

THE OCCULT REVIEW

DECEMBER
1907

EDITED BY
RALPH SHIRLEY

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THE OCCULT REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INVESTIGATION OF SUPERNORMAL PHENOMENA AND THE STUDY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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NOTES OF THE MONTH

"GENERAL GRANT'S cigar won for him more victories than his sword," says Prentice Mulford in one of his epigrammatic sentences. "Behold this dreamer cometh," cried Joseph's brethren sarcastically, and in saying so they were designating unawares the first statesman of Egypt. The movements that have brought about the greatest changes in the history of mankind have been enacted in the dream realms of the world of thought, before ever the world of action felt their impact. To the statesman, indeed, they were the stuff of which the coming time would be made. To the politician they were of no interest, for they were not "practical politics." For it is an undeniable truth that the politician is no dreamer. The cant catchwords of the day, the party badges and shibboleths make all his stock-in-trade, and hold the field too for a season, till one day the dreamer arrives upon the scene and in his moulding hand politics take on once more the colour of reality and the pawns fall back into their proper places.

And the Dreamer, whether he knows it or not, is in reality the Occultist, the man who grasps the underlying realities and pursues them constantly and unwaveringly, ignoring the phrase worshippers of our modern democratic civilization.

The man who gives himself a label cramps his individuality. He limits himself for the sake of his party or his creed and tacitly condemns himself to shut his eyes to half the truth. Radicalism

LABELS AND INDIVIDUALITY. and Conservatism are but two sides of a single policy. To dissever them in practice is to destroy the efficiency of the machine of government.

It may be appropriate enough in an age of self-advertisement when striving after efficiency is sacrificed on all hands to striving after effect, but it is fatal to the administration of justice and to the higher ends and aims of government. The man who has labelled himself stands committed to uphold his label and not the Truth.

There is a stir of new forces in the world to-day. In many lands the voices of those who have long been silent are beginning to make themselves heard. Those who have stood humbly outside the Temple Gate are beginning to knock loudly and demand admittance. There are like symptoms on all sides. We call it the Socialist movement in England, the Nationalist movement in Egypt or in India, the anti-Trust agitation in America. Russia

THE NEW SPIRIT AMONG NATIONS. is simmering with suppressed chronic revolution. The oldest autocracies in response to the prevailing spirit are granting constitutions to their subjects. What does it all mean? The peoples are beginning to dream of changed conditions, increased power, greater opportunities of development and fuller justice. It is only a dream to-day, but what is a dream to-day may be a practical reality to-morrow.

The occult words, "As above so below," contain the key that unlocks the secret underlying all manifested phenomena. The earth and the fullness thereof, the universe and all the life that is in it had not been if the Eternal Spirit had not dreamt it in His slumbers—they would cease to be this instant if He ceased to dream it. Man too has his dreams which he visualizes and which take actual shape and form in the realm of phenomena. Rousseau with his dream of a "social contract" hypnotised eighteenth century France and called into being the French Revolution. Napoleon too had his dreams. Bismarck, Cavour had theirs. It has been the same with all the great men of all time—Mahomet, Caesar, Christ Himself—and in proportion to

the intensity of the dream and the positive force of the dreamer has been that dreamer's influence in shaping and moulding the destinies of the world. As mankind grows steadily more democratic the forces of strong individualities come ever more and more into play. The inarticulate voice of the many can best be expressed and concentrated in the One. Hence democracy tends continually to place greater power in the hands of a single forceful personality. It is so increasingly in the United States to-day. It is so in Canada. It is so equally in Mexico and in New Zealand. The democracy makes its choice and supports the man of its choice and elects and re-elects him to power. Even in England itself the power of King Edward in the councils of Europe is more than men suspect the expression of the confidence of the British Democracy in the People's Anointed.

I have quoted the United States of America. Here the tendency is unmistakable, but it is kept back and held in check by the dictum of Washington. It may, however, be confidently anticipated that the resulting bias against a third election of the same President will give way before another generation or two have elapsed in face of the logic of events and the pressure of the people's will. The secret of the failure of the French Republic has been due more than anything else to the ornamental and ineffective position allotted to its President.

Democracies like strong men, and more and more they will insist on having them. This may be said, and said confidently, in face of the wave of socialism which seems to threaten in the near future the framework of existing institutions. Socialism is a force to be reckoned with, but the world is not socialist to-day. Very possibly it never will be. Socialism as we see it to-day in England, in Germany and elsewhere is more the expression of the discontent of the many at the inadequacy of existing constitutions than the expression of the belief of the many in any one particular remedy to those evils. It is a vote of no confidence in the powers that be, not a vote of confidence in any particular alternative set of counsellors.

There is nothing new in the preference of democracies for strong individualities. It has always been so in the long run. It was not Julius Caesar who overthrew the Roman Republic. It was the logic of events. The rule of a cabinet, a cabal, or a parliament, where there is no one forceful individuality to dominate it, spells vacillation, and vacillation spells weakness.

Divided counsels and infirmity of purpose go ever hand in hand. Great empires cannot afford to be put in commission, because great empires cannot afford to be weak. It may be otherwise with small nationalities that only exist on sufferance or through the jealousy of their neighbours.

The picture drawn by Matthew Arnold of the British Empire is a picture full of peril.

She, the weary Titan, with deaf
Ears and labour-dimmed eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantean, the load,
Well nigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

Democracy as the rule of the many never has existed, and never can exist. But a democracy can at least choose its rulers; and by choosing one ruler in whom it feels full confidence it is far more likely to have its aspirations realized than by the election of many representatives. "Measures not men" is a remark worthy of a tailor. That people is wise who prefers men to measures.

It is a far cry, some one will say, from occultism to politics. I have already expressed the opinion that the politician who is no occultist is no statesman. But as a matter of fact occultism may well be defined as, that spiritual force that underlies all human effort that is not mechanical. The field of politics is only one sphere of human activity, but in so far as it contributes to the evolution of the spiritual forces in mankind, its mainspring lies in the occult. What it is necessary to bring home to the world is the fact that it is this spiritual force which dominates all spheres of human activity. Outside of its influence lies a paper world, the world of shams and unrealities.

A man may rise to great positions in the world, he may be President of a great Republic, he may be Premier or Pope, he may occupy a hundred and one of the coveted berths that the world sets store by, but if he wishes to be a spiritual force in the world, if he wishes, in fact, to be anything but a dressed-up puppet, he must see to it that he uses his position to traffic in realities, and not just to press the button to set the machinery in motion.

**TO READERS
OF THE
" OCCULT
REVIEW."**

The fifty-six pages of which the OCCULT REVIEW used to consist have been for some time past permanently increased to sixty-four. The price has remained at sixpence net, while it is fifteen cents in America. Complaints have, however, been frequent of the difficulties encountered by readers in certain provincial centres of obtaining the REVIEW from their local newsagent, who, in his turn, complains of the narrowness of the margin of profit. In order to remove all justification for this excuse I have decided to increase the price of the magazine in this country by one penny after the present month, thus making it sevenpence net instead of sixpence, and at the same time increasing the discount allowed to the newsagent. The subscription price of seven shillings for the British Isles will remain unaltered. It will thus be possible for those who are unable to obtain the magazine from their newsagents, or who prefer to do so, to receive their copies month by month without extra charge by pre-payment to the London Office. In the United States the subscription price has been reduced to one dollar seventy-five cents, the magazine having now been entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office. A similar reduction takes effect in Canada, owing to the reduction by the Canadian Government of the price of postage for magazines. I have also had a new cover designed, which will be in readiness for next month's issue, more in keeping, as I think, with the character of the contents of the magazine, and which will, I trust, add to its attractiveness. It is proposed also to make illustrated articles a feature of the new year's issues.

PREMONITORY VISIONS FULFILLED

BY IRENE H. BISSON

AMONGST the problems which have baffled mankind from time immemorial perhaps none are more difficult to explain than well authenticated visions of future events—afterwards fulfilled.

Yet such phenomena have been reported on good authority, in all ages and countries of the world ; indeed their occurrence can scarcely be doubted by any save the most sceptical observer. A short review of the best known historical predictions should prove the truth of this assertion.

Premonitory visions played an important part in ancient literature, the verification of several prophetic dreams being mentioned in the works of Homer, Euripides, Virgil, etc. ; for predictions, although generally regarded as distinct from dreams, are nevertheless often communicated during sleep.

For example, Herodotus writes of the dream of Croesus, King of Lydia, in which he saw his son Atys mortally wounded by the point of an iron weapon. Although Croesus guarded his son with the strictest care ; forbade him to appear upon the battlefield, and caused all weapons of war to be concealed, Atys was accidentally killed at a hunting-party by a javelin thrown at a wild boar. Thus was the warning conveyed by his father's dream brought to pass. Again we read in Plutarch of the numerous signs and portents preceding the death of Julius Caesar. On the night before his assassination—says the old chronicler—the doors and windows suddenly flew open at once. Awakened by the noise and the light, it being moonlight, Caesar observed his wife Calpurnia uttering broken words and groans in her sleep ; for she dreamed that the roof of the house had fallen in, and that her husband lay murdered in her arms. Had Caesar paid attention to the entreaties of Calpurnia and absented himself from the Senate-House on the Ides of March, his doom might have been averted.

Better fortune attended the Emperor Augustus at the battle of Philippi. In obedience to a friend's prophetic vision, the Emperor, although ill, left his tent—a course which undoubtedly saved his life, for during the engagement, the bed on which he had been lying was cut to pieces by the enemy, on the supposition that he was in it (Suetonius, Augustus XCI).

French history is rich in prognostications. For instance, Jeanne d'Arc predicted her own death. Catherine de Medici, Queen of France, is said to have seen in a vision her husband, Henry II, "very sickly"—walking with bent head through the streets of Paris, followed by a vast concourse of people uttering lamentations—the night before he received his death-wound during an encounter with Montgomery at a tournament. She also dreamed of the victory of Jarnac on the eve of the battle, whilst lying ill at Metz. Further—if rumour may be credited—her son, Henry III, saw in vision his royal vesture, crown, and sceptre soaked with blood, three days before his assassination at the hands of Jaques Clement!

Strange to say, the murderer, a monk of the Order of St. Francis, declared that an angel had appeared to him in a vision and ordered him to kill the King—whose offence, in the eyes of the religious orders, consisted in his attempt to reduce the enormous power at that time possessed by the clergy.

Margu rite de Valois, a Greek scholar and one of the most learned women of the day, bore wonderful testimony to the value of dreams. She is reported to have said that "every signal accident of her life, happy or not, had been presaged by a dream or otherwise."

Admiral Coligny—it is asserted—received three warnings that his life was in danger, and that he would be murdered if he remained in Paris. Indeed the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which Coligny was one of the first victims, seems to have been presaged by visions and portents long before its perpetration. With regard to this event, Henry of Navarre—afterwards Henry IV of France—relates an extraordinary incident. When playing dice with his cousins, the Dukes of Alen on and Guise, a few days before the Massacre, drops of blood suddenly appeared upon the table. *Twice*, by Henry's orders, they were wiped away; *both* times they reappeared! Terror-stricken, he at length left the game. In connexion with Henry IV's death by the dagger of Ravailiac, Sully in his *Memoirs* quotes the monarch's own prediction: "Ah, my friend, I shall never go out of this city: they will murder me here; this cursed coronation will be the cause of my death" (see Book xxvii, p. 273). Moreover, Matthieu observes that the Queen, waking in the night in a great fright, told the King she dreamed that some one had stabbed His Majesty on the staircase!

Amongst the histories of singular visions and corresponding events, that of the death-bed of Louis XIV—witnessed some

years before his decease—is very remarkable. The account given by St. Simon, in his *Mémoires*, tells the story as narrated to him by the Duc d'Orleans, who became Regent when the King died.

At the house of his mistress, Mademoiselle la Séry, lived an ignorant, simple girl of eight or nine years old, who possessed clairvoyant powers of no mean order. In May, 1706, at the desire of the Duc d'Orleans and his friends, the child was sent for to look into a glass of water and answer questions. After displaying her knowledge of events passing at a distance, she was asked to give the date and manner of King Louis' death. Although she had never been to Versailles, neither was she acquainted with any one at Court, she described accurately and at great length, the King's chamber, with the position of the bed and the furniture therein. She recognized the Duc d'Orleans; while Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans, Madame de Maintenon, Fagon with his queer face, and some members of the Royal Family, nobles, and servants known to the Duc d'Orleans, she also mentioned, whom he identified. Monseigneur, the Duc de Berri, M. le Duc de Bourgogne and Madame la Duchesse, however, the girl failed to see, although specially questioned regarding them. As a matter of fact these four persons all died before the King! The children of M. le Duc and M. le Prince de Conti were, notwithstanding, said to be in the room.

According to the Duc d'Orleans, who was present, every detail of this scene was repeated at the death-bed of Louis XIV, 1715, exactly as the clairvoyant had divined nine years previously.

David Fabricius, the famous German astronomer and discoverer of the variable star Mira Ceti, is said to have foretold his own death, May 7, 1617. When the fatal date arrived, Fabricius took every precaution, remaining indoors all day in his own apartment. Nevertheless, at 10 p.m. he went out to get a breath of air, when he was killed by a peasant with a pitchfork.

The following account we give on the authority of Jung. J. Stilling, a German writer. The Princess Nagotsky, of Warsaw, dreamed one night that she was in a strange room, when a man unknown to her begged her to drink from a cup which he held in his hand. She refused, saying that she was not thirsty, whereupon the stranger again offered her the cup, declaring that it would be the last draught she would ever drink in her life. She then awoke, greatly shocked. In October, 1720, the Princess came to Paris, where she took a furnished hotel. Here she

was shortly afterwards seized with a fever, when the King's physician, the father of Helvetius, was sent for. On his arrival she uttered a cry of astonishment, for in the man before her she recognized the unknown person whom she had seen in her vision in Warsaw ; but " I shall not die this time," she exclaimed, " for this is not the same apartment which I saw on that occasion ! " Her surmise was correct. She was soon completely restored to health and appeared to have forgotten the fatal warning, when a fresh occurrence brought it once more to her recollection. Being dissatisfied with her lodging in the hotel, she arranged to take up her abode in a convent in Paris. No sooner did she enter the chamber prepared for her than she cried out : " It is all over with me ; I shall not come out of this room again alive, for it is the same that I saw at Warsaw in my dream." And here the Princess actually died the following year, 1721, of an ulcer in the throat, caused by the drawing of a tooth. Thus was the warning she had received in her vision at last realized.

Premonitions are not unknown in our own history, as witness the various references to dreams, portents, and signs in the heavens, contained in the works of Shakespeare. For instance, in the first part of *Henry VI*—as our readers may remember—the dramatist speaks of " comets, importing change of times and states," " planets of mishap," and " adverse planets," within the first few lines of Act I, Scene I, while many other examples will be recalled.

In the early days of English history—according to Holinshed, Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, foresaw in a vision the death of William II by an arrow on the eve of his death. In fact, both sons of the Conqueror are said to have been warned of approaching danger by dreams ; but whereas William Rufus neglected the portent and met his doom, Henry I, by amending his loose life, was saved !

Perhaps the most striking instance of a prediction in more recent times was Mr. William's dream of the assassination of the Premier, Mr. Perceval at the House of Commons in 1812, a week before the crime was committed. Mr. Williams, who lived in Cornwall, where he was engaged in superintending some mining operations, was almost entirely ignorant of political matters at this period.

Several accounts of his vision were published. From his own narrative, presented by his grandson to the Premier's great-niece and by her passed on to the S.P.R., we learn that in the

dream, which occurred on the third or fourth of May, Mr. Williams imagined himself in the lobby of the House of Commons—"a place well known to me," he says. Whereupon "a small man, dressed in a blue coat and a white waistcoat, entered, and immediately I saw a person whom I had observed on my first entrance, dressed in a snuff-coloured coat with metal buttons, take a pistol from under his coat and present it at the little man above-mentioned. The pistol was discharged and entered under the left breast of the person at whom it was directed. I saw the blood issue from the place where the ball had struck him; his face instantly altered, and he fell to the ground." Mr. Williams further saw the murderer laid hold of by several gentlemen. On inquiry he found that the sufferer was Mr. Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer. This vision was repeated three times without alteration.

In the morning he related the dream to his wife. He was deeply agitated—so much so, that had he not been hindered by friends, he would have gone at once to London in order to warn the Chancellor.

On the evening of the thirteenth of May, his second son came into the room, and exclaimed, "Oh! father, your dream has come true! Mr. Perceval has been shot in the lobby of the House of Commons! There is an account come from London to Truro after the newspapers were printed!"

In a shop window in London Mr. Williams afterwards saw a picture—representing the place and circumstances of the Prime Minister's death—in which the faces and attitudes of the persons present, the colour of the assassin's coat, and even the drop of blood on Mr. Perceval's white waistcoat, coincided exactly with what he had seen in his dream!

Very terrible was Lady Harcourt's vision, followed by its swift fulfilment—as reported in the eighteenth century. The Countess—then Lady Nuneham—whilst staying with her father-in-law, Lord Harcourt, dreamed that she saw him lying dead in a well with his dog at his feet. The very next day the Earl, who was usually punctual, failed to appear at the dinner-table. After waiting some time his son asked one of the servants if he knew where his master was. "Look in the well!" exclaimed Lady Nuneham, and immediately fainted away. And there Lord Harcourt was discovered with his dog, exactly as his daughter-in-law had foreseen the night before! It was supposed that the dog had somehow fallen into the well, and that in trying to save its life the Earl had lost his own.

That monitory warnings do not invariably fail of their purpose the next story will illustrate. Indeed many instances might be given of persons, who, in consequence of a presage, have been saved from murder or sudden death. Such a case was that of Dr. Harvey, the well-known discoverer of the circulation of the blood, whose life was preserved by means of a vision. When a young man, says Aubrey in his *Miscellanies*, Harvey set out to study at Padua, a famous seat of learning in the seventeenth century, when at Dover he was stopped by the Governor, who, having received a visionary warning that danger threatened the young doctor, refused to allow him to proceed. His companions meanwhile continued their journey. The next day news arrived that the packet-boat in which they sailed had gone down in a storm with all hands on board!

Predictions, however, are not always of death and danger. For instance, an old chronicler tells us that Sir Thomas More's mother "sawe, written as it were in her marriage ring, the number of children she should have, and 'the formes, shapes, and countenances of them all.' One appeared full bright and beautiful and fairer than all the rest, whereby no doubt was this lampe of England (Sir Thomas) prefigured!"

A somewhat similar experience was that of Lady Seymour, who, two centuries later, dreamed of a nest with nine finches in it. By her marriage with the Earl of Winchelsea she had nine sons and daughters, her husband's family name being Finch!

The power of second sight—as every one knows—is common in Scotland, the special faculty of the Highlander being that of premonition. The circumstances, seen in advance, are sometimes trivial, and apparently purposeless. Many well-authenticated prophecies, notwithstanding, exist which have literally come to pass. Very striking were those of Peden the Prophet, of Covenanting fame, in the Lowlands. Still more notable were the visions of Coinneach Odhar, the Highland seer, whose predictions in the seventeenth century are said to have been fulfilled to the letter in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Amongst these, the opening of the Caledonian Canal may be cited. His most remarkable and best attested prophecy, however, related to the extinction of the famous House of Seaforth. The Brahan seer, who by means of his clairvoyant power had become aware of Lord Seaforth's faithlessness, informed his wife of the fact, when the lady very inconsequently avenged her own wrongs by condemning the clairvoyant to be hanged.

Drawing forth the circular white stone through which he

obtained his supernatural intelligence, the seer applied it to his eye and prophesied as follows :—

“ I see into the far future, and I read the doom of the race of my oppressor. The long-descended line of Seaforth will, ere many generations have passed, end in extinction and in sorrow. I see a chief, the last of his house, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of three fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will live careworn and die mourning, knowing that the honours of his line are to be extinguished for ever, and that no future chief of the Mackenzies shall bear rule at Brahan, or in Kintail. After lamenting over the last and most promising of his sons, he himself shall sink into the grave, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a lassie from the East with snow in her bonnet, and she is to kill her sister. . . . And as a sign by which it may be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last deaf and dumb Seaforth—Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant, and Rasay, of whom one shall be buck-toothed, another hare-lipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. Chiefs distinguished by these personal marks shall be the allies and neighbours of the last Seaforth ; and when he looks around him and sees them, he may know that his sons are doomed to death, that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his race shall come to an end.”

Having ended his prediction, the seer threw the white stone into a lock, declaring that whoever should find it would inherit his gift.

“ Then,” we are told, “ submitting to his fate he was at once executed . . . and this wild and fearful doom ended his strange and uncanny life.”

Events justified the premonition of the seer. The last Lord Seaforth died in 1815. An attack of scarlet fever deprived him of his hearing when a boy, and in his later years he became dumb. His three sons died as foreseen, while he lived on mourning and heartbroken. Meanwhile, according to Sir Bernard Burke,* the four Highland lairds—Mackenzie of Gairloch, Chisholm of Chisholm, Grant, Baronet of Grant, and Macleod of Rasay, who were to be buck-toothed, hare-lipped, half-witted and a stammerer—were distinguished by these several peculiarities, and were the contemporaries of the last Lord Seaforth. After his death, the Seaforth estates passed to his eldest surviving daughter, Lady Hood, whose husband—an Admiral in the East

* See Burke's *Vicissitudes of Families*, pp. 169-184.

Indies—died about the same time as Lord Seaforth. The "lassie from the East" was consequently in widow's weeds with "snow in her bonnet," as the seer had divined!

Some years later, when driving her sister in a pony carriage near Brahan Castle, the pony ran away, and they were both thrown out. Although she was not seriously hurt, her sister died of her injuries! Lady Hood may therefore be said to have killed her sister. Thus was the prophecy of Coinneach Odhar, the Seer, accomplished in every detail 150 years after its utterance.

Amongst murders, the foreknowledge of which subsequently led to the apprehension of the criminal, the Caulfield case presents features of singular interest.* A certain Adam Rogers, a person of good repute, who kept a public-house at Portlaw, a hamlet near Waterford, dreamed one night that he saw two men—one tall and strong, the other short and sickly in appearance—at a particular green spot on an adjacent hillside. The big man then murdered the little man, when the sleeper awoke trembling and horror-stricken. Indeed, so vivid and detailed was this vision that the memory of it haunted him for weeks. The following day he related the dream to his wife and neighbours, and some time afterwards when in the company of the Roman Catholic priest of the parish, he pointed out to him the green place upon which the visionary murder had been enacted.

The next morning he was greatly disturbed by the entrance of two customers who seemed the exact counterparts of the persons he had seen in his dream. The face of the taller man was low and ferocious, while his companion was small and weakly, and appeared to have money about him. Fearing that something terrible would happen, Rogers endeavoured to persuade Hickey, the little man, to put off his journey until the morrow, when he offered to accompany him to Carrick, the town for which the travellers were bound. His efforts, however, proved unavailing, for he was ashamed to give the real reason for his solicitude, and Caulfield, the older man, refused to be separated from his friend. The two accordingly proceeded on their way.

At the green spot—as foreseen by Rogers—Caulfield stabbed Hickey many times in the back. He then cut his throat, and after robbing him of his purse and clothing, he made off. The body was shortly discovered by some labourers, and the report of the murder reached Portlaw. On the identification of the corpse by the landlord and his wife, search was immediately made for Caulfield, who was apprehended at Waterford two days

* See *Gentleman's Mag.*, Dec., 1787.

later. At the ensuing trial, Rogers gave a circumstantial account of his vision, which was corroborated by the priest. Moreover, amongst other circumstances brought to light, it appeared that Caulfield had hired a boy to conduct him by an unfrequented road to Waterford whence he intended to sail for Newfoundland. The lad had noticed blood on the prisoner's coat, and Caulfield had given him half a crown in order to obtain his promise not to speak of it. Other witnesses came forward with evidence, and the proofs were so strong that Caulfield was found guilty and condemned to death. Before his execution, however, the wretched man confessed his crime, further admitting that he had intended to put an end to his victim before they reached Portlaw, had not the appearance of people on the road prevented his carrying out his intention!

A somewhat similar instance took place in quite recent times. The account given by M. Bérard, a Deputy, appeared in the *Revue des Revues* for September 15, 1895.

About ten years before this article was written, M. Bérard, worn out by the duties of his profession, had gone for rest to a quiet village, whence he made daily excursions into the surrounding country. On one occasion he lost his way in the forest. Night was falling, when, footsore and weary, he came upon a solitary road between two high mountains. This led him to a humble inn—*Au-Rendez-vous-des-Amis*—which he entered.

"The only room was smoky and dark," he writes. "The host was of herculean stature; his face was bad, his complexion yellow. His wife, who was small and dark and almost in rags, received me on my arrival with a sly and squinting glance.

"I asked for something to eat, and, if possible, to go to bed. After a scanty—very scanty—supper, taken under the suspicious and very inquisitive eyes of the host, by the light of a miserable lamp, I followed the hostess, who conducted me through a long passage and up a steep staircase into a dilapidated chamber situated above the stable. The host, his wife, and myself were alone in this forlorn hovel in the forest, far from any village. . . .

"I carefully locked the door and examined my room. It had a bed, or rather a pallet, two rickety chairs, while almost concealed behind some hangings was a door, provided with a lock without a key. I opened the door. It led to a sort of ladder, which plunged into empty space. In order to hold the door in case any one attempted to open it from the outside, I put before it a kind of table of white wood, on which was a cracked basin for toilette purposes. Beside this I placed one of the two chairs.

Under these circumstances no one could open the door without making a noise. And then I went to bed.

"It will be easily believed that after such a day I slept profoundly. All at once I woke up with a start. It seemed to me that some one was opening my door, and that in opening it they pushed the table. I even thought that I perceived the glimmer of a lamp, a lantern, or a candle through the keyhole. Much excited, I raised myself upright . . . and cried out, 'Who is there?' No answer. Silence and complete obscurity. I must be dreaming, I thought, or else be the victim of some strange illusion."

After lying sleepless for hours, M. Bérard at length fell into a troubled slumber, when he saw as in a vision a terrible murder committed by his host upon a man in the bed—whether himself or another, he knew not. He awoke in an agony of fright, his forehead bathed in sweat, and was only too thankful to escape from the inn unharmed into the pure air and sunlight outside.

The dream had passed from his mind when, three years later, he read an account in a newspaper of the strange disappearance of a M. Victor Armand, lawyer, who, having started for a walk the week before, had never returned to his hotel. It was subsequently reported that on August 24 M. Victor Armand had been seen by a waggoner close to a lonely inn—the *Au-Rendez-vous-des-Amis*, where he intended to pass the night. The landlord, whose reputation was suspicious, nevertheless declared that the lawyer had not slept at his house. His word was, however, doubted, it being remembered that another traveller, an Englishman, had disappeared in the neighbourhood six years previously. To add to the mystery, a little shepherdess maintained that she had seen the landlord's wife throw some bloody clothes into a pool in the wood on August 26.

M. Bérard—reminded of his dream—was now convinced that it had become a reality. Impelled by some irresistible force, he therefore hastened to the town where the magistrates were investigating the case. He arrived at the office of the *juge d'instruction* just as his former hostess was beginning her deposition. She stated that M. Victor Armand had really come to the inn, but that he had not slept there, there being only two rooms, which were occupied by a couple of waggoners, who had already given evidence and testified as to the fact.

"And the *third* chamber, the one over the stable?" inquired M. Bérard.

The woman gave a start, appearing to recognize him all at once. "Addressing her," says the narrator, "I continued with audacious effrontery, and as if I was inspired: 'Victor Armand slept in that third chamber. During the night you came with your husband, you holding a lantern, he a long knife; you climbed up by a ladder from the stable; you opened a secret door, which led into that chamber; you yourself remained on the threshold of the door while your husband went to murder his guest before robbing him of his watch and pocket-book.'

"It was my dream of three years ago which I narrated: my colleague listened aghast; as for the woman, overpowered by terror, with her eyes staring and her teeth chattering, she stood as if petrified.

"'Then,'" I continued, "'you took up the corpse, your husband holding it by the feet; you descended the ladder with it. In order that you might have light, your husband carried the ring of the lantern between his teeth.' Whereupon the woman, terrified, pale, with her legs shaking under her, said: 'You saw it all then?'

"Afterwards refusing savagely to sign her deposition, she shut herself up in absolute silence. When my colleague read my recital to the husband, the latter, believing himself to have been betrayed by his wife, cried out with a horrible oath: 'Ah! the —, she shall pay me for this!'

"My dream—only too true," concludes M. Bérard—"had become a gloomy and fearful reality!"

In the stable of the inn, under a thick heap of manure, the dead body of the unfortunate Victor Armand was afterwards discovered amongst other human bones—possibly those of the Englishman who had so mysteriously vanished six years previously. Thanks to his precautions, M. Bérard had doubtless escaped a similar fate.

To our limited intelligence such occurrences seem inexplicable. Sir Oliver Lodge has, however, propounded a theory on the subject which may commend itself to our readers. "May it not be," he suggests, "that *time* is but a relative mode of regarding things. We progress through phenomena at a certain definite pace, and this subjective advance we interpret in an objective manner, as if events necessarily happened in this order and at this precise rate. But that may be only our mode of regarding them. The events may be in some sense existent always, both past and future, and it may be we who are arriving at them—not they which are happening."

SOME MORE WELSH GHOSTS

BY M. L. LEWES

IN one of the most remote parts of South Wales there stands on a low cliff that is washed by the waters of a certain bay in St. George's Channel a very curious old house which we will call Plâsgwyn. Inside one finds walls many feet in thickness, dark panelled rooms with enormous cupboards, and a beautiful oak staircase, its shallow uneven steps polished by the feet of many generations. Of course there is a ghost story too, and one possessing an element of picturesqueness, its origin dating far back to the days when smuggling was considered by quite respectable people as a useful means of increasing their income in a gentlemanly manner.

When one reflects on the lonely situation of Plâsgwyn and listens—especially in winter—to the boom of wind and wave advertising with loud persistence the nearness of the sea, it is not difficult for the imagination to conjure up those far away times; to picture the landing of many an interesting cargo in the little cove hard by, when the nights were dark and stormy, and the Revenue men off their guard; and to conjecture that perhaps crimes were sometimes committed at that period by villains using the smuggler's cloak to cover misdoing, and that possibly some such dark deed may have happened in the old house, thus giving real foundation to our story.

It begins with an incident that was told the writer as having occurred a few years ago at Plâsgwyn. One day, two maid-servants went to do some work in the largest bedroom, used always as a visitors' room. When they quickly came downstairs again, with white faces and trembling knees, they had a strange tale to tell. They declared that in the room, floating in the air near the bed, they had seen what appeared to be a human hand and wrist, bleeding as if just severed from an arm, the fingers of the hand covered with splendid rings. Horribly frightened, the two maids did not look long at the apparition, but fled downstairs as fast as they could. However, so convinced were they both of the reality of the thing they saw, that neither could ever be induced afterwards to enter the room alone as

long as they remained in the house, and one, at least, was in the service of the family for some years.

Now the legend of Plâsgwyn is as follows. Long ago a stranger lady of great wealth once stayed there, and for reasons unknown, her hosts went away, leaving her alone one night. Feeling solitary, and remembering with alarm tales she had heard of the lawless doings of smugglers known to frequent the coast, she went early to her room, and tried to sleep. Well grounded indeed were her fears, for in the middle of the night she was aroused by loud knocking on her door, and rough voices demanding admission. Terrified, the lady tried to hold the door, but in vain. It soon gave way beneath violent blows, and her arm, thrust forward in feeble resistance, was seized and held. Unfortunately she had forgotten to remove her rings, of which she wore many of great brilliance, and the sight of the jewels so excited the greedy robbers that they immediately tried to pull the ornaments off. But they fitted the fingers so tightly that they would not move; however, so determined to have them were the ruffians, that, terrible to relate, they ruthlessly chopped off the poor woman's hand and wrist, immediately afterwards decamping with their dreadful booty. Ever since that night, runs the tale, those who have "the gift" may sometimes see that jewel-covered hand hovering over the bed in the room once occupied by the ill-fated lady.

Ireland is generally credited with the exclusive possession of banshees, but that these Celtic spirits may possibly be seen and heard outside their native island the following story will show. A Welsh lady, Miss W——, was once staying at a hotel at B——, in North Wales. One night she was awakened by a most hideous wailing cry. Much alarmed, she got up, and as she reached the window (from whence the sound came) saw slowly and distinctly cross it the shadow of some great flying creature, while the dreadful cry gradually died away. Miss W—— felt half frozen with fear, but managed to throw open the window and looked out into the street. Nothing was to be seen; but afterwards as she lay awake, trying to account for what she had heard and seen, a possible, though perhaps far-fetched, solution occurred to her.

Next morning when breakfasting, she asked the waiter whether he knew if any Irish person in the house or street had lately died. The man looked rather surprised at the question, but said no. Presently, however, he came hurrying back to Miss W—— and said, "Colonel F——," mentioning a well-

known name, "a gentleman from Ireland, who has been staying here very ill for some time, died last night."

Miss W—— was always firmly convinced that what she saw and heard that night at B—— were the shadow and the warning cry of the Colonel's family banshee.

The writer has talked with another Welsh person, who told her that he saw a banshee-like spectre one night in the town of C——n, which seems to have presaged the death of a great friend. But, though its authenticity is beyond doubt, the story too much resembles the last one to bear repetition here.

It is usually supposed that bodily ills are left behind on our exit from this mortal world, but the tale of a well-known ghost who used to haunt an old house in C——shire (now rebuilt) rather contradicts the theory. Owing to the official position of its tenant, a great many people used formerly to be entertained there, and one day a certain guest asked his host which of the servants it was who had such a bad cough. He added that since he arrived, he had constantly heard some one coughing terribly in the passages and on the staircase, but could never see the person, although sometimes the sound seemed quite near him.

The host listened gravely, and then remarked that he was sorry his guest had been disturbed by the cough, which was no earthly sound, but was caused by "the ghost," and had been heard by other people at different times.

This ghost had another idiosyncrasy. A certain bedroom and dressing-room, communicating by a door, were once occupied for a night by a friend of the writer's. This lady took particular care to shut tightly the door between the two rooms before she went to bed. In the morning, greatly to her surprise, the door was wide open, although Mrs. L—— felt absolutely certain that she had shut and latched it the night before. It was only a slight incident, but the strangeness of it rather dwelt in her mind, until one day, on her return home, she happened to mention it to a neighbour, who remarked: "You must have had the haunted room. It has always been known that the dressing-room door can never be kept shut; no matter how tightly closed the night before, it is always found open in the morning."

Several mysterious stories are told about a house we may call Glanwern in South Wales, but the most interesting one (and undoubtedly authentic as far as her own experience goes) was related to the writer by a Miss Blank, who was asked to stay there a few years ago.

Although there was nothing remarkable about the appearance of the room that was given her, it struck her at once with an odd feeling of nervousness, a feeling which increased so much when she was left alone for the night, that having no night-light, she determined to keep both her candles burning. The hours dragged by, Miss Blank finding sleep out of the question. Suddenly, towards one o'clock, a sound broke the heavy stillness of the night, exactly as if some one had violently pushed open her door and rushed into the room. Imagine her alarm! and the greater, as nothing was to be seen, although the first was followed by a succession of noises resembling the shuffling of feet about the floor, and struggles as of people fighting. After a time the sounds ceased, but poor Miss Blank, too terrified to move, lay quaking, and how she got through the night she never knew, for in an hour or so the same thing occurred again; the door was burst open, and the shufflings and strugglings went on as before. This invisible performance happened four times during the night, but on the fourth occasion the struggle seemed to cease very abruptly, and the next sound Miss Blank heard was distinctly that of a heavy body being dragged across the floor towards the door. And as this occurred, she felt a horrible and indescribable sensation of intense cold pass over her like a wave.

Resolved not to spend another night alone, and under the plea of feeling nervous, she asked one of the daughters of the house to sleep in her room for the rest of her stay, but, fearing incredulity, said nothing of her experience to her host, especially as after the first lonely night there was no repetition of the sounds. But when at a neighbouring house she mentioned where she was staying, her friend remarked, "I wonder if the ghost ever 'walks' there now." Judicious inquiry from Miss Blank elicited the story that "once upon a time" two brothers lived at Glanwern. One night they quarrelled and fought, one killing the other, and burying the body in a wood near the house. Ever since then, the murderer is said to haunt the room where the tragedy occurred.

Rarely indeed does one come across a ghost with a sense of humour, but that quality, as expressed by a taste for practical joking, was evidently possessed by the "intelligence" that used to haunt a house called—for this occasion—Riverside. Situated in one of the deep and beautiful valleys of C—shire, and belonging originally to an ancient family to which we will give the name of Rhys, the house dates back to the time of

Henry VII. The last Rhys died about forty years ago, since when the place has changed hands several times, though its present tenants have owned it for a long while, and apparently have been severely left alone by the ghost.

Our story goes back fifty years or more, to a time when a certain Mrs. X. and her infant daughter went to stay at Riverside. One evening after dinner, Mrs. X. went upstairs to see her child (whom she had left sleeping in her own room), but what was her astonishment and subsequent alarm to find the cradle empty. On inquiry and search being made, no trace of the baby could anywhere be found, and the distracted mother rushed off to find her host, and acquaint him with her anxiety. Mr. Rhys received the news with the remark, "Do not be alarmed. Wait patiently, and the baby will come back." He then went on to say that all in the house were often annoyed by the tricks of the family ghost. Frequently books, garments, umbrellas, anything in fact, if left lying about, would disappear in the most unaccountable way. But if no notice were taken the articles were always returned in a short time. Mr. Rhys added he was convinced that the ghost had taken the infant, and that she would certainly soon be returned. All this was cold comfort to the poor mother, who found the ghost theory a hard one to believe, and prepared to endure a night of suspense as best she could. Left alone at length by her friend with many exhortations to try and sleep, she could only lie miserably awake, longing for the next day, when the search could be renewed. But towards morning, a sudden impulse seized her to get up and look once more at the cradle, when scarcely could she believe her eyes! For there, sleeping peacefully, lay the missing child, who, it may be added, was never afterwards any the worse for what sounds like a rather unpleasant adventure.

Of the above story the writer thinks that "*se non è vero, è ben trovato*" might well be said. But it is here given for what it is worth, as an old tale which probably had more or less foundation in facts of an occult nature.

Another story of Riverside deals with the experience of a person who *saw* an apparition there but it is too vague in detail to be worth repeating.

In common with several other districts in Great Britain and Ireland, Pembrokeshire possesses a good "phantom-coach" legend, localized in the southern part of the county, at a place where four roads meet, called Sampson Cross. In old days the belated farmer driving home in his gig from market was apt

to cast a nervous glance over his shoulder as his pony slowly climbed the last steep pitch leading up to the Cross. For tradition says that every night a certain Lady Z. (who lived in the seventeenth century, and whose monument is in the church close by) drives over from Tenby, ten miles distant, in a coach drawn by headless horses, guided by a headless coachman. She also has no head, and arriving by midnight at Sampson Cross, the whole equipage is said to disappear in a flame of fire, with a loud noise of explosion.

A clergyman living in the immediate neighbourhood, who told the writer the story, said that some people believed the ghostly traveller had been safely "laid" many years ago in the waters of a lake not far off. He added, however that might be, it was an odd fact that his sedate and elderly cob, when driven home past the Cross after nightfall, would invariably start as if frightened there, a thing which never happened by daylight.

SOME FACTS AND PHILOSOPHY OF OCCULTISM

IV. THE DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCES IN A HAUNTED HOUSE (*Concluded*)

BY INKSTER GILBERTSON, F.J.I.

12. CLAIRVOYANCE AND CLAIRAUDIENCE.

IT has already been stated that all the maids who came to the house of the Thompsons proved to be susceptible to the psychic influences they found there. One Irish girl, Kate, a healthy young woman of eighteen, was peculiarly sensitive. She declared she saw people coming into her room at night, and walking about in it. It was she who made the acquaintance of "Maud," whom she first saw in December, 1894, and described as an elderly woman in a grey dress, who would walk round and round the bed moaning. This visitant told the girl that she was Mr. Thompson's sister, and related a good deal of her own history, as if glad to have found a confidante. Whispered conversations would be carried on in the bedroom or in the kitchen above. Night and day Kate held intercourse with the unseen visitants; many of the family secrets were in this way confided to her, and she was able, in relating these to the master and mistress, to recall to their recollection many things they had long forgotten.

This is undoubtedly a remarkable and genuine case of clairvoyance and clairaudience, more properly defined as communication on the astral plane. It is evident that whatever or whoever were the originators of the phenomena previously described, this maid as well as other inmates of the house were living constantly on the borderland, and got into touch there with human beings, of whom Maud was one. She was recognized by Mr. Thompson as his sister, from the description given; and perhaps the most remarkable feature in the case is that Maud was still in the body. It was therefore no ghost with which Kate held intercourse, but a real, live, incarnate entity.

Kate had not seen her in the flesh, nor did she know of her existence; but the information was correct which came through this channel, and although the cause of Maud's distress does

not appear in these proceedings, relating as it did to family and personal matters, Mr. Thompson was all the more fully persuaded that the communications had actually come from his own sister, from whom he had not heard for a long time.

13. THE DEVIL.

Another ghostly visitant of Kate's she called the Devil. He was dressed in black, ugly and wicked-looking, and on the occasion of his first visit, when he looked over her shoulder, she dropped a tray of glass and china which she was carrying, and screamed with fright. The Doctor was in the house at the time of the incident. On another occasion, the same visitor came into the kitchen, and would not allow the girl to go upstairs. She ran through the hall door, and fetched a policeman, but of course nothing was to be seen.

Another day Kate told a wonderful tale of a visit from this Satanic agent. She was cleaning a window, she said, when the Devil came and pushed her out. She fell first on to the ledge outside, then on to the roof of a shed, and finally into the garden. She really had a bad fall, and how she escaped serious injury is a marvel. The children came out and picked her up, and helped her into the house. She was somewhat bruised and shaken, but more frightened than hurt.

The same evening, in presence of the assembled company, some boots which the maid was cleaning were taken from her and thrown downstairs; Kate went over and picked one up, when it jumped out of her hand, going on to the next landing. Another boot was thrown at the Doctor, while he stood at the door of the billiard room.

This apparition may have been what is technically termed a "hallucination." That it was not so in the ordinary sense may be presumed from the real and disastrous effects which ensued; and the reality of the vision to the maid, at least, is apparent from the earnestness and alarm with which she viewed the whole circumstances.

The Doctor, who was present on one occasion, saw nothing, except the tray and its contents falling to the ground; but he is not clairvoyant. The others present saw nothing, but this does not prove the incident to be without veridical foundation; for even developed clairvoyants do not always see the same entities, as their planes of vision vary.

The reality of such occurrences, however, has been testified to over and over again by those having experience of them. As

an illustration, a friend of the writer, a developed psychic, related an incident in his own experience. He was walking along the street, in Glasgow, where he resided, when he was joined by his father. The two men proceeded down Buchanan Street, engaged in an animated conversation ; they turned the corner into Gordon Street, and passed along to the end of it, when my friend's father suddenly disappeared. It was not till then that he realized he had been favoured with a ghostly visitant, for his father had passed into the unseen land many years before. My friend assured me that he never for a moment suspected during the conversation that he was not speaking to his parent in the flesh ; and yet the meeting must have been on the astral plane, and the apparition was probably invisible to the passers-by who thronged the streets of the busy city.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in the case under consideration is its association with boot-throwing, and therefore with the general rowdiness which had characterized many of the proceedings. It is possible that "the Devil" by appearing to Kate, and performing the malicious tricks which he played upon her, was anxious to claim the credit for the rough-and-tumble phenomena which occurred so often in the evenings. That he had had his share in them there can be little doubt.

The question still remains : Was he a human or a sub-human entity ? And in considering this, there appears no reason why the simple facts, as related by the maid, should not be accepted as the true facts of the case.

Kate describes the person she believed to be the Devil as an ugly, wicked-looking man, dressed in black. She had seen and held intercourse with Maud and other human entities, why should not this be one ? There is no absolute evidence either way, except the external form ; but the natural inference points in that direction.

If we accept the statements of those who have described the astral sphere, he may well have been both man and devil. They tell us that besides the Elementals, which inhabit the lowest zone of the magnetic fire, there are vast numbers of entities of varying degrees of vitality and intelligence. These include the shades and reflects, which cannot be said to have much of either quality ; and, in ascending radii, the Elementaries, or cast-off forms of human souls, with varying degrees of both. But in addition, there are earth-bound souls, in whom the spirit is still confined, and others from whom the spiritual essence has finally separated. The latter are on the down-grade, on the way to extinction,

and to all intents and purposes may be called devils. It is quite possible, therefore, that Kate's designation, as well as her description, is nearer the truth than we like to think.

Of these devils Edward Maitland writes* : " This sphere " (the third or earth circulus of the Astral) " is also inhabited by a terrible class, that of the ' devils,' some of whom are of great power and malice. Of these the souls are never set free ; they are in what is called ' Hell.' But they are not immortal. For, after a period, corresponding to their vitality and the strength of their rebellious wills, they are consumed and perish for ever. For a soul may be utterly gross at last, and deprived of all spirit of the Divine order, and yet may have so strong a vitality, or mortal spirit of its own, that it may last hundreds of years in low atmospheres. But this occurs only with souls of very strong will, and generally of indomitable wickedness. . . . But, though devils, they are mortal, and must go out at last. Their end is utter darkness."

14. THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

Such a series of phenomena does not find any satisfactory solution, at least in theories of collective hallucination, hypnotic influence or subjective illusion. The active and powerful intelligence, backed by motive, which characterized the manifestations, claims an origin outside and independent of the incarnate parties to their production.

What that origin may have been is a point upon which it is difficult to dogmatize ; but it is interesting to note that the earth-bound soul seems not to have been wanting, for an old man, clad in an antique costume, was seen frequently about the house, and generally sitting by the fire. The phantom was seen, separately and together, by Mrs. Thompson and her daughter, also by a lady who was a trained clairvoyante.

This lady was also clairaudient, and entered into conversation with the old gentleman. He claimed to be the Lord of the Manor upon which the house and neighbouring houses stand. He had strong objections to these houses being built over what he still regarded as his estate, and threatened to burn them all down.

The threat was never carried out ; perhaps the old gentleman was benefited by his conversation with those whom he was so ruthlessly persecuting, and became gradually more reconciled to the situation. That such a ghost " walked " is highly probable, for on inquiry it was found that the estate had once belonged

* *Perfect Way*, iii, 9.

to an ancient family. Whether he was responsible for all or any of the phenomena recorded does not appear, but it is certain that many of the occurrences were decidedly tricky and mischievous in their character.

15. MEDIUMISTIC DETERIORATION.

That there was a certain deterioration in the *morale* of those subject to the influences in the house goes without saying. The girl, Kate, used to attract the attention of the shopkeepers by her strange demeanour when she went to make purchases. She seemed liable to be influenced by the unseen agencies at any time, and under any circumstances, and would pick up sweets, and even less desirable things, such as raw herrings, and eat them. In the house, she was so frequently entranced that the work was neglected, and the comfort of the house seriously interfered with.

So Kate was sent home, and a young maid, Bridget, came in her place. She also heard strange noises and whisperings in her room, especially a strange sound that was often heard, like some one sharpening a saw, which was never explained. She was younger than Kate, and, like her, was on her arrival strong and healthy-looking—a fresh young girl, and apparently quite normal.

16. CROSS INFLUENCES.

Several entities were found to be at work simultaneously, and these were not always harmonious. It often happened, while the party sat at a little round table, that Bridget, coming into the room, would be controlled by some influence antagonistic to that at the table; and when the table was placed in touch with her she screamed, although she did not see the contact, and was not otherwise made aware of it. A proof this of the genuineness of the influence, and that it was not the result of auto-suggestion; as, indeed, it could hardly be in any case, for she had been told nothing of what had happened previous to her coming to the house.

17. TRANCE CONTROL AND PERSONATION.

It will have been observed that the record of the Doctor's experiences at the house of the Thompsons shows a distinct onward progress through the various phases of psychic development, from noises, rappings, phantasms, and other so-called physical phenomena, to the higher phases of clairvoyance, clairaudience and trance.

As the later stages were reached, agencies calling themselves

spirits announced themselves, and allusion has already been made to Mr. Thompson's sister Maud and brother Tom, among others who played this rôle.

The new maid, Bridget, showed herself as susceptible to the influences as Kate had been, and one evening, while the investigators were assembled, she suddenly screamed, and fell down on the stairs in a trance. This she did nightly until she left the place. At first she lay in a passive state, but after two nights she began to move about after going into the trance, displacing articles of furniture, going up and down stairs, and trying to get out of the doors.

After this phase had lasted two nights, she began to talk, imagining that she was a governess; apparently possessed by Mr. Thompson's sister Maud, whom she now resembled in word, look and gesture; and Mrs. MacDonald says it was remarkable to see how her features changed, and took on the semblance of Maud's face. Her demeanour and general appearance became those of a lady of culture and refinement, although she was but a rude, uncultured girl. She preferred teaching religion to every other subject, and appeared to have the catechism "at her finger ends," although in her normal state she was ignorant and illiterate. She was on excellent terms with Mr. Thompson, whom she addressed as "Brother William," and chaffed him as Maud had been accustomed to do in days gone by. To the other sitters she spoke familiarly, as a visitor might who had made their acquaintance, but in a way neither likely nor proper in a young servant maid.

One evening she announced the arrival of a new visitor, "Spirit Samuel," whose advent was heralded by a loud noise overhead, which startled every one but the girl herself. On coming out of the trance that evening, she said she had been to Brooklyn, and proceeded to describe a friend of Mr. Thompson whom she had met and who lived there. The description was at once recognized.

18. LEVITATION PAR EXCELLENCE.

So sensitive did the maid Bridget become to the influences about the house that she was in a state of trance every day—frequently all day. Sometimes she would *disappear mysteriously*, and after being absent for hours, would return as mysteriously as she had departed. This became so troublesome that at last her mistress had to send her away. She could not keep her, so a situation was found for her in a school near Bristol.

A few days after she had gone—as recorded by Mrs. MacDonald—on March 20, 1895, “the most marvellous thing happened.” At seven o'clock in the evening, the Thompsons were assembled in the kitchen, for they were now without a maid, when the door burst suddenly open, and in tumbled Bridget helplessly on the floor. She was without hat or jacket or boots, and wore her ordinary house shoes—which bore no trace of travel—and a rough apron, as if she had been at work.

She was in a state of trance, and remained in that condition until eleven o'clock, when, on being questioned, she said she had been to Fairyland. She seemed to remember nothing of her new place, and when asked where she went on being put into the train by Kate and Jimmy on Saturday, she replied, “We don't go to Fairyland by train.” She persisted in saying she had been to Fairyland since Saturday.

Mrs. Thompson, however, related that she afterwards wrote to the girl's mistress to ascertain if she had been to her new place, and received a reply to the effect that she had been there all right, but had suddenly disappeared, and that she had been last seen downstairs, at work, cleaning the boys' boots.

The Doctor, who was present on the occasion of the girl's reappearance, before returning home that evening, went to the landing and, calling upstairs, said, “Since you have brought back the girl, can you not send us the girl's boots, for we must send her back again?”

Almost immediately the boots were thrown down from the upper regions. He then asked for the hat and jacket in the same way. They also were sent down, the jacket falling on Mrs. MacDonald's head. The hat, which fell on the floor, was observed to be a new one, which no one in the house had ever seen before. The girl declared it was not hers, and that she knew nothing about it.

This appears to be a case of levitation, in trance, as remarkable as any authentic case ever put upon record. It recalls the wonderful case of Mrs. Guppy, who in October, 1895, was conveyed from her own house, at Holloway, to a room in the centre of London, where a séance was being held at the time. An account of the occurrence was given in *Light* by Professor Alfred Russell Wallace, and reproduced in *Borderland** by Mr. W. T. Stead, in an exhaustive article on “The Theory of the Double.”

It is worth while to note that our case occurred the same year as Mrs. Guppy's, and six months earlier.

* Vol. iii., p. 173.

19. TWO CLEAN COLLARS.

An equally remarkable story was told by Mrs. Thompson, of an incident which occurred some time after this. Bridget had been quite lost sight of. The Thompsons did not know where she was, nor whether she were dead or alive.

It was a summer evening in June, and quite light. Mr. Thompson had been saying to his wife that he required some clean collars.

He felt tired, and complaining of the heat, he went to his bedroom, and threw himself upon the bed. Presently he heard a noise at the door, and on looking he saw the absent Bridget coming in, dressed just as she used to be in her servant's garb, with two clean collars in her hand. As she came in she said, "The master will need these"; and, going over to the chest of drawers, she opened a drawer and put in the collars; then she quietly walked out of the room, evidently oblivious of the presence of her former master.

Mr. Thompson could do nothing but stare at her, he was so astonished to see her there; but when she had disappeared, he rushed to the drawer and opened it in haste, to see if the collars really were there. There they were, right enough, two collars, nicely done up and hot off the iron. He ran downstairs; but of course there was no trace of the girl. Nor was there any fire in the house where the irons could have been heated, nor any trace of how the collars were ironed.

20. A PHANTOM HOUSEMAID.

About the same time Bridget was the medium of another mysterious service. Mrs. Thompson was in the drawing-room with an afternoon caller, when her boy, Jimmy, came into the room, and said, "Mother, may I speak with you for a minute?"

The lady went outside with her son, who then said, "Mother, do you know Bridget is upstairs cleaning out your bedroom?"

In amazement, Mrs. Thompson proceeded upstairs and, sure enough, there was Bridget sweeping away and cleaning out the room. The girl took no notice of her, and the lady was so overcome with astonishment that she could say nothing.

She returned to her visitor in the drawing-room; and there, after the lapse of only a few minutes, the door opened, and in came Bridget with *two cups* of tea on a tray.

After the girl had left the room, Mrs. Thompson took her visitor into her confidence. "Do you know," she said, "that girl is not here. I sent her away some months ago."

After a few words of explanation, the visitor became interested. "Let us go up to the room," she said, "and watch the operations."

Accordingly they went upstairs, and saw the girl still busy at work, which she continued, evidently quite unaware of the presence of her visitors, for she took no notice of them whatever. After she had swept and dusted the room, she washed the linoleum on the floor, took her pail into the bath-room, emptied the water from it, set the pail down on the landing, and proceeded to wipe her hands on her apron. While engaged wiping her hands, a sort of cloud enveloped her, and when the cloud cleared away she was gone, leaving the lady, her visitor and the little boy gazing into vacancy.

21. THE PHANTOM SUBSTANTIAL.

The very next afternoon Mrs. Thompson was alone in the house, for she had been unable to get a maid. Again Bridget turned up. On this occasion she went into the kitchen, and washed up the dinner dishes. After cleaning the pots and pans, she washed out the floor of the kitchen and scullery.

Mrs. Thompson stood watching her, but the only remark the girl made was, "This is the master's cup"—this when she came to the cup used by Mr. Thompson.

Her quondam mistress took hold of her arm to see if it was really flesh and blood, and it was so; at least, it seemed quite normal. The girl made no remark. After she had wrung out her flannel, emptied the water out of the pail, and was again wiping her hands, the same thing happened as before—a cloud came over her, and she was gone.

It may be fairly put by some that the last four incidents (18, 19, 20, 21) belong to one class of cases, that of the so-called "double," or *Doppelgänger*. But, as Professor A. R. Wallace points out in the article already referred to, the use of this word to designate the phenomenon does not commit us to any theory or hypothesis by way of explanation. There does not seem to be any clearly demonstrated theory available, if we except that put forward by Professor Wallace, who claims that the person is entranced, and while in that condition is levitated bodily to the scene of the manifestation.

Alternative explanations are offered by Theosophical writers, who assert that such cases are due to the action of the Astral Body, or more correctly the Mental Body, or Lower *Manas*. This vehicle, they say, can range through all the three planes of the

Devachanic, or Celestial, the Astral and the Physical. But there appears to be a suggestion that the appearances caused by such operations are phantasmal, and subjective to the observer, visible only to the clairvoyant.

Of course it is possible to assume the reverse, and to postulate that, the girl being in trance, her astral or mental body was drawn to the house of the Thompsons, attracted by the magnetic influences there, and perhaps by some desire to return to their service. Arriving there, the girl found sufficient material in the highly charged psychic atmosphere with which to clothe herself in a physical form, and that this enabled her to carry out the duties she was prompted to perform or found necessary to be done.

A personal friend once informed the writer that on one occasion a lady friend called at his office to thank him for the kindness and assiduity with which he had nursed her through an illness from which she had just recovered.

My friend was quite unaware of having performed such a service, though at the time he was making a good many experiments along psychic lines. His visitor assured him that she could not be mistaken, for he had been a daily visitor to her bedside, and as she lived quite alone, and was very ill, she did not know what she should have done without his kindly aid and considerate attentions.

But this incident, like most of those reported, does not settle the question either way ; and it remains to be considered whether the astral view is not arrived at by some strain upon the facts, especially such facts as the proved constituency of Bridget's arm, which Mrs. Thompson assured herself and two other observers, was real flesh and blood. The arrival from Bristol was *in propria persona*, to all intents and purposes, although in this, as in the other cases, the evidences show she arrived in a state of trance, from which she cannot be said to have fully awakened, for she remained to the time of her departure in a dazed condition.

On the whole, it seems the most natural course to assume that the girl was levitated bodily, though that still leaves a hard problem to solve as to how this was done.

THE MORAL.

Such marvellous doings are, no doubt, amusing to read about, and they have a mysterious interest, all their own, which, to the investigators amounted to fascination. For they were thoroughly in earnest. But such experiences are also instructive ; and they

certainly point to the desirability of making a regular study, on scientific lines, of the laws by which such occurrences are made possible. Unfortunately, the agents who seem able to perform these feats which appear so wonderful to us, are themselves unable, in most cases, to explain how it is all done. They are evidently as much in the dark as to the working of their own powers as we are, and perhaps they are equally astonished at the effects they find themselves able to produce.

Something, at least, will be gained, if such agents are, as it were, gained over to the side of research, which they are often not unwilling to be. And for this reason it is much to be regretted that the occurrences, of which some have been here recorded, have now come to an end. Personal considerations, especially the fear of publicity intruding into the domain of private and family matters, having militated against the further prosecution of the investigations, these were eventually discontinued, and the abnormal phenomena gradually ceased.

Accepting the facts, as stated, on the authority of at least two witnesses, as substantially true, we have here, at any rate, a series of occult manifestations of various kinds, such as are known to other experimenters with such phenomena, the cumulative value of which is very considerable.

First, we have movements of articles without any visible cause, the production of apports involving the passage of matter through matter, and the levitation not only of inert matter, but of human beings—in one case transportation across more than one hundred miles; also the appearance of phantasms, of which the details may be meagre, but are not unsatisfactory; the sounds of footsteps, voices, falling bodies, percussions, and other loud noises. Then we have clairvoyance of a pronounced kind, clairaudience and trance as a vehicle for much of the phenomena—all of which combine to form a body of unmistakable evidence of agencies working under conditions and laws related to the physical plane but not *of* this plane.

In the second place, we have the important fact demonstrated that every chance of normal agency being concerned in the production of the phenomena was dispelled, as the result of careful, patient search and constant watchfulness. There was, therefore, no room for chicanery outside the circle of investigators, while those inside that circle, practically the members of two families, were every one of them very much in earnest, and acted from purely disinterested motives.

Thirdly, we have therefore good and reliable evidence of

unseen agents at work, who showed intelligence, motive and intention, were able to communicate by an intelligible code of signals, were heard to converse audibly, and were gifted with extraordinary and varied powers of manifestation and control over the occult forces of nature.

Fourthly, there were evidently present certain psychic conditions—not only in the local environment, and in the atmosphere of the house, but more especially in the temperament of the maids and the others who took part in the investigations—which have been found to be favourable to the production of such phenomena, under recognized, albeit little understood, laws and conditions.

Whatever may be thought of the incidents of the old man who claimed to be Lord of the Manor, of the communications from Maud, and other similar phenomena, which strongly suggest human agency at work, there is at least room for a feasible suggestion that some incident or chapter of incidents, in the past history of the house or its surroundings, or the family, may have formed a nucleus round which the psychic elements gathered and found first a lodgment, and subsequently a mode of expression in the various manifestations which in the sequel dissipated the accumulated forces, not, however, without having added something to the sum of human knowledge and the record of human experience.

Perhaps more might have been made out of such rich material in the hands of experienced researchers. But it is rarely that such a veritable harvest is gathered from a haunted house, for the reason that people generally take fright and go off, leaving the poor ghost in sole and melancholy possession, or they have not patience to get into touch with him on his own terms. The Doctor and his friends did remarkably well, and would have done better had they been able to start with something of the experience they ultimately obtained. But people have to gain their experience.

Now that such matters are openly discussed, without fear or prejudice, among friends, and even in the public press, it is easier to obtain the advice of those who have some knowledge and experience of such matters. In all such cases it is most desirable to obtain aid of this kind at the earliest opportunity; to keep full and accurate records of all transactions, and to place such records in competent hands for publication, without delay, so that every opportunity may be given for verification.

GLIMPSES OF THE UNSEEN

By REGINALD B. SPAN

THE following incidents were related to me by friends at my home in South Wales—people who are well known in Wales, and whose statements can be relied upon for truth and accuracy.

The most extraordinary of these narratives I will record first. It happened a good many years ago, and has been told to many people. The lady who told it to me, Mrs. E——, A—— (of Tenby) (the wife of an ex-M.P.), can vouch for the truth of the story, as she obtained it "at first hand" from the seer, her cousin.

This cousin of Mrs. A——'s, a Mr. H—— (an artist), was going one day by train to spend a few days with some friends at their country house.

During the first part of the journey he had a carriage to himself, then at a small station, a young lady of refined handsome appearance got in, and, after a few minutes, entered into conversation with him, by inquiring if he was not Mr. H——, the well known artist and portrait painter—and stating that she was very anxious to have her portrait painted, asked if he would be able and willing to undertake the work.

Mr. H—— replied that he would be delighted to do so, as soon as he had finished a picture he was then engaged upon. The lady said it was most important that her portrait should be painted *soon*, as she was shortly going away—a long journey. A date for her first sitting at his studio was thereupon fixed, and the lady then alighted at a station they had just reached. The next station was Mr. H——'s destination, and from there he was driven to the house of his friends, a few miles distant. That evening on entering the drawing-room just before dinner, he was somewhat surprised to see the young lady he had met in the train, standing by herself at the other end of the large room. No one else seemed to notice her, and he wondered who she was—whether she was a guest like himself, or held an inferior position in the household—such as a governess. He was about to go up to speak to her, when the dinner gong rang. At dinner he noticed she was not present, and so concluded she was probably the governess. After dinner when he joined the ladies in the drawing-room, he was further surprised to see the strange lady

still standing at the other end of the room, in the very spot he had last seen her—in a window recess, close to a little table on which some books were lying. She looked across the room at him as if she wished to speak to him, so leaving the others he went to her. On his approach she opened one of the books on the table (a photograph album) and took therefrom a carte-de-visite of herself, which she handed to him, saying, that later it might be of use to him when working on her portrait. To oblige and humour her he took it, though he hardly thought he should need it, and after a few minutes' talk, he left her and rejoined the other people. When he happened to look in her direction again, she had disappeared—and he naturally concluded she had left the room by another door.

At the time no one appeared to have noticed her presence, but it transpired long afterwards that others in the room had seen her, but as she kept by herself and was not introduced, they took no further notice.

The host and hostess never saw her at all.

A few days later when Mr. H—— was back in his studio again, very busy over the picture he was finishing, he suddenly looked up from mixing some colours on his palette, to see the same mysterious lady standing in front of him. He thought she had entered very noiselessly, and that he must have been deeply abstracted by his work not to have noticed her entry, and felt rather annoyed because she had come a day before the date arranged, and decided he would give his man servant a good scolding for allowing her to come in, as he had given strict orders that no callers were to be admitted that afternoon—being extra busy and not wishing to be interrupted. She apologized for having come before the day arranged, and explained that as her time was very short she was unable to wait longer, and begged him to start on her portrait at once, as it was most important that it should be done as quickly as possible.

Much impressed by her earnest pleading manner and tone he consented to do as she desired, and putting his other work aside, straightway commenced to paint her portrait. After one or two sittings, and before the portrait was half finished, the young lady suddenly ceased to come, nor did he receive any message in explanation of her absence. He then recollected that she had never given her name or address, and thought it strange that he had forgotten to ask, and that she had not told him. It occurred to him that his friends (the B——'s) at whose house he had seen her, might know all about her, and inform

him of her whereabouts, so he wrote to inquire, and in due time received a reply to the effect that they could not understand to whom he referred, as no young lady of his description had been at their house. By means of the photograph he managed to finish the picture, and was highly pleased with his work, and wished that the original might eventually come and see it. A short time after finishing it he had occasion to visit the B——'s, and took the photograph of the mysterious lady with him, so that he might show it to his friends, and make further inquiries about her, as he felt quite sure they were mistaken in not recognizing the girl of his description—and that she certainly had been at their house. On his arrival he was introduced to an elderly gentleman (a Mr. S——) who had just come there on a visit (an old friend of the B——'s).

He seemed much interested in the account of the missing lady and her portrait, so Mr. H—— produced the photograph and showed it to him and Mrs. B——, and was startled at the effect it produced.

They both looked as if they had seen a ghost—and Mr. S—— exclaimed, "*Why, that's my daughter who died three years ago!*—it's impossible that you could have met her—surely you have made a mistake!"

Mrs. B—— examined it closely, and said: "This photo belongs to me—it was given to me by poor L—— herself shortly before she died. It has been taken from the album lying on the table over there, I missed it about a week ago, when looking through my album, and wondered who could have taken it."

Mr. H—— then assured them that he had seen the apparition take the photo from the book before handing it to him, and there was not the slightest doubt but that it was Mr. S——'s daughter who gave it to him, and whose portrait he had painted.

Mr. S—— then told them that shortly before his daughter's death he had begged her to have her portrait painted, and she had promised to comply with his request, but her sudden illness and death had left the promise unfulfilled, and on her deathbed she had been much distressed about not having had it done. As soon as possible Mr. S—— accompanied the artist to his studio, and saw the picture for himself, which he declared to be an excellent likeness of his daughter. The picture still exists. For a short time the artist kept it in his studio on view, then he made a present of it to Mr. S——, to whom, no doubt, the apparition intended it should eventually go. Incredible as this story may sound, Mrs. E—— A—— assures me it is absolutely true.

There are many instances of spirits appearing and acting exactly like human beings, so that they could not have been recognized as beings of another world.

There is the well authenticated case of Mr. David Dick of Glasgow who met his father, *who had been dead eight years*, in a busy crowded street in Glasgow. It was 3 p.m., and Mr. Dick had just come out of his office and was walking down Renfield Street, thinking only of business matters, when his father, looking just the same as in his life time, suddenly appeared and joined him, and they walked down the crowded street together talking. There was nothing to indicate that the apparition was not a human being, and in passing through the crowds, people would make way for him, as they would for any other person, proving that he was visible and real to others besides Mr. Dick, and sometimes the "ghost" would step off the pavement to avoid colliding with people—in the most natural manner. Mr. Dick knew at once it was a spirit, but was not at all alarmed. After about half an hour's walk and conversation the "ghost" left him as suddenly and unaccountably as it had appeared. (This incident was recorded by Mr. Stead in His Real Ghost Stories.)

A friend of mine—a French gentleman named Chierico, told me (as the most solemn truth) that a friend of his who had been dead five years, appeared in his room one night, sat on the edge of his bed, and talked to him for about half an hour on electricity, telegraphy, and wireless telegraphy. In his life-time he had been an electrical engineer. He was attired in clothes similar to those he wore when pursuing his avocation on Earth. In the middle of a sentence he suddenly vanished, and never appeared again.

Why should the appearance of spirits amongst us be so strange and incredible? The Bible records (which all Christians profess to believe) are full of such appearances and dealings with the Unseen World, and that World is quite as close to mankind to-day as it was thousands of years ago. There are very few people in this age who would believe that spiritual beings come from the Spirit Life into this life so fully materialized that they are mistaken for human beings, yet the Bible contains such instances, and there have been many well attested cases throughout the ages since up to the present day. In the Biblical accounts, spirits actually went so far as to partake of food with human beings. One might here inquire who were those mysterious "Sons of God" who having noticed that the "*daughters of MEN*" were fair took them wives amongst them. "Sons of God" and "daughters of men" would indicate two distinct races, and as

the Earth was (presumably) inhabited only by mankind and animals, who then were the "Sons of God"? The progeny of these Spiritual-Human unions were very powerful beings (i.e. giants) whom it was found necessary to destroy, and for that reason (and the prevailing wickedness) the great Deluge was sent which devastated Asia Minor (then supposed to be the whole world). It is evident from Biblical History that in the earlier ages of the World Spiritual Beings were able to come into closer contact with mankind than now, though the Spirit World is really quite as near to-day as in the past, but we have lost the secret of access to it, and centuries of Materialism, Ignorance and disuse of psychic powers have reared a dark barrier between the worlds of Spirit and Matter, until the majority of human beings have ceased to realize that there is a Spirit World or a life after death.

Another uncanny incident related by Mrs. E—— A—— is as follows: Some friends of hers, a rector and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. C—— were visiting their parishioners in a new parish. Mr. C—— had just been appointed to, and in the course of their round, called on a farmer and his wife, a Mr. and Mrs. D——. They were shown into a large old-fashioned room whilst the maid went to inform her mistress of their presence there, and whilst waiting, a door at the further end of the room was suddenly thrown open and a middle-aged woman, rather shabbily attired came in and hurried across the end of the room and went through a quaint old doorway and up a staircase at the other side. The rector exclaimed to his wife "That's probably Mrs. D——, called in from household duties," to which his wife added, "and hurrying through to her room to get tidy before meeting us." At that moment the maid entered and conducted them into an adjoining room where they found Mrs. D—— who was of quite different appearance to the woman they had just seen.

A week later the rector had occasion to call on the D——'s again, and was sitting in the room they had been first shown into on their former visit, talking to the farmer and his wife, when he noticed to his surprise that the picturesque old doorway in the corner of the room through which he and his wife had seen the woman pass to a stairway beyond was no longer there—nor was there any indication that there had been a doorway there, or anywhere on that side of the room. Rather puzzled he turned to Mr. D—— and said: "It seems a pity that the quaint old doorway which was in that corner has been removed—it was so uncommon in structure and design, and we thought it most

picturesque." The farmer stared at him in astonishment, and said, "I'm afraid I don't understand you—what door can you mean—there never has been any doorway in that part of the room," to which the Rector replied: "Oh, yes! there certainly was a door there last week—and a curious old stairway beyond leading upwards. My wife and I distinctly saw some one come into this room, cross over to that side, and pass out by the doorway I have described."

He then described the woman he had seen.

The D——'s looked thoroughly mystified, and declared that no such woman had been in their house, and there certainly was no one of that description on the premises, or in the neighbourhood, as far as they knew. The wall was examined on both sides, but without finding a trace of a doorway or staircase.

Mr. and Mrs. C—— were forced to conclude that it was one of those mysteries undreamed of in our philosophy.

Mr. and Mrs. V—— (of Tenby, South Wales and Brecon) told me the following: They were staying at a country house near Builth (Wales) and occupied for one night a room which was not often used. About midnight they were awakened by a noise in the room, and became conscious of some horrible evil presence near them. A candle was lighted and the room searched, but there was nothing there, though they still continued to feel an overpowering sickening sensation of some loathsome awful Being close to them. Mrs. V—— was so frightened that she engaged in prayer—and then the terrifying influence with its atmosphere of oppression slowly withdrew and did not trouble them again.

One night in that room was quite sufficient.

A governess (in the employ of previous residents there) occupied that room for a time and complained of some horrible influence there. Poor girl! she went off her head, and was removed to an asylum a raving maniac—using the most filthy language and diabolical expressions, and frenzied violence, which was all the more unaccountable, as previously she had been a quiet, gentle refined girl, with no knowledge of what is evil or obscene.

A gentleman (friend of the V——'s) stayed one night in the room and was found half mad with terror in the morning. He had experienced the same overpowering sensation of something intensely evil and horrible, and had been unable to leave the room, as whatever it was took up its position between him and the door, and he could not pass it.

On another occasion, Mr. V—— stayed at this house for a few days shooting, and was given a room in another part of the

great rambling mansion, just over the drawing-room. He was awakened in the night by the sound of hammering in the room below—as if some packing cases were being vigorously nailed up.

At first he thought it must be morning (about 7 a.m.) and carpenters were at work in the house, and then as the noise rendered further sleep impossible, he lit a candle and looked at his watch, and found that it was only 1 a.m. For over an hour this noise went on, and he felt much annoyed at what he considered was want of consideration on the part of his host, permitting men to nail up boxes and do carpentering at night. When the butler called him in the morning, he said, "What was all that noise about in the night in the room below this? The man looked surprised, and said, "Noise—sir—in the middle of the night?"—"Yes, as if carpenters were at work—a constant hammering—boxes being nailed up—the noise kept me awake for more than an hour." "Ah yes, sir, I understand," he replied in a changed tone, "that hammering has often been heard before, and cannot be explained or stopped—it's no human being who does it."

Another country house near Bulth (L— Hall) belonging to friends of the V—'s is badly haunted—all sorts of unaccountable noises being heard there at nights—rappings on the doors, footsteps in the corridors, and sound of voices. A Miss W—, a great friend of the V—'s, was once staying there, and one night when lying awake, she heard a rustling sound in the room and swish-swish of silken skirts, then a woman's voice close to her bed exclaim: "O dear! O dear!" in a tone of anguish and despair, followed by a long drawn sigh. Immediately striking a light Miss W— looked round the room, but was unable to find anybody—and the door was locked.

The lady of the house, Mrs. G—, was one afternoon going downstairs, when a tall man suddenly appeared in front of her, on the staircase, also descending. Wondering who he could be (and thinking of the spoons) she followed him down, across the hall, into the dining-room, when he turned round and faced her—and a second after vanished. She, however, recognized him as one of her husband's ancestors, a Sir R— G—, who had died fifty years before, a picture of whom hangs in the dining-room.

One of the domestics aroused the household with piercing shrieks one night. She was found in a dead faint. When revived she stated that a man attired in a long black robe appeared in her room and beckoned to her to follow him: saying in a strong clear voice, "Follow me and I will show you the treasure chamber."

Nothing would induce the woman to spend another hour in that room. It is thought that there really is hidden treasure somewhere in that ancient house.

A weird thing occurred in connexion with the death and funeral of a Colonel L— of G—, near Llandovery (with whom the V—'s were acquainted). At the time of his death a small black dog appeared in the room (no one knows from where), and jumping on to the bed, lay across the dead man's face. It was at once thrown off by one of those present and driven out of the room. Later on when the corpse was laid out awaiting the coffin the dog again appeared in the room and jumped on to the dead man. It was then taken out of the house by a servant and driven away. Two days later when the corpse was in the coffin ready to be taken to the cemetery the same dog was discovered curled up on the closed lid, though the room door had been closed. It evaded capture and ran out of the house, and later appeared at the funeral, and in the cemetery during the interment. Then it disappeared and was not seen again. On the way to the cemetery the horses drawing the hearse seemed terrified at something and trembled and snorted all the way, and the Colonel's charger which was in the procession reared and plunged about, quivering and snorting and sweating profusely, in unaccountable terror of things Unseen. Colonel L— had borne an unenviable reputation, and had been rather a queer character.

At Mrs. V—'s ancestral home in Cornwall now occupied by Sir W— M—, the apparition of a young man, one of Mrs. V—'s ancestors, is often seen. He was a wild reckless character, and terminated a dissolute career by drowning himself. He was seen once lying on a sofa in the drawing-room, looking very sad and miserable, and politely got up when the seer (a lady) approached him and obligingly vanished. One person (who was not in the least nervous) on another occasion coolly made a sketch of him, before he felt it incumbent on him to vanish. The sketch is still preserved—not so much as a work of art, as a memento of a unique episode. At one house where Mrs. V— resided with relations in an old rectory, which had once been a monastery, the sound of a carriage driving up to the house and stopping before the front door was often heard, and Mrs. V— (who was then a young girl) and her brother and cousins often used to go out and try if they could solve the mystery; but nothing was ever seen. At the same house the figure of a monk used to appear, also two other apparitions, one of which had the appear-

ance of a woman closely muffled up. One evening just as it was getting dark, Mrs. V——'s brother saw a figure in the garden near the back entrance, and thinking it was the cook, he ran up to speak to her, but when he was close enough to touch it, the figure vanished. In one of the rooms there was heard the sound of deep heavy breathing which any one who entered the room could distinctly hear, and any one who remained still there for a short time soon became conscious of an unseen presence behind them, which seemed very real—though the feeling was indefinable.

There is a house at Tenby, South Wales, where some friends of ours named Y—— lived, and after old Mr. Y——'s death a few years ago, many strange noises have been heard there, and on three occasions the late Mr. Y—— has been seen. Once he was seen ascending the stairs, by two people, a second time he was seen by persons in the street looking out of the dining-room window, and the third time he appeared in one of the bedrooms, and pulled the clothes off the bed of a small boy. The father of the child assures me that this is an absolute fact. After Mr. Y—— died, his family (whom I know well) left the house, and several families have since resided there, who were disturbed by various mysterious noises. One of these families told me of their experiences there—the loud bangings heard in the upstairs rooms when no one was there—footsteps running up the stairs and about the rooms, the sound of a stone-mason at work chipping stone in one room, and knockings on the doors and windows. As the house is at present occupied it is important that its identity should remain secret.

A Welsh parson (a friend of Mr. V——'s) had been away on a holiday on the Continent. On the afternoon of his return to his parish, he was driving along a country road near his rectory, when he noticed a farmer named Williams walking along the road in front of him, with whom he was very friendly. On overtaking him, he called out: "How do you do, Mr. Williams! I'm glad to see you out again!" The figure turned and looked up at him, with a sad, pathetic expression, then without a word, or further notice, passed through a gate into a field and disappeared. That farmer had died two hours before, but the rector, who had been travelling, had not heard of his death, or that he was seriously ill—though he had known for some time that he was not very well.

Before his death, Mr. W—— had constantly inquired for his old friend the rector, expressing the desire to see him before he died.

REVIEWS

PROCEEDINGS S.P.R. (PART LIV).

THE new Part contains three important papers. Dr. T. W. Mitchell writes on the Appreciation of Time by Somnambules; Miss Clarissa Miles and Miss Hermione Ramsden contribute a Record of Experiments in Thought-Transference; and Miss Johnson describes Some Recent Sittings for Physical Phenomena in America. There is also a supplement by Dr. Leaf, on the alleged clairvoyance of a Norwegian peasant, and reviews by Dr. Tuckey, Rev. M. A. Bayfield, and Mr. Podmore. Every page is instructive, and the Part ought to be studied by all serious investigators; not so much, perhaps, for its facts or conclusions, as for the fine lesson in *method* which it affords.

Dr. Mitchell's paper is a record of experiments in *suggestion à échéance*. He remarks that though it is difficult to find two authors who are agreed as to the number of possible "stages" in hypnosis, there is nevertheless a possible division of all hypnotic subjects into two classes, according as they remember or do not remember—in waking life—the events that they have experienced in hypnosis. Those who are totally amnesic, Dr. Mitchell terms "somnambules"; and it is with subjects of this class that the experiments in question were made. The method was usually the same as that adopted by Dr. Bramwell, the subject being told to make a cross on a piece of paper, and to make a note of the time, at the expiration of, say, 7,000 minutes. The order was generally carried out with remarkable precision, whether the subject happened to be awake or asleep when the suggestion fell due. In the latter case, she would either wake up and make the cross, or would do it apparently while asleep. The longest period attempted was one of 214,895 minutes. The suggestion was given on June 5 at 12 noon, and was carried out on November 1 at 5.35 p.m., which was the exact moment of its *échéance*.

The facts being established, interest centres in the theory by which they are to be colligated and explained. The main question is, how does the hypnotic stratum know when the suggestion falls due? It is to be noted that this kind of experiment is radically different from that in which a suggestion is

given that a certain action must be performed *at a stated time*. In that case the hypnotic stratum may "set the alarm clock"—so to speak—to the given date and time, and when these arrive the action "goes off" automatically. But when a number of *minutes* is given, at the expiration of which the required action is to be done, it seems to be necessary to suppose either that the hypnotic stratum makes a calculation—to find out when the suggestion falls due—or that it counts the minutes as they go. There is reason to believe that both methods are adopted. If the subject is normally good at mental arithmetic, the time of *échéance* will be calculated; if not, there seems to be actual counting. This latter hypothesis is supported by the fact that sometimes a suggestion was carried out correctly, and the correct time written down, even though—clocks and watches not being at hand—the subject had no normal means of knowing the hour. Anyhow, Dr. Mitchell claims that there is actual subliminal mentation, and he accepts Myers' theory so far as hypnosis and hysteria are concerned.

* * * * *

It is easy to succumb to the temptation of "explaining" too much by telepathy. The theory has a broad back. But, after all, telepathy is nearest to known processes, and it is wise to explain as much as possible by its aid. And even telepathy is not yet recognized by orthodox science; consequently, more evidence—a continual stream of new evidence—is required.

The experiments of Miss Miles and Miss Ramsden are valuable on several counts. They were carried out systematically, with admirable observance of evidential requirements; and the record serves as a model for other experimenters. The proportion of successes to failures seems to exclude chance, and the record forms another stick in the faggot of evidence for telepathy. And, thirdly, it is through experiments of this kind that we may hope to reach some idea of the *mechanism* of the transference.

In the first series, Miss Miles concentrated her thoughts, in the afternoon or early evening, on some object or idea. Miss Ramsden sat with passive mind at 7 p.m., recording her impressions and sending off an account of them before hearing from Miss Miles about what had been attempted. The agent was in London, the percipient in Buckinghamshire, twenty miles away. It was found that there was most success when Miss Miles chose an object rather than a complex idea: e.g. when she chose "a pair of spectacles," the success was complete; the percipient got

"spectacles," with no other impression. It is interesting to note, in experiments of this kind, how supernormal perceptions run into the grooves or moulds formed by the percipient's habits of thought. Perhaps this was what happened when Miss Ramsden had the impression of a Crucifixion, with "the three crosses on the left side of the hill," also "wind and storm," following a thought of "the sun with rays." That evening, Miss Miles had attempted to transmit "Sunset over Oratory" (Brompton); there had been a stormy sunset, with "weird orange lights," and against the glowing sky three objects to the left of the dome stood out dark. These were a sculptured figure and two uprights, which, in dim light, might easily be mistaken for statues.

In the second series, Miss Ramsden was in Inverness-shire, and Miss Miles at various places in the South of England. The former sat for impressions at 7 p.m., as in the first series, but the latter had no fixed time for sending her message. She merely thought of Miss Ramsden more or less during the day, noting down in the evening what thoughts had most prominently occupied her mind, and what she had tried to transmit, or thought might probably have been transmitted. Out of fifteen days' experiments there were six occasions on which the required idea was received completely or partially by the percipient; but on almost every day there was some correspondence between Miss Ramsden's impressions and *something* that had occupied Miss Miles' mind during the day. In other words, there was almost daily success, but the success was frequently of a kind which the agent's supraliminal will had not intended.

* * * * *

The last of the three important papers is concerned with Miss Johnson's visit to America in August, 1906, in quest of evidence for certain physical phenomena which had been reported to the Society by Dr. J. H. Gower. The circle was a private one in a large town in one of the Western States; no professional medium was present at its sittings, yet movements of a table without contact were alleged to occur, also raps, which gave messages purporting to come from "spirits." The members of the circle seem to have accepted the spirit-hypothesis at first, but they abandoned it later on, chiefly because the messages were always wrong when they related to matters unknown to the sitters.

Miss Johnson took part in eighteen sittings, at which the phenomena were said to be about "up to the average" of previous performances. Raps would come, apparently on the table,

both when the sitters were touching it, and when—so far as could be seen—they were not. These raps answered questions by the code of one for No and three for Yes, and also gave messages, and names of "spirits," by rapping at the required letter as the alphabet was repeated. Apparently the matter of these messages was of no evidential value, and the main question was how the raps were produced. Miss Johnson found that they occurred chiefly on the chair of Mrs. Williams—who seemed to be the principal medium—or in her vicinity. When they came on the table, it was not quite certain that there was absolutely no contact between it and Mrs. Williams; and it is noteworthy that at one sitting some of the raps synchronized with observed movements of Mrs. Williams' knee. Miss Johnson believes, however, in the honesty of the sitters, and is inclined to think that the raps were produced subconsciously, though by normal means, such as tapping table or chair with the foot, etc. They occurred freely in Mrs. Williams' absence, but it is of course possible that other sitters had developed a similar automatism. Miss Johnson was, however, unable to discover precisely how they were produced, and it is therefore possible that they were super-normal, the knee-movements, etc., simply liberating the force. Dr. Maxwell * found that the contraction of a muscle determined a rap, which, however, was not produced—in his opinion—by known means.

Miss Johnson remains similarly unconvinced with regard to the movements without contact. As she very properly remarks, it is very difficult to make sure of the genuineness of this phenomenon, the sources of possible error being manifold. Still, movements occurred when no contact was observable, and there was one levitation when the hands of the sitters—only three in number—were resting on the top of the table. Possibly a sitter's foot may have done it; but Dr. Gower and Miss Johnson failed to imitate the levitation by this means. The sitters' feet were not visible to each other at the time, but Miss Johnson remarks that it is difficult to believe that the phenomenon could have been normally caused without some movement on the part of the agent being observable.

The whole account is extremely interesting, particularly as illustrating the difficulty of reaching definite conclusions in this branch of the research.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

* *Metapsychical Phenomena*, pp. 78, 83, etc.

WILLIAM BLAKE. By Arthur Symons. Constable & Co.
10s. 6d. net.

WE are grateful to Mr. Arthur Symons for giving us a book about Blake at once so learned and so luminous, and written with an ease and mastery which has given us unqualified pleasure. The first part, which takes up more than half the book, is supplemented by "Records from Contemporary Sources," which occupy the whole of the second part. The latter add considerably to the interest of the book, though in a sense they may be looked upon rather as *addenda* to the first part, in which the portrait of Blake is presented to us with the skill of an artist. This is not a common achievement in biography, and it seems to us that one of the elements in the production of this result is a certain modesty or delicacy which informs these pages, so that nothing is allowed to obscure the true lineaments of Blake as they gradually grow more distinct and living before our eyes.

Mr. Symons says of Blake: "Where other poets use reality as a spring-board into space, he uses it as a foothold on his return from flight;" and this happily expresses the peculiar quality of Blake's genius. Perhaps no man of equal calibre ever lived so wholly in the world of imagination, in reference to which he himself says: "Vision, or imagination, is a representation of what actually exists, really and unchangeably. Fable, or allegory, is formed by the daughters of memory." He says also: "Natural objects always did, and now do, weaken, deaden, and obliterate imagination in me." And he sums up his religion in the following manner: "I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the divine arts of Imagination: Imagination, the real and eternal world of which this vegetable universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our eternal or imaginative bodies, when these vegetable mortal bodies are no more."

Thus it is not hard to see that, since Blake's concern was entirely with imagination, *doing* counted for nothing in comparison with *being* in his philosophy of life. He said, in conversation with Crabb Robinson: "There is no use in education. I hold it wrong. It is the great sin. It is eating of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. That was the fault of Plato—he knew nothing but of the virtues and vices and good and evil. There is nothing in all that. Everything is good in God's eyes;" and also: "What are called the vices in the natural world, are the highest sublimities in the spiritual world." And in this connexion Mr. Symons calls attention to the striking

manner in which Blake anticipates the ideas which we are accustomed to associate with Nietzsche. Thus Blake "exalts energy above reason, and Evil, 'the active springing from energy' above Good, 'the passive that obeys reason.'" He also says: "Put off holiness and put on intellect"; and again: "The fool shall not enter into heaven, let him be ever so holy." These ideas are in the very spirit of Nietzsche, who speaks of "beyond good and evil," "moralic acid," and "of virtue that maketh smaller." But while Nietzsche was deprived of all repose by the demon of intellectual energy, Blake was possessed of the delight and serenity of a child. The story of his wooing is thus recorded by one of Blake's biographers:—

"Our artist fell in love with a lively little girl, who allowed him to say everything that was loving, but would not listen to his overtures on the score of matrimony. He was lamenting this in the house of a friend, when a generous-hearted lass declared that she pitied him from her heart. 'Do you pity me?' asked Blake. 'Yes; I do, most sincerely.'—'Then,' said he, 'I love you for that.' 'Well,' said the honest girl, 'and I love you.' The consequence was, they were married, and lived the happiest of lives." The text is full of excellent criticisms of Blake in his twofold character of plastic artist and poet. A good portrait at the beginning of the book would have added still one more pleasure to the reader.

SPIRITUALISM NOT SPIRITUALISM. By William T. Wilson, M.D., M.R.C.S., etc. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Gerrard Street, W.C.

THIS is one of three very remarkable books which have recently been published in uniform style from Dryden House. The other two, entitled respectively *Theocosmia* and *The Human Soul Revealed*, emanate from the same source and to all intents and purposes are the works of the same author, who for some time veiled his identity, but is now declared to be Dr. Scott.

The avowed purpose of these publications is to awaken the minds of men to the fact that "there is another and more beautiful existence than this, and to prepare the world for certain revelations regarding the human soul and its spiritual evolution" in this world and others which succeed to it.

The reader is taken into the author's confidence and told how the facts of the life beyond came to his knowledge and recognition. It was a case of obsession occurring in his own house. He used to

pit his will against the infesting spirit or demon, and often enough his physical strength too. It was not a matter of "I command you to come out of her" and the trouble over. It lasted for weeks, and the medium of this obsessing demon while under its control would defy all other influences. The author was assisted in his efforts by a good spirit, one named Emilie, but she eventually was pushed aside, until at last there was "only the devilish intruder in open defiance and antagonism" to the will of the doctor. This is the sort of experience common to the case:

After the medium had been put through various contortions and physical discomforts at the instance of my insatiable opponent, he made a pretence as if her collar were too tight, quietly unfastened the top button of her dress and took off the collar. After a few moments' pause—just to keep down my suspicion—he gently placed her open hand over her own throat, and then, in the neatest manner possible, gathered in the loose skin on her neck, at the same time improving his grip. All at once it struck me that this was an attempt to choke the medium. . . . I grasped the medium's hand, which was now deeply embedded in her own throat, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I overcame the hold of the terrible fiend."

From this low order of super-physical influence the doctor came into successively higher and higher touch with the denizens of the spirit world, and it is to the authority of one or two of the more developed intelligences that we are indebted for the teachings in these books concerning the nature of the after-life and the doctrine of the human soul. In this connexion it is singular at this date that the teaching of Eternal Damnation should be revived and taught as a truth from the world beyond. Yet here it is:

"Where is the spirit now?"

"He is a dark spot without any sun."

"Will he always remain such? Is there no chance of his improving, as bright spirits do?"

"As you are so you will be."

"Is it on account of his life and actions that he is as he is?"

"As you were so you are."

Elsewhere in the same work, speaking of the First Sphere, the doctor is told that the Earth-bound spirits of this sphere are "for all future eternity excluded from the presence of the Father." This looks like an eternal Dualism in which the Damned stand in everlasting antagonism to the Supreme Being. And with such paradoxes bristling through the pages of this strange revelation, the author may be consistent in his insistence on Faith as the *sine qua non* of immortality. In the *Theocosmia*, the authorship

of which is ascribed to William Norman Wilson, who passed from this life at the age of twenty-three, Dr. William Teasdale Wilson (Scott) is again the chronicler. He records the communications of his son Norman regarding the successive stages or "spheres" through which he passed after death until he reached the supreme sphere of Glorification. But in *The Human Soul Revealed* the question of authenticity is still further complicated by the ascription of the book to Minerva Vickers, such being the earthly name of a spirit of "The Fourth Sphere." The medium in this instance is William Norman Wilson, then (1899) "a young man nineteen years of age." It is not every one who is privileged to write an account of her own death, but in the forefront of the revelations concerning the human soul we have an account of the "Death and Passage Over of Minerva Vickers" by Minerva Vickers.

In whichever direction I looked, there spirits were to be seen doing one thing or another, and all around my friends on earth they seemed busy as bees.

Just so, but what were they doing?

My new Guide took me for a tour of inspection around this wonderful sphere and in our travels we found spirits wherever we went, all engaged doing one thing or another. . . .

And at last the revelation concerning occupation in the world beyond!

Among the various occupations in which spirits were engaged I noticed that some were praising God and others discoursing sweet music, such as I had never heard before. It was music, not in sounds as I had been accustomed to hear in my material condition, but in melodious currents, proceeding from angelic instruments.

One might reasonably have expected some degree of occupation in psychology, spiritual dynamics, metaphysics, or even astronomy and the science of numbers. But we have to take Heaven as it is, or take it not at all. Perhaps this was the "heaven" of the gentle and not very deeply versed mind of Miss Vickers. One shudders to think of it literally and universally.

But as regards Hell and its denizens, their occupations and—but why anticipate? If the reader is interested and can take these communications as seriously as they were meant and exercise as much faith as is necessary to their adoption as doctrine, no more emphatic statement could be wished for than is contained in these three volumes.

SCRUTATOR.

THE SHADOW OF THE UNSEEN. By Barry Pain and James Blyth. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 6s.

A PASSIONATE materialist can be induced to read an occult novel, but it should be remembered that materialists are not converted by merely being convinced. Materialists abhor the novel which treats the body as if it were a house instead of a part of a human being. Hence if the novelist of occultism desires to detain materialists, who represent the majority of Britons, he must simply flavour his book with the supernatural. A well-nigh perfect example of the occult novel for materialists is *The Shadow of the Unseen*. Both collaborators are men of mark. Mr. Pain is not only a humorist but also a player on those nerves whose music is "the creeps." Mr. Blyth is an imaginative realist who has the East Anglian dialect by heart. Between them they have put occultism in the subordinate, sanitary place where it keeps the reader cosily shivering.

Their heroine, Linda Merle, is a wealthy young lady of weak will and occult gifts or temptations. "Planchette" produces "looking-glass" writing under her hand, and is promptly destroyed by her loving friend. In the sacramental cup, employed by Judith (a Norfolk witch) for seeing visions, Linda discovers the sexual treachery of a young man who is amorous of her. In a dream deliberately sent to her by the witch, who intends Linda's soul to pay Judith's debt to "the Black Maan o' the mash," she receives a disgusting caress from that personage. Linda is saved by her lover Hebbelthwaite, an ex-clergyman, who is admirably drawn, and should be an educative influence on the materialist who reads about him. For Hebbelthwaite is a man of physical might and exceptional sweetness who believes in a Personal Power of Evil, and though personally I hold such a belief in contempt, believing that it is heroic and worthy of man to lose the concept of Evil in the concept of Progress, it is well to have it written down pictorially that there are more things than are dreamt of in materialistic philosophy. The novel contains two excellent characters of comedy (attributable to Mr. Pain) in Willoughby Trotter, a senior tutor, and Lady Blickling, a born "scorcher," who pretends to despise motor-cars. Mr. Blyth's rustics are mirth-provoking "bors," one of whom is the less real for repeating a melodramatic verse.

W. H. CHESSON.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE article on "Scepticism," by Mr. C. B. Wheeler, in the *Westminster Review*, will be enjoyed by all who believe that nothing is lost, but on the contrary everything is to be gained, by full and free examination of all the problems of Nature, whether of normal or abnormal occurrence. The sceptic is the examiner, the searcher, who takes nothing for granted, yet is chary of forming fixed opinions, but who suspends his judgment, knowing that there is no final certainty :

There are fields in which scientific proof is not obtainable ; all those subjects, in fact, which are conveniently if incorrectly summed up under the term Occultism, and where accordingly the man of science feels justified in taking up an attitude of scornful incredulity. . . . A certain learned professor fell foul of Sir Oliver Lodge a short time ago for having alluded to telepathy as an acknowledged fact. It probably never occurred to him that until one has made a study of a subject one is not entitled to have an opinion on it one way or the other. Probably nine men out of ten, if asked whether they believed in ghosts, would say they considered all such things nonsense ; and if pressed for a reason they would probably deem themselves on very firm ground in replying that they had never met one.

History, as Mr. Wheeler shows, affords ample proof that in all ages Doubt has been the parent of Progress, by forcing men to grow out of their former beliefs, and attain a wider conception of the real nature of the Universe. We are learning not only to tolerate each other's beliefs, but to see " that each man's creed is the only one he is capable of holding at the stage of development he has reached."

The editor of *The Theosophist*, in his opening notes, refers to some very curious cases in which Burmese boys have spoken as though they were reincarnations of British officers who had been killed in that country, and have given evidence of complete acquaintance with the lives and circumstances of these gentlemen. The editor very pertinently remarks : " If these are full spiritual reincarnations, the puzzle remains, what have these Englishmen to do in the bodies of the children of Burmese coolies ? " As is also remarked, the phenomenon is contrary to both the Theosophical belief in a long period between successive incarnations, and the Burmese belief that a new-born babe is an immediate reincarnation of the last member of the same tribe

who died. In other quarters a resemblance has been suggested to "George Pelham" and Dr. Hodgson speaking through Mrs. Piper.

The same review gives an autobiographical study by Francis Sedlák on "How I faced the Problem of Consciousness," the key to which he found in considering the nature of thought, and the existence of man, thereby implied, as a transcendent Being. Another article is by the Hon. Sir Hartley Williams, on "Death and a Future State," in which the distinction between the self and the body is clearly drawn, and used to explain passages in the Bible:—

St. Paul undoubtedly believed that when the natural body ceases to function the spiritual body survives as the garment of the being, and that clad in this spiritual body the life is continued somewhere else than on the physical plane. . . . The real self is not the body, the body is merely the physical manifestation of the true self. The possession of a physical body is necessary for the purpose of manifesting on, and for communicating with, the physical plane. When the physical body perishes, we go on living; we have a change of habitation and a different environment, and we have discarded the shell suitable to, and necessary in, the one habitation, unsuitable to, and a useless encumbrance in, the other. . . . It is also probable that the mind, or part of the mind, survives the cessation of the functions of the brain, and, as a constituent part of the true Ego, leaves the physical tenement, enveloped in the shape or form which has been suggested.

The October issue of the *Journal of the American S.P.R.* contains an analysis by Hartley B. Alexander of the criteria by which we recognize personality in ourselves and in others; and a criticism by Professor Hyslop of an article by Dr. Mackay in the *North American Review* on the immortality of the soul, in which Professor Hyslop pleads that a belief in survival may rest on much firmer and more reasonable bases than any mere "faith," and therefore is much more than a "hope." The sooner, he says, the religious mind overcomes traditional prejudices against science "and accepts scientific method as its best friend, the better for the intellectual and ethical, to say nothing of the political, status and influence of religion as a respectable force in the community." The chief "incident" this month is that of a newspaper editor who was strongly impressed, as though by a persistent voice, while in church one Sunday evening, to go to his office, where he found that in his own room a lamp had been lighted and turned too high, so that the room was full of dense smoke, and an explosion imminent.

In the *Metaphysical Magazine*, Siegfried Herz writes on

"The War against the World's View of Christianity," and expounds the views of Leibnitz, Kant, Nietzsche and others. An article by Mary H. Greenewalt is reproduced from the *Popular Science Monthly*, showing that musical rhythm corresponds very closely to the beat of the human pulse, and suggesting that Chopin, whose favourite metronome time was eighty-eight to the minute, may have had an abnormally quick pulsation. She concludes: "The arm of science is long; it needs no yardstick with which to measure the stars. Can it feel the pulse of those who have long since crossed the invisible boundaries that separate this world from the next?"

The Swastika prints a "Prize Ghost Story" from Jennie E. Phillips, of San Francisco, in which she tells, first, of a dream in which she saw her brother, whom she believed to be in a warm climate, fall from a height on to railroad tracks, amid heaps of snow. This had actually happened to him, during an unexpected visit to New York, to see a long-lost cousin, who had also been seen by his sister in her dream. Some months afterwards the sister heard heavy breathing and moaning under her pillow; it turned out that her brother had died from internal injuries caused by the fall, though she believed that he had quite recovered. The third incident relates to a table-tilting séance, at which a spirit communicator asked that a young man in the same hotel be sent for, and then rapped out: "You are a murderer." The young man then confessed that he had killed a man whom he took for a robber. None of these facts could have been guessed or expected by the percipient.

The Annals of Psychological Science, in its November issue, terminates a highly interesting examination, by Ernest Bozzano, of Genoa, of "Symbolism in Metapsychical Phenomena," showing how dreams, mediumistic communications, and other psychical presentations, especially with regard to the future, frequently take the form of a veiled symbolism, the meaning of which is not apparent until the event has been fully accomplished. In some cases this appears to be due to the impression on the higher consciousness being transmitted to the normal or waking consciousness in the form of a symbolical representation; with regard to predictions, it seems as though there was an intelligent design to prepare the mind of the percipient for some future event, the nature of which is only vaguely indicated. It would seem, in fact, as though some extraneous entity were permitted to convey a warning, but no more.

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.*]

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—If your correspondent who signs himself “a Catholic” had read my letter with a little more care, he would have seen that it was only before I met Edward Maitland that I gave no serious consideration to the claims of the Catholic Church. After I met him, and when I came to read his and Anna Kingsford’s writings, I had to consider the claims of that Church, and it was then that I came to the conclusion that the Catholic Church had the whole of the truth in a parable, and that no dogma of that Church was real that was not *spiritual*. In other words, I hold that all that is true is spiritual. If a dogma be true, and yet seem to have a material signification, it has not been solved. It is a mystery, and its interpretation must be sought. “That which is true is for spirit alone.” Without the light of “The Perfect Way” (which, I believe, has ever been banned by those who are in authority in the Churches, and which, with kindred literature, is depreciated by your correspondent), I should have rejected the dogmas of the Catholic Church as I had rejected the teaching of the Protestant Churches, *and for the same reason, viz.*, I should have understood such dogmas in the sense in which they are taught and insisted on by those in authority in the Catholic Church—the literal and material sense—the sense in which words signify material things or events, and so understanding them, and not knowing that the things or events suggested by the words were intended to signify, and did signify, other things not material, though none the less real, I should have known them to be untrue. Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland showed to me the sense in which the dogmas of the Catholic Church are true, and that sense is wholly spiritual. They drew me out of the “miry clay” of unbelief and agnosticism, and set my foot upon the “rock”

of mysticism ; and, as a mystic, I acknowledge and declare myself to be a Christian Catholic. I am a *Catholic* in the highest and only true sense. I know that beneath all external religious rites and ceremonies there is but one religion, even the religion of the Spirit of Truth, and the Catholic faith is the faith that is universal among all those who have attained to full spiritual consciousness, and been taught of the Spirit, which is God ; and I am a *Christian* Catholic because I receive the Truth through the Christian presentation rather than through the presentation of another religion. Of the Christian Churches, I believe that the rites and ceremonies of that Church which calls itself " the Catholic Church " are the most significant of Divine Truth—for the Protestant Churches have mutilated or repudiated the " parable " of the Catholic Church, behind which the truth is to be found. I am not therefore against Catholicism or against the dogmas of the Catholic Church, but I am against *Sacerdotalism*—which is materialism—wherever it is to be found, and it is to be found in all Churches and in all religions. It has been the cause of the failure of every great religion that has failed in the past, and it may yet be the cause of the failure of the Christian Religion, not because Christianity is false, but because as taught by sacerdotalists it has been falsified. Why will the Christian Churches have matter and a literalism that kills ? The Sacerdotalists are the enemies of the Truth, and, being ignorant of the things of the Spirit, they truly are " blind guides." They it is who have ever given to the people to eat " ashes " (matter) as it were bread (spiritual food) ; the " scorpion," instead of the " fish " ; the symbol, instead of the thing symbolized ; matter, instead of spirit. They have so materialized the Truth that at last they have lost it, and against them was the denunciation : " Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ! because ye shut the kingdom of heaven against men : for ye enter not in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to enter."

I am well aware that it would be impossible for all people at one time to receive the Truth, or to receive it in an equal degree, because all men are not spiritual or sufficiently advanced in spirituality, and there are degrees of spiritual advancement, and I agree that " no fault lies with the Church on this account." Such people must be allowed to remain in error *for the time being*, and be regarded and treated as children or, as St. Paul calls them, " babes," but for the time being only, for they will in time (if not in their present lives then in

future lives) attain to their manhood and to the condition wherein they also shall be able to receive the Truth, and woe to the Church if it then neglect to teach them the Truth of which it is the guardian, or if it give to them the "stone" when they demand "bread." The fault of the Sacerdotalists is that they *insist* on the literal and material presentation as being the true presentation, and refuse to allow to those who have outgrown the merely material and intellectual, any other presentation *as an alternative*, whereas every mystic knows that the literal and material presentation is but a Divine parable, which is true in a spiritual sense only; and it is because the great mystics of the Catholic Church have known this that they have not broken away from exoteric Catholicism. There is no need for the mystic to discard the dogmas of the Catholic Church, for he, and he alone, holding them in a spiritual sense, renders them intelligible. He knows them to be true because he understands them, and he understands them because he has the key of the Spirit which unlocks the mysteries, and this key is most assuredly to be found in the writings of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland, which writings have been written and are now being promulgated *in the interest of the Catholic Church*, and I believe that they will do more for that Church than anything else that I know of, and that Church is most in need of them because it can make the best use of them. There is reason to believe that they have already exercised a beneficial influence, and I rejoice that your correspondent admits that "we are entering a new age." We are entering the age of spiritual interpretation.

Yours faithfully,

SAML. HOPGOOD HART.

EDENHURST, BIRDHURST ROAD, SOUTH CROYDON.

November 10, 1907.

PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS AND ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS

BY THE "OCCULT REVIEW" PSYCHOMETRIST

DELINEATION (FORGIE).

Question 1 : Is there a marriage for me, and when ?

Answer : I sense marriage for you, but it may not take place until 1910.

Question 2 : Shall I marry the woman I love ? and, if so, what brings freedom to her ?

Answer : I sense you marrying the woman who has been in your life some time, and she will be free through the death of the influence which separates you now.

Question 3 : Shall I get cured of my sciatica ? and, if so, then for good ?

Answer : I sense you better, but do not find absolute cure ?

DELINEATION (DODO).

Question 1 : Is there any near change in my life ?

Answer : I sense a great change for you towards the end of next year ; when there is a change of residence and marriage with a man you are much attached to.

Question 2 : Does the man I have lately come in contact with affect my life ?

Answer : I do not sense this man making any great difference to you ; the acquaintance may ripen into friendship, but I do not sense anything more.

DELINEATION (SOLAR).

As "Solar" does not wish the questions published I answer them as Questions 1 and 2.

Question 1 : I cannot sense any success for you at present, if you go to law ; but during the next few months there is a change which will put you in a much stronger position, and an influence which is at present a strong witness against you will for some reason come over to your side ; then I think you may have a chance.

Question 2 : I do not sense your getting the money you require before the end of next year.

DELINEATION (M. H. R., INDIA).

Question 1 : Does the influence of a certain person who came across my life, three years ago, still exist, or has it passed away ? If so, will it ever return ?

Answer : I do not sense this person having any real influence in your life. I sense the influence in your thoughts, but do not sense it in your material conditions.

Question 2 : Do you sense any matrimonial alliance with this influence ? If so, when ?

Answer : I do not sense your marrying this influence at any time.

Question 3 : Are there any prospects of any change for the better, pecuniary and otherwise ? If so, have I long to wait ?

Answer : I sense a steady improvement in your position after next June.

DELINEATION (SAGITTARIUS).

Question 1 : Shall I marry the woman I love ? If so, when ?

Answer : I sense a very happy marriage for you early in 1909, and I sense the influence of the woman in your life now.

Question 2 : Can you see what has been keeping us apart ?

Answer : An influence and money have been the cause of your not marrying earlier, but both these obstacles are removed shortly.

DELINEATION (ALIXIS).

Question 1 : Shall I ever be in a better position as regards money matters ?

Answer : I sense money coming to you through a death during 1910.

Question 2 : Am I likely ever to marry ?

Answer : I do not sense marriage for you at present.

DELINEATION (LOS ANGELES).

Question 1 : Shall a broken friendship be renewed with one from whom I have been estranged for nearly two years ?

Answer : I do not sense a return of this influence to your life ; you seem to drift apart ; and I doubt if the friendship could ever be renewed on the old basis.

Question 2 : Have I met the lady whom I shall marry ? If so, when shall we unite our fortunes ?

Answer : I do not sense the lady you marry in your present conditions, and cannot find her there until next year, when I sense a very charming influence ; and you marry during 1909.

DELINEATION (HUMAL).

Question 1 : What do you sense for me in the next two years ?

Answer : I sense a great deal of improvement in your position, and you work under happier conditions after next year ; there is marriage with a woman you love dearly, and though you work hard, I sense success and happiness for you in the future.

Question 2 : When and how far shall any one of my three great wishes be gratified ?

Answer : I consider your wish in regard to travelling will be gratified within the next three or four years, and I sense you meeting the person you love ; but I do not find you develop occult power to any great extent, you cannot detach yourself sufficiently.

[Further delineations are held over for lack of space.—Ed.]

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