

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

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## NOTES OF THE MONTH

SINCE the September issue saw the light I have had the opportunity of seeing Miss Marten and Fraulein Müller, the winners of the Animal Ghost Prize Competition. Further investigation has established the fact that the date of story No. 2 may be certainly fixed as January, 1900, while the actual appearance of

the phantom cat took place at the end of the preceding year, probably in the month of December. I sat in the room where the apparition took place, and was introduced to "Kitty," a magnificent specimen of a grey Persian, who received me with befitting dignity, and is, I understand, no longer troubled by the spooks of her predecessors. The cook, I gather, is a pronounced sceptic, and little likely to give encouragement or assistance to anything remotely resembling psychical investigation. In addition to this, she has left the service of the family, and her address at the moment is not forthcoming.

Several of those whose narratives appeared in the last number have not applied for bound volumes of the magazine. I would take this opportunity of reminding them that, under the terms of the competition, they are entitled to any one of the three volumes which they prefer. Will those who wish for a volume kindly communicate with this office ?

In connexion with this Competition, my attention has been drawn to the following record taken from a book entitled *Ghostly Visitors* (London, 1882), with an introduction by M. A. Oxon. (doubtless the late Mr. Stainton Moses). The writer says :—

Late one evening I was returning home along a lane lying to the back of my house in Lancashire, when a huge black dog, with eyes like coals of fire, bounded over a hedge on my right, directly in front of me, with such a fierce, threatening look in its face, that I felt sure he was about to spring at my throat. Retreating backwards, I kept my stick raised in the air, in readiness, should the savage-looking brute fly at me. But this he did not do. After remaining motionless for the space of about five minutes, it leaped over the hedge on my left and disappeared.

The day after I met a friend in the lane, to whom I mentioned the circumstance of the dog, adding that, never having seen it before, I wondered to whom it belonged.

"What!" said my friend, "have you, who have resided so long in this neighbourhood, never seen or heard of Spalding's dog?"

"No."

"Strange," he replied. "I thought every one knew about it."

"Why is it called Spalding's dog?" I asked.

"Because a man of that name was the first to see it. He was a gambler, and one who kept very early hours. Many years ago, when returning home about two o'clock one morning along this lane, the large black dog you describe bounded over the hedge and stood right in his path, glaring on him with its great fiery eyes. It then disappeared as suddenly as it came. This occurrence so frightened Spalding, that for the future he abandoned card-playing. Ever since, this mischief has been frequently seen, and is familiarly known as Spalding's dog."

In an earlier number of the OCCULT REVIEW, in treating of astrological theory, and giving instances of the effects of the transits of planets across the opposition of the sun's place at birth, I drew attention to the fact that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would suffer from the effects of such a transit between May and August of the current year. The long illness of Lady Campbell-Bannerman, ending with her death on August 30

"C.B." AND last, has given a melancholy point to this refer-  
 ASTROLOGY. ence on the domestic side, while on the political side, the ever-widening breach between the Liberals and the Labour party culminated in the same month in an open rupture. A recent election saw them ranged in opposite camps, and heated denunciations from prominent members of either party of the leaders of the other have been the order of the day. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has never been noted for decided opinions of his own, and in politics, as in all other matters, he relied greatly on his wife's judgment

and sagacity. How far he will be disposed to retain office without her ever-ready sympathy and help remains to be seen.

A magnetic mirror, called after the late Sir Richard Burton, has been prepared by an ingenious student of the stars, and claims to be "a delicate instrument, especially designed for augmenting and concentrating the magnetic emanations of living and sentient bodies." It is, I am informed, constructed of highly odylic substances, and backed by a special preparation of chemically-prepared bitumen. It is very small, its surface is black and shining, and in the right mood there are probably few things which you could not see in its fathomless depths. The price is 5s., and it is to be obtained of Sephaniel, at 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

There has been a run on the OCCULT REVIEW Psychometrist. I mention this fact as I have had some complaints from readers whose replies have not appeared as soon as they expected. I do my best to get in as many as possible each month, but I cannot afford to devote more than three pages to this particular section of the paper, so that I am afraid the only remedy is to send up early. I would add a word of caution to a few readers who seem to regard the Psychometrist as a sort of "Professor Knowall" and put questions accordingly. The lady in question lays claims to no such universal knowledge or foresight, and her powers, though remarkable, are strictly limited, as all such powers invariably are, outside the realms of romance. In framing questions may I express a hope that this will be borne in mind?

### £5 PRIZE ESSAY COMPETITION.

As announced in the September number, a prize of £5 will be paid to the competitor who sends in what in the Editor's opinion is the best reply to the following question—

*Judging Jesus Christ by the New Testament narratives, what are we justified in assuming would have been His attitude towards the orthodox Christianity of the present day?*

Pseudonyms should be adopted by Competitors, and their names enclosed in separate sealed envelope. Competitions must be type-written.

Competitions must not exceed 2,000 words in length, and must reach the Editorial Office not later than OCTOBER 20. The Editor reserves to himself the right of printing any of the competitions.

# THE "X" BEHIND PHENOMENA

BY EDWARD CARPENTER

IN my lately-published book *The Art of Creation* I have a chapter on "Matter and Consciousness," in which I have tried to show that we really cannot know or even imagine such a thing as dead and senseless matter. As this position seems a great stumbling-block and difficulty to some readers, I am glad to take this opportunity of supporting and confirming it, as well as of trying to indicate what is the unknown thing or X behind phenomena generally.

One critic (in the *Independent Review* for January, 1905) quotes my words:—"Something therefore not relative to any ego or subject, but having an independent non-mental existence of its own, cannot be known. It cannot even be imagined," and criticizes the statement, saying: "When the object is known, there is, of course, a subject knowing it; but that is no reason why the object should not exist, whether or not there is any one to know it. As a matter of fact, we do, most of us, habitually conceive a world of matter existing before there was any consciousness." I quote these words as an instance of the kind of difficulty people feel—a difficulty which arises, I think, from a misreading of the argument. It will be seen that I do not for a moment deny that "matter," or the objective basis of external phenomena, has an independent existence (and I do not think Berkeley denies this); but I deny that it has an independent *non-mental* existence. If, in fact, there is, beneath or behind phenomena, an underlying "matter" capable of existing *without* relation to any ego or subject, either to the observer or to itself as subject—if it has an independent non-mental existence—then it is clear we cannot know that existence; we cannot even imagine it. That we conceive of icebergs existing at the South Pole, when for years perhaps there is no one to look upon them, is perfectly true; but of course we know quite well that what we are thinking of in such case are the outward phenomena of light-sparkles on the ice or the cold touch of it to our hands, which are merely *our sensations*; and it is only by confusion that we think of these as the underlying "object." To suppose that those sensations of light and cold exist when there is absolutely no creature present that can see or feel, would be absurd. Nevertheless, that there

is somehow "a permanent possibility of sensation" there, as J. S. Mill says, we do believe—and quite rightly; but the question before us is whether we are to conceive that "possibility" as having subjectivity, or as entirely non-subjective and unrelated to Mind—as "dead matter" in fact. It *may* be of the latter character. We cannot venture to say that that is impossible. All we can say is that, if so, we cannot imagine it—we cannot form any figure or image of it at all.

But on the other hand, if we conceive that "possibility of sensation," that underlying existence, that *substance*, as having subjectivity, and a self of some kind, then I say we *can* figure it, we can imagine it. For since we are accustomed to think of sensations and phenomena as having relation to our selves as subjects—at this, the hither end of our experience—so it is possible for us to think of those sensations and phenomena as having relation to a subject at the other end. We can figure this in thought. And, if there is a self or subject at the opposite end, we can see that it is possible to know something of that self or subject—just as we find it is possible to know something of our invisible friends who lie behind the voices and faces of daily life.

It does not, of course, follow from this, as a matter of logic, that the "substance" of the material world *has* subjectivity. All we can certainly say is, that such supposition is thinkable; there is no obvious bar to it. The opposite supposition we cannot think. In any case, logic (which has to do with the operations of the mind) obviously cannot *prove* the existence of Mind, which is its own axiom. It cannot *prove* our own existence as selves, nor the existence of other selves. Logic does and must clear the ground in every way, and show what is thinkable and what is unthinkable; but the final step to that which is beyond or behind thought must be taken by something different from thought.

The following quotations from Berkeley's *Principles of Human Knowledge* may throw light on the general position. "But, say you, surely there is nothing easier than for me to imagine trees, for instance, in a park, or books existing in a closet, and nobody by to perceive them. I answer, you may so, there is no difficulty in it; but what is all this, I beseech you, more than framing in your mind certain ideas which you call books and trees, and the same time omitting to frame the idea of any one that may perceive them." . . . "Now for an idea to exist in an unperceiving thing is a manifest contradiction, for to have an idea is all one as to perceive; that therefore wherein colour, figure, and the like qualities exist must perceive them; hence it is clear there

can be no unthinking substance or substratum of those ideas." . . . "The ideas of Sense are allowed to have more reality in them, that is to be more strong, orderly and coherent than the creatures of the mind (imagination); but this is no argument that they exist without the mind. They are less dependent on the spirit, or thinking substance which perceives them, in that they are excited by the will of another and more powerful spirit; yet still they are *ideas*, and certainly no idea, whether faint or strong, can exist otherwise than in a mind perceiving it."

The whole subject may be attacked (as has often been done \*) in another way. We may take any object, and *peel* off from it, in thought, all those qualities or attributes which are clearly due to our own sensations or modes of perception. What then remains? Let us suppose an Orange. An orange is a bit of Matter. It has many attributes. It has colour, smell, taste, a certain *feel* in the hand, softness, weight, stickiness, etc. Let us examine, then, these attributes. Let us take colour first. We are accustomed nowadays to think of colour as mental. We are told of vibrations which excite the sensation of colour in the eye. In that sense the orange has not colour; it only is something which produces that sensation in us. Similarly of its fragrance and flavour; they are clearly our own sensations. We cannot say for certain that they belong to the orange *in itself*. Thus Sight, Smell and Taste tell us little or nothing about the latter. What then of Touch? Here surely we are near the real thing. Touch surely tells us what Matter is. It is the most primitive of the senses, and the other senses are evolved, as we now know, out of it. Here we are getting close to our subject; and when, like Dr. Johnson, we kick the doorstep, we surely may not deny that we are getting some solid information!

What then does Touch tell us? In order to be quite clear about this, and not to confuse the issue, let us imagine ourselves to be quite blind and sensationless, *except* for Touch. Press your thumb against the wall, or grasp an orange in your hand; close your eyes, remove all thought of smell or taste, heat or cold. What do you then experience? Your experience is that *Something* resists your thumb; *something* prevents your hand closing. You must not say; the Wall resists my thumb. You must not say: the Orange prevents my hand closing. For the "Wall" and the "Orange" are only images which your senses of sight, etc., have

\* See T. H. Huxley, *Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews*, ch. xiv on Descartes; Josiah Royce, *The Spirit of Modern Philosophy*, Lecture VI; etc.

made—images in your brain, or in your mind. It is not these *images* which are exercising that resistance which you feel. Besides in examining this sense of Touch we agreed to bar out the evidence of the other senses; and without the other senses you would never have used the words wall or orange. No, all you can say is that *something*, in each case, is resisting.

Thus, analyse it as you will, the sense of Touch only delivers to you similar evidence to that the other senses deliver—namely, that something is acting upon them. Something invades or modifies our senses; something resists our movements. And the forms of Matter—all the various aspects and shapes that it takes—are the play of that something on our minds; but that those forms *are* matter itself we cannot say. We cannot say that the orange *is* soft, for to a fly it might appear as hard as a lump of gold. We cannot say that a lump of gold *is* hard, for to a powerful giant it might seem soft as putty. If an orange thrown in the dark should hit you in the eye, you would certainly say *something* had hit you, though you knew not what; but because in hitting your eye it produced the sensation of a shower of sparks you would not be entitled to say that a shower of sparks had hit you! that is, the sensation produced is not necessarily of the same nature as the thing that produces the sensation.

Let us call this unknown Thing or Being which produces sensations, or a sensation, in our minds, X. Then with regard to the nature of X there are, it seems to me, only three suppositions possible. (1) It may be a living and conscious being, i.e. conscious in some degree or other, and having subjectivity—in which case, for brevity, we might call it a Self. (2) It may be a wholly dead and unconscious substance—something like the "dead matter" of the last-century science—a substratum for phenomena, but not in itself a phenomenon, or intelligent, or intelligible—in which case it is difficult to find a word for it; but we might call it a Phantom Lump: a Lump because of its dead unintelligent nature, a Phantom because so utterly beyond grasp or conception. Or (3) we may suppose it to be Nothing at all. I think these three suppositions fairly cover the possible ground. Let us take the last first.

The unknown existence behind phenomena may be nothing at all. As far as pure logic goes that is perfectly feasible. The play of the senses which we call the outer world *may* be merely a dream-play of the receiving mind itself, self-caused by the mind. That any thing or being is acting on the mind from without may be pure illusion. Many philosophers have held this view, and

for the armchair logician it may be tenable and acceptable. Nevertheless, there is one serious and fatal objection to it—namely that it will not *work*. Practically the conviction that something is acting from outside upon us is so fundamental in our experience, so ingrained, so universal, that do what we may we cannot escape it. For a moment, in the armchair, we may deliver ourselves up to dreams; but as soon as we wake up again to practical life this conviction reasserts itself; the outer world assumes a *reality*, which neither in thought, speech, nor act, can we avoid admitting. I propose therefore to dismiss this supposition that X is nothing at all, as practically untenable and of no use to us, and as contrary to pragmatism.

The 2nd supposition—i.e. that X is a Phantom Lump—a thing insentient, lifeless and inscrutable, behind phenomena—is also in a sense feasible. As far as pure logic goes there is no bar to it. But here again it is of no use. It is like saying X is Y; where Y is a thing which is not only unknown to us, but of which, from the nature of the case, we cannot possibly form any image. X *may* be Y; but if it is we are no wiser. Therefore though the second supposition may be correct, it is of no value or help to us in any way.

There remains the first supposition—i.e. that X is a self or selves. Here, though as far as strict logic is concerned, there is no more proof than in the other cases, there is this difference, that, immediately, the situation becomes intelligible and full of light and suggestion. It is a supposition that we can *think*, that we can form an image of, and that is corroborated by analogy in such a way as almost to amount to proof. In the first place, if X, the thing behind phenomena, is a self or selves, that is an idea that is already in part familiar to us. We have some knowledge of what we mean by our own selves, and though that knowledge is not by any means complete, yet the word self conveys to us a distinct meaning. We habitually posit a self as subsisting behind our own bodies and actions, and we posit selves as subsisting behind the outer forms of our friends. It is only therefore an extension of this idea to suppose selves or a self as existing behind or within the form of the smallest microbe or cell or within or behind the least atom of Matter. To attribute in fact to Matter some degree of subjectivity and conscious life—though it *may* not be correct—is at any rate not a difficult thing to do, and it falls into line with so much of our experience generally that it commends itself to us as a likely supposition. In the second place, as already pointed out, this supposition brings X, the unknown



thing, *into relation with phenomena*. For as a self perceives sensations and phenomena, so it is not difficult to think of it as a ground or origin of sensations or phenomena. It is not the same as these, but it is the thing or being in which these inhere. Phenomena—as Berkeley says, and as we have just pointed out—are ideas excited in us from without. The X which excites those ideas is as likely to be a self, as is that which receives them; whereas if X is a phantom lump we can see no connexion between it and the ideas which it excites; since “for an idea to exist in an unperceiving thing is a manifest contradiction.” Thus by positing a self or selves behind phenomena we make a supposition which is not only intelligible to us, but which falls into line with much of our daily assumption and experience, and which enables us to see a real connexion and relation between the phenomenal world and that which underlies it.

I think therefore that we are practically compelled to take up this position: namely, that phenomena are ideas conveyed to our minds by a self or selves outside of us.

A word of warning here is, however, necessary. The ideas conveyed must not be confused with the self from which they originate; and we must guard against the error of supposing that such self is limited or described by the ideas we obtain about it. It is evident in fact, that the ideas which come to us are modified by the action of our own minds, and as in conversation between two people the ideas interchanged are always a sort of joint product of the two individualities, so it may be in our converse or intercourse with the material world. A bee does not probably see such and such a plant or flower exactly the same as we see it, because its mind being different from ours is differently affected by the mind of the plant or flower. But, again, it is evident that it does distinguish the form, colour, fragrance, honey-sweetness, etc., to a great extent the same as we do—and this remarkable fact, namely that two creatures so greatly different as man and a little insect should envisage the same object so *much* alike, does greatly strengthen the supposition that in the flower or plant there is a distinct objective self seeking for expression. And this may lead us finally to suppose that, notwithstanding the various and differing impressions received from the same object by different creatures or at different times, there *is* a real utterance going on in creation; and that perfected man (perhaps as far beyond the present-day man as the latter is beyond the bee) may be able to read that utterance perfectly, and to see all creatures in their real selves and true being, as they are.

## TWO CASES OF AUDITORY HAUNTING

BY ARTHUR HILL

IT seems to have almost become a doctrine among psychical researchers that the most promising field of research is in the direction of communications through a medium in a state of trance. It is true that this form of psychic supernormality seems to be the most nearly allied, of any of these inexplicable phenomena, to the form of supernormality which is observable in experimental telepathy ; and consequently there may be more hope of finding a place in a coherent system for the phenomena of trance messages, than for phenomena of more *bizarre* type which seem almost to defy even hypothetical explanation. Telepathy between living minds is now regarded by most of us as a scientifically proven fact ; and if in such cases as Mrs. Piper's and Mrs. Thompson's we come across what appears to be telepathy from the dead, we are better able to believe, and better able to classify the results, than in the case of phenomena for which we have no experimental analogue. It seems probable, therefore, that the first phase of occultism to be recognized by orthodox science—though the day is perhaps in the very remote future—will be the phase which is concerned with trance-messages of the Piper and Thompson type ; and to most of us these identity-proving messages will remain as the best evidence available for the belief in the survival of human personality past bodily death.

But as regards myself, I confess to a fondness for the more *bizarre* phenomena. Identity-proving trance-messages are interesting, whether we think they really prove, or only suggest, the continued existence of the alleged spirit ; and researches in this direction must be continued. But when we have got them at least partially explained—by the extension of the experimentally-proved hypothesis of telepathy—we feel that they have lost their first attractiveness. The virgin forest is beginning to be cleared and exploited ; and the adventurous pioneer moves on to the risks and the joys of untrodden wilds. The more restless spirits among us feel a slackening of interest in trance-messages, and a hankering after the more inexplicable ; not, indeed, out of mere

love of the sensational, but in the hope and with the desire of finding explanations for the latter, as telepathy has been found as explanation of the former. Out of a collection which I am making, I will give two cases—hitherto unpublished—which may be of interest to our readers. They are not particularly sensational, and they are of fairly common type; their interest to me is chiefly in consequence of the high quality of the evidence, which to me personally is sufficient to carry conviction of the truth of the *facts*, whatever their interpretation. I change the names, and suppress the locality.

Six months ago, Mr. and Mrs. Wills, with their little girl of five years of age, went to reside in a house situated in a suburb of a northern town. Soon after taking up their abode there, the child began to complain of being frightened by noises, after being put to bed in the evening. Little notice was taken of this, the fears being regarded as the outcome of the usual childish imagination. One night, however, Mr. and Mrs. Wills distinctly heard the front door open and close with a bang—they had gone to bed, and the door had of course been locked—followed by the noisy opening of the inner door in the hall. Heavy footsteps marched on the passage, tramped upstairs, walked on the landing, and tramped up the attic stairs. When the footsteps reached the top of the flight, there was a heavy thud, as of a man falling headlong; then silence. Mr. Wills got up and searched the house, but found nothing.

This became a common occurrence, and the programme never varied. There was always the apparent opening and banging of two doors, the heavy footsteps up two flights of stairs, and the headlong fall; then silence. One evening, Mr. Wills went out, and Mrs. Wills was sitting with a lady friend in the front room. Suddenly the door banged open, and shut again in the now too well-known style. The friend, thinking that Mr. Wills had returned, remarked that he was "back early"; but Mrs. Wills said, "That is not my husband; come into the hall with me." Footsteps tramped on the passage, and were going upstairs when the two ladies reached the hall; they followed the footsteps upstairs, but saw nothing. About this time, a sister of Mr. Wills came on a visit, with the intention of staying about a week. *Nothing was said to her about the disturbing noises, and no hint was dropped as to anything unusual about the house.* The first night she was there she heard the same sounds, and went into the Wills' room in terror. She went home the next day, instead of staying a week as she had intended. The phenomena continued at intervals for

five months; the child developed a serious nervous disease, caused—the doctor thought—by “some fright”; Mr. Wills, though a strong man and a disbeliever in the supernatural, became ill and nervous; and they began to hunt for a fresh house, recognizing that continued residence amid such happenings was impossible.

The foregoing details were communicated to me at second-hand; but my informants are intimate friends of my own, who are also intimate with two of the percipients, from whom they heard the story. I can rely to the uttermost on the integrity and general trustworthiness of my friend and his wife—my informants—and they vouch similarly for the veracity of the percipients. The latter are quiet, respectable, chapel-going people, of unblemished reputation. I have refrained from putting myself into direct communication with the percipients, because they are so much upset by their weird experience that they try to forget about it as much as possible, and would consequently resent questioning.

My next case was told me by one of the percipients, whom I know intimately. I can rely absolutely on her integrity, and on her memory for the main details. I obtained an independent account from the other percipient, and the agreement is practically exact. The following account is as nearly as possible in the percipient's own words, but I have altered names and suppressed dates, lest pain should be given to surviving relatives.

“A few years ago” [exact date given] “I was staying, with my sister, at the house of a Mrs. Jones, in a Lancashire village. One evening a messenger brought information that my brother Tom, whose place of business was in a town a few miles distant, had been hurt; but in his business slight accidents are common, and we did not feel alarmed. Also, the messenger did not give us to understand that the accident was at all serious in nature. We retired for the night soon after nine o'clock that evening, my sister and I sleeping in the same room. Just as my sister was getting into bed, and before I had finished undressing, both of us heard a succession of sounds as of heavy blows struck on the wall. The part of the wall in which they occurred was an “out-wall”—i.e. did not adjoin another house—and the outside of that part could be seen by looking out of the open window. It was only a few minutes after nine o'clock, and the month being June, and the locality in the north of England, the light was good enough not only to see but even to recognize any human being who might have been causing the sounds. We looked out

of the window, and I climbed out upon a ledge of the roof, in order to have a more complete view ; but there was absolutely no visible cause, and meanwhile the knocking continued. We then fetched Mrs. Jones ; but no cause of the sounds could be discovered. Eventually, we went to bed, but not to sleep ; the knocking continued until about three a.m., and we lay awake in a state of terror. (The sleepless night, coupled with the fright and long-continued tension, brought on in my case an illness which culminated in brain fever.) Early in the morning following this terrible night, a messenger brought the news that my brother Tom had died at 8.45 the previous night—about twenty or twenty-five minutes before the noises began. One peculiar feature about the sounds was that they were *not audible in the other rooms* ; though in this one room they seemed loud enough to be heard all over the house."

In this last-named case there seems to be a strong probability that the sounds were due to the agency of the newly-departed spirit. I have closely cross-examined my informant, and I am satisfied from her replies and from the independent corroborative testimony of her sister, that the mysterious sounds did really occur, and that no hypothesis of normal causation can be satisfactorily invoked. I ascribe them, therefore, at least as a provisional hypothesis, to the agency of the departed spirit. It happens that this young man was the favourite brother of one of the percipients ; and it is probable that his thoughts would naturally turn to her in his hour of stress. But we cannot assume that he *consciously* and *deliberately* produced these sounds, for to terrify his favourite sister into brain fever would be far from his wish. It seems therefore probable—as was thought by Myers—that in such cases the agent is not present in anything like the fulness of his personality ; that he is not aware of the effects he is causing in our world. It may be, as Myers has suggested, that these phenomena are the *dreams of the dead* ; and it would seem at present that some such hypothesis is the only satisfactory explanation of cases of this kind. Perhaps when we have garnered a larger accumulation of well-authenticated cases, we may be able to formulate a more detailed theory, which may at the same time help to co-ordinate and explain other phenomena of equally inscrutable nature. For the present, the prime need is *more facts*—more and better-authenticated and carefully-reported facts.

# REMINISCENCES OF LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

BY A CALIFORNIAN

THE recent earthquake in California severely damaged and, in some instances, entirely wrecked the beautiful buildings of the University at Palo Alto, which was founded by Senator Leland Stanford, as a memorial to his dead child, an only son, and for that reason named "The Leland Stanford Junior University."

The "Leland Stanford Junior," the one free educational institution of its kind in the world, with an ever-increasing endowment of, at present, \$33,000,000, is open to all boys and girls, men and women alike, independent of nationality or creed. There opportunities are afforded, not only for pursuing the higher branches of human knowledge forming the natural curriculum of a University, but, owing to the strong views of its founder as to the importance of proper early training, provision is also made for kindergartens, admitting little ones from the age of four, as well as for primary and other schools preparatory to the University Courses.

The peculiar breadth and liberality of the basic principles on which it was founded, the severe yet poetic beauty of its architecture—semi-Aztek, semi-Moorish—the loveliness of the site where it stands, the original and quietly masterful character of its founder, all combine to endow this youngest of universities with especial interest.

Senator Stanford was a large well-built man with dark hair and blue eyes. Though his appearance suggested rugged force, he possessed native distinction, and his voice was low and rich and exceedingly gentle. Bismarck had been much impressed by him "as one of the rare men who think out all things for themselves—as a man of fresh and original mentality."

He was, it will doubtless be remembered, one of the three men who first laid a railway across the vast desert regions spanning two mountain ranges, the Rockies and the Sierras, to link the eastern part of America, and the rest of the habitable world lying orient-wise, with the new Golden State of the West. He was called at first a "dreamer of dreams" when he promulgated the idea of his gigantic task, and proposed to substitute a few days' journey for long weary months of waggon travel across

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trackless wastes, and to provide security instead of the constant dangers of being attacked and massacred by Indians, which was the frequent fate of the pioneers who braved the hardship and peril of making their way to the Far-west in those early days.

Senator Stanford was a builder by type. He lived not only to set up the great highway he had conceived, but to dream yet other dreams and fix them in massive stone and a living formula, for the brave new world which itself arose in California, as if from swift imagination, peopled with the children of those who, leaving the old tired life behind them, won across the burning wastes, seeking out new ways, a young generation glad and strong. The youth, Leland Stanford, was one of that new western race to which his father had opened the doors.

The Senator had practically educated himself and had always regretted not having had the advantages of University or proper school education. It was great happiness to him to be able to provide his son with the best the world could give in the way of scholastic training. His hopes were all bound up in that son's destiny. Suddenly, in the full fairness and joy of his expectations, the boy caught Roman fever and died.

The Senator and his wife were completely stunned by that sudden blow of fate, and, being without any deep religious convictions to sustain them, found no antidote to the despair that overwhelmed them. Day after day and all night through, the distracted parents remained by the dead, watching,—one at the feet, the other at the head, utterly overcome with sorrow, refusing to allow the body to be buried. Reason itself at length appeared about to give way.

At this time a spiritualistic medium made many vain endeavours to gain access to the stricken parents, claiming that she had received a message from the boy, and that he had insisted upon communicating with his father. After much fruitless effort, the medium was able to break through the strict guard kept by relatives and friends over the Senator and his wife. In their distraction they listened to the message and consented to take part in a séance.

They received a "communication" to the effect that there was no cause for grief, that the death had been, on the contrary, providential; that thereby the boy's earth-life mission would be best fulfilled, and that the vast fortune which would have been his, was to be used by his father to found a great Californian seat of learning, which was destined to become a mighty centre of light and understanding.

The Senator and Mrs. Stanford were fully satisfied that they were conversing with the mind of their son. The effect of the communication was extraordinary. Their grief became completely calmed; they were content quite simply to turn away from their tears; and began at once to consider the ways and means of carrying out what they accepted to be their son's behest.

From that day up to the time of their own leave-taking of this life, Senator and Mrs. Stanford were wholly and entirely devoted to the execution of their great plan, developing it with quiet and steady mastery, bringing to their assistance the counsels and opinions of the foremost educational minds of the time, studying every aspect and relation of the question and forming conclusions and decisions only after careful thought.

There was never any more grief nor regret, which indeed they grew to look upon as a want of understanding not admitting of any justification, beyond the mere personal indulgence of desire for the presence of the loved one, that desire, which parents must always sacrifice, more or less, in all cases when a son enters upon manhood's obligations, and goes forth to his own individual life fight.

I remember Senator Stanford saying some years later, that "though the thought of death is repugnant, it ought not to be so, as that which is inevitable and belongs to nature's universal law, as much as does birth, cannot contain cause for alarm," and that "children are afraid of the dark while their understanding remains unripened or under the influence of bogey-stories. It is the mystery, the *not seeing* that frightens."

My impression is that neither the Senator nor his wife had, prior to that time, ever had any dealings with spiritualists. A curious occurrence, however, which was extensively commented upon by the Californian newspapers at the moment of the Senator's death, reveals a deep blending of the mystical in his otherwise exceedingly practical nature.

In the grounds of his house at Palo Alto (now forming part of the vast estate left to the University) stands, or stood, a palm tree, for which the Senator cherished a curious affection, almost as if it were an animated being. He used to say, half in jest, that he believed his love for the tree was reciprocated, and that he felt sure that when the day came for him to depart this life, the tree would die too. As a matter of fact, the palm did begin to wither when he died, and shortly afterwards had every appearance of being dead from the root up.

Notwithstanding Senator Stanford's high appreciation of



## LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY 191

scholastic training, he placed character and its corollary, independence of judgment, beyond all else in education. That fact is illustrated by the whole organization of the "Stanford Junior," which, contrary to the world-worn theory that Universities are not made in a day, but must be the growth of slow centuries, came into being with one stroke of the pen, as it were, or, at least, with the single supreme effort of one man's waning years.

In making Dr. Starr Jordan virtual dictator over the nascent destinies of this great new group of schools, their founder emphasized further his faith in the value of character and independent thought. When Dr. Jordan cabled him, "What motto shall we take?" Senator Stanford answered with natural confidence in his chosen President: "*Use your own judgment*"—which words Dr. Jordan, also with characteristic appreciation, promptly set up as the text of the device best expressing the aim and end of the teaching of the Leland Stanford Junior University.

Richardson, the first important truly American architect, was chosen to design this typically American institution, which was the seeming product of spontaneous generation—like many other American institutions, but like them also, perhaps, deeply founded on the oldest conquests of human knowledge, and drawing its life-sap from profound hidden streams of thought and feeling coming down to us from the most ancient days.

The style chosen for the buildings was meant to recall somewhat the old California Mission Houses which early Spanish Padres built, cherishing the remembrance of the Moorish buildings of ancient Spain. Richardson's plans required great breadth and majesty, and he relied also on other relics of construction found in those coast countries of the Pacific, relics reminiscent of antique civilizations long since gone back into the world of shadows and dreams.

In the present reconstruction of the buildings shattered by the earthquake, the original plans which, unhappily after the death of the architect and of the Senator, had been partly interfered with, are being strictly adhered to.

Before long, more perfect than ever in its grand poetic beauty, Leland Stanford Junior University will stand again amid the rich vineyards and other lands of its endowment, among scattered groups of ilex and oak, of cedar and palm trees and roses, at the base of the gentle slopes and low foot-hills of the Santa Cruz coast range of mountains, between the hot inland and the breeze-swept shores of the Pacific Ocean, potent for new life, for independent judgment and spiritual strength.

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# THE DUAL CONSCIOUSNESS

## SUBLIMINAL AND SUPRALIMINAL

BY K. E. H. A.

"Man's unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his greatness: it is because there is an Infinite in him which, with all his cunning, he cannot quite bury under the Finite."—*Sartor Resartus*.

OBSERVATION of consciousness in Man has led in a certain school of thought to the distinction of a division into surface and deeper mind, supraliminal and subliminal. The one a hewer of wood and drawer of water, the other "something that was before the heavens and owes no homage unto the sun" (*Religio Medici*). The supraliminal deals with the more immediate and necessary mental and bodily life, controlled always by the subliminal, which, while watch is kept on the great mechanism, can yet disengage itself and explore the vast unknown continents of Memory and Mind; can, while the surface mind notes the visible world, see with other sight the phantasms of beauty and mystery that are more real than the shadows of Time.

In the expression of "self-possession" the fact is clearly indicated that some part of the mind—or another mind behind that—stands sentinel before the door of the emotions. A sentinel who only gives place to the savage—dormant in all natures—in some moral cataclysm. The more highly developed intellectually and morally the nature, the stronger the subliminal consciousness; it is the mentor, the one who knows, the still small voice that guides and warns; it makes no mistake, sees the true proportions of the affairs of life, and will show them clearly and fairly if listened to in the right spirit. It is at work in the loom of life weaving the tremendous web of human endeavour, science and philosophy. And above this unceasing, unceasing engine the supraliminal moves and performs the daily tasks of occupation and habit. Behind the dark veil of sleep the subliminal works and watches, and we call our semi-consciousness of it dream or vision. In the prophet or the seer, it assumes command of the whole army of human forces, and subdues them to its imperious will. It whispers and we say "an idea strikes me," and do not pause to ask how—out of our non-knowledge—that idea had birth. In high converse, without its ready interpreta-

tion and illumination, who could understand the souls behind the speech? for one half of speech among the cultured and intellectual is silent comprehension. Mere words the rest. The shuttle of the subliminal is thrown without ceasing between mind and mind, and weaves cloth of gold.

The facts of life are silent, like its mysteries. But thought, the conscious appeal to the subliminal power, ponders, compares, and elucidates: the meaning becomes plain and clear and the world cries "a discovery!" But a discovery only lifts the veil, for the whole was always there, for him who could read aright that Rossetta stone. In the world around us—which is also the beyond—lies the answer to every need of body and of soul to be found and used.

This world is a shadow, the substance is the unseen and eternal realm of the spirit. With other sight, the serene vision of saint and philosopher, must that world be perceived, and its meaning sought. The instrument of perception is the deeper mind: for it the universe exists. In matter, long despised, it sees the vehicle of force; in change, called time, decay and death, the onward movement towards the desire of the nations. By the aid of Science, now handmaid to Religion, the deeper mind gives to man great confirmation of the soul's existence; behind the shadow that is this world, sees the reality, and God—"whose work both dream and dreamer are." Men call the wisdom of the deeper mind genius and intuition, the first manifested in literature, art and science, the second, clear and unerring in matters of mind and soul. From the subliminal comes the thought, the dream, that makes the world marvel, and sets for ever on the brow of thinker or dreamer the seal of inspiration. It is that which makes the mind understand truth. Its power is infinite, for it can apprehend God; the finite cannot apprehend the infinite, for to apprehend means affinity.

What we see is the shadow, the type, the emblem. The symbol takes a clear form in the mind, and the subliminal is no longer second, but first, which is its true order. The intellect, trained and developed, but humble, sees before it an illimitable expanse, world upon world rolling beyond sight. Step by step at first, then on the wings of imagination, and intuition, the distance is covered, with an interpreter who unceasingly explains. And lo! more worlds to conquer, which is Eternity.

Without the subliminal consciousness, life would be without meaning. In the smallest necessary manufactured for daily use is thought embodied: a need is felt or noticed, and the

mind straightway directs the supraliminal to seize the material and fit it to the need. The workman may labour without conscious thought, but the subliminal directs the hand towards the completion of the work. Food, raiment, furniture, machinery and all the myriad utensils and compounds of civilization, each is an embodied thought. From the subliminal have bloomed the flowers of genius—each manifestation came from *within* the man whose name labelled the triumph of mind.

In optimism the subliminal delights. In the hours of sorrow, of soul-darkness, we can hear it speak, if we will, of courage and coming peace. We say "I know," but do we realize that that is true? That we have a secret knowledge that transcends all teaching? In each man's heart, if he will search, lies the pearl of price, the subliminal wisdom that can make the darkness light and all mystery plain. From that source, the God within the soul, the ages have drawn their comfort and their knowledge.

In lame and doubting endeavour towards the highest of man's faculties—the perception of the true occult—we have advanced in this century. But with greater confidence the movement will be more sure, more rapid. Belief is the philosopher's stone, indicated in the mysterious records of the ancient book, shining in the sacred writings of many lands that we in arrogance call "Pagan." In the words of the Christ of our religion, belief is ever the key to Heaven, but He calls it faith. That key can open also all the gates of earth. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," cries the Master, and the path once entered, a guide awaits us willing and unerring. It need not appall the most timid: for the reward of true faith is confidence, and in that way and that truth no man ever failed or perished.

# MORE GLIMPSES OF THE UNSEEN

BY REGINALD B. SPAN

## PART II

THE authors of that remarkable book, *The Alleged Haunting of B—— House*,\* record an instance of ghostly dogs haunting a house.

These dogs were only a few of many phantoms which disturbed the quietness of that Scotch mansion, as the forms of a nun, a monk, an old woman, an old gentleman, and other wraiths were often seen there. The dogs were more often heard than seen—running about the passages and rooms at nights, and jumping up against the doors—sometimes brushing up against people. On several occasions a black spaniel was distinctly seen to appear suddenly, run across a room and vanish; also two large black dogs were seen which also disappeared mysteriously. A little dog belonging to a visitor was brought into the house, and evinced the greatest terror of the ghostly dogs, often seeing them when they were only audible to the people there.

It seems that a former owner of B—— House, a Major S——, an eccentric old man, kept a large number of dogs of which he was very fond, and after his death these dogs were destroyed by order of the new owner. However, the dogs were not so easily disposed of, as their wraiths continued to occupy the house, and the old Major was evidently with them, as the figure of an old man was several times seen which was recognized as he, and his peculiar shuffling footsteps were often heard along the corridors at nights.

A cousin of mine when travelling in the West of Ireland, once stopped at an inn which had a haunted room. He had with him a dog which was not afraid of anything, and was very savage at times. He decided to occupy the haunted chamber for one night and see what his dog would do with a ghost, though he really did not believe in the supernatural, and expected to find some easy natural explanation of the haunted room.

In case he had to deal with some substantial material intruder intent on playing tricks, or robbery, he armed himself with a stout blackthorn, and lighting all the candles at his disposal searched the room well, and after securely fastening the door sat up to

\* See Correspondence, p. 224.

await developments, with the dog lying at his feet. Shortly after midnight he heard footsteps coming slowly up the narrow old staircase to his door, and as they approached nearer, the dog started to growl, then sprang to its feet and rushed across the room barking and growling. The handle of the door was turned, and it slowly opened—but only an icy cold wind came in. The dog flew furiously at the opened door (as at an unseen intruder), and then with a yelp of terror and dismay turned tail and fled precipitately before the sound of footsteps slowly and deliberately crossing the floor. It took refuge under the bed, where it cowered, shivering violently in abject terror, and nothing would induce it to move or come out. My cousin was somewhat surprised and startled at the opening of the locked door and the sound of footsteps when there was no one to be seen, but he was still more astonished at the conduct of his dog, which was generally so fierce and brave. The next day, however, the dog was quite itself again, but it would not re-enter that room even in daytime.

It is very evident that dogs, horses, and other animals of the same degree of intelligence are able to see (and sense) creatures of the Unseen to which our eyes are blind.

A Hereford farmer (a Mr. G——) who has a large farm 14 miles from Hereford, told me that one evening he was driving home from market, and to take a short cut, drove down a lonely lane he had not traversed before. When in a dark part of the road the horse suddenly pulled up, snorting with fright, and refused to go on. As he could see nothing ahead to cause the animal any alarm, he administered several sharp cuts with the whip, with the result that he was nearly overturned into the ditch, as the terrified horse plunged frantically from one side of the road to the other. He could not understand this conduct as the horse was generally so well behaved and did not shy at anything.

He then got down and tried leading it gently forward, but the animal refused to move, and continued to tremble and snort with fear.

Eventually he was obliged to turn round and drive back and take another road home.

On relating the incident to friends later, he was told that a murder had been committed at that spot several years before, and that a wraith was supposed to haunt that part of the road. Another farmer told him that on one occasion he happened to be passing down that road after dark on horseback, and his horse refused to go beyond a certain spot, and he was obliged to turn back after severely punishing his horse.

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Such instances remind one of Balaam's ass which saw the "angel of the Lord" in the way, and stubbornly refused to go forward, which apparent fit of obstinacy caused Balaam to lose his temper and strike the animal, whereupon the spirit called out to Balaam and rebuked him, which was perhaps hardly deserved under the circumstances.

During the extraordinary spirit manifestations which occurred in the home of John Wesley at Epworth, the phantom forms of two animals appeared, one being a large white rabbit, and the other an animal like a badger, which used to appear in the bedrooms and run about and then disappear, whilst the various bangings and rappings were at their loudest.

One of my brothers used to declare that he saw an animal like a rabbit in the drawing-room of a house we used to occupy. Many strange and inexplicable things occurred in that house which were not due to any natural cause or reason. I remember that loud rappings used to sound round about my room at nights, even when I had a light burning. I was often awakened by rappings on the floor by my bed, which would then sound on the walls and furniture, and were heard by others occupying rooms some distance off. That was long before I knew anything about Spiritualism or the Occult World.

It was in the afternoon in broad daylight when my brother saw this mysterious animal.

He was in the drawing-room alone, and as he was standing at one side of the room looking at a picture on the wall, he heard a noise behind him, and found on looking round that a sofa which generally lay against one of the walls had been lifted by some unknown power into the middle of the room, at the same time he saw an animal like a rabbit run from under the sofa across the room and disappear into the wall. He searched everywhere for the animal, which could not have escaped from the room, as the door and windows were closed, but was unable to find any sign of one or any hole whereby one might have passed out.

An instance of a ghost having a form half-human and half-animal in appearance, was told me by the Rev. F. Bennet (of the Anglican Church, Prescott, Arizona, U.S.A.). Some friends of his took an old castle in the South of Ireland—a very ancient and picturesque building standing in beautiful and extensive grounds. They heard that the place was supposed to be "haunted" before they decided to take it, but as the rent was low they had no objection to such trifling inconveniences as "ghosts," and were well content to take the risk of being turned out by some

interesting apparition, which they had heard had caused previous tenants to leave in horror. There were strange legends about certain ancestors of the ancient family who owned the castle, whose wicked deeds in mediaeval times had struck terror into all the country round, and resulted in the castle becoming "haunted" by horrible "influences," which, however, were chiefly confined to the older part of the building which was disused and seldom tenanted.

The new tenants of T—— Castle were delighted with the place, and were soon comfortably settled there. At first all was quiet; and as nothing uncanny could be detected, they came to the conclusion that the reports they had heard were grossly exaggerated, if not altogether untrue, and straightway dismissed the idea of ghosts and the place being "haunted." After a time strange noises were heard at nights, which, however, were attributed to rats and the wind—and their own imaginations. Then the servants began to complain of footsteps outside their doors at nights and some one trying to enter their rooms. It was then thought that they must have heard stories and fantastic legends from the credulous and ignorant villagers, which had excited their imaginations, so that they fancied they heard such sounds. To prevent their leaving they were changed into other rooms, and for a time all went well. One night Mrs. A—— (the lady of the house) was very late in retiring, and before getting into bed was sitting before the fire in her bedroom. (Her husband had gone to Dublin, and she was alone for a few days.) Everybody had gone to bed and the house was very still. Suddenly the silence was broken by the sharp bang of a door in the corridor where her room was, followed by the sound of footsteps—but most peculiar footsteps—moving in a stealthy way down the corridor. She opened her door and went outside with a lighted candle to see who or what it was. At the end of the passage she saw in the dim light an extraordinary-looking figure moving with a clumsy, shambling, but stealthy tread towards the stairway. She held the light above her head to get a better view, and the creature turned round for an instant and looked at her, disclosing a human face of revolting hideousness surmounting what appeared to be the body of a huge ape, and then in an instant it had vanished. Shrieking with terror she rushed back into her room.

One of her daughters who occupied the adjoining room was awakened by the noise, and came hurriedly in to see what had happened, and learning the cause of alarm tried to persuade Mrs. A—— that she had been dreaming—had fallen asleep in the chair before



the fire and had a nightmare. It was decided (whether it was a dream or not) not to mention the incident to any one else. The next day Mr. A—— returned, and with his companionship Mrs. A—— felt less nervous. A few nights later Mr. A—— was coming up the stairs from the big entrance hall where he had been sitting smoking and reading before retiring, when he heard a weird blood-curdling sort of laugh, and looking up to the landing above saw a tall, ungainly figure leaning over the banisters looking down at him. He saw its face distinctly, which was that of a man of about forty years of age—deathly white and hairless—with the most horrible malignant expression. At that moment the features were distorted with a hideous grin, and the form shaking with laughter, whilst the eyes seemed to gleam like red-hot coals. The arms and hands resting on the rail of the banister were like those of an ape, and the whole form was covered with thick, reddish brown hair.

Mr. A—— rushed up the stairs toward it, whereupon it gave peal after peal of fiendish laughter and vanished.

Mrs. A—— and her son and daughter heard the laughing noise in their rooms, and they joined Mr. A—— who recounted his experience, and Mrs. A—— then told what she had seen a few nights previously, and they decided to search all the rooms, which they did thoroughly, without finding a trace of any one, or anything unusual. The servants, fortunately, occupied rooms in another part of the building and heard nothing, and were of course kept in ignorance of what had occurred. In spite of their unpleasant experience they had no intention of relinquishing their tenancy and leaving, but determined to keep a sharp look-out and try and get at the bottom of the mystery. Nothing further happened for some time. There were the usual queer noises in the early hours of the morning, such as footsteps, muffled cries and groans, and occasional banging of doors which they could not account for, but which did not disturb them much. Then a climax came to these phenomena which caused them to leave. Miss A—— was one afternoon in the drawing-room alone arranging some flowers. She was standing at one of the tables, when she heard a noise behind her and felt two hands laid on her shoulders. Thinking it was a girl friend who was then in the house, she exclaimed lightly: "Oh, there you are!" and turning round to greet her, came face to face with a most loathsome-looking creature which had just removed its hands from her shoulders and was chuckling with diabolical glee. It was not a human being or an animal—and instead of clothing was covered with hair like an ourang-ou-

tang. It was over six feet in height and had a most repulsive appearance. It was, in fact, the same creature which had been seen before. Feeling sick and faint with horror and disgust, she gave a piercing shriek, and just as some one entered the room, the apparition disappeared, and Miss A—— fell back in a dead faint. The young lady who came in so opportunely just caught a glimpse of the "ghost" before it vanished.

After this episode the A——s thought it would be advisable to go, and accordingly left T—— Castle as soon as they conveniently could.

I don't know whether the place is still to "let," or whether the picturesque old castle has had many (or any) tenants since.

Possibly it is no longer haunted, the ghostly occupants having suddenly departed, as is often the case with haunted houses, where phenomena come and go without apparent reason or cause.

Mr. H. Hill, the British Vice-Consul at Mentone (Alpes Maritimes), told me the following strange experience of his. He was residing at a country house near Salisbury (Wilts) and occupied a large old-fashioned room of mediaeval structure.

He is not an imaginative man, prone to foolish fancies and delusions, and has no knowledge of, or belief in, the Supernatural or the Occult World. Shortly after his arrival he fancied there was something peculiar about his room. Whenever he entered the room at night he experienced a keen sensation of some one or something being there—an unseen presence of a decidedly unpleasant nature, which resented his entry as an intrusion. He could not understand why he should have thought that, as he was not given to imagining things. A thorough search revealed nothing that could cause this peculiar feeling, and he was much puzzled about it. Sometimes he was startled out of a deep sleep by the sensation of having been awakened by some one, and then distinctly sensed the presence of some powerful uncanny being, which withdrew from his proximity when he moved to strike a light.

It was conveyed to his mind in some subtle occult way that this Unseen Being had a feeling of enmity towards him, and wished him to leave the room, and being a stubborn high-spirited man he determined he would stay there whatever happened. One morning he was taking his usual "matutinal tub," feeling considerably annoyed because he had been much disturbed during the night and muttering something very uncomplimentary about the disturber of his slumbers, when suddenly there was a curious rustling noise behind him, and he felt himself lifted out of the bath by some unseen impalpable force and thrown violently across

the floor up against the wall, the sponge (full of water) which he held in his hand being projected on to the bed. Mr. Hill is a big, powerfully-built man, well over six feet in height, and was no light weight to be so easily tossed about. Not relishing attacks of that kind, which might occur at awkward moments, he decided to "leave the field" to his unseen adversary, and acknowledge that in such an unequal fight discretion was the better part of valour.\*

Rather a curious thing happened once when I was staying at an old rectory near Limerick some years ago. In the rectory grounds, which were somewhat extensive, there were the ruins of an ancient abbey or monastery—just a few crumbling walls remaining covered with ivy, grass, and bushes. One day the gardener picked up an old human skull lying amongst the moss and stones near these ruins, and handed it to me, and as it was of a curious shape I put it aside as a curiosity, and forgot all about it.

That evening my cousins, some friends, and myself were sitting in the drawing-room having some music. One of my cousins was playing the piano, and we were sitting around that part of the room listening, when the door at the other end of the room was pushed open, as by a draught of wind, and we all heard heavy footsteps come down the floor with a quick, deliberate tread. One of the ladies gave a cry of alarm as they passed her, as she declared something brushed up against her, and two other people felt something go by them. I was sitting on a sofa at the extreme end of the large room near the piano. The footsteps came straight up to me and stopped, and I had the sensation that some one unseen was right in front of me looking at me. My cousin broke off abruptly in her playing, having heard the steps and the exclamations of alarm. We were all rather startled and could not in any way account for the disturbance. I don't know whether my keeping the skull had anything to do with the manifestation (probably not), but I buried the skull the next day where it was found and nothing uncanny ever occurred there again.

My grandfather, who at one time occupied an old rectory (in Notts), used to relate some of the manifestations which occurred there, which were never explained by natural causes.

The sounds of people walking about, furniture being moved, and doors banging were constantly heard at nights. Sometimes it seemed as if the drawing-room was full of people, as footsteps of

\* Will Mr. H. Hill kindly confirm this very astounding record?—Ed.

several persons moving about, voices in conversation and laughter could be heard in that room, when there certainly was no one there, and the doors (which had been carefully locked and bolted) used to open and shut as if people were passing in and out.

It was no good locking the doors before retiring, as after midnight they were always opened by the unseen intruders, the locks going back apparently of their own volition. One night, when there was a good deal of noise going on in the drawing-room, my grandfather went down to investigate. When he reached the hall he saw that the room was lighted, as light came through the keyhole and chinks of the door. The noise had abated, but still there was some one talking in there and moving about. He crept noiselessly and stealthily up to the door, thinking that he had at last caught the intruders or tricksters and finding that it was unlocked swiftly threw it open and rushed in.

There was neither light nor sound there.

The room was exactly as he had left it before going to bed. After a good search and finding nothing unusual, he was returning to his bedroom much perplexed, when as he was ascending the stairs some one or something unseen brushed past him, and out went his light.

This quite unnerved him, and he hurried to his room and did not venture out again.

The noise of a silk dress swishing along one of the corridors was constantly heard, but no one was ever seen.

During the spirit manifestations at a house I was staying at near Mentone (Alpes Maritimes) the proprietor was aroused one night by hearing a good deal of noise in the salon long after every one had retired. Being nervous, he took a revolver and went down to see what it was. As he approached the room he could hear voices, and footsteps and furniture being moved about. He opened the door suddenly and stepped in quite prepared to find some people in there, and found complete silence and no sign of any one. The electric lights had evidently been on, as when he entered the room, which was lighted, it at once became dark. One of the inexplicable phenomena in that house was the turning on and off of the electric lights by some unknown agency.

# MIND AND MATTER

BY NORA ALEXANDER

ALL great truths are in themselves essentially simple, though the path to their discovery is often hard and thorny, and shrouded in a mist of difficulties and complexities. For example, you may explain the theory of evolution so simply that a child of six can comprehend it, but you cannot explain with equal simplicity the path which Darwin trod in order to reach that truth.

So too, the basic theory of Suggestive Therapeutics that mind controls matter is simplicity itself, but the mists that lie about its how and why are by no means easy to penetrate. We have of late awakened to a realization of the fact that a man's physical, mental, moral, and spiritual natures are so closely interwoven that it is not possible to benefit or to injure any one of them without indirectly benefiting or injuring all. Suggestive Therapeutics mainly confines itself to that interaction as manifested between the mental and the physical planes, only tentatively encroaching on the more subtle, less investigated connexion between the moral and the physical ones.

It is the fashion nowadays to talk very glibly of the power of mind over matter, but since science deals only with effects, and on causes is dumb, it is perhaps to be expected that notwithstanding our conversational fluency on the subject, our declamations that mind always has preceded and always must precede matter, that all tangible realities have their origin in intangible unrealities, that everything from the Universe to the jerry-built villa is the visible effect of an invisible cause, we yet practically continue to put the cart before the horse by giving or trying to give the precedence to matter. Suggestive Therapeutics might be defined as an attempt in one direction to reverse this looking-glass order of things.

It is hardly necessary to recall the everyday incidents that prove beyond doubt the existence of this power of mind—the fact that an unpleasant letter causes indigestion or headache, that fear will actually paralyse the muscles, and keep us as we say with perfect truth, “rooted to the spot,” that sudden shock will sometimes result in instant death, that long-continued grief or mental strain will so sap the strength of the body, that to die of a broken heart, though not in the literal sense, is by no means impossible.

And, speaking generally, is it not a noticeable fact that the man of a morbid, pessimistic turn of mind is a physically unhealthy man, whose liver is mostly out of order? It is perhaps not too much to say that it may be taken as a fairly comprehensive rule, that the general tone of a man's mind materializes out in his physical body.

Passing on now from the regions of everyday experience to those of experimental therapeutics, we might multiply cases indefinitely which go to prove the extraordinary closeness of the link between mind and body. I select two, as being both typical and well known. Three criminals, condemned to die, were offered their freedom conditional upon their sleeping for one night in the beds in which three cholera patients had died. In the morning one man was perfectly well, while the other two were raging in all the agonies of Asiatic cholera. But the beds were in reality perfectly fresh and clean, and had never been occupied by cholera patients. What then produced the cholera symptoms? Clearly mind. Those two men *believed* that they would contract the disease, and they did. The third, stolid and indifferent, gave no thought to the matter, slept soundly, and awoke perfectly well. His mind was not affected, neither, therefore, was his body. Another criminal was told that he would be placed in a warm bath and a vein opened in his arm. Instead, a syringe of warm water was arranged to play upon the spot, he himself being blindfolded. In a few minutes he was dead. But what killed him? Certainly not a bath and a spray of water.

Again, mind can not only destroy, it can also create matter. Careful medical analysis has resulted in the discovery that the perspiration of a man dominated by violent anger contains an actual material poison not to be found there under ordinary circumstances.

Here then we have ample and irrefutable evidence of the interaction between mind and body, or in other words, of the physical effects of mental causes. But, perhaps on account of a curious and seemingly inborn tendency of the human mind, we are inclined to dwell only on the pessimistic side of the question. "Oh, yes," we admit, "of course trouble and shock to the mind affect the body. We all know that." And there, as a rule, we stop. Yet surely it would be more reasonable to follow the argument out to its logical conclusion by applying it also to the optimistic side of the question. Obviously, if the body can be weakened through the agency of mind, it can also be strengthened by that same agency.

Every "healer," from the medicine-man with his ear-splitting orgies, to the West End specialist with his cultured quietude, applies this principle, whether consciously or unconsciously; for the fantastic ceremonies of the one, and the bread pills of the other, are alike appeals to the mind only. And few would deny that a physician's manner has often more to do with the patient's recovery than his drugs.

It is, of course, beyond controversy that every system of healing can boast quite truthfully of cures, but the question the twentieth century is trying to answer is, "What is it that brings about the cures? Is it the systems themselves, or is it some one great principle underlying all systems?" Let us put the question in a more concrete form. The Red Indian doctor, for example, executes wild dances to an accompaniment of wilder shrieks, outside the wigwam of his patient, and, strange as it may appear, the patient frequently recovers. The Christian Scientist says, "All is mind. There is no matter," and straightway proceeds to give a curative treatment to a non-existent entity. And the patient frequently recovers. The medical practitioner says, "Such and such an organ is out of order. Such and such a drug will put it right." And the patient frequently recovers.

Now the question naturally arises, "Why does he recover? What is at the bottom of his recovery in those three cases? Can it be due, in the first place, to shrieks, in the second, to an illogical statement, and in the third, to a drug?" Clearly not, since in the very nature of things a curative principle must remain a curative principle in all circumstances and under all conditions. Nature is not prolific of her principles. There cannot be half a dozen curative principles, though there may be half a dozen methods of expression of the one. If any real potency exists in shrieks, illogical statements, or drugs, then they should be interchangeable. But would a shriek cure the allopath, a drug the Christian Scientist, or an illogical statement the Red Indian? And if not, why not? The obvious answer would seem to be that each of those three things was not in itself a principle, but merely an instrument, for arousing a principle into activity. Some people call that principle the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, while others call it mind. On the hypothesis that these two are interchangeable terms, the necessity for different instruments is equally obvious, since the mind of the hard-headed materialist could hardly be appealed to by a shriek, or the superstition-steeped, child-stage mind of the negro or the Red Indian by a system of "metaphysics" so-called. Otherwise expressed, the curing is effected by the patient himself,

the part of the "healer" being to drive into that patient's mind the suggestion that he will recover. And different suggestions appeal to different minds. In that seems to lie hidden the key to the successes of all systems, however diverse their methods.

The immense power of what is technically called Suggestion has been demonstrated, as all the world knows, by means of hypnotic experiments, within the last few years. But it has been the work of a century, and of four nations—Germany, England, America, and France—to evolve the theory from the chaos of charlatanism and undisciplined empiricism in which it had its birth (or rather, one should perhaps say, its re-birth) and to demonstrate its scientific truth.

Mesmer, a Viennese doctor practising in Paris, and the father of Suggestive Therapeutics, maintained that there exists in the atmosphere a universal magnetic fluid possessed of great healing properties, which could be actually passed from the magnetizer to the patient. But in order to "pass" it he held what might be fairly termed curative orgies, in which science and quackery, mystery and melodrama, hysteria and somnambulism, all played their part. Yet, whatever his methods, his results were so marvellous and his fame so great, that during his lifetime, the Academy of Science and the Royal Society of Medicine, and after his death, the Academy of Medicine, all appointed Commissions to inquire into and report upon his system. The first two pronounced against it, but the last summed up its conclusions in the significant statement, "Regarded as a therapeutic agent, Magnetism ought to take rank as one of the resources of medicine." So great, however, was the shock of this report to the conservatism of the Academy, that they declined to print it. "We are convinced," they announced, "that the phenomena are mainly produced by the imagination of the patients," and failed to see how in that fact lay the germ of a great truth. One man alone pointed it out. "If Mesmer," he wrote, "possessed no other secret but that of being able to benefit health through the imagination, would this not always be a sufficient wonder? For if the medicine of the imagination is the best, why should we not make use of it?"

From Mesmer's weird "baquets" we pass to the sober consulting-room of an English physician, Braid of Manchester, who, in 1841, twenty-six years after the death of Mesmer, discovered that by fixation of gaze, i.e. by fixing a brilliant object in front of, and a little above the level of, the eyes, so as to tire the muscles of the eyelids, he could bring about the same somnambulistic state as Mesmer produced by his mysterious ritual. And this



state he christened Hypnosis. Repeated experiments demonstrated to him that patients under its influence developed an extraordinary keenness of imagination, which induced them to regard mere ideas as accomplished facts and propositions as definite realities. Thus if it were suggested to a patient that he was on the road to recovery he immediately accepted it as an absolute fact, an incontrovertible hypothesis, and benefited accordingly. Here then we have the germ of the theory Mesmer had unconsciously stumbled on, that convincing a man's mind of health causes health to be produced in his physical body, i.e. the theory of the power of Suggestion.

The scene now shifts to America, where Grimes a few years later caused a considerable stir in the medical world by a paper read before Congress, in which he set forth as a demonstrable hypothesis the theory that the phenomena of Mesmer's Magnetism and Braid's Hypnotism could also be produced in the waking state by simple vocal suggestion aided by concentration of mind. Braid himself, in his later writings, had hinted at this as 'a possibility, but seems to have attached no particular weight to it, or at any rate not sufficient to induce him to carry out investigations in that direction.

And now, the quacks and the experimenters, the dreamers and the theorists, having all had their say, and, needless to add, their disputes, there arose in France the man of action, who out of a combination of Braid's theory of Hypnotism and Grimes' theory of Suggestion evolved a practical working theory of Suggestive Therapeutics. I refer, of course, to Dr. Liébault, the founder of the famous Nancy School. Experience taught him that the key to all hypnotic phenomena undoubtedly lay in suggestion, that is to say, he found, assisted by his co-worker, Dr. Bernheim, that Hypnotism was not even, like shrieks, an instrument, let alone a curative principle, but merely a psychical condition in which another instrument, i.e. Suggestion, could be more readily applied than in the normal waking condition.

To put it in concrete form, he found that a patient might be hypnotized every day for a month without advancing his recovery in the smallest degree, but that if during hypnosis it were suggested to him that recovery was about to take place, then, during the waking state something within him, either mind or the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, proceeded to carry that suggestion into practical effect. The latter term, however, would seem scarcely comprehensive enough, since experiments proved too that blisters, stigmata, and other ills could also be produced by means of Sug-

gestion, and such accomplishments would hardly come within the scope of a *vis medicatrix*.

Yet even accepting Suggestion as the instrument, and Mind as the curative principle, the last word has by no means been said. For it still remains to be explained how the instrument works. It is clear that Suggestion cannot, or at any rate does not, normally act upon the body directly through that intermediary we are accustomed to designate "unconscious mind," since the brain does not control the functions of the body, or obviously our hearts would cease to beat and our lungs to inflate so soon as sleep caused it to sink into abeyance. And moreover, were such a power vested in it, we should not allow a mental shock, for instance, to upset our digestions ; or to take a more serious case, we should not, presumably, die abruptly on the receipt of disastrous news, especially when reason would point out, if given the opportunity, the advisability of living.

It is not within the scope of this article to enter upon the question as to whether the sympathetic nervous system, which dominates the life forces, is an offshoot of the cerebro-spinal system, or an independent one. All that is essential for present purposes is the recognition of the fact that, granting or not granting Cellular Intelligence, there must be, below our consciousness, a central controlling mind at work, a never-resting, never-sleeping mind, whose duty it is to keep the wonderful and extraordinarily complicated mechanism of the body in working order. And clearly, it is upon this mind that Suggestion must work. Now since during sleep, whether natural or induced \* (hypnotic), the conscious mind is in abeyance, might one not say that the value of Hypnotism lies in the fact that it opens a direct road by which Suggestion may reach its sphere of action without passing through the conscious mind? In this connection it is to be noted that the latter may, if it so wills, when not in abeyance of course, erect an impassable barrier between Suggestion and that same sphere of action. And in so doing it is quite within its rights, since to act as a kind of sentinel, to allow no entry and permit no interference which might, so far as its capacities enable it to judge, prove dangerous or destructive to its habitat, is certainly part of the "whole duty of mind." The problem as to whether, even in a good cause, one should undermine the authority of humanity's safest guide, is one for the moralists rather than the therapists.

But it would seem that so far as Suggestive Therapeutics are concerned, the question of the use or non-use of Hypnotism

\* Charcot maintains that hypnosis is a real neurosis.

is likely in a future, perhaps not very far distant, to become an unessential one, dependent upon the patient's own temperament and personal idiosyncrasy. For Dr. Bernheim, in his comprehensive volume on the subject, dwells upon the fact that though Hypnotism facilitates Suggestion, by bringing about a psychical condition of increased susceptibility, yet it is not an *essential* prelude to it. And this psychical condition can mean no more than the abeyance of the conscious mind, since, as he mentions elsewhere, all phenomena produced in the hypnotic sleep may also be produced in natural sleep in the same subject.

In conclusion, if our definite and certain knowledge of the laws of Suggestive Therapeutics, after a century of investigation, is mainly conspicuous by its absence, perhaps we may take heart of grace when we reflect on the very excellent company in which we share our ignorance. For not so very long ago a prominent medical authority pronounced that the resultant knowledge of twenty centuries of medical investigation, research, and empiricism might be summed up in the dictum, "We know that sulphur cures itch."

## SOME LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A PSYCHICAL ENQUIRER

*(Continued)*

BY A. GOODRICH-FREER (MRS. H. H. SPOER)

[THE following record was sent to me by Mr. Myers, endorsed, "Edwin Francis Chamier, B.A., Univ. Coll., Oxon, and then of 24, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law."]

"In October, 1876, I was walking to Bude (Cornwall) from Ponghill. Time, 10.30 to 11 p.m. Clear moonlight. Ground hard and dry.

"About two-thirds of the way the road descends a short sharp hill, winding to the right; on the left side a high wall nine or ten feet bounds the road from top to bottom; at the top is a doorway through the wall, and at the bottom a gateway.

"As I came down the hill, thinking (as I well remember) of some family business which we had been discussing that evening, I saw a man coming round the bend of the hill towards me. He had on a long cloak, or coat, dark; and I remarked to myself, as my own steps were ringing out under the high wall, 'How quietly you are walking.' He came on several yards towards me, till we were about fifteen yards apart, and then turned towards the wall, and walked right up to it and disappeared apparently into the wall, as though he had passed into a doorway.

"Well, I thought, I never noticed that there was a door there before, and being generally quick of perception, felt surprised at my want of observation. When I got down to the place, and found there was no door or opening in the wall there, I felt all at once that there was something uncanny about it, and had the curious sensation of horror, when the skin seems to be drawn up. When I got to our lodgings at Bude I remarked to my wife, 'If there is such a thing as a ghost, I've seen one to night.'

"I have no recollection of having seen any features; I had never heard any tales (and should have paid no heed to them if I had) connected with the place. I was a comparative stranger there then, and had been on that piece of road perhaps half a dozen times.

"I heard afterwards that the place has the reputation of being haunted; and a little bridge at the bottom of the hill goes by the name of Blackfriars Bridge; and is so marked on the Ordnance Map.

"I do not put this forward as a 'ghost story.' I only say that that night I saw something for which I have never been able to account."

A letter accompanies this, addressed to Mr. Myers, signed C. Fox Harvey, dated *June 20, The Sanctuary, Probus, Cornwall.*

"Mr. Chamier tells me to-day that he has written to you telling you the Flexbury story.

"I hope he did not forget to tell you that the popular idea was that the man did 'walk,' and that he himself had never heard the story before he saw the ghost."

[A plan of the spot accompanies the letter.]

[Sent by Mr. F. W. H. Myers, without any indication of the writer. I was asked to spend an evening in the same house once myself, and sat up till 3 a.m., but nothing of interest occurred.]

"Some strange incidents took place during my occupation of No. —, Bryanston Street, London, W., which was haunted, in my opinion. I know that the housekeeper once, when she was engaged upstairs, saw a woman in a black dress pass down the staircase. She thought it was a servant, and went and looked over the banisters, and saw her pass down and turn round the bottom of the staircase. She called out 'Emily' when she saw it, thinking it was a domestic, but it took no notice. Thinking after all it was a servant, she went downstairs to the kitchen, and asked where they had all been. They were all sitting in print dresses, not yet having changed for the day, and had not left the room. This so shocked her that she nearly fell to the floor. All the ladies were out.

"The servants complained of hearing every night for two months, and always at 2 a.m., a body dragged down the passage and rolled down the stairs."

[From Emma Yeates Lloyd, Caerleon, Ednam Road, Dudley, January, 1892. Sent to me by Mr. Myers.]

"It would be any time after the year 1844, when I was about thirteen, that my governess and I occupied the same bedroom, our beds being placed side by side, close to each other. I

used to go to bed, say, 8 o'clock ; a few years later, 8.30 ; then 9—9.30, my governess coming up for the night about 10. Often I did not go to sleep immediately after being 'tucked in.' I was by no means an imaginative or a nervous child, a sound sleeper, not troubled with dreams, and not easily frightened. Occasionally, after my governess had left me with a 'good night,' I would be conscious of something ; I can only characterize it as 'an impression,' because I cannot say by what sense it was conveyed to my apprehension. And here comes in one of the special peculiarities of the experience. I am deaf ; and though in my younger days my deafness caused me comparatively little inconvenience (as may be judged when I mention that music has always been one of my greatest delights, and I have been a good performer), still, I have always been insensible to some sounds, and amongst them, the sound of a footfall, except, it might be, the tap of very hard soles on a pavement. The impression, then, that came to me was that a lady was walking about the room, a regular beat, generally from the head of the bed next mine, down that side, across the foot of both beds, and up by the side of mine farthest from the other, sometimes, I think, pausing by my face (but at this distance of time, I will not be certain on the last point).

"Anyway, backwards and forwards she would go, and so exactly was the impression I received similar to that I should have had had a real living lady been walking, that sometimes, when my governess came to bed, I would ask her if she had been up before in the dark, after saying good-night ? She never had, and I would say, 'Oh, it was "the lady" taking a walk then, whatever can it be ?' Nobody was frightened. The occurrence was inexplicable so far as we knew ; but we were sure there *was* some explanation of a natural sort—we didn't believe in ghosts.

"As years went on I ceased to retire at such early hours, and by the time I had been promoted to staying up to ten, or even earlier, the visits of 'the lady' ceased, or rather, nobody was aware of them.

"However, my governess stayed with me as my companion till my own marriage in 1868. And we continued to occupy the same room and the same beds. It will be about the year 1866 that she had an illness, during which, of course, I was her nurse. She kept her bed for some little time, and I was in and out of the room all day ; but she did not think it well for me to sit constantly with her, and in the evenings preferred to be alone. So I used to go up about 9 o'clock, whether I had been in recently

or not, and again for the night, at 10. To my surprise, on one of these visits she said, 'I've had a visit from your "lady," that you used to talk about when you were a child, and she walked exactly as you used to say, along the side of this bed, across by the dressing-table, and up by the side of your bed. And I heard the rustle of her dress, but it wasn't silk.' My governess was not the least deaf, nor was she the least superstitious; nor was her illness of a nervous kind, that might have developed 'fancies.'

"Is it not a remarkable circumstance that I, partially deprived of the sense of hearing, should have precisely the same impression, whether through vibration or what not, that she had through the ear, of an occurrence that was not taking place? I mean, that no real living being was walking!

"The house had been empty for some time previous to my father becoming the tenant in September, 1844. The former tenants had been a wild lot, and one of the family, a daughter, had died of consumption during their occupancy. I have an idea that she died in the room referred to, but am not sure. There was absolutely nothing, that we could ever discover, to account for the occurrence which I have related. The house was not old-fashioned; it was an ordinary, comfortable, matter-of-fact house, situated in the High Street of a small watering-place, Sidmouth, in Devonshire, and the house on the other side of the wall against which the heads of our beds were placed, was similarly modern, and unsuggestive of ghosts.

"I should not have thought the story worth sending you, except for the peculiarity in the mode of apprehension involved by my deafness."


In answer to further inquiries, Mrs. Lloyd writes, September 24, 1892—

"I am unable to recall anything as taking place in the house at the hour when 'the lady walked' (as we used to say) which would give the impression of footsteps to a deaf person, as she lay in bed. I remember we asked the friends who lived in the next house if anything had taken place there that would account for the noise, or whatever it should be called, and they could think of nothing.

"It is, within a few days, precisely thirty years since I ceased to reside at Sidmouth, and since my father's death in 1883, the house has, I believe, been turned into a shop."

[The following story was sent to me by the kindness of Mr. Harry R. Graham, 8, Marble Arch, July 16, 1896. He adds,

“I have no objection to the real names being used of myself and my place, but I would rather not have any friends’ names mentioned.”]

“In compliance with your request, I have much pleasure in telling you my ‘ghostly experiences’ in Germany. 

“I have a country place there, called Schloss Handschuchsheim, three miles from Heidelberg, in Baden. This place was a nunnery in the olden time, and some time ago [1860], in pulling down a partition wall, a skeleton of a man in full armour of the fifteenth century was discovered bricked up, apparently alive, in the wall. For many years that part of the Schloss had had the reputation of being haunted, and, of course, that discovery confirmed the suspicious noises heard there. [The armour is still shown.]

“I have myself on *many hundred* occasions heard a sound exactly resembling a human footstep walk about the passages of that part of the building, and many friends who have been staying with me, have heard it too. At any time between 8 p.m. and 1 a.m., and even later, the footsteps may be heard.

“Only on *two* occasions (though I have spent twenty-eight summers there) have I *seen* anything, and on both occasions [one on June 18, 1877] the figure which appeared to me in the haunted passage was a pyramidically-shaped phosphorescent figure [about 6 ft. high], whether a man or woman I could not tell, but the footstep accompanied it; and I was so terrified at seeing it, that I ran away without investigating it further. The recurrence of the footsteps is very capricious; sometimes it occurs night after night for a fortnight; at other times three weeks have elapsed without a sound.

“I am generally at Handschuchsheim during the months of August and September, and am perfectly ready to give the members of the Psychical Society any opportunity of investigating the phenomenon.”

In reply to further inquiries, Mr. Graham sends some details, which I have inserted in brackets above, and adds:—

“As Handschuchsheim was a nunnery, founded by Charlemagne for his daughter, and continued so until the end of the sixteenth century, it is supposed that the man, having improperly intruded into the sanctuary, was immured by the irate nuns. The armour is now in the museum at Mannheim, with the exception of the helmet, which hangs in the hall here.



"On August 12, 1884, about 10 p.m., from the lawn in front of the 'Swiss-house,' I saw the figure of a man, bent, and apparently carrying a burden on his back, pass five or six times along the five windows, which look into the gallery above-mentioned. The windows seemed to be illuminated, and the figure, like a shadow, passed slowly up and down the line of windows. I called out several friends who were staying with me at the time, and they all saw it.

"On Mr. B—— and myself going round the house to enter it, the lights went out and the figure was no more seen.

"So distinct were the footsteps in 1870 that a carpet was laid down in the gallery before alluded to, in order to deaden the noise; for the sake of an invalid who slept in a room in the Schloss looking on to the 'Swiss-house.'"

This story, before it reached me, had been handled by Mr. Myers. He was good enough to give me the following letter from Mrs. Ellicott:—

" THE PALACE,  
" GLOUCESTER,  
" Sept. 30, 1890.

"Mrs. Ellicott tells me you wish to hear my experience of Mr. Graham's ghost. I distinctly heard him pacing the corridor with a measured tread (the corridor that had to be felted when poor Mrs. Graham was dying, to deaden the noise of the ghost's tramp).

"I saw nothing, but my daughter saw a light where there was nothing to account for it, when she was walking after dark. Nothing will ever persuade me that the tramping of horses could account for the *rhythmical* footfalls I heard for quite half-an-hour as I lay in bed.

"I wish I had more to say on the subject, but my experience is so slight that I hardly felt inclined to trouble you with it."

## REVIEWS

THE STOLEN PLANET. By John Mastin. London: Philip Wellby, 6, Henrietta Street, W.C. 3s. 6d.

A COURSE of reading in Jules Verne, especially regarding the *Voyage from the Earth to the Moon*, so much of Emanuel Swedenborg as contains his revelations concerning *The Earths of the Universe*, a more than cursory glance through Camille Flammarion's *Les Mondes imaginaires*, and, finally, a dip into Mme. Delaire's *Around a Distant Star*, recently reviewed in these pages, and the reader will find himself properly equipped to enjoy to the full this very remarkable novel. Jules Verne, of course, will need a successor, and from the work before me I am disposed to think that possibly the vacancy will be adequately filled. The book is issued with the approval and commendation of the late Sir Wyke Bayliss, to whom it is dedicated.

Jervis Meredith, who tells the story without being altogether its hero, and Fraser Burnley were boys together, and the chummy schoolboy associations ripened into a mature friendship. The former studied art under Varesto, the sculptor, and made his mark and his pile; the latter had invention and science running in his veins. Together they ran the gamut of experimentation—from the bursting of the toy cannon to the manufacture of explosives and stinkpots, which at a later date Fraser inflicted upon his audience at a lecture. These early chapters are full of genuine mirth and comical situations. We plunge into the plot and circumstance of the book at the point where Fraser discovers that there are such things as positive and negative terminals, that opposite poles attract and like poles repel one another. The genesis of the dirigible aerostat named the *Regina* was due to the application of these elementary principles to the art of boat-building, which had early claimed the attention of Fraser Burnley. In effect, we have an airship, equipped with propellers and rendered proof against heat and cold variations, sufficiently strong to resist atmospheric pressure *in vacuo*; fitted with Hertzian wave telephonic apparatus, atmospheric generators, spectroscopes, photographic machines, condensers, refrigerators, *et hoc genus omne*; the vessel, thus completed, being manned by a crew of chosen men. After a preliminary trip outside the earth's atmosphere, in which the sun and moon are seen upon

terms of greater intimacy, a voyage is undertaken with the object of reaching the star Sirius. What transpires in the course of this unique voyage, the wonders beheld, the strange humanities of other worlds encountered, the vast star-fields through which they take their course, the mighty cataclysm of worlds in collision, all this forms the body of the fascinating, awe-inspiring and elevating fiction to which Mr. Mastin has applied his powers.

**MAGIC AND FETISHISM.** By Alfred C. Haddon, Sc.D., F.R.S.  
London: Archibald Constable & Co., Ltd., 16, James Street, Haymarket.

THIS work forms one of a series on the subject: *Religions: Ancient and Modern*, issued by Messrs. Constable & Co. Mr. Haddon brings to his task an intellectual equipment of high training and great faculty for research. One has but to open the pages of this book to see at once that it is the work of a scholar, and the range of subject matter is found to be classified in the most careful and painstaking manner, which renders it extremely accessible and handy. The work is not a large one, but it is doubtful whether a more complete and concise digest of the subject is anywhere to be found. The bibliography which is appended to this work shows reference to no less than seventy-two authorities.

Mr. Haddon deals with Sympathetic Magic under the heads of contagious and homœopathic magic, the principle that "bodies retain the nature and virtue of others to which they have been related" being seen to lie at the root of all psychometric experiments and magical incantations. The magical power of names and words, as illustrated in the formulæ of the thaumaturgists and kabalists, is here traced also to a number of primitive sources, while the use of talismans and amulets is found to be universal. The training of sorcerers and societies of magicians forms a highly interesting chapter, but it is far too short and not at all representative of the body of the work, which in point of completeness leaves nothing to be desired, brevity being compensated by references to other works which treat of or incidentally include the subject under consideration.

It is probable that the full interest of the student of Occultism will not be aroused until he reaches that part of the book which deals with the Psychology of Magic. Dismissing the humbug of medicine-men and sorcerers, which has its root in egotism and fattens on credulity, Mr. Haddon admits that

there remains a large number of phenomena, which are as mysterious to them as they are to the large majority of mankind, and many of these are receiving the attention of psychologists of the present day, without their significance being understood.

The author deals then with nervous instability, suggestion, hypnotism, fascination, will-power, telepathy, etc. Fetishism is, of course, intimately connected with those forms of magic which depend for their efficacy on the belief that inanimate objects may be endowed more or less permanently with some intelligent force, being a repository of spiritual power answering to the needs and behests of the human soul. From this to idolatry, ritualism and priest-craft is only a matter of artistic development and psychic evolution, and it is pointed out that the most intelligent minds have some special fetish around which a lingering superstition gravitates, and our common likes and dislikes are largely the result of the fortunate or unhappy association of things with circumstances. The latter are forgotten, the *things* remain to us as fetishes. The book is very informing, and has the advantage of being free from dogmatism, as from all trace of superstition.

SCRUTATOR.

THOUGHT, THE BUILDER. By A. Osborne Eaves. Harrogate : Talisman Publishing Co. Price 1s.

THE author of this thoughtful little work sets before him the task of showing that the limitations under which individuals and nations are suffering have their root in ignorance. The obscuring of the spiritual perception of things in their essence has placed us under the sovereignty of matter and material limitations, and we alone can remove the bandage from our eyes, and the load from off our aching shoulders, and prove ourselves to be our own providence and the arbiter of our destiny. Mr. Eaves considers that the time has gone by to commiserate poverty and laud its virtues, and the day will soon come when, with Humboldt, the world will cry out upon ill-health and disease as upon a crime. The author defines the nature of Thought and its relation to miracles, treats of the vehicle of thought, and affirms that "not one out of a hundred thousand persons ever thinks." Voice-figures and thought-forms are considered in relation to the dynamic and vibratory action of thought. The process of "growing a mind" and of shaking free from time and space limitations by the "latent God-power crystallized in matter" are set forth with didactic precision; and, despite the fact that

Mr. Eaves is logically unconvincing in many important pronouncements, he will be followed with benefit even by the critical reader.

SCRUTATOR.

THE ROMANCE OF THE MILKY WAY. Lafcadio Hearn. A. Constable, 5s. nett.

It is the Cows' Path of the Letts and Germans, the Birds' Path of Esthonian folklore; but to Japan it is the river which keeps two lovers apart all days of the year but one. The god of the sky had one fair daughter, Tanabata, who was an accomplished weaver, and she fell in love with and wedded a handsome peasant who was a neatherd. But the wedded lovers neglected their duties, the one her loom, the other his ox, so the gods were wroth and sentenced the pair to live apart with the Celestial River between them—which is the Milky Way; but it was permitted to them to see each other once a year, on the seventh night of the seventh moon.

“On that night—providing the skies be clear—the birds of heaven make, with their bodies and wings, a bridge over the stream; and by means of that bridge the lovers can meet. But if there be rain the River of Heaven rises, and becomes so wide that the bridge cannot be formed. So the husband and wife cannot always meet, even on the seventh night of the seventh month; it may happen, by reason of bad weather, that they cannot meet for three or four years at a time. But their love remains immortally young and eternally patient; and they continue happy in their hope of being able to meet on the seventh night of the next seventh moon.”

This is one of the legends in an enchanting book written by a hand that, alas! at present writes no more, though there is no reason to suppose that the spirit of Lafcadio Hearn, eager enquirer and seer of things hidden, has already found Nirvana.

“Much is to learn and much to forget  
Ere the time be come for taking rest.”

Over all the book the glamour of long ago and far away lies thickly, as dust in a chamber once a living-room. We learn that mirrors have souls of their own, souls that wander abroad nights in the shape of beautiful women, to beguile and to be beguiled: we learn the Japanese equivalent for, “'Ere's a stranger comin', Bill; 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im!”—“She is a stranger—so she must be an old horse-bone—a fox-woman—a witch. Have naught to do with her.” And yet the same nation

that suspects—or suspected an unknown beauty of being *literally* the bone of some old horse, bewitched to look like a woman, chose its court beauties by the verdict of butterflies, or rather its Shogun did : and great woe and disaster fell upon Dai Nippon in the year when the Shogun, “ being young and foolish,” yielded to the lust of the eyes and took for his own a dazzling lady about whose black hair no butterflies had elected to hover. We learned from an earlier book of Hearn’s that bells have souls, and that trees have souls, and in this volume we hear of the soul of a mirror.

The creaking of house-furniture is an omen in many countries and to many peoples : but it was left for Japan to suppose that it was caused by the deliberate malice of a goblin : and even the wooden posts or pillars had their own spirits, and should be set up according to the original position of the trees from which they were hewn,—that is to say, with the part nearest the roots downward. An upside-down pillar would do malicious things : would move and groan in the night, making all its cracks into open mouths and all its knots into open eyes. One also learns a prettier and more graceful superstition, that the man who greatly loves any flower will be able to evoke the soul of that flower in the shape of a beautiful woman, who will love him and serve him until the secret of her double existence is discovered by him or revealed by herself : then she must needs become a flower again.

The book has atmosphere, colour and charm ; it is the expressed soul of a flower, such as the alchemists and occultists of old saw hovering, roselike, over the fire in which roses had been burned.

N. C.

## PERIODICAL LITERATURE

ONE of the very few studies in the magazines this month that can be dignified with the name of occultism is Mr. A. P. Sinnett's article in *Broad Views* on "The Prejudice against Reincarnation." After noting the various points of view from which reincarnation appears unacceptable to different minds, Mr. Sinnett proceeds to refute "the philosophical mistakes relating to reincarnation," and to set forth the doctrine of the Self in reference to the divine totality of consciousness. He says—

From the moment that a human being comes under the influence of that which has sometimes been called the third outpouring of Divine influence, the Ego is a newly created centre of spiritual growth, endowed with the potentiality of detaching itself from the body of Divine consciousness out of which it has arisen. And when the whole undertaking which that detachment subserves shall have been completed, in some immeasurable future, the aggregate volume of such newly-created selves, uniting their consciousness on higher planes of existence, will represent a new body of Divine consciousness co-equal with that from which, in the beginning, they all sprang. The stupendous efforts involved in the undertaking will thus be justified by the establishment, so to speak, in the universe of a new Divine Being (or perhaps of several) as the product of the effort—perhaps we might say of the sacrifice—accomplished by their Divine Progenitor.

Thus "there is no return, after the death of any given personality on this plane, of its spiritual essence to the Divine ocean of consciousness from which it sprang." It is still as definitely individualized as it was on earth, and it progresses, by the development of consciousness, at first on the physical, then on the astral plane, and finally on the higher ones, until it is in a position to remember previous births—

And this gives rise to a condition of things familiar to ordinary psychological students, where curious flashes of knowledge or intuition seem to be evoked either by the stimulus of peculiar experience or under mesmeric treatment. By a most unfortunate expression these flashes of consciousness are sometimes referred to an imaginary "subliminal" self, supposed to lie secreted beneath the active personality. "Sub" is clearly the wrong prefix to apply. Those flashes of abnormal consciousness come from the higher part of the Self not definitely in incarnation.

The advanced reincarnating entity, Mr. Sinnett tells us, is in many cases "greater than the personality in which for the

moment it is expressed." Those who hasten their spiritual progress by foregoing the repose of the devachanic period may come back to incarnation within a few years or months. In such cases the entity is "conscious of entering by degrees into the personality of the new-born child," and "the child, when grown up, would be one of those endowed with abnormal capacities, probably with psychic gifts which would invest his physical consciousness with knowledge derived from the higher levels, and might even blend with that physical consciousness the whole of his spiritual self." The whole process is "a preparation for the ultimate synthesis of these various elements into one magnificent totality, that will enrich the Divine kingdom of the Universe."

In the same review Mr. Reginald B. Span tells of his experiences of the last two winters at Mentone, where electric bells were rung, or seemed to ring, even where no bell existed, electric lights were switched on and off by unseen agency, apports were brought, and one evening a young lady, left by herself in the billiard-room, was found, on the light being turned on, to have disappeared. Then, when every corner was in full view, this lady "suddenly appeared in the middle of the floor as if she had dropped out of space." She was in a dazed condition, and "spirit friends told us later that they had carried her into the fourth dimension sphere, the conditions having been exceptionally favourable."

With regard to hypnotic and mental healing, Mrs. Alice C. Ames continues her experiences in *Broad Views*, though she has been led, as the result of later teaching, to discontinue the practice. Mr. Sheldon Leavitt, discussing in *Thought* the cause of disease, says—

My opinion is that, in the discharge of its duties, the subconsciousness, often balked by our own adverse and harmful practices, takes on deleterious impressions from passing events, and in other ways becomes irregular, unsystematic and unfaithful in the administration of physical affairs, the ensuing results being physical disturbance.

In the *Metaphysical Magazine*, Leander Edmund Whipple puts all ill-health down to wrong-thinking, and sings the praises of quiet mentality in a way that is applicable to other subjects than mental healing—

Harmonious thought always results in quiet action. A quiet state of mind, therefore, is the first requisite, and one of the greatest helps toward a natural condition. When we think calmly and in a quiet manner on any subject, the action involved is harmonious and readily operates



in tune with the activities of the essential ideas of the subject. This generates mental power sufficient for dealing intelligently with that subject. The most quiet thought is always productive of the best results. This refers to "quiet" as the natural calmness of confident thought, not as lethargy or inertia in any sense. On the contrary, quiet thought is intensely active, and always forceful.

In the first instalment of a series of articles in *Modern Astrology* on "The Foundations of Physical Astrology," Mr. G. E. Sutcliffe shows that gravity, a force of which we know nothing beyond the observed effects, may be explained in terms of the known mathematics of electro-statics and electro-magnetism, and that the magnetic forces working throughout the solar system correspond with those which cause rotation in a magnetic field, and can be measured by "the same method which the physicist uses to measure the electric charge of an atom and the mass of an electron." If this parallel holds, then it follows, he says, that the members of the solar system must be connected by lines of force, and, by an ingenious comparison, the planetary aspects, good and bad, correspond to the harmonious and discordant intervals in the musical scale.

*The Annals of Psychical Science* for September contains a lengthy analysis, by Ernest Bozzano, of evolutionary theories in relation to psychic phenomena; he shows that the psychic faculties of mankind have not evolved, and concludes that as they do not form part of the external consciousness on the plane of outward relation, they are not destined to evolve on that plane; rather that they are foretastes of a complete set of faculties belonging to another plane of existence, on which they will be the normal methods of perception, and that they therefore indicate that there is a conscious existence in an after-death state, towards a knowledge of which science is slowly but surely progressing.

*The Seeker* (quarterly) for August contains articles by the Editor on "The Mystic Standpoint," on "The Fixing of Good Habits," by Mary E. Boole, and on the question "Is Matter Intelligent?" by the Rev. F. W. Orde Ward. True Quietism is defined by the Rev. F. Mann as "the rest that includes all activities."

## CORRESPONDENCE

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

*To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,—I was interested in a story related in the July number of the OCCULT REVIEW, as to the persistence of the smell of stables and tobacco on a spot where Queen Elizabeth's Hunting Stables had stood. The writer enquires whether there are "ghosts of odours"? I think there are, or rather, I think that a telepathic message may be conveyed to the sense of smell as easily, and is perhaps as often, as to the sense of sight or hearing. However, this is not my point. I wish rather to suggest the possibility that, as I believe to be the case, the sense of smell is that frequently stimulated in experiences relating to the so-called "lower" animals, partly perhaps because this is their own method of recognizing each other, partly because such ideas as are conveyed by definite speech being absent, the field is void for a telepathic impact in another direction.

I have not suitable memoranda at hand, or I would willingly give the evidence upon which I rest my theory. Two cases, however, in my own experience I can give with certainty.

A friend who spent much money as well as learning on the restoration of ancient buildings—castles, abbeys, churches, etc., would often ask for my psychic impressions of such places when I visited them for the first time. On one such occasion I was left alone in an open field to the west of some ecclesiastical ruins, in the hope that I might be able to reconstruct the picture of the buildings which had formerly stood there. The scene which was re-enacted before my eyes was that of a Celebration of the Mass, with accompanying processions and music, but during the whole time—some fifteen or twenty minutes—I was annoyed, *sickened*, by the overwhelming smell of heated animals and neglected stables. It afterwards transpired that a private chapel which stood on this spot, had been wantonly desecrated by Presbyterian soldiery, who had crowded it with their chargers.

Again, readers of "B— House" will recall that the owners, our predecessors, and ourselves, were all disturbed by the pres-

ence—ghostly, telepathic, what you will—of dogs, all over the house. One of our own dogs roused me constantly by her terror, and on one occasion I saw the paws of a black spaniel resting upon a table. Many also heard steps and movements of the dogs alleged to have belonged to a former owner, and destroyed at his death, and which with their master are said by dozens of persons during the last forty years to have haunted the house. The widow and sons, as well as the steward of the late owner, spoke to us frequently of the overpowering *smell* of dogs in the entrance hall, which we interpreted as the particular manner in which they received a telepathic impact, which in the case of others, differently constituted, was otherwise externalized.

I think some evidence on this point will be found in the pages of *Borderland*—not accessible to me in my present surroundings, 500 miles from a library, alas!

I hope that the writer of the interesting communication to which I have referred may not bring upon herself a visit from the shade of Sir Walter Raleigh by her reference to "common tobacco" in the stables of Queen Elizabeth!

Yours faithfully, A. M. SPOER.

### OCCULT REVIEW PSYCHOMETRIST.

ANY reader desiring to have questions answered by the OCCULT REVIEW Psychometrist, must cut out, and send up, not less than four coupons such as that given below, and dispatch the copies from which they are cut to friends who may possibly be interested in the subject-matter of the magazine. Each querent will be entitled to ask not more than two questions. Any reader desirous of having his, or her, character and general conditions psychically diagnosed, ~~will be~~ required to send up not less than eight coupons, and double space will be allotted to these diagnoses. Readers who desire to avail themselves of this offer should send either a glove or tie, or piece of ribbon that they have worn constantly, or failing this an ordinary letter. Whatever is sent must be done up in a separate parcel, marked with the name or assumed name of the inquirer, and sealed. This separate parcel should be sent under the same cover as the letter containing the inquiry and the necessary coupons. Care must be taken that the article or letter is kept away from contact with other influences previous to its dispatch, as these tend to confuse the Psychometrist. The articles thus sent will not be returned.

**PSYCHO COUPON.**

*October, 1906.*

# PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS AND ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS

BY THE "OCCULT REVIEW" PSYCHOMETRIST

## DELINEATION (VERE).

*1st Question :* Shall I pass my exam. this September or at any time ?

*Answer :* As I feel some slight disappointment coming to this subject, I am afraid the exam. will not prove so successful as he wishes in September. But a few months later I sense very decided success and should expect him to pass very successfully.

*2nd Question :* Shall I have to live abroad ? if so, where ?

I cannot find any indication of living abroad at present, and sense some travel but not a settlement abroad for some years. I think this subject will live in England for the next five or six years.

## DELINEATION (CROSS ROADS).

This is worn by a woman who has had much to fight against ; and a little while ago her conditions became quite impossible and she made a change in her life not after thinking the matter well out, for this subject always tries to face things. Unfortunately, she made a mistake, and from this mistake she will suffer for a time, but much that is sad and difficult now will change during next year, and shortly after I find her much happier. I should advise patience at present, and I do not think it would be wise to go abroad just now ; it would be running away before the fight was over, whereas by staying, though it won't be easy, she will be on the spot to assert her rights, should occasion arise.

## DELINEATION (VERGINEA).

*1st Question :* Tell me as much as possible of my past life.

*Answer :* The conditions of your past life have not been quite as favourable to you as I would wish, partly owing to a lack of perseverance on your own part and partly to an influence in your life which has suppressed and discouraged you ; had you been more determined you could have overcome some of the difficulties, but in some cases the conditions were too strong for you.

*2nd Question :* Shall I find an early and successful opening for the earning of a good income ?

*Answer :* Yes, if you set about finding it in earnest, and don't wait for something to turn up. You are clever and could do much better, if you applied yourself more steadily. Circumstances have been against you in the past, but you are more independent now.

## DELINEATION (MARA).

*Question :* What do you sense for me in regard to money and health ?

*Answer :* With regard to money I never find you very rich ; in fact, at one time of your life, you are poor, but I do feel your future is brighter and your general conditions very much better than the present. You have

goods friends and one will come very considerably into your life within the next two years.

I do not think you a very strong woman, but I feel a very decided improvement in health, though you will always need care, and you should never overtire yourself. There is slight nervous depression which you should try to overcome. I believe you live to a good old age, so that you have a long life before you, and I think it will be a happy and fairly prosperous one.

DELINEATION (LIGHT).

*1st Question* : Would my general health warrant me in marrying ?

*Answer* : I do not consider your health good at present ; but as I find a decided improvement in your general health conditions during the past year, I think within the next few months you will know that you are well enough to marry, though I do not think you will ever be very strong. I find your health much better as you grow older.

*2nd Question* : Would I be successful in business for myself ?

*Answer* : No! as I do not consider you have enough confidence in yourself. I find you always do better when working with another or under another. You are naturally nervous. You should try to be more determined, and you would then be more successful.

DELINEATION (K).

This glove is worn by a woman who has had a great deal of anxiety and trouble in the past. She is determined and active, quick to understand, and this strength has helped her very much in the past. She has so often had to act for herself and others, and has had to decide quickly. She is generous and kind-hearted, but she has been imposed upon by those to whom she has been kind, and during the last few years events have caused some change in her life, and a death in the past seems to have effected her deeply.

There is a sense of uncertainty about her just now. She cannot make up her mind to take a certain step in life which will change her whole conditions very much. The change is a serious matter, and she does well to think it over ; I should advise her to wait until next year before she decides, as events which happen at the close of this year will make the decision much easier, because some of the present difficulties to a happy settlement will have passed away.

I sense a very happy future for this woman, and I believe she will marry twice. There is some worry about a young man in her life, but this passes, and I find she will eventually be very successful and happy ; though I feel that just now there is some trouble or disappointment about him, and this effects her very much.

I can do nothing with the envelopes sent. They have passed through the post, and have been handled by too many people. Things sent to me must be kept free from contact with other things.

DELINEATION (E. W. M.).

*1st Question* : When am I likely to marry ?

*Answer* : I do not feel any chance of your being in a position to marry until 1908.

*2nd Question* : What are my future financial prospects ?

*Answer* : I do not feel any improvement in your financial conditions

until the autumn of next year, when I sense a very decided success for you brought about by some change of your present conditions and the influence of a man about forty or forty-five years old.

DELINEATION (ERIN).

This is worn by a woman with rather a vivid imagination, and she is troubling herself very much over certain conditions in her life. She is naturally quick and very sensitive, and she often imagines she is slighted when she is not. She seems to be rather suppressed, and I think there are influences about her which worry her ; this causes much of the irritation. She should try to rise above this, and make up her mind not to allow these things to fuss her. She has naturally a highly strung artistic temperament, and would always give way for the sake of peace, but at the same time she fully understands her duty, and if she made up her mind that it was her duty to fight certain conditions she could do it. She is clever, and when interested can apply herself to the subject in hand and do well ; she is rather easily discouraged, but I believe this is entirely due to her present surroundings. I sense a change during the next two years, brought about by the death of an elderly influence in her life, and by a marriage for herself. These two conditions seem to come very near together, but I feel her future is a very bright and happy one ; there is so much more scope in the future, she is freer and is able to live out her life more on her own lines than she is able to at present. In fact, I consider she is eventually a very lucky woman.

DELINEATION (CHANDOS).

*1st Question :* Do you see any indication of marriage in my present condition ?

*Answer :* Yes, though at present your conditions are difficult owing to contrary influences. You will, I think, marry a girl you are very much attached to now, at the end of next year. At present influences in your life make marriage with her difficult. These influences will change at the beginning of next year, and you at once begin to see more of this girl and life becomes much easier and happier.

*2nd Question :* What influence do you see, either negative or affirmative, about the first question ?

*Answer :* The negative ; because of the present obstacles. But, as I have said in answer to your first question, these obstacles are removed next year, when I certainly think you marry.

DELINEATION (ENTRE NOUS).

*1st Question :* Will the arrangement in which I am interested end in an engagement ? If so, will it be a right one, and when ?

*Answer :* There is much to be settled before you can obtain this engagement ; in fact, there will be much delay before the arrangement is made, and I do not think you will really get this engagement for some months. Then I get a change and decided success for you, and so conclude it will be the right thing for you.

*2nd Question :* Shall I ever be married ?

*Answer :* I do not feel marriage in your conditions at present, but there is some indication of a happy domestic life about two or three years from now, and this may mean marriage ; but I do not think you have met your marriage influence yet.