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THE OCCULT REVIEW

FEBRUARY
1907

EDITED BY
RALPH SHIRLEY

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THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., 25, DUANE STREET, NEW YORK; NEW ENGLAND
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THE OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

Price SIXPENCE ; post free, SEVENPENCE. Annual Subscription, SEVEN SHILLINGS.
Abroad, EIGHT SHILLINGS (Two Dollars).

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

LIVERPOOL OFFICE : Office of the *Timber Trades Journal*, Liverpool and London Chambers, Dale Street, Liverpool.

AMERICAN HEAD OFFICE : 669, Sedgwick Street Chicago. Agents, The *International News Company*, New York ; The *New England News Company*, Boston ; the *Western News Company*, Chicago.

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

VOL. V.

FEBRUARY 1907

No. 2

NOTES OF THE MONTH

THERE has been, and still is, so much loose thinking in the field of psychical inquiry that it is refreshing to meet with any serious attempt to get a grip of the facts and find the real meaning underneath the vague verbiage that so constantly overlays and obscures them. Difficult therefore to follow as Pro-

THE BORDER-
LAND OF
PSYCHICAL
RESEARCH.

essor Hyslop at times is in his latest book on the *Borderland of Psychical Research*,* one feels the sense of a man who is seriously wrestling with his subject, and not darkening counsel by magniloquent phrases or leaving an impression behind of blurred outlines like a landscape seen through a winter fog. There are indeed some who seem to think that all things connected with this Borderland ought to be looked at through frosted glasses or through some sort of veil of mysterious haze. The territory of the supernormal is a land of mystery, and to examine its mountains, capes and promontories with the clear critical eye of the Scientist is to them a thing little short of profanation. *Take thy shoes from off thy feet, they seem to say in effect, for the place whereon thou standest is hallowed ground.* Needless to say the Scientist keeps on his hat and slippers, and in

* *The Borderland of Psychical Research.* By Professor James Hyslop. G. P. Putnam's Sons, London. H. B. Turner & Co., Boston, U.S.A.

all probability roundly declares there is nothing there, because he himself cannot see it in the fog. But at least he does not gape in wonder at the subjective phantoms of his own imagination. His is at any rate the attitude of mind that will find the truth, if once you can induce him to give the facts a fair hearing. But too often he is like a man who has tasted margarine, and forthwith roundly denies the existence of butter in the market. Truly in the so-called Occult World the margarine shops are doing a brisk trade, and shilling handbooks, written by the uneducated for the uneducated, preaching an easy road to omnipotence, are to be seen at every street corner.

In Occultism—the true Occultism—that blessed word Mesopotamia has no blessedness, and texts from the Bible or any other sacred book will secure no immunity from the consequences of misconduct. The incantations of charlatans or the texts of the orthodox are the stock-in-trade of the superficial poser. What matter if he dons the badge of orthodox or occult to hide his true name of hypocrite?

The dogmatism of the orthodox and the dogmatism of the latest religion of New Thought that has taken a popular fancy captive are after all both *dogmatism*. They differ only in the minor details, and like “The Colonel’s lady and Judy O’Grady” are “sisters under their skin.” The man who lives the life equally with the man who thinks straight and thinks logically will have nothing of either one or the other. To the true Scientist and *à fortiori* to the true Occultist they are the accursed thing—the counterfeit of the Truth. And thus we come to a very different classification of mankind to that of the average man in the street, who takes the label as index of the contents of the bottle, and the clothes as the token of the man within. So in the attempt to discover Truth, or to come to particulars, in the attempt to ascertain the real facts in any particular case in a world where Truth is always somewhat like a needle in a haystack, the straightest of all straight tips is this: “Classify your facts according to their essential characteristics.”

Nowhere is classification more important than in the field of Psychical Research, the clue to the true character of the phenomenon frequently lying in just this exact careful classification. Two long chapters in Professor Hyslop’s book are devoted to the subject of “Illusions” and “Hallucinations,” and the distinctions which he draws between superficially similar experi-

OCCULTISM
versus
INCANTATIONS.

HALLUCINA-
TIONS AND
ILLUSIONS.

ences for the purpose of noting essential differences are well worth following with care. My recollection is that Dr. Brierre de Boismont, the celebrated French "mad doctor"—meaning of course that his patients were mad, not himself—distinguished illusions from hallucinations on the ground that the former were the result of seeing an object and mistaking it for something entirely different to what it actually was, while the latter were the result of mistaking figments or phantasms of the brain for actual tangible objects or people. Thus if you come into a moonlit room and mistake a white shirt, say, hung over the end of a chair, for an apparition, you are the victim of an illusion. But if you are walking along the street and see a person in front of you who vanishes as you approach, you are labouring under an hal-

A STORY
WITH A
MORAL.

lucination. In this sense the two Irishmen who met on Westminster Bridge in the old story were both victims of an illusion. "I was going," said the narrator of the episode, "over Westminster Bridge the other day, and I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well,' says he, 'thank you, Donelly.' 'Donelly,' says I, 'that's not my name.' 'Faith, no more is mine Hewins,' says he. So we looked at each other again, and sure enough it turned out to be nayther of us!"

Professor Hyslop does not allude to this definition, but differentiates hallucinations* as being more or less permanent aberrations of function, while illusions tend to be of a more temporary and less serious character, and more easily allied to the normal in their nature. Probably the Professor is, in the main, right when he says that "in illusion the primary source of error is mistaken judgment and in hallucination abnormal sensory action more or less organically aberrant." But the phrase "organically aberrant" is sometimes too strong. Take, for instance, any ordinary case of suggestion or auto-suggestion. The suggestion merely produces a temporary aberration in the sense affected, as when a subject is hypnotized and told, say, that a glass of water is a cup of coffee or a glass of champagne. The result of the suggestion is indeed to create a sense-aberration, but only for the time that the subject is under control. We are however, quite justified in describing this as "hallucination," though, accepting Brierre de Boismont's (I think) less satisfactory

* Professor Hyslop is careful to say that he does not wish to beg the question of the reality of spirits by this definition. Personally, however, he inclines to suggestion by telepathy as the explanation of all non-subjective apparitions whether of the living or dead.

definition, the experience would fall under the head of illusions. The same is, of course, the case with the victim of auto-suggestion. I remember (and my experience in the matter is by no means unique) taking powders in raspberry jam as a child.* The result of this was that for some six years subsequently I could

THE POTENCY OF AUTO-SUGGESTION. never touch raspberry jam without the jam tasting so strongly of the powder (which, of course, was not there) as to make me feel positively sick. This was obviously a case of hallucination

arising from auto-suggestion. I give these instances here as they will throw a clear light on what is the essential element in every hallucination properly so called. A hallucination is a sense-perception to all appearance like any other, but the stimulus or cause is not to be met with in the object which excites the sensation, or which appears to do so. In the latter instance given, the hallucinatory impression would be corrected by the sense of sight which would fail to detect any powder in the jam, but only as far as the *judgment* was concerned. In the former, the hypnotiser's suggestion would naturally (but not necessarily)

TASTE A MENTAL CONCEPT. control sight and taste as well. "The hallucination then is" (to quote our author again) "exactly like the sensation in its subjective nature, but is quite different in its causal relations."

In other words, "its cause or stimulus is not determinately related to its occurrence." The external stimulus producing the sensation should be the powder in the jam. The powder is not there, but the sensation is reproduced exactly as if it were. By what? This question takes me altogether outside the range of Professor Hyslop's observations. But it arises out of them in logical sequence and clearly demands an answer. Perhaps, indeed, that answer may throw more light on the whole problem before us than is immediately apparent.

Clearly there is no powder and clearly (I speak from the plainest recollection which others can also confirm) the sensation is absolutely the same as if there were. The sensation then is the product of mind action exerted by the association of ideas as suggested by the raspberry jam. In other words, the sense of taste is produced purely and entirely by the action of the mind, in what would usually be considered a normal state, acting upon the palate without the intermediary of the substance in which

* I have had this paralleled by an exactly similar experience, in which, however, chocolate not jam was the medium.

(according to the man in the street) the actual taste would be held to reside. Does not this suggest that the taste of the powder was never really in the powder at all, but was actually a mental suggestion interpreted in terms of taste by the palate? True, the particular taste is usually mentally associated with that particular powder, but that this is in a sense a mere accident is clearly proved by the fact that once the mind got control of the idea it could equally well be mentally associated with jam or indeed, presumably, with anything else. In other words, the taste does not inhere in the powder, but is a matter of mental association merely. It is, in short (I repeat myself in order to be absolutely clear), a mind concept interpreted in terms of taste associated accidentally, at one time with powder, at another time with jam. This may be a hard saying to many, but it is the secret that underlies all sense perceptions whatsoever. It is, in fact, the *occult* clue to the understanding of them.

OCCULTISM
 AND THE
 SENSES.

All sensations, then, of all the senses are the results of the action of mind. When I meet a man walking in the street I do not see the man, I see my mental conception of the man as interpreted by me in terms of sight. And when my friend telepaths to me across the Atlantic, the thought he conveys to me is interpreted by my association of ideas through the medium of the sense of sight in terms of his corporeal likeness. Alive, or dead, should I expect to see him naked? No! the association of ideas forbids my mind to conjure him up to me otherwise than he might think of himself or I might think of him. And thus we get our answer through an independent train of reasoning to our old question, that stumbling-block of those who think superficially, "How can ghosts have clothes?"

THE SAME
 KEY UNLOCKS
 ANOTHER
 DOOR.

We begin to realize, then, that there is more in mind and less in matter than appears at first sight, and possibly the realization of the effects of mind acting upon mind may carry us a good deal farther than to-day we wot of. The brain, it has been elsewhere suggested, is a far more delicate instrument than the apparatus employed in wireless telegraphy, and if it is less readily manipulated and controlled, there are means we know, outside the normal, of attuning one mind to the same key as another and of developing conditions in the receptive mind which shall enable it to respond automatically to the thoughts of another. The

better attuned the instrument, the more susceptible the mind of the precipient, the more perfect will be the results. It is no news to-day that the most favourable conditions for this state of receptivity are secured by hypnotism, nor would it at all surprise me, I confess, to learn that these means are resorted to (as suggested in an article in the current issue) in the case of the Zancig performances which have created so much interest and speculation among London audiences from Royalty downwards. Certainly the discovery of their (assumed) code by one of the best known London dailies has been one of the most comic fiascoes of recent years. Never since the discovery of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays by Sir Francis Bacon did the discovered explanation fail so hopelessly to explain. The reader of the articles is left wondering whether the critic ever really attended the performance at all. But perhaps his articles may be explained by the fact that he had himself been previously hypnotised by the Editor.

The occurrence of the earthquake at Kingston, Jamaica, on January 15, serves to recall to mind the observations which I made in the May, 1906, issue of the OCCULT REVIEW. I there referred to the coincidence of the epidemic of earthquakes which took place during the early months of 1906, and suggested that this remarkable visitation was not unconnected with the opposition of the planets Uranus and Neptune, which was occurring again after the long interval of 170 years. My view that this was the case was borne out among other things by the accentuation of this opposition on the exact date of the San Francisco earthquake, by the mutual square of Mercury (stationary) to the opposing planets. It followed, if this opinion were correct, that a fresh earthquake epidemic would coincide with the winter 1906-7. The fact that this has actually taken place lends confirmation to the theory. On Sunday, January 13, I was discussing this question with some friends of mine* in connexion with the forthcoming eclipse of the Sun, and I pointed out that there was a strong probability that this eclipse would bring out the seismic effects of the recurring opposition. As a matter of fact the earthquake at Jamaica followed within twenty-four hours. It was one of Commander Morrison's observations that "earthquakes followed on the heels of eclipses." The opposition of Uranus

* Mr. T. H. Lyon, architect, of 148, High Street, Kensington, London, and two young friends of his.

and Neptune owing to the frequent retrograde motion of these planets, from the point of view of the earth spectator, when once it takes place after the regular cycle of 170 years, necessarily repeats itself on numerous successive occasions.* The exact opposition this winter coincides with the end of January and the beginning of February, but the proximate opposition is in force for fully three months. The astrologer alone, among men of science, is on the track of the true method for predicting earthquakes, but it is imperative to avail ourselves of modern discoveries in conjunction with the traditional knowledge handed down by our forefathers. Without these many of the most valuable data for prognosticating will be overlooked. For instance, in the present case there are naturally no references to either of the planets Uranus or Neptune in the old astrological libraries, and consequently no definite instructions for prognostications based upon their relative position.

I print a letter on a later page of the current issue of the OCCULT REVIEW from the Rev. G. H. Johnson, Vicar of Keston, in criticism of the attitude taken up by me in a recent issue, relative to the alleged discrepancy between the teaching of Jesus Christ and modern orthodox Christianity. I need hardly say that I welcome all fair-minded criticism, from this or any other standpoint. I had reserved a paragraph in the present number for a reply to Mr. Johnson's letter. I find however, in going carefully through the points raised that so small a space is totally inadequate to deal with the matter. I am therefore obliged to hold over a detailed reply till next month. In the meantime, I feel that perhaps it will clear the ground somewhat, to make one or two personal observations. My correspondent complains that "I take a tone which is hardly shared by the prize essayist or Mr. Christie Murray." With regard to the latter's article I should to a certain extent plead guilty to this charge. Much as I admire Mr. Christie Murray's writing, and great as is the sympathy which I have for his general intellectual standpoint, I felt that the tone of (shall I say?) veiled orthodoxy which he adopted, was not quite that which I wished to appear as the official attitude of the OCCULT REVIEW to the question at issue. I therefore thought it best to make my own position clear, but certainly nothing was farther from my intention than

* The next opposition occurs in June, and as Uranus is stationary in April, and conjoined with Mars in the summer it is quite probable that this year will be an even worse year for earthquakes than 1906. In any case frequent recrudescences of the epidemic are to be anticipated.

to adopt a "contemptuous" tone towards orthodoxy. Of course in writing Notes of the Month, I naturally adopt a lighter style than I should if I were inditing an article, and it is perhaps this which has given an impression of flippancy—quite unintended—to my correspondent. I do not think, however, that Mr. Johnson is justified in saying that I take a really different attitude to the prize essayist, though naturally my object was not simply to say "ditto" to Miss Joynt. In this connexion, however, I would mention that a complaint reaches me from another quarter, that the main merits of Miss Joynt's compositions lie in the fact that it so happens that she sees eye to eye with the Editor. This criticism can I think be left to answer the other. At the same time it stands to reason that there is, and must inevitably be, a certain justification for criticisms of this kind, and this is my reason for invariably asking a second opinion. It has always seemed to me to be one of the misfortunes of the Anglican Church that they are bound by a set of doctrines or dogmas, which in the view of a very large and not the least intelligent portion even of their own congregations, were not in reality those of Jesus Christ at all. It is quite obvious, in spite of the Rev. Father Ignatius, that people who like the Rev. R. J. Campbell aim at following what they believe to be the model of Christ's teaching, are quite as much justified in calling themselves Christians, as are those of the so-called orthodox persuasion.

Another Magic Mirror has found its way to the offices of the OCCULT REVIEW. When I first saw a specimen of the Indian Fakir Mirror, I was at once reminded of the porridge bowls out of which

ANOTHER
MAGIC
MIRROR.

the three bears in the fairy tale used to consume their breakfasts. The illustration in the advertisement at the end of this number gives a good idea of its size, but does not show the magnificent circular lid painted in red and yellow, the object of which is, not to keep the bears' porridge warm, but to retain and concentrate the magnetism of any article put inside, so that on looking into the mirror afterwards the vision seen will take colour from the character and features of the wearer of the article. The mirror is, of course, black within, and the specimen inspected some 10½ inches across. Truly the most magnificent thing of the kind I have yet seen, and reflecting great credit on Professor Zazra's ingenuity.

I am desired to state that the review in last number of Mr. A. E. Waite's "Strange Houses of Sleep" was by Madame de Steiger. Her name was struck out by a printer's error.



THE ELOHIM CREATING ADAM. (1795.)

Colour-printed.

(By kind permission of Mr. John Lane, from Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*.)

*



" THEN WENT SATAN FORTH FROM THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD."
(By kind permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co.)



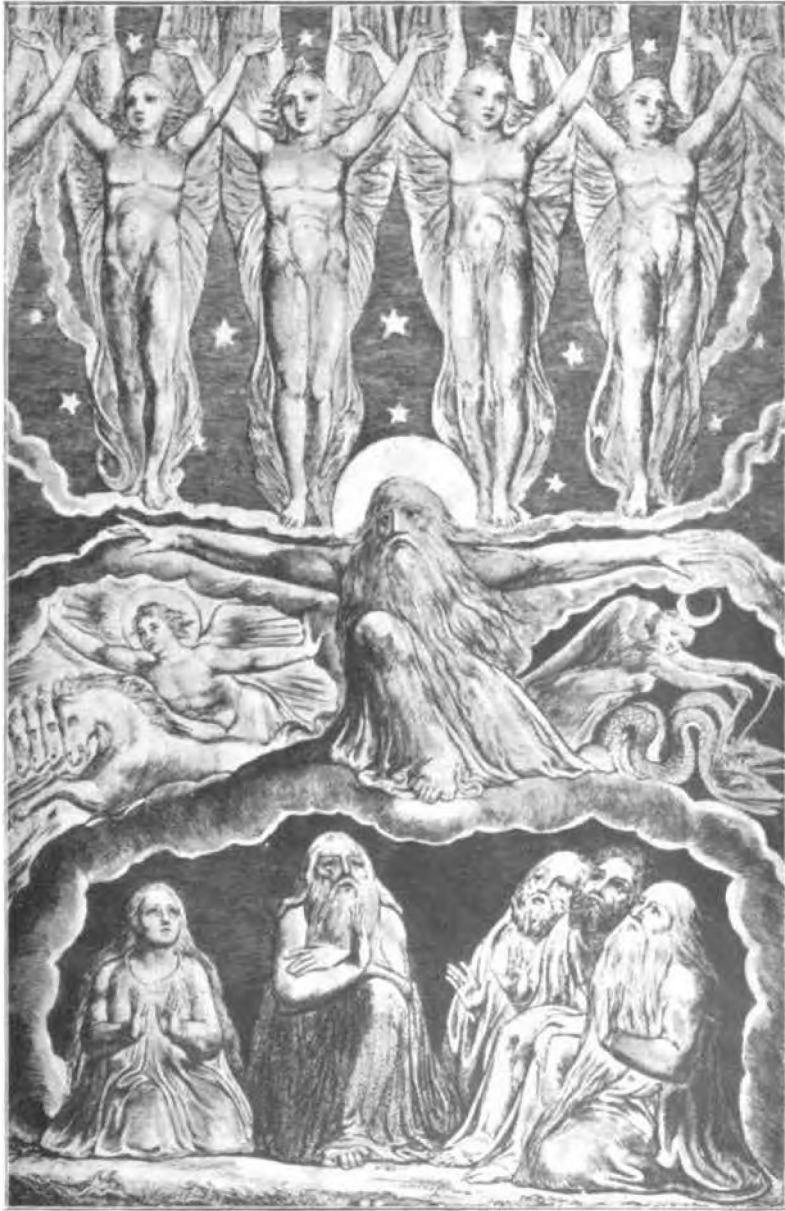
THE ANCIENT OF DAYS.

(By kind permission of Mr. John Lane, from Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*.)



FROM "JERUSALEM."

(By kind permission of Mr. John Lane, from Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*)



" WHEN THE MORNING STARS SANG TOGETHER,
AND ALL THE SONS OF GOD SHOUTED FOR JOY."
(By kind permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co.)



"BEHOLD NOW BEHEMOTH WHICH I MADE WITH THEE."
(By kind permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co.)



" THEN A SPIRIT PASSED BEFORE MY FACE,
THE HAIR OF MY FLESH STOOD UP."

(By kind permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co.)



"AND SMOTE JOB WITH SORE BOILS FROM THE SOLE OF HIS
FOOT TO THE CROWN OF HIS HEAD."



"THERE WERE NOT FOUND WOMEN AS FAIR AS THE DAUGHTERS
OF JOB IN ALL THE LAND."

(By kind permission of Messrs. Methuen & Co.)

FOUR RECENT BOOKS ON WILLIAM BLAKE*

BY ERIC MAOLAGAN

IT has been said that those who talk overmuch of the faeries, and reveal too curiously the privacy of the secret Commonwealth, feel the tongue in their mouth grown heavy like a stone for impediment to their readiness of speech. We may wonder sometimes if for a like reason the great mystics of the West are so apt to hide in their writings, as if by some deliberate obscurity, the light which has shone in their own hearts, and which they cannot but struggle to transmit to a blind and heedless world.

It is as if the curse had come on each of them in a different form: on Erigena, struggling with a language grown with disuse unapt for his lonely thought; on Meister Eckehart, "from whom God hid nothing," but who was forced to wrestle with a new speech and an old philosophy before he could utter his revelations; on Boehme, clutching in his unlettered enthusiasm at half understood phrases and the riddling vocabulary of the alchemists; on Swedenborg, with the bitterness and prejudices of an arid theology, the unrestrained diffuseness that fills a shelf with his volumes. But of all those who have formulated for themselves a system of speculative mysticism none is so uncompromisingly difficult of access as Blake: and it is little short of amazing that, although in addition to the tangled obscurity of the Prophetic Books we must also reckon with their extreme rarity and the lack of any complete and readily legible edition of them, yet the supreme interest of his thought has won an ever increasing number of readers and writers to their study, while book after book appears dealing with his art, his poetry and his philosophy.

* *The Life of William Blake*, by Alexander Gilchrist. Edited, with an Introduction, by W. Graham Robertson. London, John Lane, The Bodley Head; New York, John Lane Company.

William Blake, Vol. I. Illustrations of the Book of Job, with General Introduction by Lawrence Binyon. Methuen and Co., 36, Essex Street, W.C.

The Poetical Works of William Blake. Edited by Edwin J. Ellis. 2 vols. London, Chatto and Windus, 1906.

The Letters of William Blake; together with a Life by Frederick Tatham. Edited by Archibald G. B. Russell. Methuen and Co., 36, Essex Street, W.C., London.

The foundation of all knowledge of Blake is in Gilchrist's *Life*, a book of such honest and touching sympathy that in spite of the strange condescensions of the author's manner, and his imperfect understanding of the poet, it remains after more than forty years a classical biography. The new edition edited by Mr. W. Graham Robertson, himself the owner of the finest collection of Blake's pictures, is a comely volume enough, though almost inconveniently bulky: it is reprinted, as far as the biographical portion is concerned, with little alteration or addition, although an interesting chapter on the technique of the colour prints may be found in it, undistinguished by any comment from the original text; but its chief attraction lies in the numerous illustrations, many of them reproducing for the first time pictures of the utmost value. The poems, now easily accessible elsewhere, are omitted.

Another recent contribution to Blake literature is to be found in Mr. Lawrence Binyon's sumptuous edition of the engravings to the "Book of Job," introduced by essays on Blake's poetry and art which must take their place among the most able and balanced criticisms that have yet appeared; some of them have seen the light before, but they are none the less welcome for that in a permanent form. These engravings mark the highest level of actual achievement in Blake's graphic art: in them he was comparatively unhampered by the technical disabilities that so often hinder our pleasure in his painting, and his marvellous gift of imaginative design is displayed to the fullest perfection. Here, as ever, the further the subject is removed from the representation of daily life, the more successful is its visionary realization; among the finest of all the plates are those which illustrate the dreams with which Job was scared upon his bed, the majestic apparition of God in the whirlwind, the rapturous exultation of the Sons of God shouting for joy, and the strange peace of the final scene where Job sits with daughters at his knees in the great house whose walls are covered with the painted images of his prosperity and his tribulation.

Simultaneously with these have appeared two books of even greater interest to all students of Blake as a writer—Mr. E. J. Ellis' complete edition of the Poetical Works, including all the Prophetical Books (even the prose *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*), and Mr. A. G. B. Russell's fascinating collection of letters, published with Tatham's *Life of Blake*—the one first-hand biographical document of primary importance, now made accessible in its entirety for the first time. The former of these, Mr. Ellis' edition of the Poetical Works, is indeed a notable

achievement, and presents in two handy volumes the whole very considerable mass of Blake's writings in verse: several of the Prophetical Books appear here for the first time in ordinary type. Besides the text Mr. Ellis has added a number of notes upon the interpretations of the Prophecies, printed, alas! in a blindingly small italic, and scattered through the two volumes in an apparently haphazard way that makes them singularly difficult to follow, but full of valuable matter: it is indeed a question how far they would be intelligible to any one who was not already well acquainted with the full and consecutive exposition of the symbolical system contained in the three volumes brought out by the same editor (in conjunction with Mr. W. B. Yeats) in 1893, but the explanation of the nature of the four Zoas on page xxii. of the first volume is perhaps as helpful a solution as has yet appeared of the initial difficulty which must have baulked so many intending Blake students in their researches. Unfortunately the value of this edition as a work of reference is considerably impaired by two serious defects. The first and more venial is that it abounds with misprints—Garnel for Garnett, J. B. for W. B. Yeats, Malchin for Malkin strike the eye among the proper names, and Blake's sufficiently painful doggerel on page 172 of Vol. I is not improved by spelling Wardle as Warble: while the exquisite quatrain at the close of the *Gray Monk* in the preface to the third chapter of *Jerusalem* is barbarously mutilated into "a Year is an Intellectual thing" instead of "a Tear." Besides many other such deficiencies the cross-references to lines in the Prophetical Books are frequently, and in the case of *Vala* almost invariably, wrongly given: in the latter indeed they seem to refer not to the present text but to the somewhat different one published in the former three-volume edition. It may also be mentioned that neither the extra page to *Urizen* given in Muir's facsimile, nor the page, probably belonging to *America*, sold in a London auction room in 1904, have been included, though an additional page to *Milton* appears here for the first time.

This is bad enough, and though the present writer, as himself an editor of Blake, is only too conscious of the difficulty of avoiding similar misprints and omissions, the proportion in the present volumes seems unduly large; but still more disastrous are the deliberate alterations which the editor has introduced into the text of the poems that Blake left in manuscript. That the addition and removal of words to satisfy a consistent rhythmical scheme can be held to constitute an improvement in poetical quality is more than doubtful: Blake has himself declared in

Jerusalem his theory of the merit of an elastic verse-form, and in the books which he engraved so laboriously, especially in those composed in his latter manner, the variations are extremely frequent. There is positively no reason to suppose that in *Vala* he intended each line to reckon its precise number of syllables or their metrical equivalent; and in such a finished passage as the Song of Enitharmon in the Second Night (Vol. II, p. 42) the alterations—which can be traced in the table given in the three-volume edition but not repeated here—are without exception destructive to the subtle harmony of this magnificent poem, which would almost suffice by itself to ensure a high place for its writer among the poets of England. No one except Mr. Ellis has had the opportunity of studying the almost inaccessible manuscript of *Vala* at leisure: and it is infinitely to be regretted that he has not seen fit either to print the text as Blake left it, leaving readers who feel the itch for emendation to satisfy it for themselves, or at least to indicate the changes he has made by some unmistakable typographic device of brackets or italics. The similar changes in the *Poetical Sketches* and in the early poem of *The Passions* can at least be checked by accessible and presumably accurate printed versions; but with *Vala*, a work of vastly greater importance, we are left altogether to the tender mercies of the emendator, except by a laborious and possibly unreliable process of collation with the table already alluded to in Mr. Ellis' earlier edition.

Mr. Russell's *Letters of William Blake*, the last and undoubtedly the most generally interesting of the books on our list, is a model of what such an edition should be. The letters are printed in chronological order (preceded by Tatham's Life), and the careful and scholarly notes compress into little room an infinite treasure of elucidation. Whether on matters of actual fact or on the suggested interpretation of such symbolical expressions as occur in the letters, the editor writes as one with authority: particularly valuable for Blake students are the references to the Prophetic Books, to which these letters supply in many cases an invaluable key. Any one who will follow out these notes to the delightful poem contained in a letter to Thomas Butt, printed on page 108, will inevitably be convinced of the consistency and interest of Blake's system of symbolism, and one such analysis will throw floods of light on many passages in the earlier poems which certainly conveyed to the mind of the writer a meaning far profounder than the ordinary reader is likely to perceive. But besides their value from the side of mystical interpretation,

these letters give the most immediate and uninterrupted view of a personality of almost indescribable charm. Page after page shines with the light of his childlike enthusiasm, as he rises on the winged horses of his hope which were so often to fail beneath him and to plunge him in the very Slough of Despond. The first letter written from Felpham breathes the very spirit and ecstasy of the country as seen by the eyes of a Londoner born and bred: and how touching is the contrast of those other letters written three years later, when Blake looks forward with an equal delight to his return from exile to London, where the true business of his spiritual life lay.

What a curious light is cast upon his eager sympathy with all who were labouring in any fashion to "build Jerusalem," and to assert the truths of the supra-sensual life, in the hitherto unpublished letter (p. 197) to Richard Phillips, the editor of the *Monthly Magazine*:—

14th October, 1807.

"SIR,—A circumstance has occurred which has again raised my indignation.

"I read in the *Oracle and True Briton* of 13th October, 1807, that a Mr. Blair, a surgeon, has, with the *cold fury of Robespierre*, caused the police to seize upon the person and goods or property of an astrologer, and to commit him to prison. The man who can read the stars often is oppressed by their influence, no less than the Newtonian who reads not and cannot read is oppressed by his own reasonings and experiments. We are all subject to error; who shall say, except the natural religionists, that we are not all subject to crime?

"My desire is that you would inquire into this affair and that you would publish this in your *Monthly Magazine*. I do not pay the postage of this letter, because you, as Sheriff, are bound to attend to it.

"WILLIAM BLAKE."

Even more attractive is the dignified irony of his two letters to the Rev. Dr. Trusler, a clergyman who "moralized" Hogarth, and wrote a book with the sympathetic title of *The Way to be Rich and Respectable* (pp. 57-64):—

"I feel that a man may be happy in this world, and I know that this world is a world of imagination and vision. I see everything I paint in this world, but everybody does not see alike. To the eyes of a miser a guinea is far more beautiful than the sun, and a bag worn with the use of money has more beauti-

ful proportions than a vine filled with grapes. The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing which stands in the way. . . . As a man is, so he sees. As the eye is formed, such are its powers. . . . I am happy to find a great majority of fellow mortals who can elucidate my visions, and particularly they have been elucidated by children, who have taken a greater delight in contemplating my pictures than I even hoped. Neither youth nor childhood is folly or incapacity. Some children are fools, and so are some old men. But there is a vast majority on the side of imagination or spiritual sensation."

To this delightful letter, of which every line might well be quoted, the "rich and respectable" recipient has appended his comment—"Blake, dim'd with superstition."

Here then is an ample mass of material for research : and there remains opportunity enough for future workers. There has never been a Blake Society—for which perhaps there might eventually be found a place—nor has a religious body grouped itself round his memory as with Boehme and Swedenborg. Indeed, Blake himself would hardly have been well-pleased with such an honour, and it is probable that not merely his assurance of an unearthly audience for his prophecies, but a deep-seated distaste for the formalities of law and number prevented him from delivering his message in a more readily intelligible form. Much will become clear by further collation of interconnected passages ; but the most urgent need—a full and scrupulously accurate concordance to the Prophetical Books—cannot profitably be attempted until definitive and universally accepted texts of them all are accessible in print. But there is no reason why this want should not before long be supplied. Able work is already being done by German writers ; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the students of mysticism, no less than the lovers of poetry and design, should devote some part of their energies to the consideration and elucidation of the one great English mystic, whose thought is so singularly congenial to the temper of the present age : the one great mystic of all time who has chosen for his vehicle no mortal system of dogma or metaphysic, but an immortal art.

A SUGGESTED EXPLANATION OF THE ZANCIG THOUGHT-READING MYSTERY

By LEO CABAS.

ON Monday, January 7th, my attention was first seriously drawn to the Thought Reading Mystery at the Alhambra, London by a leading article in the *Daily Mail* of that date, in which the writer announced that the Society for Psychical Research had determined to officially investigate Mr. and Mrs. Zancig's interesting performance. And on the evening of the same day I decided to make my way to Leicester Square and judge for myself.

I took my seat with a perfectly open mind, my judgment having been in no way prejudiced by any previous knowledge of the theories advanced in explanation of the facts. My decision at the close was that the Zancigs are giving a genuinely scientific exhibition of thought reading, and that they use no code, signal, nor any kind of appliance whatever peculiar to the trick performers.

In his brief opening speech Mr. Zancig says: "We do not claim to read *your* mind, and there is nothing supernatural connected with our work. Everything you see, although you may deem it remarkable, is perfectly natural, and you will note that we accomplish nothing that you have not already accomplished yourselves, to a certain extent, in your own homes, and amongst your friends. You have, perhaps, had the experience, or noticed it in others, of two persons saying the same thing together. You are amazed, and say, 'That is strange; I was going to say the same thing!'"

We can all more or less corroborate this last statement of Mr. Zancig's, and the explanation to my mind is to be found in a *momentarily* telepathic unison or sympathy between the brains concerned. Further, my contention is that by frequent hypnotic control of Madame (presumably a supersensitive subject naturally, or normally in strong sympathy with himself), Mr. Zancig could have developed not a *passing* but a *permanent* telepathic condition, or ability to read *his* thoughts, and that only when he so desired.

Again in his introductory remarks, Mr. Zancig said : “ *Now* what I see Madame Zancig sees, and what I know Madame Zancig knows.” And he humorously added : “ But only what I wish her to know.” It is an almost invariable peculiarity of the hypnotic state that the subject attends to the operator only *when his attention is required by the latter*. If actual hypnotic control were necessary during the conduct of the experiments, Madame could quite easily be thrown into the sleep-waking state, and without the knowledge of the audience, by *post hypnotic* impression, as follows : Assuming Mr. Zancig to have placed Madame under control in private, he might say : “ When you are upon the stage, and I among the audience, you will, directly you hear me say ‘ *What is this ?* ’ pass into the hypnotic state, in which you will be able, as usual, to instantly read my thoughts, as I so desire. You will be keenly alive to all that is going on around you, see the humour of any droll situation, and return to your normal condition when I again step upon the stage at the conclusion of the experiments, retaining a clear recollection of all that has taken place during such control.”

In view of the fact that some few OCCULT REVIEW readers may not be fully acquainted with the peculiarities of post hypnosis, I will here explain that a *post hypnotic impression* is a command, or instruction, given to a subject, and whilst the latter is in the somnambulistic state, to do or to leave undone a certain thing on his return to conscious life. He will act on the suggestion either at a vocal or physical (pre-arranged) sign from the operator, or on the arrival of a certain specified moment of time. When the said time, or sign, comes before his normal consciousness, he at once *unconsciously* passes into the hypnotic state, in which he executes the given order, and from which, at the conclusion of the experiment, he returns to his normal condition, if previously so desired. He usually retains no recollection of the events of such control, but may be instructed to remember.

One of the most curious instances on record of post-hypnotic control is the following. The subject was a young man of Nancy, France, and a patient at the hospital there. He suffered from an affection of the sight. On *October 12, 1885*, he was placed under hypnotic control by M. Liegeois, and directed by him to go to M. Liebault, *on the same day of 1886*, and declare that his eyes had been well during the whole year. He was then to embrace both Liegeois and Liebault ; after which he would turn

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to the door and see a man with a frolicsome monkey, dog, and performing bear enter the room, and give an entertainment. At the conclusion of the performance he was to borrow ten centimes from M. Liegeois, with which he would pay the bear proprietor. This the young man did exactly one year from the date of receiving the instruction, the impression having slumbered in his brain during the whole of that period, and no communication whatever having been held with him in the intervening time.

Madame appears to hear the voice of Mr. Zancig when it is quite inaudible to that portion of the audience even nearer to the assumed operator than his subject happens to be. *This is a well-known characteristic of hypnotic control.* I urge that Mr. Zancig could not read Madame's thoughts were their positions on the stage and in the auditorium reversed. This would be the case were Madame the *hypnotic subject*, and her husband the *operator*. Incidentally it may be noted that both performers wear spectacles of a peculiar shape. In Madame's case may not this be designed to hide from view the slightly altered physiological condition of the eye which occurs when a subject passes under control?

The literature of Hypnotism contains numerous instances of isolated experiments almost identical with those now being conducted at the Alhambra. I herewith give several extracts, the first being from *The Mesmerist's Manual*, by George Barth, published by H. Baillièrè, 219, Regent Street, London, W., in 1851. Under the heading "Nervous and Cerebral Sympathy, or Transfer of Sense and Thought," he says:—

The mesmerized subject may have lost all consciousness in his own person, but be perfectly conscious of that which appeals to the sensational consciousness of his mesmerizer; or he may remain awake, and this community of perception exist. It seems as if the individuality of the subject had merged into that of the operator, or as if the influence of the operator had paralysed the sensory system of the subject, and brought his brain into such close sympathy or association with his own, that there are two individuals with one brain. [Or as Mr. Zancig quotes on a leaflet distributed to his audience, "Two minds with but a single thought."] Pinch the subject, he does not feel it; pinch the operator, and the subject complains of being hurt in that part of his person which corresponds with the part of the operator hurt. Put rhubarb into the mouth of the subject, he does not taste it; put rhubarb into the mesmerizer's mouth, and the subject tastes and names it, imagining that he has it in his own mouth. When the operator drinks, the subject swallows, and fancies he is drinking.

With subjects in this state of association with the mesmerizer it occasionally happens that there is even a *community of thought*.

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And this singular sympathy between operator and subject may be confined to their brains respectively, and not extend to the system of nerves. Thus the subject perceives the thoughts of the operator, and may respond to them *vocally*. [And here the author significantly adds]:— *I have maintained a regularly-connected conversation with a patient without opening my lips. I formed my ideas into sentences as distinctly, though mentally, as if I had given them vocal utterance or written them down, and my patient replied vocally and as correctly as if I had spoken them and been heard.*

The second illustration I take from "Statuvolism: or Artificial Somnambulism," by Wm. Baker Fahnestock, M.D., issued by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago, 1874, under the heading *Of Reading or Knowing the Mind*. The author says:—

I can no longer doubt that some subjects have the extraordinary power of reading or knowing the mind of any person at pleasure, and can do so, although the person may be at a distance. This fact, which I at one time very much doubted, I was eventually forced to believe. That they can do this, I am constrained to say I have proved more than a thousand times. I shall now proceed to give an illustration in detail, and extract the following from notes taken at the time. Subject: Miss Z—, and her tenth "hypnotic sitting." She was requested to travel with Mr. F—, and having consented was asked by him:—

Mr. F.—"Where are we now?"

Miss Z.—"On a large water, in a steamboat," and pointing up, said: "There is a flag, it is striped."

Mr. F.—"Well, where are we now?"

Miss Z.—"In a cabin. It is very beautiful."

Mr. F.—"Where now?"

Miss Z.—"Looking at the machinery." She gave a description of various things about it, and, without being asked, said: "We are on deck now."

Mr. F.—"Well—what am I looking at?"

Miss Z.—(Seemingly much delighted)—"I see another boat coming towards us, but it looks very small. It is very far off and creeps along like a turtle."

Mr. F.—"Where are we now?"

Miss Z.—"If you cannot take me to a better house than this, I will not go with you any more."

Mr. F.—"Why, what kind of a house is it?"

Miss Z.—"It is a poor concern, and is made of rough boards. Let us go."

Mr. F.—"Where are we now?"

Miss Z.—(Very much pleased and laughing heartily)—"Oh! just look at them. See how busy they are."

Mr. F.—"What do you see?"

Miss Z.—"Why, beavers, to be sure. Look how they are building their huts."

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MR. F.—“Where are we now?”

MISS Z.—“I think in a city. We are before a large house that has a sign; see how it swings.”

MR. F.—“Let us go in.”

MISS Z.—“No. I would rather be excused. Let us go home.”

MR. F.—“Well, where are we now?”

MISS Z.—“This is a strange-looking boat, but now we are on a better one. There—now walk out on that plank. Here we are at home again.”

MR. F.— then stated that she had read his mind correctly, and that he first imagined himself in a steamboat upon a lake; he then threw his mind into the cabin, then upon the machinery, then on deck, and imagined a steamboat in the distance. He next imagined himself upon an island where the boat usually stopped to take in wood, and upon which there was a shanty, which she described. He next threw his mind upon beavers at work, constructing their huts. Then in Millwaukie, before the hotel, and finally upon an inferior boat used to convey passengers to the main boat, and then home.

Thirdly I would quote from *Human Magnetism*, by H. S. Drayton, M.D., published by Fonberard Wells Company, New York, 1889. In dealing with Mind Transference the writer says:—

The phenomena of hypnotism include effects of mental impression such as indicated by what is known as mind-transference or mind reading. No doubt can be entertained now by any one conversant with the facts regarding the marvellous power in man to communicate thought in what may be called an immaterial manner, and that without any manifestation that is perceptible to the common physical senses. The experiments that have been made in this direction are very numerous.

In India the “Secret Mail” has puzzled Europeans for years, and during the recent Afghan troubles it eluded all effort on the part of the British Government to discover the nature of its operation. It was stated by the *New York Tribune* of 1885 that “Anglo-Indians, and all who have lived in Asiatic countries, are aware that the natives have means of conveying news which at important junctures enables them to forestall the Government. Thus throughout the Indian Mutiny the intelligence of all the important events such as battles, captures of cities, massacres and investments, was in possession of the bazaars, usually hours, and frequently days, before it reached the authorities, and this notwithstanding the fact that the latter had often taken special measures to ensure the quickest transmission possible.

Lastly, I submit the following brief extract from *Mesmeric Experiences*, by Spencer T. Hall, same publisher as *The Mesmerist's Manual* previously quoted. On p. 15, he says:—

Being one day called to an intelligent young lady in a very delicate state of health and who had first been mesmerized by a female friend, I found her so susceptible that I had only to *will* her to be somnolent, and she almost immediately became so. Then whatever I did IDEALLY (or in thought only) she represented ACTUALLY, even to the extent of *conversing with one of her acquaintances who was not present*. I thought of creation,

Providence, and prayer, when she knelt most gracefully, and lifted her hands in silent adoration. Then of firmness and independence, when she arose and assumed the appropriate attitude of lofty independence. I next willed that she should approach and shake hands with me, which was scarcely accomplished when, on changing my mood to one of scorn, she turned away and looked indignant. Benignity and other sentiments in myself were all represented with equal truthfulness by her.

Finally and personally, I am in a position to state that I am acquainted with two instances of mind-transference in subjects of exceptional sensitiveness where each would come from the lower portions of the house, or vice versa, and in their *apparently* normal condition in answer to the unexpressed summons of the person who had *frequently placed them under hypnotic control*. One was a female servant, the operator being her mistress; the other a young hairdresser's assistant, controlled by his employer.

I think I have quoted sufficient instances to show how greatly the induction of the mesmeric state assists mental telegraphy, and how feasible such a performance of the Zancigs might become to two people in constant association and by nature magnetically sympathetic, especially after years of assiduous practice. It remains to state the writer's conviction that ordinary telepathy, unless in some way raised to a higher power, even in the case of the most advanced sensitives, would fail to secure so enormous a preponderance of successes, especially under the very trying conditions of a public performance.

Perhaps we should approach the subject of mind-transference with less incredulity if we remembered that "the *causes* of ALL phenomena are in the last resort *occult*."

THE BLACK COACH OF KILLESHANDRA

BY WILLIAM BARR

BLACK, or as they are frequently called, Dead Coaches, are common enough in Irish folklore, and fully one half the towns and villages of the country can boast of possessing one of those spectral vehicles. In the dark hours of the night the black coach sweeps through the deserted street; sometimes in silence like a ghostly shadow, at other times with crack of whip, and creak of wheel; sometimes in darkness so intense that the watchers can barely discern the dim outline of the coach, at other times all ablaze with unearthly light, but in whatever guise it may appear, it is always looked upon as the herald of disaster or death.

Needless to say the majority of those coaches are creations of the imagination, invented to while away a tedious hour, but some of them seem to rest on a solid foundation of fact, and of these, perhaps the best authenticated instance is that of the well-known "Black Coach of Killeshandra." This coach dating back to prehistoric days, differs in many material respects from the ordinary run of apparitions. It appears at irregular intervals; traverses a comparatively limited extent of country, and then disappears perhaps for a decade. Sometimes it is seen or heard immediately before a death, but as a rule no untoward event follows its appearance. It appears at all hours of the night, and if a traveller chances to meet it on the road, it sometimes pauses for a moment, and then recedes without turning, at other times it rushes past him and then disappears. Various theories are advanced to account for its origin, but while opinions differ on this point, a long array of living witnesses are prepared to bear testimony to its existence.

Killeshandra is a quiet old world village on the western border of County Cavan, and authorities are somewhat divided as to the derivation of the name. Dr. Joyce translates it "The church of the old Rath," but another authority, the Rev. Robert Leech, gives it a different meaning, "The wood of the old Rath of the Druids." The latter is probably the correct translation, for tradition asserts that the place was at one period a stronghold of the Druids, and in all probability the name was in existence prior to the introduction of Christianity. The old fort or rath plays a conspicuous part in the traditions of the place, and,

contrary to the usual custom, this rath was built on low-lying ground. As a general rule raths were erected on the summit of hills, but the rath that gives its name to Killeshandra was built at the foot of the hill, and we may rest assured that even at this early date the place possessed some peculiar sanctity in the eyes of the builders. Tradition asserts that a great Druid circle occupied the interior of the rath, and we have abundant evidence that the surrounding district was held in high estimation by the priests of the ancient religion. Druidic circles are common in the neighbourhood. Cromlechs and cairns are scattered through the glens and on the hilltops, and the great Druid temple of Ireland, the famous Moy Slaughter, lay but a few miles to the West. The great road from Tara to Drumahaire must have passed close to Killeshandra, and if further proof of the sanctity of the place were wanting, it would be found in the old burying place known as the Relic, or Roilic, where so many of the old Kings of Ireland, including Niall of the Nine Hostages, are interred.

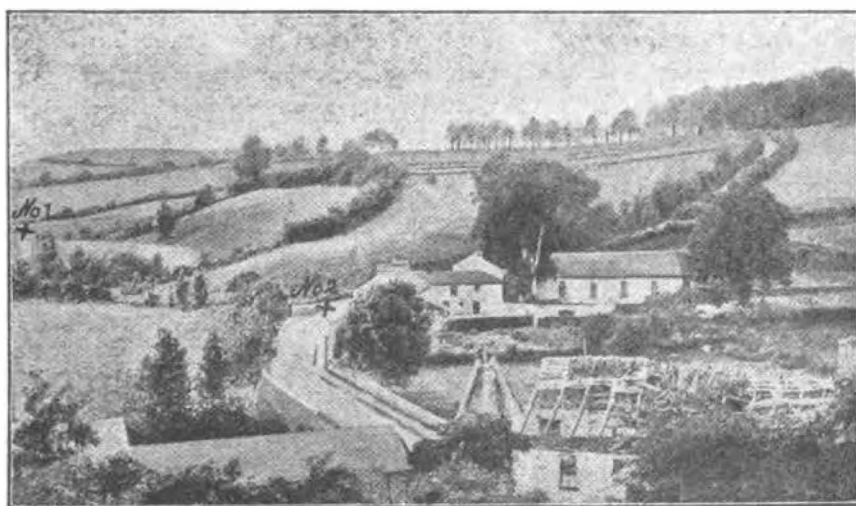
I have been particular to point out the connection of the Druids with the place, for if local tradition, handed down from time immemorial, be correct, the Black Coach of Killeshandra dates back to the days when the Druids worshipped beneath the oaks on the borders of Croghan Lake. The old church, now in ruins, built on the site of the rath, is said to be its headquarters. The popular opinion is that here in the old Druid circle in the rath human sacrifices were offered up, and that the coach was in some way connected with those sacrificial rites. That it was used for the conveyance, either of the priests or the victims, to the place of sacrifice, and that now, though priests and victims and altars have long since passed into oblivion, the shadow of the old coach still traverses the old roads, halting as it used to do ages ago at the old place of worship, and as some think of sacrifice.

So much for the place and its traditions; now for the evidence as to the existence of the coach, and the first witness I propose to call is the Rev. J. H. Whitsitt, The Manse, Killeshandra, Co. Cavan.

Mr. Whitsitt has lived in Croghan Manse for a quarter of a century; he is well known and respected all over the country, and he has had abundant opportunities for making himself acquainted with the history and traditions of the place. Croghan is a short mile from Killeshandra, on the Ballyconnell road, and the place itself is of more than ordinary interest to the antiquarian. The church and Manse are built on a level plot of

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ground close to Croghan river, at the point where it enters the lake. Croghan Hill rises beyond, and it was on this hill that the chiefs of the O'Rourke's were formerly inaugurated, the Chief placing his foot in a hollow stone, and there taking the oath of Chieftainship. The Manse stands next the river, beyond it is the church a little way back from the road, which turns to the left with a wide circular sweep, and right in front of the entrance to the church is a small grass covered spot in the centre of the road known as The Diamond, and it was at The Diamond that Mr. Whitsitt had his best view of the Black Coach of Killeshandra. Now let him tell the story in his own words.



BACK VIEW OF CROGHAN CHURCH AND MANSE, KILLESHANDRA.

“ It was twelve years ago on a winter night, and I was all alone in the Manse, as the rest of the family were out at a cottage meeting in the neighbourhood. I was working in my study, and when the clock struck ten, I rose and walked into the front room to see if there were any signs of Mrs. Whitsitt and the children. It was a clear night, no moonlight, but a clear sky and plenty of snow on the ground. As I stood at the window, my attention was attracted to a light that was turning a corner of the Ballyconnell road, about a quarter of a mile away. (*See Photo, Figure No. 1.*) From its appearance and motion I concluded it was the light of a carriage, and I was rather surprised to see the lights, as it was a clear night, and at that period there were no by-laws enforcing the carrying of lamps. I stood by the window watching, until it turned the corner of the road and came directly towards the Manse. I could see

the dim outline of a coach, but neither horses nor driver. It came slowly up the road until it reached the Diamond (*see Photo, Figure No. 2*), and then it paused for a moment, and then without the slightest sound, it began to move backward down the road. I am positive that it never turned, for there was no swinging across the road and no obscuring of the lights, but while I watched it gradually glided down the road, the light showing brightly all the while, until it vanished round the turn of the road toward Aughbawn. (*Photo, Figure No. 1.*)

“ This was my first experience, now for my second. About a year later I returned from a visit to a friend’s house about 10.30 p.m. It was a pitch dark night, and on reaching home I went into the yard to help the servant to put up the pony. While we were busy in the stable suddenly the gable of the Manse next the Diamond was brilliantly lit up, and at the same moment we both heard the sound of wheels.

“ ‘ There’s a carriage coming into the yard,’ said the servant.

“ ‘ There must have been an accident,’ I replied, and we both ran out.

“ On reaching the yard gate we both saw the coach coming up the road to the Diamond, exactly as I had seen it before. There was the same indistinct outline, the same lights, and while we looked it paused for a moment, and then gradually moved backward down the road until it vanished round the corner. The two appearances were exactly alike, but this time I distinctly heard the grind of wheels, but on the first occasion the ground was covered with snow. I am telling this because I consider the whole thing inexplicable. I am ready to answer any questions on the subject, and I need hardly say that I will be glad to listen to any explanation that may be forthcoming of this extraordinary phenomenon.”

My next witness, Frank M’Govern, Aughbawn, Killeshandra, is a near neighbour of Mr. Whitsitt, and his testimony is brief and to the point.

“ One night, in company with another man, I was travelling along the Newtowngore road. We were driving donkeys, when all at once we heard a noise behind us, and looking round we saw a coach coming up the road after us. It came on so swiftly that we were obliged to pull almost into the ditch to avoid being run over. It passed close to us, and we had a distinct view of it. It was tall and black, with a man seated on the box holding what appeared to be reins in his hands, but there were no horses. I am positive on this point. We looked into the coach as it went

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past but saw nothing inside. After passing us it travelled up the road for a short distance, then turned straight through the hedge into an adjoining field, and vanished. The coach was brilliantly lit up, and as it passed us we could see it plainly."

This Newtowngore road seems to be a favourite haunt of the Black Coach, and there is something suggestive in this, as this road must have led direct from Killeshandra to Moy Slaughter. I have received repeated accounts of its appearance on this road, and also on an adjoining road that runs round Aughbawn, and on through Upper Drumanny, but these appearances were, with one exception, exactly similar to those witnessed by Mr. Whitsitt, and Mr. M'Govern.

I now propose to take what I may call the depositions of a man who has passed away since the date of the incident referred to, and I do so because he had an exceptional opportunity of seeing and describing the Black Coach, and I believe his testimony can be corroborated by men who are still living. The late James Roche, Aughawillian, Co. Leitrim, was well-known far beyond the borders of his native county, and I give the story as he related it to an intimate friend.

"We were driving calves home from the fair of Blacklion, and it was late, somewhere about twelve o'clock, when we reached Killeshandra. It was a stormy night, with driving showers of rain, and while we were passing through the town there came a regular tempest, and we ran to the market house for shelter. We stood under the arches close to the street, and while we were standing there we heard a sound, like that of an approaching coach, coming up the street from the direction of the old church. It came rapidly toward us, and we had a distinct view of it, and it seemed more like a black box or chest than a coach. It was about four feet in height and carried no lights, nor was there any light coming from the inside. It passed quite close, not more than three or four yards from us, but I could see no sign either of horses or driver, nor could I see any wheels. It made a great noise as it passed by the market house, and vanished up the street, and after that we saw no more of it. Immediately afterwards the rain ceased and we started for home."

Mr. Roche's account of the appearance of the Black Coach differs materially from that of the other witnesses. To them it bore the appearance of an ordinary coach, to Mr. Roche it looked like "a black box or chest," of comparatively small size, and on this occasion it carried no lights nor was there any light coming from inside the coach.

I could fill pages with similar accounts, but I prefer to reserve these for another paper, and to devote the remainder of this article to a different phase of the Black Coach.

The witnesses who have hitherto testified to the appearance of the Black Coach have had ocular proofs of its existence, but there are scores of people who have heard the sound of a passing carriage, the rattle and creak of wheels, and the tramp of horses, but have been quite unable to see anything that could produce the sounds. This has sometimes happened on a clear moonlight night, when the smallest object would have been visible, but though the watchers strained their eyes they could see no sign of either coach or car. This has frequently happened in Killeshandra, and the following account which I have taken down from the lips of the narrator, is typical of many others. The speaker is Mrs. Ann Gilronan, Killeshandra.

“ This happened about ten years ago, and we were then living in Killeshandra, and quite close to the old church. One night I was lying in bed wide awake. I am not sure of the hour, but it must have been near midnight, somewhere between eleven and one o'clock. While I was lying awake, I heard a carriage coming down the street, and from the sound it passed close to the door, but there was nothing visible on the street. It passed on until it reached the gates of the old church, and stopped, and then, after a short interval, it turned and came slowly up the street and again it passed close to the door, but still there was no sign of anything on the street. I plainly heard the tramp of horses, and the sound of wheels, but there was no appearance of a coach or carriage of any kind. No one could enter the graveyard at that time of night, for the keys were kept in an adjoining house.”

A few days ago, a woman living in the neighbourhood of Killeshandra, a Mrs. Wood, told me an extraordinary adventure that befell her mother and her brother, in connexion with the coach. Mrs. Wood was not present on the occasion in question, but she is prepared to vouch for the accuracy of the story, as she frequently heard it from her mother's lips. I give the story as nearly as possible in her own words.

“ My mother and brother were returning home from Ardlogher, and when coming up a hill on the Killeshandra road, they heard the sound of a coach coming up the hill after them. It appeared to be travelling very quickly, and they moved to one side of the road to be out of the way. The noise grew louder, but they could see nothing, and afraid of being run over they climbed

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a bank at the side of the road. The sound came nearer and nearer, until finally it seemed to sweep right past them, but though they strained their eyes they could see nothing, and after a little the noise died away up the road in front of them. My mother was terribly frightened, indeed it was a long time before she was quite herself again. A few days later, a man who lived near the place where the coach passed them, asked my brother if he had seen a carriage on the road that night, as he had heard something like a coach drive up the road at a furious rate."

But perhaps the strangest experience of all, was one which befell Mrs. Whitsitt, and again I have authority to use her name, and to refer all inquirers to her. This time the coming of the coach was in the nature of a warning, and the facts were as follows:—

Some years ago, a neighbour of Mr. Whitsitt's, a Mr. C—— (I have no authority to use the name, though I dare say this could be obtained) had a child suffering from a severe, and as it turned out, a fatal illness. During its illness, Mrs. Whitsitt was frequently at the house, and was constant in her attendance on the child. One night she was alone in the room with the child, the mother was in an adjoining room, and the father was away from home, but was expected back at any moment. Suddenly Mrs. Whitsitt heard the sound of a car or carriage driving up to the front door, and at the same moment the mother entered the room, and she too heard the sound. Immediately after the bell rang in the kitchen, and the servant hurried up the hall to the door, and a moment later she appeared at the door of the room where the mother and Mrs. Whitsitt were with the inquiry—

"Did you ring, ma'am?"

"No, but your master is at the front door," was the reply.

The girl hurried to the door, but a moment later she returned with the intelligence that there was no one there. Surprised and astonished, the two ladies hurried to the door, but the servant's report was correct, the street was bare and deserted, and look where they would, there was no sign of the mysterious car or carriage that had driven up a few moments earlier. It was impossible for it to have driven past, and it was equally certain that it could not have returned by the way it came, and after looking in all directions, the ladies returned to the room. It so happened that Mr. C——'s mother was in delicate health at the time, and as they reached the room, Mrs. C——, who was evidently considerably put about by the strange occurrence, remarked to her companion—

"I know what that came for," evidently alluding to the elder lady's illness.

A little later Mr. C—— returned home, and Mrs. Whitsitt took her leave, and early the next day she heard that the child had died.

One of the most gruesome of the many stories connected with the Black Coach is one told by a Mrs. Sheridan, a woman who resides a considerable distance outside Killeshandra. As a matter of fact this is the only instance I have been able to discover of the coach travelling on this road, and I may say that at the time of this incident Mrs. Sheridan knew little or nothing of the story of the coach. Curiously enough the date corresponds with that of the last recorded appearance of the Black Coach, in other words it was about eleven years ago.

To make the story clear it is necessary to say a word as to the situation of Mrs. Sheridan's house. It stands in the angle between two roads at a point where three roads meet. The gable abuts on one road, and the front runs parallel with another, and a few perches along this road, but on the opposite side, there is another house, and at the date in question this house was occupied by a Mr. Kiernan, and his wife and family. So much for the situation of the houses, now for the story itself.

One night Mrs. Sheridan had gone to bed as usual, and soon after retiring she fell asleep. Some time later she awoke, without any cause. There was no sound in or about the house; she was in perfect health, but she was wide awake, and felt no inclination to go to sleep again.

Presently she heard a sound along the road leading to Carrigallen, the sound of an approaching car or carriage. It came slowly down the road, passed the gable of the house and turned along the road leading by the front. When opposite Mr. Kiernan's house it appeared to pause, and then came the slow grind of wheels as if a coach were turning on the road; then a longer pause, and at this moment the clock struck three. A minute or two later the vehicle moved again, but this time it came back toward the cross, turned down the Carrigallen road and drove slowly along until the noise died away in the distance. Mrs. Sheridan came to the conclusion that the occupants of the carriage had forgotten something, and that they had turned back for it, and a little later she fell asleep again.

Next morning she met Mrs. Kiernan, and the latter appeared ill-at-ease and sorrowful. When Mrs. Sheridan mentioned this to her she declared that her mother was dead, and in reply to further questions she admitted that she had heard no account of her death, adding, "But I am sure of it, for this morning I

awoke at three o'clock with her dead arms round me in the bed."

Strangely enough later intelligence confirmed Mrs. Kiernan's assertion. Her mother was dead, and it appeared that she died at the moment mentioned by Mrs. Kiernan.

Since the first portion of this article was written I have received a remarkable account from a well-known Killeshandra merchant of his experience of the Black Coach. So far as I know he had never heard Mr. Whitsitt's story, and his account of his first sight of the Coach is all the more remarkable as it confirms Mr. Whitsitt's story in every detail. At the moment of writing I am not at liberty to divulge his name, but I hope in a short time to receive the necessary authority. Briefly his story is as follows:—

"A good many years ago I was stationed in Crossdoney, and one night in company with another man I was out on the Killeshandra road. It was pretty late at night, or rather early in the morning, when we heard the sound of some vehicle coming up the road behind us, and looking back we could see the dim outline of a coach travelling up the road toward us. It appeared to be travelling pretty fast, and we moved to one side of the road to avoid it. We could see no horses or lights. Presently when quite close to us it appeared to slow down and finally stop, and then after a short pause it glided slowly backward, without turning, until it disappeared round a turn of the road."

This account tallies exactly with that of Mr. Whitsitt, with the single exception of the lights. In both cases the coach came quite close to the witnesses, then paused, and after a short interval glided backward until a turn of the road hid it from sight. This gentleman had another view of the Coach, this time in Killeshandra, and again the date agrees exactly with the last recorded appearance of the Coach about eleven years ago. On this occasion he was on the street at the head of a road known as the Ewer Lane, when the coach swept up the road and passed quite close to him. Again there were neither horses nor lights, and although the Coach passed quite close to him he could distinguish nothing inside. This happened about one o'clock in the morning.

This is the story of the Black Coach of Killeshandra. If necessary I could produce a large amount of additional evidence, but I think I have given enough, and the reader can now draw his own conclusions on the subject. I may add that since this article was written I have heard that the coach has again appeared in the neighbourhood of Killeshandra, but so far I have been unable to verify the statement.

SOME OCCULT NOTES FROM WALES

By M. L. LEWES.

BEFORE the spread of education and enlightenment, the old tales and traditions are gradually dying out in Wales. Especially as regards the (so-called) supernatural, many interesting stories (sometimes connected with the great houses, often about some lonely farm or remote village) which were formerly repeated with conviction and heard with respect, are now in danger of oblivion, or are labelled "Superstition."

Some of these tales are, of course, absurd, and interesting merely from their quaintness, yet in many there is an element which—as the French say—"gives to think." A few of these are collected in the following notes, which perhaps may possess some interest for the occult inquirer, apart from the charm of folk-lore and local colour.

In West Wales, the *cwn annwn* (or hell-hounds) are still believed in, and if a string of wild-geese fly overhead in the winter dusk, uttering their mournful cry, the people say "Listen to the hell-hounds! They are hunting a dead man's spirit."

Another superstition, the hearing of the "Tolach" (moaning) was often referred to by an old woman who used to live near the writer's home, and who declared she always heard the sound before the death of any friend or neighbour. She would invariably say solemnly, if one commented on any death that occurred, "Yes, indeed, but I knew some one was going; I heard the 'Tolach' last week." This woman also shared the very common Welsh belief in the "canwyll corph" (corpse-candle), which seen near a house, is ever a warning of impending death to one of the inmates.

In the case of a certain country house in Cardiganshire, which is close to the parish church, tradition runs that before a death occurs in the family, a corpse-candle is always seen coming from the churchyard up the drive towards the house.

In the north of Cardiganshire, belief in witches used to prevail strongly in old times, and even now is said to linger in the more remote districts. Witches, if frightened or pursued, were said to turn into hares. Hares having any white about them are called "witch hares," and it is accounted very unlucky to kill them.

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With regard to witches, the writer was once told a story about a country doctor, who, riding in haste to see a patient up in the wild hills of North Cardiganshire, was stopped on the road by an old woman having a great local reputation as a witch. She tried to detain the doctor, but he, not understanding what she wanted, and being in a great hurry, urged his horse forward, somewhat roughly bidding the old crone begone. Shrieking after him, she told him to beware, "as she would lay a curse upon his horse," which threat he soon forgot, and after visiting his patient, returned home in safety. That night however, Dr. G. was roused from his sleep by the groom, who asked him to come out at once to the horse, as it seemed to be very ill. To make the story short, the poor animal died in a few hours' time, nor could its owner ever determine the nature of its extraordinary attack, as it was apparently perfectly well when stabled for the night. But the coincidence between the horse's sudden death and the witch's words was certainly striking.

Another instance of so-called coincidence occurred some years ago in the hamlet of N—— in Cardiganshire. About eight o'clock one summer evening, several neighbours happened to be at the blacksmith's house, having a quiet smoke and gossip together. They were sitting in a room at the *back* of the smithy, which faced the main road. Suddenly the talkers in this room were startled by the sound of a tremendous crash. Exclaiming "some one's cart must have upset on the road," they all rushed out through the shop, fully expecting to see some bad accident. To every one's surprise, all was still, the road empty, and no sign of any vehicle could be seen in either direction. The people looked at one another in amazement, wondering what could have caused the noise, which was described as exactly resembling the overturning of a loaded cart or wagon. Much perplexed they went home, but the next evening most of them were again at the smith's, and of course began to discuss the strange incident of the night before. But as the clock struck eight, again came the same terrific noise. Once more they ran out, and this time found a heavily laden cart upset on the road just outside the forge.

Nobody appears to have been killed or even hurt by the accident, and one wonders why, in the case of such an—apparently—unimportant event, such an impressive and collective warning should have been given.

Many stories of haunted houses are told where the disturbing power has seemed to have a distinct object in view, and, this

object attained, all further manifestations have ceased. Such was the case of a very old farmhouse in one of the South Welsh counties. It had long been known that mysterious tappings were constantly heard there, proceeding always from a certain spot in the wall of one particular room. At last the house fell into such bad repair, that it had to be partly rebuilt. When the masons were pulling down the wall from whence the tappings came, they found, carefully built into this wall, a very old Register-book. It was in a fair state of preservation, and the later entries in it dated from the time of the Commonwealth. They showed that a mason—who could neither read nor write—was then appointed Vicar of the parish, and the former incumbent turned out. However he seems to have remained amongst his parishioners, performing the offices of the Church in secret, and we may suppose, that taking refuge in the farmhouse (which very likely was a place of more importance in those days), the clergyman had the register-book hidden in the wall, to preserve it from falling into the hands of the illiterate mason. The old book has been beautifully restored, and is much treasured by its possessor. Since its discovery, the house has been rebuilt, and it is now entirely free from the mysterious tappings.

A well-known "ghost" inhabits a very old Welsh house, dating from the year 1600, which we will call Mayfield for convenience. Amongst the family portraits there, one is shown the picture of a young lady in the dress of the eighteenth century. This was a Mrs. Jones (Jones will replace the real name of the family), and an ancestress of the present owner of the house. Tradition says that a wicked butler murdered this poor lady in a large cupboard—almost a little room—which opens out of the dining room. He then fled with the family plate, but finding it too heavy, he dropped part of his plunder in a ditch near the house, where it was subsequently found, though history is silent as regards the fate of the butler. Ever since then, the ghost of the murdered lady walks out of the cupboard every Christmas evening (the anniversary of the tragedy), never appearing till the ladies have left the dinner table.

The writer has been told a very interesting sequel to the above story. Early in the last century, Mayfield and the property were owned by a certain Jones, who had a brother living in India. Whether Mr. Jones was a bachelor or a widower at the time of the following occurrence one does not know, but at all events he lived at Mayfield by himself. He used the dining-room as a sitting-room of an evening, and after his dinner

would turn his chair round to the fire, and sit there reading till it was bedtime. One night he had sat up later than usual, and as he shut up his books and bethought him of going to bed, the clock struck midnight. In the corner of the room, behind his chair, was the cupboard already referred to. Now as the last stroke of twelve died away, Mr. Jones heard the click of the door opening. He turned his head, and there, walking out of the cupboard towards him, he saw the figure of a lady dressed in an old-fashioned costume. She advanced a few paces, stopped, and said in loud clear tones, "Your brother is dead." Then she turned and walked back into the cupboard, the door of which shut with a loud clang. As soon as he recovered from his astonishment, Mr. Jones made a thorough search of the cupboard and room, but could find no trace of any inmate. Convinced at length that a message from the other world had been brought to him, he made a careful note of the date and hour of the incident. In those days letters took long to travel from India to this country, and he had therefore many weeks to wait before the mail brought him news that his brother had died, the time of death coinciding exactly with the night and hour in which Mr. Jones was warned by the apparition at Mayfield.

The following story which was related to the writer as being perfectly true, has by her been slightly altered in two or three minor details, to prevent any possible localization, as it is connected with a very well-known house and family in West Wales. The names used throughout are fictitious. Oaklands will be a good name for the house, and in the sixties and seventies of the last century, a certain Colonel Vernon, a widower, lived there as head of the family. At the time of the story he had invited a young man named Carter, the son of an old friend to stay at Oaklands, and besides Carter, there was another guest, a Captain Seaton, who was a frequent visitor there, and a contemporary and valued friend of Colonel Vernon.

One night, Mr. Carter stayed up reading long after his host and Captain Seaton had gone to bed, and all lights in the house been put out. Indeed, it was nearly one o'clock when he lit his bedroom candle, made his way across the hall and upstairs on his way to his room. Halfway up, the stair made a turn, and it was when he reached this turn and could look back into the hall, which of course was quite dark, that Carter was astonished to see a light coming towards him down a passage which ended near the foot of the staircase. Wondering who could

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be about so late, and thinking it might be one of the servants, he paused on the stairs, and was somewhat surprised to see the tall figure of a woman emerge from the passage, and begin swiftly mounting the stairs. She wore a kind of loose flowing garment, and as she passed Carter, who had involuntarily drawn back against the wall, he saw that her face was extraordinarily beautiful. He also noticed the candlestick she carried: it was of brilliantly polished silver, and most curiously shaped in the form of a swan. As the lady (for Carter instantly divined that she was no servant) glided by without taking the slightest notice of him, his astonishment became curiosity, and determining to see what became of her, he followed her up the stairs. Never turning her head, or showing by the slightest sign that she was aware of Carter's presence, she reached the landing, where she stopped a moment, then turned down the corridor where the principal bedrooms were situated. Carter watching, saw her stop at the third door, and enter the room, the door closing softly behind her. Rousing himself from his surprise, Carter proceeded to his own room, but the extraordinary appearance of the lady he had seen, joined to her apparent unconsciousness of his presence, the unusual hour, and the fact that he knew of no woman inmate of the house, other than the servants, produced such bewilderment of mind, that he found it impossible to sleep. Early next morning he was astir, and happening to meet Captain Seaton in the garden, he could not forbear relating his nocturnal experience to his fellow-guest.

When Captain Seaton heard the story he looked very grave, and asked, "At which door in the corridor did the lady stop?" Carter replying that it was the third door, Captain Seaton would say no more, remarking that they would discuss the subject again later on, only begging him to say nothing of what he had seen to their host.

Soon after breakfast, Captain Seaton asked Carter to come with him to the pantry, where they found the butler, who had been many years in the Vernon's service. Chatting with the old servant, Captain Seaton presently led the conversation round to the subject of the family plate, remarking how fine it was, and finally asking the butler to show Mr. Carter some of the most ancient and interesting pieces in the collection. Much of the old silver was taken out of its wrappings and displayed, and at length Seaton said, "But where are those queer candlesticks? You know the ones I mean—made in the shape of a swan." The butler answered rather reluctantly that the candle-

sticks mentioned had been put away for many years, and he feared they must now be very tarnished. However, on being pressed, he fetched down from a high shelf in the plate cupboard, a baize-covered parcel, and from it drew a silver candlestick, very old and tarnished, but the shape of which, Carter was startled to see, exactly resembled the one carried by the lady of his adventure. Seaton said to the butler, "You are certain you have not had these candlesticks out lately?" "Oh no, sir," answered the old man, but noticing Seaton's serious expression, his tone changed to one of alarm, and he exclaimed, "But what is the matter, sir? Has *anything been seen*?"

Seaton then asked Carter to relate again what he had seen the night before, and when he heard that the lady had entered the *third* room in the corridor, the butler who had been listening with the deepest interest, broke into a cry of, "Oh my poor Master! some grief is coming for him." Captain Seaton then explained that the figure Carter had seen was no human being, but an apparition, and that her appearance, carrying the swan-shaped candlestick—always brightly polished—invariably betokened trouble or misfortune for the Oaklands family. "It was Colonel Vernon's door you saw her open," added Seaton, "let us hope on this occasion her coming has not been for evil," a hope that was unfulfilled, as before the day was over, Colonel Vernon received news that his brother had died the night before.

A CASE OF DOUBLE PERSONALITY

PART II.

Edited by A. GOODRICH-FREER (Mrs. H. H. Spoer).

THE following incident, trifling to the merely superficial observer, appears to me to contain some points of special interest.

If, as psychologists tell us, our individuality depends upon the continuity of memory, a theory which this history abundantly illustrates, then Mary Reynolds not only led two distinct lives, but was virtually two distinct persons entirely independent of each other, arriving at deductions from independent data, basing experience upon two separate series of events, possessing independent temperaments and consequently building up separate and independent characters. In the following story, however, our continuity breaks down, there is what geologists call a "fault" in the strata, an irruption into the secondary consciousness of knowledge acquired in the first.

The second point to which I would direct attention is the supernatural or rather supernormal element which is introduced with the dream story; the visit of the dead sister and friend, the consolatory and guardian-angel character of their intercourse, and the conventional *mise en scène* of the religious revelation, in all of which we find many points of contact with, and resemblance to, the religious experiences of all creeds, the ecstasies and revelations of saints and visionaries. The traditional physical conditions, too, are not wanting. We have heard of long fasts and vigils; of mental exaltation resulting in verse of a kind beyond her normal capacity—sometimes spirited and impromptu, sometimes meditative and in its degree mystic; of long and fatiguing rides over moor and woodland, of communings with nature by day and night. This tendency to religious pre-occupation and meditation was apparently introduced, by association, along with the irruption from the earlier state of the verbal memory for Bible texts, the very strength of which irruption is demonstrated by the fact of its forcing its way effectually into a stratum of consciousness in which, as I have seen testified, in her own handwriting, she was frankly, and by no means silently bored by the class of visitors who frequented her father's house,

going so far as to call one of them, to his face, "a wolf in sheep's clothing."

I forbear to enlarge upon these points, to the student of psychology sufficiently obvious.

It has been stated that none of the knowledge or experience which Mary Reynolds had acquired during her early life, or while she was in her "first state," remained in her memory or passed over into her consciousness while she was in her second state. To this, however, there was one remarkable exception, the nature of which can best be stated in her own words:—

"When I was for the first time in my second state, the family were one Sabbath preparing to go to church at Titusville. I was very anxious to accompany them, though, at the time, I was wholly ignorant of what preaching meant. They told me it was impossible for me to go. So, much to my dissatisfaction, I had to stay at home. On the night following that day I had a singular dream. I have a more distinct recollection of that dream than any other thing which happened about that time.

"I dreamed that I was on a large plain, where neither a tree nor a stump was to be seen. It was beautifully green. A great number of persons, all clothed in white, were walking to and from a large river which flowed through the midst of the plain, singing as they walked. The music was the most delightful I ever heard. As I was standing and gazing with admiration on the scene before me, I thought my sister Eliza [who died in 1804] came up to me from among the throng, which by this time had collected—for I thought they increased in numbers very rapidly—and, with a sweet smile on her face, talked with me. Among other things she told me I should join that company after a while, but that I could not then. While she was conversing with me, I saw a very majestic person approach and ascend a platform that was erected about the middle of the plain. He opened a large book which he held in his hand, and began to speak, giving out for a text, Revelation iii. 20: 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.' I was perfectly enraptured, for I thought he spoke to none but me. His eyes seemed directed toward me. 'Well,' I thought, 'this must be preaching'; for in my dream I remembered how I had been disappointed the day before at not being permitted to go to meeting, and I thought he knew my case, for he explained the Scriptures to me. The next day I repeated several passages, though at that time I could not read a word.

"It seemed that after that dream I regained all my knowledge of the Scriptures. I frequently repeated passages of Scripture; and when my friends, in reply to my assertion that they were contained in the Bible, would ask me how I knew that to be so, I told them the person whom I heard peaching in my dream made me acquainted with them.

"When I arose the next morning after my dream I related it to the family and observed to them that I had been to a much more splendid meeting than any one at which they had been.

"In my dream I did not mingle with the company, but after I saw the person who ascended the pulpit, and when he commenced preaching, I became so interested, that my attention was no longer attracted by the

multitude, who were still moving about. But my sister remained by my side.

"After this I used to frequently dream of seeing her. Particularly if anything troubled me, she would appear to administer comfort. I loved to dream of her, though when awake I had not the slightest recollection of her. It was a remarkable circumstance that my sister and another particular friend, also dead, used to be my most constant companions in my sleep. I have not dreamed of them since the earlier periods of my changes. I have wished much that I could, though at this time I do not remember either of them except as they appeared in my dreams."

All her friends testified, and some are still living to testify, that at the time mentioned by her she appeared to recover her lost knowledge of much contained in the Holy Scriptures, though as she says, she could not then read, and did not know the Bible from any other book. She never recovered any other knowledge in the same or like manner.

Her parents were both very pious and intelligent—in sentiment Baptists. They had been, as I have before said, intimately acquainted with the Rev. Robert Hall and other distinguished ministers of the same persuasion in England. Among them was a maternal uncle. After the neighbourhood had become somewhat settled, her father, William Reynolds, used to invite those living near him to come to his house on Lord's Day.

He would read a sermon to them and offer prayer with them and for them. Often the pioneer ministers, chiefly Presbyterians, rested and preached at his house. Under such influences Mary must have made large acquisitions of religious knowledge, and became familiar with the words of Holy Writ. What she had thus acquired and subsequently lost she recovered in the remarkable manner mentioned.

It should be stated that Mary knew the lady, who appeared to her in her dream, to be her deceased sister, not by recognizing her from memory, but by describing her appearance, and learning from her family that the description exactly suited the appearance of her sister. For in her second state, whether asleep or awake, she had no recollection of her sister as one whom she had previously known in every day walks. One friend thinks also that he has heard Mary say that, in the dream, Eliza informed her that she was her sister. But this is not certain. It is certain, however, that she minutely described a person precisely corresponding to the appearance of her sister.

The other side of her character, her love of fun and practical joking, remained prominent, and in her account of herself she confesses to many school-boy tricks. She used to go on cold nights when a hunt was proposed by her brother for the next day, and take the hunting coats and carry them a mile or two miles to some neighbouring house and leave them there. The next morning the articles would be missing, and neither the loser nor the finder would be able to account for them. On one of these occasions she passed over Oil Creek on the ice when the water was very high and the ice so very thin that her safe passage was a matter of great surprise. One stormy night in winter, such a night as one would pity a dog to be exposed, she got up and went to the doctor's, whom she did not like, but who at that time had the control of her. As her physician he imposed on her many restraints. With a man's cloak and hat on, she knocked at the door and got him up, and told him he must go immediately to a certain house, a long distance away, where a man was almost dead from injury. The doctor, poor man, went, but only to find

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the family fast asleep. Such experiences were not likely to sweeten the relations between doctor and patient.

I have seen a copy of lively verses on the subject of this doctor, of which the following may be taken as a specimen :—

Calomel, tartar and gamboge
He deals me out good measure ;
Could I the dose to him infuse
'Twould be to me a pleasure, etc.

His services seem to have been necessary, for her health was subject to many variations, especially towards the end of the period of frequent transition before the second state became permanent. I prefer to quote here from her nephew's account, as edited by Dr. Weir Mitchell. "She was on one occasion, at least, for an entire winter and spring, confined to her bed, so weak that she could not raise her hand to her head. During this time her transitions were frequent, but generally the second state continued for only a very short time. . . . During this illness pain would often seize her, while blood rushed to her head, and as it continued her body would become rigid as in death ; not a joint or a muscle would yield, and life would seem to be extinct. This was succeeded by trembling which violently shook the whole bed. Her mind then wandered ; she talked wildly ; got out of bed and walked by the hour, notwithstanding her weakness, when in her right mind. At these times she walked as steadily as a person in health, and had more strength than most sane persons. Her agony was so great as to draw tears from its witnesses, and she would clasp her head as though it were about to burst. In such cases strong plasters of mustard, mixed with vinegar, were applied to her feet, and she was daily cupped over the temples, with relief and final recovery, though still in her second state." This extraordinary dominance over physical conditions reminds one of the phenomena of sleep-walking.

It was finally found necessary, on account of the state of her nerves and general health, to prohibit her from going into company, and the doctor told her she might walk but must not go into any neighbouring houses. The wily creature, however, would stand at their windows, and when asked to enter would say, "No ; the doctor says I must not, but he did not tell me I must not talk at the windows." Her vivacity, wit and good humour were so great that her acquaintances all desired her company, and would not inform on her. But one day the doctor saw her, and as he came toward her her countenance settled into dismay and gravity, as she said, "I'm done now. The doctor has caught me at last !" If at any time she would suddenly change from levity to gravity, you might be certain the doctor was in sight.

We now come to what may be regarded as the last part of Miss Reynolds' life, which divides naturally into three : (1) From her birth, 1793, to her nineteenth year, 1811, when she was in her first condition ; (2) From 1811 to 1829, when the two conditions alternated ; (3) From 1829 to her death in 1854, when she was permanently in her second condition.

The indications of mental unsoundness which characterize the earlier portions of the time which she passed in her second state grew fainter, and at length wholly disappeared after these changes had ceased, leaving her permanently in her abnormal state. This occurred about the year 1829, when she had reached her thirty-sixth year. She lived twenty-five years after this, wholly in her second state. During this quarter of a century no one could have discovered in her anything out of the ordinary way, except that she manifested an unusual degree of nervousness and restlessness ; yet that was not sufficient to attract particular attention. She was rational, sober, industrious, and gave good evidence of being a sincere Christian. For a number of years she was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. For some years she taught school, and in that capacity was both useful and acceptable.

I have the testimony of some half dozen independent witnesses that during these later years it would have been impossible to detect anything abnormal or unusual in the character or conversation of Miss Reynolds. "It is to be borne in mind," writes Dr. Mitchell, "that she was in this, her abnormal, state all the rest of her life, without memory although not without knowledge of her true self. The change from a gay, hysterical, mischievous woman, fond of jests and subject to absurd beliefs or delusive convictions, to one retaining the joyousness and love of society, but sobered down to levels of practical usefulness was gradual. The most of the twenty-five years which followed she was as different from her melancholy morbid self as from the hilarious condition of the early years of her second state."

By some of her friends this has been even regarded as a third state, but the continuity of memory would indicate a growth and development of character, rather than a change of personality. Her nephew, Dr. J. V. Reynolds, alleged that at a later period of her life she said she did sometimes seem to have a dim, dreamy idea of a shadowy past, which she could not fully grasp, but this may have been like the early memories of which most of us are conscious, but of which one dare not say with certainty that they rest upon anything more individual than the statements and descriptions of other persons.

During the last few years of her life she was a member of the family of her nephew, Rev. John V. Reynolds, D.D. Part of that time she kept

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house for him, showing a sound judgment, and manifesting a thorough acquaintance with the duties of her position.

Her death occurred in January, 1854. In the morning she arose in her usual health, ate her breakfast with a good appetite, and after breakfast went into the kitchen to superintend some matters in that department. In a few minutes the servant girl called to Doctor Reynolds, saying that his aunt had fallen down. He hastened to her, and assisted the girl in carrying her into the parlour, where she was laid on a sofa. The girl said that while Miss Mary was engaged about some matter, she suddenly raised her hands to her head and exclaimed, "Oh! I wonder what is the matter with my head." She said no more, but immediately fell to the floor. When carried to the parlour she gasped once or twice, but never spoke, and then died. She was thus gratified in a wish which she had often expressed: "Sudden death, sudden glory!" She died at somewhat more than the age of sixty years [or 68 if we accept the earlier date of her birth].

The story is an instructive one, whatever the point of view, for the alienist, the occultist, the physiologist, perhaps above all, for the student of ethics. Such phenomena have rarely been presented under conditions so favourable, especially in regard to the intelligence and education of the Subject and of those about her, and one can only regret that they should have occurred at a time when even professional observers were almost entirely unequipped with such knowledge as has since been gained by the study of the well-known cases of Louis V, Félicité X, Léonie, Sallie, etc., in none of whom, however, the conditions were wholly spontaneous, but were empirically induced. Lack of space excludes the possibility of further comment.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

1. Miss Mary Reynolds' own written statement, of which one copy is in the possession of her nephew, Mr. William Reynolds, of Meadville, Pa., and one in the library of the College of Physicians, Philadelphia. Mr. Reynolds possesses also several of her letters and MS. poems.

2. Two statements drawn up by her nephew, the late Dr. John V. Reynolds, (a) one prepared in 1835-6 for Prof. Archibald Alexander, which was ultimately first produced as embodied in a paper read by Dr. Weir Mitchell in 1888; (b) a second prepared in 1859 for Dr. William S. Plumer, of Alleghany, who published it in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, May, 1860.

3. Brief statements of the case occur in—

- (a) *New York Medical Repository* for 1816, as related to Dr. S. L. Mitchell, of New York, by Major Andrew Ellicott, who had previously reported it to the Academy of Sciences at Paris.
- (b) *Alleghany Magazine*. Timothy Alden. 1816.
- (c) *Historical Collections of Pennsylvania*. Sherman Day. 1843.
- (d) *Nervous Diseases and their Diagnosis*. Prof. H. C. Wood. 1887.
- (e) *Intellectual Philosophy*. Wayland. ? date.
- (f) *Disordered Mental Action*. Upham. ? date.

REVIEWS

JESUS. By Arno Neumann. Translated by Maurice A. Canney, M.A. With a Preface by Professor P. W. Schmiedel. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1906.

As Professor Schmiedel says in his Preface, the translation of this little work—little in size, but not in scope or value—is justified by the fact that current English literature has hardly any work of the same type to show. In this country, opinions run to extremes; the orthodox theologian accepts the New Testament narratives without much critical examination, while on the other hand, the Rationalists—represented by Mr. John M. Robertson—are disposed to argue that the Jesus of the Gospels never existed at all. Thanks chiefly to German scholarship, a body of intermediate opinion is growing up, even in this country—a body of opinion which is probably much nearer the truth than either of the extreme positions.

Dr. Neumann starts out from the thesis that Jesus was at least an actual person, and not an ideal embodiment which afterwards came to be taken for an individual who had really lived. This historicity is held to be satisfactorily established by the information supplied by Josephus, Tacitus, Suetonius, Pliny, Lucian, and Celsus; while further strong support is afforded by some of the Pauline Epistles which were written between 50 and 60 A.D., and which have not been proved to be spurious, in spite of some attack. As an additional buttress, Dr. Neumann alludes to the passages in the Synoptics which Professor Schmiedel calls "foundation-pillars"; passages which, being incompatible with the opinions of Jesus which were held by His worshippers, cannot be supposed to have been invented by them, either deliberately or by way of unconscious embellishment. But, though the historicity of Jesus is accepted, Dr. Neumann regards as mythical a very large proportion of the Gospel details. "Pious legend and idealizing poetry" grew up gradually among His worshippers. "All history shows us that no hero, whether a Buddha or a Plato, or a Pythagoras, or of whatever name, has escaped adornment of this kind" (p. 49). The origin of the doctrine of the virgin birth may be seen in Isaiah vii. 14: "Behold, a young woman shall conceive and bear a son and call him God-with-us." The Greek translation of the Old Testament (the Septuagint) wrongly

gave "virgin" instead of "young woman," and Matthew (i. 23) accepted this rendering, as did others also. "But apart from the fact that the idea is thus changed, Isaiah's words can only relate to his own time; they can have no reference to Jesus." The doctrine "is refuted by the fact that Jesus Himself, His family, the Apostle Paul, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Gospel of John at a later date, know absolutely nothing about it." (Matt. xii. 28; Mark iii. 33; xii. 35-37; Rom. i. 3; Gal. iv. 4; Heb. vii. 14; and many other apposite passages.) Many others of the miracle stories are shown to be probably legendary, and, in fact, Dr. Neumann rejects all the miracles except some of the instances of healing, which he thinks may perhaps have occurred—certain cognate cases of faith-healing, when the disease has been nervous or functional, having been fairly well authenticated in modern times. In the Gospel miracle stories we "see the influence of that spirit of worship which exaggerates everything" (p. 84). The awe-inspiring accompaniments of the Crucifixion are "legends" (p. 161), and the story of the Resurrection is explained by reference to subjective visions due to yearning, overstrained minds, and possessing no objective counterpart. But though thus radically shearing away a great part of the Gospel story, Dr. Neumann treats his subject throughout in thoroughly reverent manner. His sketch of the character and teaching of Jesus—particularly of His teaching of the Fatherhood of God and the consequent Brotherhood of Man—lacks nothing in enthusiasm and true religious devotion; and even those who most strongly dissent from his conclusions will not fail to recognize his sincerity and zeal for the truth. It may be mentioned that both in views and manner Dr. Neumann is in close agreement with Professor Bousset of Göttingen,¹ a translation of whose *Jesus* also appeared last year. The two books might usefully be read in conjunction, while Dr. Sanday's *Outlines of the Life of Christ* (2nd ed. 1906) may be read at the same time in order to "hear the other side"—Dr. Sanday's book being a good statement of the case from the point of view of enlightened orthodoxy. I am inclined to think that when the German theologians have learnt more about *modern* miracles, they will not dismiss the old ones quite so airily. An acquaintance with the literature—better still, a first-hand acquaintance with the phenomena—of psychical research and spiritualism, might enable them to weigh the ancient evidence more impartially. Without some knowledge of these matters, there must be a tendency, however struggled against, to regard such phenomena as *a priori* impossible, and to minimize and explain away the evidence

that does exist, in order to fit things in with our conceptions of possibility. At the same time it may be admitted that the evidence for the Biblical miracles is far from conclusive to the modern scientific mind, and that there are many internal features (e.g. the meagreness of the narrative in 1 Cor. xv. 5-8) which render very doubtful the historicity of most of them. The one thing that is certain, is, that nothing but good can result from honest, scholarly, and reverent criticism such as Dr. Neumann gives us. Finally, a word of special praise is due to Mr. Canney for the lucidity and excellent literary form of his translation, which reads quite like an original.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

THE SPIRIT WORLD. By Joseph Hamilton. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, Chicago, Toronto, London and Edinburgh. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THIS important work has a few lines of introduction by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., F.R.C.S., who says of its author: "Mr. Hamilton's scientific studies have specially qualified him for dealing with subjects that lie on the borderland of the material and beyond it." Assuredly one could not even lightly review this excellent work without perceiving the habit of the careful student impressed in every sentence the eye lights upon. The work, however, deserves more than a superficial notice of its scope and purport. It is of importance to every genuine thinker, and especially to him who has arrived at the neutral ground where science has dispersed old illusions and faith has not yet taken wings to itself to lift him above the things of sense to those of the higher science of the soul. *Grands savants, grands croyants!* The little we know in comparison with the conceivably knowable in the illimitable universe, is so insignificant, so superficial, so meagre, that one hesitates to pronounce upon the various speculations of the schools in regard to the nature and purpose of the universe, man's place in Nature, the constitution of man, the origin and destiny of his soul, and all devolving problems. What seems essential to the age, however, is greater faith and smaller creed. In this desirable direction the whole of Mr. Hamilton's work tends. He takes the initial step in a justifiable criticism of the materialism which has so far prevailed only to baffle and not in any degree to enlighten the mind intent on a truly scientific religion. After indicating the blighting effect of materialism upon the arts, science, religion, and polity of nations, he says:—

Another direction which the materialism of our time has taken is unbelief or half-belief in the supernatural. Theologians of repute are trying to eliminate the supernatural from the Scriptures. The miracles are explained away, or dealt with in a doubting and hesitating fashion. And this is claimed to be done in the interest of advanced thought. The laws of nature are invoked to account for everything.

Despite the vaunted success of manufacturing science, it has done no more for us than this, that we spend our days and even our nights considering only how best we may keep body and soul together! Wisely indeed Mr. Hamilton affirms that the middle ground between great wealth and destitution is that most favourable for the development of the spiritual character—in a word, moderation most befits the needs of the soul as of the body. Having introduced the “miracle” so assailed by materialism, the author continues his work by a consideration of the nature, purpose, and religious significance of the miracles. He takes a strong position, one that, moreover, cannot be readily assailed, because it is logical and consistent and conformable to our scientific delimitations.

But to the general reader it is at a later stage that the book will become vitally interesting. The chapters dealing with “Angelic Ministry” and “First Experiences Beyond” cannot fail to absorb one. When finally our author becomes reviewer of books and critic of men who have formerly effected much in the same direction, it is pleasant to part company with him, retaining the better impression of an exceedingly useful and interesting work very carefully considered and sensibly explained.

SCRUTATOR.

THE ZODIA. By E. M. Smith. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THIS finely illustrated work deals in an unusually exhaustive manner with the well-known *zodia* or animal figures of the ecliptic, the Cherubim in the Bible and the symbolic fires in the sky. That there are many correspondences between Scripture incident and natural phenomena is a fact already well known, but to how far exactly these “silent analogies,” as Mr. Smith aptly calls them, may extend is a question of perennial interest. The author of this book has certainly widened the scope of this inquiry by his painstaking researches and orderly collation of references to the subject, and those who have never traced the parallelisms existing between astronomical data and sacred history will find here a work of singular fascination and instruction. That such

analogies between star-group symbology and Scripture records—both historical and prophetic—undoubtedly exist, does not, however, answer for us the all-important question as to priority. Did the prophets base their statements upon a deep understanding of sidereal portents, were they merely interpreters of the ethic values attaching to the various constellations, or were their prophetic fires of a more interior order, the facts in nature being analogues or parallelisms in no way fundamental to their utterances? That the constellations were grouped and named long before they entered as symbols into the prophecies of the Scripture is beyond contention. That being so, priority in point of nomenclature is with the astronomers. The Tablets of Sargon carry us back to B.C. 3800 at least. The question remains as to whether the Ancients in their grouping and naming of the constellations were guided by some superior light of a prophetic nature or whether the whole science—astronomical and astrological—was committed to the divine ancestors of the human race by Deity as conjectured by Newton. It is worthy of notice in this connexion that the statements of Berosus are in strict agreement with recent discoveries, and he affirmed that the science of astronomy was original with the god Bel—the sun god, or he whose shekinah was the sun.

On this and other points of question Mr. Smith's work is very informing. It ascribes a common origin to astronomy and to Scripture prophecy. It affirms a primal revelation to Adam, a direct tradition to Seth and Enoch, and a heathen or profane interpretation through Cain. A very large section of the work is devoted to an exposition of the traditions and symbolisms connected with the signs of the zodiac and the months of the year to which they correspond, and as a volume of star-lore there are few, if any, books which can equal it. I would suggest, however, that in the use of Hebrew records Mr. Smith should not neglect the Chaldean tradition and the intimate connexion through that channel with Indian and Indo-Iranian languages of many Hebraic derivatives.

It matters not from what point of view *The Zodia* is approached, whether from that of the theologian, the astronomer, or the archaeologist, it cannot fail to be of surpassing interest, while to the student of star-lore it is both informing and refreshing. Even to those whose *bête noir* is the solar myth in any of its many presentments, this book will not prove wholly forbidding. It is a well-written and even scholarly work, and good testimony to the patience and capacity of its author. It

is but right to add that Mr. Elliot Stock has produced the work in his usual generous and finished style. SCRUTATOR.

THE VOCATION OF MAN. By Johann Gottlieb Fichte. Religion of Science Library, No. 60. Price 1s. 6d. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd.

THIS work is so well known to philosophical readers that more than a notice would at this date be supererogatory. Everybody knows Kant, or ought to, and to know Fichte, chief among the exponents of the idealist philosophy, is only in the nature of an orderly extension of one's reading and study. "The Vocation of Man" deals with the three stages of the growth of mind in the direction of ideals, these being: "Doubt—Knowledge—Faith." The present edition has an excellent Introduction by Dr. Ritchie and also a Bibliography of Fichte's works.

MY NEIGHBOUR. A Story of our own Time. By E. G. Stevenson. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C. 1906.

A PLEASANTLY written story, with much genuine religious feeling. The aim of the book is evidently to enlist the reader's sympathy for those who, though well born and delicately nurtured, have through no fault of their own been reduced to poverty. The story centres in Mrs. Erle and her niece Effie, who, in consequence of the early death of Dr. Erle, are reduced to the necessity of earning a precarious living—the former by embroidery at home, the latter as governess to the children of a rich but vulgar tradesman. Happily, however, a helper appears in the person of Dr. Bruce, who knew Dr. Erle in years gone by, and who is now a successful and famous physician. Being a bachelor—though of middle-age—he does a good turn to the widow and niece of his old friend by asking them to keep house for him, and thus to relieve the loneliness of his existence. Eventually, the not unexpected union of Dr. Bruce and Effie comes off, and though Mrs. Erle dies before that event, her last moments are happy in the thought that her niece will not be left alone to fight her own way in a cruel world.

The writer of the story has evidently had forced on her notice some case such as that of Mrs. Erle, and consequently feels deeply on the subject. Objections may be made to the somewhat easy assumption that poverty is no affliction to those who are born to it—that they are "used to it," as eels are to skinning—and some readers may think that the author's sympathies are not

quite justly distributed. However, there is certainly something to be said for her view, and undoubtedly these cases are very sad, and very deserving of tactful help. I hope the book will be widely read.

J. ARTHUR HILL.

THE ART OF FASCINATION. By Geo. H. Bratley. Harrogate :
The Talisman Publishing Co. Paper, 1s. ; cloth, 1s. 6d.

THIS work is the first of a "Pocket" Series issued by the Talisman Co., whose efforts to popularise the New Thought literature have met with deserved success.

Mr. Bratley opens his subject with these pregnant words : "The pages of history bear witness as to the truth of Fascination, for it is the power wielded by all men and women who have stood out from their fellows and become leaders and pioneers either for good or evil." Of that there can be no doubt whatsoever, and the fact that it is used, consciously or unconsciously, by all great speakers, actors and public men, and that the same force is exercised by men over the brute creation, is sufficiently well attested in the pages of this book. It is even shown to be exercised by one animal over another. Mr. Bratley proceeds by showing that all men possess this power and that it is capable of being developed, like any other faculty of the mind. It is to the ever-wakeful, supersensuous and spiritual part of us, generally now known as "the Subjective Mind," that this power is delegated.

All the events in a man's life are, so to speak, ticketed and packed away by this mind . . . nothing once learned is lost, it is somewhere within reach of this subjective mind ; languages forgotten since childhood are spoken ; minute incidents are remembered, though they may long since have been wiped from the slate of waking memory.

It is then shown that the Subjective Mind may be galvanised into activity along any particular line by auto-suggestion during waking hours. There are copious instructions on the use of the hands, the eye, the will-power, in the art of fascination, and physical exercises for the augmenting of vital magnetism, all of which seem to be based upon correct principles and experience. I am glad to see that the author does not neglect the important factor of planetary influence, which perhaps, more than anything else, is capable of affording some key to the measure of individual power, and a possible solution of the problem as to why one individual dominates another, why some are friendly to us and others inimical. The little book is throughout interesting and not altogether a bad example of the Art of Fascination in itself.

SCRUTATOR.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE place of honour this month seems to belong of right to the first issue of the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*. In it are given the terms of the dissolution of the American Branch of the London Society, according to which the celebrated Piper records, and all documents appertaining thereto, will remain in charge of the Council of the London Society, which will issue in its *Proceedings* a full report of the later developments of the Piper case up to the date of Dr. Hodgson's death, and they will be accessible to qualified and serious students. The American Branch has been formed into a new Society, in connection with the newly constituted American Institute for Psychical Research, and will be further denoted as Section B of that Institute, Section A being devoted to the study of Psychopathology, or Abnormal Psychology. The constitution, field of work, and needs of the Institute are also fully gone into.

There are two important and attractive features of the new *Journal* to which we desire to call attention; one is the series of miscellaneous observations and records of psychical "incidents," mainly contributed by Professor Hyslop, the Editor, and the other is a fascinating and appreciative memoir, also by Professor Hyslop, of the late Dr. Richard Hodgson. It sets forth the gradual steps by which Dr. Hodgson became convinced of the evidence for a future life, and of the possibility, if not the frequency, of genuine spirit communication. In 1890 he announced in a private letter his "conviction that such communication is possible," but, says Professor Hyslop,—

it is a tribute to the scientific cautiousness and thoroughness of the man that he so long persisted in the suspense of judgment that carried him through seven or eight years more investigation before he would allow himself to confess his belief in the scientific evidence for a future life. . . . He had established such a reputation for the discovery of fraud and for scepticism regarding a future life that his conversion, as indicated in his second report on the Piper case, which came out in 1898, to the theory of spiritism or the possibility of communicating with deceased friends and relatives came as a distinct surprise to many psychic researchers, to say nothing of the astonishment of the man of the world.

Like the late F. W. H. Myers, Dr. Hodgson was profoundly sensible of the wide and deep bearing of a general belief in a future life upon philosophy, religion, and social and political

life, and its effect upon himself is summed up by one who knew him well by saying: "A keen intellectual curiosity regarding what awaited him was his own chief concern about death," and it is intimated that he looked forward with eagerness to being able to continue from "the other side" the work to which he gave his life on earth. So be it unto him.

Spiritual aspirations of another class, and of ancient date, are described by Dr. W. Williams in his article in *The Word* on "The Eleusinian Mysteries." Therein we are told of the great doctrines of immortality,—

taught and impressed upon the minds of the initiates who, as they wended their way in silence through the dim corridors out of that subterranean temple after witnessing such awe-inspiring evidences of man's existence hereafter, and listening to words that breathed and truths that burned and entered into their inmost nature, felt that they had parted for ever from the past with its darkness and error, and stood on the threshold of a new and diviner life of self-denial and devotion to the service and interests of humanity. . . . The great law of change has swept the mysteries into oblivion, but has not destroyed them. They are still in existence; still carrying on their mission in all lands and countries, and, as factors in the renovation and purification of individual life and character, still exert their power and efficacy, their great object being the promulgation of truth, the truth that makes us free and, raising us high beyond the din and clamour of jarring creeds and faiths, enrolls us in the great brotherhood of the Children of Light, the light known to mystics, ancient and modern, as the Beatific Vision, the apex of all knowledge, the culmination of all true education.

The same periodical contains a weird story called "A Ghost at Will," illustrating the power of the astral body (further treated of in still another article) to leave the corporeal tenement for a time and go a-ghosting on its own account, and conveying a warning as to the dangers which may beset the incautious experimenter.

In *The Open Court* the Editor, Dr. Paul Carus, has articles on "Theophanies"—an analysis of the manifestations of Yahveh to men recorded in the Old Testament; on "Betrothal and Marriage in China," with the usual illustrations by native artists, and specimens of Chinese amatory poetry; also one on "The Message of Buddhism to Christianity," which is mainly a plea for the breaking down of the barrier between religion and science, and the admission of an intellectually acceptable element into orthodox religion.

The Annals of Psychical Science for December contains a review, revised by Mrs. Verrall, of that lady's recent account, in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, of her

own experiences with automatic writing. The January number (the review is published on the 15th of each month) contains the details of some remarkable materializations at a séance held by a mystic Order in Berlin, and an account by Miss Lilian Whiting of the Spiritualist Camp-Meetings in the United States, with other interesting psychic experiences.

In *Broad Views* "An Occult Student" discourses on "The Intelligent Savage as a Religious Critic," illustrating his remarks by a reference to Mr. G. B. Shaw's views on religion and his own on the Athanasian Creed; while M. de Vere writes on "The Craving for a True Religion," and says:—

People are clamouring for a new revelation, a new belief to gladden men's hearts, for we have outgrown the old superstitions of the past, and our larger tolerance, consistent with the higher development of humanity, forbids us to believe in the fall of man and his punishment therefor. Good and evil are purely relative terms, and we by our civilization and our social conditions have made the world such a hard place to live in; more especially have we made it hard by our religions.

Perhaps, however, the fault does not lie in the old religions, but in our having allowed them to degenerate in our minds into the worst superstition of all—the superstition of clinging to the form and forgetting the spirit.

The *Theosophical Review* has a first article on "Bahaism," by Sydney Sprague, a discrimination between "Occult Arts and Occult Faculty," by A. R. Orage, and an excellent consideration of "Initiation," by the Editor, Mr. G. R. S. Mead. He describes initiation as essentially a process whereby the seeker is prepared and purified, so that, "loosed from the trammels of the flesh, he passes to other inward rites of greater efficacy, where the mystery is consummated in the peace of perfect harmony, amid the unwearied liturgy of Nature's purest elements, and with the wise co-operation of the all-knowing intelligences of Mind, the Great Initiator."

A pamphlet in Danish, *Den Ny Morgens Gry* (The Dawn of a New Morning), by Ben Kadosh, is devoted to the founding of a new mystic order, on masonic lines, and explains the cosmic meaning of Satan and Lucifer as terms belonging to the esoteric cult, and out of place, and therefore misunderstood, in exoteric or popular religion. They are immaterial, incorporeal formative powers of Nature, hidden factors of life and activity, personal or impersonal as one pleases, phases of the great Nature-divinity, Pan.

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.

PERHAPS you will, sir, of your courtesy, allow a few words of comment on your remarks concerning "orthodoxy" in your last issue, concerning which you take a tone which is hardly shared by the prize essayist, or by Mr. Christie Murray. There is nothing more common in current literature than a somewhat contemptuous tone towards orthodoxy, an assumption that it is a thing which is "played out," and its retention a sign of mental inferiority. As a rule the amount of knowledge possessed by "the man in the street" on such subjects seems hardly to justify such an attitude, when we bear in mind the intellectual giants whose names may be ranged as its upholders. When W. E. Gladstone, in his life, and in his dying hours, clung to the Incarnation as the centre of his belief, some might well doubt of their doubts. You say that the most unmistakable clue to Christ's point of view is His statement that there are only two great commandments, of which the first is "Thou shalt love the Lord thy GOD," and almost in the same sentence you say, "It is marvellous how little Christ concerned Himself about right belief." Surely He did concern Himself about it. For the very existence of GOD is a dogma, a revealed belief. Would any one say that Christ would have regarded its acceptance or non-acceptance as a matter of no consequence? And a large part of Christ's teaching related to the necessity of a right belief about Himself, "This is the work of GOD, that ye believe on Him Whom He hath sent" (John vi. 29). To substantiate fully what I say would necessitate many more quotations from St. John. You, however, get rid of St. John very summarily. You quote the remark of a learned writer, whose name you do not mention, that Christ could not have been the Christ of the Synoptics and of St. John, but thousands of learned writers have seen no difficulty in the matter. In the Synoptics we find the germ of Johannine teaching (Matt. xi. 27). Every reader of biographies knows how different the same character may appear when treated from different points of view.

It is simply a wholly unsupported assertion that Christ held "that you could believe as you pleased and it mattered nothing." The statement which is a commonplace of a certain type of religious thought that "He can't be wrong whose life is in the right" figures in treatises on the subject as the stock example of a logical fallacy. If we take the question of conduct alone, there is nothing which is more certainly proved by history than that the character of man is largely influenced by what he believes, or doubts. And surely it is certain on grounds of common sense that in religions as in everything else there must be such a thing as orthodoxy. There must be a correct religious as there is a correct scientific belief. If there be a GOD, and He has in any sense revealed Himself to man, it is certain that there is *some* truth attainable on the matters that He has revealed, and consequently that there is a right and a wrong belief possible, an orthodoxy and heterodoxy. And the Church's creeds are simply the expansion of what Christ taught about GOD and Himself. I refer to the truly Catholic Creeds, the Apostles' and that of Nicea. That of St. Athanasius has not the same authority, and the Thirty-nine Articles are merely the confession of Faith of one national Church which she could revise, and no doubt will when she is more free. The Catholic Creeds were developed by a process which finds many analogies, and are merely the expansion of what Christ taught about GOD and Himself. A religion without some such formulas would be as inconceivable as a science without any definitions. We believe that a Divine guidance presided over their development. The very fact that the procedure of the assemblies that drew up these confessions was not always edifying, and the character of so many of their members open to censure, coupled with the admitted grandeur and loftiness of the Creeds, is surely in itself a proof of the fulfilment of Christ's word's promise, "When He the Spirit of truth is come, He shall guide you into all truth."

You say again, sir, that Christ knew nothing of the doctrine of the Trinity, and that the passage in Matthew xxviii. 19 is certainly not authentic. I have consulted on the subject one whose theological knowledge is great, and I cannot refrain from quoting a portion of his reply. "It is common modern *à priori* objection to such a passage that St. Matthew could not have written it, therefore he did not. If the original Gospel is to consist of what critics think it ought to be, of course no argument is possible; but if we are to go by ordinary critical rules the passage in question is as sound as the Sermon on the Mount." There-

fore, there is as much evidence that Christ taught the doctrine of the Trinity, as that He taught the observance of the two great commandments.

But while I think that your attitude towards "orthodoxy" cannot on your own premises be defended, there is much that you say with which all must be entirely in accord. You say that love (charity) must always find its right expression in action. Quite true, and the same may be said of right belief. It is not that right belief is valueless without action, faith without works, but that it cannot exist without it, any more than fire without heat. And it must be admitted that there have been times in the Church's history, and that there are Christians now, whose orthodoxy Christ did and does, and will at the Great Account regard as valueless, because it found no expression in deed. The process by which man comes to regard belief, as a mere intellectual assent to propositions, is not easy to analyse, but there is no doubt of man's proneness to it. Perhaps we may say that its essence lies in the conception of "salvation" as a security or immunity from terrors to come, a kind of celestial insurance, in the pregnant words of Kingsley "a soul-saving dodge," instead of as what the word really connotes, a state of health of soul, a state which makes man loving because conscious of love, which he cannot fully be without he holds the Incarnation, for without this man has imagined GOD more loving than He really is.

And therefore I venture to think that Christ would on the whole look upon the orthodoxy of the present day with approval, because it is increasingly animated by the latter conception and not the former. I even believe that He looks upon the modern Bishop—the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of London, for instance, with their fourteen or fifteen hours work a day—with entire approval. None can know anything of the work of the Church in these days, especially of the intense self-sacrifice of priests and laymen who work in our great towns, without being sure that she is grasping more and more every day the mind of her Lord; but the basis of all this is the Incarnation, the belief that GOD loves humanity that much.

Need I say that there are several other points in your remarks and those of others which I should like to notice, but I fear to trespass too much on your space. I only trouble you with these few remarks because, as a Catholic Churchman who has studied the matters with which your Periodical deals for over twenty years, and therefore greatly values it and is anxious for its success, I think that your remarks call for some notice from those who

are not ashamed, while calling themselves believers in Occult phenomena, to confess that they retain their "orthodoxy."

G. H. JOHNSON, M.A.,
Rector of Keston.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will forgive this intrusion upon your valuable time as Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW; but knowing your great experience in Occult and Psychic matters, I venture to ask you for enlightenment upon a phase of phenomena which has puzzled me. About two years ago I began to sit in circles with a spirit society. After a while I began to feel as if fine gossamer webs were dropping across my face; indeed, I thought they were webs, and tried to rub them off. But instead I find they have increased, till often it feels exactly as if a fine silk veil was being dropped over my head; and occasionally I can find it on my hands. After the sitting is over, my face feels drawn and haggard. While sitting I can nearly always feel as if a current of air was blowing on me, and while everybody in the circle may complain of being warm, I always feel cold. I often get the peculiar feeling on my face when alone and in full gas-light; as a matter of fact, I feel it distinctly now as I write. Clairvoyants have often told me that they have, while in a normal state and condition, seen what they described as a grey mist around my head, just when we were sitting talking in the house together, but none can tell me what it really is. I always go to bed and sleep like one in a trance after the feeling has been strong upon me, and the next day I am utterly tired out. People who are only beginning to be clairvoyants seem to see very readily with me; but while different seers often describe spirit forms, which are unknown to me, many see only symbols, such as the Pentagram, etc. Now, the whole affair may seem very trifling to you, and very ordinary, yet it is a strange feeling to have, and not to be able to find out what the cause is.

Again apologizing for troubling you,

I remain,

Yours truly,

JNO. GIBSON.

28, BOWERS STREET, BLYTH, NORTHUMBERLAND.

January 3, 1907.

[I have inserted the above letter in the hope that some of my readers may be able to throw some light on the phenomenon recorded. It is one with which I am unfamiliar.—Ed.]

PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATIONS AND ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS

BY THE "OCCULT REVIEW" PSYCHOMETRIST

DELINEATION (SIRDAR).

Question 1 : Do you see any improvement in my financial position in the immediate future ?

Answer : I do not sense any improvement for you financially until the end of next year, when there is a very decided change in your conditions, and though you may have more responsibility you certainly have more money.

Question 2 : Do you see any change of residence or selling of property during the next two years ?

Answer : I should say you are more likely to buy property than sell, and I do not sense removal for you within the next two years.

DELINEATION (QUEEN ISABEL).

Question 1 : Shall I shortly obtain a considerable sum of money from any of the foreign bonds in which I am interested, both solely and jointly ?

Answer : I sense some money gain for you, but I do not consider it will be a very large sum.

Question 2 : Is there any near prospect of a change of residence and circumstances ?

Answer : I do not sense any change in your conditions during next year, but early in 1908 there is a very decided improvement in your circumstances, though I do not sense change of residence.

DELINEATION (MARJORIE H.).

This glove is worn by a woman, she is quick and active, kind and tender, but reserved, and at times rather easily depressed ; at present she seems rather anxious about an influence in her life, and this anxiety will last for some little time ; then there is a better understanding, and her life goes on in a much more congenial manner. I sense marriage, but I do not think this takes place until after next year.

Then I find a very happy domestic life, quiet perhaps ; but I sense a steady rise in position, both socially and financially. There is, I think, some property which will come to her during the next few years, and this will make a change in her life, and I also consider the man she marries will be very successful in his professional career.

DELINEATION (EDELWEISS).

Question 1 : How soon will he die ?

Answer : I do not sense death in this for some time to come, though I do not think this person is normal, as there is a peculiar feeling of excitement as if the brain were affected.

Question 2 : Will he go on living quietly at home with the quirent till his death, or, as he threatens in his mad rages, go abroad and make a scandal by separating from her ?

Answer : I do not sense his going abroad, and I do not think he will, but I cannot promise he will live quietly with any one—he has such a very excitable temperament that a quiet life with him would be impossible—but I do not sense a scandal.

DELINEATION (EDELWEISE).

This ribbon is worn by a woman. At present I sense much worry and trouble about her, but during the next year her conditions improve, though I am afraid it will be 1908 before she is free from the influence which makes her life so sad. I sense a change early in 1908, caused by a death, and after that her life goes forward peacefully for some months ; then she meets an influence which seems to have been in her life before. This meeting ends in marriage about three months later, then I sense a good financial and social position, and for the first time for many years I find her really happy. I do not sense any relief from the present financial difficulties during the next six months, neither do I find her social conditions improve during her present husband's lifetime ; but I think she will be wise and a brave woman if she continues to do her duty until the end. She should try and to keep her husband as calm as possible, for he has a very excitable brain, and if she ever separates from him it will be because he will have to be put under restraint. This is a very sad case, but I feel if she does the right thing a bright and happy future will repay her for present suffering.

DELINEATION (BETH).

Question 1 : Shall I ever marry ? if so, will it be a man I know at present ?

Answer : I sense marriage very clearly, but not until the end of next year, when I think you marry a man who you have already met, though at present I only sense friendship between you.

Question 2 : Is there any happiness for me in the future, or change ?

Answer : There is a great contrast between the past and future of your life, for I sense a much brighter future than past, and should say most of your troubles are over. Your marriage makes the first great change, and after that your life is happy and successful.

ROBINA.

Question 1 : Shall I ever marry ? if so, will be it the man I now love ?

Answer : Yes, I certainly think you marry, and I sense the man you marry in your present conditions, though you do not marry until 1909.

Question 2 : Can you see the cause which is keeping us apart ?

Answer : From this glove I sense financial difficulties, but I think there are other reasons, as I do not feel this man free ; he has others dependant on him, and he fears to take on any new responsibilities until he can see his way clear. I should advise you to trust him and wait.

DELINEATION (OCCULT).

Question 1 : Please tell me when I shall marry ; and, if so, shall I marry the man I now expect to ?

Answer : I do not sense marriage for you until the end of next year, when I think you marry the man who is in your life now.

Question 2 : Also what changes do you see during the next year, and are they good ?

Answer : I sense a change early this year, but this is a change of residence and it is good for you.

DELINEATION (LINNET).

Question 1 : Shall I be successful in my present surroundings and have more money ?

Answer : I sense some success, but not much in your present surroundings, and I do not think you will make much money there.

Question 2 : Do you see any change awaiting me in the next two years ?

Answer : Towards the latter part of next year you change your residence, and I sense some decided success for you. This is caused partly by a man who comes into your life at about this time and partly by some personal success of your own.

DELINEATION (LOG).

Question 1 : When shall I see a friend who is now abroad ?

Answer : I do not sense a meeting with this friend until 1908.

Question 2 : Shall I ever marry ? if so, when ?

Answer : Yes, I certainly think you marry, but I do not sense marriage for you until you are two years older.

DELINEATION (UMBRA).

Question 1 : Are there any signs of a change or removal for me during the next three or four years ?

Answer : Your life seems to go on much as now until 1909, when I sense marriage, a journey abroad, and entire change in your surroundings.

Question 2 : Have I met the man I shall marry, or am I ever likely to marry ?

Answer : I do not sense the man you marry in your life at present, and I do not think you meet him until the end of 1908, when I sense an influence coming into your life, and you marry soon after.

DELINEATION (T.O.M).

This is worn by a man ; he is quick to see and understand ; he is intelligent and should make his way in life by his head rather than by his hands. There is some originality here, and I sense success for him as soon as he can get a fair start ; but at present he seems unable to get free from conditions which suppress him, and I sense some depression lately on this account. I do not think it would be wise to force matters and should advise waiting, as I sense a decided change in his conditions at the end of the present year, and also some personal success which will help him very much. The influence of a woman comes very strongly into this man's life during next year, and this woman brings him into contact with a man older than himself, who will be of great use to him in his career. I sense some irritation from an influence with whom he comes into close contact ; he should try to be more patient with this person, as this influence does not last in the life much longer.

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