

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

THE reappearance of the White Cross Library,* the name under which the Essays of Prentice Mulford, the Seer of Long Island, have been given to the world, serves to recall attention to a writer whose originality of thought and force of expression might have earned for him, one would have thought, a somewhat more conspicuous niche in the temple of Fame than the rather obscure and humble one that he at present occupies. Perhaps, however, Dryden's often quoted line—

Great wits to madness sure are near allied,

will serve to suggest a reason why the world in general has left his gospel so little heeded. Prentice Mulford, admirable indeed at his best, was by no means always at the same high level. At times he wrote as if, in common parlance, he had a "screw loose," and he certainly enunciated beliefs of so amazing a character as almost to stagger credulity itself. That he was a genius we may

freely admit, but it would not be unfair to him to confess that he was also a "crank." And by crank I do not merely mean what some people obviously take the word to convey, to wit, a man who has a more extensive and deeper acquaintance with natural

* Six vols. Philip Wellby, 6, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. New York City: F. J. Needham. A volume of selections is also published by Philip Wellby.

laws than the scientists of to-day. No; I use the word "crank" in its undistorted sense as denoting a man whose judgment in certain directions is radically perverted and unsound. And how many men of genius have not been cranks in this sense!

There is something in Prentice Mulford that reminds one, if at a distance, of those words that were used of the teaching of Christ, "He spake as one having authority, and not as the Scribes." His is the plea for simplicity and sincerity in an artificial and self-seeking world, of one who appraises at something very much under their face value the splendid conquests of our modern civilization. It is the burden of many a prophet's appeal, worded differently according to the time, the country, or the character of the audience addressed. Christ voiced it when He said, "Except ye be born again as this little child ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Jean Jacques Rousseau voiced it when he called upon his countrymen to return to nature from the intricacies and artificialities of a rotting society and a rotting despotism. Carlyle voiced it again in his own peculiar way when he bade men turn from cant phrases and cant catch-words and fix their minds instead upon the essential God's Truth of the thing signified. When you read Prentice Mulford's *God in the Trees* you seem to be breathing purer air and feel yourself back again among those realities of life with which our modern civilization has so little in common.

You are fortunate if you love trees (says our author at the commencement of the essay referred to) and especially the wild ones growing where the Great Creative Force placed them, and independent of man's care. For all things that we call "wild" or "natural" are nearer the Infinite Mind than those which have been enslaved, artificialized and hampered by man. Being nearer the Infinite, they have in them the more perfect Infinite Force and Thought. That is why, when you are in the midst of what is wild and natural—in the forest or mountains, where every trace of man's works is left behind—you feel an indescribable exhilaration and freedom that you do not realize elsewhere. . . . It is something more than air. It is the Infinite Force and Mind as expressed by all these natural things which is acting on you. . . . Man is inclined to think that the Infinite made this world in the rough and then left it altogether for him to improve.

The mystical element is very pronounced in Prentice Mulford. All nature is alive to him, and not merely alive, but alive with sympathy. One pulse throbs through all nature. One voice awakes a universal echo through all creation. A sympathetic

MULFORD AS
MYSTIC. chord vibrates between man and tree, between the entire animal and vegetable world, even between man and so-called inanimate nature—rocks, rivers and ocean. We are fortunate, he tells us, if we grow to a live, tender, earnest love for the wild trees, animals and birds, and recognize them as all coming from and built of the same mind and spirit as our own, and able to give something very valuable in return for our love.

The wild tree is not irresponsible or regardless of a love like that. Such love is not a myth or a mere sentiment. It is a literal element and force going from you to the tree. It is felt by the spirit of the tree. You represent a part and belonging of the Infinite Mind. The tree represents another part and belonging of the Infinite Mind. . . . There is a sense in the tree which feels your love and responds to it. It does not respond or show its pleasure in our way or in any way which we can now understand. Its way of doing so is the way of the Infinite Mind, of which it is a part.

There is no true poet who has not this feeling. It is an intuition of the spiritual mind. Did not Sir Walter Scott write in the same strain?—

Call it not vain—they do not err
Who say that when the poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies ;
That say rude crag and cavern lone
For the departed Bard make moan,
And rivers teach their rushing wave,
To murmur dirges round his grave !

The old truths seem to have a fuller meaning as Prentice Mulford reiterates them :—

Whoever can retire for periods to Nature's solitude and enjoy that solitude, feeling no solitude at all but a joyous sense of exhilaration, will return among men with more power and new power. For he or she has literally "walked with God" or the Infinite Spirit of Good. The Christ of Judea retired to the Mountains to be reinforced by the Infinite.

I cannot pretend to follow our seer in his theories about "immortality in the flesh," but even in his wildest flights he is full of suggestion and illumination. Take this for instance :—

The body in dying does not "give up the ghost." It is the ghost (the spirit) that rejects the material body.

and again :—

What we now call death is only the falling away from the spirit of the old body. Your real self never loses any power. It is only because of

the giving out of the machine, the body, that the spirit is unable to express that power even as the most skilful carpenter can do little with a dull or broken saw.

On the pursuit of health our sage has some suggestive observations. "The good die first," says Shakespeare,

But those whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn in their sockets.

Statistics, however, do not support the contention that the moral excellence of men is in inverse proportion to the strength of their constitutions. The Psalmist was probably nearer the mark when he observed that

RELATION OF HEALTH TO GODLINESS. "Health is far from the ungodly, for they regard not the words of Thy law," and if by *the ungodly* we mean those who disregard or run counter to the laws of nature and their own essential being, we must admit that there is more than a modicum of truth in the observation. But as our sage well remarks, "A man can ruin his health as quickly in earning an honest support for his family as he can by imprudent exposure to damp air in highway robbery." The laws of nature are no respecters of persons, and the man who breaks them in the cause of self-sacrifice for other's good pays the same penalty as he who breaks them in the reckless pursuit of pleasure or gain.

The danger of the autosuggestion of evil and the positive value of the converse form of mental action are strongly insisted upon by Prentice Mulford. Thus, he bids the

THE EFFICACY OF AUTO-SUGGESTION. man who would help to drive away sickness to turn his thoughts as much as he can on health, strength and vigour, and on strong, healthy, vigorous things. "You should not call yourself a vile sinner," he says elsewhere, "when you get out of patience with yourself, any more than you should call any one else a vile sinner."

If in your mental vision you teach yourself that you are "utterly depraved" and a "vile sinner" you are unconsciously making that your ideal, and you will unconsciously grow up to it until the pain and evil of such unhealthy growth either makes you turn back or destroys your body. For out of this state of mind . . . come hard, stern, gloomy and unhealthy views of life, and those mental conditions will surely bring physical disease.

"The pastor's iterated *sin*" evidently found no favour with the Seer of Long Island. Why, I wonder, will so many clergy transform Christianity, by their method of teaching and preaching, into a sort of morbid disease? This was far from being Jesus

Christ's idea, for did he not say: "I have come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly"? MISERABLE SINNERS! I would commend this text to those ecclesiastics, of whatever Church, sect or persuasion they may be, who go about sowing the seeds of morbidity among their congregations by their unwholesome dwelling upon such topics. Let them "prove the wrong by showing the better way!" They might also with advantage try a diet of Prentice Mulford.

My readers in India will be interested to know that Mr. W. F. AN INDIAN TRAVELLING AGENCY. Carrol, who has obtained some celebrity in various parts of the world by his remarkable gifts as a natural healer, is taking up a travelling agency for the OCCULT REVIEW in that country, and will receive orders for subscriptions or advertisements in the various towns which he visits on behalf of the management of this Magazine. I confidently anticipate that Mr. Carrol's efforts in this very extended and promising field will meet with a full measure of success.

The award of the £5 prize for the best essay on the probable attitude of Christ towards modern orthodox Christianity will appear in next month's issue of the REVIEW. On TO THE READER. account of the number of enquirers of the Occult Review Psychometrist, it has been found necessary to omit the Psycho coupon in the current issue. It will appear as usual in the following number. I am glad to find that this new feature is so well appreciated.

GHOSTS IN SHAKESPEARE

BY EDWIN J. ELLIS

THAT Shakespeare never made a mistake in representing the characters of men and women may be taken as admitted. It becomes interesting now that we have a glimmering of accepted knowledge on the subject of apparitions to test by this the ghosts that he has brought on the stage, and to inquire whether he represented these with as much truth to nature. Of course, we no longer consider that he intended his ghosts as mere hallucinations, and introduced them only to show the state of mind of the people who supposed they saw them. This view was natural enough while the general opinion was that there were no such things as ghosts. We now know that there are several kinds of ghost, and we suspect that some of them do not even act by the conscious will of the persons whose forms they wear. It has even been said that there is no satisfactory proof that in any case the spectre though real is actually the living individual undestroyed by death. But then it is equally true that we cannot always prove which are automatic and which responsible of the living actions of people in the flesh, since many actions lately supposed to be personal turn out to be as mechanical as words spoken in delirium; and two or three personages may wear one after the other the same form of flesh and blood, and may each seem in turn to be the rightful owner.

Such subtil psychologic questions, however, were quite unknown to Shakespeare. To him the person apparently present, unless he was mad or asleep, was the person really and consciously present, whether in a mortal body or in what St. Paul calls a "spiritual body." We may therefore, when putting Shakespeare's ghosts on trial, consider all questions of consciousness of personality to be not before the court.

Not ghosts, perhaps, but the visibility of ghosts is now considered to be in most cases due to a natural action during life of rays that used to be called the "mesmeric fluid." These are constantly emitted from the whole surface of the body, and even seen in some persons as a light given forth from the eyes and fingers, perceptible in a dark room. Their normal

function, however, is internal. They turn digestion into nourishment, and sensory stimulus into mental experience—an analogous transmutation that also causes what is impersonal to become a portion of a person.

The rays not only pour forth but deposit something, as radium does, on the surface of all solid objects that are near enough. By this deposit sufficiently sensitive persons have perception of living events that wood and stone may have witnessed.

At the same time it is not usual for the most accomplished "psychic" to attempt to read such records just after dinner. It is probable that this is because he needs his own rays, through which alone all others can reach his mind, for the internal purpose of digestion. For the similar reason that all ordinary sight and hearing claim their help and absorb their power, he will usually seek quiet and obscurity to obtain the more delicate results from their occult use.

The rays are, of course, of more than one kind, and flow in more than one direction, and the course of their traffic may be used as we use one wire in electricity both for the sending forth of the message and the return of the answer. When an idea excites a sensation, the outgoing message is returned inwards by a kind of echo after going a short way, and it is as like a new experience as an echo is like our voices—that is to say, it is often indistinguishable. But though we feel the rays when they come in, we do not feel them when they go out. A mesmerist does not feel himself mesmeric; the eye does not see the light that it emits. Thus we have the deceptiveness of hallucination which would be universal and continuous, but for the fact that we cannot dine on hallucinations, and the survival of the race has been maintained only on the condition of the general inheritance of a tendency to be so much more sensitive to outward than to mentally produced sensations that men are only deceived by these in rare moments of excitement, illness, hunger, or hypnosis.

During life these rays pass from the skin and even go through the clothing in a different state from that in which they penetrate the surrounding air. This difference registers itself on the surface of the skin and dress as if it were a dampness exuding and leaving a mildew behind. This even becomes a permanent shell visible when the person is withdrawn from it, and detachable by some not understood alteration of the mental states. The detachment is invariably caused at death, but sometimes occurs during sleep, trance, or a very complete change of personal mental condition. It then appears to those who are not too

preoccupied by experience to perceive it, but it is a mere shell and can generally be seen as such, not perfectly opaque, but allowing objects beyond to be seen through it. It can act, speak, and hear, with a very little help from the rays of the spectator. But the degrees of manifestation are not yet even dimly understood, any more than the ordinary experiences of our lives.

Even so little as has now been noted will be of help in enabling us to consider Shakespeare's ghosts with something more than mere bewilderment, whether of the credulous or sceptical kind. The ghost of Hamlet's father, besides being the best known of them, suggests the greatest number of questions.

The ghost is first seen by sentries on a dark night. They are walking the cold and windy walls of a castle. It appears to them not in the dress in which the king died, but in full armour, as they best knew him. The king's face is not that of a sleeper, though he was murdered in his sleep, but wore an expression such as the soldiers had seen during his life when—

He smote the sledded Pollacks on the ice.

There was

. . . a nipping and an eager air

now on the battlement. This presumably called up in the consciousness of the sentries the expression of the ghost's face and even the appearance of the suit of armour by association when a spiritual something had given the men the sensation that the king was present. Hamlet's father had no quarrel with these sentries, and had no reason to frown at them. He came straight, he says, from Purgatory, where we cannot see, as he does not tell us, why he should wear armour.

Aided by "suggestion" Horatio, watching the night after the first appearance, is the next to see the ghost. The sentries have told him of the armour, and he also sees it, but they have not succeeded in making him imagine the wrathful face that their own memories associate with the king's appearance, armed, during cold weather. Horatio is a student, not a soldier. He has never seen the king smite sledded Pollacks on the ice, and, to him the expression of the ghostly face is more of sorrow than anger.

The armour, however, is easy to convey by suggestion, Horatio sees it, and Hamlet, the third night, sees it also. But the sentries have no words to suggest for the ghost; Horatio has none, and so long as they are present their influence has power to pre-

vent Hamlet hearing any. When he is alone the ghost speaks to him and says :—

I am thy father's spirit
Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burned and purged away.

This at once corrects Hamlet's first conception that he is a walking corpse. Hamlet had said to the ghost :—

Tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death
Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again. What this may mean
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revist'st thus the glimpses of the moon. . . .

The "foul crimes" to which the ghost referred in his answer were, we are led to suppose, only ordinary permissible actions, now judged with supra-mundane severity. Revenge is not apparently conceived as blamable even by the highest standard, for the ghost proceeds to urge Hamlet to the most vindictive action. He even overdoes the persuasion and so is indirectly the cause of his son's death, for had Hamlet killed his uncle while praying he would not have been murdered himself. The ghost says, when Hamlet has enthusiastically promised to obey him—

I find thee apt
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this.

Lethe is, of course, not intended to be considered as a real river. Its name, though comprehensible only by pagan associations, may fittingly be used by a person holding, as Shakespeare seems to have held, Catholic doctrine. Death may have its moment of oblivion which Lethe symbolizes, even if the soul be awakened afterwards to a memory of its sins when suffering for them in purifying punishment. In the ghost's speech the word *Lethe* may have been purposely placed by Shakespeare beside the words *purged* and *fires*, to indicate to us that we are to understand the fires of purgation to be no more like that which we sit round in winter than the waters of oblivion are like the rivers that run down to the sea in summer.

The second time that Hamlet sees the ghost he is not on the cold platform with the sentries, but in the Queen's boudoir, a room used by his father during life. His own mind is influenced by the suggestion only of his own words. He has been speaking to the Queen of the crime which the ghost had revealed to him, and the vision does not now appear in "complete steel," but naturally "in his habit as he lived" and in which he was probably killed.

That the Queen does not see him is not to be taken as indicating that Shakespeare intended the spectre as existing only in Hamlet's imagination.

It is now night, after the evening performance of the play that was not given as what we call a *matinée*.

There is a play to-night before the king.

Hamlet has told Horatio in speaking of it beforehand, and while going to the Queen's room he says—

'Tis now the very witching time of night.

It was therefore during the hours that the ghost "walked." This second apparition *might* therefore have been the real ghost; this invisibility to the queen is not a new thing. He had already been under the "doom" of walking, presumably for four months, the time since his death, and had at last succeeded in making himself visible to a couple of simple, uneducated sentries, by whose aid he is shown to Horatio and so to Hamlet. Education is a disadvantage to a ghost seer.

Macbeth sees the ghost of Banquo because his disquieted state of mind makes him particularly in the mood fitted for such an experience whether as an illusion altogether originated in his imagination, or as a real presence. Banquo was not an elderly man poisoned when asleep, but a man in the prime of life who fought to the last with his murderers and thought of revenge while fighting, at the moment when excitement caused his rays to pour forth, and his mind was therefore "united by a fibre of revenge" with Macbeth's. The expression is, of course, Blake's, and is appropriate to the case of this apparition, though not written with any reference to Shakespeare's play. At the moment when Macbeth sees the ghost, he is just about to dine, but has not yet done so. He sees Banquo as he died, with the blood still upon his hair. The mesmeric rays, violently broken by such a death at the moment when excited to the most abundant emanations, are just in the condition to register the

portrait of the murdered man as he was. When a phantom of a person sleeping or dying quietly in bed appears, as it often does, at a distance, it does not in any case known to the writer, appear in a nightdress with closed eyes and in a recumbent position. Exactly what kind of power enables the departed spirit to "control" his loose mesmeric shell as he sometimes "controls" the flaccid form of a medium in a trance, will perhaps be known when we know how our will controls our own muscles during life.

It has been traditional since Shakespeare's time that he meant the ghost of Banquo for a real ghost and not an illusion like that produced along with the other visions of "second sight" by the witches for Macbeth, where they

Show his eyes and grieve his heart,

and Macbeth himself recognizes a difference between the apparition of Banquo and that of the floating dagger that seemed to lead him on to his first murder, and yet was, as he says, a—

false creation

Proceeding from the heart-oppressèd brain,

though the Queen tries to make him believe that it is equally unreal. Like Hamlet's mother, she does not see the ghost. Macbeth speaks to it and makes the same mistake as Hamlet did. He says—

If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those that are buried back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

This is the more incoherent, because he has only just learned from the assassin that Banquo lies dead in a ditch, and is not in a charnel-house or monument. Had he been placed in a tomb the blood would probably have been washed from his hair.

We cannot consider Shakespeare as himself confusing a corpse and a spiritual apparition, though he puts the same mixture of ideas into the mouth of Horatio who says—

A little 'ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

These terms of phrase must be taken as merely a dramatist's intentional use of common conversational errors. A modern play-wright might in a similar way quote a customary newspaper sentence, such as "the ship was lost with every soul on board," without intending to give it as his opinion that shipwreck necessarily implies damnation.

In *Julius Cæsar* the ghost of the emperor appearing to Brutus says to him, "I am thy evil spirit," in conformity with the doctrine that each man is attended on by two angels, one good, one bad, who contend for his soul and influence his fortune alternately. Shakespeare refers to this opinion in the Sonnet CXLIV. The same ghost can be one man's good angel and another man's bad angel, as in Richard III.

A kind of spiritual influence, not accompanied by a visible apparition, may influence the air and create great disturbance whether exercised by the living, as through Prospero's magic in the *Tempest*, or by the dying or dead, as by the murdered Duncan in *Macbeth*. On the afternoon of the day when the King of Scotland died the air was "nimble sweet." But the night was "unruly."

Our chimnies were blown down and, as they say
Lamentings heard in the air, strange screams of death
And prophesying with accents terrible
New hatched to the woeful time.

Lennox, who tells this, is young and strong, not a timid person. He does not mistake the owl's hooting for spectral cries. He heard it and knew what it was.

The obscure bird
Clamoured the livelong night. Some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

At the time neither he nor those who told him of the cries and the earthquake knew that the king had been murdered. Lady Macbeth, who knew what Macbeth was doing, is aware of nothing uncanny while the murder is being committed, though she was listening to every sound, and heard not only the owl but the small voice of the cricket on the hearth. She also heard Macbeth talking to himself as he came downstairs after the crime, but did not hear the voices that he heard while committing the murder, any more than she saw the ghost of Banquo. Shakespeare, in her case as in that of Hamlet's mother, implies that occult vision is not to be expected from vigorous, criminal, self-confident women in the prime of life. It must on the whole be recognized that in presenting ghosts and spiritual powers he had enough occult knowledge not to offend probability.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES AND PRESUMABLE EXPLANATIONS *

BY FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

I.

PREMATURE CREMATION.

PERHAPS many of the readers of the OCCULT REVIEW residing in Switzerland will remember the death of Mr. H—, a well-known and prominent member of the Federal Council, who suddenly died at his office in the federal palace at Bern, about three years ago, and whose body was brought to Zürich to be cremated. Everybody at Zürich went to see the funeral procession on its way to the crematory. It took place with great pomp; the streets were crowded, musicians played solemn airs, and speeches were delivered. Among the spectators there was present a lady of a very sensitive nature, and in possession of certain mediumistic gifts, and as the coffin containing the corpse passed near her she felt a very curious sensation, and claimed that she had come in contact with the spirit (or aura) of the deceased. The procession went on, and the lady went to her lodging, where she was occupied with other things, and thinking no more of the funeral; but about an hour afterwards, presumably when the preliminary ceremonies at the crematory were ended, she began to suffer terribly from a burning heat overspreading all the left side of her body and face; the skin grew red, and cold water applications had to be applied for relieving the pain. After about a half-an-hour's intense suffering, the pain left her entirely.

Some time afterwards there was held a spiritualistic séance at the house of Mr. S—, a judge of the Court of Appeal, at which this lady was present. It may here be remarked, in parenthesis, that this Judge S— was one of the witnesses for defence in the well-known trial of the medium Rothe, at Berlin, where he testified in favour of the actuality of so-called spiritualistic phenomena; but his experience and testimony availed nothing against the ignorance of the Court.

At this séance there manifested an entity claiming to be the

* The names of some of the persons mentioned in these notes, and whose initials are given, were sent to the Editor.

personality of Mr. H——. He said that he was unable to see any one of the persons present in the room, except that lady; and, among other things, he informed the company that his body had been cremated too soon, and before his soul had become fully separated from it, and that in consequence he had suffered intensely at *the left side* of his body. It then only occurred to that lady to bring the burning sensation which she had experienced into connexion with the cremation.

Now, as concerns the identity of the "spirit" of Mr. H——, he was asked whether, during his life, he had known anything about the possibility of communicating with the spirits of the departed, and he answered that he had paid no attention to such matters, but had heard of it indirectly through Dr. A. P——. Nobody in the circle knew who this Dr. A. P—— was; but after some research in the register he was found to be a member of the National Council, residing at L——. Mr. S—— thereupon wrote to him, and Dr. A. P—— answered that he had spoken of such things to a friend of Mr. H——, and upon further inquiry it was found that this friend had a conversation with Mr. H—— about it.

Now, in this case, any theory of collusion, telepathy, etc., is to be excluded, because none of the members of that circle knew anything about Dr. A. P——'s existence, nor of his conversation with the friend of Mr. H——; and it seems reasonable to believe that the explanation given by the "spirit" of Mr. H—— is the correct one, and that the ethereal body actually may suffer from injuries inflicted upon the physical body after its apparent death, as long as the soul has not entirely separated from it.

It seems that a similar occurrence took place in the case of H. P. Blavatsky, whose body was burned. It is claimed that before the cremation took place her "spirit" manifested itself in two places: at Paris with the Duchess de P——, and at Hamburg at Professor S——'s, asking in each case that urgent telegrams should be sent to London to request a delay of the cremation, as she had not yet become free from her physical form. The telegrams were sent, but no notice was taken of these warnings by her friends, and the cremation took place at the previously appointed time.

Moreover, at least three cases have come to my notice in which similar communications were received from "spirits" of persons prematurely dissected. One was a case of suicide by poisoning, another by shooting, and the third one that of a young lady who killed herself on account of a love affair, and

whose body was exhumed three days after her burial, some suspicion having arisen as to her having been murdered. She was submitted to *post-mortem examination* and dissected, and the "spirit" claimed that she had felt every cut of the dissecting knife the same as if it had cut her living nerves. Whatever may be thought of such communications, it stands to reason to suppose that the ethereal form of a person dying prematurely a forcible death will find it more difficult to separate itself from the rest of the elementary body, than if the death occurs in a natural way in old age or after a sickness. We find a corresponding law in other departments of nature, for the shell of a ripe orange may easily be detached from the pulp, while from an unripe one it separates with difficulty. Cases of premature burial, cremation, dissection and suffering after forcible death will probably continue to occur until the world at large recognizes the fact that death is not, as public opinion goes, a cessation of the perceptible functions of life; but it takes place only at the final separation of the soul from the physical form.

II.

VAGARIES DURING DREAMS ACTUALLY REALIZED.

Two English ladies stayed recently at Florence at the house of Mr. B—. One of these ladies, Mrs. S—, dreamed that she was in some other house, in a place unknown to her, and that she went into a room where she took the strange notion to upset the tables and overthrow the chairs, producing a general disorder among the furniture, which she accordingly did. In the morning she told Mrs. J— of her dream, adding, moreover, it seemed strange that an otherwise reasonable person could commit such foolish tricks in her dream. This dream repeated itself twice more on two successive nights.

Soon afterwards these ladies returned to London, where they visited their friends. On one such occasion Miss S— accompanied Miss J— on a visit to a friend of Miss J—, a lady whom Miss S— had not seen before. They were ushered into a room to await the entrance of that lady, and while there Miss S— was very much surprised to recognize that room as the one which she had seen in her dream, and in which she had overturned the furniture. After a few minutes waiting the lady of the house entered, and Miss S— was introduced to her; but when she beheld her guest she started and grew pale, and, excusing herself

under the pretence of a sudden illness, retired to her room, accompanied by Miss J——. To this lady she told that on three successive nights—the dates corresponding with those when Miss S—— had these dreams—all the furniture in that room had been put in disorder by an apparition ; that upon hearing the noise she and some servants went to that room in the third night ; that they all saw the ghost ; and that she, upon seeing Miss S——, had recognized her as that ghost which had overturned the furniture.

However interesting and amusing such occurrences may be, accounts of them are of little value if they do not serve to illustrate certain laws of nature, whose knowledge may be useful to us. We all know that even the most rational person may have very foolish dreams, and this for the obvious reason that understanding and will are attributes of the spirit, which retires within itself during the sleep of the personality, and leaves the dream body a helpless victim to its own instincts. But the important lesson which such an experience teaches is that it corroborates the teachings of the ancient Indian sage Sankaracharya concerning this state, and goes to show that the dream body is of a material kind. This again suggest the truth of a theory taught by the sages of olden times, that all the bodies of which the organism of man is composed are of the same substance, only differing from each other in their degrees of density or rarefaction from the gross material body up to the clarified body of the regenerated in spirit. And, in addition to this, a study of the dream bodies may prove that many of the foolish pranks played at spiritualistic séances may be caused by the irrational part of the animal souls of the dead.

This, however, does not invalidate the theory that the dream body of a person may also act rationally during sleep, and this theory is moreover supported by many facts. The conclusion may therefore be drawn that the states of the souls and conditions of consciousness during sleep or after death may vary a great deal in different persons, and that some may be able to think and act rationally, while others are only guided by their instincts or possessed by some fixed idea ; but it may also be possible that the dream body of a person during sleep may be observed by some other invisible entity, and this perhaps will explain the reason why persons in a state of somnambulism may perform some strange feats, which they never could or would undertake while they were in possession of their reasoning faculties.

III.

THE SOULS OF GHOSTS.

“My mother died on the eighteenth of October, 1838, and my first child was born on the twenty-second of November of the same year. Her great desire was to live to see the child; but her wish was not gratified, and it may be supposed that she died with that thought in her mind. Now, after the child was born, the attendants put it into a cradle, when, to the surprise of all, my mother entered the room, walked up to the cradle, looked lovingly at the child, smiled with a joyful expression in her face, after which she disappeared, and never was seen again. All those present, the physician and the rest, saw her as plainly as they ever saw her when she was alive. It never occurred to me, when she entered the room, to think that she was dead, and that the apparition was only a ghost. I even called out to her, ‘Mother!’ None of us were frightened, but only surprised, and before we had time to recollect our thoughts, the apparition was gone.”

The above account was given to me by my mother, and that first-born child was myself.

Now, it may be supposed that if that ghost of my grandmother had been in possession of all the faculties of my grandmother before her death, she would probably have paid some attention to my mother and the rest; but she took no notice of them. The thought of seeing the child seemed to absorb her entirely and leave no room for any other desire. This circumstance seems to supply an answer to the question: “What is the real nature or soul of a ghost?” By the term “soul” we understand a form of will combined with a thought which guides and controls it, and the shape which that form assumes would naturally be that of the person as she appeared while alive—clothes and all, as she habitually used to appear—and as the image of herself existed in her own imagination, or as it was contained within her mind. In our dreams we do not see ourselves nude or in a dress which we never wear; but we sometimes dream of appearing in our night-clothes in society where we would not thus appear, and such dreams are evidently caused by the act of undressing at bedtime, impressing itself upon the subconscious mind.

If the soul is a form of will impressed by a certain thought, the soul of a ghost would consequently only be a single thought projected by a corresponding desire, and forming an

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image which, under favourable conditions, may be semi-materialized or fully materialized and dense enough to become visible and tangible on the physical plane. Such an image would only last as long as the desire or thought which ensouls it exists. The "ghost" is thus what Sankaracharya calls the "dream body," and such a form may be of long or short duration, according to the strength of the impression received by the mind of the dying personality.* It is said that the dream bodies of suicides, executed criminals, or such as die during a fit of passion, are very enduring, and they continually perform and repeat the scenes which took place shortly before their death. The man who shoots himself repeats his act in his *post-mortem* dream-state; the executed criminal is continually tried and executed again, until the vibrations caused by the real act cease and the power is exhausted. But while this play takes place within the lower principles of his nature, his real soul, belonging to his higher nature, may be in an entirely different state (?).

IV.

LIFE SAVED BY TELEPATHIC IMPRESSION.

In the year 1871 I was practising medicine at S——, in the State of Louisiana. It was a beautiful winter night with the full moon shining in the cloudless heavens, and I was sitting on a chair in front of my office, enjoying the sight of the starry sky and smoking a cigarette. The night was cool and I wore over my shoulders a short cloak without sleeves, such as is called an "officer's cape." It was after eleven o'clock, when a negro came and asked me to go to see a patient, another negro, living a short distance from the town. I was not averse to taking a walk and went with him. He led me out of town towards a short tunnel over which the railway track was laid. We were about ten yards from this tunnel when I heard an interior voice speaking to me, which exclaimed, "*Look out!*" Instinctively I put my hand in my pocket and grasped a small pistol, which I used to carry therein. The next moment we entered the mouth of the dark tunnel and as we did so my guide ran away, while at the same time three masked fellows fell upon me, the first one grabbing me at the shoulders and saying he wanted to speak to me. As my coat was without sleeves and unbuttoned, it remained in

* Further explanations may be found in Sankaracharya's *Tattwa Bodha*, German translation (Liepzig : A. Weber).

his hands as I turned around, and pulling my pistol I pointed it at his head, ordering the three men to step back. They were not prepared for my resistance ; the coat was dropped and they fled, while I returned home by another road. Only two years afterwards I found out who these fellows were and what was their object. They were hired to kill me and put my body upon the railroad track, so as to make it appear as if I had been run over by the train during the night.

I was at that time a great believer in communications with "spirits," "invisible helpers," etc., and attributed my salvation to the interference of some of my spirit friends ; but it seems to me now more plausible that the concentrated thought of the three men in the tunnel, whose full attention would naturally be directed towards my person, was by their will power, although without their intention, projected towards myself and entering into my subconsciousness awakened therein the sense of impending danger, which communicated itself to my external consciousness, and as words are the natural expressions of feelings, my hearing of the words "*look out*" may thus be explained. If, however, a more plausible explanation is presented to me, I shall be ready to accept it.

V.

THOUGHTS OF THE DYING ACTING AT A DISTANCE.

In the year 1877 I was at Llano (Texas) ; while an intimate friend of mine, Mrs. Th—— W—— was at Galveston, several hundred miles away. Some months had passed without my having received any letter from her ; but as I had left her in perfect health, I had no cause for uneasiness. On the evening of November 10 I went to bed as usual after 10 p.m., but after extinguishing the candle I had a feeling as if somebody were in my room and wanted me to get up and write. I, therefore, rose again and went to my table, where I took a paper and pencil and wrote what came into my mind. I was not unconscious, but knew very well what I was writing. It was as if the words were dictated to me. It proved to be a letter from my friend Mrs. W——, addressed to me, in which she told me that she had died. She also told me the nature of her disease, which was loss of vitality and exhaustion of nervous power from overexertion of "mediumship." She expressed herself to be very glad to be rid of her suffering body, and among other things she said that she had asked her husband to cut a lock of hair from her head and

to send it to me. Four days afterwards, I received a letter from her husband, containing the death notice and the promised lock of hair and confirming in all details the contents of that writing.

My explanation of this case is that as the sympathy between that lady and myself was very strong, the mental vibrations caused by the thoughts of her dying brain were caught by my brain in a manner comparable to the reception of relative waves by means of wireless telegraphy. As to my feeling the presence of some invisible entity in the room, it may be accounted for by the fact that the spirit emanating from a person, i.e. his thought and will, is a part of the essence of the person from whom it emanates and bears the characteristics of that person, so that if I had been in a clairvoyant state, or if these thought vibrations had become more condensed or materialized, I might have seen the apparition of Mrs. W— herself.

This view may be confirmed by the following occurrence :

2. My father was at one time a medical student at L—. His father was at that time at D—, about 100 miles away, where he was lying ill of typhus fever. While he was in a delirious condition his nurse went for a moment out of the room. During the absence of the nurse my grandfather arose and fell through the window out into the street, where he died. At the very moment when this happened my father at L— saw the apparition of his father walking solemnly through his room. Evidently the last thoughts of the dying man were directed toward his son.

THE ONLY WISDOM

BY LADY ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL

PART V

THE day is not at hand perhaps when all the world must know, that spirits are but pilgrims, sometimes like the swallow—of return. When that day comes the traits by which we know those whom we seek will eagerly be sought and found in quietude. The tone of voice, the trick of speech, the gait, the individual turn, the seal which stamps each human soul must be submerged in one who walks the seance room. He takes upon himself the mortal, but in mixed conditions. Experience tends to prove that at such time discarnate minds are clouded more or less to consciousness of their environment beyond the border. To the querulous questioner, "Are you in Heaven or Hell?" . . . "Where are you?" . . . "Speak!" . . . For him there can be but one answer, "In this room!" The fact is that all spirit-talk through planchette, or in trance, or through obsession, is too prone to be imbued by our own ego. Through transference of thought in spoken words, or words sometimes intoned to catch our wakened spirit hearing, we must get the marks proving a soul's identity. And there is yet perhaps no clearer mode for Revelation.

Sir William Crookes in his presidential address to the S.P.R. in March, 1897, suggested that in the newly discovered Röntgen Rays might be found a possible mode of transmitting intelligence, which, with a few reasonable postulates, may supply a key to much that is obscure in psychical research.

"Let it be assumed that these rays, or rays even of higher frequency, can pass into the brain and act on some nervous centre there. Let it be conceived that the brain contains a centre which uses these rays as the vocal cords use sound vibrations, (both being under the command of intelligence), and sends them out with the velocity of light to impinge on the receiving ganglion of another brain. In this way some, at least, of the phenomena of telepathy, and the transmission of intelligence from one

sensitive to another through long distances, seem to come into the domain of law, and can be grasped. A sensitive may be one who possesses the telepathic transmitting or receiving ganglion in an advanced state of development, or who, by constant practice, is rendered more sensitive to these high-frequency wares."

Unfortunately, all psychic confessions must of necessity lack in evidential value and fall short in appeal to the reader as long as it is necessary to develop in anonymity the mediator and the spirit messenger. The respect for anonymity which is often solicited by the incarnate mediator, sometimes by the discarnate messenger, is practically what retards the universal recognition of the greatest, the most stupendous truth of the age, namely, the countless instances of proved Spirit Identity. As long as the world is pregnant with superstition and wilful dunderheaded ignorance, it is easy to understand why those messengers who enlighten us from the threshold, as a general rule, prefer to enfold themselves in a veil of anonymity, dropping it only for the one they select as their mediator to whom they reveal themselves sometimes as "watchers"—often as arisen friends. One might almost assert that no two persons are approached and made mediators in the same direction.

But how shall I, who say I hear or feel auditory impressions from a world unseen, obviate a storm of negation? By asking of the logical to grasp the thought in bud—and to believe telepathy in practice does belong, does penetrate the World of Soul—where will—determined will, is far more potent and on higher plane, than the fettered will of men on earth. The speakers certainly are known and are distinguishable by their voice and mannerisms, else the identities—of our wireless messengers—would all get merged one with the other.

The views of our informers often differ widely or entirely from our own. But what of the quotation pointing out "The bourne from which no traveller returns," and the contradictory bombastic ghost of stageland? Surely it is romance of history! For do not they—the so-called dead—resurrect silently and excellently well? . . .

I had a genius admirably placed in social honour, a great and wonderful man. Suddenly he died. . . . He resurrected for me silently, and excellently well.

REVEALED MEMOIRS.

* * * * *

A man can say in symbol that which might take ninety years

to say in words, so what we give you can but represent a few, but certain facts relative to the spirit world. . . . It is very difficult for us to see the periphery of your understanding. . . . The sense and sentiment to be conveyed is in our so-called ganglion of Light. . . . Ill-quickened brains can make but scant use of their wills for blowing into the currents of the room. . . . The power is one belonging to a state of puissance and development. . . .

In science, they have hit on something plausible in the Röntgen Rays. By that mode of transit you may talk to Heaven, and by the strange and hidden occultism of science, you may have your instruments in tone with currents of your ancestors long passed away—a capable adjunct to raise your world, which else would be a world of abject misery. . . .

Some think that from a world of fools, fools show a light! But after all, speakers do not come always with speeches in verse and rustling wings. . . .

From the capitals of the gods it comes, this all souls April. It attacks with virtue, while nature springs out beyond. . . . As water often keeps the blade of grass, until it stirs into each separate group life-bringing drops; so mortal thoughts when watered by immortals shower into eternity. It is a divine revealing, for it comes from the source of all inspiration. Childhood is most susceptible to this quickening of the soul, thus in freshness and in fragrance Love is universally scattered. From the subliminal consciousness we can sometimes draw out the flower in bud. . . . It ought to be away from harm. . . .

I never did think that the theory of life as an illusion was correct. . . . That we breathe from our thoughts, the centre of our thoughts, is the great doctrine of Life. . . . In our earth life the animal we hate in us, as for the spirit—we do not know what it is, nor do we understand our soul to be our higher self. Hold, hold to this, it is not only of earth's root, it has a hidden core full of most precious fruit. . . .

Keep the fact ever before you that the soul is our similitude. If shadows, we were one and all losing in aggregation, but that is not so. If he who dies too soon, to live again, must die again to-morrow—then of what good is his earthly time? Suppose we take it from the theosophist's point of view—that, like our poor earth body, now our body is but the defensive of the spirit, that it is not made for anything else? Facts are thus called episodes, and episodes are no part of the Creator's being—the endeavour made is thus towards a standstill. We are substance of One by whom all things were made. The spirit body has no

element of what you call uncertainty. We each and all through others do receive reminiscences of other worlds, star worlds, and burnt-out fanes. I meet those saviours, spirit-pilgrims all and sundry, rushing through the air. . . . Lo! they come through earth, through air, through God. . . .

Look up! Think of the ancient superstition—once the beautiful deer were human souls! They now go free. . . . I mean the human deer walk now with human souls.

Who was Jesus of Nazareth? the people ask. Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews—afterwards the Christ—was—is—the incarnation of the Son of Man, surely higher than the kingdom of Death. To me he is revealed as my redeemer, helper, watcher, and friend. . . . He smoothes the white limbs of the very poor, and wipes the stains off all both man and beast. . . .

When rose the multitude, the question was—how keep them back with thongs and staves invisible. . . . The Master then put on the unparalleled fetters of the crowd who tried to master him. . . . And afterwards it came to pass when that the pass-over was ended, there was a Nod at that which was the sacrifice. He died for his most precious God. . . .

You ask me whether Art and Nature are eternal. . . . Now what would happen if the trees and everything decayed, and Art was overthrown?—it would create an everlasting chaos. Look round and everywhere you see the spirit world in revelation. Within the glory of a human voice, and ruin of that voice, there stands its flower. In no bird's song is there corruption.* The aroma of Great Nature is not turned brown . . . you cannot open any book that is not full of her logic.

I see within the spiritual spheres everywhere the locking and interlocking of certain symbols. I reach my hands along in the direction not entirely beyond me, and have a sensation as if from every result in an intelligent direction, there came another into being. I push the unknowable into the knowable. But there would be no mystery if deep within our spirit Nature we did not see mysteries impossible to explain. . . . You feel uncertain if on earth you ever have seen solids. Reconstructed, riveted, we see more than you see, we see that all is marvelously beautiful. . . . Mortals see the surfaces, spirits through the solid, how the molecules are interlocked and riveted one with the other. We have the power by simple concentration of our will to shut out of our cognizance any portion or portions of nature

* The phrase quoted in an essay "Bird psychology." (By Lady Archibald Campbell.)

with which we do not care to be in touch. . . . It is not easy for us to get into the magnetism or recognize a human individual with whom we are not in magnetic sympathy. He is not as invisible to us as we are to him, but we see, as it were, only the outer shell, not the moving will within. . . . The Transcendental World is a world of sense. When you are in a trance and feel your spirit float in air, it is in the invisible ether that interpenetrates the physical world The limitation of the human senses is the border line between perceived and unperceived, the known and the unknown. The sights and sounds within the Spirit World are only distanced from you or from any soul by the border line of recognition.

Out of the depths of the ocean beds I come, out of the sacrifices of the river, and the deep, deep sea. Everywhere I seem to go about with the light of the resurrection on me—but when I come back to the earth, it is into a great great fuss. . . .

There is a state called Heaven. Hell is the trial of its contraries. Chaos is in the spheres to those who are made up but out of strife. Where I am now is silver peace. . . .

To form an idea of the supreme governance in being throughout the spiritual universe, understand that it is based on the innate law of Heaven. . . . In the mystery of the quartinery is the fundamental law. . . . It is impossible that the whole government of the heavenly hosts can be given here as in the days of celestial establishment. There is the Thearchy of the Hosts, the hierarchies of the archangels, the seraphs, the angels or missioned spirits—of such are guardian angels, watchers or “shepherd people.” This is the literal meaning of the name, designating those who drawn by love guard all mortals on earth, when not repulsed by them. We see time and time, side by side, and in the middle, it is a condition of Heaven to spirits. We shepherd people see a way right on, between that mortal’s whom we guard, a way of light “with the black thorns near the budding.” . . . The ministering spirits tend the passing of the souls from earth—messengers of light, who at the first awakening into new conditions lead and clothe bewildered spirits. Man’s soul is short-sighted. In early youth our fingers have grown out clutching like the mole.* In spirit-life our soul’s initiation may be slow or quick according to our zeal or the lack of it. How many seemingly work out on earth their destiny with no further wish than to prolong the hobby of life in a fretful

* This saying quoted in “Impressional Drama.” (By Lady Archibald Campbell.)

feeling of existence. In the spiritual world there happens within each human spirit an awakening within an awakening, in which the soul gradually as in a trance passes onward. Nothing is made and marred. Progress is pre-established. The mind of the earth-worm develops, though not his body. Fortune had often scored the victory, if victory had not scared the man. But man in his advancement is pioneer of his own steps, he reaps his wisdom stripped for battles and for strifes, his very fear is courage and leads him up the whistling air. . . .

Somewhere it is chronicled, the aetherial mind of man is like a phosphorous well of light into which is blown air-bubbles or drops. This Soul-Light immortality fixes.

There are spiritual essences in all earthly things, beyond what man can think or dream of. . . . It is very easy for us to get into the magnetism of Nature and see the most minute creations externally and internally. . . .

The smoothest airs that blow on earth are rough compared with the auras which breathe and blow on us. . . . Your sunlight is cruel, your moonlight crude, compared to their counterpart which gives us light. We take rest and we sleep not of necessity, but as a luxury. Our sleep is like a trance wherein we dream. Thus in a dream within a dream we read into the symbol essences of things which we have seen and handled and we see yet more and more of wondrous things to come.

It sometimes happens spirits who have followed out a certain trade on Earth, like when they pass into the Spirit World to cultivate it to perfection. Those are our highest workmen.

Our science here of flowers is perfected to such degree that if we choose we can have giant flowers to sit or sail in. The flowers of your world we have, and many, many more. . . . Your flowers are nearer spiritual things than anything you have. Our gathered flowers remain for everlastings. The skimming swallow migrates here from sphere to sphere at its appointed time. . . .

When spirits give to spirits of their vaster knowledge, ideas go at once into the Scandinavian darkness of the Soul. We read what hangs behind the mental wrack, and with unfrantic eyes, which in your frantic world of haste and ignorance must always be unknown. We see a ray of light, a right way in your way of Art. Your fanciful ideas which are never carried out on earth—nor could, nor ought to be—they are the free flowers which we gather and we keep for you in Paradise. . . .

Michael Angelo always worked from some great conscious rest. With our free thought we have the power to rule our parallels in our creative wonders. None the less truthworthy, going on for ever. . . . Admirers of great emollient Nature, to which with our features we aspire, our walk is like the stag's, unburdened now by time, unto the end of earth's high terraces, the end of earth's high axis, to the end of everything which yet must have no end. Our features proud because aspiring, here as upon earth, while Nature with her invisibility stalks on.

MORE GLIMPSES OF THE UNSEEN

BY REGINALD B. SPAN

PART III

THE fate of those who commit suicide has ever been a problem and a matter for conjecture, though latterly the results of Psychological Research have thrown considerable light on the subject.

A great many of those who have passed into the Unseen by their own hands were sceptics regarding a future life and another world, and considered that the death of the body meant the end of all things for them. Had they known positively that there was a life beyond the grave, and that by thus summarily severing soul from body they would pass "out of the frying pan into the fire," they would probably not have committed such a fatal act of folly. There is not the slightest doubt but that suicides suffer greatly in the next World, the duration and severity of this suffering depending to a great extent on themselves—on their natures, characters, and the circumstances which caused them to kill themselves. It is not God who punishes us when we transgress the natural and spiritual laws (which are fixed unalterably for our guidance and welfare), but we punish ourselves—in exact proportion to the extent and way by which we have trespassed.

Believers in the Christian religion who have committed suicide have, in the letters they left to relations, expressed the hope that God would forgive them, and that they were going straight to heaven.

I fear these poor souls were bitterly disappointed on their arrival in the Unseen, and discovered too late the terrible mistake they had made, when they found themselves Earth bound spirits, confined by invisible barriers to one small spot—the place where they left their earthly tenement in so reckless a manner. Although suicide is looked upon as a crime legally, it cannot be considered so morally, and those poor fellow creatures who have chosen this way of freeing themselves from their trials and pains are far more to be pitied than blamed; and it is not right that we should judge, or condemn them harshly. To refuse their bodies Christian burial seems uncharitable and unspiritual. Rather should we send out thoughts of pity and kindness to them and prayers that their sad condition in the Spiritual World may

be ameliorated. Kind thoughts are very potent, and will reach those who are in misery and darkness in the other world.

I knew of an instance where a young clerk, in Auckland, N.Z., committed suicide by cutting his throat. Shortly after his death the room where he killed himself became "haunted." Every new tenant of the room complained of seeing a young man pacing up and down the floor in a restless manner, with blood dripping from a wound in his throat, or standing leaning against the mantelpiece looking very miserable and dejected. After a time the proprietor of the lodging house was obliged to shut up the room, as no one would take it. I heard later a report that some one interested in psychic matters had obtained an interview with the apparition, and in some way had managed to free it from that room, and the "hauntings" ceased entirely.

A young army officer (Captain S——) whom I know intimately, told me that once when stationed in India with his battalion, he went to call on a friend, a Captain M—— belonging to another regiment quartered a few miles distant. At the end of his visit, he was descending the stairs which led from his friend's rooms to the ground floor, when he heard some one calling him loudly by name from (apparently) a room at the top of the stairway. Thinking it was his friend, he hastened up the stairs again, and re-entered the room he had just left, only to find that Captain M—— had not called him, and did not know who had—though he had heard the voice also. He surmised, however, that the voice proceeded from a room opposite his own on the other side of the landing, which he explained had something uncanny about it—having been locked up for years and never used. He had several times heard noises in the room when passing, and also a voice calling out, as if in pain. There was, however, no one in there. To satisfy Captain S—— the key of the room was obtained, and the door being opened they went in and had a look round. There was nothing there—the walls and floor were bare, and the room devoid of furniture, the windows fast closed and shuttered—and a room beyond was in the same condition. On leaving the room they stood for a few moments outside the re-locked door, and were discussing the strangeness of the affair, when they were startled by hearing the same voice again from the other side of the door call out in a husky tone Captain S——'s name:—"S—— S—— I say, S——" as if wishing to tell him something.

Captain S—— left much mystified, as no one in that place knew his name except his friend.

One dark stormy evening a few years ago, when I was staying at Hayling Island (near Southsea), I was out for a stroll after dinner in a wild lonely part of the island. On coming round a corner of a deserted country lane, I noticed a globe of bright light advancing quickly along the road towards me about four feet above the ground. Thinking it might be a cycle or vehicle of some kind I stepped aside to let it pass, as the lane was very narrow.

I was surprised, however, to hear no sound accompanying it, and thought it must be a very noiseless bicycle. When the light had almost reached me it turned sharply aside and flew over the hedge into a field, where it vanished. I searched the place, as best I could in the darkness, but could neither see nor hear any one. The light was rather larger than that emitted by an ordinary bicycle lamp, and was very bright. It was too large to be a "will o' the wisp," and besides, the country around was not favourable for that phenomenon—being very dry—a wide expanse of sand and gravel land covered with heather and brambles, stretching down to the sea.

A few days later, I heard accidentally, that just a year before a man had committed suicide close to the spot where the light had vanished over the hedge—on just such a wild stormy night.

It is well known amongst psychic investigators that many spirits manifest their presence by globes of light floating in the air, so I naturally concluded that the strange light I had seen had some connexion with the suicide committed there. Similar lights have been seen in churchyards, especially over newly filled graves, and are vulgarly termed "corpse candles." They are often a sign that the spirit of the deceased is still attached or attracted to its old tenement of clay.

In discussing the fate of "suicides" one might speculate as to the condition of those who kill themselves at Monte Carlo. As their last thoughts and emotions are connected with gambling at roulette and trente et quarante, would it not be reasonable to suppose that they would be confined, by the bonds of their past folly, to the gorgeous salles de jeu of the Casino, where they would watch the incessant spinning of the little ivory balls, and varying fortunes of the players amid the clink of coin, babel of voices and the baser passions of mankind. Perhaps a better fate than that of others, who are confined to one small room where in darkness and loneliness they exist without Love, Joy, Peace or Rest—but still their fate would be miserable

enough. The knowledge of what may befall one in the next Life should certainly deter the most tried and reckless from putting an untimely end to themselves in this.

A curious instance of a tragedy being perpetuated after the death of the actors therein, was related to me by Rev. F. Bennet (of Prescott, Arizona).

Some years ago a murder was committed on a cattle ranch in New Mexico. A "cowboy," working on the ranch, quarrelled with a Spanish Mexican over a woman. One evening the quarrel culminated in blows. Weapons being drawn, the Mexican, having disarmed his opponent, pursued him across the garden and into the house, armed with a revolver and long knife, and eventually stabbed the cowboy to death on the verandah before any one could interfere. The Mexican was then captured and hung. This house, later, was sold and became the property of some English people—friends of Mr. Bennet's. They had heard rumours of weird disturbances occurring at intervals, but paid no heed to what they considered was superstitious nonsense.

One warm calm evening when Mr. Bennet was staying there, they were sitting by the open windows reading and talking when suddenly they heard the voices of men quarrelling in the distance, followed by the sound of footsteps coming at full speed towards the house, and a panting noise as of men breathing hard.

There was dead silence for a few seconds, and they got up to see who or what it was—when a blood curdling yell of pain and fear rang through the silence, and some heavy body seemed to fall with a crash on the verandah. They rushed out of the house and round to the side from whence the sound came, but there was nothing and nobody to be seen, and all was quite still and undisturbed; the verandah being bathed in bright moonlight every corner was plainly visible.

It would appear that just as the gramophone and phonograph record and reproduce sound with unerring fidelity to every note, so the ether is capable of recording scenes of human life in which violent mental emotions have played a leading part, and under certain favourable conditions, reproducing them so that they become visible and audible to human senses, and it is very doubtful whether the old actors in such scenes and tragedies are really present enacting over and over again past crimes. More probably they are merely a sort of bioscopic and phonographic reproduction operated automatically by laws which are as yet unknown to psychologists.

A cousin of mine,* when roaming about the world in quest of fortune and adventure, was once in Brazil, and stayed for a time on an estate belonging to a Visconde de B——, at Boa Vista, (a hundred miles inland from Rio Janiero). Adjoining this estate there was a smaller one (a few miles distant), on which a great deal of coffee was grown, and where former Viscondes de B—— had resided in a house long since abandoned. Near this house there was a fazenda, and an old enghenio (or mill) where hundreds of black slaves had been employed and cruelly treated by a former Visconde. The whole place was then deserted and the enghenio half in ruins, but excellent coffee was still grown and laid out on the drying grounds around the enghenio. During my cousin's visit, there was a great deal of coffee laid out in heaps on the drying grounds, and as it was close to a river, it was feared that thieves might carry it off in boats by night, so my cousin volunteered to stay at the house near the enghenio, and be on guard over it, for a few nights; accordingly at 9.0 p.m. one evening he rode over to the enghenio.

Approaching the drying grounds through some orange groves, he was astonished to hear the quick regular beat of the great water wheel in motion; and the rush of water down the mill sluices, and on riding round a corner of the grove, came in full view of the old enghenio, brilliantly lighted up, and crowds of dusky forms hurrying to and fro between the enghenio and the drying grounds, laden with baskets of coffee. His first thought was that the very thieves they had half expected, had actually arrived and were intent on making a clean sweep of all the coffee in the fazenda. There were two overseers directing operations, and some of the natives carried torches.

Pulling out his revolver he cantered forward, and then seeing the hopelessness of his interference, he stopped behind some orange trees close to the enghenio to consider his best move—as he did so a thick wreath of white mist seemed to rise from the marshes; the lights suddenly faded from the enghenio windows, the crowds of natives entirely vanished, and there was not a sound to be heard but the croaking of the frogs. With a feeling of dread he went across the drying grounds, and round the enghenio. Nothing had been disturbed—the coffee lay in the usual heaps untouched; the great water wheel was still and dry, and there was no water in the sluices. He was too astounded for words, and thoroughly unnerved he beat a hasty retreat.

* This incident was recorded in my cousin's biography, "The Life and Adventures of J. G. Yebb."

CHARMS AND CURES FOR THE SICK AS PRACTISED IN IRELAND

BY EDITH WHEELER

"IF any one has the jandice, an' God save them from it," said a young Irish woman to me, "just take them three times over water that runs south and they'll mend from that hour. I knew a young man in my own county of Monaghan who was terrible bad an' he took heed till this sayin' an' was well in a week." "And had you any more cures like that in the County Monaghan?" I queried. "Oh, many a one," said she; "but I be to think over them. I'll study it when I'm at my work an' will let ye know."

"When I was a child," she continued, "I was tuk bad with the chincough (they call the whooping cough by that name in our parts), an' my mother did this an' that, an' one thing an' another, all to no good, till she was tould to go to old Betty Mahoney down by Knockronaghan an' ask a charm off her. Betty had a lot of knowledge from old times that no one has nowadays, an' the cure she gave was in these words: 'Take the child to a child that has never seen its father, an' let that child pass its breath over your child, three times runnin,' an' ye'll find the cure will work.'

"So my mother thought of this one an' that one an' could think of no child that answered, till one day she thought of wee Willie Houston whose father had been killed in a quarry accident a few weeks afore the child was born. So she ups an' brings me till him an' passed his breath over me three times runnin' an' I got rid of the chincough powerful quick, so my mother told me."

There are many cures for the chincough in Ireland. I myself remember distinctly an incident which occurred when I was a child in the County Antrim. I was accustomed to ride a donkey past a gate lodge which stood at the entrance to a large mansion and one day when riding near this spot I was surprised to hear the wife of the lodge-keeper calling me to stop. I reined in, and waited till she appeared. She had a child in her arms, and to my great astonishment she proceeded to pass the child

three times under my donkey. When she had accomplished this she turned to me and said, "God save ye, an' give ye health yerself an' may my child be well of the whooping cough soon."

I met a friend the other day who told me that she had never known before that she was endowed with a charm to cure sickness.

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well, it's like this," she said. "You see, my maiden name was McKeown and my husband's name was McKeown, and they say in these parts (Co. Antrim) that a young woman who marries but does not change her name has a cure for sickness.

"Have you ever used it?" I asked.

"I never knew I had it till the other day," she replied, "when our gardener came up to me and said that he had a favour to ask me. I asked him what it was, and said that if I could do him a favour I would do it willingly.

"Well I don't know whether ye know, ma'am, that ye've a cure for sickness," he replied, "seein' that you're a married woman an' likewise have never changed ye're name. All I want ye to do for me is to prepare a piece of brown bread an' butter an' sugar it with yere own hands, an' give it into my hands yerself for my child that has the chincough, an' it will get well."

"If that is all I have to do," said my friend, "I shall do it with pleasure."

"And how is the baby now?" I asked.

"Well, I met Michael to-day," she replied, "and he said it had been a good day's work when I gave him the cure, for the child had never disturbed them at night since, and before that his wife was up and down constantly."

A curious cure, but of much later invention, came under the notice of a friend of mine who was travelling on a railway in the South of Ireland.

She was quite alone in a third-class carriage with a young woman and her baby, and as the train dashed into a tunnel she saw the mother rise, rush to the window, throw it open, and immediately proceed to hurl the baby through it. She got up from her seat in great alarm, seized the baby by the skirt of its long gown and besought the mother in agonized tones to desist from the awful deed. It seemed to her a desperate struggle in the dark between her and the young woman, for the mother seemed as anxious to get the baby through the window as she was to hold it back. As light broke from the outside upon the scene

my friend felt the young woman loosen her hold and saw her sink back upon the seat with relief.

"How dare you be so wicked!" said my friend.

"How dare you," replied her antagonist; "it's well seen you don't know that it's tunnel air that's the best thing goin' for the chincough."

My friend says that she immediately collapsed into hysterics, half laughing, half crying, till she felt sure that the young country woman supposed she was shut up with a lunatic and got out at the next station.

A very curious incident occurred only last year in the County Monaghan when a young foal began to give milk. The people at once concluded that such an unusual occurrence must have some special significance and believed that the milk of the foal would have some healing power. As the news of the marvel spread, hundreds of people from far and near flocked to the farm where the foal was, and asked for the milk. Many instances of healing were recorded, but only one came under my immediate notice, the case of a young girl who had become blind of one eye. She was a neighbour and friend of a cousin of my maid-servant, and the news of the wonder was written to my maid from her home. Her cousin wrote informing her of the cure effected upon her blind friend and telling her to advise any girls who were ailing or sick to come up to the country and partake in the blessing. The girl who was in my house was most anxious that a deaf friend of hers should go and try the cure, but this friend had no faith in it and did not think it likely that she would benefit thereby, so that she refrained from going.

My readers will bring back to memory many cures spoken of and reported on good authority which have taken place at the different Holy Wells in different parts of Ireland. I was particularly impressed by a story told me last summer by a carman at Kilkee, Co. Clare.

He said that as a boy he was very late in getting "the walk" and as time went on his mother was distracted, feeling that he might never have the use of his legs. The legs were not ill-formed or weakly looking, but still he had never made any effort to support himself on them or attempt to walk, even when long past the age that other children are accustomed to do so. Now outside the village of Carrigaholt, on a point of land that juts out into the sea, is a well of fresh spring water rising out of the rock. Near this, is a bed of stones which to this day is

called "The Saint's Bed," and on the top of the headland is the little altar at which the pilgrims make their rounds.

Now the mother of my friend the car-driver was told that if one went to Carrigaholt and made the rounds and then stepped down to the well and drank the water, and if she persisted and would spend the night with the child on the hard stones of "The Saint's Bed" that the child would obtain the power of walking.

So full of faith and loving prayers for his recovery the mother came and brought the child with her and did as she was told and returned to her home.

"Now would you believe it ma'am," continued the man, "me that had never walked a step in my life, walked across the floor the next night, thanks to the Holy Well."

"And thanks to your mother's faith and devotion," I added.

"Mebbe that too," he assented piously. "Now away ye go," he said, "down to the well yerself, and ask a favour for any that's in trouble and in need of a cure." So I went.

"Did ye see any wee fish in the pool, an' did they come to the top av the water," he asked, as I remounted the car. "They did," I assented. "Then yere wish be to come true," said he finally, as we drove away; and so it has.

All over the County Clare there are numbers of Holy Wells to which pilgrimages are made, and at which benefits accrue to those who in faith make their petition at the spot. It does one's heart good to see the simple country folk walk over a field or climb down some rocks or row out to some little island perhaps, just to make their prayer at a well and ask for a blessing. No wonder the blessing is sent to such prayers of simple faith in the loving Father who cares for and can cure all His children.

It is quite common to hear the country people say, "Indeed it's a good Well," and then proceed to tell some experience of their own or some tale of the cure of a neighbour.

It is quite a common thing in an Irish village even to this day to hear of a man or woman who is a herbalist and who makes quite a living out of the different herbs which they prepare for certain diseases. I have a vivid recollection of an old country clergyman who was as good a doctor of bodies as he was of souls. This good old man was wont to prepare many decoctions from the different herbs for various ailments, and the people used to flock to him from far and near to get the treatment for which they were charged nothing.

As he did not distil the various preparations, it meant that

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the patient had to drink a great quantity of fluid, but at the same time I believe they felt that the greater the quantity the greater the benefit.

This same old gentleman was renowned for a certain cure he had for neuralgia in the face, a cure which seems to have been a primitive form of electric treatment. The charm consisted of a string, to one end of which was attached a lead spoon, and to the other a piece of copper, the piece of copper was placed on the forehead and the lead spoon behind the ear and various passes and rubbings were made in order to effect the cure. This remedy was practised many years in the different country places throughout the County Down.

A great many Irish families have in their possession a recipe or cure for a certain illness, which is handed down from father to son. Such a cure was the well known one for Cancer which was in the possession of the Dill family of County Tyrone, and I believe that many of the patent remedies now so much advertised were once handed down in a family and have since been placed in the market by some more adventurous spirit than his predecessors.

A number of cures have been collected for me in the County Galway by Lawrence Burke of Castlerea, himself a herbalist and man of medicine.

It is said that the person who for the first time sees some poor soul in an epileptic attack should at once take some mud off his right boot and place it on the mouth, eyes and nose of the sufferer. Lawrence Burke remarks in a side note that that is a *real* cure, as he has known of several who have recovered after being treated in this way.

A charm for ague or nervousness is to catch a black spider, imprison it in the centre of a pat of butter and swallow it down whole. Not a very pleasant experience I should think!

For skin troubles one is told to take some blood from the tail of a black cat and drink it in a little milk.

A cure for burns is supposed to lie in the touch of the eldest daughter of certain families, and to secure the charm descending upon this child, a live lizard (Irish, Alplooher) should be drawn across her hand at birth. Should this maiden apply her touch to any one suffering from burns instant relief will follow.

A cure for ringworm belongs by right to the seventh son in any family, and to secure this the father should at the birth of the child procure twenty worms, eighteen to be tied up in a rag, two to be thrown into the fire. The rag containing the eighteen worms should be tied on to the wrist of the child and left there

for twelve hours. This child will then be able to cure ring-worm within three days by the laying of its hand on the spot. Monday and Thursday are the favourite days on which to operate. My informant, Lawrence Burke, assures me that he was cured himself in this way.

A County Galway cure for "King's Evil" is to boil the roots of the dock and to make poultices of the leaves, placing them on the parts affected. Ten or twelve poultices are said to have the desired result.

A cure for any lump is to boil the roots of the plant crows-foot and lay them upon it. Two applications will break the lump and cure it.

A cure for the jaundice, as given by the same person, is a black draught made of porter and ivy leaves boiled and strained. A glass of this each morning taken when fasting will cure the disease.

A cure for Bright's disease is to boil the seeds of the wild watercress in water and then preserve them with whisky. This takes a month at least to effect a cure.

Most of these cures which I have given are more of the nature of herb cures, many of which are known to have good effect; but there are also many cures in Galway which seem to partake more of the nature of charms, some of them being most repulsive treatments. I give them, however, as it is of interest to many people to compare these charms with those of other races and to trace a connection between them. For instance, I am told that when a child has the measles, sheep dung is boiled on milk and given to the child to drink. This has the effect of bringing down the temperature. It may be interesting to some to remark that this was one of the cures practised by some Boer mothers in the Concentration Camps during the Boer war. An army doctor told me that it was almost impossible to keep the mothers from giving their children this horrible decoction during the epidemic of measles in the Camps.

When a child begins to pine away from no visible cause it is customary to hang up a charm composed of hen manure and old horseshoe nails and salt. This is supposed to keep away the fairies who are thought to be gradually stealing away the child.

A charm for the toothache is to tie a frog's head on to the afflicted part and sleep with it on. Rather an uncomfortable proceeding I should say.

A cure for rheumatism, and rather a drastic one too, is to

place the patient upon a bed of nettles; the nettle stings are thought to bring out the water from the afflicted joints.

This sounds a charm of the order of "*Kill or cure.*"

When a person is found walking in his sleep a hole is dug in the garden, the sleep walker placed in it and then awakened. The terror of the situation may doubtless have the desired effect upon the subconscious mind and prevent sleep walking in the future, as my informant says this is a *certain* cure.

A number of people throughout Ireland make a small living by preparing what are called "sprain threads" out of flax; each thread is said to cure a sprain.

A person afflicted with a bad cough is made to leap a lime-kiln five times upon a May morning or on a November night.

A cure for a broken leg or arm is ensured by making the bandages for the limb out of a sheet upon which a corpse has been waked.

A similarly gruesome cure for the toothache is to rub the gum with the finger of a dead person. That person is sure never to know ache or pain in the teeth again.

There are many people in Ireland who still believe in the possibility of their cattle being bewitched or "overlooked," and certain remedies are taken to prevent the witch or evil person from performing his or her designs.

When the milk of a cow is supposed to have been bewitched from it, nine lengths of the cow's hair are taken and boiled in a little of the cow's milk along with an old horseshoe. As the brew boils, the evil doer will begin to pine away, and, unless the milk is given back, will die within a week. It has often happened that some poor creature who dies at this time is considered to be the defaulter, and the epithet of "witch" is often unjustly given and the family shunned.

I had been telling this tale to a young country woman from the County Kildare, and she at once began to give me another cure for the same thing.

"There is always some one or other ye suspect of overlooking the cattle," she said; "an' the best way I know of is to get a bit of her dress unbeknownst to her and burn it under the cow's nose. Ye need not bother yere head whether she's a real witch or not, as it's the milk ye want back, an' not to do her any ill, so it's no harm to try this cure."

There seems to be a feeling through the country at present that any charm or cure that works ill on another, even a witch herself, is not a good charm, and should not be practised. This

idea will correspond with the distinction drawn by occultists between black and white magic, and is a doctrine which should be preached, when dealing with superstitious people, as many terrible and inhuman practices have resulted from a too fervid belief in a hurtful cure or charm.

The Irish country people believe that these cures and charms are parts of an old knowledge which we do not now possess, and many believe that the years which have passed since then have not done much to add to the benefit received from these old methods. It is to such people that the advice should be given that in healing oneself care should be taken not to hurt another fellow being, either physically or in the more hurtful way of believing that they exert an evil influence. More evil has been wrought by a false interpretation of the biblical text "thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" than by any other saying; those people who sought the counsel of "the wise woman" in her days of prosperity turning upon her to call her "a witch" when evil times became her lot.

The whole subject of these charms and cures is one full of interest to the antiquarian, the doctor, and to all those who are interested in comparing the thought of primitive people with the accepted scientific teaching of the present day, and so I write this article with the hope that many will not only read it as an account of a collection of curious and foolish facts, but will also be able to draw deductions from the facts, which will support some of the theories which are now advanced.

THE BIJLI OF THE FLAMING TORCH

By H. MAYNE YOUNG

[I give the following narrative as nearly as possible as it was told to me by my friend, who experienced this adventure while out in India.—H. M. Y.*

THE strange event I am about to relate happened to me, some sixteen years ago, when I was out in India. I had started on a shooting expedition with my *bearer* and *khansamah*, and after having been the greater part of the day in the saddle, I arrived, towards evening, thoroughly fagged out, hungry and dust-stained, at a little out-of-the-way *busti*, in the midst of a wide stretch of cotton fields.

I encamped close to a natural tank, on the outskirts of the village, and under the shelter of a wide-spreading, leafy banyan tree, I took up my quarters for the night. There my native servants set about preparing me the evening meal, from the inevitable up-country chicken. While these preparations were in progress I made a tour of inspection of my surroundings, and came across an aged fakir, one of those wandering religious mendicants whom one so frequently meets in all parts of India. With long matted hair, and a dirty loin cloth, covering his mud-stained emaciated body, he sat absorbed in meditation by the tank. These religious fanatics are held in great veneration and awe, by the natives, on account of the occult powers which they possess. So strong is their control of mind over body, that they can at will, produce in themselves, the phenomena of self-hypnotism and catalepsy, and while the body lies cold and inert, the spirit is free to travel into space. As I passed by † this old fakir, he looked up from his devotions, and salaaming me, begged of me not to touch nor drink the water of that tank, lest some evil should befall me.

* This record has been personally checked, corrected and corroborated by Colonel —, to whom the adventure occurred. He observes in his letter: "I do not wish my name to appear at all, as a large number of people would, at once almost, recognize it, who knew and remembered my accident in India."—Ed.

† [I have let the text stand, but the Colonel here comments. "I did not pass him, a native later actually came to my camp and interviewed me."—Ed.]

Imagining some selfish motive behind these words, and being in no frame of mind to be trifled with, I told him to be silent, and informed him that, as for not drinking of the water of that tank, neither he, nor any one else, should prevent me from doing so.

My servants were terrified at his words, and in fear and trembling my *bearer* brought me the water from the tank, and after a cold bath and a rub down, I felt considerably refreshed, and thought no more of the old man and his warning, until my attention was arrested by the sight of the villagers and my servants, all trooping off to a more distant tank to draw water, and to slack their thirst. Inquiring the reason of their aversion for the water of the nearer tank, I then learnt that a man who had murdered his wife had drowned himself in it, and it was firmly believed that any one who drank or bathed in that water would either be killed by this Earth bound spirit, or else some dire misfortune would overtake him.

About ten o'clock that night, I sent on my two servants with the coolies bearing my tent and next kit, to our intended camping ground, while I snatched a few hours sleep, rolled up in my blanket under the banyan tree.

At 2 a.m., I set out, rifle in hand, to ride across the black loamy fields by a shorter cut to my destination, accompanied by a native guide and my "Boy."

It was now about 3 a.m., and the air was beautifully cool and fresh, and we were able to travel for some time at a good pace, I on horseback, my two attendants running by my side.

By this time we had reached the middle of a wide stretch of cotton fields, when happening to glance ahead, I saw in the far distance, a tiny glimmer of light. At first I mistook it for a light, in some native hut, but as I looked more intently at it, I noticed that it appeared to be moving rapidly towards us, and that in reality it seemed to come from a flaming torch. Turning to the two natives, I asked them what was this moving light? To my great astonishment they uttered cries of terror, and trembling with fear, they gasped out, "*It is the Bijli*" (an evil spirit), and the next moment, the two cowards turned tail and fled for their lives in the opposite direction. Cursing them for their cowardly desertion, I spurred up my horse, and rode forward to meet the advancing object. I could now see that the torch was apparently held by a native runner, so I called out as loudly as I could in Hindi to him to halt; for I was determined to find out the cause of the baseless fear of my two guides. The

figure took no heed of my call, but came gliding along towards me with unslackened speed. Enraged at such disobedience, I spurred on my horse, to run him down, when suddenly the animal planted his feet, snorted, and nearly unseated me. Trembling in every limb he refused to advance a foot nearer. There was nothing else to do, but to dismount and continue my journey on foot.

Scarcely had I released the reins, than the frightened brute bolted back towards the village we had left an hour or so previously.

The situation was now getting exciting. Deprived of my horse, and two guides, and in the midst of pathless fields, I felt it would be difficult for me to proceed, so raising the rifle to my shoulder, I cried "Stand still, or I fire at you!" Hardly had I uttered the words, when I was horrified to see that the figure, which seemed to *fly* along, and was now only some few yards distant, was no human being at all. All that was visible was a grinning, bony skull and eye sockets, with long lank hair, and a fleshless arm holding a flaming torch; the rest of the figure being a mere trail of grey mist.

As I stood there, unflinching, with my finger on the trigger, the apparition, which was now only ten or fifteen feet distant, suddenly *diverged* from me, and rapidly sank into the ground, some twenty feet *past me*, so that I had a good view of IT. I rushed up to the spot where it had disappeared, but no trace of it was to be found. I stamped upon the ground, but the only proof of the apparition was a sprinkling of red hot embers, which a moment before had formed the flaming torch. To reassure myself of the reality of what I had just witnessed, I stooped down, and picked up some of these embers, which, however, I had hastily to throw down, as I discovered they were too hot to handle. Somewhat startled I retraced my steps for a short distance, and as good luck would have it, I found my horse quietly grazing some distance away, and so remounting him, and after much hallooing having got back my guide and boy, I at last reached my destination at daylight.

My guide then spread the news, and the headman of the village having come to see me, said, "*Sahib has seen the face of the Bijli, and evil will overtake him.*" He and my servants implored me not to go shooting in that neighbourhood, "for does not the Sahib remember the Engineer Sahib, who saw the Bijli, and how the next night he was killed by a panther in his tent?" "Do not go, Sahib," they entreated, "evil will only come

of it." They also told me that a native (who drank of the tank a year before) had been found dead with a *burnt* gash in his head on that plain I had traversed. Laughing at their superstition, I set out for my "*shikar*" (shooting).

A fortnight after, as we came near one of the hill caves, I heard that a couple of bears had been sighted there the previous night. Sending in the beaters to arouse the animals from their lair, I waited at the mouth of the cave for their approach.

Suddenly the two bears rushed out, and firing at one of them, I mortally wounded him, but as I turned, I found to my astonishment, that I was unexpectedly confronted by a third, too near to fire upon. Stepping back in order to take careful aim and avoid him, I stumbled and fell down a precipitous rock. In my fall, I broke an arm, and dislocated my elbow, while a splinter from a fallen tree badly gashed my cheek. Staunching my wound as best I could, and with the help of the natives, I managed to get astride my horse and somehow gained my camp. There I lay for several days in great pain and in high fever, till at last I was strong enough to travel to the nearest *station*, and put myself into the doctor's hands.

I feel perfectly sure that had I shown any trace of fear, when face to face with *The Bijli of the Flaming Torch*, or had its eyes looked closely into mine, or had it in any way touched me, Death would have been the sequel to this ghostly encounter or contact.

PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS AND ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS

BY THE "OCCULT REVIEW" PSYCHOMETRIST

DELINEATION (M.N.)

This is written by a woman—young but thoughtful for her age—she is quick and yet I get a sense of thoroughness which is not always formed with the quick thought and intention I find here.

I consider the general condition good, but one influence causes slight irritation at times ; still on the whole I should say M.N. was a lucky woman.

She would do well to take up some work and give her mind to it at present. She tries to do most things and does fairly well, but if she concentrated her forces I believe she would do better. I find real intellectual power here, and with her quick thought she could be very clever.

Her life goes on much the same as now for another year or so, and then I get a very strong influence in her life ; this is a man, and at once I find a strong attachment, a short engagement and marriage. This gives a very happy contented life to this subject, and I also get a very decided improvement in financial and social conditions, and the future generally is very bright, though not a very exciting one ; in fact life flows on very calmly, and except for the influence of children and domestic life there is little to say about it, but it seems to suit this subject very well.

DELINEATION (EXAM).

1st Question : Have I met the man I shall marry ?

Answer : Yes—but circumstances will prevent your marrying this year.

2nd Question : Describe the man I shall marry ?

Answer : I sense a quiet, clever, determined man, very sensitive, but kind and good-natured. I think you have known him some time. I should expect him to be of medium height, and dark rather than fair.

DELINEATION (MIGNON).

1st Question : Can you see any change in my life in the near future ?

Answer : I do not sense any immediate change, except for a visit early in the new year. Your life goes on much as now until towards the end of next year.

2nd Question : Can you see when I shall see a great friend who is now abroad ?

Answer : I sense this influence returning to your life next year, but you do not seem to meet each other until the end of the year ; but this meeting brings about great changes for both and much happiness.

DELINEATION (X. B.).

This glove is worn by a woman who has known much sorrow and trouble. Influences and conditions have been very much against her in the past. At present, I find her somewhat unsettled in her mind, and anxious to know how the future will pan out.

I sense a much brighter condition and less anxiety when the next few months are past.

This subject is worrying very much just now, but much that she fears will never happen. She should fight steadily on, and she will overcome the present conditions, and much that is difficult for her to understand now will be made clear during the remaining months of this year.

DELINEATION (ROSEM DUTH).

1st Question : Can you give me any promise of success in the near future ?

Answer : I cannot sense any great success for you at once. I get a steady rising into a better position socially and financially, but there is no immediate success.

2nd Question : Can you say which branch of work I should apply myself to in order to be successful ?

Answer : I think your best chance of success is to persevere in your present work. If you are really determined to succeed, you will do so ; but you are often uncertain of yourself, and this leads to mistakes. Changes are not good for you ; it is much wiser for you to concentrate all your forces on the work of the moment. You are not meant to be general. The present work, though not quite congenial, is work you can do, and it is better to rise slowly than fall quickly.

DELINEATION (A. C. EDINA).

1st Question : Is the year 1907 likely to hold influences favourable for business and disposal of property ?

Answer : I consider the early part of the year is good for business, as I sense some success for you ; but the middle of the year will be best for selling property.

2nd Question : Will any considerable change take place during 1907 ?

Answer : Towards the end of the year there will, I think, be changes, as I sense new conditions and, I think, change of residence. I believe the year generally will be a good one for you.

DELINEATION (N. M. M.).

This is from a man who has had a good deal of trouble lately ; in fact, he seems to have lost heart, but though everything looks very dark at present, I sense success for him. He will be mixed up in some big mining scheme, which will, after much delay—which causes him great disappointments—suddenly become a great success.

This man has made friends with some influential men, and though at present it does not seem as if they will be of any use, still, I feel one man about forty-five, whose influence will do a great deal for N. M. M. I feel this subject will be wise to stay where he is at present. He has felt very uncertain lately about his general conditions, and has, I think, thought of making a move ; but I do not think he will do this, as I feel circumstances will make it impossible to change just yet. A little patience, and he will see for himself that it is better to remain where he is, though it all looks hopeless at the moment.

I consider the future of this subject good, and sense a happy home life within the next few years. I think there is an important journey towards the end of 1907, and another early in 1908.

PERSEVERING (CHESHIRE).

1st Question : What has been the experience of the owner of the enclosed article during the past few years ?

Answer : I sense much worry and some anxiety during this time, but just lately the conditions have improved, and an influence which in the past interfered with you, and prevented you carrying out many of your best plans, has now lost its power, and you are free to live your own life ; and this means that you are more independent, and will shortly become much more successful.

2nd Question : Is this character a strong or weak one ?

Answer : I consider this character strong, but owing to the suppressing conditions of the past, this subject has not developed himself as he would have done under more congenial conditions.

DELINEATION (NANSEN).

1st Question : Can you tell me anything about the writer of this letter ?

Answer : This letter is written by a man, I think ; but I cannot be sure, as a woman's influence comes very strongly into the conditions. Whether written by man or woman, the writer is very sincerely attached to the person to whom they are writing, and these two influences are much more closely connected in the future than now.

2nd Question : Do you see any change of life for me in the near future ?

Answer : At present your life goes forward very much as now ; but I sense a change after next year, when marriage comes strongly into the conditions, and, I think, a bright and happy future follows.

KISMET.

1st Question : Do you see any improvement in my present financial position ?

Answer : I sense no improvement until next spring, when there is some decided success.

2nd Question : Do you see an influence lately come into my life becoming stronger ?

Answer : Yes ; this influence will become much stronger, and will be a great help to you in the future—both financially and socially—and a strong personal attachment will also come into this condition.

SALLY (CHESHIRE).

This is worn by a woman who has had rather a bad time lately, and this trouble has not been her own. She is a very kind-hearted, tender woman, and feels the misfortunes of her friends very keenly. I sense the influence of a man in her life, and should say she was married, and, though they are happy in their married life, circumstances over which they have had no control seem to have caused worry and difficulty in their lives lately ; but she is over the worst. I sense a very decided improvement and gratified ambition for one she loves, which brings real contentment and happiness to her.

REVIEWS

THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN. BY A. F. S. London :
Office of *Light*, 110, St. Martin's Lane.

IF it were not for its unfortunately numerous solecisms of punctuation, orthography, and grammatical construction, this book would be the best "occult" story that has appeared for some time. Apart from these defects, from which it will doubtless be freed in subsequent editions, it is worthy to rank with such books as Lytton's *Strange Story*, which indeed it closely resembles in many ways. It differs from Lytton's book, however, and becomes affiliated to Mrs. Campbell Praed's *Nyria*, by reason of the claims made as to its ultimate authorship. It was written by the hand of a sensitive (in half-trance) and the real intelligence at work purports to be the spirit of a Persian King who lived about 400 B.C. This august entity dictates his autobiography to the inwardly listening sensitive, who writes down the story without conscious effort of composition or origination.

The story deals, not only with the short and stormy earth-life of Ahrinziman, but also with his experiences in the Spirit World during the two thousand four hundred years which have elapsed since he quitted his mortal body. We are introduced to the grisly demons of the Hell in which as a result of his ambition and revengefulness Ahrinziman finds himself, and to the scarcely less appalling Denizens of the Astral Plane. (Incidentally, it is to be remarked that the earth-life seems to have been more full of events than the spiritual, for in spite of its comparative shortness—about thirty years as against twenty-four centuries—it takes up considerably more than half of the book.) However, the hero works out his salvation by repentance, humility, and good deeds; lifting himself slowly and painfully out of the Inferno into which he was plunged, to the brightness and peace of the Second Sphere, and apparently—at the end—to the effulgent glories of the Golden Star.

Scientifically, the book is not quite convincing. The verifiable details of Persian history are scanty, and the evidence for Ahrinziman's identity is consequently insufficient. Apparently no *names* were given, for the author says that she fitted in the first Eastern names which came to her thoughts. Mr. Thurstan points out in the Preface that if we suppose Ahrinziman to be Sogdianus, son of Artaxerxes Longimanus, many of the facts

fall into line with what we know of the history of those times. But there are discrepancies which militate against the theory, and the question of the ultimate authorship of the book must be left open. Perhaps Ahrinziman is but a fraction of the sensitive's subliminal self, masquerading as a separate personality in the same way as "Blanche Poynings" did in an interesting case recently reported to the S.P.R.

Philosophically, the teaching of the book may be classed as theosophical rather than spiritualistic. Man is considered as a soul inhabiting three bodies or envelopes—the material, the Astral, and the Spiritual. The Spirit World is made up of many Spheres or Planes, somewhat vaguely and confusedly described; and there is much concerning astral entities, "shells," vampires, and so forth. One particularly unpleasant doctrine taught by these Persian "spirits" is that the soul cannot get clear of its material attachments until the disintegration of the body is complete; and a weird picture is drawn of a graveyard, as seen from the spiritual side of life, with its thronging spirits hanging over their decaying bodies. I am a supporter of cremation for various reasons; but I cannot accept the idea that a good spirit remains earth-bound because its body has been buried, while a bad spirit begins to progress immediately because its body happens to have been cremated.

However, the book is decidedly interesting, if only for the story; and the mode of its production supplies an added interest to the student of occultism and psychical research.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

RED RECORDS. By Alice Perrin. London: Chatto and Windus.

THIS fascinating volume of short stories is evidently written by one who knows her India, understands its people, and brings to her task a full appreciation of the psychological possibilities of the oriental setting. Many of the narratives might have been written in the atmosphere of Kensington, with an English setting, and with quite familiar associations of modern English life, but they would be still interesting, and not a whit less clever and finished than they are now. But the fact that the author possesses a fine descriptive style and brings it to bear in the most effective manner in describing scenes that are altogether strange to western eyes, renders the work doubly entrancing and contributes an atmosphere of mystery to narratives which, in substance, have only one burden, conveyed to us in the proverb of

x

Hindustan which is quoted on the title-page as the theme of the "Red Records": "In this world the strongest of all things is Fate." In view of the scarcity of really good short stories, this volume will be eagerly sought after by many. I consider many of the stories to be not less effective than those of Kipling.

OCCULT ESSAYS. By A. P. Sinnett. London and Benares: The Theosophical Publishing Society.

THESE essays originally appeared in the pages of *Broad Views*, of which periodical Mr. Sinnett is the well-known editor. They are not so much an exposition of the point of view of the average believer in the existence of an occult world, as of that particular brand of occultism which Mr. Sinnett habitually advocates. Some of them contain simple statements of theosophical teaching about the nature and destiny of mankind; others consider political and scientific problems in a theosophical light.

It must be admitted, at the outset, that the essayist has much more to say than most people about the ultimate problems which vex, or ought to vex, the minds of thinking people. Further, it has always seemed to us that his position is perfectly definite and intelligible, and that, as far as it goes, it is a satisfactory solution of many of the most pressing teleological difficulties. But Mr. Sinnett must really not be too hard on people who do not, as yet, believe in re-incarnation, if only for the reason that there was once a time when he did not believe in it himself.

For a devotee of physical science, Mr. Sinnett is tolerably fair to the so-called "ancient classics." For an occultist, we think that he does them rather poor justice. The "ancient classics" are very occult, as every occultist, who has studied them, knows. For instance, the principles underlying modern theosophy are more or less correctly given, in brief poetical dress, in the sixth book of the *Aeneid* of Vergil (ll. 724-751)* where the doctrine of re-incarnation is stated in four lines, and something very much resembling the doctrine of karma, in four words; and it was in Vergil, years ago, that we read these doctrines first. Again, the mythological stories which loom so largely in classical literature are, at the worst, obvious "astralisms"; at the best, they are by no means unimportant relics of the doctrine of Planetary spirits, as well as popular repositi-

* Clairvoyants should try their hand at translating ll. 733-34. They would manage it better than the commentators.

tories of astrological lore. For omens, portents, premonitory dreams, oracles, miracles, instances of telepathic and occult phenomena of all kinds, it is to literature, and not to physical science, that, in the nature of things, we turn.

The fact is, that it is one of the functions of religion, and superstition, and pure literature, to keep the truths of occultism, so to speak, "in pickle," against the time when Science shall cease to deal with merely physical happenings, and begin to turn her attention to matters of greater importance. Then, and not till then, will she discover that those she once deemed her enemies were in reality her true friends, clinging, as they did, with a somewhat blind, but an entirely correct, instinct to fragments of truth which it will be her own delight, in the future, to shape and to formulate into one homogeneous whole.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

LUMINOUS BODIES. By Charles Hallock, M.A.

New York: The Metaphysical Publishing Co.

If anybody would behold the apotheosis of the Electrical Potential, he will find it manifest in the pages of this book. For Mr. Hallock electricity is the Alpha and Omega of existence, nay more, of veritable Being. When a man is obsessed of an idea he may read it into all tradition—and out again—out of all Scripture, of all science, of all philosophy. Everywhere he finds a warrant for his belief, an evidence for his specialized intellection, a confirmation of his individual truth-seeing. Against the inflated Credo of human presumption there is set the not too certain Scio of apparent fact. Let us believe by all means, but let us not believe that the final word has ever been spoken into the naked ear of embodied man. "Veil after veil will lift, but there must be veil upon veil behind!" Electricity has opened up undreamed-of vistas to the human mind, but it is not the final word of science, still less of possible revelation, and what we know in comparison with the possibly knowable is so small, that we should spell out our Credo slowly and with hesitation, if at all.

Mr. Hallock treats of Luminous Bodies, here and hereafter, in thirteen chapters. He accepts at the outset the Corpuscular Theory of Sir Oliver Lodge, and makes it the basis, along with Dr. H. R. Rogers' *Theory of the Great Physical Forces*, of the whole application to which his book is devoted. This consists briefly in tracing a natural law in the spiritual world so far as the constitution of post-mortem bodies is concerned, which bodies, both by tradition and Scripture-warrant, are endowed with an

energy and a luminosity which are only explicable—from the author's point of view—on the electrical theory of the constitution of atomic bodies. One of the most striking chapters is that upon "The Biology of the Cosmos," in which the correspondence of the Earth's structure with that of the human body is traced with singular attention to detail. Bruno was wont to speak of the Earth as a "great beast," and certainly the present work justifies the comparison by the parallelism existing—and here specifically treated—between what Mr. Hallock is pleased to call "the physicosm" of the earth and the physical economy of man.

There are also suggestive chapters on "Vito-magnetism and the Soul Aura" and "Colour Effects of the Emotions." Then comes what I have referred to as the apotheosis of the electrical potential in a chapter on "The Electrical Body of the Future Life." This is the vital point of the work, and I am not going to rob the author of the best fruit of his vineyard by overdue quotation, but I must have this passage by way of illustration—

Electrical phenomena are constantly occurring which point toward the final consummation and explain the immortal body. Suggestions to this end are ever present, but our mortal comprehensions are so obtuse that we fail to perceive their significance. These phenomena, both in nature and invention, are marvellous and inexplicable, except on the basis of my postulate, but they forecast the existence which is to come. They are "mighty in operation." The term body implies something visible and tangible, and electricity is transcendently palpable when applied.

Mr. Hallock writes an excellent essay, and marshals his subject with much skill. Effect rather than lucidity is attained, however, by the use of such terms as "terrestrial physicosm" and "the intussusception of the human and divine," to which may be added the use of the interrogative pronoun as noun objective. Also, I do not think the statement that "Life is knowledge and the germ of life is intelligence" should pass review without a word of protest. It may be a clumsy expression, inadequate to the author's intention and meaning, but it is altogether ineffective in the setting where it is found, and its accuracy is decidedly open to question. Despite these minor points, which a reviewer may perhaps be excused noticing, Mr. Hallock is to be congratulated, not only upon his style, but also on having given us an entirely novel set of ideas regarding the sort of bodies we shall have to function through hereafter in a world where thought, feeling and volition will be expressed in terms of electrical energy.

SCRUTATOR.

THE DEMONISM OF THE AGES AND SPIRIT OBSESSION. By J. M. Peebles, M.D., A.M. America : The Peebles Medical Institute, Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

DR. PEEBLES, whose connexion with modern Spiritualism is well known, essays in this large volume, and with a very large measure of experience gathered in various parts of the world, to demonstrate certain principles concerning the nature of man, his relation to the world of spirits, and his condition after the change called death. He is concerned not with ministering "spirits," but with all that obtains to obsessing demons and the part they play in the development of human error and crime. Spirits are merely human beings released from the body by death, which event does not either degrade or elevate a human being. They take with them their consciousness, their memories, dispositions and tendencies. There are therefore as many kinds and classes of spirits as there are of mortals on the earth. They are capable of inducing hypnotic trance in mortals, of influencing and obsessing such as are sensitive or negative to the will of others. But these infestings of the mind are carried on only by the lower or earth-bound spirits, not necessarily the ignorant, but the least spiritualized among them. They are capable of inciting to crime. Dr. Peebles raises and answers many questions in relation to these restless souls. Can they be exorcised, and by what means? Is their condition remediable, can they be reached by us and instructed, their soul-sympathies touched by the fires of inspiration, can their depraved natures be transformed? All these psychological questions, which arise out of the undoubted phenomena of hypnotism, trance, witchcraft, monomania, impulsive crimes, etc., are discussed in the present volume and are illustrated by numerous experiences and authentic records gathered from a wide field of research, the whole constituting probably the most complete statement of demonology extant. It is not elevating reading, but the facts seem necessary to be known, and in all probability they will be found useful in relation to mental therapeutics which hitherto has found an insecure basis in purely physiological principles. SCRUTATOR.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE only article in *Broad Views* for October which specially deals with occultism is one by Carl Heath on William Blake, of whom we are told that—

- He saw life in large and splendid form, and he lived continuously in

the ideal world, which he vehemently maintained was the only real one. "For all things exist in the human imagination." This was the corner stone of his philosophy, says Gilchrist. And in this world of imagination or of intuitive reality, everything has larger, nobler, ampler form. This larger life invades and pervades what we call the real world, so that the real world comes to be to the world of intuition, what in psychic language the supra-liminal self is to the whole self—a part, and a very incomplete part. "The world of imagination," says Blake, "is the world of eternity. It is the divine bosom into which we shall all go after the death of the vegetated body. The world of imagination is infinite and eternal, whereas the world of generation or vegetation is finite and temporal." "Imagination," he says elsewhere, "is the divine vision." Imagination is thus the saving element which makes it possible for man to see Nature as symbol, as a form merely of mental existence, to see through the material world to what lies behind. "I look," he said, "through the eye and not with it. Imagination is a thing, or rather a region, in which the real things exist, and of whose life they are made living. Not being of perishable material its inhabitants must needs be immortal. Whatever drives us to exercise this faculty tends to increase and nourish the indestructible soul." And this teaching, this emphasis laid on the spiritual in life, which came to him by vision, by intuition, by a daily living of his soul on the mountain tops, was set forth in poem and picture, in word and in colour, in prophetic denunciation and in tenderest lyric, strenuously, without doubt, with the firmest optimism, through all opposition and contempt and neglect, ending after seventy years with a death-bed song of triumph.

The *Theosophical Review* has a brief but beautiful description of "A Vision of the Handel Festival," seen by one sitting alone quietly, two hundred miles from London, who seemed to be "borne swiftly through space" so as to look into the great palace itself, and, as the sound waves rose, was lifted higher and higher into an atmosphere of clear, deep blue.

In trembling waves of colour rose the perfect full tones of the great choir. The wondrous building grew and spread and became more beautiful until, in the "Glory of the Lord" chorus, it seemed to reach a height of surpassing grandeur. Then, when in glad triumph swayed up as from one great throat, "Blessing and Honour and Glory and Power be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne," I beheld, as it were, mighty Hands spreading themselves out in blessing over the whole assembly."

There is in the same Review a study of trance and ecstasy as illustrated in the life of St. Theresa the Mystic, and a note by a correspondent on "The Time Factor in Dreams," in which he narrates how he visited a dentist and was put under gas; during the operation he had a jaunt round Brighton, saw two or three hours' play in a cricket match at Hove, listened to the band on the pier, went to Rottingdean and back by the electric railway, and passed through some other adventures, the whole apparently

taking a good part of a day ; and finally woke up to find that he had been under the anæsthetic exactly forty seconds !

Reason, edited by B. F. Austin (Rochester, N.Y.), contains a long account of the location of a drowned man's body by a trance clairvoyant. The man had disappeared at Menomonie, Mich., leaving no trace behind ; his wife offered a reward for news of him, and finally consulted the clairvoyant, who went into a trance lasting four hours and afterwards told her that the body was in the river, at a place which he described so well, though he had never been there, that it was recognized as near the place at which the man had been last seen. The body was afterwards recovered, having got loose and floated lower down the river. The seer thus described his experiences.

I concentrated my mind on the problem before me, and tried to forget everything except D. McG. (the lost man) and his fate. I said over and over to myself, "I have a very difficult task before me, and I want you to do all you can to assist me." This may sound weird to some, but there was a feeling as if I possessed two distinct individualities, and as if one appealed to the other for co-operation. I cannot explain this ; I only describe my sensations. Gradually there came a haziness, a drowsiness, almost like going to sleep, but more like being hypnotized. I passed into a profound slumber, the muscles of the body being rigid. Then I awoke partially, as if my faculties were slightly numbed. My first sensation was of a dim, indistinct white light which was not like daylight, and seemed to come from no particular point. By degrees I found I was moving with an even, gliding movement, akin to floating, without any conscious effort.

Then the scene changed ; I was in a large room, in which were a number of men. I knew instinctively that one of them was D. McG. It was like a picture, except that the individuals talked and moved. My faculties became keen and acute. I accompanied D. McG. to his death that night, and witnessed the scene just as it actually happened more than a month before.

Then there was another shift of scene, almost similar to the change of slides in a lantern. I was floating above a river with trees on the bank. An unknown influence seemed to direct me to a certain spot on the river. It was a locality I had never visited in the flesh. Looking down I could see the body of the man I had followed to his death. I felt that I must go down through the water until I actually seemed to touch the body. It was caught under some logs or drift wood, and I realized that that was the reason it did not rise to the surface. The body was found in the autumn, and every prediction I made was verified. From my description Mrs. McG. recognized the city and the river. I would have made a personal trip there had not my wife been in such poor health that I feared to leave her.

Suggestion (Chicago, Ill.) thinks that birthdays ought to be abolished, because "a birthday means a nail in the coffin."

Thousands and tens of thousands die because they think they have reached the age limit ; they die because they think they must. In nature there is no age limit. There is no inherent reason why one should die at the age of 50 or 75 or 150 ; when grandpa reaches the age of 65 or 70, everybody says : ' Poor grandpa, he is getting feeble ; we must be careful of grandpa, for he will be with us but a short time ; put him in the corner with a skull-cap and don't let him move ; don't let the draught strike him ; don't let him do anything ; poor, dear grandpa,' etc., etc. A man at 70 should dress like a man of 35 ; do the same work, think the same thoughts, and have no care for birthdays.

The *Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne, Victoria), has an interesting article on an Australian artist and medium for automatic writing, Mr. John Wrenn Sutton, from which we take a description of how his psychic powers revealed themselves. While admiring an etching by Van Dyck he found himself impelled to call the artist's name in a loud voice, and afterwards got automatically written messages purporting to come from the great Flemish painter.

Whenever much struck by the beauty of a painting he invariably found himself influenced by the painter, especially if he was on the " other side," their messages to him being delivered in clear and distinct accents like the human voice. Then he developed a peculiar phase of artistic psychic control, and was put in the way to study sculpture. Sometimes, when he was modelling, he could hear them speak, and sometimes would see them quite distinctly, and on one or two occasions, some have sat to him for their portraits. William Blake's experiences were exactly similar. Blake would be seen sketching rapidly from an invisible model whom he called by name, and who was always a historical character of note.

This reminds us of a picture in the Antwerp gallery, where an Old Master depicts himself as painting a picture of the Virgin and Child from a vision of the actual Personages, who have come down on purpose to sit for him !

Zadkiel's Almanac for 1907 is just to hand. The almanac nowadays contains a complete ephemeris of the planetary positions month by month, in addition to the interesting reading matter and forecasts of events for the year. The Editor's well-known exactitude and mathematical ability are a guarantee for the accuracy of the computations which are supplied in a handy form for the astronomical or astrological student.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—In the October number of the OCCULT REVIEW, under "Correspondence," I read with great interest in the article by A. M. Spoer, the mention of "over powering smell of dogs"—the smell of dogs no longer in life—this has a deep interest for me, as occasionally when quietly reading an overpowering smell of a dog arises, reminding me in a startling fashion of a pet dog who died a few years ago. An intense affection existed between us. Can it be possible his spirit (I am a firm believer, with many, in a future for all animals of higher grade) visits me at times?

I am glad to see by your correspondent that such a thing as I describe has been experienced by others. I may mention no dog is in the house which might account for smell of dogs.

I should be very glad if, through the medium of your valuable journal, further information on this curious subject would be forthcoming. I enclose my card.

Yours faithfully,
L.

WARWICK STREET, BELGRAVE ROAD, S.W.,
Sept. 26, 1906.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with much interest the article entitled "Magical Metathesis" by Dr. Franz Hartmann in your issue for July.

Can any reader furnish me with an account of any such transfer by magical power occurring in the British Isles within recent date? Such occurrences in foreign countries cannot easily be verified by students of occultism resident in England, and I maintain that granting these things to have happened in other parts of the world, similar examples ought also to be found in this country.

I might here point out that many of the published accounts of supernatural phenomena lose their significance with the general public mainly because the real names, addresses, and dates are not given. It is very unconvincing to read accounts of spiritual visitations occurring at a place "not many miles from London" in which Mr. X., Miss F., and other such people play the principal parts. And yet most published accounts are given in this manner. If the reports are true, why not give the correct names, places, etc., so that persons interested might investigate for themselves.

I have for some time kept a record of all accounts of hauntings, ghostly visitations, singular dreams, trance cases, and all kinds of supernatural phenomena which have come under my notice, but I have not yet found an authenticated case of "transfer by magical power."

Yours very truly,

VINCENT HOWARD.

YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

Sept. 26, 1906.

[Names, etc., are always sent to me. I only wish more people would consent to their publication. The point is of importance.—ED.]

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

October 12, 1906.

SIR,—I shall feel grateful if any of your readers will account for the following simple dream.

I had been several times on a certain pleasure steamer. Some time after, I dreamt I was on the same boat, and that some one remarked to me about the captain of the boat saying his name was Brown. I, of course, thought nothing of the dream, and it slipped from my mind, till one day about a couple of months after, I was walking down a country lane with a companion, when we saw chalked up on a yard door, as if by some child, for fun—"Brown, captain of the *Albion*," the name of the boat I had been on, and the name of the captain as I heard it in my dream, which immediately came back to me. I had no knowledge of the captain, or what his name was. Passing that way since, there has been nothing written up.

Yours truly,

INQUIRER.