THE

OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED BY

RALPH SHIRLEY

"NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI"

VOL. III

JANUARY—JUNE 1906

LONDON
WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LIMITED
164 ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

PHILIP WELLBY, HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.
J. M. C. HAMPSON, 669, SEDGWICK STREET, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Butler & Tanner, The Selwood Printing Works, Frome, and London.

CONTENTS

JANUARY

		PAGE
Notes of the Month	*The Editor*	1
Witchcraft in Literature	*Hon. G. A. Sinclair*	7
Second Death	*W. H. Chesson*	17
Haunted Houses	*E. H. B.*	19
Another Dream Problem	*Nora Alexander*	24
The Occult Madonna	*J. C. Powys*	31
Hypnotic Sight	*Edwin J. Ellis*	32
Reviews and Correspondence		41

FEBRUARY

Notes of the Month	*The Editor*	55
Gwenhidwy	*Nora Chesson*	60
Professional Astrology in Ancient Rome	*Robert Calignoc*	61
Cards: A Theory	*M. Bramston*	70
The Only Wisdom. III	*Lady Archibald Campbell*	75
Some Glimpses of the Unseen. I	*Reginald B. Span*	82
Dreams	*Nora Alexander*	88
Reviews and Correspondence		98

MARCH

Notes of the Month	*The Editor*	109
Dr. Richard Hodgson		116
A Strange Story of Mid-Ocean Visits	*Captain Peter Johansen*	118
Keats the Mystic. I	*E. J. Ellis*	126
The Danger of "Experimenting in Occultism"	*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*	133
Mrs. Piper and Her Controls	*E. Katharine Bates*	136
Psychic Records		144
Reviews and Correspondence		148

APRIL

Notes of the Month	*The Editor*	163
The Occult in Modern Fiction	*Alfred Fellows*	170
Keats the Mystic. II	*E. J. Ellis*	178
Some Glimpses of the Unseen. II	*Reginald B. Span*	184
Dream Experiences	*E. H. B.*	191
Hypnotism and Clairvoyance	*J. F. Hough*	194
Feats of the Indian Fakirs Psychologically Considered	*C. Edwin Goodell, M.D.*	199
An Instance of Dream-Telepathy	*C. Farmer*	203
Reviews and Correspondence		205

MAY

		PAGE
NOTES OF THE MONTH	*The Editor*	217
PRIZE ESSAY: GHOST CLOTHES	*By "Taibhse"*	225
"SPIRIT CLOTHES"	*James H. Hyslop*	228
THE ATTITUDE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH TOWARDS OCCULTISM	*Robert Hugh Benson*	231
WITCHCRAFT IN GERMANY	*Franz Hartmann, M.D.*	237
THE ONLY WISDOM. IV	*Lady Archibald Campbell*	240
SOME GLIMPSES OF THE UNSEEN. III	*Reginald B. Span*	248
A MEMORY.	*A. S. P.*	253
THE EFFECT OF THE SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND ON HEALTH	*C. H. Lennox*	255
REVIEWS AND CORRESPONDENCE		260

JUNE

		PAGE
NOTES OF THE MONTH	*The Editor*	277
DANTE'S "BEATRICE"	*Rev. S. Udny*	284
SOME SIDELIGHTS ON OCCULTISM	*A. G. A.*	294
THE ORIGIN OF THINGS	*Scrutator*	300
TELEPATHY AND PRAYER	*H. C. D.*	305
IMMORTAL OR IMMORTALIZABLE	*Maud Joynt*	309
PSYCHIC RECORDS		314
WHY DO GHOSTS WEAR CLOTHES	*Lux*	316
REVIEWS AND CORRESPONDENCE		319

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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

Entered at Stationers' Hall

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

VOL. III. JANUARY 1906 No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

WHY PURGATORY WAS ABOLISHED.

THE reason why purgatory and prayers for the dead were rejected by the Reformed Churches after the ecclesiastical schism of the sixteenth century was not because the doctrine of purgatory was a false one or because prayers for the dead were useless and ineffectual, whatever the truth may be on these matters. The rejection of these hitherto recognized articles of faith resulted from the practical realization of the fact that their recognition had led to some of the worst of those numerous abuses which had brought the Holy Catholic Church into such well-merited discredit.

The Reformers were not so simple as to suppose that a man must be all white or all black, and that there could be no *via media* between eternal punishment and eternal salvation, but they appreciated the fact that if it were once admitted that man's future spiritual destiny were settled once and for all at the time of his death there would be no further excuse for the extortionate demands of the priesthood based upon the plea that the living must pay in order to rescue their deceased relatives from the fires of purgatory.

Give a dog a bad name and hang him is as true of doctrines or beliefs as it is of individuals. A man is known by his companions, and beliefs equally lose or gain reputation according to

the company which they keep. The supremely valuable asset of a mathematical basis could not save astrology from going the way of witchcraft, palmistry, crystal gazing and all other methods of reading the future when these practices came up for judgment, for was it not but another method of fortune-telling and wrongfully extorting money from the credulous? The question whether it was in essence true did not arise. It was associated with abuses, and practised by mountebanks and charlatans and this was enough to ensure its condemnation.

BELIEFS DAMAGED BY THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

If a foundation based on exactly the kind of evidence that Science under other circumstances values most could not save a body of doctrine so honoured in the great scientific reputation of its exponents as Astrology from ignominious contempt, what chance could faith in the reality of a spirit world be expected to have of stemming the full tide of scientific scepticism in the great days of triumphant materialism? To express belief in such a thing was to make oneself eternally ridiculous in the eyes of every man of science worthy of the name. Was evidence offered to prove it? The Scientists would as soon have listened to evidence to show that the moon was made of green cheese.

PROFESSOR WALLACE AND HIS FELLOW SCIENTISTS.

So Professor Wallace found to his sorrow when he ventured to submit that facts in the domain of the spiritual if supported by adequate evidence should be investigated and recognized by men of science. And so he relates somewhat mournfully in his very interesting autobiography* how the records of his experiences in this direction seemed to the majority of his scientific friends no better than idle tales. Tyndall, Huxley, W. B. Carpenter treated his investigations as a harmless form of eccentricity. Darwin remained absolutely sceptical. Romanes held him up to ridicule, though himself apparently half converted. Sir David Brewster affirmed, denied and equivocated. G. H. Lewes promised to investigate, and stayed away. In those days scientists felt the disbelief they affected. To-day they believe—many of them—and tremble. "Do you want to ruin yourself?" asked Professor Richet's father of his son, when he told him of the conclusion to which his researches had led him.

I quote the record of a conversation of Sir Oliver Lodge's

* *My Life. A Record of Events and Opinions.* A. R. Wallace. 2 vols. 25s. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

from Mr. Harold Begbie's *Master Workers*, to show the view that that eminent scientist takes on the matter:—

> In the course of conversation Sir Oliver Lodge touched upon telepathy, in which he sees "the beginning of a wider conception of science." "Mind you," he cautioned his visitor, "it is a dangerous field; I have described it as the borderland of physics and psychology, and admitted that the whole region appears to be in the occupation of savages abandoned to the grossest superstition. But I say we have got to take the country, and rule it for the advantage of mankind. *Galileo, you remember, funked teaching the Copernican theory and abandoning the Ptolemaic, because he was not quite firmly seated in his University chair. It is exactly the same thing to-day. Men are too nervous, and not unnaturally, to avow any interest in a study which has so long been left in the hands of quacks and impostors.* But some of them are bound to study it. Everything in the world has to be examined."

The italics are my own. Sir Oliver Lodge is right; it *is* exactly the same thing to-day. The cause of Science would undoubtedly gain immensely by the exhibition of more moral courage on the part of its exponents. No wonder Guttersnipe Junior titters when he sees eminent men half afraid to defend that which they know to be true.

It has always been a source of surprise to me that there are comparatively so few people who are willing to own up in public to their convictions. I say *in public* advisedly for my experience has almost invariably been that the scepticism of the major part of mankind vanishes entirely in private conversation, and that in the light of personal acquaintance prejudice is ever ready to melt away. The world in general is far too ready—to take a concrete example—to judge the medical profession generally by such a paper as the *Lancet*. Personally I believe there is no more candid and open-minded class of men than the rising generation of doctors. Their profession brings them in touch with all sorts and conditions of men, and thus gives them a sympathetic breadth of judgment and freedom from pedantry which is of the greatest value from a scientific standpoint.

BIGOTRY AND THE PRESS.

The drag on the wheels of intellectual progress comes from the ignorant, the illogical, the fraudulent mystery-mongers, and from those who have worked too long in a narrow groove. The writers in the daily press are insufficiently educated, and in attempting to voice the opinion of the man in the street (which is often their highest aim) fail frequently in even doing this, and only succeed in interpreting narrow forms of orthodoxy which have been long since outgrown by the major part of their own readers. Scientists who

are afraid of being laughed at by Guttersnipe Junior when he wields the editorial "we," could they but fathom his ignorance of the questions on which he writes would blush for shame at their own timidity. Depend upon it, the cause of Science and of Truth gains nothing by "bated breath and whispered humbleness."

Whatever we may think of Professor Wallace's conclusions (and we shall most of us differ from several of them), his autobiography at least brings before us a man who is all too simple and straightforward mentally to understand the tortuous ways of more subtle minds. If his deductions are false, at least one feels he has had evidence of facts which appear to him to justify them. He has taken nothing for granted and accepted nothing on hearsay, and last but not least, in this democratic age, he never speaks to the gallery.

There are a great many records in the two volumes of the autobiography of occurrences or circumstances in themselves of a very trivial character,

> Such nothings as without a fear
> One drops into the chinkiest ear.

And this is especially the case in connexion with episodes of the writer's early childhood. They serve, however, many of them, as an index to character, and in this connexion are not without interest.

ROBERT OWEN AND NEW LANARK.

One of the most interesting chapters is that dealing with the life and work of Robert Owen and his experiment at New Lanark, and one is tempted to wonder why some of the American millionaires, such as Mr. Andrew Carnegie, do not utilize their superfluous millions in enterprises of a similar character, which would probably be more beneficial to the race than all the free libraries in existence. It is not without reason that Professor Wallace supplies a somewhat detailed record of this remarkable man's labours, for, as he explains :—

> My introduction to advanced political views, founded on the philosophy of human nature, was due to the writings and teachings of Robert Owen and some of his disciples. His great fundamental principle, on which all his teaching and all his practice were founded, was that the character of every individual is formed *for* and not *by* himself, first by heredity, which gives him his natural disposition with all its powers and tendencies, its good and bad qualities ; and, secondly, by environment, including education and surroundings from earliest infancy, which always modifies the original character for better or for worse. Of course, this was a theory of

pure determinism, and was wholly opposed to the ordinary views, both of religious teachers and of governments, that whatever the natural character, whatever the environment during childhood and youth, whatever the direct teachings, all men *could* be good if they liked, all *could* act virtuously, all *could* obey laws, and if they wilfully transgressed any of these laws or customs of their rulers and teachers, the only way to deal with them was to punish them, again and again, under the idea that they could thus be *delivered* from future transgression. The utter failure of this doctrine, which has been followed in practice during the whole period of human history, seems to have produced hardly any effect on our system of criminal law or of general education ; and though other writers have exposed the error, and are still exposing it, yet no one saw so clearly as Owen did how to put his views into practice ; no one, perhaps, in private life has ever had such opportunities of carrying out his principles ; no one has ever shown so much ingenuity, so much insight into character, so much organizing power ; and no one has ever produced such striking results in the face of enormous difficulties as he produced during the twenty-six years of his management of New Lanark.

Of course, it was objected that Owen's principles were erroneous and immoral because they wholly denied free-will, because he advocated the abolition of rewards and punishments as both unjust and unnecessary, and because it was argued, to act on such a system would lead to a pandemonium of vice and crime.

The reply to this is that acting on the principle of absolute free-will, every government has alike failed to abolish, or even to any considerable degree to diminish, discontent, misery, disease, vice, and crime ; and that, on the other hand, Owen *did*, by acting on the principle of the formation of character enunciated by him, transform a discontented, unhealthy, vicious, and wholly antagonistic population of 2,800 persons to an enthusiastically favourable, contented, happy, healthy, and comparatively moral community, without ever having recourse to any legal punishment whatever, and without, so far as appears, discharging any individual for robbery, idleness, or neglect of duty ; and all this was effected while increasing the efficiency of the whole manufacturing establishment, paying a liberal interest on the capital invested, and even producing a large annual surplus of profits which, in the four years 1809–13, averaged £40,000 a year, and only in the succeeding period, when the new shareholders agreed to limit their interest to 5 per cent. per annum, was this surplus devoted to education and the general well-being of the community.

PROFESSOR WALLACE AS SOCIALIST.

I make this long quotation because the Professor's views on Robert Owen give us the best insight into his own mental attitude, an attitude in which sympathy for the submerged—is it not more than a tenth ?—has a very large place. One feels that keen as was ever the Professor's interest in Science, the position of eminence he has obtained in that direction was at least partially due to an accident of time which led to his investigations synchronizing with a great intellectual revolution of which Darwinism is the most notable landmark.

Under other conditions his name might have been remembered as that of a political champion of the weak against the tyranny of the strong, as one of those "whose love was passionate and grand for all the stricken human race," and there are even times when his sentiments recall the writings of no one so much as Jean Jacques Rousseau. Perhaps we none of us do more than a small section of the work that might be ours, and the "mute inglorious Milton" is sometimes not lost in the obscurity of his village home, but finds his life's work in some other totally different and perhaps alien sphere.

AN EXPLANATION.

My attention has been drawn by a correspondent to the fact that the article appearing in the December issue of the Occult Review, entitled "Among the Adepts and Mystics of Hindostan," had already been published in sections in the pages of an American magazine, entitled *The Arena*, of 1893 and 1894. Of this fact I was unaware, or I certainly should not have inserted it. Doubtless, however, those who have read it here will have done so, in almost every instance, for the first time. As regards the experiences narrated, readers must draw their own conclusions. Some of these are confirmed by the testimony of other travellers. As to how much of the rest may be due to hypnotic suggestion, I do not care to venture an opinion. The narrative is not and does not claim to be "evidential," though the writer professes bonafides.

My readers will doubtless recognize in the author of the article on "Hypnotic Sight" the collaborator with Mr. W. B. Yeats in the *magnus opus* on William Blake, painter, poet and mystic.

In reference to the "Dream Problem" published in this issue, the sender, Mrs. Alexander, writes

"It is an accurate report of a dream written the morning after its occurrence some years ago. One point that struck me as curious on awaking was the memory of the sudden intrusion of my modern personality, on the appearance of the Contessa, the realization that whereas she was the original Contessa living still in the past, I was in some way a new Elinor to whom that past had become a forgotten dream, only then recalled."

"I have printed a certain number of four-page Title and Contents for those who wish to bind up volumes of the Occult Review. These will be supplied with the regulation binding for 1s., post free. Those who wish for the four pages only can have them by sending postage, 1*d*.

WITCHCRAFT IN LITERATURE

By the Hon. G. A. SINCLAIR

1 W. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?
2 W. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Macbeth, Act I, Sc. i.

THE witch has always occupied a prominent place in the realms of romance. The spells which she has cast, the curses which she has uttered, the prophecies which she has foretold have been the theme of poet and novelist alike. To trace the literary cult no farther back than the reign of that eminent demonologist James I and VI, allusions to witchcraft will be found in the works of three minor poets of that period. In John Chalkhill's pastoral, *Thealma and Clearchus*, there is a graphic description of a witch's cavern and its inmates; in his lengthy poem *Christ's Victorie and Triumph*, Giles Fletcher has a sorceress, who charms unlucky wayfarers to her bower of vain delight and is in fact another Circe, whilst Edward Fairfax in his translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem* treats of Armida and her wondrous girdle, an enchantress who lures Rinaldo and the Crusaders on their way to the Holy City. Then there are the dramatists of that time. *The Witch* of Thomas Middleton, who died eleven years after Shakespeare, is utterly worthless as a play, and is merely of interest in that it is to some extent based on *Macbeth*. The MS., as it has come down to us, belonged to an eighteenth century actor, Benjamin Griffin, was first printed in 1778, and is now in the Bodleian Library. Its date is uncertain, and this renders the question as to which author borrowed his ideas from the other a difficult one. Middleton, however, mainly on the evidence which his other dramatic works afford and on the fact that he introduces another Hecate, a character alien to his usual style, is regarded as the imitator. The chorus of the witches in Act IV, Sc. i, of *Macbeth*,

Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

has its echo in Act V, Sc. ii, of *The Witch* where Hecate sings her charm song ending :

> Round, around, around, about, about
> All ill come running in, all good keep out.

The remaining points of resemblance between the two tragedies need not be further elaborated.* Except Hecate, Shakespeare's witches have no names; amongst those of Middleton are Hellwain, Firedrake, Puckle and Stadlin, and his Hecate has a son Firestone, who acts the part of a gross buffoon.

In 1632, at a time when the prosecutions for witchcraft were at their height, *The Witch of Edmonton* was first produced upon the stage, and attracted much attention. It is far superior to Middleton's dull play, and was the work of at least three hands, Rowley, Dekker and Ford. There is the clearest internal evidence that the authors' sympathies were on the side of the unhappy victims of the popular fury, and it is to be hoped that the consciences of the saner part of the audience were pricked by the harsh treatment of Mother Sawyer. In Act II, she is seen gathering sticks in the fields near Edmonton, and her pathetic complaint admirably demonstrates the manner in which witches were made in those days.

> And why on me ? why should the envious world
> Throw all their scandalous malice upon me ?
> 'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,
> And like a bow buckled and bent together
> By some more strong in mischiefs than myself,
> Must I for that be made a common sink
> For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues
> To fall and run into ? Some call me witch,
> And being ignorant of myself, they go
> About to teach me how to be one ; urging
> That my bad tongue—by their bad usage made so—
> Forspeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,
> Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse.

This is no exaggerated grievance. It is true that many harmless persons from having such reproaches flung at them every day of their lives actually came to believe in their own guilt, and passively accepted their fate. Old Banks, a countryman, then enters, accuses the woman of trespassing on his land, and beats her. Next several clowns and morris dancers make sport of her, until at length, like Banquo's murderer, she becomes so incensed with " the

* This subject may be studied in the *Works of Thomas Middleton* edited by A. H. Bullen, 1885, vol. v, and in any of the commentaries on *Macbeth*.

vile blows and buffets of the world," that she is reckless of what she does to spite it. She appeals to the powers of darkness, and in the manner of Faust sells her body and soul to the devil, who promises her just revenge on her enemies. Henceforward the majority of the persons in the play suffer from her evil imprecations. She is cross-examined and browbeaten by Sir Arthur Clarington, the villain of the piece, and his friend, a pedantic justice, and finally is led off to execution amidst the howls and jeers of the whole country-side.

But we must pass on to the authors of comparatively recent times, who supply us with material of a more interesting character. Herrick, by the way, has a grim poem entitled *The Hag*, which is in striking contrast to his exquisite epistles to Julia or Anthea. Tam O'Shanter is so familiar a figure that any detailed analysis of Burns' wonderful tale would be superfluous. And yet we cannot refrain from quoting the lines descriptive of Tam's first sight of his tormentors disporting themselves among the tombstones of Kirk Alloway, which Scott rightly considered at once ludicrous and horrible, because no poet before or since his day has been daring enough to paint the devil and his vassals in such bold colours as Burns :—

> Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
> Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
> But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
> Put life and mettle in their heels.
> A winnock-bunker in the east,
> There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
> A tousie tyke, black, grim, and large,
> To gie them music was his charge :
> He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
> Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.

Another Scottish poet has written on the subject of demonology with considerable success. The story of *The Witch of Fife* by the Ettrick Shepherd is founded on popular tradition. It is a dialogue in verse between a man and his wife, who tells him of her secret doings during three nights' absence. He at first upbraids her as a witch, until she mentions her flight to Carlisle, where she and her companions

> drank of the bishop's wine
> Quhill we culde drynk ne mair,

when the temptation proves too strong for the gudeman, and he agrees to accompany the voyagers on the next occasion to his own undoing, for he is caught by the bishop's servants.

There does not exist in literature a more masterly exposition of witchcraft than is to be found in Sir Walter Scott's immortal work, *Guy Mannering*. Who can forget the effect which the appearance of Meg Merrilies has on the astrologer, when she enters the room where he is sitting with the Laird of Ellangowan and Dominie Sampson? There is a majestic dignity about her personality and bearing, which she does not lose with age, and which stamps her as one of the most remarkable and attractive characters in fiction. "She was, in all respects, the same witch-like figure as when we first introduced her at Ellangowan-Place," writes the novelist after twenty years and more of the narrative have passed by. "Time had grizzled her raven locks, and added wrinkles to her wild features, but her height remained erect, and her activity was unimpaired." Even Dandie Dinmont, by no means a nervous person, has a wholesome dread of her, as he is careful to explain to young Bertram. "I daresay it's nonsense, but they say she has gathered the fern-seed, and can gang ony gait she likes, like Jock-the-Giant-killer in the ballant, wi' his coat o' darkness and his shoon o' swiftness. Ony way she's a kind o' queen among the gipsies; . . . Odd, an I had kenn'd it had been Meg Merrilies yon night at Tibb Mumps's, I wad ta'en care how I crossed her." The encounter between Meg and the half-starved Dominie when he at first attempts to exorcise her by his outlandish Latin words, but is compelled by hunger and fear to partake of the contents of the cauldron, which by the way is not composed of eye of newt or toe of frog, but of savoury viands, is ludicrous in the extreme. Intensely moving, on the other hand, is the account of Meg's death, when shot down by Dirk Hatteraick before his capture, she reveals Bertram to the villagers as the rightful heir of Ellangowan, and atones for the curse which his misguided policy in expelling the gipsies had brought upon the former laird. The other female characters, Lucy Bertram and Julia Mannering, are insignificant by comparison, and Meg Merrilies is undoubtedly the real heroine of the novel.

Norna of the Fitful-head in *The Pirate*, although of gentler birth, is of a somewhat similar type. She is hardly less imposing in aspect and masterful in manner than Meg Merrilies. In the scene in Triptolemus Yellowley's mansion when the sibyl invokes the elements, Mordaunt is the only person who suspects that she has been carefully watching the signs of the weather; the others readily enough attribute the abatement of the tempest to Norna's charmed song. Her family had long professed to have

had intercourse with the invisible world, and to have exercised supernatural powers in that wild region, which was ruled by the ancient Jarls or Earls of Orkney, and the natives, including Magnus Troil himself, regard her with superstitious veneration. In the mainland of Scotland she would have been prosecuted as a witch, but she remains unmolested in her island retreat to work her will as Queen of the Elements. This weird tale is full of omens and portents. The visionary bard, Claud Halcro, it will be remembered, mistakes Minna, whom he meets in the moonlight, for a phantom, and bids her begone—

> If of good, go hence and hallow thee—
> If of ill, let the earth swallow thee—
> If thou'rt of air, let the grey mist fold thee—
> If of earth, let the swart mine hold thee,

and when the maiden, who has been alarmed in her sleep by the encounter beneath her window between Cleveland and Mordaunt, takes her place amongst the guests next morning pale and haggard, they say that she has been "struck with an evil eye." A remedy for her malady is prescribed by Norna, who fashions a leaden heart in place of that believed to have been stolen by the malignant spirit, and this custom, according to Scott, as a cure for sickness which was attributed to a wicked spell prevailed amongst the lower orders in Orkney and Shetland even to his own day. The hideous dwarf, Pacolet, is a fitting companion for Norna. Yellowley's refusal to believe that he was in fact a goblin and had been seen fleeing from the window seated upon a dragon on the ground that the latter was regarded as a fabulous animal is one of those exquisite touches of humour in which Scott's novels abound. The conversion of Norna, who at last discards her occult practices, may be satisfactory, but it is hardly convincing. When we consider the excitable character of the woman, and the vehemence with which for so many years she had continued to urge her pretensions until she came to credit her own infallibility, the change comes as a surprise and there does not seem any sufficient reason for it.

There is some "witch and fairy matter," to use Carlyle's phrase, in the translations from the German, which he published in 1827. *The Runenberg* of Ludwig Tieck is a mystic tale of a huntsman, Christian, who is lured to the mountains by an evil spirit. She appears to him as a woman of surpassing beauty, and he at first successfully combats the spell which is being cast over him. He marries and settles down to peaceable pursuits

when a stranger comes to the village, takes up his abode in Christian's house, and at length departs, leaving with his host a large sum of money. This treasure proves not a blessing, but a curse to Christian, who, after a year has elapsed, retains it for his own use, according to the uncanny visitor's directions. He feels anew the old longing to return to the mountains, and, as he sets out from home, he sees a man in the distance, whom he at first takes to be the stranger coming to ask for his money. "But as the form came nearer, he perceived how greatly he had been mistaken; for the features, which he had imagined known to him, melted into one another; an old woman of the utmost hideousness approached; she was clad in dirty rags; a tattered clout bound up her few grey hairs; she was limping on a crutch." This creature discloses herself to Christian as the Woodwoman, and, as she vanishes into nothingness, the huntsman recognizes the stately form which he had long ago beheld on the Runenberg. He follows the vision, and, after two years, Elizabeth, his wife, supposing him to be dead, marries again. In the end Christian, wild and haggard in appearance, returns carrying on his back a sack of pebbles, which he exhibits to Elizabeth with great glee as jewels. He bids farewell to his wife and child, turns away and is last seen speaking to the hideous Woodwoman, with whom he disappears. For eeriness and glamour this short tale is unsurpassable. In La Motte Fouqué's story of *Aslauga's Knight* an old crone is bribed by the Bohemian champion to kidnap the fair Hildegardis after he has failed to win her hand in the lists. "The woman was swarthy, and singular to look upon; by many feats of art she had collected about her a part of the multitude returning from the tournament, and in the end had scared them all asunder in wild horror." She finds her way to the chamber of the princess, mesmerizes her, and leads her past her sleeping attendants outside the castle where horses are waiting. How Hildegardis is rescued by the gallant Knight Froda and eventually becomes the wife of the handsome Duke Edwald need not be told here.

Perhaps the most fantastic fairy tale ever written in any language is *The Golden Pot* of Ernst Hoffmann. To be fully appreciated, it must be read as a whole, and it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of its whimsicality by mere quotation. It is concerned with the sorrows of the student Anselmus, who falls under a spell and whose eccentricities convince his friends that he is either drunk or mad. Veronica, a girl of sixteen, is in love with him, and has recourse to an enchantress, Liese, who

conjures up hellish spirits in the usual way, and introduces her to the magic circle. The unearthliness of the scene, the witch's frenzy and the maiden's horror, all these things are told by Hoffmann with vivid effect. Liese's schemes for the possession of Anselmus are thwarted by the necromancer, Archivarius Lindhorst, who gives the student employment as a copyist, but frequently startles him by his habit of flying out of the window in the shape of a kite and other curious pranks. Eventually Anselmus marries the gentle Serpentina, the wizard's daughter, and retires with her to the mysterious Land of Wonders, Atlantis. As a preliminary to this happy consummation, we have an absurd battle royal between the rival magicians, in which Liese's black cat and Lindhorst's grey parrot take part. So extravagant is Hoffmann's account of this affair that it is apparent he must have been labouring under some strong mental excitement at the time, and it is not surprising to learn that the half-starved and half-tipsy author wrote his story in a garret at Dresden when the cannon of the Allies were thundering round the walls shortly before the Battle of Leipzig. Musaëus in his tale of *Libussa* has a character, Fraülein Therba by name, who is said to have been as inventive as Circe in devising magic formulas and who, like Norna of the Fitful-head, professed to command the elements, arts which she practised for the purpose of terrorizing the people.

Shelley's conception of witchcraft is far removed from the popular notions on the subject. He uses the term in a seductive, not a repulsive sense. *The Witch of Atlas* seems to have puzzled most of his biographers, but she is regarded by one of them, W. M. Rossetti, as the Spirit of Beauty in its widest aspect. There is certainly ample justification for this view in the stanzas devoted to the enumeration of the witch's personal charms. In the poet's imagination she appears

> A lovely lady, garmented in light
> From her own beauty,

and man as well as beast come to gaze at her wondrous form. Her flights are more romantic than those usually ascribed to such supernatural beings :—

> She would often climb
> The steepest ladder of the crudded rock
> Up to some beakèd cape of cloud sublime
> And like Arion on the dolphin's back
> Ride singing through the shoreless air. Oft-time
> Following the serpent lightning's winding track
> She ran upon the platform of the wind
> And laughed to hear the fireballs roar behind.

Like Tennyson's *Lady of Shalott*, who lives in seclusion and weaves in her magic web what the mirror reflects, this Wizard Maiden broiders—

> the pictured poesy
> Of some high tale upon her growing woof.

In each case the air of mystery and enchantment pervades the narrative, and the same may be said of Coleridge's *Christabel*, where the daughter of Sir Leoline is overawed by the "shrunken serpent eyes" of the sorceress, Geraldine, whom she discovers beneath the oak in the guise of a distressed maiden, and shelters in her chamber.

> And when the trance was o'er, the maid
> Paused awhile, and inly prayed,
> Then falling at the Baron's feet—
> By my mother's soul do I entreat
> That thou this woman send away!
> She said: and more she could not say
> For what she knew she could not tell
> O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Keats deals with similar themes in two of his poems. His *Belle Dame sans Merci* entices the knight-at-arms to her elfin grot with her faery song, and his *Lamia* creates a palace of wonder for her Corinthian lover, Lycius. Her witchery is exposed at the wedding feast by the philosopher Apollonius, and she vanishes from sight.

In his charming romance, *The Water of the Wondrous Isles*, William Morris has described the adventures of Birdalone, from the days of her captivity in the Forest of Evilshaw until at length she finds rest and contentment with her friends in the Town of Utterhay. The early part of the story is concerned with the childhood and upbringing of the heroine, who is kidnapped when an infant by a witch, one of the evil beings inhabiting the forest, "a woman tall and strong of aspect, of some thirty winters by seeming, black-haired, hook-nosed and hawk-eyed, not so fair to look on as masterful and proud." This is how she appears to the unsuspecting townsfolk of Utterhay when she wanders beyond the bounds of Evilshaw, but she assumes a different shape at home. Birdalone is set to perform menial tasks, and, as she grows into womanhood, she meditates flight. By the aid of Habundia, the wood-wife, she learns the secret of the witch's boat and escapes from her thraldom. This elf-like creature is similar in many ways to Isoult, in Mr. Maurice

Hewlett's *Forest Lovers*, who also has a witch for her foster-mother. Each possesses the miraculous power of taming the birds and the beasts, and is familiar with every phase of animal life. Birdalone is fleet as the wind, and excels in swimming; Isoult leads a wild life and is well versed in country lore. The appearance of the witch Maid when she encounters Prosper le Gai, who comes to her cottage and weds Isoult in order to save her from the gallows, is thus described :—"She was terrible to view in her witless old age; her face drawn into furrows and dull as lead, her bleared eyes empty of sight or conscience and her thin hair scattered before them. It was despair, not sorrow, that Prosper read on such a face. Now she peered upon the hand-locked couple, now she parted the hair before her eyes, now slowly pointed a finger at them. Her hand shook with palsy, but she raised it up to bless them." Here we have the aged hag of tradition portrayed with all that sureness of touch and felicity of phrase for which Mr. Hewlett is so well known.

The lingering superstitions of the Wessex folk find expression in Mr. Hardy's novels. "I wonder," exclaims one of his most perfect characters, the unfortunate Mayor of Casterbridge, who speculates in corn and loses heavily, "if it can be that somebody has been roasting a waxen image of me, or stirring an unholy brew to confound me!" The weather-caster, whose advice he seeks, predicts a bad harvest, and, as he does not prove a reliable authority, he upsets all Henchard's calculations. In *Under the Greenwood Tree* the heroine, Fancy Day, is unable to obtain her father's consent to her marriage with Dick Dewy and consults Elizabeth Endorfield, who is reputed to be a witch by the villagers, and prides herself upon her notoriety. But Elizabeth does not employ Satanic agency in order to assist her client in gaining her point; she is known to her intimate friends merely as a "Deep Body," who is shrewd as well as far-seeing, and the device, which is very simple and consists in setting certain persons to gossip about the alarming state of Fancy's health, and in recommending that young lady to enact the part of interesting invalid, is successful.

In this same novel, Mrs. Penny, in the presence of her hen-pecked husband, tells her friends how she sate up one Midsummer eve to see whether her lover, John Wildway, would come and claim her as his bride. She proceeds with her narrative thus :—"I put the bread-and-cheese and cider quite ready, as the witch's book ordered, and I opened the door, and I waited till the clock struck twelve, my nerves all alive, and so distinct that I

could feel every one of 'em twitching like bell wires." The person who did enter, was not Wildway, but poor Mr. Penny, "a little small man with a shoe-maker's apron on," and we are led to believe that the good woman accepted him simply because fate had willed it so. This practice is also resorted to by the village girls in *The Woodlanders*, who attempt a midnight incantation for the purpose of finding out their future husbands. The pin-pricking incident in *The Return of the Native* is the survival of a barbarous custom. The principal character, Eustacia Vye, owing to her habit of nocturnal wandering and strange demeanour, is suspected by a peasant woman, Susan Nunsuch, of bewitching her children, and is subjected to the disagreeable experience of having a long stocking needle thrust into her arm at church during the service. Egdon Heath is perhaps the finest descriptive piece in the works of this great novelist, and the turf-cutters' mad dance round the bonfire on that dreary tract is reminiscent of some wild demoniac frolic. "They ought not to do it, how the vlankers do fly! 'tis tempting the Wicked One, 'tis," is the comment of the half-witted Christian Cantle, who lives in mortal dread of evil spirits, and, so powerfully is the scene depicted, that we hardly wonder at his fear.

SECOND DEATH

By W. H. CHESSON.

I SEE the air I saw not when
A coffined body was erect.
I hear the thought of Englishmen
Who see a box . . . and recollect.

I see a man in snowy dress:
I see a bowed crape-blotted wife.
"I am," he says to her distress,
"The Resurrection and the Life."

One man is hushed in wath and woe
Because he cannot smite my face,
And would, in breaking silence, know
The look of irony that slays.

I may be added to his soul;
And when he thinks of me, my thought
May boil his blood as blazing coal
Boils water in a copper pot.

Two spirits by my spirit look
Sagacious thoughts they do not speak.
There is no hatred in their look;
I am not insolent or meek.

Their looks decree that knowledge shall
Pass like autumnal leaves from me.
I must forget my funeral,
My love, my life and their decree.

My soul is singing as they change
Opal to pearl and pearl to dew.
She shudders gladly through the strange
Change from a colour to no hue.

Within the earth my brain is dust.
Above the earth my soul divides
To atoms unpropelled by lust,
More lost than anything that hides.

The spirit whom my spirit called
When I was man and proud as ten,
The soul whose love my soul appalled
Is saying with her eyes "Amen."

She says it with one darkling look;
She says it with her look at corn;
She says it with my soul's own look
At life before a man was born.

HAUNTED HOUSES

By E. H. B.

"ALL houses wherein men have lived and died are Haunted Houses," says Longfellow. And from a Metaphysical point of view he is absolutely correct. Wheresoever human spirits have lived on earth, their influence and thought will still linger; and yet, —why do we never hear,—or very seldom,—of a house haunted by visions of Angels, or apparitions of Saints, or things of beauty, such as the influence of the many beautiful souls who have inhabited those houses, would give birth to? I think the reason is not far to seek! The spirits of the Just are at rest; and only as Ministering Spirits are they allowed still to have communion with earth and the friends they have loved so well there! And then, it is to *individuals* they come, *not to localities*; to help and cheer, and advise them; to show them that Love is immortal, and to demonstrate to certainty, beyond shadow of doubt, the truth of the Life beyond the Grave! So, when *we*, poor imperfect mortals, speak of Haunted Houses, we refer to places in which, chained to earth by their sins and evil thoughts (which still cluster round their places of abode while on earth), miserable and despairing spirits return again and again to the scenes of those sins; there to keep the memory of them fresh, as food for "that worm that dieth not, and the fire that is never quenched"; surely an awful foretaste of the horrors of remorse, which Eternity will bring!

Such has at least been my own experience, in my knowledge of Haunted Houses; and I have known several, and have nevertheless always enjoyed the atmosphere created by the presence of these haunting spirits, though they have a very contrary effect on most people.

Ireland is essentially a land of Ghosts and Fairies, as every one knows, and it was in Dublin, some years ago, that I made my first acquaintance with a haunted house, in which the ghost, although only a "noise," was sufficiently fearsome and indescribable, to cause a deadly fright at the moment of hearing it.

The house was a large, sunny, rambling old place, on the south side of Dublin; not the least like the old typical "Haunted House"; and we promised ourselves we should like it! Our two girls occupied a very large room at the back of the house; little

F. being a hopeless invalid, and needing some one to sleep in her room.

We had been there about a week, and we had just gone to bed, when M. (our eldest girl) rushed into our room wildly, crying: "Mother, there is something rushing about in our room, and we can't see it, and F. is so frightened—do come!"

I ran down at once, and on the stairs I could distinctly hear something jumping about in their room, the door of which was open. Before we got in, however, the noise stopped, but I promised I would stay with them all night, for poor little F. could not speak, and clung to me convulsively.

At last all was quiet, the girls slept, when I heard, in one corner of the room, a soft, sighing, whispering sound, which seemed to come out of the wall, and gradually crept all round the room, till it reached where our beds were! Nearer it came, till it touched the bed, as if a winged beetle were fluttering against the quilt! All at once, something heavy seemed to fall, and immediately the footfalls I had heard before sounded with a peculiar hollow "thud," as if some animal (dog or cat) were jumping up and down; it lasted about ten minutes, and suddenly died away at the door. Next morning, both girls exactly described the first part of the noise as I had heard it, and it always came in the same way; as an indescribable "whisper," ending in the heavy "thuds!" We searched the room carefully, but found nothing possible to cause the sound.

But next day we had a visit from a pet aversion of ours, whose presence always put little sensitive F. into a fever! I noticed afterwards that whenever this person came to see us, we always received a visit overnight from the "Pronc" (a name F. gave to the "thuddy" sounds of our ghost), as if it knew that some evil was on its way to us, and was drawn to the spot by its magnetic influence! So contemporary did the two visitations become at last, that after a visit from the "Pronc" I always stayed in next day, to be on the spot, and protect the children!

One evening I was sitting by F.'s bed, and in the firelight, telling her stories, as I often did, when she gripped my hand and nodded towards the fire. I looked round. There, on the rug with its back to us, sat a black animal, like a *large* Tom-cat, gazing into the fire! I thought it was F.'s pet cat and called out, "Well, Peter-Puss! are you come in for your supper?" The creature turned, and looked full at us for a moment, with *eyes that were human*; and a face which, though black, was still the face of a very *ugly woman*! The mouth snarled at us for an

instant, and a sad, angry howl came from it ; and as we stared in horror, the thing vanished ! We never saw it again.

But the strain of expectation upon us both grew so great at last, that our doctor said we must leave the house as soon as possible, and we gladly agreed to do so, as soon as we could get a sub-tenant, to carry on our three years' lease. We were told later that fifty years before a woman had been robbed and murdered in that room by her son, and buried by him under the hearth-stone ! Twenty years after her skeleton was found by tenants, who, troubled by the ghost, searched the house, and decently buried her.

I have given this experience rather at length, as I had to tell of the *two* visitations as part of a whole ; and one seemed imperfect without the other. But though no doubt the "noise" had haunted the room for years, and was the result of the crime, I firmly believe that the apparition came to us especially ; a sort of telepathic reflex of the spirit of our enemy, sent in advance ; a spirit which hated me, and the children, though it pretended not to do so ! I do not suppose it came *consciously*, though I think it was there *perpetually* in *thought* ; and I could often feel it boding us evil ! But my opposing will was able to prevent any real mischief, which made the strain of nerve all the greater.

Another experience I had of a haunted house was in B——shire, in England, and was of a very different kind to the one I have just recorded. And it differed in this way that, whereas the Irish house ghost was but a "noise" (albeit a terrifying one), the English ghost was an "active" one, and its results, visible. It seems to me very typical of the two nationalities ! But this by the way !

I went to this place about six months after my friends had settled there, and on my arrival was shocked to see how very ill one of the girls looked ; a great favourite of mine ! When we were alone she told me her room was haunted, and that she was contracting a bad kind of nervous headache from want of sleep ; and she described to me all the horrors which the night brought. Like many other very old houses, this one was cut up into lobbies, landings, cupboards, passages, etc., and had very few bedrooms, considering its size.

My young friend E—— chose a room on the top floor, for its size and airiness ; with room for painting, writing, etc. ; little knowing that, nice as it was, it was given over to invisible beings of another sphere ! At first the room was perfect ! After a few days she began to hear sounds, as of people walking about round

the lobby outside ; but thought it was one of the servants, whose room was just opposite to hers. Then the footsteps came into her room, and up to the bed ; tipping pillows, pulling the sheet, and one night, going so far as to pull her hair ! As time went on things grew worse ; the room was turned upside down at night ; workbox, writing-case, books, ornaments, were all thrown about on to the floor ; and one morning before I was dressed, E—— came to my room to beg me to come up and see the state her room was in ; and this was what I saw ! Had a regiment of kittens and puppies been set loose in the room the chaos could not have been more complete ! E—— said, smiling a sickly smile, " This is how my room is nearly every morning ; if they leave the bed alone, they play havoc with the room ! Either way I get no sleep ! " Poor girl, she looked it ! Had there been any other room vacant she would have had it, but there wasn't !

I was there some weeks, and during that time I insisted she should share my bed, and it was marvellous how she improved in looks before I left. One very hot Sunday we all retired to our rooms for a siesta after lunch, and when I had been lying down some minutes, E—— came in, saying, " Do come up into my room, it is so much cooler than this, and lie on my lounge." I did so, and she made me so comfortable, that I soon went to sleep on her bed. I was awoken about an hour later by hearing the rustle of a light dress close to the bed, which presently moved round the room, and I heard the brushes on the dressing-table being pushed about ! Thinking it was near tea time, and that E—— was getting ready, I did not open my eyes, I was too sleepy, but lay quiet. Then the rustling began again, and I felt something come to the bed and bend over me, and I felt its cool breath on my face ! Still half asleep, I said, " Is that you, E——, is it tea time ? " No answer came. " E——, is that you? " I said again, louder ; and now I opened my eyes with a startled feeling ! There, on the lounge in the bow-window lay E—— fast asleep ! and the room was, absolutely,—*empty* ! Quite staggered, I went across and awoke her, telling her what I had felt and heard.

She laughed. " Oh, that is nothing, that is how they used to do when I first slept here."

In E——'s room, in one corner, was a large cavity, into which her father had had shelves put, for books, small boxes, etc., and very queer noises seemed to come from it ! At last she begged to have it examined ; and workmen came, and put rods down to find out how deep it was ; but it seemed fathomless ; no rods

they had would reach the bottom. There was no sign of it *outside* the house, it was built *into* the wall of the drawing-room apparently, and all search was useless for its outlet.

The ghosts became more numerous and aggressive. E—— had double locks on her door, which were locked every night; but every morning the door stood ajar, and on one occasion we saw a hand come round the nearly shut door and rattle the handle inside! The hand was large, and coarse-looking, as we could see, though it was only there for an instant.

It appeared that the late owner of the house, a very wealthy and altogether bad man, had confined his wife in this bedroom, and had slowly done her to death, while he rioted with boon companions every night in a magnificent room which he built for the purpose, and which my friends used as a drawing-room. It was *behind this room* that the unfathomable hole ran; and it was probably built that way on purpose! Only by knocking down that room could the secret of that shaft have been discovered.

I had many weird experiences in that house, with Planchette, table turning, automatic writing, etc., some of which I hope to tell you some day. The house had a strong fascination for me, and the atmosphere of it was so saturated with Spirit influence (and no wonder!), that our experiences were of daily occurrence!

The old house still stands, I believe, though the last I heard of it was that the owner thought of pulling it down, as no good tenant would take it; and the beautiful old gardens and hot-houses had already been built over! *Sic transit!*

[The writer of this article has given me the names of the places and persons concerned in this narrative with request not to publish.—ED.]

ANOTHER DREAM PROBLEM

By NORA ALEXANDER

IT began quite abruptly by my finding myself walking down a broad thoroughfare in an Italian town in company with several people whom I knew to be intimate friends of mine, though not one of them corresponded to any friend I have in waking life. But my relations to them all were as clearly defined as possible in my mind, and I was well aware, for instance, that they all had one opinion in common concerning myself, viz. : that I was very "dreamy," and that my head was too full of what they called "odd ideas and uncanny notions." But I knew, too, that they were all genuinely fond of me, and that their raillery was always full of a good-humoured tolerance. Also, that it was tacitly understood that when I made up my mind to marry a man whom I knew as "St. John," they would all be not only glad but relieved. My own feeling in the matter was, however, that though I cherished a very real affection for him, yet I could not, much as I wished to please them, and averse as I was to hurting him, bring myself to contemplate such a future with anything like equanimity.

On this particular occasion he paused outside a restaurant and said, "Let's dine here instead of going back to the hotel. Chiapatti fricassées turkey like no other mortal!"

I remembered as we were all turning laughingly in at the door that his absurd predilection for turkey was a standing joke among us, but at that instant my eye was suddenly caught by a scrap of mouldering old wall away at the bottom of the street, and I can't explain how or why, but I felt impelled, as by some force quite outside myself, to go there.

"You go in," I said casually to the others. "I'm just going a little farther on to look at something. I'll be back presently."

"Some mouldering bit of ruin?" queried St. John maliciously. "Well, don't be long, Elinor. Chiapatti's fricassée is too good a thing to be eaten lukewarm."

But I did not wait to hear more of St. John's philosophy. What was strange was that though I had never been in —— before, yet, on reaching the fragment of ruin, I turned, without

any conscious hesitation, down one narrow path and up another as though those sunless passages between the walls of dank travertine had long been a familiar road to me, leading somehow to the place my heart desired. At least I had a vague perception of a goal before me, yet a goal I could not in any way define.

Passing at length through a low tunnelled archway, I emerged upon a silent and deserted courtyard, its high walls moss-grown and crumbling into ruin, and its flagstones half-upheaved by great rank weeds of a century's growth. At the farther side a flight of broken marble steps led up to a heavy door, covered by a fretwork of curiously wrought iron, but with no visible means of entrance. I put my hand to my head. "There used to be a way," I muttered perplexedly, "but I have forgotten. Yet so often in the old days——"

Then suddenly, without any conscious volition on my part, my hand seemed to seek and press a certain spot, and the great door swung slowly back on its hinges.

With a sigh of satisfaction, I passed into the dank and musty corridor, and through the dim echoing twilight of long-deserted rooms, until at last, in a whirl of emotions the keenest I have ever known, I stood on the threshold of the goal I had almost unconsciously been seeking. Yes; this was it—this faded, splendid room, with its gorgeous Venetian mirrors, their quaint rococo frames half hidden by cobwebs; its portraits by Tintoret; its priceless bric-à-brac; its Spanish tapestries, in which the old joyous colouring seemed now but the spent and wasted ghost of what it once had been. So antique, so passed away, yet so magically familiar it all was; and there was something in that very familiarity that made me tremble.

One knows how a place like that will sometimes set one's fancy working till the men and women of bygone centuries who lived there seem, as one says, to live again. But the strange thing with me was that I *knew*—knew with the certainty one has about one's own existence—that could I but grasp the dim, haunting memories that lived for me in every fold of the tapestry, in the flicker of the light upon those glories of a bygone art that hung upon the walls, they would be true, would be the truth that somehow lived on in obscure immortality in the inmost chamber of my soul.

Then suddenly my eyes fell on a great dark stain upon the floor, where one of the heavy rugs, now falling into dust, had been pushed aside. "There should be a chair pushed aside too

—the one with the carving by Baccio D'Agnello," I reflected vaguely. And as I looked and saw that it was indeed so, those haunting memories grew slowly clear, took definite shape, and I *knew*. For in some way which still seems marvellous, which is indeed inexplicable to me, I had ceased to be myself, and had become instead the woman whose life-tragedy had been played out, here on this very spot, centuries ago.

Then I saw it all—saw it being played out once more. They were fighting—Andrea da Feltro and Agnolo Padovanni, the two most skilful swordsmen in Europe, the men whose swordsmanship had been an added link to that of kinship, who had been as brothers, until—— Yes! Yes! I remembered now! It was Andrea who had brought me here to see my lover die, the lover who had played his sister, the Contessa, false. "'Tis a debt of honour," he had said, "and only fitting thou shouldst see it paid!" So I crouched down against the wall—there where I, or, rather, the woman of that bygone tragedy, had pushed the chair aside—and watched, watched the flash and glint of those lightning-like rapiers, watched with a sickening conviction of what the end must be, and yet with a wild, faint hope that would not be quelled. For in the old days, the days that had ended barely one short hour ago, it would have been hard to lay odds on either. Now, their eyes foretold the end—Andrea's with their cool, deliberate hate; Agnolo's with their flaming passion. No hand could be steady with—— Oh, God! Agnolo? No! No! Yet only a hair's-breadth had saved him! If only I had known less, understood less of the deadly skill with which they fought that duel à la mort! I buried my face in my hands, not daring to look, till the click of steel against steel grew swifter, fiercer, more impelling. . . . Dear Mother of God! was there no help? and the end so near—so horribly near! Yet the minutes dragged by with a terrible slowness, and my brain reeled with the torturing agony of it, and still that ceaseless click, click. Yet—— Ah, God! How should I bear the horror of the silence that soon must come? the silence that would never again be broken? I dared not cry out, dared not let so much as a whisper escape from my drawn lips, lest a sound, even the faintest, might but hasten the end, the end that was to leave my lover dead at my feet. God! God! I clenched my hands till the blood flowed from my palms. At last! At last! With a cry driven out by the pent-up agony of what had seemed a life-time, I sprang forward as he fell, and lifted his head against my knee. "Agnolo!" I breathed, and he smiled up at me

through his death agony. And at his feet stood Andrea, leaning forward, and in his hand the rapier whose point dripped blood.

Then a great darkness, a darkness both of body and soul, a darkness filled by the drip, drip of blood, and, by-and-by, by the sound of distant music, fell around me. How long that horror lasted I cannot tell, but when I seemed at last to awaken, and looked up, a woman was standing in the doorway—a slender, grey-robed figure, holding back with one jewelled hand the heavy curtain of tapestry. It was the Contessa—it seemed so natural to know this—but as I gazed at her across the abyss of death with a strange divining pity, I knew suddenly that she lived still in that tragical past, and that this was her damnation. And, strangest of all, when the mutual comprehension passed between our eyes, I knew that she recognized in me, not the woman of to-day, whose personality had suddenly flashed back upon myself, but that other woman of a dim, bygone century, when Agnolo Padovanni still saw the sun. For it might have been a minute we faced each other in silence, then she came slowly forward.

"Thou hast come—at last," she said in low, tired tones. "Ah! 'tis so long that I have waited!"

"Thou dost remember——?" I began falteringly.

"I have never forgotten. But thou—I have been watching the memory come back into thine eyes. I always knew," she went on presently, speaking with a curious dreamy aloofness, "I always knew that thou wouldst come back—some day. Thou couldst not stay away from—him—for ever."

"Ah! no," I cried, in sudden passionate remembrance of that bygone life in which I, Elinor D'Eyncourt, had spent one glorious year at this old Italian palace—old even then—with Count Agnolo, his wife, and Andrea, her brother. The world had seemed to hold only us four, and the pain and the passion, the joy and the gladness of that year were mine once more.

"Agnolo, Agnolo," I sobbed, stretching out my arms in an unspeakable longing as though to reach across the centuries to that vanished happiness.

"Yes, Agnolo," echoed the ghost, her voice lingering over the name, "'twas always and only Agnolo. What more did we want of life?"

"Ah," I cried, "how we lived! The sunshine and the joy of life! The days that we dreamed away in the gardens below there, the soft summer nights full of the scent of the azaleas and the oleanders! And his music—Agnolo's music—that was so

divine a thing! 'Twas here we would sit and listen while he drew out our very souls, tears and laughter, sadness that was more than human, joy that was almost pain, melodies that stole down from heaven. Ah, what the world lost!"

"But what we gained!" said the Contessa softly. "For he could never have given to the world what he gave to us. We were his world—thou, his 'little English flower'; Andrea, his friend; and I, his——"

But she did not speak the name that had been hers; and I knew it was because in those last days it had been only a name.

"Tell me!" she broke out suddenly, and there was a note almost of jealousy in her thin, tired voice; "tell me, thou didst never find anything out there in the world, when thou hadst left us, never anything?"

"Never anything like this?" I interrupted chokingly. "No; never! never! never! There was but one Agnolo, and he—— Doth he ever come back? Doth his music ever whisper to thee?"

"Never. There hath been only silence, just silence and waiting—for thee."

She moved nearer to me, seeming in her soft, impalpable greyness so forsaken and so tragic a figure that my heart went out to her in such a wave of pity, as it seemed must bridge even the gulf of death that yawned between us.

"Listen," she said, with that curious aloofness I had noticed in her at the first. "I am weary, weary of the waiting, and the long, long silence, and the loneliness. When you both had gone —he to his Rest, and thou, God only knows whither——"

"It was a long, long way," I murmured brokenly; "but Agnolo's music was always there, except—except when the rapier dripped blood. I used to hear the drops fall. I seem to remember nothing more. I think there *was* nothing more in my life—afterwards."

A slow horror crept over the face of the Contessa. "Ah, God!" she whispered; then with sudden comprehension," Mad! Then that was why the double curse came upon us. For thou hadst sinned unwittingly—thou, the child, the 'little English flower,' we had loved so well, and we had punished thee beyond what thou wert able to bear. How shouldst thou not have loved him? How should any woman not have loved Agnolo Padovanni? And I—I should have understood, and forgiven. But, instead, I hated thee, remembering only that through thee his love had left me—the love I lived for. Ah, but afterwards,"

she stretched out her hands in remorseful, sorrowful appeal, "afterwards I would have given all to have thee back once more. We should have been always together, thou and I who loved him so."

Half-involuntarily my eyes wandered to the great dark stain upon the floor. "How couldst thou?"

She looked at me a moment as though in perplexity, yet behind every expression that flitted across those wondrous eyes of hers there lay the aching tragedy whose pain was never still.

"Canst thou not understand," she said slowly, "that since he loved thee, I must needs have loved thee too? But for that it is too late now; to-day it is only thy forgiveness I crave."

"If there were anything to forgive," I sobbed, "it was all forgiven long ago. But it is I who should ask for that."

"Hush," she breathed, "thou didst never hate, and hate is the sin unpardonable, inexpiable except through love. Now, since I have loved and thou hast forgiven, the curse is gone and I can at last rest. Farewell, little English flower."

Then as in a blinding flash I saw the truth.

"Stay!" I cried imperatively, "there are things that I must tell thee, truths that I have learned out there in the great world——"

The Contessa paused a moment, looking backward.

"For me," she said with a quiet renunciation, whose hopelessness seemed to stab my very soul, "for me there is but one truth, and—he is thine."

"I loved him. Yes; God knows I loved him," I cried passionately; "but there are things that count more than love. Contessa," stretching out my arms to her, and striving after words to express that great new truth I had learned, "there is strength, the strength that bids one suffer, that bids one give up all, that asks no return. Maybe 'tis but another kind of love. I know not. I know only—— Ah, canst thou not understand what I would say? For time, just for brief time, he was mine, but for all eternity he is thine, thine, thine!"

She turned, her face growing slowly radiant with a radiance that was not of earth, a radiance that made me forget the crying of my own heart; and then, softly, almost imperceptibly at first, the music began, the music of the master musician of those dear dead days, until at last the room was filled with it—filled with its infinite pain, its unappeasable longing, its passion and remorse, its dying cadences of sadness, and then its final burst of glorious triumphant melody.

"Forgiven! forgiven! Agnolo! I come! I come!" It was like the cry of a suffering soul grown suddenly free, full of a subdued, deep-rooted ecstasy.

With outstretched arms she glided swiftly towards the curtained doorway (the one opposite to that by which I had entered), and I, half-unconsciously, in my heart a chaos of emotions, and in my ears the strains of that exquisite, heaven-born melody, stumbled blindly after, until the dim half-light gave way to a flood of sunshine, and then . . . I was in the great marble-floored banqueting hall, and in one of the deep window recesses a man leaned, lost in thought. At the sight of me he started violently, then came quickly forward.

"Elinor," he whispered half-fearfully. Then he took me by the hand and led me to a distant picture. "See!" he said. And my own face looked out at me from the faded canvas, while beneath ran an inscription in old Italian—

"ELINOR: Little English Flower.
"A. P. 16—."

THE OCCULT MADONNA

By J. C. POWYS.

SHE is the mother of all things
  By the world's engines outcast thrown:
Where they are she is: hope she brings
  To those beneath the Nether Stone:
Incorporate with the air and mould,
She moves through regions manifold.

Evasive, fleeting, blown like chaff
  Across the chill and pallid dawn;
A touch, a sign, a breath, a laugh,
  Then once again the Curtain's drawn:
Yet Memory, roused from ruined days,
Turns comforted, and goes her ways.

Unbound, unharbour'd, toss'd like scum
  Along wild shores and desolate seas,
A trail of weed—a track of foam—
  A murmur of the hurrying breeze;
Yet, clinging to the drowning mast,
Despair discerns her at the last.

Inurn'd, enwrapt, seal'd with the mole,
  And shrouded in the worm's embrace;
A mattock's heave, a coffin's roll,
  A shudder through the soundless place:
Yet from its everlasting bed
Death hears the Occult Madonna's tread.

HYPNOTIC SIGHT

By EDWIN J. ELLIS

SOME years ago, three men were sitting at dessert with me one evening at my own house when, the conversation turning on the wonders of mesmerism, we were led to make some experiments which appear to raise questions of sight and about the theory of light itself. They are not such as can be altogether set aside as belonging only to the mysteries of psychology.

The men who worked with me at these experiments were Felton, an examiner in English literature; Morley, one of the cleverest and most prolific of designers who work for the publishers, and Gates, a writer.

Felton began it. He said that he would like to try a little mesmeric experiment on Morley. They were perfect strangers to one another, and Felton, though acquainted with Gates, whom at that time I used to meet frequently, was very little known to me. I had seen him, perhaps twice before, and have lost all touch with him since.

Morley, who was a strong, good-natured man, not quite thirty years of age, agreed, laughing, that Felton might try if he liked. It is a very usual thing to find that people with dark curly hair and dark eyes have more mesmeric power than those with light, thin smooth hair and pale eyes, though it does not follow that they are also superior in strength of intellect, affection or character.

In the present case we were all, I believe and hope, practically equals, however dissimilar.

Felton is of the dark-haired and brown-eyed type. He is tall, thin and of a wiry strength. Morley has very light, thin, fine-spun, straight hair and pale blue eyes. Both are men of well shaped heads and clear-cut well-looking features.

My dining-room is of the usual London kind, with a bow window at one end. Into this window we wheeled an armchair, and here Morley sat with his back to the length of the room, as if he were going to have a tooth taken out. Felton, after making a few mesmeric passes over him, stood behind the chair and asked for something to test him with. We thought of all the instruments of torture of which we had ever heard; but it turned out that Felton only wanted a picture book. I passed him the first that

came to hand, which happened to be the German life of Frederick the Great with Adolf Menzel's innumerable illustrations.

Felton took it and, opening the pages at random, held it up in the air behind Morley and asked him if he could see what he was holding, and if he would be so good as to describe it. We have all of us seen this kind of thing done as part of a conjuring trick. To perform it by collusion, of course, requires great preparation, and long practice. The two men who were doing it now had never met before.

The first picture held up for Morley to see, through the back of his head, was a rather small and crowded drawing on page 191, representing the killed and wounded on a battle-field that covers a wide landscape. Morley seemed to have a slight difficulty in making it out, when held a yard or two from his back, just as though he had real eyes there with which he was trying to see the object shown to him in the ordinary way. This we found afterwards was part of the general rule. Whatever we wanted him to see miraculously must be just clear enough, big enough and near enough to have been visible to him by his ordinary sight, so that it gradually became proved to us that he did not merely become aware of the appearance of successive things that he described though they were hidden, but that he actually saw them in focus and in perspective without the aid of "thought transference"—whatever that may be. His description of this picture on page 191 was that it seemed to represent a lot of soldiers, some of them lying about. The largest figures in that small illustration are hardly more than an inch in height; and as the book was held up rather carelessly at arm's length of a tall man, he, Morley, could not have seen more had he got up and turned round. But none of us understood yet that he was really *seeing* at all, or that any of the usual laws of vision remained in force when some of them were so incomprehensibly abrogated. Yet it was just on this curious picking and choosing of Nature between the ordinary and the miraculous that the whole interest of the experiments turned when the first surprise wore off; for it is to this we must look for such hints as may help us to discover something in the character of a law.

The next illustration held up, also chosen entirely at random, that on page 262, representing a number of wounded men lying on a straw-covered floor, happened to be very similar, and even less easy to make out clearly. But it was duly recognized and described. There are twenty illustrations in the book that at the distance of a yard or two would naturally be described

almost in the same words. We wanted something different. Page 267 happened to be the next one opened. Here cavalry are seen riding down infantry. The figures are two inches high. A wounded infantry-man is half rising to bayonet one of the cavalry, who is separated from the others. By repeated persuasion we got a rambling description of this. To make a change, the book was not held up open, but closed, Felton merely telling Morley the number of the page that he wished him to see, but not telling him that the book was no longer held up open. Thinking that it would be even more interesting if Felton did not see the pictures at all, I now took the book away to choose one myself. I chose that on page 287, a single figure, about four inches high, of a young officer capering along on a black charger, while coolly smoking a cigar. The sketch is almost a silhouette on a white ground. It can be made out from a distance of five or six yards. I felt that I had kept the others waiting while looking for a good clear subject, and perhaps I glanced too hastily at the number of the page before I called it out, while shutting the book and handing it to Felton to hold up. We did not know yet that I might have held it up myself, and the result would have been the same.

Morley described this picture as representing a cavalry charge, some men falling as they rode. We were all puzzled, but on re-opening the book we found that this was a correct description of the illustration on the next page, which was printed on the back of that which I had chosen, that the figures were about the same size, and that when the page was held up to the light and looked at as a transparency, the young officer on page 287 had a confused appearance of riding in the charge on page 288, and even that the second 8 in the numbering fitted so well into the hollows of the 7 as not to be obliterated by it.

Whether I had really called out the wrong number or whether Morley, who must have seen through half a volume as well as the back of his own head, to perceive the page at all, had seen it as a sort of transparency when he came to it, we never clearly made certain, but the accident went a long way towards enabling us to understand that he was really *seeing*.

Morley, becoming tired of the strain on his attention, was now restored to his normal state, and we all discussed the experiments. Presently another test was decided on without his knowledge. He was put to sleep by a few passes, as before. While in this state he was told that Mr. Gates had left the room. Then he was awakened again and joined in the general conversation as before.

Gates had not gone out of the room at all. He was standing with his back to the fireplace, in full view of Morley, who was now sitting by the table, turned towards where he stood, and smoking a cigarette. I was sitting near Morley. It occurred to me to ask him what time it was. Morley did not pull out his watch, but simply looked up at the clock on the chimney-piece opposite to him and read the time from it. The whole thickness of Gates' body was completely concealing the face of the clock from both of us at the moment. It seemed as though Gates had become invisible because he had become transparent.

A few more simple tests proved to us that this was exactly the state of the case.

When Gates spoke to Morley, however, he answered without any difficulty, and did not seem to notice, though he was wide awake, that it is unusual to talk without shouting to a man who is not in the room.

Some of us remembered that ghost stories often tell us of the appearance of deceased people dressed apparently exactly as they used to be when alive, in what must be the ghosts of their clothes. Hamlet's father even goes further and appears in full armour, though he was killed in a garden suit that he wore to take naps in.

Here in this room was a case before us of an opposite kind. Mr. Gates, while still alive, had suddenly become invisible to Morley, and so had all his clothes. We who looked at him when we spoke must have seemed to Morley to have our eyes " bent on vacancy," as Hamlet's eye seemed to his mother when he was talking to his father's ghost. But Morley was an easy-going man with none of the observant watchfulness of the investigator about him.

To test how far the invisibility of the clothes that Gates wore was due to the fact that he was actually wearing them, he and Felton resolved to slip out of sight and secretly change coats while I occupied Morley's attention. This was done. The two men were nearly of the same height and figure, and could wear one another's coats without attracting notice. As soon as the change was made, Gates began to stride up and down the room to test his invisibility under the new conditions.

Morley, who was chatting with me, suddenly exploded with laughter. There was no doubt that he was looking at Gates now, and following him with his eyes at every movement. But of course we all asked him what there was that was so funny. As soon as he could control his enjoyment sufficiently to speak, he told us that it was " that coat going about in the air," and asked

us, with some annoyance at our stupidity, whether we did not see it. We tried to divert his attention to Felton; but the mere fact that he saw Felton was apparently in his shirt-sleeves did not seem to him at all funny in comparison. It was the coat going about in the air that was the thing. He pointed at it with his outstretched finger, as Gates walked up and down, and said to Felton with some admiration, "How did you do *that*?" for he was wide awake and remembered perfectly that experiments were going forward. That Felton, in Gates' coat did not show any shirt-sleeves at all *to the rest of us* had not occurred to him.

I told him that there was just one more thing we wanted to try, and asked him to lay one hand, palm downwards on the table beside him and look completely away from it. He did so, and then I laid a small pinch of tobacco on his knuckles. Did he feel anything? No; only that some one was tickling the back of his hand. Gates crept near, and Felton and I, holding a bit of the tail of Felton's coat just above Morley's hand, without allowing it to touch, we asked him to look and see what caused the tickling. He looked and then asked us how he could see what caused the tickling when we held somebody's coat in the way? We made him turn aside for an instant and quickly took Felton's coat tail away and held that of Gates' coat, that Felton was wearing, in its place. "Oh, of course I can see," Morley said. "It is only some tobacco." The coat, then, remained transparent. Morley appeared to think this a very childish experiment and to suppose that it was only made to find out how sensitive the back of his hand was to things whose weight could hardly be felt at all.

I do not remember now any other experiments of equally suggestive value made when Felton was of the party. His affairs took him to the country at this time, and we resolved to go on if we could, without him. My own temperament and appearance, though not strikingly like those of Morley, were more or less of the same kind. For me to attempt to mesmerise him would be evidently absurd. But Gates was even a darker haired man than Felton, and I was soon able to show him enough of the method of mesmerism to enable him to continue the experiments.

We especially studied the question of the transparency that objects acquire when the person looking at them is absolutely convinced beforehand *that they are not there*, even though, apart from this fixed conviction, there may be nothing unusual in his condition.

Our experiments were made in the same three stages as

before as soon as the first elementary trials had proved a capacity of clairvoyance. Even in these, and in all that followed, I put in, whenever I could, some little trap, unknown to the mesmerist, to protect him from any suspicion of collusion, and to protect the mesmerised man from any suspicion of "thought transference" from the mesmerist. There was nothing to lead us to believe that he could get away from me.

One experiment was made to test with metals the effect of this strange transparency. Morley, during one of his short periods of sleep, that seldom lasted half a minute, was told that some thick brass candlesticks that stood near the clock had been taken from the room. Then, while Gates was waking him up, I tore a small piece of paper into fragments a quarter of the size of a postage stamp and silently slipped them under the wide, smooth base of a candlestick. Gates now, turning with Morley towards the chimney piece, asked him what he saw there. Probably taking this as a test of sight, Morley looked rather closely and said, "Nothing but some little bits of paper."

I suggested that he should pick them up.

Quite willing to prove that in this simplest of all ways that they were not mere imaginary pieces of paper, and that he knew perfectly what he was about, Morley put down his finger on the part of the spreading base of the brass candlestick under which the little bits of paper lay. The finger was simply aware of something smooth and cool which, after repeated trials, caused it constantly to slip away without touching the little bits of paper that lay there, apparently so easy to get at. He seems to have thought that his will was mesmerically affected, so that he could never quite grasp what he could see so clearly, and said that Gates must have been "doing something" to him. It is never right to allow a mesmeric subject to become anxious or irritated, so I persuaded him to give up his attempts, as I wanted to try something else. I lifted a candlestick an inch or two with one hand, and slipping the finger and thumb of the other hand beneath it, I waggled one of the little pieces of paper about. He said he saw one moving. I stopped at once. "Now it is still again" he said. I asked him to count them. He said there were seven. I thought from the way that I had torn my scrap across and across that there must be eight. But he turned out to be right. One had fallen down, probably when I was making the movement test.

There were some of my pet cats in the room, lying at their ease, quite unmoved by the knotty problem of hypnotic sight

that we were trying to solve over their heads. Gates suggested that, as cats were very electric animals, they might be absorbing some of this so-called mesmeric fluid which we all know so little about. If so, perhaps they had better be turned out. As soon as he had put Morley to sleep again, I proposed that it would be a good idea to simply tell him that they had already been turned out, and to watch the result.

The evening was wearing on. Some warm whisky and water had been mixed. Morley's glass, out of which he had taken a first sip, was standing at his elbow with the spoon in it. Every one knows that the little snatches of hypnotic slumber that precede clairvoyant experiments are very light affairs, and by no means cause a man to topple out of his chair or even to nod his head. His unconsciousness during them is, however, just as deep as you choose to make it. He will hear the faintest word of the hypnotist and yet you may knock down all the fire-irons without waking him. While Gates was bending over Morley's chair to tell him our arranged fib about the cats having left the room, I had no difficulty in stealing the spoon out of his glass, and quietly slipping it under the body of the fattest cat, who was asleep in an armchair by the fire. Gates woke Morley up again. The general conversation went on from exactly where it had left off. I pushed Morley's glass towards him and asked if his punch was sweet enough, suggesting that he should stir it. He looked vaguely about and soon saw the spoon in the chair. Of course the cat was as transparent to him as a piece of brass, or a fellow-creature. The first attempt to pick the spoon up was a failure, though he could not make out what warm and yielding substance seemed to so fill the empty air that it absolutely got in his way. By my advice he laid his hand flat on the edge of the chair and slid it forward till he got hold of the spoon, and so brought it out with some triumph from beneath the cat, much to the surprise of Gates, who was in the very act of telling him that it was not there. There is nothing more pleasing to a subject than to be right when a mesmerist is wrong. They are always a little nervous with the apprehension that their faculties are likely to be dulled, stupefied, or taken from them altogether.

A clairvoyant does not feel himself to be a clairvoyant.

Gates now thought of another experiment. Saying to Morley, "Will you hold out your hands a moment? I want to put something into them," he simply handed the cat to him as one might hand a baby to a nurse. "Now, can you tell me

what you have got there ? " he said. Morley, keeping perfectly still, looking down in a puzzled way at what must have seemed to him his empty hands, began to try to make a guess by consulting his feelings only, not at all knowing why his sight had failed to answer the question. Speaking slowly he said, " It is something soft—with a pin in it," he added as the cat, now awake at last, gave a wriggle and jumped away, sticking a hind claw into his palm as it kicked itself off. " I know," he exclaimed, " It was a velvet cushion."

The last experiment of this kind that we made was in another house where we had gone to meet Mrs. Bentley, a grey-haired lady well known in London for taking an interest in questions that have anything that is usually considered mysterious about them. This time Gates told Morley that Mrs. Bentley herself had gone out of the room. He was wakened, and, not seeing her, began to walk up to the fireplace, to stand with his back to it, though she was on the hearth-rug, quite unaware of her danger at the time. I persuaded her to sit down in an armchair to be in safety, and as she did so dropped a little packet of letters in, on which she sat. Gates had not seen me do this—the packet was not even my own, I had snatched it up for the purpose that moment. " What do you see in that chair ? " we asked Morley. " A packet of letters," he answered. " Can you pick them up ? " we asked.

He went to do so, and, I fear, gave Mrs. Bentley a smart kick on the ankle. I heard the sound, and saw a look of sudden pain cross her face. But Morley, who must have thought it was only the chair leg, never dreamed of apologizing, and she had soon a rather distressing reason for thinking no more of it. We had induced her to rise from the chair, where I had been just in time to prevent Morley trying to thrust his hand straight through the very substance of her body—the packet of letters had been found, and put back in its place ; and Mrs. Bentley had been talking with Morley, who was, as always, quite straight-forward and made no pretence of not being able to hear her, merely because he could not see her, when she suddenly said, " I wonder if he could *feel* me," and before I could stop her she put out her hand and touched Morley on the chest with the tip of her forefinger.

What is called cross-mesmerism was set up. Morley was made to feel ill, stupid, heavy and distressed by it. It took a long time and gave us great trouble to cure him and get him home. These experiments ended there, and have never been resumed.

It seems as though mesmeric force were as much a real something as electric force, and that people are charged with it. After every single experiment that shows the presence of such a charge in any one, it is of the highest importance that he should have it cleared out of him. If left too long while he is going about the ordinary affairs of life it is apt to make something in him *go bad*, just as a thunderstorm sours a jug of milk in the larder. The milk may be treated with bicarbonate of soda, but it is never the same again. Cross mesmerism is very difficult to avoid in a mixed company among whom there may be some who inflict it on purpose by power of their will, and some by mere accidental overflow, into the air. It generally produces the thunderstorm effect. A sufficiently smart shock is almost always a cure. But in bad cases the cure itself must be so violent as to be dangerous, and no one will take the responsibility.

One or two other experiments had been made before this caused us to give it all up. That they were all genuine and trustworthy ones was obvious to ourselves, and will be considered highly probable by any one who has had enough experience of the same kind of thing, under test conditions to know that I have related nothing unnatural or incredible. Assumed names, with the exception of my own, are used, merely because the men concerned are all scattered now, and I have not hunted for them to ask their leave to use their real names.

One thing that these experiments tend to show is that the opacity of solid nature can be caused to vanish from existence bit by bit, and object by object, if the mind be sufficiently fortified by a contrary kind of conviction against the kind of belief which sight produces. This may be induced by a false statement, made when the hearer of it is in a state of such perfect mental passivity that he cannot conceive any reason whatever to doubt the falsehood. From this we learn that opacity is not a quality belonging to any solid object in nature, but a by-product of *sight*, depending on a certain mental accessibility to conviction, and removable, with this—all the supposed laws of light and vibration notwithstanding. We begin to have a conjecture as to how mountains that have no quality more real than their opacity are removable by faith, and to perceive that the rolling away of the heavens and earth like a scroll is a matter of course at the last day of the lives of each of us, if not sooner, since we owe merely to a credulity with which we are born the very existence of our sight of the light of the sun which we desire and our fear of the darkness of the tomb which we dread.

REVIEWS

TWO TRANSMIGRATIONS.

THE BLACK SPANIEL. By R. Hichens: Methuen.
THE BEETLE. By Richard Marsh: Skeffington & Co.

WHEN, as a small child, the present reviewer read and mourned over "The Transmigrations of Indur" in *Evenings at Home* (or was it *The Parent's Assistant*?) she certainly never expected to be garred to grue by so weird a tale as this of *The Black Spaniel* by that versatile writer Mr. Robert Hichens (Methuen, 6s.). Here is black magic, with a vengeance: and it is an unnecessary touch of insult that has given the surname of a peculiarly revolting type of murderer to the unfortunate scientist who, because he has vivisected animals, is doomed, after death, to transmigrate into the body of a black spaniel, there to be starved and tortured by a dog-lover, who recognizes the soul of Deeming in the skin of this creature which he buys of a dog-vendor in the park for a few pounds.

The dog-lover's name is Vernon Kersteven, and this is how he talks to the scientist at their first meeting when Deeming is yet Deeming.

> "My love of animals has given me very many horrible moments in my life, moments in which I confess that my heart has been turned to bitterness, and I have longed to make men suffer as they were making animals suffer. But especially have I known the longing to turn one whom I have seen being cruel to a pet animal into that animal and to be his master for a little while. You know some hold that theory."
>
> "What theory?" said Deeming. "That what we do is eventually done to us in another life; for instance, that if a man has been brutal to an animal, at death his soul passes into a similar animal, which endures the fate he once meted out when he was man."

And this theory is elaborately, carefully, and quite convincingly worked out. In the body of a black spaniel the soul of Peter Deeming is born again, is bought by Kersteven the dog-lover—who knows the spaniel for what he is—is starved, and finally shot by Kersteven the dog-lover. An inkling of the horrible truth comes to two people in the story before the end works out—to the narrator and to Lord Elyn, a patient of Deeming's. There is a real shudder in the story: and in its terror it is far more vital than any of those that follow it; though one of them, "The Figure in the Mirage," has something of the same power. "A reason out of nature" lies at the back of the Black Spaniel,

it is true : and yet the story remains and persuades and terrifies. It brings up for allies other and older weird stories : one remembers the Loups-garou who are men by day and wolves by night, the women whose eyes shine in the dark like cats' eyes, the beast like a dog (Lina) whose paw felt like a woman's hand, the dancers at Norse weddings under whose blue skirts cows' tails hang down, the men whose names have been whispered into the sacred Ear-stone of the Negroes, who play ugly monkey tricks and acquire daily a more simian type of face, the pretty Japanese dancers who have claws instead of nails on their hands, and whose teeth are the teeth of squirrels, the queer old fisherman who look oddly like seals, and the lovely woman who may sometimes be seen playing hide-and-seek with her own shadow in old German ruins, who laughs with sweet merriment and weeps with mournful weeping, but whose speaking voice is the squeal of a rat—is she not of the tribe that found out Bishop Hatto in his tower ? And are they not all of the dark side of the world, the under side of the earth, the other side of the moon, and so amenable to no human laws, but surely clothed about with power to cast glamour and terror upon us, as did the Gods of old when they were not huddled out of sight and memory as " the old ones," " the others," " the Underground People," which brings us to another weird creature of old worship and modern cynicism—the beetle ? Mr. Richard Marsh has not deserved well of that great and mysterious Goddess, the Lady Isis, mother of the Dawn, whose face is for ever hidden from the eyes of men behind a dark blue veil that it is not permitted to lift, but he has certainly written a story that will give any ordinary reader " the creeps." That the ordinary reader likes " the creeps " is patent by the fact that *The Beetle* (Skeffington & Co. 6*s*.), is now in its ninth impression.

References to the obscure rites of Isis are many in this rather carelessly-woven story which is a blend of four or five separate narratives : but the central idea is of a creature, not clearly defined as belonging to either sex, though its normal appearance is that of a woman : a creature upon which years have no real power, who possesses extraordinary mesmeric and hypnotic powers, and whose appetite for cruelty is beyond satisfaction : a creature who at crises of its career, moments of desperate danger or alarm, changes its human form and shrinks into the shape of a beetle.

The Beetle named so often in this story is the Scarabeus, or sun-beetle, emblem of the god Horus, the Rising Sun, born

mystically of an obscure union between the goddess Isis and the corpse of Osiris, her husband, whom she had gone down into the realms of the dead to find. Horrible things are hinted at: there is even a description of a band of worshippers of Isis who are united in the bonds of "unthinkable sin," who steal away white women, preferably girls, and offer them up to Isis as burnt sacrifices after "unmentionable torture and degradation."

There are too many big words, and the two supposed heroes, the politician and the chemist, are made of very poor stuff, but there is life in the story, and Mr. Marsh shows vivid imagination in the passages where the Beetle itself (or herself) is intimately concerned. He should write another tale of mystery and terror, and write it at his leisure, forgetting the serial public.

NORA CHESSON.

THE SCIENTIFIC TEMPER IN RELIGION. By P. N. Waggett, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Price 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

THERE are some books which are entitled to be placed among the literature of the day, as being pertinent to, and forming part of the subject of controversy dominating the more advanced thought of the age and holding for the time the most conspicuous place in the forum of the world's jurisdiction. Among those which have sought to take a part in the new Conflict recently opened up by what has been termed "The Higher Criticism" the present book certainly merits a place. If the contending forces of Science and Religion are to accept an Irenicon, it must surely be outlined in the first instance by some comprehensive mind capable of grasping the ultimates at issue and of uniting them by a rational appeal made from the ground of neutrality. In a word, to employ the scientific temper in religion and the religious temper in science, are the only means of effecting a compromise by moderation without concession. This is the age of amalgamations, and there is no need for either Religion or Science to hold aloof from an alliance so full of advantage to both.

The Rev. P. N. Waggett's book comprises a series of addresses delivered at Marylebone in 1903. Nothing is conceded to Science which has not been scientifically proven, and it is not the romance of modern scientific minds, but rather the religious purpose of Science pure and simple that claims consideration with the author. This is as important to his purpose as a scientific man as it is to his position as a religious exponent. After showing that there has been of late years an immense increase in the range over which natural investigation extends, that this extension has

resulted in a broader judgment regarding the nature of human life, he points to the fact that "psychology is now the absorbing study of our time." The wider range and the broader judgment have produced a greater caution—a caution of a more hopeful kind, in the scientific mind.

> We are not so easily content as we used to be with short formulae and phrases describing human nature; and we are a thousand miles from that confident materialism in philosophy which used, one might say, to rule in certain regions of learning and research.

Nevertheless, there exists in the upper regions of thought a certain aloofness, which, however, does not begin and end in needless debate, but exists rather "as a truce for separated work." The attitude of the religious faction at this juncture is well defined in the following notable paragraph:

> Although certain statements of religion are beset with many difficulties and much uncertainty, yet men will not contemplate the purchase of peace with science by the dogmatic denial of these statements altogether. The price is too high. But no lower price will serve; for pure and exclusive naturalism breaks down entirely as a philosophical view, as a conception of the world, as soon as you have the smallest hint of a doubt whether the world in itself is a complete closed sphere—as soon as you have an inkling of a question whether there may not be, perhaps, more in God than there is in the world which He made.

But our author admits that for the sake of peace we must not give up these questionings. We must carry our torchlight forward to whatever issues it may ultimately lead us. We must not shirk the truth nor effect a compromise with sound reason, nor yet forget that sound reason is as inclusive of the revelation of inspired conceptions as of observed fact. We must avoid a recurrence of disturbances, if they are to be avoided in future, by a serious regard to the study of physical facts and of our own position in the scale of physical being, using such caution as to decisive conclusions as is just in regard to premises which are still necessarily incomplete. On the other hand the scientific position is in need of a more reverent and cautious spirit, of "a sense of the mystery of things." And thus while we seek in science a fuller sensing and more cautious spirit, we must also seek in religion for a more scientific temper. There are reasons for this which are defined by Mr. Waggett.

> A want of continuity between the different parts of our knowledge seems to be a necessary accompaniment of all development of intellectual life. And we must be patient under it, and we must not take it to be itself any sign that either part is untrue. Their want of continuity, of course, will not by itself show them to be true; but it will not by itself

show them to be false. . . . If we have sound and honest reason to suppose that, without being infallible, we are finding our way according to some genuine correspondence with the facts, then the failure to see the two lines of knowledge drawn close together and buckled to a circle, so far from giving us alarm, will be recognized as the necessary result of the co-existence of two real forms of knowledge in a growing state within a single consciousness.

Thus far the *aperçu* of Mr. Waggett's subject, as comprised in his introductory arguments. The work contains some excellent reasons for a *rapprochement* of a yet more intimate nature than has so far transpired between exact science and religious thought, and the address upon Natural Selection and Theism is conspicuously strong in well-directed argument. Space forbids further consideration of this excellent book, but the man of science or the man of religion who ignores the intelligent position of the man in the middle ground of scientific religion will justly be accounted an incomplete and prejudiced supporter of his cause, and to that extent a menace to the progress of the race. Mr. Waggett has given us a well-spoken word in season from the middle-ground which it would ill become us to disregard.

SCRUTATOR.

CRYSTAL GAZING. By Northcote W. Thomas, M.A. London: The De La More Press.

To those who only enjoy a sort of "tea-cup" acquaintance with this ancient psychic practice, this work of Mr. Thomas should prove abundantly informing. In it the reader is put into touch with the history and practice of Crystal Gazing, and a statement of case having been made the subject is thrown open to debate. Whatever may be the state of the evidence for direct visions in the Crystal, the author considers rightly enough that the evidence for "telepathic scrying" is open to discussion, and accordingly deals with it. There is an excellent introduction by Andrew Lang, not in direct support of "scrying" as a credible fact, and not in contravention of it, but simply of an introductory nature, bristling with evidences and yet wholly non-committal in deduction—one of those delightful evolutions of the professed critic which involves everybody except the writer. And among those mentioned in connexion with "experiences," we have Mr. Balfour and also George Sand cited as "scryers." It is quite useless for the distinguished statesman to deny his faculty—he has seen, he has "telepathed," and the fact is recorded on authority. But just what this "seeing" amounts to, and how far it is dependable for scientific

purposes of study is a matter which is discussed in the pages of this work in the most thorough manner. The "crystal," it appears, may be almost anything that is capable of producing certain neuropathic results; it may be a quartz crystal or any body largely containing silicon, or simply a bowl of water or a drop of ink as used by the Arabs and Egyptians, as mentioned by Lane. As to shape, this also is immaterial in practice. Some scryers prefer the oval-shaped crystal, some the spherical, while others again have a predilection for the black concave mirror. What the effect of gazing at these several objects may be is not fully considered from a physiological point of view, but it would appear that some inhibition of the optic nerves, with possible temporary paralysis of the optic thalami, might account for the results. Be this as it may, the seers see, and what they see has been well and faithfully recorded by Mr. Thomas in this work.

Nothing, apparently, is capable of regulating the faculty when once "seeing" has been established. Visions may have reference to the past or to the future, or may be related to current happenings; they may have regard to the life of the "scryer," to circumstances in the lives of relatives or friends, or may be of an entirely foreign origin. In rare cases the seer can discern what has been pre-arranged and decided upon, and this especially when under the guidance and suggestion of another mind concerned in the experiment; but in the majority of instances the visions are promiscuous, inconsequent and irrelevant, and wholly spontaneous.

It will appear to the critical reader somewhat to the disadvantage of the author, that nothing is said concerning natural predisposition to seership, and no attempt made to classify the subjects of experiment, either as regards their temperaments, physique, sex or other presumably controlling factors. In every work of this kind, however, something must be left to the reader, and it is in this particular that the reader is most likely to find an opening for the exercise of his faculty should it run in the direction of statistics. It may be noted, however, that the inhabitants of the chief basalt territories, such as the Mull, Giants' Causeway, Fingall's Cave, etc., are predisposed to what is called "second-sight," or seership, and in this connexion it is worthy of note that mariners have observed the disturbing effects of basaltic rocks upon the magnetic needle, and the fact is referred to by Humboldt. It would be interesting to have learned from the pages of Mr. Thomas's work how far

heredity is to be reckoned as a predisposing factor in the development of the particular form of clairvoyance induced by crystal gazing, and further in what essential conditions this form of seership differs from that which is independent of accessories, of suggestion and other disposing conditions, being in no need of provocation or development, as in the case of the Seeress of Prevorst, the Cromford Seeress, and of Emanuel Swedenborg, Jacob Boehme, and others. But since Mr. Thomas has thought fit to tie himself down to a statement of fact regarding some modern instances of crystal gazing under conditions of test and scientific experiment, we must perforce be content with the work as we find it, and it is eminently satisfactory in that it is all it purports to be, and that so far as it goes it is a record and experimental digest of a fascinating subject which could not very well be bettered. The book forms one more contribution to the range of modern psychological literature, and will be of considerable use to those who take a serious interest in these problems of psychic research.

SCRUTATOR.

DIVINE BASIS OF SOCIETY. By Robt. S. Gilliard. London: Philip Wellby, 6, Henrietta Street, W.C.

MR. GILLIARD holds it as an aphorism that "If there be any top and bottom to human affairs, they must be as sacred at the one end as at the other; on their secular side as on their spiritual side." Most impartial thinkers will agree with him. The more daring will perchance follow him in his further conclusion, when he says :—

> If humanity has lost its Edenic state of innocence and love by the beguilement of the serpent—the allurement of the senses—the only antidote to the deadly poison of the sensualism with which men are bitten in to-day's wilderness is the looking towards this very sensual principle in the recognition that, in its proper relation to the inner spiritual life, it also is Christ-like, Human and Divine.

The author divides his subject matter into two sections, dealing separately with "Christianity and Capitalism" and the "Divine Basis of Society," to which he adds one of Edward Carpenter's prophetic notes upon the Third Stage to which the Human Mind is now attaining. The work is that of a thinker—and an honest one. It will be read and valued by thinkers. The gospel of the higher Communism is no doubt a thousand years in advance of modern morals, a thousand leagues beyond the reach of the egotism and avarice of the world, but it is not for that

matter less true or worthy of attempt. Power is in the direct ratio of the capacity to express it through brain function, and hypothetically is dependent on the condition of that function by the author's primary postulate; the reasoning here becomes somewhat involved and problematical. It is a work, however, which well merits a reading. SCRUTATOR.

SRI BRAHMA DHÀRÀ. By the Mahatma Sri Agamya Guru Pramahamsa. London: Luzac & Co., 46, Great Russell Street, W.C.

THE title of this work, *Sri Brahma Dhàrà*, is translated as "Shower from the Highest," that is, from Brahma. Its author is fairly well known in this country, owing to his visits to various centres of learning in the year 1903, when he was in London for several weeks, and met, among other Oriental scholars, the late Professor Max Müller, who describes the "Mahatma" as the only Indian Saint he had ever known. But that is not ranging far, for it is commonly well known that the Professor did not go far afield to find them among his contemporaries of the Peninsula. What he knew of saints from his study of the history and literature of India is another matter. The reader of Agamya Guru's work will find something of interest concerning the life and person of its author in a well-worded introduction by "C," and from the same source he will learn that the work is of an unique character, for the reason that "no Hindu of his class and high rank (he was Judge in the High Courts of Justice in India) has ever before sought to teach the western world." But this is hardly a reason for characterizing the work which, if at all comparable with the Upanishads or the Sutras, certainly does not take us further. The man and the book should be distinguishable. Other teachers from the East have been to these shores and to America. But what makes our Guru of some interest to students of Occultism is his display of what are called *Siddhis*, or psychic powers. Agamya Guru has been certified dead by Prof. J. E. Carpenter. The Yogi showed that it was possible at will to suspend animation, arrest the circulation of the blood and inhibit the normal functions of the body which usually are under the direction of the involuntary arc of nervation. The same feat was repeated by the Guru in the presence of the late Mr. F. W. Myers and Dr. Hodgson at Cambridge. Yet I doubt whether the average Hindu would recognize in our countryman the late Captain James

Townshend, who had the like faculty, even the elements of a Guru.

Be that as it may, we certainly have in the Brahma Dhàrà a work of considerable merit for its clearness of expression, orderly arrangement of material and conciseness. The text is in the form of question and answer, the former, as is so often the case in works of this kind, being just such as the writer is prepared to answer, and not those which spring spontaneously to the mind of the ingenuous and yet critical reader. The work deals with The Threefold Science; the Knower, Knowledge and the Known; Phenomenology; Syneidesis or the Science of Mind; Teleology, or the science of Màyà, which latter is defined as "the creator of the visible universe," and "the Great Magician." Here it is defined as "an illusive fermentation of an Atom of Bliss in the power of the Highest," a definition which cannot be said to help us forward very much. Finally, we are instructed as to the Transcendental Reality and Yoga. The Transcendental Reality is called the "Eternal Own Self," and has reference of course to the en-souled Deity, as contemplated free from the delusion of the senses and emotions. This order of contemplation is described in the chapter on Yoga. The student of the sacred science of India will derive profit from the study of Agamya Guru's work.

SCRUTATOR.

A CATECHISM OF HINDUISM. By Sris Chandra Vasu. Benares: Freeman & Co., Ltd. Annas 8.

SRIS CHANDRA VASU has laid us under obligation by his publication of various works on the Hindu philosophies, including his *Yoga Philosophy* and his learned commentaries on the texts of the Vedantà such as the Shiva Sanhità, and by his English translation of Panini's *Ashtadhyaya*, which the late Professor Max Müller characterized as "a great work admirably done." In the present work the reader will find a complete statement of the principles of Hindu Philosophy, supported by the text of various shastras and commentaries. The questions are so arranged that they designedly evoke the citation of the various authorities named which in substance contain all that is canonical Hinduism regarding the Deity, divine worship, the nature and attributes of the soul, the doctrine of Rebirth, the postmortem state, the social and ethical codes. The student of Occultism will find the chapter on the Atmâ or Soul of especial interest, more particularly that part dealing with the states of consciousness.

E

MENTAL ART. By Samuel George. London: Power Book Company, Wimbledon. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE subject of mental development will always be of paramount interest to educationalists, and by them it is appreciated in its full scientific value; but to the average man of the world its working value suffers disparagement to the extent that the primary object of education is lost sight of. The development of the mental faculties is here treated from the point of view of the practical man of the world, who seeks success by the use of his faculties, and knows that Mind counts for a great deal in the battle of life. Mr. George has made a digest of character-reading methods, illustrating his subject by tests made among professors of a variety of systems, which, on comparison one with another, yield a result which places the subject on the solid ground of experimental science. A single character is treated, its development shown, and the process of culture defined. As to the nature of the tests, Mr. George says :—

> The only information given to any of the people who have written the delineations in 1905 was, that it was required to be accurate, and probably for publication. They did not, and do not now, know it would be used for comparison with the work of other practitioners in other Occult Sciences, and I have no doubt they will be much surprised when they see their works against one another, as they now appear.

It is then shown that all these people, knowing nothing of the subject himself, and nothing of one another, have said practically the same things about the same person, so that it is evident there is a common basis of truth upon which they all rest. The subject of delineation is unknown in public life, and writes under a *nom de plume*, yet the revelation of the principal details of his character are "absolutely correct, and even startling."

The author then proceeds to examine a further delineation from the same sources at a later age, and all are agreed as to the relative development of the various faculties of the mind at that stage. On comparison with the former synopsis, it is found that there has taken place a considerable development in the brain power as a whole, and a marked growth of the spiritual and mental faculties as compared with the instinctual and animal propensities. Consequently there is evolved a higher type of man, and this evolution the author claims to have been due to systematic mental culture, carried out at first under instruction and advice, and afterwards independently.

SCRUTATOR.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I am much interested in a scholarly and conservative article, entitled "A Criticism of Telepathy," by C. W. Saleeby, in a recent number of the OCCULT REVIEW. I wish to make a contribution on this subject and will base my remarks upon passages selected from Mr. Saleeby's argument. He says :—

1. "If the fact can be demonstrated that transference of ideas in this fashion can occur *at all*, we shall have embarked upon a voyage of new discovery fraught with the gravest interests for science and humanity."

The transference of ideas has been demonstrated in America during the past few years in ways conclusive to all. In at least two of our leading cities evidence of such varied character has been given as to place the matter entirely outside the field of theoretic knowledge. The conclusion of Sir Oliver Lodge that the "fact of telepathy is scientifically proven" is literally true.

2. "The connotation of the word telepathy is confined to the transference of the very simplest kind of ideas," as for instance, the experiments with cards.

It can be maintained that mental telepathy has gone far beyond that stage. It involves not only the transference of these elementary ideas but also of others as complex as any conveyed by the use of sentences. It transmits not only sounds—for words spoken or transmitted are but sounds—but also mental images, either stationary or in action projected into space and seen by the percipient mind. Higher still than this, every shade of feeling or phase in the gamut of emotion can be transferred directly without the use of the senses.

3. "The telepathic act can only occur in mental conditions somewhat different from those of every day."

It has been demonstrated now that no favouring conditions are required. In noise or quiet, on the crowded street or in the silence of the laboratory, the impressions transmitted are received. Nor does it require a subjective, reflective mind on the part of the receiver. Mind is mind, and whether the intellect upon which the impression is to be made be untutored or refined the effect is

the same—the difference being only in the superior power or interpretation possessed by the higher intelligence.

4. "It may fairly be argued, for instance, that the power of thought transference is not under the control of the will." "Apparatus adapted for the willing of thought transference is so far as he can discover entirely lacking."

What is the power of thought transference? A form of energy as the article says. That energy does go forth at the command of the will. The mind can respond to sense stimuli by the transmission of sound, image or emotion *directly*, or by the more usual method of the senses.

In conclusion,—

a. It may be asked, "If the mind has this power, why is it so seldom used?" I do not maintain that this power has been generally developed. All are capable of receiving these impressions but not all of sending them. But if one person only possessed the power, it would then have to be regarded as a property of the mind, and be reckoned with by the sciences of Psychology and Physics. Heretofore this fact has not been taken into account in the presuppositions of our mental philosophy.

All persons normally constructed have vocal organs but few have had the vocal powers of Jenny Lind. Just so this exceptional power of thought transference is in much the same sense a gift not possessed by the many.

b. That the one possessing this power can transmit messages to distant parts and without prearrangement—provided the words or image thus transmitted are intelligible to the one receiving them—is also credible though somewhat more difficult of demonstration.

c. In transmitting to those within sight and hearing, the number of persons receiving the impressions may be unlimited.

d. Power of this kind can be used for moral and beneficent ends. It can be used against as well as in conjunction with the mental action of others, but the very nature of the power argues for its possession by those only who have the highest moral qualifications.

The above comments may be regarded as assertions the proof of which has yet to be adduced, but to one under whose observation they have come they cannot be regarded as other than established facts.

Trusting that there may be further contributions on this great question, toward whose solution the Society of Psychical Research has done so much, I remain, truly,

ALFRED O. FAIR.

BEVERLEY, MASS, *Aug.* 7, 1905.

To the Editor of the Occult Review.

Sir,—I have been very much interested in your relations of psychic experiences and, living as I do in this far-away corner of the empire, I thought perhaps one or two of the things that have happened to me might (or might not) be of interest to your readers. I may say that I have taken your magazine from the first copy, having seen it advertised in an English paper, and intend taking it till further orders, as I consider it supplies a felt want as far as I am concerned. The first experience happened to me when I was practically an atheist, and for some years before that I was an active member of a body of people called the Conditional Immortality, or Life only in Christ Church, and we scouted the idea of the Immortality of the soul with scorn. I went to bed one night and dreamt that I died, and on waking in what is called "the other side" I found myself standing in the bedroom looking at my wife with her hand on my forehead. She was crying, and there were several women in the room, also crying, and one of them said, "Poor fellow he is out of his trouble at last." I tried to persuade them that I was not dead but very much alive indeed, but they took not the slightest notice of me. I then walked downstairs, through the house, and out into the street; went down the street, meeting several folk I knew, walked as I thought up against them; but, to my astonishment, I went through them. That set me thinking, and I remember saying to myself, "Well, I s'pose I am dead after all, only instead of being where I am I ought to be in hell, if what the Church folk say is true," and I started all over to think they were wrong. I then turned about and walked up the street and round a certain corner and on to a spot where there was a railway station (in my dream) and got into a train that was waiting there, and I met somebody I hadn't seen for over twenty years. We exchanged greetings, and in my dream I thought we rode away into eternity together. I woke up with a start, and must confess that I felt very much disappointed that my dream was not true. Now comes the sequel. Some years afterwards I went to England on a visit, and on getting out of the train at Euston station I recognised the place at once, though I had never seen it before. Right before me was the person I had seen in my dream, and the words I had used to her and she to me were repeated in the exact form I had dreamt so many years before. During my stay in England I had occasion to visit Leicestershire, and while there I was prostrated by an attack of English cholera, and while almost at the last gasp (as I thought), I kept longing for the person I had met at the station.

Next day I received a letter from her saying she was sure something was wrong with me, as in the afternoon when she went upstairs to rest awhile she distinctly heard me call her by name at the exact time as I had called on her mentally. She was so upset about it that she wrote me at once. Later on I went to the West of England to recuperate, and one Sunday evening I felt depressed in spirit, and so convinced that something was wrong with my friend in London that I wrote a letter to her then and there, getting an answer by return of post recounting the trouble, and considering all things, it was no wonder I felt depressed. Since my return home to New Zealand, I have made a study of all kinds of psychic phenomena, and have had such marvellous results that the only conclusion I can come to is that there are heaps of things about that I had never dreamt were possible. But what I have felt and seen *that* I know to be true. I have made a study of all the isms and all phases of thought, trying in my humble way to prove all things, and to hold fast to that which is good. By birth I am a Celt from West Cornwall, being brought up a Methodist. At present I can tell what I don't believe better than what I do believe, but this one thing I know, mental telepathy with myself, and at least half a dozen of my friends, is an accomplished fact. My brother and I in Illinois, U.S.A., are in constant communication, and I love nothing better than to tell the doubting ones of our experiences across 7,000 miles of space.

Yours fraternally,
J. A. ROBERTS.

ELLIOT STREET, NEW PLYMOUTH,
New Zealand.

[Other Correspondence is unavoidably held over till next number.—Ed.]