the last that had ever passed through the poor, broken brain, the idea that something had snapped, some link given way. As indeed it had, for that between thought and speech was gone; her soul thought perfectly clearly and coherently, but she could not clothe those thoughts in words. Once she tried, and they fell out in a wild unmeaning babble of disconnected syllables; and some one laughed. It seemed to me that nothing so cruel had even been as that careless sound, that thoughtless mockery of a soul in hell. It was horrible, unspeakable. I turned fiercely and cried "Shame" upon the woman from whose lips it had proceeded, but—what was it? why was it? She did not hear, did not notice. No one heard, no one noticed, though I was pouring out in a passionate rush of words a protest against such cruelty, was telling them a truth which I felt instinctively they did not know. I went among them, touched them, implored them to listen, but it was as though a shadow walked, a shadow touched them. It was not that they shook me off, or refused to listen, it was simply that they did not hear. Then at last I began to understand. To myself I seemed so real, but to them I did not exist. To myself I moved, spoke, heard, saw, as they did; I had ears and eyes, a heart and a soul just as they had, and yet—between us lay a gulf I could not bridge. But I would not acknowledge it yet. It could not be. Why should it be? Looking round once more my eyes lighted on a man with a grave, kindly face talking to a nurse, and glancing from time to time in the direction of the woman with the restless hands.

"No, it's quite hopeless, nurse," he was saying, "and she may live another thirty years—like that. Poor soul! If one only knew the meaning of that incessant action of hers, it might give one some clue, but——"

"I know it," I interrupted, "I can tell you what has happened. When the shock came——"

But he spoke on through my words as though they were not being uttered, so that in one last despairing effort I moved swiftly between him and his listener.

"I *am* real," I cried, "I *am* real. I am more real than you, because I can see her soul, see right down into it, and know where the injury is, and where the remedy lies. You cannot even see the chain in her hands."

It was all of no avail, however, for he spoke on still, and I turned sorrowfully away and stole back to the woman. I was only a soul myself now. That was why I could see hers, but I could not help her, because only a woman with a body could talk to these strange, unknowing people.

So I listened in silence to the outpourings of that imprisoned soul, though it spoke, not to me, but to the poor shattered brain in its tired, tired body. And first a wild anger dominated it, and it towered above its impotent habitation.

"Listen!" it cried fiercely, "listen and obey! Dost dare to fail me? Dost dare to disobey me? Am I not master here? and art thou not my servant? Did I not build thee up as a temple wherein I might dwell for a space? and did I not make loopholes whereby I might reach out to other souls dwelling in other such temples, touch, and sight and hearing, and behind them all, brain? And now dost thou, thou poor brain who art but matter, think to rule me who am mind? to turn my dwelling into a prison-house? What art thou but the temporal offspring of an eternal force? Wouldst dare to hold me at thy mercy? Mind at the mercy of matter? soul at the mercy of organization? Ah! why do I rail? 'tis so, though I know not why nor how. 'Tis by thee and thee alone I may communicate with these others here, and there are things that I must know, things which not to know is hell unspeakable. I am in torment and thou alone canst lift me out. Wilt thou not heed and take pity?"

But the woman only shook her head in dreary, hopeless negation, and the soul went on more gently.

"Nay, I do wrong to blame thee overmuch, too great a strain was put upon us both, and then—something seemed to snap, I think, between us, and since then, though I remember, and am myself once more, thou art no longer mine; a part of thee is dead, the part that made me one with other mortals. And yet, thou dost breathe and move; thou art not altogether dead. Can a part die and the whole remain alive? Nay, nay, that

cannot be. It is but for a time, and then thou wilt be mine again. Ah! but how long a time it seemeth.

"Listen, and I will help thee: I will be very patient with thee: I will not frighten thee, or cry aloud the one cry of myself: I will hold that back in the silence awhile and lead thee very very gently up to it, so that perchance thou mayest find help for me."

Her voice grew soft and dreamy, as one recalling dear, dead days, tho' beneath it lay always the wail of ever-present tragedy.

"These feet of thine were wont to walk where the grass was soft and green beneath them—so lightly they went too—and above this head the whispering trees breathed out their secrets to me, the soul within thee. And these fingers would reach out and gather great heaps of roses, roses that lifted their heads in the rosy-tinted light of early morning, all sparkling with dew, and fresh from their dreams of the night. There was one tree, the tree nearest to the old sun-dial, where the faint blush roses hung between earth and sky in great fragrant clusters whose beauty was a pæan of joy. Dost remember at all? Doth it come back to thee at all?"

"And then there came a time—ah, surely, surely thou must remember that! a time when these arms of thine held a burden heavier than the roses, oh! and dearer, dearer a hundred thousandfold! a time when a new soul came to earth, a soul in a new, wee frame, all soft and pink and dimpled, a soul that smiled into thine through eyes like the changing sea. And then these arms of thine would close around it, and hold it close to thy breast—so—and these lips of thine would kiss, and kiss, and kiss, and the love in thy heart grew and grew—Mother-love! Hast forgot even that word? Doth that not stir the wondrous mechanism within this head of thine into life once more? Will it not work at that word's bidding? Will mother-love not open my prison door?"

But the woman only looked as before into hopeless emptiness, and the soul, fighting back its agony of despair, crushing down its pain, struggled on once more.

"Listen then, and I will tell thee more. By-and-by tiny footprints lay beside thine on the soft, green grass, tiny footprints gone as soon as made, and tiny hands plucked at the roses in the old, old rose garden round about the sundial, and tiny lips prattled and lisped of the wonderland that was but a dream memory now. Then there came a morning when she bent down the laden branches of the blush roses to kiss them Good-morning as was her baby way, and began her dear baby talk. Dost remember what she said that morning? 'Mummie, las' night w'en



I was in my bysies, an' gone to Shut Eye Town, one of ze woses off zis twee comed to me an' telled me a beaaternuff tale all 'bout a likker dear wee fairly wot lives wight deep down inside of it, w'ere thoo can't never, never see, cos——'

"And just then it came, and darkness fell upon me, and afterwards when the light returned, she had gone and thou wast dead. Thou could'st never help me any more, never even ask for her, never speak of the little feet that ran towards thee, the little arms that clung about thee, the little lips that pressed to thine. Ah! surely this poor brain of thine will help me just so far, just to speak her name? Just to ask one question? to hear one short, short answer? Thou wast so saturated with my thoughts of her—it cannot be but that some memory clings even to thee, mere mechanism though thou art? Dear servant, that once didst serve me so faithfully, just one little, little question, 'Where is she?'"

The white brow knitted, the vacant eyes grew troubled, the pale lips stirred, and the soul in an attitude of tense passionate waiting, leaned forward, watching, watching, watching, till the little flicker of comprehension died out, and the woman shook her head once more.

"Dear God of Souls," and the voice with its ring of uttermost, inalienable pain seemed to thrill through every fibre of my being, "mend this poor ruined temple of mine! Let it serve but for a while that I may go back into the world and search for her, for my little, lost child! Let me but know that all is well with her!"

"Sister," I whispered, as I crouched sobbing beside her, "the child is safe. In the end all *must* be well. No vital harm can befall soul."

"Soul?" she echoed, turning fiercely upon me, "and 'in the end?' But what of body and what of now? Oh," she went on, "my little, little child! What if harm should be befalling her? What if even now while I am prisoned here, she is out yonder in the great world and suffering? What if pain have come to her little tender frame and I not there to soothe it? sorrow and I not there to share it? What if hate should fall upon her, and my love not be there to ward it off? What if others should forsake her, and my arms not be there to gather her to safety and to shelter?"

"Ah, but listen," I pleaded once more, choking back my own tears, for was I not a mother and did I not know that somewhere far, far away there waited for me just such another little one as

this she wept for ? " there is love as well as hate in the world, joy as well as pain. And some day—ah, what can I say ? save that if there is hell for the mother-heart, there is heaven too."

" Have done with thy mother-hearts and thy heavens," she broke out. " What need have I of heaven ? 'Tis my child I want, my little, little child. How should she fight the battle of life alone ? my child with the soft round limbs, the tiny dimpled chin, the eyes——"

" I know ! I know ! Maybe she *is* thy heaven. And I, if I could but help thee——"

" Canst thou not ? " she implored. " Canst thou not go back into the world and search for her ? Ah ! if I dare hope that some day thou would'st return and bring me word ? "

But how should I, to whom no link with the material remained, aid her, still fettered to it ? A sense of ghastly, intolerable impotence seemed to wrap me about in a tangled meshwork as it were, from which all my agony and all my wild desire might not free me, so that I hid away my face, and moaned.

" Oh Soul of Souls, is it real or a dream ? Is it my hell or hers ? " And then as the low wail of her despair lashed me again, I cowered still lower on the ground, full now of a passionate, yet hopeless rebellion.

" Why was I sent hither ? " I cried. " Why am I tortured to no purpose ? If I might help, Thou knowest that I would endure gladly, willingly, but this horror—A lesson ? Nay, I knew it all before. I have known it for a long, long time, that hell is to yearn to help, and to know oneself powerless."

For as I lay, caught in the swirl of another's torment, wrapped as it seemed in a mist of impenetrable darkness, the memory came back to me of a dream I had dreamed long years before, with just this same truth for moral, and a sense of bitter injustice assailed me, a conviction of torture twice borne when once should have sufficed, till suddenly a blaze of light fell around me, and I sprang, dazed, and half-blinded to my feet. Above me the sky was ablaze with stars, such stars as one only sees in dreams, and set in a sky, not black, but sapphire blue.

" It's a lie ! " I cried, and the words seemed to tumble out in a torrent, " it's a lie ! No soul is powerless to help another soul, if it have but the strength to do, and the will to dare ! There is no hell ! There is always a way out ! God Himself hath no power to hold a soul in hell ! "

" Dost defy God ? " she whispered half fearfully, and I laughed aloud.

“Nay, sister, I do but defy Ignorance, the ignorance that would hide my kinship with Him. For if a house be divided against itself, how shall it stand? And God is soul and I am soul. God loves and I am learning to love. God dares and I must learn to dare. I WILL help!”

\* \* \* \* \*

It may have been then, or it may have been long after that I unclosed my eyes and looked through the open window at the few faint stars shining in a sky of blackness and strove to shake off the sense of reality, but often it haunts me still, and I find it hard not to believe that somewhere in the world that woman lives, the woman with the snapped link between soul and brain: the woman whose physical body is walled in by a madhouse, and whose soul is walled in by a shattered brain; the woman with the hungry heart, hungry for the “little, little child.”

## REVIEWS

THE DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL. By the Blessed Father San Juan de la Cruz. Done into English by Gabriela Cunninghame Graham. 1905. Cr. 8vo. J. M. Watkins.

THERE are certain names the utterance of which seems to work on the mind with a power that will at least compel reverence and sometimes love, according to the particular departments wherein their rule operates, much as some words in ceremonial magic are supposed to bind spirits and put them at the disposal of the magus. The name of St. John of the Cross has a strong influence of this kind, and it is not less strong because the quality is somewhat vague, awaking doubtful wells of memory and invoking voices which speak almost in a strange language concerning great experiences and achievements of the soul. His appeal is, of course, to that school of mysticism which is the spokesman, on the highest grade, of Latin Christianity. There are other lights of the same school who might be mentioned; and these others, like the Spanish reformed Carmelite, though great also in repute, are not so well known at first hand by their writings as one might be disposed to assume from all that their names imply. Most of them were translated out of their respective vernaculars into Latin for the use of Europe, as from a quiet stall in the chancel to an altar in one of the transepts or aisles; but Latin has died a second time, and for many at the present day they are now entombed rather than translated. Until Maeterlinck rendered into majestic French, the Flemish *Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage*, Ruysbroeck was but a rumour outside his own country; for no one read him in the limpid, unruffled and colourless Latin of Surius, while an anterior French volume of excerpts based on the Latin is only a far-off echo of Ruysbroeck, in which the divine contemplations of the original have ceased to be even distinguishable. We owe therefore a debt of gratitude to those who in these days put the Christian Mystics into modern tongues.

I do not care to say that *The Dark Night of the Soul* is definitely more important in a spiritual sense than the same doctor's *Ascent of Mount Carmel*, for the distinctions and analogies of the two works, which are both commentaries on successive lines of eight metrical stanzas, placed as a preface to each, would require some considerable space to compare. Both also appear to have been

written in the same year, namely, 1578. Within this narrow period, the *Ascent of Mount Carmel* was first in order of time and is more than twice the length. They go over, for the most part, an identical ground of experience, treating firstly of the night of the senses and then of that of the spirit ; but the interpretation which exceeds in space has what is ostensibly an extra division, concerned with "the purgation and active night of the memory and the will." It is not very difficult to see that *The Dark Night* is really a more advanced work ; by this I mean that it deals in its later sections with states of the soul which are not subjects of consideration in the larger thesis ; the disciple is brought at the end into a certain interior asylum which the powers of evil, at least those of the conventional kind, cannot enter. This notwithstanding, perhaps the first impression which will strike those modern readers who are capable of interpreting to themselves the messages of books like these, is not indeed that it contains anything which is obviously of common knowledge among those who, in or out of the ways of the world, are trying for the spiritual life ; but rather that it is a handbook for the guidance of some on whom experiences which are almost untranslatable have come down. The result, however, recalls that old theosophical system of the Kabalists wherein the emanating light descends from numeration to numeration, which are speedily disrupted by the influx. In other words, the persons whose difficulties are described, whose desires and disabilities are so carefully and fully analysed, scarcely seem ripe for such experiences, so common are the temptations from which they appear to suffer. *Cæteris paribus*, the earlier sections of *The Dark Night* are comparable to a book of instructions addressed to simple rustics on right conduct in the King's palace ; and the unaccountable thing is that they should have received a command to the palace.

I must not be interpreted as saying that in the great majority of natures there is not first of all what, in other schools, is called the gross purgation, or that it is followed otherwise than by that of the spirit. In most cases, this is probably the order of the work, but the catholic mystics, and indeed mystics generally, have seldom treated of another secret operation of grace and the will, by which the former works immediately upon the latter, outside all external conditions, and by a change in the axis of its inclination puts an end to the old order at once and, as one would say, for ever. In the face of these rare and almost unknown experiences, even great spiritual teachers like St. John of the Cross seem to be dealing with the incipencies and the accidentals ; and their

anxious directions for putting away pride and presumption, waywardness, concupiscence and so forth, are for the threshold of the life of religion, the counsel to those who are seeking only to make the best of both worlds. The remarks which are here addressed to those who read the Spanish Carmelite apply equally to the readers of Ruysbroeck, though he went much further.

If a word must be said to summarize what no skill could reduce to the compass of a paragraph, it can only be added that, according to this doctor of the church, pure faith is the dark night of the natural faculties and this night is the purgation of union with God. It is a certain flowing in of God into the soul, an infused contemplation, an instruction in the perfection of love. In respect of its condition, as in respect also of that which is destined to follow it, we can think of it as analogous to the physical darkness in which the body is itself developed. This comparison contains a great truth, if it is not pushed too far. The years of our spiritual life on earth are as certain moons following conception, during which the form of divine desire is developed within us; and in a due season we shall issue forth to see with our own eyes that which all things now foreshadow, all faiths make evident.

There is an anterior translation of *The Dark Night*, also direct from the Spanish and, I believe, still in print, among the collected works of St. John of the Cross, as edited and rendered by Mr. David Lewis in the Catholic interest. Mrs. Cunninghame Graham has done well to give it us separately, for the two large volumes published in 1891 are necessarily somewhat costly. One would like to speak with unqualified praise of her work throughout, but it reads almost as that of a foreigner and is very imperfectly expressed in some places. The introduction cannot fail to be interesting, and the writer is familiar at first hand with the saint's external environment; but even here one is compelled to think that if she had known more she would have spoken less or differently of Kabalists, Alchemists, Templars and kindred schools. Her information is quite erroneous in certain respects and can scarcely be derived at first hand. No one speaks now, if indeed they did ever in the past, of Henry More as an Alchemist; no one says that the Alchemists, as a school of hermetic practice, were on the whole concerned with the investigation of spiritual mysteries; no one at this day attaches any specific importance to the Platonic sentimentalism and light transcendental touch of Leo the Hebrew, though a wayward choice once included him among the *artis cabalisticæ Scriptores*; and those, finally, who have read Raymund Lully and the cycle of literature which passes under his great

name will have learned a grave lesson of caution to counter-balance conventional estimates, occult or otherwise, of that illuminated philosopher.

A. E. WAITE.

MY LITTLE BOOK OF PRAYER. By Muriel Strode. Chicago :  
The Open Court Publishing Co.

THE private diary, the autobiography and the confession book appear to some people to be unsuitable for publication. The objection to them is based upon considerations of good taste. Yet the fact remains that these *choses intimes* have contributed not a little to the literary and historical standards of the world. But what have we to say regarding the publication of thoughts and aspirations ordinarily most sacred to the individual heart ? Somehow they lose something of their sanctity, here and there savouring of insincerity. Yet it would be difficult to argue that anything but good effects would result from a sympathetic reading of this little work, while it cannot be denied that throughout the book the diction shows strength equal to the feeling expressed. Here are a few excerpts from its pages.

I may not overcome the inevitable, but oh, it is mine to see that the inevitable does not overcome me.

I will not ask that you nor you shall teach my soul the way, but I will trust my soul.

I will not ask that you nor you approve. The wild thyme is itself, nor asks the consent of rose nor reed.

Infinitely will I trust nature's instincts and promptings, but I will not call my own perversions nature.

Occasionally the author is singularly in line with the spirit and almost verbally reiterative of Laotze's teachings, as, for instance, in these two paragraphs :

When I shall get back to the naturalness of things I shall dispense with that prayer to resist desire.

A great work demands great sacrifice, and who is not capable of great sacrifice is not capable of great work.

The following is not mere word-play. There is depth of conception in its sentiment and fulness of meaning in its expression.

Not all who die stay dead ! To-day an unappeased yesterday reached back and struck me with her lash.

Not all deep sleep is dreamless. Last night from profound slumber my other self rose up and mocked at me.

A little manual with thoughts like these should find many readers. They are all familiar truths, universal experiences, yet the form given to them by Muriel Strode gives them point and effect and contributes an individuality to the collection which, whether ingenuous or not, marks her as a woman of considerable spirit and of no small literary ability.

**HYPNOTISM AND HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.** By Thirty Authors.  
 Edited by E. Virgil Neal, A.M., LL.D. New York Publishing Co.

THIS work is essentially American in its origin and method. I doubt if it would have occurred to any English publisher to incorporate in a single volume all that is known with certainty on this important subject, written by men who profess knowledge and whose position in the world of science should entitle them to a hearing as credible authorities. Among the contributors one finds such well-known names as E. W. Scripture, of the Yale University; Prof. Carr, of Columbian University; Carroll Moore, of the University of California; R. M. Yerkes, of Harvard; Prof. Romaine Newbold, of the Pennsylvania University; Max Dessoir, of the Berlin University, and a host of others.

The book runs into some three hundred pages of well-printed matter, and deals with a variety of phases of Hypnotism—suggestion, trance, phenomena, therapeutics, double and multiple identity, memory in hypnosis, moral influence in hypnotism, ideas as forces, subjective impressions and their eradication through hypnotic suggestion, etc., etc. With such a range of material before him, it is obvious that the reader will be more in the way of a surfeit than a digest of facts; and although the Editor has done his work efficiently, there has been no attempt to synthetise the material supplied by the several contributors. We have this assurance, however, that the names of the contributors are sufficient to guarantee the scientific value of the statements made: that no truth has been knowingly omitted, nor any error wittingly included.

Necessarily, on a subject which is still in the experimental stage, and to a certain extent *in nubibus*, it is impossible to speak with final decision; but it is satisfactory to note that, with a wide diversity of opinion on various points, the main issues are subscribed to by all investigators and exponents. A claim is made by the Editor for the inclusion of Hypnotism as part of our scientific curriculum, and the present volume is put forward under the imprimatur of eminent scientists and scholars as proof of the reality of Hypnotism.

SCRUTATOR.

**PSYCHIC MANUALS.** By Dimsdale Stocker. London: Fowler & Co., Ludgate Circus.

MR. DIMSDALE STOCKER has recently added to his list of books dealing with psychic subjects *Healing—mental and magnetic*, and *Phenometry*, which word is designed to include auto-culture and brain-building. The books are sold at 1s. each, and are fair examples of the author's work.



## CORRESPONDENCE

[*The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.*]

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—In the November number of an American magazine called *Suggestion* there is an article by a Dr. C. E. Goodell, giving an account of things he had seen done in India, much on the same lines as that of Dr. Hensoldt in the OCCULT REVIEW for last month. But in his article Dr. Goodell says: "There can be no doubt of these yogi performances being illusions, because any attempt to photograph any of them reveals nothing but an empty plate"; whereas Dr. Hensoldt says they can be photographed, and gives a photograph of the mango-tree, up which he says he climbed. I wonder which is right!

I am, yours faithfully,

H. ALGERNON COLVILLE.

66, CHELVERTON ROAD, PUTNEY, S.W.,

January 1, 1906.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—*In re* the very interesting article in December's OCCULT REVIEW, entitled "Among the Adepts and Mystics of Hindostan," if, as I presume, it is intended to be taken as serious truth and not merely as a Blavatsky romance, may I ask if it is likely that Dr. Hensoldt will give us further details of this mystic system in a future number? All these mysticisms stop short just as they are about to get practical. If not focussed near enough for inspection, they do not seem to get us any "forrader."

Although Coomra Sami did not encourage the Doctor's questions, yet these were unnecessary, because (p. 304) he found his inmost thoughts and objections answered. Will Dr. H. not therefore tell us what the Sami thought of the destiny of the individual, "bhaila," or otherwise?

What about human *love* and the agonies of bereavement? Do the considerations of these form part of his system? What account does his system take of the great fact of *sex*? without which the Samis' own incarnation would have been impossible. Does he condemn incarnation, or wish it to be continued in the world? If it is to be continued, what does he think of the

active uncontentative life which it *necessarily* involves for men and women? Was the Sami ever married? If not, *why not?*

One would greatly like to know what such an intelligent teacher would have said to the command of Schopenhauer (quoted in to-day's *Light*): "Thou shalt strive to attain Nirvana, not as some have ignorantly supposed, a condition of blank unconsciousness, but of a far more intense and beneficent activity; for as we rise higher in the scale of nature, our opportunities become greater, our work for others ever grander and more far-reaching, and infinite wisdom and infinite power mean only infinite capacity for service, because they are directed by infinite love."

Would Coomra Sami endorse this? Would he claim that it was his ideal?

Dr. Hensoldt's story is most interesting, but it disappoints in almost equal measure, because it breaks off and shuts a door at the threshold of every practical lesson.

I beg to apologize for troubling you with so long a letter; and I am, yours truly,

GEORGE WHEATLEY.

16, ROYAL PARADE, CHELTENHAM,  
December 9, 1905.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

SIR,—To the well-read occult student there is absolutely nothing in Dr. Hensoldt's interesting and well-written article which is new.

The wonders narrated are simply the oft-told tale in a new and attractive setting, and in a form more calculated to arrest the attention of the uninitiated than the usual bald statement of fact, narrated in a sense against the will of the particular traveller who tells it. But Dr. Hensoldt has enjoyed exceptional facilities; he has had the opportunity of living the outward life of the yogi, and the chance of entering upon the path which leads to transcendental wisdom. Yet I can find in his article absolutely no evidence whatever that he availed himself in any degree of these exceptional facilities, and he leaves us utterly in the dark as to whether or not he *did* succeed in more than gaining additional glimpses of the powers enjoyed by the yogi. I cannot help thinking this reticence is designed, and that Dr. Hensoldt had his own reasons for maintaining it; yet no one will deny that a little additional information would have been eminently acceptable to all who thirst for wisdom. For instance, it would

have been interesting to learn whether Dr. Hensoldt ever entered seriously upon the study of Yoga, or simply mooned around in the hope of detecting methods or gaining esoteric knowledge by some vaguely expected fluke. Also, supposing him to have entered upon "the path," did he find himself advancing? That he has a very intense desire for knowledge is evident, but to me (at any rate) it is rather the curiosity of the scientist than the eager pursuit of wisdom for its own sake, which distinguishes the true occultist. I do not know how far these impressions may coincide with those of others, but I have reason to think the result of his article will be just as I have depicted it. Further it has been amusing and interesting to me to listen to the various criticisms on the Yogi Coomra Sami. Some think him selfish because he did not at once impart knowledge which would probably have glanced off the target, forgetting that every word and act recorded of him in the article was in itself a lesson to be pondered over and digested! But I must no longer trespass on your valuable space.

Yours faithfully,

BIANCA UNORNA.

31b, CLANKICARDE GARDENS, BAYSWATER, W.

"*Re* DEATH AS A PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE."

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

A Lady from Rome who read in the *Review of Reviews* some extracts from the article entitled "Death as a Psychic Experience," by Mabel Collins, forwards the following extract from a letter which has reference to the death of a lady of great piety and charity, which she thinks will be of interest in connexion with the subject of the article :

"BOSTON, *March 22, 1904.*

"... Miss W. was there during the last hours and wrote me such a sweet letter, saying mother looked so young and fresh, all her wrinkles smoothed away, and only a look of joy on her face. Surely during a whole week of apparent unconsciousness she was already tasting the joy of life so apart from anything material, the real life of spirit which is ours by right, and which divine love longs to see us enjoy."

*To the Editor of The OCCULT REVIEW.*

96, ELGIN CRESCENT, W.

*December 10, 1905.*

DEAR SIR,—On page 223 of the May (1905) number of the

OCCULT REVIEW, I made a passing reference to the supposed importance of the early degrees of the second decanate of Aquarius in the horoscope of the Metropolis. You will doubtless have remarked, ere this, that Mars was almost exactly transiting the point I mentioned, at the time of the Charing Cross accident. It would be interesting, in this connexion, to inquire whether past transits of Mars over this spot have, or have not, been attended by unusually serious accidents in London, and to observe these transits for the future, with a view to registering any such coincidences as they may occur.

Yours truly,

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I was much interested in the accounts in the early numbers of the OCCULT REVIEW of the Welsh revival, and in some articles since then. But I judge it favours Spiritualistic phenomena, which are, as a general rule unreliable, and not good for the person who has much dealing with them. Some years ago I had what is called a "Psycho-Spiritette," or talking board, as I called it—a board about 22 inches long and seven inches wide, with two grooves, or car tracks running lengthwise on a little wheeled platform with pointer to indicate the letters of the alphabet pasted on one side of the board. I had had it several years and it would never move for me, the wheeled platform, I mean. I am not what is called mediumistic. One day I was grieving over the loss of a much-loved sister and mechanically I took up this board, which stood near. To my surprise the little car began to go, and presently went with great swiftness. Loving messages came, purporting to be from my sister. These went on, at different times, for some weeks, when one day a message came that she had been to a very unhappy place. She looked in but did not go in, and saw her husband there. He had died about twenty years before she did. He had not lived a moral life, and now appeared to be in what, on earth, is called a "house of ill fame." She said: "With a shriek I got away." After that, according to these messages, she came under his influence. She loved him much in this life. After this the messages took a great variety of turns, from good to bad, and *vice versa*. Sometimes the highest characters purported to come, even the "loved disciple," and Jesus Christ Himself. I used this

board, off and on, for perhaps three years, when a message, purporting to be from another sister, said I had been grossly deceived ; that the messages were from lying spirits ; that my sister's husband, above referred to, had got control of things and made my sister say whatever he dictated. I used the board at longer and longer intervals, and finally gave it up with the exception of an occasional trial at long intervals of months. Finally the car came to a dead stop, it would not move for me a peg, and has not moved for three years or more, for I have sometimes tried it just out of curiosity. In fact, I am glad it will not go, for I know how unreliable and unwholesome the whole business is.

As Madame Blavatsky once said, if people could see on the astral plane the real makers of these so-called messages from the "dear departed," they would drop the whole thing like a hot potato, though the potato illustration is mine, not hers. She does not deny that the phenomena occur, and because she knows it she gives the warning.

I have a book entitled : *Facts and Mysteries of Spiritism : Learned by a Seven Years' Experience and Investigation, with a Sequel*, by Joseph Hartman, published in Philadelphia in 1885.

The author of this book was for years under what, in Spiritu-  
alistic parlance, is called "control," a heart-sickening expression when one realizes what it means. The perfect abandon of credulity of this man for years—the way in which he swallowed every word purporting to come from his friends in the spirit world, and the cruel pace these influences led him, are certainly of the kind that makes one flee from the whole thing as from a monster.

I feel sure there is another life for us than this, and that we can commune with our friends who have gone, but it is not in promiscuous circles we should seek them, nor by the commercial door of paid mediumship. Our friends do not come back at a dollar a head—or \$5 or \$10 as the case may be. *That* money is surely "tainted," not after the manner of the great Trust Corporations now undergoing investigation, but in a way quite as unwholesome, even more so when one reflects that it has become a common business transaction, this appealing to the love in human hearts in order to make a living out of the dead.

Excuse me. I had to write this. Trusting that light will break over the world sometime in regard to these things,

I am,

HARTFORD, CONN, U.S.A.,

December 26, 1905.

Yours sincerely,

F. E. B.

The following letter has been received from S. E. G. in reply to an inquiry by the Editor in reference to the communication which appeared over these initials in the December issue :

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

" BOMBAY, *December, 1905.*

" DEAR SIR,—

" Yours of October 23 to hand. For our experiments we sometimes used an ordinary table with a centre leg and three feet ; a small plank of polished wood, which shifted about and rapped ; or what we found most expeditious and convenient, a square board on which was nailed a sheet of cardboard. On the cardboard was the alphabet—also ' yes ' and ' no '—each letter of which was encircled by a line about the size of a liqueur glass top. We selected an ordinary glass tumbler, taking care that the mouth was level, reversed it, and stood it in the centre of the alphabet, and placing the points of the fingers and thumbs of two people on the bottom of the tumbler, waited for developments. The fingers should be placed so lightly as to render the involuntary shoving of the tumbler impossible. I have seen the tumbler *rush* so rapidly from letter to letter that it was most difficult to follow the sense or to keep the fingers on the bottom of it.

" The snake and horse episodes took place in the Coukan districts, Bombay Presidency, one in a Dāk bungalow, the other in a tent. My daughter and I were the sitters.

" The ' inflammation of the brain ' communication was with the glass, and a Miss Palliser and I sat with eyes blindfolded while my daughter wrote the letters indicated.

" Miss Palliser had never heard of the person communicating.

" The predicted death was worked out by two young friends of another daughter, neither of whom knew the people in question.

" Both these last took place in our own house (now let), Tyrol, Lansdowne, Cheltenham.\* If I can tell you anything else that you think may be of use, I shall be glad to do so. Though greatly interested in these subjects, as all thinking people must be whose life interest has passed to the other side, I am sorry to say I am neither psychical nor mediumistic personally.

" I shall anxiously await any comments that may be made on my experiences, as the inflammation of the brain one I cannot account for to myself satisfactorily by telepathy.

" Yours faithfully,

" S. E. G."