OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

Price SEVENPENCE NET; post free, EIGHTPENCE. Annual Subscription, for British Isles, United States and Canada, SEVEN SHILLINGS (One Dollar seventy-five Cents); for other countries, EIGHT SHILLINGS.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

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

AMERICAN AGENTS: RICHARD G. BADGER, 194, Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.: 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. VIII. DECEMBER 1908 No. 6

NOTES OF THE MONTH

IT has always been my custom at this season of the year to vary somewhat the character of the issue of the OCCULT REVIEW which takes the place of what is described, in the case of many other magazines, as the Christmas number. In the present instance the number of pages is increased to seventy-two, no less than forty of which are occupied by a record, in the form of a narrative, of a succession of extraordinary occult happenings at what perhaps may not unjustly be described as the worst haunted family mansion in the British Isles. The place in question (the name for obvious reasons is suppressed) is an Irish castle, parts of which date back, I am informed, some thousand years anterior to the present century, and within the walls of which at various times in the troubled history of the Emerald Isle tragedies of a more than ordinarily horrible character have taken place. The record, if not stamped with the hall-mark of the Society for Pyschical Research—the owner of the Castle would never respond to the appeals of the Society

A HOUSE OF HORRORS

to permit investigation—has at least such authenticity, as is given to it by the authorship of the narrative, the *nom de plume* of " Andrew Merry " standing for the name of the lady of the house, who has herself witnessed on a number of different occasions the majority of the phenomena recorded. Though the narrative takes the form of a story, the incidents—I have her authority for stating—are in every instance vouched for as correct in fact and detail. In these circumstances it must be left to readers to accept or reject the testimony given, or to retain an open mind if they prefer, according to the mental trend or bias of each ; and I am bound to admit that the nature of the records and the description of the haunting entity, half man, half beast, half corporeal, half incorporeal, which for want of a better description is habitually alluded to as IT, make demands of no moderate kind on the credulity of those who peruse the tale.

I have received, in addition to the narrative, a number of letters from friends of the owners of the Castle, the last dated September 23, 1908, in confirmation of various phases of the haunting, and these I propose publishing in the ensuing number.

I am also in receipt of a certain amount of correspondence relative to my observations in the last two issues of this magazine on the subject of Premature Burial, and this also is unavoidably held over for lack of space.

MR. E. T. BENNETT.

I feel that I cannot omit a reference here, however brief, to the passing away of an old friend of the OCCULT REVIEW, and of Psychical Research generally, in the person of Mr. E. T. Bennett, whose death occurred on November 16 at his residence, Port Isaac, Cornwall. Mr. Bennett was an original member of the Society for Psychical Research, and for twenty years (1882 to 1902) assistant-secretary to that Society. He was the author of four popular handbooks on psychical subjects, viz. : *The Society for Psychical Research*, *Twenty Years of Psychical Research*, *Automatic Speaking and Writing : A Study*, and *The Direct Phenomena of Spiritualism*. The last of these was published by my firm (William Rider & Son, Ltd.) as recently as last summer. Mr. Bennett was well known for his simplicity of character, kindness of heart and also for his carefulness and exactitude in matters of detail. He was an occasional contributor to the OCCULT REVIEW, and the writer was in correspondence with him almost up to the date of his death.

THE MENDICANTS OF INDIA

BY SCRUTATOR

FOR ages past the land of the Aryans has been viewed from the West through a halo of mystery, if not of sanctity. The brooding populace of the peninsula is so far removed in habits of life and methods of thought from all our experience that no standard exists for us by which we may rightly estimate the motive power of its existence, either political, social or intellectual. Thus, while knowing much about India and the Hindus, we practically know nothing of the Hindu himself. We can never thoroughly apprehend the animating principle at the back of his mind ; we have not lived his life, nor can we think his thought. The scent-laden atmosphere of India, provocative rather of dreamy contemplation than critical perception, will continue for centuries to enfold a world of wonders. The scholar who has saturated his mind with the lore and logic of the Vedas, the Purânas, the Upanishads, Smritis and Sutràs, may imagine that he holds some converse with the Aryan mind. Let him go to India and learn that he knows nothing of the Aryan.

Yet to roam with one who knows the country, as does Professor J. Campbell Oman, to wander through the bazaars, or the cool, shadowy arches of the great temples, to stand by the brink of the rushing Ravi or the gliding Ganges, and to sit on the pyal with old Govinda in the cool of the evening and listen to his stories of magic and mystery, is a rare delight to the untravelled reader and to the erstwhile sojourner a grateful reminiscence.

Here is a book which brings Hindu life as nearly present to the mind's eye as words can paint it.* If you have not traversed India's great arid plains or stood upon the bracing heights of the Himavats, the Vindhyas or the Blue Mountains, you may yet have seen as much of Hindu life and of Hindustan as falls within the ken of most Anglo-Indians, and may, moreover, have had the advantage of viewing it with the discerning eye of experience. And communicability of experience counts for a great deal when it transports you over six thousand miles

* *Cults, Customs, and Superstitions of India.* By John Campbell Oman. F. Fisher Unwin. 1908.

and embraces the life of a people whose numbers reach to more than two hundred millions, and whose racial, religious and social divisions are to the uninstructed mind matters of much perplexity and bewilderment. It will doubtless be interesting to follow Professor Campbell Oman through some of his pages. Here, at the outset, we happen upon an encampment of Yogis on the banks of the Chota Ravi.

A large, enclosed space on the sandy river-bank is occupied by open pavilions. In the nearest of these, seated round a smouldering fire, are a number of Yogis very much undressed and smeared over from head to foot with mud and ashes. One is beating a gong, while three others, chanting mantras, are walking quickly round their chief, who sits on a raised platform in the centre, and then round the fire, at which others of the group are seated. The chief is a man of some forty years, by no means ascetic in appearance and wearing the aspect of one accustomed to the homage of men. About them are gathered groups of men, women and children in picturesque disorder. Under the canopy some idols have been set up, and two men fan these images in a listless sort of way. The principal Yogi rises to his feet, almost offensive in his conscious pride of sanctity. His rising is the signal for the devotees to make their offerings, which they do with tokens of humility and veneration. The women are effusive, and dipping their fingers into the brass lotas of Ravi water, rub their moist hands over the Yogi's dirty feet and legs and apply the offscum to their eyes and forehead. The Yogi, in return for their offerings, scatters among them a few kunkanam flowers, which they carry away as talismans and charms to be used to cure sickness or to bring good fortune to their homes! Strange, is it not? Yet this religious mendicancy is an essential part of the Hindu life. It is something which has survived from the custom of parents sending their sons as Brahmacharyas (religious pupils) to Yogis and Sadhus, who, having no homes or means of subsistence, commonly used their disciples as beggars. Many educated Brahmans have used the begging-bowl in their early days. In this instance college students were among the number who waited upon the favours of the holy man. Incomprehensible, and even loathsome, as these Yogis may appear to European eyes, they are regarded by the Hindu with very different feelings. The arrogance and mendicity of some of their number must not be taken to mean that the genuine Yogi does not exist or that the ascetic life is without true representation. History affords us one

A GROUP OF YOGIS, ONE MAN ENJOYING HIS CHURRUS PIPE.
(By permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

great example in the person of Gautama Sakya-muni, the founder of the Buddhist faith, and there are at this day devotees who by solitary meditation, penances and rigid training, seek for mastery over mind and body. The school of Yoga-vidya embraces a large and influential body of men, and has, indeed, its advocates among Europeans. The great Akbar was attracted by its teachings, and observed many of the Yogi customs, and it is interesting in this connexion to note that the pitched battle between Sanyasis and Yogis, which took place in his presence, ended in the complete defeat of the latter. Yet in the midst of a people grovelling in abject ignorance and fear before hideous and terrific idols, the Yogi, emaciated, dirty and unkempt as he is, stands for the supremacy of the human mind and liberation from the flesh by the exercise of his own powers; "*A'tmane âtmanâm upasya*" (Raise the Self by the Self) being his precept. Those who have studied Patanjali's Yoga-sutrà will not need to be reminded that there is a wide distinction of practice between the Râj and Hatha systems of Yoga. On the authority of Sir Claude Wade we have the instance of a fakir voluntarily suspending animation by means of Hatha Yoga, and allowing his body to be buried for forty days. The incident is recorded by Dr. Honigberger, who was present at the court of Ranjit Singh at the time.

From the contemplation of the modern religious mendicant one turns with a sense of relief and exaltation of mind to the stately figure of the Buddha, whose scene of spiritual conquest, Buddha-Gaya, is reached by the open fields lying alongside the dry, sandy bed of the Phalgu river. Here, under the shade of the great Bo-tree, the Prince of Kapilavastu obtained enlightenment some five hundred years before the Christian era. Thence he went forth to preach the gospel of compassion and self-emancipation. The temple, in the form of a square pyramid, rises to the height of nine storeys, its fine mouldings, niches and orient doorway, although largely disfigured by modern renovations, producing an impressive effect. The story of Gautama's life and teaching is nowhere better told than in Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, the original of which is the *Lalita Vistara*. From the speculations to which the history of the growth and development of Buddhism has given rise in our mind we are presently aroused by the clamour of a group of young Indians asking for "backsheesh." To what great extent mendicancy in one form or another exists in India none but those who have paved their way in *pice* can possibly know. It was

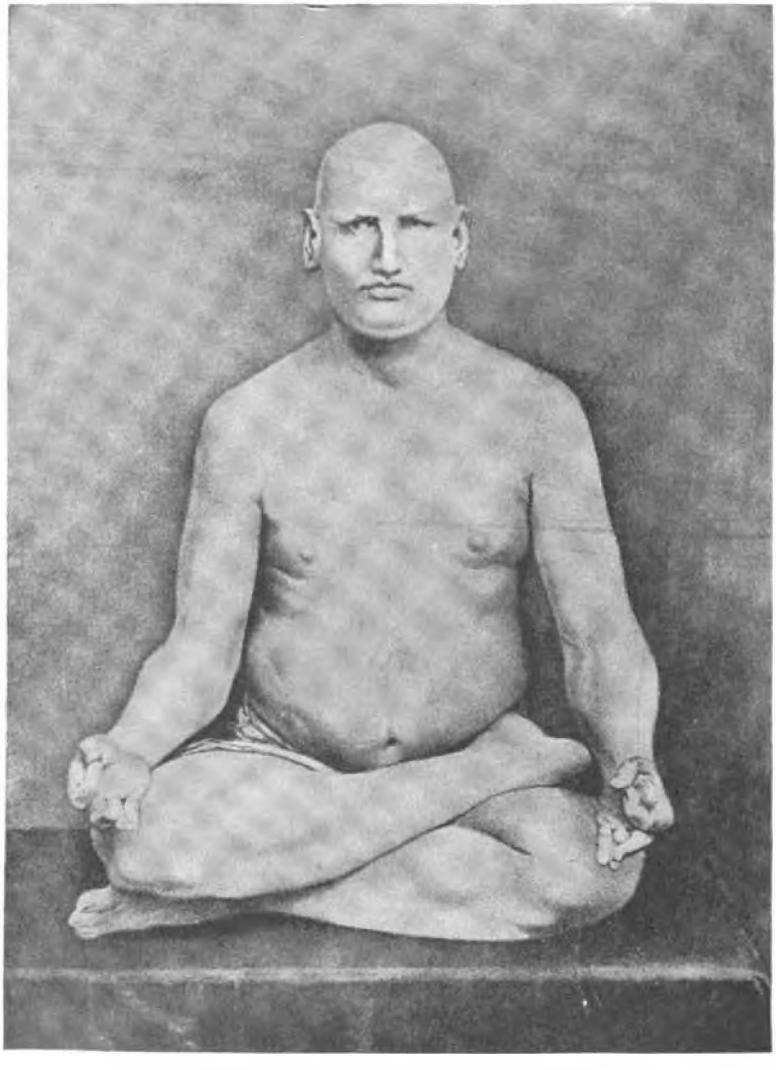
A Family of Tramps.

(By permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

always a convenient custom to have one's side pocket full of the small coins. A handful of them is a windfall to any of these wandering parasites, whose obsequious importunities are not easily dispensed with by any other means. One illustration, from a photo by Mr. W. Campbell Oman, shows a family of tramps with their family smile full on. All of these mendicants have a stock of plausible stories to tell of how misfortune caught them by the heel and compassed their downfall from some dream-land heights of respectability and affluence. In the case of this particular family it was the curse of a Sadhu, who had been turned away from the door on the occasion of a feast given to some friends and neighbours. They were now in search of that Sadhu whose curse had turned their comestibles putrid, had consumed the village by fire and brought utter ruin to the offending household. If only they could find the holy man and get his pardon, all would be well with them! Under favouring circumstances one may learn that in the matter of lively imagination and construction of plot, the average Hindu beggar can give our first-rate novelists a long start. These itinerant beggars, representing the parasitic life and teaching to all the Indian races—the Aryan, Dravidian, Mohammedan and Parsee—are not to be regarded in the same category with the Sanyasis, Sadhus and Yogis, whose religious professions lead them to renounce all ties of home and advantages of wealth to devote themselves to the life of contemplation and who, either themselves or by their followers, accept donations of food or money from those who venerate the holy order.

From ancient Hinduism, with its overgrowth of quaint ceremonies, strange superstitions and slavish idolatry, we turn for a moment to regard the personality of Swami Dayanand, the founder of the new school of advanced Hinduism represented by the Arya Samaj. The modern Theistic movement in India is represented by this body and the other body known as the Brahmo-samaj. Both bodies represent Indian social reform, which advocates the abolition of child-marriages, the education of girls and women, and many other useful and progressive measures. Dayanand, whose portrait appears here, was by name Mool Shankar, the son of a Guzerati Brahman. An early student of the Vedas, he was admitted to the Saiva sect of his fathers, but revolted against the practice of idolatry, and especially against the popular conception of the god Siva. The death of a sister, to whom he was deeply attached, made him resolve to give up the world and devote himself to the reli-

ANCIENT TEMPLE AT KU'NKHUL, WITH A MADRISSA, OR ANCIENT COLLEGE, IN THE BACKGROUND.



SWAMI DAYANAND, FOUNDER OF THE ARYA SAMAJ.

(By permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

gious life. His parents sought to cure him by marriage, but he evaded them and ran away in quest of metaphysical knowledge, which he sought of the Sanyasis and Yogis in various parts of India. Overtaken by his irate father, he professed contrition and promised to return home, but despite the vigilance of his warders he managed to escape again, and thereafter led a wandering life in search of the truth. At one time we find him in pursuit of his studies among the busy throngs of the great cities of India, at another penetrating into the heart of the jungle where some holy recluse might be found and interrogated, and anon lost in the fastnesses of the Himalayas. At last, in his twenty-fourth year, he was initiated by his guru, Puranand, into the sect of the Sanyasis, when he received the name of Dyananda. He was shocked alike by the beef-eating Pandits and their revolting Tantric literature. Later we find him dissecting a corpse which he found floating down the river, cutting into it with a large knife in order to see whether the nervous system as taught in the school-books was a fact or not. If he found no "nerves" he certainly also found no *chakras*, or "fire-wheels," such as the Hindu books said were in the human body. But in this he showed himself to lack both skill and imagination. In disgust he threw the mutilated corpse back into the river. During his travels he acquired the bad habit of using bhang, a powerful narcotic, to such extent as to be frequently under its intoxicating influence. It is reasonably surmised that most of his self-deceptions and ecstatic visions may be traced to this habit. Yet where the quest of knowledge was concerned he was capable of denying himself even the commonest necessities, as we see to be the case when he studied under Swami Virjanand at Mathura during the famine of 1861, and despite extreme poverty and discomfort continued with his guru for two and a half years. When the Swami Dayanand went forth as a teacher denouncing idolatry, immorality, greed, ignorance, etc., he set India by the ears. Thousands flocked to hear him. The priests hated him, and after one or two abortive attempts to do away with him by poison, it is said that he died at Ajmere in his sixtieth year, a victim to arsenic administered by some of his many religious enemies. Important as the work of these modern reformers must be to the future of India, and fascinating as are their personalities, it is ever to the superstitious sides of Hindu life that the European is most attracted.

Witchcraft and demoniac possession appear to be very

common, and thrilling stories are told by eye-witnesses of "devil-dancing," or exorcism of obsessing spirits. Professor Campbell Oman devotes one section of his work to a recital of cases of obsession, cure by charms, torment by witchcraft, exorcism and the like strange experiences, and enough is told to show that in India the air is permeated and pervaded by these old-world superstitions. The happiness, prosperity, nay, the very life of a man, are at the control of the weaver of magic and spells, and the maker of counter-spells. It is significant to note, however, that among the better informed Hindus and Mohammedans, there is a belief that the magic art is now in a very imperfect condition compared with what was at one time the case, and they account for this by reference to a traditional legend which tells how the centre of magical art was overwhelmed by a great convulsion, but from the general destruction there escaped some few leaves of the magical books, and on hints contained in them the modern sciences of magic and astrology have been erected. Among the host of Indian astrologers there are a few who are masters of the art, the majority being impostors, depending upon sleight-of-hand tricks to produce confirmatory evidence of their claims to a knowledge of the future. Some of the more daring and unscrupulous have been found capable of fulfilling their own predictions at the expense of their unwitting dupes. But those who have studied the Sanskrit work on Jyotisha and particularly have had access to some of the nadigranthams, or prophetic books, in the possession of certain jyoshis, or astrologers, are well aware that a veritable science of planetary influence has existed for ages among the Brahmans, the better educated of whom at this day regard jyotishs'astra as among the subjects of serious study to which a considerable degree of special knowledge must contribute. In this connexion I have seen astronomical computations of much complexity accurately and speedily made by a jyoshi, and predictions of singular correctness made from these calculations. The ancient calculus, or coloured pebble, was used for the purpose of calculation, after the fashion described in the *Kâlasankalita*, and the predictions were in regard to specific events which in point of time and nature could not by any means be relegated to the category of generalities in which many modern exponents are known to indulge. It is said that in the kadjans, or volumes, of the Sukranadi the horoscopes of all persons born between the Vindhya and Himalaya ranges are to be found, many of which have been already extracted for Anglo-Indians. In the case of

the Bhîmakavi, which is prefaced with its own destiny, and is said to contain the lives of its owners and of all those whom they at any time are destined to meet, particulars of my own person and life were undoubtedly recorded in the Telegu language. These were translated to me by my attendant S'astri, a Brahman of education, who was entirely ignorant of my origin and career, and the addition of certain well-defined predictions of events which have since transpired has served to confirm my belief in the genuineness of Hindu astrology, whatever impressions I may have retained of the average astrologer of the sort to which Professor Campbell Oman refers with evident contempt. His experience, however, appears to have been confined to the itinerant fortune-teller, whose business it is to trade upon the credulity of ignorant men and women, and is to that extent unfortunate. The science to which Parâshara and Varaha Mihira gave their allegiance is doubtless a subject of wider and deeper significance than is generally supposed by those who have never attempted its study.

So to the end of this delightful and instructive book we come at length, having gathered some more or less well defined ideas of cults and customs and superstitions in India, together with a mass of detail, of incident, legendary or historical, which may well have escaped the notice of even those who have lived the greater part of their lives in the country. Professor Campbell Oman has divided his work into four sections which deal with religious and sectarian history, fairs and festivals, domestic life, and superstitions. The book is embellished with a number of excellent photographs taken by Mr. W. Campbell Oman, the author's son, who also contributes some original drawings, here reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Fisher Unwin.

KILMAN CASTLE : THE HOUSE OF HORROR

EDITED BY ANDREW MERRY

[This story regarding an Irish castle which I have named "A House of Horror," calls for some special explanation—which personally I am unable to give. Perhaps amongst the younger generation of scientists—who can tabulate and dissect anything, and by analysis explain anything—one will be found to undertake the task of reducing the apparitions at Kilman Castle to their original elements, but the task is beyond me—I can merely write down the facts as they came to my knowledge.

Two of the people who have seen the elemental apparition here recorded and the "Captain Gordon," in whose name this tale is told, passed out of this world of speculation very soon after their vision of the uncanny spook.

Fully realizing the howls of incredulous laughter with which critics will greet this confession I here declare that on three separate occasions I have personally verified some of the experiences related, and that once I saw the elemental. Since that vision two very serious accidents have taken me to the gates of the next world, —indeed almost through them.—ANDREW MERRY.]

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY

CHAPTER I

This is a true story of facts that have occurred, and that are occurring.

I admit at once that my tale will be deemed improbable, even impossible. Still, a number of men and women, many of them living, have seen and heard the things I am about to relate. Of course, you may assume that they were all the victims of hysterical delusions, that it is all a matter of auto-telepathic hypnotic-

suggestion, or any other sonorous collection of syllables you please to string together; but that these things were seen and heard by healthy, intelligent people, and are still seen and heard, is indisputable.

For myself, I do not fancy I am a neurotic, or have a highly-strung imaginative temperament. I am a captain in a native Indian regiment, thirty-two years of age, sound in wind and limb, and generally "grass" what I aim at, so imagine my eyesight is not faulty. I have done a good share of active service, and can honestly say I never felt nervous in my life before the month of November last year when I was staying with my cousin at Kilman Castle, near the west coast of Ireland.

Looking back on the whole matter, now that some months have passed, I am still unable to find any possible explanation of this impossible story.

I shall therefore just relate it exactly as it occurred, with all the details of my visit, so that any one who in the future may read this record, may be able to put himself in my place and visualize somewhat the surroundings, and the people in the midst of whom the facts I am going to relate occurred, and indeed are still occurring.

When I arrived at the railway station of the small Irish county town named Ballykinkope, the daylight of the short November day was gradually sinking into twilight.

A grey-headed porter opened the carriage door and collected my gun-case, rugs and golf-clubs.

"Another bag in the van? Right, sorr! Will yer 'anner be wanting a kyar?" he inquired. "Where will ye be going to?"

"To Kilman Castle," I replied.

"Then 'twill be you are Captain Gordon that the Castle kyar is just afther comin' for. This way, sorr."

He led me out of the wooden building doing duty as station offices to where a tall dog-cart was waiting, and soon my luggage was stowed away. A wizened little old groom seated himself beside me, driving the raking sixteen-hand horse at a good pace along the greasy road.

"That's a nice traveller," I remarked, nodding in the direction of the horse, and noting the long, easy stride.

"He is that same, sorr. His sire was 'Stupendous,' Lord Brosna's cilibrated American trotter," answered the old man. Then he added respectfully, touching his hat, "'Twill be your first sight of the Castle, I think, Captain?"

The man was right. As a matter of fact, I was in Ireland for the first time. Since my cousin had married Maurice O'Connoll, the owner of Kilman Castle, I had not been in England, spending my leave in various hunting and shooting expeditions nearer to my regiment in India.

When at last I had come back to London, I found, amongst the letters welcoming me, one from Betty, telling me to pack up my gun, golf-clubs and fishing-rods, to bring plenty of riding clothes, and to start "at once" for Kilman.

She added :—

"You may as well be prepared to take up your abode in Ireland. I have got a dimpled Irish girl for you with a delightful dot—the last a rarity nowadays in this distressful country. So be ready for the worst."

I needed no inducements of "dimples" or "dots," for after my long spell in India, the idea of the Green Isle was attraction enough.

"You've been with the O'Connolls some time, I suppose ?" I asked my ancient Jehu ; he had the air and manners of a confidential servant.

"Wid the mashter, and the ould man before him, sorr. I drove the mashter to his christenin', an' I drove him an' the mishtress home when he first brought her from England, an', plase God, I'll live to drive thim to their funeral yit, for there's years of work in this arrum." He spoke in perfect good faith, with tones of the utmost devotion to "the mashter," whose early demise he thus anticipated.

"Shure, it was great divarshuns we had that time," he continued, "when the mashter married—bonfires an' dancing, lashings of porther, and of potheen, all through the night. It took me an' the steward all our time to git the gintlemen, who had taken a sup too much, safe out of the ring before the family was up the next morning."

"Kilman is a very old place, I think ?"

"It is that same, sorr, an' none older round these parts at all, at all. There's been many a bloody battle fought near by, an' for that matther, there's one livin' now as was hid in the Castle when the Ribbon boys—God rest their sowls—were about."

"You've had wild times enough in Ireland often," I said encouragingly, hoping to get him to talk freely. He needed little inducing, and continued—

"That's a fact, sorr. 'Tis often I've heard of my gran'-father's gran'father, an' his doings wid the Wild Captain O'Connoll.

I can just remind me of my gran'father's telling us the tales—him an ould, ould man, no one knew what age—just as his gran'father tould them to himself. There's one sthory—but belike I'm wearying you wid my talk, sorr."

I reassured him, and he started again.

"Well, sorr, they do say that the Wild Irish had besieged the Castle, and were afther burning the O'Moore's house up beyant the Knockganoc. The Wild Captain an' his Yeomen—he had a troop three hundred strong, which did more against the rapparrees than all the King's soldiers put together—was shut up tight in the Castle, wid three or four thousand of the mountain men camped round in the plain. The Maw Goughlal was commanding the rapparrees, a mighty robber chief he was, an' him an' the Wild Captain had many a grudge to sittle whin the saints brought thim together. Well, whin the Wild Captain heard that the Maw had burnt the O'Moore's house over his head, an' killed th' ould man, an' more too, takin' Miss Diana O'Moore a prisoner, the Captain wint mad wid rage; for by that token he was thinkin' that the Lily of Avaghoe, as Miss O'Moore was named, would have made a wife for himself. 'Twas said her father had a power of goulden guineas and precious stones, hid up in a big brass pot, for a marriage gift for her.

"So by this an' that the Captain fairly was rale wild, an' he rushed to where his Yeomen were feasting an' cried out aloud—

"'Who will risk his life wid me to save the Lily of Avaghoe?'

"Wid a shout you could hear at Croaghaun, every man answered him—

"'Tis meself will!'

"The Wild Captain smiled, and they did be saying a dozen rapparrees had betther be savin' their sowls, whinever he smiled.

"'Come thin,' he says, an' the gates were opened an' they rode out an' fought the Irishers all the day, slaughtering frightful!

"But though they killed an' killed, an' though the Wild Captain's grey horse come home crimson to the saddle-flaps, not one sight did they git of the Lily of Avaghoe, before the twilight come on. So they turned sorrowful into the Cassle.

"The Wild Captain ate no mate, but sat wid his head bint, not one daring to pass the time o' day wid him.

"At last he sint for my gran'father's gran'father.

"'Teighe,' says he, 'will ye come to the gates of hell wid me?"

"'I will that same,' says my gran'father's gran'father, 'an' that skippin'.'

" ' Thin git the clothes off two of them carrion, an' be quick.'

" So the other he got two set of the mountain men's clothes, an' the two of them put them on, an' disguised themselves as strolling beggars, one wid pipes an' the other wid a fiddle. Thin they left the castle unbeknownst to any one but a sintry.

" ' Teighe,' says the Wild Captain, " if the rapparrees dish-cover us we're dead men.'

" ' They'll kill us for sartain,' agrees my gran'father's gran'-father, 'an' more times than not roast us alive, when we're dead first.'

" ' They'll be apt to be thousands to one agin us.'

" ' Or more, Captain, the Lord be praised ! '

" ' Teighe, ye can go back now, and not one sowl think the worse of ye.'

" ' Shure ye know I'd die for you, Captain dear, an' if it's hell you're bound for, it's meself will be thare first, wid the door open for yer honour. Is it me 'ud renaigh ? '

" So no more passed between them until they reached the mountains.

" ' It's Irish we'll spake,' whispered the Captain, whin they saw the light of the ribbel fires. Thin they hailed the sintry in Irish, telling him they had escaped the English, an' soon both were warmin' their hands to the fire an' ateing from the big pot that hung over that same.

" After supper, they played an' sang ribil songs an' ould haythenish Irish tunes, an' my gran'father's gran'father said the Wild Captain made his fiddle spake ; whilst himself, he put his sowl into the pipes, until the mountain men wint wild wid delight at the grand tunes of them.

" ' It's to the Maw they must play,' the ribils cried, an' soon the two was led further up into the mountains, where the Maw and fourteen of his chieftains sat—an' there right in the middle of the ribil lot, wid her two pretty hands and her two little fate tied wid a coarse bit of rope, lay the Lily of Avaghoe safe enough.

" Then the two played and sung to the Maw, until he grew tired and felt like slapeing.

" ' 'Tis well you're here," says the Maw. ' Ye will play at my widding to-morra ; ' an' he grinned as he looked at the prisoner.

" ' We will that same, an' dance too,' cried the Wild Captain, smiling up in his face.

" ' 'Twill be the English will dance,' growled the Maw, ' wid no ground under their feet. I'll make hares of them the day.'

" An' wid this he tould thim how 'twas all planned to surprise

the Castle at the break o' day, an' how one of the most trusted of the yeomen had agreed to open a door where he would be sintry, in exchange for Mr. O'Moore's pot of gould and treasure.

" ' 'Tis a foine skame,' cried the Wild Captain, ' an' worthy of the Maw Goughlal. But if it's for the break o' day, shure 'tis slape you'd best be gettin', for it's only three hours off the dawning now.'

" So they all lay round the fires to slape; the Maw an' the fourteen of his chiefs and the two beggars round the one fire, an' the rest of the army a little dishtance off.

" The fires died down a bit, and barrin' a sob or two from the Lily of Avaghoe, nothing stirred or spoke.

" Thin my gran'father's gran'father felt a long knife thrust in his hand, an' the Wild Captain whispered to him—

" ' Split their throats from ear to ear, that they may not cry out. Cut deep.'

" Slowly the two of them crept around, pausing at each slapeing rapparree, an' littin' his ribil blood flow out on the grass.

" Not one of the fifteen as much as turned over; the Captain killed eight, an' the Maw, an' my gran'father's gran'father killed the rest.

" ' Be silint, Diana, me darlint,' whispered the Wild Captain to the Lily of Avaghoe. ' We've come to save you.' Wid that he cut the ropes that bound her, an' telling her to follow him, he crept out of the firelight, she after him, an' my gran'father's gran'father lasht of all.

" The Captain he knew every fut of them mountains, so did me gran'father's gran'father, and skirtin' round the rapparrees' camp, they reached the Castle in safety. You may be sure, sorr, it wasn't long before the Captain had his yeomen out, and they attacked the ribils still sleepin' in their camp, an' slaughtered a thousand or more before the sun was well up."

" But what became of the treacherous sentry? " I asked.

" Shure he danced—in the air—at the Wild Captain's widding wid Miss O'Moore."

" And what became of the pot of treasure? "

" Shure the Captain he took that wid his lady, an' they do say——"

" Well? "

" Ah!—it's only the country talk, yer 'anner, but they do say the crock of gould is buried somewhere in or near the Castle. Ye see, it fell out this way; the Wild Captain and the English King didn't agree about some little matther, an' the English

King sint the ridcoats to besiege the Castle. Now the Castle has a long underground passage between it an' a rath on the hill near by. In this rath,* all the cattle an' bastes were kept, an' driven down the passage whin they were wanted. Well, the ridcoats dug an' found the passage an' stopped it up wid big rocks an' such like, so they in the Castle had ne'er a bit or sup for three days. Then the Wild Captain in the night he called two serving men, and says he to them—

"'Help me to carry this ould crock of butter.'

"But what he called the crock of butter was the big brass pot full of gould and jewils. 'Twas as much as the three could do to carry it. So whin they got to the shpot the Wild Captain had chosen, they dug a hole an' buried it. Then they all three wint together to the top of the Castle to look at the English below them.

"'Fergus,' says the Wild Captain to wan of the serving men, 'go down an' bring me my sword from my room; 'tis meself will test it afore to-morrow's battle.'

"So Fergus, he wint. Thin the Wild Captain he says to the other, 'Kiernan, do ye remimber where we hid the ould crock o' butter?'

"'I do, O'Connoll,' says Kiernan; ''twas there an' there we put the gould.'

"'May your sowl rist wid it,' says the Wild Captain, an'-wid that he knocked him over the edge of the battlemints an' on to his skull on the top of the English ridcoats on the stones below.

"When Fergus brought up the sword the Wild Captain made pretince of trying the edge wid his finger.

"'Are ye sure ye sharpened it well?' says he.

"'I am,' answers Fergus.

"'Thin may it sind your sowl to paradise this minute;' an' wid that he chops off the head of him an' throws him over the walls too.

"Thin the Wild Captain, rather than die like a rat in a hole, giv' himself up, an' they took him to Dublin, and condemned him, along with Sir William O'Brien—a grand gintleman livin' sivin miles beyant—to be hung, drawn and quartered for treason."

"What an ignominious ending for Captain O'Connoll," I observed.

* Ancient Danish earthworks; an outer and inner ring and underground stone chamber.

"Oh! they did not hang him, sorr. The King was frighted when all was said an' done, so both gintlemin were pardoned. But they had put such heavy irons on the Captain's legs, that he never could walk again, and he died away, not clare in his mind. Whin he lay dyin' he towld the sthory of the gould to ease his sowl, but no one could ever find the place he meant, tho' they dug, an' dug, an' dug. Ah, but it's just a sthory! There, sorr, now we can see the Cassle," pointing with his whip to a grey square tower showing over the tops of the leafless trees.

Kilman Castle was a sombre-looking bare building, consisting of a square keep tapering slightly to the top, looking in its grim grey strength, as if it could defy time itself. Flanking it on each side were wings of more modern build, and beyond one wing was a curious rambling-looking house, which my driver told me was called "The Priest's House," and which evidently had at one time been quite apart from the Castle, though now part and parcel of the house, being connected by one of the wings.

Even the trees round seemed to grow in gaunt, weird shapes, probably because their tops caught the full blast of the wind, and their branches creaked and groaned above our heads as we passed under their overhanging shadows.

The gateway was castellated and overgrown with lichens and creepers, and the drive bordered with ancient walls, beyond them the ruins of other old walls or buildings, all overgrown and covered with moss and ferns. Even the topmost branches of the big sycamores were decorated with these same ferns, which grew in endless profusion in every niche and corner.

"'Twill be a wild night," my driver remarked, pointing to the murky red sky showing through the trees. As he spoke, a loud mournful cry sounded above us and was repeated three times.

I started at the first cry, then laughed, for I quickly recognized the noise to be the call of the hoot owl. Often had I heard these birds in India and seen my native servants cower panic-stricken, for in some parts of the East the cry of an owl is regarded as a token of coming death to one of the hearers.

"That's a loud voiced customer," I said. "Are there many of his feather round here?"

"No, Captain; we never had but that one of scracheing kind. He was here all the summer, an' now the winter do be comin' on, he's spoiling the thrade of Matt's shebeen beyant at the crass-roads by the same token."

"How on earth can an owl spoil the trade of a public-house?"

"'Tis the mountain min mostly, sorr, goes there, an' ne'er a mother's son of them will put fut outside their cabins afther dark since that gintlemin in the ivy has been hooting. They mountain fellars be rale skeared, for they do be believin' in pish-rogues an' such like, an' they do be sayin' 'tis an evil spirit keening for a sowl that will die near by. There have been a power o' wakes lately—what wid the influenzy, an' the ould folks been pinched wid the cowld—in a good hour be it spoken! Here we are, sorr."

A bright light shone through the opened door, and in the warm welcome that Betty and her good man gave me I forgot the bleak night, the hooting owl, and the bloodthirsty traditions the voluble groom had been telling me.

The interior of Kilman Castle is quite in keeping with its weather-worn outer walls. I may as well describe it now, though it was not until the next morning that I went over the place with Maurice O'Connoll.

The entrance hall is very lofty, with a gallery running round three sides, and is paved with black and white stones. The walls are pierced—evidently long after they were originally built—by archways leading into the two wings, and are twenty feet thick. They are honeycombed with narrow passages, and at two corners of the tower are circular stone staircases, fine bits of rough-hewn masonry, each wedge-shaped step resting on its fellows; both staircases are as perfect as the day they were built. It was curious to me to note how the inner axles of these winding ladder-like stairs had had the blackened stones polished smooth and bright by the many generations of hands that had pressed against them, as their owners ran up and down these primitive ways.

O'Connoll told me that tradition states that the Castle was originally built by the Irish for the Danes, who seemed to have extracted forced labour from the half-clad barbarians before Ireland was fully christianized. The story whispered by the country folk declares that the mortar used in its construction was made in a great measure with human blood and human hair, and that therefore it has withstood the ravages of time. Somewhere about the year 800 the Irish, under the leadership of a chieftain named O'Connoll, rose against their oppressors, and took possession of the Castle, where O'Connoll established himself, and soon became a powerful prince. His descendants inhabited

this Castle, whether the original building, or a more modern one built of the materials and on the site of the old one, history does not reveal; and until the advent of the English in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, this stronghold was considered impregnable. Amongst the first of the English adventurers was a young squire—son of an English knight—who hoped to win his spurs at the expense of the wild Irish. The expedition he was attached to, attracted by the rumour of the O'Connoll's riches, besieged the Castle, and in a sortie the defenders made, the young squire was taken prisoner. He was confined in a little room off one of the staircases, and as all the Irish were very busy defending the Castle, the only daughter of the house, one Finnueguolla O'Connoll, was deputed to push what food they allowed the prisoner through a little hole in the walls of his dungeon.

The Englishman made the best use of his opportunity, and by judiciously tender speeches, he succeeded in winning the maiden so completely to his side that one day, with a view of abetting his escape, she procured the key of the prison and let him out. As he was running down the twisting staircase, he met young O'Connoll, the girl's only brother, coming up, who immediately raised a hue and cry. The escaping prisoner turned and fled upward, eventually coming out on to the battlements of the tower. Seeing that flight any other way was impossible, and preferring the risk of sudden death to the more lingering one his attempted escape would ensure him, were he to be recaptured, he gave a mighty jump over the parapet, and managed to find refuge, and not death, in the branches of a yew-tree growing near the walls, reaching his countrymen safely.

Eventually, his rather treacherous lover betrayed the Castle to the English; its inhabitants were all hung in a field—called to this day "The Hangman's Field"—and the English squire married Finnueguolla, taking her name and the lands of her father by right of marriage and conquest.

Their son, Maurice O'Connoll, was one of the first high sheriffs appointed in Ireland, and his tomb, dated 1601, is still to be seen in the little churchyard near Kilman.

The tower had originally five floors or stories; of these three exist—the first, a big bricked-up room, under the present hall; then the hall itself; and at the top of the tower a large chapel, with a fine east window and stone altar.

Besides the bricked-up room under the hall are dungeons hollowed out of the rock itself, with no windows or communication

to the outer air, and some of which O'Connoll now used as wine cellars. In a corner of the chapel at the top of the tower is an *oubliette*, where disagreeable strangers were invited to walk down two steps on to a hinged platform that let them fall below the level of the deepest dungeon, where pointed stakes helped to give them a quick journey to the nether world.

"A couple of cartloads of old bones and bone dust were cleared out of that," my host told me, "and buried with due ceremony in the churchyard by some superstitious old ancestor of mine. Amongst others who were said to have been thrown down there was a priest, the brother of a far-back O'Connoll, who offended the reigning head of the family by beginning mass here one day without him. That particular prince was a beauty —one of his little games was getting a hundred and fifty mercenaries to help him fight the English, and when the enemy were beaten off, to avoid paying his hired friends, he treated them all to a poisoned feast in the hall here, and killed the whole lot! See these skulls and bits of bones? They came out of the wall when we made a new window. The idea is, that when this place was besieged, the garrison had no way of burying their dead, so they cemented the bodies up in the walls. That's one explanation; the other is the two-penny coloured 'walled up' alive business. You can pay your money and take your choice. Here, anyhow, are the skulls and bones that came *out* of the wall; I don't trouble my head how they got *in* there."

This rambling description will, I hope, give some idea of the environment of this story, and form the outlines of a mental picture of the quaint old place, which has been inhabited without a break for at least a thousand years.

As for the legends and stories belonging to it, their name is legion—all telling of love, murder, and rapine, as such mediæval traditions are always wont to run.

My first evening at Kilman passed very quickly and pleasantly. Betty and I yarned over old times until my host passed from the passive remonstrance of ill-concealed yawns to more active measures, by saying rather sternly—

"Betty, Kenneth had no sleep last night, so we must pack him off early to-night. It's getting late—half-past eleven. There go the dogs!"

As he spoke, the baying of many dogs, "of high and low degree," broke into a noisy chorus, rising to a crescendo of angry fear, and then dying down into a pianissimo of canine woe.

The big deerhound, Oscar, who was lying on a sheepskin rug

in the hall, added a long, deep note of misery to the general orchestra.

"Do those dogs see the moon?" I asked. "What a curious noise they make!"

"There isn't a moon to-night," O'Connoll answered. "But the dogs here always do that. It's one of their little ways that won't bear explaining. They mark half-past eleven without fail; we can set the clocks by them."

"Probably some shadow in the trees at that time," I hazarded.

"So I thought, and we shifted them to the other side of the place, but it was just the same over there. No, don't ask Betty about it, or she'll keep you up all night telling some cock-and-bull ghost story if you do. Now, once more *will* you go to bed, Betty? Think of that poor 'divil' of a maid waiting up for you all this time. Have a whisky and soda, Gordon, before turning in?"

Whilst we were consuming the wine of the country I asked O'Connoll if he knew of any ghost story connected with the Castle.

He looked at me curiously, and then laughed.

"*A* ghost? We've only a couple of dozen or more, my dear fellow. But surely you are not the cut of Spooky Believer? Don't tell me you take a 'Julia' or such-like familiar about with you!"

It was my turn to laugh now.

My host continued—

"I've been here all my life, often quite alone, and never have I seen what I can't quite explain to myself by natural causes—electricity, you know, and all that. Of course, there are noises enough, but what old house is free from them? It's only rats in a great measure. What I say is, that the only spirits about arise from the too liberal consumption of this spirit," he tapped the tantalus stand. "The servants get drinking—we've an old cook now who'd see you under the table, but her omelettes cover a multitude of sins—and then they kick up a row themselves, get frightened, swear they see ghosts, and clear off in a body next day. If anything makes me really mad, it's the rot people talk about spirits and apparitions in this house."

"What says Betty to all these things? Does she listen to such folly? Of all the women in the world, one would swear she would not."

My host pulled angrily at his pipe and enveloped himself in a cloud of smoke before he replied—

"She got some idiotic maggot in her brain last year, and has

turned ever since as nervous as a cat. It's too bad of her; I did think she had some common sense—that was why I married her." This with the sublime disregard of any sentimentality common to Benedicts of some years standing. "Just now she has been worrying my life out, trying to get me to go away for this month; it is in November most of these mysterious follies are said to appear—because the nights are dark, I expect! Betty would die sooner than go upstairs alone at night. It's too provoking of her; I wish you'd chaff her into common sense again."

I did not believe for a minute that Betty was really nervous! She was certainly playing some deep-laid practical joke upon her husband. I mutely determined to be wary of turnip-headed bogies and booby traps, for in the past my cousin had occasionally indulged in such childish follies.

We went up the broad oaken staircase in one of the wings, and then along the gallery overlooking the hall.

A funny little doorway in the wall, about the height of my shoulders, raised my curiosity; Maurice O'Connoll, taking advantage of his six feet and odd inches, pulled it open to show me the winding narrow staircase it concealed. A rush of cold air nearly put our lights out, and he hastily pushed the door to, which seemed very heavy.

"It's all iron-plated," he explained. "In the Rebellion of '98, the family, and, in fact, all the Protestants of the neighbourhood, took refuge in there. However, I won't begin telling you the legends. My wife is the best to do that; if she does not know an appropriate story, she invents one on the spot."

With this parting libel on Betty's veracity, he showed me my quarters, and after seeing I had everything I needed, he wished me good-night and departed.

My room was a long narrow one, with a fireplace across one corner. The floor was of polished poplar, with a couple of rugs on it. To my delight I saw that instead of the ordinary heavy-curtained bedstead one would picture as appropriate to the house, there was one of modern make, with a wire-wove mattress.

I locked my door as a precautionary measure against bogies—or practical joking—and began leisurely to divest myself of my clothes, when I became conscious of some one breathing heavily in the room.

"Hullo," I thought, "here is a hospitable spook manifesting at once for the credit of the house."

Then O'Connoll's remarks about the servant and whisky came back to me. Horrors! If it was the bibulous cook!

The breathing was now snoring, and came unmistakably from under the bed.

Seizing the poker I gave a vicious sweep with it, abjuring the snorer to "come out at once."

There was a patter of feet, and out crept an obese and aged fox-terrier of the feminine persuasion, showing her few remaining front teeth in an apologetic grin, and agitating her minimum of tail with cringing affability.

As the old lady seemed an amiable specimen of her race, and apparently had been recently washed with carbolic soap, I determined to allow her to be my guest for the night, even if she was self-invited. So I threw her my rug, which she proceeded to make into a bed for herself in a corner near the fireplace, scratching and turning round and round, and finally, with a grunt of satisfaction, curling into a ball, watching my toilet operations with brazen effrontery, and wagging her tail whenever she caught my eye.

I placed a box of matches and a candle by my bedside, and it was not long before we were both asleep, my last recollection being the sound of the dog's stertorous breathing; then a blissful, dreamless unconsciousness came over me.

A cold nose against my cheek, and two long-nailed fore-paws vigorously scratching to get *into* my bed, awakened me quite suddenly, and I found my friend the fox-terrier standing on my chest, trembling most violently, and whining in a distressed fashion.

"You ungrateful little brute," I said angrily, giving her a far from gentle push on to the floor; but in a second she was up again, doing her best to get under the bedclothes.

"Not if I know it;" and again I sent her flying. The room was quite dark, and as the fire had been pretty bright when I went to bed, I guessed I had been sleeping some time.

Thoroughly enraged, when the dog jumped up for the third time, I threw her roughly down, and this time I heard her patter under the bed and creep into the farthest corner, where she sat trembling so violently that she shook my bed.

By this time I was thoroughly awake, and fearing I had hurt the dog, I put my hand out of bed, snapping my fingers to call her and make my *amende*.

My hand was suddenly taken into the grasp of another hand, a soft, cool hand, at a temperature perceptibly below my own flesh.

To say that I was astonished would but mildly convey my

feelings! After a few seconds of steady pressure the other hand let go, and almost simultaneously I heard a heavy sliding fall, like the collapse of a large body at the foot of the bed. Then in the absolute stillness of the room there sounded a deep human groan, and some half-articulated words, or to be accurate, prayers.

The voice—if it could be called a voice—died away into another groan; the dog under my bed gave a sharp hoarse bark, and scratched and tore at the wainscoting. Fully convinced that some one in trouble of some sort had got access to my room—by what method I could not imagine—I struck a match and lit my candle, springing from the bed and crying out, "Who's there? What is it?"

My eyes blinked for a little at the sudden light, but when they were steady I looked to the spot where I had heard the groan. There was no one.

The room was absolutely empty, and exactly as I had left it on going to bed. Nothing was out of order, nothing was moved, and there was nothing I could see to account for the noises I had heard.

To make certain I tried the door. It was still locked. I made a tour of inspection round the walls, which were painted, not papered, examined all the furniture, and finally, kneeling at the foot of the bed, held my candle so as to be able to look underneath.

In the corner crouched the fox-terrier, but there was nothing else. The polished boards reflected the light of my candle, and perfectly mystified I was getting up, when I felt the hand I had been resting on the floor was damp.

I held it close to the light, and saw my finger-tips, and the ball of my thumb were reddened as if with blood, and turning back the rug I discovered a dark stain extending perhaps for two feet one way, and three or four the other.

Instinctively I looked at the ceiling, but its whitewashed surface showed no corresponding mark. Nothing had dropped from above. The stain was damp, not wet, and yet felt warm as though the fluid, whatever it was, had been recently spilt. I examined my finger-tips again. The marks were very like blood. Bah! I dabbled my hand in the water in my basin rather hurriedly, then I once more went carefully round the room.

The shutters were barred, the door was locked, there was no cupboard in the wall, and the chimney was still hot from the fire. I tapped the walls carefully and could find no indication of any hollow place that *might* possibly be a secret door, but as I did so

my common sense revolted at my own folly ; they were so innocent of any panellings or dadoes that could conceal an exit.

If a practical joke had been played upon me, where had the delinquent vanished to ?

One hypothesis alone was possible, and that I indignantly rejected, for I *knew* I was wide awake in my sober sense and not the victim of delusion or waking nightmare.

For a minute I contemplated writing the whole thing down there and then, but the absurdity of the matter flashed across my mind. I looked at my watch and found it was nearly three o'clock. It was better to warm my shivering limbs in bed than chill myself further by writing what no one would believe, for after all I had *seen* nothing, and who would credit groans and whispered words without one particle of corroborative evidence ? The fox-terrier's " mark " to the important document would not enhance its value in the eyes of the Psychical Research Society.

So I crept back to my nest, first enticing the dog from her corner, and in a half-acknowledged wish for company, even if it was only that of the little beast, I took her into bed with me.

I left the candle burning for a short time, then as there were no further noises, I put it out, and prepared once more to woo the drowsy god, and falling asleep was not disturbed again.

When I had finished dressing the next morning I—curious to see what was there—turned back the rug at the foot of the bed. Sure enough I found the dark stain, just as I had seen it in the night, with this difference—it was no longer wet, but appeared of long standing.

We were to shoot some home coverts that day, and besides ourselves O'Connoll expected six guns, a few neighbours and a sprinkling of officers from the nearest garrison. Betty, too, took me on one side and told me that her friend of the dimples and dot was coming, and that I was to be *sure* and not let " dear " Captain Adair monopolize the young woman's attention, but that I was to " go in and win."

Miss " Dimples " arrived, also " dear " Captain Adair, a tall, dark ruffian who had basely forestalled me by getting the pretty little lady in question to drive him out. I found this warrior was a universal favourite, O'Connoll declaring that he was " one of the *few* decent soldiers " he knew ; whilst Betty—well, Betty was sickening !

Adair and I were told off to a warm corner, where to my great joy I wiped his eye over a woodcock. He grassed two

long-tails that I missed in an unaccountable manner, but every one knows one woodcock is of more value than many pheasants.

We had a capital day's sport, plenty of walking, and a most varied, if not very big, bag, as there were birds of all feathers about. As for the rabbits, the whole place walked with them, as one of the keepers said, they were indeed a "fright."

Betty and the Dimpled Damsel lunched with us, and followed the guns in the afternoon. Miss Dimples would have none of me, but tripped gaily after the all-conquering Captain Adair, so Betty took pity on me.

"Did you sleep all right, *really*, Kenneth, last night?" Betty asked me anxiously, as we walked along together.

"Don't you think it likely?" I answered, looking hard at her. "Of course I did, all the same. But if it is convenient, may I be moved into a room facing west? My present quarters face east, you know, and I never sleep really well that way."

"Then you *did* see something," she said in a low voice.

"Not a thing," I answered cheerfully.

"Don't try to humbug me, Kenneth; I know you so well that it is impossible."

"Honest Injun! Betty, never one little ghostie on a postie did I behold." I spoke laughingly; the night was far off still. "But, to be strictly truthful, I did think I *heard* a groan or two, and though it probably was only my fancy, I would much rather not hear them again! By the way, is there any story connected with that room, anything to do with that stain on the floor?"

I saw her colour under my watchful eyes.

"Maurice said nothing to you about it, then?"

I shook my head.

"Well, people have complained before—in fact, we don't generally put any one there now. The room is called the Muckle or Murder Hole room, and the story goes that the stain on the floor is the blood of a man stabbed there by his brother. Two O'Connolls quarrelled over the ownership of the Castle, and fought. and the dying brother cursed the other, praying that no eldest son should inherit direct from his father. Maurice succeeded his grandfather, you know, and even he had an elder brother. I believe the curse has always been fulfilled. The room had been disused for fifty years or more when we did it up. The stain has been planed off the boards several times, but it always comes again—creeps up from below in a few hours; no one knows how. Maurice won't believe in any of these stories, having heard them all the days of his life. He declares that one person tells

another, and then, nervous to begin with, of course they imagine a ghost. So, when you were coming, he insisted on your being put in there, for he said *you* could not be prejudiced by any nonsense, and that we would be able to prove what folly it all was."

I do not know that I altogether appreciated O'Connoll's kind experiment at my expense. However, I told Betty he was quite right, as no better man could be chosen to "lay" the ghosts.

"I'll have you moved to-night," my cousin continued. "Don't tell me what you saw"—I made a movement of protest—"or heard; for, Kenneth—don't laugh at me—but though I hate myself for my folly, I am often more nervous than I can say."

"*You* nervous, Betty! I am ashamed of you—why, what has come to you?"

She interrupted me quickly—

"I can't explain it. The only description which at all comes near the feeling is somewhere in the Bible, where it speaks of one's heart becoming water. I never felt the least fear when I came here, though, of course, I heard all kinds of stories, and have had all through endless trouble with servants leaving at a moment's notice, frightened into fits. When people staying here said they saw things I only laughed, and declared it was mere nonsense, and though we've always had quite unexplainable noises, such as the great chains of the front door being banged up the staircase and along the gallery, and endless footsteps, and sighing and cries, and rustlings and taps—they *never* frightened me. Even when sudden lights and tongues of flame, and letters of fire on the walls, came many times, both of us saw them, for Maurice *did* see them, too, though he hates to own it—I was only curious and annoyed because I could not explain it satisfactorily to myself. But, Kenneth, a year ago—last November—I saw 'It,' and I have never felt the same about these things since, or ever shall."

"November is the height of the season in your spooks' society?" I asked lightly, trying to cheer poor, serious Betty.

"Yes, nearly all the stories are about that month, though odd spirits appear all through the year. It's in November that there is said to be the vision of a dead troop of soldiers, drilling in the ring."

"What are your stock apparitions?"

"There are so many, I don't remember them always, but I will try and recall what have been seen within the last six years. First, of course, there is a banshee. She sits on the terrace, and keens for coming deaths in the family. Then there is Earl

Desmond's ghost, who howls in a chimney, where he was hiding and got smothered. A monk, with tonsure and cowl, walks in at one window and out at another, in the Priest's House; that is the wing beyond the blue room, where I sleep now. He has been seen by three people to my own knowledge, not servants; for, of course, *their* stories are endless, and require more than a grain of salt. Then there is a little old man, with green cut-away coat, knee breeches, stockings, and bright shoe buckles, holding a leathern bag in his hand. Quite a dozen people have seen him. Sometimes he is all alone, sometimes a little old woman to match him is there, with skinny hands, long black mitts, old-fashioned dress, and a big head-dress, so they describe her. My mother saw them; and a third figure, an old man, dressed like a priest, with an intensely cunning face. She saw all three together several times."

"Do these ghosts do any harm, or talk to you, or anything like that?"

"The green old man tries to stop people, but no one has been brave enough to interview him yet. Then, in the Priest's House, comes a burly man, in rough clothes, like a peasant; he pushes a heavy barrel up the back stairs of the wing, near the servants' bedrooms, and when just at the top, the barrel rolls down, bump, bump, bump, a fearful noise, and all disappear."

I fear I laughed heartily at this inconsequent ghost; but Betty went on, unmoved—

"Then there is a woman with very few clothes, and a red cloth over her face; she screams loudly twice, and disappears. That is on the same landing as the barrel man. These have been seen by numberless servants, and——"

"My dearest Betty, do you mean to say you believe old wives' tales, told by the common or garden domestic?"

"No, I don't," said Betty candidly. "I don't mind about these one bit. I tell you, because I am trying to give a full catalogue of all who have been said to appear in my married life here."

"Go on, my dear."

"Then," resumes Betty, "there is a tall, dark woman, in the historical scarlet silk dress that rustles. She haunts the blue room, which used always to be the nursery, and sobs at the foot of the children's beds. My last nurse and two or three maids have seen her. Her story is that she was a poor soul one of the O'Connoll's kidnapped, and she had an infant soon after she was brought into the Castle, which O'Connoll threatened to kill if she would not marry him, and when she had yielded to him, he stabbed the child before her eyes, saying she could not look

after him and the baby at the same time. They found her dead next day, having killed herself with the knife that slew her child."

"What nice, cheerful little ways the O'Connolls seem to have had."

"They were simply robber chieftains, and robbed and murdered without compunction," said Betty. "Then there is a scene on the gallery, seen once in my day, and several times in past generations. Some time in back ages there was a beautiful girl two of the O'Connoll men were attached to. Both often tried to abduct her—one at last was successful. The other brother, returning angry and disappointed to the Castle, found the girl was already within its walls. A violent quarrel ensued between the two men, in the middle of which the girl escaped from the room in which they all three were, and ran, shrieking, along the gallery. 'Let him who catches her keep her,' shouted one man, as they both started in pursuit. The original abductor caught her first, and, with a cry of triumph, lifted her in his arms.

"'Keep her then,' cried the brother; but as he spoke he ran his sword twice through her back and killed her. The whole scene is re-enacted in the gallery."

Betty related this pleasing legend with much spirit.

"Oh, Betty," I cried, "do say there is a blue light. That story is nothing without a blue light."

"I don't know if the light is blue," she answered simply. "But the keep *is* lighted up, when this apparition is seen, for a minute. When the girl is killed everything disappears. I have *seen* the keep lighted up myself—once."

"How? When? And where?"

"Driving home from a day's hunting at the other end of the county—two girls who were staying here and myself. We were very late, and it was so dark I had to walk the horse up the avenue. When within sight of the Castle, I could see the yellow light of the lamps shining through the cracks of the shutters in the wing and from the hall. Of course, as it always is, the rest of the tower was in darkness. Quite suddenly there was a brilliant stream of white light from all the windows and arrow-slips in the keep—from the big chapel windows and all. I had just time to exclaim 'Oh! look at the light,' when it went out just as suddenly as it started shining."

"Some one taking a look round the place with a torch or something," I hazarded.

"No one would venture up the winding stairs to the chapel

at that hour, I can tell you! Besides, I *know* no earthly light but electricity could produce the strong glare I saw."

"A sudden flash of lightning, probably."

"There was no thunder or sign of any. However, I never expect any one to believe it. I *saw* it—that is all I know."

"You tried to find out an explanation?"

"Of course I did," replied my cousin crossly. "Do you think I *like* having that kind of thing happen in a place I am to live in for the rest of my natural life, and my children after me? There, Kenneth, I did not mean to snap at you," she added penitently. "But when people talk as if they thought one went out of one's way to invent the very things which make life a burden, I *do* get annoyed. I *never* tell people these stories now, because they simply don't believe one; or if they do, write one down a weak-minded, self-deceptive, backboneless idiot."

"Betty, you *know* that I——"

"You are 'Kenneth,' and not 'people.' But to hark back to the ghostly inventory. There is something heavy that lies on people's beds, and snores, and they feel the weight of a great body pressing against them, in a room in the Priest's House, but see nothing. No one, to my knowledge, has *seen* whatever does this, only heard and felt it. Then there is something that very young children and dogs and cats see, but no one else. Fortunately, as the children grow out of babyhood they seem to lose the power of seeing this thing. My babies saw it when they were too young to talk, and were sent precious nearly into convulsions. My cats go quite cracked, spit, claw, and run up the curtains, and the dogs—oh! it was only a day or two before you came that Maurice and I were in the smoking-room with four or five dogs, when, without rhyme or reason, they all dashed into the hall, barking furiously! Then just as quickly they dashed back again, their coats bristling, their tails tucked between their legs, the picture of fright—old Oscar as bad as any of them. Maurice ran out, but could see nothing uncanny; yet no amount of driving or coaxing would bring the dogs out again; they crawled under chairs and sofas, shivering, and refused to budge."

"Could your husband make it out?"

"Not a bit. But that often happens. Those are all the ghosts I can remember in the house—except It. But outside they swarm. Really I am not surprised, for the whole neighbourhood was a veritable Armageddon. We cannot plough anywhere near without turning up skulls galore."

"Why don't you let the place to the Psychical Research people?" I suggested. "With such a delightful assortment of ghosts 'on tap,' they would be charmed to take it."

"I only wish Maurice would," said Betty, "or get some one to come here and investigate. But like all Irishmen he adores every stone and blade of grass that belongs to him, and he won't hear of the place being uncanny in any way. Once a friend wanted to send a parson with book, bell, and candle, to 'lay' a ghost she saw, and Maurice was furious; and when I suggested inviting a man I know who is very clever at probing into those kind of things, he would not hear of it! He gets so angry with the country folk when they refuse to come here after nightfall, and when they say the place is 'dark,' meaning bad. As for me, he thinks I am rapidly becoming fit for the nearest idiot asylum, because I am in such deadly terror of ever seeing 'It' again."

"Would you mind telling me what you saw yourself, Betty? O'Connoll told me you had had a fright."

"I'll tell you if you like, Kenneth, but of course you will find some plausible—and utterly impossible—'natural' explanation for it. Maurice says vaguely 'it was after dinner,' which is extra rude, for I am, and always have been, strictly blue ribbon. Still, here are the facts. Remember, I do not expect you to credit one word! We had a party for shooting here last November, among others my sister Grace and one of my brothers—dear old Ted you know. Well, we had tramped with the men all day, so we were all tired and turned up to bed early. I went the round of the girls' rooms, then got into my dressing-gown and had my hair brushed, after that I sent my maid off to bed. Maurice and I were the only inhabitants of the red wing, next the room you slept in last night—no one else that side of the tower. I heard a noise in the hall, so went out on to the landing and along the gallery and looked over. There I saw Maurice putting out the lamps himself. He had a lighted candle in his hand, and was evidently just coming up to bed.

"'Maurice,' I called to him, "will you bring me the last *Contemporary Review* out of the drawing-room please? I want to read an article in it.'

"'All right,' he called back, 'I am just coming up to bed.'

"He left one lamp burning, and went through into the drawing-room, whilst I, leaning my elbows on the corner of the gallery balustrade, waited for Maurice to reappear. I recollect I was wondering what kind of sport I should have the next day, when I was going to hunt with Mr. Blakeney.

"Suddenly, two hands were laid on my shoulders. I turned round sharply, and saw, as clearly as I see you now—a grey 'Thing,' standing a couple of feet from me, with its bent arms raised, as if it were cursing me. I cannot describe in words how utterly awful the 'Thing' was, its very undefinableness rendering the horrible shadow more gruesome. Human in shape, a little shorter than I am, I could just make out the shape of big black holes like great eyes and sharp features, but the whole figure —head, face, hands and all—was grey—unclean, blueish grey, something of the colour and appearance of common cotton wool. But, oh! so sinister, repulsive, and devilish. My friends who are clever about occult things say it is what they call an 'Elemental.'

"My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and I felt every hair on my head separate and move—then the spell was broken.

"I wheeled round—fortunately outwards—on to the open gallery, and with something—not myself—in my throat that shrieked continuously, I tore along the passage, down the stairs, through the corridor into the Priest's House, where my sister was sleeping. Once in her room I nearly fainted; but, pulling myself together, I managed to make my husband and brother—who, hearing the shrieks, had flown to the rescue—understand that there was a 'Thing' in the gallery, which had frightened me. They ran up together, and searched carefully; but, though they hunted up and down, they found nothing. My brother just saw 'It' for one second, and you know he died. It is said to be a very bad sign of one's luck to see 'It.'"

Betty paused to wipe her eyes for a minute; then resumed—

"I soon got all right, though my teeth would not stop chattering for half an hour, and I told them quietly what I had seen. Maurice was dreadfully frightened at the time—now he declares I was hysterical, and that a cat jumped on my back!"

Betty had grown quite white as she related her adventure, but managed a smile as she said the word "hysterical."

"It *must* have been a trick, Betty!"

"Who could have played it on me, or who would be in that part of the house? I grant you it is *possible* some unknown enemy conceived the excellent plan of trying to frighten my few remaining wits away, but it's not very probable—and I who saw 'It'——oh! but what's the good of talking—I should like to explain it to my own satisfaction; but I can't. One thing I know, if ever I meet 'It' again I shall go stark, staring mad or die the very minute. Having no ambitions for Bedlam,

I take every precaution to prevent such a fate overtaking me. I have forsaken that wing of the house, leaving those rooms for strong-minded people like you. Also, I make my maid sit in my room now until Maurice goes to his dressing-room. There, Kenneth, I have told you, and doubtless you think me an infinite fool—but, oh! Kenneth, if you had only seen 'It!'"

"Be assured, Betty, if I do, I will put a ·450 revolver bullet into the cotton wool, and make the funny joker's inside sorry for itself—that is all I can say,"—and I meant it.

Our talk drifted into other channels, and by the time the gathering twilight sent us indoors to tea and hot cakes, I was no longer thinking of the galaxy of ghosts that my cousin had trotted out for my benefit.

Betty and the "Admirable" Captain Adair, who was staying the night, sat after tea on the fender stool in front of the cheerful turf fire gossiping lazily, so Miss Dimples had perforce, in default of better game, to pay a little attention to me, and by the time the dressing gong sounded we were discussing mutual affinities, having reached this interesting conversational point by the chromatic scale of dancing, hunting, shooting, plays, books, religious beliefs (Miss Dimples would have been an aggressive Agnostic had she known how), first impressions, telepathy and palmistry (Miss Dimples told my fortune, making an amusing record founded upon the romances of a well-known military novel writer), thence to affinities; we agreed that the topic was not properly threshed out and should "be continued in our next."

I had been shifted, I found on going up to dress, into a room next the Murder-Hole chamber, and thought my new, bright, big quarters a distinct improvement. The floor was carpeted, and looked respectable and comfortable, and not suggestive of blood-stains and murders. I looked forward to a real sound sleep that night.

We spent a merry evening; Captain Adair, who was staying the night, sang us comic songs until we ached with laughter, and Miss Dimples, smiling and fascinating, completed my subjection. Alas! I am not the owner, or ever likely to be, of those dimples and that dot.

After dinner we went out in a body to catch the half-past eleven ghost and to time the dogs. When we first neared the kennels there was a great deal of pleased sniffing and whining from the dogs, but, to the second correct, the wild howling began.

None of us could see what started the chorus, so that mystery

remained unsolved, though we each tried our best to find plausible theories. After many songs, came whisky—when the ladies had gone to bed—shouting choruses is apt to make one thirsty. Then we turned upstairs to our respective rooms, my little friend the fox terrier, whose name I found to be "Nell," accompanying me again.

Tired out with the long tramp and sleepy from the extra glass of whisky those thirsty songs were answerable for, I knew nothing from the time my head was on the pillow until the servant brought my bath water next morning.

CHAPTER II

MISS DIMPLES was a laggard at breakfast. Betty was just going in search of her, when the door opened, and she came in. Her pretty rosy cheeks had lost their colour, and she looked quite pale and tired—as if she had not slept.

"What have you been doing?" O'Connoll asked, with much severity. "Reading a trashy modern novel in bed, eh, young lady? Or, like that sensible wife of mine, interviewing a ghost?"

No one could accuse Miss Dimples of being pale now—she flushed painfully, a vivid scarlet.

Betty looked at her with troubled eyes, and O'Connoll, seeing the effect of his jesting words, frowned wrathfully. I threw myself into the breach, talking fast and intentionally in a loud voice to my host as to the day's prospects.

When O'Connoll, taking Adair with him, had departed after breakfast to consult with his steward—an ubiquitous treasure, whose duties ranged between buying the babies' boots and arranging the various shoots, Miss Dimples, with many more blushes, broke the sad fact to her hostess that she was recalled home.

I was sorry for the poor child, for she was in an agony, between inventing a specious lie and not seeming in unseemly haste to quit her friend's roof.

"I am so sorry to go, dear Madam O'Connoll," she said, with telltale flaming cheeks, "but I got a letter from mother this morning, saying she is not very well, and that she wants me to come home."

Betty did not believe this story, nor did I; but as a very strong motive was evidently behind the girl's many excuses, I resolved to try and extract the truth.

It was arranged that Miss Dimples should depart after lunch, and Betty, jingling a huge bunch of keys in a workmanlike fashion, started "housekeeping," telling her friend to amuse me for half an hour.

"You've been telling terrible tarra-diddles, Miss Dimples," I said reprovingly, when we were alone, shaking a reproachful finger at the fair sinner. "You never had any letter this morning, but a very obvious bill forwarded on to you. I particularly noticed the blue envelope lying in solitary grandeur on your plate."

"If you did notice, you shouldn't have, and you are horribly rude to tell me to my face I tell stories. Those are Indian manners, I presume; now *dear* Captain Adair——"

Miss Dimples pouted in a provokingly charming manner at me.

"We are not talking of Captain Adair—da—I should say, bless him!" I interrupted austerely, "but are discussing the infamous conduct of a little lady, who, having told several very inartistic fibs within the last five minutes—by the clock—now refuses to confess and receive absolution."

"Certainly I refuse, with *such* a father confessor!"

"You will not find a more sympathetic one in all Ireland, including its garrison towns!"

An alarming glare from two heavily curtained eyes made me hasten to add:—

"See, I am quite in the right attitude." I sank on my knees with my hands clasped. "Now, fair ladye, in your mercy tell your devoted knight what wicked monster disturbed your rest, that I may rend it limb from limb!"

"I wish you could," she answered with a frightened glance round. Then in more natural tones, "*Do* get up; don't be so silly. What would The O'Connoll think, if he came in? Don't be so silly!"

"People might imagine I was laying my heart at your feet. Shall I?"

"My shooting-boots might hurt the valuable article." She placed *en evidence* an absurd travestry of a "broad soled" boot. I could have held the two on one hand. "There, the lace is untied! As you are in a convenient position, will you tie it for me, please, Captain Gordon?"

"If I tie it so that it won't come undone again all day, will you tell me?"

The "shooting-boot" was in my possession, so I was not adverse to parleying with the enemy.

"Will I tell you what?"

"All about everything!"

"What do you mean? You make me shudder with your sweeping questions. Good gracious, no!"

"Then I shall unlace your boot."

I began to carry out my threat.

"You are horrid! Do it up again at once, and when it's *quite* done, I *might* begin to think of telling you something."

Philandering over a minute shooting-boot is very pleasant, but it was not business in this case, so with a smothered sigh I repaired the damage, and released the hostage, which disappeared to join its fellow under the leather-bound checkboard skirt Miss Dimples wore as appropriate to sport.

"Now sit down—no, not here—over in that chair. Well, first you must swear by—by your spurs, not to tell The O'Connoll."

"I swear it."

"Or ever in a horrid club smoking-room."

"I never enter such places; my mamma does not like me to."

"Or ever to tell Madam O'Connoll."

"May not Betty know?"

"Certainly not. It's bad enough my having to be as rude as I am in flying off like this, without my adding insult to injury by telling some stupid story about the house."

"So be it; I won't tell Betty then—just yet."

"I went up to bed, you know; you gave me my candlestick. By the way, I believe you made my fingers black and blue." She critically examined her plump little digits. Miss Dimples runs to entrancing hollows even in her hands. "No, stay where you are—you need not look at them, thank you. Only be more careful next time you hand a person a candlestick. Well, we talked a little, and brushed our hair, and drank some tea——"

"Do you women drink tea at that hour? What horrible depravity!"

"You men drink whisky, which is worse. Now if you interrupt me *once* again, I shall stop altogether, so there! Well, I went to bed, as I said before; my room is called the Clock Room, and it is in the Priests' House. I locked my door quite securely, but I could not sleep for ages, not a wink, though I was dreadfully tired from that awful tramp and my poor feet"—here the "Number two" shooting-boots peeped out pathetically, to emphasize her remarks—"simple *ached*. I heard all you

men go to bed, a nice row you made! Then I heard the servants go past, making those elaborate efforts to walk softly, which result in twice the noise of ordinary footsteps. Then I tried counting, but that woke me up all the more. At last I composed two new frocks, and the mental effort *did* make me drowsy, so I tried to recollect Dr. Monaghan's sermon—I was in Ballykinkope last Sunday, and that put me off in a few seconds."

"But, Miss Dimples, with your anti-religious convictions, *do* you go to church?"

"Of course I do. One must give whatever Protestant tenants one has a good example! Besides, at home I play the organ, and it's such fun composing the voluntaries. You can't think what a beauty 'The Absent-minded Beggar' makes!" She laughed merrily. "Now don't interrupt any more, or I truly will stop. Just as I was dosing off great heavy footsteps coming up the stairs woke me up again, heavy steps like a big labourer with clodhopping boots would make. I listened, thinking I was safe, as my door was locked, wondering who it could be. The footsteps came along the corridor and stopped at my door for a second, and then came on right into my room, as if no door was there at all! I can swear the door never opened, but the footsteps came right on through! It sounds very mad I know, but it's truly true, Captain Gordon. The footsteps went about the room for several minutes, and I nearly *died* of fright. I kept my eyes tight closed, afraid I might see something and expire, or worse still, my hair turn white in a single night! However, at last I could not bear the horrible idea of this thing walking about unhindered, and I got strength to open first one eye a teeny, weeny bit, and then both. It was quite light in the room, the turf of my fire had fallen in and was burning brightly. Well, I looked about, but could *see* nothing, yet all the time the heavy footsteps went on across the room to the wardrobe and back to the fireplace—the very boards creaking under the weight of—nothing that I could see! At last, to my horror, the footsteps came over to the foot of my bed, and the ghost—yes, it must have been a ghost, I am positively certain—sat down plump on the edge of the bed, almost on to my toes. It is a great, big, heavy ghost, too, for it made all the springs rattle. Fortunately, the bed in that room is very broad—one of those great, spreading, hospitable beds, you know, and I was lying away from the ghost, with only my feet over to its side; so gradually drawing my toes up—Heaven knows how I had courage—I crept softly out on the other side, and along the floor on my hands

and knees into the corner behind my bath. The big felt mat the maid spreads for me to stand on was folded up there, and I wrapped myself up in it. There I sat all night shivering with cold and fright, whilst that horrible great big pig of a ghost lay on *my* bed and snored and snorted most comfortably. You may laugh, Captain Gordon—I only hope it will go to you to-night—I did not feel in the least like laughing, I can assure you. When the morning came, and it grew light enough to see, I looked over to the bed, fully expecting to see some hideous monster lying there; yet there wasn't a thing. My door was locked just as I had locked it; but on the second pillow—the one I had not used at all—was the impression of a heavy head, and all along the eider-down quilt there was the mark where the huge long ghost had lain. I would not sleep another hour in this house—no, not for a million pounds. It's not at all kind of you to jeer at me, Captain Gordon, for I am quite in earnest; and really and truly I was utterly unnerved and never so frightened before in all my life."

I did my best to comfort the poor little girl, who evidently enough had imagined an exceedingly alarming experience, which whether bred in her own nerves, or caused by some spiteful sprite, had succeeded in making her pass a very miserable night.

She was quite shaken, and had only just escaped a bad cold, as the result of her night out of bed, and was not at all fit for the fourteen Irish miles she must drive before she got to her own home; but in vain did I urge her to delay her going until the next day. She was stubbornness itself, and as the very suggestion of spending another night in Kilman seemed to give her pain, I refrained from further pressing, and led our conversation into lighter, less nightmarish channels.

O'Connoll and Adair joined us after a bit, and then Betty with a cloth cap over her eyes, and a light 20-bore in her hands.

"I'm one of the guns to-day," she announced airily.

"No, you don't, Betty," replied her husband. "I'm not going to have murder committed on my land, if I can help it. Put that popgun away, if you are coming with us. If you *must* shoot to-day, you may go by yourself; not with the rest of us, if I know it."

"Oh! Maurice——"

"It's no good, my dear. Didn't you take the toe off my boots a few weeks ago, shooting rabbits out of the oats?"

"The shot did not go within a yard of your boots, you teasing storyteller."

"Quite near enough to ruin my nerve for the rest of the day, anyhow. Here, put up that gun, like a good girl, and help beat to-day. Betty always thinks if she taps an occasional tree, she is doing wonders. You'd shoot a beater for a moral certainty, and times are too bad now for me to be able to afford you 'big game.'"

"I've been out dozens of times," his wife replied, with an injured air, "and wiped your eye before now."

"I daresay," said her husband drily. "I've had many marvellous escapes, I will own. But since the corn-cutting—no, thank you. 'Once bitten, twice shy.'"

"Very well," said Betty, resigning her gun. "I will beat to-day; but to-morrow, Kenneth, you and I will go out together, and you will see what sport we will have."

"If women *must* shoot," remarked O'Connoll dictatorially, "and nowaday sthey are not happy unless they do everything we do—and lots of things we would be ashamed to do—then let them make up their own parties, and shoot each other. There are plenty of superfluous women about."

Miss Dimples rose immediately to his insulting bait.

"You men are just jealous," she declared. "You know, O'Connoll, your wife is a capital shot! Of course, we women do everything better than you men; and in shooting we score, because *we* have not sat up half the night making *our* hands shaky with whisky!"

"What about tea——" I began, but a fiery glance quelled me.

"I've known some pretty shots amongst ladies," said the diplomatic Captain Adair.

"My sister is a first-class shot," Betty remarked,—"much better than I am. How we laughed at her this summer, though. We used to go out with a little repeating rifle, stalking rabbits, and at first she would start out with a silk-lined skirt and frou-frouey petticoats, that the rabbits could hear rustling a mile off. But plenty of women shoot now—and well, too. There's Lady Garry Owen, who is a champion at woodcock, and Lady East Riding knocks down all before her. And do you remember the American widow at the Chenistown shoot last year, Maurice? She showed you men the way."

"With a huge cigar for ever in her mouth, and the tightest of tight rationals on. I should just like to see you doing it, Betty." O'Connoll laughed at the recollection of the Transatlantic dame. "Well, come along, here are the others—we must hurry up."

The morning's sport was as varied and excellent as the shooting of the day before. The pheasants were nearly all wild birds, and were mighty strong on the wing. We walked over the most different land—bog, covert, marsh, and heather succeeding each other in pleasant variety.

Besides pheasants we massacred a few snipe and many woodcock; also the usual plethora of bunnies. Hares we saw, but O'Connoll preserves them strictly for Mr. Blakeney's sporting pack of harriers which hunt in the neighbourhood. Betty promised me a day with them.

After lunch came a tender parting with Miss Dimples. She was kind enough to express a hope we might meet again, and murmured comforting assurances that she would keep me some dances at a ball, coming off within the next ten days.

I never knew if Miss Dimples did keep those dances for me! Anyhow I fear that lucky beggar, Adair, got the benefit of them; for events crowded, and sent me back across the silver streak long before the ball came off.

Adair left Kilman after dinner that night.

He came into my room, when I was changing my shooting things, and began to chat.

"What a rummy old place this is," he volunteered. "You never were here before, were you? There are no end of stories going round about ghosts, you know. Not that I believe in such yarns, do you?"

"You never found a moderately old place people did not say was haunted; and as Kilman is immoderately old, of course they are bound to call it so," I answered sententiously.

"Yes; but sometimes you do hear most unexplainable rows here. Why, only last night, I'd have sworn some one was singing in a big cupboard there is in the room I was given."

"Practical joking, I should say."

"I don't know how it was done, all the same, as I searched the beastly place out several times; but no sooner did I get to bed again than the infernal music began once more."

"It's to be hoped your visitor had a pleasing voice," I laughed, at his injured tone.

"The song, if I could call it a song, was wordless—all a jumble of vowels, sung on a succession of minor notes, always ending in a particularly piercing tone that gave me a pain behind my eyes, and made me want to sit up and howl like a dog. I feel sure those poor brutes last night heard the same thing

when they yelped. Oh! of course it's all rot. I daresay I dreamt it; but I thought I'd ask you if you had dreamt it, too. One doesn't like to ask O'Connoll about the matter, for, though he is the best of good chaps, yet he's a bit touchy on that point. I remember once he was very near knocking my head off, because I hinted at something being wrong in another room I was then in."

I assured Adair I had not had "the mysterious minstrels" in my room, and asked for particulars of his other experiences.

"Mind you," he began, "I don't believe in ghosts, not for a second; yet it is funny, I must own. What happened before? Oh! nothing much; only every time I got into bed I was rolled out again. Mind you, I saw nothing, though I looked pretty smartly, I can tell you—with a candle in one hand and a revolver in the other—only, as I told you, no sooner did I lie down again than the mattress humped itself up and threw me."

"A bucking mattress is a new and added terror to the history of ghostology."

"I pulled the bally old bed to bits, and at last yanked it all out on to the floor, where I slept in a heap. The man who called me thought me quite mad, or very drunk. However, I told him I could not sleep any other way, and cleared that day. O'Connoll would not believe a word of the matter—of course, he did not tell me in so many words—but he laughed, and patted me on the back, and advised me to have four, instead of three fingers of whisky next time, and then I would sleep better. Madam O'Connoll laughed, too; but promised she would never put me in that room again, and never has. All the talk of spirits is folly; but this is a very rummy place, there's no doubt about that!"

With this he left me, and when he had gone I regretted that I had not asked him if, by any chance, it was in the room I was now in he had been so rudely disturbed; but my mattress, as I punched it, seemed incapable of any such Buffalo Bill tricks.

When Adair had departed, after dinner, we talked shooting. I told shikari tales, and romanced over the tigers I had nobbled, giving the full account, from start to finish, of the exciting sport I had had with the late owners of two fine pelts I was giving to my cousin.

Half-past eleven came and went, heralded as before by the dogs; but in going over the stories of past hunts and big shoots, we took no heed of time. It was past twelve when Betty left us, and nearly one o'clock before we thought of turning in.

O'Connoll rang up a servant, and asked him if the house was shut up, and the household gone to bed.

"They have," said the man.

"Then you can go, too—I will put out the hall lamp," answered his master. "Now, Gordon, we'll have one more drink, and then make for bed."

We walked into the hall, and O'Connoll showed me the old-fashioned locks and heavy chains that barred the doors, I mentally wondering how these chains *could* be taken from their staples, and dragged and rattled upstairs in the way Betty had described. Then he put out the lamps, and with "Nell," the fox-terrier, at my heels, and a favourite cat of his following him, we walked upstairs.

He saw me into my room, gave my fire a poke and made it up, then, wishing me good-night, walked across the gallery to his dressing-room, and I heard him open and shut the door.

Left for the night, my first action, as it always is, was to lock my door. Then I put a candle and matches near my bed, and prepared to make my little friend "Nell" a comfortable corner.

The dog and I had grown allies. Betty said she was quite jealous, for "Nell" was a faithful old lady, who did not generally admit new loves into her doggie heart.

"It's one of Betty's tests with new people," O'Connoll told me. "If 'Nell' does not growl at them, they are all right; if she does, nothing will persuade Betty that they are not burglars in disguise, and she will have nothing to say to them."

I threw my rug down again to-night for "Nell," who sat in front of the genial blaze, and turned her damp nose up to me in the trustful way that dogs have.

Wheeling a low roomy armchair into a good position for the light of the lamp to fall on my paper, I got my writing-book, and, with my legs each side of the fireplace, began to write some letters which it was absolutely necessary should leave by the next day's mail. Up to the present I had really had no time for writing, but now it was business and had to be done.

My first letter was to a firm of naturalists who were setting up some markhor heads and bighorns for me, telling them to send two good specimens and a couple of tiger skins on to Kilman; next I wrote to my gunmakers about an express rifle I was in treaty for.

Pausing only to light my pipe—I can never get my ideas to run straight without the aid of my old briar—I began a long

and rather intricate letter to my lawyer, about a monetary matter that had been giving me a great deal of bother lately.

Stooping to replenish the fire—the one drawback to these delightful turf fires is the constant need there is of putting on fresh sods—I looked down to see where the dog was, for I missed her from my feet.

"Nell" had disappeared.

I whistled softly and snapped my fingers. A faint tip, tip, tip, tip of a wagging tail told me her whereabouts. The fox-terrier had hidden under an old secretaire in the corner, and had no intention of coming out. I called her repeatedly, with no result.

"Don't be such a little fool," I said crossly, kneeling down and pulling her out by the scruff of her neck. "You are not going to begin fresh pranks, I trust."

"Nell's" big brown humid eyes looked wistfully into mine, but the moment I relaxed my hold, she attempted to creep back under the secretaire again. However, I prevented her, and carried her to the bed I had made for her by the fire.

Then I was just settling down to my writing again, when a scratching at the door caught my attention.

I looked up to listen; the terrier gave a veritable scream of terror.

The dog was sitting bolt upright on the rug, every hair of her coat bristling roughly, her lips drawn up, showing her brown old teeth, her ears laid back flat to her skull, her eyes fixed on the door, trembling with the same painful rigours of the night she had first been my companion.

The noise at the door continued. At first I fancied some cat or dog was trying to get in, but then I noticed that the scratches kept up a kind of time—one, two; one, two, three; one, two; one, two, three.

I set my teeth. The unknown exponent of the art of practical joking at Kilman had chosen the wrong time for a display of his pranks.

He was safer when he kept to the darkness of midnight. Suddenly awakened out of sound sleep in a black Egyptian gloom, a man is not so formidable a foe as when with a lamp lighted, candles burning, and fire blazing, he catches up a revolver that has often proved its accuracy, and goes forth to inflict condign punishment on the villain or fool attempting to frighten him. I was enraged at the dastardly way poor Betty had been tricked, and resolved that if "he," "she," or "it," who were guilty of

these disturbances would only show, they would regret the hour that they tempted their fate.

My revolver was soon taken from the holster case, in which I carry it about. I assured myself that it was loaded, then walking across the room I unlocked the door and flung it wide open.

There was no one outside.

The landing and corridor were empty, and beyond, through the half-open door that divided the wing from the tower, I could only see the blackness of the unlit gallery. When I listened, my straining ears seemed to catch the sound of a soft thud, then a rustle, then another soft thud going along the gallery; but as I could not see, I turned quickly into my room, and catching up the candle from the table at the side of the bed, walked out on to the landing, and through the door into the gallery, holding the candle overhead, and striving to pierce the dark depths below and around me.

All was still now; only my own breathing broke the silence. I sniffed the air—faugh! a subtle, unknown, and horribly vile smell filled my nostrils, and sent me back quite sickened to my room. There was no more to be done, so I shut and locked my door, and turned with a sigh to my bothering letter.

"Nell" welcomed my reappearance with rapture and every demonstration of delight. She jumped on to my knees, and tried to cover my face with her frenzied kisses. I felt that she was still trembling violently, so I soothed and petted her for a few minutes before putting her back into her bed.

I had scarcely taken up my pen again, when a noise came from the far end of the gallery—thuds and brushings. Whatever caused the noise advanced right up to my door, and fell or threw itself once or twice heavily against the framework. Then the scraping began again—one, two; slow and long scratches right down the panel. One, two, three; shortly and quickly succeeding each other; then a rustling or brushing noise against the door, followed by another thud and more scratching.

I sprang up, sending my papers flying in all directions, rushing to the door, unlocking it and tearing it open. The same sickening smell struck my nostrils; the mat that lay across the threshold was half turned back; but beyond this there was no more to be seen this time than before.

But most unmistakably I heard the rustling, brushing, soft dumping noise at the end of the gallery!

Should I walk across and rouse O'Connoll?

This would entail waking Betty, and her being left alone whilst I carried off her husband to help in the hunt for this mysterious night-bird which was disturbing me. I was the only occupant I knew of the red wing, the O'Connolls alone in the blue wing, and in the Priests' House were the babies and servants.

Should I cross the gallery, I debated, go through the blue corridor, down the stairs and into the Priests' House, in search of the butler?

I had no kind of idea which was his room, and my endeavours to discover him might land me in nurseries with terrified shrieking babies and irate nurses, or in the women servants' quarters, where indignant and hysterical maids would call down vengeance on my devoted head.

Even should I succeed in finding the man's room, what should I ask his aid for—a burglar hunt?

But burglars do not scratch with their finger-nails on people's doors.

A ghost hunt?

Then I should probably frighten all Betty's domestics into departing next day, besides laying up endless ridicule for myself when nothing came of it. How did I know that Oscar, the deer-hound, had not been taught the clever trick of scratching and bumping in correct time?

There was nothing for it but to go back and await further developments.

I shut the door, but did not lock it, put my papers away, all idea of further writing being out of the question, placed the lamp on a chest of drawers exactly opposite the door, lighted every candle in the room and revolver in hand, stood by the door ready to wrench it wide open before the practical joker could have time to depart.

The first intimation of the return of my visitant was, as usual, from "Nell," the fox-terrier. Again her coat bristled and her limbs stiffened, the same visible tremor shook her whole body, and her eyes once more fixed themselves with agonized attention on the door.

In a little, I, too, heard the bump, bump, bump, along the gallery, the rustling and brushing, the thump against the door. Then a sniff under it, and a long scratch, as if with a sharp finger-nail, down the paint.

Breathless with excitement, I flung back the door.

In a moment I knew what Betty had meant when she said

her hair "moved." For my flesh all over my body and scalp crept, and every hair on my head stood straight on end.

I must admit without reserve that I was utterly terror-stricken, and absolutely paralysed with fright! My hand holding the revolver dropped limply to my side when in the full glare of the lamp I saw the Creature that squatted in the doorway.

No one who has not experienced the sensation can in the smallest measure understand the absolute weakness that came over me, the seeming cessation of the pulses of life, the grip in heart and brain, the deadly numbness which rendered me incapable of thought, word or action, when I first saw that awful beast.

I heard a sharp yelp from the terrier just when the door swung back, but after that there was no further sound or movement from the dog, and the Creature on the mat and I faced each other in absolute silence. The lamp burnt brightly, the fire fizzed and puffed and my fascinated eyes took in every detail, every gruesome feature, of the indescribable Horror squatting at my door.

The Thing was about the size of a sheep, thin, gaunt and shadowy in parts. Its face was human, or to be more accurate, inhuman, in its vileness, with large holes of blackness for eyes, loose slobbery lips, and a thick saliva-dripping jaw, sloping back suddenly into its neck! Nose it had none, only spreading, cancerous cavities, the whole face being one uniform tint of grey. This, too, was the colour of the dark coarse hair covering its head, neck and body. Its fore arms were thickly coated with the same hair, so were its paws, large, loose, and hand-shaped; and as it sat on its hind legs, one hand or paw was raised, and a claw-like finger was extended ready to scratch the paint.

Its lustreless eyes, which seemed half-decomposed in black cavities, and looked incredibly foul, stared into mine, and the horrible smell which had before offended my nostrils, only a hundred times intensified, came up into my face, filling me with a deadly nausea. I noticed the lower half of the creature was indefinite and seemed semi-transparent—at least, I could see the framework of the door that led into the gallery *through* its body.

I cannot tell exactly how long we thus stood, gazing at each other—time seemed to cease and eternity begin—but at last the creature gave a species of hop and landed well inside the room.

Then my hitherto nerveless fingers closed round my revolver—

oh ! the comfort its cold stock gave me—and covering the Brute carefully between its prominent eyes—I fired.

A crash of lead striking the wood of the large hanging cupboard *behind* the object I aimed at, told me I had either missed, or my bullet had gone clean through the Thing's head. *It* did not seem one bit inconvenienced, merely turning its vile countenance at the sound of the splintered wood.

I took aim once more, desperately determining that if lead could solve the mystery, my bullet should this time.

I *could* not have missed, but another ping of the bullet into the wardrobe was the only result of the second shot.

My flesh crept again, and a stifling tightness clutched my throat. Either my eyesight was failing, or the Creature was gradually becoming less distinct. Just as I was preparing for a third shot, it reared itself upright, and holding its arms rather bent it took one step forward, as if about to spring upon me.

Was it the trick of my hot aching eyes or not ? I cannot say, but the horrible bestial lines of the Creature gradually merged into the grey, featureless shape Betty had described.

Overcoming the strongest physical repugnance at the thought of the Creature touching me I pressed my revolver right up to or *into* its breast—and fired ! Springing back to avoid its " hands " clutching me my ankle twisted, and I fell, something striking me a sharp stinging blow on the temple.

* * * * *

The next thing I heard was Betty's voice saying joyfully, " He is coming to, now, doctor, I am sure."

My eyelids seemed weighted as with lead, but with an effort I opened them, to see a man I could not recollect having ever met, standing over me with a pair of scissors in one hand and a roll of sticking plaster in the other.

Beside him stood Betty, and Maurice was supporting my head. I was lying on a bed in a small room I had not been in before, but which, from the whips and boots about, I guessed rightly to be O'Connoll's dressing-room.

" You fell and split your scalp open against an iron bedpost, old man," said Maurice. " We got Dr. Charterly out to mend you up."

" Not quite as bad as that, O'Connoll," the doctor corrected, smiling. " I expect Captain Gordon has had many a worse head than this. There, that's as neat a job as I can make of it ; you'll have to wear your hat well over your eyes to hide the ' plashter,' or your friends will say you've been prize-fighting.

Want to get up, do you? I would not if I were you, it's not much more than seven yet, so lie where you are until breakfast-time, and try and get a sleep. Here, drink this up."

"Betty," I called rather weakly, feeling an insane desire to cry, "Betty, are you all safe?"

"Of course, Madam O'Connoll is. Why wouldn't she be?" interrupted the doctor. "It's ruining her complexion, she is, stopping out of bed like this. Now, O'Connoll, please, I'll be much obliged if you and your good lady will leave me alone with my patient. With your permission I will take a couple of hours' rest in this fine chair and then invite myself to breakfast with you, for I'm due at your dispensary at ten, so it's not worth while going home."

My cousin pressed my hand, and she and her husband left me alone with the doctor.

I was beginning to speak when he stopped me. "Look here, Captain Gordon," he said, "I presume you want to get well fast? Then don't be bothering your poor battered brain with thinking. You've had a fall and a fright—no one else was frightened or hurt, and you yourself are not at all bad; if you sleep now, you'll be well when you wake up."

"Doctor," I cried, earnestly, "I must get to Dublin to-night and Madam O'Connoll——"

"And Madam O'Connoll and himself are to go with you—by medical orders!" the doctor said, with a comical twist of his face. "I'm hunting the lot of ye away for a change, babies and all. So unless you want to be left here all alone with the alternative of Ballykinkope Union Infirmary, get to sleep and be fit for the journey."

He sat in an armchair, wrapped a rug round his feet, and vouchsafed me no more words. My thoughts were confused and chaotic; but before I could arrange them the medicine he had given me did its work, and I went to sleep.

O'Connoll was sitting in the room when I awoke, and a tray with breakfast things was on a table beside my bed.

My head was quite clear now, I was free from aches and pains and very hungry.

"The doctor said you could get up when you'd eaten something. But there is no hurry, Gordon, as our train does not go until three o'clock. Feeling pretty fit again?"

"I'm so awfully sorry, O'Connoll," I began. He stopped me.

"I know what you mean, old man; it's no fault of yours, I suppose. Look here, though, about last night. It's Betty I

don't want to have frightened, for it would only make her worse at frightening people like she doubtless frightened you. All her fault again, of course."

"What happened when I fell? I suppose you heard my shots and came in?"

"You let fly three times, didn't you? I didn't hear the first shot. Betty did, and awoke me just at the second. I was half across the gallery when you fired last."

"Then you saw——"

He cut me short.

"My dear fellow, I saw nothing: I make a point of *never* seeing anything in this house. I simply cannot afford to! My father, grandfather, and their fathers before them, spent their lives here—deuced long ones, too, judging by my grandfather's. The ghosts were talked of then just the same, and no one was one bit the worse for them that I ever heard of. My idea is, if you leave them alone, they will leave you; so I have not seen, and do not see, and never *will* see one of them. But with my wife, it is different! So Gordon, I want you to help me—do tell her a good thumping likely lie, and make her think you were drunk."

"Kenneth can economize that lie," Betty said gently. She had heard her husband's last words as she came into the room. "I know what you are talking about, and I know Kenneth was not dreaming, and of course I know he was not drunk. But I don't want to know or hear another word on the subject. We'll stop in Dublin until November is over and then—then we'll come home. I am so sorry, Kenneth, that you have proved to be one of the small percentage who—'see.' Many, many people come here, see nothing, and scoff at the idea of there being anything to see. You were less lucky. Now I'm going to pack up. Don't you go into the other wing again; the clothes you want will be brought you here, and the rest packed up. Now be a sensible man and don't go trying to remember about last night" (as if there was the smallest danger of my forgetting it), "but eat up your breakfast before you move."

"Betty's right," said O'Connoll. "We won't talk of ghosts again. After all, what *is* the good? It all leads to nothing."

"Where is 'Nell'?" I cried, suddenly thinking of my little terrier friend.

"She is dead," O'Connoll answered shortly, and I did not ask for more particulars.

* * * * *

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

THE *Proceedings of the American S.P.R.* contain records of five series of experiments with different mediums and psychics, and with planchette and the ouija board. Most of them contain the usual mixture of statements which are incorrect or unverifiable, with others which are strikingly correct and seem to preclude normal knowledge on the part of persons present. The intelligences who purport to communicate show much independence of thought and will, and great variety of character. In the case of Miss Edith Wright, a presumed spirit gave twenty-six statements as to herself, and the name of a gentleman who could, she said, confirm them. This gentleman was communicated with, and the facts as given were found to be substantially correct. The second report is on the case of a lady who gave clairvoyant diagnoses, and various persons were brought in to test her skill. In most instances the main points were correct, and in one or two, where the clairvoyante was directed to ascertain the state of a person at a distance, they proved remarkably accurate. A peculiar circumstance was that the lady used to feel her own body with her hands, or to describe pains she felt, as though herself taking on the physical condition of the patient. The experiments with planchette and ouija gave rise to many curious incidents, as when a personality giving the name of a former acquaintance explained the meaning of some figures on a calendar, which had a short time before been discussed by some of the experimenters, who had not been able to understand them; again, a gentleman was warned to get a receipt for some money he had recently paid, and to "look out for mistakes."

In the *Journal of the American S.P.R.* Professor Hyslop replies at some length to Professor Hickson, who had written in the Canadian *University Magazine*, on the question as to whether immortality is proved by psychical research. He traverses all Professor Hickson's assumptions, such as that Crookes and Sidgwick were "egregiously deceived by common bunglers," and that the telepathic hypothesis must necessarily be a more easily acceptable one than the spiritistic. Professor Hickson thinks that sealed letters, to be reproduced after death, afford the only possible conclusive test; but Professor Hyslop shows that even after the contents of a sealed letter have become known to certain living persons, the success in reproducing

their contents has been no greater than before—that is, that the " unlimited fishing " telepathy did not aid a medium to get at the contents. If Mrs. Piper's controls are " creations " of her subconsciousness, he asks, " whence comes the material which is used in the process ? " The results of an experiment in psychometry are given, and a dramatic incident in which a clergyman seemed to see, through a fog at night, a gentleman who was intent on shooting himself, and whom he was just in time to save.

The *Theosophical Review* contains articles on " Mystic Cosmogony " and " Magic, White and Black," a review by Mr. A. A. Wells on the changes in current thought during the last fifty years, and some notes on the Mandæan book of John the Baptist, which has been published, but not yet fully translated, and which is thought to contain a very early form of the Gnosis.

Illustrated articles in *The Open Court*, by the editor, describe how certain personages who have been accredited with possessing the " sixth sense," or the faculty of prophetic dreams, are represented in Christian art as having six fingers or six toes ; and the use of the skeleton as a representation of death and the dead. A writer in the same number traces the mediæval " dances of death " to a Tibetan origin, but Dr. Carus dissents from this, saying that in Tibet the God of Death is never represented as a skeleton, while in the Christian illustrations the dead are never shown as skeletons. He regards the Christian conception as typically mediæval, and the meaning as quite different from that expressed in Tibetan art.

A writer in *The Word* descants on the esoteric atmosphere pervading the poetry of Byron, and on the overwhelming magnetic personal influence of his characters, especially the heroes of his Eastern tales, and on their interest to the student of psychology. There is in this magazine a department for psychic phenomena, giving instances of warnings, symbolic dreams, telepathic visions, and other remarkable experiences.

In *The American Theosophist*, L. W. Rogers discusses the occultism in *Macbeth*, which he regards not as an incidental feature merely, but as " the foundation and the culmination " of the drama. The witches, he says, " arouse Macbeth's ambition, and all that follows is but the working out in the visible world of events thus forecast." The view might also be taken that they reveal Macbeth's secret ambitions, and that all that happens is but the working out of the thoughts formed in Macbeth's own mind. Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking is ascribed to " the fact

that when one falls asleep the consciousness leaves the physical body, and the astral body is then its habitation. Hence the living and the dead may then be together," and the murderer is plunged "back into the tragedy he foolishly believes to be a closed chapter." So vivid is this dream-consciousness that Richard III, in the play of that name, on waking, "is not at first able to distinguish the astral from the physical consciousness."

The Day, a new magazine edited by John R. Meader, 429, Sixth Avenue, New York, claims to be an independent exponent of "advanced thought, demonstrable truths in religion, science, and philosophy, and all social and political reforms that are tending to facilitate the progress of the world." It opens with an article by Swami Paramananda on "The Universal Spirit of True Religion," claiming that the basis of all religions is the same, and is to be found on the spiritual plane. The Hindus, he says, regard the Vedas as the supreme and eternal authority. But by the Vedas he does not mean any book:—

"The Vedas contain the principal truths which sages and prophets discovered in different ages and placed before mankind for their guidance and help. But none claims to have been the discoverer of any one truth. Truth existed from time immemorial. . . . If we all realized the true spirit of religion we should find at once the cessation of our quarrels and disharmony. Even the crudest of all religions has the highest ideal of love and holiness as its basis. We find the same spirit running through all equally. The difference is only in the language and not in the spirit. . . . When religion shall become a matter of realization, the whole universe will become an abode of peace, the temple of the All-blissful Lord.

Mr. Hereward Carrington contributes an article on "Telepathy," in which he proposes the formation of an international society for the study of thought-transference, to conduct experiments with a view of ascertaining the laws and conditions which govern telepathic transmission of thought. Another article is on the faith of the Basutos, who are said to have definite ideas, not derived from the missionaries, on God and immortality, heaven and hell; and their witch-doctors are believed to hold converse with the spiritual world. There is also a department for psychical facts.

The Mystic, which has hitherto appeared weekly, is now published as a monthly, and some of the articles are decidedly thoughtful in tone, though much of its contents can scarcely be described as mystical.

REVIEWS

NEW LIGHT ON IMMORTALITY. By E. E. Fournier d'Albe. London: Longmans, cr. 8vo, pp. xx., 334. 1908.

I DO not think that it will be stating a precarious possibility in the terms of certitude, if I begin by expressing an opinion that Mr. Fournier d'Albe's book, with its alluring title—but in no sense because of that title merely—is likely to take its place as an important text-book, firstly, on the purely scientific possibility of human survival after the experience of death; secondly, as a careful review of the demonstrative facts within the range of psychic phenomena; and, thirdly, for its reserved, reasonable and appreciative recognition of the natural aspirations of man in respect of his destiny. Speaking as one who knows that there are other ways which from this way derogate nothing, but are more perfect after their own manner because they have their source and testimony in the inward faculties of our nature, it is just to add that I do not write here as one who has trodden more than another the road of physical science; perhaps even, I look down that vista somewhat darkly through a glass; but it does not need an expert to know when a voice is speaking with adequate warrants behind it; and if it be worth while to say so, Mr. Fournier d'Albe is well and favourably known by his previous summary account of the Electron theory. The present volume is, therefore, the work of a physicist; it arises out of individual considerations concerning the ultimate nature of matter—which is described as "the aggregate of living beings belonging to universes inferior to our own;" it is a working hypothesis of a future life, a physical theory of immortality, and one which—as it is claimed—has a chance of being accepted by minds trained scientifically.

Life escapes definition except in terms of paradox or terms of tautology, and Mr. Fournier d'Albe tells us that this is because it is a fundamental, and, as such, is irreducible to something more fundamental. But he says also that matter—which he calls elsewhere an abstraction—is itself life. It follows, therefore, that as the stone, for example, is beneath, as man is in the middle place, and God is above—so life is all that is, without beginning and without end. Now, it is obvious that the all of all cannot be defined, because there is no contradistinction possible—that is, nothing to compare therewith.

On this fundamental assumption the theory of the work is evolved concerning the human individual, the soul-body, death

and the moment after, reincarnation and conditional and absolute immortality. I say nothing of many coincident problems, such as the mutability of the laws of nature, and in the space at my command, I do not propose to summarize this new basis of belief in immortality, nor the reasons which lead its writer to think that the first abiding place of disembodied humanity may be actually in the highest regions of the circumambient atmosphere. This would be equivalent to betraying the exact plot of a novel, including the *dénouement* thereof. It is in every way right and desirable that those who see this brief and intentionally inadequate notice should read and judge for themselves. If they happen to be mystics and attached at one point or another to my own school, they will be in no position to agree—and Mr. Fournier d'Albe does not affirm—that any region of the earthly atmosphere, however rarified, is the final place of the spirit; but I have said, on my own part, that before we reach our terms we shall—or some of us—see many strange places, and there is plenty of room in the universe for all the stages of our progress till we return at last to the centre.

There is, perhaps, one point within the limits of my own horizon over which Mr. Fournier d'Albe may meet with some adverse criticism. When dealing with the evidence offered by psychical phenomena—though the account is thoroughly careful—he writes rather as one who has reviewed that evidence but has not had in a substantial sense such first-hand and intimate experience of the several schools as would enable him to distinguish clearly between the good and the bad therein. There is no need to specify instances, but some of the witnesses whom he cites would not be mentioned in a grave and important thesis by one who was fully acquainted with his subject on the side that may be called historical. For the rest, we who are not physicists and not physiologists may not always follow him easily or be certain sometimes that we are really following him at all on his own ground. Taking the theory of Electrons as his basis, he maintains the possibility of the soul leaving the body during its life-time as no longer *per se* offensive to scientific reason, if that reason should once and for all grant that the soul exists. On this theory he tells us that the body is only a kind of mist, and there is nothing against the possibility of extracting from it a finer mist with a nearly permanent likelihood of returning it to its former place. I think it must be said that although the writer begins as a physicist, in the end he approaches the mystic; he gives us with joyful hands nearly all that we ask; he knows how

much he gives; I do not think that he realizes entirely to whom he is giving it. But we take it, because it belongs to us, saying: God bless the gift and the giver. It matters nothing that he rejects, in so far as he understands the entire office of religion. He has cleared many spaces that were filled with noise and confusion, and he has left so much more room for God to come down and dwell in our hearts. He says that we are great and free; he says that we are masters of ourselves. It is true; we know it already; but he makes us realize it in a different way. He says, in fine, that we are born of God, and that here, now and for ever, we may share His eternal bliss. It is well, my brother. Amen.

Some of us have risen in our wrath to denounce material science for the reason that it is material; but we begin at last to see that it is a great school of initiation; that the time will come—and it is not far distant—when science will go up into the mountain of the Lord and will in no wise fail to carry those warrants which are titles of ascent; that it will find the sanctuary of the soul and will work those sacred rites which manifest the Presence therein. Men will walk in that day by sight as well as by faith.

A. E. WAITE.

BUDDHIST ESSAYS. By Paul Dahlke, translated from the German by Bhikkhr Sīlācāra. Demy 8vo, pp. viii. 361. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1908.

THE solicitous and sympathetic study of this interesting book—lucid as it evidently is in its original form, admirably translated as it seems, with the wonderful facility of an Oriental hand—will communicate to any reader more simply and directly than perhaps any formal handbook the root-matter of that doctrine which the Buddha gave to his world of thought and action some five centuries before the Christian era. These essays are the work of a scholar who puts forward no claim except that they are the outcome not alone of research in books, but of "personal intercourse with native scholars both in Ceylon and Burma." The book bears, therefore, on all its pages the seal of familiarity at first hand. It is also the work of one who has taken the message of Gautama into his heart of hearts. Finally—but I speak here under correction, because the question is not quite of his province—it is the work of one who, if he were called to affirm that the Divine (apart from any aspect of the Divine which may be regarded as dwelling in all humanity) was ever indubitably clothed with flesh and manifested for our salvation therein, the resulting manhood was Buddha.

And as I have mentioned the word salvation, it is opportune here to add that in some almost undemonstrable way Dr. Dahlke recognizes—or at least seeks to affirm—that there is a world-mission of Buddhism, and though it has not yet "taken possession of its own true field of activity," he pictures a time when it may have spread over the whole earth. However this may be, he affirms—and this clearly—that it must be counted as the first, most considerable claimant to the position of an universal religion, the reason being that it is based on pure knowledge without any admixture of faith. Before saying a very few words on the system as it is thus defined by its imputed vocation, I will conclude my preliminary and reasonably eulogistic part by mentioning two papers—one on Asceticism and one on the place of women in India—which strike me as perhaps the most admirable expositions of their particular subjects that is to be found in current literature.

And now, speaking otherwise as a reader who is at once solicitous and sympathetic, the collection has communicated to me one feeling which has passed from the grade of persuasion to that of certitude. Some of our "systems have their day," whether they are great or little, and thereafter they "cease to be"; some have the seals and characters of a substituted permanence, and they are not for this or that age but for great cycles of time. Some things, which can scarcely be called systems, are for ever, even, and for ever, world without end. In so far as it can be called a system—and it was certainly a process, something which followed a method—I think that the testimony of Buddha had seals of permanence, but not the seal of eternity. And the appeal which it carried worked within a narrow compass; it was never put forward by its author as a world-wide message; it was rather an intellectual nostrum for those who had reached an acute stage of that disease—which is not exactly pathological nor psycho-spiritual exactly—in which life itself is loathed. There is no standard of comparison between that which is symbolized by the Holy and Immaculate Virgin who is *Refugium peccatorum* and the *summon bonum* of Buddha, which is a refuge from consciousness and re-birth therein. It brought down to suffering and unredeemed humanity no message of true consolation from the Divine Mind; the heights had not stooped nor the depths risen to reveal it. It was as utterly the excogitated scheme of Gautama, thinking—in his palace—of the mysteries which environ humanity, as was ever the system of Kant developed in his German beer-garden. It was a *critique* of life according to an

assumed doctrine of pure knowledge, and this doctrine stated that suffering was unmixed evil. Dr. Dahlke says that "higher thought there is not" than that of Buddha, because it "wipes out the world" and those who carry the imagined weight thereof. Now, the certitude which I have brought from his book is that the more excellent way is the way of the Christian mystic—whose process is not the extinction but the extension rather of consciousness—who knows that it is on this side of his being that he derives from God, as also that he returns therein. The joy and sorrow of the universe both help him on the road and there is no unmixed evil, but hidden good only, in the suffering which takes him to his term, so only that he acknowledges the great way of the cross, and that there is no path except one of crucifixion. A. E. WAITE.

THE LOGIC OF VEGETARIANISM. (London, Geo. Bell & Sons, Portugal Street, W.C. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE subject of Food-reform might reasonably be expected to provide both instruction and interesting matter of thought, to cultured persons who have apprehended the truth that the building of the human temple is a matter that deserves our serious consideration. But very few indeed would expect that the subject could be handled in such a manner as to provide amusement as well as instruction. This task, however, is accomplished by Mr. H. S. Salt in his Essays and Dialogues entitled *The Logic of Vegetarianism*, a book which is worthy of study by all progressive thinkers and students of the higher philosophy of life.

All the conventional arguments against Vegetarianism, which are usually raised by prejudiced and short-sighted people, are met by the author in such a logical manner as to bring conviction to every reasonable reader of this collection of pros and cons appertaining to the ethics of Diet. And the twenty chapters include such topics as: The *Raison d'être* of Vegetarianism, Structural Evidence, The Appeal to Nature, Palliations and Sophistries, The Consistency Trick, the Aesthetic Argument, The Hygienic Argument, Digestion, Conditions of Climate, Flesh Meat and Morals, Vegetarianism as related to Other Reforms, etc.

The following extract from the chapter entitled "Flesh-Meat and Morals" will give our readers some idea of the earnestness of tone that characterizes Mr. Salt's writing, and perhaps induce them to obtain the book and study it:—

"'Man is what he eats,' says the materialist in the German proverb. The body is built up of the food-stuffs which it assimilates, and it is reasonable to suppose that diet has thus a determining influence on character. If this be true, the reflection is not a pleasant one for the flesh-eater. 'Animal food,' it has been said, 'containing as it does highly-wrought organic forces, may liberate within our system powers which we may find it difficult or even impossible to dominate—lethargic monsters, foul harpies, and sad-visaged lemures—which may insist on having their own way, building up an animal body not truly human.'

"If mind affects matter, matter also affects mind; if spirit acts on food, food in its turn reacts on spirit. The one truth that stands out clearly from a consideration of this subject, and from the witness of common experience, is that a gross animal diet is inimical to the finer instincts, and that, as Thoreau says, 'every man who has ever been earnest to preserve his higher or more poetic faculties in the best condition, has been particularly inclined to abstain from animal food.' . . .

"But there is a tendency among certain 'psychical' authorities of the present day to eschew the vegetarian doctrine as itself 'materialistic,' and as attributing too much importance to the mere bodily functions of eating and digesting. 'What does it matter about our diet,' they say, 'whether it be animal or vegetable, flesh or fruit, so long as the spirit in which we seek it be a fit and proper one? The question of food is one for the doctors to decide; 'tis they who are concerned with the body, while we are concerned with the soul.' I wish to show that this reasoning is nothing but a piece of charlatanry, and rests upon a perversion of the philosophy that it claims to represent.

"For though it is true, in a sense, that spirit can sanctify diet, it is not true that a general sanction is thereby given to any diet, whatsoever, no matter what cruelties may be caused by it, or who it be that causes them. We may grant that so long as no scruple has arisen concerning the morality of flesh-eating, or any other barbarous usage, such practices may be carried on in innocence and good faith, and therefore without personal demoralization to those who indulge in them.

"But from the moment when discussion begins, and an unconscious act becomes a conscious or a semi-conscious one, the case is wholly different, and it is then impossible to plead that 'it does not matter' about one's food. On the contrary, it is a matter of vital import if injustice be deliberately practised. To use flesh-food unwittingly, by savage instinct, as the carnivora do, or, like barbarous mankind, in the ignorance of age-long habit, is one thing; but it is quite another thing for a rational person to make a sophistical defence of such habits when their iniquity has been displayed, and *then* to claim that he is absolved from guilt by the spirit in which he acted."[7]

As the vegetarian and fruitarian ideal is now gaining adherents in all sections of Society, and as it is more than probable that within another decade the dietetic habits of the people will be very much changed in this direction, it behoves all who take an interest in the great work of spiritual evolution, and would desire to keep abreast of contemporary and humane thought, to give this subject the serious consideration which it deserves—

and to help forward the Food Reformation by personal influence and example. For when the carnivorous habit is abandoned by the people of Christendom, the change will result in the prevention of an incalculable amount of human and sub-human pain, and a corresponding amount of advantage in the form of Health and Happiness will accrue to the community.

THE INNER LIGHT. By Arnold R. Whateley, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.

THIS work, which aims at a study of the character and primary content of the religious consciousness, is worthy of a place among modern classics. Science may afford us a correct knowledge of the laws and forces at work in the external universe; philosophy may seek to determine the logical attitude of the mind towards observed phenomena in relation to its primary concepts, with a view to enunciate a canon of reason and an orderly apprehension of fundamental principles, psychology meanwhile attempting to define the relations of the soul, as individual, to the body, as personality, through a variety of experience. But to religion remains the supreme function of defining the purpose of life and the ultimate relations of mankind to God. A comity of experience should lead to a communion of thought, and, as the author says in his preface: "Intellectual rebirth, which is a necessity for all who feel themselves thrown back upon first principles, each must pass through for himself; yet the conclusions of one may help another." The question with all thinkers is whether there can be any just and sufficient conclusion, seeing that the little we know as compared with the possibly knowable is as a grain of sand in the desert. Yet in all these problems it will serve us immensely if we willingly accept for examination the conclusions of those deep thinkers to whom, by virtue of sincere truth-seeking, the revelation is presumably the more extensive, however incomplete. And because religion holds a supreme function in human life, some of the greatest minds are engaged in its study, while none of repute in any department of life is wholly indifferent to it. "What, fundamentally, is the soul of man? What is it for the soul to be truly in communion with God? These are the problems which religion sets before it," says Professor Caldecott in an admirable introduction to the present work. It is a well-arranged and orderly treatise, giving evidence of deep and well-digested reading and some originality of expression and presentation. But it is altogether Western in its atmosphere and academic in its argument, and to

those who look for an appreciation of the facts of modern psychology or the widely accepted and ancient doctrine of reincarnation, it may be disappointing. Even, however, where we disagree with him, it is always worth the day to accompany an honest thinker to his logical conclusion. In the journey back alone we see that this companionship is profitable. Especially do we find it so when, as in the present work, obvious sincerity of thought is accompanied by an earnest desire to indicate what to the author appears to be the straight road, the correct line of reasoning, leading to the way out of the tangled woods of doubt, where, as Dante has it, *la diritta via era smarita*. There is, at all events, considerable advantage to be gained by all thinkers from the process of linking up, or, as schoolboys call it, "hooking on." That Mr. Whateley walks hand in hand with other thinkers upon these great problems should doubtless inspire confidence in those who advance with circumspection. To the more intrepid skirmisher in solitary by-paths we may concede, perhaps, a greater measure of danger as of delight. SCRUTATOR.

THE SOUL OF CRŒSUS. By Gerald Villiers-Stuart. T. Werner Laurie. 1908. Price 6s.

AMONG the increasing number of novels with an occult basis, this book deserves a high place. The entangling of two human souls by the magical arts of a diabolical Eastern, whose interests are divided between love of gain and psychological curiosity, is the central theme of the story. By means of this wizard, far advanced in the highest science, it is contrived that a man who lives a life of unbridled dissoluteness shall escape all traces of degradation, which are recorded instead upon the personality of a scapegoat, who is a blind party, in the first instance, to the unholy bargain. The most striking *tour de force* in the book is the sketch of the *demi-mondaine*, called "The Cobra," a study of one of those vampires that sometimes rise to the surface in the maelstrom of Parisian corruption. "Her eyes were narrow but curiously glittering when the slow lids lifted. Her features were cut out of some dusky-white substance in a blunted design. The only really beautiful thing about her was a perfectly-shaped mouth, the carmine of the lips owing nothing to art." The effect of her slowly uplifted gaze upon the ordinary unsophisticated man of the world, endeavouring to form acquaintance with her, is described with dramatic intensity. It is a vigorous book and the author has a comprehensive mind.

B. P. O'N.