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THE MAGIC CRYSTAL.

FROM A PAINTING BY MR. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A., IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

BORDERLAND:

A QUARTERLY REVIEW AND INDEX.

Vol. I.

JULY, 1894.

No. V.

I.—THE CHRONIQUE OF THE QUARTER.

London, July 10th, 1894.

AFTER TWELVE MONTHS.

IT is now just a year since the first number of BORDERLAND saw the light. How far have we succeeded in achieving the object we had in view? To this question we can honestly answer that we have made greater progress than we ventured to hope for. To begin with, BORDERLAND itself has been a remarkable success. It is, I believe, almost the first magazine of the kind which has paid its way from the first. This we did not anticipate, and it is an unexpected encouragement to persevere in the attempt to familiarize the reading public with the latest results of the application of the scientific method to the study and observation of the so-called supernatural.

PROGRESS.

We think it will not be denied that in the last twelve months something has been done to compel even the most stoutly sceptical amongst us that, after all, there may be "something in it" which it is not a waste of time to investigate. The superciliousness of total ignorance remains, no doubt, but every month increases the number of those who have been compelled to admit that a breach has been made in the rampart of their unbelief. The occult wave, as it is called, is making itself universally felt. It is in evidence in books and magazines, in newspapers and picture galleries. It is even influencing the pulpit, and making its way into the most unexpected quarters. It brings with it a new hope—born of the rationalizing of religion, and an immediate widening of the horizon of human destiny. Already it promises to be one of the great solvents of sectarian prejudices, and is making men of all churches, and of none, realise with a new charity and a fresh and vivid consciousness that all creeds in all time have been reared upon the one indestructible spiritual foundation, of which some fragments unearthed from

materialism, can be seen in the region of the Borderland. To make the mystery of life less horribly perplexing, to supply a psychical key to the religions of the world, and to give men once more a sense of the immanence of the Divine, and the constant presence of invisible spiritual forces; these are among the greatest things towards which mankind can hope for, and if they are ever to be attained, we are more than ever convinced it will be by the pious and intelligent study of psychic phenomena.

PATIENCE.

Rome was not built in a day, and Borderland is not to be surveyed and mapped out in a year. The experiences of the year teach us patience. There is a great deal of educational work to be done before it would be either safe or desirable to demand more rapid progress towards new truth. But no one can read even the present number of this Review without being compelled to admit that there is at least a promise of a scientific demonstration of the utter inadequacy of the accepted materialistic theories of the world and the things that are therein. On half a dozen converging lines patient observation and unwearied experiment are demonstrating that even the superstitions of our ancestors contain in them germs of truths unknown to the pseudo-scientists of the nineteenth century, and are supplying a rational foundation for the reconstructed temple of a rational spiritual faith. Whatever else may be dubious it is becoming tolerably clear that the new faith will have the persistence of the individual after death as its chief corner-stone, and a demonstration of the almost undreamed-of potentiality of the complex fingerings of personalities that make up our Ego as its chief contribution to human thought.

TWELVE MONTHS' LOSS AND GAIN.

The experiments in automatic handwriting, especially in the auto-telepathic branch, seem to me the most hopeful,

and those which promise far the richest field of research. Hypnotism is another department in which much promising progress has been made. Spirit photography has also made some advance and will make more. The camera promises to be to the psychical world what the telescope was to the starry firmament on high.

Trance mediumship has not advanced much in the twelve months, if indeed it has not gone back. The number of trustworthy trance-mediums is by no means so great as has been sometimes imagined. The older ones are either laid up, or indisposed to place their services at the disposal of the public. Materializations are still at a discount, owing to the number of frauds that have been detected and exposed. Psychometry is a wide field as yet almost unexplored, but the few investigations which have taken place reveal immense possibilities when it is properly worked. Palmistry, I think, may be said to have advanced. Astrology is in *statu quo*. Crystal gazing depends at present too exclusively upon the experiments of Miss X., which, however, are excellent.

BORDERLAND IN ART.

Considering the assistance which a crystal often gives to the eye in visualizing a picture, it is somewhat surprising that artists pay so little attention to crystal-gazing. Mr. Dicksee exhibits this year a picture that is supposed to represent a crystal-gazing scene. It is a pretty picture enough, and I reproduce it as a frontispiece. But it proves that neither Mr. Dicksee nor his models ever saw a picture in a crystal. Any one holding a crystal as it is held in Mr. Dicksee's pictures, would see nothing but shadows and lights, which would be utterly destructive of all visualization. The mystical picture of "Invocation" in the Paris Salon is very conventional, and appears to have been painted by one who has never seen a disembodied spirit. All artists cannot be psychists, but they might, at least, learn the A B C of psychical research before putting their crude conceptions on canvas.

ENDOWING PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

On June 8th, at the General Meeting of the Society, the Chairman, in opening the proceedings, communicated the fact that a legacy of £3,000 had been left by the late Dr. Myers to the President of the Society for Psychical Research for the time being, in trust for the purposes of the Society. The money—amounting after payment of legacy duty to £2,700—was now invested, and the income would be used in defraying the expenses of the Society's investigations. He said that this news would not come as a surprise to those who knew the unfailing interest which Dr. Myers had always taken in their work, and the extent to which he had spent not only his time and thought, but also when occasion arose, his private means, for the furtherance of that work; and it would be a source of satisfaction to them that the increase in stability which the Society thus gained, and the enlargement of its means for carrying on its researches, should be associated with his memory.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The new psychological society, of which the Duchesse de Pomar is patroness, and M. Charles Richet, president, seems, as the Americans would say, to be "lying low." The adherence of the public, the English public that is, was invited about four months ago, and those of us who applied for membership were told we should hear more by-and-by. Lately has come the announcement that the subscription is to be double that originally announced, namely 16s. instead of 8s., but still nothing happens, and we await information.

A NEW "OCCULT" PERIODICAL.

On the same day as our present issue a new venture in the "occult" is to be made by Mr. A. Waite in the shape of a monthly magazine devoted to the occult—mystic, and theosophic for the most part—another boat put off to explore the shores of the Borderland. We heartily wish our new coadjutor all success.

THEOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGY.

Professor Max Müller's Gifford Lectures are now published under the title of "Theosophy or Psychological Religion," with the following suggestive explanation:—

I ought, perhaps, to explain why, to the title of "Psychological Religion," originally chosen for this my final course of Gifford Lectures, I have added that of "Theosophy." It seemed to me that this venerable name, so well known among early Christian thinkers, as expressing the highest knowledge of God within the reach of the human mind, has of late been so greatly misappropriated that it was high time to restore it to its proper function. It should be known, once for all, that one may call oneself a Theosophist, without being suspected of believing in spirit-rappings, table-turnings, or any other occult sciences and black arts.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

Two general meetings of the Society for Psychical Research have been held during the past quarter.

On April 27th Mr. Myers read a paper on Retrocognition—on the power alleged to be possessed by some persons of reviving the associations of organic or inorganic matter by means of trance—or what is somewhat inaccurately called "psychometry." A discussion followed.

On June 8th a paper was read by Miss X. on "The apparent Sources of Super-normal Messages." Some account of the paper will be found elsewhere. The late President of the Society, Professor Sidgwick, who was in the chair, in expressing the thanks of the meeting to Miss X., remarked that it was rare to find the capacity for super-normal perception combined with the power of self-observation and analysis, the carefulness and promptitude in recording experiences, and the appreciation of the importance of different kinds of evidence, which "Miss X.'s" paper showed. A compliment from Professor Sidgwick is a compliment indeed, and those who read the "Notes" in our present issue will see how thoroughly it was deserved by my able and gifted assistant.

Mr. F. W. H. Myers then spoke on "The Evidence for Continued Identity contained in Mr. W. S. Moses' Automatic Script."

Mystical Musicians.

MYSTICAL MUSICIANS.

Readers of the article in our last issue on Mr. Shepard, who by the way protests against the title of "Musical Medium," have probably already learned that he is in London, where he gives two or three concerts a week, always at private houses, and only under very strict conditions as to the audience, the "atmosphere," and the upholstery. The account of his most recent performance will be found in our pages. Whether he is to be regarded as a remarkable improvisatore, a highly-trained musician, a "medium," or a prodigy of the calculating boy variety, is a problem which all must settle for themselves.

Another, no we must not say "another," musical medium has been under observation for about a year at Charleroi in Belgium, a little boy of eleven, who, says the *Revue Spirite*, evokes the spirit of a master drummer, a veritable artiste of the drum, besides various skilled performers on the piano and the tambourine; phenomena so elaborate and various, that a child of his age must be regarded as innocent of their production. History tells nothing of other possibilities, except that the boy has a father.

THE COLOUR CURE FOR SMALL-POX.

We have more than once had occasion to refer to Dr. Babbitt's "colour cure," as well as to other unsuspected qualities of colours. The latest news of the utilisation of colour, comes, as have many other welcome psychical discoveries, from Scandinavia. It is said that under the direction of Dr. Finsen, a distinguished specialist in skin diseases, some experiments have been made at the City Hospital in Bergen in the treatment of small-pox patients in a red light.

Dr. Lindholm, hospital physician, fitted up a ward with red curtains, on the theory of excluding the ultra violet rays of light, which Dr. Finsen declares to be injurious to the skin when in a morbid state. Twenty patients were placed in the ward, ten of them being non-vaccinated children, some of them cases of extreme severity.

All of them recovered and none were pitted. The experiment is now being tried in New York under Dr. Edson, with the sanction of the Board of Health.

The principle is obviously the same, by which we exclude the same rays of light from a photographic negative.

THE LAW AS TO PALMISTRY.

Mr. Frank Ellis, a brother of Mrs. Ida Ellis, whose name is known to our Circle members, was summoned before the Blackpool police magistrate on the charge "that he did unlawfully use a certain subtle device, to wit, by palmistry, to deceive and impose on certain of Her Majesty's subjects," but the Bench unanimously dismissed the case.

It cannot be too widely known that the Home Secretary has pronounced that the practice of palmistry is not illegal. On the 17th of June, 1893, when asked a question in the House of Commons on this matter, Mr. Asquith said:—

That by the Vagrant Act, 1824, every person using any subtle craft, by palmistry or otherwise, to deceive or impose on any

of Her Majesty's subjects was to be deemed a rogue and a vagabond, and be subject on conviction to imprisonment. The mere practice of palmistry was not, as far as he was aware, illegal. The essence of the offence created by the statute was the intention to impose, and the object was to protect the young and the ignorant. The police had instructions to watch cases of suspicion, and whenever there was good ground for believing that fraud or imposition was being practised, they would be directed to prosecute.

MRS. HARDINGE BRITTEN'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

Mrs. Britten has decided to bequeath her book to the future, to "a more Spiritual age"—an age of Spiritualists who will not find it impossible to subscribe up to the number of five hundred for a book which represents two years' labour on the part of one whom, in spite of their indifference, they yet regard as a prophet.

A RIDDLE OF THE "SPHINX."

Sphinx has reached its hundredth number. It deserves to reach a hundred more. A sermon might well be preached on the fact that, at the end of its first century, it propounds to its readers the following pregnant question:—

"What is your belief as to the persistence of consciousness after the death of the body, and what are your reasons?"

ANOTHER RIDDLE.

It is pleasant and encouraging for the so-called "Medium" to find an Indian writer in *Lucifer* discussing the question, "What sort of Karmas may reasonably be supposed to result in mediumship or idiocy in the next incarnation?" This is not a case of "Did this man sin or his parents?" because the condition of the hypothesis is that we are our own ancestors. Probably some writer, say in the *Saturday Review*, may be prepared to simplify the question by combining the alternatives, and substituting "and" for "or."

THE VALUE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

There is a very excellent little society called "The Bond of Union," many prominent members of which take a deep interest in Borderland subjects. In its report for the year 1893-4 we note that as long ago as last October its members debated at the Pioneer Club on *Borderland*. The announcement has this note:—

Borderland marks a new departure in the study of our human nature because it is sure of the widespread attention which Mr. Stead always secures. A little experience of Borderland is worth all the talk, reading, and information which can be given; but they are most useful concurrently with experience.

The Hon. Sec. Gen. endeavoured to show that the spiritual "conditions" of the world are in a transition stage just now, and to this cause may well be attributed many of the puzzles and confusion attendant upon all investigations in Borderland, whether these occurred in the path of the actual investigator or of the spiritual Healer, who often became an investigator or experimenter, willy-nilly, and without knowing quite what to make of the experience. From the comments offered freely by those present, the inference could not be avoided that Borderland is a familiar enough region to many people, and an occasional study of it very acceptable.

II.—THE OTHER WORLD FROM THE NEW WORLD.—No. 2.

SOME EXPERIENCES WITH AMERICAN MEDIUMS.

MY experiences in Chicago were like my experiences elsewhere, they were not systematic, but happened to me in my stride. That is to say I lived an extremely busy life, was immersed up to the eyes in the whirl and bustle of the life of a very busy city, and simply took the occasion, whenever it was afforded, to look into the phenomenon of Borderland. In America, as in England, I tried to put the solid duty of to-day first. If in the interstices of my daily work I can find time to study Borderland, or the phenomena interpose themselves and become part and parcel of my daily work, then I study them as they come, making observations with such care as I can, and noting them as they pass by. In Chicago some of my most interesting experiences were due, not to a searching after the supernormal, but came to me in the prosaic search for health. Living at high pressure as I did, and in a climate which was new, in surroundings which were more or less strange, drinking moreover the water drawn from Lake Michigan, and exposed for the first time to the rigours of a western winter, I did not enjoy the best of health. I got cold with my amateur street-sweeping, and suffered from the malady of the patriarch Job, without his abnormal patience.

I.—MRS. WARNE, HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT.

I have never had much experience of healing mediums, and being unwell it seemed to me to be an excellent opportunity of putting to a practical test their power. Instead of resorting to a physician, I therefore put myself in the hands of a healing medium of the name of Mrs. Warne, whose present address is 188, 35th Street. Mrs. Warne is a natural clairvoyant and an inspirational speaker. She is also subject to being controlled when in trance. In addition to this she is a healing medium, of whose gifts I can hardly speak too highly. A friend of mine strongly recommended me to put myself under her treatment, and see whether or not she could do me any good. I was not suffering from any acute malady, with the exception of my boils. I was run down and was suffering from the usual symptoms which in my case attend nervous exhaustion, caused by insufficient sleep and long-continued mental and nervous strain—that is to say, I had a return of the disagreeable sensation down my spine which I felt for the first time in 1890, after the strain of getting out the first two or three numbers of the *Review of Reviews*. That creepy feeling down the spine has replaced headaches and neuralgia, but is hardly less fatal than they to the power of concentrated work. Armed with the name and address of Mrs. Warne, and introducing myself as the friend of a common acquaintance, but without mentioning my name, I called upon her, told her what was the matter with my back, and asked her if she could take away the trouble. That I am bound to admit she did, making passes more or less vigorous down my spine, and giving me a general sense of restful relief. I did not give her my name, nor was I at the time well enough known in Chicago to be identified by the medium. After she had made her passes and relieved the irritation in the spine, I asked her if she would have any objection to have a séance with me and see what she could see. She and I were alone, although afterwards my son came in and took notes of what happened. It may be as well to

quote the notes which were taken at the time, merely omitting those passages which are of a private nature.

NOTES OF FIRST SÉANCE.

I did not give my name. We sat in a small room by ourselves, Mrs. Warne in a chair close to the window. She said she was in the habit of getting communications partly normally and partly in trance. This she said through a little Indian spirit, whom she had trained, and who had been with her for years, and who only came when it was necessary to take her out of herself and shield her from other influences. She said this spirit was present, and asked if I would have any objection if it took control of her and allowed herself to go. She then put one hand on each of mine, and the control, who gave her name as that of Gem Wide-awake, said that she had been with Mrs. Warne for many years, and that she had been given to her to be educated. That when she first controlled the medium she could not speak English, but that now she could do so perfectly. Wide-awake began by saying that "I had drunk out of many dippers, that I had searched for information in many fountains, but that I had no need to do so, as I was a fountain in myself." At a certain point in the conversation the spirit changed, but the difference was imperceptible until the control announced the change. The new control speaks as if they saw success in a great enterprise. They saw a great many spirits who had a great work for me to do. Many of the spirits were from Greece and Egypt, and also some were from the East.

A SYMBOLIC VISION.

They showed symbols to represent the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Past was a tortoise, which represented the slow progression of a far-away antiquity. My own particular symbol for the Present was a ram's head, which, she said, was the Eastern sign of Sacred Power. The wool was long and white, the horns long and curved, and the head was bent down as if to butt against something, which, she said, signified great combativeness, and showing a desire to fight against polite influence. The symbol for the future was a large piece of marble standing about six feet high, higher than the medium. In this vase was growing a pink or flesh-coloured plant with a leaf which was transparent, and fell almost to the foot of the vase. This represented an influence which would spread over many peoples. The flowers of the plant represented inspiration and poetry. The medium continued:—

MY HIGHER SELF.

"The inspiration will be communicated to you by the shadowy counterpart of yourself, whom I see standing by you. He is continually influencing and controlling you, though not so much as he wishes. He is standing close to you, and in all respects is like you, only it is as if he were made of light. He writes through your hand—that is, I can see a kind of cloud coming from your hand and arm, and causing you to write many things. Although he controls your hand, he does not control you as much as he would wish to do."

I said I did not wish anyone to control me in the sense of throwing me into a trance, or robbing me of my identity.

The medium said there was no danger of his attempting to interfere with my personality.

Then Gem Wide-awake came back and said: "You know, I was not talking. It was one of the masters who came and threw me on one side in order to tell you that. I can see many spirits. There is one named Zeno, the Spirit of Light." I forgot to mention that the first thing the medium said was, "I hear the name of Herbert," and then she said someone calls William. She said she saw many things about me. That I

could heal, and would be able to remove diseases instantly by a touch. She did not think I would use this force much, as my work lay in the intellectual plane.

A PROPHECY.

I had a great work before me which she could see in part. She saw that I had come across the water, and that I was going to make a great many combines here, and also in York Town, which was afterwards said to be New York. That, however, was not the great thing. I was going to do a thing about which I had some degree of trepidation. She saw a little boat on the shore by the sea. I was going across the sea, but that was not what the boat meant. It meant the enterprise I was about to start. It would not be successful all at once, and there would be some delay about its success. The sail was furled, but in January, 1874, I would see that it would prove a great success. Gem cautioned me to be very careful in publishing any results at which I might arrive until I had ample proof. That I had not been long in this study, but that I had made great progress, and I would make still greater progress. One of the reasons why I had been brought across the water was in order to develop my clairvoyant powers, and to enable me, among other things, to see my higher self. She also told me that I had the faculty of going out of myself when my body was in sleep or in a trance. She advised me only to do so when I was sleeping by myself, or at least in a separate bed.

GOING OUT OF THE BODY.

The medium then described a curious experience which she had had on the previous Sunday, when, being exhausted with treating patients, she had lain down, a practice which she recommended to me if I wished to develop the faculty of going out of my body and of retaining a memory of what I had done and where I had been. This was to lie flat on your back with a very low pillow on going to bed, then to inhale long, slow breaths through the nostril, exhaling them in the same way, and to concentrate the mind upon the eyelids. After a time you would find yourself floating upwards. If you had willed strongly before doing this to remember where you were going to, you would be able to do so. On one occasion, Mrs. Warne said she had slept for no fewer than forty-eight hours in a deathlike trance. I said I thought it rather risky. She said it would not be so, inasmuch as the higher self would be able to command the Ego. After answering several questions which I asked concerning the dangers of going out of the body and visiting friends, and the possible complications which might arise thereby, Mrs. Warne said these things were part of the discipline of life which had to be faced, and through which the soul had to pass. She said that I gave out largely, and drew in largely, from the magnetism of those who were around me. In regard to the healing faculty which I was said to possess, I forgot to say that she said it belonged to my counterpart, who was able to exercise it through me.

"JULIA."

I then asked Mrs. Warne whether she could see any spirit near me. Thereupon she said she could see a very beautiful woman who was very close to me, and seemed to be associated with me. I asked what her name was. She made several attempts in her normal condition without much success. Anna was one suggestion. She then asked what was the first initial. I said J. She then guessed Josephine, but could not get the name at all.

Then the medium went under the control of Gem. Gem said, "Julia is the name. She tells me her name and is so pleased." "If Julia is here," I said, "do you think that she could control the medium?" "Yes; I think she can and would be very glad to," was the reply.

"Well," I said, "could you get the other name of my friend?" She had some difficulty and suggested Adelaide. I said I did not know what the second name was, but that it began with an A. Then Gem said, "There are four letters in the last word, and the first letter is —"

I said, "Yes."

Then she said, "It goes so" (spelling out the word letter by letter). I said that was so. Gem said, "It gave us a great deal of trouble to get that name, but Julia helped us, and she is smiling with delight."

I said Julia had told me to go to see her (Mrs. Warne), and I asked whether she could see when I was going to leave Chicago. She then said, "Julia says, 'I do not think that you will leave till after Sunday.'" I must mention that she asked, "Must you leave before you expect to?" I said, "No, later than I expected." She then said, "It must be after Sunday." At that time I expected to leave on Friday. I remained over Sunday.

Up to this point Mrs. Warne and I had been sitting alone. My son arrived and asked if I was in. By this means Mrs. Warne first became aware of my identity. The foregoing statement was then dictated to him in her presence, so as to obtain an accurate transcript of the communication.

QUERY TELEPATHY?

After this had been done I asked her if she thought that if I summoned any spirit or semblance of a spirit she could identify it. She said she thought she could. What followed was a very remarkable instance of telepathy, if it were not, as Mrs. Warne declared it to be, namely, an actual vision of the apparition of the spirit. Without saying anything to her, I fixed my mind upon Lord Tennyson. I had had a communication purporting to come from him asking me to do something which I had not been able to do. I said nothing to the medium as to the person I was thinking of, nor of the nature of the message which I wished to receive. Fixing my mind upon Tennyson, I asked him what could be done to carry out his request. We all waited for a minute or two, and after some hesitation the medium began:—

"I see a man of medium height, broad about the face. Wears a soft felt hat sometimes. He has a high forehead and prominent nose. He has keen, kind, blue eyes. He uses a stick. He is very poetical, very intellectual, and very loyal."

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

I asked her if she could get his name. She said "I will try." Then she began, "I can spell it out letter by letter, A-L-F-R-E-E-D," and then she added, "Alfred Lord Tennyson." "Yes," I said, "that is the person of whom I thought. Has he any message for me?" Mrs. Warne then recited several verses of poetry with which I was not familiar. She is given to improvising verse when under control, and I do not think that there was any suggestion that she received them from anyone but her own control.

She then said, "Tennyson wants his belief given to the world. This will be done by a woman; you will help, but it will be a woman who will do the work. At first when he came there was a scowl on his face, but it brightened afterwards."

EXPLANATION WANTED.

That was my first sitting with Mrs. Warne, and it naturally impressed me not a little. Here was I, a total stranger, recognisable only by my accent as an Englishman, calling upon a lady who did not know my name and who was therefore in total ignorance concerning either my antecedents or my aspirations. She began by relieving me of a nervous physical inconvenience, then identifies me as an automatic writer, declares that I possess or rather that my astral counterpart possesses the gift of healing, of which I have had some curious instances, then identifies and names my control, predicts that I shall leave Chicago at a later date than I

had expected to do, and finally describes Lord Tennyson and professes to get an answer to my question, although I had never named the poet or given a clue as to the nature of the query which I intended to put.

Of course I do not profess to explain how Mrs. Warne was able to do these things. The inveterate sceptic of course will assume that in some way or other she was informed of my identity, and had taken pains to inform herself of all that she could find about me. But that would not account for the telepathy, if it be telepathy in connection with Tennyson, nor would it account for the confident prediction as to the matter of my departure from Chicago. Whatever we may think of it, it was a very good introduction to Mrs. Warne, whose service as a psychic healer I had frequently in request. Sometimes the benefit was almost immediate, at other times it was less marked, but nearly always she did me good, and I got through without taking any medicine, which is always something to be grateful for.

MY OTHER SELF.

The curious astral presence which she said she saw by my side was, it is needless to say, quite invisible either to myself or my son. To Mrs. Warne, however, it seemed to have a palpable reality which was unmistakable. Not only did she see this luminous astral shape by my side, but it frequently appeared to her when I was at a distance, and on these occasions it used to communicate with her like any other apparition or disembodied spirit. Regarding these things, I once more wish to be distinctly understood that I record what was told to me without attempting to explain or account for it. Sometimes these apparitions of my astral were reported by her apparently without any object or coincidence. That is to say there was no reason why she should have seen it where she did, nor had it always a message to deliver, and sometimes the messages were comparatively trivial.

THE BEAVER HAT.

I remember on one occasion, when the thermometer was below zero, Julia wrote with my hand saying that I must go and see Mrs. Warne, as she had something to say to me. In order to test the value of this message, my son and I left the hotel and went down Wabash Avenue to Mrs. Warne's residence. On arriving she made the following curious statement. She said, "I knew you were coming to-night because your astral has been here and told me that you were going to come, and that I had to tell you to take more care of yourself. He says that you are going about in a light summer hat, and that you ought to wear the hat which he was wearing." That hat she described as being a beaver, with flaps which turned down over both ears. "He spoke very seriously," she said, saying that I should get cold if I persisted in wearing the wide-awake instead of wearing the beaver hat. It was true that I had been wearing, and did continue to wear, notwithstanding the warning, my summer hat, for the simple reason that my beaver had been stowed away in an out-of-the-way corner, where I did not find it until a fortnight later.

A USEFUL MESSENGER.

This curious double manifestation was not of infrequent occurrence. That is to say, my hand would write a message suggesting that I should go to Mrs. Warne to receive a message of some description or other, and when I got there I would find the message waiting. They were not, most of them, matters of importance, they principally

concerned my health. I remember one occasion on which Mrs. Warne reported the appearance of the astral three times running. It was just before I left Chicago for the last time. I had been working very late and under high pressure to get my book ready for the press. My back had begun to feel bad again. Mrs. Warne was away from home. I remember wishing that she had been at home so as to heal my spine. About nine o'clock that night her husband called to say that she was too tired to come and look after me, but that she would come in the morning. As I had sent no message I did not know why I had received this intimation. In the morning, about ten o'clock, Mrs. Warne presented herself and asked what was the matter with me. I said that my back was bad. "But why do you ask?" "Well," she said, "I have come to treat it." On the previous night, she told me, my astral counterpart had appeared to her and told her that I was ill, and that she should come and treat me. She replied that she was too worn out and had no strength to go that night, but would go the next morning. "All right," said her visitor, "send him word to-night that you will come to-morrow." Which she accordingly did. That accounted for the message which she sent by her husband. At nine o'clock in the morning, when she was busy about some household duties, she was suddenly conscious of the same form, who reminded her of her promise, and commanded her to go and see me at once. She said she was busy; she would go as soon as she had done her work. The phantom disappeared, but an hour afterwards he came back again, and looking very stern, upbraided her for not fulfilling her promise. She flung down her work and came to see me. On that occasion I remember I received immediate relief, and my back did not trouble me during the rest of my stay in America.

I heard a great deal about the remarkable cures which Mrs. Warne had made in treating cases which had been given up as hopeless by the doctors. She had her patients whom she visited regularly, and her reputation was very high among those who had experienced her powers. Mrs. Warne is a lady of some education and of great gifts as a speaker, possessed of a musical and powerful voice, and whether speaking normally or inspirationally, was always fervent, earnest, and eloquent.

II.—MR. CAMPBELL, PSYCHOGRAPHER.

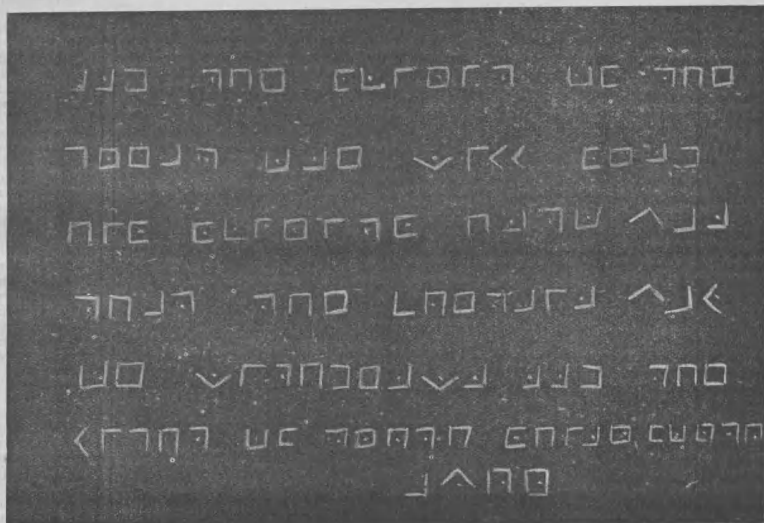
In this paper I am not attempting to give anything approaching a full account of the phenomena which crossed my path in my investigations in Chicago. I only intend to mention a few, which may be regarded as fairly illustrative of various phases of psychic influence. I select Mrs. Warne as the type of the healing medium and clairvoyant, both normal and supernormal. I select as the second sample of Borderland in Chicago my two experiences in psychography or slate writing. One took place with the medium Campbell, the other with the medium Rogers. The first occurred during my first visit, the second almost at the close of my second. I give precedence to the experiment with Campbell, as it was made under much better conditions so far as unpreparedness went. Armed with a card from a leading investigator of psychic phenomena, I called early one morning at the house of the medium Campbell. I produced the card, but did not give my name. I asked if I could see some slate-writing phenomena or a painting on porcelain.

PORCELAIN PAINTING EXTRAORDINARY.

Campbell received me with apologies for the unprepared state of his rooms, and sat down and began to talk. After

a time his brother came in, who was clairvoyant, and we were then joined by a friend. The medium and I retired into a small and darkened chamber. As it was my first visit I did not trouble to bring my slates. I took two which he gave me from a pile of slates, and carefully sponged them. This was while we were in the light. I marked the slates. Then he produced a sheet of porcelain, which, to all appearances, was perfectly clean and white on both sides. I held it up to the light and saw nothing, excepting what appeared to be an ordinary piece of porcelain. Marking this also, the plate of porcelain was placed between the slates, and the whole fastened together. I forget whether with string or an elastic band. We then sat down in the darkened room, the light being turned down very low. I held one end of the slates, the medium held the other. There was nothing inside the slates, but on top was placed a pot of oil colours, con-

taining a variety mixed together. There was no brush. After sitting for about ten minutes the medium said it would be better to hold the plates under the table. I do not remember at this distance of time whether he passed the slates under the table or whether I did. If he did there was of course an opportunity afforded him of changing the plates and porcelain sheet. If he did so, it must have been done with extraordinary rapidity, and as the slates were marked it is difficult to see how he could reproduce the marking on the substituted slates. He said the greater the darkness was the less difficulty was there of obtaining the writing and painting. I said nothing, but continued to hold the plates under the table. After another ten minutes he said we had probably obtained anything that was likely to appear. He left go of the slates and let me open them. When I did so, the following was what I found.



FACSIMILE OF CIPHER MESSAGE ON INSIDE OF SLATE—MR. CAMPBELL, MEDIUM.

The message was written in a very simple cipher, which, when deciphered, contained nothing to distinguish it from the usual flap-doodle of many so-called spirit messages. It ran thus:—

And the spirit of the Great One will send his spirits unto man that the curtain may be withdrawn and the Light of Truth shine forth.—*Azur*.

The portrait of the man was on the inside of the other slate. It is reduced for reproduction.

The portrait, which certainly was not on the slate when I marked it, did not resemble any of my acquaintances.

On the porcelain there was a painting somewhat out of perspective and entirely without any meaning to me, which I reproduce on the next page.

The thing itself was neither rich nor rare,
The marvel was how it got there.

I am not a conjurer, nor do I profess to be qualified to express an opinion as to the resources by which jugglers and those learned in the art of prestidigitation can deceive, if it were possible, the very elect. I am therefore willing to admit that it might be possible for Campbell to replace the plates which, so far as I could see, had never passed out of my hands or out of my sight, counterfeited the very peculiar marks which I had placed upon them, replaced the genuine slates and plate by apparent facsimiles, upon which he had already the drawing or the ciphered message, while the painting on the porcelain in that case would have been carefully prepared beforehand. Even if this

wife's controls. I only saw the drawing afterwards, but I had no reason to doubt the evidence of my friend, who was of a somewhat sceptical nature, and somewhat suspicious of psychical phenomena. Campbell afterwards left for California, and I had not an opportunity of sitting with him again.

III.—MR. ROGERS, SLATE WRITER.

My second psychographical experience took place somewhat later with a Mr. and Mrs. Rogers. My meeting with Rogers came about in this way.

AN IRISH INVESTIGATOR.

A certain Irish Republican who had taken a prominent part in the affairs of the city, called upon me with an introduction from a leading editor. After talking for some time about Irish affairs, my friend,



OUTLINE PORTRAIT ON SLATE.

explanation be accepted as accounting for the writing and the drawing on the slate how does it account for the painting on the slate which, when it came to my hands, was wet as if it had been newly laid on? I touched it lightly with my finger, and found that it was as damp in fact as it was in appearance. If I am asked for my explanation how it came there I cannot say. All I can say is that on the marked slates there appeared this writing and this drawing, and on the porcelain plate a painting with the paint all wet, as if it had just been laid on a plate which, twenty minutes before, was destitute of a speck of colour.

PSYCHIC PORTRAITS.

In making inquiries concerning Campbell afterwards I heard many stories concerning his gifts in this respect. One of the most remarkable was told me by a friend of mine, who attended one of his sances. He took about twenty sheets of white paper and held them in his hand, while Campbell held the other end. While this was going on an ordinary sance was being held. At the close Campbell asked my friend to see what he had got, when, to his astonishment, he found that there was some pencil drawing of a man, woman, or child, which Campbell, who was then under control, distributed to the various sitters. Every person received one, and some professed to recognise their deceased friend. The one I saw was a line drawing of a lady unknown, whose name the medium, however, gave, which my friend at once recognised as that of one of his



PICTURE PAINTED ON PORCELAIN BETWEEN SLATES.

whom I will call Mr. Z——, gave me the following account of his experience of automatic handwriting. I tell the story as it was told me. My readers can form their own conclusions.

Two years ago, when Mr. Z—— went to Cincinnati, he went to a remarkable slate-writing medium there. He went for curiosity more than anything else. When he was asked to put a question to the spirits he wrote, "Where can I get into communication with Dr. Cronin?" He wrote this on a slip of paper unseen by the medium. Then he folded it and threw it under the table. On the interior of the slates came the writing, "Dr. Cronin is not present now, but I know he is very anxious to communicate with his friends." Mr. Z—— then asked if he could communicate with his parents. The answer was written, "We are with you, and are delighted to see that you are beginning to investigate this truth."

PARNELL.

He then asked whether Mr. Gladstone's policy would result in good for Ireland. The answer was written inside the slate, and the signature was in the handwriting of Charles Stewart Parnell, saying that Mr. Gladstone's policy would result in freedom for Ireland. Parnell said he took a great interest in what was going on, and was still in the field on behalf of his country.

On another occasion Mr. Z—— had a communication from Parnell to the effect "That he has no message to give to his wife as she is not sufficiently developed to receive it." Mr. Z—— then began to think of the subject seriously, and soon afterwards began to develop automatic handwriting. It developed slowly, but at last it came regularly.

WILBERFORCE.

Mr. Z—— said that his guide was William Wilberforce, but he found his communications to come mixed up with another spirit, who afterwards gave his name as Vice-President Morton. This spirit was an evil one, who was allowed to enter into communication with him in order that he (Morton) might be raised from his present evil condition. Morton said that he had been for forty years in darkness and in doubt. The reason for this was, that in his life on earth he had spent his time in lying and in cheating. He had deliberately set himself to drive Mr. Z—— to suicide because, if he committed suicide, he (Morton) would be freed from the darkness in which he was, and Mr. Z—— would take his place. He was very glad to have got rid of him at last. This, however, was not until after a long time.

A CURIOUS TEST.

I asked him what test he had had that convinced him that it was William Wilberforce who wrote with his hand. He said that he had seen him materialise, and he was like the original. I asked him how he knew the original. He said he had seen his portrait. For a long time he said he could not get one of his portraits. He asked Wilberforce, or, Mr. Wilberforce as he called him, where he could get his portrait. The control thereupon wrote out the address of a store in Madison Street, where, strange to say, he found a whole bundle of Wilberforce's portraits. He then went to a medium in Michigan who was a very simple man, although a very powerful materialiser, and there William Wilberforce materialised and talked to him.

Mr. Z—— said that he was now becoming clairvoyant. He could see in the morning, when he waked early, the faces of his mother and other relatives all round about. He said they were trying experiments with him, and were projecting their images upon his spirit sphere, which projected round his body for eight or nine feet. He said that Cronin seemed to have been removed from communicating with him as he was in a preparatory state, and it was not considered advisable that he should mix too much with things on this earth.

As Mr. Z—— spoke so highly of Dr. Rogers, I accepted his invitation to have a séance with him at an early date. Dr. Rogers I found, however, was a man whose standing in the Eastern States was, to say the least, rather doubtful; and some of the best spiritualists in Chicago roundly asserted that he had been detected in trying to fraudulently pass off ordinary painting as the work of spirits. As to this I can say nothing. After this preliminary, I print the notes of the séance.

Talked some time to Rogers, he showed me his spirit portraits and drawings—some of them were very well done. The Earl of Essex, said to have been done by a spirit, is very remarkable. His paintings, he said, are done without the intervention of a brush. The canvas is put under cover, and the paint is put on an easel, and the painting is finished, sometimes in half an hour. He showed me the portrait, which he said had been done by the spirits, which was a very fair oil-painting of a lady, although the details were not very distinct. After talking for some time we went upstairs and sat in a very little room in which there was an ordinary large table with two legs at each end. There was a pile of slates. Mr. Z—— took them and washed them, and then dried them. I saw there was nothing on the slates. I did not bring my own slates as I did not feel sufficiently interested in the matter to make any very elaborate preparations. I wanted to see what message would be given rather than to prove that psychography was possible.

A SLATE-WRITING SÉANCE.

Each pair of slates were taken, washed, and dried, and then fastened together with a broad piece of elastic. Nothing was put inside, no slip of pencil or anything else. Then we were asked to write any questions we might wish to have answered. I wrote three questions—one to Julia addressed "J." "Would you write me a message and let me have your portrait?" One was directed to "J," and signed "W." The other two were addressed to a relative and to Parnell. The pieces of paper were then carefully folded up and tucked away under the elastic band. Mr. Z—— also wrote some questions, I suppose addressed to his guide, but he did not say. They were tucked away under the elastic band of another pair of slates. Mr. Z—— and myself sat on one side of the table and Mr. and Mrs. Rogers on the other. The room was quite light. The three pairs of slates were piled up one on top of the other on the table. Mr. Z—— and I held them with two hands each. Mrs. Rogers held the slates with her hands, while Dr. Rogers held them with one hand, occasionally holding with two. After waiting for some minutes, Dr. Rogers' hand began to shake violently. Then he wrote automatically on a piece of paper that one of the pairs of slates should be taken off. This was done, and then Mrs. Rogers and Dr. Rogers changed places. Dr. Rogers then went into a trance. Before that he said that the slates must be lifted from the table about two inches, which was done. From this time I began taking notes, so that I only held the slates with one hand. But Mr. Z—— held them all the time with one of his, and I with one of mine. Mrs. Rogers never left go all the time. The slates were on the top of the table in the full light. The medium declared that Fox and Pitt and Burke and various others were present, and various remarks were made as to the presence of other spirits.

WRITING IN "GOLD."

The medium under control asked for some gold to be placed on top of the slates. Mrs. Rogers complied by taking off her gold bracelet and gold wedding-ring, and laid them on the top slate. They said the spirits would try and write in gold. This happened very seldom. Dr. Gunsaulus had got a gold writing from his wife, and also a high official at Washington, but no others. When the slates were opened, on the topmost pair underneath the elastic band of which my questions had been

placed there was no writing. In the other pair there was writing on both slates. One was a message which purported to be from William Wilberforce, and was addressed to Mr. Z—. It was written in slate pencil, and filled one of the slates. The other slate was more remarkable. At the bottom of it was a message from Pitt in red chalk, while the greater part of it was filled with gold writing. It purported to be a message from Julia. I showed the handwriting to Miss R—who is accustomed to write in gold ink. She said that she had never seen anything so small and so neat. There were some curious mistakes in spelling. In one case she spells equalled without the second "l," and in another she spells it "equal."

¶ Dr. Rogers promised me that he would get me a painting of Julia, but I must return for another sitting. Unfortunately, I never had time to go back, and I never

heard anything more about it. In this case I can speak with positive certainty that the slates never left our hands or our sight. The room was in full light, and the writing came inside the slate. The value of the writing is small enough in itself; but how did it get there? That is the question which I cannot answer. Julia's handwriting in her lifetime does not bear any very close resemblance to the gold writing, but it is not unlike what she first wrote through my hand, nor have I been able to ascertain anything concerning the peculiarity in the spelling, which would be a curious confirmation, if it were a fact, that Julia, during her life, had such a habit. But it is improbable, and whether probable or improbable is a matter upon which I have no information. The compliment to the mediums at the close of the letter is very unlike Julia, but in these

My Dear Friend and Moral Brother
 You have done rightly to bring
 here again for we desire that
 you change the timing of your
 return to every evening for one
 week only then permit us to adorn
 you from this point again
 Yours friend and guide
 Wm Wilberforce

FACSIMILE OF WRITING ON SLATE. DR. ROGERS' MEDIUM.

matters there is such an extraordinary intermingling of psychic influence that the medium would probably be capable of securing such an interpolation in his own praise. That is supposing there are such psychic influences capable of writing on the inside of a closed slate.

IV.—MATERIALIZING SEANCES.

The third branch of psychic phenomena to which I paid some attention during my stay in Chicago was the question of spirit materialisation. I was present at a séance given by two different mediums, one a man and the other a woman, at both of which a variety of spirit forms appeared, some of which were said to have been recognised by the sitters. There were none, however, that I could identify, nor did I receive any message that was of the slightest value as a test. In the case of one of

the materialising mediums, Mr. Tabour, two or three of whose sittings I attended, materialised forms left the cabinet (which was an improvised construction of black calico) and walked about the room. They appeared to be of all different shapes and sizes—from a couple of small children to Indian chiefs over six feet tall. The medium was a slight, fair-headed, delicate man, and if it were all a fraud, it was difficult to understand how he could transform himself at will into a gigantic Indian warrior, and again into a couple of three-year-old children. Of course this might be explained on the score of confederates; and as the first sitting which was held was at the medium's own house, I said I would suspend my judgment until we had a materialising séance in my own room.

A SÉANCE AT HOME.

To this the medium consented. No relative or accomplice

My Very Dear Friend

The joy & gladness
to meet you here is more than equalled
by the happiness which I conceive that you
feel in welcoming your wandering
Spirits under their circumstances.

Oh! how free and clear this magnetic
atmosphere seems to me, charged as it
is with the aura of potent spirit influences
sent on missions of mercy and love.

But alas! I find myself not equal
to an extended use of power. Though
my spirit feels as free here as in its native
element, another trial at a future time
may give me a better use of the force.
Adieu my Friend Adieu and many thanks
to the Brother who disengaged your foot-
steps to this abode of gifted mortals.

Thy Guiding friend Julia

We greet you with the
assembled concourse of
Spirits who are working
with you in the cause of
reform William Pitt

of the medium was present. All those at the séance were my friends, and had been invited by myself. Before the medium went into the cabinet, he was stripped to the skin, all the doors were sealed, and everything was noted down on a phonograph as it occurred. The same phenomena occurred there that we had seen at his own house, with the exception of the three-year-old children. The tall shadowy forms walked out of the cabinet and mingled with the sitters, sometimes laying a hand upon the head of those present, and at others bowing so as to allow their feather headdress to be felt. I touched the feathers of one chief, and they felt unmistakably like ordinary feathers. The forms were of both sexes, and apparently of all nationalities. One or two were recognised by the sitters. A Hindoo who was present, of whose presence the medium was unaware until he entered the room, identified the dress of one of the forms as that of a Rajpoot, and addressed him in his own language, but the form remained silent. At the close of the séance the medium fainted, and was taken out of the cabinet in a very exhausted condition.

TEST CONDITIONS.

All the sitters were much impressed with the apparent genuineness of the phenomena. All the precautions were taken to guard against fraud. The séance was held in a room which I had occupied night and day for a couple of months. No one was present who could be suspected of being an accomplice. Most of us had the greatest possible interest in detecting any fraud. Two of those present professed to recognise and communicate with spirit forms of their deceased relatives. The light was quite sufficiently distinct for us to see the figures as they left the cabinet as they moved up and down the room. With the exception of not being able to identify any of the figures, nothing could have appeared more satisfactory than this séance. But after I left Chicago I received intimation that the medium had bolted, leaving behind him many unpaid debts, and ugly stories of the artifices which he had used in order to produce materialised forms by the aid of diaphanous muslin and other tricks of the trade. This information was supplied by spiritualist friends who were present at the séance, and who have kept me informed as to the course of events since I left. Of course I can say nothing as to the materialisation which I witnessed. I cannot account for it satisfactorily, nor do I for a moment, in face of Mr. Tabour's subsequent disappearance, profess to accept his declaration as evidence in the case. I simply mention what I saw.

PROFESSOR CLIFTON.

Another medium of whom I heard a great deal, but whom I did not see, was a man named Clifton. I frequently heard of this gentleman as a marvellous materialising medium, of the genuineness of whose phenomena no

one could doubt. I met him once, but he was not the medium of the occasion. My son attended one of his séances, and was very unfavourably impressed. When I left Chicago, however, he was still in a flourishing way of business. Unfortunately, however, before spring had fairly set in, Mr. Clifton had found it expedient to decamp in hot haste. The exposure in his case was complete.

For five months or more Professor Clifton took in from 150 dols. to 200 dols. a week at his séances before there was a suspicion that anything was wrong. Then it was suddenly discovered that the professor who had been lecturing to the society for so many months and who had said so many exalting things about spiritualism was a fraud. It was learned that there was a secret opening made in the wall near the folding doors and that the cabinet was reached in that way. Clifton had confederates and they made their entrances and exits through this opening when the lights were lowered and when those in the audience were singing "so as to create harmony," as he expressed it.

Soon after Professor Clifton disappeared the confederates made themselves known and declared that the professor had neglected to pay them before he left the city. To make matters even the confederates, who are young men, decided to publicly expose the professor's methods. Accordingly President Senifer and other members of the society who had been induced to believe that they had talked with departed relatives in the cabinet went to the rooms occupied by the young men on the third floor at No. 282, West Madison Street, directly above the ones occupied by Clifton, and there they gave an exact illustration of the manner in which the professor deceived the people who came to his materializing séances.

In another case the exposure was of a very crushing description. Two young men joined a spiritualist's society for the purpose of exposing what they considered to be a fraud. They both professed themselves to be ardent spiritualists. After a time one of them was reported to be seriously ill, without much hope of recovery. At the next sitting his companion reported that the illness had been fatal, and he was dead. There was great lamentation among the faithful over this loss, and at the next séance the spirit of the deceased put in its appearance. It held colloquies with the young man, and gave tests to the great satisfaction of the sitters. Imagine then the consternation of the society when, at the next sitting, the deceased presented himself in flesh and blood, explained the deception which had been practised, and went for the medium whose too credulous disciples were left lamenting.

Such incidents in connection with materialisations naturally give cause to those who are ready to believe that every shadowy form which appears at the entrance of a cabinet is the materialised form of a disembodied spirit. So far as I was concerned, my researches into materialisation proved a failure. Possibly, if I had gone further afield, I might have been more successful; but remaining faithful to my policy of taking only what came across my path, I can only report that I found nothing that I could consider as unmistakably genuine.

III.—OUR GALLERY OF BORDERLANDERS.

V.—ST. TERESA DE JESUS DE AVILA.*

Let nothing disturb you. Patience gains everything.
 Let nothing alarm you. He who possesses God lacks nothing.
 All things pass away. God alone is All-sufficient.
 God is unchangeable.

The Signet of St. Teresa.

THE unbelievers may bear sway for a little season, but the Borderlanders rule the world. Last month France, Republican, sceptical, and clerical, decided to institute a national fête in honour of Jeanne D'Arc, the most notable young woman in human history. Four hundred years ago the Bishop of Beauvais, supported by the highest accessible church authority of his day, burned Jeanne as a relapsed heretic and an abandoned sorceress in the market-place at Rouen. On the eighth of last May I counted twenty-four episcopal and archiepiscopal crosiers carried in the long procession which, in honour of the heroic Maid, wound its stately way from the Cathedral of Orleans to the Isle of the Tourelles, where she gained her first decisive victory. Last century, Voltaire, the greatest genius of France, turned Yahoo in order to overwhelm La Pucelle with the excrement of his wit. Last month the French Legislature, predominantly Voltairian, and altogether Republican, decreed for the Maid of Orleans the highest form of national honour. Her fête day, the second Sunday in May, will henceforth divide the honours with the fête of the Republic in July. The little theatre which stands on the site of the old market where her martyrdom was consummated is to be torn down, and a subscription is to be taken throughout all France in order that upon that Calvary of the West there may be erected a national monument worthy of the character of the achievement of the Borderlander of the fifteenth century.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

Socrates with his Dæmon, Jesus of Nazareth, Jeanne D'Arc, all dwelt in the Borderland, and from its shadows they rule the world, which, when they lived, showed its appreciation of its greatest by dooming Socrates to the hemlock as an atheist, Christ to the Cross as a blasphemer, and Jeanne to the stake as a sorceress and a heretic. Posterity wrings its hands in unavailing regret. We garnish the sepulchres of the prophets and then, as Lowell sang with such bitter truth—

In our haste to slay,
 From the tombs of the old prophets snatch the funeral lamps,
 To light up the martyr fagots round the prophets of to-day.

As it has been, so it shall be, and should be; for whenever God manifests Himself anew to man, those who regard themselves as in a special sense His worshippers and the custodians of His truth, declare that He is of the devil and do their bitter best to cast Him down into hell. But "Thou wilt not suffer thy Holy one to see corruption," and the Resurrection and the Apotheosis are not less certain than the cross and the stake.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST. JEANNE.

When the first national fête is celebrated next year in France in honour of Jeanne D'Arc, a special pilgrimage of expiation and of penance should be organised in this country. Although it was the Catholic Bishop who con-

* "Santa Teresa: Her Life and Times." By Gabriela Cunningham Graham. 2 vols. : Adam and Charles Black.

demned her it was the English who burned her, and on the great day when all France sinks its sectarian and political differences to do honour to the Maid of Miracle, England, in the person of her official representative—who might well be joined by princes and peers, and commoners of repute—will participate in the festival of recognition and of repentance. There are many motives which should prompt such a national acknowledgment of a national crime, not the least of which on our part is the desire to have this supreme object lesson displayed conspicuously before the eyes of all our people as to the folly and insolence of contemporary judgment on the dwellers in Borderland.

ST. TERESA AND ST. JEANNE.

The only other woman who ranks with Jeanne D'Arc as one of those personalities, whose genius and devotion have stirred the heart of nations, was also a Borderlander of the Borderlanders. Spain boasts its St. Teresa as France boasts her St. Jeanne—for we may safely anticipate the canonization now the beatification has been decreed. But neither Spain nor France has any monopoly rights in the region from which Teresa, no less than Jeanne, drew the inspiration that was the secret of their power. The occult and spiritual forces which the simple village maid of Domremy personified as St. Michel, St. Catharine, and St. Margaret, were in the case of the Spanish mystic personified solely by our Lord.

To a Protestant it appears odd that the more distinctively Catholic of the two women should have followed the Protestant tradition of eliminating the intermediaries. Jeanne's last articulate word heard through the crackling blaze of the faggots was "Jesus," but between the Saviour and His faithful worshipper there intervened a whole hierarchy of saints and angels. With St. Teresa it was different. Her visions were those of our Lord Himself. The voices which she heard and obeyed she ascribed direct to the Highest. It is this which gives the study of this Borderlander at once its chief interest and its greatest difficulty.

TERESA A SURVEYOR OF BORDERLAND.

From the point of view of BORDERLAND, the Spanish mystic is much more interesting than the Maid of Orleans. For St. Teresa made an art of it of a science of the exploration of Borderland. Jeanne d'Arc, like the simple, shepherdess that she was, prayed and the visions came, she knew not how, but Teresa was altogether different. With her the attainment of the clairvoyant and clairaudient state was an end for which there was as distinct and as well-trodden a road as that which led from Avila to Seville. She not merely traversed it at will, but she carefully mapped it out for the benefit of future travellers, noting each of its stages and giving directions against the dangers to be feared on the way. The road she went we may go. The secret of St. Teresa is the open secret of the soul. She would be the first to disclaim all exceptional privilege or prerogative on the highway of mystical knowledge. On the contrary, she invites all to walk therein and realise for themselves the hidden pleasures of the Soul of Man by which he enters into communion with God. Jeanne delivered Orleans when she was only seventeen, and died when nineteen. Teresa did not begin her life-work till she was nearer fifty than forty. Jeanne wrote nothing, and left

behind her nothing but her deeds, of which the chief records are to be found in the trial that resulted in her condemnation to the stake.

THE SECRET OF ST. TERESA.

Teresa wrote much, described minutely her spiritual experiences, and subjected all the phenomena which she encountered to the keen scrutiny of a sceptical intellect. She had all the genius of her nation for careful definition and precise discrimination. Her description, for instance, of the difference between the Divine locution, the voice of God as she heard it, and the other wandering voices of which the air is full to the clairvoyant, is the most lucid and careful that we have seen anywhere. It is not only that Teresa teaches where Jeanne was silent, save for the eloquence of her deeds, but the goal of the one is universal, whereas Jeanne had a special particular work to do, which no one else can share. Orleans is no longer invested by the English; there is no Divine call to each village maid to don helmet and hauberk, to mount a great *destrier*, and lead armies to battle. But as long as the human heart yearns vaguely for the Divine, hardly knowing for what it craves, as long as the Finite and Temporal reaches forth with passionate longing towards the Infinite and the Eternal, so long will the experience of St. Teresa offer to our race a promise to which in every age the greatest souls will always cling with grateful recognition. For she found peace with God and power with Man, the two things that so often seem so hopelessly incompatible, but yet which can never be permanently separated.

HER LATEST BIOGRAPHER.

The life of St. Teresa has just been written for us afresh by Mrs. Cunningham Graham, whose two interesting and eloquent volumes take us of the nineteenth century back into the very presence of the great saint of the sixteenth. Mrs. Cunningham Graham possesses many qualifications for the task which she has accomplished with a success at which she probably is not a little astonished. To begin with, she is a woman and a Spaniard. She is familiar with the national character which blossomed in its beauty in Teresa, and she herself possesses much of that unrest with the world which drove her heroine to the cloister.

Living in a haunted hall in Scotland, and as capable of seeing visions as Teresa herself, Mrs. Cunningham Graham has nevertheless cultivated a spark of scepticism which was not so foreign to St. Teresa as some might think. Teresa was very sceptical, and most of all of her own phenomena. Possibly if she had written such a book as this at its author's age, she might have written it much in the author's vein, making allowance of course for the difference between the sixteenth century in Spain and the nineteenth century in Britain. For Mrs. Cunningham Graham imagines herself to be a materialist, and treats the experiences of St. Teresa from the standpoint of one who, although dwelling on the very borders of the Borderland, affects to disbelieve in its existence. But for all that, perhaps because of all that, she has produced a most useful and delightful book, which places this generation in her debt; for next to being a great genius and saint yourself, the most valuable service you can render your kind is to rediscover for their inspiration and strength the forgotten features of one of the great ones of God. This Mrs. Cunningham Graham has done in the book which I take as the foundation of this sketch of St. Teresa the Borderlander.

A. PSYCHICAL SKETCH.

St. Teresa as a Borderlander, I say, for I must limit myself to that.

The material which Mrs. Graham has collected is so ample that I must strictly confine myself to the evidence relating to St. Teresa's experiences on the Borderland. St. Teresa was a lovely, witty, learned, and eloquent Spanish woman. She was a great saint and a great reformer. But although ladies and saints and reformers are all full of interest, it is neither as woman, as saint, or as reformer that she figures in our Gallery. It is as a Borderlander—one who saw things invisible to ordinary eyes, heard voices which other mortal ears did not hear, and manifested herself after death as the ordinary dead do not—that she interests us. Beyond a very rapid summary of the leading events in her romantic and stirring career, I shall confine myself to the consideration of her psychic experiences, which perchance may be more useful to us to-day than all the rest of her story.

TWO NOTABLE SPANIARDS.

It is a curious and interesting fact that, when the Catholic Church seemed to have received its death-blow, it was saved from the threatening doom by two saints—one a man, the other a woman, both of whom were born in Spain. St. Ignatius Loyola and St. Teresa de Avila, are the most conspicuous representatives of the saints of both sexes who rallied to the defence of the Catholic Church in the sixteenth century. St. Ignatius left behind him a vaster machinery than any which St. Teresa planned. The Jesuits to this day count for more in the world than the Reformed Carmelites who owe their existence to St. Teresa. But if the work of the woman was humbler than that of the man, it was sweeter; as the violet in the hedgerow is more fragrant than the lowering hemlock.

Both Ignatius and Teresa began life without dreaming of their true vocation. Both willed for themselves a very different career to that to which they were driven by the Divine rule. Both had then worst enemies among the clergy of the church, which they were commissioned to save, nor was it until they had received the canonization of the grave, that their contemporaries began to realise their sainthood. And in both cases it was perhaps due to the same cause—they were very human saints.

TERESA'S BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

Teresa de Avila was born in Avila, in old Castille, March 28th, 1515, about half-past five in the morning at the first streak of dawn. She came of a good breed; father and mother both belonged to ancient Castilian families, and the home which was well stocked with eleven children—three by a former marriage, and eight who belonged to Teresa's mother, the second wife—was an abode of peace and of all the virtues. Teresa inherited her beauty from her mother and much besides. For she learned at her mother's knee the pious outlook on life which she never lost. An incident of her early childhood, reminds us that she was a country-woman of Cervante's immortal knight.

When she was only seven years old, Teresa and her brother Rodriguez, having dwelt all their little lives in an atmosphere of Christian chivalry, set out hand-in-hand for the old city of Avila, determined to go on a mission to convert the Moors or die in the attempt. Fate and common-sense, in the shape of an uncle who met the little pilgrims on the highway, thwarted their pious zeal and brought them back to the family roof-tree.

HER YOUTH.

Teresa's mother died when she was thirteen. Spanish girls ripen fast, and Teresa entered with the full gusto of a passionate, beautiful and charming woman into the enjoyment of life. The lives of the Saints were exchanged for

romances of chivalry, and the young belle of Avila thought more of making slaves of her admirers than of converting the Moors. For three years she led a more or less flirtatious but innocent life in society, and then, much to her dismay, her father sent her the safe keeping of some Augustinian nun in a convent at Avila. Eighteen months later she had a severe illness, and she was driven by sheer ennui to read the Fathers of the Church. These writings impressed her; and a little picture of Christ and the Woman of Samaria, which hung opposite her sick bed, continually suggested to the sensitive invalid the prayer, "Lord give me of this water." The words became rooted in her mind, and she used that prayer to her dying day. This divine threat, the dread of relapsing into her previous mode of living, a distrust of her own strength, led her to desire to take refuge in the Carmelite Convent of the Incarnation. Her father objected. Her soul was more to her than her father's objections, and when only nineteen, she fled from home and prayed to be admitted into the convent.

SHE ENTERS THE CONVENT.

After a year's novitiate she felt once more the attraction of the worldly life, but trampling it under foot she took the irrevocable vows. Her health broke down under the conventual discipline, and she went home. There for three years she lay an invalid, absorbed in meditation and in prayer. If her conversion dates from her first illness, her sanctification began in her second. For it was when she lay ill in her father's house she devised that mystic exercise of "shutting herself up within herself" by which, by a species of silent, passive prayer, she laid the foundation for all her subsequent Borderland experiences.

She recovered and went back to the convent. But she was still far from sainthood, and she became a sad backslider. The Carmelite Convent, before St. Teresa undertook its reformation, seems to have been a jolly kind of ladies' club, more in accord with the ideas of Rabelais than of St. Francis or of St. Bernard. The convent was a social centre where, after the daily offices were over, the nuns could receive visitors and gossip with the best of them to their heart's content. St. Teresa became the belle of the convent, and for fourteen years she was a kind of fashionable society nun, immersed in the things of this world, and forgetting God. So she lived until she was forty. But He had not forgotten her, and during Lent, 1555, the Good Shepherd reclaimed this wandering sheep.

THE BACKSLIDER RECLAIMED.

It came about in this wise. One day during Lent, weary of the world, which had even submerged the cloister with its frivolities and its cares, Teresa withdrew to a small oratory. There her eyes fell on a small picture of the Scourging. As she tells the story, she says:—

As I gazed on it my whole being was stirred to see Him in such a state, for all He went through was well set forth. Such was the sorrow I felt for having repaid those wounds so ill, that my heart seemed rent in twain; and in floods of tears I cast myself down before it, beseeching Him once for all to give me strength not to offend Him more.

—(Santa Teresa, Vol. I., p. 142.)

Thus, for the second time in her life, a picture of an incident in our Saviour's life changed the whole course of her existence. Full of contrition, she began again to read the Fathers of the Church, and stumbled, apparently by chance, upon the Confession of St. Augustine. She says:—

When I began to read the "Confessions," I seemed to see myself in its pages; I began to commend myself fervently to this glorious saint. When I came to his conversion, and read

how He heard the voice in the garden, it was just as if the Lord called me, so did it thrill through my heart.—(P. 143.)

Then once more she surrendered herself entirely to God, and resumed her mystical meditations, and soon she heard the words of the Bride, in the Song of Solomon, sounding continually in her ear, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His."

HER SENSE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

Teresa now embarked upon the perilous pilgrimage through Borderland, which has such an overwhelming fascination for those who would fain see if they could find their Lord. Teresa gained, with a realising conscientiousness, of her union with Him, which she had better be allowed to describe in her own words:—

In this representation I have already described of drawing close to Christ, and even sometimes when I was reading, there came suddenly upon me a sense of the presence of God, which did not allow me to doubt that He was within me, or that I was entirely engulfed in Him. This not after the manner of a vision. I believe it is called Mystic Theology; it suspends the soul which seems altogether beside herself. The will loves, memory seems to be annihilated, the understanding ceases to reason, but retains her consciousness; she is as if amazed at the grandeur which she perceives, for God wills her to understand that she understand nothing of that which His Majesty represents to her.—(P. 144.)

THE SUGGESTION OF THE DEVIL.

His Majesty, that, henceforth, was to be the term in which she referred to her Celestial Spouse. She enjoyed ecstasies of union with Him, so much that her self-torturing spirit suggested to her that such joys were too exquisite to be other than the handiwork of the devil, for poor Teresa, like the rest of the Borderland pilgrims, was always haunted by a dread of the wiles and personating machinations of the Father of Lies. She says:—

His Majesty commenced to give me very ordinarily the prayer for quiet, and often that of union, which lasted a considerable time. As at that time it happened that the devil had deluded and deceived several women with false visions, the very greatness of the suavity and delight that I experienced, often without being able to prevent it, began to make me afraid; although, on the other hand, I had in myself the firmest persuasion that it came from God, especially when in the state of prayer, and when I saw it left me improved and strengthened. But directly my attention was a little distracted, I began again to fear and wonder whether it was not the devil, who, making me think it good, suspended my understanding to prevent my resorting to mental prayer, and thinking on the Passion, or making use of my understanding, which last, so little did I understand its nature, seemed to me the greatest loss.—(P. 145.)

KEEPING HER BODY UNDER.

In order to strengthen her hold on the Divine Majesty, and to enable her to defy the Evil One, she proceeded, after the approved ascetic fashion, to torture her unfortunate body. Mrs. Graham says:—

The chronicler of the Order dwells with complacency upon the horrible tortures she inflicted upon herself. The tin shirt, pierced with holes like a grater, which she wore next her skin, and which left wounds wherever it touched; the bed of briars on which she rolled herself with as much delight as if they had been roses; the self-inflicted scourgings with nettles and keys until the walls of her cell were splashed with blood, and persisted in until the wounds were full of matter. In Segovia, she sent her nuns to the choir, and rising from the bed where she lay consumed with fever, scourged herself until she broke her arm. She slept on a straw mattress; her meals were

frugal; she drank no wine. For some time the tunic she wore next her skin, her sheets and pillows, were of the coarse blanketing used for horse-cloths.—(P. 152.)

THE CONSULTING OF PRIESTS.

The evolution of the Sixth Sense seems in her case to have been through much tribulation. Still Teresa was not satisfied. She feared that her experiences might be diabolic rather than divine. So in her distress she sought out a holy priest, who brought with him the old friend of her family. To them she described her mystic experiences, and they, after the fashion of their kind, promptly decided that her experiences were the work of the Evil One, and they advised her to desist from her method of mental prayer. Teresa was sore distressed, but she was not to be overridden by any priest. In the multitude of counsellors there is safety, for when doctors disagree the patient decides. Teresa unbosomed her soul to a Jesuit father, who came expecting to deliver a visionary from diabolical delusions. She told him all, and, not for the last time, the womanly charm of the saint and her divine grace swept the confessor over to her side. The good Jesuit told her on no account to give up the practice of mental prayer, to put away the thought of delusion, and to thank God for his abundant grace, casting herself with confidence on his infinite love. Each day she was to take one mystery of the Passion, and to draw from it some practical resolve.

HER CLAIRAUDIENCE.

Teresa was consoled, and with good reason. Who can say how many an excellent medium has had his or her development arrested in the very crisis of destiny because they have had no wise, good-hearted person of spiritual insight to encourage them to press on and trust Him who is the Lord of all the spirits? Teresa was more fortunate. She was trembling on the brink of that new world to which she was to be introduced by clairaudience, into which, but for the good Jesuit, she might never have entered. Teresa thus describes how she first became clairaudient:—

He (the Jesuit Father Padraos) told me to commend it to God for a few days, and to repeat the hymn of the Veni Creator, that I might be given light as to what was best. After having been deep in prayer one day, and supplicating the Lord to help me to please Him in everything, I began the hymn, and whilst I was saying it, I was seized with a rapture so sudden that it almost carried me beside myself, and of this I could not doubt, for it was very palpable. It was the first time that the Lord had done me this favour. I heard these words: "I no longer wish thee to converse with men but with angels."—(P. 155.)

THE DIVINE LOCUTIONS.

It is interesting to see how Mrs. Graham, from her sceptical standpoint, treats this acquisition of clairaudient gifts. She says:—

Such is the first of that series of divine "locutions" which henceforth she hears directing and guiding her in all the actions of her life. She describes them as "words very clearly formed, not heard by the bodily hearing, but impressed on the understanding much more clearly than if they were so heard; and in spite of all resistance it is impossible to fail to understand them." She is careful to distinguish between the illusory voice caused by an evil spirit, and that which we ourselves forge; in the latter case the soul becoming both agent and recipient, speaking to itself, as it were. Experience alone can distinguish between the two. The words fabricated by the imagination are indistinct and their sound is muffled (*corsa sorda*), entirely devoid of the clearness which belongs only to those of a supernatural and divine origin. The opera-

tion of the latter on the soul is instantaneous; they prepare, redress, soften, give life, rejoice, and soothe. It seems as if her dryness, fear, and restlessness were dissipated by an invisible hand. In this case they are no longer mere words, but operate with the potentiality of action.

HOW DISTINGUISHED FROM ILLUSIONS.

Between them and the illusions of the imagination there is the same difference as between hearing and speaking. In the latter the understanding is actively engaged arranging what it is going to say, whilst in the former she is absorbed in listening. The one is like a vague conversation heard in sleep; the other is a voice so clear that it is "impossible to lose a syllable it utters, and it comes at times when the understanding and soul are so restless and distraught, that it would be impossible for them to succeed in concocting a single good idea."

It must be understood, however, that it is impossible to see visions and hear locutions in a state of ecstasy, for in such a state the soul is so totally deprived of all her faculties, that she can neither see, understand, nor hear. In divine locutions:—

It is as if we were listening to some very holy and learned person of great authority, whose words we know it is impossible to doubt; and even this is but a lame comparison. Sometimes these words bear with them such majesty that, even without remembering who it is that speaks, we tremble if they are ones of reproof; if of love, they make us melt away in love; and, as I have said, their nature is such, and the length of the sentences we suddenly hear ourselves listening to so great, that it is impossible, unless it had taken a long time for the memory, to have reproduced them, or for the understanding to have arranged them; and it seems to me that we can in no wise be ignorant that we ourselves have not fabricated them.—(Pp. 155—156.)

THE BASIS OF HER ACHIEVEMENTS.

Mrs. Graham scouts the hypothesis that her heroine actually did hear voices, see real visions, and have actual divine revelations. But she is constrained to admit that but for these voices and visions and revelations, Teresa would never have accomplished her life work. If then they were all a cunningly devised fable, if they were purely imaginary, then was the last effort to reform the religious orders based on a lie, and the sainthood of Teresa founded on a delusion. Mrs. Graham says:—

Let her townsmen receive the name of the visionary nun with jeers and derision, as many of them did, or murmur with bated breath the dreaded words, "inquisition," "delusion," "snares of the devil"; nevertheless it was to her visions that she owed that prominence, without which she might have lived and died an obscure nun in an obscure Castilian convent. It was her visions and revelations which first gained for her that character for sanctity without which it would have been impossible for her even to dream of undertaking the work which was to be the idea and dominating reason of her life.—(P. 162.)

EXORCISING A HAUNTING DOUBT.

Teresa herself, although believing her voices to be divine, had occasional relapses into scepticism. But it was only for a brief season. Here is her touching record of the triumph she achieved over her enemy:—

Being alone without anyone I could confide in, unable to pray or read, I was like one amazed with so much tribulation and fear whether the devil had deceived me, troubled, worn out with weariness without knowing where to turn. . . . I remained thus four or five hours, for there was no consolation for me, whither in Heaven or earth; but the Lord let me suffer, fearing a thousand dangers. . . . Well, being in this so great trouble (as yet I had not begun to have visions), these words alone sufficed to banish it and to tranquillise me quite; "Have no fear, daughter, for it is I, and I will not desert thee: fear not." Let all the learned men rise up against me, let all created things persecute me, let devils torment me, but do Thou

not fail me, Lord, for I know the gain with which Thou deliverest him who alone confides in Thee. . . . Why should I not have resolution to fight against all hell? I took a crucifix in my hand and it truly seemed to me that God had given me courage to wrestle bodily with them, for it seemed to me that with the Cross I could easily vanquish them all, and so I said: Now, come on all of you, for being a servant of the Lord I want to see what you can do to me.—(Pp. 165—166.)

Resist the devil and he will flee from you. It is impossible not to recall in this connection the way in which Miss Josephine Butler, the most saintly woman of our time, defied the spirits of evil (*vide* BORDERLAND for October, 1893).

THE HIGH ROAD TO BORDERLAND.

Teresa was non-clairaudient. She was soon to become clairvoyant. But before proceeding to describe this second phase of her mediumship, it may be as well to preface it by a quotation explaining more particularly the mode by which she obtained entrance into these mysterious regions, which most of us are only able to enter, as it were, unawares. Ordinary clairvoyants and clairaudients stray inadvertently into a field to which the Spanish mystic opened up for herself a high road which she could traverse at will. Instead of quoting at length her treatise on mental prayer, I will extract a summary of her teachings from an admirable little book published by Kegan Paul, 1886, entitled "Spanish Mystics."

THE FOUR STAGES OF PRAYER.

She divided mental prayer into four distinct stages; the stage of recollection, the stage of quietude, the stage of union, and the stage of ecstasy or rapture. To illustrate her meaning she compares the renewed soul to a garden—"the planting of the Lord"—but the soil, being by nature ungrateful, requires much weeding and watering. The Divine Master has sown good seed and planted goodly fruit trees, and we, as fellow-labourers with Him, must weed this garden and "water the soil carefully, that it may produce fragrant blossom and fruit, so that He may often come and visit the garden which He hath planted and find delight therein." She describes four ways of watering the soil of this garden, corresponding with each of the four stages of prayer. The first is with water drawn with difficulty from a deep well. The second is with water raised with a wheel and distributed by pipes over the soil. Thirdly, it may be watered by a running stream or brook. And, fourthly, by balmy showers.

(1) DRAWING THE WATER FROM THE WELL.

The first mode is laborious, and requires great patience and strength. We must in no wise rest till the Water of Life, which God gives, springs up within us. This represents the prayer of recollection, which is the first step in mental devotion. It requires great earnestness and an entire concentration of the thoughts, the soul meanwhile "looking and waiting for the Lord." The beginner may have to wait long before he becomes conscious of the Divine Presence; dryness and weariness will at times almost overpower him; the weakness of the body will often weigh down the soul, but if he has the courage to persevere in mental prayer he will surely have his reward; the dry and thirsty land will become as a watered garden by the influx of the Spirit, and deep within the soul will spring up a devout sense of God's immediate presence, and he will say, with the patriarch of old, "Surely God is in this place and I knew it not."

Courage and perseverance were ever insisted upon by Teresa, but she also says, "Before thou prayest prepare thyself." This must be done by devout meditation on the life of our Lord. We must hold ourselves in His presence; continuing in prayer in spite of dryness, languor, or feeble faith. "The Kingdom of Heaven is taken by force." Like Jacob wrestling with the angel we must wrestle in prayer, saying "I will not let Thee go until Thou bless me."

(2) RAISING IT BY A WATER-WHEEL.

The second stage is that of quietude—or contemplation, as it is sometimes called. Once more Teresa bids all those who would enter upon this second stage "to turn again and again to the source of all good—meditation on the Presence of our Lord—for the nearer we draw unto God the deeper will be our humility."

She likens this stage of quietude to the work of the labourer who, by means of a wheel and water-pipes, is able to draw more water for his garden and distribute it with far less fatigue, not having to work continuously but being able to rest from time to time. The soul does not now require the same effort to concentrate the thoughts, but has a profound sense of the Divine Presence within and around. To use her words, "the soul is now touching upon something which is supernatural. All its powers are gathered up within itself, yet these powers are neither suspended nor asleep; but the will alone acts, and, without knowing how, the soul surrenders itself and is led captive by the love of God." It is like the holy repose of Mary at Bethany, sitting calm and still and reverent at the feet of Jesus, looking upon Him and hearing his word.

It is listening rather than speaking; "I will hearken unto what the Lord God will say unto me," desiring only to be drawn more and more out of self into union with Him. "This state of blessed repose is not of long duration. Like St. Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration, the soul would make here a tabernacle, but it is soon disturbed, and has to descend from the mount. Indeed any efforts in our own strength to prolong this state of quietude would be like laying logs of wood upon a little spark—the spark would be extinguished. Let us simply understand that all that we have to do at these seasons, when the soul is raised to this stage of prayer, is to be quiet and humble, laying on a few straws—little acts of humility or words of love, or self-abandonment, nothing more—and the spark of divine love enkindled within the heart will become a great fire.

(3) IRRIGATION BY A RUNNING STREAM.

The third stage is that of union. Of this Teresa herself says that she can tell us but little, as she could never explain it or understand it; but, she adds, the higher any one has ascended the greater reason has he to fear and lose all self-confidence.

She compares this prayer of union to a running stream from a brook or river from which the garden is abundantly watered, the labourer having only to turn the stream into the proper channels. But now he is amazed to see the Divine Master taking upon himself the whole labour—"I the Lord do water it." He it is who now directs the stream, so that the labourer has but to rest and enjoy the celestial flowers which are beginning to appear and put forth their fragrance." In his prayer the soul receives a fresh baptism of the Spirit; it is renewed in strength and deepened in humility; it enters into a state of profound calm, "resting in the Lord." This is described by Teresa as a blissful sleep. "I sleep, but my heart waketh—a sleep full of sweetness and delight, infinitely greater than in the former stages of prayer. The soul seems to die to all earthly things, and to be athirst only for God; yea, even for the living God . . . like as the hart panteth after the water brooks so longeth the soul after God." The faculties of the mind are still; the mysteries of divine grace cannot be fathomed. The soul has entered into the secret place of the Most High; it is abiding under the shadow of the Almighty, and its language is, "Whom have I in Heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth to be desired besides Thee."

(4) SHOWERS FROM HEAVEN.

The fourth stage is ecstasy or rapture. Teresa likens this to a gracious rain which cometh down from Heaven and refresheth the earth. It fills and saturates in its abundance the whole of the soil of the garden. It usually comes unexpectedly; the labourer is taken by surprise, and sees the once dry land converted as by a miracle into a blooming paradise.

At these seasons, she says: "The Divine Spirit floods the soul with grace; it has a desire to enter within the courts of the Lord—a longing that mortality may be swallowed up in life. Even

as a flame mounts upwards, so, inflamed with divine ardour, the soul seems to ascend above itself, and before the thoughts can be collected, by a power which is felt to be irresistible, it falls into a state of trance, as though passing away, as though caught up in a cloud. The first sensation is that of fear; the flesh and the heart fail. Even as at the Transfiguration, the disciples feared as they entered into the cloud, the soul on the verge of ecstasy is affrighted. But God is the strength of the heart. It hears the voice saying, 'Fear not, it is I.' An absolute surrender of the whole being is made to Him, and the soul wings its flight into the unseen, where fear is lost in fruition."—(*Spanish Mystics*, pp. 52–56.)

TERESA'S VISIONS.

To Mrs. Graham, this four-fold progress to ecstasy through passivity is more or less incomprehensible, and she begins her narrative of St. Teresa's visions by the following remark:—

It is into this mysterious region of her mind, peopled with the phantoms and spectres which she placed there by some strange psychological process, which must ever remain unexplained and unexplainable—her own creations which imposed upon her as tangible realities—that we are now about to enter.—(P. 169.)

Mrs. Graham may be right, but she has no evidence fortifying her assertion that St. Teresa's visions were not tangible ones; she probably meant to say, objective realities. This, however, by the way.

HER CLAIRVOYANCE.

Here is Teresa's own account of her first experience in Clairvoyance, although it is hardly correct to call Clairvoyance that which she distinctly says was out of sight. It was rather a sensing than a seeing, although the seeing was to come after.

At last, after spending two years in which this was my constant prayer, as well as that of others to the same end, namely that God would either lead me by some other way to declare the truth (for the locutions which, as I have said, the Lord made to me were very constant), this happened. Being in prayer on the festival of the glorious St. Peter, I saw close to me, or rather felt—for I saw nothing either with the eyes of the body or of the soul—but it seemed to me that Christ was close beside me, and I saw that it was He himself who spoke to me, at least so it appeared to me. As I was entirely ignorant that it was possible to have such a vision, it filled me at first with great fear, and I could do nothing but weep, although He had only to speak a single word of encouragement for me to remain as usual, soothed, refreshed and fearless. Then, greatly troubled, I went to relate it to my confessor. He asked me in what form I saw Him, "I said I did not see Him." He asked me how then, "Did I know it was Christ?" "I said that how I knew not, but that I could not help but understand that He was close beside me, and that I saw and felt Him clearly."—(P. 169.)

AN ACT OF THE SIXTH SENSE.

In the following attempt to explain this sense of an unseen presence, Teresa comes near to describing that sixth sense of which the race is just now becoming once more conscious. She says:—

In the words of which we have spoken before, God forces the understanding (in spite of herself) to attend and listen to what is said, but now it seems that the soul has other ears with which to listen, which force her to hear and concentrate her attention, just as if some one with sound hearing was not allowed to cover his ears, he would hear any one shouting close to him whether he wished or not.—(P. 170.)

HER PSYCHICAL DEVELOPMENT.

The development of this sixth sense was progressive. First, ecstasy; second, clairaudience; third, a feeling of an

invisible presence; fourth, partial clairvoyance; fifth, clairvoyance complete. Teresa's discrimination between her vision is very minute. She says:—

Being one day in prayer, the Lord showed me his hands alone with such exceeding beauty as is beyond the power of words to describe. A few days afterwards I also saw the divine face, which left me entirely absorbed in wonder and admiration. I could not understand why the Lord showed himself thus by slow degrees. . . until afterwards I knew that his Majesty was leading me according to my human weakness.

These imperfect glimpses of Christ's humanity culminated in a crowning manifestation of the Divine Presence.

On the festival of St. Paul, being at mass, this most sacred humanity was most completely represented to me, as He is painted after the resurrection. I never saw this vision, though imaginary, with the bodily eyes, nor with any others, except the eyes of the soul (the imagination). They, who know better than I, say that the former one (that seen neither with the eyes of the body nor the soul) is more perfect than this, and this very much more so than those seen by the bodily eyes. This last-named, they say, is the lowest and most subject to the deceptions of the devil, although at this time I could not understand this and desired, since this mercy was vouchsafed me, that I might see it with the bodily eyes, so that my confessor should not say that it was my imagination.

HOW TO DISCERN THE TRUE VISION.

It seems to me (she speaks of the visions produced by the agency of the devil) that in this way he has endeavoured to represent the Lord himself to me in false representation; it takes bodily shape, but he cannot counterfeit the glory which belongs to it when it is from God. . . . He who has had a true vision of God may distinguish it almost at once; for although it begins with pleasure and delight, the soul flings it away from her, and, to my thinking, even the delight must be different, and is not like pure and chaste love. A vision fabricated by imagination, apart from the absence of the great and mysterious operations which alone belong to the pure imaginary vision, leaves the soul unrefreshed, weakened, tired, and unsatisfied, like a person still awake does all he can to induce sleep, and sometimes succeeds in falling into a doze; but if it is not real sleep he receives no benefit from it, nor does it relieve the giddiness of his head, but rather increases it.

In some things, indeed, it seemed to me that it was an image that I saw, but in many others that it was no other than Christ himself, according to the clearness with which He was pleased to show himself unto me.

But this, if it is an image, is a living one; not a dead man but a living Christ; and it gives us to understand that He is Man and God, not as He was in the sepulchre, but as He rose from it after the resurrection.

A LIGHT CLEARER THAN THE SUN.

It will be seen by your Grace that it needed not much effort to see hands and face so beautiful; so extreme with the beauty of glorified bodies, that the mind is stunned with the glory of a sight so supernaturally beautiful, and so fearful did it make me that I was entirely bewildered and fluttered, although afterwards I was convinced and reassured, and its effects were such that soon all fear vanished. . . . Though I were many years endeavouring, I should not know how to set about to figure forth a thing so beautiful, for its whiteness and splendour are alone beyond all that we can imagine here—not a splendour that dazzles but a soft whiteness infused with radiance, which gives most great delight to the sight, which is not tired either by it or by the clearness by which we see this beauty so divine—a light so different from that we see on earth that, after it, the clearness of the sun loses all its lustre, and our eyes would never more care to reopen to that of earth.—(Pp. 171—172.)

A RATIONALIST EXPLANATION.

So much for St. Teresa's own account of what she saw. Now let us hear Mrs. Graham's attempt to explain it all

away into a mere visualizing by the sub-conscious self of impressions already imprinted on the brain.

Such the analysis she has left us of her visions—visions which it is probable were moulded on the recollection of the vivid and realistic pictures of the early Spanish painters, full of force and emotion, which then abounded, as they did, until very recently, in every old house in Spain—pictures which she had gazed at for hours, absorbed in devotion (note her expression, "This most sacred Humanity was represented to me as He is painted after the resurrection"), until they had so engraven themselves upon her imagination that, when the strains of the mass rose through the silent church, and the censers filled the air with heavy vapours, and the figure of the priest with arms uplifted in the solemn act of consecration, was outlined against the altar, like some ancient prophet of old, the kneeling nun unconsciously reproduced them, flushing them with such life and vigour that she believed she was embracing the supernatural—having long ago forgotten the predisposing cause.—(P. 173.)

NOT THE DEVIL ANYHOW.

Teresa herself scouted this kind of explanation. To quote a timely phrase, "The proof of the pudding is the eating of it," and St. Teresa appealed to her own experience to confound her sceptical friends who would have it that her visions were either all imagination or all of the devil. She says:—

If they who said this, told me that a person who had just finished speaking to me, and whom I knew well was not that person, but they knew that I had fancied it, doubtless I should believe them rather than what I had seen; but if this person left behind him some jewels as pledges of his great love, whereas before I had none, and I found myself rich being poor, I could not believe it even if I wished to. And these jewels I could show them; for all who knew me saw clearly that my soul was changed, and my confessor confirmed it, for the difference in everything was so great and palpable, that everyone could see it with the utmost clearness. For whereas before I had been so wicked, I said that I could not believe that, if the devil did this to deceive and lure me to hell, he would take such contrary means as to remove my sins and replace them by virtues and fortitude.—(P. 174.)

LIVING IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

Even Mrs. Graham is constrained to admit that, whether objective or subjective, there can be no doubt as to Teresa's intense realisation of their existence. She says:—

She felt the divine form clothed in all the glory of the resurrection ever beside her, and watched the divine and beauteous lips as they moved in speech of ineffable sweetness or rigorous reproof. His presence never left her, unless when unable to bear the divine compassion of his gaze, her soul was suspended in rapture so sublime, "that she lost this beauteous vision in order to enjoy it more," or when, as she was consumed with desire to note the shade and colour of his eyes it melted into space. In the Host she saw the presence which the dogma of her faith taught her to believe was there in very truth. The vision changed according to her mood. In her hours of darkness and despondency Christ showed her his wounds, his suffering on the cross and in the garden; his brow pierced with the crown of thorns; or himself bearing the cross to Calvary, "but the flesh always glorified."—(P. 175.)

"AND THEY SAID HE HATH A DEVIL."

After a time, a new Confessor had come to the convent who was not psychical. He bade her make a gesture of contempt, such as is used to protect the evil eye, whenever she had a vision. For he, poor man, was quite sure—first, that it was the devil, and secondly, that this contemptuous mode of dealing with him would effectually banish the foul fiend. Teresa obeyed her Confessor. But lo! in place of

punishment for her scorn, a sign was graciously given to her. She says:—

It gave me the greatest pain to make this gesture when I saw this vision of the Lord; for when I saw Him before me, I could not believe that He was the devil, even if they tore me in pieces, and so it was a sort of great mortification to me. To avoid crossing myself so often I held a cross in my hand.

But as she thus holds out the crucifix or her rosary, Christ takes it from her fingers; and when she receives it again she finds that the four large beads of black ebony transmuted into precious stones, in comparison with whose surpassing brilliancy and effulgence the diamond itself appears counterfeit and dim, and on them engraven the five wounds "of very lovely workmanship." "He told me that so I should see it from now henceforward—and so it was, although," she adds naively, "none saw it but I."—(P. 175.)

A VISION OF OUR LORD.

The visions, instead of vanishing, become more wonderful. Here is the most minute description she has given us of her vision of our Lord:—

The Lord willed me sometimes to see this vision. I saw an angel in bodily form, close beside me at my left hand; which I do not use to see but very seldom. Although I often see angels it is without seeing them as in the vision of which I spoke of first (the intellectual vision). In this vision the Lord willed that I should see Him thus. He was not large but small, and very beautiful; his face so resplendent that He seemed to be of the highest order of angels, who appear to be all ablaze; they must be those called cherubim for they do not tell me their names. (Here on the margin of the original MS. of her Life, the exact Banes has added the following note: "rather of those they call seraphim.") In his hands I saw a long dart of gold, and on the iron tip it seemed to me was a little fire. With this He seemed to me to pierce my heart several times, and that it penetrated to my very entrails; it seemed to me that it bore them with it when He drew it out, and left me all aflame with love of God. The pain was so great that it made me give those moans, and so excessive the sweetness caused by this exceeding pain that one cannot desire it to go nor can the soul content itself with less than God. It was not a bodily but a spiritual pain, although the body fails not to share in it somewhat, and indeed a good deal. It is a love-passion which passes between the soul and God, so sweet that I beseech Him of his goodness to let him who may think I lie, partake of it.—(P. 179—180.)

WRESTLING WITH DEMONS.

St. Teresa, however, was by no means exempt from the law that subjects explorers of Borderland in a peculiarly painful fashion to the snares and assaults of the devil. Mrs. Graham, describing this phase of Teresa's experience, says:—

Now it is a hideous monster with a transparent and shadowless body, vomiting flames, whose grinning mouth gives vent to terrible menaces. A little black imp howls close beside her, and rains blows on her body, head, and arms for five hours, which left her as stiff and sore as if she had been severely beaten, whilst, strange to say, those around looked on in horror but gave no assistance. She delivered a priest, who commended himself to her prayers, from mortal sin of a most abominable nature. His temptations could only be compared to the pains of hell, and she prays that the devils which tormented him may be sent to her instead, if that will mitigate his sufferings. The nuns who entered her cell, after one of these conflicts, affirm that it smelt of brimstone. In the choir she felt herself seized by a sudden impulse of recollection, and the assembled sisterhood heard loud blows on the spot where she had been, and she herself, a confused jabbering of voices as if in consultation. Then it seemed to her that invisible hands tried to strangle her; and when holy water was sprinkled on the spot she saw a multitude of demons rush away, as if flinging them-

selves down into some bottomless abyss. Their fury increases when she rescues a soul from their claws. On the night of All Souls, that terrible night of the year, when, according to Spanish legend, the departed dead come back to visit us, as she was praying in the oratory, and had just finished the office for the dead, a devil alighted on the pages of her Breviary. At that moment she saw some souls released from purgatory. In a trance on Trinity Sunday she is the spectator of a fierce combat between devils and angels, which seemed to her to portend trouble. A fortnight afterwards a dispute occurred which was productive of much harm to the convent. She sees herself surrounded by devils, but a great light encircles her, beyond which they cannot pass.—(P. 182—183.)

A VISION OF HELL.

These painful visions were not purposeless, for we read :—

A vision of hell, which took place about this time, confirmed her in the magnanimous resolve to devote her life to the rescue of souls and the extirpation of heresy. It was one of the greatest mercies that God ever bestowed on me; for not only did it make me lose all fear of the tribulation and contradictions of life, but it gave me strength to suffer them and give thanks to the Lord for having delivered me from such eternal and terrible sufferings. . . . I also gained from it the profound pain which fills me at seeing such numbers of souls bent on their own perdition (especially those of the Lutherans, already members of the Church by baptism), and the strong impetuses to help them; for certainly it seems to me that I would willingly suffer many deaths to deliver one of them from such unutterable torment.—(P. 187.)

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

It is somewhat comforting to those who have spiritual experiences of other kinds to find that even Teresa was sometimes tempted even as less saintly mortals by doubts and fears as to be the objections of her own phenomena. She says :—

I forgot all the mercies that the Lord had done to me; only a memory as of something I had dreamt remained to give me pain; for the understanding is so obscured that I am left at the mercy of a thousand doubts and surmises. It seemed to me that I had been mistaken; and that perhaps it had all been a fancy, and that it was enough to have deceived myself without seeking to deceive good people.—(P. 184.)

But she is comforted by a very sensible reflection :—

Her ecstasies, she notes, are followed by a marked improvement in her bodily health, which sometimes lasts for more than three hours, sometimes for a whole day. She would fain that all who knew her should also know her sins. She can arrive at but one conclusion; it cannot be the "devil that has sought out so many ways of doing good to my soul . . . for he cannot be so stupid." If he was at the bottom of her visions, it is impossible that God should have disregarded her own ceaseless prayers, and those which have been offered up to Him on her account, "by so many good people in the last two years, or that He would have allowed these things to go any further."—(P. 193.)

TERESA THE REFORMER.

It is no purpose of mine to attempt, in these pages, to describe the struggle of this sublime mystic to reform the corrupt monastic life of Spain in the sixteenth century. Suffice it to say that, after dwelling in the inner mysteries of the invisible world, Teresa's soul had revolted against the cloistered worldliness and selfish ease which surrounded her, and that she dedicated the rest of her life to the restoration of a severer order of ascetic life in the conventual establishments of her native land. She was overwhelmed by calumny. She, a saint of God, was assailed by the "Religious" as if she had been the vilest prostitute. Her greatest foes were those of her own household, and more than once the highest articulate expression

of the Church's opinion condemned her to silence. She was a woman, and it was presumptuous for her to teach. She was a Reformer, therefore she had against her all the Conservatives of a church that reeks with Conservatism. She was almost alone, with no other programme than that of mystic contemplation, active benevolence, and constant self-sacrifice. Yet she triumphed over all her adversaries. She was strong, was St. Teresa—strong in her faith in the Lord and the power of his might, and a strange influence seemed to compel even her enemies to do her bidding.

THE MYSTIC BRIDE OF CHRIST.

What was that influence? If St. Teresa were to be asked she would answer that it was of the Lord, and that it was manifested by her mystic marriage to the Son of God. We have drifted far in these latter days from the glowing audacity of the scriptures. The cold and somewhat unnatural conception of passionate love that prevails with most good people is to the spirit which inspired the Canticles and the Apocalypse what mid-winter is to midsummer. Teresa, cloistered from her twentieth year, was still a child of the southern sun, and the language of the Song of Solomon came naturally to her pen when she essayed to describe the ecstasy of union with the Divine Lord. The Church in the Apocalypse is constantly spoken of as the Bride, the Lamb's wife, as if the last word of the sacred Canon was to indicate to mankind that in the ecstasy and the divine passion of the nuptial union alone could be found any earthly emotion sufficiently exalted and sufficiently holy to be compared to the intense spiritual delights of the conscious union between the Soul and its Saviour. Teresa accepted all this quite naturally. As the Church was the Bride, the Lamb's wife, so the Teresa de Avila was united in mystic wedlock with our Lord. It was the sublimated expression of her sex, finding outlets in the loftiest mysticism, but bearing proof in every turn of every phrase of the tree from which it had sprung.

THE CEREMONY OF ESPOUSAL.

As Mrs. Graham reminds her readers, St. Teresa was by no means the first of female saints who believed that in a very personal and real manner they had become spouses of Christ. In that celestial wedlock she was preceded by St. Agnes, St. Cecilia, and St. Catherine of Alexandria. Her own account of her espousal reads somewhat strangely to our prosaic ears.

I saw Christ, represented to me as at other times in an imaginary vision, in the interior of my soul, give me his hand, and say to me: Behold this nail, which is the sign that from this day henceforth thou shalt be my bride. Until now thou hast not merited it. Henceforth thou shalt watch over my honour not only as thy Creator and King and God, but as my spouse in very truth. My honour is thine and thine mine.—(Vol. II., p. 10.)

"My spouse in very truth"! What ecstasies of mystic meditation these words cover, what vistas of intense excitement and satisfaction of the woman's whole nature do they open up to our gaze. Christendom would never have been born if the early converts had not fallen in love with Christ, and transferred, glorified, and redeemed the strongest and most passionate emotions of mankind to the love and worship of the Redeemer. Martyrs died jubilant in flames because they had experienced the miraculous uplift of the secret of the new faith—that of an intense passionate personal love for a vivid realised human ideal that called forth and satisfied their whole nature. Here in Spain of the sixteenth century we have

it again. Teresa becomes the spouse of Christ, and from that sacred and mystic espousal sprang as offspring the reform of the religious orders in Spain.

"IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID!"

The course of true love in her case ran no more smoothly than with others less mystical in their affections. Her confessor, Father Alvarez, forbade her to communicate so frequently, as her most enraptured hours were spent at the table of the Lord. From all these limitations and interdicts pronounced by those who claimed to be vested with authority conveyed in direct line of apostolical succession, Teresa appealed direct to the Lord. She cried aloud, "Oh my Lord, although all rise up against me, all created things persecute me, demons torment me, desert not me who putteth her trust in Thee." Immediately the Divine Voice spoke to her soul and said: "Fear not, my daughter, it is I. Be not afraid. I will not leave thee." And at the sound of the Divine word, her fears vanished, and she was strong and calm, rejoicing in the assurance of the constant presence of her heavenly bridegroom.

THE MIRROR OF THE SOUL.

Teresa, unlike most of those who have had strange psychic experiences, took a keen intellectual pleasure in analysing and explaining the visions which she had of Christ, and her conception of God. Here are two significant extracts:—

Being, with the rest, at hours, my soul was suddenly suspended, and every part of it seemed to me like a clear mirror whose back and sides, top and bottom, were all absolutely clear, and Christ our Lord, as I am accustomed to see Him, in the centre of it. It seemed to me that I saw Him clearly in every part of my soul as in a mirror, and this same mirror (I know not how) was entirely sculptured in Christ himself by a communication (that I cannot describe) of exceeding love. I know that this vision did me great good whenever I thought of it, especially after communicating. I understood that when a soul is in mortal sin this mirror is covered with a dense mist, and becomes very black, so that the Lord can neither be represented in it or seen, although He is ever present giving us life and being; and that in the case of heretics it is as if the mirror were shattered, which is much worse than if it were only darkened. The way in which it is seen is very different from any description of it, for it is very difficult to make anyone understand it. But it has done me great good and filled me with sorrow for the times when my sin darkened my soul so much that I could not see my Lord.—(Vol. II., p. 10.)

THE DEITY AND THE DIAMOND.

Being once upon a time in prayer, it was represented to me like a flash, although I saw nothing formed, still it was a representation with all clearness, how all things are seen in God and how all things are contained in Him. . . . It seemed to me, I repeat, although I cannot be certain, that I saw nothing (still something must be seen since I am able to give this comparison), but it is in a way so subtle and delicate that the understanding cannot reach it or I do not myself understand these visions, or they do not appear imaginary and in some of them something of this there must be, but rather that as the faculties are suspended, they cannot shape it afterwards in the way the Lord then represents it to them, and wills that they should enjoy it. Let us say that the divinity is like a very lustrous diamond, larger than all the world, but like a mirror in the same way as what I said of the soul in a former vision, saving that it is in a manner so transcendental that I cannot express it, and that all we do see in this diamond, it being so fashioned that it includes everything within itself because there is nothing but what is contained within this magnitude. It was a fearful thing for me to see in so brief a space, so many things together in this clear diamond, and most grievous whenever I think of it to see what ugly things were represented in that lovely clearness as were my sins.—(Vol. II., p. 10.)

LEVITATION.

About this time fresh phenomena are chronicled. About the time of her espousal the amazed nuns in the Convent of the Encarnacion declare they saw her and Jean de la Cruz floating in ecstasy in mid-air. This species of levitation, not of the ecstatic order, was of very frequent occurrence in the experience of Mr. Stainton Moses and of D. D. Hume.

A VISION OF THE VIRGIN.

Teresa's visions now began to be more general.

On St. Stephen's Eve, during the first year of her rule at the Encarnacion, as the voices of the nuns intoned the magnificent strains of the *Salve Regina*, Teresa, kneeling in the choir, wrapped in ecstatic devotion, saw the Queen of Heaven flutter down, surrounded by a multitude of angels and by some strange transmutation fill the place of the wooden image in the prior's stall (at least, it seemed to me that I saw not the image but our Lady as I say), whilst the invisible forms of the angels (whose presence she felt but did not see) clustered above the carved heads of the choir stalls, and wreathed themselves about the lectern.—(Vol. II., pp. 11—12.)

ST. ALBERT AND ST. DOMINIC HER COUNSELLORS.

She also saw and took counsel with St. Albert and St. Dominic, and on the occasion of meeting St. Albert, she asserted that she was accompanied by Christ Himself.

On St. Albert's Day (the 7th August) as she approached the altar to communicate she had, according to the chronicler, seen Christ on her right hand and St. Albert on her left. Presently Christ disappeared, leaving her alone with St. Albert, to whom she commended her nascent Order. It was then that St. Albert counselled the separation of the new and vigorous offshoot from the ancient stock and its formation into a separate province.—(Vol. II., p. 39.)

After remaining for half an hour in prayer, to the wonder of the prior and monks who accompanied her and waited to bid her farewell, Yangués noticed that her face was flushed and radiant, and wet with tears. She replied to his inquiries that St. Domingo had appeared to her in great splendour and glory, and had promised to favour her order. After shriving, his penitent Yangués led her to a little chapel which contained a carved image of the founder of his Order. Here, he said, St. Domingo appeared to her again, and told her of the great conflicts which he had waged with devils on that same spot, and the celestial favours he had there received.—(Vol. II., p. 40.)

THE BLACK-AND-WHITE DOG OF ST. DOMINIC.

This was not the only manifestation of St. Dominic's interest in Teresa's work. A very curious story of an apparition of a black-and-white dog is told as follows by Mrs. Graham:—

Whilst the Commission thus sat in judgment on the affairs of the Discalced Carmelites, Friar Nicholas de Jesus Maria (Doria), accompanied by another friar on his way to and from the Carmelite Monastery and the Convent of the Atocha, where the Commissioners resided; was followed by a black-and-white dog, the symbol of the Dominican Order. "Although they were astonished they were not afraid," the chronicler remarks. This dog, every now and then, turning round his head to look back at them, led them when they got to the Atocha to the cell of the Father, Master Fray Pedro Fernandez, and then disappeared. This happened several times, until at last it seemed to them so mysterious that they went thither through other streets, but always when they found themselves on the outskirts of the town, there they found the dog waiting them. When they mentioned it to Fernandez he, like themselves, being unable to account for it, nor to guess what dog it was, they came to the conclusion that it contained a mystery; and that the glorious Santo Domingo had chosen that way of showing how ardently he had taken upon himself the affairs of Teresa and her Order, even as he had promised her when she had prayed to him in his house at Segovia.—(Vol. II., pp. 237—8.)

HER PROPHECIES.

Teresa began to manifest all the usual supernatural gifts. She healed with a touch, she prophesied, she appeared at a distance from her body in double. Miracles were wrought to save her life. Her life was full of prodigies. Here, for instance, is one of her prophecies :—

In this town Teresa lodged in the house of one Marcos Gracia and Isabella Lopez his wife. As is still the custom in patriarchal Spain, their eight children were called up to be inspected by the stranger. Teresa raised her veil, and after looking at them intently one by one, she said to their mother, "Your Grace, mistress, possesses amongst these eight, two, one of whom will be a great saint, a benefactor of many souls and the Reformer of a great Order, as time will show." And then, raising her right hand, she placed it on the shoulder of Antonio Lopez (the narrator), and said, "Little saint, remember that you will need much patience, for many are the rude blows you will receive in this valley of tears. What say you to that?" And he replied, "I will have all I can." And again she repeated her question, "But what if the blows be very great, what say you?" And then she went on, "Time will show that when one of these eight have been dead five years, it shall still be seen which one of them it was."—(Vol. II., p. 55.)

One of these children became famous as St. Juan Baptista de la Concepcion, the reformer of the Trenzianians; another became a female saint or the Carmelite order.

HER DOUBLE.

When her muleteers lost their way on the defiles of the Sierra Morena, her prayers were answered by the voice of St. Joseph, which directed them to safety. Even the mules seemed to have received supernatural strength, and sprang forward as if they trod on air. On one occasion, when Teresa was in Segovia, a dying nun in Medina del Campo was cheered in her dying hour by a visit of Teresa's double. The nuns found their sister strangely rallied on her death-day.

When they questioned her she told them that the Mother Teresa had been with her, who, after gently stroking her face and blessing her, had said: "Daughter, do not be silly, and have no fear but great confidence in what your Spouse did for you; for the glory is great and be sure that to-day you shall enjoy it." It was noted afterwards that at the moment she passed away Teresa (in Segovia) fell into an ecstasy and saw the scene that was passing far away at Medina del Campo.—(Vol. II., p. 38.)

The phenomenon of the Double communicating to the physical consciousness what it has seen, is not unusual; but, as a rule, the Double does not keep his physical counterpart informed of what he (the Double) sees and hears.

MISCELLANEOUS MARVELS.

One of the miraculous escapes of Teresa is thus recorded :—

Short as was Teresa's sojourn in Sta Ana, it left its special legend; and the nuns still tell how, whilst the hermitage was being transformed into a convent, a workman let the wheel he was making for the well slip from his fingers and fall upon her with such force as to fell her to the ground, and she must assuredly have been killed had not St. Joseph (on whose eve it happened) miraculously saved her life.—(Vol. II., p. 279.)

It was during her stay in this Spanish Thebaid, that the spirit of Catalina Cardona appeared to her at mass.

The dead saint, of whose glorified body she had a vision as she communicated in the church, spoke words of encouragement to the living saint, still struggling, "that I should not get wearied, but endeavour to go forward with these foundations."—(Vol. II., p. 276.)

She had also the gift of healing. On one occasion, Mrs. Graham tells us :—

They found the prioress, Alberta Bautista, ill in bed with a high fever. "Jesus! daughter," said the saint, passing her hands gently over the sick woman's face, "and are you ill just when I am here? Come, get up and have supper with me." And so she did, for as she rose in obedience to Teresa's bidding, she felt herself suddenly relieved, and at once set about ministering to the necessities of the beloved guest.—(Vol. II., p. 347.)

IMMANUEL: GOD WITH US!

With all these supernatural, if not supernatural, messages, is it any wonder that St. Teresa had a firm and indwelling conviction in the reality of her Divine Mission? As one ecclesiastic sullenly remarked :—

The Mother Teresa de Jesus must bear in her bosom some mandate from the Royal Council of God, so that, in spite of ourselves, we are all forced to do even as she wishes.—(Vol. II., p. 305.)

Even Mrs. Graham, who has not been able to persuade herself to postulate God, cannot refrain from commenting thus upon the source of Teresa's strength :—

Never once through the whole course of her career has Teresa felt a doubt as to her mission being the special care of the Divinity. She would fain annihilate herself, so that all the honour and glory may be his. One of the most conclusive proofs, as it seems to me, of the nobleness and purity of her character, of the loftiness of her motives, is this serene and childlike conviction that she was guided by an exterior power. For Teresa de Jesus it was the condition of her work, the condition of her ability to perform it, that she should feel brooding about her and within her this mysterious Presence, counselling and shaping her decisions even in those temporal matters which we might justly consider to be most beneath the notice of the Deity.

TAKING COUNSEL WITH THE HIGHEST.

Even in her choice of a convent, she unhesitatingly accepts the inner voice of conscience for mysterious dictates from above. She had been offered, and had rejected, the Hermitage of Our Lady of the Street—a popular and much-frequented shrine—in favour of another house found for her by the friendly canons, Reinoso and Salinas, when "I begin to feel a great anxiety and uneasiness which would scarcely let me sit still through the mass; I drew near to receive the most Holy Sacrament, and immediately I received it I heard these words in such a way that I resolutely determined not to take the one I had intended by Our Lady; 'This is the one for thee.' It began to seem to me difficult to draw back from a business so far advanced, and so much to the liking of those who had been so active in bringing it about. The Lord answered, 'They know not the great offence that is offered to me here, nor the remedy this will be.' It crossed my mind that it might be a snare, although I could not but believe it, for I saw well, in the operation it worked on me, that it was the spirit of God. He then said, 'It is I It seemed to me that they would think me vain and flighty when they saw such a sudden change, a thing which I greatly abhor To avoid this, I confessed it to the Canon Reinoso.'—(Vol. II., pp. 305—306.)

The lively oracles of God were to her no vague and fitful voices. She consulted her Lord with the same unhesitating faith that the high priests of Israel went to learn the will of Jehovah by the Urim and Thummim. As Enoch walked with God, Teresa talked with God. "I know," she writes in her life, "that although He is the Lord, I can commune with Him as with a friend. He is not like the princes of the earth, who maintain their dignity by state and grandeur. Freely and without restraint does He let us approach Him."

A RETORT BEN TROVATO.

Teresa practised what she preached. There is one delightful story told of her carrying this familiarity so far as to indulge in a repartee with her Divine spouse. She was over sixty when, in one of her many journeys, she came to a river in flood, which she crossed at great peril of her life.

It is said, that when she found herself on the opposite brink, she was heard to mutter, "It seems impossible that, after having consecrated my existence and dedicated all my labours to Thee, thou shouldst treat me thus." Whereupon a voice answered her from above (doubtless Christ's): "Thus do I treat my friends!" To which she no less promptly rejoined, "For this reason hast Thou so few."—(Vol. II., p. 350.)

At which retort we may imagine a slight smile illumined the Divine face.

TERESA'S GREAT SAYINGS.

Teresa was no mere visionary. Who can forget that famous speech of hers, when, with but three ducats in her possession, she began her convent in Toledo. "Teresa and three ducats are, indeed, nothing; but God, Teresa, and three ducats can accomplish it." To Teresa God was her Senior Partner, and she assumed, constantly, that He made ample allowance for the shortcoming of his juniors.

Another of her great sayings recalls Carey's saying: "Attempt great things for God, and expect great things from God."

Accustom yourselves to have great desires, for out of them great benefits may be derived, even if they cannot be put into action.—(Vol. II., p. 376.)

After many years of arduous labour Teresa drew near the end of her pilgrimage. To her the hour of death was but the hour of re-union with her Lord. As she herself phrased it:—

"It will be a great thing at the hour of death, to see that we are going to be judged by one whom we have loved above all things. Securely may we set forth to answer for our sins; for it will not be to set forth to a strange country, but our own native land, since it is that of Him we love, and who loves us." Camino de Perfeccion.—(Vol. II., p. 368.)

THE STAR AT HER DEATH.

When she passed away into the presence of her Beloved, the passing of the saint was accompanied by many signs and wonders.

The nuns began to remember, and to repeat to each other, in awe-stricken whispers, how, between eight and nine of the morning, a sister had seen a ray of light, clear as crystal, above all conception lovely, pass close by the window of the cell where she afterwards died; how that very summer they had heard close by them, when at prayer, a soft and tender moan, and how the Mother Catalina Bautista, the infirmarian, looking up at the heavens as she prayed before the crucifix in the convent patio, had seen a star larger and brighter than the rest, alight and stop stationary above the roof of the central nave of the church, bathing it in bright effulgence.—(Vol. II., p. 379.)

THE PASSING OF THE SAINT.

That self-same night as the nuns watched round her bed, the infirmarian Catalina de la Concepcion, sitting close to the low window of the cell which looked out upon the cloister, heard a rustle as of many footsteps, and looking out, she saw a great and brilliant throng, clothed in white, which seemed to enter the cell and fill it with their presence. At the moment when the celestial visitors reached Teresa's bed she expired.

That same night Ana de Jesus, lying sick unto death in her far away convent of Granada, saw, standing beside her bed, a Carmelite nun, whose face she could not discern because of its surpassing glory and splendour. And as she looked, saying to herself: "Surely I know this nun!" the face smiled and drew nearer and nearer, until, dazzled by the excessive splendour which encircled the glorious figure, she could see no more. And not to one only, but to many of her children did she appear that night at that mysterious moment, when with three sighs, so gentle and so feeble as to be scarcely perceptible, her soul left the bondage of the flesh. "We here in Heaven," whispered the vision to a Carmelite monk, whose name is not given, "and you there on earth must be one in love and purity; we above seeing the Divine Essence, and you on earth adoring the most Holy Sacrament. So that you below shall do with it, what we hear with the essence; we enjoying and you suffering, for herein lies the difference between us; and the more your suffering the greater your joy. Say this to my daughters."—(Vol. II., pp. 382-383.)

After her death her body exhaled sweet odour, and when it was again and again exhumed it was found to be undecayed and fragrant.

Strange knockings were heard inside the grave itself. An indescribable fragrance issued from it, a fragrance varying not only in degree, but in nature; sometimes like lilies, at others like jessamine and violets, sometimes impossible to define.—(Vol. II., p. 385.)

FROM THE PILLORY TO THE CALENDAR.

In her lifetime the papal Nuncio had denounced her as:—

That restless, roving, disobedient, contumacious female, who, under the cover of devotion, invents evil doctrine; leaving the retirement of the cloister to gad about, against the order of the Council of Trent and her superiors; teaching as if she were a master, against the teachings of St. Paul, who ordered that women should not teach.—(Vol. II., p. 223.)

After her death Rome canonized her, and even stamped with the papal imprimatur, that most dubious of all the wonders of Teresa worship, the transverberation of her heart.

APPARITIONS OF ST. TERESA AFTER DEATH.

After her death St. Teresa repeatedly appeared to those whom she left behind.

But the manifestation of the spirit of the great Spanish mystic is no fitful and temporary phenomenon. To this day St. Teresa is said to appear at the death-beds of all her daughters. Mrs. Graham says:—

So great was the hold that she had taken upon the imagination of her enthusiastic disciples that few who had known her in life failed to see her presence in that mysterious moment when they hovered between two dim and unknown eternities. And to this day, those who enter her rule still assert and believe that their last hours are soothed by the radiant presence of their great foundress and exemplar.—(Vol. II., p. 38.)

With this extract I close this brief and inadequate survey of one of the great Borderlanders whom Rome delighteth to honour. Few of our mediums have ever attained unto the vast variety of psychical faculties which Teresa exercised. Clairaudience, Clairvoyance, Levitation, Healing, Prophecy, Premonition—all these gifts were bestowed upon her in lifetime, and as after death she continues to revisit the members of the order she loved so well, she is still in one way a living presence in the world to-day.

And yet the Catholic Church, with its Calendar stuffed from end to end with Borderlanders, looks askance at the study of the phenomena of Borderland!

IV.—THE MYSTIC MUSICIAN.

MR. JESSE SHEPARD.

I.—SECOND HAND REPORTS.

SINCE the publication, in our last number, of the article (consisting mainly of quotations from foreign newspapers) upon the mystic music of Mr. Shepard, we have had great numbers of inquiries from correspondents whose curiosity was aroused as to his alleged gifts of improvisation.

HOW IS HIS "GIFT" TO BE EXPLAINED?

In the absence of first-hand information two questions suggested themselves. First—is Mr. Shepard's performance of the kind described; is it the inspiration of genius? The ability to improvise to a certain extent is not, of course, very uncommon among cultivated musicians, or even among the class that "plays by ear," a class, however, rare in these days of education, which either develops or sweeps away pretensions of this kind.

Secondly—if the performance is of the kind described, have we to deal with a marvellous automatism of the nature which expresses itself in so-called trance-mediumship? or is this a rare but normal gift of improvisation? or finally (we are bound to face every hypothesis), is Mr. Shepard, though posing as untaught, unable to read a note of music, secretly a highly-trained and cultivated musician?

It will be seen that the necessity for the second question depends entirely upon the answer to the first.

WHAT IS SAID ABOUT HIM.

"Unquestionably the greatest psychological figure in the literary and musical world of to-day is Jesse Francis Shepard, musician, poet, critic, and metaphysician."

So begins an article on "The Mystic Musician," which his agent, Mr. Tonner, has been good enough to offer to our pages.

This is high praise indeed, but then Mr. Tonner has been for nine years his constant companion and friend, and might be considered prejudiced, and so one turns to the consideration of other estimates of Mr. Shepard's "mystic" gifts.

In *L'Union Artistique et Littéraire*, of Nice, is the account of a visit paid by Mr. Shepard to the palace of the Duke of Cumberland, where he performed before the Duke and Duchess (the sister, it will be remembered, of the Empress of Russia and the Princess of Wales); before the Queen of Hanover and the Queen of Denmark. According to the newspapers, these personages, with selected members of their three courts, all listened with intensest emotion. "Mr. Shepard felt himself thoroughly at home, and was probably never heard to better advantage. H.R.H. the Duchess of Cumberland later wrote Mr. Shepard a graceful letter, and sent him a superb sapphire surrounded by diamonds."

At the Hague we hear of "his marvellous psychical influence on society," the manner in which "for the first time in Holland the strongholds of the aristocratic and the conservative have given way before a manifestation of psychic power." The editor of an important Dutch spiritistic paper, who entertained Mr. Shepard for some days, "found that he had entertained an angel unawares."

What more could be said of the greatest masters of music, poetry, and metaphysics, the three realms which Mr. Shepard has conquered for his own?

II.—A FIRST HAND ACCOUNT.

Truly it was with profound expectation that I accepted an invitation to hear, yesterday, June 29th, the "inspired mystic," the hero of such supreme achievements.

And now it is over, and despite the testimony of dowager-duchesses and weeping queens, of cathedral clerics and world-famed artists, I am bound in all conscience to declare that I will warrant you a considerably better performance at any boarding-school breaking-up party which your duty as parent or elder may compel you to attend, at the close of this mid-summer term, July, eighteen hundred and ninety-four.

And some who were present and who had heard him many times, assured me that on this occasion Mr. Shepard "surpassed himself."

But, as my friends said to me when I came home, Begin at the beginning.

We were invited for nine o'clock to a private house in the West of London. I had arranged to meet there a gentleman well known among musicians, a critic of considerable experience.

I have myself had some technical musical training, and know something of the possibilities of improvisation, having lived, during the period of my musical studies, in the household of a distinguished musician accustomed to entertain all the first artists who visited England.

I carefully observed my fellow-guests; I ascertained that we had to deal with no "trick" piano, but only an ordinary Erard somewhat the worse for wear (poor thing, it must be worse still now). I was prepared to be on the alert for confederates; I was, in short, quite unnecessarily "clever." It was absolutely the breaking of a butterfly upon the wheel, and I might have spared my pains. A more innocent, commonplace performance I never listened to. Nothing came within a thousand miles of being supernatural, except the noise, and that was indeed portentous.

HOW WE WERE ARRANGED.

After about an hour's waiting the guests were summoned one by one into the music-room. Mr. Shepard himself arranged every detail and placed us in our chairs, which were all very carefully selected and arranged round the room close to the wall. I was to the left of the piano, about six feet away, and (for until the commencement of the concert the proceedings were illuminated by a bedroom candle) in full sight of the key-board. In about ten minutes we were all in our places, but as each guest of the twenty guests was introduced separately, and the door closed behind him, this arrangement took time.

The room was, perhaps, thirty feet long. Our kind hostess had been at the trouble of removing the carpet, hangings, and superfluous furniture. At each end was a window; that nearest the piano was closed and shuttered during the entire performance, the other was left partly open for the first ten minutes, after which we were in total darkness. During the whole time Mr. Shepard himself was invisible.

THE CONDITIONS.

When all preparations were concluded he was heard to shudder, to manipulate his cuffs, and change the position of the music stool. He then directed us to keep absolute silence during the performance, and if we

could not refrain from talking in the intervals, at least to confine ourselves to the matter in hand, and not, above all, to refer to "any physical manifestations" as such allusions were very distressing to the performer; indeed any talk was likely to distract the attention "of the music."

THE FIRST PIECE.

Finally the performance began. The first piece, it was emphatically what used to be described as "a piece," was of the type to be found in the portfolios of our elderly maiden aunts, a melody (not much of a melody, and depending for its existence mainly on the amount of accent bestowed upon it) accompanied by shakes and triplets, alternating between treble and bass, the sort of thing one would expect to find in embossed covers or with the picture of a moonlit scene on the front, a remnant of the days when people used to have "a little music" after dinner. If one were not assured that Mr. Shepard is an inspired musician, normally incapable of learning music, one would have called his rendering "a little out of practice."

ORIENTAL MUSIC.

The next item announced was "an imitation of oriental music." It was very noisy, and for anything I know may have been very oriental indeed. It may be remembered that when the Shah of Persia was asked what part of a magnificent concert (specially arranged for him, I think at the Albert Hall) he thought the finest, it was found that he gave the palm to the preliminary tuning of the violins and cellos. Presumably he knew something of oriental music, and I think he would have been pleased with this part of Mr. Shepard's performance.

"TIETJENS."

Next we were plunged into absolute darkness. The music grew fast and furious when, half-drowned by the tremendous bang and clash of the accompaniment, a loud, shrill shriek arose, a prolonged upper *a*, changing now and again to the note above or below, of the most pronounced falsetto in quality, and very terribly out of tune. As the voice ceased the music fell, and finally died away in a dramatic pianissimo.

There was a moment's pause, broken by the emphatic pronouncement from a neighbour a few places to my right, "Tietjens!" "How do you know?" inquired some feeble soul incapable of rising to so grand an occasion. "She was here!" "And here too," said another voice. "My wife said so last time," said a third. It was my first audience of the great artiste, and I felt silently thankful that she was dead.

A MOZARTIAN SONATA.

Next was announced "a Mozartian Sonata."

In the old school-room days, when we had to get up at six to practise what we irreverently called "Sonat's Mozartas," how thankful we should have been for such a specimen as that! So simple, so short only, one movement, none of the tiresome "developments" in which in the earlier days of the century and of his manipulations, the great master used to delight!

GRISI AND LABLACHE.

Then came a vocal duet, of the kind which Mr. Corney Grain so inimitably presents, a very deep bass alternating with a very high falsetto soprano.

By the way, as Mr. Shepard's claim to be a poet rests upon the words which are wedded to the music of his inspiration, I am bound to admit that they are, as he avers,

in an unknown tongue, sounding much like the sort of noise we were taught to make in practising our *Concours*—the *ah* and *o* and *oo* which were supposed to be better voice training than the consonants of ordinary speech. Again, as before, the soprano voice was accompanied by rapid chords, portentously thumped with the loud pedal down.

This time, so the critics in the audience declared, we had been privileged to listen to Grisi and Lablache.

CROSSING THE RED SEA.

Then came the climax, *The Crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites*, the only "piece" which Mr. Shepard ever repeats, and an unfailling part of his programme.

This was the only part which seemed in any way to support the "miraculous" theory of Mr. Shepard's music. It was difficult to know how he made so tremendous a noise in the bass—a thunder-storm which would make the fortune of a Drury Lane pantomime—when both of his hands must have been in use for the tootling of the fifes in the treble. My friend, however, says he knows the trick—that an elbow or knee is a sufficiently delicate means for all the "touch" required for that business.

THE JEALOUSY HYPOTHESIS.

Yes, I entirely accept Mr. Shepard's assurance that he claims no supernatural endowments, but though I am not conscious of any jealousy of those powers which he places at the service of the public—at a guinea a head—I fear that I may nevertheless be classified in one of the two groups which his friend thus describes:—

Mr. Shepard had to contend with the jealousies not only of orthodox musicians, who saw their theories and methods ignored, but also the jealousies of many who professed an interest in psychical progress, and whom one would have expected to aid him by making his way as smooth and as bright as possible.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

After all, people get what they ask for.

It was not the performer who alleged the presence of Grisi and Lablache. Mr. Tonner has said to me over and over again that Mr. Shepard claims no "spiritual" gifts. A relative of his, of whom even on very slight acquaintance I would not venture to speak but with respect, assures me that they are not spiritualists, that Mr. Shepard is merely an entirely untrained musician, that his performances are remarkable only as being wholly impromptu.

The performances are poor enough, and there is a good deal of theatrical clap-trap about them; but if the same people pay their guineas again and again to hear him, it only shows that they like clap-trap music in the dark, and—well, by all means let them have it!

WERE THERE ANY ROBES AT ALL?

There is a little story in Hans Andersen of some men who were supplied with gold thread and jewels to make a royal robe for the king, a robe of such subtle qualities that only the worthy could see it. As each man was anxious to prove his own powers of psychic and artistic appreciation, the whole town shouted in admiration of the beautiful robes, while the artists, their pockets stuffed with jewels and gold thread, stood by and received such share of homage as each courtier's vanity had to bestow, till some stupid, unappreciative little child cried aloud, "But the king has on no clothes at all!"

I forget how that story ended. Perhaps the artists went away and tried their luck in America, unless they were passed on from America?

Y.—“IT CAME INTO MY HEAD.”—HOW AND WHY. OR THE SOURCE AND ORIGIN OF VISIONS AND IMPRESSIONS.

THERE was an exceptionally well-attended meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, on June 8th, in Westminster Town Hall, when Miss X. read a paper on “The Source of Messages.”

This paper, under the title of “The Apparent Sources of Supernormal Messages,” will appear in due course in the *Proceedings* of the Society. Meanwhile the following notes of the paper will be read with interest and instruction.

Miss X. defines the terms “Supernormal Messages” in the sense understood by the Society for Psychical Research—of communications received in some manner other than the ordinary channels, either (1) sent from one stratum of our personality to another, as in the case of revivals of memory, by means of crystal gazing or automatic writing, or (2) by thought transference from some other mind to our own, or (3) possibly of origin external to ourselves altogether, which apparently do not pass through our conscious minds at all, though we may be, in speech, writing, or vision, the vehicle of their expression.

Miss X. apologised, somewhat needlessly, for using illustrations from her own personal experience. They were so chosen, not because they could not be easily surpassed, for the lover of the marvellous, from the experiences of others, but just because they were her own. She had lately met with a lady who complained that the Psychical Research lecturers occupied themselves with analysing at second hand the emotions and experiences of other people, reminding her of a Board School-mistress, who posed as scientific because “she had a cousin who had once seen Mr. Huxley.” Miss X. made no apology for comparing the learned of the Society for Psychical Research to so accomplished a person as a Board School-mistress, and as history was silent as to the qualifications of the cousin, she hoped she might not be regarded as unduly ambitious if she assigned to herself the part of one who had had some small experiences of her own, who, remote and afar off, “had seen Mr. Huxley.”

It may be added that her address, in its main outlines, was suggested by a paper which she contributed to *BORDERLAND* last January, on the Sources of Messages, and that two of her illustrative anecdotes have already appeared in these pages.

Miss X. began by pointing out that the very fact that the Society was now considering the sources of messages—thus accepting the existence of the messages themselves—marked a definite stage in the enquiry.

We no longer dispute the existence of the phenomena. We even classify the methods of its production under such groupings as “automatism,” “telepathy,” “hypnotic suggestion,” “self-suggestion,” and the like.

But our classifications sometimes merely name while powerless to explain the phenomena. We want to go a step further back, to formulate, if possible, some system which shall help us to refer effect to cause. And when we remember that our material, our unit of thought, is not mere inorganic matter or a gas, a group of animals or plants, but a sentient, thinking human being, it seems as if our enquiry had special advantages and facilities, in that we are not dependent solely on our own observation—that the subject of our enquiry can intelligently participate in the experiment, can itself observe, analyze, and record.

THE SUBJECT'S POINT OF VIEW.

In reading, for example, the most interesting article by M. Binet in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, in which the emotions and impulses of the patients subjected to experiment are explained and classified, one feels tempted, as in regard to other forms of vivisection, to enquire—What was the subject's point of view?

It is from the subject's point of view that I propose to state, in such imperfect form as time permits, not a solution of the problem, but some hint of the difficulties which beset its solution.

SPONTANEOUS PHENOMENA THE MOST USEFUL.

I propose to deal with such phenomena as are purely spontaneous, for directly the question of experiment is introduced, we introduce also the element of that self-consciousness which I venture to think fatally destructive of just those conditions which it is most useful to observe. And, just because of this, just because the phenomenon is in greater or less degree a shock, it is very obvious that we have, at the outset, the inevitable condition of surprise which, in some sort, disqualifies the subject for exact observation.

THE DIFFICULTY OF SELF-ANALYSIS.

My friends have often said, “Surely you must have some impression of the nature of the phenomenon while it is passing, whether the message comes from without or from within, how far it is externalised, whether your vision—supposing a vision to be in question—is an externalisation of your own thought or mental perception: whether it is, so to speak, an emanation from some mind still in the flesh, or whether it is some definite message from a discarnate mind?”

Such a question, it might seem, should be, by an intelligent observer, easy of answer.

I confess, however, to feeling great sympathy with those who find it difficult to analyse sensations of this kind—possibly, even, some impatience with those who have a pigeon-hole ready prepared and docketed for the reception of each impression as it arises.

“IT CAME INTO MY HEAD”—HOW?

Let me illustrate this point from the very simplest class of messages with which I am personally familiar, those in which a message is received, having no obvious corresponding sense impression.

The example I choose is not especially striking, but it happens to be one which was recorded and attested at the time of its occurrence.

I was recovering from recent illness, and I had spent the whole of one July morning out in the garden, lying on a long chair on the lawn. I could not move without help, and was therefore incapacitated from going back to the house and forgetting that I had done so, as might otherwise have been the case. About twelve o'clock a friend, casually calling, came through the drawing-room window into the garden to talk to me. When she returned to the house about half an hour later, a book which she had left in the hall was not to be found, and after a prolonged hunt in every likely place, she, with another friend, came back to the garden to see whether she could have left it near me. On hearing their story I at once remarked, “The book lies on the blue-room bed.” The statement seemed wildly improbable, as the room in question was not in use, and was seldom entered even by the servants. There, nevertheless, on the bed, the book was found. Some workmen had come into the house during the morning, bringing a number of pictures and books belonging to a friend, to be taken care of for a short time, and these, for safety, had been placed in the disused room, the book lying on the hall table having been accidentally included with the new arrivals.

Now, how is one to explain a circumstance of even this simple kind? One can hardly dismiss it as mere "coincidence," for this is but a specimen of a type of incident which occurs very frequently. It would be somewhat far-fetched to call it "telepathic," as the book was unconsciously removed, and we have no reason to suppose that the workman was aware of having included it among those he was carrying. No one in the house had seen its removal. The impression cannot have been, in any literal sense, clairvoyant, because there was no conscious picture in my mind. I formed no vision—of a kind often seen—of the whereabouts of the volume. I had no reason for the statement. I was not conscious even of forming a guess. I can only describe the impulse in some such phrase as "It came into my head to say"—*this*, and many other things of a like kind, equally true, equally improbable, and equally unexpected.

IT CAME INTO SOMEBODY ELSE'S HEAD TO SAY.

I would group with this another case with which it has some features in common, though the source of the message is perhaps more apparent. A very intimate friend had died, and we found a sad pleasure in reading and discussing the many notices of his life and work which appeared in newspapers and magazines. One afternoon his sister, a friend, and myself were speculating as to the probable authorship of an article containing details of a kind so intimate that we felt sure the author must be a personal friend. Several names were suggested and dismissed; at last one of my friends remarked: "I seem to have a hazy notion who it ought to be, but I can't get hold of it." At that moment my eye fell upon the paper in question, and across it I read in the handwriting of my deceased friend (I do not give the real name) Henry Roberts—a name which, to the best of my belief, I never heard before. "That is the man!" my friend exclaimed—when our companion interrupted, "What Roberts do you mean?" "The Oxford man." "But I don't remember one. Where does he live?" "I don't know. I don't fancy he belongs to any college." At this point—again on the paper before me, and again in the handwriting of my friend—I read (I do not give the real name) Montagu Street.

It so happens that both of my friends are much more familiar with Oxford than I am, and the street I have called "Montagu" is a very unimportant one.

The friend who had recognised the name of the man was not able to say whether my further statement was correct, but the other lady remarked, "There is a Montagu Street, I know; but the only man I can remember living there is one whose name I forget—a great botanising man." "That is Roberts," said my friend. "He is a botanist, and he and my brother were great friends, and so the statement is quite likely to be true."

Now the crowning mystery of this story is that it *wasn't* true, and the article was written by some one quite different; so, had I accepted the communication as coming from my deceased friend (which happily I did *not*) I should have added one more to the multitude of cases one constantly hears of—of lying spirits and false messages—which would have been for me a very new and a very distressing experience indeed.

I find no difficulty in supposing that I received the name, Henry Roberts, from the mind of my friend who was trying to think of it, instances of sub-conscious knowledge coming to the surface in the mind of a second person more readily than in that of the thinker, being common enough. The "Montagu Street" question is a little more difficult; but we may perhaps explain it, either as forgotten knowledge on the part of the friend who transmitted the name Henry Roberts, or as a forgotten association with the name Henry Roberts, on the part of our other friend, who knew the name of the street, and not that of the man.

"SEEN IN THE SURROUNDINGS."

Let us take a further example of another kind, of which I could quote many instances—the vision of things "in the surroundings"—as a professed medium would express it—of those about us.

We all probably know the sensation, on being introduced to

any one who excites our interest or curiosity, of making a conscious effort to grasp the stranger's individuality—an effort quite different from the spontaneous sympathy established with a friend. In my own case, this effort is occasionally assisted in a somewhat unusual manner. A picture will form itself in the background of the stranger, which suggests a clue to the problem he presents—some indication of a dominant factor in his life or experience, the origin of which I find it difficult to ascertain. Thus:—

I was visiting for the first time at the house of a friend who had recently married. Her husband I had never met, but all that I had ever heard led me to expect to find him an agreeable gentleman of good birth, fortune, and position. We were introduced, and I soon perceived that he had, at least, the wish to please, and to show hospitality to all the guests assembled. However, from the first moment that I had opportunity to observe him carefully I was troubled by a curious and perplexing hallucination. No matter where he happened to be—at the dinner table, in the conservatory, at the piano—for me the real background disappeared and a visionary scene succeeded. I saw the same man in his boyhood—he was in reality very youthful in appearance—gazing towards me with an expression of abject terror, his head bowed, his shoulders lifted, his hands raised as if to defend himself from expected blows.

I discovered afterwards that this scene was one which had really taken place at a famous public school, when, in consequence of a disgraceful act of fraud, he was ignominiously expelled, and had to "run the gauntlet" of his schoolfellows.

Now, how is such a circumstance to be explained? My own feeling is that the picture was symbolic; that this was, if one may so speak, a precipitated specimen of the man's moral atmosphere—"a taste of his quality"—and my impression is strengthened by the fact that the distrust the incident inspired in my mind has been amply justified by subsequent very disastrous events. Such a scene as this seems analogous to those suggested by "traces"—the picture called up by a psychometric impression rather than directly telepathic. It would be far-fetched to suppose that the scene—which had occurred at least ten years before, and was probably not a uniquely disgraceful incident—was literally present in the mind of its chief actor.

Miss X. further illustrated this point by the story of Mr. H. and the Hindu, to be found in BORDERLAND (pp. 242—3), and proceeded to say that she had no means of deciding between Mr. H.'s interpretation of this incident and her own.

VISIONS OF THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

I find it possible to distinguish between a vision of a living friend and of one who has passed away, by reason of the greater concreteness of the phantasm of the living—a perception, mental perhaps, rather than sensuous; but on very careful reflection, recollection, and analogy, I can find no certain difference in kind between the thought image—the visualisation of an idea—and the so-called "spirit"; suggesting that this, too, may be, in certain cases, the visualisation of an idea—for myself a pregnant fact, infinitely suggestive. My own inclination is invariably to exhaust every possible normal, even every possible extension of natural explanation, before appealing to the supernatural, and I ventured to urge this point upon my correspondent. He, however, assured me that he found a "straightforward spirit" a much more thinkable hypothesis than "an externalised visualisation of a symbolical idea sub-consciously conceived"; and though I may have my opinion on the case in point, "I have no reason but a woman's reason"—"I think it so because I think it so." Such things rest, unfortunately but too often, on impressions too subtle for analysis, almost too subtle for statement.

I should like, before passing on to another point, to illustrate what I have said as to the sense of abstraction which accompanies the image of one who has passed away.

It has happened to me many times, so vivid are these phenomena, to mistake a phantasm for a living person, for the

moment, but only for the moment. I believe that this is merely a consequence of my extreme slow-sightedness, as when the time sufficed, the mistake has always been corrected. If the vision has only sufficient duration, I become conscious of its independence of my environment. In every case I am personally able to recall, the living phantasm brings with it some hint of its own surroundings, of the things with which it has some real relation—the dead seem to be abstracted from any surroundings whatever.

THE TWO PICTURES—LIVING AND DEAD.

Now for my illustration. An old family friend, a very accomplished musician, had directed my musical studies from my earliest childhood. He had a very highly strung, artistic temperament, yet, strange to say, was an absolute Materialist. He was so closely associated with my favourite study, and my desire to please him by diligence and perseverance was so intense, that when thoughts of music occupied my mind, it was not remarkable that I should visualise my old friend at his piano or organ. And it was always definitely at his instrument. If I fancied him at mine, a more careful observation would show that the piano before him was his own favourite Broadwood. I would see him, too, among the surroundings of the seaside home to which he had lately removed, which, though I have never seen it, seems quite familiar, and I was glad to find, on seeing a photograph of his studio only the other day, that I had correctly localized the old familiar furniture.

On the 5th May, 1893, I received a letter from his wife, in which she said that both were getting old and feeble, but nothing of a nature more alarming. On the 9th, one of my frequent pictures of my old friend arose before me. He looked just as usual, with this difference, the image bore no relation to anything else; it was, if I may so describe it, a vignette: there was no piano or violin, and the sense of abstraction, before referred to, was very intense. To a friend, who endorses the story, I remarked sadly that I knew my old friend was dead. I also entered the impression in my diary. The next day brought the sad news. I do not think there was any time coincidence. My friend had died at dawn, and my picture was formed about 9.30 A.M., three hours later. I have never classified this as "a phantasm of the dead," it has rather seemed to me as if some sub-conscious knowledge of the fact, however obtained, served to modify a familiar act of visualisation, or, if we make thought transference the basis of any theory of explanation, as if the Seer were incapable of receiving an impression of the new surroundings, as if the new atmosphere could not communicate itself, as if, let us say, my friend had become abstracted from time and space and had no relation with the things which we call "real."

TWO CLASSES OF MAGAZINE GHOSTS.

And here I would say emphatically that there are two classes of phantasms (I use the word as less committal than "spirits," for I do not feel myself in a position to speak with certainty) two classes of phantasms, of which I am unable to speak from experience, the phantasm that is so concrete as to utilise furniture, remove tables and occupy chairs, and the phantasm that is so abstract as to be independent of space, beyond whose person one may trace the pattern of the wall-paper.

THE "MIND'S-EYE" OR THE BODY'S.

I offer another example of the possible explanation by thought transference of what at first sight might seem a vision of the departed.

Two years ago I was visiting in a country village in which I had spent much of my childhood. The constant companion of those earlier days was my friend Z., who since my last visit had married, gone abroad, and had died. So intensely was the thought of Z. associated with all my old haunts, and so complete had been during life our power of thought transference, that a vision of my old friend in half a hundred spots would hardly have surprised me. Nothing, however, of the sort occurred, until one day I was walking with a friend past a row of houses built since my last visit, and toward which I felt only the distaste of an old inhabitant for modern improvements. At

the last house in the row I had a momentary vision of my friend Z. As, of course, the sense of my friend's loss was very prominent in my consciousness, I could not, with any fairness, analyze the impression, for it is obviously a case in which one would have to discount for expectation. It was, perhaps, the very last place in which such a vision might be looked for, still I never for an instant mistook the figure for any other, brief as was the impression of its presence.

A remark made to me the following day possibly explains the phenomenon. A sister of my deceased friend said to me, "I want to take you to call on the T.'s. They live in the end house in that row of new villas," naming the place of my vision, "and would like to know you. They are too old to call upon you, but Z. used to be there so much, that I think you would like to meet them. They think they saw you pass the house yesterday."

What more likely than that the thought of Z., so prominent in several minds, should have thus taken shape, perhaps, in some such fashion as in a crystal picture. But I cannot tell.

AN ATTEMPT AT CLASSIFICATION.

I have so far tried to express the effect upon the subject of three stages of super-normal messages.

(1.) The impulse to deliver a statement which seems to owe its genesis to something apart from one's own consciousness, to be independent of reason or memory, perhaps analogous to the messages of clairaudience or automatic writing, but having no corresponding sense impression, an elementary form, possibly, of the phenomenon known as "trance utterance."

(2.) The externalization of an idea, a symbolic presentation of an impression consciously or sub-consciously made.

(3.) A definite sense hallucination, presenting some fact sub-consciously acquired by thought transference, clairvoyance or other means.

Miss X. then narrated and commented upon some experience on the Continent, an outline of which appeared in BORDERLAND II., p. 124.

WHAT MAY BE DEDUCED.

I will not weary you further by the multiplication of examples which are the more tedious because their principal point lies in the minuteness of their differences. I have perhaps made it apparent how difficult it may be for even the recipient of supernormal messages to speak with any certainty as to their source. I should like to sum up, as possibly suggestive of comparison to others of wider and more startling experience than my own, the very few conclusions which I have been able to deduce from my own observation of apparently supernormal messages, which, I may remark, have been tolerably frequent during my whole life, and which I have now observed very carefully for about seven years.

(1.) I find it quite impossible to mistake the intention of any figure which has ever appeared to me at the moment of death, although these figures have, I think, in all cases, presented their usual appearance.

(2.) I think also that when the glimpse has been more than momentary (and again I would emphasize the fact of my slow-sightedness) I have never, even in the case of strangers, mistaken a vision of a deceased person for that of one still living.

In both cases I am speaking of the kind of vision which we call clairvoyant—which it is difficult to trace to the mind of any one living, or to any memory or observation of my own. In both there is a strong sense impression of abstractedness to which I have before referred; in the former case this, naturally, is further accentuated by the emotional shock which accompanies it.

(3.) But things become more complex when this sense of abstractedness is carried—as in the case of the Hindoo—into pictures of the kind which seem to me to be externalisations of an idea. If the idea, whether born in my own mind or communicated from that of another, does not include any surrounding circumstance, the figure will be "a vignette," having no relation to things about it, standing or walking

possibly in the air, owning none of the usual conditions of time and space.

(4.) But if, on the other hand, the mind in which the picture originates further conceives the surroundings, these too will be presented. Then the vision will fall under one of two groups:—

(a.) The picture may be thought of as in definite, distant surroundings, so that the seer, while walking in a London street, may see a friend seated at a dinner table at ten o'clock in the morning. A vision of this sort is difficult to distinguish from "clairvoyance," and it is constantly so mis-called, just as any subjective hearing of voices is mis-called "clair-audience." I admit the frequent difficulty of distinction. Happily, we have usually the obvious ground of coincidence, the comparison of time, place, and contents of message.

(b.) The figure may be thought of as having relation to my surroundings, so that I may see a friend who has pictured himself as calling on me, in the act of lifting the latch of my garden gate. This is an instance when an hallucinatory figure may be excusably mistaken—as frequently happens—for a real one.

THE TWO DIFFICULTIES—SURPRISE AND EXPECTATION.

In all subjective analysis and observation of this kind, there are two constantly recurring difficulties, both of which have to be reckoned with—the element of surprise and the element of expectation. Each is in its way a serious interruption—the shock which partially unnerves, the antecedent knowledge or apprehension which over-stimulates the activities, so that discrimination between what we see and what we think we see, adds another feature to the problem of exact observation.

It must be a very hardened observer indeed, who does not feel some degree of emotion, whatever its kind, however familiar its occurrence, at the sudden extension of one's purview; and it is, as a rule, afterwards only that one analyses the brief impression.

This, inevitable as it is, emphasizes the importance of deducing no rule from a single, or even from a few examples. It is so easy, and yet so fatal to read back the proof of any theory one is anxious to establish.

On the other hand, expectation too is a serious pitfall, far more serious, I believe, than we are ready to realise. The question is not one upon which time will permit me to enlarge; but I believe that the extreme difficulty which has beset all my mechanical experiments in crystal gazing is to be found equally, though less obviously, in every analysis of sense impression. There is the difficulty of sense, of, so to speak, physical expectation, and the difficulty of mental expectation, this last being both conscious and sub-conscious.

In the above illustrations, I have tried to select some which seemed free from their special complications, the importance of which I think will be readily conceded.

DANGER TO HEALTH?

There is one danger of which I say nothing, because, in truth, I know nothing of it—the alleged danger to health of mind or body. For myself, I am perfectly healthy; accustomed to an active life spent, in great part, in the country, riding, walking, or gardening, a lover of animals, flowers, and country pleasures. My health, like that of most, has suffered interruptions, but I can emphatically say that my psychical experiences are clear and abundant in proportion to the perfection of my physical health—that weariness or exhaustion, which would render them dangerous, makes them, as a rule, impossible.

AN HOUR IN BORDERLAND OCCULTISM.

THIS is the title of the second number of *Theosophical Sittings*, Vol. VII., a publication which generally contains something of real interest. The present issue is the result of Miss X.'s paper on "Hypnotism," in *BORDERLAND*, III., more especially of the following paragraph:—

HYPNOTISM AND THE AURA.

The old books contain pictures showing streams of light issuing from the person of the operator and directed towards the person of the sufferer. Now the operator has lost his importance; he sends out no streams and has no special gifts; he is little more than a machine, and indeed machines have been invented which in many cases do his work perfectly well.

Now one name for these "streams of light" is aura, and the word "aura" is a Theosophical shibboleth. The writer, H. A. W. Coryn, thus comments:—

Some of this is mistaken. There is a communication of an auric influence, light, or fluid from operator to subject, and even from subject to operator. Men are contagious centres from the lowest of their planes to the highest.

On the physical plane the majority of diseases are contagious. On the next plane vitality is contagious, and the "superstition" that the very young and healthy should not sleep with the very aged and infirm is founded on a fact in occultism. Further up, passions are communicable; hate, e.g., breeds hate, and love, love. Higher still thoughts are infectious, and yet higher, spiritual stimuli to good. The "magnetism" of Gladstones and Disraeli is to some a visible fact. The pictures of emanating auras to which Miss "X" refers are quite in accord with what may be seen by good clairvoyants. Inasmuch as when hypnotised the subject becomes passive, all those emanating influences from other men, which in the normal state we all receive, become in that state much more potent in moulding him.

SELF-HYPNOTISATION.

In a still less degree, any act of willing, even if only for an instant, not to do a particular thing or to do it is this very self-hypnotism, which is Yoga. Hypnotism is of course of great value where the patient has not so much power as this practice requires, where he would not be made to believe in his own power, and with negative, undeveloped, and will-less people generally.

MEMORY PICTURES.

As has been constantly pointed out by writers on psychology (and compare notes on Memory Pictures in article on "Crystal Gazing," by Miss X., *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, part xvi.), the part played by memory in apparently super-normal experiences is almost incredibly important. In discussing the phenomena of thought-transference our author observes:—

Everything we do or think of, or that enters consciousness in any way, is at once by our (at present automatically acting) wills written into, pictured upon, the astral tablets of the earth. This is the unconscious memorising of them, and the power of conscious memory is the power to recall some of these and look at them again. So to that extent we are all clairvoyants. The art of recalling our past lives is the art of recalling and re-looking at the pictures that we created about us in those lives, and left, when we died, locked in secure and difficultly accessible places in the astral light. We must first cultivate the memory of this life. Every evening we must recall all the events and even the thoughts of the preceding day.

It is a living truth that no progress in occultism is possible without the daily habit of doing this. Without it we can learn astral tricks, bits of parlour occultism, but we do not enter upon that solemn reform and elevation of life that leads at last to a real life, with and in the spirit of the world. We can recall and kill the evil elementals that we threw out in passion, and thus undo some of the evil that we have contributed to the world's aura; we can gain thus strength to meet the old temptations that must ever come up again and again till they have been met and conquered, for Nature lets us off nothing, forgives nothing, fortunately for us.

THE PICTURES HAVE AN OUTSIDE EXISTENCE.

If, then, astral pictures or memory pictures are really outside ourselves and have a real existence, they ought to be affected by lenses, reflectors true and false, etc., etc., in the same way that ordinary scenery is, and this is the fact. A set of experiments in this direction are reported in BORDERLAND by Miss X., who gives the following facts as to her visions, and they demonstrate the fact as far as she is concerned.

Miss X. only wishes she were as comfortably "cock-sure" on this point as is her critic; but this is a matter for future discussion after further experiment.

X.

THE VALUE OF MESSAGES.

NOTHING is more common than for beginners to assume that every message they receive is a revelation from Omniscience. I am constantly asked questions about this, and always answer in the same terms. Treat every message from the invisible world exactly as you would treat an anonymous letter. Distrust it entirely until it is substantiated by tests. Learn to distinguish between the various sources of messages, as you would sort out anonymous letters by their handwriting. Those communicators who prove themselves to be trustworthy, trust, so far as your reason would lead you to trust the writer of an anonymous letter under similar circumstances. Distrust all others.

The evidence as to identity is also extremely important, and we are glad that the members of our Circles are paying attention to this point. Here, for instance, is a copy of correspondence communicated to Miss X., the writer of which seems to have insisted upon tests, and to have obtained them.

TEST CASES IN AUTOMATIC WRITING.

April 24th, 1894.

I received the following on 1st April, 1894. E. H., who died in 1892, wrote by my hand some information of an important nature. In reply to a request for test answers, to questions dictated by a third person, he wrote the following answers.

The questions all related to persons and places I never saw.

Q. Where did B. live?

A. In C., near the Court House.

Q. Where did M. live?

A. In C., outside the town.

Q. Where did McD. live?

A. On the opposite side of the street we lived in, further up near the post office.

Q. Do you remember the L.'s?

A. Yes. They lived outside the town of C., in a detached house. L. was wild—drank. He had two sons and three daughters. They lived at the junction of the mail road and main street.

E. H.

The address of a place in Australia was also given, of which I never heard, nor was it in the knowledge of any one I knew. It was tested and found correct, as were all his other test answers. I wrote telling Mr. Stead at the time.

I have received numerous messages containing rebukes, advice, instruction, &c., but as such messages are not capable of being tested I have not submitted them.

But twice I have been warned by a spirit stating himself to be my guardian not to communicate any more just then, for evil spirits were present and likely to gain the control.

In February last (the 16th) I received the following warning.

T. (who died in 1857) wrote:—

T., you are in peril. Make your choice, asking God's blessing, and you need not fear; but seek to do right irrespective of your apparent interest. T—

T.,—I entered the navy in 1807. A. died in 1851 and F. in 1852. T—

This was not in my knowledge, but I have ascertained from papers and from his daughter that it is correct.

May 9th, 1894.

You ask if the information automatically written by my hand had at any time previously been in my knowledge. Briefly it had not. I never heard the name of the hotel given as an address, nor the name of a firm in Melbourne, until I saw it written by some intelligence other than my own.

Since writing to you I have received a letter from a former friend of E. H. who lived with him in Australia. He tells me, in reply to a query on my part as to whether he knew of this place: "Yes; the hotel you mention was the one E. H. always put up at when not at home."

May 23rd, 1894.

I have much pleasure in enclosing a copy of the test messages, received since my last report.

Even still I am by no means satisfied that E. H. has established his identity—so far as these tests go—for I am inclined to think it was a case of thought transference on the part of my friend L., whose memory must have been busy recalling past scenes and faces that were familiar to her years ago. However, you can judge for yourself.

W. E. J.

A CRUCIAL TEST.

The reader will observe that the following test questions are of a very interesting and crucial kind; that W. E. J. was, in fact, writing, automatically, answers to questions asked by another person, and of which she knew nothing till the answer had been received.—X.

Q. Are you present?

A. E. H. Yes; what is it, E. H.?

Q. Will you write through me the answers to the questions L. is writing down?

A. E. H. It is not easy, but I shall try. E. H.

Q. (Written and not read by me until the answer was also written). Describe H.

A. E. H. He was tall; dark grey hair. E. H. [Correct.]

Q. (Written first). Where was Laurel Lodge situated?

This question, when written without my knowledge, was at first incorrectly answered, but though the facts were quite unknown to me, I was able to supply the following answer (correct though very meagre) when I was made acquainted with the nature of the information required.

A. E. H. It lay close to T., near the shore. E. H. [Correct.]

E. H. at this point wrote by my hand the following:—

E. H.—This is all rubbish. I can describe half a dozen people to you, and ask L. if they are correct descriptions.

1st. Col. C. was tall, slightly stooped; blue eyes, grey hair—almost white. [Perfectly correct.]

2nd. A. B. was medium height, with grey eyes; not very stout; sharp manner and tongue; wore whiskers. [Correct.]

3rd. A. H. was short, and ferret-like grey eyes; clean shaven, except moustachios. [Correct.]

4th. W. P. was a man about fifty years of age, grey, blue eyes; medium height; not very stout, but comfortable. [Correct.]

E. H.

VI.—SOME EXPERIMENTS IN CLAIRVOYANCE.

OF all the phenomena of Borderland few are more interesting and less understood than clairvoyance. The term is used to cover a great variety of phenomena, but it may be popularly defined as the gift of seeing that which is happening at a distance sufficiently great to render objects invisible to the unassisted vision. It is in this sense that I define clairvoyance in this article. Other forms, such as that of seeing objects which are not visible to the eye of the ordinary mortal, I do not intend to deal with at the present time. Neither do I touch upon the clairvoyant who sees past events as if they were happening to-day, for his gift is more properly dealt with under the head of psychometry. For similar reasons I omit all clairvoyant visions of events which have not yet occurred, but which subsequently take place. These clairvoyant visions will be dealt with under the head of Prophecies and Premonitions. The clairvoyancy to which I shall confine myself in this article is, to seeing events which are occurring at the moment of vision, but at a distance which renders it impossible for them to be seen by the ordinary eye.

CLAIRVOYANCE—NORMAL AND OTHERWISE.

Of this species of clairvoyancy there are several varieties. There is normal clairvoyance, in which a person in full possession of consciousness, without any extraneous assistance, is enabled to see and describe events which are occurring by the mere act of fixing the mind upon them. The second, a more common form of clairvoyance, is that which takes place during trance. The medium, whether in spiritualistic or hypnotic trance, describes incidents which lie altogether beyond his or her knowledge, under circumstance which do not admit of the possibility of collusion. If you ask me to explain clairvoyance, I simply reply that I cannot explain it. I can suggest many hypotheses, but to give an explanation which will explain everything is more than I can do. Telepathy no doubt will explain much if it be allowed that it is possible for the medium, in or out of trance, to read the mind of those present, and the statements of the medium do not go beyond the knowledge of the sitters. Such instances are innumerable. I do not believe that the greatest sceptic alive could spend a week in honestly investigating this subject, by the aid of clairvoyance, without satisfying himself that people can, at any rate, describe events beyond their sight or knowledge, which some may have learned telepathically by a process of thought reading. That minimum of belief the greatest agnostic would most assuredly arrive at.

A SIMPLE ILLUSTRATION.

There is no necessity for multiplying instances of this faculty. I will give one which occurred during my visit to Chicago. I went to a medium of the name of Mrs. Slosson, residing in Elizabeth Street, Chicago. When she was under control she said she could go anywhere I pleased and tell me what she saw. I accordingly asked her if she would go to my office and tell me whom she saw there. The following is the statement which she made, and which was taken down in shorthand at the time.

"The office is at a corner in a large building. You go up some stairs; it is on that side of the building," making a movement with her hand. "There is more than one room there. There is a slim young man there at this moment, medium height, brown hair, active and intelligent. He is dressed in a kind of dark grey clothes. He

seems to be honest and reliable. There is another person there. She is bright and active, intuitive, and quite mediumistic. She is medium in her height, and is intellectual. She is of a medium complexion, moves very quickly, is of a nervous temperament. She is very reliable and truthful. I like her influence very much. She would make a very good medium under right conditions."

"How does she go to the office?" I asked.

"She rides, I think, on something going round like a velocipede."

However we may explain all this by thought reading or telepathy, or anything else, it is a very good instance of what a clairvoyant can do. The description of my manager and secretary was very exact. The description of the office was correct, so far as it went. The detail as to my secretary's coming to the office on a cycle was remarkable. Of course it may be objected that Mrs. Slosson might have read in the Review or in the English papers concerning the cycling propensities of my secretary, but the chances are a million to one that she never heard that I had a secretary, much less heard of her mode of coming to the office. I may add that Mrs. Slosson said a great deal more that was also correct, but it was too private to be printed here.

THE TELEPATHIC HYPOTHESIS.

I had a much more remarkable experience, which is only partially explicable on the telepathic hypothesis, two years ago when I was in Lancashire. I had a sitting one morning with an illiterate clairvoyant, who, after saying many things which showed she had a very high degree of clairvoyant power, said that she had spirits whom she could send to any distance, and who would tell her what was going on anywhere. At that time I was very much interested in the story of a haunted house in London. I said to her, "If you can do this, there is one thing I wish you would do for me. Here," said I, giving her the number and address of the house, "is a house in London which is haunted. I want your messenger spirit to describe the house, the ghosts that live in it, and to tell me their story." The clairvoyant replied that London was some distance off, and that it would take some time before she would be able to obtain an answer. I thought this a reasonable objection, as I was at the time more than two hundred miles from the house where I wished her messenger to go. "How long?" I asked. "I should think he could be back before five minutes," she replied. We sat still, the clairvoyant closed her eyes, but in about three or four minutes she opened them. But I had better reprint:—

THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN KENSINGTON.

Mr. Stead then asked the medium if she had any difficulty in going to places under control. She replied that it did not take her as it did some and never shook her. She said she had four guides now, a minister, a nun, and one who had been a Sunday-school teacher, besides a little black girl whom she called the Queen of the Forest, but which called itself Little Dot. This one she could send anywhere she liked if it had directions given it. She agreed to try an experiment with Little Dot on condition that she was not kept too long under control, as when that happened she always had a headache.

Mrs. R— sat perfectly still for a few minutes, rubbing her brows, and then "Little Dot" announced that she had come.

Mr. Stead told her that he wanted her to go and look up something for him, and gave her the following directions:—

"There is a house in London, 90, K——'s Terrace (I gave the right address but for obvious reasons I substitute another name here), where a lady named —— is living now. There was a murder in that house many years ago. It has never been found out, but the spirit of the murdered person remains in the house and wishes to be delivered. We want to find out the facts. Do you think you could go to Kensington and find out?"

FROM LANCASHIRE TO LONDON.

"That party that murdered her," said Little Dot, "would be a man. But I will go and see. I will have to leave this media a little bit until I come back."

Mrs. R—— was silent for three or four minutes, and then Little Dot continued—

"I have been. But it was murdered a good bit since. The gentleman, who pretends to be a gentleman, that murdered her was her lover. He was a very naughty man, a very naughty man. I think from what I could gather I could not see her in this house now. They come there often at night. This murder, as far as I can see, was done between twelve and one o'clock in the morning. But I will tell you what I will do. I must invest into this. I must go again at twelve o'clock to-night, and see if I can't have a few words with the lady herself."

"The man that murdered her is gone to the spirit home. His spirit only comes at the very hour that this murder was done, and if there was a media that could see she would see that murder every night all over again. He seems to find her in and he seems to have a struggle with her. It seems to me that it is all from jealousy, he thinks she loves somebody else. This lady was very dark, rather tall, not a very pleasant woman. He seems to murder her with a dagger. I don't care to tell anything more till I go there to-night."

THE HOUSE DESCRIBED.

"I think you have not got the right murder," said Mr. Stead. "Could you see if the remains are buried anywhere in the house?"

"A body seems to have been buried down in the cellar."

"Could you describe the house?"

"The house that I see is a very big house. You seem to go up two steps. It has a knob in the middle of the door. I went in through this door. Then there is a broad lobby, and there are some stairs in front of the lobby and a broad staircase. That is at the other side of the house. The kitchen is on the basement." [Description correct.]

"Is all the body in the cellar?"

"I don't think it was all put into the cellar. I think the other parts seem to be buried on the ground floor in the kitchen under some flags. I think the top portion, the head, is in the kitchen."

"Where were the other parts of the body?"

"I think they were in the cellar. I would not say that they are there, but from what I gathered in the house I think they are there. The spirit was going to take me down the cellar."

[Statement previously made in London by ghost of victim: skull and body under stone in back kitchen. Other parts said to be cut up and distributed elsewhere.]

"On the south side of the house what do you see? What do you see outside?"

"There seems to be a kind of garden, a plantation or something." [Correct.]

"Is there anything in it?"

"There seem to be trees and flowers."

AND ITS GHOSTLY INMATES.

"Is there a good influence in the house?"

"No; there is a very bad influence in it. It is a very evil disposed house. I did not like to stay in it. It has been a very evil house. I think there was a gentleman in it that was very very fond of drinking and gambling and betting and cheating. I think there have been three murders in that house."

"Did English people live in the house?"

"Yes they were. They were both men and women; two servants and a cook. The women were ladies."

"Would you go see what happens at four o'clock in the afternoon?"

"Yes." A pause. "Is she a very fair young lady?"

"No, a dark-complexioned lady."

"Because there has been one very fair that has been done about twelve and one."

"Tell me about the dark complexioned lady."

"Yes. He seems to come in about half-past two and until half-past four they seem to be quarrelling. Between half-past four and a quarter to five he seems to kill her. I don't know if it is a dagger or a knife. They seem to be quarrelling over some money. It was in a square room."

A TALE OF OUTRAGE AND MURDER.

"The murdered girl that I want to know was a young French girl about seventeen years old."

"Was she a servant? Was she an adopted girl? Was the murder committed in a kind of closet room?"

"Rather like that," said Mr. Stead.

"Was this murder committed by the gentleman of the house?"

"I think so."

"I can see. This gentleman wants to bother with that French girl, and he seems to murder her because she went against him. I don't think she wanted to bother with him. This gentleman seems as if he outrages this young girl. As far as I can see, he seems as if he has cut her up in pieces. He seems to have buried her in the kitchen. I don't think he has buried her in the cellar."

"Has he buried the whole body in the kitchen?"

"I don't think he has buried it all in the kitchen. He seems as if he has—O dear me!—he seems as if he has burned some of it. He seems to have put some in the garden and buried some under that tree. It is a rather long tree but very broad. It is rather small."

"Was any of the body left?"

"It seems as if some was left. He seems to put her arms into a little box."

"What does he do with the box?"

"I cannot tell. He does not seem to bury it. He seems to put it into a cupboard with a secret spring. But this arm seems to have been found."

"How long had the girl been in the house?"

"I don't think she had been any great while. I think she had been about twelve or thirteen months. I am not sure. I think that is so." [According to original statement she had just arrived from France.]

THE MURDERER DESCRIBED.

"Do you think that that gentleman was old or not?"

"He was what you may call middle-aged."

"Was he English or French?"

"I don't think he was English. I think he was French. He does not seem to talk very well. He is very dark complexioned, with big cheek bones, and he has a very naughty look with him. He has a very big mouth, rather largish hands, but very long fingers and rather long finger nails." (The long fingers of this murderer are said by previous inmates of the haunted chamber to be disagreeably felt on the windpipe of all who sleep there. He is a grim and grisly ghost.)

"Does he do anything to the people of the house?"

"He seems to bother them. I think that man has passed over. He seems to want to have it investigated into. He cannot rest. He wants to get lifted up a little bit. He has done a very wrong thing. He has bothered six young ladies, all in that house. He killed none but that one I cannot see. He lived in the house at the time."

"Would you ask him how I can help him?"

"He says that you have a medium that you can take into this house. He seems to think that you will get this medium to go into this house, and when the medium goes under control

he will tell you all that you wish to know. He will try to control the medium or he will tell the medium's guide all that you wish to know. He will make a clean breast of it."

"Could he not come to see us elsewhere?"

"He says he could meet you in your office if you like."

"But would he go away again?"

"Yes, he would go away again. He only wants to confess his guilt. He won't trouble you. He says he will try and come whenever it is convenient to you. His story to you is that he outraged that girl and cut her up, and he ruined five other girls."

ANOTHER MURDER.

"Has there been a man murdered?"

"There has been one man murdered. A very tall man. I don't think he lived there. I think he went. He had a moustache and beard; rather grey. He seems as if he had been rather dark complexioned, but he seems to have gone grey. He went because he was not a good man."

"Would you follow him into the house and tell us what happens?"

"He came into the house and into that room. He went into a square room with a big table in it. There came a dark man. He knocks at the door and a young girl comes and opens it. He is dark complexioned and very tall. He speaks very low to the servant girl. I cannot hear what he says. This servant girl shows him into that room on the right side. There is a man on that side of the table and another on this. That man does not want to be known, so he says 'Good day,' and pulls his hat over his eyes and goes out. Then the old man takes a chair and he sits himself down on that side of the other man. This man has lent the other some money. Then they quarrel, and this man asks him if he is going to give him his money. This man strikes this old man on the breast, and he falls from the chair and lies on the floor. Then this man places his foot on his breast and kneels on him and strangles him. He murders him like that."

As she was describing the murder she stood up, and when she said he placed his foot on his breast the medium stamped violently on the floor.

Mr. Stead asked, "Is it the same old man that outraged the French girl that kills this man?"

Little Dot answered, "The same man."

Then some one knocked at the door and shouted for some clothes. Little Dot vanished instantly.

I quote this at length as a fairly typical case. The medium, Mrs. R., was an illiterate woman, who did not even know how to read. There may or may not be any truth in the original story of the haunted house in Kensington. But here was the story told again with fresh and gruesome details, without any hint or suggestion beyond those recorded above. If this be telepathy, it is certainly very extraordinary telepathy, and telepathy fails to account for the further details which Mrs. R. supplied. Of the accuracy or otherwise of these details I have not as yet had an opportunity of judging. The whole story of that haunted house will be told some day. But at present it would be impolitic to say more.

CLAIRVOYANCE NON-TELEPATHIC.

In the last number of *BORDERLAND* I referred to some experiments that were tried by the Psychical Society of Chicago, which certainly seemed to put the claims of the medium, whose name was not mentioned, to a very crucial test. The experiments in question yielded an extraordinary percentage of success.

Here the element of telepathy from the sitter to the medium was evidently excluded, for the person who conducted the experiment did not know where the various persons were whose whereabouts he sought to learn from the clairvoyant. No clue was given beyond the name of a

man or woman who was personally unknown to the clairvoyant.

Another form of clairvoyance is that induced by looking into a crystal. This has already been partially dealt with in Miss X.'s article on "Crystal Gazing." I am not able to see in the crystal myself, but some of my friends who are able to do so, have had very curious success. In one case the ability of the crystal gazer to see what I was doing was so complete that the experiment was discontinued, my friend feeling that it was not right to keep me under such close surveillance.

Leaving on one side the clairvoyance of the crystal, I come to clairvoyance by trance mediums under conditions which cannot be explained by any conscious telepathy, inasmuch as the scenes described were totally unknown to any person present in the room, or to any person in conscious communication with the clairvoyant.

A GHOST-DEVELOPED CLAIRVOYANT.

The most remarkable instance of clairvoyance that has come under my own personal knowledge occurred in the house of a professional man, whose identity, for obvious reasons, I must conceal. I must state, however, that I know all the parties concerned in the story, and some of them intimately; that I have investigated the matter personally, and have not the least doubt as to the good faith of the witnesses. In order to conceal the identity of the persons concerned, I take the liberty of changing the locality as well as the names of the persons interested. I will locate the scene in a house well known to me in the south-east of England, and the ranche where the events occurred, which were clairvoyantly seen, in the south-west of Texas. The clairvoyancy of the medium, whom I will call Jane, was discovered in a very remarkable manner. The story of her clairvoyancy, indeed, which, take it all in all, is one of the most extraordinary and one of the best authenticated that there is on record, was preceded by a series of hauntings which constitute, to my thinking, the record ghost story of our time, both for the unusual variety of the manifestations, and the care with which they were chronicled.

HOW THE GHOST APPEARED.

In the house of my friend Mr. Leach, which stands in a public thoroughfare in a busy English town, there occurred a series of occurrences which I now proceed to describe. The ghost, Mr. Leach's father, who had been deceased for two years previously, appeared first at night-time, and then in broad daylight; first to one of his grandsons, and then to two, and subsequently to the servant-girl whom I call Jane. Not only was there the apparition of the ghost, but there were the usual manifestations of a physical nature—rapping, shuffling, and other sounds about the house. Further, there was a sudden and inexplicable movement of furniture in the room. Chairs were overturned, clothes were lifted from the chair and scattered about the room, a looking-glass was turned on its side, and the bed was lifted from the bedstead. Finally the ghost appeared in the course of one evening in two different costumes, representing the deceased at two different periods of his life, and delivered a message of grave warning, which had the result of preventing the person warned undertaking a voyage which was all but decided upon. After this the ghost appeared no more. All this and much more, which I will not enter upon, took place in the house of Mr. Leach, who, after the fashion of scientific men, was extremely sceptical of any spiritualistic manifestation, and not little indignant and annoyed that his house, of all others, should have been chosen as the

scene for these ghostly happenings. He was, however, sufficiently impressed with the importance of close and accurate observation, even of the most fantastic phenomena, and from day to day, as the events occurred, he took due note of them in a diary, which he was good enough to lend me for the purposes of this article.

A DIARY OF THE HAUNTINGS.

By way of introduction I shall just observe that up to this date I have had no faith in Spiritualism, and considered all its votaries carried away by an exuberance of the imagination: to use the words of a Spiritualist in this city, "I have known this gentleman for several years, and proved him to be determinedly infidel on matters of spiritual phenomena."

THE GHOST AND THE GAS.

May 9th, 1893.

On Tuesday, May 9th, my eldest son, Tom, aged thirteen years, said to me, "Father, were you in our bedroom last night about midnight?" I answered him, "No." Tom then said, "I wonder who it could be. I am sure I saw an old man come into the bedroom about midnight, go to the gas, turn it up, then stand at the foot of the bed for a short time, return to the gas, lower it down, and walk out of the room. Jim also saw him." I replied, "Nonsense, boy; you must have been dreaming." The boy, however, was confident in his assertion. Nothing more was thought of this at the time, but I feel constrained to confess that for some weeks the boys had complained of voices overhead, as of someone walking above them on the rafters, likewise they had often heard voices in their reading room next door, as of the trap door leading on to the roof being lifted off, someone come down, and then pace up and down the room. I very naturally laughed at their stories, but, nevertheless, the boys got an uncanny impression of these two rooms, and did not half like being left alone there after dark. Nothing more of any note happened until the Monday following.

THE GHOST IN DAYLIGHT.

May 15th.

Tom returned home from school a little after 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The tea bell rang, and as usual he went towards the bathroom with the intention of getting himself washed previous to sitting down to tea. When he got as far as the bathroom door, he turned to one side and looked towards our bedroom door. Thinking it possible to find his mother in the bedroom, he advanced a step or two in the direction of the bedroom door. The door of the bedroom suddenly and quickly opened, and Tom saw standing near the handle of the open door, the figure of an old man with long beard, and eyes somewhat sunk in his head. The lad stood spell-bound for, probably, an infinitesimal space of time, turned round, rushed up the stairs into the boys' bedroom (which is on the landing above, and is over our bedroom). He was pale and speechless for a few moments, when he came to himself related to his brothers and sisters what he had seen, but had no recollection of coming up the stairs. I may here observe that when Tom related to me his account of what he had seen the description was very clear, and I particularly remember his saying, "It was more or less like an old man, but I could see through him." When the boys, with their mother had finished their teas, Tom, Jim, and their mother, went upstairs into the room adjoining the boys' bedroom which is used as their reading room. Tom and Jim then commenced their lessons, their mother being present in the room, and the door leading from their room into the bedroom was closed.

I came in about six o'clock, and at once sat down to my tea. I commenced reading the evening paper, when my wife came into the room, and said something about not being able to see by the light that was then in the room.

VIOLENT PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

She had no sooner said this than we heard a loud noise on the stairs, and in rushed Jim, followed by Tom. Jim said, "Father our bedroom is all turned upside down, and

the mattress is pulled off the bedstead." I asked them why they had done such a thing? They denied it most emphatically, and I could see from their faces they were speaking the truth. I said, "Who then did it?" Jim replied, "I don't know, father." The door was shut leading from the sitting-room into the bedroom, as Tom had just come out of the room, having gone into it to get a clean handkerchief out of his drawer. We heard a noise as of someone shuffling about the room, and opened the door to see what it was. Tom said, "I looked in wonder at the bed and saw the mattress pulled off almost completely, and lying upon a chair that stood at the bedside," Jim put in, "I saw Freddy's clothes taken from his chair, and thrown all over the room, but saw no one."

I at once left the breakfast room and proceeded into the boys' bedroom. I admit being dumb-founded and staggered, yet I was calm, cool and collected. I took everything in at a glance. The feather bed was drawn almost completely from the spring mattress, and was resting partly upon the bed, and partly upon a chair near the bed-side. There was not a single crease in the bed clothes, it was pulled off in such a manner as the boys could not have done. The looking-glass was lying upon its face, and as soon as I touched it the contents of the drawer in the looking-glass (marbles and other rubbish that boys will collect) tumbled out. The chairs in the room were all lying on the ground, and the boys' clothes strewn all over.

I called every one upstairs into this room, including the three servants, and asked each one separately if they had done this or not.

WHO WAS IT?

Now, on the face of it, was impossible that any one could have done this without passing through the boys' sitting-room, or in by the window, three stories high. That no one came in by the window is certain, and it is equally certain no one came through by the other and only means of ingress, as my boys would have seen them. Then again rises the question of motive. What good was to result from any one in the house doing such a foolish thing? Is it to be expected that Tom or Jim would have deliberately upset the room, and then rushed downstairs and, with pale faces, informed us of such a thing, and over and above all this concocted such a lie? No, no, the explanation must be sought elsewhere. I know my boys well, and we love each other very dearly; and better boys no father has. Here was the evidence of my senses impressed by an actual fact—an unaccountable fact. I deliberated over it, and coolly said: "Mary, it is my father."

As was to be expected the boys were very nervous and frightened to sleep alone in their room. Our housemaid, Jane, a very faithful maid, at once volunteered to sleep in the same room, and that night she slept in the bed usually occupied by Fred, the three boys sleeping together. Nothing unusual happened during the night, but my eldest son, Tom, was very unsettled.

Here, indeed, was food for thought. I cannot possibly describe what I went through that night, so shall not attempt to do so. However, as the result of my meditations, determined to consult a spiritualist, with whom I had many years' acquaintance. He was indeed astonished, and recommended that a séance should be held, which advice was quite in accordance with my own feelings. He promised to procure a medium, and it was arranged to hold a séance at 8 p.m. in the room where the disturbance took place. The hour came, but then my friend, the spiritualist, was unable to obtain the services of a medium that night, but had definitely fixed for the next day, Wednesday, at 8 p.m.

THE GHOST IDENTIFIED.

May 17th.

Jane again slept in the boys' room, and at about 11 p.m. all were in bed save my wife and self. Mrs. Leach and myself, as is often our custom after supper, went into the small sitting-room, where we were both sat down to read. We had not been sitting more than ten minutes when we heard footsteps coming quickly downstairs, and presently Jane came into the room in her nightdress, pale but collected. Jane at once said, turning to me, "Oh sir, it's Captain Leach" (Jane's own

words) "I had not been ten minutes in bed when I heard a subdued rustling in the room, I at once raised myself up on my left elbow and saw a figure robed in an oilskin coat, with a Sou'-wester on; this figure was passing forward and backward between the bed in which the boys were sleeping, and a closet at the other side of the room. After this had been repeated three times, I attracted its attention by the noise I had made with moving, and it turned its face in my direction. I immediately saw it was Captain Leach by the face, with a haggard and troubled expression on it. It then seemed to be at my bed-side, but I cannot tell how it got there, and then stretched out his left hand and stroked my forehead with it, at the same time saying in his own voice in a soothing way, 'It's all right, it's all right.' I then put out my right hand in order to touch him, but felt nothing, knowing that he was at the time within reach. I said 'Captain Leach' and started. He vanished. I immediately jumped out of bed and rushed down stairs to where you were."

You may possibly imagine what our feelings were when we had heard all this strange story. Jane described herself as being quite happy when the apparition was there, but as soon as it was gone, a feeling of intense loneliness came over her, and she felt compelled to rush out of the room.

A BRAVE SERVANT GIRL.

I asked Jane if she was frightened again to try and sleep in that room, but her answer was, "No, sir. I feel compelled to sleep in that room; I shall not be at all frightened if you will only light me into the bedroom."

It would be about 11.45 P.M. when Jane retired the second time. My wife and self went forthwith to bed, sleeping in the room exactly underneath. I told Jane, before leaving her, if anything happened to knock down.

Half an hour would elapse when we heard a gentle knocking on the floor above. I hesitated to rise, confessing to a feeling of fear. The knocking was repeated almost immediately but much louder. I jumped up, we jumped up, put on our dressing-gowns, lit a taper, and went upstairs shivering. I opened the door of the bedroom, and saw Jane sitting up in bed cool and collected. Jane proceeded at once to relate what had happened during the half hour or so.

THE GHOST IN UNIFORM.

Jane said (Jane's own words), "As soon as the clock struck twelve I felt the same balmy, soothing rustling as I had before, and turned my head to the left side, when I beheld the form of a younger man than Captain Leach was as I knew him, dressed in a short pea-jacket buttoned with brass buttons up to the throat, with a peaked cap on, with gilt braid round it, with a long pipe in his mouth and his hands in his jacket pockets. This figure was walking between the cupboard and my bed. I felt that I could not speak to him, and he never said a word to me, but I lay and watched him; he paced backwards and forwards six times, each time getting more annoyed, this I saw by his walk, until after the sixth time he vanished with a loud noise, as of the beds shaking and chains clanging. I was then terribly frightened and cried bitterly, at the same time covered my head over with the bed clothes, suddenly I felt a soothing touch on my left wrist (which was under the clothes), and the impress of three fingers I clearly remember, and only a slight touch of the fourth."

THE GHOST'S MESSAGE.

All fear now seemed to go, I pulled the clothes off my head, and looking up saw Captain Leach, with a face so pitiful and sorry at having frightened me. This time he appeared in the dress in which I first saw him, he was stooping over me, and said, 'Will you tell Will?' I replied, 'Yes, Captain Leach, what is it?' he shook his head and said, 'Poor Molly; 'My poor Molly; 'Will you tell Bill?' I answered, 'Yes, what must I say?' Answer: 'My poor Molly not to go' (all this time he was advancing and retreating in a very distressed manner), I replied, 'I'll tell him in the morning, Captain,' he said, in a quiet voice, 'Tell him now,' and to

please him I gave a quiet knock on the floor with the towel rail, which I did not mean Mrs. Leach to hear in case of alarming her. He paused at the window as if to listen whether we had heard or not, and then heaved such a sigh as of distress when he perceived we had not heard. I could bear this no longer, so reaching a small picture from the wall knocked loudly on the floor. The figure then moved to the other side of the window and evidently being aware that the knock had been heard, gave me a look of intense satisfaction, put his three fingers of his left hand into the brim of his sou'-wester, took it off and waved it at me, then disappeared with such a beautiful expression upon his face, an expression I shall never forget. Just then I heard Mr. and Mrs. Leach coming up the stairs."

Jane then related to us the whole of this marvellous story, and we left her quite satisfied.

Next morning Jane told us that as soon as we had left the room, she turned on to her right side with her face to the wall, felt compelled to open her eyes, and saw a bright glorious light in front of her as far as she could see.

HOW THE CLAIRVOYANCE BEGAN.

After the last appearance of the ghost the servant-girl to whom he had appeared became subject to trance. She passed under control according to her own account of a German girl who began to communicate information, much to the surprise of Mr. Leach and his family, as to what was happening on a ranche which his brother was managing in South-Western Texas. The sances were always held in Mr. Leach's house, and no one was present excepting members of his own family. On every occasion the statements made by the medium in trance were duly noted down by Mr. Leach in the diary from which I quote the following entries, which I have transcribed actually as it stands, merely altering names. For some time it was impossible to obtain any confirmation or otherwise of the statements which she made. These statements were altogether unexpected, and were received by the family with considerable incredulity.

SEEING AND HEARING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

The following passages relating to the occurrences on the ranche occur in the midst of a mass of other communications relating to a variety of subjects, which have no bearing upon clairvoyancy. For convenience of comparison I print the original statements and the confirmation or correction afterwards obtained in parallel columns. The original statements were made at sances by the servant-girl Jane, under trance in England last midsummer, and were entered at the time in Mr. Leach's diary. I was present at one of the sittings, and all the family are personally well known to me. It was not till this spring that one of the young men employed on the ranche came to England. On his arrival he had heard nothing whatever of the nature of Jane's communications. He scoffed at the idea of there being anything whatever in such stuff, and in short he was in the same condition of scoffing scepticism which many of the readers of these pages probably regard as necessary for the maintenance of their reputation for sanity. But when the diary was read over to him he was entirely confounded. For there he found a series of entries relating to events in America of which no one knew anything in England; events described apparently simultaneously, often with the minute and occasionally unsequential details that always abound in the narrative of eye-witnesses. Hearing of the arrival of this witness, I went to see him, and by Mr. Leach's permission, took down his statements point by point, reading over to him the answer of the clairvoyant, and then writing down what he had to say to it. The following columns give side by side the two statements:—

Statement of Clairvoyant at séance held May—July, 1893, in England. Questions asked by Mr. Leach, answered by Jane. Extracted from Mr. Leach's diary in July, 1893.

1. Q.—Is all going on well at the Rancho? A.—George Leach is bothered about money. Q.—How is he bothered? A.—Some one owes him money and won't pay him. Q.—Why? A.—Because he thinks he has plenty. Q.—How is my brother? A.—Quite well.

My sister then took hold of the medium's hand, and began :—

2. Q. (By Mr. Leach's sister)—How is my son Bill? A.—He is a big fine man; everybody loves him. (Here Jane stood up, stretched herself out as if trying to make herself big.)

3. I see him riding on a brown horse, with knobs on its forelegs.

4. He has got on a shirt, and short pair of trousers with a big belt strapped round him. In the belt I see knives and a revolver.

5. He has got on a broad-brimmed hat.

6. He is riding in a beautiful country, fields all round, and hundreds of cattle. I see him taking off his hat.

7. But he is troubled, troubled about money, has got a lot of money about him—paper money—and is nervous about it. Q.—Where did he get this money from? A.—It is his own. Q.—How did he get it? A.—It has passed through many hands; it is his own. Q.—Who sent it him? A.—It's his own, and he's got it in a pocket made in this belt. He is a long way from any one, and is going to stay out all night. Q.—Is he safe with this amount on him? A.—No; they are watching him. But he is a cautious man. Q.—Will he get safe home with it?

8. A.—I cannot say; Mr. George gives him too much to do, too much responsibility. Mr. George is easy-going, but Bill is a cautious, clever man of business.

9. Mr. George should tell him all his affairs; indeed, the business would get on better if he was head. Q.—Why? A.—It would pay better. Oh he is such a fine man.

10. Q.—How are all the others on the Rancho? A.—Quite well, except little Nellie; she is ill, and fretting after her cousin, and longs for his return. Q.—What is the matter with her? A.—She is failing. Q.—Will she get better? A.—I cannot say.

11. Q.—Can you tell me whether my brother gets all my letters? A.—No. Q.—Where are they? A.—They are lying upon the upper shelf of a little cabin—a little brick hut. Q.—Who puts them there? A.—It is through carelessness. Q.—Are any of his to me there? A.—Yes.

Séance, June 7.

12. Jane said—You know that tall man with a pointed beard that has to do with your business a long way off. He is a tall man with sallow complexion, a pointed beard, and something under his lower lip; his hair is short; he has small brown eyes. Do you know who he is? A.—I cannot recognise him.

13. Jane.—I see him standing in a big field with grass reaching nearly up to the waist, and his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat. Do you know him? A.—No. Is he

Statement of Mr. Grove, employed on the Rancho in America, five thousand miles distant, during the period covered by the séance; taken down by Mr. Stead, from Mr. Grove's lips, in April, 1894, in England, after reading over to him the diary of Mr. Leach.

1. Don't know about this.

2. Description of Jones right; he is very popular.

3. He rode a horse called Brownie, which was brown, but I do not remember Brownie having any knobs on the forelegs. He also rode two or three other brown horses; one of these, a mare named Polly, had warts on the forelegs inside the knees, which were very big and conspicuous.

4. Description possibly correct of dress, but don't remember Jones carrying knives and revolver.

5. He wore a broad-brimmed hat.

6. Rancho is a beautiful open country, with plenty of cattle grazing in it.

7. I know nothing of the fact here mentioned. He had no need to be carrying money around like that, unless he was on his way to or from the bank.

(Mr. Leach had about that time sent Jones seven weeks before four hundred pounds from England.)

8. This is decidedly true.

9. I don't think he is old enough to manage such a business. But when he passes an opinion about business it is usually correct.

10. Nellie is George's daughter. She was sick at Herringdale, ninety miles from the Rancho. They thought she had diphtheria. She had a big white ulcer in her throat. I covered it with sulphur half a dozen times. I was watching her all the time.

11. I know nothing of this.

12. This is a description, a fairly good description, of Dick Robinson, at that time a partner with George Leach in the Rancho, Big Hill, Texas. He had a slightly protruding under lip, decidedly sallow complexion, his beard was sometimes goateed, sometimes square, hair and eyes rightly described.

13. The grass on the Rancho in parts is very high. It would probably be heavy rushes that he was standing in. Dick had a habit of putting his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes. I

upon the Rancho? Jane.—Why, yes, he is talking to Mr. George. Do you know him? A.—No. Q.—Is it Bill Jones? A.—No. (with a smile). Q.—Is it Harry Shaw? A.—No. Q.—Is it Charlie Mann? A.—No. Q.—Is it my brother? A.—No (in haste). Q.—Is it Ralph Grove? No answer. Q.—Is it Dick Robinson? A.—At this he starts and turns away his head. He is now leaving Mr. George, and I see him going through a gate. He starts, turns round suddenly, and says, "Who the devil are you?" but can see nothing. It is me following him.

14. Q.—Well, what about this man? A.—He is robbing you, and has been doing so for a long time. He is a very cunning, clever man, and is well educated.

15. Mr. George thinks him his best friend, and trusts him, but he is very deep, and is deceiving Mr. George.

16. Q.—How much has he robbed me of? A.—Oh, a large amount. Q.—How much? A.—More than a hundred pounds, much more, but you will never get to know how he has robbed you.

17. Q.—What can we do to find him out? A.—Well, Mr. George must write to this man and ask him his opinion upon a certain subject, but Mr. George must do the very opposite to what he suggests. This man will then wonder how is it that things have not turned out as he expected—that Mr. George will lose by the business and he himself gain. He will suspect something and run away, but you must be very cautious what you do.

18. He is advising Mr. George, and Mr. George follows his advice; then Mr. George cannot understand how it is that things do not turn out as they should, but it is this man who is robbing him. Q.—Can you not get the name of this man? A.—No, he will not tell me his name, but he shudders and turns his head to one side.

19. Jane then went on to say—I see Mr. George. Poor Mr. George! He is busy writing a letter or a document, but cannot get the figures to tally. He is much puzzled.

20. Bill Jones does not like this man, although this man is kind to Bill; still Bill dislikes and suspects him, but has never told his uncle, as he does not wish to distress him.

21. Bill is a clever business fellow, and Mr. George ought always to consult Bill. Mr. George must be very cautious, and never let this man know he suspects him. He must be very guarded as to how he tries to find him out.

22. Because this man is clever, cunning, and treacherous. At one time he was a good man and had kindly feelings towards Mr. George. Now it is just the opposite, and he is doing what he can to undermine Mr. George and you (Mr. Leach), and, to use his own words, wants to be himself, Mr. Leach. Q.—Who are you, are you a friend? A.—Am not I a friend to come all this distance to warn you? Q.—If what you tell me is true, you are indeed my friend. A.—I will always be your friend, and never tell you anything to harm you.

have frequently seen him start suddenly; on two or three different occasions I have seen him start both when by himself and when he was talking to me, as if some one was behind him who was dogging him.

14. The dishonesty of Robinson was suspected by me for three years past, ever since I knew him. But George kept an eye on him for the last two years. He worried a good deal about Robinson, and had told me he could not leave the rancho in Robinson's hands. That was a good while before time of séance. The description of his character is right; we regard it as certain, although we have no legal proof that he was robbing the Rancho.

15. George did think Dick his best friend at first; but long before this séance he had cause to distrust.

16. The amount of his robbery is still uncertain, and we have not to this day found out exactly how he robbed us.

17. I know nothing about what George did, but in October or November, Dick and his wife made tracks away one morning without saying anything. There had been a big row the night before, and in the morning they departed. The row was about his wife making herself disagreeable.

18. I don't know anything about this. I don't think George would ever take Dick's advice.

19. Never saw George making up his accounts. I only know he had a good deal of difficulty about that time.

20. Bill Jones hated Dick, but Dick used to be chummy with Jones, to try to work in with George. He never told his uncle what he thought till October or November, after Dick went. He then said, so George told me, that he had always distrusted him and wanted to get rid of him but had said nothing till he went.

21. Bill Jones is clever at business; he is twenty-two; will make a very fair man.

22. I agree with this, but of course it is generality, and I do not know definitely about it.

Mr. Leach at this point in his diary makes the following entry:—

The question caused me no little embarrassment. In what light was I to regard this warning, serious or otherwise? I determined at once to write my brother and inform him of all that took place at the séance. I left it in his hands to identify anyone from the description given, and then to exercise his judgment as to there being any truth in the accusation.

I have never had any reason to suspect that anyone on the Rancho was acting a double part. Rather the contrary; at any rate, least of all from the quarter indicated by this warning.

As for long I had been suspicious that many of the letters both to and from my brother had been intercepted, and as I had previously complained of this to the Post Office authorities in this city without, however, being able to obtain any satisfaction, I determined at the same time when sending my letter by the afternoon mail to despatch a telegram to my brother. It was worded thus:—

“Sign nothing, mailing, go post-office yourself, and Bill.”

I have little further to add at present, except to observe that although what transpired at the séance may not have been recorded exactly as it was delivered, still I am certain that I have not failed to put down almost every word that was spoken by Jane.

Jane during this séance spoke with quite a foreign accent and in a foreign style.

Séance, June 8.

23. Jane said, “I see that tall dark man with sallow complexion and short hair. You know him.” I answered, “I cannot say that I do.” “He is talking to Mr. George, who seems in a puzzled condition; he now claps him on the shoulder and says, ‘Cheer up, old man,’ but turns his head to one side and smiles. This man is very cunning and clever; he is robbing you.”

24. “Oh, he is such a bad man, he does swear so much.” Q.—I asked, Who is this man? A.—He will not give me his name. Q.—Is it Bill Jones? A.—No. Q.—Is it Shaw? A.—No. Q.—Is it Mann? A.—No. Q.—Is it Grove? A.—No answer. Q.—Is it Robinson? A.—Ah, he shudders and turns his head to one side. Q.—Do you know who he is? Is he a partner? A.—He won’t have anything to do with partnership; he wants the whole business to himself.

25. Jane.—He is talking to Mr. George, and has on a pair of your old checked trousers. Q.—Do they fit him? A.—They are too big about the waist.

26. I now see him walking on the banks of a river—rather, a small stream. He is wandering and saying to himself, “Who the devil was that yesterday following me?” but he could not see me. He starts and turns round, thinking he hears a man on horseback. There is no one there but I know who it is.

27. He is thinking of Mr. George and you (myself) and says, “I’ll smash the b——r.” He is such a swearer.

28. I see fields stretching away as far as I can see, and as he looks round says to himself, “I’ll soon be monarch of all I survey.” Q.—Shall we checkmate this man?

29. A.—Oh yes, you’ll checkmate him; but you must be very cautious how you go about, and never let this man suspect; but he is a very bad man and would not hesitate for one moment to take George’s life.

30. Q.—Must I write my brother again the result of this interview? A.—No, you had better not; because, if you write Mr. George too often, this man will suspect and secrete the letters. Q.—What shall I do? Shall I write Mr. Spark? A.—Yes; that will do nicely. But you must be very careful that Mr. Spark gets the letter; you must enclose one sealed to your brother, and Mr. Spark must not know the contents. Q.—Will my brother get my letter sent yesterday? A.—Yes, he will get it, and he will be puzzled and wish Mr. Leach was here; but Jones will help him, as he suspects this man although kind to him.

31. Mr. Leach’s sister asked about her son. A.—Yes. I see him, and they call him Bonnie Prince Charlie. Q.—Why? A.—Because he rides every inch a Prince. He does not like this man. He is very clever, is Bill Jones, and everybody likes him.

32. I said, how is Nellie? A.—She’s getting better slowly, but is getting better.

23. I know nothing about this.

24. I do not regard Dick, as a swearing man, but he embroidered his conversation with customary American adjectives.

25. I was not at Rancho, June 8. . . . But I remember on another occasion at a friendly gathering, remarking that Dick had a dirty old pair of pants wide about the belly with bulging deep pockets. I think they were check, but he was photographed in them. Mr. Leach identified them as an old pair of his own, but I will try to get the photograph.

26. We have several creeks and one large river on the Rancho.

27. B——r was a word Dick was in the habit of using.

28. The Rancho is undulating prairie, and from any elevation you can see ten miles round in any direction.

29. I think that is quite correct. I have seen him once threaten to shoot George. They had a row; George hit him with his crutch, and Dick ran for his gun. I stepped in and stopped him. I constantly warned George of the danger he was in of being shot by Dick, and discussed it with George’s wife.

30. I know that George did get a letter through Spark. Burns went with Spark to George with the letter which Spark gave to George.

31. I think I have heard George call Bill Jones that, but I am not sure. Jones is a general favourite. He sits his horse splendidly.

32. Nellie had been ill and has recovered.

Notes by Mr. Leach from diary at séance, June 12.

Jane: Tell Mr. Leach he must not bother himself about that man's name. He does worry about it far too much. I will tell him how he can get that man's name (Jane then took hold of my hand and placed it to her forehead). Mr. Leach must put a picture of this man in a position where my medium can see it, but he must not tell my medium. When my medium sees his picture she will at once say, "I know that man; it is the man who is robbing Mr. Leach and his brother." She will then come and tell you; so you see Mr. Leach need not bother himself about this man. I said, "What is this man doing now?" Jane then distinctly imitated a man sleeping. I said, "What is my brother doing?" A.—He is standing at the door of a barn, looking straight before him. He is first satisfied, then anxious, then again satisfied, but he is much puzzled. Q.—Has he got my telegram? A.—Yes (slowly). Yes, he's got your telegram, and is much puzzled. Q.—Does this man know about the telegram? A.—No. Q.—Does Bill know about it? A.—No, not yet. I don't see him; but he will get to know about it, and it will be all right. Q.—Will we checkmate this man? A.—Oh, yes, you'll checkmate him. It will be all right, and he will get nothing. I cannot get his name; I can't get near him; he is surrounded by black, dark, evil spirits. Oh, he is so frightened, he will not go the way he went last week, as he is frightened of me. I followed him two days last week, and he is so frightened he will go a long way round than by the way where I met him.

Mr. Grove remarks on this that he was at Herringdale at the time, 90 miles off. He knew nothing about it.

Saturday, June 24th, I received a photograph of Dick Robinson, and, according to instruction, placed it upon the dressing-table in our bedroom, in a position where Jane was bound to see it. After it had been so placed about half an hour, and just before I went out at 10.20 A.M., Jane came rushing into the room trembling, with her eyes nearly starting out of her head, having the photograph in her hand. She said, in an excited manner, "Whose photograph is this?" I looked at her, smiled, and replied, "Don't you know?" Jane thought a few seconds, shivered, and said, "No," threw down the photograph, at the same time turned and left the room. She knew all the time, but as she afterwards told me she does not wish to blacken this man's character.

Séance, June 15.

33. Jane.—I'll tell you what that man is doing, the way in which he is robbing you. I see Mr. George with a square sheet of paper in front of him, it is ruled this way and this way, &c.; it is full of figures and this man knows all about it.

34. I now see Mr. George put a figure five (5) at the bottom here. He does write it so small, I then see this man come and put a big nothing over the five (0) this makes a great difference, and this is how he is robbing you. Q.—Are you sure you are quite correct in what you state? A.—Perfectly.

35. I now see Mr. George talking to a man a little taller than himself, he is a very fine man, he does not now live on the Rancho.

36. Q.—Is it Ralph Grove? A.—Yes, yes, it is Grove. They are standing behind a—(I observed a stack). Yes, a stack. Mr. George is talking earnestly to him and showing him a paper, now I will tell you what that man is doing.

37. Jane here crawled on her hands and knees in a most stealthy manner as far as one side of a table, and carefully placed her right ear as if against the side of a stack, earnestly listening, she maintained this position for two minutes and then said, "That is what he is doing. Q.—Is he listening? A.—Yes, he is listening.

38. A.—Does he hear what Mr. George and Grove are saying? A.—He listens carefully but cannot make out clearly what they say, but he hears George say, "But my brother said—," and then a little later on the word "heifers," but he is no wiser, he is very suspicious.

39. Q.—Has Mr. George no idea of what is going on? A.—Oh, no, no one has; this man is most pleasant, and lives with them all in the same house. Q.—What shall I do? A.—There is no need for you to do anything. Q.—Is there no need for me to inform my brother as to the particular way in which he is being robbed? A.—No, there is no need; he will be found out as soon as Mr. George gets your other letters, he will watch this man and find him out. Q.—Do you see any one else upon the rancho?

40. Here Jane paused for a few moments, and said (here Jane drew her hand across her forehead)—I see a tall handsome

33. I should think this is a description of the timebook, which is ruled off so. It would be full of figures.

34. I don't understand this. I did not keep his timebooks. I cannot explain what he is said to have done, or what fraud he could perpetrate in that way. I don't think George would let Dick handle money at all.

35. I don't remember positively. Stay, I remember I did go about that time from Herringdale to the Rancho. I took over a set of wheelbarrows and a lot of grass seed.

36. George and I generally talked over business, and I remember sitting beside a stack talking over business, then getting up and moving round the stack. I don't remember the paper, but it is likely enough he did show me some paper.

37. I did not see Dick do this. But I remember George suspected him of eavesdropping, and every now and then would look round the corner to see if any one was there he did not see. He said once, "Take care, Grove, that blackguard may be listening. Hush, Grove, not so loud, not so loud."

38. We are sure to have talked both about Mr. Leach and cattle. But I don't remember particulars. He always called Mr. Leach, Bill; and I never remember talking with him on business when he did not mention both Mr. Leach and cattle.

39. George did not respect Dick. But Dick was pleasant enough, and lived in the same house with him.

40. I don't know about this. But it might be Spark. He is not tall, though. He is light-haired, and brushes it up. He

man with light hair, parted so, then brushed back, he has a light moustache; he is reading to Mr. George. Q.—What is he reading? Is it a letter? A.—I see him put his hand into his pocket (breast pocket of coat) and bring out a bundle of notes and read them to Mr. George. Q.—Are you sure it is not a letter? A.—Quite: they are notes. Q.—What is the name of this man; is it Mr. Hatter? A.—I don't know his name; he does not live on the Rancho, but a long way from it, also a long way from here; he lives nearer the Rancho than here. Q.—Will they find out about this man? A.—Oh, yes; you can be at your ease, they will get to know everything.

has light moustache, and is not a bad-looking fellow. He lives several miles from the Rancho.

Extract from Mr. Leach's diary, June 21.

Q.—Do you see what that man is doing? A.—Yes, reading. Oh, yes, he is reading your brother's private books. Q.—Is he in the habit of doing so? A.—Oh, yes. Q.—What is he reading? A.—He is trying to find out the instructions you gave your brother when he was in England, and feels confident Bill must have them entered in some book or other. Q.—Has he found it? A.—No, he cannot find it. Q.—Has he looked through all his books? A.—Yes; he is frightened; he thinks someone is coming. Q.—Who is it? A.—It is me following him, and he knows it. Q.—Are you still following him? A.—Yes. Q.—How long have you been doing so? A.—Ever since the first time I told you about him. Q.—Where is my brother? A.—He is a good way off. Q.—What is he doing? A.—Walking. Q.—Not riding? A.—No, he is walking beside a horse; he pulls out a telegram—yes, a telegram—and is puzzled with its contents. He might as well be reading it upside down; he is so amazed. Q.—Has he got my letter? Not yet, but he will get it. Q.—Is he alone? A.—Yes. Q.—Is Bill Jones not with him? A.—No.

On this Mr. Grove remarks:—

I only know George kept his books under lock and key, believing that Dick would get at them if he could.

Stance, June 24.

41. Q.—What do you see about my brother and about this man at the Rancho? A.—Your brother has got my letter, no one else knew anything about it; Jones had not yet seen it, but would hear all about it. Mr. George is very much puzzled; has read the letter over and over. Is not doing anything yet, but thinking a lot about it. This man is described as mowing; I inferred from Mary's attitude what his employment was. I was again assured that we would checkmate this man. When I closely questioned the control as to the truth of all she had told me, the answer was, "Yes, Mr. Leach, every word is correct. I am a very good friend to you, and never will do you any harm, but warn you of evil."

41. We do not mow in Texas in June. (See entry, June 29.)

June 26.

42. Jane.—Mr. George, he has got your letter, and I see him standing with his eyes looking far away, wondering what it could mean. He has not told anyone about it, and is laying his plans. He is on the *qui vive*, and "smells a rat." His wife, a stout little woman, who loves him dearly, wonders what has come over him these few days, he is so altered and never speaks. He has not told her anything, but will tell her all some day.

42. Mrs. George Leach rightly described. He never tells her anything. He was bothered about his brother's letter.

June 29.

43. Q.—How is Bill Jones? A.—He is quite well and happy. Q.—What is he doing? A.—He is just starting out on his daily work (7.30 a.m. in Texas). I see him on horseback. He is going quietly on. Suddenly he hears two men talking, turns himself round in his saddle, and saw it was only one man who was talking to himself. (Jane showed us how. Here Jane made as if listening). And says, "Has he got a clue?" I then said, "Has who got a clue?" A.—George. Q.—Who is the man, is it Dick? A.—Yes, it is that man. Q.—Why does he suspect that George has got a clue? A.—From the the way in which he looks at him.

43. George usually starts earlier than 7.30 rounding the horses up. The men start at 7. He would then get his breakfast . . . at 7.30.

44. Q.—What are they doing now on the Rancho? are they cutting hay? A.—Not where I am. Q.—Are there many men employed? A.—I don't see them where I am.

44. They don't cut hay in Texas until July 1st at Herringdale; until July 20th at Rancho.

Extract from Mr. Leach's diary, July 1.

Mention was made of this man again on the Rancho. I then observed that I had sent his photo to William Stead, who had shown it to a clairvoyant, and that day had received her report as to his character; that, curiously enough, it corresponded to a nicety in all respects to what Jane's control had stated.

Jane: Did you doubt what I told you about this man? (This was said in a tone of reproof.) A.—No, no, not for one moment. Indeed, I have acted up to everything you suggested, having entire confidence in the truth of what you state. Mr.

Stead wrote and suggested the advisability of submitting his photo to some other person, in order to see how the two opinions correspond or otherwise. A.—Indeed.

[This is quite correct.—W. T. S. The clairvoyant, who knew nothing about the matter, described Dick from his portrait exactly as Jane had done.]

45. Jane, continuing.—Mr. Leach must not think that his brother does not write him, because he does, but the letters don't cross the ocean. He wonders what his brother says in his letters, and says to himself, It's no use writing when Bill doesn't get them.

46. I see a little brick house, I do see five letters, three old ones, not open, black and dirty; this building is not square, is a knock up, I see how they come there, they be dropped there from up a height. It is a man from his hand who puts them down. It seems to me to be in a road, no windows nor doors. I see one letter to George Leach there. I see two new ones to Mr. Leach. Oh, I do see a lot of letters now, that I didn't see before.

47. I do see the man's hand who puts them down, the fingers taper, does not look like an Englishman, has dark and tawny skin.

Séance, July 9.

48. Well, what is George doing at the Rancho? A.—I see, George Leach standing before a big fire, a bon-fire, there are men round it trying to put it out.

49. Jane.—I see you have someone to come from America to you, but it is not quite clear.

45. I am not certain, but I think he did. I think he wrote more than once.

46. I know nothing of this. We have no brick houses on Rancho. The description is like a cellar; I will make inquiries when I get back.

47. I know nothing of this. There are plenty of dark and tawny men, but I know no one who is exactly like these points.

48. I won't guarantee the date. But when I was asked by Mr. Leach that it took place between latter end of June and July 12. A man dropped a cigarette, and it burnt a good large stretch of country, a cattle shelter for winter, and fifty tons of hay standing.

49. I am the first to come, and did not then know I was coming. I arrived here March 1.

I have printed in detail the communications of this clairvoyant, because it is only by such detailed reports that the reader can understand exactly what happens in cases of clairvoyant vision. There are, apparently, some mistakes, very few, and most of them explicable on the ground of the lack of information on the part of the witness. The chief discrepancy between the clairvoyant's vision and the record of eye-witness, is that which exists in the account given by both as to Mr. George's confidence in Dick Robinson. The clairvoyant declares that in last May George trusted Robinson. Mr. Grove says that long before that date Robinson was suspected by George. This is a question of fact which Mr. George alone could settle, viz., at what time did suspicion first enter his mind. Until first hand evidence can be procured, Mr. Grove's opinion cannot be accepted as conclusive. Certain it is that when Mr. George was in this country, only six months before, he had apparently no knowledge of any fact justifying suspicion of Robinson. He left his brother, Mr. Leach, at Christmas with the full conviction that he entertained confidence in Robinson, and if he had learned to suspect him before May, it would be interesting to know the exact date.

But leaving this on one side, and letting it count as a mistake, it is comparatively immaterial beside the fifty other statements, more or less detailed and precise, relating to matters of which the simple servant girl could have no knowledge, but all, or almost all, of which turn out so extraordinarily correct. I have the most absolute confidence in the truthfulness and honesty of Jane and of Mr. Leach.

The entries in his diary show clearly enough what kind of a man Mr. Leach is, and they enable us to trace from day to day the gradually deepening conviction which at last converted him from scornful unbelief to what I must regard as a rational creed. If, then, the witnesses can be relied upon, what are we to think of the strange power which enables a servant-girl in England to become, as it were, the unconscious telephone and telescope through which relatives in England can see and hear what is occurring at that moment in the wilds of Texas?

To those experienced in psychic research their will appear to be nothing exceptionally remarkable in this story. But those who scout the very possibility of such an extension of human faculty, will have either to discredit the evidence, or to explain by some as yet undreamed of hypothesis, the facts which are on record.

For my own part I have no cut and dry explanation to offer. It is sufficient for me to prove that these things happen. I leave it to wiser men than myself to explain how they happen. Someday I am promised I shall be able to develop clairvoyancy in my normal state. I hope that promise will be fulfilled. If I can see clairvoyantly as easily as I can write automatically, I shall be able I hope to penetrate a little more deeply than I am at present able to do into the mystery of mysteries. Then I hope I shall return to the subject with a consciousness that it has been permitted to me to extend to some slight, but appreciable, extent, the surveyed section of Borderland.

VII.—CAN MATTER PASS THROUGH MATTER?

THE LAST WORDS OF THE PROFESSORS.

WE are accustomed to make use of the old story of the schoolmen's quarrel as to how many angels could co-exist on the point of a needle as a vehicle for self-congratulation upon the march of culture. The discussion which has for three months been actively carried on in a group consisting of a distinguished author, a well-known musician, and two renowned chemists and Fellows of the Royal Society, in a paper edited by a Professor of Ethics at Cambridge, as to how a bell got into a room when the door was shut, inclines one to inquire whether there were not some deep metaphysical or psychical problem involved in the calculation of the number of the angels. The exact "root of the matter under discussion" is thus summed up by Professor Lodge.

WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT.

The quotation made on p. 235 from "The Experiences of Mr. Stainton Moses" goes to show, (1) that to the persons present in a certain room sounds occurred as if a bell originally outside the room had entered the room. (So far I am disposed to accept the record absolutely.) (2) That when light was restored a bell was found on the table. (This also is most probably true, but it requires more careful witness than a statement concerning sounds, because, after the sounds, the presence of an actual bell would be liable to be inferred in subsequent memory, perhaps without sufficiently cautious contemporary scrutiny.) (3) That the sitters believed the bell to have been in another room immediately before the sitting. (I fully accept the belief, but concerning the actual physical fact it is necessary to be more cautious, for it is peculiarly difficult to secure definite evidence concerning the previous locality of an object not previously decided upon for experiment.) (4) That the sitters felt assured that the door of their room was not opened during the entry of the bell, because the hall outside was brightly illuminated by gas.

Now suppose, for the sake of argument, that the evidence was thoroughly good for the objective presence of a bell (a) outside the room initially, and (b) inside the room finally, together with (c) a guarantee of some kind (not easily obtained) that it was the same bell, and not a mere conjuring substitution; suppose, in other words, that the event occurred among serious investigators, as events occur in a laboratory: what is to be our attitude?

It is here that I find myself differing from Mr. Barkworth. Scepticism is necessary and entirely legitimate; proof of such an occurrence must be of the strongest if it is to carry conviction; but Mr. Barkworth's attitude I venture to think is rather dogmatic than truly sceptical. Instead of becoming critical he becomes ejaculatory:—impossible, preposterous, more than miraculous, unthinkable, and so on.

HOW DO SUCH STORIES COME TO BE TOLD?

But, as Mr. Andrew Lang says, how is it that these stories come to be told? Eliminating conscious swindling—and the Moses records do, as it seems to me, fairly eliminate it—there is something to be explained; and the mind will not rest satisfied with a course of interjections.

WANTED A THINKABLE EXPLANATION.

It would appear that Mr. Barkworth would feel less vigorously positive on the subject of the asserted phenomena, if he could see some physical or "thinkable" way by which they might be achieved. But there is nearly always some thinkable way of doing anything, and in the present instance of the ringing bell it is very simple, viz., this:—Turn the hall gas out, open the door quietly, carry in the bell ringing loudly to cover any noise, go out, shut the door, and light the hall gas again.

DID THE BELL PASS THROUGH THE WALL?

Mr. Barkworth seems determined that in the case under discussion the bell shall have passed through the wall, but I see no evidence whatever that the bell did pass through the wall. My contention, therefore, is a double one: (1) That there is no clear evidence of anything certainly in the strongest sense "unthinkable" in the Moses records, though there are plenty of things extremely improbable; and (2) that whenever such evidence is forthcoming it will be our duty to investigate, and if necessary accept it, however much it may stretch and enlarge our grasp of the universe as based upon past experience.

Mr. Barkworth goes on to ask me whether I demand proof that bells can not pass through walls or that eggs do not grow on trees? I reply, no, certainly not! The burden of proof of such events rests entirely with their assertors. It is one thing to be willing to receive evidence on any individual positive proposition, it is another to demand proof of a universal negative. Such proofs are to me I confess unthinkable, and creeds based upon them are liable to be somewhat frail since a single positive instance may suffice to shatter them.

ARE WE TO INVESTIGATE SUCH THINGS OR NOT?

Briefly, then, it amounts to about this. I hold the same views concerning physical facts that he does, until evidence to the contrary is forthcoming. But when such evidence does appear, or make a reasonable show of appearing, I am willing even to face the risk of being deceived in order to scrutinise it as far as possible without prejudgment; whereas (as I understand him) Mr. Barkworth would resolutely run the risk even of rejecting truth rather than face the chance of being misled by error. Both attitudes are reasonable, and his is undoubtedly the safer in the light of ordinary common sense and the bulk of the experience of mankind. It is with no light heart that a student of science sets himself to face the risk of being deceived: the risk looms indeed with peculiar ghastliness before him; nor would he ever so set himself were it not that the other alternative, the dread of rejecting truth, strikes with a still deadlier chill. There is no antagonism between us, there can be no ultimate antagonism between friends of truth, there is but a difference in the route chosen by which we hope to attain to the same end. We are not even on different roads, we are walking on the beach of the same eternal sea, but while one prefers the security of an ancient embankment, the other gropes along the sometimes muddy, but sometimes the shell-besprinkled sand.

WHAT PROFESSOR RAMSAY THINKS ABOUT INVESTIGATION.

Professor Ramsay is, on the whole, he says, in sympathy with Mr. Barkworth—with his views apparently rather than with his methods—for he writes at some length on the side of Dr. Lodge. In conclusion he says—

that if kinetic energy could be converted wholly into radiant energy, the matter would cease to exist. True, this has never been done; but one form of energy is convertible into others.

In fact, Sir, the whole affair is a mystery. We are far from fathoming natural phenomena; and it is this mystery which has led one, and no doubt has led others to think that, while tending to maintain extreme scepticism regarding such revelations as those which have raised this discussion, it is worth while to chronicle and compare them, in the hope that eventually some way may be found which will explain them psychologically or physically, and will cause them to fit in with the system of "normal" events which we are accustomed to deal with.

THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE WITNESS.

Mr. Charlton Speer, a very frequent witness of the phenomena, does not profess to discuss the solution of the problem, indeed he contributes one more element of inquiry.

Concerning the appearance upon the scene of scent, pearls, stones, etc., if Mr. Moses himself performed these feats, he ought certainly to have ranked as one of the greatest masters of conjuring and sleight-of-hand the world has yet seen. It occurs to one to wonder where and when he acquired his marvellous skill, and why he didn't make his fortune by it, instead of frittering away his talents on the profitless fooling of one or two of his oldest and most intimate friends. I should like to submit a few reasons which ought to convince any moderately open mind, how next door to impossible it was for Mr. Moses to "work" the manifestations himself.

Firstly it was not an uncommon thing for pearl and coral beads to be scattered about the room when we were *not* holding a séance and in broad daylight. None of us could possibly tell where these things came from, but it was perfectly patent that no one present had any hand in their production.

Secondly, when various articles were brought during a séance the medium's hands were frequently held on both sides, also those of the rest of the sitters; results were never affected thereby.

Thirdly, the same things happened when the medium was in a deep trance, and unconscious of everything going on around him; at such times we nearly always had a lighted candle upon the table, and, as I have remarked before, we were quite able to distinguish the medium's hands and face. Any movement of his would have been instantly perceived.

Fourthly, various articles were often placed upon the table during a séance, which same articles we had seen in an adjoining room before we left it. Mr. Moses frequently entered the séance room first, so what I suppose would be considered the natural inference, viz: that he brought them in with him, falls to the ground.

THE LAST WORD.

In the *Society for Psychical Research Journal* for June, both of the chief disputants say their last word, which does not seem materially to differ from the first.

Once more, "Now tell us what 'twas all about," Mr. Barkworth says.

Dr. Lodge "sees no evidence whatever that the bell did pass through the wall!" Then whatever [sic] has all this discussion been about? And what becomes of the repeated assertions of this and similar occurrences in the "Experiences," again reiterated in Mr. Speer's letter of last month? "Doors bolted, windows barred, &c." To be sure he does not mention the chimney!

To which Dr. Lodge replies,

On my side it has quite distinctly been about the following: (1) Whether the unusual physical phenomena asserted to have occurred in the presence of Mr. Stainton Moses are of so impossible and unthinkable a character as to compel their immediate rejection without record and without examination of evidence; and (2) whether it is rational or scientifically legitimate so to reject otherwise trustworthy evidence, even though the phenomena asserted should appear at first sight unthinkable.

Questions as to the actual evidence in any particular instance have been beside the point; certainly there was no evidence that I remember concerning a "wall." I used the illustration of the entering bell to show that what could readily be done by an exuberant schoolboy or obsequious valet need not involve any necessary unthinkable powers on the part of what Mr. Barkworth calls "the unseen agency." I was not suggesting the process by which the feat was actually performed on any given occasion.

But the process is precisely what Mr. Barkworth insists on discussing. He protests against being held to suppose that Mr. Stainton Moses was guilty of "wilful mendacity, or

conscious fraud" (there is some virtue in the adjectives); on the other hand he is not going to believe that a bell penetrated the walls of a closed room.

And again, Dr. Lodge rejoins, in his own racy, though always courteous, way, what amounts to "No one asks you to believe either hypothesis; no one is talking about hypotheses; all we've got to say is this: we have very fair evidence of the fact that a bell left in one room got into another, and that nobody carried it, and as the Society for Psychical Research exists to investigate unfamiliar phenomena of this kind we have the right, some may even say the duty, of investigating it.

MR. BARKWORTH'S CHEMIST.

Mr. Barkworth illustrates his position thus—

Let it be supposed that an eminent chemist were to perform a simple experiment which he had repeatedly tried before and which numbers of other persons had in previous times also performed, and always, necessarily, with the same result. But on this occasion, the result appears strangely different. What may we suppose would be his attitude in face of such a contingency? Would he say, "This experiment having, for the first time in history, produced an abnormal result throws doubt upon all that was known about it before," or would he not rather say, "There is a mistake somewhere. Either one thing has been over-heated, or another has been under-estimated, or my assistant has inadvertently substituted one ingredient for another. What the nature of the error may be, is not worth inquiring into. The experiment has failed, not because Nature is capricious, but because the conditions have not been observed."

AND PROFESSOR RAMSAY'S.

Professor Ramsay is responsible for the reply to this argument:—

SIR.—Just one word in comment on Mr. Barkworth's letter in this issue, of which I have been favoured with a proof. He writes:—"Would [the chemist] not rather say, 'There is a mistake somewhere. Either one thing has been over-heated, or another has been under-estimated, or my assistant has inadvertently substituted one ingredient for another. What the nature of the error may be is not worth inquiring into. The experiment has failed not, because Nature is capricious, but because the conditions have not been observed.'?"

This sentence typifies the different attitudes taken up by Mr. Barkworth and his critics. I can assure him that the chemist would say nothing of the sort. He might suspect it; but he would say: "Here is something worth inquiring into: it may lead to a new discovery; at all events, we must probe it to the bottom and find out why an abnormal result has been obtained."

He will not consider himself shackled by the doctrines of gravitation or chemical affinity (I wish I knew what chemical affinity is!), but would fit his theories to his facts.

The proposition that a thing cannot be in two places at once does not seem to me to differ in essence from the proposition that two things may be in one place at the same time; and I place the fact mentioned in my former letter at Mr. Barkworth's service, not with a view of receiving any explanation, but simply as a fact.

In spite of these remarks, it must not be understood that I in any way accept the phenomena the credibility of which Mr. Barkworth disputes; like Boyle, I maintain the attitude of the "Sceptical Chymist."

MR. BARKWORTH'S MISSIONARY.

But Mr. Barkworth has another illustration:—

When the missionary Moffat was travelling in South Africa half-a-century ago, he encountered a tribe who assured him that in a neighbouring country the moon always rose in the West. Of course he denied that it could be so. I cannot now

fully recall the discussion which ensued, but the natives answered in effect, although with a sarcasm probably less refined than Mr. Speer's, that Moffat's denial was not much to the point because "they were present on the occasions in question, and he was not."

What was the ground of confidence which enabled the chemist, in the imaginary instance, to reject the evidence of his senses, and the missionary, in the real one, to refuse the testimony of other people? It was that to the inmost core of their being they were convinced that Nature never deceives. Like causes, operating under like conditions, produce like effects; and will continue to do so always, everywhere, and for all men, while the world lasts.

AND PROFESSOR LODGE'S.

This Dr. Lodge meets with a courage all his own:—

Mr. Barkworth says that I do not appreciate his argument; and I confess I do not appreciate it very highly. I rate it, indeed, rather lower than in my last letter was perhaps manifest. He likewise says that it is with unfeigned surprise that he finds himself driven into arguments against the practice of free inquiry; and I must say that I mildly share that surprise.

Here I might stop, were it not that there are a few apt anecdotes and illustrations in his last letter which emphasise very clearly the difference between a reasonable and enlightened mind of the Theological type and a ditto ditto of the scientific type.

Dr. Moffat is said to have encountered a tribe of savages who told him that in a neighbouring country the moon rose in the west. Very well, the instance serves. The missionary or theologian thus encountered says things equivalent to "Pooh! nonsense, I don't believe it, where do you expect to go to? Nature never deceives," and so on. The person with scientific instincts is more inclined to leave Nature to take care of her own morality, nor is he wishful to give utterance to his own views on the subject of the celestial motions; he is simply anxious to elicit genuine first-hand statements from the informants, to find out why they say so and what they mean.

His patient and catechetical attitude would no doubt seem to the more consciously enlightened person grotesque, if not mad; nevertheless, the information as to what a savage tribe means by "west" might turn out interesting to an anthropologist or a student of folk-lore. I suppose Mr. Barkworth knows what he himself means by "west," and perhaps he expects a savage's definition to agree with that of a European astronomer, but in this he might be disappointed. Even so civilised a person as the prophet Daniel may conceivably have centred his points of the compass at Jerusalem rather than at the North Pole.

No, sir, I do not propose to reject any serious and solid evidence on *a priori* grounds, and it is my earnest hope that the scientific men of the future, whatever greater influence they may then possess, will never allow themselves to become a narrow-visioned priesthood, or to imitate the errors of other dominant sects.

As has already been said, both end pretty much where they began, but the discussion has been none the less instructive for that. To boldly ignore *a priori* grounds, and what we vaguely call the "light of nature," may be a method of investigation safe enough in the hands of Professor Lodge—simply because for him it is a method of investigation, but it would be infinitely tiresome in the hands of a very large proportion of society, because it would be in that case, not a method of investigation at all, but an excuse for letting investigation alone.

X.

A STORM OF HUMAN ELECTRICITY.

MR. CLARENCE E. EDWARDS, in *Lucifer* for June, gives the following account of a scene which he personally witnessed among the Indians of Arizona.

While pursuing my studies among the Indians of North-Eastern Arizona, I frequently heard of a wonderful meda who lived in a village so deep in the mountains that it was rarely visited by other Indians and had never been seen by a white man. The stories that came were of a nature that made me determine to overcome all difficulties and visit the place. Suffice it to say that I accomplished my object and not only visited the place, but was permitted to witness what probably no other white man has ever seen. After days of importuning I found myself one evening sitting in a circle with twenty-five Indians, ranged around the wall of an estufa. The floor was perfectly bare, and the only light that came in filtered through from the circular entrance at the top.

In the centre of the room stood a tall old man, naked from head to foot, with the exception of a slight breech clout. In the north-east corner of the room was a square altar, on which burned a small fire after the ceremony began. It was a clear moonlight night, with no sign of storm in the air. Not a sound could be heard from without, and, except for the faint sound of breathing, it was silent within. The meda stood like a statue for fully ten minutes, until the silence and cramped position became almost unbearable. He extended his arms, and as he did so there was a crackling sound and peculiar lights appeared in various parts of the room, looking something like fireflies. This continued for some seconds, when he slowly waved his hands back and forth, gradually becoming more rapid in his movements, until suddenly there flashed from the ends of his extended fingers a streak of light that illumined the room so plainly that the faces of those sitting about the wall could be seen.

Now he sent flash after flash from his fingers, throwing the light to all portions of the room, until there seemed a constant stream of fire, darting hither and thither about the place, and all the while there was a crackling and snapping noise, such as comes from electrical discharges, getting louder and louder until it seemed to blend into a continuous roll resembling a peal of thunder. Gradually the uproar increased until it seemed as if a veritable thunderstorm was raging, and to make the illusion more complete there was an intermingling of a sound resembling the dropping of rain and rush of water. So natural did it seem that I was fully convinced that a storm was raging outside. The tumult subsided, and the room became again quiet and dark. We climbed the ladder to the outer world and found the moon still shining brightly, without a cloud in sight and not a sign that there had been a storm.

POSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS.

Mr. Edwards continues:—

I have been asked to explain the phenomenon, but have been compelled to confess my inability to do so. One of my friends explains it by saying the meda had pieces of flint in his hand and produced the fire by striking them together. He says the thunder was caused by the rapid whirling of a flint tied to a string. My friend did not see the performance, and I did. I think he is mistaken. I know the flashes of light could not have been produced in any such manner, nor the sound made by a whirling flint. I do not try to explain how it was done, for it was so weird and uncanny that I can only attribute it to some supernatural power.

Some critics might assume that Mr. Edwards was hypnotised on the occasion, and saw just what the meda intended him to see. The mango-tree trick has lately been successfully performed by a well-known novelist, a BORDERLAND circle member, by means of a three-penny palm fern and a hypnotic suggestion.

The *Lucifer* editor does not consider any explanation necessary, we could all produce thunder-storms if we were only good enough. "Every natural force is subject to the man who has sufficiently purified his lower nature to let the spirit shine through, and the merely physical forces, such as those used by the meda, do not need the supreme development for their control."

VIII.—PROGRESS IN PHOTOGRAPHING INVISIBLES.

RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

I HAVE not yet succeeded in finding the materialising medium who will enable me secure the promised photograph of a near relative, whose promise to come and be photographed in spirit form was contingent upon my finding a good materialising medium. Possibly, when Mrs. Mellon returns from Australia—and it is reported that she is expected this summer in London—I may be more successful, but so far nothing but failure has resulted from my efforts in this direction. Since I returned from America I had an opportunity, not under the most favourable circumstances, of making an experiment in spirit photography with Mr. David Duguid.

A FAILURE WITH A HAND CAMERA.

Accompanied by my son, armed with a Frena kodak, I was photographed an indefinite number of times in Mr. Duguid's own room, no one being present but Mr.

Duguid, his employer, my son, and myself. As I wished to obtain the photograph in my own hand camera, charged with films which had passed through no other hands but my son's, I had not any of the marked plates which Mr. Glendinning suggested I should bring to use in Duguid's own camera. The sitting took place in broad daylight, about noon. Mr. Duguid remarked that he did not believe I would obtain any results as he believed there was as much virtue in his camera as in himself, and that if I had brought plates which could have been used in his camera, he thought I would have had more chance of success. He had only two plates in his possession at the time, and, after taking some fifteen photographs with the Frena, I suggested that he might try and see if he could get anything on his own plates. Of course, this was no spirit photography under test conditions, for it was a hurried snap-visit, during which I



STEREOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN BY DAVID DUGUID, 1894.

could only find time to do what I did and as I did it, but I merely wished to see what the result would be. Mr. Duguid, therefore, prepared his plates, which he said he had had in his possession for many months, and placed them in the camera. When the plate was exposed, my son also exposed his film in the Frena giving it a simultaneous exposure of the same length of time.

WHAT CAME IN MR. DUGUID'S CAMERA.

One of Mr. Duguid's plates was handed over to my son to be developed by him. The other, Mr. Duguid de-

veloped himself. My son developed all the films taken in the hand camera. The result was somewhat curious. On none of the Frena films was there any vestige of a spiritual presence, and there was no difference in this respect between the sixteenth and seventeenth which were taken simultaneously with the exposure of Mr. Duguid's own plates. But on both of Mr. Duguid's plates there appeared a figure of a woman who was certainly not visible in the room. Mr. Duguid's camera, it may be mentioned, is a stereoscopic. I reproduce the clearest of the two photographs. I sent a print of the

photographs to Mr. Traill Taylor, the well-known expert in photography. He examined them carefully and reported upon them to me verbally at some length. He said that in his opinion the figure of the female was not, as in some spirit photographs, the result of photographing a plane surface. The photograph indicated the existence of a body with sufficient substance to indicate rotundity and solidity. The pictures were stereoscopically correct.

The female form was not recognised by me. She bore no resemblance to anyone I had ever seen to my knowledge, nor could I learn from Mr. Duguid that she had ever appeared at any of the previous séances at which he had been present.

THE EXPERIMENT INCONCLUSIVE.

The experiment so far, therefore, proved nothing excepting that on the plates which had been a long time in Mr. Duguid's possession, a spirit photograph was obtained, no counterpart of which could be discerned on the photograph taken at the same time by my son's hand camera. To many this, no doubt, would seem to justify the assumption that Mr. Duguid had prepared his plates beforehand.

I know that Mr. Duguid is a thoroughly honest man, who would not stoop to so vulgar a fraud. But at the same time, those who do not know Mr. Duguid, and those who have made up their minds beforehand that all spirit photographs are a fraud, will naturally refuse to share my opinion. Still I would ask them to remember that it was my fault that the photograph was not taken with my own plates. Mr. Glendinning had specially urged me, whenever I went to Mr. Duguid, to take precautions that would stop the mouth of the most sceptical.

Mr. Duguid assented to all these conditions, and was somewhat annoyed when he found I had no time to carry out the test experiment. It was only at my suggestion, and with much reluctance, he consented to use the only two plates of his own which he had left in the house.

WHERE LIES THE SECRET?

The laws governing the production of these photographs are so little understood that we have no right to reject any hypothesis which may account for their production. Mr. Duguid, as said, believes that the power which enables him to obtain photographs of invisible objects lies as much in his camera as in himself. A reverend gentleman in the West of England who has been experimenting in spirit photography for some time, and who has achieved some considerable measure of success, found that it was necessary to cause the plates used in the experiment to be carried on the person of the medium some time before the séance. The medium is a boy in his parish whose faculties in this direction were discovered by accident. He is quite destitute of any knowledge of photography, and his share in the performance consists of carrying a sealed packet of plates for some hours before the séance in his breast-pocket, and being present while the reverend gentleman manipulates the camera. The clergyman, who stated to me the results of his experiments, said that although he could not explain it he found that the boy always suffered from extreme exhaustion after he had had plates in his possession for some hours. In fact, he suffered so much that the clergyman on one occasion found it necessary to remove them from the lad's pocket for fear that the exhaustion might be too much for him. When the plates were taken away the lad experienced immediate relief. All this sounds very incredible and even absurd, but it is not for us to reject any statement made by credible witnesses as to what they have seen at first hand.

"THE VEIL UPLIFTED."

Mr. Glendinning, who is well known as one of the most patient investigators in all branches of spiritualistic phenomena, published at the beginning of this year a remarkable volume, entitled, "The Veil Uplifted," in which he sums up the result of his experience in spirit photography. He has kindly permitted me to reproduce the frontispiece, which is a spirit picture obtained in a sitting with Mr. Duguid. According to Mr. Duguid's own account this beautiful girl was a priestess of Venus in the isle of Cyprus during her earth-life; but, be that as it may, she is certainly one of the most presentable of the spirit photographs which I



have seen either in this country or in America. Mr. Glendinning's book is one which should be read attentively by those who imagine that spirit photography can be dismissed with a sneer.

A PHOTOGRAPH WITHOUT A CAMERA.

Mr. Traill Taylor, who is an acknowledged authority on all questions of photography, vouches for the care with which these experiments, at which he was permitted to assist, were conducted, and I confess that I am unable to reject Mr. Traill Taylor's evidence, or to assume that my friend, Mr. Glendinning entered into a conspiracy in order to deceive the public. The most remarkable of Mr. Glendinning's experiments was, when on one occasion he was able to secure a spirit photograph on a plate which had never passed from his possession from the time he purchased it in the shop, until he exposed it in a dark room without putting it in the camera at all. And on this plate he found a spirit form, impressed equally with those which had been exposed in the camera in daylight. Mr. Glendinning publishes twelve spirit photographs, describing in every case the precautions that were taken to exclude error, and to preclude the possibility of any of the tricks which are familiar enough to any photographer.

THE CHARACTER OF THE WITNESSES.

Mr. Glendinning's high character stands in no need for any certificate from me. There is not an honest man in London. Nor is it necessary to say anything as to the competence of Mr. Traill Taylor to speak on these subjects from the point of view of photography. If there is, the challenge which has been laid down to the sceptics has not been accepted.

The laws which govern it and the conditions under which it can best be carried out are very little understood. All that we can say is, that by continual experiment we eliminate the sources of error and find what are the best conditions under which these phenomena can be produced. Mr. Glendinning and Mr. Traill Taylor have done good service in publishing this book, which should find a place in the library of all those who are earnestly and conscientiously endeavouring to arrive at the truth in this matter.

"PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LIVING DEAD."

A little book which has reached me within the last quarter bears on the same subject. It is entitled "Twenty Photographs of the Living Dead," by Thomas Slaney Wilmot, with an account of the events which led to their being taken. The medium in this case was Miss Sarah Power, of Birmingham. Mr. Wilmot's explanation of the history of these photographs is very extraordinary. Miss Power was engaged to a young man who shot himself in a fit of mental aberration because of the difficulties which his father placed in the way of their wedding. A short time after this event Miss Power heard the voice of her betrothed speaking to her and giving her intelligent advice. She began a course of psychic study, and her betrothed promised to be photographed if she would study photography. While she still hesitated she heard a strange voice giving her the name and address of a stranger, whom the voice said would be willing to teach and experiment with her. She had never heard of this photographer's name, and had never even been in the part of the town where the voice told her she would find him. Natural curiosity led her to go and see if such a man was to be found at the given address. She went, and to her surprise found that there was a photographer at the place which the strange voice had mentioned to her, who was not only willing to give her lessons in photography free of expense, but who told her that before she had come a spirit had come into the room where he was alone pining, and said, "There is a lady coming to see you. Do not refuse what she asks, but take no money for your services. I will be with you." He obeyed the orders of his visitor, and she was fairly launched upon psychic photography. Mr. Snowdon Ward, of the *Practical Photographer*, visited Miss Power at Birmingham, and satisfied himself that there was no touching up of the plates, and that, as far as he could see, the photographs were really what they professed to be.

THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. NEAL.

I have no space to describe all the photographs mentioned in this book but I will confine myself to one, number 16. The portrait which appears in this photograph was that of a lady unknown to Miss Power. After the spirit had been photographed she gave her name to Miss Power, told her where she had lived during her earth life and the name and address of her clergyman, her doctor, her sister, and several other friends, who resided in the town. Miss Power then sent an untouched copy of these photographs to the addresses and asked that if the persons named recognised the figure they would let her know.

These copies brought the lady many visitors to whom the negative and prints were shown, all recognising it as an unmistakable likeness of their deceased friend, Mrs. Neal, and further corroborating the facts and events of her life as related by the spirit. Among these visitors was a sister of the spirit, who said "the portrait was more like her sister than the figure below the spirit was like the lady to whom she was talking." Moreover she produced a carte-de-visite photo of her late sister of which No. 17 is a copy. She said it was the only likeness her sister had ever had taken, and as only six of these were printed, she (the speaker) had taken the trouble to go round to those who had received them in order to ascertain if anyone had lost their copy, or had lent it to the lady: finding, however, that none of them knew the lady; and that all the pictures were safe, and had not been taken out of the album since they were put in, she felt satisfied that it must be her sister's spirit; for in no other way could a perfect stranger get so good a portrait of one whom they knew to be dead; therefore she considered it her duty to call upon the lady, and say so; especially as the person who had "laid out" the corpse of the deceased had recognised the V-shaped embroidered front of the robe she had put on the corpse for the burial—a robe which the deceased person had kept for fifteen years for this special purpose—also a frilled cap which she had put upon her head.

The spirit photograph is in no way a copy of the carte-de-visite. The spirit is standing, Mrs. Neal is sitting. Nor can it have been copied as will be seen by the following points of difference between the two:—

Spirit-Photo.

Carte-de-visite.

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Spirit is standing. | Mrs. Neal is sitting. |
| 2. Clad in white, loose robe. | In tight-fitting dress. |
| 3. One hand is outstretched. | Both hands are on her lap. |
| 4. Wears a white cap—frilled. | A dress cap on, full over the ears. |
| 5. Wears embroidered V-shaped robe with white front. | A plain dark bodice. |
| 6. The angle and size of face are different in both. | |
| 7. The curls have dropped and are straggling. | The curls are neat and in order. |

HOW SPIRITS ARE PHOTOGRAPHED.

It only remains to add Mr. Wilmot's own theory of the way in which spirits contrive to be photographed. He says:—

During our experiments we were taught that around every object in nature, animate and inanimate, there is an etherialized aura of various colours according to the innate nature of the object. The coloured magnetic rays from the planets were received in focus by this aura and utilised according to the chemical requirements of each man's body; the rays not absorbed were radiated to the surface, if any one ray predominated it tinted the whole with its particular colour. This, we were instructed, was the reason why some did more justice to the photographer than others. A person with a red or dark aura would, in a photograph, always procure a clearly-defined sharp photograph of him or herself. A person with a white or light-tinted aura seldom gets a satisfactory photograph. Every photographer has had such trying customers, but did not know how to account for the indefinite likeness and changeableness of the person's features: the fact is, they are surrounded by a personal aura so exactly equalised as to be perfectly white: this does not define the outlines as a dark aura does.

The auras of some people possess other qualifications in addition to the equalised white one, which renders it fluorescent, so that spirit forms which surround every one of us are visible to the camera. When individuals, with this special kind of aura, sit, they get very imperfect likenesses, and the photographer is quite unaware—unless clairvoyant—that the unsatisfactory nature of the picture is due to a partial overshadowing of the feature's by some spirit's presence, which the light aura,

not being dense enough to cloud, faintly reveals. (See plates, in none of which is the lady twice alike.) It is the white and light-coloured auras in which the clairvoyant beholds, as through an open door to the heavens, the forms of the departed. An over-exposed plate will often show this aura like a cloudy mist.

When the aura is white, and also luminous, the spirits of the dead can not only be seen by the clairvoyant, but their portraits can be registered on the negative by the photographic process, and the mysteries which have been thoughtlessly relegated to the supernatural realm stand revealed as a natural process governed by simple infallible law.

AN APPEAL TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

I of course can pronounce no opinion upon the accuracy of this hypothesis. There is one thing however, that is admitted, and that is that photographers frequently find their plates covered by something whether it be mist or something more substantial, which they did not see when they focussed their subject. These negatives are usually destroyed. I make a special appeal to all photographers who have any such negatives containing any shadowy or inexplicable forms to preserve them and if they would be so good as to forward them to the BORDERLAND Office, I should be much obliged. Mr. Wilmot's theory is that the spirit form is fixed on the plate in the dark, and that when the magnesium light is used the only effect of the light is to photograph material objects, for in several cases they have found spirit forms printed on the plate where the magnesium light has never been used. In other words the spirit has brought its own light with it. This light, he says, can be drawn from any part of the medium's body, and it is this light which impresses the portrait on the plate.

To explain the reason why some people make unsuccessful attempts to photograph spirits, we may remark that they are not gifted with the necessary luminous aura which renders the surrounding atmosphere transparent to the heavens and the sensitive plate at the same time.

PHOTOGRAPHING A HYPNOTIC SUBJECT.

Leaving Mr. Wilmot's theories we come to another phenomenon, namely, the failure of a photographer to obtain the portrait of a sitter while every other object in the room is correctly photographed. I know of one case in which an amateur photographer photographed a visitor who was standing in front of the mantelpiece. When the negative was developed there was a photograph of the mantelpiece, but the figure in front of it had entirely disappeared. This was a great mystery, but still greater was the sequel. When showing that photograph to clairvoyants in Chicago—the photograph, I may mention, was taken in England—without telling them of any mystery connected with the photo, they saw the missing man standing with his back to the mantelpiece and described him quite accurately, nor would they believe that I could not see the person whom they saw quite unmistakably in the very centre of the photograph. A very curious report from Russia shows the possibility of the disappearance to fix the central figure under exceptional psychic conditions. The Russian experiment is not on all fours with my case, for the central figure does not entirely disappear. The statement is as follows:—

"La Haute Science" in its last number among "Glanes" has the following taken from the Russian journal (Novoe Vremia, of March 5, 1894:—"Professor Wagner has just communicated to the branch devoted to photography of the Imperial Technic Society (Societe Technique Imperiale) of St. Petersburg a most extraordinary fact. Desiring to photo-

graph a hypnotised subject, he directed upon him his camera, and by the aid of a "Kourdiou" magnesium lamp made two instantaneous exposures, taking care to surround himself with all the precautions required in such a delicate matter. Now when he examined the plates his astonishment was without bounds. The walls of the room, the furniture, the curtains, the carpets, all appeared in detail; only the subject was nowhere to be discovered. In place of the person was to be seen on one of the plates a portion of his hand, and on the other a part of his boot, while the rest of the body was concealed by white spots appearing to rise in concentric layers. It was in his own apartment, in the middle of a room closed and locked, into which nobody could come while the professor hypnotised his subject and extended him on a sofa, and whom no blanket or like material covered. The learned experimenter not being able to give any satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon, a committee of three members was selected by the specialists of the Technique Society to repeat the experiment of Professor Wagner on the same subject when hypnotised, in the same place and under the same conditions.

It would be well if our hypnotisers were to try the Russian experiment, and see whether or not they obtained the same result.

WANTED, SOME SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Our valued contemporary, *Light*, observes:—

Of course, few things would delight us more than the arrival of a few mediums for well-tested spirit-photographs. We want them badly. But we have to be first careful, and then jubilant. We believe that genuine spirit-photographs have been obtained, that they will probably be obtained in the future more readily than now, and that their evidential value will be very great; but all this only points to the supreme need of caution. Untested "spirit-photographs" are simply useless. In fact, there should be no flinching from the severest tests. We cannot afford to be loose in this matter, or good names to be taken in.

HOW FRAUDS ARE MANAGED.

On this subject, it is well to bear in mind the warning given by one of our watch-dogs as follows:—

"Mr. Gladstone, in a speech four years ago, stated that a certain clergyman in Ireland had been shadowed by a couple of police officers, dressed in uniform, which fact, he said, 'stands in evidence because it has been made the subject of a photograph.' To show that Mr. Gladstone's conclusion was unwarranted, a skilful photographer made a number of photographic pictures depicting events which had not and could not have occurred. One of these photographs represents the Premier lounging before the door of one of the most disreputable dens of the roughest locality in London, and another represents Irving, the stern tragedian, engaged in a dance with Miss Lottie Collins, which accompanies the singing of 'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay.'"

The following description of the trick was given:—

"The plate on which a photograph is taken is ~~acted on~~ by light. Consequently, if one part of the plate is covered up while the rest is exposed, the part that is covered up will receive no impression, and hence will be capable of being acted upon by a subsequent exposure. In the photograph of Mr. Gladstone, the part where the head and body are to appear is covered up at the first exposure and the rest of the photograph is taken. Then all except the space which was covered up before is covered up, and on the reserved space the head and body of the eminent statesman are photographed. The only difficulty is in making the joining of the two parts of the photograph so neatly that the fraud will not be detected. The joining must not be a straight line, but a jagged one, which is far less easily observed. The diaphanous appearance of the ghost is due to the fact that the lady who assumes that character retires quickly before the exposure is complete, but the rest of the picture comes out in a normal way."

IX.—HAUNTED HOUSES OF TO-DAY.

"OLD FADANNY," OF NORFOLK, AND OTHER GHOSTS.

WILLINGTON MILL, immortalized by Mrs. Crowe in her "Night Side of Nature" has lost its pristine reputation since the Proctors left the place. This quarter it is interesting to have to report the discovery of a haunted house in Norfolk, where most of the phenomena of the Willington Mill are reproduced. Miss X. had hoped to have been able to have spent some time in the house in order to prepare a report at first hand for this number of BORDERLAND, but circumstances postponed this, I therefore confine myself this quarter to reproducing the carefully written narrative which appeared in the *Eastern Daily Press* of May 11th, together with some confirmatory evidence. The farmhouse stands in a village near Norwich, which for obvious reasons I do not more particularly specify.

THE NATURE OF THE HAUNTINGS.

The doors, sashes, and flooring being substantial and up-to-date, are not of the kind that would create ghostly rappings on their own account. Nor are the occupiers persons who would be likely to evolve such troubles from their own imagination. They are people who enjoy the bodily and nervous vigour of the typical agriculturist, and as their lease has still some years to run, they would have no palpable excuse for inventing a ghost. Two or three months after their occupation had begun, some unexplainable sounds were heard. Sometimes there were noises as if the furniture were being moved about, a sound as of some one banging on the stairs would be noticed, and the doors would slam and clatter in a fashion that the wind could hardly explain. All this was to be borne with-out much difficulty by a full-blooded young farmer, whose nerves had never before been shaken by psychical perplexities.

But the matter assumed a more acute phase when the servants refused to stay, and when several of them came forward with apparent good faith and unmistakable distress of mind to complain of a mysterious figure that was wont to frequent the stairways and the sleeping apartments.

THE NATURE OF THE EVIDENCE.

The most remarkable feature of the case is that the evidence is singularly corroborative. There are about half-a-dozen persons who solemnly affirm, not merely that other people have seen the mysterious visitant, but that they have themselves seen it.

THE NURSE'S STORY.

There is at present living at the farm a stout-hearted, capable-looking woman, who is nurse to the three children of her employer, and who has refused so far to yield to her fears and fly. She seems to be a person of honesty and intelligence. She has no romantic tendencies; she is not addicted to the penny novelette. She assures me that, hearing a noise one night at the top of the main staircase, she opened her bedroom door and looked out. A lamp standing on her dressing-table cast a faint light along the corridor, and she was thus able to see some strangely clad figure crossing the corridor, apparently on its way to one of the back bedrooms. It had the form of a man; she thinks. It seemed to wear a white robe or night-dress, and there was something white upon its head. On various occasions the ghost—so, perhaps, I may call it for convenience sake—has been seen on the corridors and the stairs; but the most painful experience of all seems to have fallen to a servant who has since thrown up her situation and left the house. She was sent by her mistress to sit with one of the children in the best bedroom, and see him safely off to sleep. As she watched by the bedside in the dark a strange figure, enveloped in a soft light, suddenly appeared before her. She describes it as a man

of average height with dark eyes, and it was clad in white or greyish garments. The figure stood gazing at her for a time, and then disappeared.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY.

On reading a story of this sort the impulse of most people will be to cry out with impatience that the testimony of a few servant girls should be so gravely recorded. But here comes corroboration from another and a less doubtful source. The occupier of the farm has three children, the two elder being boys of three and four years of age respectively, from whom, it need hardly be said, every care has been taken to withhold the story of the ghost. The younger child has lately been heard to inquire who was the tall old lady with a white thing on her head who came to his cot at night and stretched a hand out towards his face. So recently as last Tuesday week he made a complaint of this kind. His four-year old brother has also had some uncanny experiences in the night. On one occasion, wearing his little dressing-gown and carrying his socks and shoes in his hand, he ran excitedly out of his bedroom into then usery, crying out that "Old Fadanny" was after him. His description of "Old Fadanny" tallied in the main with that of the other people who profess to have seen the ghost.

EARLIER STORIES OF THE HOUSE.

The theory that some reckless practical joker has been playing pranks is somewhat discounted by the fact that long before the present occupier went to reside at the farm inexplicable sounds were heard, and there were those who complained of some unknown and mysterious visitor. A girl of weak intellect who lived in the house at the time when the steward occupied it, used frequently to ask who was the person who came and gazed into her face at night, and extended a hand towards her with a curious clawing movement. At the same time there lived in the house a woman who is now the wife of the cowherd employed upon the farm, and she also has had one or two strange experiences. I took the opportunity of calling at the cowherd's house, and there can be no doubt, if the testimony of the woman is at all trustworthy, that the place lay under a cloud of evil reputation years before it became a farm-house. The present occupier and his wife have themselves seen nothing of an unaccountable sort, and probably they would put up with the curious noises inflicted upon them if only they could induce the servants to stay. So serious was their difficulty in this respect that a week or two ago they were driven to import a couple of girls from a distant part of the country. One of the girls slept alone on the first night of her arrival, and was troubled with nothing. On the next night she was joined by her fellow-servant, and they slept together. On the following morning they came down very late. Being called to account for their negligence, they complained that they could get no sleep till half-past four in the morning by reason of having been troubled with the banging of things in their room. At times sounds proceeded from the washhouse beneath as of a horse stamping about, and once the apartment was filled with some curious light, though there was no illuminant in the room.

GHOST HUNTING WITH REVOLVERS.

Whatever may be the explanation of all these things, it will be admitted that life has assumed some very unpleasant aspects at the farm in question. The repeated noises, the alarm and the desertion of the servants, have unsteadied the nerves of everyone in the household. One of the servants has been so thoroughly upset that she has been ordered away from the place by a doctor. The most prompt and vigorous efforts of the farmer to discover the perpetrator of these outrages have been so far without avail. On hearing the noises at night, the

farmer has dashed out of his room revolver in hand, but there has been no one to shoot, and the noises have instantly ceased, or receded to some distant part of the house. A gentleman who resides in the village, and who has for years been a student of spiritualism and occult things, has taken immense interest in the subject, and he, in company with the farmer and one or two others, has been sitting up night after night in the hope of solving the mystery. On one of these occasions, as I learned from the lips of the spiritualist himself, a servant had swooned in her room on account of something or other she had seen or heard, and the spiritualist took up a position at the foot of the main staircase while the farmer watched the back staircase. A tremendous banging was then heard, such as might have been caused with a stout oak stick, and the spiritualist, bounding up the stairs, was positive no human agency could have caused the manifestation. No one was visible, the servants' doors were closed.

TESTIMONY OF MR. H. P. READ.

"The gentleman who resides in the village," is Mr. Read, who, on April 26th, was kind enough to call attention to the phenomena. He writes:—

It is a case of disturbance in a house without any visible means as cause. The people living in the house are at present without servants—the last one left the other day, and is still in the doctor's hands, from the effects of fright. . . . I have spent several nights in the house after the people have gone to bed, without lights, but all I can personally report are some very decided knocks—1, 2, 3, like some one striking the floor with a heavy stick, and this not very often.

FURTHER EVIDENCE.

On being asked for evidence as to the nature of the disturbance, Mr. Read kindly procured for us the testimony of the owner of the house and of the children's nurse. The children, it should be mentioned, are two and three years old.

May 3rd, 1894.

This is all the evidence available as to the house I wrote you about. It is the evidence of Mr. and Mrs. B., also of the nurse, a person who has been in the family for several years.

(Signed) H. P. READ.

We hear noises which can only compare with such sounds as sharp knocks, rolling a large tub down the stairs, throwing boards or large shutters about the floor. These sounds occur at intervals of weeks, sometimes months, but when they commence the disturbance, it lasts—less or more noise—three or four evenings. The loud sounds are not frequent, but a sharp knocking sound and a shuffling sound, as of an aged person walking, is what we personally hear.

(Signed) G. R. B.

NURSE.—I frequently hear knocking sounds and of some one walking. One night, hearing some one knock on the floor outside the nursery, I opened the door and saw the figure of an old man; he would be about fifteen feet away from the doorway; he was dressed in something white, or of a misty whiteness seen in the dark, but not bright.

(Signed) A. M.

INDIRECT EVIDENCE.

The children, on two occasions were awake by what they describe as an old woman who, the children say, scratched their faces. Red marks were found on the face of one child directly after. These marks were seen by nurse and Mr. Bagshaw. Mr. Bagshaw thinks of leaving the house on account of these disturbances. I am acquainted with the methods used by Spiritualists, but we have no mediumistic person that can be depended on.

My own experience is simply that some resolute knocks, no produced by any person in the house, I am quite sure. They are not wood contraction sounds, but clear ringing knocks.

(Signed) HORACE READ.

M. House, B., May 7th, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—I write to inform you that last Friday we had two new servants home. And that during Friday night, from twelve until three, they could not go to sleep as there was such a great noise in and around their bedroom; it sounded like a horse stamping about the floor underneath their room, and all at once the room was quite illuminated as if with the electric light. Now we have had two servants leave through the strange sounds that we hear in this house, and are afraid that if these new girls hear what the sounds come from they will leave also.

Hoping you will give this your attention.

I am, sir,

(Signed) G. R. B.

THE MYSTERIOUS URN.

A correspondent, writing to *Light* from Norwich, on Wednesday, May 16, says:—

The manifestations so far have not been periodic. Indeed they have been so irregular that systematic investigation has been almost impossible. Months have gone by without the apparition being seen or any unusual noises heard, and then all these effects have suddenly recurred. It has proved exceedingly difficult to obtain from the servants any exact description of the visitant. They speak of it as a man, while the younger of the two children, as well as the idiot girl who formerly lived in the house, have always referred to it as a woman. So far as I can learn, no article of furniture has ever been seen to move; but the sounds most commonly heard were as if chairs and tables were being impatiently and roughly handled. The history of the house and of its previous tenants discloses nothing to account for the manifestations. In the hope that an elucidatory something or other might turn up, the proprietor has been searching the premises, and one rather curious discovery has already been made. In a cellar, and at the base of one of the walls, an urn built solidly into the masonry has been found. It is of earthenware, and would be very difficult to remove without almost disturbing the foundations of the house. At the bottom of it were found some lumps of cobbler's wax, and a quantity of common earth. At the time of my visit, the investigation had been carried no further. From my own inquiries, I should be loth to believe that the tenant has been subject to trickery. There is only one servant who has remained in the house during the whole time that the present tenant has been in occupation, nearly four years, and she is a person whom one could not readily suspect. Mr. and Mrs. — are hospitable people. They take a serious view of the troubles which have overtaken them, and they would welcome the investigation of any competent observer.

Having had experience of life in a haunted house at intervals for several years, Miss X. volunteered her services as "sensitive." Mr. B.— most cordially and courteously promised to let me know at once if the phenomena re-appeared, so I hope before another BORDERLAND is published to be able to speak of "Old Fadanny" at first hand!

ANOTHER "HAUNTED" HOUSE.

I am kindly permitted, by the occupier of another house, in which the "haunting" is attested by about a dozen persons, to promise detailed accounts of the phenomena in October.

THE GHOSTS OF HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

In *Cassell's Family Magazine* for August there is an article by a resident giving a sketch of the ghostly occupants of Hampton Court Palace. The writer says :—

The apartment in which I now write is situated near to the Haunted Gallery, and I have distinctly heard the loud screams at dead of night, which are supposed to be uttered by the shade of Queen Catherine Howard, whose restless spirit still haunts the Long Gallery, on the right-hand side of the Queen's Great Staircase. This gallery is kept locked, and is not shown to the public generally, but only to the favoured few, and by special permission.

THE REHEARSAL OF A TRAGEDY.

The story goes that, after the disclosures made to Henry VIII. of the alleged unfaithfulness of the Queen, he was one day at service in the royal closet in the chapel. Catherine Howard, who had been confined to her room, escaped and ran along the (now called) Haunted Gallery, having determined to make one last frantic effort to appeal to the king for mercy and pardon.

She had just reached the door of the royal pew when she was rudely seized by the guards, and in spite of her piercing shrieks she was carried back to her own rooms, while the king continued his devotions apparently quite unmoved.

This terrible scene is said to have been enacted over and over again in the Haunted Gallery.

A tall figure, dressed all in white, has been seen going towards the royal pew, and on approaching the door has rushed back again hastily, her garments all disordered, and a look of utter misery and despair on her face, as she utters a succession of unearthly shrieks, till she passes through the doorway which leads to the Queen's Staircase.

THE GHOST SEASON AT HAMPTON.

These shrieks are constantly heard to this day, especially when there is no moon, and at the autumnal season of the year, when these Royal Shades seem to be particularly restless. They never appear to do any actual harm beyond alarming the occupants of the apartments, and visitors are constantly known to leave very abruptly when on a visit to the Palace.

Outside these front doors is a curious old oak staircase, and my servants have to go up it to get to their own rooms. Through this arch and doors Queen Catherine of Arragon is said to "walk" at certain times of the year. They lead to what were her own apartments in the olden days, and she used to come out and go down to the Great Hall, to dine with her royal husband, Henry VIII.

THE COOK'S ONE CONSIDERATION.

One night I was aroused by the sudden entrance of my cook and parlourmaid into my room, while I was fast asleep. They rushed in screaming.

"Oh! ma'am," cried the cook, "are you quite safe? We smelt fire somewhere, and came down to see where it was; but, oh! what we have seen to-night! As we was a-comin' down them oak stairs we see a tall lady, dressed all in black, with a long train, with a shining light on her face, come through the Queen's Gate, but the door never opened when she came out, nor shut after her. She had a taper in her hand, and seemed to glide downstairs, and then we couldn't see her nowhere."

The next day this old cook came to me and said: "If you please, mum, I must leave you this wery day. I came to oblige you, mum, and left a pore lady in town, who I was nussing, very bad with haricot, [varicose] veins, but I can't stay no longer in such a place as this, where the partition of Anne Bullion [Boleyn] walks, and where the ghosts are so harbacious (!), and it worrits me dreadful to think of it. My only comfort is, mum, that them ghosts is all royal ones."

Other servants complain of hearing footsteps, and of some-

one walking about their room, and one called out to the other, "Do be quiet and go to bed at once, and leave off disturbing me so."

A FEARSOME EXPERIENCE.

One night I awoke suddenly by feeling a figure standing by my bedside, and my pillow was sharply pulled away from under my head. Then something seemed to lean over the bed, as if gazing at me, and to press the spring mattress. It was perfectly dark, and for some time I was so frightened that I could not move to light a candle. I felt conscious of a presence in the room, but saw nothing actually.

Doors here are constantly found open, when carefully shut and locked, and I have seen visitors turn pale at the sight of a door gently closing by itself before one's eyes, when the apartment was all shut up, and not a breath of wind anywhere.

GHOSTLY REVELLERS.

In one particular room curious noises are constantly heard. A winding staircase leads from it to the court below, leading to an underground passage to the river; this has been closed, but has not prevented the ghostly visitants from holding their midnight revels. Glasses are heard to jingle loudly at dead of night; and the spirits seem to be having a regular romp. They tap loudly at the doors, run about the room, and seem to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Two ladies, standing near this room talking, about half-past eleven one night, saw a bright light flash through, and at the same time heard a loud crash. They were much alarmed, and next morning we made all sorts of investigations to try and account for it; but all in vain.

THE GREY LADY.

Complaints are made that something comes and touches people on the cheek when asleep, and altogether these Royal Shades seem to be full of mischief, but perfectly harmless.

In the gardens also "The Grey Lady" is said to promenade at night. An attendant on his usual rounds sat down for a moment to wait for the midnight inspector to pass him, when he suddenly found a cold hand laid on his face, and, looking up, saw a tall, pale woman, dressed all in grey, standing before him. He sprang up at once, and she vanished away before his eyes; but the shock caused by the apparition was so great that he became intensely nervous, and was absolutely afraid to remain in the gardens at night, and, consequently, had to resign his post.

OTHER STORIES OF HAUNTING.

THE SPECTRE MONKS.

The following paragraph is from the *Church Times* of June 8th. The writer says :—

I have no theory to account for it, and merely state the facts as I have heard them from a Doctor of Divinity, in whose truthfulness I have confidence. He is a hard-working and popular London clergyman. He heard the story from one of the parties concerned. At St. Osyth, in East Anglia, was an important religious house, founded by Richard de Beaumes, Bishop of London, in 1118, for Augustinian canons. At the Suppression it was given to Thomas Cromwell, with much sorrowful protest, not only from the monks, but from their neighbours. After the fall of that rapacious minister, it was granted to Lord D'Arcy, whose heiress became Lady Rivers. About 1700, the last member of the Rivers family (illegitimate) married the Earl of Rochford, and the representatives of that family sold it to its present owner in 1863. So much I get from "Murray's Handbook." My informant tells me that the present possessor has endeavoured to turn it to good use by having in the summer months batches of poor children, sometimes boys, sometimes girls, for fresh air. They have been placed under Sisters of the Church. One day, when there was a great number of boys there, one of the Sisters

"hoped they were enjoying themselves." "Yes, Sister, we like it very much. But who are the old gentlemen who walk through the room with long black cloaks, and look pleasant at us, but don't speak?" The Sisters were amazed to have the same question put to them by the girls, and by another batch of boys, and could find no sign of collusion among them all. There is the story, *relata refero*. I must leave all inductions to my readers. My informant may have been hoaxed, I have no means of ascertaining, but I wrote down this story immediately after he had told it to me, in hopes of learning more.

A STONE-THROWING GHOST.

A Circle member sends us from Auckland a very detailed account of some perplexing phenomena in the township of Enmore at the Antipodes. Three handsome brick houses have been singled out for attack, and these for hours together on many consecutive days have been bombarded by showers of heavy missiles. Repeated experiments have shown that these must proceed from a certain spot about thirty yards away, where the perpetrator would have to take his stand in the middle of a wide lane running at the rear of the houses and in full view of the inmates of a score of houses whose back gates open on to the thoroughfare in question. The neighbourhood of the houses is still scrupulously guarded by the police, who are yet confident of solving the affair and running the perpetrator to earth. Much local excitement has been occasioned by these uncanny doings. The premises have been visited by a large number of people, and many and varied are the theories put forward for the elucidation of the occurrence.

The Sydney *Daily Telegraph* of Friday, May 18th, says:—

A plain-clothes officer, who is universally acknowledged as one of the smartest men in the station, is secreted in an up-stairs bedroom in McCann's house, and commands from the window, which is directly over the one assailed, a perfect view of the surrounding yards and houses, including an uninterrupted view of the back lane. This officer, when seen last evening by a reporter, expressed himself as completely nonplussed. "I never was so taken aback in my life," he said, "to have to acknowledge that I cannot see a person who must be within a few yards heave a brick at me. It's preposterous. A few minutes ago, as I was straining my eyes out here, with not a soul in sight and not a leaf stirring on the trees, without the least warning crash came another brick through that ill-fated window."

MR. WALTER BESANT'S GHOST STORY.

Here (writes Mr. Walter Besant in the "Queen") is a ghost story—one of a large class, and, therefore, perhaps more likely to be veracious. It has an appearance of strict and even narrow truthfulness. There was a certain Captain Blomberg, of some regiment unknown, on active service in America. Five or six of his brother officers, he being engaged on duty two hundred miles away, were dining together. The door was opened, and Captain Blomberg appeared, to everybody's surprise. Without speaking, he walked in and sat down in a vacant chair. They all asked him how he came there. To their questions he made no reply; then one of them said, "Blomberg, are you mad?" On this he rose and replied, "When you go back to London

take my son to the Queen, and beg her to be his protector." This said, he walked out of the room as he had come in. A few days afterwards the news came that he had been killed in action on the very day and at the same hour of his appearance. It is pleasing to record that the Queen, on whose favour the gallant officer may have had some claims, did protect the son, who became Chaplain-in-Ordinary to His Majesty, Deputy Clerk of the King's Closet, Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, and Vicar of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

THE COOKSTOWN GHOST.

The *Mid-Ulster Mail* reports the return of the Cookstown ghost after an absence of twenty years. The phantom cannot be said to have re-appeared, as it declares itself by raps, "a double knock and a single one," and the excitement is so great that the Royal Irish Constabulary have had some difficulty in protecting the inhabitants of the house—a woman, her invalid brother, and a little girl. The "manifestation" is declared to be weaker than formerly.

AN OLD WOMAN'S GHOST.

The following report of the apparition of the ghost of an old woman hardly deserves to be included under the general heading of Haunted Houses, but as it is authenticated by the independent statements of two witnesses, it may as well find a place here. We owe this report, among many others, to the Members of our Circles, who cannot do us better service than by constantly keeping us at the headquarters of the exploration of BORDERLAND posted of all facts throwing light upon the true nature of this mysterious region.

One evening about 9 P.M. towards the end of July, 1893, my sister and I were sitting reading in the drawing-room, when a shadow was thrown across my book, and on looking up I saw a figure gradually shaping itself into the form of an old woman, who stood with her arms folded gazing intently at my sister. The dress seemed to be of some dark material with a woollen kerchief pinned across her shoulders, and her head-gear seemed like a black old-fashioned cap. My fixed gaze into apparent space roused my sister's attention, who asked me what I was looking at, and on my thoughtlessly telling her what I saw she screamed and the figure melted into air. On my mentioning the occurrence a few days after, my governess told me that the cook had seen an old woman the same evening about 8 P.M. in my dressing-room. I enclose her account.

THE COOK'S STATEMENT.

"On going upstairs the same evening about 8 P.M. I saw through the open door an old woman seated at the little round table (which always stands in the window) busily engaged with some papers. It was so real and life-like that in spite of my alarm I stood and looked for a minute or two, she turned her head three times round and looked hard at me. She was dressed in a dark stuff gown, with white kerchief pinned round her shoulders and a white frilled cap. On my saying "Oh dear," she vanished.

(Signed) A. MEREDITH.

Signed in the presence of,
(Signed) J. S. HAYES.

X.—PREMONITIONS AND WARNINGS OF DEATH AND DISASTER. SOME WELL-ATTESTED CASES.

THE cases recorded below are those which have hit. How many other premonitions have been made and missed no one knows. Mr. H. H. Johnston, the well-known African pro-consul, told me a very curious experience in which he felt a distinct premonition of a catastrophe having overtaken the gallant officer Macnall very shortly before the news arrived of his death. This led him to take note of all similar premonitions, and he found them in every subsequent case as wrong as in the first case he had found it to be right. There are impressions and impressions, and out of ten premonitions only one may have any justification. How this may be I cannot say. This preface is necessary to prevent nervous readers rashly inferring from the perusal of these cases that whenever they are impressed that trouble is coming, or whenever they hear a prediction of impending death, therefore there is even a probability that the misfortune will arrive. The odds in almost every case are very heavy the other way.

1.—DEATH PREDICTED BY PLANCHETTE.

The first case I shall quote has been sent me by one of our Circle members in New Zealand. It seems to be well-attested; the prediction was precise, and it was fulfilled with promptitude.

To the Editor of BORDERLAND.

Dear Sir,—I send you herewith a statement of an incident in planchette writing which happened several years ago, and which, perhaps, you may think interesting enough to publish for the information of the Circle.

I will confine myself to a plain statement of facts, vouched for by the two gentlemen connected with me on that occasion, and will make no guesses as to whether the message was really inspired in the way it professed to be, or whether thought-transference, &c., &c., had anything to do with it.

As one of the gentlemen signing the statements appended hereto objects to his name being published, for fear of causing annoyance to his orthodox relatives, I will, when mentioning him, give an initial only, but as the other gentleman and myself have no such fears our names appear in full.

While residing in the town of Opoitiki, east coast of North Island of New Zealand, in the year 1880, a well known and much respected resident, whom I shall call S., in course of conversation one day asked me if I believed in spiritualism. I said I did not, as I did not see how all that was claimed for it could be true. S. replied that our mutual friend, Mr. John Thomson (whom I shall afterwards call T.) and himself were anxious to investigate it, and that they would be glad if I would join them, which I then and there agreed to do. So we formed circles with the aid of my wife and other lady friends, and sat regularly in the evenings, sometimes at S.'s house and sometimes at mine, with occasional startling results.

In a short time T. and I got messages through the planchette, but S. could never get any, and although his wife, to whom he was very much attached, passed away during the time these experiments were going on, messages purporting to be from her to him always came through me.

Now although I kept my mind as passive as possible, and could honestly say that I in no way knowingly allowed my mind to influence the planchette, and S., while watching the messages coming always declared that the planchette acted in the same hurried manner, and wrote exactly as his wife (who was a very rapid writer) would have done, and he therefore accepted the messages as genuine; still, seeing how eagerly he

hung on those messages, and how implicitly he believed in them, set me thinking what a tremendous responsibility rested on me if after all they were not inspired in the way they professed to be, but in some other unaccountable manner, and this caused me to be very unwilling to sit.

While in this state of mind I was walking up the main street one morning on my way to my office, when I met S., his hat was pulled over his eyes and his head bent downwards, so that he nearly collided with me, when I spoke he suddenly looked up and said I was the very man he wanted, he told me that his sister, Mrs. —, from a distant township had arrived, and was stopping at the hotel with her two years old son who was very ill. S. said he had frequently read of means of cure being suggested by the spirits, and he was thinking of asking me to sit and try if I could get any advice for the relief of the child. I told him I did not think it likely that I could, but S. said there could be no harm in trying, so I went with him into his house, which was quite near. I put a sheet of paper on the table in his dining-room, with the planchette on it, and sat down, S. standing on the other side of the table watching the proceedings. The planchette after a short time announced the presence of S.'s mother, and wrote the following message, "My grandchild will not live." S. seeing this became excited, and whether from that cause or not I cannot say, but the remainder of the message—of which there was a good deal—could not be read by either of us. I tried again with exactly the same result, and although I tried three times, all after the words "not live" could not be read. S. then said he feared the child must die, but I told him I considered it was all nonsense to place so much importance in what might—and very likely would—turn out to be all wrong, but he suddenly exclaimed, "Wait here and I'll go for T., perhaps he might get the whole message." So it was agreed that I should wait until he brought T., who was not to be told for what purpose he was required, but merely be asked to step over to S.'s house for a few minutes. This was done, and when S. returned, bringing T. with him, I told him (T.) for the first time, why we required him. I had put away my messages and merely said I was getting a message which I could not read, and would be glad if he would try, as perhaps he might be more successful. I did not say from whom the message came, or what it was about. So T. took my place at the planchette and I went round to the opposite side of the table. I did not sit down, but knelt on the floor, and putting my arms on the table—which was a large one—I rested my head on my hands and watched the planchette, S. meantime walking up and down the room, the planchette soon began to move, and this is what it wrote, "My grandchild will die. I am here to take him home to Heaven."

"Oh," said S., "that is confirmation enough. When will the child die?" And the answer came, "To-morrow morning."

I tried to make S. look upon the matter from a less serious point of view, with, I fear, but indifferent results, and we parted each to his different duties.

That evening S. reported that the outlook was brighter for the boy, and that he had hopes that the message might not turn out correct after all, but next morning the child in a fit of coughing broke a blood vessel, and passed away about 7 A.M.

Soon after this we were scattered far and wide. I have only seen T. once since then, and S. not at all, but before sending this narrative to you I have forwarded it to both of them for their remarks, which you will find attached. S. signs his name and address in full, but of course you will not publish them in deference to his expressed wish.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed)

W. T. POWELL,
Captain N. Z. Torpedo Corps.

Devonport, Auckland, N. Z., 22nd March, 1894.

MEMO.—I quite agree with Captain Powell's account herewith attached. I think that the message I received was, "My grandchild Willie will die," but it is so long ago I may have forgotten it. I think Mr. S. took down in writing the exact words.

(Signed) JNO. THOMSON,
Clerk R.M. Court, Tauranga, 1st March, 1894.

Opotiki, 7th March, 1894.

CAPTAIN POWELL, Auckland.

Dear Sir,—It will be fourteen years next month since the incident you have so carefully recorded took place, and if the Editor of BORDERLAND considers it of sufficient interest he can rely upon it being perfectly true.

I am, yours truly,

(Signed) S—.

2.—RAILWAY ACCIDENT AVERTED BY A DREAM.

So often these premonitions and predictions fail to warn in time those who are in danger, that I am very glad to be able to publish the following well-authenticated case, in which a disastrous railway accident was averted by a signalman's dream. The affair happened twelve years ago, but thinking it well to have the facts placed on record, the signalman was written to, and the following letters were received, which place the facts beyond dispute.

Signalman Wildon states his case:—

Eastrington, June 12th, 1894.

SIR,—I am sorry that I have not been able to send you the enclosed before, but I trust that you will fully understand the full meaning of the case, also that you will excuse the writing and grammar, as I have never seen the inside of a grammar school. I gave our Inspector a full account at the time but as he died soon after I heard no more about it. I also wrote an account of it at the time, which I have referred to as well as memory in writing this. I would rather you referred to Mr. Pearson, Station-master, Lowthorpe, Hull, who was Station-master here at the time, as no doubt he will remember something about it. We have only two men here now that were at the station at the time, and one of them helped to remove the post. Our present Station-master, Mr. Atkinson, has kindly offered to take their statements down which if I do not enclose in this I will forward to you afterwards. You will also observe that I was alone in the cabin when the affair took place. Should there be anything in my statement enclosed that you do not fully understand, or any other particulars that you wish for, I shall be most happy to supply you with the same. There is one thing that I had forgot to tell you of which perhaps made me take a little more notice of my dream. Some years before I came to this place, I had a slight accident by which I got two or three waggons off the line. What is rather remarkable, I saw the whole affair as nearly correct as possible in a dream three distinct times the night before.

Yours, &c.,

M. WILDON.

A CORRECT ACCOUNT OF WHAT OCCURRED AT THIS STATION ON THE 8TH NOVEMBER, 1882.

Eastrington, May, 1894.

SIR,—On the night previous to the undermentioned occurrence I had a dream or sort of nightmare, by which I felt some great disaster was going to take place, and that it would greatly affect me in some way or other, but what it would be, or when it would take place, I was at a loss to know, but at the same time I felt confident that I could prevent it if only I could find out what to do. This dream was so vivid, that I awoke not knowing if it was real or only a dream until I had

satisfied myself that I was in bed. After I had satisfied myself that it was only a dream, the impression was so strong in my mind that

I COULD NOT POSSIBLY GO TO SLEEP AGAIN,

but lay awake trying to make out what was going to take place, and how I was to prevent it. After going on duty at 6 A.M., I tried to forget my dream, but every few spare minutes my mind was as full of it as when I first awoke in the morning. The rest of the day passed in the same way until about half-past three, at which time was a very violent storm of wind and rain, lasting about half-an-hour. I do not think that any one could have seen more than twenty yards during the whole of the storm. When the storm commenced, the thought came into my mind that my dream would come true, and that the storm perhaps had something to do with it.

I FELT CERTAIN SOMETHING AWFUL WOULD OCCUR

within a very short time, and that it was quite possible I might not be able to prevent it. At this time I would gladly have given my week's wage to have gone home, but duty compelled me to remain. About twenty minutes to four I had a coal train signalled on line down, and a few minutes after an express passenger on the up line, and as both lines were clear on which the trains had to run, I lowered the signals for both trains to "all right." As soon as I had lowered the signals for the express (which would have passed here at full speed), a sort of dread came over me so that I felt unable to move, when all at once to my great relief I distinctly heard a commanding, but kind and familiar voice, call out,

"STOP THIS TRAIN,"

and having my back towards the door I did not turn round to see who it was, but immediately placed the home and distant signals at "danger" against the express, but I did not even think about the loaded coal train. I then looked to see who had given me the order to stop the express, but found that I was quite alone, and at a glance I saw clearly that no one could have opened the door as the rain was beating full at the door, and there was not a drop of water to be seen inside the cabin, and it was not possible to have heard any one from the outside. And as it appeared to me that I had not any visible reason for stopping the express, I lowered the home signal for the train to proceed. The driver then came past the cabin very slowly, and I saw that he was looking to me for a signal; but as I gave him none, he proceeded slowly towards the advance signal (no doubt expecting that the signal was at danger), at the same time the coal train was passing the advance signal, and the driver seeing that the signal post was blown completely across the rails on which the express was running,

SOUNDED THE ALARM WHISTLE,

and the express going at a very slow pace, was brought to a stand. The alarm whistle also brought the platelayers out, and they proceeded at once to remove the obstruction. One of them told me that the post was across both the up rails, and stuck fast under one of the down rails, and the iron ladder was laid about a yard in front of the post. He also asked me how the train was stopped? whether I had stopped it, or the alarm whistle from the coal train? And when I told him that I had done it myself, he said that it was a blessing that I had done so, as the post was so fast that they could not remove it without using crow-bars to assist them. I am certain that the post was not blown down until after it was lowered to "all right" for the express, or I should have found out in a moment that something was wrong, as in the ordinary way a lever requires pulling over, whereas if the post had been down the lever would have come over with a bang by itself as soon as the spring was released. As soon as the post was removed the express proceeded on its journey with the loss of about fifteen minutes.

MATTHEW WILDON,
Signalman, Eastington.

THE STATION-MASTER'S TESTIMONY.

In reply to a letter asking for corroboration of above, we received the following:—

Lowthorpe, June 21st, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours of the 18th inst., I remember the day Wildon refers to. It was a very stormy day, and I went up to the express after the train was brought to a stand, and we found the advance signal blown right across the line. The express was running on. The train, I believe, was brought up within five yards of the signal. Had it not been for Wildon, something serious would have happened. This I can testify as to the correctness. Wildon threw his home-board on, and so warned the driver. He whistled to me out of the office and told me what he thought had taken place, and I found what he said was quite correct.

Yours truly,
M. PEARSON.

OTHER TESTIMONY.

We are indebted to the present Station-master for the following statements. Mr. Atkinson writes:—

I have pleasure to enclose the statements asked for, and may add that Wildon related the matter to me soon after my appointment here eight years ago, but, as I was not here when the incident occurred, I cannot speak from personal knowledge.

(Signed) T. A. ATKINSON.

WHAT MR. WILLIAM PROCTOR REMEMBERS.

Mr. William Proctor, foreman platelayer, Eastrington railway-station, states:—

I remember that in the winter of about twelve years ago the "up-advance" signal at Eastrington was blown down during the prevalence of a gale. I also remember that the up express due to pass Eastrington about four o'clock P.M., had been brought to a stand, and that Signalman Wildon was in the signal cabin at the time, but whether the train was stopped by him or not I cannot say. When I got to where the "up advance" signal should have stood, I saw it laid in the six-foot, and the express ready to start. I cannot say in what position it had fallen, or whether it had been removed after falling or who had removed it.

WILLIAM PROCTOR.

Eastrington, June 23rd, 1894.

THE PLATELAYER'S TESTIMONY.

Mr. Edwin Lancaster, farmer, Newland Manor, Eastrington, states:—

Twelve years ago I worked as platelayer on the North Eastern Railway at Eastrington, and recollect very well that the "up advance" signal was blown down during a gale. It was at the fall of the year, about four o'clock P.M., and was getting dusk; it was raining fast, and the wind was blowing strongly. The first intimation I had that there was something wrong was given by a down through coal train which, on passing the station, gave some sharp whistles, and

I KNEW FROM THAT THAT SOMETHING WAS UP.

We were sheltering in a shed near the station at the time, and we went out at once to see what was the matter, and on reaching the station we were informed by someone (I do not remember who) that the "up advance" signal had blown down. We went to it at once, and when we got there we found that it had blown foul across the line. It was not straight across, but was slanting across the metals, and we wasted no time in removing it, so that the up express, which was due about four P.M., might pass.

IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO HAVE SEEN THE "UP ADVANCE" SIGNAL

from the station or signal cabin; we could not see it until we got close to it. The down coal train passed the station some minutes before the up express arrived; the express might be a mile off at the time. It came to a stand at Eastrington, but whether it was so stopped by the signalman placing his signals at danger, or by the driver on account of the alarm whistle given by the down coal train I am not able to say. I do not remember what signalman was on duty in the signal cabin at the time, nor do I remember Signalman Wildon or someone else saying that the latter had heard a voice telling him to stop the express.

EDWIN LANCASTER.

Eastrington, June 23rd, 1894.

3.—DEATH PREDICTED BY A "CONTROL."

In the next case, which also relates to accidents on railway, the warning was, unfortunately, unavailing to avert death.

A WARNING AND ITS FULFILMENT.

Under the above heading Mr. J. B. Tetlow wrote in *The Two Worlds* of June 15th:—

No doubt you would see in the papers, Friday last week, of a porter or ground-pointman being killed at the entrance to Victoria Station. He was an acquaintance of mine. Some two or three months ago, when under control, my spirit friend sent a message of warning to him to be careful, as he was seen by my spirit friend to slip, get knocked down, and run over the legs by a train. He has been knocked down and run over the legs, thus fulfilling their awful prophecy.

Thinking this incident of sufficient importance to place before the readers of *BORDERLAND*, we communicated with Mr. J. B. Tetlow, who gave the name of Mr. J. R. Ross as that of one of the persons present when the warning was given. In reply to our letter Mr. Ross sent the following

VERIFICATION.

To the Editor of *BORDERLAND*.

June 20th, 1894.

SIR,—In reply to yours of the 12th inst., I have been unable to answer it sooner, having been in Derbyshire and only returned yesterday (Wed.)

Re a warning and its fulfilment. I can only verify Mr. Tetlow's announcement in *The Two Worlds*. I will tell you as near as possible what took place when the warning was given. I went to Mr. Tetlow's to have a sitting with his guides on business matters, suddenly (whilst in the midst of my business affairs) he turned to the deceased's sister and requested us to warn her brother to be careful, otherwise he would meet with a serious accident. They could see her brother across her knees with both legs severed from his body, and if he was not very careful he would be brought home a corpse, which awful prophecy came to pass May 18th, 1894. I do not remember his guides saying he would slip, but distinctly remember them saying he would be knocked down by a train whilst he was walking along the lines.

Another correction on Mr. Tetlow's article. He said the warning was given some two or three months ago, whereas it is between four or five months.

You are at perfect liberty to make use of my name if you so wish, as having had several proofs of spiritualistic phenomena I am only too pleased to acknowledge through the press, the benefit to be derived by means of our spirit friends' guidance and advice.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) J. R. ROSS.

4.—AN APPARITION OF THE DYING.

The next case which we have to record differs from those which preceded it inasmuch as the impression of the impending death was conveyed by the phantasm of the dying man. The story in brief is this: The man, who received the fatal injury in Huntingdonshire, appeared to his father, who was at a considerable distance, and succeeded in impressing his mind with the fact that his son was going to die. At that moment the son was lying dying, and he did not die for an hour and a half afterwards.

The following are the documents relating to this case:—

MONITION OF DEATH.

The following appeared in the *St. Neot's Advertiser* for April 28th, 1894:—

MIDLOE.

SAD FATAL ACCIDENT.

An exceedingly sad accident, unfortunately with a fatal termination, befell Mr. Arthur Blott's horsekeeper, a man named William Swepstone, on Saturday afternoon. He was coming from Southoe with a load of chaff in a cattle cart, his son riding on the horse, himself on the top of the chaff, when the horse bolted. He got down, and in trying to get at the horse's head, he fell and the cart passed over his body. He was taken home and died soon afterwards.

In another column of the same paper the following note occurred:—

The lamentable accident at Southoe, whereby a man in the prime of life was hurried into eternity, has elicited expressions of wide-spread sorrow in this district. In connection with this event, it is a remarkable thing that about three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, i.e., about the time the man expired, his father, working on his land at Keysoe, declares that he saw his son pass him. On his return home he told his wife he had seen his son William, and was afraid something dreadful was going to happen to some member of the family.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Arthur Blott, of Midloe Grange, we were enabled to communicate with the mother of the man who was killed, who, in reply to our questions, wrote:—

Keysoe Row, St. Neots.
June 12th, 1894.

SIR,—In reply to your query, I will state the facts as they occurred. My husband was having his dinner in the field, in the company of his grand-daughter, when something wished past him, and he at once felt chilly and cold, making him feel very unwell. He said "H—m," the child asking, "why did you say that for grandfather?" and he replied, "Nothing, my child, only I fear we shall have bad news." In a little time a man went to him saying, "I have some bad news for you Henry"; he replied, "What is it?" The man said, "Your son is hurt very badly, and they are afraid he won't live." My husband replied, "Oh, I daresay he is dead, for I felt so queer at dinner-time. I had gone to Midloe to my son, and after I got home again he told me the above, but he did not see anything, only he says he feels as if he can hear the swish now."

Hoping this is what you require,

Yours truly,

HARRIET SWEPSTONE.

To the Editor of BORDERLAND.

P.S.—This swish was about 1.15, and my son died at 2.45 and the accident was a little after 1.

5.—A MINISTER'S DREAM.

Another case of premonition, although in this case, fortunately, not attended by any fatal results, is recorded by the Rev. Charles Leach, in his recently-published address to working men. Mr. Leach was speaking upon dreams, and he enlightened his discourse by telling the following narrative of something that had happened in his own experience:—

All I know is that I have had some strange dreams, and now and again I have been devoutly thankful when I awoke and found myself in bed and realised that it was only a dream. But, if you will let me, I will tell you a strange dream which I recently had. One Saturday night I went to bed and dreamed that I was in church here, conducting morning service. That dream was not built upon a heavy supper, but on my anxiety concerning the service. And I dreamed that a woman fainted and died and was carried out of the church, and as she was carried by strong men I thought I saw her dead face. I know the woman well whom I saw in my dream. Strange as it may seem, I came to church the next morning to conduct service, and lo and behold, in the midst of it the very woman I had seen in my dream fainted, and she was carried out down the very same aisle, and by the very same men I had seen in my dream. I caught sight of her face, and it was exactly as it appeared to me in my dream. When the service was over I rushed to her home, and found, to my great joy, that she was alive. It was only a dream, but a very remarkable one. —*Sunday Afternoons with Working Men*, 1892.

6.—BIRTH PREDICTED BY AN ALMANAC.

Madame Novikoff, writing from Russia, sends us a curious story about this latest addition to the imperial clan:—

A great sensation has been produced at St. Petersburg by the following fact: A calendar, published at Moscow by Mr. Gatzug, is generally ready a few months in advance of the following year. It is ready for sale on the 1st of September, and therefore prepared in July and August. In the present issue, 1894, on the page referring to the 5th of June, that day is announced as the birthday of the Prince Igor, son of the Grand Duchess Constantine, and the little prince duly made his appearance on June 5th, and was called Igor, a very uncommon name indeed nowadays, all as planned out for him eleven months before.

Each of these cases differs from the others, but most agree in one respect; namely, that an impression of coming trouble was conveyed to an unexpected recipient, who subsequently found that his premonition was only too true. I shall be very glad to have from members of the Circles and others, and from sub-editors of newspapers, an early record of all similar cases which may occur from time to time. It is only by securing sufficient batches of evidence that we shall be able to break down the scepticism of those who declare that things cannot be merely because they do not happen to have seen them for themselves.

SOME NOTABLE HOROSCOPES.

HOROSCOPE.—THE YOUNG PRINCE. No. 1.

D	V	♂	good
D	△	⊙	good
D	△	H	good
♀	V	♀	good
♀	*	♀	good
♀	♂	H	good
♀	V	♀	good
♀	△	h	good
H	△	h	good
⊙	△	H	good
h	V	H	good

evil
evil
evil

The first noteworthy thing I see in the horoscope is the great similarity between this and the horoscope of his mother. The same sign is rising on the ascendent, and the same on the midheavens as with his mother's—almost to the same degree of each sign. Several of the planets have also similar configurations in each case. There is no

Occultism.—He has a large share of occult gifts—this, at the present time, is rather an indefinite term, but I do not know how to better name what I mean. In a few years my words will be better understood; or, in other words, he has a large soul. He will have the gift of healing, of removing pain, of controlling others by his will, of drawing multitudes to him by the power of his personal attraction, of seeing into men's minds, and nature's laws, and the motives

and impulses of multitudes, able to discern between the true and the false, the right and the wrong, a clear seeing into what is darkness to most other people. He is born under the occult wave that is at present passing over the earth, and has secured, at the moment of his birth, some of its best characteristics. Under other occult waves which will come (with his life) during his manhood, he will do great things.

Love.—The planet Venus on her own Sign and house, well supported by other planets, will give him a strong, loving character; he will love and be beloved, with strong desires toward the opposite sex.

Marriage.—His marriage will be essentially a love marriage, and to a person of the following type:—

One of medium stature, broad shoulders, full bust, plump body, broad forehead, dark brown hair and eyes; strong in body, will, mind, and purpose.

Power.—Had he been born in the lower walks of life, he would have secured friends in power, and mixed with those much above him in position. As he is born into the highest rank, he may be expected to maintain his position, and even to rise higher, to have power and influence with the highest amongst the nations of the earth. His tendency is upwards to all that is highest and best.

In concluding these brief notes, I must again express the hope that special and minute care of his health will be taken during his seventeenth year of life—for on this much depends. If great care is not used, his life will at that time be most certainly cut off. If great care is used he may—I think I may safely say he will—survive this time, and if he does, it will be to enter into a life of great honour, usefulness, and blessing to all the millions who will come within touch of his far-reaching influence. His is a life that will crown any people with blessing who come under his power.

RICHARD BLAND.

Hull, June 30, 1894.

THE YOUNG PRINCE. No. 2.

DECLINATION.		ASPECTS.
☉ 23° N 26	☽ ☉ ☿	☉ ☐ ☿
☽ 12° S 30	☽ ☐ ☿	☉ ☐ ☿
☿ 14° S 56	☽ ☐ ☿	☉ ☐ ☿
☿ 4° S 50	☽ ☐ ☿	☉ ☐ ☿
☿ 22° N 31	☽ ☐ ☿	☉ ☐ ☿
☿ 2° S 25	☽ ☐ ☿	☉ ☐ ☿
☿ 16° N 31	☽ ☐ ☿	☉ ☐ ☿
☿ 21° N 2	☽ ☐ ☿	☉ ☐ ☿
☿ 21° N 3	☽ ☐ ☿	☉ ☐ ☿

THE horoscope of the son of the Duchess of York is not wholly a propitious one, though the trine of the Sun and Mars with the mid-heaven promises distinction, the quartile of the Sun and Mars threatens serious accidents and death by violence or by water. Martial distempers, fevers, and small pox threaten him. The prince will be subject to stomach troubles, gripings, violent headaches, and the following periods are critical for health; in fact, the child will live with difficulty through the evil directional arcs which come up, for Saturn afflicts the Moon and Mars the Sun at birth.

December, 1895

October and November, 1896 } Moon is in bad aspect
January and February, 1897 } to Mars, Saturn or both.
February, 1898

The aspect of Mars to the Sun enhances the vitality and disease-resisting temperament, giving recuperative power, and will enable the child to acquire strength very rapidly and to live. The position of Jupiter on the lower meridian

not only promises ultimate good fortune to the infant prince, but is auspicious for the father, and presages the Duke to be at the present moment under the friendly rays of a propitious Jupiter.

On the other hand the affliction of the Sun by Mars may cause the father nervous derangement, indifferent health; excitement and over-exertion in sprouts should be avoided.

The sextile aspect of Venus and Mercury, and the trine aspect of Venus and Mars will vouchsafe the Prince great acuteness; a very active and ingenious mind, constructive skill, a strategist is born and he will excel in music, drawing and painting, and is susceptible to feminine influence, and will delight in friendship and society; kind-hearted and good-natured. He will be more active mentally than physically, and his pride and ambition will be a striking feature of his composition; and very noticeable also will be his versatility, impulse, changeable spirit, lack of tenacity of purpose, and fondness for travel; for the mind will not be stable, though highly intuitive, sharp, and witty. Though inwardly timid or nervous, he has much force of character, real grit, will-power, and self-assertion.

The Moon ascends in the eastern horizon in the sign Pisces, which the Chaldean astrologers aver "brings bodily sickness, physical inactivity through corpulence, but vouchsafes honour and glory, and the favours of great men, if they should be any greater than he."

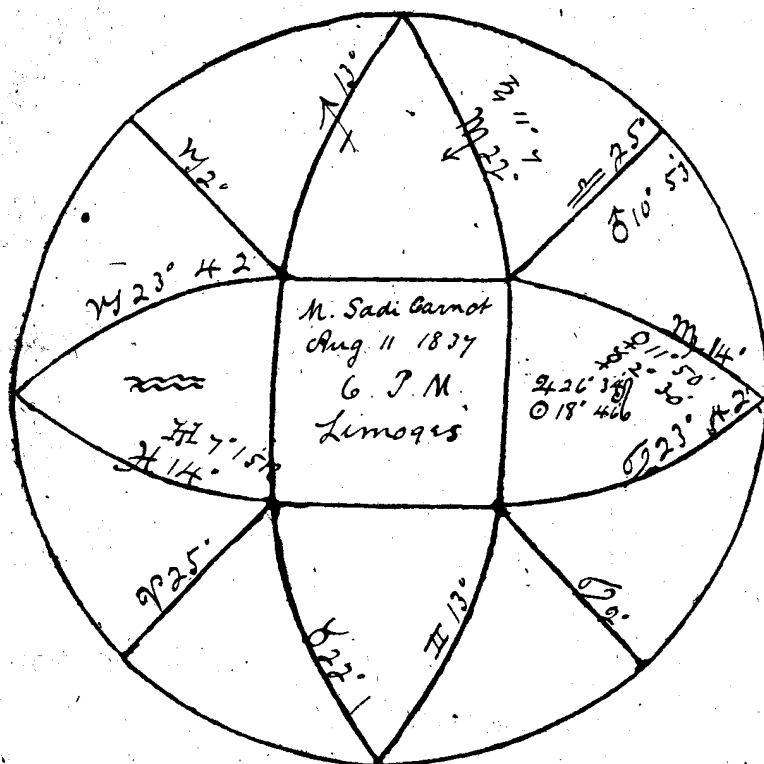
GEORGE WILDE.

ASTROLOGY AND ASSASSINATION.

THE murder of President Carnot has afforded opportunity to the astrologer which so zealous a student as Mr. George Wilde could not resist taking advantage of; but, as I told him when he sent me the horoscope, it would have been much more effective if it had arrived before the murder instead of making its appearance after the poor man had died. To this Mr. Wilde replied reasonably enough that he had no particular motive for casting Carnot's horoscope, but if I will supply him with the birth moments of all the persons who stand within what may be called the assassinateable ring, he would be very glad to cast their horoscopes from the point of view of ascertaining when they will be in the greatest danger.

The idea rather commended itself to me at first, but, on the other hand, what if the publication of such horoscopes were to operate in the opposite direction? Mr. Wilde says that such a warning would enable the men in danger to take extra precautions, and so it would tend to save their lives; but what if, on the other hand, the publication of a statement that a certain month was peculiarly malefic, and that the stars in their courses were virtually fighting against the life of an individual on that occasion, might not this act as a suggestion to the assassin to make the attempt which otherwise he might not have thought of? Therefore, it will perhaps be as well to do nothing in the way of publishing such horoscopes. No objection, however, could be taken to casting the horoscope, and filing the prediction at BORDERLAND office for production after the event, with the certificate of the date when the horoscope was cast. Private information might be sent to those persons in danger without publishing the matter to the world. Most of our readers will probably regard me as taking the matter much too seriously; but when we consider the immense forces of suggestion, especially upon ill-balanced minds of desperate men, one cannot be too careful.

Should any of our readers, who are, or imagine themselves to be, in danger of assassination, will send me their birth moments, I will be very glad to give Mr. Wilde, Mr. Bland, Neptune, or any other astrologer an opportunity of proving what they can do.



M. CARNOT'S HOROSCOPE.

Authenticity of the Birth.

Bulletin de Naissance of M. Carnot à 6 heures du soir, Limoges, 45° 50' North Latitude.

A STRIKING proof of the truth of astrology is afforded us in the nativity of M. Carnot. The Chaldeans say that Mars in the 8th house at birth, which is the house of death, indicates a violent death, and at the birth of M. Carnot, Mars is in the 8th house. On the other hand, Jupiter therein is said to assure a natural death. At page 143 of "Natal Astrology," Aphorism 110, we say :— "Should Mars be in the 8th house at birth, when the Sun, by direction arrives in P. \square or g (parallel square or opposition) to him, serious accidents are to be feared."

This is supported by M. Carnot's helioscope, for the Sun, at age fifty-seven, has reached the conjunction (σ) of Mars.

Another striking confirmation of the truth of Natal Astrology:—At pp. 119 (secondary directions (we say—☉♂☿ ☐☐♂ or ♀♂ (sun conjunction semi-square, square, opposition or parallel Mars) threatens serious accidents and often a violent death.

The President had the Sun in 18 degrees of Leo, the sign which the Egyptians say rules the heart, and the

fifty-seventh year, by the Chaldean system of calculating arcs of direction, brings Mars to the 18th degree of Scpio and therefore in exact square to the Sun at birth in 18 degrees of Leo.

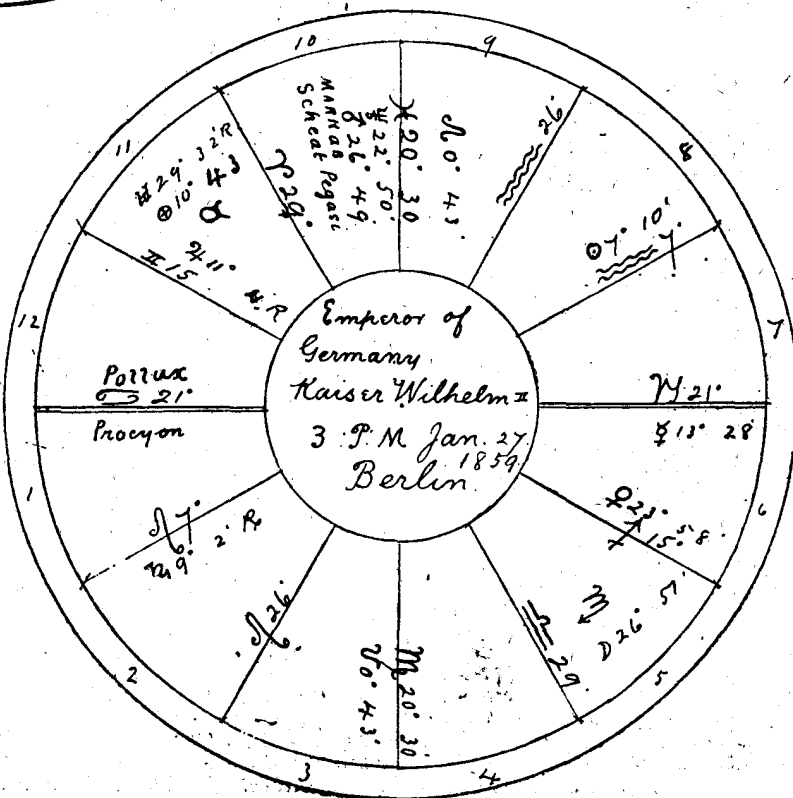
The astrologer could have told M. Carnot that, whilst under ☉ ♂ ♂ and ♂ ☐ ☉, he was in immediate danger, and so are all those whose Sun and Moon are afflicted by Mars.

GEORGE WILDE.

KAISER WILHELM II.

Birth moment taken from the Berlin newspapers.

DECLINATION.		ASPECTS.	
☉	18° S 43	☉	☉☉☉☉☉
☽	21° S 33	☽	☽☽☽☽☽
☿	22° S 29	☿	☿☿☿☿☿
♂	18° S 17	♂	♂♂♂♂♂
♀	19° N 55	♀	♀♀♀♀♀
♂	1° S 42	♂	♂♂♂♂♂
♂	21° N 44	♂	♂♂♂♂♂
♂	18° N 46	♂	♂♂♂♂♂
♂	4° S 6	♂	♂♂♂♂♂



THE sign Cancer is the ascendant, and the Cancer person has many sympathetic qualities; kindness of heart, affection for his family, and is not wholly free from a certain amount of timidity and fear of the unknown; but Mars' position counteracts all this by his trine aspect with the Moon, which adds spirit, a voluble tongue, much real grit, the courage of a Knight Templar, a passionate temper, versatility and mutability. The opposition of the Moon and Herschel, and the parallel of Venus and Saturn, and the square of Venus and Mars will enhance the warmth of affection, adding imagination, sensuousness, tenderness, susceptibility to feminine influence. Women, however, may cause him discredit, and the connection between Mercury and Herschel will give him a critical judgment, some originality, and an inclination for literature; Mars on the meridian will give him an exaggerated opinion of himself. People with this planet so placed are insufferably conceited, domineering self-puffers, confident, aggressive when opposed, wilful, very objectionable to their competitors, bombastic, enthusiastic, and invariably believe themselves superior even to those above them in intelligence. The god of war on the mid-heaven is of serious import to the Fatherland, as he is sure to cause impulse and a contentious, meddlesome spirit, and he will rush into war and controversy, ever much in evidence, pushing his nose into everything.

Such people are ever anxious that their doings and actions shall be noised far and near, and his vanity will impel him to exalt himself on every possible occasion, and aggrandisement is the motive power which impels him forward, and he will do nothing quietly; indeed, obtrusiveness is a marked trait of character. The *sine qua non* of his temper is command and obey every one! Such a man will never compromise. The position of Jupiter and the Sun will bring him large legacies from friends, though the opposition of the Sun and Saturn will cause pecuniary difficulty and a national debt.

There are indications of strength of constitution, as the sun has the trine aspect of Jupiter, and the Moon the same aspect of Mars; but the opposition of Saturn to the Sun prefigures organic weakness of the heart, and his life cannot extend beyond three score years and four. Rheumatism is threatened, and the temperament is nervous and highly strung, sensitive, and soon disturbed.

PROGNOSTICATIONS.

The fortieth year brings up directions, which signify much activity, mental and physical; probably scientific or literary undertakings, and he will be much in evidence. Pecuniary loss, bereavement, accidents, discredit, and indisposition are also threatened.

The forty-fourth year indicates much activity and enterprise, but his health will not be good, and he is again liable to accidents, a touch of rheumatism, palpitation, back weakness, and may experience financial difficulties, annoyance, or loss through a journey or some foreign power, and bereavement.

In the forty-seventh year the Moon is in adverse aspect to Saturn and Mars, and is unfavourable for finance, and may cause disputes, discredit, financial trouble; some indisposition, irritability, and possibly bereavement.

The forty-ninth year will be propitious, and he will be very much in harness and to the fore; new undertakings, much physical activity, journeys, public favours, and he will be moving, acting, and doing.

The fifty-second year comes in with a train of auspicious aspects, and will vouchsafe favour or gain from a powerful person, or friend, and by a journey, and in distant lands; credit new friends of both sexes, and he will be much before the world, and will meet with much good fortune.

The fifty-third is inauspicious, as the Moon is squared by Saturn, and he will feel adverse influences, difficulties, probably in finance, and the loss of a relative.

In his fifty-seventh year, Mars regards the Sun adversely, and will bring war, disputes, affronts, irritability, and he may prejudice his fortunes by a rash action, others will provoke him, and his war-like spirit will impel him to war and contention with other powers.

Good and bad directions coincide with the fifty-eighth year; a slight chill and indisposition, but he will increase his estate and kingdom, and may obtain a concession from others.

From his sixtieth year to his death, four years later, he is the victim of adverse stars; unfavourable for finance and health.

GEORGE WILDE.

THE STARS OF DIVINES AND CRITICS.

THE places of the planets at the birth of the following fifteen eminent men, all theologians or Biblical critics, may serve as a test of the principles of Astrology. Jupiter is said to govern ecclesiastics, philosophers, &c., and should occupy a prominent place in the horoscopes of able theologians; and as Mercury governs the intellect, his position and aspects should be carefully noted. The hours of birth not being published, the places are given for noon. This is exact enough for the sun and planets, but the moon's position may of course vary as much as 6° or even 7° from that at noon; but her approximate place affords a fairly correct indication as regards mental characteristics.

(1) Cardinal Newman, born Saturday, February 21st, 1801. The Sun in Pisces 2°, is near Mercury in Pisces 7°, both having the square of Mars in Gemini 1°, this planet having the close trine of Uranus (retrograde) in Libra 1°. The Moon has the square of Mercury and the semi-square of Jupiter.

(2) Cardinal Manning, born Friday, July 15th, 1808. The Sun in Cancer 22°, has the trine of Jupiter in Pisces 18°. Mercury, stationary in Leo 13°, is in square to Saturn stationary in Scorpio 15°. Venus in Cancer 17° (near the Sun) has the close trine of Jupiter, and thus are in square to the Moon in Aries 21°. Uranus stationary in Scorpio 1° is in close trine to Mars in Cancer 1°.

(3) The Rev. F. D. Maurice, born Thursday, August 29th, 1805. The Sun in Virgo 5°, in sextile to the Moon in Scorpio 7°. Uranus and Mars in conjunction in Libra 18°, near Saturn in Libra 14°. Mercury and Venus in conjunction in Libra 1° and 2° respectively. Jupiter in Scorpio 28°, semi-square to Saturn. The Moon applying to Jupiter.

(4) Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, born Sunday, December 22nd, 1811. The Sun and Saturn in close conjunction in Sagittarius 29°, in square to the Moon in Pisces 26°. Venus and Mercury are in close conjunction in Capricorn 17°. Jupiter in Cancer 1° is in trine with Mars in Pisces 2°.

(5) Bishop Colenso, born Monday, January 24th, 1814. The Sun in Aquarius 3° in sextile to Uranus in Sagittarius 1°. The Moon in Pisces 7° is in opposition to Jupiter in Virgo 3°. Mercury in Capricorn 17° is in sextile to Venus in Pisces 18°, and in square to Mars in Aries 16°.

(6) The Rev. F. W. Robertson, born Saturday, February 3rd, 1816. The Sun in Aquarius 13° in conjunction with Saturn in Aquarius 14°, in square to Mars in Taurus 13°. Jupiter in Scorpio 9° is in square to the Sun and Saturn. Mercury in Aquarius 29° is in sextile to Venus in Capricorn 0°. The Moon in Aries 9° is in trine to Uranus in Sagittarius 10°.

(7) Matthew Arnold, born Tuesday, December 24th, 1822. The Sun and Venus in conjunction in Capricorn 2°, near the trine of the Moon in Taurus 9°. Jupiter in Taurus 27° is in trine with Mars in Capricorn 22°. Saturn in Taurus 3° has a close trine of the Sun and Venus. Uranus in Capricorn 7° has the trine of the Moon, and is near the Sun and Venus. Mercury in Sagittarius 27° is also near the Sun and Venus.

(8) Professor Huxley, born Wednesday, May 4th, 1825. The Sun in Taurus 13° is near Mars in Taurus 19°, which planet has the close trine of Uranus retrograding in Capricorn 19°. The Moon in Sagittarius 8° has the opposition of Saturn in Gemini 7°, and of Venus in Gemini 5°, and the trine of Jupiter in Leo 5°; the latter having the close sextile of Venus. Mercury retrograde in Taurus 27° is near Venus, and separating from the opposition of the Moon and the conjunction of Saturn.

(9) The Rev. C. Voysey, born Tuesday, March 18th, 1828. The Sun in Pisces 27° and Mercury in Pisces 26° are in trine to Saturn nearly stationary in Cancer 23°, and in square to Mars in Sagittarius 21°. The Moon in Taurus 1° is near Venus in Taurus 5°, and they are in square to Uranus in Aquarius 1°, and applying to the opposition in Scorpio 13°.

(10) Canon Liddon, born Thursday, August 20th, 1829. The Sun in Leo 27°, in conjunction with Mars, and Mercury conjoined in Leo 26°. The Moon in Taurus 13° is in square to Saturn in Leo 10°. Jupiter in Sagittarius 5° is in sextile to Uranus in Aquarius 3°.

(11) Archdeacon Farrar, born Sunday, August 7th, 1831. The Sun in Leo 14° is near the Moon in Leo 8°, in opposition to Uranus in Aquarius 12°. Mars and Mercury are in conjunction in Virgo 1°, very close to Saturn in Virgo 2°. Jupiter in Aquarius 17° is near Uranus.

(12) Rev. Dr. Littledale, born Saturday, September 14th, 1833. The Sun in Virgo 21° is near the Moon in Virgo 29° in close conjunction with Saturn, also in Virgo 29°. Mercury in Virgo 5° has the semi-sextile of Venus in Libra 6°, in trine to Jupiter retrograde in Taurus 5°.

(13) Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, born Thursday, June 19th, 1834. The Sun in Gemini 27°, in trine to Uranus, retrograde in Aquarius 26°, in square to Jupiter in Taurus 27°. The Moon in Sagittarius 3° is in sextile to Saturn in Libra 4°. Mercury in Cancer 16° is near Venus in Cancer 24°.

(14) Father Ignatius, born November 23rd, 1838. The Sun in Sagittarius 1°, in conjunction with Mercury in Sagittarius 0°, in square to Uranus in Pisces 4°, and in sextile to the Moon in Libra 6°. Venus in Capricorn 16° is in trine to Jupiter in Virgo 16°, both having the sextile of Saturn in Scorpio 21°.

(15) The Rev. H. R. Haweis, born Tuesday, April 3rd, 1838. The Sun in Aries 13°, in conjunction with Mercury in Aries 18°, near the Moon's north node, Aries 13°. The Moon in Leo 1° has the trine of Mars in Aries 5°, and the opposition of Neptune in Aquarius 5°. Jupiter in Virgo 10° is in opposition to Venus in Pisces 7°. Saturn retrograde in Scorpio 28° is near the square of the Moon.

It will be seen that in all these horoscopes the aspects are powerful and the configurations for the most part are close ones. The strongest, I should judge, are Cardinal Manning's, Matthew Arnold's, Professor Huxley's, Archdeacon Farrar's, and Rev. H. R. Haweis's. Students may verify the aspects by referring to "White's Ephemeris," from 1801 to 1850, and those who understand the rudiments of the science will be able to judge of their significance.

ments of the science will be able to judge of their significance.

H. A. BULLET.

WHY WE LOVE AND WHY WE HATE.

ACCORDING to a correspondent, liking or disliking is due to the date of our birth, and that he can tell from the birthdays of any two people whether they will love or hate each other. He says:

Those born when the light of Saturn struck on the earth through the nucleus direct, and those born when the light struck through the ring direct, are more or less a distinctly different set of beings as regards character, feelings, instincts, and often appearance—in fact, absolutely antagonistic. Who has not at some time entered a room and taken an immediate dislike to a person they have never seen before, to one who has not even spoken to them—nay, even to one whose repute is that of a good man or woman. There is no apparent reason for this; indeed there is no accounting for it. Men have talked and written of the theory of repulsion by electro-biology or magnetism, and tried to account for it in that way. It is something in the air say others, but there is nothing satisfactory in these suggestions, and the fact that some people are naturally repellent to other people at first sight exists and remains. The reason is purely and wholly Saturnian, and although the demonstration up till now is not very perfect, as it has only been discovered quite recently, it is sufficiently perfect to allow other and deeper intellects than mine to delve into it, and render it perfect.

COMPARISON OF BIRTHDAYS.

You will always, or nearly always, find when this feeling of repulsion comes over you, if you take the trouble to inquire, that the object of your dislike was born five to six months away from your own birthday. The year matters little, unless it happens to be 7, 14, 22, or 29 years away from your own; that is the approximate date of Saturn's season. Remember first to take the months as though they were the dial-plate of a clock, January being No. 1 and December No. 12. Thus November the 5th and January 5th are only two months away from one another, and two persons born on those dates would take kindly to one another, be, in fact, hail fellow well met, but the November person would not hit it with one born in May, June, or even in April. There would be indifference or aversion for the reason that one was born under the influence of Saturn direct from the nucleus, the other through the ring. The aversion in these cases is invariably mutual, and the regard is the same. Two individuals born in the same month if they come together in business or in love get on swimmingly. In the case of husband and wife they are indeed too fond, and such a match frequently produces jealousy, but let husband and wife be born, say one in February and the other July, and the result would be disastrous. Let anyone who reads this and laughs at it, cast his or her memory back and try to remember the person who wrought them the most harm, either with intention or by accident. Should they know the birthday they will find it to be more than four months away from their own, and generally speaking, near six. Naturally there are a number of exceptions, but these exceptions have proved the rule, and further, these exceptions will in the course of time be worked out. I cannot in the space of a single article elucidate this subject to my liking, nor perhaps make it quite clear to the reader; but I will enlarge on it and give examples and strange results which all can test for themselves.

JUPITER.

XII.—A REMARKABLE DOUBLE TEST IN PALMISTRY.

IS IT REALLY TO BE A SCIENCE AFTER ALL?

THE best thing in palmistry that I have ever seen done has just been accomplished for me by Monsieur S. N. Zanne. This ingenious and amiable student has just devised a most convincing double-check test of the truth of the science of palmistry, and when the result was submitted to two other palmists, their reading confirmed to an extraordinary degree the accuracy of M. Zanne's method.

The test, briefly stated, was as follows: M. Zanne having read in BORDERLAND Mr. Montrose's interesting narrative, "After Twenty Years of Spiritualism," decided that there were sufficient indications in that paper to enable him to describe the general character and particular lines of the hand of Mr. Montrose. This he did with the most extraordinary success. That was the first, but only the first part of the test. We then submitted M. Zanne's description of hands, which he had never seen, to two palmists, who were told nothing as to the person to whom the hands belonged, and they, each of them working independently, constructed from M. Zanne's description of what Mr. Montrose's hands ought to be, a most curiously exact diagnosis of the character of Mr. Montrose as it actually is. Then the three descriptions were submitted to Mr. Montrose, whose verdict, given below, is most emphatic as to the accuracy of this extraordinary test. A few more successes like this, and "the science of palmistry" will no more be regarded as a mere compliment.

M. ZANNE'S LETTER.

Here is the whole story in detail, with the correspondence, &c. For the information of other palmists we reproduce photographs, taken after this test was complete, of Mr. Montrose's hand, back and front.

Our esteemed correspondent, Monsieur S. N. Zanne, of Paris (to whom we are indebted for several interesting communications), sent us the following letter in April last:—

It is, I believe, a Yankee saying that "it is a poor argument that doesn't work both ways." Hence, if from a man's hands a true and satisfactory delineation of his character can be given, by a deductive analytical process of reasoning, consequently, but inversely, by an inductive synthetical process, one should be able to proceed from a known character to give, *grasso modo*, an outline of the physiognomy of his hands. I am prompted to make this attempt for the first time now, although it eventually may prove a sad failure, but as we all know in the investigation of occult phenomena, failures often prove even more instructive as successes.

Last night your fourth number reached me and I have spent most pleasantly this rainy Sunday, devouring it from hair-top to toe-nails.

Among other articles, for which my best compliments, I read "After Twenty Years of Spiritualism," by Mr. Montrose (of whom I have never heard and never of course seen), and concluded that I would give you a synthesis physiognomical of his hands.

UNSEEN HANDS DESCRIBED.

Mr. Montrose's hands are large in proportion to his body, rather plump, but soft and supple, hairy on back, moist on palm; look rough, but feel soft. Fingers about same length as palm; knotty and square tipped; nails, round and horny, rather flat; thumb, short (in proportion) nail broad and flat, first phalange spatulated.

LINEÆ.—Life line in both hands is broad, deep, and red. It runs almost semi-circularly in a bold regular curve around a rather large and bumpy Mount of Venus; has a faint sister line on one hand.



The Head Line in the right hand starts from the root of the life line, connected only by rootlets and cross lines. It is broken in several places, and runs in the left hand towards the Mount of the Moon, ending with a splash. On the right hand, it is more vigorous and bold, rising slightly towards Mercury.

The Heart Line on both hands describes a bold but rather short curve, is connected with the life line by rootlets, is broad, rosy, twisted, deep, and red.

A bold but broken up line shoots from near the rascette in several fragments, of which the straightest, deepest, most clear, cuts through the Plain of Mars, the Fate line which runs up to and in the Mount of Saturn.

The Hepatic or liver line is rather short, but vigorous and straight.

The Mounts of Luna, Mars, and Mercury, seem to form a single ridge only. Sun and Saturn are flat, Jupiter rather high.

The hands of Mr. Montrose were subjected to a critical examination, and were found to correspond exactly with the description given. This was communicated to M. Zanne, who replied by telling us

HOW IT WAS DONE.

The problem to be solved was doubly of a complicated nature. First, given Mr. Montrose's "setting forth" of his ways and means, modes and manners, of facing and stepping into, by investigation penetrating the facts and phenomena of "Modern Spiritualism," these facts and phenomena being (by me) exactly and thoroughly known; which, what, and how, is the mood and temper, the form and number characteristic, sexual-affective, plexual-affective, cerebral-reflective, of Mr. Montrose, the investigator. And this being determined, delineated, roughly chalked off, and you say the "result was wonderfully correct," I am pleased but not surprised. Allow me to say, however, that I do not think an appeal to other palmists will be successful.

Therefore we submitted the description of Mr. Montrose's hands to Mrs. J. Sparks and to Miss E. Collingridge with the following result:—

MRS. A. J. SPARK'S DELINEATION.

ACCORDING TO PALMISTRY.

1.—The suppleness of the hands denotes aptitude and brightness of ideas.

2.—Fingers same length as palm, show reason and impulse are well balanced; neither in excess.

3.—The square tips to the fingers give a taste for moral sciences, politics, social and philosophical, also they show logical power. They desire things to be useful and practical.

4.—Some business aptitude is shown; such finger-tips discover rather than imagine, and are exact and complete rather than grand and magnificent; they theorize and calculate, and; as a rule, like simplicity and practicality; his hand being large would enable him to attend to details.

THE FACTS.

ACCORDING TO MR. C. O. MONTROSE.

1.—I have adopted many callings in my time and been fairly apt in all; my ideas are bright, although sometimes I seem to lack power of lucid expression.

2.—Impulsiveness sometimes very strong and overmastering, but governed by excessive caution.

3.—I think these are the strongest traits in my character; my favourite studies and connection with popular movements have always been in this direction, I am essentially utilitarian, dislike mere empty theory, useless show and affectation, and hate all shams.

4.—Business aptitude not keen; not much skill in money-getting; like exactitude; can invent and organize, but like others to execute details; strong leanings to the practical and useful, can attend to details when necessary, but only by self-discipline.

5.—*Lines.* Life-line shows good health and longevity; I should say he comes from a long-lived stock—one side of the house.

6.—*The head-line.* As it starts from the root of the life-line, not in connection, save by rootlets, it indicates pluck, courage, and that the life was taken into his own hands at a fairly early age.

7.—The hands in several places show interruption and obstruction to mental progress and success, also worry or neuralgia, headaches, &c. (lines have both a physical and mental meaning).

8.—There may be a little want of fixity of purpose, and one or two different avocations may have been taken up.

9.—*The left hand line* shows some imagination, but as the right hand indicates one's own efforts, it shows he has been thrown into contact with the world of commerce or literature (Mercury).

10.—*The heart line* shows a strong, passionate love nature; but also a tendency to flirt, until affections are safely anchored; I should say there had been several little episodes with the opposite sex, but that eventually this gentleman loved one only.

11.—*The hepatic line* shows health and a fairly good temper.

12.—Much fame does not seem promised, through art at any rate, as the Mount of the Sun is flat.

13.—*Saturn Mount* being absent shows misfortune and a certain amount of fate in the life.

14.—*Moon, Mars, and Mercury* give a sharp, active intellect, and Jupiter's Mount being high shows some ambition, love of nature, and cheerfulness and sociality; can, if he likes, please and amuse people.

5.—*Absolutely accurate;* never troubled doctors, except through wanton neglect; come of a long-lived stock on my father's side.

6.—I think so; have been a soldier, seen a good deal of active service in the field, and been specially mentioned in despatches; pluck, cultivated from necessity through circumstances, but dislike quarrels, shrink from scenes; parents died when I was a child, have from my early youth been dependent on my own resources, am practically self-educated.

7.—Have lived a chequered life; fate been at cross purposes with me, tastes versatile, but lack persistence; taken up, half studied, and abandoned many branches of knowledge; suffered from headache in youth—not now.

8.—There is, unfortunately, a great want of it; have taken up a score of different avocations, like many other Australian and New Zealand colonists.

9.—Fairly imaginative; no personal taste for commerce; tastes literary, been for several years engaged in journalism.

10.—A delicate matter; naturally ardent; reference to "flirting" true, more or less, of most men of middle age; never found the ideal woman, but have a feeling of reverence for the sex, and have always advocated their social and political equality with men.

11.—Always enjoyed good health, staying and recuperative power; used to give way to fits of intemperance and to violent fits of temper, but of late years have conquered the vice, and temper is now more even.

12.—Probably correct; been too erratic and unsteady of purpose to acquire any fame, except in a small way; care little for fame in itself but like to deserve praise.

13.—Have known much disappointment, sorrow, and pain, but mainly through own shortcomings and weakness.

14.—Ambitious to please, but cannot adapt myself to the ordinary methods of acquiring fame; love nature with the feeling of a poet, dislike conventionalism, and am a good deal a Bohemian.

SECOND DELINEATION BY MISS ELIZABETH C. COLLINGRIDGE.

1.—HANDS.—*Large size* in proportion to the body denotes power and grasp of mind; this power is also bodily, as is shown by the hair on the back of the hand.

2.—The *softness* points to impressionability, and the *rough appearance* indicates a nature delighting in outdoor life.

3.—*The spatulated phalanges* belong to one who should rise above his fellows, and the round nails are argumentative.

4.—Sensitiveness is evinced by the short thumb, and determination in its breadth.

5.—*The broad, deep, red life line* promises good health in temperate climates, but extreme heat should be avoided, and all other inflammatory conditions.

6.—The size and projective of *Mount of Venus* are the signs of warm family affection. The sister line may refer to a relative who is loved and cared for by Mr. Montrose.

7.—The construction of the head and life lines by rootlets points to delicate health and unfavourable conditions in early life.

8.—The splash at the end of the head line shows that suicidal temptations beset the subject, but the better line in

1.—This is fairly accurate; like difficult problems; have a good constitution and much muscular power, developed by frontier life.

2.—Very impressionable to ideas, but accustomed afterwards to weigh and analyse; very fond of outdoor life; have lived a great deal in new lands.

3.—Not enough steady persistence to rise; fond of philosophic argument, but liable to grow dogmatic and lose temper.

4.—Very sensitive, determination savours of obstinacy, but requires some obstacle to surmount: no determination in small things.

5.—Apparently correct, but have lived a good deal without much inconvenience in warm climates.

6.—Not proven; have no relative that I know of, but love the memory of my mother and foster-sister.

7.—Cannot speak as to early life; certainly was unfortunate in losing both parents in my infancy.

8.—Have had such temptations in times of deep sorrow, but my knowledge of the sufferings of suicides in

the right hand promises that they will be resisted.

9.—Hope has evidently been cultivated, notwithstanding mental and physical suffering.

10.—*The heart line* is kind, but over susceptible, and the nearness of head, heart, and life shows that the temperament is passionate with tendencies to violence and sensuality, happily controlled by conscience.

11.—The line from the rootlets points to perils on the sea, but the long fate should give exemption and prolonged life.

12.—The hepatic, short and vigorous, gives a very clear intellect and good memory.

13.—The union of Luna, Mars and Mercury belongs to a foolhardy person, but here again conscience restrains the subject.

the spirit life is enough to restrain me from yielding to such evil promptings.

9.—Yes; because I have unwavering confidence in the infinite goodness and mercy of an all-wise Providence.

10.—Rather rough, but thanks for the conscience clause.

11.—Narrowly escaped shipwreck in early life.

12.—Like clearness of thought and expression; my friends say I have a very good memory of events.

13.—Have done many foolhardy things in my time, where conscience has had no control, and only came in with regret.

MR. MONTROSE'S SUMMING UP.

"In all delineations of character there is a tendency to balance off and whittle down the bad points with counter-acting good ones. Apart from the fact that these delineations are too indulgent, however, they are very correct, and I scarcely know which to admire most, the power that M. Zanne possesses (by which he deduced my character from the style of my composition and expressed thought, and from which again he was able to furnish descriptions of my hands), or the wonderful insight of Mrs. A. J. Spark and Miss E. C. Collingridge. . . . I may add that one of my oldest friends (in London), Mr. A. S. Rathbone, of Liverpool, thinks the delineation of my character, generally speaking, accurate."

MR. JAMES PAYN'S EXPERIENCE IN HYPNOTISM.

In the *Cornhill Magazine*, for July, Mr. James Payn, in his autobiographical reminiscences, gives the following account of his early experience in hypnotism:—

Hypnotism had in my College days never been heard of, but there was a kindred branch of mesmerism—electro-biology—much cultivated by travelling professors, and it would not be uncharitable to say mainly in the hands of quacks. One of them came down to Cambridge and gave a lecture in the Town Hall. I had not the faintest belief in such things, and stared at the little leaden disk that was given to me by the operator with indifferent eyes. In a few minutes, however, I was spellbound. As the lecturer discovered that I was fairly well known (I think I was then President of the Union) among the undergraduates who filled the hall, he gave his particular attention to me, to my intense annoyance. I was unable to remember my name (which he defied me to utter) or that of my College; he offered me a sovereign to strike him (which I would gladly have done for nothing), but I was powerless and in short nobody could have been made a greater fool for half an hour or so (he might have gone on doing it for ever, and so far he exhibited moderation) than I was by that professor of electro-biology. I was wax in his hands, and, what was worse than all the amusement I gave, the audience

was cynical. Not one amongst them but believed I was shamming and in league with the lecturer. My position, therefore, was doubly humiliating.

The next day my friend W. G. Clark, the Public Orator, invited the professor to his rooms, and the performance was repeated before a much more select audience. The professor was as successful with me (confound him!) as on the previous day, as also with a young gentleman who now wears a silk gown and enjoys a great reputation. The explanation of the matter given by a great scientific authority present was only partially satisfactory to either of us. He said there was unquestionably some odic force in the experiment, but that its effect was limited to persons of lively imagination—and to idiots. I have since had cause to know that as regards mesmerism I possess considerable "receptive power," but, what seems very hard, am quite unable to practise upon other people. Having published more than a hundred volumes, I have doubtless sent a good many of my fellow-creatures to sleep, but never designedly.

SOME NOTEWORTHY HANDS.

An article in *The New Review* is more reasonable and more moderate in its claims for "the science" of Palmistry than that of most writers on the subject, possibly because

Eveline M. Forbes differentiates herself from most other advocates of the study, by writing like a woman of culture and education. As such she is worthy of consideration, even on points as to which one cannot entirely agree with her. Her illustrations include such "noteworthy hands" as Mr. Gladstone's, Mr. Thomas Hardy's, Lord Wolseley's, and Sir Frederick Leighton's, and she has some interesting comments on each. She does not seem to have made any original research, but her standard authority, Desbarrolles, is one recognised by the learned in such things, as a classic. Some of her observations are worth repeating.

THE MIXED HAND.

Lord Wolseley's and Mr. Gladstone's are, it appears, "mixed hands," some of the fingers being pointed and some blunt.

The mixed hand is almost always that of a person endowed with great charm of manner. Indeed, according to M. D'Arpentigny (the pioneer of palmistry in this century), persons whose hands are of a set type, each finger being shaped in the exact image of its fellow, square, pointed, or spatulate (thus denoting a character similarly set in an iron mould of fixed opinions), would, like the Kilkeny cats, have fought "*à l'outrance*" and have destroyed each other, had it not been for the people "*à mains mixtes*."

THE SOLDIER HAND.

I must add that, in my experience, the hands of all soldiers who have seen action show the line of fate broke in the Plain of Mars, and Desbarrolles says that this sign indicates in all hands "*des luttres, soit physiques, soit morales*."

DESERVED SUCCESS.

Now the Saturnian rising from the line of life declares, when found (as in the present case) in conjunction with a good line of Sun, "Success won by personal merit," while, rising from the Mount of the Moon it shows good fortune "coming through someone over the sea."

In Sir Evelyn Wood's case nothing, of course, can be more true, for Lord Raglan's offer of a commission made to him during the Crimean War was the starting point of his military career; while the correctness of the first reading is established by a glance at his career.

Of the numberless crosses and "squares of preservation" which intersect Sir Evelyn's hand, it is impossible to give a clear representation, but when telling his hand I gave (after referring to the Crimea) the ages of 32 to 38, of 38 to 42, and of 42 to 49, as having been times of especial danger, and was told that the ages corresponded to the dates of the wars in Ashantee, Zululand, and Egypt.

HANDS NOT PALMS.

One or both of two theories alone, as a rule, enable educated people, with some knowledge of science, to believe in the claims of the hand reader to knowledge of the character and history of the subject—the theory of the (if one may so express it) *physiognomy* of the hand and the theory of thought transference. The two best "palmists" of my acquaintance profess entire indifference to the alleged meaning of the lines, and two of our most trustworthy professional palmists, Cheiro and Mrs. Sparke, both at least admit the importance of intuition.

With this in mind, it is interesting to note that four out of the nine illustrations of this article are of the backs of hands.

A SUGGESTED TEST READING.

Here are photographs of the hand, back and front, of a man. Will any palmist interested in the subject send me a reading of the subject's life and character?



XIII.—THE MECHANISM OF MIND.

HOW WE THINK AND HOW WE FORGET.

AFTER reading many articles upon the Mind, I feel as if the thing that man knew least about in the world was the agent or instrument by which he alone knows anything. The quarterly review called *Mind* is of all the quarterlies the most bewildering and unintelligible to ordinary readers. Very few people indeed have sufficient mind to read *Mind*, but now and then, however, there appears some article written on this subject, in a style capable of being understood by the ordinary man, and of these I quote some this quarter.

HOW WE THINK.

M. BINET's very suggestive article in the *Fortnightly Review* on "The Mechanism of Thought" is to be regarded as a further development of an earlier article on mental images.

He begins by distinguishing between the real image and the mental image by pointing out the difference between sensation and perception. It needs a good deal more than the mere physical sight of an object to enable us to realise all that is associated with that object.

HOW WE REALISE THE NOTIONS OF HEAT AND COLD.

Perception is not merely an act of consciousness, it is also an act of cognition. To perceive an object is to recognise it, to be acquainted with its nature. If you set a man before a plain covered with snow, he will only see a large whitish spot, without form or detail. That is sensation. And what will he say mentally or in exterior speech? "The plain is covered with snow." That is perception.

Perception then consists in a certain function imposed by the mind on simple sensation. Sensation is no sooner experienced than it gives rise to this work of interpretation, which is based upon our knowledge of the exterior world acquired by means of anterior experiences. The past intervenes to assist us to a knowledge of the present. Resemblance of colour connects in the mind a little white spot with snow; the numerous exterior conditions in which this sensation is experienced determine the mind in its belief that it is snow; and then the memory of all kinds of sensations we have experienced is awakened, and a mental state results which is as complex as a symphony.

Among the sensations renewed by memory in the above example the most obvious is that of cold. The sight of the snow gives the impression of a surface which appears frozen, just as the sight of a red coal gives the impression of a hot body. We fancy we see in the one case that the snow is cold, in the other that the coal is burning, although our eyes, which are insensible to the thermic impressions, are in reality only impressed by slight shades of colour. If it were possible by some artifice to eliminate from outward perception everything of the nature of memory and to leave merely the sensation actually experienced at the moment, it would be indeed astonishing to see how little there is in sensation.

We have chosen, to express these notions, two very simple and common instances—the sensations of hot and cold. But it should be understood that every sensation gives rise to an analogous process. It is strange to contemplate the really considerable amount of psychological exertion demanded by the most elementary cognition of surrounding objects. Ignorant persons readily imagine that no effort is needed in perceiving, that to see is to understand, and that the outward world, with all its details, penetrates our mind somehow, provided we open the gates of our sensory organs. In reality, we are obliged each time to construct the outward world with

our memories; and the vision of distances, which appears the most direct and simple, results from a series of complex memories, which enable us to set each object in its place.

HOW OUR SENSES—ALONE—MAY CHEAT US.

It is easy to show that, without the aid of memory and experience, our mere five senses might easily deceive us.

As an instance let us quote an illusion of the sense of touch. A person shuts his eyes of his own free will. We take his hand, we cross the forefinger and the middle finger one over the other, and between them we slip a little ivory ball. A singular illusion immediately arises. The person believes he feels two distinct balls. And why? No doubt because, under ordinary circumstances, when the fingers are not crossed, one ball would not simultaneously touch the right edge of the forefinger and the left edge of the middle finger, two balls being necessary to produce the double sensation. Such is the experimental fact which we all possess in our memory without being conscious of it. By an artificial arrangement of the fingers, one ball may produce these two impressions, and the mind, not taking into account this artificial disposition of the fingers, and interpreting the impressions by the ordinary rules, arrives at the illusion of touch which has just been described. Nothing is simpler to bring about than this illusion, because the sensory impression from which it is derived may be modified at will, without any necessity of speaking to the subject under experiment. Is it the same with an idea? Evidently not. For in order to communicate an idea one must speak to a person, and make oneself understood; so that as he becomes informed about the object of one's inquiry, illusion is impossible.

HOW WE MAY CHEAT OUR SENSES.

On the other hand, it is possible for us to retaliate upon our senses. M. Binet shows by the following familiar and perfectly conceivable illustration how, when the attention is subtracted, with all its attendant powers of memory, experience, &c., the senses alone will not give us sufficient information.

We said that the act of eating, like that of walking and so many others, is an automatic activity for most people. Let us think for a moment of some persons deep in conversation at a dinner party. They are quite buried in the subject of which they are speaking, and they help themselves to a dish or carry the morsels of food to their mouths quite mechanically. It is conceivable that, profiting by their absence of mind, one might change the dishes, and they would continue eating without observing the change, or that one might even substitute other objects for those they hold in their hands. What makes these little experiments difficult is the fact that the talker, in spite of his distraction, retains the sensibility of his arm. If his hand be touched, he feels the contact, and that may arouse his attention and put an end to automatism.

EXPERIMENTS AT THE SALPÊTRIÈRE.

The only way to carry out this experiment to the full would be in the case of a person whose arm is not capable of feeling, and such conditions are conveniently found in the case of certain of the Salpêtrière.

Some hysterical persons afford very favourable conditions for experiments. The women often have an arm that has no feeling. The arm is movable, and they use it like the other which has retained its sensibility; but if the arm be pricked, however deeply, they suspect nothing. This circumstance has been taken advantage of for the purpose of entering into communication with the automatic activity. The insensible

arm is placed behind a screen, and, after all proper precautions have been taken that its owner may not suspect what is going to happen, the arm is excited in different manners, and intelligent responses are received.

We are all possessed of an unconscious element, we all receive sensations of which we have no clear perception. Moreover modifications are continually taking place within us, which transmit unconscious impressions to our brains. And these divers obscure impressions are capable of suggesting ideas which appear all of a sudden in the light of consciousness, without our being able to guess at their origin. Perhaps our ideas most frequently originate thus, for they seem to summarize a work that goes on in the night of the unconscious.

The advantage of studying hysterical cases lies in its enabling us to put our finger on the unconscious, and we are speaking of them here from this point of view.

The patient is made to put his or her hand behind a screen so that the sense of sight shall not serve as supplement to the missing sense of touch. Then the hand which has no sensation in the ordinary sense is pricked, say three times, and the subject is asked to think of a number, and at once says "three."

The hysterical woman, who thinks of the number three under these conditions, is not conscious that the idea is suggested by certain peripheric impressions; she believes the idea spontaneous and voluntary. She imagines she chose to think of that number, and that if she had wished she could have chosen a different number and have thought of twenty-five or five hundred. Vain illusion! The hysterical person is, with few exceptions, materially compelled to think of the number corresponding to that of the pricks; and she suffers from an obsession, of which she has no conception. She would perhaps convince herself of it, if by way of joke she were challenged to think of something else. She would then perceive her powerlessness.

When asked how she came to think of the number three she would reply, "I see three points, or three sticks, or three columns."

When her hand is pricked, she sees little points, which are nothing but the image of the depressions on the skin caused by the pressing of a needle-point. She does not recognise this image, she does not know what it stands for, she defines it vaguely as a little point. The same with the lines. They are incomplete perceptions of an idea; they are instances of a confused mental vision. In other cases there is something more than incomplete mental perception, there is mental illusion. When the finger is bent several times running, the usual image, the thought of this finger arises. The hysterical person does not recognise this idea-image, she interprets it wrongly, and only taking account of the general form of the object appearing in her thought she compares it to a bar or white column.

She is deceived. It is not a white column, but her finger. To speak more exactly, it is not the idea of a white column that has been introduced into her mind, but the idea of her finger. She is deceived therefore as to the nature of her thought; she imagines she is thinking of one thing, whereas we know she is in reality thinking of another. Is not this illusion comparable to an illusion of the senses? It possesses all the characteristics of sensory illusion but one, namely, it is an error committed with respect to an idea and not to a sensation.

WHAT WE MAY LEARN ABOUT OUR THINKING.

M. Binet goes on to show the exact relevance of choosing a person without sensation. It places the thought of the subject under the control of the experimenter, introducing a mental vision otherwise than through the recognised channels of sense. She was made to think of the number three without the aid of sight, hearing, or sense of touch.

In the former case we cheated our sense of touch into

feeling two balls when our fingers were crossed, because memory and association so interpret the phenomenon, thus producing a sense illusion, so in the present experiment the subject robbed of sensation is cheated into a mental illusion.

The essential point . . . is to slip an idea into someone's mind without his knowing it, just as a coloured glass is slipped into the slide of a magic lantern. . . . Such a result is only attained through the narrow bounds of the consciousness of the hysterical subject, who perceives the idea alone, and ignores the means whereby it has been evoked. The idea appears to her as a new and spontaneous impression. She does not know beforehand what idea is going to appear to her, but the experimenter does, and he can also take account of the errors committed by her in the perception of ideas.

THE LOSS OF MEMORY.

AN article in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, for June, by Mr. Cuthbert Hadden, consists mainly of remarkable instances of "cerebral eccentricity," most of them familiar enough to readers of psychological works, from Abercrombie to Suely and William James. Only the other day an advertisement appeared in the *Times* calling upon the friends of a gentleman found at Oxford, to come to his assistance, as he had apparently no memory of his own name, circumstances, or antecedents.

The history of such cases is tolerably uniform. The loss of memory is usually consequent on some kind of shock, either physical, as of an illness or accident, or mental, as of some sudden grief or fright, or even of joy.

The process of recovery is also nearly the same in all cases; the result either of a counter-shock or, still more often, of slow revival by means of association with some faint clue which has survived the wreck. The following stories taken from the article will illustrate these two points:—

THE CLUE SUPPLIED BY MUSIC.

It was only last year that a case of the kind was engaging the attention of Melbourne physicians. A young man, about thirty years of age, called at the police barracks and demanded to be informed as to his own identity. At first it was thought that the man was a lunatic; but it soon became evident that his statement as to his memory having failed him was perfectly genuine. He was taken into custody and kept in Melbourne Gaol, where he was the object of much attention and curiosity on the part of the physicians and warders. He persisted in the declaration that he did not remember anything before the day on which he visited the police barracks, and several medical men expressed their belief in his statement, attributing his lack of memory to masked epilepsy. Curiously enough, the man ultimately recovered his "senses" through the music of the gaol Sunday service. One morning he was observed listening intently to the singing. He was questioned about it, and said, "I seem to have heard that before, somewhere. What is it?" He did not understand when told it was music, but at the close of the service Dr. Shields took him up to the organ, and having shown him that the sounds he had heard were produced by fingering the keys, seated him in front of the instrument. The man struck several notes unintelligibly, and then a chord or two in harmony, and in an instant, with a look of pleasure, he commenced a selection from "The Creation," which he played correctly, and well. He used the stops, and showed that he was familiar with the instrument, and in this way, as already indicated, he gradually recovered his loss of memory.

THE CLUE OF EARLY RELIGIOUS TEACHING.

A doctor tells of being once called in to see a dying man who was advanced in life. He was muttering something strangely—"all about Monday," as the nurse remarked.

The doctor listened attentively, and soon caught the words repeated many times: "O Jesu, Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis." The physician thereupon observed to his professional brother, whom he had called to meet in consultation, "He is saying part of a Roman litany. He is a Roman Catholic." "Impossible," rejoined the other; "I have known him for thirty years, and he has been a man of the freest thought, good in every way, but allied to no creed whatever, and quite opposed to the Roman Catholic faith." "That may be," was the reply, "but in his early life, I warrant you, he was brought up in that faith, and learned its services." On inquiry being made this conjecture proved to be entirely correct. In the first five years of his life the patient had been trained in the Catholic ceremonial, since which time he had come under influences that had changed the whole tenor of his thoughts. Yet, here was memory asserting itself, as it were against mind, and bringing back an early phase of existence which, in a state of physical vigour, the patient would have regarded with something like antipathy.

MEMORY LOST BY A FALL.

-The poet Beattie, the author of "The Minstrel," records the case of a gentleman who, falling suddenly and recovering, found that all recollection of four years previous to the attack had vanished. He was obliged, we are told, to go to the public journals of the forgotten years for information about the passing events of these years, and although, of course, he had once been perfectly familiar with the events in question, he read of them now with interest and surprise. Beattie also tells of a gentleman who, after a blow on the head, found that he had lost his knowledge of Greek. Nothing is better known than the fact that a sudden blow may as suddenly obliterate all recollection. By a fall from his horse a learned English gentleman received an injury to his head. He recovered, but his learning had vanished so completely that he had actually to begin his education with the alphabet!

MEMORY LOST BY FATIGUE.

Sir Henry Holland has told of how he once suffered a partial loss of memory. He says: "I descended on the same day two very deep mines in the Hartz mountains, remaining some hours underground in each. While in the second mine, exhausted both from fatigue and inanition, I felt the utter impossibility of talking longer with the German inspector who accompanied me. Every German word and phrase deserted me, and it was not till I had taken food and wine, and had been for some time at rest, that I regained them."

THE POWER OF THE MIND IN THE CURE OF DISEASE.

In the *Arena* for May, Dr. Cooke treats once more of this interesting, and just now, prominent subject.

After pointing out the direct physical relation between body and brain, their all-powerful interaction, the effect of emotions upon the several systems of the body, Dr. Cooke continues:—

BODY AND MIND—CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The effect of the emotions upon the blood vessels is well demonstrated in blushing from embarrassment and shame. Who has not had his face burn with indignation? or has not felt his heart stop still, and his face turn pale and limbs grow cold, from the crushing blow of some shame or sorrow? Who has not felt the heart bound with joy from some heaven-sent message of peace?

Witness the step of the old man, tottering and feeble, suddenly made strong by some recollection of bygone days; and all of us know, alas! too well, how grief and despair dry and parch the moist, and pinch and wrinkle the beautiful face of youth and make it old before its time. Every physician knows the effect of a cheering, kindly word and a bright glance upon the sick one.

It is equally well known to the medical profession that violent mental emotions may produce an acute dyspepsia, or may cause jaundice and tint the face of the patient yellow; and how that oppressive thing, care, can so break Morpheus' magic spell that the eyes can know no sleep and the brain no repose. In my professional experience I have witnessed, many times, a healthy body fade like a flower before the scorching sun, when the sweet balm of hope was withdrawn. I have seen many a woman and a few men, who had been children of disease all their lives, made strong, either by adversity or by a noble purpose entering their hitherto useless existence.

WHAT DISEASE THE MIND CAN CURE.

Dr. Cooke then passes on to the question, if the mind can thus *cause* disease, what can it do in the way of *cure*?

He gives numerous examples of cases in which wholesome life has striven and conquered that which is morbid—the cure of emotional insanity, of hysteria, and neurasthenia, mainly on the lines which our laureate recommended to Clara Vere de Vere;—

Go teach the orphan boy to read
And teach the orphan girl to sew.

CURE BY SUGGESTION.

A patient under my care complained of profound depression and sleeplessness, and above all, thought he could not eat solid food, owing to the distress it caused him. He was cured by repeated persistent suggestion that he must eat, and a diet was ordered for him. I have no doubt many of the obstinate cases of dyspepsia which the Christian scientists claim they cure, are really cured by a more generous diet and by mental suggestion. I am satisfied that physicians frequently do harm to these patients by ordering a too restricted diet and by misuse of drugs.

CURIOSITIES OF THE MENTAL STATE.

There are, I find in my experience, many curious mental states besides those of somnambulism, hypnotism, and the various trances. Not the least curious is a form of delusional insanity in which the sufferers believe themselves to be possessed by evil spirits. They are usually melancholy and say and do many ridiculous things. A similar condition is one in which a person will fear to cross an open space without any reason for the fear, while others are afraid to be alone in the dark. The conditions are very susceptible to treatment by mental suggestion; they can often be prevented entirely by training the minds of children, and guarding them from superstition and from sudden nervous shocks.

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE MIND-CURE.

There is always a danger that each newly-discovered truth will be carried by the fanatical into the realm of absurdity. While mental therapeutics promise to prove a great boon to many sufferers and at the same time a valuable means of preventing disease, it would be, of course, unreasonable and repulsive to every earnest scientific student to claim that it is a universal panacea.

After a careful study on this subject, covering a period of eight years, I am satisfied that the limitations of mental therapeutics are as follows:—

First. They are of value chiefly as curative agents in cases of functional neurosis, such as are described in this article.

Second. In correcting vicious habits formed by the mind of the individual.

Third. In removing some of the acute symptoms of organic disease.

Fourth. I consider that their greatest value is in the department of preventive medicine; I believe that more diseases could be prevented by studying the minds and souls of youth, and by correcting abnormal tendencies in them, than be cured in later life by any amount of treatment, no matter of what kind.

XIV.—THEOSOPHY AND OCCULTISM.

WHY THE THEOSOPHISTS ARE TROUBLED.

THIS is how the recent—perhaps one should rather say present—troubles among the Theosophists are accounted for by the Countess Wachtmeister in *The Pacific Theosophist* for May. The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. It is all owing to the scape-goat, the French revolution.

The Theosophical Society was organised in the last century by Count St. Germain, Cagliostro, and others. At that time there was a powerful Lodge in Paris, one also in Denmark, another in Germany, and three in Italy. But the revolution of '93 came and swept all away. And that is one reason why we now, in this century, have such a terrible Karma to work out. That organisation was the physical basis of the Society, which is really, in itself, an entity, formed by all the members who belong to it. The Theosophical Society has its seven Principles, and has to work through all of these. In the last century it worked through the physical basis, and now, in this century, it has had to work through Karma, or through the psychic state. We are now, happily, I think, emerging from that state, and hereafter we may hope to enter upon a condition of very great activity.

The Law of Karma is continually readjusting people as they fail, bringing them back; and it is this readjustment of Karma which causes pain and sorrow and trouble. But these things we should receive with joy, thankfulness and calmness; because the object of our soul in coming to this earth is to gain experience in matter, and it can only gain that experience by descending deeply into matter. Therefore, every time we are out of harmony and have to be readjusted with the law of nature, we must suffer; and therefore, each suffering in life, if taken in the right and proper way, should really prove a blessing to us.

MRS. BESANT AND HINDUISM.

THIS is how Mrs. Besant's daughter disposes of the question in her bright little periodical, *The Austral Theosophist*, for May:—

Some particularly stupid paragraphs have been circulated among the newspapers, stating that Mrs. Besant, during her Indian tour, has been converted to Hinduism. One paper confidently says that she has "become a Hindû." It would be as correct to say that she had become a Russian or a Maori! Theosophists who see these ridiculous stories appearing in their local papers, should promptly correct them. They may do this on Mrs. Besant's authority. In a private letter she speaks of a story, "originally invented from pure malice by an Anglo-Indian journalist, about my bathing in the Ganges. I need not say that there is not a word of truth in it." The paragraph, she adds, "is also untruthful about my conversion to Hinduism. I have long recognised that Theosophy finds its best expression in ancient Hinduism, and the devotional side of my Theosophy has always been Hindû. I have not changed this position in any way." Yet a third untruthful paragraph has been going round, among papers that do not seem to care to be accurate, stating that Mrs. Besant had been formally saluted on becoming a Hindû. Upon this, she writes, "There was no festivity in honour of a conversion that has not occurred, but a private dinner, at which, as usual, addresses were presented. 'Prasad' is the ordinary Hindû custom of offering betel nut and sandalwood to the guests, and sprinkling them with rose-water. It is always done to honoured guests, and to refuse it would be an insult. It is social, not religious, and has been done to me dozens of times, at every welcome in every town."

WHAT A MAHATMA IS.

In the April number of the *Transactions of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society*, Mr. Bertram Reightley

tabulates for us the conditions of a Mahatma. The Mahatmas, it appears, are men, but hearing all that is required of them, we are not surprised to learn further that they are not very commonly met with.

Now there are among us not far short of a dozen honest, intelligent, credible people who can testify of their own actual knowledge and experience to the reality and existence of Mahatmas. Why then should their testimony be received with so much suspicion and incredulity?

The evidence does not strike the average outsider as overwhelming.

A Mahatma, then, may be described as a man embodying the following characteristics:—

1. Perfect Compassion, i.e., an absolutely selfless devotion to the welfare of all sentient beings, and a boundless love and fellow-feeling for them all.
2. The greatest Wisdom and spiritual insight into the needs of Humanity and the conditions that control its spiritual evolution.
3. The greatest Power: capable of leaving a lasting impression on man's spiritual and intellectual history.
4. Perfect Justice, to all and in all.
5. A penetrating insight into the depths of the human heart and mind, both in the mass and the individual.
6. A knowledge of Nature, her laws and secret workings, far in advance of that possessed by even the learned of the time.
7. A control over the forces and operations of Nature greatly transcending even that which we now possess, and exercised rather through the adherent power of the human spirit than by means of apparatus, chemical or mechanical.
8. A life of ideal moral perfection and devotion to the good of their fellow-men.

The witnesses are not enumerated with all the detail one could wish. They include Madame Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, Mrs. Besant, and "several other people for whom Mr. Sinnett can vouch," but who are referred to only as the first eight letters of the alphabet.

As examples of Mahatmas we have Gautama Buddha, Jesus of Nazareth, Apollonius of Tyana (one is relieved to find that "his is a name known only to students") and on a lower level—

such men as Pythagoras, Plato, Porphyry, Ammonius Saccas: not Mahatmas, indeed, but standing high up on the steps of the great ladder leading to that ideal.

WHY DO THE MAHATMAS NOT COME AMONG US?

In conclusion, it may be well to endeavour to answer in advance one or two of the most frequent objections raised in connection with this subject. These are:—

1. If the Mahatmas exist, why—it is asked—do they not come to teach and convince the world? Why do they live in retirement, and why are they so difficult to reach.

Much might be said in reply; but only a few points can here be indicated:—

(a) The world always crucifies its Saviours: witness the unvarying testimony of history and the fate, in our own day, of Madame Blavatsky and others.

(b) It is impossible—i.e., contrary to natural law and evolution, hence useless to convince the world by force. And if the Mahatmas came without using such power, they would be seen but as very good and noble men, and only those who themselves were highly evolved could recognise them as "Mahatmas."

(c) As to teaching; they are teaching the world just as fast as it will consent to learn. And the capacity for receiving, understanding, and assimilating their direct teaching is a matter of individual evolution—like the capacity to recognise them—only possessed in our present age by comparatively few.

So that if they came they would find none to listen to, or learn of them.

(d) They live in retirement because, as is obvious to all who have studied the subject, they can do far more good to humanity from that retirement than they could do if living say in London. Yet they do visit "civilisation" whenever it is needful.

(e) They are difficult to reach *only* for those who are not yet fit and ready to really profit by their teaching.

ANOTHER DESCRIPTION.

In *The Path* for May we find much the same view is taken of "The Masters" in an address given by Dr. C. J. Lopez, in New Orleans—

It must not be supposed that they are super-human beings, who, being entrusted with special missions and endowed with supernatural powers, are capable of violating the eternal laws of Nature to suit their own caprice. They must not be considered as exceptions, but as natural products of normal evolution, carried to a point of which we did not dream before. They must be looked upon as men who, through a long series of incarnations, by wilful and conscious efforts, whose motive has always been the good of others, and whose characteristic has always been self-sacrifice, have arrived at a state of perfection.

THE SIXTH SENSE AND HOW TO DEVELOP IT.

In *The Arena* for June Mr. Paul Tyner talks about the development of the sixth sense.

THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD.

He considers that Science is now pointing to developments in the history of our race quite as remarkable as those presaged in any dream of poet or novelist. Flammarion had forecast for us, "the development of psychic faculties dormant for, perhaps, millions of years," and especially an "electric sense." This, it may be supposed, is the sixth sense, developed variously in the direction of "clairvoyance," "clairaudience," and "psychometry."

THE SIXTH SENSE.

... I class what are called psychometry, clairvoyance, and clairaudience together as one faculty, because ... I believe all these phenomena to be manifestations of one and the same sense in various stages of development. It is more than possible that the phenomena of hypnotism, telepathy, and the projection of the astral belong also to this sixth sense, and with other "phases," as the Spiritualists call them, are combined in its fuller development.

THE DEVELOPMENT.

Experiences in regard to the development of the sixth sense, I find, vary with differences of character and temperament. Other sensitives tell me that with them hearing came first and seeing only long afterward. Others, very delicately organized, are at first exceedingly sensitive to "impressions" or intuitions which plainly indicate the projection on their consciousness of thought from an intelligence quite outside their own, without coming through sight, touch, or hearing. Still others begin by acquiring remarkable sensitiveness to the psychical atmosphere of a room. For no material reason their sleep is disturbed in one room, and all sorts of uncomfortable and disagreeable sensations are experienced; while in another room, perhaps in the same house, they will breathe freely and have a delightful feeling of serenity or cheerfulness. Still others begin by noticing peculiar sympathies or antipathies to the touch of certain objects. Comparing these various instances with my own experience, I cannot help thinking that the development of the sixth sense depends very much upon the side on which it is first recognised, and consequently, to some extent, restricted by force of habit. Development comes more quickly to the "seeing" than to the "hearing" sensitive, if I may judge from the cases familiar to me. Is it because form

and colour suggest sound more quickly than sound suggests form and colour?

I am led to believe that the key to the best development of the sixth sense is to be found in its "psychometric" side. "If walls could talk!" "If things could speak!" are exclamations often heard from people, who would scout the idea if told that walls and other things *do* talk, if we would only listen. Yet these same people would be puzzled to account for their strange inward sense of possibility, even while making a suggestion which they outwardly consider impossible.

WHAT IS PSYCHOMETRY.

I have said that I regard psychometry as the key to the development, on rational lines, of the sixth sense. Psychometry itself seems to be a development on the psychic side of that physical sense, which is at once the finest, the most subtle, the most comprehensive, and the most neglected of all the five senses—the sense of touch. While distributed over the whole surface of the body, through the nervous system, this sense is more delicate and sensitive in some parts than in others. The marvellous possibilities of its development in the hands, are shown in the cases of expert silk buyers and of coin handlers. The first are enabled, merely by touch, to distinguish instantly the weight and fineness of a score of different pieces of cloth hardly distinguishable to the eye. Girls employed in the mints, while counting gold and silver coins at an astonishingly rapid speed, detect at once the minutest difference of overweight or underweight in the coin passing through their hands. The remarkable sensitiveness developed by the blind in the tips of the fingers, under such scientific cultivation as that provided in the Perkins Institute, of which Laura Bridgman in the past and Helen Keller in the present are such conspicuous examples, is familiar to most readers.

BRAINS IN THE FINGER-TIPS.

It may not be so generally known that recent *post mortem* examinations of the bodies of the blind reveal the fact that in the nerves at the ends of the fingers, well-defined cells of grey matter had formed, identical in substance and in cell formation with the grey matter of the brain. What does this show? If brain and nerves are practically identical, is it not plain that, instead of being confined to the cavity of the skull, there is not any part of the surface of the body that can be touched by a pin's point without pricking the brain? It shows, moreover, I think, that, given proper development by recognition and use, a sensation including all the sensations generally received through the other physical organs of sense may be received through the touch at the tips of the fingers. It proves that a man can think not alone in his head but all over his body, and especially in the great nerve centres, like the solar plexus, and the nerve ends on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet. The coming man will assuredly perceive and think in every part, from his head down to his feet. Need I suggest the importance of remembering, in this connection, how much in our modern life is conveyed by the hand clasp, or the deep delight that comes to lovers in caressing touches, when impelled to pat the hands or the cheek of the beloved one, or to stroke her hair? It is through the emotional life that our sensitiveness is led from the physical to the psychic plane of sensation.

ARTICLES AND THEIR AURA.

Through the sense of physical touch, apparently, one is first brought, on "psychometrizing" an object, into a vivid perception of an *aura* or atmosphere surrounding it. Every individual and every distinct object, animate or inanimate, is surrounded by an *aura* of its own, just as the earth and every other planet has its surrounding atmosphere. In this *aura*, as in a mirror, the sensitive sees reflected the history of the object, its significance in connection with the emotions, and such other associations with the personalities of its possessors—of the life and experience of which it formed a part—as he may bring himself *en rapport* with. As already noted, all this is not only perceived objectively, but is also "sensed" subjectively. The sensitive seems to merge his own personality in the *aura* of the object, and in his own person feels the pains and pleasures he describes.

XV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTES OF A SERMON ON THE BORDERLAND.

By THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS. May 20th, 1894.

Text: Hebrews xii., 1—2.—“Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith.”

THE preacher began by pointing out that his sermon on “The Borderland” was the first of a course on various important religious questions; that he had chosen the subject as one dealing with the very evidence upon which such religious questions must rest. Without a belief in the Borderland and its truths, the spiritual world would lose all its continuity, and all the professions of Christians would be worth nothing.

WHO ARE CONCERNED WITH THE BORDERLAND.

He divided the spectators of the Borderland into various groups.

First, the few who had faith, in spite of lack of sight. “Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed.” Others, who had no belief at all; others, who would believe if they could; others, who have no strong feelings on the subject; and others, again, who, without hope or fear, feel a strong curiosity.

BORDERLAND AND THE AGE.

The doctrines of the Borderland are peculiarly fitted for the present age. In Church history we constantly find that with each period some particular doctrine has been associated—the question of Heaven and Hell, of the Atonement, of verbal inspiration, of ecclesiasticism. What have we that is best adapted for so pharisaical a generation as this? What at this period of the world's history could be more useful than the teachings of the Borderland, the solidarity of the spiritual world? There are many who profess to have a belief in a spiritual world, whose belief is nevertheless formless and indefinite, without basis and without foundation. They offer as basis for their belief such doctrines as are of universal tradition, or of revealed truth, or of rational deduction; but, after all, nothing is of any avail but personal conviction. What shall restore to us these truths, the truths of the Borderland? Have we anything which shall serve as the earnest of things unseen, which shall help us to the great gain of knowing, the gain of certainty?

BORDERLAND AND THE BIBLE.

We base our belief upon the Bible. From the Bible we ought to receive the truths of the Borderland; and from these we should deduce the mechanism of the Borderland, the dangers of the Borderland, the use of the Borderland. Bible history should correlate the truths inside and outside of the period with which it deals, of history sacred and profane.

From the Bible we learn that some people were *clairaudient*. We have the story of Samuel, the stories of the saints; just as, later, we have the story of Joan of Arc.

We have the *levitations* of Elijah and of Philip, as, later, we have that of St. Francis d'Assisi.

We have the phenomena of *trance* in the case of St. Paul, as, later, in that of Swedenborg.

We have the *gift of tongues*, as, later, in the *Irvingite* Church.

We have *wraiths* and *ghosts*, Moses, Elijah, the Witch of Endor, those who slept and arose at the Crucifixion.

We have *automatic writing*; the prophets were constantly directed to take a pen and write, the Lord, not they, being responsible for the message.

We have the phenomena of lights, of the passing of a wind, of houses and buildings shaken, of knocks and materialisation, of gifts of healing, gifts of exorcism.

(It is interesting to note that the Roman Catholic Church has a most elaborate service for exorcism, which the Protestant Church, in its wisdom, has seen fit to set aside.)

We have thus in the Bible and out of the Bible recurrent classes of facts which, as Christians, we believe in the Bible, but which in outside life we explain away as superstition, credulity, and imposture. No doubt there has been much of all these, but a residuum remains—a residuum which has afforded matter for research to such men as Professor Challis, Professor Wallace, Professor Crooks, Flammarion, the Astronomer Royal of France, to great savants in Russia. No less than thirty magazines are devoted to the interests of these phenomena—such magazines as *Light* and *BORDERLAND*—and from these we may gather what evidence exists of the life beyond the grave. We may learn that mind exists, and can manifest; that there is an intelligence which communicates and which gives evidence of an independent identity, which strikes at Materialism and the arguments that mind is only matter and force.

THE MECHANISM OF THE BORDERLAND.

Next, what is the mechanism of the Borderland?

This depends upon the development of certain powers, peculiarities, certain gifts not more commonly and universally bestowed than the gift of music, or poetry, or colour. Not all are equally endowed. Their mechanism is exhibited in crystal-gazing or in automatic writing, or other means of externalisation. There are many who acknowledge the truth of this who say that it is of the devil; who ask if it is lawful. There have been such persons in all ages—persons who have paralysed all progress, who have looked upon the control of the forces of nature as unlawful—the control of pain by chloroform, of sound by the phonograph, of motion by the steam-engine. Such forces are ours to control, to discover, and utilise.

THE DANGERS OF THE BORDERLAND.

Next, the dangers of the Borderland. From the time of Moses, when these forces were fully recognised in Egypt, their dangers, too, have been recognised. Moses denounced them on the one hand and regulated them on the other. He denounced them outside the priesthood, and regulated them within the priesthood, just as the Roman Church has done since, discouraging Spiritualism among its people but encouraging pilgrimages to the shrines of saints and the display of reverence to relics.

That there is danger no one can deny. But this danger may be regulated, simply and efficiently. The rules how to use these forces are two.

- (1) Common sense;
- (2) Common morality.

The teachings of Jesus and His apostles were the sublimity of common sense. When the voice of Socrates is heard at a séance, and he announces as teaching of deepest wisdom, "Be good, and you will be happy," use your common sense, and be sure you are not listening to the voice of Socrates. When Newton lays at your feet, as the dictum of philosophy, "Two and two make four," be sure you are very far from the presence of Newton. Such is the rule of common sense.

When the alleged control urges you to what is unseemly, undignified, foolish, wrong, add to your common sense common morality, and give that voice no further hearing.

So may it be ours to control the teachings of the revelation of the Borderland. So we may find them support the teachings of Christianity, the unity of truth, the solidarity of the spiritual world, the revelations of the Holy Ghost.

MORE ABOUT THE POETS AND INSPIRATION.

By JOHN HOGGEN.

MR. W. R. TOMLINSON has touched upon an interesting subject in the April issue of *BORDERLAND* under the above heading. It is true much of the comment passed upon the "inspiration" of the poet is of a flippant and smile-provoking nature. Like the "poets' license," it is too often regarded as a term of reproach or an excuse for a joke of a more or less feeble kind. But the matter fortunately does not end here, and it may further interest the readers of this Review to find grouped together some more instances of what may be called the feeling or assurance of guidance (other than that which reason, self-contained—if such an expression be permissible—may give) in the realm of poetry. The inspiration referred to is, of course, in no way confined to writers of poetry, yet, to narrow the inquiry, it may be well to stick to the text already supplied, and deal with verse principally, if not only.

It is a well-attested fact that not all who seek find in this connection; nay, that the very seeking scares away, as it were, the thing sought. As Lowell has written:—

"Wonders that from the seeker fly
Into an open sense may fall."

It is to this open sense that inspiration comes, and when it has come the receivers have not been slow to admit its presence. As applying generally to all a man's best work, it will be difficult to find a confession more lucid or beautiful than that of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:—

"If word of mine another's gloom has brightened
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came;
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
It felt the guidance that it dares not claim."

No less wide in their application are Dr. George MacDonald's words:—

"We make, but thou art the creating core.
Whatever thing I dream, invent, or feel,
Thou art the head of it, the atmosphere."

It is directly implied in these testimonies that the Maker of poets is "not far from any one of them," but a real moulding Power.

Not all have reached this stage, however. A man may feel moved without knowing, or caring to know, how or why or by whom, and simply marvel. Hence Keats found himself in possession of

"Many a verse from so strange influence
That we must ever wonder how and whence
It came."

He had none of Mrs. Browning's sacred sensitive feeling in touching even with reverent fingers what is a manifest gift to be passed on to others:—

"How sure it is,
That if we say a true word, instantly
We feel 'tis God's, not ours, and pass it on
As bread at sacrament, we taste and pass
Nor handle for a moment, as indeed
We dared to set up any claim to such."

It is perhaps a little audacious to place Frances Ridley Havergal beside Mrs. Browning, but for present purposes the juxtaposition may be allowed. "I have," wrote Miss Havergal, "not had a single poem come to me for some time till last night, when one shot into my mind. All my best have come in that way, Minerva-like, full grown. . . . I rarely write anything which has not come thus." Mozart somewhere tells us his airs came into the "open sense" in similar manner, not as simple melodies but with full harmonies and, as it were, on all the instruments of an orchestra. They came—composition is not the word to describe the process! While musicians—tone-poets, as they are sometimes called—are before us for a moment I may recall to memory the foot-note to one of the pages of Von Hellborn's "Life of Schubert," in which Vogl is said to have believed "that Schubert composed sometimes without any free will—the forced production of a higher power or inspiration—*clairvoyance* he called it."

To turn aside towards the prose of a great writer, who was, however, something of a poet also, Mr. Cross, in his "Life of George Eliot," says:—"She told me that in all she considered her best writing there was a 'not herself' which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which the spirit, as it were, was acting. . . . Abandoning herself to the inspiration of the moment, she wrote . . . exactly as it stands without alteration or erasure, in an intense state of excitement and agitation." This is not, surely, so very unlike the "Yet not I" of St. Paul.

After all, however, words and acts are largely the children of moods, and it is to the receptive phases of life to which inspiration comes. Not a few bear testimony to a strangely electric state of being, out of which something or nothing may come, but from which almost all things might be expected. It is to be described in the lovely words of Henry Vaughan, as a state in which he felt

"Through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness."

It is a state with the description of which all students of Wordsworth are more or less familiar. The present writer, in an article on "The Mystical Side of Wordsworth," which appeared in the *National Review* a few years ago, used these words, which he may perhaps be permitted to repeat here:—"Wordsworth spoke of moods that were for him fullest and most productive; even when they were emptiest of distinct intellectual effort. His being unrolled itself, and almost—one is tempted to say—automatically chronicled its own resources and developments. On the heights of life the footprints of the man become deeper; and in Wordsworth's case they are filled all the more brightly with flowers because of the hollows for the rains. His best phrases even bear traces of swiftness in them, as though they had been written to the dictation of some high informing Presence." In the noble lines so often quoted this man at least felt

"A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Side by side with this utterance, resonant of a great and inspiring neighbourhood, I venture to place the abrupt, but sufficiently forcible, question Walt Whitman asks his reason :—

"Hast never come to thee an hour,
A sudden gleam divine, precipitating, bursting all these
bubbles, fashions, wealth?
These eager business aims—books, politics, art, amours,
To utter nothingness."

In such an "Hour" the Voice speaks we may be certain, though all may not catch the accents, and though few indeed, even while hearing, are able to say what they hear without taking upon themselves the added responsibility of darkening the direct counsel with or without an alien knowledge.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE BIBLE.

No one would guess from what periodical the following references are extracted :—

Spiritual gifts—1 Corinthians xii., xiii., xiv.; Romans xii.
Spiritual circles—Acts ii.
Dreams—Matthew i.; Genesis xi., xxiii., xl.
Test mediums, seers, and prophets—Acts v.; John iv.;
1st Samuel ix., xxviii.; Micah iii. 5, 7; Deuteronomy xviii.
Slate writing—Exodus xxxii., xxxiv.; Deuteronomy x.
Writing on the wall—Daniel v.
David a writing medium—1 Chronicles xxviii. 11, 19.
Psychology—Acts xiii. 9, 11; Mark viii. 22, 25.
Obsession—1 Samuel xvi. 14, 23; 2 Chronicles xviii.; Acts
viii. 7, xix. 15.
Fire—Deuteronomy v.; Exodus iii.; Daniel iii.
Materialisation—Luke xxvi.; Acts i., xii.; Genesis xviii.,
xxxii.; John iv., xx.; Exodus iii.; Ezekiel viii.; 1 Corinthians
xii.; Joshua v.; Numbers xxii.; Daniel viii.
Mind-reading—Mark ii. 8, 9; Matthew xii. 25.
Healing—Mark iii., v., vii., viii.; Acts iii., v., viii.,
xiii., xviii., xix.; John v., xi.; Matthew vii. 15, 17; ix. 31,
34; xii.; 2 Kings iv., v., xii.; Ezekiel ii.; 1 Samuel iii., x., xvi.
Open-eyed mediums—Numbers xxiv. 1, 4.
Shut-eyed mediums—Acts ix. 1, 19.
Destroying mediumship—Acts xii., 16, 19.
Developing mediums—Matthew x.; Mark i.; Acts ii. 4, 18;
viii. 15, 19; xix. 11, 12; Ezekiel ii. 1, 10; 1 Samuel iii. 8, 13;
x. 1, 11. Prophecy—Revelation vi.
Trance and voices—Acts x., xi., xxii.
Trumpet and voices—Revelation i., iv., v., vi., viii., xviii.,
xix., xxi. Be spiritual—1 John iv. 1.

These are from the *Agnostic Journal*. It is the most surprising paper imaginable. A good half of its pages are taken up with theosophy; the religion of complete revelation, and certainty about everything, ventilating itself in a paper whose very *raison d'être* is inquiry and suspension of judgment. A good deal of space, too, is occupied very worthily by some interesting letters of Mr. Maitland's, on the relation of reason and intuition, which to quote in fragments, would be to spoil, and which space considerations forbid us to quote entire.

THE AMERICAN PSYCHICAL SOCIETY.

Chicago, Ill., April 24th, 1894.

To the Editor of BORDERLAND.

DEAR SIR,—I notice what you say in your April number concerning the meeting of the American Psychical

Society at Chicago. I am very sorry that I should have been misunderstood in the matter of the long distance clairvoyance experiments. It so chanced that I gave four successful instances before giving the one that was partially unsuccessful, and then the one which was comparatively a failure. A full account of these experiments will appear in the May number of the *Psychical Review*. I do not regard them as failures, but, on the contrary, as singularly successful.

I note, also, that you take exceptions to the rule which has been adopted in the Chicago Branch to suppress in our reports the names of mediums who serve in our experiments. It has been so usual to discredit the investigations of psychical societies by casting reflections upon the personal character of the mediums employed, that the mediums themselves, in many cases, have desired that their names be withheld. Surely the personality of the mediums has nothing whatever to do with the scientific value of the phenomena educed. These must stand or fall by the precautions which have been taken to prevent any sort of imposition. You compare mediums to newspapers in the matter of reputations for trustworthiness, or the contrary. If we were accepting the statements of mediums as inspired truths, not subject to verification, I grant you that this might be a proper comparison; but in science we accept nothing as established which a man, without ceasing to be a man, cannot verify. We do not test the genuineness of phenomena by the integrity of the medium, but instead endeavour to test their genuineness by all possible precautions. Only in our published scientific reports is the name of the medium suppressed. Any person taking part in the investigation may publish, after the report has been duly published by us, his own account of what occurred, and, with the medium's consent, may give his or her name. Our society does not set itself up as a judge over mediums, either to brand them as spurious or to declare them genuine. We do not make reputations or break them; we do not draw upon those who co-operate with us the criticism and abuse of such men, for instance, as your Dr. Hart—men who find it difficult to avoid facts and very easy to abuse persons. For the rest I hasten to assure you that the mediums of Chicago have quite fallen in with this idea, and that more of them, and more of the best of them, are willing to co-operate with us than with any other society of the sort which has ever undertaken the work here.

Yours very respectfully,

MILES MENANDER DAWSON,

Secretary, Chicago Branch of the American Psychical Society.

WHERE TO LAY THE HEAD.

23rd April.

DEAR SIR,—As our object is to get at the real cause of alleged facts, I point out that Mr. Ellis's explanation on p. 341 is certainly wrong. He says, "The magnetic pole in the earth would draw the blood," &c. He forgets that there are at least two magnetic poles in the earth, and that they do not exert any influence in drawing anything on account of their balanced attractions. They simply cause bodies to lie in a special direction.

I have heard of more than one case of the successful use of the divining-rod to find water in this neighbourhood. The last was near Old Bolingbroke in 1893.

More than one crystal seer we have found here; but no instance of a man so gifted. Is it a question of sex?

Yours truly,

J. WILSON.

XVI.—THE SPECTRE DOG OF PEEL CASTLE.

THE "MANTHE DHOO" OF "PEVERIL OF THE PEAK."

ALL who have read "Peveril of the Peak" will remember something of the story of the Black Dog of Peel Castle. The text of the book contains but a brief allusion to the legend. As Scott admits in his notes that he never saw this castle, and as the inference to be drawn from his introduction to "Peveril of the Peak" is that he never even visited the Isle of Man, the authority for the "Manthe Dhoo" story would appear to be Waldron, whom Scott quotes fully in his long note on the subject. But the story is older than Waldron. Manx tradition has handed it down from the time, at least, of the residence of the Derby family in the castle. There is no existing evidence to show when, or in what manner, the dog first made its appearance. Waldron, however, gives us reason to think it had become a common object long before the incident of the attack upon it by the drunken guard; for in his account he says he "heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head."

THE STORY AS TOLD BY SCOTT.

The reader of "Peveril of the Peak," forgiving me for prompting his memory, may recollect that the reference to the "spectre hound" occurs in that interesting part of the romance where Fenella acts as guide to Julian Peveril, when preparing to secretly embark on his important mission for the Countess of Derby:—

To one of these churches Fenella took the direct course, and was followed by Julian; although he at once divined, and was superstitious enough to dislike, the path which she was about to adopt. It was by a secret passage through this church that in former times the guard-room of the garrison, situated at the lower and external defences, communicated with the keep of the castle; and through this passage were the keys of the castle carried every night to the Governor's apartment, so soon as the gates were locked and the watch set. The custom was given up in James the First's time, and the passage abandoned, on account of the well-known legend of the "Manthe Dhoo"—a fiend, or demon, in the shape of a large shaggy, black mastiff, by which the church was said to be haunted. It was devoutly held that in former times this spectre became so familiar with mankind, as to appear almost nightly in the guard-room, issuing from the passage which we have just mentioned, at night, and returning to it at daybreak. The soldiers became partly familiarised to its presence; yet not so much so as to use any licence of language while the apparition was visible; until one fellow, rendered daring by intoxication, swore he would know whether it was dog or devil, and, with his drawn sword, followed the spectre when it retreated by the usual passage. The man returned in a few minutes, sobered by terror, his mouth gaping, and his hair standing on end, under which horror he died; but, unhappily for the lovers of the marvellous, altogether unable to disclose the horrors which he had seen.

Scott, apparently, made a wilful anachronism for the sake of harmony. Waldron, from whom he gleanes, places the fatal adventure of the guard during the reign of the second Charles—indeed, about the same time as Scott makes his Fenella and Julian walk through the haunted passage. Waldron, writing in 1731, says: "This accident happened about threescore years since," which would make the date of the death of the guard about 1671. At this period the castle was inhabited by the Derby family. There is, too, a little trip of the imagination in Scott's

version. He says the guard followed the spectre when it retreated by the passage. This neither agrees with Waldron nor with tradition. Whether he followed it or not does not transpire. Waldron says: "In some time after his departure a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it." These details are mentioned because they must be alluded to hereafter, and because they have a bearing upon the deductions to be made from the several adventures which accredited persons have had with this selfsame spectre hound at various periods, from the time of Waldron's "old soldier" to the present day.

LATER TESTIMONY.

Those who consult Scott's note (for few will possess Waldron's history) will find it recorded that the "Manthe Dhoo" was never seen in the castle after the tragic affair of the guard. This corresponds with the particulars told to the present writer, in 1868, by one of the old-time women of the island. She gave the story as handed down by her father, who must have been nearly contemporary with Waldron, for the woman gave her age then as "four-score and fourteen." The visitor to the castle is still shown the entrance to the passage, which (as none of the soldiers would venture through it after the death of the guard) was closed up, and another way made to the keep. Of these particulars there exists some architectural proof.

A SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE.

But tradition asserts that there existed from this passage a subterranean passage to Castle Rusten—the only other castle in the island. No effort has been made by archaeologists to discover whether such a passage ever had an existence. Civil engineers and modern scepticism might pronounce such a work an impossibility. The castle was built, however, when labour was cheap (the oldest portions are said to have been built a thousand years ago, and probably the islet was used as a fortification long before), and was built by men who knew how to quarry out huge blocks of solid sandstone, bring them across the bay, convey them over high broken crags, and raise them into their beds in all sorts of seemingly impossible places. We know that subterranean passages were not uncommon in those days, and civil engineering did not begin in the nineteenth century. Allowing for geographical and geological obstacles, it is not unlikely that a passage from one castle to the other would run through a part of the parish of Santon, in the south of the island. It is to this parish of Santon we trace the "Manthe Dhoo."

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE AND THE DOG OF SANTON.

In Bullock's "History of the Isle of Man," published in 1816 (by Longmans), there is a curious reference to Balla Lonay Bridge, in Santon, which is none the less interesting because of the dearth of psychological matter in a work devoted to a country where the mysterious and wonderful are so woven with its history. This bridge, the historian says, was usually called the Devil's Bridge, because it was "said to be the scene of his satanic majesty's frequent exploits, on which account it is with extreme reluctance the natives venture over it after dark." Now, the truth about this "devil," together with certain of its doings, have

come within the knowledge of the present writer by a somewhat remarkable succession of circumstances. There was one Charles Clucas, who, born in the year 1800, lived to become a special vessel for the transmission of succeeding generations of curious stories of Manx history and folklore. It was from this never-failing source the writer drew, when a youth, the following accounts of the first known reappearance of the "Manthe Dhoo," or Black Dog, of Peel Castle, after its encounter with the drunken guard. During the lifetime of Mr. Clucas's grandfather, who was born in or near the year 1740, a horseman, carrying pistols, according to the custom of the times, was proceeding along the main road in the vicinity of Balla Lonay Bridge, at night, when he became aware of the presence of a dark coloured object resembling a dog. Its precise conduct on its first appearance, or the conduct of the man in relation to it, are not accurately known. The horseman, however, according to his subsequent relation, became convinced it was a supernatural being; and on its trotting up near the horse, as it did at regular intervals, he discharged a pistol, so full at it, and at such close quarters, that the ball, he said, must have passed quite through it. No sooner was the shot exploded than the "dog" became entwined amongst the horse's legs, and kept up so extraordinary and so alarming a continuance of his running between and around the horse's hoofs, as he trotted along, that the horse bolted and threw his rider and himself with such violence that horse and rider died from the effects both of the fright and the injuries they sustained by the fall.

There was another story of a coachman, driving his master and friends in the same locality, whether before or after the accident to the horseman the writer cannot now recollect, who attacked the spectre dog with his whip. On this occasion, also, it darted in amongst the horse's legs, and, notwithstanding the galloping of the affrighted steeds, kept up its serpentine wriggling until horses, carriage, and occupants came to a dreadful smash. It was said that the coachman suffered as much from his fright as from his wounds. He died within a few days, but not, however, without being able to give an account of the cause of the accident.

The appearances of the dog were not confined to these two occasions, for even at that time it had become so familiar an object in the vicinity of the bridge alluded to that the children of the locality would pass it without fear. These particulars were, according to my informant, the common talk of all who lived in that portion of the island, where there are many persons still living who have informed the writer that they agree with accounts heard by them. It was about this period that Balla Lonay Bridge was first called the Devil's Bridge.

It would be interesting, in tracing up the remarkable similarities of appearance, and the still more wonderful coincidence of conduct of the Black Dog of Santon with the "Manthe Dhoo" of Peel Castle, to discover whether its disappearance took place immediately after the episode of the mounted traveller. It is certain, however, that it did disappear for a great many years, for it does not appear to have been seen again until the early days of my anecdotal relative, who so faithfully related to me its history, and who well remembered when it again became a familiar object on the roads leading to Balla Lonay Bridge: appearing, he affirmed, generally at the approach of night, and visible to those who came in its way until the break of day.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE DOG.

Tradition and history agree in describing the "Manthe Dhoo" as a large black dog with shaggy hair. Waldron,

having confused the meanings of *Manthe* and *Dhoo*, misspelt the popular name of the spectre—writing "Doog" for *Dhoo* (or *Dhu*). This led Scott, in his note, to make the remark that "it would be very desirable to find out the meaning of the word *Manthe* in the Manx language"—a remark he would scarcely have made if he had not been misled by the error of the historian; for *Dhoo* would have been familiar to the great novelist as the Gaelic for "black," and the translation of *Manthe* would then have been a matter of intuition. Scott's Roderick Dhu was "Black Roderick"; *Manthe* (pronounced *Mantha*) is the Manx Gaelic for "dog." Notwithstanding this appellation of "Manthe Dhoo," it is not improbable that its true colour was a very dark brown, or admixture of black and brown. The black Dog of Santon, so called, is not a true black, but is of the colour described. In size (or, as should really be said, its greatest size), and in the likeness of its shaggy coat, it also corresponds with the "Manthe Dhoo," the singular fact of its appearing, not like other apparitions, in the ghostly hours, but at the close of day, concurring in a notable way with the regular coming of the "Manthe Dhoo" to the guard chamber of Peel Castle "as soon as candles were lighted." And one cannot help wondering, in connection with this, that a company of workmen engaged in draining a field on a farm in the parish of Santon, about forty years ago, regularly saw the dog emerge from a particular drain in the field every evening before they quitted their work.

TWO DOGS OR ONE?

So far, then, we have a mysterious spectre dog—for hound it cannot probably be called, as Scott hath it in his *Marmion*—

"For he was speechless, ghostly, wan!
Like him, of whom the story ran,
Who spake the Spectre Hound in Man."

for the more recent and minute inspection of J. (presently to be chronicled) proved it to be like a large sheepdog—so far, then, we have a phantom dog finally disappearing from one part of the island, which had been his haunt for years, and another appearing in another part, with identical figure and colour. But what happens? A drunken guard attacks the one with his sword, and dies from fright (for he appears to have sustained no bodily injury), and two persons die from accidents and nervous shock due to the appalling and fiendish conduct of the other when attacked by them. Further, it was the regular custom of the "Manthe Dhoo" to trot by the side of the guard whose duty it was to lock the castle gates, and then, as the guard retired, trot away before him and disappear in the passage leading to the Governor's apartments, through which passage the guard had to pass with the keys. It was, and still is, the practice of the Black Dog of Santon to trot away before the traveller and stop frequently until the person passes; or if he be riding or driving, until the horse has, to all appearance, passed right over it, when it completely disappears, to reappear afterwards by the side of the vehicle. Here, then, is an identity which is as remarkable as it has been well attested, and that by many witnesses.

IDENTITY OF THE TWO.

Assuming, then, that the Black Dog of Santon which, so far as can be ascertained, first made its appearance about 1700, is no other than the "Manthe Dhoo," which disappeared from Peel Castle in 1671, let us proceed further, and closer, into the work of examining the curious evidence which has been collected; let us proceed, indeed, until, we tread upon that line which marks the boundary between the material and spiritual worlds, and on which stand the

outermost ramparts of the one and the entrance gate of the other.

We have drawn our chain of evidence from 1671 to 1820, or thereabouts, which would be the "early days" of Mr. Charles Clucas before alluded to.

HIS LATEST APPEARANCE.

On a night in the year 1852 there were two young men driving from Balla Quiggin in a gig, on a journey westward from Santon to Balla Salla. They were proceeding slowly along a narrow lane leading into the main road when the one who was driving, one Dan, asked his companion whether he had observed a little dog that trotted frequently past the gig and stopped in the lane, directly in the middle of the way, some distance ahead of them, until the horse came nigh treading upon it. His companion, whom we may know as J., but whose name, present address, and credentials have been lodged with Mr. Stead, said he had not, but that if a dog were following them he had better be driven home. "That may be," said Dan, "but I have repeatedly noticed that the dog is only visible while in the act of coming up by the gig, and while standing in the road. While you have been talking I have been engaged in watching him, and he disappears from my sight as mysteriously as he reappears on my side of the gig. I can't make the thing out."

There was a difference in the physique of the two men. Dan was slightly made, of a highly nervous temperament, and devoted to books. J. was the type, as well as the essence, of physical strength and daring. He was the hero of one of the most blood-curdling of ghost stories, the incidents of which put the question of his courage and his nerve beyond the region of doubt. Though not actually a disbeliever in the supernatural, he now scouted the notion entertained by his friend that a little dog, following them from the farm which they had just left, could be anything other than a dog.

A VANISHING DOG.

His friend, however, was not satisfied, and asked him to watch for its coming. Scarcely had he ceased speaking than, in a low tone, he said, "Here it is—here on my side of the gig; now, watch it, and tell me whether you can find out where it goes, for I never see it go back past the gig, but always coming up from behind." Not seeing anything marvellous in the dog, except, indeed, its smallness, for it was scarcely any larger than a weasel, J. humoured his companion by keeping his eye upon it. "Now then, Dan," he said; "I see him trotting along there, and I'll keep my eye fixed upon him as long as you like. I see him—I see him—he has stopped in the middle of the road, in a straight line with the mare's head. You can see him yourself—we are now close upon him; I see him; he is—" "Where?" said Dan. J. was leaning over, looking under the horse, when Dan spoke, and then sprang to his feet to peer behind the gig. The dog was gone—had disappeared as suddenly as if the ground had opened and swallowed him up. "He must have gone back your side, Dan." "No," replied Dan; "I was intent upon watching whether he would do so or not. I am positive he did not. The horse was going at a jog-trot, for the road was narrow and somewhat uneven. J. had resumed his seat, trying to persuade himself that the little brute had hidden himself under a bush, or had gone rapidly over the hedge. "Now, Dan, my boy," he went on to say, "I am still of opinion that this is a little dog which has followed us; and if it comes up again I shall send it home. It would not be quite the correct thing to— Here he is—on my side

this time; now give me that whip!" But Dan had taken lessons in a different school. He stoutly declined to give up the whip, adding that so long as it did not molest them they should not molest it.

IT INCREASES IN SIZE.

Failing to get possession of the whip, his companion whistled and called the dog (as he still supposed it to be), and, scolding it, tried to drive it home. Of all this it took no notice, but trotted quietly ahead, in the same style and pace as before. Again, it disappeared when the horse came up to it, and again and again the young men went through the ceremony of watching it and calling to it. J. often obliged his friend to stop the gig, while he bent down, as it suddenly made itself visible, to try and secure its attention by all the tricks by which a dog can be called. He snapped his fingers just above it, called it all the dog-names he could think of, whistled, entreated, scolded; until he was surprised to observe it was growing larger every time it made a fresh appearance by the side of the gig.

It was now J.'s turn to feel puzzled; now was the occasion, he thought, for another bold stand, and another triumph over the seemingly inexplicable and supernatural. "Give me that whip, Dan!" he said, in a tone of command, as the greater to the smaller, and in a voice of determination. But Dan besought him in the name of Heaven, while he held the whip at arm's length, to attempt no violence. "Stand only on the defensive," he said, in a tone of entreaty; "if we are molested, I shall hand you over the whip at once." Strangely enough, neither of the two had ever heard of this dog-fiend of Santon. They lived in a different part of the island, and as the spectre had not been seen for many years, the stories of its past deeds had not reached them. Had they been in possession of the facts connected with the death of the only persons known to have attacked it, it was highly probable J.'s prudence would have got the better of his valour.

LARGER AND LARGER.

The gig now turned into the main road. It was a moon-light night, and the moonbeams were reflected pleasantly on the broad old highway. The dog, now as large as a field spaniel, had gone into thin air for the twentieth time just as the horse came close up to it. The road now was light, smooth, and straight; the mare's head was turned homewards, and Dan, giving her both rein and whip, sent her along at a spanking pace. It became evident that they had left the mystery behind, and J. was lamenting that he had not a fair opportunity of solving it with the whip, while Dan, happy at his escape, consoled and congratulated him. They had proceeded for about half a mile, when, lo, up came the spectre dog, now much larger than ever, approaching nearer the size of a collie, but longer in body, with shaggy coat, and an elongated neck, which, as all along, hung downwards. Its pace was uniform, as before, but quickened in conformity with the increased speed of the horse. It never varied its course, nor altered its strange trot; nor did it move its apparently headless neck, but maintained its former attitude of pointing towards the ground. Curious and eager for discovery, J., now fully persuaded that the thing was a supernatural being, joined with Dan in a more reverent attempt to scrutinise its form, colour, and proportions; and to discover, aided by the better light and broader road, the manner by which it defied all their attempts to see it disappear. They agreed that both would intently watch the object while it stood in the way of the horse, and that directly they came near to it, each

would quickly turn to his own side, and endeavour to find whether it avoided the horse's hoofs and allowed the gig to pass over it. If so, it was clear that they might, by rapidly looking behind, see it start forward again. All these plans were of no account. It was beyond dispute, even to the intrepid J., that directly the horse came near to it, as it stood statue-like directly in his course, it disappeared as suddenly as the bursting of a bubble. To a man in his cool senses, intent on the elucidation of a mystery, nothing would have been more tantalising; and J. frequently urged upon his companion to yield him up the whip as they stopped the gig to inspect the wonderful spectre. If he had done so "the story we are now telling might never have been told," and the writer, unless there be truth in the Mahatma doctrine, might never have had an existence.

WAS IT HEADLESS?

Neither Dan or J. understood the art of photography, and if they had, were not prepared for a snap-shot at the phantom dog; but they had, instead, as good a set of lenses, in the shape of eyes, as are usually to be had by a good inheritance; and their close and minute observation resulted in a description which tallies with that of the Black Dog of Santon of A.D. 1700 to 1820, and with the accounts of the "Manthe Dhoo" which disappeared from Peel Castle in 1671, except that J., probably by his more critical notice, but a dark brindled admixture of black and brown, and that, so far as he could perceive, it was devoid of a head, or, if it had one, was not sufficiently prominent to be distinguished from the neck, which, as has been stated, always hung rigidly downwards. Both Dan and J. are living, the former being resident abroad; and J., honoured by his country for his acumen and probity, and a holder of some of the highest lay offices in the little State, still admits that the Black Dog he last saw standing in a gap by the roadside, with its neck stretched as a pointer, was not a being belonging to the visible world.

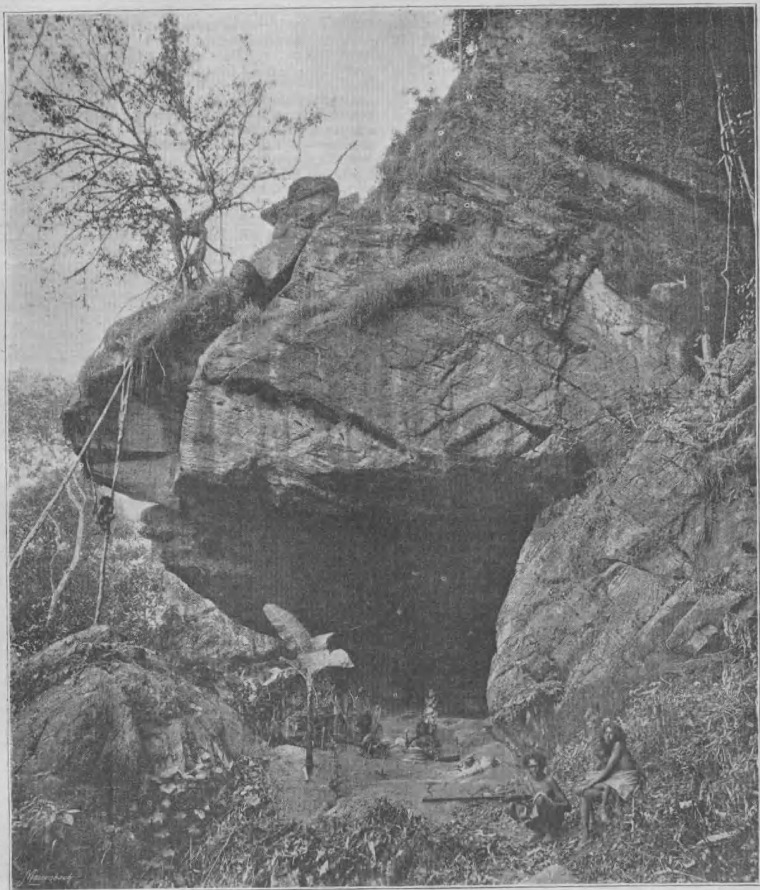
ITS LATEST REAPPEARANCE.

Twelve years ago, the Rev. J. —, now vicar of —, walking home after some parochial duties, met an animal of a dark brown colour, and in size resembling a hare,

running straight towards him. There was nothing to call for his special notice save that, when passing, it came so near as almost to brush him. Immediately afterwards it again appeared; this time also running directly towards him—rushing by as before. When this was repeated again the minister was puzzled, more especially as he noticed the increasing size of the animal. Two other particulars had to be accounted for. He could not convince himself as to what order of animal it belonged to; nor could he ever see it go back, but always advancing upon him. The vicar, from whom the writer obtained these particulars a few days ago, now thought it time for some action. As it came rushing up to him for the fifth time—as nearly as he can recollect—he held his walking-stick by the thin end and waited his opportunity. On it came, as if to a gentle charge. Its larger size now made it a better mark. It came as near as the ball to the batsman, though not with such speed. The walking-stick came down with a well-aimed blow, but, to the vicar's astonishment, though it appeared to strike the thing, it in reality only struck the ground. The next moment the spectre rushed between his legs, and the minister, perceiving that he was dealing with a supernatural thing, made the best of his way home. Being neither drunk, like the castle guard, nor mounted, like the unfortunate men whose affrighted horses threw them, he recovered from the shock in due time. This clergyman, who is not a native of the island, had not then resided long in the neighbourhood, and was not until after the event aware that others had been subjected to like experiences.

This adventure of the Vicar of — brings the story of the "Manthe Dhoo," or Black Dog, up to the present day. A score of collateral adventures, of divers persons, mostly residents of Santon and the neighbourhood, and one of more recent date, have been omitted, not because they lack in interest, but to save needless repetition of incidents.

Here, then, is one of Sir Walter's ghosts—a fearful apparition, familiar to a garrison of soldiers during the time of the Rebellion, regularly seen, at various intervals, right up to the present time; and a number of living witnesses—astute persons—ready to be examined on the evidence of their senses in regard to it. The writer, having full permission from the clergyman alluded to, and from the person referred to as J., has given their names and addresses to the Editor of BORDERLAND.



THE SORCERERS' CAVE.

XVII.—SORCERERS OF THE INDIAN HILLS.

THE KURUMBAS OF THE NILGIRIS. BY RHODA BATCHELOR.

THOUGH much general information has been collected as to the history of the Kurumba tribe while they lived on the plains, since they settled on the Nilgiri hills that history has become more or less of a blank. They apparently claim for themselves no traditions, and there are no means of judging how long they have inhabited these hills, except that some authorities state that they and the Toda tribe were the earliest settlers.

According to the late Mr. Breeke, the Commissioner of the Nilgiris, the Kurumbas, though insignificant enough nowadays, seem to have played by no means an unimportant part in Indian history.

THE KURUMBA SORCERY.

That the Kurumbas possess certain powers of the dark side of magic, or sorcery as it is usually called, there can be no reasonable doubt on the part of anyone who has had an opportunity of coming into contact with the members of the various tribes on these hills.

The more savage Kurumbas do not come at all into civilised parts, and they collect and live very largely on honey and roots. The Mulu Kurumbas are comparatively rare on the slopes of the hills, but are common enough in Wynaad, lower down the plateau. These people use bows and arrows, are fond of hunting, and have frequently been known to kill even tigers, rushing in a body on their game and discharging their arrows at a short distance. In their eagerness they frequently fall victims to this animal; but they are supposed to possess a controlling power over all wild animals, especially elephants and tigers, and the natives declare they have the power of assuming the forms of various beasts. Their aid is constantly invoked by natives generally, when wishing to be revenged on an enemy.

THE HOME OF THE KURUMBAS.

Far away in Southern India rises a magnificent range of mountains, towering into the rarefied air at an altitude of nearly nine thousand feet above the sea. On their heights and slopes the four hill tribes of the Nilgiris dwell: the Toda as lord of the plateau; the Badaga as his farmer, renting the warm, sunny slopes, where corn, lentils, pumpkins, and other vegetables flourish; the Kota, sharing certain localities to the north-west and south-east of the mountain range; the Kurumba lives yet lower down, in the fever-haunted valleys that open out on to the plains.

The Toda spends his days in idleness, roaming over the turf hills, attending to his herd of buffaloes, or in search of honey. Badagas, Kotas, Irulas, Kurumbas all reverence him, the latter cringing in very dread before him. With harvest time the Toda finds his way down to the Badaga fields, where his tithe of corn is handed over to him, and the sack-laden lords of the soil return home once more. Hardly has the Toda taken his departure than the Kotas assemble round the Badagas, who, poor timid folk that they are, are easily persuaded to hand over a share of the hard-won produce of their soil to the assembled host who cackle and jabber around them.

HOW THE SORCERY WORKS.

The Kotas rise and scatter into the night. Silence falls, and from the doors of the humbly-thatched huts streams of

fire-light dance out into the night. The moneghar, or head-man of the Badaga village, sits, with troubled expectancy on his brow. A spell seems to have fallen on the village; it is a spell of silence, for the inhabitants sit waiting in dread for the advent of the sorcerous Kurumba. For if the latter cannot by threats obtain from the poor Badaga his corn and his money he has recourse to the black art to satisfy his revenge.

The following narrative, which is strictly founded on fact, was contributed a few years ago by my mother, who has lived for some forty years on these hills, to the columns of the *Theosophist*. The narration gives a very good idea of the methods employed by the Kurumba, and there can be no doubt that they are based on a form of sorcery very similar to that of the Obeah-men of the West Indies:—

A STORY OF THE BLACK ART.

I had on my estate, near Ootacamund, a gang of young Badagas, some thirty young men, whom I had had in my service since they were children, and who had become most useful, handy fellows. From week to week I missed one or another of them, and on inquiry was told that they had been sick and were dead!

One market-day I met the moneghar, or head-man of the village to which my gang belonged, and some of his men, returning home laden with their purchases. The moment he saw me he stopped, and coming up to me, said: "Mother, I am in great sorrow and trouble: tell me what I can do?" "Why, what is wrong?" I asked. "All my young men are dying, and I cannot help them, nor prevent it; they are under a spell of the wicked Kurumbas, who are killing them, and I am powerless." "Pray explain," I said; "why do the Kurumbas behave in this way, and what do they do to your people?" "Oh, madam, they are vile extortioners, always asking for money. We have given and given till we have no more to give. I told them we had no more money, and then they said: 'All right—as you please; we shall see.' At night, when we are all asleep, we wake up suddenly and see a Kurumba standing in our midst, in the middle of the room occupied by the young men." "Why do you not close and bolt your doors securely?" I interrupted. "What is the use of bolts and bars to them? they come through stone walls. . . . Our doors were secure, but nothing can keep out a Kurumba. He points his finger at *Mada*, at *Kurira*, at *Jogie*; he utters no word, and as we look at him he vanishes! In a few days these three young men sicken, a low fever consumes them, their stomachs swell, they die. Eighteen young men, the flower of my village, have died thus this year. These effects always follow the visit of a Kurumba at night." "Why not complain to the Government?" I said. "Ah, no use; who will catch them?" "Then give them the 200 rupees they ask for, on a solemn promise that they exact no more." "I suppose we must find the money somewhere," he said, turning sorrowfully away.

ANOTHER TALE OF THE BLACK ART.

Such is the story of Kurumba magic related to my mother by the poor moneghar, who surely had sufficient reason to believe in the black art of the tribe. The following facts, which instance another case of witchcraft closely allied to the one already related, were told to me by the gentleman in question himself, and there is not the least doubt of their authenticity.

Mr. K— was the owner of a coffee estate near, and, like many other planters, employed Badagas. On one occasion

he went down the slopes of the hills after bison and other large game, taking some seven or eight Badagas as gun-carriers (besides other things necessary in jungle-walking—axes to clear the way, knives, ropes, &c.). He found and severely wounded a young elephant with tusks. Wishing to secure these, he proposed following up his quarry, but could not induce his Badagas to go deeper and farther into the forests; they feared to meet the Mulu Kurumbas who lived thereabouts. For long he argued in vain; at last, by dint of threats and promises, he induced them to proceed, and, as they met no one, their fears were allayed and they grew bolder, when, suddenly coming on the elephant lying dead, the beast was surrounded by a party of Mulu Kurumbas busily engaged in cutting out the tusks, one of which they had already disengaged! The frightened Badagas fell back, and nothing Mr. K—— could do or say would induce them to approach the elephant, which the Kurumbas stoutly declared was theirs. They had killed him, they said. They had very likely met him staggering under his wound, and had finished him off. Mr. K—— was not likely to give up his game in this fashion. So walking threateningly to the Kurumbas he compelled them to retire, and called to his Badagas at the same time. The Kurumbas only said, "Just you DARE to touch that elephant," and retired. Mr. K—— thereupon cut out the remaining tusk himself, and, slinging both on a pole with no little trouble, made his men carry them. He took all the blame on himself, showed them that they did not touch them, and finally declared he would stay there all night rather than lose the tusks. The idea of a night near the Mulu Kurumbas was too much for the fears of the Badagas, and they finally took up the pole and tusks and walked home.

From that day those men, all but one who probably carried the gun, walked about like spectres—doomed, pale and ghastly—and before the month was out all were dead men, with the one exception!

WHAT DID THEY DIE OF?

The above case seems to suggest the explanation that the poor Badagas died through sheer fright, through a terror of the Kurumbas which had descended to them from their ancestors. Perhaps what is technically called "suggestion" by the hypnotists of the day would cover the facts of the case. The man who carried the gun would not feel himself "guilty," and consequently did not die; while the European, Mr. K——, who probably disbelieved entirely in magic in any form, was of course not affected.

The Badagas, it may be remarked, are a timid people, and not possessed of the courage peculiar to many mountain tribes. It is said that on one occasion a Badaga discovered one of the Kurumbas' magical properties—a certain plant which they employed. The unfortunate discoverer, however, so report goes, soon paid the penalty of his scientific zeal with his life.

NOT TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED.

A gentleman, writing to me the other day, mentions the difficulty of obtaining photographs of the Kurumbas.

A German savant, who was on a visit to these hills some years ago, was extremely anxious to obtain a likeness of a fine specimen of a Kurumba. He induced the Kurumba in question to climb a tree, and endeavoured to photograph the man as he was climbing. But the wily Kurumba, from the corner of his eye, espied what the Teuton was up to, and, descending the tree with the rapidity of lightning, made off.

The same gentleman makes reference to a Kurumba who was said to have the power of producing and averting rain.

The man is unfortunately dead now, but his fame still haunts the place.

A MAGIC SPELL.

One particular magical practice that holds among the Kurumbas is what is known as a *soonium*. The *soonium* is a basket containing certain articles, of a more or less disgusting nature, placed at the apex of a triangle formed by three fine threads tied to three small sticks. This interesting appliance is usually placed at the junction of several roads, and it is so arranged that a person coming by any one of the roads may stumble over and break one of the threads, in doing which he falls under the influence of the *soonium*. The object of this strange custom is to be found in the belief that if a *soonium* be prepared when one lies sick unto death, and it be then placed in the road, the unfortunate individual who breaks one of the threads, as above described, will receive the disease, and the sick person will recover. A friend who once came upon a *soonium* informs me that the basket contained the bloody head of a black sheep, a cocoanut, ten rupees in money, some rice, flowers, and other items.

A practice very similar to the one just described prevails among the Obeah practitioners of the West Indies. The custom of the latter is to fill a bottle, or vial, with human bones, lumps of chalk, and other ingredients, and then bury it in a well-frequented spot. The disease is supposed to enter into the first comer whose foot touches the mouth of the bottle.

BEWITCHED TO DEATH.

Some years ago, at the village of Ebanand, a few miles from this, a fearful tragedy was enacted. The moneghar, or head-man's, child was sick unto death. This, following on several recent deaths, was attributed to the evil influences of a village of Kurumbas hard by. The Badagas determined on the destruction of every soul of them. They procured the assistance of a Toda, as they invariably do on such occasions, as without one the Kurumbas are supposed to be invulnerable. They proceeded to the Kurumba village at night and set their huts on fire, and as the miserable inmates attempted to escape, flung them back into the flames or knocked them down with clubs. In the confusion one old woman escaped unobserved into the adjacent bushes. Next morning she gave notice to the authorities and identified seven Badagas, among whom was the moneghar, or head-man, and one Toda. As the murderers of her people they were all brought to trial in the courts here—except the head-man, who died before he could be brought in—and were all sentenced and duly executed; that is, three Badagas and one Toda, who were proved principals in the murders.

A BEWITCHED GROOM.

Quite recently a syce, or groom, was proceeding along the road one day on some errand for his master, when he was met by a party of Kurumbas, who, in their usual insolent manner, demanded from him money, or tobacco, or something of the kind. The man replied, stating the actual truth, that he had nothing of the sort on him. The Kurumbas, either disbelieving him or affecting to do so, said: "Very well, then, there is no help for it; you must die at sunset." And accordingly at the hour the man died, and the natives who heard of the case shrugged their shoulders, and said: "It is the Kurumbas. What can we do?"

A MAGIC SPELL ANALYSED.

The sorcerers use certain preparations which it is their habit to place on the heads of persons they wish to affect.

One of these mixtures was removed from the head of a boy before anything had time to happen, and sent to a local chemist for analysis by a gentleman who was interested in the matter. An analysis proved that the magical composition consisted of cotton soaked in cobra or some other animal fat, and tied up in a teak-leaf! Whether the boy would have died had this preparation been allowed to remain on his head, it is, of course, impossible to say; but believers in "magnetic" influence would perhaps allege that it was possible for the Kurumba to imbue the small packet with the evil magnetism of a hostile will.

SORCERY THE EMPLOY OF NATURAL FORCES.

If, as seems likely, the so-called superstitions of witchcraft, sorcery, &c., are in reality but the employment of subtler forces of nature known to our ancestors, forgotten, and now rediscovered by the present generation, it seems less surprising that the wild hill tribes, who have been for generations outside the pale of civilisation, should exercise sorcery and witchcraft. We find that these tribes take such practices entirely as a matter of course, and they are quite unable to understand why the Government of the country should disbelieve in and ignore what are to them palpable facts. It is as difficult for them to understand our blind scepticism and disbelief, as it would be for a European child to understand why the poor Kurumba thought the photographic camera contained some form of black magic.

Of the actual details of the ceremonies which the Kurumbas engage in before directing their evil power against any individual or individuals, I know but little. I have heard, however, that it is their custom to plant in the ground of a marked-down victim a euphorbia plant upside down, which is symbolical of the reversal of natural laws which they intend to bring about by their art.

In bringing these few jottings on the Kurumbas and their magical practices to a conclusion, I would take the opportunity of urging upon all readers of *BORDERLAND* who have had any experience in these matters, either in India or other countries, to put on record those experiences for the benefit of others, so that as complete and accurate a record as possible may be forthcoming for purposes of analogy and comparison.

NOTE.

THE Society for Pyschical Research recently formed a "Committee for the Systematic Investigation of Hypnotic Phenomena" under medical supervision. The Committee is now meeting regularly at the Rooms of the Society, and invites the co-operation of those who may be able to render assistance by providing subjects for experiment, or by indicating profitable lines of inquiry. The Committee may be addressed through its Honorary Secretary, G. A. Smith, 19, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

XYIII.—SOME BORDERLAND BOOKS.

COCK LANE AND COMMON SENSE.*

WE do not reach the particular essay, the title of which serves also as general title to Mr. Andrew Lang's new book, until we have read nearly half through the volume. Some of us are already familiar with "Cock Lane and Common Sense," as a paper read some months ago before the Society for Psychical Research, and apart from the attraction of alliteration as a principle of selection in regard to titles, this is in fact one of the most representative chapters in the book.

Mr. Lang says :—

If one phantom is more discredited than another, it is the Cock Lane ghost.

The ghost has been a proverb for impudent trickery and stern exposure, yet its history remains a puzzle, and is a good, if vulgar, example of all similar marvels. The very people who "exposed" the ghost were well aware that their explanation was worthless, and frankly admitted the fact. . . We still wander in Cock Lane with a sense of amused antiquarian curiosity, and the same feeling accompanies us in all our explorations of this branch of mythology.

Mr. Lang may perhaps be taken as the father of the amused-antiquarian-curiosity school, and a very useful school it is. One of the humours of psychical research, by whomsoever pursued, is the fact that every school of investigation begins at the beginning for itself; none of them profit by the experience of the rest.

Mr. Lang is one of the few to recognise that here, as well as elsewhere, we are the heirs of all the ages, that the history of men, from the very earliest times, in every part of the world, teems with suggestion and illustration and analogy, and in gratitude for its "antiquarian" value, we gladly allow Mr. Andrew Lang's curiosity to be as much "amused" as he likes. And this, the more readily that he is ready to share the amusement with his readers, and is a master of the fine art which we all admire—the art of never being dull.

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW.

The writer has urged that the testimony to abnormal events is much on a par with that for anthropological details, manners and customs. When anthropology first challenged the interpretation of myths given by philologists, we were told that anthropology relied on mere travellers' tales. It was answered that the coincidence of report, in all ages and countries, and from all manner of independent observers, unaware of each other's existence, was a strong proof of general accuracy, while the statements of learned and scholarly men, like Codrington, Callaway, and many others, confirmed the strange stories of travellers like Herodotus, of missionaries, traders, and adventurers. The same test of evidence, universally coincident, applies to many of the alleged phenomena in this book. Indeed, the anthropological aspect of the phenomena led to the writing of the essays.—(Preface, p. 10.)

A THEORY OF THE EVOLUTION OF "OCCULT" PHENOMENA.

To his [the author's] mind, the most plausible theory is that our savage ancestors were subject to great mental confusion; that they did not distinguish between dreams and waking; that their conditions of life and scanty supplies of food were favourable to trances and hallucinations; and that they practised a kind of elementary hypnotism. From all this would arise a set of unfounded beliefs. These beliefs, like myths and

customs, would endure among the peasant classes. The folk would inherit the traditions as to what hallucinatory phenomena they might expect, and, as a result of self-suggestion and of expectant attention, these phenomena they would actually behold. This would account for the continuity of phenomena, which, again, are fraudulently imitated by mediums.—(Preface, p. 14.)

A SUPPLEMENTARY THEORY.

This is a conceivable and even probable theory. The writer, however, cannot say that he holds it with exclusive and perfect conviction.—(Preface, p. 15.)

Mr. Lang feels that it will not suffice for certain well-attested phenomena such as those of Home, or for the unexpected hallucinations coincident with death, or for collective hallucinations; and that we may therefore conclude that we have not yet discovered the limits of human faculty.

SURVIVAL AND REVIVAL.

Certain superstitions seem to have only a temporary or local existence; they have been explained away, or have died natural deaths, or perished with the races to which they belonged, such, for example, as taboos, totemism, the "convade," and the like; but others there are, which are perpetually reappearing, regardless of distance, either of time or place. In all ages, in all countries, we hear of clairvoyance, levitations, rappings, hauntings, and so on, and this fact Mr. Lang explains by the principles of Survival and Revival.

The tendency of the anthropologist is to explain this fact by Survival and Revival. Given the savage beliefs in magic, spirit rapping, clairvoyance, and so forth, these, like *Märchen*, or nursery tales, will survive obscurely among peasants and the illiterate generally. In an age of fatigued scepticism and rigid physical science, the imaginative longings of men will fall back on the savage or peasant necromancy, which will be revived, perhaps, in some obscure American village, and be run after by the credulous and half-witted. Then the wished-for phenomena will be supplied by the dexterity of charlatans. As it is easy to demonstrate the quackery of paid "mediums," as that, at all events, is a *vera causa*, the theory of Survival and Revival seems adequate. Yet there are two circumstances which suggest that all is not such plain sailing. The first is the constantly alleged occurrence of "spontaneous" and sporadic abnormal phenomena, whether clairvoyance in or out of hypnotic trance, of effects on the mind and the senses apparently produced by some action of a distant mind, of hallucinations coincident with remote events, of physical prodigies that contradict the law of gravitation, or of inexplicable sounds, lights, and other occurrences in certain localities. These are just the things which medicine men, mediums, and classical diviners have always pretended to provoke and produce by certain arts or rites. Secondly, whether they do or do not occasionally succeed, apart from fraud, in these performances, the "spontaneous" phenomena are attested by a mass and quality of evidence, ancient, mediæval and modern, which would compel attention in any other matter. Living, sane, and scientifically trained men now—not to speak of ingenious and intelligent, if superstitious, observers in the past—and Catholic gleaners of contemporary evidence for saintly miracle, and witnesses, judges, and juries in trials for witchcraft, are undeniably all "in the same tale."—(Pp. 6–7.)

THE MOST FAVOURABLE PERIOD FOR THE "OCCULT."

Mr. Lang carefully considers the ever-present question, What are the most favourable conditions for the develop-

* "Cock Lane and Common Sense," By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1894.

ment of phenomena, the ages of superstition, or the ages of faith, the times of the classics or of the schoolmen? and his answer is one which, except to students, may appear startling.

... The dark ages do *not*, as might have been expected, provide us with most of this material. The last forty enlightened years gave us more bogles than all the ages between St. Augustine and the Restoration. When the dark ages were over, when learning revived, the learned turned their minds to "Psychical Research," and Wier, Bodin, Le Loyer, Georgius Pictorius, Petrus Thyraeus, James VI., collected many instances of the phenomena still said to survive.

... In the face of these facts, it does not seem easy to aver that one kind of age, one sort of "culture," is more favourable to the occurrence of, or belief in, these phenomena than another. Accidental circumstances, an increase or a decrease of knowledge and education, an access of religion or of irreligion, a fashion in intellectual temperament, may bring these experiences more into notice at one moment than at another, but they are always said to recur at uncertain intervals, and are always essentially the same.—(*Ibid*, pp. 31—32.)

THE BELIEF IN HAUNTINGS.

In a later chapter on "Haunted Houses," Mr. Lang recurs to the same point, reminding us—

That a hundred years after the highday and triumph of common sense, people of education should be found gravely investigating all that common sense had exploded, is a comfortable thought to the believer in progress. The world does not stand still.

A hundred years after the blue stockings looked on Johnson as the last survivor, the last of the Mohicans of superstition, the Psychical Society can collect some four hundred cases of haunted houses in England.

These hauntings, however, are not all of the dramatic kind.

The truth is that magazine stories and superstitious exaggerations have spoiled us for ghosts. When we hear of a haunted house we imagine that the ghost is always on view, or that he has a benefit night at certain fixed dates, when you know where to have him.—(P. 137.)

COMPARATIVE CONJECTURE.

Psychical conjecture leaves much unexplained. Thus Mr. Myers put forward a theory which is, in origin, due to St. Augustine. The saint had observed that any one of us may be seen in a dream by another person, while our intelligence is absolutely unconscious of any communication. Apply this to ghosts in haunted houses. We may be affected by a hallucination of the presence of a dead man or woman, but he or she (granting their continued existence after death) may know nothing of the matter. In the same way, there are stories of people who have consciously tried to make others, at a distance, think of them. The subjects of these experiments have, it is said, had an hallucination of the presence of the experimenter. But *he* is unaware of his success, and has no control over what old writers and some new theosophists call his "astral body." Suppose, then, that something conscious endures after death. Suppose that someone thinks he sees the dead. It does not follow that the surviving consciousness (*ex hypothesi*) of the dead person who seems to be seen, is aware that he is "manifesting" himself. As Mr. Myers puts it, "ghosts must therefore, as a rule, represent—not conscious or central currents of intelligence—but mere automatic projections from consciousnesses which have their centres elsewhere."—(P. 156.)

CRYSTAL-GAZING.

The chapter on Crystal-Gazing is very interesting and suggestive, and the subject is one upon which Mr. Lang has expressed himself, though with less detail, many times before.

THE ADVANTAGES OF CRYSTAL-GAZING.

I entirely endorse the following paragraph:—

The practice of "scrying," "peeping," or "crystal-gazing," has been revived in recent years, and is, perhaps, the only "occult" diversion which may be free from psychological or physical risk, and which it is easy not to mix with superstition. The antiquity and world-wide diffusion of scrying, in one form or other, interests the student of human nature.—(P. 212.)

MISS X.'S RECORDS.

After dealing in turn with each hypothesis which has been put forward as explanatory of Crystal-Gazing—"spirits," self hypnotisation, *illusions hypnagogiques*, &c., Mr. Lang proceeds to give an account of some of Miss X.'s experiments as recorded in BORDERLAND and the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*.

It is very satisfactory to find so competent a critic as Mr. Lang in entire accord with the views which have been presented in these articles. I am glad too to find that he also endorses what I have said over and over again as to the danger of classifying as psychical, what may be very easily explained as mere psychological curiosities, memory, conscious or unconscious, non-coincidental impressions and the like.

In our own time while many can see pictures, few know what the pictures represent. Some explain them by interpreting the accompanying "taps" or by "automatic writing." The intelligence thus conveyed is then found to exist in county histories, newspapers, and elsewhere, a circumstance which lends itself to interpretation of more sorts than one. Without these very dubious modes of getting at the meaning of the crystal pictures, they remain, of course, mere picturesque hallucinations.

THE OTHER SEER.

In addition to Miss X., Mr. Lang quotes at some length from "Another Seer," a personal friend of his own, for the accuracy of whose record and observation he can vouch. This lady is conscious of no recrudescence memories or visions telepathic or clairvoyant.

Her pictures, as far as she knows, are purely fanciful. Perhaps an "automatic writer" might interpret them, in the rather dubious manner of that art. As far as the "scryer" knows, however, her pictures of places and people are not revivals of memory. For example, she sees an ancient ship, with a bird's beak for prow, come into harbour, and behind it a man carrying a crown. This is a mere fancy picture. On one occasion she saw a man, like an Oriental priest, with a white caftan, contemplating the rise and fall of a fountain of fire; suddenly, at the summit of the fire, appeared a human hand, pointing downwards, to which the old priest looked up. This was in August, 1893. Later in the month the author happened to take up, at Lock Sheil, Lady Burton's "Life of Sir Richard Burton." On the back of the cover is a singular design in gold. A woman in widow's weeds is bowing beneath rays of light, over which appears a human hand, marked R.F.B. on the wrist. The author at once wrote asking his friend the crystal-gazer if she had seen this work of art, which might have unconsciously suggested the picture. The lady, however, was certain that she had not seen the "Life of Sir Richard Burton," though her eye, of course, may have fallen on it in a bookseller's shop, while her mind did not consciously take it in. If this was a revival of a sub-conscious memory in the crystal, it was the only case of that process in her experience.—(Pp. 218—219.)

INCIDENTAL LESSONS OF CRYSTAL-GAZING.

Crystal-gazing shows how a substratum of fact may be so overlaid with mystic mummeries, incantations, fumigations, pentacles; and so overwhelmed in superstitious interpretations, introducing fairies and spirits, that the facts run the risk of

being swept away in the litter and dust of nonsense. Science has hardly thought crystal-gazing worthy even of contempt, yet it appears to deserve the notice of psychologists. To persons who can "sore," and who do not see hideous illusions, or become hypnotised, or superstitious, or incur headaches, scrying is a harmless gateway into *Les Paradis Artificiels*. "And the rest, they may live and learn."—(Pp. 222–223.)

THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

Mr. Lang never becomes so much occupied with his "antiquarian interest," never so lost in the "amusement" of the inquiry, as to lose sight of its ultimate object—the search for truth. Here is his conclusion of the whole matter:—

The stories which we have been considering are often trivial, sometimes comic; but they are universally diffused, and as well established as universally coincident testimony can establish anything. Now, if there be but one spark of real fire to all this smoke, then the purely materialistic theories of life and of the world must be considered.—(P. 357.)

MEDICAL SUPERSTITIONS.*

THE title of Dr. Berdoe's book is perhaps somewhat misleading. Many of those who would be attracted by such a subject as "The Origin and Growth of the Healing Art," may be less pleased to find that the book deals largely with animism and shamanism, with witch, and fetish, and charm, and amulet; with white magic and black, with the medicine of primitive culture, and the surgery of savages.

On the other hand, there are many among those to whom so detailed and elaborate a collection of anthropological lore will be of intensest interest, who will be repelled by such a title as, "A popular history of Medicine."

Such a book, however, should be of universal interest, not only to "the profession" and the student of the Borderland, but to the historian, the anthropologist and the general reader. It is well printed and well illustrated, it has a fairly good index, and it shows wide and varied reading, and, high praise indeed, so far as I have had opportunity of testing them, it shows first-hand and exact quotation.

Those of us who, as Browning students, owe some debt of gratitude to Dr. Berdoe for earlier labours in another direction, are not disappointed in looking again for that accuracy of detail and orderly minuteness to which he has already accustomed us.

THE KEYNOTE OF THE BOOK.

This, Dr. Berdoe strikes in the preface:—

Medicine now has no mysteries to conceal from the true student of nature and the scientific inquirer. Her methods and her principles are open to all who care to know them; the only passport she requires is reverence, her only desire to satisfy the yearning to know. In this spirit and for these ends this work has been conceived and given to the world. "The proper study of mankind is man."—(Page 7.)

THE BEGINNING OF MEDICINE.

The art of healing, like religion, had its origin in the fears of man, not like religion in his fear of the future, but in the discomforts of the present.

Among savages, their first physicians are a kind of conjurers, or wizards, who boast that they know what is past, and can

"The Origin and Growth of the Healing Art." A popular history of medicine in all ages and countries. By Edward Berdoe. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

foretell what is to come. Thus, superstition, in its earliest form, flowed from the solicitude of man to be delivered from present distress, not from his dread of evils awaiting him in a future life, and was originally ingrafted on medicine, not on religion.—(Page 26.)

HOW TO STUDY THE ELEMENTARY IDEA OF HEALING.

As the earliest races of mankind passed by slow degrees from a state of savagery to the primitive civilisations, we must seek for the beginnings of the medical arts in the representatives of the ancient barbarisms which are to be found to-day in the aborigines of Central Africa and the islands of Australasian seas. The intimate connection which exists between the magician, the sorcerer, and the "medicine man" of the present day, serves to illustrate how the priest, the magician, and the physician of the past were so frequently combined in a single individual, and to explain how the mysteries of religion were so generally connected with those of medicine.—(Page 8.)

THE MEDICINE OF EARLY CIVILISATION.

Dr. Berdoe thinks that in medicine, as in other studies, the Egyptians were by no means 3,000 years behind us.

We require no other proof than the mummies in our museums to convince us that the Egyptians from the period at which those interesting objects date, must have possessed a very accurate knowledge of anatomy, of pharmacy, and a skill in surgical bandaging very far surpassing that possessed nowadays by even the most skilful professors of the art. Dr. Granville says: "There is not a single form of bandage known to modern surgery, of which far better and cleverer examples are not seen in the swathings of the Egyptian mummies. The strips of linen are found without one single joint, extending to one thousand yards in length." It is said that there is not a fracture known to modern surgery which could not have been successfully treated by the priest-physicians of ancient Egypt.—(Page 57.)

In the Ebers Papyrus (1500 B.C.) there are several recipes for the preparation of hair dye. "The earliest of all the recipes preserved for us is a prescription for dyeing the hair."—*Urda*, Ebers.—(Page 71.)

THE PLACE OF MAGIC.

The actual medicaments used in Egyptian medical practice were not considered effectual without combination with medical remedies. . . . It was not the natural remedy which called the supernatural to its aid; but in cultivated Egypt this combination was due to the theurgic healer availing himself of natural remedies to assist his magic. Science was beginning to work for man's benefit, but could not yet afford to discard sentimental aids, which, by calming the mind of the sufferer, assisted its beneficent work.—(Page 66.)

JEWISH MEDICINE.

The chapter on Jewish medicine is one which should be of great interest to Bible students.

The distinguishing feature—very striking when we remember how much of their medicine was probably learnt in Egypt—is the absence of magic from the healing of the Jews. Later, of course, their civilisation was greatly developed by their contact with the high culture of Babylon and Assyria. Many varieties of disease and accident are described in the Bible, some which are only to be understood in the light of acquaintance with oriental habit and custom.

Referring to the words, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night" (Psalm cxxi., 6), Captain Burton says (*Arabian Nights*, Vol. II., p. 4) that he has seen a hale and hearty Arab, after sitting an hour in the moonlight, look like a man fresh from a sick-bed; and he knew an Englishman in India whose face was temporarily paralysed by sleeping with it exposed to the moon.—(Page 81.)

MAGIC INSEPARABLE.

But even the Jews seemed to have derived certain magical beliefs from the people about them. And later, when Christianity diverted to its service many of the customs of the heathen, it was found wise to direct rather than interfere with what seemed almost inherent in the thoughts of the period.

It would be grossly unfair to the Catholic Church to complain of the slavery in which it kept the minds of the ignorant barbarians, whom it had converted from paganism to Christianity. When we read of medicine masses, of herbs, and decoctions placed under the altar, of holy water, mixed with drugs, and the sign of the cross made over the poultices and lotions prescribed, we are apt to say that the priests merely substituted one form of superstition for another, which was a little coarser. A little reflection will serve to dispel this idea. A belief in magic influence is, as we have abundantly shown, inseparable from the minds of primitive and savage men. It is as certain that a savage will worship his fetish, pray to his idol, and believe in disease-demons, and their expulsion by charms and talismans, as that he will tattoo or paint his body, stick feathers in his hair, and rings in his nose or ears; it is part of the evolution of man on his way to civilisation. To suddenly deprive a savage, or barbarian, of all his magic remedies, his amulets and charms, would be as foolish as it would be futile; foolish, because many amulets and charms are perfectly harmless, and help to quiet and soothe the patient's mind; futile, because whatever the ecclesiastical prohibition, the obnoxious ceremonies would certainly be practised in secret. It was wiser, therefore for the Church to compromise the matter, to wink at innocent superstitions, and endeavour to substitute a religious idea, such as the sign of the cross would imply, for the meaningless, if not idolatrous, ceremonies of a pagan religion. Let us never forget that the Church delivered the nations from "the tyranny and terror of the poisoner and wizard."—(Page 255.)

EARLY ENGLISH MEDICINE.

It is impossible to even hint at the contents to Dr. Berdoe's chapters on the medicine of the ancient civilisations, Hindu, Chinese, Zoroastrian, Greek, Roman, etc.

In Book IV., on Mediæval Medicine, an interesting chapter is given to the early medical history of our own country, the medicine of the Druids, Teutons, Anglo-Saxons, and Welsh. This seems to have been of a very degraded kind, and we find that early reformer, King Alfred, sending to the patriarch of Jerusalem for some good recipes. These are preserved in the Saxon Leech Book, translated by Oswald Cockayne. Some of these are very queer indeed, and the magical element is none the less present, that it is translated into terms of Christianity.

THE LEECH BOOK.

This curious work probably belonged to the Abbey of Glastonbury, and is of more literary than medical interest. Here, for instance, is

A PRESCRIPTION FOR FEVER.

A man shall write this (St. John I., i.) upon sacramental paten, and wash it off into the drink with holy water, and sing over it, "In the beginning, etc." Then wash the writing, with holy water, off the dish into the drink, then sing the Credo, the Paternoster. . . . Psalm cxix. . . . etc. And let each of the two [i.e., doctor and patient] then sip thrice of the water so prepared.—(Page 277.)

So we may conclude that the practice of magic was still an essential part of the Healing Art.

WELSH DOCTORS.

Welsh science is of recognised antiquity, and in early Welsh MSS. we have some really advanced teaching.

Their "maxims," compiled as Laws of the Court Physician, 930, A.D., are very entertaining.

The mediciner is to have, when he shall apply, a tent, twenty-four pence. His food daily is worth one penny-half-penny. The worth of a medical man is one penny.—(Page 282.)

The penny man, however, knew "a thing or two."

The physicians of Myddvai recognised five kinds of fevers, viz., latent, intermittent, ephemeral, inflammatory, and typhus. The doctor's "three master difficulties" were a wounded lung, a wounded mammary gland, and a wounded knee-joint. "There are three bones which will never unite when broken—a tooth, the knee pan, and the os frontis."

KNOTS, CHARMS, AND AMULETS.

The chapter on charms is highly suggestive, and deserves separate treatment. I can find space for a few disconnected quotations only:—

Marcellus, a medical writer, quoted by Mr. Cockayne in his preface to "Saxon Leechdoms," Vol. I., p. 29, gives an example of knots as charms. "As soon as a man gets pain in his eyes, tie in unwrought flax as many knots as there are letters in his name, pronouncing them as you go, and tie it round his neck."

The origin of the superstitious belief in the magic power of precious stones has always been traced to Chaldaea. Pliny ("Hist. Nat." xxxvii., 10) refers to a book on the subject which was written by Lachaios, of Babylon, and dedicated to Mithridates.

The Eagle Stone (*Aetiles*) is a natural concretion, a variety of argillaceous oxide of iron, often hollow within, with a loose kernel in the centre, found sometimes in an eagle's nest. This was a famous amulet, bringing love between a man and his wife, and if tied to the left arm or side of a pregnant woman it ensured that she should not be delivered before her time.

Of the stone which hight agate. It is said that it hath eight virtues. One is when there is thunder, it doth not scathe the man who hath this stone with him. Another virtue is, on whatsoever house it is, therein a friend may not be. The third virtue is, that no venom may scathe the man who hath the stone with him. The fourth virtue is, that the man who hath on him secretly the loathly fiend, if he taketh in liquid any portion of the shavings of this stone, then soon is exhibited manifestly in him that which before lay secretly hid. The fifth virtue is, he who is afflicted with any disease, if he taketh the stone in liquid, it is soon well with him. The sixth virtue is, that sorcery hurteth not the man who has the stone with him. The seventh virtue is, that he who taketh the stone in drink will have so much the smoother body. The eighth virtue of the stone is, that no bite of any kind of snake may scathe him who tasteth the stone in liquid."—"Saxon Leech Book," II., ch. lxvi.)

THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

In all ages it would appear that doctors, the most generous, self-sacrificing men—as a class—in the world, have been misrepresented as to this very characteristic.

Euricus Cordus (1486-1535), who studied medicine at Erfurt, is famous for the following epigram:—

"Three faces wears the doctor: when first sought,
An angels—and a god's, the curé half wrought;
But, when that cure complete, he seeks his fee,
The devil looks then less terrible than he."—(Page 352.)

Perhaps another version of the old story—

"The devil was sick—The devil a monk would be,
The devil got well, and devil a monk was he!"

Or, to put it otherwise:—

"—lips say, 'God be pitiful,'
That ne'er say 'God be praised.'" X.

THE INVISIBLE PLAYMATE.*

APART even from its Borderland interest every lover of children should read this touching little story. There are details in it which show the most exquisite and tender interest in the sacred charge of a baby life, little touches of just that humour, which comes so very near to tears!

The writer has been twice married. The first chapter of his history is short and sad and has its end in a twofold grave, of wife and child, the last a poor frail little creature with nothing of the joyous child-life about it. He suffers, but makes no moan.

If I make no bargain, but simply profess belief that all was for the best, will that destroy the memory of all that horror and anguish? Job? The author of Job knew more about astronomy than he knew about fatherhood!

THE HEIRESS OF THE AGES.

And then comes a new revelation, another marriage, and by-and-bye "the heiress of all the ages." Surely no baby was ever greeted, observed, reported upon, with such delicious rollicking joy.

It is difficult to resist quotation wholesale, and it is not easy to select.

The Norse god who heard the growing of the grass and of the wool on the sheep's back, would have been stunned with the *tintamarre* of her development. . . .

She is my pride, my plague, my rest, my rack, my bliss, my bane;

She brings me sunshine of the heart, and softening of the brain. . . .

She grips hard enough already to remind one of her remote arboreal ancestors. One of God's own ape-lets in the Tree of Life.

As the months go by, the "benign anthropoid" develops into a "stodgy volatile elephant, with a precarious faculty of speech."

A child has a civilising effect. It is with some men as it is with the blackthorn; the little white flower comes out, and then the whole gnarled faggot breaks into leaf.

She takes to literature, and knows all about poor Frederic in Struwpeter who is ill, and is put to bed, and how

The doctor came and shook his head,
And gave him nasty physic too.

This evening, as baby was prancing about in her nightdress, her mother told her she would catch cold, and then she would be ill, and have to be put to bed,

"And will the doctor come and shook my head?"

she asked eagerly. Of course we laughed outright; but the young person was right for all that. If the doctor was to do any good, it could not conceivably have been by shaking his own head!

He compares her glad babyhood with that other "poor little white creature of those unforgettable six weeks—so white and frail and old-womanish, with her wasted arms crossed before her, and her thin worn face fading, fading, fading away into the everlasting dark. She would have been nine now if she had lived."

MAKING BELIEVE, OR A VISUALISER?

But what has all this baby-talk to do with BORDERLAND? This is the baby of whom the following is told:—

* "The Invisible Playmate: A Story of the Unseen." With Appendices. By William Canton. London, 1894.

By the way she has got a new plaything. I do not know what suggested the idea; I don't think it came from any of us. Lately she has taken to nursing an invisible "iccle gaa!," whom she wheels about in her toy perambulator, puts carefully to bed, and generally makes much of. This is, "Yourn iccle baby pappa, old man," if you please.

. . . I suppose you have read Galton's account of the power of "visualising" as he calls it, that is of actually seeing, outside of one, the appearance of things that exist only in imagination. He says somewhere, that this faculty is very strongly developed in some young children, who are beset for years with the difficulty of distinguishing between the objective and the subjective.

. . . If I rest my foot on my right knee, to unlace my boot, she pulls my foot away—"Pappa, you put your foot on your iccle baby." She won't sit on my right knee at all, until I have pretended to transfer the playmate to the other.

And then comes the last sad chapter:—

Do not ask me about her. I cannot write. I cannot think. . . My poor darling is dead. . . Half of my individuality has left me. I do not know myself. . . A little while before she died I heard her speaking in an almost inaudible whisper. . . She moved her wasted little hand as if to lift a fold of the bed-clothes. I raised them gently for her, and she smiled like her old self. How can I tell the rest?

Close beside her lay that other little one, with its white, worn face, and its poor arms crossed in that old-womanish fashion in front of her. Its large, suffering eyes looked for a moment into mine, and then my head seemed filled with mist and my ears buzzed.

I saw that. It was not hallucination. It was there.

Just think what it means, if that actually happened. Think what must have been going on in the past, and I never knew. I remember, now, she never called it "mamma's baby"; it was always "yourn." Think of the future, now that they are both—what? Gone?

If it actually happened! I saw it. I am sane, strong, in sound health. I saw it—saw it—do you understand? And yet how incredible it is!

It is a strange little book. I for one do not find it incredible—and make what one will, or can, of the story—as such, it is at least worth reading for the way it is told, fresh, true, full of loving observation. It is a story which the modern woman who elucidates her novel reading with a medical dictionary may as well let alone; no dictionary at her command will teach her the language of this little book—a story let us say, which any nice girl might safely recommend to that person neglected of the libraries—her mother.

X.

A NOVEL OF THE BORDERLAND.*

PSYCHICAL novels, as a rule, like religious novels, tend only to make a great subject ridiculous, and the psychical novel of to-day is, intellectually, getting much on the same level that the religious novel reached when it too had its turn, the level which prompts the cry, "Surtout pas trop de zèle!"

In "A Modern Wizard," however, there are incidentally some good things. The plot is not well balanced, the characters have little personal interest, but there are some really interesting thoughts on a future life, on the question of the immortality of the so-called "lower" animals, on the problems of memory, on dream-life, and on various minor psychological points. The Hypnotism upon which the story turns is considerably more "up-to-date" than is usual in works of this kind.

* "A Modern Wizard." By Rodrigues Ottolengui. Published in New York and London. 1894.

A little essay is introduced, merely as the first work of a half-educated lad of twenty, which is infinitely suggestive and worth quoting entire. The writer, Leen, tells how, when outcast from the home of his childhood, his only friend laying dead, his heart filled with the despair of youthful loneliness, his beautiful sable collie, dear old brute, pushed his head over my shoulders, placed his paws around my neck and kissed me. . . . It was as though I had received a message from Providence. Then like a flash it came to me, that "if love is an attribute of the soul, and a dog's love is the most unselfish of all, it must follow logically that a dog has a soul." . . . I have but a single idea to expound. . . . I have tried to make every word count. Please read it with that view uppermost.

IMMORTALITY.

I am dead.

Have you ever experienced the odd sensation of being present at your own funeral, as I am now?

Impossible! for you are alive!

But I? I am dead!

There lies my body, prone and stiff, uncoffined, whilst the grave-digger, by the light of the young moon, turns the sod which is to hide me away for ever.

Or so he thinks.

Why should he, a Christian minister, stoop to dig a grave?

Why? Because minister though he be, he is, or was, my master; and my murderer.

Murderer did I say? Was it murder to kill a dog?

For only a dog I was; or may I say, I am.

I stupidly tore up one of his sermons, in sport. For this bad, or good deed, my master, in anger, kicked me. He kicked me, and I died.

Was that murder? Or is the word applicable only to Man, who is immortal?

But stay! What is the test of immortality?

The ego says, "I am I," and earns eternity.

Then am I not immortal, since though dead, I may speak the charmed words?

No! For Christianity teaches annihilation to beast, and immortality for Man only. Man, the only animal that murders. Shall I be proof that Christianity contains a flaw?

Yet view it as you may, here I am, dead, yet not annihilated.

I say here I am, but where am I?

How is it that I, stupid mongrel that I was, though true and loving friend, as all dogs are; how is it that I, who but slowly caught my master's meaning from his words, now understand his thoughts although he does not speak?

At last I comprehend. I know now where I am. I am within his mind. His eagerness to bury my poor carcass is but born of the desire to drive me thence.

But is not mind an attribute of the human soul, and conscience too? And are not both immortal?

Thus then the problem of my future do I solve. Let this good Christian man hide underground my carcass; evidence of his foul crime. And being buried, let it rot. What care I though it should be annihilated?

I am here, within this man's immortal mind, and here I shall abide forever more, and prick his conscience for my pastime.

Thus do I win immortality, and cheat the Christian's creed.

SIDONIA THE SORCERESS AND THE AMBER WITCH.*

WHEN this work first appeared in English (about forty years ago), it was much admired by Swinburne, Rossetti, and the Pre-Raphaelites generally. Swinburne, it will

* "Sidonia the Sorceress and the Amber Witch." By William Meinhold. 2 vols. Translated by Lady Wilde. London: Messrs. Reeves & Turner, Strand. 1894.

be remembered, included it in his list of "the hundred best books."

Moreover, Burne-Jones had a water-colour painting of Sidonia at the exhibition of his works in the New Gallery, so that Meinhold's masterpiece will have had the advantage of an introduction to a more general public than otherwise would have been prepared to welcome Lady Wilde's excellent translation of this literary treasure.

"Sidonia von Bork" was accused of having by her sorceries caused sterility in many families, particularly in that of the ancient reigning house of Pomerania.

Notwithstanding the intercessions and entreaties of the Prince of Brandenburg and Saxony and of the resident Pomeranian nobility, she was publicly executed for these crimes on the 19th of August, 1620, on the public scaffold at Stettin; the only favour granted being that she was allowed to be beheaded first and then burned.

Apart from any charges of witchcraft Sidonia von Bork would seem to have fully merited this comparatively humane sentence if only fifty per cent. of the horrors related are true. One would scarcely expect an honourable old age to follow the youth of a young girl who could console herself by listening to the bellowing of a huntsman, who was being beaten black and blue by her orders beneath her window; who coquetted right and left with the young nobles, giving them "heavy blows" in return for their compliments. "On one occasion, when Hans von Damitz extolled her hair, she gave him such a blow on his nose that it began to bleed, and he was obliged to withdraw." Upon another occasion when she had been rapped on the knuckles for staring through the window at the young knights instead of learning her catechism, she appealed to the old treasurer—

complained of the treatment she had received, pressed his hand, and stroked his beard, saying, would he permit a castle- and land-dowered maiden to be scolded and insulted by an old parson because she looked through the window? That was worse than in the days of Popery!

Then later, she placed herself in the way of the young Prince Ernest, and by heart-broken sobbing attracted his attention, and then excited his sympathy by telling of the rap on the knuckles, and that the following day she was to be examined—

"in the Catechism of Gerschovius, and I cannot learn a word of it, do what I will. I know Luther's Catechism quite well, but that does not satisfy him. . . . I am too old now to learn catechisms."

Then she trembled like an aspen-leaf, and fixed her eyes on him with such tenderness that he trembled likewise. . . .

This was the beginning of the end. To her unholy love for Duke Ernest Louis von Pommern-Wolgast and the ambition to be united in marriage with a member of the reigning ducal family may be attributed not only the hatred with which she regarded the Pomeranian nobility, but also all the apparently wanton cruelty with which she afflicted the nuns in whose convent she later on took refuge.

The story of Sidonia is not pleasant reading, although intensely interesting. "The Amber Witch" is, however, equally interesting, but far less horrible. The story of the old pastor and of his charming little daughter is delightfully told, and the final triumph of virtue and the happy marriage of the falsely-accused and unjustly-tortured maiden is a pleasant contrast to the conclusion of the first volume.

A. N. S.

THE MESSIAH OF FRANCE*

THIS book is dedicated to the Essenians of the nineteenth century. It is interesting and instructive to learn that there are any Essenians in the nineteenth century. But that is only one of the many surprising things which this book has to teach. It does not seem to be intentionally lacking in reverence; but it is somewhat startling to learn that there have been two Christs, and that both of them belong to the French nation. Galilee, it appears, was so called, because it was colonised by Gauls; and Jesus Christ was therefore a Frenchman, in the same sense in which certain Americans have affirmed that Shakspeare was an American—that is to say, that he was born while the Americans were yet in England.

The second Christ was Joan of Arc, and both were Essenians. Both had a Judas; both were persecuted; and both died, we are told, for the good of the human race.

THE ESSENIAN STORY OF CHRIST'S DEATH.

Perhaps the most curious part of the book is that which gives extracts from a manuscript of an ancient Essenian order, purporting to give additional details as to the death of Christ. These are contained in a letter from a contemporary of Jesus Christ, and are re-published from an edition of 1849, of which it is said 50,000 copies were sold in two years.

A NOVEL THEORY OF THE RESURRECTION.

The story is in the main that of the New Testament. The following is a curious addition. The Essenians, it appears, had at that period the gifts to which some modern occultists still lay claim. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus—the one, a rich and benevolent senator, the other, a learned doctor, and both of them men of great authority—were among the number. They did not believe the stories which, on the day of execution, alleged the death of Jesus Christ.

Nicodemus, taking Joseph aside, said to him, "As true as I am acquainted with the real physique of the human body, so certain I am that there is a means of safety. Not one word to John! Our brother shall be saved from the cross by means of a great mystery and a profound secret. But it will be necessary for us to get the body into our own possession, and above all, that it shall not be mutilated."

Both of these conditions it was possible to maintain by means of the authority possessed by Joseph and Nicodemus. The writer of the story was employed to collect certain necessary drugs and ingredients, which he took to Nicodemus, and which formed part of the sweet spices in which the sacred body was embalmed. We are told, at great length, the strange story of the period that follows, and how Jesus Christ refused the conditions of his ultimate safety, by declining the fifteen days of repose prescribed by Nicodemus as necessary for his permanent restoration.

The story is so quaintly told, that it is impossible to accuse the writer of any intentional irreverence—even when we are told that the Saviour's great and final teaching was comprised in an exhortation to his disciples to remain united in Justice, Devotion and Solidarity, the three great lessons of Essenianism, and that his conclusion—"Where two or three are gathered together, there will I be in the midst of them"—was communicated as a divine injunction as to the possible communication between disincarnate spirits, and those who remain upon this earth.

THE CHRIST OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The story of Joan of Arc does not contain much that is

new, except the surprising statement that she was a Christ and a prophet of the Essenians, and that her mission was religious, and not political.

We have heard very high position attributed to her, but never one quite so exalted as that claimed by the Essenes—no less than that she was the promised Spirit of Truth who was to lead the world into all truth (page 28). Jesus Christ, they say, came to teach the Divine law, Joan of Arc to confirm it by her acts.

A PROPHECY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Merlin (page 236), the great oracle of the Middle Ages, at the close of his prophecy inspired by the Druidical doctrine, saw the overturning of the Houses of the Sun, the war of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and finally the descent of the Virgin upon the back of Sagittarius, the archer. . . . The people read in these words that a maiden would put under her feet all men that draw the bow. . . .

The Messiahs of the first and of the fifteenth centuries we are told (page 240):—

Both trod a painful Calvary, and both were thwarted in their divine mission by the clergy of the period, as has every reformer since the close of the age of gold. The question at issue was not only of saving the people threatened by men of prey, but of resolving the problem of the equality of the sexes in favour of women who, contrary to all justice had been put under the nation's ban by the teaching of the orthodox Church.

THE BIRTHDAY OF JEANNE D'ARC.

The Messiah of the fifteenth century, the Spirit of Truth announced by Jesus, was born the same day as Himself, the 6th of January (1412), the date recognised as authentic by the eastern Christians of Greece and Russia, but rejected by the Church of Rome, the so-called Catholic and orthodox, who herself fixed the 25th of December, the better to accentuate the division between herself and the other Churches. (Page 243.)

Her religion was that Justice and that Duty, of which she bore the initials in the names J. D. (Page 244.)

The main teaching of the Essenians seems to be curiously like that of the Christo-Theosophists, and other teachers, whose nature has hitherto seemed to be essentially modern—the duality of revelation, as evidenced in the equality of the sexes.

JEANNE D'ARC A REINCARNATION?

For many Spiritualists she is a reincarnation of Jesus, the Essenian, the Messiah of the first century, a notion supported by the fact that spirits have no sex, and are incarnated as of one or other as may be most useful for the mission they have to fill, so long as the absurd and unjustifiable prejudice as to the superiority of the masculine sex shall exist, the Essenians will not seek to elucidate this question, feeling it to be necessary that each sex shall have its Messiah, one of whom taught Essenianism to the first century by word, and the other to the fifteenth century by example. It will be time for further research, when the two sexes shall be equal before law and duty. (Note to page 349.)

THE MESSIAH IN FRANCE.

The prosperity and happiness of France (we did not know it was particularly possessed of either), is said to be owing in great part to the fact of the French claim to Jesus Christ as of their own nationality, and of their recognition of Joan of Arc as a further revelation, in feminine form, of the Messiah. Joan of Arc, we are told, has demonstrated for us the worship in spirit and in truth. That is to say, the worship which declares itself in love and devotion to humanity. This might, one would think, have been inferred from the New Testament, without the teaching of even so estimable a person as Joan of Arc.

* "Les Messies Esséniens et l'Eglise Orthodoxe," par les Esséniens du XIX^e Siècle. Publiés par René Girard et Marius Garred. Paris: Chamuel, Editeur, 1898. Price 6s.

LAY RELIGION.*

BORDERLAND is only incidentally concerned with these books of Mr. Harte's, though they are worth the attention of a large section of BORDERLAND readers.

They are not "milk for babes." There is an old rule that we should not destroy unless we are prepared to build. Mr. Harte's criticisms are not of the merely destructive nature, but the edifice which he proposes to construct, and of which he shows us the ground-plan is as yet very imperfect, and another aphorism tells us of a class, besides children, to whom we should not show the incomplete.

Many of us who still hold fast to the great essentials of the old faith, and to the government of the old church, who love and reverence the unselfish lives of many of our clergy, will not agree with Mr. Harte's somewhat wholesale denunciations; but his books should be none the less interesting, none the less suggestive, because we find some points of disagreement. For one cannot but feel that they are sincere, that he writes from conviction, from observation, from the honest desire to contribute his own experience to the sum of human knowledge.

And, indeed, he has knowledge also to contribute. His work is that of a man well and wisely read. (We conclude that it is by accident that in one place we have Madame Blavatsky quoted side by side with Huxley and Spencer.)

THE SCHEME OF MR. HARTE'S RELIGION.

So far as I understand Mr. Harte, he has no wish to destroy our religious beliefs, but rather to purify and so strengthen them, to divest the Christian cosmology, the Christian faith, of the accidents (using the word in its metaphysical sense) which environ it. After all, right or wrong in his details, his methods are those of St. Paul or the Areopagus, and of the earliest Christian teachers in the Pagan world—the method of referring back to first principles, of reverting into the earlier and simpler channels the thousand streamlets in which religious force is now expended.

What all this has to do with the Borderland—the connection between the directly religious teaching of the soul, and the observations of the working of the soul—of, in fact, Psychical Research—is not far to seek. But in addition to this general connection, Mr. Harte has a special claim on our attention. He, unlike most writers from his stand-point, is not a materialist; on the other hand, he over and over again definitely declares himself a spiritist. But here too he is above all critical.

In his very first page he writes:—

Although an old Fellow of the Theosophical Society, I am not a teacher of Theosophy. Fellows of the Theosophical Society are not necessarily Theosophists in the latter-day acceptance of that term, that is to say, believers in the system of the Cosmos put forward by the late Madame Blavatsky as the "Truth."

PSYCHIC ENQUIRY UNIVERSAL.

He argues that the essentials of all religions are in the main the same, that the evolution of thought has, with adaptations to its environment suited to time and place, taken the same course in all time and place. In all ages, too, there have been

a series of extraordinary phenomena such as we now know as psychic. . . . These phenomena, and the laws of their production, grew into a carefully-guarded "Sacred," or "occult"

* "Lay Religion," and "The New Theology." Both being some outspoken letters to a lady on the present religious situation. London: E. W. Allen, 1891.

science, the monopoly of the inspired ones, who by that time had become a brotherhood of Tricliates. . . .

It seems to me that the common belief of all ages is being confirmed by experimental investigation at present; the belief, namely, that there exists in close proximity to us a universe of intelligent beings who are frequently able to influence our minds, and even occasionally to manifest phenomenally on our plane of existence.

Mr. Harte's second book, unlike most continuations, is on the whole an advance upon the first, and we cannot help feeling that like all sincere teachers, in helping others he has, in more than their advantage, found his reward.

X.

SOME BOOKS OF HERMETIC PHILOSOPHY.*

ALL serious students of the basis of the occult, all those who believe that we have much to gain by the historical, the anthropological study of these matters, who believe not only with their vanity, but with their understandings, that we are "the heirs of all the ages," owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Wynn Westcott for his publication of this series.

They are emphatically for the serious student, the student who will take the trouble to look for the mystic underlying teaching of this early philosophy.

To offer mere quotations is useless; they are not books to be tasted; nor, such is their fragmentary nature, are they books to be sketched. I may, however, selecting one for example, indicate their scope and history.

"The Divine Pyramider" is a republication of a translation, made in 1650 by Dr. Everard. It is one of seventeen tracts attributed to Hermes Trismegistos, the Egyptian Thoth, the personification, the ideal or exemplar of thought. By some he is further identified with Enoch, by others with Gautama, the Buddha, or again with Hiram, the hero of the myth of Freemasonry. As will be seen, such identifications require that he shall have lived between 1800 and 1000 years before Christ, the earlier date being apparently the more probable.

The tract treats of various subjects, much the same subjects as are widely occupying the attention of the student now—the religious life, the problems of creation, of the relation of manhood to womanhood, of both to the so-called "lower" animals, of the mystery of sleep and dreams, of psychic impressions, of the cultivation of the inner life, of healing, of science and reason, and of reason and intuition.

THE RIGHTS OF THE HYPNOTISER.†

WE have received a number of pamphlets published in France by *The National League for the free exercise of medicine*. This league was founded in 1892, as a protest "against the elaboration of the new law as to the practice of medicine in France," a law intended apparently for the protection of the public against unqualified healers, among whom, doubtless, are many quacks and imposters. But in the interests of certain persons, whether falling under this classification or not, whom many regarded as valuable members of society, but who nevertheless do not hold the diploma which the law exacts, the National League holds that the recent legislation establishes a monopoly and interferes with the liberty of the subject.

* "Collectanea Hermetica," edited by W. Wynn Westcott, M.B. London. Vols. I., II., III. London: Theosophical Publishing Company, 1894.

† *Ligue Nationale pour le libre exercice de la Médecine*. Eight pamphlets. Paris, Librairie du Magnétisme. 1894. Feb., March.

DOCTORS BORN, NOT MADE.

Among other arguments brought forward is the familiar one that doctors, like poets, are born not made, and a curious list is presented to us of clever men who were not clever doctors, or who, at least, owe their renown to some other achievement than that of healing. These include Nostradamus, the celebrated astrologer, Delrio, the demonologist, Michel Servet, who discovered (so say the French) the circulation of the blood, but is remembered only for his theological treatises, Rabelais, and Marat, Pope John XXI., and others.

On the other hand, many we are told who are not doctors, have contributed useful therapeutic discoveries, by which the profession has profited; among others, Litré, De Puysegur, Du Potet, La Fontaine, all remembered in connection with "magnetic" experiments.

THE FIRST CONGRESS OF THE LEAGUE.

In 1893 the society held its first congress under the presidency of Dr. Bénard—inconsistently enough a fully qualified doctor of medicine—an office which, however, a medical man might conceivably accept, on the principle that an attempted revolution might be more easily directed for good than entirely arrested.

THE SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

Following upon the congress various pamphlets have been given to the public. A treatise *On the Free Practice of Medicine* deals with the theory that disease is produced by evil spirits, and that they can only be treated by exorcism. *The Liberty to Kill* is a wholesale abuse of the medical profession. *Magnetism and Alcoholism* tells us that drunkenness may, in many cases, be dealt with by hypnotism, a question which has been for some time recognised by many leading members of the medical profession, both in England and France. *Medicine and Liberty*, *The Free Practice of Medicine*, and *Medical Art*, all published in March of this year, are mainly concerned with the question of allowing anyone, whatever their position, qualifications, or experience, to hypnotise at their discretion.

If people want to hypnotise and be hypnotised in private life it is very certain no one can prevent them, but it would be well to remind them that, like many other curative processes, surgery, dentistry, the use of drugs and anaesthetics, hypnotism, in the hands of the amateur, is quite likely to prove anything but satisfactory both to patient and manipulator.

X.

THE SCIENCE OF ALCHEMY: SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL.*

This pamphlet on Alchemy has been published by the Theosophical Society. It is difficult to see upon what grounds Alchemy should continue to be brought forward at this time of day. The principal reason alleged by the present writer is that the subject may be considered under seven heads, and was for that reason worthy of inquiry by Madame Blavatsky. The most useful part of the book is the catalogue of famous alchemists. One cannot help inquiring why Dr. Dee should "flourish" in 1608, and Kelly should "flourish" in 1595, when they worked together. It appears that Henry IV. made the art of transmutation a villainy in 1404, and that this Act was repealed in 1689. Whether the practice of Alchemy is now illegal does not appear, though probably the nearest magistrate would soon decide the question if it were referred to him.

* "The Science of Alchemy: Spiritual and Material." Theosophical Publishing Company. Price 1s.

The Paracelsus library of the late Dr. Schubert, now offered for sale, contains a large variety of books upon this subject.

REPORT OF THE SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.

THE third annual report of this Society has reached us. Without discussing agreement or disagreement in matters of method and interpretation, we gladly recognise the work of any society which, by collecting evidence, furthers the objects of Borderland inquiry. The following paragraphs are interesting:—

SCOPE OF THE WORK (ALL VOLUNTARY).

On behalf of the International Committee I am pleased to say that the year 1893 was a progressive one for the Cause we have so much at heart. Our membership is being continually added to, the Society now having representatives in London, the Provinces, and the following countries:—America, United States, Argentine Republic, Australia, Africa, Brazil, Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, India, Mexico, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Sweden, and Spain.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

This Society is supported by the voluntary contributions of its members, the following being its principal objects:—

1. To assist inquirers and students by correspondence or otherwise, by assisting in the formation of select or private circles for the development of mediumship, and the scientific study of Spiritualism and kindred subjects.
2. To form a connecting-link between Spiritualists and Students in all parts of the world, for the mutual interchange of thought on Spiritualism and kindred subjects, and the distribution of Spiritualistic and Progressive literature.
3. To deliver lectures on Spiritualism and kindred subjects, supply the Press with information on the same, and answer Press criticisms.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

Experiments have been made in the various phases of Spiritual manifestation, accounts of which have been sent to the Spiritualistic Press by the members concerned therein. Many thousands of leaflets and general literature distributed, the Press supplied with information on Spiritualism, criticisms answered, many lectures delivered, and a large number of letters from inquirers answered. The publication of the new Quarterly Review, BORDERLAND, caused a large increase in the correspondence in reply to our offer of help. I must ask all members to be particular in sending me notice of any change of address, much inconvenience being caused to some inquirers and myself, owing to this not being attended to. I must also ask each member to send brief reports of work done, viz.:—Literature distributed, lectures, experimental or other meetings held, individual expenditure, the status of Spiritualism in their locality, with any suggestions for the improvement of our work, the same to reach me as early in December as possible.

GENERAL HON. SEC.

Mr. J. Allen, 13, Berkeley Terrace, White Post Lane, Manor Park.

THE CONDUCT OF CIRCLES.

Light has printed, in a convenient form, suitable for enclosure in letters or for distribution at public meetings, "M.A.(Oxon's)" "Advice to Inquirers, for the Conduct of Circles." We shall be pleased to supply copies free to all friends who will undertake to make good use of them. The only charge will be for postage—25, 4d.; 50, 1d.; 100, 2d.; 200, 3d.; 400, 4½d.; 600, 6d.; &c. These may be had at the office of BORDERLAND, 18, Pall Mall East, S.W.

XIX.—THE BORDERLAND LIBRARY.

All Members of Circles are permitted to borrow one book at a time, which may be exchanged once a fortnight, on Friday.

In all cases English members must deposit 2s. 6d., and foreign members 5s. This will be used for postage, and when expended a second deposit will be required.

In the event of damage or loss, the full value of the book will be charged.

The magazines for the current month cannot be borrowed till after the 15th.

Members are advised to send a marked list of the books desired, which will be forwarded in turn as they happen to be at liberty.

The Library list will be found in BORDERLAND No. 2. (Some additions in No. 3 and No. 4.)

Requests for books must in all cases be written on a separate sheet, and headed *Library*.

All applications for books will be attended to on Friday, and must be sent in *writing* not later than Friday morning. Parcels can be fetched or sent, as desired, between eleven and one o'clock.

ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY.

Cock Lane and Common Sense, by Andrew Lang. Price 6s. 6d. nett. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

Christian Science Healing, by Francis Lord. Price 12s. 6d. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. (Presented by the Author)

Collectanea Hermetica (3 vols.), by W. Wynn Westcott, M.B., D.P.H. Price 2s. 6d. each, nett. London: 7, Duke-street, Adelphi

The Divine Pymander, by Wynn Westcott. Price 3s. nett. London: 7, Duke-street, Adelphi, 1894. (Presented by the Publisher)

The Divining Rod, by John Mullins & Son. Price 1s. 6d. Corsham, Wilts: Messrs. Mullins & Son, 1894

Direct Writing, by "M.A., Oxon." (3rd Edition). London: 2, Duke-street, Adelphi

Guide to Palmistry, by Mrs. E. Henderson. London: Gay & Bird, 1894

The Ghost's of the Guard Room. Price 1s. (The Annabel Gray Library). London: George Stoneman, Warwick Lane

The Healing Art, by Ed. Berdoe. Price 12s. 6d. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

Hypnotism, Laws of Phenomena, by Carl Sextus. Chicago: Carl Sextus. Price 2 dols. (Presented by the Author)

Index to the Periodicals of the World. Price 5s. London: "Review of Reviews" Office, Norfolk-street, Strand

Lay Religion: Being some out-spoken Letters to a Lady on the Present Religious Situation, by Richard Harte. London: 4, Ave Maria-lane

The New Theology. Price 2s. 6d. (In continuation of Lay Religion) Life of an Artisan, by G. Gutteridge. Coventry: Curtis & Beamish. (2nd Copy)

Le Triomphe de Lourdes. Par ***. Paris: Victor Havard, 168, Boulevard St. Germain

Modern Christianity and Modern Spiritualism. Price 2s. By Arcanus. London: Burns, 58, Great Queen Street

Traité Elementaire de Magie Pratique, by Papus. Paris: Rue de Trévise, 1893

A Modern Wizard. Price 2s. By Rodrigues Ottolengui. London: 24, Bedford-street, Strand

PAMPHLETS by "M.A., Oxon.":

"Some Things that I do Know of Spiritualism; and Some that I do not Know"

"Second Sight." (Reprinted from *Light*)

"Visions," and "The State of the Law in England as it affects Mediums."

The Psychic Aspect of Vegetarianism, by L. Salzer, M.D. Calcutta: C. Ringer & Co., 10, Hare Street

Spiritualism in the Bible, by Lady Caithness. Paris: 18, Boulevard Montmartre

A Sleep Walker, by Paul H. Gerrard. Price 1s. London: James Henderson, Fleet-street, E.C.

The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies, by Andrew Lang. London: David Mott, Strand

Sidonia, the Sorceress; and the Amber Witch, by Wm. Meinhold. (Translated by Lady Wilde.) London: Reeves & Turner, 1894

The Invisible Playmate, by Wm. Canton. Price 1s. 6d. London: Isbister & Co., 1894. (Presented by the Publishers)

Travaux du Premier Congrès National pour le Libre Exercice de la Médecine (8 pamphlets). Paris: 23, Rue St. Merri

Un Mystique Moderne, by Waldemar Tonner. (Printed for private circulation)

BOUND VOLUMES AND PAMPHLETS:—

Sphinx, 2 vols., 1892 and 1893

Psychological Review, vols. I. and II.

Pamphlets: I., Highland Superstitions, &c.; II., Scientific Basis of Theosophy, &c.

Annales des Sciences Psychiques, 1891-92

The New Californian, 1892-93

Pauses, 1893

Experimental Psychology (Reports of International Congress)

The Path, 1893

The Bhagavad-Gita, &c.

Suggestion Hypnotique, &c.

A Startling Narrative (a Curious Pamphlet on Animal Magnetism)

Science des Mages, &c.

The Aesthetic Element in Morality

We have also received the following:—

Confessions of a Medium

The Obelisk and Freemasonry

Phrenological Review (Edited by Madam Ida Ellis)

The Truth about Convent Life, by M. F. Cusack

Tales of the Supernatural

An Appeal to the Scientific World

&c., &c., &c.

. We have received a copy of the May No. of *Sophia*, a Theosophical Review, published monthly in Madrid (Cervantes, 6) at 75c. It is chiefly made up of translations of the works of Madame Blavatsky and others.

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We have to thank many friends for gifts of books. We shall also be glad to receive suggestions as to the purchase of further additions.

XX.—SOME ARTICLES OF THE QUARTER.

APRIL to JUNE.

We shall be grateful for the co-operation of Members of Circles, as well as of publishers and editors of journals, in the production of our Index. No trouble has been spared, but there is no doubt that a great many interesting publications may have escaped notice.

Copies of all Articles quoted in the Index, and, where desired, translations of those in the foreign magazines, can be had at the usual terms on application to BORDERLAND Editor, 18, Pall Mall East.

Agnosticism :

Monism, Three Aspects of, by Prof. C. Floyd Morgan, *Monist*, April

Alchemy :

Alchemy as a Spiritual Science, *Lucifer*, May, 1894

Animals :

Action and Instincts of Animals, *La Civiltà Cattolica*, May 5
Are Dogs Clairvoyant? *Medium and Daybreak*, April 13
Re-incarnation of Animals, *Path*, April
Medical Instinct in Animals, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, March 24

Apparitions :

An Apparition Seen by an Infant, *Light*, June 2
Apparitions, *Le Messenger*, May 1
Ghost-Land, *Light of the East*, May
Ghosts of the Living and the Dead, *Canadian Magazine*, May
Historical Value of Ghost Stories, *Newbery House Magazine*, May

Astrology :

An Astronomico-Geographical Theory, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, April 7
A Treatise on Natal Astrology, by Geo. Wylde and J. Dodson, *Light*, May 12
Horoscope of H. S. Olcott, *Astrologers' Magazine*, May
Horoscope of Mr. Gladstone, *Theosophist*, April
Healing, *Medium and Daybreak*, June 15
Infantile Mortality—Objections answered, *Astrologers' Magazine*, May
Magical Power (Quoted from the Sphinx), *Light*, May 5
Notes on Hindu Astrology, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, April 21
Nativity of the Prince of Wales, *Future*, April
Occult Indications in Ancient Astronomy, *Lucifer*, April
Planetary Influences, *L'Initiation*, May
Symbolism of Aries, *Esoteric*, April
Symbolism of Pisces, *Esoteric*, March
Symbolism of Taurus, *Esoteric*, May
The Rationale of Declination, *Astrologers' Magazine*, May
The Oldest Horoscopes Extant, *Future*, April
The Prime Minister and Astrology, *Future*, April

Automatism :

Are we Conscious Automata? Prof. J. Seth, *Philosophical Review*, May
Automatism with Consciousness, Prof. Payton Spence, M.D., *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, April 14 and 21
Automatic Medley, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, March 31
Characteristic Automatic Communications, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, May 12
Descartes and Animal Automatism, *Medium and Daybreak*, June 1
Dictational Writing, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, May 28
Messages through the Medium of a Clock, *Light*, March 31
Slate-Writing in Public, *Harbinger of Light*, May 31; also *Light*, May 12

Buddhism :

Buddhism: Past, Present, and Future, from the *Bangkok Times*, Mr. Wharmapala's Lecture, *Buddhist*, March 9, 23 and 30; also *Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society*, February
Buddhism in Japan, *Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society*, May
Ethics of Buddhism, from the French, *Theosophist*, April
India, the Holy Land of the Buddhist, *Buddhist*, February 23 and March 2 and 9
M. Leon de Rosny on Buddhism, *Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society*, May
Outlines of the Mahayana as taught by Buddha, *Theosophical Society*, European section, No. 7
Shastric Methods of Subduing the Indrias and the Mind, *Light of the East*, April
The World's Debt to Buddha, *Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society*, April

"Borderland," Notices of

An hour in Borderland Occultism, *Theosophical Siftings*, No. 2, vol. VII.

"Borderland," Notices of, *Two Worlds*, April 20

Review of, *Light*, May 12
Comments upon, *Light*, April 28
Criticism of, *Northern Theosophist*, May
Notice of, *Western Mail*, May 5
Notice of, *Theosophic Cleaner*, June

Clairvoyance :

Are dogs Clairvoyant? *Medium and Daybreak*, April 13
Clairvoyance or Prevision? *Light*, April 28
Clairvoyance, by Prof. A. A. Alexander, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, May 13 and 19

Facts in Clairvoyance, *Light*, June 9

John Strange Winter on Clairvoyance, *Winter's Weekly*, May 5, quoted in *Light*

Dreams :

A Remarkable Dream, *Light*, April 28
The Dream-life of the Chinese, *Sphinx*, June

Divination :

Divination and Thought-Reading, *Revue des Revues*, May

The Divining Rod :

The Divining Rod, A further chat with Mr. J. F. Young and Mr. Robertson, *Medium and Daybreak*, April 6

Handwriting :

Graphology and Psychology, *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, May
Handwriting and Character, *Deutsch: Rundschau*, May
On Graphology, *Die Übersinnliche Welt*, June

Healing :

Health at a Cheap Rate, quoted from *Newcastle Evening News*, April 11, *Medium and Daybreak*, April 20
Les Bemèdes qui Guérissent, Dr. Mouin, *Journal du Magnétisme*, April
Massage, *Journal du Magnétisme*, March
Psycho Healing, *Light of the East*, May
The Power of Mind in the Cure of Disease, James R. Cooke, M.D. *Arena*, May
The Future of Magnetism, *Revue Spirite*, June
Who is a Quack? *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, May 12

Heredity :

Environment and Association, *Edina*, *Two Worlds*, June 1
Heredity and Environment, *Arena*, April
Heredity and Occultism, *Austral Theosophist*, May

Hypnotism :

Advantages of Sleep (by suggestion), *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, May
Hypnotism, a Review of the East, *Light*, May 18
At a Hospital in Munich, *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, April
Denounced, (*Boston Daily Globe*, March 30), quoted by *Medium and Daybreak*, April 20
Hypnotic Suggestion, being a Review of Baron du Prel's "Das kreuz am Ferner," *Light*, April 23

Intuition :

Intuition, by Edward Maitland, *Agnostic Journal*, May and June

Magic :

Chemical Elements in, *Sphinx*, May

Materialisation :

An Epoch Making Materialistic Phenomenon, by Mrs. d'Esperance, *Psychische Studien*, June
Materialisations in the United States, *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, March and April
Materialisation, *Banner of Light*, April 7
At Middlesbro', *Two Worlds*, June 1
In Texas, *Banner of Light*, May 26
Remarkable Materialisations, *Light*, June 2
Séance with Mrs. Williams in New York, *Die Übersinnliche Welt*, June

Miracles :

Evidential Value of, Professor Marcus Dods, *Homiletic Review*, June

Mysticism :

De la Distinction et du nombre 2, *La Haute Science*, April
Eastern Doctrines in the Middle Ages, *Lucifer*, April
Les Apocryphes Ethiopiens (cont.), *La Haute Science*, April
Lettres d'un Mort (cont.), *La Haute Science*, April
Le Rig-Véda Traduction (cont.), *La Haute Science*, April
Mystic Plays, *Light*, June 9
Mystics and Saints, *Expository Times*, June
Science and Esoteric Philosophy, *Lucifer*, April
Soul Developments by Esoteric Methods, *Esoteric*, April
The Mystic, *Light of the East*, March
The Esoteric Philosophy of Life, J. O. Woods, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, April 14
The Conch, from papers by H. P. B., *Lucifer*, May
Unpublished Letters of Eliphas Levi (cont.), *Lucifer*, May
What is Mysticism? *Psychische Studien*, June

Occultism :

Conversations on Occultism with H. P. B., *Path*, April
Dr. Charles Richet on Occult Science, *Light*, April 14
From the Lumber Room of Occultism, Max Rahn, *Die Übersinnliche Welt*, April

Occult Indications in Ancient Astronomy, *Lucifer*, June
The Influence of Psychological Factors in Occultism, Carl du Prel, *Light*, June 2 (see also *Psychical Research*)

Palmistry :

Some Noteworthy Hands, *New Review*, June

Personal :

Alan Kardec, Anniversary of the Death of, Réunion in Père-Lachaise, *Moniteur*, April
Mrs. Hardinge Britten, Address by, *Light*, April 14
In Paris, *Banner of Light*, June 2
Bradlaugh and The Virtue of Non-Egoism, *Prasnotaria*, No. 38

Mrs. BESANT :

Mrs. Besant in India, An Addendum, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, March 31
In Bombay, Supplement to *Theosophical Gleaner*, April
And Indian Civilisation, *Light*, April 14
And Spiritualism, Letter, *Light*, June 2
And Indian Civilisation, Letter by Richard Harte, F.L.S., *Light*, April 21
And the Mahatmas, *Light*, May 5
On Meditation, *Irish Theosophist*, June 15
Annie Besant, *Light of the East*, March
Annie Besant's Mission and India's Duty, *Theosophical Gleaner*, April
Indian Tour, by H. S. Olcott, *Theosophist*, April
Work in India (quoted from *Times*), *Light*, April 7
Carlyle and Emerson, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, March 31
Countess Wachtmeister's Work on the Pacific Coast, *Pacific Theosophist*, June
The Countess of Caithness, Duchess of Pomar, with portrait, *Light*, April 21
Professor Elliot Coues, *Light*, May 26
Mrs. Everitt's Mediumship, *Light*, June 9

EUSAPIA PALADINO :

Eusapia Paladino, *Moniteur*, April
At Warsaw, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, April 14
At Naples, *Revue Spirite*, May
At Varsovie, *Revue Spirite*, April, and *Le Messenger*, March 15
Séances with, at Naples, *Revue Spirite*, April
Mr. Hodgson and his Judgments, Letter in *Light*, April 7
Professor Oliver Lodge, *Austral Theosophist*, March
Miss Florence Marryat in Birmingham, *Weekly Mercury*, April 7
Joseph Skipsy, Incidents in the Life of, *Two Worlds*, May 25
W. T. Stead, The Trouble with, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, May 19
Mr. Shepard at the Hague, *Die Überinnliche Welt*, April, also *Light*, May 3 and April 28
The "Sleeper" of Dorlisheim, quoted by *Medium and Daybreak*, April 13; *Light*, April 14; *Psychische Studien*, April

Phenomena :—See also Spiritualism.

Psychical Phenomena, Remarks on, *Light*, April 21
Some Hints about Somnambulism, *Two Worlds*, May 13
Trance Utterances, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, May 5
The Law of Psychic Phenomena, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, June 2
The Sixth Sense and how to Develop it, *Arena*, June

Philosophy :

A Philosophy of Life, *Irish Theosophist*, June 15
Philosophy and the Sciences, *New Californian*, March
"Life's Problem," *Esoteric*, May

Premonitions :

A Prediction and its Fulfilment, *Light*, June 9
Premonitions, by Professor Alfred Alexander, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, April 28

Psychical Research :

Psychic Experiences, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, May 19 and 26
Gleanings, *Banner of Light*, May 12 and April 21
Psychical Research, *Austral Theosophist*, March
Science Congress, by Professor Alfred Alexander, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, March 24
Psychical Science Congress, Paper by Edward Maitland, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, March 31
Psychic Sensitiveness, Part 14, *Transactions of Scottish Lodge of Theosophical Society*
S.P.R. and Hallucinations, note, *Light*, June 9
The Highest Aspects of Psychological Science, by Edward Maitland, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, April 7
The Influence of Psychological Factors in Occultism, Dr. Carl du Prel, *Light*, June 2 (see also Occultism)
Three Psychological Experiences (from the *Psychical Review*) *Light*, April 21

Psychology :

Current Problems in Experimental Psychology, *Natural Science*, June
Diseases of the Will, by Dr. Th. Ribot, *Journal of Hygiene*, June
Freaks and Fancies of Memory, *Gentleman's Magazine*, June
Personality Suggestion, J. Mark Baldwin, *Psychological Review*, May
Société d'Hypnologie et de Psychologie (Meeting of 15th January), *Revue de l'Hypnotisme*, March
The Anglo-French Psychological Society. Letter, by the Countess of Caithness, Duchess of Pomar, *Light*, June 2
The Case of John Bunyan, Josiah Royce, *Psychological Review*, March
The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms, A Study in Experimental Psychology, Alfred Binet, *Journal of Hygiene*, June

The Psychological Method, A Talk with Prof. Sully, *Journal of Education*, June

The Mechanism of Thought, by Alfred Binet, *Fortnightly Review*, June
The Psychological Standpoint, by George Stuart Fullerton, *Psychological Review*, March

Psychometry :

Psychometry, *Light of the East*, May
Psychometry, *Revue Spirite*, June

Religions :

A Visit to the Shakers, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, April 14
Early Christianity—Apology and Acts of Apollonius and other Monuments of (Review), *Light*, March 31
Hereby Hunting, *Theosophist*, May
Hinduism's Points of Contact with Christianity, *Biblical World*, May
Is Faith in a Future Life Declining? *Forum*, June
Meaning of Superstitions, *Banner of Light*, April 21
Natural Theology, Prof. Sir G. G. Stokes, Bart., *Monist*, April
Page Hopps and the Creed, Letter by Ed. Maitland, *Light*, April 21
Religious Systems of India, *Lucifer*, June
Religious Life in Russia (continued), *Konservative Monatschrift*, May
Religions of Ancient Greece and Rome, Alexandra Wilder, M.D., *Lucifer*, May 15
Scientific versus Christian Ethics, *New Californian*, May
Synthetic Religion, The Triumph of Truth, *New Californian*, March
Triumph of Truth in Religions, *New Californian*, May
The Religion of Lowell's Poems, Rev. M. J. Savage, *Arena*, May
Tennyson's Religion, *Arena*, April
The Atonement, Paper read by a Catholic Priest, part xiv., *Transactions of Scottish Lodge of Theosophical Society*
The Conflict of the Hour, *Two Worlds*, May 11
The Catholic Church and the Higher Criticism, *Arena*, April
The Future of Christianity in India, *Free Review*, May
The Liberal Religious Congress, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, June 2
The Ministry of Angels, *Two Worlds*, June 15
The Parliament of Religions, by General M. M. Trumbull, *Monist*, April
The Religion of Science, *Light of the East*, April and May
Who was Spitama Yathushastra? *Theosophist*, May
Zoroastrianism, *Path*, May

Re-incarnation :

An Alternative View of Re-incarnation, series of Articles, *Light*, April 14
Christian Fathers on Re-incarnation, *Path*, May
Poking Fun at Re-incarnationists, quoted from *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Two Worlds*, May 11
Re-incarnation (continued), *Light of Truth*, May 12
Its Origin and Growth, *Light of Truth*, May 5
Scientific Process of, *Moniteur*, March and April
A Scientific Necessity, *Theosophical Gleaner*, March
Spiritualistic Congress, Chicago
Theosophical Gleanings, No. 3
Spiritualistic Re-incarnation, *Die Übersinnliche Welt*, April

Reviews :

Astrology, by W. R. Old, *Theosophic Gleaner*, May
Das Kreuz am Ferner, see also Hypnotism, by Baron du Prel, *Light*, April 28
Fallen Angels, *Light*, May 26 and June 16
Hypnotism: Its Facts, Theories, and Belated Phenomena, by Carl Sextus, *Banner of Light*, March 24
Law of Psychic Phenomena, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, May 5 and 12
Lay Religion, Richard Harte, *Lucifer*, June
Modern Mystics and Modern Magic, *Australian Theosophist*, May
Origin and Growth of Healing Art, *Humanitarian*, May
The Stars, Language of, *Light*, March 31
The Tree of Mythology, its Growth and Fruitage, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, May 5

Telepathy :

Astral Light as a Vehicle for the Transmission of Thought Waves, *Theosophical Gleaner*, March
Deductions from Telepathy, from lecture by F. W. H. Myers, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, April 21
Observations in Telepathy, *Sphinx*, May
Telegraphy without Intermediate Wires, *Theosophic Gleaner*, May
Telepathic Hallucinations, *Annales de Sciences Psychiques*, March and April
The Position of the Agent in Thought-Transference, by Carl du Prel, *Psychische Studien*, May

Superstitions :

Idolatry or Image Worship, *Buddhist*, March 30
Superstitions of the Opal, *Westminster Review*, June
The Secrets of Precious Stones, *L'Initiation*, March

Spirit Photography :

Spirit Photography, quoted from the *Referee*, *Light*, March 31
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Revue Spirite, May
Spirit Photographs, *Light of Truth*, June 9
Spiritual Phenomena, A Protest, *Medium and Daybreak*, May 18
Slate Writing in Public, *Harbinger of Light*, May 1, quoted in *Light*, May 12

Spiritualism :

A Case of Exorcism in England in the Reign of Elizabeth, *Revue Bleue*, May

A Musical Medium, *Light*, May 5
 A Second Lesson to Spiritual Enquirers, *Two Worlds*, April 27
 A Short History of the Spiritual Institute, *Medium and Daybreak*, May 4
 Catholic Church and Spiritualism, Father Clarke, S. J., in a New Light, *Light*, April 14
 Death, The Gate of Life, *Two Worlds*, April 20
 Experiences after Death, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, April 14
 Exorcism, *Light*, May 5
 Dangers of Spiritualism, by Annie Besant, *Theosophic Thinker*, March 8 and 10
 Exposure of a Medium, *Chicago Dispatch*, March 23
 Fenimore Cooper and the Spirits
 Fraud in Spiritualism, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, April 14
 Fin de Siècle Spirits and Spiritualism, *Revue des Revues*, May
 Leaves from our Note-Book (continued), by Edina, *Two Worlds*, April 6
 Life and Work in the Spiritual World, *Two Worlds*, April 27
 Mediumship, *Light of Truth*, May 26
 Mediumistic Experiences (continued), *Psychische Studien*, May
 Mediumship of Mr. Stainton-Moses, *Light*, May 26, quoted from the
 "Journal" of S. P. R.
 Modern Spiritualism, Address to Cardiff Progressive Lyceum, *Two Worlds*, April 6
 Mysteries of Mediumship, Matter through Matter, *Light*, June 18
 Nationalisation of Spiritualists, *Two Worlds*, June 1
 "Not in any sense a Spiritualist," *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, April 7
 Obligations of Spiritualists, *Light of Truth*, May 26
 Priest Summoned by Child Spirits, *Light*, June 2
 Persistence of Personal Identity, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, May 26
 Philosophy of Spiritualism, *Revue Spirite*, April, May, and June
 Practical Spiritualism among the Castles of Wales, *Two Worlds*, May 18
 Provincial Spiritualism: Past and Present, *Light*, June 9
 Proof of the Existence of Spirits, *Revue Spirite*, May
 Remarkable Experiences of John Brown, *Light*, May 19
 Science and Spiritualism, *Revue Spirite*, May
 Spiritual Progress, by H. P. Blavatsky, *Austral Theosophist*, May
 Spiritualism and Theosophy, *Light*, May 5 and May 12
 Spiritualism in Paris, *Light*, June 2
 Spiritual Possibilities, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, April 14
 Spiritualism and Sanity, *Two Worlds*, May 4, quoted from Harbinger of
 Light
 Spiritual Facts of the Ages (Series of Articles by Dr. F. L. H. Willis,
Banner of Light, April 7
 Spiritualism in Cape Town, *Light*, June 9
 Spiritualism and Conditional Immortality, *Two Worlds*, June 15
 Spiritualism: its Relation to Socialism, *Two Worlds*, March 30
 Spiritualists and Cranks, *Two Worlds*, June 1
 Spiritism in its Forty-seventh Year, *Moniteur Spirite et Magnétique*
 Spirit Guides, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, April 21
 Spirit Message from Charlotte Corday, *Light of Truth*, April 14
 Spirits as Social Reformers, *Two Worlds*, June 15
 Spirit Return, *Light*, May 26, quoted from "Tablet"
 Strange Seance in Rome quoted from *Luz*, *Light*, March 31, also *Le*
Message, March 15
 Straws in the Current, *Banner of Light*, May 21
 The Visions of some Great Men, *Revue Spirite*, April
 The Ignorance of Prejudice, *Light*, April 21

The Doctrine of Enlightenment, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, March 24
 The Message of Spiritualism, by Florence Morse, *Two Worlds*, March 30; *Banner of Light*, April 28
 The Problem of Continuous Life, *Banner of Light*, April 21
 The Reformation, Christian and Spiritual, series of articles, *Two Worlds*, April 13
 The Spiritualism of the Future, *Light*, April 7
 The Spiritual Conception of God, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, May 26
 The Spiritualists' International Corresponding Society, *Banner of Light*, June 2
 Visible and Invisible, *Two Worlds*, April 6
 Where is the Spirit World? *Le Message*, April 15

Theosophy:

Altruism, *Theosophist*, May
 Astral Light, *Theosophic Gleaner*, May
 Do Masters Exist? *Path*, May
 Illusion in Devachan, *Path*, April
 Karma, *Sphinx*, June
 Karma and Nirvana, *Monist*, April
 Karma and Individuality, *Sphinx*, April
 Karma Soka, quoted from *Pacific Theosophist*, December, 1893, *Theosophic Gleaner*
 Life Eternal, *Theosophical Siftings*, No. 4
 Message from H. P. B., *Pacific Theosophist*, April
 Mahatmas, *Light*, April 7
 Masters of Wisdom, *Transactions of London Lodge of Theosophical Society*, April
 Meeting of "North of England Federation of Theosophical Society,"
Irish Theosophist
 Messages from Masters, *Pacific Theosophist*, June
 Object of Theosophical Society, *Sphinx*, April
 "Oh! these Theosophists," *Sphinx*, June
 Practical Theosophy, *Irish Theosophist*, June 15
 Resolutions of American Theosophists, *Pacific Theosophist*, May
 Standard of Morality required by Theosophy, *Prasnotara*, No. 38
 Suicide after Death, *Sphinx*, May
 The Astral Body, *Banner of Light*, May 19, quoted from the *Revue Spirite*
 The Evolution of a Theosophist, review of "Annie Besant, an autobiography," *Austral Theosophist*, March
 The Hindu Revival, *Theosophist*, April
 The History of T. S., *Light of the East*, March
 The Plot against Theosophy, *Pacific Theosophist*, April
 The Sphinx of Theosophy, by Mrs. Besant, *Sphinx*, June
 Theosophy, What it Teaches, by Countess Wachtmeister, *Pacific Theosophist*, May
 Theosophy and the Theosophical Society, *Lucifer*, June
 Transmigration of Souls, by Rev. A. Hegglin, S.J., quoted from
 "Sophia," *Theosophist*, May
 Theosophy and Politics, by Annie Besant, *Austral Theosophist*, April
 Theosophy and Christianity, *Lucifer*, June
 Theosophists and the Light of the East, *Theosophic Gleaner*, March
 The Change that Men call Death, *Austral Theosophist*, May
 The Spirit of Theosophy, by Mrs. Besant, *Theosophist*, May
 Vehicles of Consciousness, by W. Scott Elliott, *Transactions of London Lodge of Theosophical Society*, May
 Various Kinds of Karma, *Lucifer*, April

XXI.—OUR CIRCLES AND MEMBERS.

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