THE

# OCCULT REVIEW

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

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

DOES THE EGO PERSIST?

THE late Mr. Frederick Myers satisfied himself, and doubtless brought evidence satisfactory to many other minds beside his own, to prove that the consciousness of the human ego survives bodily death. To how many has it occurred, I wonder, of those who have followed Mr. Myers and the Psychical Research Society in their investigations, that the establishment of the truth of the conscious existence of the individual after death takes the enquirer but a short distance of the way towards a definite reply to the question, "Is the soul of man immortal?"

Granted that the ego survives bodily death, does the ego, as ego, persist *permanently* after death, or does it disintegrate? Do we not even know cases where change and disintegration of the individuality have supervened during lifetime? And if during ordinary physical life, how much more would such conditions of personal instability be liable to occur under after-death conditions in which, if the evidence about them is worth anything, the ego or the constituents of the ego are infinitely more plastic than they can be said to be in the plane of normal consciousness.

IMMORTAL OR IMMORTALISABLE.

It has, indeed, been plausibly argued that the ego is nothing more than an organic community, and that the principle by which the constituent parts of it cohere has nothing in its nature of a necessarily permanent character. Probably the late Mr. Gladstone held this opinion. His expression of belief that man was not immortal but "immortalisable" can hardly have had any other meaning. To become a "une being" may not impossibly be a goal to which man should seek to attain, but which few have so far reached.

Such thoughts among many others are suggested by several books which have been appearing recently on the subject of so-called "Multiple Personality," quite the best that has been yet written, being a study of an American case of disintegration of the ego, by Dr. Morton Prince of Boston.* The fact that the personality in certain cases is liable to be split up into three or four separate individualities, all for a time at least thinking and acting independently, and possessed of totally different characteristics, much more contrasted than those of many separate individual entities, is surely sufficient evidence to prove that conscious individuality by itself is no guarantee of immortality.

THE DISSOCIATION OF A PERSONALITY.

The case that Dr. Morton Prince had under his care was one (even among cases of disorganized personality) of unusual interest. The early conditions of Miss Beauchamp's life (such is the name by which we are allowed to know her) were calculated gravely to accentuate the defects of a highly strung and neurotic temperament. Lack of self-control on the part of one parent and lack of sympathy on the part of the other reacting on an abnormally sensitive frame handicapped our heroine from the outset. Life is probably one of those things about which the proverb in the generality of cases may be held true, that well begun is half done. A good start is half the battle. Miss Beauchamp with favourable home influences would probably never have developed the symptoms of neurotic instability which eventually led to the splitting up of her normal self into a variety of distinct consciousnesses.

"In April, 1898, inasmuch as Miss Beauchamp had failed to be improved by the conventional methods of treatment, and as it was impossible for her to pursue any vocation in the condition of health in which she was at the time, it was decided to try

* *The Dissociation of a Personality.* By Dr. Morton Prince. Longmans, Green & Co.

hypnotic suggestion." Under hypnotic treatment she passed successively into two states or conditions of consciousness, one her own normal subconscious state, and the other an entirely different personality who referred to Miss Beauchamp invariably as " she ", and who did not disguise her contempt for the character and tastes of her ordinary self. This second self proved to be a sort of naughty, fun and mischief-loving, healthy schoolgirl, the poles asunder in manner, character, temperament, disposition, and, in short, in everything that stamps the individual, from the studious, conscientious, and over-sensitive Miss Beauchamp.

As long as Sally (or Chris as she was at first called) remained an hypnotic state merely, her wilfulness, independence of character, and vehement assertion of her separate individuality, mattered but little, but the day came when Sally " got her eyes open " ; that is to say, ousted Miss Beauchamp from her command of the physical body and took possession of the steering gear herself. This is how it happened :—

One day, toward the end of June, Miss Beauchamp was sitting by the open window reading. She fell into what Chris afterwards called a half " mooning " state. She would read a bit, then look out of the window and think ; then turn to her book and again read. Thus she would alternately read and dream—day-dreaming it was. All her life she had been in the habit of falling into these states of abstraction (for such they were) when she lived in the clouds. Here was Chris's opportunity. The psychical and mental conditions were ripe. Chris was not one to let such a golden chance slip by. So while Miss Beauchamp was dreaming in her chair Chris took both her hands—Miss Beauchamp's hands—rubbed her eyes, and " willed " ; then, for the moment Miss Beauchamp disappeared and " Sally " came, mistress of herself, and for the first time able to see.

When Miss Beauchamp comes to again, and finds the ridiculous letters written in her subconscious state by her other self, she comes to the conclusion that, " like those poor people of old, she must be possessed of devils." After this ensues a long period during which the personalities alternate, Sally using her periods of control to write abusive letters to her other self, make or break appointments with her other self's friends, or correspond with Miss Beauchamp's doctor, as, for example, in the following :—

My dear Dr. Prince, you are most absurd and idiotic to waste your time and sympathy on such a perfect chump as our friend (i.e. Miss Beauchamp) is. I do not like it at all, and I won't have you doing it. And moreover, I won't have you trying hypnotism again on any account. Do you understand ? . . . Our friend is going to weep salt tears when she knows I have written you. Won't it be jolly ? And serve her quite right, too, for she thinks altogether too much of " dear Dr. Prince," and too little

of my long-suffering Jones. She needs discipline and very tender care. I know her a great deal better than you do, and I know she is really awfully wicked. . . .

THE TYRANNY OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS.

Miss Beauchamp suffered agonies of humiliation through the freaks of her subconscious self who delighted to tyrannize over her, play tricks on her, destroy her work, set insects crawling over her, and, worst of all, compromise her with her friends. She would be constantly receiving missives left for her by her other self, such as :—

If you do not write Nan immediately—this very day—I shall, and I give you fair warning that I shall entertain her at your expense—not a difficult thing you know, and it would please her immensely, I am sure. Also, I do not approve of the blue book, and shall sew up your skirt again if you read it. Remember !

Again :—

I have such good news for you, my dearest Chris. Just fancy, I know where there is a whole colony of lovely cool, green snakes—little slippery, sliddery ones, you know—and I'm going to get them to amuse you at night and keep you from dreaming of your dear ——. Aren't you glad ?" . . . .

The remarkable fact about Sally and what differentiated her case from that of other cases of multiple personality was that she (according, at least, to her own account, which the facts appeared to support as far as they were known) persisted as a permanent subconsciousness during all the time that Miss Beauchamp was to the fore, and was even able in many instances to influence or interfere with Miss B's actions, to make her say things she had no intention of saying, and to keep her tongue-tied when she wished to speak, and sometimes even to control her limbs so far as to make her walk in the opposite direction to what she desired. Indeed, Sally claimed to have led a separate existence from her other self from early childhood. But whereas *she* could read Miss Beauchamp's thoughts and to a certain extent influence her actions, Miss Beauchamp had no knowledge of Sally's thoughts, and while Sally had control of her body she simply "lost time," to use her own expressive phrase ; that is to say, she had no consciousness or recollection whatever of what passed. Sally never suffered from the other self's ailments, and when Miss Beauchamp was ill and delirious Sally would alternate with her, laughing and taking the whole matter as a joke.

There was not the slightest trace of delirium or mental disturbance about the secondary consciousness, who disclosed the content of her other

self's delirium. . . . Sally even agreed to act as nurse, and "come" at intervals and take the prescribed food which delirious Miss Beauchamp refused—an agreement which she carefully observed.

One of the most remarkable phenomena associated with this breaking up of the normal personality is the fact that Sally's facial expression would frequently be seen flashing through Miss Beauchamp's sadness, the latter's misfortunes always provoking Sally's merriment.

Later on a third personality came upon the scene, who was variously termed BIV. or "The Idiot." "The Idiot," needless to say, was Sally's appellation. She was officially (as one may say) termed BIV. because Sally was BIII., Miss Beauchamp being BI. and Miss Beauchamp in hypnosis (normal state) being BII.

AN UNCANNY EPISODE.

On one occasion this habit of Sally's of "smiling through," if I may be permitted the expression, was productive of a somewhat weird and uncanny episode, and one which, like a number of episodes recorded in this book, is to my mind extremely suggestive psychologically.

BIV., in a depressed, despondent, rather angry frame of mind, was looking at herself in the mirror. She was combing her hair, and at the time thinking deeply. . . . Suddenly she saw, notwithstanding the seriousness of her thoughts, a curious laughing expression—a regular diabolical smile—come over her face. It was not her own expression, but one that she had never seen before. It seemed to her devilish and uncanny, entirely out of keeping with her thoughts. BIV. had a feeling of horror come over her at what she saw. She seemed to recognize it as the expression of the thing that possessed her. She saw herself as another person in the mirror and was frightened by the extraordinary character of the expression. It suddenly occurred to her to talk to this "thing," to put questions to it. So she began, but got no answer. Then she realized that the method was absurd, and that it was impossible for her to speak and answer at the same time. Thereupon she suggested to the thing that it should *write* answers to her questions. Accordingly, placing some paper before her on the bureau and taking a pencil in her hand, she addressed herself to the face in the glass. Presently her hand began to write, answering the questions that were asked, while BIV., excited and curious, kept up a running fire of comment on the answers of Sally—for, of course, the "thing" was Sally.

DISINTEGRATION THROUGH SHOCK.

BIV., it may here be observed, was a totally different character from either of the others. She was as impatient, proud, quick tempered and self-reliant as Miss Beauchamp (BI.) was the reverse, and she had a great idea of keeping her medical adviser at a respectful distance. It subsequently transpired that she split off from the original Miss Beauchamp, some half-dozen years previously, at a moment when she—or shall we say they?—underwent

a severe nervous shock. Consequently she knew nothing of the events of these last years and was at a great disadvantage with Sally and BI. accordingly. In order to play her part at all, she had to put on a very brazen face, and have recourse to fibbing on very numerous occasions; her total ignorance of her own situation of course landing her in the most absurd predicaments. Hence her appellation of "the idiot." The dénouement eventually came about through BII. (the first state of Miss Beauchamp hypnotised). It transpired that BII. (subconscious Miss Beauchamp) had the same memories as BIV. under hypnosis. Either recollected all about the life of both, and either, when brought to, might equally become either BI. or BIV. They were, in fact, identical, and were the original Miss Beauchamp in a subconscious state, while BI. and BIV. were both Miss Beauchamp partially disintegrated and neither of them the true personality. So one day BIV. was hypnotised, and before being brought to was told that she would "awake with all her memories," that is, with those of BI. and BIV. The person who then appeared was neither BI. nor BIV. but apparently a harmonious combination of the two. She was, in fact, the real original Miss Beauchamp, whom the shock of six years before had originally disintegrated. She still suffered from partial instability, but at the moment at which we leave her she appears to be on the high road to recovery, and we can only hope she will live happily ever afterwards.

THE REAL MISS BEAUCHAMP.

As for Sally, mischief-loving Sally, whom I am sure all readers of the book will infinitely prefer to either of the other two personalities, with the resurrection of the real self she "went back to where she came from," imprisoned, "squeezed," and unable either to "come" at will or be brought at command. The Real Miss Beauchamp knows nothing of Sally's life and doings except indirectly, any more than did BI. and BIV. Nevertheless she still perhaps exists, though hopelessly squeezed, as a subconsciousness unable to express itself by word or action. For, alas! the resurrection of Miss Beauchamp was only possible through the suppression of "Sally."

THE TRAGEDY OF "SALLY" BEAUCHAMP.

I print a letter from a correspondent this month, who suffers from a difficulty in believing that there can be such a thing as "the ghost" of a suit of clothes. He (apparently) dismisses all ghost stories and all evidence on the subject since the world began as contrary to

A £5 PRIZE FOR AN ESSAY.

reason, because "clothes" cannot be "immortal." This is the second occasion since I have edited this magazine that a reader has propounded to me this difficulty. I need hardly say that I am not unfamiliar with the criticism. Indeed, it comes to me reminiscent of early school days and of debates on the subject in school debating societies, when some one would move "that in the opinion of this house the belief in ghosts is irrational." I thought, however, that the ghost of that particular difficulty had long since been laid to rest. Apparently it is not so. And the question raised by the criticism touches so nearly on the whole mental attitude which should be adopted towards psychic phenomena, their meaning, what they actually are, whether objective or subjective, and the ordinary phraseology employed in connexion with them, that it has occurred to me that I cannot do better than offer a prize of £5 for the best reply to my correspondent's letter, supplying a solution of the difficulty—it undoubtedly is, at first sight, a serious difficulty—under which he labours.

The subject of enquiry to be dealt with will, then, run thus :—

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

TERMS OF THE COMPETITION.

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

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

Essays must reach this office, 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., not later than April 5, otherwise they will be disqualified. I purposely place the date late so that American and other foreign subscribers may have a chance of competing. As Editor, I reserve my right to print any of the communications I may receive. The result will be announced in the May number.

# DR. RICHARD HODGSON

## A RECORD

*I am indebted to the "Religio-Philosophical Journal" of Chicago, U.S.A., for the following account of Dr. Richard Hodgson's career, which I have no doubt will be interesting to many of my readers.*

DR. RICHARD HODGSON was born in 1855, in Melbourne, Australia, and received his first education in public schools there; afterwards entering the Melbourne University, where he took the degree of M.A. and LL.D.

He originally intended devoting his life to the law, but while prosecuting his law studies, gave some time to science and philosophy, and finally resolved that he would make research along these lines his special study. Early in life he was strongly attracted by problems concerning the occult, and a symposium in one of the British monthly magazines upon the question of a future life stimulated him to make this question the main object of his inquiries and reflections.

After completing his law studies at Melbourne, he went to the University of Cambridge, England, and there graduated in the mental and moral sciences. He states that he learned most from the personal instruction and lectures of Prof. Henry Sidgwick (Professor of Moral Philosophy in Cambridge, and President of the Society for Psychical Research), and the philosophy of Herbert Spencer—in defence of which, while an undergraduate at Cambridge, he published an article in the *Contemporary Review*, replying to some criticisms made by Prof. Green of Oxford.

After the completion of his Cambridge course, he spent six months in Jena, Germany, attending the university there, and soon after his return to England lectured for six months at different towns in the north of England, in connexion with the Cambridge University Extension lectures, his subjects being literary and scientific, "The Development of Poetry since 1789," and "The Mind and the Senses."

An undergraduate society, called the Cambridge University Society for Psychical Research, was started during his second term in Cambridge, early in 1879, and in this he took an active part. He assisted at various sittings with mediums, who proved to be, with one exception, fraudulent or unsatisfactory; and the society died out, partly from difficulty of obtaining mediums, partly from the fact that the members of the society could not spare the time from other university work. The exception was a medium, who gave some remarkable tests, sometimes in an apparently normal state, sometimes under "control," whom Dr. Hodgson met in London, and persuaded to give two sittings to the small society. This society had no connexion with the now well-known Society for Psychical Research, which started early in 1882.

Dr. Hodgson soon afterwards joined the Society for Psychical Research, and served on the Council and some of the Committees.

In 1884, he was appointed by the Board of Mental and Moral Sciences in Cambridge University, England, as lecturer on the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer; but the course which he was giving on this subject was interrupted by his departure for India towards the end of the year for the purpose of investigating the marvellous phenomena alleged to have occurred in connexion with Madame Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society. The details of the investigation made on behalf of the Society for Psychical Research were published in Part IX. of its Proceedings. His conclusion was that all the phenomena were fraudulent.

After his return to England in 1885, he lectured again in Cambridge on Herbert Spencer's philosophy, and then spent a year in London, engaged, to some extent, in political work, as well as psychical research. Here he conducted an investigation, assisted by Mr. S. J. Davey, into the possibilities of mal-observation and lapse of memory, with special regard to the testimony of marvellous phenomena occurring in the presence of alleged mediums; and the result was published in Part XI., *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*. In the monthly journal of the Society, about that time, he reviewed in detail a large number of reports of alleged independent slate-writing and analogous phenomena, showing that they could be accounted for by conjuring. He also contributed papers on philosophical subjects to the quarterly journal, *Mind*.

Early in 1887 he accepted the position of Secretary to the American Society for Psychical Research, which in January, 1890, was transformed into the American Branch of the English Society, of which he was appointed and continued until his death to be Secretary and Treasurer. During his residence in America Dr. Hodgson published various articles in the *Forum* and in the *Arena*, and the following articles by him have also appeared in *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*: In Part XIX., "Case of Double Consciousness"; in Part XX., "A Record of Observations of Certain Phenomena of Trance"; in Part XXII., "Mr. Davey's Imitations by Conjuring of Phenomena Sometimes Attributed to Spirit Agency"; in Part XXIV., "The Defence of the Theosophists"; in Part XXV., "Indian Magic and the Testimony of Conjurers"; in Part XXXIII., "A Further Record of Observations of Certain Phenomena of Trance (Mrs. Piper); in Part XLIV., "Report on Six Sittings with Mrs. Thompson."

# A STRANGE STORY OF MID-OCEAN VISITS

## By CAPTAIN PETER JOHANSEN

[Captain Peter Johansen, who relates the following sensational experience, is a Dane by birth, and a naturalized British subject, who was over forty years at sea. He is well known among mariners and particularly in Liverpool. He commanded the sailing vessel *Senator* of that port, when, on his last trip in a shipowner's employ, he found a derelict barque in the Atlantic and sent her on to Gibraltar with part of his crew.

He had intended to cross to America by a liner, after giving up sea-going, but a Japanese boat, which it was necessary to take with him, could not be carried on his terms. As he was travelling from Liverpool to Gibraltar in connexion with the salving of the derelict, he had his open boat, the *Lotta*, carried there, and after settling his business, sailed in the comparative cockle-shell to Florida, making the passage in fifty-nine days.

His only companion was his son, Peter, a boy of twelve, and he corroborates the story told hereafter. It has been refused by several magazine editors because it seemed almost incredible to them. But Captain Johansen is the last sort of man to exaggerate or imagine foolish things. He has the simple directness and strength of character typical of his native country.

The best proof that he does not desire notoriety is that the story is only now related—except that it appeared in shorter form in a Liverpool weekly paper—and his trip was made nearly six years ago.

Any readers who care to do so may declare that the whole thing was an illusion, through the tremendous mental and physical strain of nine sleepless days and nights and the navigation of the *Lotta* in threatening seas. But to Captain Johansen himself it was no illusion.]

IN the autumn of 1900 I made a trip across the Atlantic,* from Gibraltar to Florida, in a small open boat. During the voyage a most extraordinary visitation occurred to me. Here is a plain account of it.

* An account of the voyage itself will be found in *Chambers' Journal*, 1906.

On the eighth day out, August 28, 1900, in the forenoon, I was sitting in the stern of the *Lotta*, my boat, steering, while my son was sleeping, when I heard a voice close to me, as if some one had made a remark. Shortly after I heard a second voice different from the first, as if in answer to the remark. Then I heard other voices in different keys, and softly modulated tones, remarks, responses and interjections, until it seemed there was a general conversation going on round about me, all in a foreign tongue, no word of which I could understand. The voices seemed all round and above me, but particularly behind the mainsail. I looked behind the mainsail, there was nothing there. I looked at my son, he was sleeping soundly. I looked all round, and there was not a creature within my range of sight. Previous to this experience I fancied that I had heard voices now and again on occasions, but I had always discarded the notion as preposterous.

I may here remark that I had always been a decided unbeliever in anything pertaining to the supernatural. I wanted facts, and something that could be seized upon by the intelligence and reason, and reduced to natural conclusions. Here was something outside of and beyond my little philosophy, and I chafed under the lash of conflicting emotions, engendered by my inability to comprehend the why and wherefore of the occurrence. A great conflict rose in my mind, and I asked myself :

" Have you, Captain Peter Johansen, been a traveller for forty-five years, visited all the principal countries of this earth and communed with its peoples, and is your education only commencing now, in the autumn of your life ? You are an ass ! Your faculties are running riot with your understanding. You are worn out by want of rest. Go to sleep to recover from this nightmare. You did not in reality hear any voices, they only exist in your disordered imagination."

The conflict ended by my deciding to keep this experience a secret from my son, a bright intelligent fellow, who was not worn out with watching, and abide by his verdict, to my mind a judicious mode of arbitrament. Therefore, though hearing the voices all day, I never said a word to my son, but waited until the afternoon of the next day, when the following colloquy took place.

" Peter ! "

" Yes, Papa."

" Do you hear anything ? "

" Yes."

"What do you hear?"

"I hear voices!"

Then it dawned upon me that I would have to enlarge my horizon and extend my philosophy sufficiently to embrace the new discovered fact.

On the tenth day after leaving Gibraltar, August 30, we fell in with the NE. Trade winds, which blew strongly, amounting in force to a moderate gale, necessitating heaving-to during the night, as a precaution against accident. That day, at dusk, I went forward to take in the jib, leaving my son in the stern steering the boat. The weather was windy and the sea very rough for a boat of the *Lotta's* size, and feeling anxious as to the capacity of the steersman, I was particular in pointing out to him that if he lost control of the boat or deviated from the course he was steering it might involve the shipping of a sea that would end our lives. After getting the jib down, it was necessary to let go of the jib sheet in order to make the sail fast. The jib sheet was fastened just without reach of the steersman. I shouted to him to let go of the jib sheet, at the same time turning round to see how he would carry out the order without losing control of the boat. I noticed him letting go of his hold on the tiller, and in the same glance I saw shadows of men flitting before the binnacle light; there seemed to be a rush for the tiller, which was grasped by a tall figure immediately my son let go his hold, followed by the words "The sheet is loose, Papa." To say that I was dumbfounded for a moment but faintly describes my feelings at the sight. However, as the boat continued to be steered without shipping water, I finished securing the jib, took in the foresail, and saw everything safe for the night in that part of the boat.

On going towards the stern I passed a man standing by the mast, who ejaculated "Ca'pen!" as I passed him. He spoke as would a person of the Latin race who could not speak the English language, in trying to pronounce the word captain. I answered "Yes," and passed on, meeting two more strangers before getting to the stern. In the stern, sitting alongside my son, was the tall figure I had seen grasping the tiller when my son let it loose to let go of the jib sheet. This man, on my appearance, addressed me, while his companions stood by, in a language I do not ever remember to have heard in my life, and no word of which I could understand. He seemed very earnest as if he wanted to impress some important truth on my mind. I did not answer or speak in response to his address, but forthwith lowered

the mainsail, and completed the "heaving-to" of the boat, in which operation the strangers seemed to take an active part. Whatever I did there was always one of them beside me, helping as it seemed. Yet I could not afterwards call to mind any particular thing that they did.

In the meantime the tall figure, who seemed the leader, stood up in the boat facing to windward and shouted with a commanding voice some sentence in the same strange language with which he had addressed me. He shaded his eyes with his hands, apparently to protect them from the glare of the binnacle light, peered into the darkness and shouted again, as if he was directing some operation that was being carried on in our immediate vicinity. I heard a voice from the direction in which he seemed to give orders, apparently in response, and strained my eyes to discover what was happening, but could not see anything in the darkness. After this the leader sat down on the thwart immediately forward of the seat in the stern where my son and myself were seated facing him, the sheen from the binnacle lamp illuminating his features. I noted his stature was about six feet. He was of muscular build, and had iron-grey hair, features elongated, with a lofty brow, firmly set mouth and prominent jaws; his countenance was pale, and there was a sardonic smile playing about his lips that gave his features a striking appearance; he was dressed in a coarse white canvas cap, without a peak, a faded mantle looking the worse for wear enveloped his shoulders, and a sash around his waist held his trousers, which were of a dark woollen material. I noted in particular that he had a substitute of iron for his left leg of about 1¼ inch diameter, at the bottom of which was a plate of the same material doing duty for a foot, the bottom of which was worn bright with continual service, and that his left trousers leg was neatly tied with a string at the particular place where the ankle ought to be. His companions were short of stature and broad of chest, and their features were good-humoured and bronzed by the sun; they were simply dressed in shirts and trousers, with sashes at their waists doing service for belts.

After the completion of heaving-to the boat, my son left his seat in the stern in order to change his clothes, which were wet. As he went forward to amidships, where the trunk containing his apparel was stowed, the leader rose up while he passed, and two of the men came forward, and, so to say, took possession of him. Not understanding the intention towards ourselves I watched anxiously to see what would happen, and loosened the tiller in

its socket to use it as a weapon in case of necessity, but was instantly relieved on hearing my son being addressed in endearing tones by the men, one of whom took him by the hand and patted him on the shoulder, while the other man tried to embrace him, an attention he seemed unwilling to endure. Then the trunk was opened and dry clothes were brought forth; one of the men helped to relieve him of his wet apparel, while the other handed to him the dry clothing, article by article as required, a flowing commentary in softly modulated tones being kept up all the time by the strangers. After this one of the men gathered up the wet clothing in a bundle, took the sash from his waist, and tied the bundle with the sash to the mainboom. Then I understood that our visitors, whoever they were, and though so unceremoniously intruding on our privacy, were friends desirous of our welfare. When my son came again to my side in the stern, our visitors withdrew. Forward of the mast there was a clear space of about six feet, in which they took shelter, though they could not be seen when lying down from the position we occupied, on account of intervening objects. Yet their voices could be plainly heard, and as I listened I heard the same kind of jerky remarks, responses and interjections that I had heard now for upwards of sixty hours; there was no mistaking the fact, I recognized the voices as being identical!

Who were these men? How did they get on board without upsetting the boat or causing a commotion? And what would happen next? were the questions to which I racked my brain to discover an answer. I could find no rational solution. One fact struck me as peculiar. Their demeanour was respectful and even affectionate towards my son. Was this demonstration a "blind"? Was there some sinister motive behind? On the other hand, if they were honest and true friends, who were we that anybody, men or ghosts, should take such particular pains on our behalf? Were our lives in special danger on that night, and had they followed us and appeared just at the critical moment to prevent a disaster? And what operation was it that their leader had conducted in the distance, after his introductory address to myself?

That night, as I lay down to rest in the stern, a hurricane of thoughts raged in my mind, billows of tumultuous emotions swept madly across my brain, threatening to burst the boundaries of reason in the effort to solve the mysteries of our situation. I slept soundly for a while, then awoke and looked up. There was one of the strangers, apparently doing something

to the mainsail. I heard the voices of the others in the forward end of the boat, in the modulated tones that had now become so familiar. I asked of myself if they were discussing the details of the next day's performance? But I was too tired for reasoning, and fell asleep without finding an answer.

When I woke again it was dawn. I started up and looked forward. There was the leader sitting astride of the inner end of the bowsprit, like a person riding a horse. He was shading his eyes with his hands and intently scanning the horizon ahead and to windward. As he sat there, his mantle thrown loosely over his shoulder, he looked like some great piratical chief in quest of the next prize of which to make conquest. A grim figure-head! and incongruous for our trim boat. Not feeling sufficiently refreshed, I went to sleep again.

When I awoke the sun was up in a beautiful sky speckled with Trade clouds, and the weather was comparatively fine. On looking forward I did not perceive any of the strangers, and on going to their quarters to make sure, I found they had left us as unceremoniously and mysteriously as they had appeared on the previous evening. I searched the horizon all around. There was not a craft nor a sail nor an object of any description visible within the whole circle. We seemed completely alone and isolated. Then I called my son, the boat was brought to her course, and we made sail with nervous hands; all the canvas that it was possible for the boat to carry was put on to accelerate her speed, for though the strangers had appeared as friends, there was a feeling in us of awe and resentment at their intrusion on our privacy, and we wanted to escape from the mysterious influence suggested by their presence.

The boat bounded merrily along on the blue sunlit sea, and by 5 p.m. we had sailed sixty-five miles since getting under way. I was steering while my son was sitting by my side. Our spirits were bright, we compared notes and discussed the strange appearance of the visitors, and congratulated each other that now we were well rid of their presence, when lo! as we were talking, and looked forward, there were the strangers again in that end of the boat. There was the leader in his faded mantle, canvas cap and iron leg, with the same sardonic smile on his pale face, talking to his companions in commanding tones. We watched intently to see what would follow. One of the men detached the jib at the tack, while a second got hold of the sheet; the former took up a position on the gallant forecastle, and the latter stationed himself at the mast. In these positions

the two men kept swinging the jib from starboard to port and from port to starboard for upwards of ten minutes, while the leader, with hands shading his eyes, and the remaining man kept scanning the horizon in the direction whence we had come. I could understand they were making a signal, but could not understand to whom they were signalling. There was nothing in sight. After this performance the jib was replaced and the visitors retired to their old quarters at the bottom of the forward end of the boat. We heard their voices apparently in discussion of some event, in the modulated tones that we knew so well.

Then a bitter resentment took possession of me. Why did they keep haunting us? Why were we being made sport of their vagaries? If they could appear and disappear at pleasure without us being aware of the fact, they could also explain the secret of their personalities and appearance with us; I determined I would know that secret at all hazards. I would converse with them in gestures; speak with hands and feet if necessary! in order to learn their mission and put to rest the emotions that were racking my brain. Above all, I would take possession of that man's iron leg, by strategy or otherwise! If he had the power of translation over the wide Atlantic, which was already demonstrated, he could afford to leave me that adjunct as a clincher to the marvellous facts I have here attempted to relate, without being at all discommoded by its loss.

Having made up my mind, I said to my son:

"You know that big fellow with the iron leg?"

"Yes, Papa."

"Go and tell him to come here, I want to speak to him."

"Yes, what shall I say?"

"Take him by the ear and say 'Cap'en' and point to me."

The boy went to obey. On getting close to the mast he ejaculated: "They have left, Papa."

It was even so. Our visitors had left us while we, as it were, looked at them, and we had not observed their departure. I stood up on the seat in the stern and swept the horizon with a pair of binocular glasses. There was not an object in sight. We were alone. The next evening we were keenly watching for the appearance of our friends, but were disappointed. We never saw them again or heard voices on that voyage.

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[In confirmation of the above narrative I have received two communications, one from Mr. W. F. McCartney, of *The Evening*

*Standard*, son-in-law to the writer, who wrote the preface to this narrative, and the second from Mr. C. H. Birchall, chief proprietor of the *Liverpool Journal of Commerce*. The former says, in the course of his letter, "Should you need confirmation of Captain Johansen's trip, you would find it in a short Reuter's message in *The Times* about August 20 to 26, 1900." I have not had time to check this before going to press, but give the information for the benefit of my readers. I subjoin Mr. Birchall's letter in full. I may add that Captain Johansen has himself written me stating that the story is "quite free from exaggeration in any way."—ED.]

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have your favour of the 8th instant. Captain Johansen may be regarded as absolutely trustworthy, and I certainly think that his statements may be thoroughly relied upon. He has had a very wonderful career and has passed through some very remarkable vicissitudes, some of which have been outlined in the columns of the *Journal of Commerce*, and very interesting matter it has proved itself to be.

Yours faithfully,

C. HUBERT BIRCHALL,
*Managing Director.*

7 & 9, VICTORIA STREET, LIVERPOOL,
*February* 10, 1906.

# KEATS THE MYSTIC

By E. J. ELLIS

WHEN we have been led to suppose for some time that the character of a celebrated man's mind is of some well recognized and understood type, we are apt to pass over as accidental or unimportant many little indications that might lead us to change our opinion. One day, perhaps, a whisper comes that this man had a haunting thought, seldom admitted, seldom forgotten, affecting at their source all his other thoughts. In a moment a hundred trifles that we had known, but not noted, take a new coherence. The smallest indication is significant. Not one is now set aside on account of the suspicion that it points to improbability. We feel at last that we have the missing tone, without which our mental portrait was incomplete and misleading.

In some such way will the perception that Keats was not mainly a fanciful and sensuous melodist, but was at heart a mystic, reveal the underlying tendency of his poetry as nothing else can do.

Mystics, and systems of mystical imagery, are by no means all alike. It may almost be said that there is no subject on which people can differ so widely while sympathizing so much. The idea that lies at the root of our modern justification of mysticism is that there are names, symbols, and poetic figures of speech which possess so penetrative a suggestiveness that their use enables us to enter into a kind of trance, in which we can conceive rightly, if but partly, things that are beyond our more deliberate voluntary powers of mind.

Traces of a desire to attain to such semi-magical use of the imagination occur among the earliest dated of the letters of Keats hitherto published. In May, 1817, being then only twenty-two, he writes to his artist friend Haydon, when describing his ideas about the conditions proper to poetic work, that he is now "looking on the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, the Earth, and its contents as materials to form greater things—that is to say ethereal things." Here, however, he has blundered upon a mystical truth beyond the reach of his mystical knowledge at the moment, and recoils, misunderstanding his own expression like the veriest outsider, "But here I am," he goes on, "talking like a mad man; greater things than our Creator Himself made!"

Later in the same year, however, he is already advancing,

and writes to another friend, "I am certain of nothing but the holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of imagination. What the imagination seizes as beauty must be truth, whether it existed before or not. For I have the same idea of all our passions as of love; they are all, in their sublime, creative of essential Beauty. In a word you know my favourite speculation.

". . . The imagination may be compared to Adam's dream: he awoke and found it truth. I am the more zealous in this affair because I have never yet been able to perceive how anything can be known for truth by consecutive reasoning—and yet it must be."

Leaving the expressions "yet it must be" and "whether it existed before or not" to justify the sanity of Keats, the words "favourite speculation" and "more zealous," coming as they do in a passage of so much solemnity and fervour of tone, show clearly how important to him Keats felt the mystic manner of thought to be, while as yet he had comparatively little experience of its fruitfulness.

In January, 1818, he is shown by a long letter bearing that date to be still occupied with thoughts of the same kind, but he has been reading a volume of Wordsworth and is roused to indignation by the tone of self-importance which he finds there. He resolves to be chary of laying himself open to the suspicion of wishing to make capital, as we now phrase it, of any meditative fancies. "Every man has his speculations," he writes to John Reynolds, "but every man does not brood and peacock over them till he makes a false coinage and deceives himself. Many a man can travel to the very bourne of heaven and yet want confidence to put down his half-seeing." This expression, "the very bourne of heaven," Keats here quotes from his own poem of Endymion, where it occurs in a passage, to be referred to in its place presently. It is in the final stanza of the great Hymn of Pan in the First Book. When Keats wrote this letter the poem was newly in the publisher's hands. It is not improbable that a first proof was lying on the table before him at the moment. If so, it would explain how the words came to slip off his pen now. It was nearly twelve months since he had first set them down in his manuscript. There they belong to an exceedingly fine mystic flight that breaks down suddenly in the midst of its ascending motion. The letter supplies us with a suggestive comment—almost an explanation of this. A page or two further on in the poem will be found a very picturesque and extended account of the "half-seeing" at the bourne as done by Endymion's companions, but Keats was in

no apprehension that he could here be supposed in those pages to be speaking for himself. On the contrary, he is careful to say of these dreams that they are to be taken only as the "fond imaginations" of his characters.

In the following March he writes an interesting letter to his clerical friend Baily; he suggests that "probably every mental pursuit takes its reality and worth from the ardour of the pursuer." The idea that ardour can confer reality is,of course, pure mysticism, and of an advanced kind. In his curious groping, inconsistent, but more than half inspired way, Keats goes on: "Ethereal things may at least thus be real, divided under three heads. Things real, things semi-real, and nothings. Things real, such as existence of sun, moon and stars—and passages of Shakespeare. Things semi-real, such as love, the clouds, etc., which require greeting of the Spirit to make them wholly exist—and nothings, which are made great and dignified by an ardent pursuit."

In the same letter we come upon a passage that seems copied, almost without alteration, from Blake. "It is an old maxim of mine, and of course must be well known, that every point of thought is the Centre of an intellectual world. The two uppermost thoughts in a man's mind are the two poles of his world—he revolves on them, and everything is Southward or Northward to him through their means."

In a letter to James Rice, also belonging to March, 1818, we get evidence of the trend of Keats' mind in the unexpected form of an elaborate mystical joke. He opens the subject with a mock-serious speculation as to whether Milton did more harm or good in the world. To decide this point he suggests that in the beginning "very likely a certain portion of intellect was spun forth into the thin air for the brains of man to prey upon it." Now it is evident, from a consideration of his works, that Milton was guilty of "gormandizing" much more than his fair share, leaving every one who came after him to live in mental poverty. Charles II, Castlereagh, and others are mentioned as impoverished by the greediness of Milton, against whom the verdict accordingly goes.

The next day we find Keats writing a long, rambling letter in verse to John Reynolds, in which he speaks seriously, and with regret of the difficulty of thinking truly or speaking convincingly on mystic matters. He had no intention of referring to the subject. It comes from him accidentally, flowing from the abundance of the heart. He had begun his letter with a whimsical lament over the jumbled contents of his own imagination, which

insists on pouring out before him in the watches of the night a heap of incoherent picturings, grotesque in their confusion. He envies the man who can always paint for his own mind's eye like Titian inspired by an antique theme. He controls himself to do so, then and there, by an effort of will, and so, passing to his favourite kind of dream, gives a fine description of an enchanted castle. It ends in this way—

> The Clarion sounds, and from the postern gate
> An echo of sweet music doth create
> A fear in the poor Herdsman, who doth bring
> His beasts to trouble the enchanted spring—
> He tells of the sweet music and the spot
> To all his friends, and they believe him not.

There would seem nothing in this to lead any one not full to the brim of mystical desire to overflow on the subject of his mental yearning. The association was enough to cause Keats to pass to such an outpouring quite naturally, and it is the evidence how little would do this that constitutes the biographical value of the fluent improvisation. It is probable that his own description of the Herdsman's trouble with the incredulous friends recalled to Keats some personal experience of the cold eye which a common-sense listener fixes on a confiding mystic. This is how he goes on :

> O that our dreamings all of sleep or wake,
> Would all their colours from the sunset take :
> From something of material sublime,
> Rather than shadow our own soul's day-time
> In the dark void of night. For in the world
> We jostle—but my flag is not unfurled
> On the Admiral-staff—and so philosophize
> I dare not yet. Oh, never will the prize,
> High reason and the love of good and ill,
> Be my award. Things cannot to the will
> Be settled, but they tease us out of thought ;
> Or is it that imagination, brought
> Beyond its proper bound yet still confined,
> Lost in a sort of purgatory blind,
> Cannot refer to any standard law
> Of either earth or heaven? It is a flaw
> In happiness to see beyond our bourne—
> It forces us in summer skies to mourn,
> It spoils the singing of the Nightingale.

And then, one form of over keen imagination recalling his experience of another, he goes on to tell how, on a pleasant sunny morning by the seaside, he was made wretched and gloomy

by sudden remembering with extreme vividness that all the beautiful and sensitive animals in nature were engaged at that very moment in pursuing and devouring one another. Sympathy had him again in its grip. He has lost hold of the mystical mood of mind for the moment. In April, and again in May, he writes to his friends Reynolds about the importance of study, as a means of getting it back again. In the April letter he says, "I have written to George for some books—shall learn Greek, and very likely Italian, and in other ways prepare myself to ask Hazlitt in about a year's time the best metaphysical road I can take." In May he goes further—"Every department of knowledge we see excellent, and calculated towards a great whole . . . An extensive knowledge is needful to thinking people: it takes away the heat and fever, and helps by widening speculation to ease the Burden of Mystery—a thing which I begin to understand a little." . . . Later he uses the words "ethereal and authentically divine" as a description of how men naturally estimate an intense conviction.

Passing over many slight hints in other letters of the same year, we come to a sentence in a long, rambling, gossipy epistle to his brother and sister-in-law in America which, even if it stood absolutely alone among his writings, would be sufficient to show that Keats had essentially the mind of a mystic. "A man's life of any worth is a continual allegory, and very few eyes can see the Mystery of his life—a life, like the Scriptures, figurative, which such people can no more make out than they can the Hebrew Bible . . . Shakespeare led a life of Allegory: his works are the comments on it."

Passing now to instances of mystical expressions in the poems, the earliest is in the opening page of Endymion, which may be said to be mystical throughout, as it were, accidentally. But in the last verse of the magnificent Hymn to Pan, already mentioned, Keats makes what may be described as his first serious manifesto of mysticism. The Hymn ends thus:—

> Be still the unimaginable lodge
> For solitary thinkings: such as dodge
> Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
> Then leave the naked brain: be still the leaven,
> That spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
> Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:
> Be still a symbol of immensity;
> A firmament reflected in a sea;
> An element filling the space between;
> An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen

> With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
> And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
> Conjure thee to receive our humble Paean
> Upon thy Mount Lycean.

In the poetry of Keats, as in the prose of Ruskin, we often come upon fragments of what may be called confidential mental autobiography. They seem to have slipped in quite unconsciously. In much the same manner, men who live and work habitually alone will talk or whistle to themselves over their labour without knowing it. Of this nature, thinly disguised, are the first few lines of the stanza quoted. Then come two symbols for those universal sex-like pairs of attributes, found wherever nature is alive, and always insisted on from the earliest ages as aids to figurative thought by mystic ritual and philosophy. We have them here in the forms of the leaven and the dough, and the air and sea. Keats might have adapted either of these from the Bible. Every one will recognize the first as possibly derived from the New Testament; the second from the Old. However this may be, Keats is using them now as only mystics use them. The dough is paraphrased as "dull and clodded earth," and the leaven shown as the "touch ethereal;" an evident allusion to that Breath which, wedded to dust, lived as Adam, in whom the sexes were united symbolically from the outset. The Image was "created male and female" as the Book of Genesis says in the first, more brief and more prosaic of the two descriptions of the same subject given there. It was enough, for the purpose that Keats had in this part of his poem, to show that he conceived his antique worshippers of Pan as seeing in their deity what we might perhaps now call a *formative aspect* of the Creator. Under the now obsolete name of *Pan*, that was real enough to their hearts, they are here putting up to Him that prayer which was not new in their day and is not old in ours;—that He who had made them a living need should remain among them as a living Presence. They are represented at the close of the hymn as rising to the highest pinnacle of the spiritual temple. They do not pray for any narrow miracle or local incarnation, but for what we have been taught to call the Comforter, whom they identify, in their symbol, with the Spirit that moved in the beginning on the face of the waters. And here Keats, going beyond any suggestion that he probably learned from Scriptural sources alone, though of course it is to be found there, employs the well-known mystical symbol of the Mirror. We must remain quite in the dark as to the source from which it came to his knowledge. In the

stanza quoted he has certainly used it in a manner that justifies us in believing that if he had ever taken up the subject of mysticism seriously as a student, he would have soon become a master.

He has not only seen in the mirror-symbol the story of power entering into and fructifying the material through which it acts, and to which it gives its own vitality, as the sky gives its own height to the smooth waters; he has gone further than any one ever went before in the subtle task of conceiving and describing the permeability of nature; he tells of the space between the reflection and the mirror; he will have that space understood as filled with an atmosphere of its own, and the Spirit of Productive Power living and labouring in that atmosphere.

No one can find a final and perfect image for the soul of Nature. But how many of us can boast that we have pursued the butterfly so far while it still eludes, or as Keats puts it with his enchanting homeliness, "*dodges*" the grasp of our conception? At the very bourne of heaven it always pops lightly over the last hedge, and we, like the disappointed school-boys that we are, must needs turn and go home empty-handed.

There remains to re-read the most profoundly mystic line of this entire stanza. It is not properly an imaginative line at all. In it we rather see Imagination reaching beyond itself, and feeling with the long staff of inference into spaces where its own arm encounters nothing. In this line—

**Be still a symbol of immensity,**

the Impersonated Power of Vital Energy, who is about to be symbolized under the widest and subtillest images of which their minds are capable, is prayed by his assembled worshippers to remain himself a symbol. He is not one person symbolizing another. This would not be good mysticism. He symbolizes the impersonal, as the impersonal will presently be summoned to symbolize him. Keats does not call Pan a symbol of infinity. No person can be a symbol of infinity, though we all contain in our bosoms an infinite something, and we all feel that if we could truly see the ultimate Person we could not behold Him otherwise than as the Living Infinity. But immensity, that attribute of Infinity, towards which alone our limits allow us to feel an emotion, cannot be better brought home to us than by our thinking of it as including and exceeding that terrific vital power in nature which includes and exceeds our own lives.

(*To be concluded.*)

# THE DANGER OF "EXPERIMENTING IN OCCULTISM"

By FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

ON the seventh day of June, 1905, there died at V—— Dr. C. K——, one of our greatest authorities in electro-chemical science and an inventor of world-wide renown. He was not only a person of high intelligence and eminent scientific accomplishments, but also of extraordinary kindness and amiability, exercising a charming influence over all persons coming in contact with him. The daily papers contain long articles, saying among other things, after speaking of his discoveries: "He was known as a most fascinating personality, combining in his character perfect honesty with extreme kindness; his altruistic love for all beings was practically shown by his benevolence and by his being always ready to help the afflicted and to relieve the suffering." He was a "self-made man," wealthy, strong in body and mind, and almost worshipped by his family and his friends.

But Dr. K—— was not satisfied with diving deep within the mysteries of "natural science"; he also wanted to conquer the realm of the invisible. He was a born mystic, a "genius" by intuition; he occupied himself with studies of occult science all his life, and his great "hobby," if it may be so called, was the practice of Alchemy. Well knowing that no practical results can be obtained in this line without the possession of certain occult powers, he sought everywhere for "Masters" to instruct him, and tried all the different systems of "Yoya" which were thought by the medieval mystics and by the philosophies of the East, as well as those prescribed by travelling fakirs and would-be Hindu-Adepts, some of whom were for weeks or months guests in his house.

For a long time his exercises did not have the desired result; but at last he fell into the clutches of a certain "teacher" (Hindu), who taught him breathing exercises and other things. Dr. K—— was delighted at having, as he expressed himself, "now at last and unexpectedly found that for which he had been striving all his life." He continued his alchemical experiments

with renewed vigour, and it appears from his correspondence that his experiments in making the *Elixir of Life*, during the first stages of the process, were successful, as the material employed went through the changes described in the old books on Alchemy and in the *Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians of the 16th and 17th Century*; all of which goes to show that these prescriptions and symbols are not to be taken merely as allegories representing spiritual processes on the mental plane, but that there actually exists a correspondence between the correlation of spiritual powers and chemical processes on the material plane.

Soon, however, some remarkable occurrences took place in Dr. K——'s chemical laboratory. Unearthly noises were heard, the bottles and furniture began to move in a strange manner, apparitions appeared for one moment and disappeared the next, and one day Dr. K——'s assistant, a young man of robust health, fell down dead. His body was subjected by the physicians to a *post-mortem* examination, but they could not find anything to account for this sudden death.

A couple of extracts from private letters which Dr. K—— wrote to me during that time may be interesting and instructive.

(April 26, 1904.) "I am progressing favourably with my experiments. At the same time I have to contend continually with a very gruesome crowd of . . . . for the preparation of the Elixir. However, I begin to get accustomed to that fight, as a trainer of wild animals gets familiar with ferocious beasts. At first it seemed as if the blood would freeze in my veins; but . . . ."

Again he writes in answer to my objections:—

"I agree with you, that these arts as such are perhaps objectionable; but they open at least a new field of knowledge, and in so far they must be of some use. However, the dwellers on the threshold are to be dreaded; there are hosts of them guarding the door."

Soon after the death of his assistant, Dr. K——, who heretofore was always in perfect health, began to become subject to certain nervous troubles which nobody could explain. He soon fell into an entirely helpless state, resembling paralysis. The greatest medical authorities attended him for months; but, as may be imagined, not two of them agreed in their opinions regarding the cause of his disease. Finally he had himself transported to Egypt, where he remained during the winter and returned in the spring, considerably improved in health. After his return to V—— he visited his laboratory and died suddenly in the following night.

I have been intimately acquainted with Dr. K—— for twenty years, and as I closely followed the different phases through which he went in his efforts to obtain mastery over the "occult," it seems to me very clear that he became a victim of the elemental powers, which he evoked, and whose influences may have been still adhering to his laboratory even after his return; for I am quite convinced that certain thoughts or states of mind will adhere to certain localities. Proofs of it may be found in abundance in current literature. He was of a religious turn of mind, and his experiments were not made for any vulgar, selfish purpose, but in the interest of science, and with a view of benefiting humanity. Nevertheless, it is said that we should never attempt to make divine powers subservient to any material purpose, however noble that purpose may be, and that wherever a spark of personal interest glows (be it ambition or the desire of intellectual knowledge) the powers of darkness will be attracted and destroy the work.

It is, therefore, not without good reason that the secrets of Magic and Alchemy were in olden times revealed only to those who had passed through the process of purification, outgrown the illusions of life, freed themselves of earthly ties, and obtained sufficient self-control to master their passions. It is said that if the imprudent inquirer trespasses upon forbidden ground, danger will beset him at every step. "He will evoke powers that he cannot control and the currents of blind force will become infested by numberless creatures of matter and instinct under multifarious, aerial forms."

Now if it is even extremely dangerous to awaken magical powers for the gratification of scientific curiosity, what then is to be said of those would-be magicians who seek to prostitute divine powers for the purpose of robbing the people or making a profit? Their own salvation rests in their ignorance and non-possession of power. They are not magicians, but merely common cheats.

The above case of my friend Dr. K—— which I have here recorded is only one among many of a similar kind which have come to my knowledge within the last two years, wherein some of my own acquaintances in their desire for power have reached for the forbidden fruit before they were tall enough to attain it, and the result was disease and death, insanity and suicide.

# MRS. PIPER AND HER CONTROLS

By E. KATHARINE BATES

NOW that we are all deploring—perhaps somewhat selfishly—the transition of that splendidly enthusiastic and capable worker in psychical research, Dr. Richard Hodgson, of Boston, Mass., it may be of interest to your readers to hear something of my first introduction to him, as also to the far-famed Mrs. Piper, with whom the greater part of his experimental research was made.

Some years ago I returned home from a winter in the West Indies, *via* America, for the purpose chiefly of trying to secure a few sittings with Mrs. Piper, little realizing the difficulties I should have to contend with in carrying out my purpose.

My visit, unfortunately, occurred at the very time when the Phinuit control had given place to an organized attempt to obtain through *Imperator*, *Rector*, etc., some evidential communication from the late Mr. Stainton Moses.

It was therefore a case of "no outsiders need apply!" In vain I wrote to Dr. Hodgson (whom I had not yet met) from Philadelphia, urging that my chief reason for re-visiting America just then was in order to have sittings with Mrs. Piper. Even the plea that I had known Mr. Stainton Moses in earth life and that we had several intimate friends in common, was of no avail. Dr. Hodgson "could hold out no hope to me," and one seemed to be at a veritable *cul de sac.*

Then the bright idea struck me that the Unseen themselves might be more friendly to my hopes than the secretary of the American Branch of the Society for Psychical Research.

As a drowning man, I caught at this last straw and wrote a final appeal to Dr. Hodgson, asking if he had any objection to laying the matter directly before Imperator and Stainton Moses and asking *them* to decide it? At the same time I mentioned that in any case I was coming on to Boston on a certain day, and should be found at the Hotel Bellevue in that city.

The next day but one after my arrival and quite early in the morning, Dr. Hodgson came to call upon me.

It was my first sight of that genial and delightful personality. At the very moment of shaking hands, he said cheerily and with a look of half-rueful amusement at his own discomfiture, "Well!

you've got to come! They insist upon it, so there is nothing more to be said."

We then made arrangements for my joining Dr. Hodgson next morning at Arlington Heights.

Having been warned to avoid the snare of getting out at *Arlington* (two stations beforehand), I arrived in due season, after half an hour's railway ride, to find Dr. Hodgson emerging from his smoking carriage. As Mrs. Piper's pretty, bright little house is situated at the top of a severe hill, we took one of the quaintly covered "buggies" of the New England village and drove to her door.

The house overlooks a far stretch of country, with Boston in the dim distance and a fine piece of water in the valley midway, reflecting the surrounding trees and looking beautiful even under the rainy skies which signalized my first visit to Arlington Heights. An interesting and refined-looking woman greeted us with quiet dignity and grace, and after some little desultory conversation Dr. Hodgson said to me, "Now we had better be silent!" A few moments later, the trance condition had set in. No one who has seen Mrs. Piper going into trance, can doubt the honesty of the process, which has nothing in common with the more usual travesty of that state. Not that the proceeding is without pain for the spectator, although one is assured that Mrs. Piper herself has withdrawn from the physical body for the time being, leaving it as a vehicle for the unseen operators. It was very much like watching some one under the influence of a strong anæsthetic; the same stertorous breathing and occasional low moans, succeeded by perfect unconsciousness; when the whole body became relaxed and Dr. Hodgson, having drawn up a small table quickly in front of her, placed two soft cushions upon it, placing her left arm under her head in such a position as to support the latter.

With the advent of the Imperator and Stainton Moses controls, the character of Mrs. Piper's mediumship underwent a complete change. The former communications through the voice ceased and gave place to automatic writing except at the moment of return to the physical body, when a chance sentence or two may be uttered during the transition period, but these are not always intelligible to the hearer.

I may here mention how curiously "dead" and limp Mrs. Piper's arm and hand became when unconsciousness set in; the blood had departed, leaving it as white and helpless as that of a corpse. By degrees, this dead look disappeared. The blood flowed once more through the veins, and as I noticed this change,

the hand moved gropingly towards the pencil held out by Dr. Hodgson and finally grasped it. He had come armed with many pencils, for the writing is so rapid and generally so faint that a very sharp-pointed pencil is necessary to make it legible. Even so, it was difficult to read at times, but Dr. Hodgson's long practice and infinite patience, helped matters very much. It seemed to me that I had never understood the true meaning of the word "patience" until I saw his methods on this and a succeeding occasion. The hospitality he gave to all attempts at definite communication, however vague and shadowy at first, the infinite patience with which he repeated again and again a question not fully comprehended; combined as these were with an attitude of intelligent criticism and alert, dispassionate judgment and balance of mind, combined to make an investigator of psychic phenomena, very rarely to be met in a world where most of us evince in a marked degree "*les défauts de nos qualités*."

To combine sympathy, patience and receptivity with cool and critical judgment seems wellnigh impossible for most men and women, but Dr. Richard Hodgson certainly solved the problem to a very remarkable extent.

I may as well say at once, that my personal experiences during these two sittings were by no means phenomenally good.

I have sat with other mediums whom I consider quite as capable, but with none who has had the immense advantage of the conditions for keeping her mediumship pure and free from taint, enjoyed by Mrs. Piper, and with not one who impressed me more forcibly with her own bona fides.

Moreover, we must note the great scientific gain of a lengthy and methodical research as it affects *the communicators on the other side*. These latter are more generally condemned to a method and condition of communication which in its spasmodic and unsatisfactory character can be best described as a ten or fifteen minutes' conversation allowed to a prisoner behind the bars, with a couple of gaolers ready to interrupt the talk at any moment. Note the difference between this and a private chat with a friend in a comfortable room, without disturbance or supervision!

On all these accounts, the sittings with Mrs. Piper, stretching over so many years of scientific and persevering research, have an immense value quite apart from the intrinsic capacity of the special medium; which has so often been jealously criticised by others in her profession and also by their patrons. Surely the American Branch of the S.P.R. was at liberty to select a suitable subject for systematic investigation and then to isolate her, and

the conditions involved must of necessity place that subject in a more favourable position as a channel between the two spheres, than many others, equally gifted, but whose capacities have been utilized in a more spasmodic and less truly scientific manner.

This is a view of the situation which seems to require emphasis. I now resume my narrative. The control on the occasion of my first sitting was exceedingly hazy and confused, and the attempts I made to get test names and dates had very little success.

One of the Imperator group, *Rector*, was controlling Mrs. Piper on this occasion, and Mr. Stainton Moses could apparently only approach me through him.

In spite, however, of the difficulty with regard to a few names, well known to Mr. Moses in earth life, a comment of his regarding a change in my personal appearance "since he saw me last" "came through" successfully and was perfectly true. This could not possibly have been known to Dr. Hodgson or Mrs. Piper, consciously or unconsciously.

My experiences on that first visit dispelled any lingering illusion as to Thompson J. Hudson's "Patent Thought Transference Extinguisher" as competent to snuff out *all* awkward psychic facts!

I have four intimate friends (two married couples) who were also intimate friends of Mr. Stainton Moses and in whose houses I had met him on various occasions. I will call these friends respectively Mr. and Mrs. A. and Mr. and Mrs. B.

In my first interview with Mrs. Piper, wishing for a very easy test, I asked if Mr. Stainton Moses could remember the Christian name of Mrs. A. As her husband constantly mentions this name in conversation, there could be no possible doubt that Mr. S. Moses had known it well. But my attempt was a failure, although at last I concentrated my mind strongly on the short and easy name in a desperate attempt to "get it through" even at the cost of diminished evidential value! I tried next for the Christian name of Mr. B., equally well known to Mr. Stainton Moses. This again was a failure at the time, but next day, in the very midst of quite irrelevant matter, was written down "*the name is Charlie*," which was quite correct. My mind at the time was far away from this little test, which I had given up as hopeless the previous day. Both these facts, trifling in themselves, tell decidedly *against* the ordinary theories of Thought Transference as accounting for all messages from the Unseen.

I will now mention one or two statements made to me through Mrs. Piper, and purporting to come through Mr. Stainton Moses,

which had no evidential value *at the time*, but upon which, after my return to England, some curious and suggestive light was thrown. I will number these incidents, giving in each case the results of my efforts to establish or to refute them, and for brevity's sake I shall speak of the communicating entity without periphrasis as Mr. Stainton Moses.

I. After the interpolated sentence at my second sitting (i.e. "the name is Charlie"), Mr. Stainton Moses went on without any suggestion; "Does X (giving spontaneously the Christian name of Mrs. B.) still play duets with her husband?" I answered in the affirmative. "Does she play also *Lits-List*—(then finally) *Lisst?* Receiving another affirmative, he went on: "*Ah! I am afraid I did not appreciate all that very much!*"

Dr. Hodgson provided me with a typed copy of both my sittings, and on returning to England I read the above remarks to Mrs. B., who is a convinced Theosophist and not much in favour of the type of experiment carried on through mediums.* She is, however, a remarkably honest and, generally speaking, accurate person, and therefore I accepted her statement as final when she assured me that she and her husband had never played duets when Stainton Moses was in the room.

A few weeks later, I was staying in her country home, and one evening she begged me to go into the Library and tell her husband something of my late American experiences whilst she entertained guests in her drawing-room.

I was mentioning the remark about the duets as one of the curious instances of partial Knowledge and yet flagrant mistake on the part of the "communicator" when, to my surprise, Mr. B. said most positively, "But he *did* hear us play duets, and he heard X play alone also. I can remember at least two or three occasions when he came to us straight from his University lectures and came into the drawing-room without our seeing him, as our backs were towards the door whilst playing. Several times he begged us to finish the duet, which we did. I can't think how X can have forgotten this!" At this moment X came into the room, and her husband at once taxed her with her bad memory. Her answer was that her husband's conviction on the point was doubtless correct, but that *as Mr. Stainton Moses did not care for music*, and they never discussed it in any shape or form, she had never connected him with the subject nor remembered the

* This was before the Theosophical chiefs had attained their present "open-minded" attitude towards these questions.

incidents which her husband mentioned. This of course endorsed the sentence, "*Ah! I am afraid I did not appreciate all that very much!*"

II. During my second sitting with Mrs. Piper, whilst wondering upon what subject I could best recall Earth Memories to Mr. Stainton Moses, it struck me that, after his transition, I had once met at the house of Mr. and Mrs. B. in London, the lady (whom I will call Mrs. Y.) to whom he had been engaged to be married when he passed away. Dr. Hodgson told me he had never even heard of such an engagement, which was not remarkable, as he had never seen Stainton Moses, and only a few of the latter's very intimate friends knew anything of the matter.

Upon my mentioning the meeting with this lady, Mr. Stainton Moses said at once, "Did you meet any other member of her family?" I replied that she had a daughter with her. "Not a sister?" "No." "Well, now, I am giving you this as a test. She *has* a sister, and a sister who has been the cause of the deepest sorrow in her life. You will find this is true when you go back."

I read this incident also to Mrs. B., who said rather triumphantly, "I am quite sure *that* is all wrong! Since you met Mrs. Y. in my house, I have come to know her very intimately, I feel almost certain she has no sister; certainly not one who has caused her deep sorrow or she would have confided the fact to me."

Although an almost complete stranger to Mrs. Y., I felt it was only right to give her the chance of hearing the notes of this sitting as there were other references to her, so I wrote to ask if she would care to hear them, and if so, whether she would lunch with me on a certain day.

She came, and I read through the part of the notes which concerned her, apologizing for the remarks upon the sister, "which I knew through Mrs. B. were incorrect," but saying I thought it more fair to give the whole references just as they were made; hit and miss alike.

Mrs. Y. made no remark, and being intent upon my MS., I did not notice until I raised my head suddenly, that her whole face was working with emotion and that, literally, she could not speak. The tears ran down her cheeks as she said: "*That* is the most convincing test that he could have given me! No! I have never mentioned that sister, even to Mrs. B., kind and good as she has been to me; I could not speak of her to anyone. She was the cause of the greatest sorrow in my life, but no one upon earth knew this except Mr. Stainton Moses. In my deep tribulation I

had no one to turn to except him, and I was engaged to him at the time, and no one else has ever heard the circumstances."

I will finish my recital with two more incidents, both showing the affectionate solicitude of Mr. Stainton Moses for the lady I have called Mrs. Y., who was in somewhat straitened circumstances.

III. At the second Piper sitting, Mr. Stainton Moses spoke of a valuable watch he had possessed, and expressed some concern and regret that it had not been given to Mrs. Y. after his death. I knew nothing at all about any such watch, but on applying to one of his executors—the Mr. A. mentioned earlier in the paper—he told me there was such a watch, which had been a presentation one and was of very considerable value. After the death of Mr. Moses it had been given (quite with Mrs. Y.'s approval) to the son of a very old and esteemed friend. Mr. A. also added the very interesting fact that some years previously, through an unprofessional English sensitive, the same urgent remark had been made by Mr. Stainton Moses about this very watch, and Mr. A. was so much impressed at the time, that he had felt bound to write and state the fact to the present owner of the watch; who, naturally perhaps, did not feel constrained to act upon a message received at second hand.

IV. Mr. Stainton Moses finally appealed to me with great urgency to search for a MS. of his, prepared for publication, covering his correspondence with Alfred Tennyson on the subject of spirit intercourse, etc. He wished this MS.—doubtless one of exceptional value—to be published in the pecuniary interests of Mrs. Y., but said he feared it had been mislaid or lost, and that all he could "sense" about it was that it lay in some little brown trunk. Again, I knew nothing at all of any such MS., but promised to do what I could in the matter. Having some acquaintance with the late Mr. Alaric Watts, one of the executors of Mr. Stainton Moses, I called upon him in Chelsea, shortly after landing in England.

It was interesting to find that there had been a long correspondence upon the subjects indicated, between Mr. Moses and the Poet Laureate, and that the latter had given permission for the publication of this correspondence after his own death.

Considering the great disparity in years between the two, it would have been difficult to foresee that Mr. Stainton Moses would pass to the next sphere just one month *before* the Poet.

Mr. Alaric Watts further stated that he had even seen the MS. in question, which consisted of an arrangement of this interesting correspondence, ready to be published under the conditions

mentioned, but he added that, unfortunately, it had not been forthcoming after the author's death. Nor have I heard that it has since been recovered.*

My sittings with Mrs. Piper at Arlington Heights were arranged for me by Dr. Hodgson upon the explicit understanding that *nothing* occurring at them should be made public at the time.

The reasons for this prohibition no longer hold good, and I have now for the first time published an account of what took place. Had I been allowed a longer investigation, the results might have been more striking. On the other hand, one must always remember that the evidential value, for obvious reasons, is apt to decrease in inverse ratio to the number of sittings obtained. And those statements, which admitted of further investigation on this side the Atlantic, certainly gave interesting and suggestive results.

* Mrs. Y. told me later that there was very probably some significance in the mention of the "little brown trunk," but I am not at liberty to go further in this matter.

# PSYCHIC RECORDS

## A PHANTOM MONK

ONE day in September some few years ago I happened to be on a visit near Grantham, where my cousin owned a fine old country seat in that neighbourhood named Temple B——. He invited me to go over and stay a few days and see the place, which I had never visited before.

My cousin and his wife only lived in one wing of the house, as it was too large for them, and on the evening of my arrival they promised to show me over the unused part of the house the next morning, as there were many interesting old portraits of former owners to be seen there. Originally the place had been owned by an Order of Knights Templars or fighting monks. I was shown down a long corridor to the bedroom I was to occupy —a small room usually reserved for one of my host's brothers when they came down to shoot there. It was a bright, cheerful, cosy room, and I neither felt nor noticed anything uncanny, though I knew I was the only person sleeping in that part of the house.

I was in the best of spirits, and none but the most mundane thoughts occupied my brain until I fell asleep. I slept soundly till morning, but immediately before waking had an extraordinary dream, which I remember vividly to this day. In my dream I found myself in an underground vaulted chapel, where I was being initiated into various mystic rites by an old man with a flowing white beard wearing classic robes like a Druid and performing symbolic actions with fire and water before an altar, all the while explaining each symbol to me in some language I was unable to comprehend. When he had finished he said distinctly, "That is all—now you are one of us."

I then awoke and found it was broad daylight. Sunshine was streaming through the window, which the blind was too narrow to keep out. The first thing I did was to look at my watch hanging on the bedstead above me, and noting that it was still only half-past six, turned over on the other side to try to go to sleep again, when I was startled to see a monk in a black cassock sitting on the chair close by my bed with a large book on his lap which he was reading attentively, with his finger pointed to one line. The face was very yellow and wrinkled and moist

with beads of perspiration, a fact which I particularly noticed. The head was mostly bald, but with grey hair at the sides, and he looked a man about sixty-five years of age. I was petrified with astonishment; no fear entered my mind, for it was broad daylight and the birds were singing outside. I blinked my eyes to be sure I was not dreaming, and as I did so, through his body and face, which remained clear in every detail like a shimmering mirage, I distinctly noticed my clothes lying on a chair on the other side of him. In another minute the man slowly faded away whilst I kept my eyes rivetted on him. I remained awake wondering what it could mean until the servant came to call me. Nothing of the sort has ever happened to me before or since.

When I came down to breakfast and related what had happened, my cousin and his wife simply ridiculed the whole thing as my imagination, and said no one else had ever seen anything uncanny in the house, though many had occupied that room. But suddenly my cousin observed, while still at breakfast: "Oddly enough, your description of the monk's face is rather like an old portrait in the part of the house I am going to show you. I will see if you pick it out."

Later on, in accordance with his promise, he showed me over the house, and before I had seen twenty portraits I at once identified the face and cried: "Why, there is the man, but he has got a hat on, and one cannot see that he is bald."

They did not know precisely who he was. On his finger was a ring so blurred and dim as to be unrecognizable, but it recalled to my mind an old ring studded with hieroglyphics which had been found at the bottom of a well in the Temple B—— grounds some ten years before and presented to me as a curiosity. Could this have been the owner of the ring? It was at least a possibility.

A. H. M.

## A SINGULAR CASE OF TELEPATHY

THE following instance of complete telepathy was told to me by the person to whom it occurred. She is very sceptical in such matters as the OCCULT REVIEW deals with, very clear-headed and clever, has good health and ample common sense. She has never had any other experience of the kind; but as she takes no interest in these things, it is quite possible that without knowledge of the receptive power manifested in the story to follow,

she may be a remarkably good "subject." The real names and places are carefully disguised, but the Editor has them, in confidence, for complete satisfaction of veracity. The paper referred to has been so carefully put away that it cannot be found. But reference to *The Times* of the date will corroborate the facts.

K. E. HENRY-ANDERSON.

"At Christmas, 189–, a brother officer came to spend a few days with my brother at the house he rented in the North of Scotland. Captain Macleod was a complete stranger to me, although his name was familiar. He belonged to an old Highland family whose traditions include the gift of 'second sight' and magical power, a clan of brave and notable men who have made history. He was my brother's great friend and chum. He was a thoughtful, interesting man, and I talked a great deal with him; but there was nothing between us but ordinary friendship, which makes the story more remarkable.

"One evening our conversation turned to the reputed 'magic' of his family, and he told me various things of unusual interest and apparent supernaturalism. I am not inclined to believe in such things, and may have shown my incredulity, for suddenly Captain Macleod said with great emphasis: 'I have "the power" myself. I have often used it in small as well as great matters. It takes the form of a distinct and often audible message to the person I wish to communicate with.'

"I was startled by his earnestness and felt a vague influence in the simple words. 'How can you prove what you say?' I inquired. 'Do you think you could send me a message when you are abroad?' (I knew he was shortly to go on some special work.) 'Yes,' he replied, and paused for a moment. 'If I ask you some day to pray for me, will you promise to do it?' Under ordinary circumstances I would have smiled and passed the question by, but something in his manner impressed me and forbade levity. 'I will do it,' I answered. 'But why do you ask such a thing of me? Our friendship is so recent.'

"'I feel,' he said very gravely, 'that I can very easily communicate with you, in spite of all your evident disbelief. And I may need the prayers of my friends.'

"A few weeks later he and another man were sent on an exploring expedition to an unknown and dangerous part of the world. I heard of this, but took no particular note of the fact.

"In the month of May I went to stay with a very old lady in Devonshire. She retained the customs of her youth, and one

most disagreeable to a youthful person—early to bed. At nine o'clock, summer and winter, each person was handed a small taper, like those on a Christmas tree, which burnt about ten minutes. This gave small opportunity for delay in undressing, none for reading in bed! Outside, the lovely country called one to ramble in the sweet-smelling woods and meadows. But inexorable fate, in black satin and lace cap, forbade such delights. One evening I lay, sleepless and rebellious; there was no sound save the faint bleat of the sheep and the clear whistle of some belated thrush. Suddenly a storm of frightful voices and savage yells broke the silence, such sounds as I have never heard before or since. Oddly, I felt only amazement, not fear of any kind. Nor did I for a moment think they were anything but 'natural' sounds, although strange in those peaceful solitudes. I rose and looked out of my open window. There was nothing to be seen or heard, only a few snowy lambs and their mothers. The sounds were in my own room. I turned from the window; then clear and plain I heard Captain Macleod's voice say in earnest entreaty, almost command: 'Pray for me now.' I fell on my knees; I knew the hour of need had come. The voices grew fainter, then suddenly ceased. I got into bed again. The whole time I was only conscious of wonder, nothing of fear or nervousness disturbed me.

"Next day I wrote to my brother, then in a district not far from Captain Macleod, told him the incident, and asked him if he knew anything of the expedition. He replied in course of time, marvelled at the tale, but knew nothing of the little force of explorers.

"In September I received a copy of *The Times* telling of a savage attack by the aborigines on Captain Macleod's force on the corresponding date of my 'strange experience.' His brother officer was severely wounded and they gave themselves up for lost. Suddenly signs of wavering showed among their enemies. This encouraged Captain M'L. and his men to make a last determined effort; the savages hesitated, drew back, then, overcome with fear, turned and fled headlong, nor attempted further molestation of the expeditionary force. On the edge of the paper was written in Captain Macleod's hand, 'Thank you for your prayers.'

"This, the one incident of the kind in my life, will admit of no ordinary explanation."

# REVIEWS

## The First Wife.

The poet Katharine Tynan made a fantasy under this name, and filled it full of delicate suggestion in which there was no terror: the whisper of a dress down an empty corridor, the fall of a foot on the stairs at midnight, a touch on the handle of the second wife's chamber-door, a finger rattling among her keys. But in the *First Mrs. Mollivar* (Smith, Elder & Co., 6s.) Mrs. Israel Zangwill has done both more and less. In the second wife, who was Mr. Mollivar's first love in the days of long ago, she has sketched a simple and attractive good woman with just enough of womanly romance about her to have made a happy home for herself and the Tom Mollivar of her remembrance who has developed into "Dr. Mollivar, the head of a Women's Baptist College in Baker Street," but for the haunting presence of the first Mrs. Mollivar. It is felt even on the honeymoon. The second Mrs. Mollivar is taking an airing in a bath-chair. A violent storm of rain and wind comes on, and Dr. Mollivar and the bath-chairman take shelter, leaving her in the chair with the window lowered to keep the rain out.

> Was it fancy? No; the bath-chair was moving—moving slowly; moving across the promenade towards the edge. And at the edge? A sheer drop, she remembered. . . . How hard the stones would be to fall on! Or was it high tide, with the deep water tumbling and seething? There would be a splash, and then—what? Just the churning blank sea, as before.

Again, when the second wife comes home to the Doctor's house at Streatham—bequeathed to him by his late wife—ugly and sinister things, that are all, however, capable of simple and unsupernatural explanations, begin to happen.

Valeria opens a cupboard and finds it filled with old dresses, a screwed-up door opening out into the garden which she has had opened by a carpenter becomes mysteriously closed once more, the housekeeping rules and preferences of the first Mrs. Mollivar close round Valeria's own wishes like an unwholesome fog; and then a new interest and hope comes into the life of the second Mrs. Mollivar. Under the influence of this new hope husband

and wife are drawn nearer, and an authoritative word from a doctor makes it seem as if the overwhelming Presence were to be escaped by the couple leaving the bequeathed and haunted house. But it is not to be. In the first flush of relief at the prospect of escape drawing near Valeria begs her husband to take down her predecessor's picture from the dining-room wall, where it has hung facing her all the months of her married life. He consents, but is so long away on the errand that Valeria is alarmed.

He is found lying on the dining-room floor at the foot of a pair of steps with the heavy picture clutched in his arms.

. . . he seemed to be embracing it. Yes, that was it—the man and the portrait were lying on the ground kissing each other. . . . Dead! Of course he was dead, for that other woman had killed him. "Here lies the husband of the first Mrs. Mollivar."

Valeria's child is born, and born dead.

"So you wouldn't even let me have his child," the beaten woman says to the dead. "You have won; yes, you have won."

NORA CHESSON.

THE MASTERY OF DEATH. By A. Osborn Eaves. London: Philip Wellby, 6, Henrietta Street, W.C.

I CAUGHT at the title, *The Mystery of Death*, and was attracted. A moment later I had tumbled to the correct inscription and strange purport of this book and was reduced to wonderment of the vacant kind. "Death the Conqueror" flitted through my brain, and I reflected that death was always ahead of the doctor; always the unseen pilot of every frail vessel launched upon the ocean of life; the last resource of every human ambition. And the words of the poet, "How beautiful is Death, Death and his brother Sleep," recurred to mind. Thinking deeper, there appeared many reasons why the Mastery of Death should ever remain the secret of the Great Guardian of Life. The story of "The Wandering Jew" sprang into recollection, together with some of the scientific romances of H. G. Wells, and a little shiver of sympathy passed over my scalp and down my spine as I reflected on the splendid isolation of the man who alone had grappled successfully with the problem of the Elixir of Life. Bulwer Lytton has familiarized the figure in his character of Mejnour in *Zanoni*. On mature consideration it appeared that

unless the " secret " of longevity was more or less no secret at all, but common knowledge and practice, it would not be worth a moment's thought.

Well, then, here is a book which proposes to expound the mystery, and in the course of a very lucid chapter the author tells us why we grow old. It is nothing less than the result of sub-conscious memory backed by heredity. The idea of growing old becomes habit of thought, and has been a habit from time immemorial. When a man reaches a certain age he is regarded as " old," he is called old, and becomes, by the force of suggestion, what is expected of him. He " puts away childish things " and adopts the vesture and accessories of adolescence. We have the authority of Buddha for the tenet that " Man and his surroundings are the complex of all antecedent thought," and it is really a deep question of psychology whether one is not more justified by the facts in regarding the habit of thought as hereditary, than in presuming, as does Locke, that there are " no innate ideas." The author of this work maintains that we are habitual slaves to the suggestion that old age and decay are concomitants of advancing years, and whatever the individual may achieve by exercise of will-power in combating this delusion, education and custom very speedily annul. The author evidently regards the habit of thought as incident to the brain-cell, and consequently treats of the disease of thought from a physiological point of view. He says :—

> Fossilising of the body often takes place with the fossilising of the mind. In these cases there is no remedy. Cerebral softening or senility, which arises when the calibre of the blood vessels is too diminished by this incrustation of the blood to properly nourish the brain, is thus caused, as are all apoplectic fits, with ensuing paralysis. The cause of this ossification is the lime found in food, but more particularly in water.

A course of instruction is given on the subjects of nutrition, fasting, diet, and cleanliness ; rules for proper exercise are laid down, and the science of body-building, as part of the process of " breaking down old ideas," is very fully discussed. That senility of body and youthfulness of mind do not comport well together, and that the mind and body have a mutual conditioning influence, appear to be at the root of the author's strict regard for hygienic principles, but that these considerations do not form the main thesis concerning the secret of immortality we may learn from a further study of his book. In the concluding chapters he argues that Man is a set of " sheaths " answering to different stages in

the tenuity of the etheric medium throughout Nature. These etheric sheaths are capable of being affected by storms taking place in the ether of space, just as our bodies are by the violence of the more material elements. Hence there arise passions, wrath, raging, strife and mental disturbances of all kinds.

Now if we can manage to concrete the astral principle of the physical body after having brought it under control of the will and intellect, if we can concrete that etheric medium which is called the Mind-body, we are in a fair way to achieve immortality of the physical order. For when the time comes for the dissolution of the gross body, it is supplemented by the astral principle, now concreted, and the result of the struggle—sharp and short—is to man and not to Death. It is not of modern record that this has been effected; but the ancients have given us some notable examples.

The idea is ingeniously treated, and although by no means original with the author, is capable of considerable expansion and possibly might lend itself in some measure to psychological experiment. Mr. Eaves' book is decidedly worth reading, and if at times crude and inconsequent in its argument, it offers some very cogent reasons for its main postulate, that man grows old from habit of thought, and as the slave of custom early succumbs to the idea that death is as certain as rent-day and has to be faced. It need hardly be pointed out that the whole brute creation, whether dominated or not by "habits of thought," and whether or not "enslaved" by custom, grow old and die without anticipation.

SCRUTATOR.

REAL GHOST STORIES. By W. T. Stead. (New Edition.) *Review of Reviews*: 3, Whitefriars Street, E.C. 1s. net.

MR. STEAD has issued a new edition of his *Real Ghost Stories*, the first part of which appeared as a Christmas annual for 1891 and, together with its sequel, *More Ghost Stories*, was subsequently published by Grant Richards. As the author reminds us in the Preface, the ghost story is ever young, for it renews its youth annually at Christmas time.

The eerie topics illustrated in these stories are manifold, the "double," clairvoyance, premonitions, "second sight," ghosts of various kinds—business-like ghosts, conscientious ghosts, out-of-door ghosts, haunted houses, and the like. For what we call supernormal Nature resembles normal Nature at least in this one

respect, that nothing stales her infinite variety. The evidence—all sorts of evidence, evidence of every shape, size, mood, and aspect—comes from the four corners of the earth, and sits down in judgment against materialism and indifference.

There are some good stories of the contradictory behaviour of the Ego in its varying phases.

"An hysterical subject with an insensitive limb is put to sleep, and is told, 'After you wake, you will raise your finger when you mean Yes, and you will put it down when you mean No, in answer to the questions which I shall ask you.' The subject is then wakened, and M. Janet pricks the insensitive limb in several places. He asks, 'Do you feel anything?' The conscious awakened person replies with the lips, 'No,' but at the same time, in accordance with the signal that has been agreed upon during the state of hypnotisation, the finger is raised to signify 'Yes.'"

Another instance was that of an Irish lunatic (probably more Irish than lunatic) who thought that his body was the dwelling-place of two individuals, one of whom was a Catholic with Nationalist and even Fenian proclivities, while the other was a Protestant and an Orangeman. The man himself agreed with the Fenian, and tried to starve the Orangeman out, by eating on the left side of his mouth (the Orangeman lived on the right side of his body). On St. Patrick's Day, and the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, terrible ructions took place. We should think that the Orangeman, at any rate, was a genuine intruder, not a phase of the Ego, and that he might have been discreetly and warily expelled, with spiritual advantage to both the Fenians.

The following picturesque and illuminative simile of the various phases of the Ego was supplied to Mr. Stead by a doctor of medicine:

"First, there is the court of the Gentiles, where Ego No. 1 chaffers about trifles with the outer world. While he is so doing, Ego No. 2 watches him from the court of the Levites, but does not go forth on small occasions. When we 'open out' to a friend, the Levite comes forth, and is in turn watched by the priest from the inner court. Let our emotions be stirred in sincere converse, and out strides the priest and takes precedence of the other two, they falling obediently and submissively behind him. But the priest is still watched by the high priest from the tabernacle itself, and only on great and solemn occasions does he make himself manifest by action. When he does, the other three yield to his authority, and then we say, the man 'speaks with his whole soul,' or 'from the bottom of his heart.' But even now the Shekinah is upon the mercy-seat within the Holy of Holies, and the high priest knows it."

In the chapter on premonitions Mr. Stead gives a vivid account of some of the exploits of his own spiritual monitor. On New Year's Day, 1880, he had a premonition that he would have to

leave Darlington in the course of the year. Mr. Morley sent for him to be assistant editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in September. Again, in October, 1883, he was walking in drizzling rain round St. Catherine's Point, when he was similarly warned that he would have to take sole charge of the paper early in the following year. He went back to the office, and told Mr. Morley and Mr. Milner. Mr. Morley did not even suggest compromise. He scouted the idea. Mr. Milner, however, seems to have consented to a sort of Bloemfontein Conference, and he and Mr. Stead had a talk about the matter. The prudential side of the question does not appear to have occurred to Mr. Stead. He not only told Mr. Morley he was going to take his place, but he seems to have "rubbed it in." Mr. Morley showed forbearance. He "lifted his chin slightly in the air," and entered Parliament as member for Newcastle.

One more story, and we must leave this charming collection to the reader. A correspondent of Mr. Stead's had a love affair, and broke it off, or tried to do so, on a bridge at midnight, but was persuaded by Louise (who, by the way, was remarkable for a pair of "clicketty heels,") to promise to meet her again, on the bridge at midnight, dead or alive, on the anniversary of their parting. The man duly turned up alive, when Louise managed to extract a similar promise from him a second time. The next year, Louise turned up dead (she had died three months previously), but there was no mistaking her "clicketty heels."

It is clear that the Frenchman who murmured in his dying hours—"*Plus de Bohême, plus de musique, plus de bruit*"—knew naught. He can never have wandered on the "astral" during life; much less stood on a bridge at midnight, and watched for "clicketty heels."

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

THE HISTORY AND POWER OF MIND. By Richard Ingalese. London: Power Book Co., Wimbledon, S.W. 9s. net.

I HAVE before me a book which has already reached its Third Edition—a successful book, and one that deserves to have been successful. In a series of lectures, the author lays before the reader a series of closely reasoned arguments for the establishing of Mind as the dominant factor in all human evolution, whether religious, social, political or commercial. He goes back to the hoary past for his illustrations and instances, he reaches forward to the future and defines the future position of the Occult Sciences in our system of thought and polity; he applies argument and

illustration to the immediate needs of the case presented by modern experience. The author records the fact that

> It is only a few weeks since Flammarion, in one of his articles, said that he was a student of Occultism, and that henceforth all progressive men of science would have to study along that line.

The author concerns himself with a wide range of subjects, all dominated by the one idea—the Power of Mind. Occultism, its Present, Past and Future; Dual Mind and its Origin; the Art of Self-Control; the Law of Re-imbodiment; Colours and Thought Vibrations; Psychic Forces and their Dangers; Spiritual Forces and their Uses; the Cause and Cure of Disease—these are among the subjects dealt with in a most thorough and efficient manner in the course of these lectures. The author is a great gleaner and also a fine expositor of ideas and teachings. This latter is the rôle assumed by the author in his capacity of lecturer, and it is giving scant praise to a most deserving effort to say that he has found his faculty. I doubt whether the book is to be elsewhere found which deals so effectively or so generously with the whole range of Occult Science, whether from the point of view of teleology or that of modern science. It is a book which one can read with profit to oneself and recommend to others. It is to be regretted that space does not permit of a more thorough review in this place. The book runs into some 300 pages and is enhanced in value by an index occupying a further twenty-four pages. Its appearance is sure to awaken much interest in occult circles.

SCRUTATOR.

### IN GHOSTLIER JAPAN.

WHEN Lafcadio Hearn published a little book of weird tales of ghost-lovers and ghost-servants, one thought about the last word on that subject had been said, that the sense of "shudder" had been pushed to its utmost point. But that is not so. In the book under notice—*Kwaidan*, (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.)—Lafcadio Hearn, dead, yet speaketh, and speaks with a more insistent eeriness than before. The first story in the book is the story of a blind man who went as he thought to play before a great Daimio and his courtiers. He did indeed play, but it was in a cemetery where no bodies are buried, but the monuments are set up to appease the spirits of drowned warriors, and for the same reason Buddhist services are performed in the temple that has been erected there. To protect the blind musician from the dead a priest and acolyte "*stripped Hoïchi; then with their*

*writing brushes they traced upon his breast and back, head and face and neck, limbs and hands and feet—even upon the soles of his feet, and upon all parts of his body, the text of the holy sûtra called* HANNYA-SHIN-KYO." (Transcendent Wisdom.) In fact, every part of him is safeguarded but his ears, which the acolyte forgets to inscribe, and these are torn off by the messenger of the dead who, sent to fetch Hoïchi, can see nothing but these.

Reincarnation is the subject of two of the stories, if not more ; there is the story of a ghoul-priest and cannibal heads that separate themselves from their bodies, and a beautiful woman who when she stoops above a sleeper freezes him to death with her breath : and another pretty and graceful legend tells of a willow-tree that became a woman, and was loved and wedded by one Tomotada, but has to die in her youth and beauty because some one has laid an axe to the root of her tree. "*Tomotada sprang to support her ; but there was nothing to support ! There lay on the matting only the empty robes of the fair creature and the ornaments that she had worn in her hair : the body had ceased to exist.*"

Syrinx, of course, was a reed as well as a woman, and be sure *she* was not the reed that the Great God Pan cut

> "*As he sat by the river,*
> *Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,*
> *And breaking the golden lilies afloat*
> *With the dragonfly on the river,*"

or he would be dream-bereft indeed: and far worse than to be haunted is it to lose our ghosts.

THE DREAMER'S BOOK. By J. H. Pearce. London : A. H. Bullen, 47, Great Russell St., W.C.

THE writing of short stories, really short ones, not involving the catalexis and making free use of the colloquial, is a great art. Mr. Pearce is master of it, as much, one is tempted to say, as Guy de Maupassant. If Mr. Pearce lacks some of the naturalness and charm of the French writer, he is at all events more abundant in his form and more mystical in his imaginings. The stories are the fantasies and day-dreams of a mystic and are concerned chiefly with "the illusions and disillusions of life," but the matter-of-fact reader would discern nothing of a hint as to the former, while the most romantic of child readers would follow the Dreamer to his conclusion without a suspicion or a single pang of disenchantment. Mr. Pearce tells his stories, most frequently using the

locale and dialect of Cornwall for the purpose, and every one of them has a moral which the reader in need will readily discern, but which the author has the good taste not to define. Thus there is "The Man who coined his Blood into Gold." He is a Cornish miner and would give a drop of his blood for a sovereign.

"I'd risk a limb for its weight in gold: darned if I wouldn't!" he muttered savagely, as he dug at the stubborn rock with his pick. "I'm sick to death of this 'ere life," he grumbled; "I'd give a hand or an eye for a pot of suvrins. Iss, I'd risk more than that," he added, letting the words ooze out as if under his breath.

The next blow of his pick opens up a chasm in the rock, an interior cavern where he is working far below the level of the sea, and out of this cavern there waddled up to the miner Joel, "an actual uncouth shambling grotesque" of a hunchback, a veritable gnome, who soon proves to Joel that he has a kind of omniscience and omnipotence where gold and treasure of the earth are concerned. A compact is made and "the hump-back seized the proffered hand in an instant, covering the grimy fingers with his own lean claws." And every drop of blood the miner sheds for the purpose there and then turns into a golden sovereign.

"Darn 'ee! thee ben an' run thy nails in me!" cries the miner.

"Try the charm, man! Wish! Hold it out, and say *One*!" And drop by drop the red blood oozed and fell, jingling and sparkling at the miner's feet, a golden sovereign for each drop of blood. "Wan! . . . Wan! . . . Wan!" cries the miner, long after the little figure had disappeared from the scene, fascinated by this new power over gold which had been given to him. At last he falls from exhaustion, a dying man, with a pile of golden coins at his feet. And the soul of him passes out from his lips, a little yellow flame, just as the gnome returns to his prey. "I must catch his soul!" said the little black man, and surely the tiny thing shuddered with horror as the hump-back's fingers suddenly closed upon it! "Not so bad a bargain after all!" chuckled he.

Here, with obvious point, the story ends. I always think that the short story writer is seen to disadvantage in volume. In straightforward reading there is always a tendency to "cancel out," but for an occasional dip into light literature, there is nothing to equal the short story, and very little in English of this kind equal to the work in *The Dreamer's Book*.

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.]

[The following letter is purposely reproduced in the polyglot style in which I received it with all its grammatical errors. I have suppressed the name for reasons which will be obvious. I have not, however, identified the spirit-writer, who may be no more genuine than other Planchette acquaintances.—ED.]

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—

Please excuse me if I am writing in french for answering your letter of the 8th inst.

De temps en temps je reçois des communications avec la planchette. Je vais vous transcrire une assez curieuse que j'ai reçue pendant la guerre dans the *South-Africa*. Elle date du 3 Février 1900.

Who are you ?

*Answer* : An unknown spirit (en effet tout-à-fait inconnu à moi). C—— H——, 33 years, dead in South Africa in Colenso.

I am not buried and my body is lost in a hole after the battle. I am in the space and I suffer because my body is not buried and now they will never find my poor body.

My life in earth was a bad life.

*J'ai demandé* : Where were you born ?

In Lincolnshire.

As we live (*sic*) as we dye.

Je ne me rappelle pas quelle demande je fis, mais j'ai noté exactement ce qu'il a écrit sur la planchette.

There is no time like on earth. . . . . .

*J'ai demandé* : How have you the conviction that you shall go to hell ? or any one told you this ?

*Answer* : Because a dreadful force draws me there and I can see that my soul shall be lost.

In the hell there is no ice, but the sufferings are colder than ice.

*J'ai demandé* : If you are a spirit how can you suffer ?

*Answer :* I feel just the same as I was in life. My body is a case which contains my soul. If you put ink out of the bottle,

it is still ink: so the soul after death is as good as it was in the body. I am sorry not to talk with you again.

*J'ai demandé:* Why cannot you come again?

*Answer:* It is so difficult to get this strength from the medium.

*J'ai demandé:* Explain me what is a medium?

*Answer:* A person on earth who lends their kind feelings.

*J'ai demandé:* How have they this power?

*Answer:* By the faith in a great Unknown.

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Je vous ai transcrite toute cette communication car peut-être vous serez à même de connaître s'il a effectivement existé cet officier.

Recevez, Monsieur, mes salutations distinguées.

ROME, *le* 13 *Xbre*, 1905. Votre dévoué, G. C.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have long felt that, moving as we are in the midst of "worlds not realized," we are upon the eve of some very remarkable psychical developments, revelations of the Power Within, that will largely influence and change our present conduct of life. May I, without egotism, describing myself as entirely reliable in matters of evidential testimony, give in the pages of your valued REVIEW an account of certain mental and psychical phenomena which have exhibited themselves within the limits of my own individual consciousness? and I would do so in the hope that I may learn how far these faculties are shared by my fellows.

I would premise that my age is not far from 70, but I am still intellectually vigorous and quite competent to do my work as a parish priest in charge of an important congregation. I suffer from nothing but rheumatic gout, which, while slightly crippling me, has left my mental faculties unimpaired, nay all the more on the alert and the keener edged, by way of compensation I suppose, for a measure of physical disablement. I am accustomed, as a student of philosophy and science, to weigh all evidence in the balances of a logical understanding, and I am in no way given to hysteria, neurotics, or the vagaries of a wayward imagination.

The principal phenomena I observe in action in myself are briefly these:—

1. I can go to sleep at any time and anywhere at five minutes' notice by simple concentration of the will.

2. I can by way of change, where sleep is inexpedient, get

the same measure of relief and rest by absolutely evacuating my mind of all thought; I can make my existence a perfect blank. I do not even think I am not thinking.

3. I frequently practise unconscious cerebration. As a baker places his dough into the oven, so at nightfall on going to bed I place the rough material of a lecture, a sermon, a set of verses, a difficult problem, and so forth, in my mind, and on waking up in the morning everything is clear, concise, and arranged in logical order.

4. I have had several striking experiences of telepathy—communicating to and fro with intimate friends. I have not as yet learnt the why and wherefore of this. I exercise this faculty quite unconsciously.

5. I apparently wander about in my astral body, for my phantasm has been seen more than once by friends whose veracity is beyond suspicion. Sometimes the whole body, at other times only a portion thereof, such as the hand, has been seen.

6. I myself have seen Things moving about my Rectory. They have no definable form, but are black, and of sufficient substance to cast a shadow as they pass across a window at the top of my staircase. I followed one of these phantoms which encountered me in my hall into my dining-room, determined to come to close quarters, but it eluded me. These are no ghosts of the departed, no revenants, simply the Lares and Penates, the familiars, "the Little Folk" probably of the household.

7. As a child I had the most vivid recollection of having been in a past existence closely associated with the Exodus of Israel from Egypt. As a man, I have a strong impression that I was a Roman of some position and influence in the days of Tiberius or Nero.

A strange subtle chord of recollection was suddenly struck one night when I was witnessing the play of the "Sign of the Cross." I fully believe that if I were to visit Rome, altered beyond recognition though it is, I should have this impression intensified by the recognition of localities. Of course in dreams there come to me experiences that lie altogether outside my present life. In short I believe in Reincarnation.

8. When I am taking my walks abroad I see some one coming along, and I say, "Oh, there is so and so." On nearing my supposed friend or acquaintance I find I have made a mistake, but a few minutes afterwards the very identical person that was in my mind and was precipitated, so to speak, on the face and form of an absolute stranger, comes along. This has hap-

pened to me hundreds of times—not only as regards friends whom I am constantly meeting, but as regards those whom I have not seen for years.

9. The other day I had the most weird and uncanny experience of all. I suddenly woke up from an afternoon siesta to find myself absolutely out of my body. I felt so distressed and uncomfortable that my one concern was to get back again—this took me at least half a minute. I regret now that I did not stay out longer and make experiments. I wonder whether this would have been dangerous. Anyhow I was clean outside, standing or floating hard by, but completely detached from my old home of the flesh.

I make no comments on all this. It would be interesting to hear whether other people have these faculties, or further faculties analogous thereto.

Faithfully yours,
A SOUTHERN RECTOR.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—

Thanks for the continued arrivals of the REVIEW. I enjoy the contents immensely.

A rather weird tale was told to me last week by a chum at Asaba. The natives here are very superstitious; but this bears the evidence of occult power at the moment of death in a very high degree.

D. had been ill with blackwater fever for some three days, and was attended by B. during that period. D. was a white trader and had a little native of fourteen years named X. as servant. The lad was sleeping fitfully on the piazza at the moment of D.'s death. B. was much upset, and had closed the door to prevent intrusion. He had just performed the last offices, when he heard hurried footsteps approach, and then a knocking at the door. Upon opening he found there the boy X. who passionately demanded to see his master, who, he avowed had just awakened him from sleep with the words, "I want you to get ready to come with me,—we shall go together to ——," a place in the interior.

D. had then been dead some ten minutes. I visited Asaba to pursue the subject and I questioned the boy personally. He stuck to his story. This was earlier in the week.

This morning the lad was brought in dead from the road. The doctors state that he died from nervous breakdown.

These are plain statements of fact, and I hope will be of some use later.

Forgive brevity—I am headachy, and we have a temperature of 98 in the shade to-day.

Sincere regards from yours,

J. M. STUART-YOUNG.

ONITSHA, SOUTHERN NIGERIA.
*December* 31, 1905.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Some few weeks ago a notice appeared in *Light* that Jesse Shepard was back in England, and, as I had read of his marvellous performances as well as some of the criticisms passed on him, I thought I would like to hear for myself, and arranged with him to come to my house on the 11th inst. Previously the person he calls his "secretary" visited me in order, as he said, to see to the arrangements, but really to implore me to put off an English musician of renown whom he knew, from a letter from me, I had asked to be present, and, as reasons were given me which, in the case of a genuine medium, might be valid, I wrote and put that musician off.

Some twelve people were present besides my wife and self, and they each paid *me* (fortunately!) after the performance ten-and-sixpence, barring two who were invited guests of ours. The thing began, and a more pitiably ludicrous exhibition was rarely tolerated by cultured people. Now I have studied music for more than forty years, and rather more deeply than most amateurs, playing, singing, and composing myself. More—I am myself a medium. Yet further—for many months I was accustomed to sit at the piano in total darkness at my own flat with my private medium in the cabinet, and this combination enabled me to detect that Shepard was no more under spirit-influence than your office cat, and also to hear how he found his way about the keyboard in exactly the same way as I did and do in the dark.

The "influence" of Schumann and Mozart was announced. I am perfectly acquainted with the works of those masters, and could in a way reproduce their styles. In no way could this man. Some "Egyptian" music and march was said to come along. Once again—I have spent many months in Egypt, and, as I was intimate at the court of that country, the Master of the Ceremonies took me to feasts where Egyptian music was played, and I have heard, too, their marches of sorrow. The music that

is played on their military bands is European. The music (?) played on this occasion bore not the least resemblance to the real thing. Yet I hoped, thinking something might be wrong. In vain! Not even when I put out the last faint light was there any improvement in matters; and when it came to the supposed singing of spirits, at which a hysterical German duchess is said to have fainted away, all hope was gone, for it merely consisted of a most dreadful banging on my piano in which, nearly drowned, joined a hideous, bastard, tremulant, toneless bass followed by a most atrocious falsetto in imitation of a soprano voice. All that I have written can be borne out by most of those who were present.

I could say much more, but I think I have said enough.

Finally, I wrote to Jesse Shepard and told him that I had no intention of paying for his humbug, that I should only attend to communications from his lawyer and later forward him receipts for money returned to those who were present. To this letter I have had no reply. I am, etc.,

H. W. THATCHER.

*To the Editor of the* OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In regard to "Glimpses of the Unseen" in your February number, may I ask if you, the writer, or any of your readers can explain how, if the shades of the departed can materialize as therein suggested, they manage to also materialize their old clothes?

I fear that all these "apparitions" are dreams (waking or sleeping) as the result of auto-hypnotic or telepathic influences. No one states he believes in the immortality of clothes; but no one seems to see the ridiculous situation when an enthusiast claims to have seen some eighteenth century celebrity garbed in his eighteenth century clothes.

As to "dreams," the "other things" upon which so much stress is laid are simply the frightful spectres conjured up in the mind by diabolical nurses and mentally materialized out of shadows.

I regard nothing as impossible, but nearly everything in the article seems improbable on the facts given.

Yours faithfully,

*February* 12, 1906. W. J. C.

[I am offering a prize for the best Essay dealing with the subject referred to in the first part of this letter. See Notes of the Month.—ED.]