

THE OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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No. 4

NOTES OF THE MONTH

A FEW weeks ago the following paragraph appeared in several of the London daily papers. I quote from the *Daily Express* :—

“JARNDYCE *v.* JARNDYCE.”

CENTENARIAN'S DEATH RECALLS FAMOUS CASE.

“Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce,” the interminable law suit in *Bleak House*, in which Charles Dickens so scathingly indicted the law's delays, is recalled by the death in an almshouse, at the age of 100, of Joseph Jennings, Colchester's oldest inhabitant.

It was a disputed will in Jennings' family which led to the law suit on which Dickens founded the case.

A tablet in St. Peter's Church, Colchester, to the memory of one of Jennings' relatives who was a party to the law suit, bears the words from the Book of Jeremiah : “Through deceit they refuse to know me.”

Few people who are regular readers of the daily Press—and who THE JENNINGS' (except Mr. Balfour) is not, nowadays?—can have failed to note from time to time statements appearing in the London papers that some new claimant to the Jennings' estate has put in an appearance and is busy collecting evidence which he is confident will, in due course, establish his claim to those three million pounds sterling which have so long been lying dormant in Chancery. It is something like the story of the adventurers in the fairy tale who, one and all, had set their hearts on winning the beautiful princess

with the long golden locks and other charms too numerous to be here recapitulated, each equally confident that they could achieve the onerous tasks upon which success depended, but yet all of whom, one after another, had to submit to the melancholy alternative of having their heads cut off, either because the dragon-in-charge proved one too many for them or because they failed to achieve some one of those numerous miraculous feats which all must learn how to accomplish before they can take rank among the recognized heroes of fairyland. At length, of course, the real prince—the man of destiny—comes along, when all obstacles are straightway overcome. The real prince always *does* come in the end—in fairyland; otherwise it is to be surmised that the princess would not continue to wait so patiently, for, to be sure, having read fairy stories herself, she knows how they all of them end. But in real life it is a different matter. Even in the case of King Arthur, when he passed away

All his mind was clouded by a doubt

as to whether he would come again or whether he would not. It is hardly therefore to be expected, under the matter-of-fact conditions of the present day, that the true claimant, or more properly speaking, the claimant who can prove his case, will ever now turn up to make this story complete by proving his right to the Jennings' millions. The case, however, has not been without its curious and interesting incidents, and it would not be here alluded to were it not for the fact that one of these impinges somewhat closely on the domain of occultism. The Jennings' family, I should premise, were territorially connected with Derbyshire and the adjoining county of Staffordshire, and the incident in question relates to the village of Brailsford, in the former county, and occurred some forty-six years ago. At that time and for many years afterwards the Rev. J. G. Croker was rector of the parish. Mr. Croker was an amiable and somewhat happy-go-lucky Irishman, and the subjects treated of in the OCCULT REVIEW did not trouble him overmuch. When therefore a cab drove up one day to the Rectory door from which emerged an old lady bearing the name of Jennings and hailing from Sheffield, with her two sons, and proceeded to relate the story of a dream which was the cause of their arrival at Brailsford, the worthy cleric did what hospitality demanded, and troubled his head little further in the matter. The sons explained that their mother had dreamed on three successive

AN UNSOLVED
MYSTERY OF
TO-DAY.

nights that she saw a certain churchyard, and that it was made known to her in her dream that this was Brailsford, and that under a certain grave in the churchyard was buried the will of that Mr. Jennings whose property has been the subject of such interminable disputes. She saw the grave clearly in her dream, and noted its exact position, and would leave her sons no peace (as they explained to Mr. Croker) until they had taken her to the spot in question. It will be gathered from the

A DREAM OF
BRAILSFORD
CHURCHYARD. above that there was a missing will in the case. If my memory serves me right, a will—the last will made by the old gentleman—was duly found after his death, but the will was unsigned.

Search was therefore made for a previous will, but in vain. It was this previous will which, if the dream-story were true, was now about to be localized. Mr. Croker explained to his visitors that he had no power to interfere in the matter, but would be pleased to show them over the churchyard and church, and conducted them accordingly. Brailsford Church tower stands out conspicuously, and as soon as the old lady came in sight of it she exclaimed at once, "That is the church I saw in my dream." On arriving at the churchyard she marched in advance of Mr. Croker and her sons straight to the spot where she declared the will was buried. Years after Mr. Croker took me himself to the churchyard, but was unable exactly to recollect the spot indicated. It lay, however, eastward of the chancel, and, I understood, not very far away from the church. In those days Brailsford was part of the diocese of Lichfield. Subsequently this

THE BISHOP
WHO DIDN'T. diocese was divided up, and Brailsford fell to the share of the Bishop of Southwell. At the old lady's desire Mr. Croker communicated with the then Bishop of Lichfield with respect to the possibility of opening the grave. The Bishop referred him to the Home Secretary, declining to take any action himself. There the matter was allowed to rest, and there it still rests to-day.

Since these lines were written, I have received some further particulars with regard to the above-mentioned incident. It appears that when old Mr. Jennings died the deeds relating to his property and other papers and documents were missing in addition to the will. These were reported to have been deposited in some house (? at Oxford), and to have been subsequently removed to Southampton, from which place they were again clandestinely transferred. Mr. Croker stated that at or near the spot in question there had been at a previous date a secret burial

in the night of a body which was brought from a distance. My informant adds: "I often asked Mr. Croker to point out the spot. He used to point out two, both much alike, but he always said of one: 'I feel sure this was it!'"

A novel portent has appeared upon the offing in the shape of a "popular journal of scientific prediction," entitled *The Forecast*.* This green herald of the spring (I hope there is no esoteric significance in the colour) is obviously in the nature of an appeal to the man in the street on astrological lines. The man in the street, with a few rare exceptions, knows as much and as little of astrology as the professor in the armchair, and a magazine that appealed to the "little public" (to use Voltaire's phrase): i.e. to the very few who *have* some real scientific knowledge of this very recondite subject, obviously could not pay its way. The magazine is nothing if not topical, and the editor shows the true journalistic instinct. A pleasant chat about the new government and its prospects is followed by notes on the individual horoscopes of Joseph Chamberlain, Campbell-Bannerman, and John Burns. The Prime Minister's birth hour is unknown, but a sinister position affecting his prospects from May to August

next is rightly alluded to. Saturn is in opposition to the place of the Sun at his birth during that period. Astrology, like history, is apt to repeat itself. It is well therefore to recall the result of similar positions in the case of both Lord Rosebery and Mr. A. J. Balfour.

The issue of the *Horoscope*, dated January, 1903, contained an open letter under the heading "Letters to Celebrities" to the Right Honourable A. J. Balfour, to which subsequent events have given a rather peculiar interest. Subjoined is an extract from that document.

You have a trying year before you ; and in the autumn of 1903 you will meet with obstacles and open enemies in plenty, for Saturn the planet that rules your foes becomes stationary in opposition to your Sun at that period. Your health also will give way and the cares of State may prove too much for you.

In the autumn of 1903 referred to when Saturn became stationary, Mr. Chamberlain, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. C. T. Ritchie and other members of the Government resigned. As regards Mr. Balfour's Government, it may truly be said to have been the beginning of the end. On the night on which Mr. Chamberlain made his celebrated speech which brought about Mr. Balfour's resignation, Mars was

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transiting the *exact* place occupied by Saturn at the date of the resignation of the Duke of Devonshire and his colleagues.

A similar position, the stationary position of the planet Uranus, in exact opposition to Lord Rosebery's Sun, fixed to the very week the disastrous defeat of the radical party at the polls when Lord Rosebery was leader. Now again we have a similar position in the case of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The Prime Minister must expect to find himself in a serious quandary. Such planetary positions can be noted by the merest tyro, and rough general deductions made from them, while

they reflect little credit on the observer, serve
THE SLUMBER yet to throw into startling relief the utter lack of
OF SCIENCE. observation on the part of men of science of the present day, even of facts that literally stare them in the face. The generalizations from mathematically worked out horoscopes are infinitely more reliable than the predictions of clairvoyants. At the same time they are more vague in their character, being rather like signposts and outlines than predictions of actual events. They are also far harder to obtain, the amount of labour involved in computing them being so great that the price the inquirer is willing to pay will not recoup the student for his work. Astrological research of a genuine kind is thus practically relegated to the scientific investigator, who does not look for what the man in the street would call sensational results, but yet at times hits upon facts of the most far-reaching scientific import.

I have the pleasure to inform my American readers that steps
FACILITIES FOR are being taken to put the OCCULT REVIEW
AMERICA. effectively on sale in all the great centres of population throughout the United States and Canada. This will necessarily be a gradual process. I have, however, already arranged to supply the magazine direct from the London office to 155, Washington Street, Chicago, and to 5, Park Square, Boston. The Review will be kept regularly on sale at these addresses at 15 cents per copy, and there will be no necessity for giving orders in advance, except in the case of back numbers. The magazine can still be ordered through the old channels, but the new arrangements provide for having a supply on the spot, and I trust that by and bye the OCCULT REVIEW will be as familiar a feature on the bookstalls of the great cities of America as it is now on those of London. I fully recognize that there is an even larger public for the magazine in America than there is in England, and I confidently look forward to the time

“*L'Union fait la Force.*” when the OCCULT REVIEW will take its part (even if it be but a small part) in that linking up of the great Anglo-Saxon race which can be laboured for by none more effectually than by those who appeal to all who speak a common mother tongue, to recognize those deep religious truths that underlie all visible phenomena, and contain within them the key to the meaning of the life of man of whatever race, creed or language he may be.

I take this opportunity of repeating the terms of my offer of a £5 prize for the best reply to the following question:—

Is the fact that “ghosts” appear in clothes conclusive proof against all evidence to the contrary that the “ghosts” so appearing are hallucinations or the stories concerning them concocted inventions? If not, how do you justify such appearances, in the light of reason and common sense? and to what theory in connexion with apparitions does their appearance in the clothes they wore when alive appear to point?

Essays sent in in response to this offer must not exceed 1,200 words in length, and must in every instance be *typewritten*.

A *nom de plume* must be adopted by the writer and his real name enclosed in a sealed envelope bearing the *nom de plume* outside. This will not be opened until the award has been made. The responsibility for the final decision as to which is the best reply will rest with the Editor, but before deciding he will submit a selection from the essays to a high authority on psychical research and will give due weight to his opinion.

Essays must reach this office, 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., not later than April 5, otherwise they will be disqualified. As Editor, I reserve my right to print any of the communications I may receive. The result will be announced in the May number.

I hope my readers will be careful to note the latest date for the receipt of competitions. A certain number of these have already reached me, and also some correspondence on the subject, which I propose to print as soon as the award is made public. To do so earlier would be unfair to the competitors. In the May issue I shall offer another prize making the time limit somewhat more extended, as I have subscribers in many distant parts of the world, who will, I regret to say, be disqualified in the present case by postal delay.

A point has been raised by one of my contributors relative to an article in last month's issue dealing with apparitions which

appeared to Captain Johansen and his son, when crossing the Atlantic. I subjoin the criticism and the Captain's reply. My correspondent writes :—" About the middle of page 122 we read, ' After this, one of the men gathered up the wet clothing in a bundle, took a sash from his waist, and tied the bundle to the mainboom.' These men turned out to be ghosts, or perhaps hallucinations. The wet clothes were real. The Captain's son had just taken them off. A real bundle is tied to a real mainboom with the sash of a ghost—or the ghost of a sash. The ghosts afterwards vanished . . . What became of the sash? Did it vanish also? When it vanished, if so, did the bundle tumble off the mainboom, or was the Captain's son obliged to untie it? "

Captain Johansen's answer is of interest, and runs as follows :—

LIVERPOOL,

March 16, 1906.

DEAR SIR,—It appears to me that if the sash were the sash of a ghost, it could hardly be anything but the ghost of a sash, and *vice versa*. However, we looked for the sash next morning and did not find it. The clothes were found under that particular part of the mainboom to which they had been tied.

A real sash might have been loosened by the weight of the drenched clothes, and by the jarring of the boom, as the boat rolled heavily in the night.

If it were such, a sash would naturally be blown overboard and the heavy clothes would just as naturally fall to the bottom of the boat.

If the sash were the sash of a ghost, perhaps the ghost found his ghost of a sash indispensable to his comfort on leaving, and, therefore, took it.

Yours sincerely,

P. JOHANSEN.

THE OCCULT IN MODERN FICTION

BY ALFRED FELLOWS

IN the present day, when astronomers find the latitude of their observatories to within a few yards, and physicists want to know how many ions can flit about in an atom, even the novelist must submit to the prevailing desire for accuracy. At the appropriate time therefore he may be found in the British Museum or other reading-room going over his special period of history, and again in his chosen country, anxiously surveying a battle-field on his hero's behalf. In language his hearers are less particular; the idiom of the "what-ho-varlet" order will suffice for any time between the fifth and seventeenth centuries inclusive. But if he talks of the beetling crags and stupendous glaciers of Primrose Hill, he knows that his critics in St. John's Wood will pull him up; and unless he is fired with Shakespeare's genius, he will refrain from poaching on that poet's scene by the sea-coast of Bohemia.

In fact, he is now expected to write with some knowledge of his subject; and as the occult has an increasing fascination for both readers and novelists (including the writers of short stories) it may be of interest to consider some of our fiction in the light of modern research on matters psychic or supernormal. From such research "the bourne from whence no traveller returns," perhaps no longer merits this beautiful description. If it has not been accurately charted, some of its characteristics have been noted, and though there may be differences of details, certain broad facts are found in common in the literature of the Society for Psychical Research, the Theosophists, and the Spiritualists. These should be the basis of the "local colour" of the novelist who departs from the world visible, audible, and tangible; and if he cannot have direct evidence (as, it is understood, one very successful novelist has claimed, basing one or more of her stories on a remarkable personal experience), he should at least read his primers before he offers himself as cicerone in dangerous places. The novelist describing the seal-fisheries of Sahara, or the palm-groves of Spitzbergen would find his popularity decrease; and a student of the occult, who hears of a new book by a popular author, ought to know whether it is likely to be instructive, or whether the chances are that it will be merely ridiculous.

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No doubt, some classes of novels might legitimately be exempted from such a test ; for example, the zealous reformer who wishes to depict his Utopia like Mr. Bellamy in *Looking Backward* may claim that neither he nor his readers care a jot how his hero is pitched into a given age or environment so long as he gets there. Mr. Wells' *Modern Utopia* was somewhere beyond Sirius—quite near enough ; and a convenient blow on the head soon put *The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* in the proper place and time, bowler hat and "reach-me-down" suit included. Moreover in the present day, whatever may be the case in the future, simple fairy-tales, whether for children or adults, are not expected to conform to the lore of "nature-spirits" and elementals. Thus the doings of "The Fairy Blackstick" in Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring* are their own standard, and Dickens' ghosts are frankly orthodox. Of the latter a fair sample may be cited in the one described to Mr. Pickwick who haunted a room in an old inn where he had committed suicide, and was puzzled by the question why, when he had the opportunity to go about the world, he did not go elsewhere.

At the other extreme, there are a few novels where the author seems chiefly to desire his book to be a medium for his occult teaching ; Mr. A. P. Sinnett's *Karma* may be taken as an example. This, though a readable story enough, depends largely for its interest on the working out of Theosophical theories, and the "action" of the story is slight.

Between the frank absurdities of the nursery tale and books of the serious purpose of *Karma* come the great bulk of novels, dealing with such subjects as White and Black Magic, Astrology, Reincarnation, Astral Bodies, Vampires, séances, hauntings, dreams, visions, and all other similar matters which are collectively classified by the materialist and his chosen professors as "nonsense." A few years ago hypnotism might also have been included in the category, but he is now unable to resist the evidence of his medical guides on this phenomenon.

Some very popular writers, as Anthony Hope, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, W. E. Norris, and many others confine themselves more or less to the material world, but perhaps the majority of others have written at least one book bringing in some one or more of the above-named subjects. One or two authors of world-wide popularity have written several stories depending for plot or interest on glimpses of the occult ; the names of Mr. Rider Haggard, Miss Marie Corelli, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling will occur to everybody.

Mr. Haggard's skill in his craft, and his consequent popularity, assure a very wide circle of readers for his novels; and those interested in the occult may remember how some years back he published in *The Times* an account of a dream-impression of the death of his dog, with very carefully marshalled evidence to prove that the coincidence of the death and the dream had no purely physical explanation. This shows at least that Mr. Haggard is interested in such phenomena and appreciates what should be their proper basis of testimony; and the reader of *Stella Fregelius*—written, so it is stated in the preface, for the author's recreation, and not primarily for publication—will have plenty of confirmation that the result of study is woven into his imagination. In this beautifully-written story, Mr. Haggard describes the struggles of a man of noble disposition, torn between his desire to communicate with his dead love and his duties to his living wife, and, when he yields to temptation, the steps he takes to bridge the gulf, his gradual success, and the physical effect on him. This book is striking on two counts, first in the way the opening of the larger consciousness is suggested, and secondly as conveying a good and salutary moral—that a man must fulfil the earthly duties he has taken upon himself, before he devotes his life to spiritual communion.

But it must be confessed that from the point of view of the occultist such novels as *She* and *Ayesha* are on a different footing; and perhaps the readers of these books will do best to take the doings of Mr. Haggard's remarkable heroine as he takes those of Jules Verne's heroes who travel by projectile to the moon, or go to the centre of the earth—there is no rigid proof that these things cannot be done, but the author's plausible scientific talk leaves them still improbable. *Ayesha's* reference in the last-named book to a text in Genesis to explain some of her doings may thus be considered as hardly a legitimate method of gaining the reader's respectful attention—at least, until the author can produce some evidence of ladies living in undiminished beauty for two thousand years, and exercising unlimited power over all the elements.

Of the writers of short stories, Mr. Rudyard Kipling has the largest number of readers, and he introduces the element of the occult with considerable freedom. Especially, he deals with the doctrine of reincarnation, and, so far as a critic may make a deduction of an author's conviction from his published fiction, himself believes in it.

This doctrine cannot here be discussed exhaustively; but

it is one which is obviously exciting more attention and interest every year, and one which ecclesiastical authorities who consider a paper on spiritualism "dangerous and unusual" may find disagreeably prominent in a not remote future. But for all the knowledge available to a modern Englishman, re-incarnation bears the same relation to the simple phenomena of telepathy as the differential calculus does to the multiplication table—unless he has exceptional gifts he must rely for his information on specialists. Amongst Europeans, two Theosophical writers, Mrs. Annie Besant and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, each gifted with considerable literary powers, profess special knowledge—those who know them testify to their sincerity, though it is not on record that they have produced any sort of proof to satisfy science. Hidden in Eastern archives of religion and philosophy, it may be that many prizes of knowledge await the patient investigator. But the ordinary occult student can neither consider the facts proven nor dismiss the theory as untenable.

Mr. Kipling's admirers will probably agree that *The Finest Story in the World* is one of his best, even if it does not reach the standard of its title. The account of how the "Lords of Life and Death" had inadvertently allowed a young bank clerk to remember (though he did not realize it was memory and not imagination) a previous incarnation as a galley-slave, and the reasons the writer could not reconstruct that previous life are told with a very well conceived air of reluctant sincerity. But the notion that the "gates are shut" lest man might remember the splendour of his primitive wooings seems rather retrograde, and Charlie Mears was hardly the man that would be expected after his doings in previous existences. Authorities state that memory of a previous incarnation, save in very special circumstances, is impossible; but Mr. Kipling clearly knows this. Readers of the preface to Mrs. Campbell Praed's *Nyria* will remember that her tale is similar, except that she goes further and states that it is based on actual fact. If rumour is true, Mr. Kipling might have said the same.

Of his others *The Phantom Rickshaw* is an extreme instance of haunting or obsession, while *The Return of Imray* has many parallels in *Psychical Research* annals. The "Just So" stories may be classed with the Jungle stories as frankly irresponsible (except that in the tale called *In the Rukh* "Mowgli" is taken a little more seriously), but the recent *They* and *The Brushwood Boy* demand more notice.

In *They* a blind girl who can, nevertheless, see the writer's "aura" or "astral body" (if, as is asserted, orange or yellow denotes intellect, it is rather surprising that she mentions neither of these colours in her enumeration of the author's) draws to her house the souls of little children, whose presence is felt, though they are only seen from a distance.

Spiritualists might say that if children could be so drawn back to material surroundings it would be very undesirable in their own interests. As to the "aura" the sense for perceiving this has been said to be located in the "pineal gland" in the middle of the head; and Mr. H. G. Wells has used the idea in one of his short stories, *The Stolen Body*.

The Brushwood Boy relates how two young people met in their dreams, with the inevitable sequel; the clean life of the young man and the maid's virginal innocence make good "corroborative detail." The same theme appears in Mr. Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson*; but in the paradise wherein he wanders with his Duchess Mr. Ibbetson drinks champagne and smokes tobacco—solaces which are referable to the physical plane and to that only.

In a very remarkable first novel, *The Grey World*, Miss Evelyn Underhill follows her hero dying of typhoid as a little boy in a London Hospital (she describes the moment of death and after), and incarnating a short time afterwards, retaining his memory like Mr. Kipling's hero. However, the Limbo so graphically described is more plausibly held to be the state of shallow worldly people who have died at full age, and not of the spirit of a little child.

A readable novel of reincarnation is Mr. Roy Horniman's *Sin of Atlantis*. This writer is evidently acquainted with Theosophical writings; nevertheless, that his hero should remain masculine through all incarnations, and his heroine feminine is a mistake, which is shared by other writers on this subject. From all teachings, eastern and western, the spirit is sexless, and, if it must acquire experience through more than one "flesh garment," it is reasonable to suppose that it requires to use each sort before it attains perfection.

In *Flames* Mr. Robert Hichens has written a thrilling story of "possession"; but that the soul of a dying man should seize the body of another and possess it so completely without any effective protest from its lawful owner is rather stretching theory. However, before he wrote his other book, *The Prophet of Berkeley Square*, this author ought really to have known that the modern astrologer does not need to look through a telescope from one

year's end to another. He might just as well have written a skit on doctors, and ridiculed their habit of carrying leeches about.

In a later book, *The Black Spaniel*, which has had a wide sale, Mr. Hichens tells how the soul of a vivisector is translated on his death to the body of a black spaniel, and recognized by an ardent anti-vivisector, who proceeds to deal appropriate retribution. The author's literary craft and skill are unquestionable; but from an occultist's point of view the story may be compared with that of the One-eyed Kalender in the Arabian nights, or Mr. Anstey's *Brass Bottle*, where a learned professor is turned into a donkey, with highly diverting consequences.

A review of Mr. E. F. Benson's last book, *The Image in the Sand*, has already appeared in this magazine; but comment may here be made that the end of the book is somewhat disappointing. Chloroform and morphia, which "Dr. Leonard" uses against "black magic," seem calculated to aid rather than check an evil possession (the text as to "prayer and fasting" must surely have significance in this difficult subject), and Abdul's expedient of killing Henderson is not one that a "white magician" would resort to at any price, even supposing it was likely to foil "Set-nehkt" when he had once found lodgement. Mr. Benson lost a great opportunity; he could have made Abdul break up "Set-nehkt" on his own invisible battle-ground, as a fitting climax to his very clever story. The commonplace murder on Westminster Bridge is not at all satisfactory.

In *The White Causeway* Mr. Frankfort Moore introduces a mystical element; the girl who has fulfilled presentiments and, drowning, feels herself "pulled back" from the "white causeway" and its angels is a legitimate creation with real precedents in both respects. But that she could visit her lover's home and talk to him as a flesh-and-blood maiden with a material heart performing its usual functions while she had another material body in bed elsewhere is, as the author himself remarks, beyond the experiences of the Psychical Research Society. One material body is the rule, which Mr. Frankfort Moore's authority is not sufficient to controvert; anything else is a "materialization" and that a girl could make such a complete one without a "medium" would be equal to the feat of making bricks without straw in the middle of the Atlantic.

An accurate knowledge of mediumistic powers and spiritualist séances is shown by Mr. Hamlin Garland in his book *The Tyranny of the Dark*, which may be commended on this account.

The occultists may complain, however, that the marriage of such a fine medium as the heroine to such an obstinate materialist, though it may have stopped her persecution from those on "the other side," was to be deprecated in the interests of their science.

Mr. Garland treats his readers fairly in describing his phenomena ; but not a few novelists draw their readers on with mysterious threads of magic, which they cast aside when their plot is developed, and entirely fail to justify. In such stories Indian or Egyptian magic is used as a kind of universal solvent, which absolves the author from giving any reason for disappearances and transmigrations or even assigning motives to his characters. For example, in Mr. Kipling's *The Mark of the Beast* and *The End of the Passage* the explanation of the story is simply thrown on the reader's imagination ; in Mr. Richard March's *The Beetle* the doings of that mysterious creature are not marked with any sort of consistency, or coherent reason ; and in Mr. Bram Stoker's *The Jewel of Seven Stars* the explanation eagerly awaited by the reader is not forthcoming, because all the characters who participate in the culminating experiment die of fright—presumably as a delicate token of devotion to their creator, who is thus relieved from some very needful explanations.

But to do this author justice, no such comment is possible on his previous novel, *Dracula*. For grim battles between the quick and the dead, both spiritual and physical, this book may be recommended to readers whose nerves are in good order ; but the subject of the vampire is not a pleasant one, and every possible horror of blood-gorged corpse and blood-sucked human victim is told with the most appalling realism, up to transfusion four times repeated into "Lucy's" veins to repair the Count's ravages. Mr. Stoker has evidently read vampire legends with much industry ; but those who believe in the vampire (and if it is a superstition, devout Christians have held it equally with Theosophists, Buddhists, Mahometans and pagans) need not accept all "Dr. Von Helsing" tells of its nature and history. For example, they need not believe that the vampire's victim necessarily becomes a vampire, or that it rigidly observes certain arbitrary conditions in its wanderings. However, all legends and all accounts agree in one thing—that destruction or adequate mutilation of the body utterly destroys its power, and that when this is done the black soul can no longer postpone its fate by this awful robbery. Hence the gruesome scenes where the vampires are destroyed are as possible as the creature itself ; as to which English people

may be reminded that not so very long ago they buried suicides at cross-roads, with stakes through their bodies.

In such books stress is laid on the darker powers of the invisible world ; a very good novel which points out a brighter side of occultism is Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs*, in which a benevolent old Mahatma moves about in his astral body as the plot requires. Indeed, when so many stories turn on the disagreeable or the horrible aspect of all experience which may go beyond the ken of the materialist, it is refreshing to read a book about the benevolent powers that, human or non-human, watch over and protect the living. For, though believers in the invisible world must hold that the soul discarnate may encounter evils beside which those bringing death to the body are insignificant ; yet they must be assured also that in the celestial battle-ground, the victory must ultimately rest with the Powers of Light, against whom in the long run no evil can prevail. And it is the duty of the novelist who deals with the occult to paint his picture faithfully in light and shadow, while not losing sight of this great and salient truth that should ever underlie it.

KEATS THE MYSTIC

BY E. J. ELLIS

PART II

ONE of the most emphatically mystical passages in *Endymion* occurs in one of the long dreamy speeches of the hero to his sister Peona. There are several of the same kind, but this one seemed of an especial and particular importance to Keats himself. There are but a few lines of the passage, and they were written as an afterthought, while the poem was going through the press, and posted to Mr. John Taylor, in London, that he might see to getting them inserted. Keats says in his letter that he considers the lines as a preface to what follows, and "necessary to the subject." He has just asked in the poem the question, "Wherein lies happiness?" and now wishes this placed at the beginning of his answer to the question—

In that which becks
Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
A fellowship with essence, till we shine
Full-alchemized and free of space, behold
The clear religion of heaven.

He feels that the friend to whom he is sending this passage may not quite realize how important it is. "The whole thing," he writes, "must, I think, have appeared to you, who are a consecutive man, as a thing almost of mere words. But I assure you that when I wrote it, it was a regular stepping of the imagination towards a truth."

A better definition of mysticism than a "stepping of the imagination towards a truth" could hardly be given.

But Keats feels that he must plead a little more for the life of his new babe. He drops mysticism and makes an appeal for personal sympathy. "My having written that argument will perhaps be of the greatest service to me of anything I ever did." There he might have left the matter. But he is still worried by the recollection that his friend is a "consecutive man." (What a delightfully Shakespearian tone about that kindly term of opprobrium!) The thought stings him like a gadfly. He must

try to add some reason that will sound sensible and cogent. "It set before me the gradations of happiness, like a sort of pleasure thermometer, and is my first step towards the chief attempt of the drama—the playing of different natures with joy and sorrow." But he begins to feel that this kind of thing is passing from mere incomprehensibility to the verge of misrepresentation. He drops the attempt to explain, and concludes his letter abruptly—"Do me this favour, and believe me your sincere friend, John Keats."

The key-words to the insertions are, of course, "full-alchemized and free of space." John Taylor was not at all the kind of confidant to whom it could be whispered that mysticism has a practical side; that this constantly leads us to hope that we may learn unlimited things when entering into that state of mental absorption and freedom which St. Paul has called "out of the body;" or that this state cannot be entered until we disentangle ourselves from that multitude of little strings attached to our attention, which are always being pulled, and whose general effect we call *consciousness*. Still less would Taylor have thought it interesting or serious to have this simplification of ourselves compared in a poem with the alchemist's attempt to reduce one metal into so abstract a material state that, when it returned to detailed existence, it might reappear as another.

Yet no better illustration has ever been found for the passage of the mind, through a moment's unity, from the complexity of the lower to the complexity of the higher life. This higher life need not *necessarily* be higher in a moral, religious, or what people vaguely call "spiritual" sense, though it is most often heard of through the record of saints and prophets. It may only be more highly penetrative, as in the case of those clairvoyants who are able, with or without the help of hypnotism, to get at the X-ray apparatus of animal electricity that most of us carry, unused and inaccessible, inside us. To the poet it is always higher in being more highly imaginative. In fact, it is that particular state called "Imagination" by Keats, who has not hitherto been ranked as a mystic at all; it is definitely so called also by Blake, the contemporary of Keats, though unknown to him, and still the acknowledged head of poetic mystics. In their time it is significant that this precise and emphatic meaning of the word *imagination* was used, as yet, by no other poet whatsoever. It must be remembered that, though Keats is now known to have been a mystic in the same sense that Blake was, he was so only for a short time, and it would seem, in an elementary degree. But it should also not be forgotten that there is as much difference between a slight experi-

ence of mysticism, and none at all, as between a brief campaign and an unbroken peace.

After "full-almehized" Keats goes on "and free of space." It cannot be doubted that here again he knew very precisely what he meant, though he was not fluent to John Taylor about it. To attain this "free" state we generally use some particular device to concentrate our minds away from the accessibility to local calls that usually keeps where we are. Any simple object that rivets rather than informs the attention will do. The crystal ball, the sun's reflection on a tin pot, or a few drops of ink held in the palm of the hand, are well known. In the description of how Endymion slipped, unawares, out of the net of consciousness, while gazing steadfastly first on the milky way, then on a very clear rising moon, there is a note of experience that will convince any one that Keats had done something much like this himself. After the insertion, the poem goes on—

Fold

A rose-leaf round thy finger's taperness,
And soothe thy lips: hush! when the airy stress
Of music's kiss impregnates the free winds,
And with a sympathetic touch unbinds
Æolian magic from their lucid wombs,
Then old songs waken from unclouded tombs;
Old ditties sigh above their father's grave;
Ghosts of melodious prophesyings rave
Round every spot where trod Apollo's foot;
Bronze clarions awake and faintly bruit,
Where long ago a giant battle was;
And from the turf a lullaby doth pass
In every place where infant Orpheus slept.

That is to say, Keats, who had probably never heard of a vision in the astral light, nor of the permanence with which these subsist and wait for one seer after another to come and behold them, is trying to expound this doctrine in terms that should seem dramatically natural in Endymion's mouth. He continues —

Feel we these things? That moment we have stept
Into a sort of oneness, and our state
Is like a floating spirit's.

The sort of oneness is that already indicated by the illustration of the alchemist. "*Like a floating spirit's*" is perhaps intentionally within the mark. Unintentional, but significant, is the fact that when the line goes on it omits to rhyme with its predecessor, but makes a fresh poetic departure. In this gap we

can see the place of some mystical experience occurring, actually as the poet wrote, that was felt but will never be told. This is the next—

But there are
 Richer entanglements, enthrallments far
 More self-destroying, leading by degrees
 To the chief intensity. The crown of these
 Is made of love and friendship, and sits high
 Upon the forehead of humanity.
 All its more ponderous and bulky worth
 Is friendship, whence there ever issues forth
 A steady splendour. But at the tip-top
 There hangs, by unseen films, an orb'd drop
 Of light, and that is love. Its influence,
 Thrown in our eyes, genders a novel sense,
 At which we start and fret ; till in the end,
 Melting into its radiance we blend,
 Mingle, and so become a part of it.

* * * * *

And truly I would rather be struck dumb
 Than speak against this ardent listlessness ;
 For I have ever thought that it might bless
 The world with benefits, unknowingly ;
 As does the nightingale ; up-perched high,
 And cloister'd among cool and bunched leaves—
 She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives
 How tip-toe Night holds back her dark grey hood.
 Just so may love, although 'tis understood
 The mere co-mingling of passionate breath
 Produce more than our searching witnesseth :
 What I know not : but who of men can tell
 That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
 To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
 The earth its dower of river, wood and vale,
 The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
 The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
 Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
 If human souls did never kiss, and greet ?

“Human souls”—not lips. These may meet without “a greeting of the spirit” to confer reality on their meeting. Then it is barren. Yet their meeting may help that of the souls most admirably. The doctrine of this latter part of the citation is not merely the great philosophic dogma of Purpose—the saying that *function makes organ*, or as we may put it, *war made the sword*. It is a correctly mystical statement of fact.

The first part has another kind of interest as being exactly what Blake preached as the very message and gospel of his life : that the highest imagination would lead to the most dear and

true affection, that this and this alone could give to man those limitless experiences that would lead to the unbounded sympathy that would annihilate self in the heart of the race as inspiration annihilates it in each individual man ; nor would the Golden Age come ultimately thought Blake, except in this manner, nor could its coming be hastened except by those who work in this cause.

There is a seeming difference between the two mystic poets in the fact that Blake put friendship above love ; but what he meant by this is made evident by his perceiving friendship in a vision as embodied in a female form—to which he gives the name “ Jerusalem,” and whom he describes at last as the Bride of the Divine Humanity. Keats’s words “ Its influence, thrown in the eyes, genders—” down to “ so become a part of it ” might be a fragment taken unaltered from Blake’s myth, as any one will recognize who has read the complete edition published by Quaritch, with the interpretation which it contains. In fact, it was while doing his share of that interpretation that the present writer first saw Keats to be a mystic.

Taking the knowledge that he was one, carrying this knowledge as a lamp in the hand, and going once more through the pages of *Endymion*, we shall find from the outset a new value for many chance phrases. We shall see why all things of beauty, from green grasses growing to lovely tales that are told, and also our own unspoken fancies about where the great dead have gone to, along with the passion called poetry and the infinite glories that it opens to us, are *essences*. We shall see in the way in which he takes as a matter of course that a “ strange history ” may be “ potent to send the young mind from its bodily tenement ; ” that Keats did not need the assistance of moon-gazing to start himself. We shall see many an evidence of what he was, and how he wrote ; and finally, returning to the symbol of the nightingale that “ sings but to her love ” while “ ebon night ” stands listening, we shall find Keats’ own *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, his plea, written as from a mystic to mystics, to show why, on their own ground, they must not blame him for wasting his talent over merely pretty things if he devotes himself rather to making poetry than to preaching mysticism.

We can also have a glimmering of an idea, it otherwise must remain entirely dark to us, what were the thoughts that had power to raise Keats above the bitterness of death when the first foresight of his early ending came to him. We can partly enter into the sonnet, in which he alludes to, without describing

them, when we remember that it was written at the same time and in the same mood of mind as that insertion for Endymion we have been examining. The day after this was posted, being a fine sunny day in mid-winter, he copied out the sonnet and enclosed it to his friend Reynolds, with many lines of a very different description written in a mood of youthful reaction against all gloom, adding not a word of explanation of the sonnet but only the remark that it contained sense, which was more than he claimed for the rest of his letter, a mere ebullition of good spirits caused by the sudden sunshine. What also adds personal meaning to this sonnet is that he added that it was the last he had then written, enabling us to date its composition between the insertion for Endymion and the happy doggerel of the day on which he copied it out, for he uses in it the words *magic* and *symbol* just as he uses *faery* in a popular not a technically accurate manner. He is no longer writing *in* the mystic mood, but *about* it:—

When I have fears that I may cease to be,
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
 Before high piled Books in characterly
 Hold like rich garnerers the full ripened grain—
 When I behold upon the night's starr'd face
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows with the magic hand of chance ;
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
 Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting Love : then on the shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,
 Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

The copying out of the sonnet darkened his morning's gaiety. It was entered upon with no other object than to show respect for his friend's mind by adding some "sense" to what he felt was an excess of triviality. But the good-natured intention with which Keats began the day, to devote its sunny hours to producing a budget of letters that should share his new-found cheerfulness among those whom he liked best, has now become impossible. His brothers must wait. He will not risk saddening them in prose. He will go out at once, and hunt up some more good spirits. "I must take a turn and then write to Teignmouth," he ends. Where is that letter to Teignmouth? In a sense we have it; in a sense it was lost. It was not written for a fortnight, and then with a regretful tone of inadequacy.

SOME GLIMPSES OF THE UNSEEN

BY REGINALD B. SPAN

PART II

MOST strange and varied are the glimpses of the Unseen which from time to time are permitted to us human beings, and more and more mysterious and wonderful does the Occult World become with our increasing insight and knowledge of it.

“God moves in a mysterious way,” and His ways are past finding out, both in this world and life of mortal limitations—and in the worlds beyond, where life seems infinite and limitless, and in boundless variety. No longer is our idea of the next world confined to a belief in one spiritual sphere and condition known as Heaven, and another called Hell, into which the souls of mortals are placed after the death of the body, according to their creeds. The old ideas and beliefs are passing away with increasing light and knowledge, and psychical research is bringing about a great revolution in the thought and religious opinions of the world.

In this utilitarian age of advanced civilization we are no longer satisfied with theories and the traditions of past ages, but require FACTS—the simple naked truth—whatever it may cost us in the abandoning of old cherished beliefs and idealistic fancies, especially so with relation to the next world and our life after death. “Facts are stubborn things” which it is impossible to get away from, and any facts with regard to the Unseen World are invaluable in this age of materialism and religious doubt when the darkness of this world threatens to eclipse the light of the spiritual, and the ideas of mankind are in a state of transition and uncertainty.

Close around this world there is a strange unseen sphere which is neither Heaven nor Hell, but is closely connected with this mortal life. Some psychologists term it the Fourth Dimension Sphere, and it is in this region that modern psychical research is chiefly directed with such astonishing results and discoveries. Pioneers in this field of exploration are well aware of the dangers attending incautious investigations, and ever sound a note of warning, especially concerning promiscuous dabbling in spiritualism.

SOME GLIMPSES OF THE UNSEEN 185

I will here relate a few more incidents of the Unseen, which I have every reason to believe are true.

The following uncanny experience occurred to a lady friend of mine several years ago. This lady (Miss S——) was staying at an old country house in Herts, belonging to Lord G——, but at that time let to a family for a term of years. The house is a very old one, and is built on the site of an old monastery, part of which still forms the oldest portion of the building. Miss S—— was given a room which was not often used, in the older wing of the mansion, and which had the reputation of being haunted though no one in that family knew anything about the ghost, or had been disturbed by anything supernatural.

One night, about a week after her arrival, she awoke with a start and an unpleasant feeling that there was some one in the room, though she knew her door and windows were securely fastened and no one really could have obtained an entry. As she peered fearfully through the darkness, she noticed a sort of luminous cloud in the form of a human being near her bed, which gradually grew more distinct until the form of a man in a long brown robe emitting a faint blue radiance was plainly visible.

The apparition was evidently that of a monk with a very pale face and sad, weary expression. Miss S—— was naturally terrified, and would have shrieked and dived under the clothes only she suddenly felt incapable of moving or using her voice, and so remained motionless in a paralysed condition.

The apparition then began to speak (at first in a hoarse whisper) and begged her not to be afraid as he had no wish either to frighten or harm her, but he desired her prayers as he could not find rest or light and was terribly unhappy.

He had been confined to that place since his death (in the reign of Henry VIII) and had been alone in utter darkness all the time, weighted down by the sins of his life on earth. He confessed to a murder, and also to having stolen and hidden a large quantity of coin, plate and jewels in the grounds of the monastery, where they still remained to that day. A description of the places where this treasure was hidden was also given, and Miss S—— easily identified the landmarks afterwards in the park near the house, but was powerless to institute a search there.

After a brief confession of his past sins and his earnest desire to make amends, if possible, and escape from darkness and misery to the light and peace of God, the apparition suddenly vanished and did not appear again. Miss S—— had gone through a terrible strain, and it took some time to recover, but directly the monk

disappeared she regained the use of her voice and limbs, as if the awful sense of oppression had been suddenly removed, and she at once lighted the candles and searched the room, only to find everything as she had left it on going to bed—the door and windows locked and shuttered. On appearing amongst the household the next day every one noticed that she looked very poorly, but she never gave the real reason of her indisposition or disclosed her weird experience to any one then. She did not believe in ghosts or the supernatural, and was of a reserved, matter-of-fact temperament, and very sensitive to ridicule, and did not care to incur the mockery of the people with whom she was staying.

On the plea that the room did not agree with her she was moved into another one, and during the rest of her stay there was not troubled again by any ghostly visitant. I believe I was the first person to hear of this experience, and Miss S——only told me because she knew I was a firm believer in ghosts and spiritualism, and had converted her to the same belief. Miss S—— returned to Germany (of which country she is a native) soon after, and then went to America, where I met her in Denver, Colorado, when she related the incident to me. On returning to England a year later, I found out about the place where Miss S—— had stayed, and even wrote to the owner, Lord G——; but, as my letter was necessarily rather vague (I could not bring the ghostly monk in as being too incredible to one who probably would know nothing about such things), the reply I received was not satisfactory, and so, I fear there would not be much chance of obtaining permission to search for the treasure alleged to be concealed there or induce the owner to do so. As Miss S——discovered the place described by the ghost, she firmly believed that the treasure exists there. Personally I have had no chance of visiting that part of England, and so have not yet been able to make inquiries as to any legend or story about that house which would confirm or throw any light on Miss S——'s story. (I herewith append the names of the seer, the owner of the house and the place, for the use of the Editor.)

There is an old country house in Hampshire called Marwell Hall, which I often visited when a child (when staying with some cousins), which had the reputation of being haunted by several ghosts, one of which was Jane Seymour, one of the unfortunate wives of King Henry VIII. Marwell Hall at one time belonged to the Seymour family, and Henry VIII often used to stay there when courting Jane Seymour. It was stated that the ghost of the murdered queen had often been seen pacing up and down an old

yew grove which leads from the Hall to the Owslebury Road, but I cannot vouch for the truth of that report as I never met any one who had actually seen it. The place belongs now to the Standish family, and was in their possession when I was a child. Mrs. Standish told me that the most beautiful music was often heard in the house, though they never could tell where it proceeded from, as it certainly was not produced by any human musician.

I well remember one Christmas, when the house was full of guests, a gentleman was given one of the haunted rooms (as he did not believe in ghosts and therefore had no objection to a haunted chamber). He, however, warned people not to play any tricks, as he intended firing at anything which might appear.

He soon had occasion to put this threat into execution, for something *did* appear, but it was no being of this world, and he straightway fired at it, the bullet passing through the mysterious figure and lodging in the old oak mantelpiece. It seems that he sat up reading rather late, keeping a loaded revolver at hand, when he heard a slight sound in the room, and on looking up saw a tall figure in a long cloak passing slowly across the room. He challenged it to stop and speak, and on its refusing he fired point blank at it, whereupon the figure gave a deep groan and vanished. This apparition had previously been seen by several people, amongst them a Miss W—— whom I used to know.

The following incident was related to me a few months ago by a gentleman residing in the North of England, a Mr. S——, whose name and address I enclose, but not for publication. This case would come under the head of "Phantasms of the Living."

Mr. S—— was travelling in the Midlands, and had in his carriage one other passenger, a gentleman with whom he struck up a slight acquaintance. On approaching Rugby this gentleman asked Mr. S—— if he would have to change for Nuneaton, to which Mr. S—— replied that he was not sure, but did not think he would have to change, and advised him to ask the guard at Rugby. On arriving at Rugby a guard informed him that he must change, and a porter removed his hand baggage, and the passenger wishing Mr. S—— "Good day," left the carriage and followed the porter across the platform to another train, and Mr. S—— was left alone, and taking up a book he was reading was soon engrossed in its contents.

When the train had left Rugby, and was well out in the country again, he happened to look up from his book and was astonished to see his former fellow-passenger back again in his old seat in the

corner, meditatively gazing out of the window. Although much puzzled as to how he could have got into the carriage without his having noticed him come in, he saw nothing very extraordinary about it, and thought that at the last moment the gentleman must have discovered that after all he had not got to change and had hurried back to his old place again just as the train was starting, and he being absorbed in his book had not noticed him enter. Mr. S—— looked hard at him, and exclaimed, "Hullo! you've come back again! Not had to change after all. I was right then!" As the passenger did not appear to hear him and continued looking out of the window, he resumed his book. Presently, however, he decided he would have a chat with his old acquaintance, and laying his book down, looked across the carriage and was fairly astounded to find there was no one there. He wondered if he could be dreaming and rubbed his eyes, then looked under the seats. The windows were closed, and he would have known if a door had been opened. He was thoroughly mystified, and to this day cannot explain it, as he is certain it was no optical delusion or dream, and being a practical matter of fact man does not believe in the "supernatural."

One of my brothers was killed in action in the Boer War. His death was a terrible blow and loss to us all, especially my poor mother, who was heartbroken over it.

One afternoon, about eight months after his death, my mother was coming up the drive of her house in South Wales, and as she came close to the front of the house she noticed some one sitting on one of the window seats just within one of the large drawing-room windows. It was a young man dressed in a greyish tweed suit with his back turned to the window, so that she could not see his face. Her first thought was that it was a visitor (perhaps one of the officers of the regiment stationed near, as he had a military appearance) and supposed that my father would be there entertaining him. As my mother passed close to the window to reach the front door, the young man got up, turned round and faced her, looking through the window full at her. *It was my brother who had been killed in South Africa months before.* For a few seconds their eyes met—my mother standing as if paralysed—and then suddenly he vanished, and she rushed into the house and into the drawing-room to find it quite empty. No one had been in that room that afternoon. My brother's expression was calm and happy, and he looked at my mother in his usual gentle way. My mother has never been quite sure whether this was a hallucination or not, though it *seemed very real*, but was so incredible,

and too good to be true, that she should actually see him again.

I do not think it was an optical delusion myself. The fact that she should have thought the apparition was a "living person," a visitor from the neighbourhood, is sufficient to dispose of that theory. At the exact time of my brother's death in South Africa my mother was awakened in England by hearing three loud knocks on her door. A similar manifestation occurred when another brother of mine died in Siam. During some spirit manifestations which occurred last winter at Mentone one of my brothers was distinctly seen.

A lady friend of mine, a Miss J——, told me the following—her only experience of the so-called supernatural. Previous to this incident we had often talked about "ghosts" and the Occult World, at which she had always laughed and expressed complete scepticism, but now she has changed her opinion.

On a visit to North Wales she stayed (with some relations) at a small family hotel. Shortly after her arrival there she was awakened in the early morning—just as the dawn was breaking—by her door being thrown wide open, and a woman walked briskly in and across the room towards the windows.

Thinking it was a maid come to call her she exclaimed: "Surely you have come too soon, it is not light yet!" (or words to that effect). The woman, who was arrayed in a neat brown dress, passed the window and came straight towards her, and then she saw that it certainly was not a chambermaid, but a most uncanny looking being with an unpleasant countenance. Miss J—— shrieked in terror and the figure vanished by her bedside, and did not appear again. She summoned up courage to get out of bed, and at once pulled up the blinds, only too thankful that the dawn had arrived. A relation who occupied an adjacent room heard Miss J's—— shriek, but did not know from whence it proceeded. Needless to say Miss J—— left the hotel that day.

Another hotel incident will conclude this second account of "Glimpses of the Unseen."

Two ladies, Miss I—— and Mme. de B—— (friends of my mother's), were travelling in the Austrian Tyrol, and had occasion to stop at a mountain village, where they were accommodated at a small hotel (or inn). They occupied the same room, a large old-fashioned apartment.

Miss I—— had a curious old couch for a bed, and Mme. de B—— had a bed at the further side of the room. Miss I—— was aroused

in the night by a horrible sensation as of some awful presence near her, which was quite indescribable, and as she moved to strike a light a hand seized her by the throat and pressed her head back on the pillow, nearly strangling her. She struggled violently and shrieked, and seized the wrist of the hand which was at her throat, but could find no arm beyond the wrist. Her sister, Mme. de B——, was awakened by the noise and called out, and at her voice the hand relaxed its grip and the horrible presence withdrew. Miss I—— was nearly fainting with terror, but her sister insisted that she must have been dreaming and had a bad nightmare, as there was no one or nothing in the room besides themselves, and the door and windows were securely fastened. Nothing would induce Miss I—— to occupy that bed again, so her sister said she would sleep there, as she was sure it was all nonsense; and so Miss I—— dressed and lay down on the bed at the other side of the room, and Mme. de B—— took the couch.

A light was kept burning for Miss I——'s convenience, but it seems they both fell asleep and the light went out unaccountably. Miss I—— was aroused by hearing the shrieks of her sister, and at once jumped off the bed and struck a match. *Mme. de B—— had just gone through the same experience, as Miss I—— had.* After that they agreed to give the couch "a wide berth," and spent the remainder of the hours of darkness together on the bed at the further side of the room, where they were undisturbed. They learnt later on that some one had been murdered on that couch by being strangled, but not in that house or even that village.

DREAM EXPERIENCES

[E. H. B., the writer of the article on "Haunted Houses" in the January number of this Magazine, sends the following Dream Experiences. The names of the persons concerned have in every case been supplied to the Editor.]

THE following batch of dream records will, I think, be of interest to your readers. The first I have to narrate has reference to one of my brothers who had developed phthisis in India, and was sent into hospital in Calcutta. Here he seemed to grow better, and his doctor advised him a sea voyage to England, only (as we found afterwards) to die. My mother was consumed with anxiety in spite of the medical diagnosis, yet comforted herself by making all sorts of preparations for his comfort on arrival, always fearing the worst nevertheless. One morning she came down to breakfast looking half dead, and told us she had had a most horrible dream and that she *knew* that poor G—— was dead. Her excitement was terrible to witness as she said: "I was alone on the wide ocean, when all at once I felt some one get up on the thin fragile machine on which I was, and though I could not see him *I knew he was there*, and I said: 'sit firm and hold me tight,' and he did so. We went along swiftly until I could see land, and then slowly the hold seemed to relax, till as we got between shores I felt my companion drop off behind me into the sea, and I went on alone. And I *knew* it was my poor boy—I *knew* it." In the evening came a telegram from the captain of the vessel in which my brother had travelled, containing only these words: "Captain H. died to-night at 11.40. Write." And the date! At the moment at which my mother felt him leave her he must have died, and her astral body must have been beside him at the time, as she said the dream came in the early part of the night and she had wakened trembling and not been able to sleep again, but had counted the hours till morning. The subsequent letter of the captain of the ship *Mendoza*, telling us of his death on the Red Sea, also told us that at the moment of death he had started and exclaimed: "Mother," surely proving that her spirit had been with him when he died.

As a child I often dreamed of a lovely old house surrounded by woods and fields, and with stone archways leading into

long delightful passages where I ran and played, and a moat and beautiful gardens round it. I never talked of it, but at the age of thirty I was invited to go and visit some very old friends who had just taken an old manor house in Oxfordshire, and I travelled down with one of them, arriving in the evening. It was summer time and the evening sun lit up the many gabled front of the dear old house. Where had I seen it before? I could not remember. I had never been in Oxfordshire before. We went upstairs and then it gradually came to me. Without hesitation I found my way in the old passages, so that my friend exclaimed: "Why E——, you seem to know your way about quite well!" to which I replied, "Oh, yes, this is my 'Dream House,' I've known it since I was a child!" Then I told her of my dream of it. Next day I took my friend all over the place, and as it was very old, and rambling, and disconnected, it surprised her very much. But once there it all came back to me.

The nearest approach to a purely telepathic dream I ever experienced was the following:

I had been spending some weeks from home, and a friend I met there promised to send me a photograph on my return home. It was not then taken. Some weeks elapsed, and I feared the promise had been forgotten, when one morning, about six o'clock, I fell asleep and dreamed I saw the hair, forehead and eyes of my friend smiling at me with a look of salutation. In a moment the face faded and I saw a pretty black kitten, which jumped at me, showing its claws. The dream faded, but I felt sure I should hear something of my friend. Very shortly afterwards the servant brought me in my early cup of tea, *and*—a thick envelope-packet. It contained the photograph! The "kitten" pointed out that I had a *rival* in the affections of my friend, a fact of which I was not *then* aware. Dreams are queer things, but I think it quite depends on people's own mind and attitude to life, whether their dreams are "stuff" only or of that "material" which has led men on to either death or victory.

A friend of mine (one on whose word I can absolutely rely) has just told me a dream she has lately had, which is I think so remarkable in its perfect fulfilment and in its telepathic suggestion that I cannot refrain from telling it. My friend was owed a sum of money by a lady who left London without paying it. Time went on, and at last came a letter from the lady from Birmingham, but giving no address. Then my friend despaired of ever seeing her money again. I give the dream in her own

words. "One night I dreamt I was staying with a friend, who received a parcel by post which had to be paid for. Not having small change she asked me to lend her some. I said 'Oh yes,' and opened my purse to get it; to my astonishment I found six sovereigns and two half sovereigns in it! I turned to my friend, saying: 'Why that is just the money I am owed; how came it there?' The shock awoke me, but I could not get the dream out of my head. At breakfast time the postman came, and a letter was handed me in the handwriting of my debtor from Birmingham. Opening it I found a Money Order for seven pounds, the amount due to me. The next day I took the order to get it cashed, and received in change *six* sovereigns and *two half* sovereigns. It was not until I saw the coins in my purse that I realized how perfectly in detail my dream had come true. It seemed to me that my consciousness and that of my debtor must have come in contact during sleep, though which made the *first* advance, is a problem for the learned to solve." Was it telepathy—or not?

I have more than once received messages in dreams which have been reproduced in my own converse with friends afterwards, *quite unconsciously* at the time, though I have been made aware of the fact the instant after. In the same way I have frequently gone through scenes in which I have spoken and acted again things which have passed in dreams, often years before. They have been quite forgotten but awake to life the moment they are reproduced!

E. H. B.

HYPNOTISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE

A CURIOUS CASE

BY J. F. HOUGH

I DO not imagine that the present article will throw any new or great light upon clairvoyance or the art of crystal gazing, but I do think that it will show a somewhat curious phase of it.

The subject of this article is, in her normal state, a very practical, capable person, with little or nothing about her to suggest the seeress or clairvoyante. True, she has always had what she and her friends laughingly call her "presentiments," and, strangely enough, these "presentiments" have, for the most part, proved to be correct. For instance, if the telephone rings or a letter comes, she can tell almost invariably, before answering the call or seeing the letter, who is ringing up or from whom the letter is. Often and often she has said, "So-and-so will come to-day," or "I know that on such-and-such a day I will do such-and-such a thing," and though at the time of speaking these things did not appear among the probabilities, time has invariably proved the truth of her presentiments. Once or twice she has gained by merely handling a letter a knowledge of its contents, and has communicated the sense of them to the person to whom the letters were addressed. But these things were so usual with her, that they received little more than an amused recognition until quite recently, when it was discovered accidentally that, in a certain state, she became endowed with powers other than she had, or rather could use, in her normal state.

It must be remembered that the person spoken of is, in her normal state, essentially one of the "doers" of this world—that is to say, one of those people who soothe away the practical every-day difficulties and make life possible for the dreamers and thinkers.

There is nothing of what is called "intellectual" or "spiritual" about her. She has little or no faculty for reasoning or thinking on subjects other than the every-day duties and pleasures of a thoroughly capable person with a household to look after. But in her supernormal (I use the word merely for the sake of distinction) state, she becomes capable of higher thoughts, endowed with greater reasoning powers, and is able to penetrate into the

intricacies of individual character, using clear and excellent language to express her meaning. In her normal state she has but the merest elementary knowledge of palmistry. If she can distinguish between the fate line and the heart line, it is about the most she can do.

Of crystal gazing she knows nothing, never having seen a crystal, save for a brief half-hour, some years ago, when she consulted a professional clairvoyant. Yet, in her supernormal state, she becomes capable of reading character from the lines of the hand, or from merely handling a glove, or any other article a person has worn or carried with him for some time, and with the aid of a crystal, of tracing events in a person's past life, pointing out how circumstances have modified and changed their characteristics and of foretelling future events. When I say that she does these things, I do not mean that she does them in an amateur way and only happens to be right once now and again. In all cases that were possible to verify she has been correct when reading character from the hand, a glove or a letter, or any other article, and some of the characters were very intricate and difficult to describe. In her normal state it would have been beyond her power to describe them. In tracing past events with the aid of the crystal, she has never made a mistake or a false statement. Once or twice she has met people whose past she could not see at all, but she has never had a false vision of the past. Of the future events that she has foretold, the few that have had time to come to pass have proved the truth of her vision, though the possibility of one or two of them happening was denied repeatedly by the persons interested up to the day before they did happen. The majority of her prophecies have yet to be proved.

Now I come to what, in my opinion—the opinion of a beginner in occultism—is the most curious phase of this case. Palmistry and crystal gazing have been practised for ages with equally marvellous, if not more marvellous, results than in the case under discussion, but in all cases that I have heard of the practitioners have more or less studied their art, are in their normal state and use their normal eyesight. The subject of the present article has never studied a word of palmistry or of crystal gazing, cannot practise either the one or the other in her normal state, and when she does practise them is blindfolded. Another curious fact is, that she cannot induce this state of herself. She can place herself, or I can place her, in an hypnotic trance that is entirely different from the state she is in when her extraordinary latent powers are released.

In this hypnotic trance she is open to suggestion and will do and say anything either then or at some future time that is suggested to her : and when she awakens from it remembers nothing of what has been said or done. But in this other state, she is not open to suggestion in the ordinary way. Once I have nulled her normal consciousness and released the other, she is entirely beyond my control. She will not act on any suggestion of mine. She is absolutely a reasonable being, with a will and mind of her own—as I have said, a mind apparently superior to her normal one. Indeed, it is as though for the time being she lost her own personality and took on another. And when I bring her back to normal consciousness, quite the contrary to when she awakens from the hypnotic trance, she remembers everything she has seen, said and done.

The mode of procedure is perfectly simple. The subject blindfolds herself, and I, placing my two hands upon her shoulder, call to mind some palmist or clairvoyant I have seen or merely heard of, and think (I never speak), "You are so-and-so." In a minute or so, she is to all intents and purposes that person, whether a man or woman. She impersonates them. Altogether I have "made her," to speak colloquially, six different palmists and clairvoyants, and as each one she has different methods, different mannerisms and different ways of expressing herself. The net result of what she says as each person is the same, but the mode of saying it is entirely different. As a man—a man, by-the-way, I knowing nothing of beyond having read his name in a newspaper—she is an excellent palmist and crystal gazer, speaking concisely and straightforwardly. As one woman, she is again an excellent palmist and crystal gazer, with many little mannerisms and affectations. As this woman, she talks a great deal about the weather affecting her and about suffering from neuralgia—a complaint the subject in her normal state scarcely knows at all. As another woman—a reputed gipsy—she is illiterate and a trifle vulgar. And so on. Always, too, does she get these different persons' power of clairvoyance in their own particular line. For instance, I made her the lady palmist and crystal gazer mentioned above, and, having heard of another woman who read character from gloves and letters, I asked her if she could do the same thing. She said she had never done anything of the sort and rather objected to try, as it was not in her line. Finally, however, after some persuasion, she did try with some, though not great, success. Some time later I learned the name of the woman who read characters from gloves, etc., and I made her

that woman. The result was quite satisfactory. She described the character of the owners of the various gloves and other articles I gave her without question and with great success. When I asked her as this woman if she was a palmist or crystal gazer, she said,

“No, I never do anything of that kind.”

The first time I made her the gipsy woman mentioned before, I had forgotten that this woman used a pack of cards as well as the crystal, until my subject reminded me by saying that she could not do anything as she had not brought her “things” with her. Then I remembered, and gave her a pack of cards, and she went to work, reading the cards and crystal perfectly correctly in each case. On another occasion, I made her a woman whose name I had just heard of and asked her to read a person’s palm. She refused, saying she could not. So I asked her to use the crystal. Again she refused, saying she never used a crystal.

“But,” I said, “you are a clairvoyant!”

“Yes,” she answered, “but I am not a palmist, and never use a crystal. I merely hold a person’s hand.” This she did and was quite successful. Later, I learned that this was actually this woman’s method. It will be seen that for me to get my subject to do the different phases of clairvoyance, I have to suggest silently to her, in the first instance, that she is a person endowed with the particular kind of power I wish to bring out. I want it to be distinctly understood that unless I do suggest that she is a certain clairvoyant, I cannot release her latent power. If I place my hands upon her and, thinking of no one in particular, throw her into the same state, and then ask her to read my palm or somebody else’s, as the case might be, she refuses, saying she knows nothing of palmistry or clairvoyance. And no suggestion of mine will make her think she has that power. Beyond the suggestion in the first place, I have no power over her at all, unless, of course, I place my hands upon her again and switch her off, so to speak, on to another line. Often and often I have left the room and gone to another part of the house, leaving her alone with the person consulting her, merely returning to awaken her normal consciousness. The result has always been as satisfactory as it is when I am present.

There are two other points I wish to emphasize. One is that when my subject is in this state she does not recognize any of her friends or relatives. But so as to satisfy myself that there was no question of her power being helped by any knowledge or pre-conceived ideas she might have stored away in her subconscious-

ness of the character and antecedents of the person consulting her, I have tried her with entire strangers to herself and to me, and the results have been just as satisfactory as when her friends consult her.

The other point I wish to lay stress upon is that whilst doing these things my subject is blindfolded. In her supernormal state her eyesight is remarkable. She sees through the bandage around her eyes the persons sitting opposite to her, the lines upon their hands and the visions in the crystal. I have experimented further with her extraordinary power of sight. If when she is blindfolded I put a book upon her lap, and placing my hands on her shoulder, suggest silently that she should read it, she will read it as easily as an ordinary person could read with their normal sight. In this state her elocution is better than it is in her normal state. There is no question of telepathy in this case, because neither I nor any one else in the room know what she is going to read. It is the same if I give her a new book that nobody in the house has read. She actually sees the print. It appears to her in letters some two or three inches long. This experiment has been tried successfully with wads of cotton wool in the subject's eyes under the bandage, with opaque paper pasted over the eyes under the bandage and with a penny held in each eye by the bandage.

I said above, that my subject had only once seen a crystal ball. This is quite true. When I speak in the article of her using a crystal, I merely mean that she in her supernormal state thinks she is using a crystal. As a matter of fact, she uses a golf ball, a tennis ball, or anything else of a like nature that happens to be at hand.

brought with him. In order to keep it from getting wet as he swam out, he had it tied to the back of his neck in a tight little bundle. He passed it along and every one examined it closely. There was evidently nothing unusual about it. It was a plain piece of goods of coarse texture. After spreading it out flat upon the deck he walked around it several times, muttering to himself and turning his eyes upwards. Something began to move beneath the cloth. It grew in size as we looked, and out hopped a monkey, chattering and grinning like a little savage. In another minute an ugly cobra poked its venomous head from under the edge of the cloth and wriggled out in plain view. A much larger object began to stir beneath the mysterious red cloth, and a girl about twelve or fourteen years old arose to her feet and stood smiling there among us.

The looks of amazement on the faces of the men in that group is something I shall never forget. Before any one could stir, the fakir clapped his hands, then his creatures vanished into air. Quickly folding up his little cloth he leaped into the sea and swam away with the graceful, easy strokes of a strong swimmer.

In order to judge concerning the performances of the yogis, Indian fakirs, etc., it is needful to bear in mind that these people possess the power of producing hallucinations in the minds of other persons, simply by forming pictures in their own minds, which they mentally impress upon the minds of the spectators; not upon one, only, but upon hundreds and thousands at once, making what is known as a collective hallucination. The basis upon which all exhibitions of this magical power rests is a knowledge of the relations that exist between objective and subjective states of existence. If we conceive in our mind of a picture of a thing we have seen before, an objective form of that thing comes into existence within our own mind, and is composed of the substance of our own mind. If, by continual practice, we gain sufficient power to hold on to that image and prevent it from being driven away and dispersed by other thoughts, it will become comparatively dense, and be projected upon the mental sphere of others, so that the latter may actually believe to see objectively that which exists merely as an image within our own mind; but if we cannot hold on to that one thought—a mental picture—and control it at will, we cannot produce its reflection upon the minds of others, and therefore such psychological experiments as the moving of ponderable objects, levitation, rope and basket mysteries, spirit materialization, etc., etc., often fail, not on account of any absolute impossibility to perform them, but on account of the weakness of those who desire to experiment, but have not the power to concentrate and control their own thoughts, and render them sufficiently solid for transmission. A novel way of demonstration is to hypnotize a person and silently formulate in our mind a fictitious scene representing a burning building and a mother with her child in her arms appearing at an upper window; or, we may mentally picture the murder of the subject's wife, mother or child. The subject, standing several feet away, with his face to the wall, perceives the scene with vividness which we have formulated and projected mentally, with all the emotion that such scenes would naturally excite.

Here we witness a psychical manifestation, a phenomenon, a

transference of ideas from operator to subject, thus producing what may be termed a telepathic hallucination.

There can be no doubt of these yogi performances being illusions, because an attempt to photograph any of them reveals nothing but an empty plate. You are simply made to see things which do not really exist.

Never mind what hypothesis you accept as to the origin of these phenomena; the important thing is that the phenomena are produced, and that the fakir and medium get them and produce them because they follow the necessary rules for producing them.

In conclusion, I would say that these observations have a direct bearing upon telepathy. They show that the observer must forget self and concentrate his mind upon the operator of the process in hand; he would, in this case, naturally be expectant. The operator, in turn, has his whole mind concentrated upon the scene to be enacted.

By carefully observing the incidents of this kind and keeping a careful record of them, I have gathered considerable evidence of the influence of one mind over another.

These phenomena, therefore, may be accounted for upon the theory of telepathic suggestion. There are, permit me to add, many occurrences which seem to support the hypothesis that the exercise of the will-power of an individual being for the control of his own functions, induces a like impulse in the brain or nerve centres of another, the more powerful the concentration of the will-power of the one and the less the effort of the other to resist its effects, the greater the induced impression will be. The physical and psychical phenomena of Hindooism and spiritualism, therefore, may be explained by telepathy, magic, or muscular automatism and illusion, or unconscious misrepresentation telepathically projected. The Hindoos, owing to that intent love for solitary meditation, which has been one of their most pronounced characteristics as far back as 580 B.C., have developed the subjective mental faculties to such an extent that Western civilization looks on in wonderment. Hypnotism (suggestion) is, therefore, the key that unlocks the secret cabinets of this science, and robs it of its further mysteries.

AN INSTANCE OF DREAM-TELEPATHY

By C. FARMAR

THE following dream, with relative corroboration of the astral body being actually seen, occurred about two years ago. Names are withheld for obvious reasons, but my maid was witness as to the accuracy of the date of the dream which I related the next day, and although no diary was kept, the letter referred to later on also bore testimony.

It is a remarkable instance of the fact that "telepathy is purely an involuntary and subconscious process, independent of any degree of expectancy, predisposition or intention, and unlike thought-transference, altogether independent of proximity of person, or relative activity," etc. (*Vide OCCULT REVIEW*, September).

But to proceed with the narration. Incidentally I must confess to being a constant dreamer, but lay no claim to the capacity for "dreaming true," nor have I had, with this exception, any dream remarkable for anything except extreme vividness of detail and perhaps a certain whimsical originality.

A great friend of mine left England rather suddenly, and under distressing circumstances, for India early in November. His plans for the future being unformed, he left no address, but said letters to his London Club would eventually be forwarded; in the meantime, he would write if possible, and this is all the knowledge of his movements I had. On the night (i.e. the small hours) of December 27, though unconscious of having thought particularly of my friend, I dreamt vividly that I saw him. He was in bed in a dark, small room, and it seemed was either ill or in trouble; in some vague way I knew he was in distress, whether mental or physical I did not know. So remarkably clear and distinct was the dream that I told my maid of it, remarking that I feared Mr. — (whom she knew also by sight) must be in danger or ill, and as I had not heard from him about his safe arrival I felt anxious. I did not immediately write to him, but after two or three days, being still unable to shake off the sense of something being wrong, I wrote as arranged to the Club. It was not until about six weeks later I received a wire to meet my friend at a neighbouring town, and found him suffering from great mental depression, his mission to the East having been a

total failure in all ways. We spent the day together, and I happened to introduce the subject of dreams and telepathic communications, but did not mention my individual dream concerning him, knowing him to be a sceptic, and at that time in a state not to recognize or believe in the powers of God or man. To my astonishment, suddenly becoming grave, he said :

“That reminds me of a strange experience I had one night on board. It was the 27th of December, and we were about two days out from port, homeward bound. I woke suddenly to see a dark-haired woman in white night attire standing by my berth, just discernible by the light from the passage and the pale beams of the setting moon seen through the port-hole. Thinking it was my wife, I asked her—‘What is it? Can’t you sleep?’ The figure remained motionless. I then tried to touch her, when she completely vanished. Thoroughly aroused and rather alarmed, I switched on the light, still thinking it was my wife, and got up and saw her calmly sleeping in the berth below! It was clear she had not stirred, and was much surprised when I woke and questioned her. I was never able to account for the strange apparition, and am certain I was not dreaming, and did not imagine it.” Needless to say, personally, I did not require much convincing, the date, the hour (allowing for the four hours in advance of us the time is there, another remarkable point), all corresponding exactly with my graphic dream.

I give the facts as they occurred: was it not undoubtedly an unconscious projection of the astral body during sleep? To this day my friend is ignorant of *my* connexion with his “apparition.” That we are often “in sympathy” I have proved constantly, and I think the above incident proves clearly (to quote again) that such “telepathic experience is wholly determined by sympathetic vibration between brain cells of persons temporarily or constitutionally syntonized the one with the other.”

REVIEWS

SPIRITUALISM. By Edward T. Bennett. London: T. C. and C. E. Jack, Edinburgh & London.

I HAVE always thought that among the few pioneer minds who first conceived that the study of psychical phenomena could be followed out systematically, and finally reduced to the proportions of a true science, none have been more consistent, persevering, discriminate and satisfactory in every way than Mr. E. T. Bennett, formerly Assistant-Secretary to the Society for Psychical Research. I am not alone in this opinion, and it is gratifying to learn from the *Introduction* by Professor Sir Oliver Lodge to this book on spiritualism that the famous scientist holds him in the like estimation. "Consulted by the publishers as to the production of a small popular text-book, which should constitute a summary indication of the nature of the evidence for ultra-normal psychical or metapsychical phenomena, I suggested Mr. E. T. Bennett as the right man for the task," says Sir Oliver Lodge, and the selection is warranted by the publication before me.

The author tells us definitely what we may expect to find in his pages, and of the two phases of the phenomena popularly classed under the head of "spiritualism," he concerns himself solely with the physical, disregarding the mental phenomena as not within the scope of his work, which, it should be noted, forms one of the *Scientific Series* issued by Messrs. Jack. The physical phenomena considered by Mr. Bennett include (1) the movement of objects without any apparent physical cause; (2) the production of sounds without any apparent physical cause; (3) the production of light without any apparent physical cause; phenomena exhibited in the lives of Daniel Dunglas Home and William Stainton Moses; the phenomena of the divining rod; thought transference; spirit photography and materializations.

With the recital of all the various evidences arrayed by Mr. Bennett in the course of his work I am not now concerned, nor do I think that I could trust myself to cite any one set of facts without accusing myself in the end of padding, for none deserves to be quoted more than others, and if it be understood that the whole book is devoted to the relation of evidence under the heads already defined, and that every page is set thick with these evidences,

my reserve will be readily appreciated. I am, however, particularly interested with the summing up of the whole matter in the concluding chapter of the book ; for it is not now the genuineness of the phenomena nor the completeness of the records which is in question, but mainly the source and cause of the phenomena and perhaps the *cui bono* of the records. The desire for truth is imperative in some natures, and given a new set of facts, a new order of phenomena, nothing suffices but the most thorough examination of the evidences, the most rigid test of the alleged phenomena.

Now as to the nature and source of the phenomena Mr. Bennett shows that as between the "mediums" D. D. Home and W. Stainton Moses there was nothing or little to choose as regards the nature, extent and variety of the phenomena produced through or by them, and that despite the marked difference of character, attainment and purpose in life of the two men.

Although the two men were so different, there is a parallelism in the phenomena in so many respects that a similar origin or source seems inevitably suggested. There were peculiarities special to each, but untouched movements of heavy bodies, levitations, lights, and sounds, were phenomena common to both. From whence does this chain of mysteries come ? Is the source to be sought for in undiscovered powers and faculties of the men themselves or in the action of other intelligences ?

Wisely, indeed, at this stage in the process of discovery Mr. Bennett says : "That is a problem which must be left." The same spirit of scientific reserve is in evidence when the author sums up the evidence under the heads of "Materializations" and "Spirit Photography." The latter, he says, would be better described as "Psychic Photography" as implying no theory.

Under certain conditions photographs are produced which known laws are unable to explain. Definite and recognizable human figures and faces are thus obtained. But this is a very long way from proving that "spirits" sit or stand before the camera for their photographs to be taken !

Apart from the most interesting conclusions arrived at by the distinguished men who have made research in this mysterious domain, Mr. Bennett favours us with his own, which, though holding a modest place in the final chapter of his work, I think to be no whit less important than the views of others quoted by him, for none has enjoyed a more extensive range of experience than our author. He says :

We are now warranted in the assertion that we have arrived at this position : That the careful reader is compelled to admit that the evidence in

favour of a variety of alleged physical phenomena being undoubted facts is too strong to be resisted. . . . The man of science is accustomed to say in his own sphere of inquiry, the proof of this or that is complete. Applying the same rules of evidence to physical phenomena generally called spiritualistic, we are bound to admit that, in regard to many of them, the proof of their reality is complete. Yet these facts are not recognized by the world of science, and are scarcely deemed worthy of serious attention by the majority of intelligent people.

Any one reading Mr. Bennett's book will be almost affected with a distrust of the sincerity of modern scientific professions in making such a hue and cry after evidence from experiment, while ignoring the voluminous records of well attested facts comprised in this new order of knowledge which goes by the name of Psychic Research, or that phase of it known as "Spiritualism."

SCRUTATOR.

PRACTICAL PSYCHOMETRY. By O. Hashnu Hara. London :
L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, E.C.

THE number of small handbooks issued as guides to the study of psychological subjects is daily increasing, and there can be no doubt as to the impetus which has recently been given to these subjects by the press and by accredited exponents of what is called the Higher Science during the past few years. The regrettable fact is that so many of these handbooks and small treatises are quite superficial, written for beginners by beginners, recalling to the mind's eye the twilight scene in the "Babes in the Wood." Well, here is another which proposes to be practical and to give some explicit directions on the pursuit of one aspect of psychology which lends itself to experimental tests—psychometry. Such practical instruction is certainly to be found in its pages, clearly and categorically stated ; but how far along the road to success these maxims are likely to lead anybody except such as are naturally gifted with the "soul-measuring" faculty, and who are by that circumstance placed beyond the need of guide or handbook, study or practice, is an open question. It is nevertheless one that should be capable of an answer by any one patient enough to put the instructions of O. Hashnu Hara to the test.

As here stated, the practice seems as facile as it is respectable and refined. Here are some of the directions :—

Mind and body must be kept pure and healthy ; stimulants, meat and tobacco be avoided, the first and last altogether, and the less you have to eat in the way of animal flesh the better for you in every way, that is if you desire to develop your power to the utmost capacity.

Sit facing the East when possible.

Do not psychometrize after a meal.

Let your room be pure and clean with plenty of fresh air.

Sit at regular intervals for development, trying to keep the same time and place.

For the early history of an object, place it just level with the eyebrows higher up on the forehead will bring events nearer the present time.

¶ Always write down what you may obtain ; never distrust your powers or become over-anxious as to results.

The cumulative effect of auto-suggestion which has elsewhere been observed as of service in the practice of hypnosis is here a cardinal point of practice, and it is explained that "spiritual powers yield easily to *habit*, so that at last some particular spot will nearly always enable you to obtain results." If true of spiritual powers, this may be cited as an illustration of "natural law in the spiritual world," but it is altogether a question whether the term "spiritual" has any the least relevancy as regards the power of psychometry ; "psychic" would, perhaps, be more in place. Occasionally the author is responsible for entirely new interpretations of commonly understood things, as, for instance, when the substance known as "the astral light" is referred to as the *magnum opus* of the ancients ! But despite new renderings, for which the author must accept full responsibility, there is some useful recital of old facts, such as one may recall in the pages of Draper's *Conflict* or Denton's *Soul of Things*, and which render the present work of value to such as have not digested the larger works, which either treat fully of the subject of psychometry or bring it into evidence as illustrating a species of psychometrism immanent in nature. Thus we are reminded that

The aura possesses the quality of a sensitive plate, a psychic photographic camera, and the eye of the sensitive, or clairvoyant, is the developing medium.

The auras of people will reveal the places they have visited, the people they have seen, all that has been reflected upon them. The auric emanation from inanimate objects has this same property, and all that it has ever touched, all that has been reflected upon it, is indelibly stamped upon it forever. . . . The walls of our dwelling-houses are psychic biographs and phonographs, reflecting our actions, our looks, and the clairaudient can hear even our words ! . . . Take a brick from that wall and bury it in the earth, throw it into the sea, or even pass it through fire, but it still holds its story.

I need not write more to indicate that *Practical Psychometry* is a book which, pondered with discretion, may prove of service to the young student.

SCRUTATOR.

THE SCIENCE OF THE LARGER LIFE. By U. Gestefeld. London : Philip Wellby, 6, Henrietta Street, W.C.

THE authoress of this work is well-known in America, but unfamiliar to the reader on this side of the Atlantic, and for the purpose of rendering her work as widely effective as possible, the editors have thought fit to present some extracts from her works in an English Edition. The aim of the present volume is

To teach each one the law of his being and the means by which he may learn to co-operate in the divine method for the unfoldment of the individual life.

The work is divided into three sections : (1) The first part consists of a series of essays stimulative of individual effort towards self-realization. The style, which at times falls into the conversational for purposes of closer intimacy with the reader, is on the whole strong and virile. The subject-matter is unfortunately of the controversial order, including such world-worn questions as "Destiny and Fate" and "The Origin of Evil." The author regards words in the light of storage-batteries, and considers that we live only to the extent that we think. The animal part of us vegetates, the human thinks. We live in our thought-world. The language of suggestion of course plays an important part in the constitution and up-building of the world of thought in which we live. The power of impression, as also the capacity of being impressed, constitutes the exchange of our thought-world possessions, the "play" of intellection, in which we stand gainers or losers from day to day and from year to year throughout our existence. Some impressions, like bad assets, need to be got rid of as soon as may be, and the author has something to say as to the means of effecting a clearance of such undesirable and unprofitable stock. (2) The second section of the work comprises a series of psychological studies, in which the evolution of the invalid, the thief, the liar, the miser, the egotist, the drunkard, the libertine and the flirt, with their natural counterparts, are traced with considerable analytical skill. (3) The work concludes with further essays on a variety of subjects cognate with the preceding matter, or related thereto more or less closely. An example of the author's style, as rendered in the present series of essays, may be judged from the following excerpt :

The self-sense uttered in "I am" compels some idea about what I am. This is a natural sequence because of the soul. The limitations of this first soul—it is a very little one—induce a limited self-idea because the

self-sense is so limited. And this limited and mistaken self-idea begets all that we call evil. . . . What is your self-idea ? What are you ? You know that you are, that you exist. But what are you ? What is man ? A being born some years ago to die some years hence and meanwhile to suffer all imaginable ills ? That is the colouring afforded by your spectacles. He is nothing of the kind. Your self-idea is wrong.

Every one who is capable of exerting an influence upon contemporary thought is a considerable person and a fit subject for impartial study, and in this book we have some of the best indications of the Gestefeld teachings, which are in high esteem by many Americans. Consequently those of us whose "self-idea" is expansive enough to embrace all that makes for the betterment of the race as something of personal advantage, will no doubt find occasion to bring the flail of thought to bear upon the science of the larger life as presented in these pages.

SCRUTATOR.

THE HĀTANEE. By Arthur Eggar. Murray. Price 6s.

THERE have been *loups-garou* in France, were-wolves in Germany, shape-changers and *kveld-ulfr* in Scandinavia, *lobishome* in Portugal, fox-women in Japan, cow-tailed Huldres in Iceland, bear-men and men-bears in Russia, bird-women in Esquimaux and Red Indian legends, and seal-men in Irish folklore.

Are not the Sheelys forbidden to catch and kill seals, seeing that they are descended from one whom St. Columba first cursed and afterwards blessed for the sake of his faithful human lover and wife and comrade ?

But most of these are well known, the kind that are most dangerous to life and limb, that is to say, and a lucky guess at a were-wolf's human name would always safeguard you at the very moment that he came ravening towards you with open jaws and feet shod with silence. The Huldres, with the cows' tails hanging down under their blue skirts, are nothing worse than pretty girls desirous of love and laughter, and mad to dance away the silence of the snows in the long winter evenings up at the frost-sequestered sæters ; and one might dance with them all the season and kiss them on the rosy mouths and take no harm, as long as no reference was made to those peeping tufts of cow-hair. The bird-women put off their feathers for the sake of dancing, too, and if their plumage were stolen, made submissive and fond wives to their plunderers and did nothing worse than turn into birds again when their feather-fells were discovered, generally (with poetic justice), by the children they had borne to the men who kept them

wingless upon the ground. The fox-women were less manageable ; they could both love and destroy the thing they loved at one and the same time ; but the Burmese variant of the type—the Hātanee or Tiger-Woman—is the most uncanny of the tribe. Her footmarks, which are neither all bestial nor all feminine, but half-pugs, are bestrewn on the cover of the novel now under review, and they walk straight into that secret chamber whose door opens more readily to the touch of the weird than to any other influence under the stars. Here is what one of her own people says :—

We do not know which woman it is ; she herself does not know, for it is when she is sleeping that the thing within her bids her rise up. Still sleeping, she goes out into the night quietly, on tiptoe, and as she walks her body turns into a tiger. Her footsteps change : at first they are woman's feet ; then half-woman half-tiger. She creeps from house to house till she finds one where a person sleeps alone, without a companion. . . . In the morning she is once again a woman, and knows nothing of what took place ; but in that house lies the body of a man, with the tears of claws and teeth.

A woman was brutally murdered in a Burmese village by her fellow-tribesmen on suspicion of being so possessed by a tiger, and this set Mr. Eggar on the track of his story, but he has chosen to make his Hātanee a white man and a mission teacher, turned midnight murderer through lust of gold.

NORA CHESSON.

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 compliance with the request in your November issue for records of Psychic experiences before death I send you the following which is a translation of the last paragraph of "Wer ist musik alisch?" Nashgelassene Jahrift vor Theodor Billroth. Herausgegeben von Eduard Hanslik. Berlin, Verlag von Gebrüen Paetel, 1895.

"ABBAZIA, Night, 3 o'clock, 1894. 'Tis night; already long is soundless silence around me, and now there is getting to be silence within me too. My spirit begins to wander. An etherially blue heaven is vaulting over me. I am hovering bodylessly upward. The most beautiful harmonies are sounding from invisible choirs in softly changing antiphonies like breathings of eternity! Voices too I am perceiving, the words are a hushed rushing ringing: Come weary one, we make happy thee. In the charm of these spheres we'll free thee from thinking, the highest bliss and deepest pain of men. Thou didst feel thyself a part of the All, be thou parted now in all the All, powerful now to feel the Whole."

The Editor appends a note as follows:—This touching concluding word Billroth wrote in certain prescience of death a few days before his death, very likely on the last or on the day before the last of January 1894.

Yours faithfully,

E. M. EPSTEIN, M.D.

A Southern Rector writes in continuation of his last month's letter:—

DEAR SIR,—I have learned since writing you last that my weird experience of finding myself outside my body has been the experience, *mutatis mutandis*, of several of my friends and their acquaintances. My present Assistant-Curate, for instance, tells me that he was once very seriously ill, and all of a sudden he found himself "floating in a very vivid and bluish green mist"—an aura, I suppose—and from thence he saw his real material body lying on the bed; he realized that it was now or never, and made a desperate struggle to get back, and at last,

after an indefinite period—time scarcely counts in these psychical experiences—managed to return to *status quo*.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The letter of a "Southern Rector" in your last issue has much interested me. Please allow me to assure him that many other people share at least some of the faculties which he mentions, and cases of the same have come under my personal observation.

I am always puzzled to know what allowance should be made for self-hypnotization. Is one's testimony of personal psychic experiences of any value when such experiences have occurred after the acquisition of a book-knowledge of occultism?

In childhood I have noticed one or two supernormal occurrences, but the most interesting and illuminative have taken place since I began to study theosophy.

The psychic researcher may consider that my interest in this subject vitiates my testimony, and yet all human testimony is necessarily biassed.

For the benefit specially of a "Southern Rector" I shall relate the most perplexing of my experiences.

At about 4 a.m. in the month of January or February a few years ago, I lay awake in my dark room. I felt that I could leave the body consciously and did so. The process resembled a sudden stretching out lengthways. I found myself in full daylight beside my bed and exulted in the near prospect of solving some of my doubts on occult matters. I started by an inspection of my room. It was as usual. Then it struck me that it would be most interesting to observe the physical body. That I considered would be a definite proof of the existence of the double. I fully expected to see my body on the bed, and if the whole experience were self-hypnotization I certainly should have done so, but *I did not*. All I saw was a hazy light about the same size as the body. I seemed to sit down in perplexity and suppose I scratched my astral head. Then I thought I should go to X. about five miles distant to see a more advanced student of occultism. I intended to go through the closed window as I had been several times through solids before, but I was suddenly plunged into darkness and found myself back in the physical body. This is not the first time that I have attempted to get some definite proof of psychic things. I have tried to bring something through which would satisfy any trained physical intelligence, but some-

thing always intervenes when I am on the eve of success. I begin to suspect that there is a law at work in this to which I must bow. All that I have been able to do is to convince my own consciousness, and I have given up hopes of convincing the S.P.R.

May I, however, suggest to your readers that if they wish to acquire knowledge the best plan is to look for it themselves instead of sending mediums to fetch it.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

February 28, 1906.

AN HONOURS GRADUATE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have taken the OCCULT REVIEW regularly since its commencement, and my daughter reads it occasionally, but only the other day mentioned the following experience as having happened to herself whilst in the company of a brother and sister.

The time was about nine in the evening of a winter's day, on returning from church, and the place R—, a suburb of W—.

The story in her own words is as follows :—

“A curious incident happened to me about five years ago, and, as my brother and sister were both with me at the time, I am certain that all three of us could not have been mistaken in what we apparently saw.

“We were walking home from church one night ; the road was dark, and at that time not very frequented. As we were turning a corner a woman from the opposite side came towards us, and about the middle of the crossing, some twelve feet from us, she stumbled, and my brother ran forward to assist her—what was our surprise to find no one there !

“We had all three seen the woman, but her appearance had been so commonplace that we thought nothing of it till she had disappeared. I have no remembrance of her face, but as it was dark we could not very well have seen it. She appeared to be an ordinary, middle-class elderly woman of medium height, and in no way remarkable.”

P.S.—I may mention that two or three years *afterwards* my children heard that this place was supposed to be haunted by a woman. They knew nothing of it at the time.

I beg to enclose my card, and am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

March 4, 1906.

COMMANDER, R.N.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Having read the letters in your February issue on the subject of Dr. Hensoldt's interesting article, "Among the Adepts and Mystics of Hindostan," I am particularly struck by that of H. Algernon Colville, as it opens up a subject which I would very much like to have an opinion upon by photographers who are experienced in "astral" photography. Mr. Colville wonders "which is right" of two people, one of whom denies that it is possible to photograph the yogi's miracles, while the other not only asserts that it can be done, but actually produces the proofs! Now in my own opinion it is possible that both are right, inasmuch as I have been told by a psychic, who has many "spirit" photographs, that only a *mediumistic photographer* can take them, and it is quite possible that Dr. Hensoldt is an unconscious (or conscious) medium, while Dr. Goodell is not. This, if it is a fact, is a very interesting question, and one worthy of investigation, as it argues some unexplained connexion or communication between operator and plate, and would, if carefully investigated, inevitably throw light on some inexplicable phenomena which occasionally occur in photographs.

Yours faithfully,
H. NICHOLSON.

PORTMAN COTTAGE,
DUMMER, BASINGSTOKE.
February 11, 1906.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The question raised by a correspondent in your February number concerning Dr. Hensoldt's photograph of a magic mango tree goes directly to the heart of the matter. The susceptibility of the human mind to hallucination, which makes it necessary for such careful investigators as Professor Crookes to devise instruments for mechanically recording the results of experiments, also makes the camera more valuable than the eye in a case of this kind; but even the photograph does not make it certain that illusion is not the true diagnosis.

Students of hypnotism—to say nothing of occultism—have already learned that an operator who can produce an objective hallucination can also produce a "negative hallucination." In other words, if the yogi could cause the observer to see a tree in space which had been vacant a moment before, he could also

cause a real tree to be invisible to the same observer. The operator could then bring the tree into vision and, to the observer, the phenomenon would seem to be the same as when a tree had appeared in empty space. The difference would be that this tree, being a real one, need not disappear when approached, and could of course be climbed or photographed.

Another correspondent quotes Schopenhauer upon the subject of beneficent activity in the service of others, and asks, "Would Coomra Sami endorse this? Would he claim that it was his ideal?" Certainly he would—any occultist would—and he would regard his work for others as being, pre-eminently, of that "grander and more far-reaching" quality to which Schopenhauer refers. The man who could, from his far-away hermitage, follow all the steps of Dr. Hensoldt's journey, would not need to be bodily present in order to do him service.

The fact that there are men who have such power over the minds and lives of others as Dr. Hensoldt's account indicates cannot be too often restated. Indeed, it seems to me that not only the statement but the *proof*, have now become an ethical obligation on the part of those who are able to produce the phenomena, because so many sincere and earnest seekers for the truth are being misled by mere child's play in the phenomena of automatism.

A. E. Waite has long since (*History of the Rosicrucians*, pp. 432-3) voiced an eloquent appeal for such open speech; and another, whose great sacrifices in search of the truth in this matter give him the right to make the demand, said, a short time ago, "I am tired to death of these claims of intimate knowledge of the universe, and of control over everything, made by somebody in the wilds of Thibet or in some Asiatic wilderness. If there is anybody in our world that knows these things, let him speak or, in the words of the marriage service, 'hereafter forever hold his peace.'"

Yours sincerely,

A. L. BARKER.

CHICAGO,

February 19, 1906.