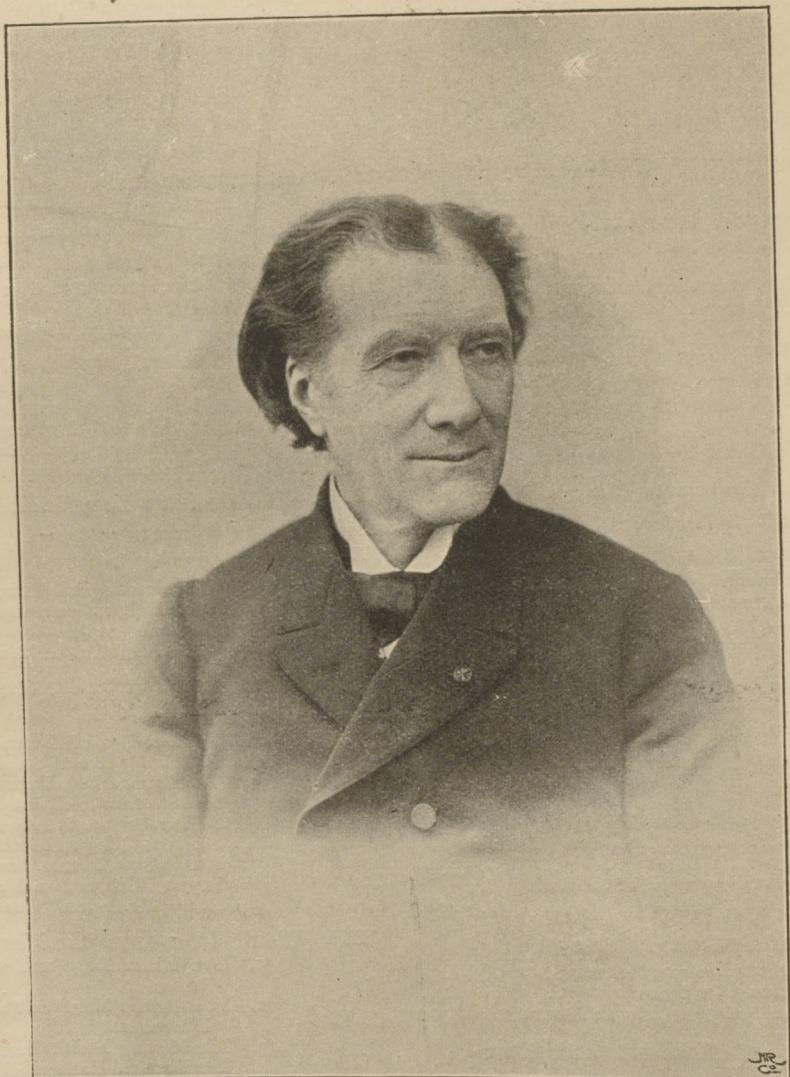


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From a Photograph by]

[*J. Boyer, Paris.*

VICTORIEN SARDOU,
Medium and Dramatist.

[*See p. 12.*

BORDERLAND:

A QUARTERLY REVIEW AND INDEX.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1897.

No. 1.

I.—CHRONIQUE OF THE QUARTER.

THE NEW YEAR.

THIS beginning the first number of the new volume, I am reminded that this is the third New Year's number which it has been my privilege to publish. Before another three years are over I hope we may have added no inconsiderable expanse of the at present unreclaimed region of Borderland to the domain which belongs to science. We shall progress all the more surely if we abstain from wasting precious vital force in worrying against the provoking materialists on the one hand, who close their eyes to the plainest facts, and against the not less provoking spiritualists on the other, who are so sure of their conclusions as to be sublimely indifferent to the duty of supplying evidence for convincing other people. If we could but solidly reclaim one per cent. of the region that now is within sight, we should achieve wonders. And we shall achieve wonders—whereat possibly no one will wonder more than ourselves.

SPIRITUALISM ON THE FRENCH STAGE.

The serious treatment of Spiritualism on the Stage, after all the ignorant, morbid, and often contemptuous presentation of one of the most prominent topics of the day, is a matter of real consequence, not only in the immediate instance, but as a precedent sure to be followed, if only by reason of our slavish imitation of French drama.

The author of the new play shortly to be produced in Paris, M. Sardou, is an avowed Spiritualist, and to any part created by him, Mdme. Sara Bernhardt as heroine, is certain to do justice.

"I am a convinced Spiritualist," says M. Sardou, "and have been one for a long time. For forty years I have taken up the subject of Spiritualism. You have before you a man who has seen everything in these matters. I have seen flowers fall from my ceiling. I have even been a surprisingly good medium, and have done a great deal of slate-writing. To-day the greatest savants in the world—geologists, chemists, and most renowned physicists in England—are beginning to believe in these inexplicable phenomena."

FROM THE SÉANCE ROOM TO THE LAW COURT.

France and Germany each, in their characteristic fashion, testify to the all-pervading presence of the psychic atmosphere. In Germany, where the national genius is more military than theatrical, we find the same subject to the fore in connection with duelling, and Courts of Honour, culminating in sentences of imprisonment and fine. It were in this wise: Dr. Evers, a member of a Spiritualist society, was present at a séance with Baron Ehrhardt. During the experiments Dr. Evers did something that the Baron declared was a breach of his word of honour. For making this statement the Doctor challenged the Baron to a duel. The latter declined on the ground that the Doctor was not good enough to go out with. Appeal being had to a Court of Honour, the Baron's plea was dismissed, and he was, in effect, ordered to fight. Thereupon the Baron challenged the Captain who presided over the Court, who declined to defend in the field his action as a judge. The Baron, with the aid of a first lieutenant and some journalists, denounced the Captain and the Court over which he presided. The Captain sued the Baron and his friends for libel. The case was tried at Dusseldorf at the end of October—the result—the Baron, the lieutenant, and his journalistic allies, were all clapped into gaol, with sentences varying from four months to nine, and fines beside. What it was that Dr. Evers did at the séance does not exactly appear.

PROFESSOR CROOKES' PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

The address of the retiring President of the S. P. R. is to be given on January 29th, the next General Meeting. It is sure to be of consummate interest and value, and an account of it will appear in the April number of BORDERLAND. That of Professor James, of Boston, given last year, is fresh in the memory of all who heard it. So far the S. P. R. has been singu-

BORDERLAND.

larly fortunate in its list of Presidents—Professor Sidgwick, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Professor William James, of Boston, and Professor Crookes, a handsome representation of Philosophy, Politics, and the Arts and Sciences.

THE SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE AND ITS COMMITTEES.

It is good news to learn, on the authority of our excellent and well-informed contemporary *Light*, that "the Council of the Alliance contemplate the appointment of special Committees for investigating, as thoroughly as possible, some of the more important problems in which all Spiritualists cannot but be interested." And not Spiritualists only, but all human beings. I await with sympathetic interest the publication of the list of these Special Committees and the names of their members.

THE MIRACLES OF MATTER.

While Spiritualists are endeavouring to prove that spirits have bodies material enough to be seen and photographed, materialists appear to be busily engaged in proving that matter is capable of acting in a fashion that almost suggests that matter itself is spirit. We have heard of sex in stones, and now we have, on the unimpeachable authority of Sir Joseph Lister, the following statement as to the capacity of solid metals to come together and form one body in a fashion utterly inexplicable on all our old-fashioned conceptions of matter.

Professor Roberts-Austen, in the Bakerian lecture, brought before them astonishing evidence that metals are capable of diffusing into each other, not only when one of them is in a state of fusion, but when both are solid. They learned that if clean surfaces of lead and gold were held together *in vacuo* at a temperature of only 40deg. for four days, they would unite firmly, and could only be separated by a force equal to one-third of the breaking strain of lead itself. And gold placed at the bottom of a cylinder of lead 70mm. long thus united with it would have diffused to the top in notable quantities at the end of three days.

What a weird conception that of the solid gold travelling in particles to the top of a cylinder of lead. Why and how and wherefore who can say?

"THERE AIN'T NO SUCH PERSON."

Dicken's familiar doctrine seems likely to be accepted as the epitaph upon "Diana Vaughan." At the International Anti-Masonic Congress, held at Trent at the end of September, the question of Diana and her diabolical revelations came up for discussion, when her existence was roundly denied. Mgr. Kratzfeld, spokesman for the Archbishop of Cologne, spoke up and said :—

There is no such person as Diana Vaughan. He who wrote those revelations is a man who makes use of his knowledge of Freemasonry to give himself an air of truthfulness, but his aim is first to deceive the Catholics, and then after a while to publish a second book in which he proves that it was all an infamous lie. The whole thing would be a defeat of the Catholics and anti-Freemasons.

The whole fraud is now admitted. There is no

Diana Vaughan. Madame Taxil is believed to have personated Diana. "Dr. Bataille" is none other than a Mr. Hacks, who keeps a restaurant, and laughs publicly at "the unfathomable stupidity of the silly Catholics whom I bamboozled." The whole story is told by M. Gaston Mery, in a pamphlet entitled "The Truth about Diana Vaughan," published at 35, Quai des Grands Augustins, Paris.

THE PRAYER TELEPHONE.

The *Wellington* (N.Z.) *Post* objects to my description of the Prayer Telephone in connection with Dr. Barnardo's work. He says :—

The whole thing admits of a very matter-of-fact explanation. We are told that upwards of 2,000,000 publications are sold or given out from the stores. These are sent all over the world—probably every householder in Wellington receives some of these appeals every year. As long as it is known that good work is being done subscriptions will be sure to flow in; indeed, it has been said that the money received may be depended on to bear a certain proportion to the number of appeals sent out.

That is plausible enough. But it is no explanation of the coincidences of prayer and reply. Neither does it explain Muller's still greater success, for Muller does not issue any appeals at all.

PROGRESS !

Among my old friends and helpers whose friendship and help I lost, to my great regret, some years ago, because of his strong disapproval of my investigation of BORDERLAND, was the Rev. C. F. Aked. It was, therefore, with a pleasant sense of progress that I read of him presiding over a meeting of the Pembroke Literary and Debating Society, Liverpool, summoned on October 19th, to discuss the question—"Is Spiritualism true?" Mr. E. W. Wallis opened the debate in the affirmative, and the Society, by a large majority, decided that he had made out his case. Another pleasant sign of the times was the proposal made by Canon Bardsley, of Huddersfield, on behalf of Canon Lowther Clarke, at the Wakefield Annual Diocesan Conference, "That the Lord Bishop be requested to appoint a committee of conference to consider the tenets of modern spiritualism." The resolution was withdrawn amid the usual cackling, but its introduction shows that the light is making way even in the darkest places.

THE DEPARTURE OF PROFESSOR FOWLER.

There passed away from amongst us last quarter, on September 2nd, in New Jersey, one of the few men who have made phrenology respected and respectable. Professor Fowler was an American by birth, and his long life was divided between his native country and the British Empire. He was an earnest, upright, and able apostle of phrenological science. No English-speaking man of our time ever addressed so many English-speaking men in so many different places of the English-speaking world upon any subject as Professor Fowler, unless, perhaps, it is George Müller, of Bristol, and he is a German, who does not confine his talks to those who speak English. Professor Fowler had, in his time, felt

the bumps of Dickens and Li Hung Chang, H. W. Beecher, and Baron Rothschild, Edgar Allan Poe, and Sir H. Irving. As Mr. Fowler succeeded in living and working hard for eighty-five years, it may be worth while to repeat here his prescription for long life.

1. Work hard, but easily.
2. Avoid worry and chafing.
3. Approach as near your ideal as possible and use the talents given you.
4. Do not live at too high pressure.
5. Keep within your income and your strength.
6. Take three meals a day, and let these consist largely of fruit, nuts, cereals, eggs, and milk.
7. Be a total abstainer.
8. Never smoke, chew, or take snuff.
9. Take regular exercise.
10. Remember that cleanliness is next to godliness.
11. Avoid strong tea and coffee.
12. Sleep the sleep of the just when you retire, and take one day in the week for a rest.

"BORDERLAND" IN FRANCE.

The autumn number of the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* should be read by all friends of BORDERLAND. It contains two thoroughly critical appreciations of work done in our pages, both by Marcel Mangin, one on Mr. Stead's article "On the Formation of the Double," and the other, very long and exhaustive, on Miss X.'s account of the "Burton Phenomena."

HOW TO BREATHE—AND WHY.

A third pamphlet, completing the series of the lucubrations of Thomas Lake Harris, has now been issued by E. W. Allen. Its teaching has, at all events, the charm of novelty. It seems that a Great Change is coming very soon, on the lines of the Day of Judgment, with which Mr. Baxter and Dr. Cumming used to threaten us. In their case, the difficulty was complicated with theories about Napoleon and the Lost Ten Tribes. Now, the problem is much more concrete and personal. We are all to get ready, at once, not by purifying thought and conduct, not by attention to heart or brain, but by the education of yet other physical organs. We must train our lungs in the way they should go and learn to breathe properly, otherwise we inhale worse than microbes, we subject ourselves to horrors greater than pneumonia or bronchitis. "The Deil's awa' wi' the excisemen" simply because that useful member of the Civil Service had not had lessons from Mr. Thomas Lake Harris in the Science and Art of Inhalation.

HYPNOTISM AND THE S. P. R.

The Hypnotic Committee of the S. P. R. has received some valuable additions to its numbers, and it may be hoped that something more successful and original than the results of recent seasons may be laid before the public in good time.

Miss X. has lately been elected a member, and has declared her intention of *regular* attendance—a specially important point when experiment is attempted. The special direction in which she is interested is that of the value and limitation of the sub-conscious

memory, and she will welcome any suggestions made to her in writing at the BORDERLAND office.

WANTED—SUBJECTS.

She would be glad of offers—in writing—of the services of suitable subjects of either sex. By preference, these should be young, healthy, and intelligent. No possible injury of any kind can follow upon such experiments, carried on by experienced hypnotisers, and never in the presence of less than three persons. They are all very simple in kind, and anything likely to make the subject ridiculous—a variety of experiment popular at entertainments—is carefully avoided.

The Committee includes, among others, besides Miss X. and another lady, three doctors, Mr. Podmore, Co-Secretary of the S. P. R., and the Hon. Everard Feilding, a specially skilful hypnotiser.

BURTONIANA AT THE S. P. R.

The audience which gathered in the Westminster Town Hall on December 4th, to hear Miss X.'s long postponed reading of the paper she contributed by Lady Burton's special desire, is said to have been the largest present at any meeting of that society since its foundation.

The President, Professor Crookes, was in the chair. The very generous acknowledgment which he made as to the value and manner of the address, coming from so distinguished a spiritualist, as well as from a scientist of world-wide fame, should go some way towards bringing about the *rapprochement* between Spiritualism and Psychical Research, which both parties profess to desire.

Though as a spiritualist he may be supposed to sympathise with the attitude of the late Lady Burton, who professed the strongest conviction of the personal identity of the alleged author of the messages, Sir Richard Burton, yet, as a man of science, he could not fail to appreciate the standpoint of Miss X., who, while actively opposed to nothing except materialism, is, in her own words, "content to wait, and meanwhile to say boldly, *I don't know.*"

A complete account of the experiences will be published in an early number of *Proceedings of S. P. R.*, omitting only those passages which Lady Burton herself indicated for omission, as too personal to herself, or to her immediate friends.

THE NEXT MEETING OF S. P. R.

At the next meeting of the S. P. R., Miss X. will make a communication which was unavoidably postponed last month for lack of time. The title of her address is not yet announced, but it is rumoured that its purport is to present the rival views of two peers on the subject of haunted houses; the policy of suitable and intelligent investigation, *versus* the policy of blindly giving the subject, wholesale, the lie.

Miss X., without attempting to decide where marquises and earls disagree, will contribute facts to the further solution, or it may be complication, of the problem.

II.—HOW TO FORM BORDERLAND CIRCLES. A FRESH SUGGESTION TO INTENDING STUDENTS.

WHEN BORDERLAND was started, we attempted to form circles of BORDERLAND students.

These circles were intended to be composed of groups of persons interested in psychical studies who would mutually assist each other by communicating the results of their experiences. Unfortunately the idea, although welcomed, did not work out as satisfactorily as it was expected. This was due to many causes into which we need not enter now. The first was the lack of a medium of communication that would enable members to keep in touch with each other. A quarterly journal cannot in the nature of things suffice for the requirements of such Circles. It is necessary to supplement them in some way, and the question arises, How can it be done?

A NEXUS BETWEEN CIRCLE MEMBERS.

A suggestion has been made, upon which I should be glad to have the opinion of my readers, to the effect that we should take a hint from the success of Sir Isaac Pitman and his staff, whose Ever-Circulator has been an invaluable adjunct of the *Phonetic Journal*. The advantage of this system is, that it can be adapted on the smallest scale, while it is equally capable of being developed to the most gigantic proportions. The principle of the Ever-Circulator is very simple. Let us suppose that there are ten people in various parts of the country interested in the study of psychic phenomena, let us say, crystal gazing. Each of the ten have a crystal, and they agree to compare notes.

A MS. CIRCULAR.

It would be impossible for each one to write nine letters to her or his nine fellow-students, but if the principle of the Circular were adopted, I should—on receiving the names of the ten persons who wished for a Circular for the study of crystal gazing, and who were willing to take the circular and pass it round the Circle, giving an account of their experiences, &c.—place them in communication with each other. The members of the Circle would have to decide how frequently the Circular should pass from hand to hand, &c.

HOW IT SHOULD CIRCULATE.

In the case that I am supposing, Miss X. would issue the first paper, the next person receiving it would add his or her contribution, and post it on to the next within two days, on a penalty of a fine of, say, penny per day for delay. By this means, allowing a day for the post between each member the ten would have had an opportunity of recording their experiences or asking their questions within a month. After completing the round, it would go back to Number One, who would then withdraw his MS. from the Circular, and put in its place the paper recording his experiences or observations during the month which had elapsed since the Circular had come round. He would then send on the Circular, which would consist of nine old contributions and one new to Number Two, who would in turn withdraw his contribution, and replace it by the record of the second month's experience, or the observations which he should have to make on the other contributions of the Circular. By this means, each person at the end of the year, would have ten of his own MSS., recording his own experiences, and would have in addition the advantage of having read the experiences, noted the observations, and received the answers of his nine fellow-members. Of course, it is quite possible and probable, that between the members of the Circular would spring up private

correspondence, but this would be other and above the Circular, in which there is pooled the experience of all.

HOW TO START A CIRCLE.

There is no necessity for the circles to originate from this office. Any person who wishes to start a Circle or correspondence class, for the study of any particular phenomena, can communicate his desire to me, and I shall announce it in the next number of BORDERLAND, requesting correspondents to communicate directly with him. Each person would pay his own postage, and report any delay necessitating a fine to the secretary. By this means, students of psychic phenomena may be brought into friendly relationship in small manageable circles, all of which may be, I hope, affiliated to BORDERLAND, for I should at all times be glad to have an opportunity of communicating any important inquiry or valuable experience to the wider public of all our subscribers.

SUGGESTED CIRCLES.

As a beginning, I propose the formation of BORDERLAND Circles in connection with the following subjects, for each of which ten members will be required to complete a circle. For four of those the secretaries are ready, the other eight I shall probably hear from in the course of the quarter.

1. Automatic Handwriting—Secretary, W. T. Stead.
2. Crystal Gazing—Secretary, Miss X.
3. Phenomena of Trance.
4. Astrology—Secretary,
5. Palmistry—Secretary,
6. Hypnotism—Secretary, Miss X.
7. Water Finding—Secretary, Miss X.
8. Clairvoyance—Secretary,
9. Psychic Healing—Secretary,
10. Dreams—Secretary,
11. Psychic Photography—Secretary,
12. General

SUGGESTED RULES FOR "BORDERLAND" CIRCULARS.

1. Contributions to the Circular to be written on one side of the paper of uniform size.
2. Each member to retain the Circular for two days only, and then post it on to the next member in rota.
3. Any member of a Circle retaining the Circular beyond the two days, must place stamps to the value of penny per day for each day the Circular has been retained over time.
4. After the first round of the Circular, each member will detach his previous contribution, retain the same, and replace it with his new paper.
5. The correspondence pages will be allowed to run at the Secretary's discretion.
6. Any member failing to make any contribution, inquiry, or observation, to enclose sixpence fine in lieu thereof.
7. All applications for membership to BORDERLAND Circulars should be accompanied by one shilling entrance fee.
8. The Secretary of each Circular should be permitted, should more than ten members apply for admission, to form further Circles, and to appoint any one of the applicants to act as Secretary of the new Circular.
9. That the Secretaries of each Circle formed in connection with BORDERLAND, should undertake to request any member whose contributions seem to him to be worthy of a wider publication than that of the Circle of ten, to forward the same to the Editor of BORDERLAND.

III.—LETTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE BY "JULIA."

(Written automatically by "Julia" through the hand of W. T. Stead. See previous number of BORDERLAND.)

THE USE AND ABUSE OF SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PROPOSED BRIDGE ACROSS BORDERLAND.

December 5th, 1896.—My dearest friend, I am now going to give you what we think on this side is a word of advice which is much needed. You are very eager to make a Bridge, you say, between the Two Worlds. And we are more so. But when you say this, do you realise what it implies? what the realisation would effect? I am more and more convinced that the establishment of the fact, and the certainty of communication between this world and yours, may be described without exaggeration as the most important thing in the whole range of the possible achievements of mortal man. There is nothing like it for the far-reaching influence which it will exercise over all things. For it will modify thought, and thought makes the world in which you live. No one can understand how true that is when he is still immersed in matter.

ITS EFFECT ON THE FOCUS OF LIFE.

You must not, therefore, think that I am drawing back or wish in the least to deter you from the task to which you have set your hand. But before you seriously begin to bridge the gulf, I think that it would be only right to point out to you what it will do, or rather what it will bring about. For it will alter the Focus of Life.

The focus of life is at present, to the majority of men, confined between birth and death. The focus will be changed when once you make it clear, not as a may be, but as a scientific certitude, that we live here and can communicate with you. And when you alter the focus of life, what is it that you do? You alter the perspective of everything.

A CHANGE NOT ALTOGETHER GOOD.

You cannot realise how changed a world it will be. The change will, I know well, be for good and mainly for good. But no revolution ever was which did not do, incidentally, much evil, and your bridge will not be, any more than anything else, an unmixed benefit. You must be prepared for many disappointments, and you will often wish you had never touched the subject. The work of the bridge-builder is to cross the abyss. And abysses are abysses. They are not paradises. And the more useful the work the more it will be opposed. No, don't imagine that it is easy. Via Dolorosa, always Via Dolorosa—the dolorous way is the Via Crucis. But it is the way of Salvation.

Well, then, I will go on. First, you will alter the focus of life. That you see. The perspective, which is right when the focus is fixed by a limited line, becomes wrong when the line is drawn out indefinitely. You are impatient. But I will go on.

HOW IT WILL EFFECT THE CHURCHES.

Secondly, you will, in so far as you are successful, destroy as by a sudden—(Here I was interrupted). Where have I left you? No, it is nothing; you were rung off. Oh yes, I was saying that you will destroy, as if by a sword cut or razor slash, the whole theory of the future life that is conventionally held and believed by the churches. You will allow those of us who are here to speak as to what we know, and see, and feel. And it is not what you have been conventionally taught to expect. Now I do not think that you will find that what we have to tell you differs from what the more intelligent and spiritual believers have arrived at or have received by inspiration. The fundamental principles are the same. We have nothing to tell you that was not known to the seers, and that was not declared by Jesus. But we have to tell you that the ideas which have been received, and are still taught by many churches as to the future state of man, are simply not correct. They make you believe what is not true. And there is no doubt at all that if you succeed in opening the Bureauthat is to bridge the abyss, you will render these ideas quite unbelievable by anyone.

A SERIOUS DANGER.

When you do that you run a great risk. And for this reason. These ideas, crude, raw, and false as they are, nevertheless, are probably the nearest approximation to the truth that many men can assimilate. That is what makes every transition from lower to higher truth so dangerous. Some cannot follow to the clearer statement of the same truth. And so they are lost. And when you once establish the truths of the continuity of existence, and the possibility of communication between the worlds, there will be a great gap—no, not gap—a great void left in the faith of many. This is the reason why these things are not revealed too suddenly. If you could do all that is on your mind to do at once, you would do more harm than good. It is only by slow degrees that the new truth must make its way. But that is no reason for refusing to recognise it. There must some one be the first, and there is never any good in flinching from what is your plain duty.

No. You must go ahead, but the consolation that will sustain you when you meet with disappointments, is that if you had made more haste you would have made less speed.

THE PLEA FOR RUTS.

What I want you to realise is that the great established ruts in which the truth has embedded itself cannot be destroyed without injuring for the time the truth itself. This is what I feel I must say to you.

BORDERLAND.

For there is too much danger that if you expect too much and forget the shadow, if you are impatient and forget the slow processes of nature, you may give it all up. And that would be a crime. I will tell you at once what the result would be. When once your Bureau is established, and when anyone can get into communication with the disembodied spirits of their relatives or friends, there will be an immediate—

No! you are wrong. No, the chief result will not be the abolition of the old belief in hell, for that is already abolished. People don't believe in the hell of fire any more, and they have by their recoil forgotten that there is a real hell, which will be revealed very clearly by your Bureau. No! please let me say what I have to say without thrusting your questions in upon my message.

THE CHIEF RESULT OF THE BUREAU.

The chief change that will be made by the Bridge Bureau that you are desirous of making, will be to increase, to a quite inconceivable extent, the consciousness of the responsibility of life. You may think it strange that the verification of another life should increase the importance of this. But such is the fact, and you can never understand the importance of your life until you see it from *this* side. You are never, for one moment, idle from influencing eternity. You may think this a figure of speech. But it is not. You are, far more really than you imagine, making this world of ours in that world of yours.

YOU MAKE YOUR OWN NEXT LIFE.

Yes, this is a manufactured article, so to speak. You are, in the loom of time, weaving the fabric of this world. You make your next life. Yes, and you make your life here. You make your next life. You do it day by day, you do it hour by hour. You make your next life. To make that quite clear will be the chief result of the Bureau. You make your next life.

I wish I could express myself more clearly. You will say that this is the truth of all religions. Yes, and what all religions teach is truth; but you do not realise it, and you often deny it. If we could communicate with you, you would deny it no longer, for there is here no sudden transformation. You are as you were. There is no break of continuity. You start where you left off. What you are you remain.

Yes, you must let me write you what I have to say without interrupting me, as you do.

THE REIGN OF LAW ETERNAL.

What I see will be the result of the Bureau is to immensely deepen and strengthen the sense of the responsibility of life. This will be good, no doubt; it is what needs strengthening. But it will not be all good. There is a danger that you will make the reign of law seem as inexorable on this side as it is on yours, and the Fatalist will then have Eternity as well as Time. You will see that the will of God, which you decipher here and there as law, stretches unbroken from your side to ours. You

will find that we, on this side, who have been able to see and feel and know that God is Love, will also tell you that love, no more on this side than on yours, precludes pain and sorrow and the phenomena of imperfection. We have not attained. We press forward to the mark of our high calling here as there. Think you that we are transfigured into the fulness of His glory because the earthly house of our tabernacle is dissolved. Nay, verily. We are as we are. When our earthly garment decays we remain. The increase of this sense of the continuity of existence of the reign of law and of the responsibility of time for eternity and all that that implies, will be the greatest change that your Bureau can make.

THE INCREASE OF SERIOUSNESS.

There will be great and a determined seriousness of life. There will be much more seriousness in life. There will be no more the consolation that many have taken to themselves that death ends all. Death does not end all. But it begins much, much. But do not let me dishearten you. There is much more good than evil. And if the Bureau should add to the sadness of those who know not God—for there is no escape from Him, not even in the grave—it will make the whole universe His temple, wherein the air, the light, the whole, is Love.

TO MAKE THE UNKNOWN KNOWN.

December 13, 1896.—When you are ready I will tell you more about what happens when you pass over to this side. Oh no, I don't want to write that for this number. I was only thinking about E. (a friend who lay dying), about her and the Unknownland. Why we want this Bureau so much is to make it a Knownland. That is what you will do more and more the more you make possible the communication with this side. "The Unknown known or the truth about the Beyond. What we have to expect." That surely is what you ought to feel is worth while getting to know about at first hand. You will find that the spirits who will communicate this to their friends through the Bureau will make very different statements. They will differ indefinitely according to their different temperaments and the manner of soul they are.

CONFLICTING AUTHORITIES.

They will make statements which will differ so much as to confuse those who think that the infinite multitude of individual experiences can all find a single expression. There will be any number of creeds based upon after-death experiences, which vary according to the character of the individual. The man finds this world very much what he has made it. We all make what we live in. And as everyone makes a different future life for himself they will all give you different versions of the life they lead. You will find as little uniformity here as on your side. But, nevertheless, you will find that the Bureau, and all who would use it, will agree upon certain things. They would differ endlessly about the laws, the theories, the possibilities, but they would agree about the facts of Being.

For instance, you will not find from us on this side any authoritative declaration as to any religion that will be recognised as true by all spirits communicating. They are of all stages and phases, and the religion of some will be absolutely unthinkable to others.

THE CONTINUITY OF EXISTENCE.

But this you will find. There will be no spirit of any stage of development who returns to communicate through your Bureau, but will affirm that there is no breach or break in the continuity of individual existence. They will all tell you that death is a transition rather than a transformation, and that, although the transition is very important, it in no way destroys the life of the soul. All will tell you that. All will testify to the fact that they went on living a conscious existence, that was marked off by no gulf from the life they led here. There is, no doubt, a change. But it is of circumstance rather than of character. The memory appears to be quickened rather than dulled. The mind sees more clearly.

THE UNREALITY OF MATTER.

The phantasmagoria of matter disappears, and the masks and masquerading that conceal the truth dissolve away—that is important and that is universal. There is not one spirit who returns, who will not assert that the matter in which you are immersed is a vapour, a mere phantasm of the mind, which vanishes away and is not. Spirit alone is whether in the body or out of the body. And the soul lives, lives on. These two things; continuity of conscious identity and the hollowness of matter they will all tell you are known to them, are universal facts which they will attest one and all. Where we are there can be no mistake on these points.

What you are asking I understand. Yes, I understand. What you say is true. But all spirits do not realize its truth. What I said about Love being the breath of our life is true. But what is sad, is that there are multitudes here to whom it is as much an unknown thing as it is with you.

JULIA.

SOME COMMENTS NOT AUTOMATIC.

The observations made by "Julia" as to the dangers that might follow the establishment of a Borderland Bureau, if it were to be understood that our relations with the Invisible were to be governed on the principle of the Penny-in-the-Slot machine, so that any bewildered mortal might simply state his difficulty and receive instanter communications from the unseen world, are by no means unwarranted. The other day I received a long letter from a correspondent at the other end of the world, who, having heard of Julia's communications, sends me the request to ascertain from Julia answers to the following questions, which I have slightly disguised so as to avoid throwing any light upon the identity of the writer :—

- 1.—Does Julia know my brother, and what sphere he is in the present?
- 2.—Could I get into communication with him by writing, or any other way?

- 3.—Was I right or wrong in coming out here and living as I am doing now?
- 4.—Can you tell me what has been the history of John Gillam since he left my service?
- 5.—Was I wrong in the way I treated him?
- 6.—Will God ever hear my prayers on behalf of my wife?

To these six questions it will be noticed that two are requests that an Invisible Intelligence should pronounce final judgment upon the right and wrong of the action of a complete stranger in circumstances of which she could not possibly have any personal acquaintance. Merely because Julia is no longer in the body, my correspondent at the Antipodes is disposed to credit her, as a matter of course, with the possession of omniscient knowledge and infallible wisdom. I quote this inquiry, not by any means as an instance of the most unreasonable questions that are constantly asked when the Embodied begin to inquire of the Disembodied. The common belief of the inquirer seems to be that the disembodied world is a kind of spirit Enquire Within upon Everything, past, present, and to come, and that you have only to state a question, whether as to the canals of Mars, the lives of the Apostles, the cause of yesterday's indigestion, or the name of your future bride or bridegroom, to receive in a moment absolute authentic replies. It is quite obvious that such an abuse of spirit communication would be extremely mischievous.

It is effectually guarded against by a method which, although open to considerable misconception, is nevertheless extremely effective. Intelligences, whether disembodied spirits or elementals, or latent and unsuspected factors in our own subconsciousness, seem to delight in making fools of such inquirers by answering questions, which should never be asked, inaccurately, with perfect gravity, as if they were an authority imparting the most valuable information. This method of answering a fool according to his folly may seem somewhat crude, and to many objectionable, but a very little experience of it soon satisfies investigators of this kind that they are on a fool's errand. Possibly, if it were a custom for country bumpkins to ask the policeman at a street crossing what was the price of the jewels which the Queen wore on state occasions, he might find it easier to reply by stating any sum, at haphazard, rather than by endeavouring to convince the rustic that he had no information, and that the question was an improper one to ask. I do not state this, of course, as an authentic explanation. I only suggest it as a hypothesis which would account for many of the extraordinarily misleading answers that are given to those who endeavour to prostitute a means of communication with the Invisibles into a cheap and easy method of obtaining cut and dried answers to every inquiry which idle curiosity can suggest.

I have received several communications from correspondents concerning the last instalment of the letters from Julia. A friend and contributor, who has had a good deal of experience in psychic letters, writes :—

I think the "Julia" messages are *excellent*, and all the more telling that they are not written at all in your prompt, incisive style; but the advice is incisive enough. I know, by personal experience, the extreme value of her prescription. No one who has not tried it can realise what this simple *washing in Jordan* can do for one. It was the secret of the Quakers and all their illumination, and, as she says, even *five minutes* spent thus brings a harvest of results. It is not easy to concentrate one's spiritual thoughts inwards for even five minutes at first, but one



QUARTIER DES ANIMAUX CHEZ ZOROASTER.

An Automatic Drawing by M. Sardou.

IV.—WITH THE BORDERLANDERS OF PARIS.

BY MISS X.

PERHAPS the most serious work one accomplishes after a visit to Paris is that of disentangling one's memories. To be in Paris at the New Year is to carry away a bewildering memory of flowers and bonbons, of dinners and *déjeuners*, of shops crowded with women who have the manners of post-office clerks, of cabs that are warmed, of dogs that are unmuzzled, of streets that are clean, of churches that are the homes of the poor and the sad, of religion that knows seven days in the week, of bicycle riders that know their business, of coachmen that don't, of restaurants that suggest something other than indigestion, of a town that makes one think of London, as of a dear, dowdy old frump of a British matron, of infinite limitations but good-hearted at the bottom.

WHY THE BORDERLAND IS EXPLORED.

From generalities such as these, I would try to subtract some impressions of the Borderland of the Parisians. Paris is just now deeply concerned with the Borderland. She is deeply concerned with her own soul, a little hysterically perhaps, or perhaps one should say, with an emotionalism which, translated into English, would be hysterical, but which, among people unaccustomed to English reserve and self-restraint, is less self-conscious than the same would be with us, and the less morbid in consequence. One cannot talk with the Parisians, one cannot wander among their churches, observe certain tendencies of their art, without feeling convinced that there is a certain spiritual revival, a certain revolt against the materialism, which has dominated them so aggressively. Constantly one hears, as one lingers in any of thirty churches, each of which would make the fame of an English provincial town, that this or that object of devotion or of intrinsic value was destroyed in the Commune, but it almost always follows that, as far as possible, it has been recently replaced by individual piety, or by the ladies of Paris, or by the contributions of the faithful; the great church on the hill of Montmartre, moreover, which will yet take years to finish, stands as a monument of recent piety. London has over-decorated herself with an Albert Memorial, with new Law Courts, with a useless Imperial Institute, but she has not proposed to build another St. Paul's Cathedral on the top of Hampstead Heath, as an acknowledgment of our national sins, and a demonstration of religious zeal. Paris is definitely, but often unconsciously, thinking about her soul. "We do not occupy ourselves with these things, but we think it very amiable that others should do so," half a score of Frenchman have said to me within the last few days, which is much for a Frenchman.

For those who do not "occupy themselves" with religion, there are yet other outlets for reverence, for their admiration of the beautiful, of the ideal, of "the something not ourselves that makes for righteousness." The *petite bourgeoisie*, who crowd the Luxembourg and the Louvre on Sunday afternoon, pushing and excited, yet intelligently critical, are a very different crowd from that one finds at 'appy ampton insulting the Raphael cartoons. The votaries of *feminisme* mean something very different from the vulgar New Womanhood of

certain clubs and certain magazines that make a decent woman wish she were a horse. There is a seriousness in the French *acceptation* of these subjects, so far as it has been my privilege to discuss them, which is positively pathetic, and the same seriousness (for, I believe, the same reason) pervades their attitude towards the occult.

THE ATTITUDE.

Of Spiritualism, pure and simple, as it is understood in London, I can find no trace. With infinite trouble I obtained the addresses of two clairvoyantes, but they were mere fortune-tellers; what is more I should think, from their extortions, that they were fortune-makers. From time to time, the class of phenomena, which we indiscriminately aggregate as Spiritualistic, is examined, investigated, by the researchers of Paris; Eusapia Paladino it may be, or Mlle. Couédon, but they are investigated rather than cultivated. The French spirit of inquiry seems to me broad, unprejudiced, systematic; again and again, I have been told "We have no Séances, *on ne fait pas des Séances*, we interest ourselves in phenomena that are spontaneous." They have a broad toleration for every variety of phenomena, automatism of every kind, writing, raps, apports, physical movements; no matter what form the externalisation may take, if only the evidence is fair and the sincerity apparent, there are educated and enlightened persons, who will examine it without prejudice, who do not dismiss a phenomenon as false because it is unfamiliar, who have the courage, not only to hold to what they know, but, moreover, to acknowledge what they don't know.

THE SPECIALISTS.

Nothing can exceed the kindness with which those who represent the various departments of the Borderland in Paris, have placed their information at my disposal. With every desire for precision, however, I find myself hampered by a difficulty of which the ethics of journalism appear to be ignorant; the difficulty of accepting hospitality and rushing into print with the information one acquires when one's friends are conceivably off guard. One cannot remind one's host, or the man who takes you into dinner, that you are interviewing him; on the other hand, one cannot utilise his conversation in detail without such reminder.

I must in certain cases, therefore, report my information in general terms, reserving the chapter and verse for any serious student who cares to ask for it. Other plans are, I am aware, in daily practice, but I find them, personally, impossible. Among those to whom I am indebted are Dr. Bérillon, editor of the *Révue de l'Hypnotisme*, and his assistant; Dr. Charles Richet, Corresponding Member of the Society for Psychical Research, Professor of Medicine in the University of Paris, also distinguished as a poet and novelist; M. Courmes, who is at the head of the Theosophical Society in Paris, and editor of the *Lotus Bleu*; M. Leymarie, the editor of the *Révue Spirite*; and to Dr. Dariex, editor of the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, whom I have to thank for liberal help in studying the French aspect of the inquiry as a whole.

BORDERLAND.

have also received the utmost kindness from several of his distinguished contributors, more especially M. Marcel Mangin, Colonel de Roches, and Madame Boissaux, who all assisted at the Eusapia inquiry, and whose views upon various aspects of psychical research are, it seems to me, deserving of the most serious attention. I could greatly extend this list, the object of which is not only to acknowledge my indebtedness, but to distribute my responsibilities !

M. SARDOU AND SARAH BERNHARDT.

Our great disappointment in Paris has been the

postponement of Sardou's forthcoming drama, which is to deal with spiritualism from a serious point of view. It was announced for the end of December, but its appearance before the spring seems doubtful. One month hence, two, three, are spoken of; but I hope at least to be able to give some personal account of it in the April BORDERLAND.

If the stage is really to return to the position it held both in classical and mediæval times, and to be a source of education and instruction, then surely occultism, psychical research, as one of the most pressing questions of the day, ought to be fairly presented. So



SARAH BERNHARDT.

(From a Photograph taken in Sydney, 496, George Street.)

far, nothing of the sort has been done, either in France or England; on the contrary, the extraordinary amount of misinformation—the climax of ignorance—now rampant on such subjects, is mainly due to the novel and the play. That English people should tolerate the hypnotism of *Trilby*, or of another play now on the London stage, *His Little Dodge*, is an offence to science and art.

M. Sardou knows his subject, and will treat it seriously. As one of the original group which interested itself in the work of Allan Kardec, one may naturally

expect some degree of *parti pris*. I reproduce on page 10 a specimen of the automatic drawing which used to be done through his hand by an intelligence purporting to be Bernard Palissy. That it will, however, be serious; and after all, "accurate," in connection with a subject of which we are all still ignorant, is only a relative term.

The plot is to be the outcome of a conversation upon phenomena in the first scene between two doctors, one inquiring, the other incredulous, and turns upon the means pursued by the one for the enlightenment of the other.

That the play will command attention from all, follows

from the fact that not only is M. Sardou the author, but that Sarah Bernhardt is the heroine. An ovation of almost unparalleled intensity revealed but the other day what Paris feels for this consummate actress whom M. Sardou was permitted to describe not only as the "great" but as the "good." Paris can be very enthusiastic!

We saw her the other night in *Lorenzaccio*, in the title rôle of Lorenzo di Medici, and we felt that she was more magnificent than ever. She owed absolutely nothing to mere adjuncts. She was dressed, from the beginning to the end, in black doublet and hose, and there was absolutely nothing in the way of *spectacle*. The interest was purely human, and created by her marvellous genius. The scenery, according to our English standard, would have disgraced the provinces; there was no orchestra, though for some mysterious reason some miserable instruments were played, out of sight, during the first scene or two, to one's great distraction. The custom of banging three times on the floor to announce the calling up of the curtain strikes one always as ludicrously primitive. But for acting, Sarah and her company are a revelation!

In view of the probable tendency of her new rôle it was specially interesting to watch Lorenzo's countenance and gesture while his mother was recounting a vision she had had on his account. One felt, especially in the recollection of her sleep-walking scene as Lady Macbeth, that should she be called upon to play the part of Seer, under whatever conditions, Sarah the Great will do it worthily.

HYPNOTISM IN PARIS.

Among the things "they manage better in France," hypnotism is undoubtedly one of the most prominent. While in England the physicians practising therapeutic hypnotism can be numbered accurately on the fingers of one hand, the number of students from various places who have systematically studied at the Institut Psycho-physiologique amounts already to over a thousand. While there is not in all England a single hospital to which patients can go for hypnotic treatment, there is in France the Institut already mentioned with its regular courses of lectures, its dispensary, its hospital, its library, and its museum.

It has been our privilege to spend some hours at the dispensary, which is on the lines of the famous clinique of Dr. Liébeault of Nancy. It has lately been removed to larger premises. We found it centrally placed among the poor of Paris, four large airy rooms *en suite*, crowded with patients suffering mainly from nervous diseases. Dr. Bérillon, with two assistants and a couple of women nurses, moved rapidly about among the patients distributing "suggestions." In one room four patients slept tranquilly in easy chairs; in another, two nervous paralytics were undergoing massage as an accessory means of cure, while a large electric battery was ready for work as a further accessory. Two or three medical students, in spite of the fact that Paris was taking holiday, were attentive to the great doctor, a slight, active man, whose every word and movement proclaimed vital energy and mental vigour.

The one decoration of the rooms was a pair of nearly life-sized busts, the one representing "Health and Sanity," the other "Morbidity and Vice." Truly, to psychologists they were a suggestive study. Indeed, it seems an inherent part of the method of the French psychologist to regard vice from the psychological, and not merely from the ethical standpoint. Pedagogic study and the treatment of the faults of the young are

a very important part of the work of the Institut, and one day in the week is reserved at the dispensary for the treatment of children. Readers of the *Révue de l'Hypnotisme* will remember many accounts of the successful treatment of bad habits both of mind and body. Over fifty names of distinguished doctors appear on the cover of that magazine as contributors; and it is interesting to notice how very wide is the distribution of the observation and practice of hypnotism which Dr. Bérillon's list brings before us. There are the names of physicians in England, Scotland, and France, as well as every part of Europe, and even from Australia.

The Institut, of which this is the organ, arose out of the fact that, in 1888, Dr. Bérillon was authorised by the Council of the Faculty of Medicine to give a free course of instruction on the therapeutic application of Hypnotism. This, however, could not develop into practical work, and in order to get beyond theory it was necessary to have an opportunity of demonstration, and a regular dispensary was founded in the interest alike of patients and students. In 1892 regular and continuous courses of instruction were established, a body of distinguished doctors elected as professors, and a school of psychology brought into existence for the first time in human history. When one remembers the enormous importance of the value of psychology—the knowledge of the working of the mind—to parents, doctors, teachers, critics, priests, all who have the direction of soul and intellect, one is appalled to think how little is done in this direction.

The very titles of the courses of lectures are suggestive, such, for example, as the Psychology of the Deaf, the Mental and Physical Condition of Dipsomaniacs, Suggestion and the Law, the Psychology of Obsession, of Intimidation, and the Psychical Element in Disease. The treatment of subjects such as these, at the hands of experienced physicians, ought to yield very practical results.

Psychical Research has also its share of attention, especially in relation to thought-reading, lucidity, clairvoyance, and telepathic hallucinations.

Among the contents of the library it is satisfactory to observe the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research and *Borderland*.

The catalogue of books and articles published by students and collaborators fills over three pages of close print. Certainly this is one of the things they manage better in France.

THEOSOPHY IN PARIS.

The fact that the Report of the Society for Psychical Research on the phenomena of Mme. Blavatsky broke up the Theosophical Society in Paris is well known. Nevertheless, it has taken a new lease of life. The Society is said to be serious and enthusiastic, though not numerically important; and, it is alleged, is practically untouched by the Judge schism.

Its chief is M. Courmes, its organ the *Lotus Bleu*, known to our readers by occasional citation. Like the *Révue Spirite*, its contents consist largely of translations from other publications, notably from *Lucifer* and the *Theosophist*.

M. Courmes keeps in view the experiences of other investigators, and has definite views on many points. Spiritualism, he agreed, was at a low ebb in Paris, though Spiritualism, the doctrine of Allan Kardec and of reincarnation, has a considerable following. Like other Theosophists he objects to all induced phenomena, and I was glad to hear him speak strongly against the

experimental as distinct from the spontaneous. "Spiritualism," he said, "is a chapter of the history of Theosophy, incomplete and inexact." Readers of a volume of lectures by Mr. Harrison, reviewed in BORDERLAND a year or more ago, may remember that he represents Spiritualism as an invention of certain mystics to supply a want of the moment, and distract attention from other lines of study for which the world was not prepared!

I asked him about Satanism. He explained, on Theosophical lines, the possibility of human relation with a low class of beings, but protested against the idea that Satanism was exclusively, or even mainly, French. "It is not very important anywhere," he alleged, "and certainly not more so in Paris than elsewhere. Such as it is, it is everywhere, but when the French occupy themselves with anything, all the world knows it." Diana Vaughan he believes to be a "Mrs. Harris," an invention of the journalists, and Huysman he cannot away with. We said *mille choses aimables* of Colonel Olcott and Mrs. Besant, and "Au revoir."

THE SATANISTS.

I got no further than this on the subject of Satanism, and I felt myself a bore whenever and wherever I introduced the subject. Queen Anne is dead; so apparently are the Satanists and Mdlle. Couédon.

All the same, it is worth while to the reader of *En Route* to spend a morning in the churches Huysman describes for us: Notre Dame des Victoires; S. Sulpice, with its quaint grotto picture behind the High Altar; S. Séverin and the Chapel of the Benedictine Nuns in the Rue Monsieur, the last at the hour of Office for the sake of the rare and careful rendering of Plain-song.

SPIRITISME.

It cannot be too forcibly realised that Spiritisme is not Spiritualism, and that the *Révue Spirite* is in no sense the French equivalent of *Light*. It is the organ of the school of Allan Kardec, the school that holds the theory of Re-incarnation, not as copied from Buddhism, but as "specially revealed" to a little group of inquirers about the middle of this century.

Allan Kardec, M. Leymarie tells me, was not the prophet of the group, as one might suppose from the prominence of his name, but the one who brought their theories to a system, who organized a method of presenting their "revelations" to the world.

We found his successor, M. Leymarie, the present editor of the *Révue Spirite*, in a charming *salon* opening directly on to a garden, surrounded by evidences of his love for art, flowers, animals, and little children—best of all possible letters of introduction. "Petites âmes qui s'évoluent," he called the sparrows for whom he had just provided food and drink. He told us the history of the *mouvement spirite*, and sketched the theories which are held by its supporters. They seem to be an eclectic body, of broad views. "We hold a part of the truth, of the great whole," said M. Leymarie. "In different beliefs you find other parts—in uniting in brotherhood only shall we find the whole." I asked if, such being their view, they had any system of propaganda. "No," he said emphatically; "the convert whose conviction is less than absolute, brings in the wrong spirit, the wrong atmosphere. It is the same with séances. The public séance is a source of evil—we do not 'make' them. If you must have a séance, choose four persons—intimate friends,

members of one family if you can—harmonious. Let there be two women (negative) and two men (positive). For four days let each address themselves to some friend who has gone, and ask for a communication which shall teach and elevate—not gratify mere curiosity or advise about every-day matters. Let there be no fifth person, or out of harmony you will produce dis-harmony by altering the balance and bringing in new currents. This, if you must have séances."

I said that personally I could very well do without, but that I liked the serious reverence of his point of view.

"Yes," said he, "we want reverence and seriousness, but we want also science and a high critical standard. Without accuracy of observation and of record, without the critical sense which arranges and eliminates, we are inharmonious and confused."

THE SCIENTIFIC ASPECT.

One cannot but wish that such sentiments were more common among English inquirers, that one were not in England limited to the Society for Psychical Research or nothing, if one would maintain the critical attitude, the only attitude possible to the thoughtful and the logical at the present stage of our ignorance of psychic subjects.

"Your Society is pedantic perhaps, pedagogic perhaps," a Paris savant said to me the other day: "but without the Inquisition we should not have kept the faith!" I recounted certain tedious fires through which I had myself passed as a witness, and in allusion to the effects upon others of certain experiences in which I had been personally interested, my friend reminded me, laughing, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

The talk of Science, in many cases, the utilisation of the methods of Science, in this connection, in Paris, is possibly, in some degree, the reaction from French emotionalism. As a listener while any theory is put forward, any well-evidenced experience related, the French savant is the most sympathetic, the most frankly interested imaginable. He seizes the points, he asks questions which show that he enters into the spirit of what you say, in a fashion that would take an average Englishman a week. Then comes the reverse side, the reaction; the welcome and always courteous, "Pardonez-moi, si je cherche des objections." Criticism is always a higher compliment than mere idle assent in that it assumes that you are prepared to meet it.

There is, of course, no greater representative of criticism in this direction than Dr. Charles Richet. It was my privilege to share in his investigation of Mrs. Piper, and I know something of his methods and his entire open-mindedness in inquiry. I have had lately in Paris valued opportunities of discussing recent developments of Psychical Research with M. Richet, and only wish, as no doubt do others, that it were possible for him to take an even more active share in the work of our society. It will be remembered that his hospitality and initiation made possible the first investigation of Eusapia Paladino, and that he took an active part in the reception of Mrs. Piper at Cambridge. Moreover, his name is a valued ornament to our list of Corresponding Members, but it would be a bright day for the Society for Psychical Research if it were feasible to add the name of Richet to a list of Vice-Presidents, which requires reinforcement, or a Council, which would cordially accept the help of a judgment at once so liberal and so calm. It can surely be only a

question of nationality or geographical distance that M. Richet is not already numbered in our annals with such men of science as Lord Rayleigh, Professor Crooks, Professor Oliver Lodge and Professor Wallace.

THE ORGAN OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE.

Talking of science in this connection, the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* occupies a position of special interest in Psychical research. It is more fastidious than BORDERLAND, less so than the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, while it selects from both.

One has to come to Paris to observe that there is more than the difference of nationality between *Light, Lucifer, and BORDERLAND* on the one hand, and the *Revue Spirite, Le Lotus Bleu, and Annales Psychiques* on the other. The group of thinkers represented by this admirable journal continued the investigation of Eusapia after Cambridge had abandoned it as wholly futile ; they have had patience with the very mixed and inconclusive phenomena of Mdlle. Couédon ; and they have not even drawn the line at the Sisters Bangs. They cannot be accused of prejudice or want of liberality of view. At the same time their general tendency is towards caution and critical accuracy ; they realise that even from a medium who cheats, a seer whose phenomena are not always susceptible of evidence, an experience which is exaggerated and narrated with *parti pris*, there may be, nevertheless, much to learn. M. Dariex is very happy in his collaborators, with most of whom it has been my good fortune to discuss many interesting phenomena, always with the conviction that even when we differed as to details, their point of view was always that of "culture," sincerity, and the desire for truth.

THOUGHT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Readers of BORDERLAND may remember a review, published last July, of M. Baraduc's book on thought photography. It is understood that he is still carrying on these experiments with a view to greater certainty and better evidence. His entire sincerity and desire for truth I have never heard called in question, but many who interest themselves deeply in all experiments of the kind, have regretted that his conclusions were somewhat premature. Great desire, however, is expressed in all quarters for encouraging experiments of this and similar kinds, and it has been my good fortune to assist at some carried out by a man highly distinguished in technical science, which go further, not only as to results, but as to extreme care in every part of the process, than anything I have yet seen or heard of. I have myself experimented considerably since the publication of Dr. Baraduc's volume, with the conclusion that such experiments could only be of value at the hands of a practical man of science. This very day, however, I have witnessed a process, which, for care in every detail, leaves nothing to be desired ; but the *savant*, in whose laboratory the experiments were made, has far too much scientific caution to risk a premature conclusion, and it is, of course, not for me to forestall the publication of his methods and results.

PSYCHIC HEALING.

Half a dozen different friends, knowing of my visit to Paris, have been good enough to send me notice of an article in the *Globe* of Saturday, December 26th, giving a detailed account of "psychic healing" to be seen in Paris.

Paris, of all places, knows the value of psychic healing. From the time of Mesmer down to the hour of the opening of Dr. Bérillon's dispensary this morning, there have been large numbers of French men and women ready to receive, and to profit by, methods of this kind. One is not astonished, therefore, to read such an account as the following :—

The Zouave Jacob, who made himself so famous many years ago by the miraculous cures he pretended to work on suffering humanity, and who is still living in some out-of-the-way corner of Paris, has found a rival who goes by the name of Père Jourdain. He resides on the heights of Montmartre, where the inhabitants are full of his miracles, which are said to have done everything, save that of turning a wooden leg into flesh and bone, but it will probably come to that ere long. On arriving at the house, we are ushered into what is called the "Salle des Séances," which is a dark room on the ground floor. Round it are arranged a series of forms, with a stove in the centre. These are the only apparatus that Père Jourdain makes use of in his performances ; they are certainly not calculated to strike the imagination of the patients. On the walls are a crucifix, and notices recommending silence during the operation or announcing the hours of the sittings. At this moment there were several sick men and women in the room waiting to undergo the operation. Père Jourdain, it appears, does not pretend to cure everybody. All he can do is to expel the evil spirit, release the patient from its baneful effects, and thus render him strong and healthy. The spirit, however, is often rebellious.

Père Jourdain was perfectly willing to be examined. His conscience was quite at rest, and to respond to our curiosity, he spoke in a loud voice before the patients who remained to be operated upon. First of all we were shown the treatment applied to a tall thin young man, whose malady nobody seemed to know, but that was of little consequence, seeing that the object aimed at was to expel the evil spirit. Père Jourdain stood erect in front of the patient, who remained still and motionless on a form with his back against the wall. The operator first of all looked straight into his eyes ; then he touched his forehead, and made mysterious signs ; and finally, withdrawing a few steps, he held out his long arms towards him. It was at this moment that Père Jourdain resorted to his great "coup" ; with his arms extended, and his hands open, he passed his "magnetic fluid" over the body of the young man, as if he was rubbing it. This performance was repeated several times. He then puffed some more "fluid" into the face of the patient, and the operation terminated, having lasted five minutes. "Do you feel better, young man ?" he asked. "Yes, I think I do," was the answer. "Then come again to-morrow," said the magnetiser.

Père Jourdain next turned towards us. He is a man of fifty, and has a most intelligent head. With his rough features, long beard, and meditative mien, he resembles some old prophet of ancient times. "There have been so many stupid things said about me," he remarked, "that I am happy to have the opportunity to tell you who I am and what I do. First of all, I can neither read nor write, and cannot even distinguish the name of a street. Consequently I have learned nothing from books. It is a gift I have, and which is within me, to cure others. Where does this gift come from ? I do not know. I discovered it at Chelles, in the Seine-et-Marne, while I was working there as a woodman. One day I came across a sick man ; I looked into his face, and he became better. Many persons were cured after I had touched them. As I had made so many miracles at Chelles, I determined to come to Paris. This was fifteen years ago, and since then I have magnetised and cured hundreds of sick people who have despaired of recovery. When I arrived in Paris, I had some money of my own. It was therefore not a profession that I wished to follow, but only to make use of my 'fluid' to heal others. To do good was my only object. At the beginning I had only a few patients, and they were chiefly neighbours, but gradually the whole of the district knew me ; sick persons of all ranks in society came to see me, and to-day they may be numbered by thousands. I can flatter myself that I have cured 60,000 patients. You have just seen how I operate. I may add that sometimes I magnetise sugar for those who are too sick to come

to me. A small vase of pieces of sugar is brought to me; I pass my fluid over the sugar, and then it is eaten by the patients, who often get cured by it."

No one who has studied the value of suggestion can doubt that there is probably a certain, even let us say a considerable, amount of truth in this story. The spontaneous cure of nervous diseases is a fact with which Lourdes and Holywell, and many less creditable, but, nevertheless, credible experiences, have made us familiar; and of which the discovery of the power of suggestion offers us, in considerable degree, an explanation. I had, therefore, every desire to interview Père Jourdain—though why "Père" I fail to understand, seeing that he is a peasant and not a priest.

It is a curious illustration of the extraordinary lack of balance, of relation, so to speak, of the information with which the foreign correspondent supplies us, that we could find no one in Paris who had ever heard of Père Jourdain. I asked various persons in a large gathering of those interested in psychic phenomena; I asked doctors, journalists, police; I asked the biggest gossip I know in Paris, but could hear nothing of Père Jourdain.

"But these charlatans find themselves at all corners of the street," said my friends; and, in truth, especially during the holiday time at the beginning of the year, "at all corners," in the open spaces about statues, wherever the police permitted such gatherings for the moment, one observed men and women grouped around the vendors of quack medicines, who shouted and screamed the advantages of pills and lotions, after a fashion calculated, like many English advertisements, to suggest disease sufficient to fill every hospital in Paris.

Next we pilgrimaged away and away up to the hill of Montmartre. The fiacre is not adapted for long distances, and the Montmartre end of Paris is not aristocratic, and knows nothing yet of wooden pavement.

Rattle their bones
Over the stones,
Only *des Anglaises*
Whom nobody owns!

India-rubber tyres, or less frequent interruption of tramway lines, might have made us more kindly in our criticism. As it was, we thought the expensive new church, the national vow so glorious in idea, terribly like a railway station, and the "Adeste Fideles" at Vespers terribly out of tune.

What is more, we never found Père Jourdain. That is four days ago, and none of the many friends who have promised to get his address for us, have achieved its discovery. To the correspondent of the *Globe* be the sole honour.

THE PARIS MEDIUM.

Just as the occult and psychic journals of Paris have their special differences, so the Paris medium has a *cachet* of her own. I have seen three, but they have, like their sisters in London, so strong a family likeness, that the description of one will suffice.

She lives, naturally, in a quartier bourgeois; one does not expect to find a professional medium about Hyde Park. One makes the weary ascent of an exquisitely clean staircase, having ascertained that she is at home from a concierge to whose cat or birds, as the case may be, one offers civilities.

The clairvoyante opens the door herself; there is no slavey, smart as to cap and apron, doubtful as to shoes.

She is matronly, her French is excellent, her manners perfect. She is dressed after the fashion of her class, she is self-respecting and not a "lidy." She wears a neat black dress and shawl, and a daintily clean cap. She ushers you into her waiting room, and begs you to give yourself the trouble to be seated. She will be ready for you in an hour, in half an hour, what will you. There are many other persons waiting, but for ladies so *mise* she will do all that is possible. We wait half an hour in a small room which has two windows and six doors, a table, two mirrors, six chairs (machine-carved after a night-mare dream of Gothic architecture), a lamp that smells, a floor that shines, a fauteuil which defies the human anatomy. There are no antimacassars, no "ornaments," no Japanese fans, no reminiscences of Irish stew and stale tobacco; order and cleanliness can no further go.

She enters. What will we pay? We'll pay for the whole bag of tricks we say, only by the time we have got that sentiment into French we have become involved in exaggerated compliment. Shall she begin with the demoiselle to right? By all means. In a moment we have, on the table, Tarot cards, *le grand jeu*, the little game, a magnifying glass for inspecting the lines of the hand, two basins containing coffee grounds; all are used in turn.

"The demoiselle to right has ancestors?" (she admits it). "Ancestry very noble, all that there is of the most elevated. She deserves a far more exalted position than she at present occupies." (She does not deny it.) "She has an enemy, a friend; she will have a letter; she has had perplexities connected with a piece of paper; she must tranquillise herself, all will come right. Is it not that this is true?" (She admits that it is all true though not greatly surprising). "Ah, but here is a monsieur! how he is *comme il faut*! He has the hat of a general," not that she knows the English costumes, he may be in the administration, it is certain he is of the most noble. He has had one wife, but Mlle. is, &c., &c. He is older than she, between two ages, old and young. He has a child, even perhaps two, sons, or it may be daughters.

"The dot of Mlle. is, of course, all that is desirable, but that makes nothing to him who has the millions."

"Only miserable francs," says the demoiselle to left, enviously. They begin to translate the miserable pences, but their attention returns to Mme., who is promising horses of the most magnificent. The demoiselle to right thinks here is something worth having, and grooms and stables are thrown in with a liberal hand.

Mlle. can stand no more, for the present, of such intoxicating luxuries, and she descends to definite questions of this week and last, of events of this year and next.

There is never one moment's hesitation as to reply. We go from cards to coffee grains, from the Tarot to the palm of the hand—certainly, she gives plenty for the money!

It has been agreed that while one of us should be sympathetic, responsive to fishing, moderately ready to accept hints, the other shall be stolid and mute. The other has a fortune far more varied. She makes up in quantity what she lacks in quality. She has no monsieur of the most distinguished, but she balances him with five more ordinary. They are tall and short, fat and lean, a doctor, an author, an artist, a man of affairs, a man of no profession. She, too, has a letter,

a paper, a journey, treachery in her own family, a faithful friend, she is going to take cold, and so on.

One of us speaks English and French with equal facility. Mme. does not commit herself to the nationality of her surroundings.

On our way home we discuss the phenomena, and I subsequently note down as interesting or suggestive—

1. That though one cannot say that Mme. is in any degree entranced, she, nevertheless, shows evidences of exaltation. She declaims our fate in a monotonous voice, and in language far superior to that of her ordinary conversation. If we interrupt there is a definite pause, while she seems to recover herself.

2. That while there was no doubt abundant "fishing," as usual, there was also evidence of thought transference for which no fishing could account. For example, this sort of thing occurred frequently: Madame takes up a card.

"Here is a lady with fair hair, waved in front. She lives in your house." By way of experiment one of us thinks of a lady with fair hair waved, but who does not live in her house, and she is correctly described in detail.

The demoiselle to whom is assigned the general who may be a civilian and most likely a peer, is told that he has an invalid child. She thinks of a delicate boy of her acquaintance, the child becomes a boy, and his ailments are described in accurate detail.

Again, one of us asks for some definite fact in past or future. Madame seizes the hand of Mademoiselle, and at once "perceives" that the current of her whole life has been changed by the sudden death of a near friend; "an event such as happens but once in a lifetime," she asserts, which is true.

"There is also another death which approaches, a person very old, a Monsieur. He does not suffer, he dies because he is so old, an ecclesiastic high-placed. His death will again make change of place, all a removal. You will be much happier, you will no longer remove yourself so frequently"—all of which is also highly probable.

3. I observed her carefully when she had the cards, or the coffee grains, as the case might be, in front of her. Her eyes were fixed, she saw nothing, they were merely dramatic accessories. While the Tarot cards were spread out she of course handled and moved them

about, but she merely or mainly repeated what had already been suggested. So far as she was in any degree a Seer, her powers appeared to be intuitive, to follow no mere arbitrary rules of palmistry or divination.

4. There was no talk of "spirits." I asked definitely how she received her information, was it from *l'au delà*? "Mais non," she said decidedly; "seulement je me trouve parfois lucide."

Of physical phenomena, materialisations and the like, they seemed to know nothing.

"But that is the foolishness that the Americans make," said one, and I was snubbed into silence.

Probably we could have done the thing cheaper at a country fair, but it gave one a good deal to think about! The mediums were very expensive but they were clean and decent, like a good deal else in Paris. One pays the more willingly when one's senses are not offended.

THE HIGHER IDEAL.

After all, as a friend said to me the other day, the study of the mere HOW in these things, is after all a study of classifications only, of the same genre with conchology or postage stamps, more or less barren of value unless it leads somehow to a knowledge of the WHY. This is perhaps not the place for discussion of this side of the question, all the less because the writer, like the preacher, has, for the moment, the pulpit to himself, and after all the lesson to be learnt, the truth to be told, is personal to the mind that thinks it.

Paris, which gives us much else, gives us also those who think seriously on the human and super-human side of what, to the less serious, may be solely the super-normal or even the super-natural. The memory of what one learns from discussion with such as these, is like other spiritual experience, "nothing to speak of."

Much of it has been given to us in a form which, like the utterance of ancient wisdom, has no meaning except for those who speak its language. To such the pictures of the great French painter Tissot, may tell even in crowded Bond Street some of those things which, as another great artist has said,

"Tis we musicians know."

X.

THE "LIBRAIRE SPIRITE" IN PARIS.

Those who are accustomed to get their foreign books and magazines at the Libraire Spirite des Sciences Psychiques will thank us for pointing out the change of address to 42, Rue Saint-Jacques, near the Sorbonne.

NEW PERIODICALS OF OCCULT RESEARCH.

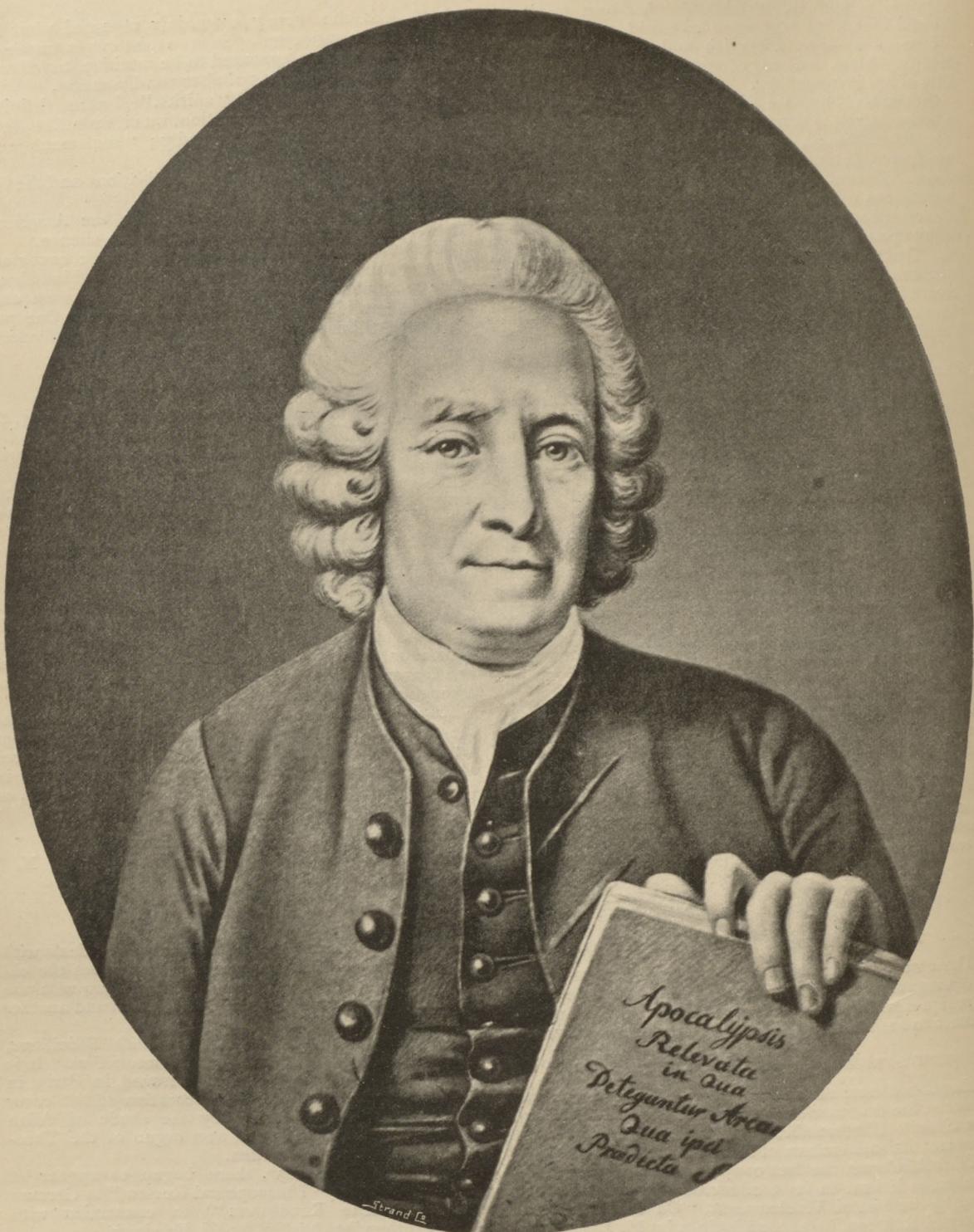
Magazines increase and multiply. This quarter has produced the first number of *Le Bulletin de la Fédération Spirite Universelle*, which is to be issued every three months to members of that body.

L'Isis Moderne, the first copy of which appeared in October, is liberal in its tendencies. It opens with a paper by the Swami Vivekananda, "On the Ideal of a Universal Religion," a second article, by M. Jules Bois,

is on "Modern Spiritualism," a third writer deals with "The Kabbala," an American Judge revives the old story of Mary Fancher, and it finishes up with the analysis of two articles, one by Mrs. Besant and another by Professor Max Müller.

The *Revue Scientifique et Morale de Spiritisme*, though in its fifth number, is new to most of us. It is one of the best of its class, and is issued, in Paris, in the middle of the month. The decoration of the cover suggests that it is inspired by the shade of Allan Kardec. *Theosophia* is the new organ of the Theosophical movement in Sweden.

On January 1st, 1897, there began to appear at Leipzig a monthly "Theosophical Review," in German ("Theosophische Rundschau") in connection with "Lotusblüthen," published by W. Friedrich.



EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

V.—OUR GALLERY OF BORDERLANDERS.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

HE who exclaimed, "*Cogito, ergo sum*," had been fifty-four years dead. The night of the century of "no faith" was already starred by Sir Isaac Newton and Leibnitz; Christian Wolf was hardly yet at school, when young Swedenborg appeared upon the scene. Voltaire, Rousseau, Kant, and Fichte were yet to come. Belief in the Invisible was at its lowest ebb; the "Everlasting No" had obscured the heavens with wide-spreadable wings; and the forces were hiddenly preparing what culminated in the French Revolution and the deposition of the Christian religion.

HIS YOUTH.

Son of the "good Bishop Swedenborg," young Emanuel received an excellent religious and secular education; studied with brilliant success at the University of Upsal, and travelled abroad for four years before settling in Sweden as Assessor of the Metallic College, an office held by him for thirty-one years. He enjoyed frequent intercourse and personal friendship with Charles XII. of Sweden; and was held in universal esteem for his profound learning.

Writing to a friend, he says:—

I resigned it [the Assessorship]; but I still retained the salary annexed to it, as an appointment for life. My sole view in this resignation was, that I might be more at liberty to devote myself to that new function to which the Lord has called me. On my resigning my office, a higher degree of rank was offered me: but this I utterly declined, lest it should be the occasion of inspiring me with pride. In 1719, I was ennobled by Queen Ulrica Eleonora, and named *Swedenborg*; from which time I have taken my seat with the Nobles of the Equestrian Order in the Triennial Assemblies of the States of the Realm. I am a Fellow, by invitation, of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm; but I have never sought admission into any other literary society, as I belong to an angelic society, wherein things relating to heaven and the soul are the only subjects of discourse and entertainment; whereas the things which occupy the attention of our literary societies are such as relate to the world and the body. . . . I live, besides, on terms of familiarity and friendship with all the bishops of my country, who are ten in number; as also with the sixteen Senators, and the rest of the Nobility; for they know that I am in fellowship with angels.

QUALIFICATIONS.

The following excerpt from the oration delivered in the Swedish Academy of Sciences, by the Chevalier de Sandel, on the occasion of Swedenborg's death, shows at once the position he held in the estimation of his learned peers and colleagues:—

Represent to yourselves in Swedenborg the happy union of a strong memory, a quick perception, and a sound judgment: represent to yourselves these excellent qualities united to an ardent desire and encouraging hope of acquiring the most profound attainments in Philosophy, in all the branches of Mathematics, in Natural History, in Mechanics, in Anatomy, and even in Theology; let us not forget his skill in the Oriental and European languages; let us recollect the force of habit, acting in him in concert with the use of reason, especially in respect to the order in which he arranged his thoughts . . . ; add to all this an excellent heart, as proved and formed by the rules which he had prescribed for his conduct, and which I have found noted down in several of his manuscripts; which are these: 1. Often to read and meditate on the word of God. 2. To submit everything to the will of the Divine Providence. 3. To observe in

everything a propriety of behaviour, and always to keep the conscience clear. 4. To discharge with fidelity the functions of his employment and the duties of his office, and to render himself in all things useful to society. Such were the characteristic traits of Swedenborg's mind; and whoever thinks there is the least exaggeration in the delineation of them, must, in some shape or other, be the victim of prejudice Where others would have discovered a deficiency of intelligence and a confusion of ideas, Swedenborg has displayed an astonishing assemblage of Knowledge; which he has arranged, according to his system, in such order, that the elements themselves would have striven in vain to turn him out of his course.

HIS PURPOSE.

It is not our place to take even a passing glimpse at the wells of science and philosophy at which this eminent scholar drank so deeply. He who, by sheer reason, could accurately locate our solar system in the milky way; who could make anatomical discoveries of which many a modern surgeon would be proud; whose skill conveyed a heavily laden vessel fourteen miles overland; who discovered the science of crystallography; whose care, method, and calm reason are apparent in every page of his monumental writings; would surely mould his life upon a purpose. Winding tortuously through all his studies and investigations, we find a definite aim which he consistently followed with all the strength of a trained intellect. He went in quest of the soul. To find the soul he wielded the scalpel in Holland under the best anatomists of the day; and ransacked the philosophers from Plato to Descartes. In vain. Knowledge of the soul can come only through revelation; and to this earnest searcher the revelation was vouchsafed.

WAS HE MAD? TESTIMONY OF COUNT HÖPKEN.

In answer to enquiries regarding Swedenborg, Count Höpken, one of the founders of the Swedish Royal Academy, wrote to General Tuxen:—

I have not only known him these two and forty years, but also some time since daily frequented his company. A man who, like me, has lived long in the world, and even in an extensive career of life, must have had numerous opportunities of knowing men as to their virtues and vices; but I do not recollect ever to have known a man of more uniformly virtuous character than Swedenborg. He was always contented, and never fretful and morose, although throughout his life his soul was occupied with sublime thoughts and speculations. He was a true philosopher and lived like one. He was gifted with a most happy genius, and a fitness for every science; which made him shine in all that he pursued. . . . He possessed a sound judgment upon all occasions: he saw everything clearly, and expressed himself well on every subject. The most solid memorials and the best penned, at the Diet of 1761, on matters of finance, were presented by him. . . . He might, with or without reason (which I do not venture to determine) be accused of having given a warm imagination too free play in his revelations; but, for my part, I have nothing on which I could found this conclusion. . . . He assured me, on his hopes of salvation, "that no imagination produced in him his revelations, which were true, and from what he had heard and seen!" It may be so; the church cannot judge of mysteries; nor can I.

HIS OWN DECLARATION.

In the early pages of his *Arcana Cœlestia* Swedenborg wrote—

BORDERLAND.

I am well aware that many persons will insist that it is impossible for anyone to converse with spirits and angels during his life in the body; many, that such intercourse must be mere fancy and illusion; some, that I have invented such relations in order to gain credit; whilst others will make other objections; for all these however I care not, since I have seen, heard, and had sensible experience of what I am about to declare. Man is created by the Lord, so that during his life in the body, he is capable of conversing with spirits and angels, as indeed occurred in the most ancient times; for being a spirit clothed with a body, he is one with them. But, because in process of time, mankind so immersed themselves in corporeal and worldly things, caring for almost nothing else, the way to effect this became closed; nevertheless, it is again opened as soon as bodily things are removed, and then man is introduced amongst spirits, and associates with them.

Here is calm foresight and clear rational statement, which, if indicative of madness, is at least as acceptable as much that is termed sanity.

TESTIMONY OF THE SHEARSMITHS.

Mr. and Mrs. Shearsmith, at whose house in London Swedenborg died, to rebut a malicious report concerning him, made an affidavit before the Lord Mayor, dated November 2nd, 1785, to the effect "that he enjoyed a sound mind, memory, and understanding, to the last hour of his life."

I.—SOME "BORDERLAND" EXPERIENCES.

A FIRE AT STOCKHOLM.

Kant, the philosopher, wrote to an enquiring lady of quality thus:—

The following occurrence appears to me to have the greatest weight of proof, and to set the assertion respecting Swedenborg's extraordinary gift out of all possibility of doubt. In the year 1756, when M. De Swedenborg, towards the end of September, on Saturday at four o'clock P.M., arrived at Gothenburg from England, Mr. William Castel invited him to his house, together with a party of fifteen persons. About six o'clock M. De Swedenborg went out, and, after a short interval, returned to the company, quite pale and alarmed. He said that a dangerous fire had just broken out in Stockholm, at the Sudermalm (Gothenburg is about fifty miles from Stockholm), and that it was spreading very fast. He was restless, and went out often. He said the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed, "Thank God! the fire is extinguished, the third door from my house!" This news occasioned great commotion through the whole city, and particularly among the company in which he was. It was announced to the governor the same evening. On the Sunday morning, Swedenborg was sent for by the governor, who questioned him concerning the disaster. Swedenborg described the fire precisely; how it had begun, in what manner it had ceased, and how long it had continued. . . . On Monday evening a messenger arrived at Gothenburg, who was despatched during the time of the fire. In the letters brought by him, the fire was described precisely in the manner stated by Swedenborg. On the Tuesday morning the royal courier arrived at the governor's with the melancholy intelligence of the fire, of the loss which it had occasioned, and of the houses it had damaged and ruined, not in the least differing from that which Swedenborg had given immediately it had ceased; for the fire was extinguished at eight o'clock.

What can be brought forward against the authenticity of this occurrence? My friend who wrote this to me has not only examined the circumstances of this extraordinary case at Stockholm, but also, about two months ago, at Gothenburg, where he is acquainted with the most respectable houses, and where he could obtain the most authentic and complete information, as the greatest part of the inhabitants, who are still alive, were witnesses to the memorable occurrence.

I am, with profound reverence, &c., &c.,
EMANUEL KANT.

SEER AND QUEEN.

M. Thiebault, a French *savant* of the School of Voltaire, and Professor in the Royal Academy of Berlin, published the following account:—

I know not on what occasion it was that, conversing one day with the queen on the subject of the celebrated visionary, Swedenborg, we (the members of the Academy) expressed a desire—particularly M. Merian and myself—to know what opinion was entertained of him in Sweden. I on my part related what had been told me respecting him by Chamberlain d'Hamon, who was still alive, and who had been Ambassador from Prussia both to Holland and France. It was "that his brother-in-law (the Count de Marteville), Ambassador from Holland to Stockholm, having died suddenly, a shopkeeper demanded of his widow the payment of a bill for some articles of drapery, which she remembered had been paid in her husband's lifetime; that the widow, not being able to find the shopkeeper's receipt, had been advised to consult with Swedenborg, who, she was told, could converse with the dead whenever he pleased; that she accordingly adopted his advice, though she did so less from credulity than curiosity, and at the end of a few days, Swedenborg informed her that her deceased husband had taken the shopkeeper's receipt for the money on such a day, at such an hour, as he was reading such an article in Bayle's Dictionary in his cabinet, and that his attention being called immediately afterwards to some other concern, he put the receipt into the book to mark the place at which he left off, where, in fact, it was found at the page described!" The Queen replied that, though she was little disposed to believe in such seeming miracles, she nevertheless had been willing to put the power of M. Swedenborg, with whom she was acquainted, to the proof; that she was previously acquainted with the anecdote I had related, and that it was one of those that mostly had excited her astonishment, though she had never taken the pains to ascertain the truth of it; but that M. Swedenborg, having come one evening to her court, she had taken him aside, and begged him to inform himself of her deceased brother, the Prince Royal of Prussia, what he said to her at the moment of her taking leave of him for the court of Stockholm. She added that what she had said was of a nature to render it impossible that the Prince could have repeated it to any one, nor had it ever escaped her own lips; that, some days after, Swedenborg returned, when she was seated at cards, and requested she would give him a private audience, to which she replied, he might communicate what he had to say before the company; but Swedenborg assured her he could not disclose his errand in the presence of witnesses; that in consequence of this intimation the Queen became agitated, gave her cards to another lady, and requested M. De Schwerin (who also was present when she related the story to us) to accompany her; that they accordingly went together into another apartment, where she posted M. De Schwerin at the door, and advanced towards the farthest extremity of it with Swedenborg, who said to her, "You took, madam, your last leave of the Prince of Prussia, your late august brother, at Charlottenberg, on such a day, and at such an hour of the afternoon; as you were passing afterwards through the long gallery, in the castle of Charlottenberg, you met him again; he then took your hand, and led you to such a window, where you could not be overheard, and then said to you these words—." The Queen did not repeat the words, but she protested to us they were the very same her brother had pronounced, and that she retained the most perfect recollection of them. She added, that she nearly fainted at the shock she experienced; and she called on M. De Schwerin to answer for the truth of what she had said; who, in his laconic style, contented himself with saying, "All you have said, madam, is perfectly true—at least, as far as I am concerned."

WESLEY ASTONISHED.

While the Rev. John Wesley was engaged in preparing for his great circuit, in company with some other preachers, a letter was placed in his hands, which ran thus:—

"Great Bath Street, Cold Bath Fields.

"*February, 1772.*

"SIR,—I have been informed in the world of spirits that you have a strong desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you if you will favour me with a visit.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,
"EMAN SWEDENBORG."

Mr. Wesley frankly acknowledged to the company that he had been very strongly impressed with a desire to see and converse with Swedenborg, and that he had never mentioned that desire to anyone. He wrote for answer that he was then closely occupied in preparing for a six months' journey, but would wait upon Swedenborg soon after his return to London. The Seer replied that the visit proposed would be too late, as he, Swedenborg, would go into the world of spirits on the 29th day of the next month, never more to return. The prophecy was fulfilled, and the two eminent theologians never met on earth.

The foregoing well-attested facts, sufficiently astounding in a century so slightly acquainted with the phenomena of the Borderland, are clear evidence of the possession by Swedenborg of powers at least equal to those of the best clairvoyants of our own period. Taken together with his vast intellectual attainments, and with psychical experiences and investigations extending over a period of twenty-nine years, they entitle him to a respectful and thoughtful hearing. Yet, although so well arranged, so voluminous is his spiritual philosophy, and so extensive are his records of spiritual-world experience that it is impossible to do them full justice within the limits of this brief sketch.

II.—AN OUTLINE OF HIS TEACHING.

TRANSITION.

While fulfilling the duties of the Assessorship of Mines, and sharing in the government of his country, Swedenborg's urgent mind was pressing onwards step by step towards the Invisible. In 1741 he wrote his *Clavis Hieroglyphica*, in which he propounded and proved the law of correspondence existing between natural and spiritual things. The same year saw his *Intercourse between the Soul and the Body*, which discarded the doctrines of "Physical Influx" and "Pre-established Harmony," and accepted the only possible alternative doctrine of "Spiritual Influx." Matter, he taught, was the subject of "extension"; spirit, the subject of "impletion." Spirit in-fills—flows into matter, and gives it the appearance of vitality. The laws of the spiritual world were already filtering through into his mind. But influx of spirit into matter spells involution, and involution in its turn means evolution; hence his volume on *The Worship and Love of God*, a prose poem, the autumnal expression of his entire previous work, and a forecast of a philosophy the external side of which has been developed by Darwin, Wallace, and Drummond. From physical studies he had advanced to the very threshold of the Unseen, and could take no further step apart from open vision.

THE CALL.

In a letter to his friend, the Rev. T. Hartley, Swedenborg wrote—

I have been called to a holy office by the Lord Himself, who most graciously manifested himself in person to me, his servant, in the year 1743; when he opened my sight to the view of the spiritual world, and granted me the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels, which I enjoy to this day.

Speaking of his wonderful "Memorable Relations," he wrote in 1768:

I solemnly declare they are not fictions, but were truly done and seen; and that I saw them, not in any state of the mind asleep, but in a perfect state of wakefulness; for it has pleased the Lord to manifest Himself to me, and to send me to teach the things relating to the New Church [Dispensation], which is meant by the new Jerusalem in the Revelation; for which purpose he has opened the interiors of my mind and spirit; by virtue of which privilege it has been granted me to be in the spiritual world with angels, and at the same time in the natural world with men, and this now for twenty-five years!

HOW POSSIBLE—RATIONALE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

The form of man's spirit is the human form Although the spirit is in a human form, it does not appear to man after its separation from the body, nor is it seen in man whilst living in the world, because the eye, the organ of bodily sight, is material; but that which is material sees nothing but what is material, and that which is spiritual sees what is spiritual; when, therefore, the material principle of the eye is obscured,* and deprived of its co-operation with the spiritual [eye], spirits become visible in their own form, which is the human form, not only spirits who are in the spiritual world, but also the spirits of men while they are alive in the body.

Thus the gulf between matter and spirit is bridged over; and the Seer at last treads, with no hesitating step, the confines of the illimitable world of soul. This "Spiritual Columbus" sets out to explore that no longer "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," and to re-appear each now and then, laden with strange produce of an unfamiliar clime.

UNIVERSAL—TWO WORLDS.

There are two worlds, the spiritual and the natural [or physical]. They are perfectly distinct, and communicate only by correspondences [*i.e.* the law of adaptation to the inflowing of force]. Thus, heat in the physical world, corresponds to the force of love in the spiritual world; and light in the physical world, corresponds to the force of wisdom in the spiritual world.

Spiritual heat is the force of love; and spiritual light is the force of truth. So every physical object corresponds with some spiritual principle, which has distinct and tangible existence and form in the spiritual world—a world which is composed of spiritual substances, as the physical world is composed of physical substances.

A RE-DISCOVERED ORB.

While astronomers are searching for a gigantic solar centre for the material universe, Swedenborg has already taught that all realms, both physical and spiritual, have their common centre, and at the same time their origin, in a vortex of transcendent etheric activity, presenting a photosphere in comparison with which that of the physical sun is as darkness; and which may be appropriately termed the spiritual sun. It is the first expression of the infinite ardency and glory of Him who, to *human* beings, must ever be the God-man; the first pulsating and vibrating centre of all finite being; the intensity of Deity radiated for creative ends. The human mind and spirit are subject to changes of state, comparable to the alternations of heat and cold in the body; such changes have their origin in the relation of the human spirit to the spiritual sun, as heat and cold in the body depend upon the relationship of the latter to the physical sun. Such an explanation of mental changes is simple, rational, and in harmony (or in correspondence) with physical laws; and is well worth consideration. Apart from reason, however, Swedenborg avers, "That the Lord really appears in

* As, for example, in hypnotism, trance, &c.

BORDERLAND.

heaven as a Sun, has not only been revealed to me by angels, but also on several occasions by actual sight." The universe is thus God-centred—a vast Theocosm, in which the Eternal is no longer arbitrary governor, but Divine-organic heart; is, in fact, to the universe, as the brain to the body, or as the soul to the brain. The spiritual sun is not God: it is the "first emanation" from God, and the first mediate cause of creation.

PLANES OF BEING.

Emanating from the spiritual sun is a radiation of force, producing a series of successive planes of life and consciousness; each successive plane being more inert, or less living, than the one before it, until, on the physical plane the equilibrium between action and resistance is attained. Each plane is as a soul or vitalizing principle to the plane beneath, or external to it. The whole spiritual realm is thus contained within the material plane or universe, which is the footstool of God, the ultimate and resting place of the entire round of being. It is to be observed, however, that one plane does not merge by thinning or sublimation into the plane above it; just as sublimated water on the physical plane, does not become physical ether; each is discreted from the other, as the soul is distinct from the body, or as mind-substance is different from physical substance. And the whole, being a form of the forces of love and wisdom emanating from the spiritual sun, and thence from God-man, is in the widest view, a grand man—the *Maximus Homo*. We have thus the following series—

ESSENTIAL DEITY.

Deity as God-Man (The "Lord").
Spiritual Sun.

Radiating Forces of Love and Wisdom. Universe.	Radiating Forces of Love and Wisdom. Man.
1. Plane (Heaven) of Love.	1. The Primal Germ (above the highest plane of consciousness, and first receptacle of Spiritual Solar radiation.)
2. " " " Intelligence.	2. Receptacle of Love-force.
3. Plane (Heaven) of Use.	3. Receptacle of the force of Wisdom.
4. World of Spirits (Intermediate State).	4. Receptacle of Executive force.
5. Interior Natural (astral).	5. Natural or Common Mind (Plane of ordinary consciousness).
6. Physical Ethers.	6. Spiritual Body.
7. Plane of Matter.	7. "Astral" Body.
	8. Physical Body.

FORMS.

The heavens as a whole take their form from their Divine human cause. They are human because the elements which constitute them are human, viz. the spiritual forces (love and wisdom), emanating from the spiritual sun. Each heaven is a specialised form of good and truth; and each individual angel is a specialised form of the heaven to which he belongs, partaking of both its quality and its substance. So also each human being on earth is such a form, belonging interiorly to some heaven, and clothed with substances gathered from the lower planes.

KINGDOMS.

All life is dual, and pertains specifically to either good or truth, heat or light. Hence upon every plane there are two kingdoms, the celestial or that which pertains to good or love, and the spiritual which pertains to truth or wisdom. On the natural plane, we have the solar heat and light; and in man we have love and thought, to which correspond in the body the two cerebral hemispheres, the two lungs, arms, and legs; also the heart in relation to the lungs, &c., &c.; all of which correspond to the two kingdoms in heaven, and through them to the love and truth, or heat and light, proceeding from the spiritual sun. These two kingdoms in their origin are the cause of sex, each sex being a specialised form of love or of truth, and thus differing as the mind and body of man differ from the soul and external form of woman. The united action of love and wisdom results in the creation of the universe, as on the lowest plane the union of sex results in continued creation by reproduction.

CONJUNCTION OF PLANES.

This is effected in two ways, or rather by one method of which there are two aspects. The one is Influx—the inflowing of spiritual spheres or forces from one plane to another; the other is the correspondence (adaptation) of one plane with another. Says Swedenborg, there are two kinds of influx, the one immediate, which proceeds unaltered right through creation from the creator to matter, comparably as the ether flows through all natural substances, from the atmospheric air downwards; the other mediate, which operates upon the minds of the dwellers upon any given higher plane, and, modified by them, passes on to produce results in the minds of those upon the adjacent lower plane. This inflowing, however, is effected along the line of correspondence. Thus where the structures of the physical body are seriously injured by disease or accident their correspondence with spiritual forces is destroyed, and influx either produces no result or excites action which must perforce be irregular; so also with the mind. Perfection therefore lies in correspondence between the planes on the one hand, and in the unceasing inflow of life (force) on the other. Hence conjunction of man with God results from complete correspondence between the human will and the Divine love, between the human understanding and the Divine wisdom, and between the human life and the Divine operation or providence, for then perfect inflowing of the Divine forces can take place, by virtue of which the whole spiritual and mental constitution is reduced to a state of order and harmony. Content for the present with this brief survey of the mechanism of the universe, we pass on to the review of some of the more important teachings and experiences of Swedenborg in relation to the individual man.

THE PASSING OVER.

The inmost communication between the spirit and the body exists in the respiration and in the motion of the heart. When these two motions cease, the separation of the spirit from the body takes place instantly. As soon as this motion ceases, man is resuscitated; i.e., the spirit is withdrawn from the body, and is introduced into the spiritual world. The manner in which this is effected has not only been explained to me, but has been demonstrated by actual experience; for I was myself the subject of that experiment, in order that I might fully comprehend the process. I was brought into a state of insensibility, and thus nearly into the state of dying persons, whilst yet the interior life and the faculty of thought remained entire, that I might perceive and retain in memory the things which befell me. The respira-

tion of the body was almost taken away, while the interior respiration, which is that of the spirit, remained. The cardiac function of the spirit was instituted through the law of its correspondence with the realm of love. Angels of that realm were also visible; some at a distance, and two near my head. All affection proper to myself was thus taken away, but thought and perception still remained. I continued in this state some hours, and the spirits who were around me withdrew, supposing that I was dead. I perceived also an aromatic odour, like that of a dead body embalmed, which serves as a protection against evil spirits. Then it was given me to perceive most intimately, and to feel, that there was a drawing, and, as it were, a pulling out of the interiors of my mind, thus of my spirit, from the body; and it was told me that this proceeds from the Lord, and is the means by which the resurrection is effected.

THE SPIRIT-MAN.

That the spirit of a man, after its separation from the body, is itself a man, and in the form of a man, has been proved to me by the daily experience of many years; for I have seen, heard, and conversed with spirits thousands of times. When man dies, and thus passes out of the natural world into the spiritual, he takes with him all things that belong to him as a man, except his terrestrial body. He is then in a body as he was in the natural world, and to all appearance in the same body, since neither touch nor sight can detect any difference [*i.e.*, to those on the same plane]. When spiritual beings touch and see spiritual things, the effect is exactly the same to the sense, as when natural beings touch and see natural things; and therefore when man first becomes a spirit, he is not aware of his decease, and believes that he is still in the body which he had when he was in the world.

A spirit also enjoys every sense, both external and internal, which he enjoyed in the world. He sees as before. He hears and speaks, smells and tastes as before; and when he is touched he feels as before. He also longs, desires, wishes, thinks, reflects, is affected, loves, and wills, as before.

A SPIRIT'S MEMORY.

The natural memory also remains, for spirits retain everything which they had heard, seen, read, thought, in the world from earliest infancy to the close of life; but since the natural objects which are remembered cannot be reproduced [under normal conditions] in the spiritual world, they are dormant, as is the case with man in this world when he does not think about them.

There exist conditions, however, under which the natural memory can be awakened in the spiritual world. For example, a certain person,

Shortly before his death, destroyed his neighbour secretly by poison; and this crime was thus brought to light. The murderer appeared to dig a hole in the ground, out of which a man came forth like one coming out of a grave, and cried to him, "What hast thou done?" Every particular was then revealed; the friendly conversation of the murderer with his victim; how he gave him the cup; the train of thoughts which led to the murder, and the circumstances which took place afterwards. "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known."

PROGRESS OF THE SPIRIT-MAN.

When the spirit first enters the world of spirits, he retains the countenance and tone of voice which he had in the world, because he is then in an exterior [*quasi earthly*] state.

The other-world habits of thought and life have yet to be acquired: the man is still but the embodiment of what he has felt, thought, done, and aspired to do, on earth. This is the first state after death,

Gradually the countenance is changed. The substances composing the spiritual body are more plastic than those of earth, and more readily yield to the moulding influences of the moral and mental nature.

The man enters into the possession of his real inner self; thinks as he feels, and acts as he thinks. Masks, artificialities, pretences, and hypocrisies are thrown aside—are impossible to be retained under the pressure of the now liberated forces within the soul. The "ruling love," whether good or evil, presses to the surface, and so re-models the spirit-body that it is no longer the image of the earthly shell, but the very expression of the man's fundamental desires and aspirations. This is the spirit's second state.

The third and final state is when the last vestige of inconsistency between the inner man and his outer mind and shape has been discarded, the spirit gravitates, by a kind of spiritual "selection," to the society of those constituted like himself, whose loves are his loves, whose thoughts are his thoughts, whose modes of life are his own. If radically good, *i.e.*, loving good and truth and usefulness, he enters that "heavenly society" to which he is exactly adapted; but if evil, *i.e.*, in the love of self, he sinks to some congenial society of men whose manhood is inverted, there to enter into the fruition of an evil life.

The world of spirits into which he enters at death is intermediate between the two extremes of humanity commonly known as Heaven and Hell. It is the revealing-ground—the threshing-floor on which the grain is separated from the chaff—the scene of the judgment which each must undergo. Intermediate between the world of spirits and the state of extreme evil is a condition in which they are whose hearts are good, but whose intellect has been distorted by persistent adherence to some false system of thought and belief. Such persons suffer various troubles and anxieties exactly adapted to the restoration of their minds to harmony with the laws of spiritual truth—not artificial dogma—as known to angelic men.

The last and lowest state is that of confirmed selfishness. And who shall say through what processes of disintegration and re-creation they pass, whose inmost spirit has been given over to evil?

The simple-minded who have merely followed the lead of false teachers; that vast multitude who have been devoid of opportunity either to receive instruction or to appreciate the moral law; the victims of heredity, morally and mentally diseased or atrophied from birth;—all these are breathed upon by the gentle spirit of divine manhood, and the dry bones live.

The laws obtaining in the spiritual world are everywhere the laws of spiritual cause and effect: the arbitrary, the fictitious, the inappropriate, have no existence. The spiritual forces of love and truth operate freely in all directions, from the most general to the minutest particular; and produce their unimpeded and legitimate effect.

OUR BABIES. PARENTS, TAKE NOTE!

Was it a devil from the deepest inferno who inspired that doctrine about there being "infants in hell, a span long." What says Swedenborg?

"Be it known, therefore, that *every infant*, wheresoever he is born—whether within the church or out of it, whether of pious parents or of wicked parents—is received by the Lord when he dies and is educated in heaven." "When infants die they are still infants in the other life. They possess the same infantile mind, the same innocence in ignorance, and the same tenderness in all things. The state of infants excels that of all others, because they are in innocence, and evil is not yet rooted in them by actual life." "They walk without previous teaching, and speak also." "As soon as they are raised from the dead, they are carried up to heaven, and delivered to the care of women angels who, in the

life on earth, loved infants tenderly, and at the same time loved God: and the infants love them as their own mothers. Every mother-angel has as many infants under her care as she desires under the influence of a spiritual maternal affection.

In due time they are transferred to the care of suitable instructors, who train them in such a manner as to call forth their native capacity, to implant principles and ideas of practical goodness, and to strengthen their moral fibre. Living and realistic representations of spiritual principles are among the means adopted. They become more adult in proportion as they are perfected in intelligence and wisdom, and in due time blossom forth into beautiful youths and maidens.

III.—THE PSYCHIC PROPHET OF THE MODERN WORLD.

All the phenomena familiar in the séance room of to-day were experimentally known to Swedenborg, excepting, perhaps, materialization, though of the principle in which this phenomenon finds its explanation he was perfectly cognisant.

INSPIRATION.

I have been informed in what manner the Lord spoke with the prophets, by whom the Word was given. He did not speak with them as He did with the ancients, by an influx of spiritual light into their interiors, but by spirits who were sent to them, whom the Lord filled with His aspect, and thus inspired with words which dictated to the prophets.

By the filling of the spirits with "His aspect," we must understand the suppression of self-consciousness, or its removal to the plane of what we have termed the "Primal Germ" of manhood in the individual. The spirit filled with the divine influence from the Lord, knows no other than that he is the Lord, and that what he speaks is divine; and this state continues until he has delivered his communication. This was not influx but dictation.

TWO KINDS OF VISIONS

Differing from those ordinarily experienced. The first, the "being taken out of the body," is a state between sleeping and waking.

When he is in this state the subject cannot know but that he is fully awake, all his senses being as much awake as in the most perfect state of bodily wakefulness, not only those of sight and hearing, but that of touch also, which is then more exquisite than in the normal state of wakefulness. In this state spirits and angels are seen to the life and are also heard to speak and even touched—the physical body ceasing to be an obstacle. This is the state referred to in 2 Cor. xii. 3. I have been let into this state only three or four times, that I might know the nature of it.

The other is the being "carried by the spirit to another place."

Walking through the street of a city, and through the country conversing at the same time with spirits, I was not aware but that I was equally awake and in the enjoyment of my sight, as at other times, so that I was walking without mistaking my way. At the same time I was in vision, seeing groves, rivers, palaces, houses, men, and other objects. But after walking thus for some hours, suddenly I was in bodily vision, and observed that I was in another place. While this state continues there is no reflection on the length of the way, were it even many miles; nor on the lapse of time, were it many hours or days; nor is there any sense of fatigue; the person is also led through ways of which he himself is ignorant, until he comes to the place intended.

SWEDENBORG'S PSYCHIC STATE.

Not only the physical body, but the spiritual form also has the capacity for breathing—each upon its own plane of being. When the spiritual form learns to breathe while the man still dwells in the material body, and when the eyes of the spirit are opened, he has the power of sustaining continuous and extensive intercourse with the inhabitants of the spiritual realm. Swedenborg records:—

I was first accustomed to this internal breathing in childhood while I was saying my morning and evening prayers. . . . Afterwards, also, when heaven was opened to me, so that I could speak with spirits, I was so fully introduced into this breathing, that for an hour I did not draw any breath (externally). By this means it was possible for me to be present with angels and spirits.

From this it is clear that Swedenborg was more than an ordinary clairvoyant. The functions of his spiritual body were so far instituted during his life on earth as to render his existence dual. He stood for twenty-nine years upon the Borderland, and communicated fully and completely at will with either world; and from that vantage ground, could acquire and transmit reliable information regarding the laws and conditions of the spiritual world.

MEDIUMSHIP.

Spirits have been allowed to see through my eyes into this world, and to see objects as distinctly as myself; and also to hear what was said by men speaking with me. It has several times happened that, to their great amazement, they have seen through me the friends whom they knew when in the life of the body, and desired that I would tell them (the friends) what was their condition in the spirit world. This, however, I was forbidden to do, and for this, besides other reasons, that they would have said I was out of my senses, or would have thought that what I told them was the invention of a delirious imagination. At first the spirits were so astonished at their ability to see through me into the world, that they called it a miracle of miracles, and were filled with joy that communication was thus opened between earth and heaven; this delight, however, only lasted a few months, the thing grew familiar to them, and it now occasions them no surprise.

The Seer also relates how spirits were sometimes permitted to write through his hand, but states that he was careful to accept nothing upon the mere dictum of either spirit or angel. He allowed himself to be taught "by the Lord alone" by the ordinary means of perception and intelligence.

DANGERS OF SPIRITUALISM.

In some earths (planets) angels and spirits appear in a human shape and speak with the inhabitants; but in this world it is dangerous to converse with spirits now, unless man is rooted in a true faith, and is led by the Lord; the reason being that evil spirits, personating spirits, fanatical spirits are eager to present themselves, and with deceitful arts to render confusion worse confounded. "Some persons," says Swedenborg, and experience proves, "are visionaries and fanatics, and believe every spirit whom they hear to be the Holy Spirit, when yet they are fanatical spirits."

Under normal conditions spirits are no more conscious of their presence with man than man is aware of the companionship of spirits. To speak with spirits is dangerous, because "they then know that they are with men, which otherwise they do not know; and evil spirits are of such a nature that they regard man with deadly hatred, and desire nothing more vehemently than to destroy him, both body and soul."

UNCONSCIOUS DECEPTION.

Spirits may be so intimately associated with a person on earth as to share, unconsciously to themselves as well as to him, the use of his memory. The man's memory, with all its contents, becomes as their own ; they know no otherwise than that it is their own. When, therefore, they speak with him, they do so from his memory, and from his thought, and also from those sources (as the minds of other men and books) to which his mind introduces them. A natural consequence is that a communicating spirit can do no other than reflect the medium's own thought and memory, while he imagines that he is giving information to, or through, the medium, from his own untrammelled mind.

Says Swedenborg :—

"In order to convince them that the information was not from their own minds, they were asked by what means they knew how to speak with me in my mother tongue, when yet, while in the body, they had no acquaintance with it ; and how they understood the rest of the languages in which I was skilled, when yet they knew none of them ; also, whether they believed those things were from themselves. I read to them also in Hebrew, which they understood as well as myself, even those not advanced beyond childhood. It was also shown that all the scientific knowledge I possessed pertained to them also. They have their own independent knowledge, but cannot bring it forth, the object of this being that they may be of service to man on the basis of his own mental possessions." //

Again—

"The spirits associated with man adopt his beliefs and prejudices, whatever their quality, and this in matters of religion as well as those pertaining to the moral and civil ; this is the case, in order that the man may remain in freedom, and may not be disturbed by the proper individuality of the spirit."

OUR SPIRIT COMPANIONS.

Every person has with him, habitually, four spirits, two of whom are good and two evil. The good ones are the associates of his better self—his incipient angelhood ; the evil are the companions of his selfish nature—his incipient devilhood. These spirits act as mediums

between the man on the one hand and the spiritual macrocosm of good and evil upon the other—the respective influences being transmitted through their minds to his own ("mediate influx.") By one spirit of each quality he is connected with the wide realm of love, by the other with the realm of intelligence.

The same spirits are not his companions through life, they are changed at intervals marked by the various stages in his mental and moral development. The highest angels are his spiritual comrades during earliest infancy, and sometimes become visible in the shape of little infants, for the encouragement and cheering of the baby-mind.

The writer, while nursing a dear little girl during her fatal illness, observed that she suddenly ceased moaning and was gazing forth into space. Presently the most exquisite smile he has ever seen upon human lips, lighted up her countenance, and she exclaimed, "Baby!" in a tone of utter satisfaction. The vision soon faded away and she returned to her weariness and pain, soon to be finally released. Swedenborg was not mistaken.

FINAL.

It would be impossible in so brief an essay to follow the Seer through a vast, rational, but labyrinthine philosophy ; through a thousand records of spiritual experience ; through amazing descriptions of the scenery, occupations, governments, social states, language, and recreations in the world of spirits, heaven, and the nether realms. Enough has been written to vindicate his reputation, not only as a renowned Borderlander, but as an explorer of regions far beyond ; and as one, in ignoring whose voluminous teachings modern psychic investigators are guilty of great folly, if not of actual intellectual crime. We conclude with Swedenborg's own mild admonition to the prejudiced : "Read my writings with attention and without prejudice ; they shall answer for me ; perhaps you will see reason to change your sentiments."

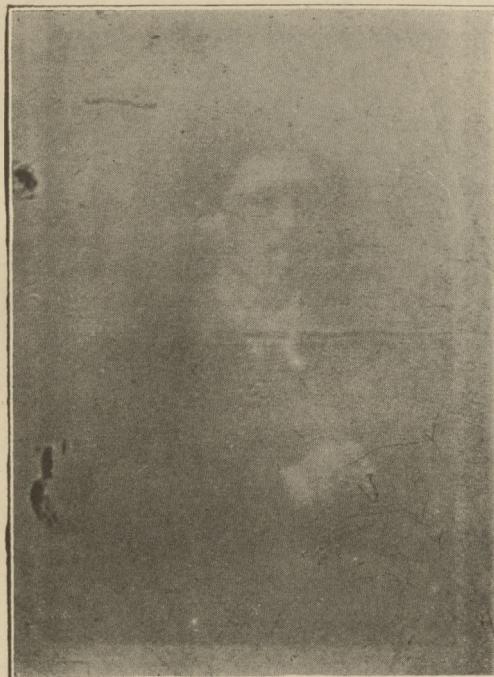
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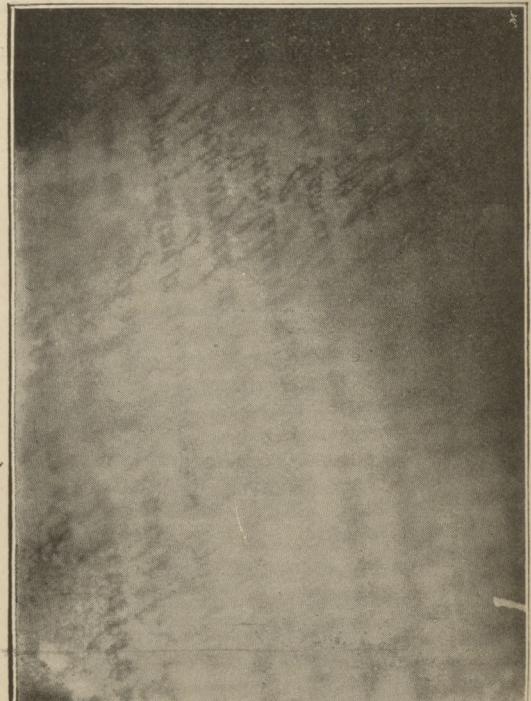
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SPIRIT WRITING.

VI.—PSYCHIC PICTURES WITHOUT THE CAMERA. A CONFIRMATION OF THE DORCHAGRAPH DISCOVERY.

THE discovery first made by Mr. Traill Taylor, subsequently verified by Mr. Glendinning, that for the production of psychic pictures no camera is necessary, is now established beyond all controversy by the remarkable series of experiments a report of which Mr. Glendinning communicates to our readers in this number. The name Dorchagraph, to distinguish them from photographs, was given them by Mr. Glendinning, but he is not satisfied with the name, which is a hybrid, and incorrect to boot. It is not the dark that takes the pictures, although they are taken in the dark. For the present they must be called Dorchagraphs or remain nameless. Whatever name they are called we have here a discovery which throws that of the X rays into the shade, for it is much more marvellous to photograph an object that does not exist, save in the thought of the operator, than to photograph a coin that has lodged in a man's throat, or a bullet that is concealed in his leg. I am disposed to regard this achievement of Mr. Glendinning's, coming on the heels of the experiments of Mr. Baraduc and of Mr. Lacy, as the most suggestive and most promising advance that has yet been made into the mysterious region of psychic photography. But now, without more preface, for Mr. Glendinning's Report.

HOW I OBTAINED PSYCHIC PICTURES.

BY MR. A. GLENDINNING.

IN October opportunities occurred to me for experiments in Dorchagraphy. The series of twenty-six prints sent herewith for your inspection show the results. Abnormal images were obtained on about three-fourths of the plates used. The failures were mostly when employing a camera. In the later experiments an abnormal image was developed on every plate. The time occupied in holding the plates varied from a few seconds with some to half a minute with others, but the "precipitation" or "flashing" of the image on each plate appeared to be instantaneous. The number of persons who took part in the experiments at one time was sometimes two, sometimes three, the total number present (including myself) was four—always the same persons. The others I designate A., B., and C., but for your own satisfaction I give you, in strict confidence, a note of whom my friends are.

THE MEDIUM.

Mr. A., through whose help these pictures were obtained, is thoroughly opposed to the teachings of modern Spiritualism, and also to the practice of mediumship, but he knows that the phenomena are real—both mental and physical—and he has consented to my sending you some particulars regarding our experiments, *on condition that I do not claim the results as an argument or demonstration in favour of Spiritualism.* This condition I shall observe.

THE MODUS OPERANDI.

The prints Nos. 1 and 2 show the results of the initial experiments. These two plates were held by A. in the usual way, my hands being held, one above the other below his; after these plates were developed, an idea occurred to A. as to how the pictures were produced; his interest being thus awakened, I was glad to leave the subsequent arrangements with him.

All the plates were not held by A., but they were nearly all held as and when he directed. For instance, No. 3 was taken out of a packet just as received from the manufacturer, each plate being secured by him from light in a black paper envelope, at a signal from A. the plate (in its envelope) was held by B. to her forehead

for fifteen seconds. No. 4 was treated in like manner by C. for ten seconds, and No. 5 by B. for ten seconds. No. 7 was held by A. for ten seconds; this is the first of the series in which a face appears. No. 8, was held at the corners by A., B., and C., and so on of other plates.

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S PORTRAIT.

Mr. A. was informed (impressionaly, I suppose) that No. 14 is from an oil-painting of Cardinal Wolsey, of which there are several—one in the Vatican, one in Paris, one in Hampton Court, and one in London, in a street called Jermyn Street, or a name like that. There is not a public picture gallery in Jermyn Street, but the portrait may be in a private collection; or perhaps the shadow or elemental was professing to have knowledge which he (or it) did not really possess. Mr. A. has never been in Jermyn Street; when he received the name (by impression) he asked me if there is a street of that name in London. Neither has he been in Hampton Court, or in Paris, or in Rome. B. thinks the portrait is like an oil-painting of the Cardinal which is in Hampton Court Palace. Previous to the negative being obtained, A. described the form (or shadow) as present in the room. He also described other forms (or shadows) which he saw in the room. Print No. 13 is identical with one of the descriptions given by A. before the negative of it was obtained.

W. HAXBY'S PORTRAIT. THE RUBY TEST.

Two of the pictures deserve special notice. The first of the two, No. 15 on sheet, is unfortunately so "fogged" that it is hardly suitable for reproduction in BORDERLAND. The plate was taken by me from a new packet, and wrapped in a long strip of ruby cloth to exclude actinic rays. No one was with me when I did this, and no one except myself saw the plate till after I removed it from the fixing bath. It remained in its wrapper of ruby cloth in my pocket till I found an opportunity for the experiment. My object was to find out whether an abnormal image could be obtained on a plate enveloped in ruby cloth as easily as on a plate in a black envelope. The experiment was quite successful, the image obtained being a facsimile of a photograph of my friend, William Haxby, who died about eleven years ago; it has been

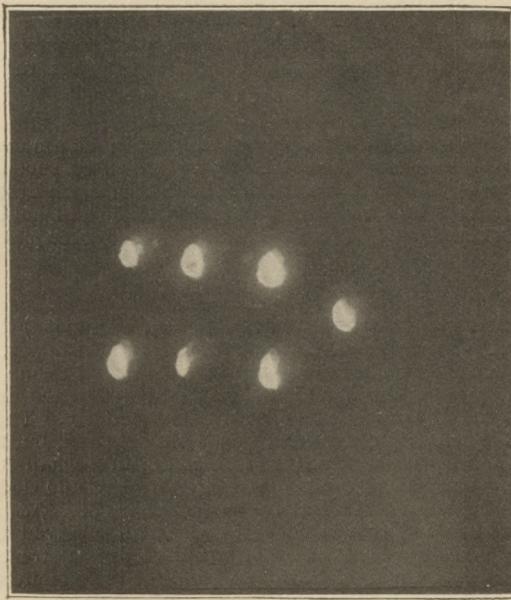
readily recognised as such by a number of his friends and acquaintances who have seen it.

In a well-lighted room, in presence of A., B., and C., I took the plate from my pocket, held it between my hands in the usual way, and requested A. to place his hands, one above, the other below mine; but he only touched one corner with his thumb and forefinger, for about five seconds, he then said, "You may now go and develop the plate, there is something on it, I saw it come." I entreated him to come into the dark room with me, as I did not think the "something" could be developed by me unless he were present; he replied that, in his opinion, his presence during development would make no difference, and that he must hurry off to the city. The "fogging" of the plate was caused by the flame of the candle shining directly on the plate

while in the developing-tray, through an accident to the small ruby lamp.

THE CAMERA AT WORK.

No. 19 is also interesting. When my friend A. was leaving me to attend a meeting, he promised to return in three hours, and try another experiment. To my surprise he returned within an hour; he had not gone to the meeting (a bit of self-sacrifice on his part, for which I thanked him). He explained, "After posting my letters in the City, on my way to the meeting, I was confronted in the entrance-hall by an elderly gentleman who requested me to return home directly; I retraced my steps to the tramway-car, accompanied by the gentleman; he entered the car with me and sat beside me all the way, neither the conductor nor the passengers



No. 1.

seemed to see him. On leaving the car I walked quickly, and he tried to keep up with me, but I lost sight of him."

A GHOSTLY CLERIC.

When describing the stranger's clerical appearance, Mr. A. named specially his "tallish hat." I remarked he may have belonged to the Greek church, and that I had seen some foreign clerics in London wearing tall black silk hats without brims; "but," said Mr. A., "the hat was neither a black one nor a silk one"; and he told me where I could see a sculpture on a building of a head with a hat somewhat similar in appearance to the one worn by the stranger. Mr. A. was careful to explain that, in his opinion, the figure was neither a real man nor a spirit, but merely a shadow from the astral, animated by an elemental. While we were conversing, Mr. A. said suddenly: "Oh, here is the man!" I asked, "Where?" Mr. A. replied, "Standing between us just now." Having with me a small camera with single lens, for views, I went to my room for it, opened a packet of plates, put one in the



No. 19.

slide, and then requested Mr. A. to ask our clerical visitor (or shadow) to sit in front while he (Mr. A.) uncapped the lens. No. 19 is the result.

ANOTHER VISIT PROMISED.

Our visitor was still in the room after we developed his portrait, so I said to Mr. A., "Judging by the costume he may have belonged to the Roman Catholic Church: I wish you would tell him that, although I have always been opposed to the leading doctrines of that church, I am greatly obliged to him for giving me his portrait, and I shall esteem it a great favour if he will return to-morrow afternoon, as I will borrow a camera with portrait lens and try to make a better picture of him." Mr. A. said, "I do not require to tell him, he hears you." "And will he come?" I inquired. "Yes," said Mr. A., "he will come, but you may not succeed in getting his portrait again." On the following day I borrowed a stereoscopic camera with portrait lenses. Mr. A. was delayed by a business matter, and my impatience became so great I was afraid I would spoil the conditions. I might have kept

myself in good humour by telling our clerical visitor of phenomena in a circle which I attended occasionally with a Catholic priest, but what was the use of doing so when I did not know whether our visitor was present, and when—not being clairaudient—I could not hear him reply. At length Mr. A. arrived, and, as he announced that our clerical friend was waiting, I set to work and obtained the negatives of Nos. 20, 21, and 22, having surmounted the difficulty caused by the crowding-in of other shadows, who, Mr. A. said, wanted to be photographed. Our visitor disappeared before it occurred to me to request Mr. A. to ask his name, but I hope yet to learn some particulars regarding his earth-life history—that is, if the picture really represents someone who has lived on the earth-plane.

HOW THE PICTURES ARE PRODUCED.

The following is Mr. A.'s statement as to how he believes such pictures are obtained.

My explanation of these pictures is, that they are simply reflections from the astral; and the Being or Spirit that directs the astral ray upon the plate, is merely an elemental, and may know nothing either of photography or chemistry. Astral light penetrates matter, and, of course, must penetrate the wrappings round the plates. But astral rays are actinic. Without pencils of solar light, the pictures on the plates would not respond to the chemical re-agents contained in the developer, therefore there must be solar rays getting at the plates, but it need not be the rays of our sun. There are two theories of light put forth by scientists, viz., the corpuscular, and the undulatory, and on either hypothesis I could conceive of actinic rays penetrating to the plates invisibly, at least to so conceive, would not require a violent stretch of imagination, even as regards our solar light. Photology is still in its infancy. Some occultists believe in a universal sun, source of all astral light; and by the law of correspondence, everything objective is represented subjectively in that light. I am quite certain any picture, thought, or imagination, could be got on a plate by an occultist, if he were to select and train an elemental for that purpose; but I do not believe anything original can be got. All these pictures I am certain are copies, although I believe a conception in the mind might be obtained. To me an elementary, or elemental, is a devil or demon or intelligence possessing only one kind of life—*rational*—and lacking animal and spiritual life. Their high intelligence is always one-sided, and to train and use them is to gain knowledge by chaining one's self to them, and by becoming obsessed by at least one of them. Of course, you don't believe that, but I do, and the premium is too high.

I believe all so-called *Spirit* pictures are got as I have got these, though in many cases unconsciously so, as far as the medium is concerned. I mean by that, the picture is directed by an elemental, who possesses the medium, even when the latter is not entranced. I do not believe an objective reality ever can or has been presented to the plates.

Mr. Glendinning has, as he states, communicated to me the names of A., B., and C. B. I know. "A," who seems to be the medium in this case, is intensely hostile to Spiritualism. He holds, it would appear, a theory akin to that of most Theosophists. But his hostility to Spiritualism only adds to the value of his evidence. He appears to be a natural clairvoyant. The story of the shadow who met Mr. A. in the City, travelled home with him in the 'bus, and then came and stood or sat for his photograph, is extremely interesting. With a few more clairvoyants like Mr. A. the difficulty of believing in the existence of the Invisibles would disappear. On behalf of the readers of BORDERLAND I most gratefully recognise our obligations to Mr. A. for permitting the record of these experiments to be made public.

DORCHAGRAPHY AS A SOCIAL RAGE.

A CURIOUS REPORT FROM AMERICA.

THE Chicago Times Herald of November 22nd says:—

A new fad has seized upon society. Thought photograph

MR. GLENDINNING'S SUMMING UP.

The foregoing explanation was written in reply to my inquiry, "How can an elemental have knowledge of chemistry and of photography?" Mr. A. states his explanation is sound, although too brief to be of value except as a warning. In his opinion the return of the spirits of departed mortals is a hypothesis for which there is no logical standing ground. That is not my opinion. Mrs. A. thinks his explanation will suffice to account for all spirit pictures. I do not think so. Mr. A. does not believe anything original can be got in a psychic picture. I am certain that some psychic pictures in my possession prove the contrary. But I do not argue these points. And, more especially, I do not claim that any of the psychic pictures got by the help of Mr. A. prove spirit return. However, I believe that Mr. A. *knows* that high spirit intelligence not only exist, but can, and do operate on the earth plane—that this is not with him a mere hypothesis, but knowledge based on experience. On such a matter I do not question his opinion, I accept it—and do so the more readily because it throws light on some things that are beyond the range of ordinary psychic phenomena; but I cannot divest myself of opinions, which have been formed and matured through my own experiences extending over many years. Mr. A. knows this, so we agree to differ.

That these results prove to demonstration that psychic or spirit pictures can be obtained without the aid or presence of any acknowledged medium is undeniable, and should give pause to those scientists who, having no practical knowledge of psychical phenomena are yet, when discussing spirit photography, ever ready with the parrot cry of "Fraud."

PORTRAIT RECOGNISED.

Mr. Glendinning sent the portrait of No. 15 to two intimate friends of Mr. Haxby, one of them, Mr. Joseph Freeman, of Cape Town, without saying anything as to who Mr. Glendinning regarded as to the original of the likeness. Joseph Freeman writes on the 22nd December, "A glance at it was quite sufficient for me. I have not the slightest hesitation in naming Willie Haxby as being the original of that portrait. I do not think anybody who knew the young man at all intimately would fail to recognise it." The wife of Mr. Fred Freeman writes: "Mr. Freeman wished me to write to say that the enclosed photograph was recognised at once by each member of his family as being the likeness of the late Mr. Haxby, the great medium, who was a great friend during the latter part of his life."

clubs have been formed, with surprising and sometimes startling results. By fixing the gaze upon an undeveloped photographic plate, or even holding these plates in the hands, figures of persons and forms of a very extraordinary character have been produced when these plates were developed.

This is far and away more interesting than palmistry and

crystal-gazing, as these might by a prejudiced mind be attributed to imagination, but actual pictures on an actual plate cannot be so accounted for. The only alternative, in this case, is the assertion of fraud. This is done away with when the undeveloped sensitive plates are purchased at random from any photographer, or those on hand for use in one's own private camera are taken.

A brilliant society woman, who is up to date in everything, including the latest scientific discoveries, reflected that if Dr. Baraduc, the Parisian electro-therapeutist, could obtain these pictures and astonish the French Academy of Medicine with them, she ought to be able to do the same, since the method was simplicity itself and the cost not worth considering, nothing more being necessary than a box of plates and from two to a dozen people who were capable of concentrating their thoughts on a given person or subject for a few minutes.

Inviting a few trusted friends, a circle was formed and a box containing four unopened plates placed in the centre. The results were astonishing when the plates were developed. She was an amateur photographer herself, and did the developing. Luminous pictures made their appearance.

On the top plate no distinct form was visible, but in the shadowy outlines various figures and faces could be discerned by a lively imagination. On the next plate, however, there was a well-defined finger shape, across which lay a light figure that might be held to resemble a female. But the really startling pictures were those which developed themselves on the two middle plates. On these were distinct faces, recognised by members of the circle as perfect pictures of living friends they had held in their thoughts. In one case the photograph was that of a brother who had been lost at sea. A second experimental circle was held, the room was darkened and a new box of plates, unopened, was put into the hands of one person, and the hand of the hostess laid over it for about one minute. Then, without ever allowing the box to pass from her possession, they were developed, and this strange result was discovered:—All the plates had pictures, but some were positives and others were negatives. Two had to be transformed to a lantern slide before they could be printed from.

Society women are still women, and when they are able to obtain a photograph of someone they admire, yet don't care to ask for his picture, they experience a sense of power which borders on the supernatural. Sometimes the pictures obtained are of unknown men and women, and then the theory is that those are their affinities not yet encountered, but waiting somewhere in the future.

How is this photography accomplished? Dr. Baraduc's explanation is that every human being has the power of expressing conscious or unconscious thought exteriorly. He believes that a mysterious impalpable force resides in and emanates from the human body. In the sphere formed about us by this vital emanation our thoughts create forms which the sensitive plate seizes upon and retains. The discovery of the Roentgen rays was a preparation for this statement. Dr. Baraduc has proved his statement in regard to the existence of this luminous radiation by his magnetometers and by photographs, over three hundred of which he reproduced in his report read before the Academy of Medicine. "The Photography of Thought."

The society woman must have a thorough knowledge of these investigations and know that the magnetometers are small dials marked off with three hundred and sixty degrees. Over the surface of each dial moves a fine needle as carefully balanced and as free as possible. The dial is protected from all exterior influences by a glass globe. Not a breath of air can move the hands. These, moreover, are of specially prepared copper and are not subject in any way to magnetism.

The investigators points both hands toward the magnetometers and watches what follows. In about two minutes, if he or she is of normal temperature, he sees the needle nearest his left hand move away from zero so far as degree five. It is repelled. At the same time the needle nearest the right hand it attracted fifteen degrees. It moves toward the fingers of the right hand. The existence of the vital force is next demonstrated in a more definite manner. All light is excluded from the parlor or laboratory, and a photographic plate is interposed

between the hands and the magnetometers. Under these conditions the nitrate of silver of the plate is incapable, according to all previous experience, of receiving any impression except by actually touching some substance. It would remain intact for an indefinite period. But here Dr. Baraduc's vital force comes into play. When the plates are developed in a bath by the members of the Thought Photography Club it is found that the one which was nearest the left hand has received one impression and that which was nearest the right another. It therefore seems that the vital force has not only penetrated the glass, but is luminous.

The photograph proves it.

Dr. Baraduc calls the vital force given out on the left side the "exir" and that attracted on the right side the "aspir."

The experiment has been repeated three hundred times, and in every case the photographic plate has shown an impression, varying according to the subject.

The members of the club are instructed that it is to be noted that while the left side exerts only five degrees of force, the right absorbs fifteen. There remains a difference of ten degrees accumulated in the system. This, according to Dr. Baraduc, is psychic force, which can be exerted on external objects by the will.

The most important part of his experiment is that when the magnetometers are taken away and a man places himself in front of a fresh photographic plate he extends his hands in that direction of the plate and is requested to think of some one particular thing with all the energy and concentration of mind of which he is capable.

At the end of a period, which varies from two minutes to two hours, the plate is impressed by a sort of luminous cloud, in which the outlines of certain objects can be discerned. These vary in distinctness, according to the character of the thinker, and can only be expected to appear when he has fixed his mind on some concrete and clearly defined object.

The kind of thought photograph most easy to produce is a likeness of some person.

DR. BARADUC'S DISCOVERY.

LETTER FROM THE DOCTOR TO COL. OLcott.

IN the *Theosophist* for October there is published a letter which Dr. Baraduc has addressed to Col. Olcott, describing what he calls "The Photography of Life and Thought." The letter is edited with footnotes by Mr. B. Keightley. The importance of the subject justifies the reproduction of the letter, notes and all—the cross-heads are my own—in the pages of BORDERLAND.

DR. BARADUC'S TWO HUNDRED PLATES.

Dr. Baraduc writes:—

"The matter of my work is,—SUPER-SENSIBLE IMPRESSIONS UPON PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES. I possess two-hundred negatives on which are impressions produced by human emanations in the dark, with or without the use of electricity.

"In this total I do not include what has been done by others than myself, but only what has been done by myself personally or in my company. Among these I have fourteen or fifteen 'animules vie,'* and twenty-five 'Psychicones';† some thirty 'Iconographies' (or *anses de la Force vitale*), some

* This is one of Dr. Baraduc's technical expressions, which quite defy translation and are almost unintelligible without an elaborate exposition of his theories. Very briefly and generally, they seem to me something like the "lives" of which H.P.B. used to talk. On the reproduction of Dr. B.'s negatives they appear as small luminous spheres, softening in outline at the edges, where they tend to become cloudy and ill-defined.

† Another similar word, which in the Dr.'s vocabulary appears to denote what he believes to be the impression of the psychic nature (Kamic soul, not the Prana, or the mind-body apparently) produced either spontaneously or intentionally on a sensitive plate. These he gives in his book. All look like vague, dabby, luminous clouds, ill-defined and quite meaningless—to normal physical vision, anyhow.

'cosmiques' * (the force-substances of Dr. Hirn) and a number of emanations at distance, of the fluidic 'aromatic body.'

"I have therefore a stock of examples sufficient to enable me to establish a line or general direction of investigation, and to induce future experimenters to follow it up.

WHAT M. BARADUC HAS PROVED.

"I wish to emphasise my discovery which bears on two main points:

"1st. The fact that a photographic plate can be impressed or acted upon by a vital force emanating from ourselves; the plate being influenced by the personal invisible light of our vital soul. (I say 'vital soul' because the words Life, Light of the soul, have everywhere and always been synonymous; living soul, living light, etc., etc.)

"2nd. The visual demonstration of the fluidic atmosphere of what I shall call the human soul, subject to a more precise definition thereof, hereafter.

HIS THEORY OF VIBRATIONS.

"Around us, when we are vibrating in the depths of our souls, we induce, we attract, we aspire waves in the form of ellipsoidal curved surfaces drawn from the cosmos, which in form and delicacy are related to what we call a state of mind or soul,—dense, and darkened, or pure and luminous. We throw back into this same cosmos, emanations more or less gross or subtle according to analogous states of the vibrating soul.

"We thus have, objectifiable under certain circumstances, produced accidentally or created by training, a zone, a fluidic atmosphere of Inspiration and Expiration which puts us into relation with the 'Notself.' This is the fact I have established.

"Biometry† had indicated it for the motion of life; the sensitive plate has demonstrated it for the light of life.

"We are not isolated in the cosmos: many forces, many entities surround us, may invade us, help or harm us, just as a good or bad gas affects the pulmonary respiration.

HIS WORKING HYPOTHESIS.

"I have therefore admitted as a logical deduction, the existence of an invisible light other than the (known) modes of energy. I have held that the vital soul of man was a centre of force maintaining its existence by inspiration and expiration performed with regard to the cosmos.

"By human soul, I have not, on the other hand, been willing to include under a single term the whole of extra-corporeal existence, and I have believed myself able, experiment in hand, to make a preliminary classification for my repeated observations.

"Obviously the vital soul is not the Ego, the Self, the Spirit, the Divine Ray, the being that persists throughout its corporeal and fluidic manifestations, which for these latter we include in a single definition, that of the *Human Soul*. In brief, the theory of the facts leads me to admit a trinity in man; body, soul (light of life) and Divine Spirit.

"The vibrations of this Living Soul induce in the cosmos a motion analogous to itself, in its polarisations either towards material concretion, since the soul makes its body, or towards the more subtle conditions of spirit to which it serves as the luminous envelope.

THE INVISIBLE LIGHT OF LIFE.

"I have desired to show that a similar fact, the *invisible light of life*, belonged to the history of peoples, religions and philosophies; each had had some imperfect vision or some slight sensation thereof.

* As above, but denoting, apparently, any sort of image produced by subtle means on a plate. Really, Dr. Baraduc ought to append in future to his books a glossary giving concise and accurate definitions of the new terms which he uses so freely. A new subject like this of course demands a special terminology; but surely the reader has a right to demand a ready and accurate means of finding out what the author means.

† An old term revived by Dr. Baraduc, but I am not sure whether he uses it in the old sense.—B.K.

‡ Biometry=Measurement of Life. Dr. Baraduc believes he has succeeded in measuring the life-force of a person by the relation of the angular deviation of two astatically mounted needles, suspended in an insulated and air-tight globe, and acted on by each hand of the person in question.—B.K.

"Therefore I have tried to form a *rock* of experimental fact where any and every party revealed truth could rest a moment before setting forth again towards the new conquests of the spirit.

"I hope I have *established a fact*; every explanation of facts is open to criticism, but I believe I have led science out from the girdle of material metal which confined it, and have shown that after the gases and radiant matter, we needed to take up the fluidity or subtlety of the invisible lights, for *these exist* and prove their existence by their passage from the subjective into the domain of the objective; for man having now only eyes which see not (I mean spiritually), demands such proof."

DR. H. BARADUC.

PSYCHICONES.

Mr. B. Keightley says:—

The following extracts from an explanatory leaflet on "Psychicones" may be of use as throwing light on the possible nature of the impressions found on the photographic plate, on Dr. Baraduc's *modus operandi*, and lastly, on his theoretical reasoning:—

"The psychicone is the odic cloud of vital force imagined into form, by the psychic imagination. It is a creation of the spirit, which is independent of the material body, from which it emerges to impress itself on the plate.

"Psychicones are characterised by absence of features, of lines; they are a relation of light; a hazy form of odic cloud.....

Dr. Baraduc divides them into three classes:

"1st. The simple psychicone, a simple luminous movement, formulated within us and projected outwards.

"2nd. The double psychicone, coupled; a double luminous movement, polarised; fluidic parasitism.

"3rd. The spontaneous, intentional psychicone.

HOW TO OBTAIN A PSYCHICONE.

"Besides its ordinary use in photography, the ordinary photographic plate can be impressed by luminous motions which are invisible to the eye, either in the dark, or in red, non-actinic light.

"With or without electricity, one can project upon a plate in the dark, an image clearly imagined, shaped, moulded by the mind.

"The mind, then, should conceive mentally with force and precision, the image to which it is going to give a fluidic body, and under a gentle pressure of the will this image escapes by the hand and impresses itself upon the plate.

DR. BARADUC'S CONCLUSIONS.

"The conclusions following from the above are:—

"1. *Physical*: The plate impressed exhibits a different character according as it has been impressed by electricity or by the emanations from the hand. These emanations show a form related to the image conceived, when it has been powerfully willed or moulded, and externalised.

"2. *Psychological*: The proof of the *possibility* of an image marked out in a manner more energetic according to the operator and the duration of the effort (two minutes to an hour), shows the intervention of a third factor in addition to the body and the vital force of the soul; to wit, the intervention of the creative spirit.

"3. *Pathological*: From this point of view the fluidic communion with the invisible, shows the danger of fluidic contagion, of the invasions of feeble souls by powerful emanations, and by wandering influences that have lived; for none of the human emanations lose themselves among these exhaled clouds of life.

THE USE OF ELECTRICITY.

"To assist externalisation, a weak electric tension such as the electric wind or breath may be employed as an intermediary between the hand (the body being in a bath of positive static electricity) and the plate, situated outside in a neutral condition.

"The thing seems like the issue of a soap bubble, produced in the tube of a straw by a gentle expiratory pressure; if the

breath is too strong, the bubble bursts: if the electricity is too intense, the plate takes up the scattered fragments of the image and the sparks of the electric signature.

“Thus during the operation one ought barely to perceive in the dark the sheaf of electric rays from the fingers. *Electricity is unnecessary* in the case of people whose imagination and will are powerful. Such persons in complete darkness project the images they create, and often their own forms or those of the persons they are thinking of. The plate receives and preserves the image produced. A certain amount of training is necessary.”

SOME FRENCH THEORIES UPON THOUGHT PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE French scientists have been very busy with this subject, as is natural enough, France being the land of its birth, under Dr. Baraduc's auspices. Here are some attempts at explanation, as quoted in *La Lumière* for October.

HOW IT IS DONE.

It is clear that thought may be compared to a living force. . . . We dare not pretend to say that the active power of thought is entirely localised in the brain, since its effect is a repercussion throughout our whole organism. . . . For every mode of thought there is a particular sensation, why then should it be more difficult to fix this by drawings than for M. Lissajous to do the same for musical sounds? [We all know the pretty figures outlined in sand by musical vibrations. We were all doomed to the Polytechnic entertainments in our school-room days.] Besides, as the nervous centres of the brain are of higher temperature than the particles of matter surrounding them, and as the vibrations emanating from them have a greater rapidity of their own, they will consequently preserve that rapidity in the surrounding and colder air. When these heated vibrations are impregnated with the particular fluid which we may call Thought, they are in a highly rarefied atmosphere; the rapidity of their translation increases in gigantic proportions; the material form of the vibrations consequent upon the rapid repulsion of gaseous molecules is accentuated in similar proportions, and photography finally seizes upon the image of what we still consider intangible chimeras.

PHOTOGRAPHY OF DREAMS.

M. Radel, we are recently told in the *Eclair*, photographs the dreams of sleeping persons as well as the visions of persons awake. He considers, reasonably enough, that the definite establishment of the fact “is likely to revolutionise all the theories of religion and morality.” It seems still more likely, when established, to revolutionise science!

M. Radel is by way of being a monist, that is, not exactly a materialist, and very much not a spiritualist, so we may expect him to say something original on the subject.

He believes in the Katie King phenomena, especially those that have been photographed, but he considers

that the witnesses to spiritistic phenomena are to be classed among dreamers. They (in cases of what we call “collective” evidence) dream the same dream it is true, but this is because their brains are subject to the same excitation. The state of their nervous centres is the same in each, their attention being concentrated upon the same subjects.

This, M. Radel considers, is proved by the fact that he has photographed persons during these periods of momentary somnolence, and on two occasions there has appeared upon the plate the photograph of a dream figure which the sleeper remembered on awaking. As the dream was a moving picture the photograph was very much blurred. Dreams don't appear to be good sitters. (Cats, as a rule, are blurred from the same cause.)

Mr. Crookes's photographs, however, were not blurred, and M. Radel knows the reason. The man of science is a man of will, and in his dream (of Katie King) he willed that the dream should keep quite still. This is a valuable “tip.” When a number of persons dreamt they saw Home put live red-hot coals into Mr. S. C. Hall's white hair, what would have happened if they had willed that dream to keep still? or in the case of the dream of Home flying out of one window and into another in those high “mansions” near Victoria Street.

I often look up at those windows and fancy I see that dream there still. Perhaps it is, who knows? It might pay the Army and Navy Stores to bring round a photographer and an easy-chair and let me dream again.

DREAMING OF A DREAM FIGURE.

Only a day or two ago, while a friend was hypnotically sleeping, I visualised silently the figure of a relative of his, standing beside his chair. After a few minutes he struck a violent blow with the arm nearest the figure, wakened spontaneously and said he couldn't bear having a person bending over him like that. During the entire ten minutes of his sleep, he had been dreaming of the relative in question, while I, awake, visualised her presence. What a chance for M. Radel!

WILLING A DREAM.

M. Radel says the fact of the photograph is a phenomenon of the will. History repeats itself—this is the way the old mesmerists used to talk. He says that “the form exteriorised by the thought is impressed upon the plate, because the person *wills* that the plate should receive the impression.”

I can will a picture into a crystal, but I can't will it off the crystal on to the sensitised plate, yet, after all, a crystal picture is undoubtedly a waking dream!

It is to be hoped that M. Radel will soon tell us some more.

1896

VII.—PSYCHIC PICTURES WITH THE CAMERA.

SOME ACCOUNTS OF SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS.

MR. BOURSSELL'S SUCCESS.

THE marvel of the Dorchagraph throws the shadow pictures of Mr. Boursnell somewhat into the shade. But the photographer of Uxbridge Roads keeps pegging along. A correspondent signing himself as "T. C. E." of Honor Oak Park, sends the following report to *Light* as to the results obtained by him, which contains points of special interest. T. C. E. sent to our contemporary these—

facts in regard to photographs showing spirit forms which had been recognized. I may state that all were taken by the photographer known as "Z."

Number I. was taken in November, 1895, and prior to this date, I had neither seen nor had any communication with "Z." The sitting was decided upon on the spur of the moment. The spirit form was minutely described by "Z." before the exposure, and his description was confirmed by the photograph. But I must tell you that the spirit form was first described as appearing in spirit robes, but that as I did not recognize "Z.'s" description she changed the dress, at my request, to one she usually wore. I was asked whether the form should be taken in spirit robes or in ordinary dress. I chose the latter, as you see. While this discussion was going on as to dress the plate was awaiting exposure in the camera!

Upon examination, though the form appeared familiar to me, I could not clearly identify it, as I wrote to my wife when I sent the photograph to her at San Antonio, Texas. She wrote back, saying, "It is no wonder you saw a strong likeness to someone you knew, seeing it is undoubtedly my grandmother. What puzzled you was the strong likeness to mamma." My wife and her sister recognized it instantly, as the representation of their grandmother, not only as to features and appearance generally, but also as to dress, which was the same as she used to wear in the morning—the shawl and neckerchief being particular features.

Number II. was taken in July, 1896, and as before, "Z." described the form before the exposure and stated that the flowers were held *up* in the hand. I asked my wife, who was with me, to hold out her hand and perhaps our friend would hold the flowers towards her. "Z." at once said, "Yes, she holds the flowers *down* now." As before, the plate at this time was awaiting exposure in the camera. My wife thought she recognised the form as soon as she saw the negative; but when the print was sent home, her partial recognition was confirmed, as being the portrait of a *cousin of her mother*.

At the same sitting when Number II. was taken two others were also taken, but the forms were not recognised. One was subsequently broken and "Z." asked us to call again, which we did, taking our son and daughter with us. When my daughter took the chair "Z." said, "That old lady is here again who was taken when you were here before." My wife at once said, "If she would *come front face* she would be more easily recognized." In a few moments "Z." said, "Yes, she now turns *front face*," and described her as before, holding the flowers up. I made the request that the flowers should be held down. The result is clearly shown in the photograph Number III. "Z." asked whether she—the spirit form—was not fond of knitting? This was admitted by my wife. "Because," said "Z.," "she has knitting needles stuck in her waist-band."

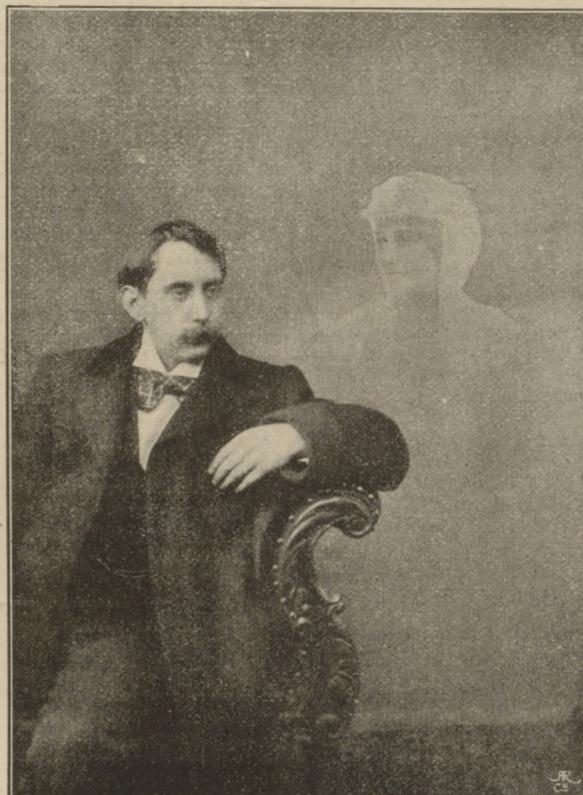
As to recognition, to us there is no room for doubt, and, therefore, the impossibility of their being other than genuine spirit photographs. And even had they not been recognized, the fact of such tests as changing the pose, on the spur of the moment, *after the plates had been placed in the camera*, is, to our thinking, such as to exclude all possibility of imposture.

The photographs which accompanied this letter, says the editor of *Light*, correspond exactly to T. C. E.'s description. Nos. II. and III. are certainly the same form, but one is taken almost in profile and the other full face.

MR. BOURSSELL'S CAREER.

Mr. Boursnell sends me the following notes of his experiences as a photographer. Mr. Boursnell began his career as a photographer forty-four years ago, with Mr. John Clarke, an actor of the old Strand Theatre, which was then under the

management of Mr. Tom Payne. It was in the early days of the silver bath and the collodion process. All the plates that were spoilt during the day were cleaned up at night or the next morning and used over again. Many a time upon those plates they would get a half-face more than they wanted, sometimes a hand, and sometimes there would be two heads. This used to happen four or six times a week, more or less. The unwelcome apparition of these unwanted figures upon the plates exasperated Mr. Boursnell's partner. He declared that Boursnell did not clean the plates properly, and so it was arranged



A SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. BOURSSELL.

that each should have his own plates. It was further decided that Mr. Clarke should take the photographs and that Boursnell should finish them. All went well until Mr. Clarke was called to rehearse at the theatre, Mr. Boursnell then being left in charge had to take portraits, when, to his infinite annoyance, the figures reappeared. When Clarke returned from the theatre and the plates were shown with the second figure upon them besides the sitter, there was a great row between the two partners. "You have been at it again," said Clarke, "why cannot you clean your plates?" Mr. Boursnell thereupon lost his temper, dashed the portrait under discussion on to the floor and solemnly damned the glass and the people too. From that moment shadow pictures never reappeared upon Mr. Boursnell's plates until about eight years ago, when he first made acquaintance with spiritualism, then to his great surprise the same forms which used to appear on the plates in the old days reappeared, and just about as frequently. They came about once a day or about five times a week. Such is the narrative that Mr. Boursnell sends me.

Mr. Boursnell sent me the accompanying picture, which he assures me was taken under the strictest test conditions. The sitter writes as follows:—

The enclosed portrait is that of myself. The psychic figure which appears with it is stated to have been seen not only by Z. but also by a lady clairvoyant who was present, and who recognises the figure as the one she saw clairvoyantly, with the exception that the figure as seen by her was minus the hood or veil, which covers the hair. The face is not recognised by the sitter or any of the friends to whom it has been shown, as that of anyone known to them.

The test was to turn upon the seeing, by a clairvoyant medium, of the figure which was to be obtained on the plate, and the subsequent recognition of the figure as the one clairvoyantly seen, and these conditions, with the exception noted, have been fulfilled.

MR. STARLING'S COLLECTION.

Mr. Starling sends me a parcel of shadow pictures which he has obtained by the aid of Mr. Boursnell. He divides these pictures into three classes:—

Firstly.—The living person of the spirit photographed, as in No. 34 and No. 7 for instance.

Secondly.—A portrait of a spirit made by spirit-power, held up by the sitter's side, to be photographed, as Nos. 2, 55, 56, 57, 43.

Thirdly.—A spiritual copy of a material picture held up at the side of a sitter by spirit-power, to photograph, as Nos. 43, 55, 56.

Fourthly.—A spiritual reproduction of a material object held up, &c., as Nos. 47 and 45.

Where it is a spiritual *portrait* or a spiritual *picture*, there is astral or empyreal light on the sitter in every case.

No. 54 I regard as an advance portrait of a man now living, in his *ghost* state, viz., the editor of *Light*, but I may be wrong.

Re No. 49.

This lady, a few days after being photographed, walked *materially* into his shop and asked Mr. Boursnell if she could go up to the studio. He opened the side door for her and went up, she following him, at top of the stairs he looked round at her, *she was not there*. He has never seen her since and he then remembered who she was, viz., the person he photographed with me a few days before.

THE CYPRIAN PRIESTESS ONCE MORE.

THE Cyprian Priestess, always the Cyprian Priestess! "Edina," in *Light*, of December 12th, reports the taking of the latest of her many pictures. "Edina"

describes how Mr. G., of Edinburgh, accompanied by his mediumistic daughter, sailed off to Glasgow with a hand camera and some dry half-plates. These plates were placed by him in the camera in Mr. Duguid's presence in Glasgow. But Mr. Duguid was not allowed to have either plates or camera in his possession for a single moment.

Mr. G. placed the camera in position in the sitting-room, and asked his daughter to sit in front, while he directed Mr. Duguid to take off the cap as each plate was in succession exposed. On this occasion the six plates were in succession exposed while Miss G. sat; and the only part played by Mr. Duguid during the sitting was that, under the direction of Mr. G., he on each occasion took off the cap. At the close of the séance Mr. G. returned to Edinburgh, having the camera and six plates still in his possession untouched. On development certain abnormal appearances were found on more than one of the negatives, but these need not be here adverted to, because the sixth and last plate which had been exposed exhibited what I deemed to be unique results. On it were found depicted Miss G. in the centre as a negative figure; on her right again stood the "Cyprian Priestess," robed and posed as in the photo recently published in *Light*, also as a negative; while on the left of Miss G. was found a positive "picture"—that of a young and rather sweet-faced woman clothed in a dress with two rows of "trimming" round the foot of it. Both the psychic figures came out rather in front of Miss G., and partly covered her dress from view. So far as I am aware, this is the first occasion on which two negatives and one positive have been taken at the same exposure on one plate. To enable Mr. G. to print off these figures so as to bring out their personality, he had, he informs me, to make a second plate by contact; and in which he was able to transform the two negatives into two positives, and the positive into a negative. At my request he has printed off (1) A copy of the group complete as it appeared in the original negative. That is sent for the *private* inspection of the Editor of *Light*, as it contains the portrait of the lady. (2) He has also printed off, either for inspection or reproduction, a copy of the "priestess" as appearing on the original plate as a negative, and a copy of the same personage as she appears in the positive form. (3) He has also printed off the young lady on the left of Miss G., first as a positive, and secondly as she appears when taken from a negative, and these are now forwarded for inspection or publication. Mr. G. informs me that he has consulted three experienced photographers on the subject of this abnormal production, who each and all express themselves as greatly puzzled with its appearance.

LATENT FACES IN A PAINTING.

A CURIOUS incident that bears indirectly upon the photography of BORDERLAND is reported from Tennessee:—

The Tennessee Historical Society recently gave a company at Nashville an order for a copper seal, to bear the likeness of the late Judge Haywood, the historian. The society furnished for the purpose a portrait of Judge Haywood, painted by Mr. Lloyd Bronson, of Knoxville. The manager of the engraving department of the printing company promptly proceeded to photograph it.

To the naked eye the painting presents simply a strong likeness of a strong man, but the camera went deeper, and the consternation of the operator was extreme. He snapped his shutter, pushed the slide into position, and disappeared into the dark room.

In the usual manner he placed the plate in the acid and watched the picture develop. He saw the features of the subject appear slowly, and then he saw more. Turning the plate and tilting it, the faces of two babies and then the presentation of a beautiful woman came to light.

Plunging the plate into the fixing bath, he threw the door open and wondered, in the broad light of day, if he were dreaming. No, he could not be. There on the negative appeared the picture

of Judge Haywood, bold and strong, and beside him a beautiful woman and two lovely children.

In the ordinary run of daily affairs Mr. Gamble, the manager, is known as an eminently practical man, and not what is termed a spiritualist. But this marvel stunned him. He remembered the doings of spirits as promulgated by spiritualists. His mind dwelt particularly on the camera trick—the placing of an apparently black canvas before a person who is told to think of a loved one, upon which the camera is snapped, and upon it appears, misty but plain, the likeness of the dear dead one the person had in mind.

The plate had been especially selected by himself on account of the importance of getting a clear impression for the seal. There was nothing that Mr. Gamble could conceive that offered the slightest clue to a solution of the mystery.

Determined to clear up the matter, if possible, and prove to himself that his eyes had not played him false, he carefully made a clear, plain print, he showed it to a number of his friends. Among those to whom he confided his discovery was Mr. A. V. Goodpasture, clerk of the Supreme Court, a sage in Tennessee history, who remembered that Judge Haywood had visions and dreams in his day, and that in this relation the mysteries of life might be bared to those who could but lift the veil.

Robert J. Quarles, superintendent of the State Armory, and an enthusiastic member of the Historical Society, is another who has taken up the spirit picture for serious study. The high standing of all those whose names have been mentioned gives evidence that there is no suggestion of chicanery about the photograph.

The portrait has been returned to its accustomed place, and though no sign of the spirit faces is visible to the eye, the framed photograph which hangs below it serves as a mute but effective proof of the existence of the spirit faces.

So far the American paper. But obviously the right thing to do would be to have the portrait photographed again by another photographer and compare results. Nothing is better known than the possibility of photographing the name of a ship that had been painted out so as to render it absolutely invisible to the eye. The lady and the children may have been painted out of the canvas on which the portrait of the judge was subsequently painted.

ODYLIC FORCE AND RADIANT MATTER.

To the Editor of BORDERLAND.

SIR,—During the last three months much interest has been excited by the discovery of Professor Rontgen that the light emanating from the radiant matter in a vacuum tube possesses the power of penetrating substances which are usually regarded as opaque. In connection with this it has been pointed out that Reichenbach claimed a similar power for his so-called "odylic force." Rather more than two years ago I entered upon a comparison between the phenomena of the vacuum-tube and the Reichenbach phenomena, and came to the conclusion that radiant matter (or rather, perhaps, I should say, the radiant energy associated with it), was probably only a concentrated form of odylic force. As the comparison may be of interest to your readers, I give it below:—

Vacuum Tube Phenomena
(Gassiot, Crookes, etc.)

1. The discharge, in a low vacuum, is reddish-yellow at the positive pole.

2. The discharge, in a high vacuum, is blue-violet at the negative pole.

Reichenbach Phenomena.
(Reichenbach.)

1. The emanation is reddish-yellow at the positive pole of a battery, and the South pole of a magnet.

2. The emanation is blue-violet at the negative pole of a battery, and the North pole of a magnet.

3. Similar polarities repel, and dissimilar attract, each other.

4. The approach of the hand is often followed by the appearance of a bluish flame, originating at the point of the tube touched by the finger.

In addition to the above resemblances we may now affirm the following:—

5. The rays are capable of passing through substances impenetrable to ordinary light, such as wood, flesh (metals?), etc.

5. The emanations are capable of passing through substances impenetrable to ordinary light, such as wood, flesh, metals, etc.

Your readers may decide for themselves whether such a series of resemblances is sufficient to warrant the conclusion that the light of the vacuum-tube is probably simply a large quantity of odylic force or else a closely allied form of energy. The visibility of the one and the invisibility of the other to all but a small number of "sensitives" may be explained on the supposition that only a very small quantity of the force is concerned in the Reichenbach phenomena, so that only exceptionally sensitive persons are affected; while in the vacuum-tube large quantities of the force are exhibited, and, its effects becoming more massive, it is obvious to all. The value of all this to the student of the Borderland is that it was by this force that Reichenbach undertook to explain the phenomena of hypnotism, somnambulism, clairvoyance, &c.; and its identification with the light of radiant matter would serve to elevate another department of Borderland investigation from the domain of "superstition" and "morbid fancies" to which it has been relegated by so many students of science. For without undertaking to assert that Reichenbach's explanations are established, the opinion may be entertained that his views are treated with less consideration than they are entitled to.

In reference to the literature of the subject the vacuum-tube phenomena are discussed in various textbooks of physics, such as Ganot's, Deschanel's, &c., and in the detailed accounts of investigations in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*; while the Reichenbach phenomena are dealt with at length in the work of Reichenbach, the first and second editions of which were translated by Professor Gregory and Dr. Ashburner. The third edition, greatly enlarged, still awaits translation, but is available for those who are, happily, masters of German. A condensed statement of its conclusions, from the pen of A. J. Ellis, will be found in *The Zoist* for 1855-56; while a translation of the portion which deals with the relations of the Odylic force to clairvoyance, somnambulism, &c., has been made by J. S. Hittel, and is published under the title of "Somnambulism and Cramp."—I remain, yours faithfully,

E. D. BELL.

RONTGEN'S VINDICATION OF REICHENBACH.

The Harbinger of Light, of October 1st, writing on the same subject, says:—

Dr. Kraft, writing to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, alleges that the famous discovery of Professor Röntgen, is, in reality, a rediscovery of the Odylic rays; the existence and nature of which

were first proclaimed by Baron von Reichenbach, upwards of forty years ago; when Dubois-Reymond, perhaps the most famous French physiologist of his day, coolly characterised his scientific labours, as "the most deplorable aberrations that had ever scattered the brains of a human being," and as "fables that deserved to be flung on the fire." And now comes Professor Röntgen, who demonstrates beyond all dispute, that these "deplorable aberrations" of Reichenbach, were really the revelations of a great scientific truth. In his *Der sensible Mensch und sein Verhalten zum Ode* ("The Sensitive Man and his Relations with the Od"), published at Stuttgart and Tübingen, in the years 1854 and 1855, there will be found at p. 2252, the following passage:—"Madame K. was amusing herself by bringing the back of her hand near the conductor, so as to draw forth electricity with the tops of her fingers, when these, by reason of the odic current, became so transparent that she could distinguish with precision, the veins, the nerves, the tendons and the muscular ligaments. This may prove to be of incalculable efficacy in therapeutics, especially for purposes of diagnosis. For, given the possibility of rendering the body of every sick person diaphanous, by good sensitives, these will be in a position to discern, what internal organ may be morbidly affected, and what progress it is making towards amelioration or deterioration. Moreover the physiological processes of the body in health may be examined in the same way." Here we have the X rays accurately described, and their utility to the science of therapeutics clearly pointed out, more than forty years ago, by the great chemist who discovered creosote and parafine; who was one of the first geologists of his day; and whose mind was also of such a practical character, that, in conjunction with the Count von Salm, he established large manufactories in Württemberg, and Moravia, which enabled him to amass a princely fortune. But the Baron von Reichenbach was a spiritualist; and therefore official science which was then, as it is now, materialistic to its finger-tips, received his discovery of what are now called the X rays with derision, and scornfully dismissed it, as the diseased product of a brain subjected to "deplorable aberrations!" It should be added that the very word "Od," expresses the idea of an all-penetrating force in Nature.

PHOTOGRAPHING SOUNDS.

WHAT with scientists and psychical researchers we are really getting somewhat mixed. Mrs. Besant no sooner shows us the colours of our thoughts, than an American professor explains that an angry emotion can be converted by chemical precipitation into a brown poisonous compound, and now to complete the general topsy-turveydom, we have photographs of sound.

Professor Graham Bell, of telephone fame, and his cousin, Chichester Bell, have discovered that a gas-flame or a jet of falling water reproduces by vibrations every sound heard and every word spoken near it. The two gentlemen named have devised an invention for collecting these tiny sounds. A jet of water plays near the sound as it issues, perhaps a musical air, perhaps a political speech, perhaps a private conversation between two great financial magnates which they would not have got out for the world. A little water from the jet falls upon a plate of glass and spreads over it in a thin film. The vibrations are repeated upon the glass in delicate waves. These are caught upon a sensitized tablet behind the glass plate, and reproduced by instantaneous photography. The water is slightly coloured, and the sunlight must fall upon the glass plate. By means of Professor Bell's apparatus the waves are re-translated into sound, and thus an exact copy of what has been said or sung is made. Properly utilised this invention will do away with the toilsome process of learning shorthand.

MR. LANG ON DR. BARADUC'S EXPERIMENTS.

Writing in the *Daily News* on Dr. Baraduc's lecture

on his experiments in photographing thought, Mr. Andrew Lang says:—

Assuming, purely for the sake of hypothesis, that there are analogies in nature between subjective moods of the mind and physical facts now capable of scientific examination, then Dr. Baraduc's ideas may seem less extravagant than they do without the aid of this charitable assumption.

The Doctor told a French reporter that something "goes out of" a man at death. This, of course, is usually held by everyone who is not a materialist; the "spirit" goes out, but that is not precisely what Dr. Baraduc seems to mean. He speaks of "a superior principle, which has not hitherto been admitted into the domain of physical science, for lack of registering apparatus." But now "the photographic plate reveals the Light of Life, and we can have a photograph of the vital force of men and beasts." In fact, Dr. Baraduc can photograph the very lights which the hero of Bulwer Lytton's tale was enabled to see in trance.

"Photography can register the invisible and fluidic energy of our vitality; this should be the aim of science in the future," says the Doctor, who registers the vital force of man by a "biometer." Man is a colony of cells, a hierarchy of consciousness. "Each of these little beings has a material body, and a little luminous soul. Suppose an exaggerated intercellular tension of all these little luminous souls, under stress of the will and the spirit, and you will have an escape of the whole fluidic force. In the same way, if thought is simply fixed on an image, this image of light will have a sufficiently powerful photochemical action to impress the film, and that in a fashion invisible to the human eye. "This," says the Doctor, "is what I call a 'psychicon' ('psyche' and 'eikon,' an image of the spirit), a luminous and living phantasm of the thought." If this be true, we have, in part, the rationale of "Telepathy," the thought of Jones impressing itself somehow on the thought of Brown, "standing at some considerable distance; standing, in fact, in quite another room." We have, too, the rationale of the hallucination of light, which accompanied the visions of the Maid of Orleans, and of many other visionaries, such as Pascal, Colonel Gardiner, Mrs. Wodrow, many lunatics, and the saints. Dr. Baraduc might be a mystic, not a photographer, and perhaps he is rather more of the former than of the latter. He does not profess to photograph thought, as people have said, but only to photograph "the image modelled with the light of life, by our thought, and externalised under the force of will, by the breath (souffle) of the spirit." Alas, we are now in full metaphysics; What is "will," what is "spirit?" These agencies are unrecognised by physical science. In any case, "this light of life is not the soul as conceived of by religion, but the sensible vital soul, the plastic and luminous medium," in fact our very old friend, "the animal spirits."

Though thus obviously "paying himself with words," Dr. Baraduc continues his photographic experiments on a live pigeon, as Miss Cobbe will be sorry to hear. He fixed up the poor bird, painfully agitated, with a plate on its breast, and got three kinds of impressions—first, things like the bursting of a shell ("proof of the wild terror of the fowl"), then whirls (tourbillons)—"the shudder of anguish," then mere lines, the passion dying down. Then the Doctor killed the bird, and the photographic plate registered nothing more. All late experiments gave similar results. Human heart-beats are also photographed—probably the Doctor can register the passion of love. Our fluidic body "doubles and contains our material body," and is obviously our "astral body." Such are the theories and experiments of Dr. Baraduc. They correspond to popular superstitions, and to the hypotheses of "many an old philosophy." This is not calculated to prejudice science in their favour, but, of course, anybody can repeat the experiments. The language employed by the Doctor is not the language of physical science, hypotheses "fingit" with a rather reckless alacrity. Moreover, it is plain that he must submit his plates to a microscope. He has apparently been photographing the pigeon's feathers in motion and taking the results for the agitation of "the light of life."

VIII.—MORE ABOUT THE BURTON MESSAGES. BY MISS X.

I.—A REJOINDER TO SOME CRITICS.

PERHAPS no clearer proof could be produced of the extreme shallowness of the average critic of psychical phenomena, than the reception by some of the newspapers of my address on "Some Experiences, apparently supernormal," delivered at the Westminster Town Hall on December 4th. How is the public to trust newspaper evidence as to matters of any doubt or difficulty, when statements so utterly without foundation are made as to what has just happened at their very door?

The *World* gracefully describes the meeting of the Society for Psychical Research as a "peculiarly nausaeous recrudescence of offensive spiritualistic balderdash," and the narrative of the experiences as a "vulgar imposture." The *St. James's Gazette* was less offensive, but quite as stupid; the *Westminster* was the victim of a series of especially silly mis-statements—so silly on the face of them, as to be utterly unworthy of reply, and which I consequently ignored. At the personal request of the editor, however, I granted an interview to a representative of that paper on December 17th, which I reproduce below.

Silliness is so very common, and so very commonplace, that it is difficult to light upon any variety in the least new and original. Mr. Wilkins's criticism published in the *Westminster Gazette*, however, was almost clever in its entire ineffectiveness. Had he done me the honour to be present—and his patroness, Mrs. Fitzgerald, was cordially invited to send a representative—or had he even read the account of the phenomena, which Mrs. Fitzgerald professes (in a letter addressed to me) to have done eight months ago, he would not have found it necessary to "protest" against ten categorical statements which I never made. I not only did not make them, but I made nothing in the least like them, and I entirely agree with Mr. Wilkins that the ten statements are false and foolish from beginning to end by whomsoever they may have been invented.

It would be impertinent to waste the space of BORDERLAND over any sort of detailed refutation. The intelligent reader is referred for further information to the account published eight months ago, and to the *résumé* of my address at the Westminster Town Hall which appears below.

THE DECALOGUE OF INDICTMENTS.

The following is from the *Westminster Gazette*:

(1) It is stated that the mausoleum is of "white marble, square," It is not square, nor is it of white marble, but of dark Forest of Dean stone.

(2) "On the altar rests the coffin, which holds all that is left of Richard Burton."

The coffin never rested on the altar at any time, but on a place prepared for it to the left of the altar as you enter. Such a thing as a coffin resting on the altar would be contrary to Catholic usage.

(3) "The comradeship begun in the distant lands of the rising sun," &c.

This shows absolute ignorance of the most elementary facts of Lady Burton's life. She first met her future husband on the ramparts of Boulogne. They were married six years after in London, and they did not go to the East until eight years after their marriage. She never saw "the distant tents of the lands of the rising sun" (*sic*) until she went to Damascus in 1869.

(4) There is much about "Alice," the maid. It is a mere detail, but the name of Lady Burton's maid was not Alice, nor anything like it. I suspect the "Spirit" got mixed here.

(5) There are no crystals of Sir Richard Burton's at the British Museum (as stated). The crystals were left by Lady Burton to her sister, Mrs. Fitzgerald.

(6) The statement that, in consequence of the "communications," Lady Burton was "for some time unattended" by a medical man, is untrue. Of late years she was always attended by a doctor, sometimes by two or three.

(7) The directions of the "Spirit" that Lady Burton should "have a capable literary secretary, no mere type-writing clerk," is a cruel and most unjust reflection upon the young lady who was her private secretary and friend for the last six years of her life, a lady in whom she had implicit confidence, and whom she made one of her literary trustees.

(8) There is a lot of nonsense about a dead rose. Lady Burton never removed any dead rose from her mantelpiece. It was there to the day of her death for any casual visitor to see. It therefore hardly needed a special revelation for the "Spirit" to discover it. She was fond of keeping such relics. Many people are. There is nothing abnormal in this.

(9) The medical practitioner she is said to have "discovered" had no "rare name." It was an ordinary name and one well known in the medical profession.

(10) It is not true to say that after Lady Burton's death the cemetery authorities interfered and "concreted the door of the mausoleum." They took no action in the matter; the door is not concreted, and it can be opened with the key which is in Mrs. Fitzgerald's possession. By her dead sister's wish she alone grants or refuses permission for people to enter, and she very properly refused admission to certain spiritualists who wish to go and hold their unholy revels in the chamber of her sacred dead. In refusing such applications Mrs. Fitzgerald has, I am sure, the sympathy of all healthy-minded and right-thinking men and women.

1.—THE SQUARE MAUSOLEUM.

A photograph of the Mausoleum illustrates my article of April last. It is a copy of one which Lady Burton herself gave me six months before. Presumably, therefore, I was hardly likely to be ignorant as to its outline. Ästhetically it is a terrible production, a stone tent with stained glass windows!

2.—THE COFFIN ON THE ALTAR.

The altar is of the smallest, the coffin, naturally of the largest; moreover, on the occasion of my spending a dreary afternoon in the Mausoleum, the coffin was covered with a sort of gilt American-cloth table-cover. Lady Burton, on that occasion, used it for a table and took notes on it of the sitting. Was I likely to say, "It rested on the altar"? Is there any religion anywhere which would tolerate a coffin on an altar, even if, considering their respective sizes, such a feat of balancing were possible?

3.—"IN THE LANDS OF THE RISING SUN."

I never said a word about "the comradeship beginning in the lands of the rising sun," nor anywhere else. This is another pure invention. Readers of the BORDERLAND for last April may remember a postscript quoted from Lady Burton herself, as to where it did begin, if they are anxious in the matter.

4.—"ALICE THE MAID."

"There is much about Alice"—very certainly not the maid, whose name is very well known to me, as she

is often referred to in Lady Burton's many letters to me. Alice is called Z. in the account published last April, and her identity can there be studied at leisure.

5.—THE CRYSTALS.

* The crystals are certainly not in the British Museum, and I was very unlikely to make any mistake as to where they are or to whom they were left, as Mrs. Fitzgerald is well aware. It is a point on which more may be said later. I am in possession of four letters from Lady Burton as to her wishes in regard to those crystals. I have also other information on the same subject.

6.—“UNATTENDED BY A MEDICAL MAN.”

On this point I read, in the course of my address, quotations from letters to me and to another friend from Lady Burton, dated September 5th, in which she describes her relation with four doctors who attended her during the period in question.

This phrase again is a pure invention.

7.—“THE CAPABLE LITERARY SECRETARY.”

Mr. Wilkins tells us, and I hear from other sources, that this person really existed, and that she remained with Lady Burton for six years. Nothing could be more satisfactory. This imperious order of the alleged Sir Richard was therefore scrupulously obeyed.

8.—“A DEAD ROSE.”

It is satisfactory to have Mr. Wilkins's additional testimony to the existence of this dead rose, which I agree was a very harmless possession. I never made any statement as to its removal, though “Sir Richard's” order in this matter is one of those of which Lady Burton wrote to a friend on October 4th, 1895, saying that she had been making a list of all the orders given to her in the MS., twenty-five in number, and was carrying them all out as speedily as she could.

9.—“NO RARE NAME.”

The name occurs but twice in the Medical Directory, and in regard to one family only in the London “Red Book.” It is because it is “so well known in the medical profession,” so honourably known, that I refrain from quoting it.

10.—THE AUTHORITIES INTERFERE.

I have not the faintest notion what the authorities have done, having neither asked nor desired permission to enter. Had I even entertained the smallest ambition of the kind I should certainly not have expected to be allowed to do so. In letters dated August 15th, 16th, 17th, October 4th, and November 25th, Lady Burton distinctly states that, to her deep regret, no séances would be allowed in the Mausoleum were the fact of that of August 5th known to the authorities.

My own sympathies were entirely with the authorities.

LADY BURTON'S WISHES.

Such are the indictments of Mr. Wilkins's protestations. They would have been more effective had they not been, not only utterly untrue, but utterly improbable, and of a kind as to which anyone who had read the article, or heard the address at the Westminster Town Hall, could without further information answer for themselves.

Mr. Wilkins has further stated that—

The “revelations” were so contrary to everything one knew of Lady Burton, and so completely opposed to all that she reveals of herself in the letters, diaries, and papers which have been entrusted to me for the purpose of preparing her biography, that I at once called Mrs. Fitzgerald's attention to them. Mrs. Fitzgerald is the sister and executrix of the late Lady Burton, and she lived with her during the last five years of her life. She is, therefore, much better qualified than anyone else to speak on the matter. It is at her request and with her authority that I am writing now to protest against this fresh endeavour of certain persons to advertise themselves at the expense of an honoured name.

The authority for the publication of these facts has already been stated in BORDERLAND, but I repeat it here.

After the four sittings, two at Mr. M. D.'s house and two at Mortlake, the notes taken at the time were read over and signed as correct by all who had been present. Lady Burton then proceeded to discuss their publication, which she earnestly desired, for a reason characteristically unselfish. “If I can have this privilege, why should not other sorrowing widows be encouraged to try?” she urged, when we represented certain difficulties as to immediate publication. Moreover, she desired that BORDERLAND should be the vehicle rather than the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, with the critical methods of which she was not wholly in sympathy.

Before leaving London I sent her a carefully typed transcription of the original documents. On August 1st and 7th, she wrote me detailed comments, asking that I would proceed to prepare a public statement, in which, while facts and names were to be slightly disguised, the story was to be told in its entirety.

On August 15th Lady Burton sent me some special directions as to “disguising facts.” The “séance” was to be called a “sitting,” probably “séance” struck her, as it must others, as a word of disreputable associations, and the Mausoleum was to be called “a tent.” She reminded me that there were two tents, one in the burial-ground and one in the garden, and it was not necessary to particularise. She added that people used to suppose that she gave her tea-parties in the marble cne. As her only reason for secrecy was the fear that the Mausoleum would be closed to her, it was not necessary to observe this injunction, in writing after Lady Burton's death.

On August 16th she wrote to the same effect to Mr. M. D., and on August 17th she wrote to me adding that the scene in the Mausoleum, of which she writes in most enthusiastic language, had left her with the power of personal communication with her husband. And she goes on to say that the closing of the Mausoleum would for this reason break her heart.

On September 5th Lady Burton wrote to Mr. M. D., through whom I transmitted the papers, that she had received them with the greatest delight and was about to transcribe three copies, one for herself, one for Mr. M. D., and one for me. She again expressed extreme pleasure in the episode.

On October 9th Lady Burton returned to me my typewritten copy of the originals, together with the copy specially prepared by herself for publication. She added certain details with a view to its publication, saying that she had drawn a red line through certain sentences she wished me to omit, without effacing them. She also explained that in her transcription, as she alleged by her husband's instructions, she had added

words and phrases where it seemed desirable, to make the sense clear.

She wrote again in the same strain to me on October 12th, and to Mr. M. D. on October 9th, adding to both that she could never forget the scene and should always long for more. I need hardly enlarge further, though it would be easy to do so, on the question of Lady Burton's views and wishes in the matter. In conversation she was, if possible, even more emphatic.

I can well understand that some anxiety may be felt by certain of Lady Burton's friends lest the whole of the proceedings and of her comments should appear in print, but I hasten to reassure them on this point, as, not only have we respected Lady Burton's views as indicated by her red pencil lines, but out of respect to her memory we have been, and intend to remain, reticent on various points, which she did not appear to regard, as we do, as of an entirely private nature.

THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE"—A REPLY.

At the risk of some repetition of what has been more fully detailed above, I reproduce, in part, the interview which appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* of Tuesday, December 22nd:—

Miss X., whose publication of "The Burton Revelations" has created some sensation, and called forth a protest from Mr. W. H. Wilkins, which appeared in our columns, has, in an interview with a representative of the *Westminster Gazette*, made an interesting answer to the decalogue of indictments brought against her.

It will be remembered that Mr. Wilkins, who spoke for Lady Burton's sister, declared that the publication of the "revelations" was made "regardless of the feelings of the living and the wishes of the dead," and that the communications teemed with palpable inaccuracies and misstatements.

"I found in Miss X.," writes our representative, "a very practical, clear-headed woman, who, so far from being steeped in the morbid belief of latter-day spiritualism, regarded the origin of the revelations as inexplicable. 'I am inclined to believe,' Miss X. told me, 'that these were, in fact, mainly externalisations of sub-conscious information in my mind and that of Mr. M. D., who was formerly a friend of Sir Richard Burton's. But I know that this was not Lady Burton's view.'

"'Can you tell me,' I asked, 'if these revelations were published in accordance with Lady Burton's wish? The very contrary has been stated.'

"'It was by Lady Burton's own wish that these revelations were published,' answered Miss X. 'We arranged it all in one of the last interviews we had together. Mr. M. D. was also there, and could substantiate what I say. But if this evidence is not sufficient, I can show you passages in three of her letters and elsewhere, referring to the type-written account of the proceedings in the mausoleum, which I sent Lady Burton. And you will agree with me that the final and corrected edition was sent back by Lady Burton for the purpose of publication. Here is one of the letters,' said Miss X., handing me the document.... [One of those already referred to.]

"'Lady Burton,' continued Miss X., 'wrote to Mr. M. D. in the same strain, for she sent him also an amended edition of the proceedings. She went to this trouble that the revelations might finally appear in the form she wished.'

"'Why did not Lady Burton publish them in her lifetime?' I asked.

"'There was only one fact,' replied Miss X., 'that deterred her from doing so. I can show you four letters in which this is stated. [Miss X. then produced the letters in which Lady Burton expressed her dread of the shutting up of the Mausoleum.]

"'I waited some time,' concluded Miss X., 'after Lady Burton's death to publish the revelations, and even then I decided not to give the entire proceedings as set down by Lady Burton in the final edition.'

"'Then I conclude you were quite convinced that you were acting in accordance with Lady Burton's expressed wish?' I asked.

"'It was much more her wish than mine,' answered Miss X.

"'What about the alleged inaccuracies and misstatements in the communications?' I asked.

"'As to the statements,' answered Miss X., 'which form the subject of the first six indictments of inaccuracy, they must have been evolved from Mr. Wilkins's inner consciousness. They are not taken from the communications, nor did I make them in my address at the Westminster Town Hall, nor anywhere else. With regard to number seven,' continued Miss X., 'that Lady Burton should have a capable literary secretary, I conclude from what Mr. Wilkins says that she had a capable secretary, which was all that was required. As to the dead rose I am glad to have Mr. Wilkins's corroboration of Lady Burton's statement as to the existence of the relic.'

"'One more point and I have finished. I never said that the cemetery authorities interfered and concreted the door of the Mausoleum. Lady Burton told me herself in writing that by the terms of her will the door was to be kept open for a certain period. I do not wish or intend to make application for admission. I was only there once, and that was by Lady Burton's special invitation. I think,' concluded Miss X., 'that this is quite a sufficient answer to Mr. Wilkins's absurd allegations, although I could go into the matter with much greater length and with documentary proof of my statements. That proof will, indeed, be forthcoming in the article that I am about to contribute to the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*.'

II.—A NEW VIEW OF THE CORAL BROOCH STORY.

I have repeated many times, that though perfectly open to conviction, I at present do not find myself compelled to believe that the spirit of the late Sir Richard Burton was in any degree concerned in what I still prefer to regard as a curious psychological problem, even after subtracting all that is explainable by thought-transference, subconscious observation, and possibly even, in some degree, of some strain of facts due to Lady Burton's anxiety to establish her point of view.

Perhaps, however, nothing in the whole series of incidents is so difficult to reconcile with my own view of the case, as one which, at first sight, looks like a breakdown in evidence otherwise well substantiated.

HOW IT WAS LOST.

It will be necessary to remind my readers of the details of the story of the coral brooch, and then to direct their attention to some special features of the incident.

It occurred on the occasion of the first sitting, July 25th, 1895 (present Mr. and Mrs. M. D. and myself), not on the Ouija board, but in the course of my own automatic writing. It was part of a test incident, which was afterwards described on the Ouija board "as the Alice trivialities"; and later, "Sir Richard" added, "I don't care a hang about Alice, only to prove to that Sidgwick-ridden Seer, hard to convince of what is under her nose! Alice is a test for her."

The phrases in question, were as follows, obviously addressed to Lady Burton:—"You should not have given away my pin. You would not have lost it.... Alice lost it; pin." On a later occasion we had further, "Alice had no business with my pin," and were told that "Isabel gave it," and, again, that we were to look in the crystal in hope of recovering it. We asked, "Do you mean the pin?"—"Pin is brooch"—"What is it like?"—"Coral. One big piece. Pink." Note the description.

When the paper containing this was sent to Lady

Burton, she was specially impressed with this incident, and in a note of August 3rd to Mr. M. D., in which she urges him to introduce her to me (not realising that we had ever met, as Mr. M. D. had spoken of me only as "Miss X.") she begs that it may not reach "Alice" as she was anxious to recover the coral herself and that it should not again fall into "Alice's" hands. She sketches the brooch on the margin of the letter, representing it, not as in the above description, but as a round piece with smaller stones encircling it. As we knew it had been a stud, this struck us at the time as decidedly odd. Lady Burton described it to me afterwards as a remnant of a period "when men wore one swagger stud." I thought it must have been a very swagger stud indeed.

On August 7th, Lady Burton wrote again to Mr. M. D., describing some curious circumstances she had just heard from "Alice," connected with her previous attempts to recover the coral, adding that "Alice" had never told her this before—that she had in fact lost it in July, 1894, and that she intended to take "precious good care" that she should never have it again. She continues for more than a page on the same subject, and she also adds a note to the same effect in the MSS. copy. It will be remembered that when Lady Burton was at Eastbourne, she sent me a list of questions, to which she begged me to get answers.

THE FINDING OF THE BROOCH.

One was about the coral, which she was still very anxious to recover. After some delay, we one day (November 3rd) experimented on the board with these questions. Here is the result. The alleged "Sir Richard" began, "Did you advertise coral?"—"Hasn't she?"—"No." "Do you want her to?"—"Yes, *Morning Post* only." "How often? Once only?"—"Yes." "Is she to give her name and address?"—"Fiddle-de-dee, No." Remembering his previous contempt for the whole of this question, we asked, "Is this only a test of what you've told us?"—"Yes." I delayed sending this for about a fortnight, as I hoped Lady Burton had forgotten about the questions, but she showed some anxiety, and I sent her the account of the séance in full. She was greatly pleased, and comments in a letter written November 25th, upon every detail. On the question of the brooch, she wrote that she would certainly advertise for coral in the *Morning Post*."

On January 3rd she wrote to Mr. M. D. (who had meanwhile been abroad) as to the séance;—sending me her very kindest wishes for the New Year and a message that she had got back her brooch after a single advertisement.

On February 6th Lady Burton again wrote to the same effect to Mr. M. D. and also to myself.

On February 9th she sent me some curious details as to the alteration of the brooch, which she was assured was her own. She said the dealer was in the habit of buying from the London pawnbrokers, and that he evidently considered the brooch good enough to be made more of. He had, therefore, altered it from its original round shape, and had made it into the more fashionable "bar." Her explanation was accompanied by careful sketches. She also, again, repeated her account of "Alice's" loss and her own views of the fact.

I am bound to say that this story struck me at once as another example of Lady Burton's desire to support her theory of Sir Richard's communications at any cost,

though at that time I was also prepared to believe "Sir Richard" wrong in his description, and to suppose Lady Burton right, though it seemed as if the stud must have been one of extraordinary size and detail, and demanding in its wearer a yet greater eccentricity than that commonly assigned to Sir Richard Burton.

However, she had got what she asked for. Here is a copy of her advertisement in the *Morning Post* of December 3rd :

REWARD.—Lady Burton lost on a Sunday in July, 1894, a Pink Coral Brooch, one large piece in middle, and smaller ones around; it was picked up in the street, and she has reason to believe it is in some of the pawnshops. If anyone having knowledge of this will communicate with her to 67, Baker Street, London, W., they will be rewarded. *December 2nd, 1895.*

It was not till some time later that we discovered the whereabouts of the jeweller in question in a town in Kent. A trustworthy member of the Society for Psychological Research was requested to interview him, and on April 30th he reported as follows :—

The jeweller (a magistrate and respectable man) was rather amused to think that Lady Burton fastened upon it as really hers. He sent it as being fairly like the description given in the advertisement, but Lady B. at once pronounced it to be hers. The alteration seems to be a pure piece of assumption on Lady B.'s part to account for its being unlike. There is no evidence of alteration. He never told Lady B. it had been altered. She told him that it must have been. . . . Lady Burton's circumstantial account of the alteration is surprising in view of the extremely scanty evidence—in fact, there is nothing to justify the idea, as far as I know at present, except the fact that the recovered brooch was *unlike* the lost one. The jeweller and his assistant ridicule the idea of being able to recognise the coral alone. They think it would be absolutely impossible in this case; they could not recognise it themselves if placed among other good coral.

Further evidence to the same effect was furnished by "Alice" on November 2nd, 1896. On being asked for her opinion on the matter, she wrote :—

It is quite true that Lady Burton gave me, after Sir Richard's death, his coral stud. It is also true that I lost it, and endeavoured by advertisement to recover it. I never did recover it. . . . Mrs. Fitzgerald showed me a brooch that Lady Burton had bought, and accepted as the stud in answer to her advertisement of the loss. I laughed at the sight of the brooch. It had about a dozen stones in it. My stud was one coral, backed with gold for a pin to attach it.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE INCIDENT.

Next to the prophecy of death I regard this as the most inexplicable incident of the whole series. Here is the fact, that a small and insignificant article (its insignificance is, in this case, of supreme importance) is correctly described, though, however, absolutely unknown to Mr. and Mrs. M. D. and myself, when no one else was present. The description was obviously not derived from the consciousness of Lady Burton, who consistently described it incorrectly from the very first. It should be made quite clear that this was *from the first*. I do not wish to suggest that she invented the description after receiving the brooch.

Nor, I think, can the alleged "Sir Richard" be blamed for the fact of her receiving a brooch obviously not the one lost, considering the terms in which Lady Burton so minutely described it.

THE PROPHECY OF DEATH. A NEW DETAIL.

The other most startling fact of the whole series, the accurate prediction of the death of Lady Burton, de-

rives new interest and importance from a fact which has but late'y come to my knowledge. I had always felt inclined to discount somewhat for self-suggestion in this connection, knowing Lady Burton's extreme anxiety to fulfil the *soi-disant* Sir Richard's every command. It was not till a few days ago that I realised that Mr. M. D.'s last appointment with her was not, as I had supposed, on the day she died, Sunday 22nd, but on Palm Sunday, the 29th, *a week later!* Mr. M. D. writes, December 22nd:—

She wrote to me about a week before her death, saying that she was coming to London from Eastbourne—that she would be settled in Baker Street, and asking me to call and see her on Palm Sunday, when (she writes) we will talk over all that interests us.

Had she lived till then she would have exceeded by three days the time allotted in the prophecy, "not eight months," which was uttered on July 26th, 1895.

X.

ISABEL, LADY BURTON.

Husband, I come—I hear the call, I run
To meet the tinkling of his camel bells,
The dear dream-music, hope and memory's spells
Enravishing my happy spirit, won
To brighter journeys beyond the sun
Where faith with love's imagination dwelt,
Where joy's new song in other language tells
The blessing of us twain in God made one.

Fairest of women time nor grief could dim
Thine eyes' blue radiance, nor the smile that past
Through nature's travail to the light beyond;
The eternal heavens claim thee, by the bond
Of like to like, in bliss reknit with him
Thy soul's desire from girlhood till the last.

EMILIA AYLMER GOWING.

III.—A RÉSUMÉ OF MISS X.'S PAPER.

Miss X.'s paper on the Burton Case, under the title "Some Recent Experiences, apparently Supernormal," was read before the Society for Psychical Research, in the Westminster Town Hall, on Friday, December 4th. The Chair was taken by the President, Mr. W. Crookes, and the hall was unusually full.

The following résumé of the paper is taken from the January Number of the "Journal" of the Society.

"Miss X." opened her address by explaining the delay which had occurred in presenting this case to the public. By Lady Burton's special directions, a part of it had been published in *BORDERLAND* immediately after her death, but as her relatives objected to the further publicity of its presentation to the Society for Psychical Research she had, as a matter of courtesy, acceded to their wishes, and had delayed the matter for eight months. The critical and systematic methods of the Society for Psychical Research were not wholly congenial to Lady Burton, and the accounts of the phenomena which had been prepared at her dictation had not been originally intended for the *Proceedings*, though, at the special request of "Miss X." and Mr. M. D., she had consented to their adaptation for this purpose.

By their "adaptation" "Miss X." meant their restoration to their original form, the *ipsissima verba* of the original messages, which happily remained in "Miss X.'s" possession. While the MSS. had been in Lady Burton's care, she had dictated a careful transcription of such parts of their contents as she considered suitable for publication, omitting a great deal of matter of a wholly personal and private character which would of course remain unpublished. She had also supplied many words and phrases which rendered the messages more coherent, and which

she alleges, in various letters, were dictated to her by the spirit of her deceased husband. However, such interpolations "Miss X." considered, were, from the point of view of evidence, undesirable, and she had therefore very carefully restored the original reading, though it was undoubtedly often disconnected and difficult to follow.

"Miss X." was anxious to state as emphatically as possible that in presenting Lady Burton's evidence she in no sense committed herself to Lady Burton's point of view, which was obviously that of a convinced Spiritualist. "Miss X." considered that the phenomena she was about to describe were, to a considerable extent perfectly explicable on normal lines, given the hypothesis of thought-transference and subconscious memory and observation. Accidental coincidence, possibly, might explain certain details, and in regard to the small residuum she herself was perfectly willing to remain agnostic. Only very stupid people talk in these days about the "impossible," and she did not feel the hypothesis of spirit-return by any means impossible, having a very strong faith in what our fathers would call "special Providences" and in the Life of the world to come. In this particular instance she considered it, however, unnecessary. We had waited long for such alternative explanations as we now possessed, and as but a few years ago such a story as she had now to tell would have been inevitably classed as "spiritualistic" in every detail, she felt encouraged to believe that the time was not far hence when we should be able more exactly to classify even those incidents which perplexed us now, and perhaps to demonstrate and command their production. In what direction such classification might lie, was, she felt, unimportant, except to those who had a theory at stake;—having no such theory, spiritual or material, she herself was content to wait, and meanwhile to say boldly, "I don't know."

For the sake of brevity, she would, throughout her paper, preserve the form of personal statement which the messages had originally assumed. They purported to proceed from Sir Richard Burton himself, and for the sake of convenience she would use such phrases as "Sir Richard said" and the like, but she begged her audience to bear in mind that she did so for convenience only, and without in any degree committing herself to any theory as to their origin and source,—without, for one moment, admitting any necessity to suppose that the late Sir Richard Burton was in the very least concerned in the matter. Her audience were well aware that sub-conscious information was very frequently externalised in picturesque or dramatic forms, as, for example, in pictures in the crystal, in which an active visualiser could often perceive not mere pictures only, but scenes full of action; or occasionally writing, which though proceeding from the mind of the Seer would be, as it were, put into the mouth of some second person or even in the form of dialogues and conversations.

"Miss X." pointed out that the time at her disposal would not admit of any discussion of the details of the experiences. She believed that her own part in the story was, using the word in its broad, not its spiritualistic sense, that of medium, that is to say, that the information, coming probably from various sources, was by her formulated and externalised only, that she originated nothing, and even that nothing was self-suggested. The subject, as a whole, was one in which her own consciousness seemed unlikely to concern itself. Sir Richard Burton she had never seen in her life, she had never read one of his books, and had no desire for his acquaintance, living or dead. She was fortunate enough to be interested in a very great variety of subjects, but was always bored by geography in general and African travel in particular. Her acquaintance with Lady Burton was of the very slightest—she had found her a charming and attractive woman, but they had little of common interest, especially in their point of view as to psychic phenomena.

Moreover, the special form in which the greater part of these messages had been externalised had been one not especially congenial to "Miss X." She had seen so much folly perpetrated in the name of automatic writing that she had always felt that planchettes and Ouija Boards lent themselves specially to self-deception; that such a very little automatism went such a very long way that the productions of automatic writers were often at best much on a level, as regards the relation of the parts of one's consciousness, with the nonsense-dreams suggested and aided by some subjective perception.

Further, in the first sitting, in her opinion the most interesting, in so far as it was the most spontaneous, two of the three persons present were personal friends of the Burtons, and had special cause for interest in African affairs. In the second day's sitting, in which a fourth person, Major Anstruther Thomson, had been added to the party, the results, undoubtedly interesting as thought-transference, were all within the knowledge of some one present, and the later sittings with Lady Burton herself were evidentially of much less value, as her presence may have suggested the answers to questions she herself asked, and they lacked the spontaneity to which "Miss X." attached so much consequence. Speaking for herself, she had little confidence in induced phenomena, including séances and experiments of any kind.

"Miss X." proceeded to relate in outline the experiences under consideration. An idle experiment with a Ouija Board led to a long series of messages, partly by means of the board, with the assistance of her friend, Mr. M. D., and partly by means of "automatic" writing by herself, always with the precaution of keeping the paper at arm's length, and beyond her range of vision.

These "messages" (using the word in the sense familiar to the Society for Psychical Research) purported to come from Sir Richard Burton, their object being to direct his widow how to make the best of the eight months of life, which, he averred, were all that remained to her, so as to carry on, as far as possible, some work she had in hand, and which concerned the fame and reputation of her husband.

In consequence of the expressed scepticism of "Miss X.," and apparently to induce her continued interest, "Sir Richard" submitted to a series of test questions, giving names of persons and places, with some personal descriptions, and sketches of character, of former friends entirely unknown to her. Moreover, "he" volunteered, as test information, the account of the loss of a brooch which was correctly described, together with some detailed statements as to its history.

After some consultation, it was decided that, as most of the statements could be verified only by some one having intimate knowledge of Lady Burton's affairs, she herself should be consulted in the matter, withholding only that part of the message which foretold her own death. By an unfortunate accident, however, the prediction transpired, a fact evidentially to be regretted, as it is impossible to exclude the possibility of self-suggestion in its accurate fulfilment.

Lady Burton expressed the most vivid interest in the phenomena, testified in detail to the accuracy of all the statements, was convinced of the personal identity of Sir Richard Burton as alleged in the messages, and earnestly begged "Miss X." and Mr. M. D. to pay her a visit at Mortlake, suggesting that sittings should be held in Sir Richard Burton's mausoleum, where, she alleged, she constantly conversed with him and where, she believed, it would be possible to receive answers to various questions which the messages had suggested.

"Miss X." and Mr. M. D., without at all committing themselves to the views of their hostess, were nevertheless willing to

carry out this experiment and the results were very curious and interesting, though susceptible in great degree of explanation by "suggestion" in addition to thought-transference.

To Lady Burton's strongly expressed regret, Mr. M. D. and "Miss X." left the neighbourhood almost immediately, the one for Yorkshire, the other for Scotland, but later in the autumn another sitting was held for the express purpose of proposing a series of questions which she had prepared,—again with very interesting results, which will be given in detail in "Miss X.'s" forthcoming account in the *Proceedings*.

Lady Burton testified that, in her opinion, in addition to various general statements which she considered highly characteristic of her late husband, there were made, in the first three sittings, twenty-four assertions as to matters absolutely unknown to "Miss X.," and almost all unknown to Mr. M. D. Major Anstruther Thomson testifies to the accuracy of the answers to all his test questions. On each occasion careful notes were taken and afterwards transcribed and signed as correct by all present. The original notes were largely annotated by Lady Burton, and as has been already stated, a special copy compiled from these was prepared by her for publication. There are also over a score of letters from her, critical and corroborative.

It is worth especial mention in view of the theory that self-suggestion may have aided in bringing about the exact fulfilment of the prophecy of Lady Burton's death, that "Miss X." received a letter from her just before her return to London, expressing the hope of frequent intercourse, and that Mr. M. D. had an appointment with her for the very day* on which she passed away.

"Miss X." concluded by saying, "I have called these experiences 'super-normal.' In the super-natural I have no belief. It seems to me that it is in the *nature* of a thing that we may look for its limitations. But things act often in some fashion that is unfamiliar to us, in consequence perhaps of the exertion of undeveloped powers or of new combinations of powers already known to us—hence the possibilities of the super-normal lie in wait for us on every side. The manner and the reason of such exertion we shall know when the right time comes. Knowledge is the reward of labour, and our waiting task is that of careful observation, careful record, and, I think, above all, suspended judgment and an open mind."

In a few words at the close, thanking "Miss X." for her very interesting address, the Chairman remarked that he had never heard a paper more carefully or scientifically thought out or more clearly expressed. He had himself been acquainted both with Sir Richard and Lady Burton, and he considered that some of the so-called "messages" were characteristic, though the language in which they were expressed was, as a rule, of a less forcible type than that to which Sir Richard's friends were accustomed.

* Mr. M. D. has since discovered that the date was, in fact, a week later.

IX.—SOME PSYCHICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

THREE is nothing like personal testimonies. I begin with this article a new feature in BORDERLAND in the shape of the autobiographies of psychics—devoted, not to the narrative of the normal incidents of life, but rather to the description of the supernormal phenomena which they have observed or experienced since their childhood. I shall be glad to receive life stories of this nature from any of our readers. Adequately supported, this series will not be one of the least useful and instructive that it has been our privilege to publish.

I.—THE EXPERIENCES OF AN ACTRESS.

I HAVE often thought I should like to tell you of a few strange things that have happened to me. I do not pretend to understand them even now, and suppose I never shall—at least, not this side of the land of shadows ; but every word is true. I can only tell them as they occurred to me. You can judge for yourself.

STRANGE SOUNDS PRECEDING DEATHS.

The first took place when I was just eight years old, in 1854, the last in 1892, so they have spread over a pretty long period. In January, 1854, my dear mother lay dying—it was Saturday night—and we were all up in her chamber, no one expecting her to last till morning. The rest of the house was quite deserted. Suddenly there was a loud crash, seemingly downstairs. My father and brothers went down, but soon came up again to resume their watching. But I remember feeling very frightened, thinking robbers had broken in. Of course, being so young, they did not say much to me about it, but I could see both father and mother (who was quite conscious and heard it like the rest) knew very well what it was. At about the same time mid-day on Sunday my mother left us.

The next happened when I was nearly five years older, in December of 1856. I was spending Christmas at the house of my second elder brother. I was to stay overnight, and slept alone in a room running off the same lobby as the one that was occupied by my brother and his wife. My father had been very ill for a fortnight previous. About three in the morning I was wakened by a dreadful noise ; it sounded like a big iron ball bounding from stair to stair. After bouncing against my door I heard it roll away in the direction of my brother's room. Soon I heard his voice, telling me to get up ; he wished to speak to me. I did so. He asked me if I had heard a noise. I said "Yes. Whatever was it ?" He said he did not know. It had woken him up. But he could find nothing to account for it. However, we had best both get into our beds again. I did so, and suppose he did the same. In the morning we talked it over, and soon after he went out to see how father was. It was some hours before he returned, and then only to tell us that father had passed away about three that very morning—in fact, just at the time that we both heard that awful noise.

A GRANDFATHER'S APPARITION.

My next experience was that of sight, not sound. A little over a year after father's death I was staying with some friends for a few days. The eldest daughter and I were chums. It was her birthday, and we were all to go to the theatre. In those days that was a *very* rare event, and I was all excitement with delight. I was ready long before the time to start. The others took things pretty cool, and did not hurry themselves. Someone wanting

something from a room below, asked me to fetch it ; eager to oblige those who were about to give me such a treat, I ran out of the door almost before the request was framed ; but I was just as soon in again, and the door banged to. Standing just outside on the top stair, leaning on his stick, and dressed just as I had always seen him, stood my grandfather. Of course I thought it was the old gentleman in the flesh. What frightened me was seeing him here, in that house in Red Lion Square, so far from his own home at Hampstead, which I had never known him to leave. He was my father's father, and nearly ninety years old, but able up till the last moment to potter about the grounds of his house. I assure you I did not think it was anything unreal till someone opened the door, and then he was nowhere to be seen. However, I soon recovered from my fright, being much more interested in getting to the theatre than talking of my grandfather. But in a day or two after I heard the old gentleman was no more ; he had died that evening.

TRANSPARENT PHANTOMS—DOG AND MAN.

The second time I saw something was in 1867. I had been about two years married. My husband, a professional, was away in the country. One day my mother-in-law came to see me ; in the evening I walked home with her. She was living in the neighbourhood of Lorimore Square, Walworth. We were in the Kennington Road ; to shorten the distance we went through Chester Street, Mansion House Street, and, crossing Kennington Park Road, away up New Street—this brought us round past one end of the old Surrey Gardens (then shut up). Just at that spot a considerable gap occurred between the houses ; there was a wooden fence some six or seven feet high, pretty well covered with posters of all sorts ; when about the centre of the fence I stopped to fasten up a shoe-lace that had worked undone. I stooped with my face to the fence, thus bringing my head within a very few inches of it. My mother stood beside me, looking about and chatting away. In raising my head I was astonished to see the forms of a man and a large black dog standing between me and the fence. Starting up with a cry of fear, I looked the man square in the face. He was a stranger to me. He was dressed in rather old-fashioned clothes, and wearing a black cloak and silk hat ; the cloak had fallen back, leaving his right arm free ; his right hand rested on the dog's head ; but through both creatures I saw the fence. They were sitting in shadow. Had they been real, in rising I must have butted the man in the stomach ; I was so close to them. My companion, hearing my exclamation, looked up and saw them also. We hurried away, and I took care not to return home that way. The next day I went and examined that fence, but could see no gate or opening anywhere. And please note I could see the fence through the things ; it was like looking through smoke.

A PHANTOM IN SILK.

On another occasion I was in the dressing-room of the place where I was directress of a troupe, in company with five or six of my girls, waiting for our turn to go on the stage. The room opened off a short lobby, that in turn opened off the outer lobby, through a swing door; facing that door was a flight of narrow stairs leading to the green room, as it was called. Of course, to reach those stairs one would need to pass our dressing-room door. Just outside the swing door was a pay box, so anyone entering there had to do so in full sight of the man in charge, who, of course, was not supposed to allow strangers to pass. We were all chatting away when we heard the swing door open, then close; then the swish, swish of a stiff silk dress brushed past our door and above the stairs. We all heard it, and I waited, expecting any moment to be called down, as sometimes the foreman's wife came to the hall, and wishing to see me about something, would go down to the green room to wait till I was at liberty to see her. Not receiving any summons, I at length ran downstairs, only to find the room quite empty, and gas turned low as usual when not in use.

Going up again I went to the man at the pay box, and asked him where the lady was that had just gone downstairs. He stared at me, and said no one had gone down that evening, neither had he heard the door open as we had. I was sure someone had gone down. He was quite as sure no one had, so there it ended for the time. That night my husband came (as he often did when able) to meet me. Two of my girls lived in the same direction as ourselves, and we all walked home together, one of them pairing off with him, the other with me. Going up Greek Street, we were in front of the other two. It was a lovely moonlight night, but the street was deserted but for ourselves; getting to the top we halted to say good-night—the girls were going further on across Oxford Street—as we were parting, the lady who had walked with my husband whispered to me: "Madam, I heard that noise again, and so did Mr. S. He turned round to see who it was." "Nonsense, Wartz!" I replied. She declared she had. So as soon as we were alone I said to him: "Harry, what did you turn round to look at just now when you were with Wartz?" "Oh!" he said, "I heard the rustle of a silk dress, and looked to see where it came from, as I had not noticed anyone pass us." Was not that very strange? He had not heard a word of the former incident in the theatre till I told him then. We agreed it was very strange, but nothing ever came of it that I can remember.

AN APPARITION BEFORE DEATH.

While in that place I saw a short old gentleman, once when peeping through the curtain to see someone I knew in front. Someone spoke to me; turning round I saw a man standing beside me, but he vanished in an instant. Again in the green room, that time pretty well dressed, having a moment to spare, I ran down to spend it there. On entering I saw at the other side of the room an old gentleman talking, I thought, to one of my girls. Speaking to another of them I asked who the stranger was that was talking to Jenny. "I don't see anyone talking to Jenny," she replied. "Oh!" I said, "that one in the brown hat, with his back towards us." Again she said she did not see him. Just then I was called to attend the stage. When I entered the room again he was no longer there. Later on I asked Jenny herself who he was. She assured me she had not seen

or spoken to anyone of that description that night; indeed, had not noticed any stranger present. I said no more. A few weeks afterwards she was absent one evening; the next some friends of hers came to tell me she was dead. The previous night, when hurrying to catch the train to get to business, she was taken ill at the station, carried home, and passed away before midnight. Strange, wasn't it?

A DOUBLE CRASH BEFORE DEATH.

A little more and I will finish. In 1881 we were living near St. George's Road, Southwark. My husband was in the provinces. I had a short engagement at the South London. One Monday morning in November I was startled out of my sleep by a terrific crash at my bedside. Striking a light I looked about, but could see nothing to account for it, so went back to bed. On the Wednesday morning about the same time I was wakened again; this time the noise was even louder. Too nervous to sleep again I got up, and, lighting the fire, stayed in the other room. For days I felt wretched. I was sure I had lost a relation. I had not written to my brother for years. I did so then, asking news of himself and my sister. He answered at once. He was well, so was my sister when last he heard from her, but his own wife had died rather suddenly the week before; taken ill on Sunday, she grew so bad that at three on the Monday morning they thought she had left them. After lying like that for half an hour she rallied, but passed away at the same time on Wednesday morning. That accounted for the crashes I had heard.

THE PHANTOM VOICES OF THE DEATH-DOOMED.

The Christmases of 1883 and 1884 my husband was at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham; he was engaged for the run of the pantomime, and as his stay was likely to last three or four months, I went down with him. The pantomime was most successful, and morning shows were given almost up to the last. One day in March, desiring his company to visit the town, I arranged to meet him after the performance at the stage door. It was already growing dark when I started out about five. Just after turning up a street (of which I have quite forgotten the name)—but it was opposite Day's Music Hall—I heard my husband call out my name quite loudly. Thinking I must have passed him, I at once called back: "Yes, Harry; where are you?" Looking round I could not see him; and one or two were regarding me curiously, which added to my confusion. On reaching the stage door I found he was not yet out of the theatre; indeed, I had to wait for him nearly ten minutes. I never told him about it; he had grown tired of my uncanny visitations, and a wee bit frightened. We soon after that returned to our old lodgings in St. George's Road. In July of the same year I had been out one day shopping; returning home I let myself in, having a latch key, and was walking upstairs when I heard my old landlord call out: "Mrs. S." Not stopping to think, I replied: "Yes, Mr. T." Then found he was not to be seen; retracing my steps I knocked at the kitchen door; was told to enter; did so, and saw that person with his wife seated there. Asking if he had called me, they said no; indeed, had not heard me come in. I thought I must have been mistaken, and went upstairs. Mr. T. died in August. Some weeks after, under similar circumstances, I was again called by name. This time twice; as before I answered: "Yes, Mrs. Y." thinking it the voice of a fellow lodger, also a professional. As before I was alone. Going to her room I found she was not even in the house—was

away at rehearsal, in fact. That poor lady died early in 1885, a short time before my own husband passed away, which happened in April of 1885.

Now, sir, what can you make of all this? All three were alive and in their usual health when I heard their voices; all three were in their graves within a year and a month. Since coming to Scotland I have heard the noise I have referred to once; that was in June, 1892. I wondered who it was then. The mail of the following September brought me news of the death of my elder brother, who went to Sydney when I was a child, and died there the 22nd of June. I have no more to say. These things have occurred to me. I have written nothing but the truth. If they be merely coincidences they are strange ones. I do not pretend to understand them at all.

F. S.

II.—THE VISIONS OF A DUTCHMAN.

STRANGE experiences I have had since my earliest youth. Psychic by heredity, my mother was very religious. Once in the morning she awakened and saw her deceased mother sitting before her bed. My father was sceptical, though at his deathbed he made me move the curtains for he seemed to see there things which sometimes frightened him, and sometimes delighted him. When he had fallen seriously ill, he saw the apparition of men entering with a coffin. He was angry that there was made so much haste with it, and said "before the 25th (October) all will be over." This came true, for that date he was in his grave. None of my brothers or sister had ever mystical experiences besides perhaps my eldest brother, who in his dreams heard his dear dead mother speak to him.

ODD PHANTOMS.

When about 7 or 8 years perhaps, I, with my youngest brother, was in the evening brought to bed upstairs, when it seemed to me that a tip of a black gown was flying away. Looking down the stairs I believed I saw the devil; afterwards one of my brothers was brought home very ill and wounded. About 12 or 13 years old, as I was going home from school, and passing over the large park-like square at which we dwelt, suddenly in the midst of day in bright sunshine and blue sky, I heard behind me the rustling in the air as from a large bird. Looking back I saw really such a beast of a colour of dirty white; as soon as I turned my head it stopped and vanished in the blue air. Only a few yards separated it from me.

A MOTHER'S DOUBLE.

On coming home (at the Hague) unexpectedly, I found my mother sitting on the table in her bluish gown without stirring at my entering the room. Soon after she came from another room laughing and friendly as always, rejoicing at my coming over. Till this moment it is not clear to me how it was I saw her sitting on the table in that bluish gown. Years after, when thinking of it, it struck me I had seen her ghost. Nothing particular happened, though my mother was in the latest times of her life, for about two or three years later she died.

A MOTHER'S GHOST.

My mother died in March. Some months later about June, about 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, I lay reading in my bed one of the books of the astronomer, Camille

Flammarion; it was already bright sunshine. Suddenly I heard some noise or rustling and happening to look up I saw my dead mother crossing the room inside the window from one corner to the other. She was larger than in life and enveloped in a bluish light, streaming and beaming in a glorious blue bright light. I heard her pass, and she looked like a glorious queen, looking down as in deep thought. It was a lovely sight, and I shall never forget it in my life. Of course, it lasted but one or two instants. I remember having seen formerly in my youth our former queen, the first wife of our late King William, Queen Sophie, walking along the terrace at Scheveningen; she was a stately woman full of dignity and majesty, surrounded by several servants and lackeys in bright clothing. Now whenever I think on that stately walking of late Queen Sophie, but it was still much more beautiful, glorious, and bright. Things went better for me afterwards.

A GHOSTLY KISS.

One night, weeping *in my sleep* over the loss of my mother, I suddenly felt somebody come and kiss me on the forehead. Directly I was quiet and consoled; all happened in my sleep, and I will never forget it.

A BUDGET OF EXPERIENCES.

About a year later, I having removed to other rooms in another part of the town, I was sitting in the evening at perhaps 10 or 11 o'clock, reading my newspaper, when suddenly, happening to lift up my eyes, I saw near the ceiling two eyes like points, looking angry and sending down two rays, sharp and defined of light blue and white light, and then it disappeared. Afterwards things went bad and good. I removed to other rooms, where the first night sleeping I awoke by heavy knockings on my chamber door. I found in that house her who became my wife. Very soon we were engaged, and I had to leave the house. There grew a coolness, and in another room I heard my betrothed sobbing; on this very moment I saw a white female figure floating from without through the window along the wall, with face lifted upward as in high agony; it had a white greyish colour. I gave lessons in the house, and while speaking with my scholars, sounds and sighs were heard by me, and some of them unpleasant sounds, as coming from uncivilised female people—that happened after the coolness was already over. A year later we married, and have a very happy marriage.

APPARITION BEFORE DEATH.

Shortly after my father came to die. One evening at about 11 o'clock, sitting alone at the table, I believe reading a book or newspaper, I happened to lift up my eyes and saw my father floating along the wall, and he had the appearance of many years ago, when I, as a young child, had seen him coming in the morning out of his bed and clad in his shirt. Just so I saw him in a yellowish clear light float on the wall as in deep thought. Some days afterwards, I with my wife was sitting quietly in the room. We both suddenly heard the noise of the street door being opened and falling back but not shut in the lock, seeming as if the wind had opened it a little. "There now," I said to my wife, "the servant has forgotten to shut the door." When about half or a quarter of an hour afterwards my wife went into the corridor, *she found the door shut in the lock*. My father after a few days died.

THE PORTRAIT THAT SMILED.

Once, a Sunday morning, being one instant alone in the room, it was again bright sunshine, I looked intently to the portrait of my dear deceased mother. *She turned her face and smiled at me.* It was a broad cloudy smile which I found later back in the face of Bismarck, in one of his latest portraits made on his 80th birthday.

FIGURES ON THE WALL.

Once, on a Sunday, it was in December, 4 o'clock, getting dark already, that I, happening to come in the room next to that in which we generally sat, I saw on the wall, say five human forms, being four of them good and one of them evil. The four good were of a bluish light, had long beards and prayed fervently, not alone with their lips but with their whole forms which could be seen about till the middle or somewhat more, they seemed to me to be saints, the fifth was yellowish, had a small *hat* on his *head* and looked scornfully and defying. The whole soon vanished, but for my lifetime I will remember that vision.

THE RETURNING GRANDMAMMA.

My little boy when about three years old, several nights awakened crying and weeping very sadly. Asking him what was the matter, he always said, "O 'ma (grand'ma) is coming and will do me harm coming in my bed." My wife and I said "Nonsense," but over and over it happened, he weeping very very sadly and softly. I asked how is she looking there, and then he said invariably, "She has a green umbrella." When the second child was to be born, I slept with him in another room and there again in the bright light, in the morning awakening, sat between our beds with her back towards me, an old woman, I *saw her grey hairs*, but instantly it vanished. I learned my child the prayer, "Me moar den greden God loat Torgen" (Whoever only lets care the good God, &c.) and since the child was quiet in the night.

THE VISION OF THE UNBORN SOUL.

When the second child was to be born in the night of the 3rd to 4th June, I walked to and fro through the rooms, and about 3 o'clock when daylight again came back the blue light streaming in and the sky already blue, so that the tower of a neighbouring catholic church already could be seen again from the window, I came in the room and suddenly felt aware there was somebody else in the room, I wondered and looked up. There stood in the blue coming daylight at the window looking quietly to the tower of the said church, a little snowy-white cloudish figure large about one and a-half yard. I was much frightened and hastily went back. Shortly after the child was born. And whenever I look my young child in the eyes, I think on that snowy white creature I have seen in the night of his birth. He is a much intelligent child and everybody stops to look at him.

One evening sitting quietly reading I looked up and saw the face of my father in the window curtains looking at me, his face was deep blue and seemed made of flowing water.

A PREMONITORY DREAM.

Another time, several nights I found myself in a kind of great warehouse, and bright yellow sunshine was there. At last I found myself in a room in the presence of a gentleman, who seemed to be very anxious, and he

rubbed his hand slowly as in deep care over his forehead and bare skull, on both side of this the hair being black. Shortly after a gentleman came back from our business in India (one of the elefants!) with an incurable disease and, when I saw him, though very ill, he had the same appearance as the gentleman in my dream. After nearly a year or half a year he died, and at night, near the morning, I saw a fine yellow light on the wall near my bed. I said to my wife, "Now Mr. X. is dead." As I, when going to my office, walked that morning along his house, I saw the shutters before the windows and the windows opened; then I knew the poor man was dead.

Once a night I saw passing through the canal before my office a large black boat, it made noise when coming, all was dark and dreary. A lot of prisoners sat on the boat and there stood soldiers on the boat to take care of them.

My father was always very busy. Once I saw him in my dream sitting on a table very busy at work with office books, the whole in a church of crystal.

Once my father came in my dream an instant singing a fine song, though in his lifetime he only could whistle in a bad way.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

Still what of another who spoke about such things. (I speak seldom or never to others about these things, only my wife who dislikes it). A friend of mine told me that his grandfather told the following story. After Napoleon I.'s defeats riots everywhere began, also here in Leyden the mob was chasing the French officials, and a little French woman came beseeching for shelter her husband being killed. She was taken in and after the danger was over she before going away said: "Money I have not to spare, but I will give you the assurance that none of yours, nor your sons, and further descent will ever be forced in conscription, which foretelling to this very day to the letter is fulfilled, none of that family being in military service, though being spread everywhere."

MISCELLANEA.

The same man told me that his mother when very sorry for the long ago, her mother, and the loss of money that there came from that mother, suddenly was surprised by the appearance of her dead mother, that consoled her and showed the place where the papers were hidden, which secured to her the money.

An old aunt of mine talking with an acquaintance of hers over the sickness of a child, suddenly saw a white dog leaping through the house and then the women to each other said: "Now the child is dead," and when they went out to see, the child was really dead.

C. P.

III.—MADAME D'ESPERANCE.

The life story of this well-known Materializing Medium will shortly, I hope, be published in the shape of a *Psychic Autobiography*. Madame D'Esperance called upon me last quarter, but we had only a hurried interview. Afterwards I was glad to see that *Light* has obtained and published in outline, some account of the way in which this fellow mortal began to know that the invisible world is as real as that which is visible. In her case it seems indeed as if the invisible world was at first the more real of the two. From her infancy

Madame D'Esperance dwelt among the spooks, seeing them moving in and out among men as real and as human as her own parents.

AN EARLY DISCOVERY.

So far as I know, the first real thought I ever took in connection with these experiences was when the necessity arose for defining and separating them from the experiences of the workaday world; when I came gradually to the understanding that the world in which I spent most of the day was not the same world that the people round about me inhabited. The discovery did not trouble me. I fancy I was rather proud of being the sole proprietor of a world to which my nurse and others of the workaday world had no *entrée*; where the people were kinder and quainter. It was a wonderful land, and I never tired of relating its marvels and beauties, till one day I was told that I was "old enough to leave off romancing and weaving absurd stories."

It took me some time to understand that my stories were not believed, but when I did my indignation was boundless. I learned, however, at last that there are some things it is as well not to talk about to everyone; so I gradually left off translating the voices of the wind or the songs of the birds, which nobody believed, or only called romancing—a word which I grew to hate.

A CHILD'S SHADOW LAND.

To compensate for this I took much more comfort in my human (?) companions, who inhabited what I called my "shadow" land, though they were anything but shadows to me. They were always kind. If I passed them on the stairs, or in the old-fashioned rooms, they greeted me with friendly smiles. They seemed to like to have me watching them as they moved about, and this I often did. Sometimes strangers came, but for the most part I grew to recognise them all, and loved them dearly.

One old lady who frequently occupied a seat near the chimney corner attracted me; she looked so sweet and gentle in the quaint white head-dress and lace fichu she wore, as she sat with swiftly moving fingers under which a stocking was always being formed. The vision fascinated me as I observed, time after time, how the deft fingers manipulated the yarn and the glittering needles, till the idea came to me that I might learn how to knit from watching her.

I teased my nurse to supply me with the necessary materials, and then tried hard to imitate the movements of my shadow friend.

PROTECTED FROM GHOSTS BY SHADOWS.

They said our house was haunted, and gruesome stories were told of the ghosts who perambulated in many empty rooms. I was horribly afraid of ghosts. I didn't know what they were, but all the same, I was afraid of them; afraid to move from one room to another without my shadow friends for company; afraid to be left alone in bed unless I saw the friendly face or smile of one of them, and felt certain they would protect me from the dreaded ghosts. With them I knew no fear; dark rooms had no terrors for me. I would spend hours in the haunted rooms, content to know that my shadow friends were an all-sufficient protection against the ghosts; but without them I was the veriest coward. This seeming inconsistency gained for me the reputation of being "queer."

Madame D'Esperance had her ears boxed for describing the old lady from shadowland who knitted so quickly in the chimney corner. But she got over that. What filled her child soul with horror was the assurance given her by the doctor that "other people see these things but they are mad." From that moment she shuddered with dread whenever she saw them, believing each apparition was a proof that her reason was going. At last to her great delight, she found that they appeared but seldom and almost entirely vanished.

THE ESSAY WRITTEN IN SLEEP.

When she was at school, she had a very curious experience. She had to write an essay on Nature.

My attempts at writing only resulted in wasted paper, headaches, or miserable tears at my non-success, I began to despair of ever producing a readable sentence. Every morning I rose with the determination to write something before night, and each night I went to bed resolved to keep awake to think out something before morning; but thoughts would not come—neither in the daytime nor in the night.

At last, when it had reached to within three days of the allotted time and I had still done nothing, I was driven to my knees and prayed long and earnestly that God would send me thoughts. When I went to bed that night I took with me candles, paper, and pencils, intending, when the other girls were asleep, to light my candles and begin to write; but, alas for me, they would not let me have a light, and, in despair, I cried myself to sleep.

Next morning, when miserably gathering up the scattered sheets of paper from the floor where they had fallen, I discovered that they were covered by closely-written lines, which turned out to be a charming, well-thought-out-essay. This, after due consideration, I was allowed to send in as my work, the handwriting being unmistakably my own, though the ideas were clearly from a wiser and older head.

My story of how I had prayed for thoughts to be given to me, together with my known somnambulic propensities, was accepted as the probable explanation of the otherwise mysterious occurrence.

THE SHADOW PEOPLE REAPPEAR.

Some years later, when I had exchanged the busy, occupied life of eldest daughter in a large family for that of a young wife who for several hours a day was left to her own company, I was horrified to find the shadow people reappear, and I began to be tormented by the old fear of a diseased brain. I never spoke of these strange visions, I was too much afraid of people thinking me mad; but the weary secret was a torture to me.

At last she began to hear about spiritualism, at first she scoffed but soon she learned the truth, and a great peace and rest came to her. She got automatic writing and then she began to sketch the portraits of the shadow people.

These were generally done in the dark, as I found that the darkness acted as a background, throwing into strong relief every small detail of the figure I tried to sketch. At first I was as much surprised as anybody to find I had actually succeeded in making a tolerably accurate drawing under such conditions. I did not understand how I did it; all I knew was that to me it was not dark. Most of the portraits so drawn were identified and claimed by the friends of the portrayed person, so that out of some hundreds drawn I only retain a half-dozen or so which were not recognised.

A MATERIALIZING MEDIUM.

After experiments for five or six years, they began to experiment for materialization. At the fourth sitting:

Those sitting outside the cabinet declared that they saw a hand, then a face, appear between the openings of the curtains. I (sitting in the darkness) saw nothing, and was distinctly incredulous. I went outside the curtains to have a look, but found to my dismay that my limbs would hardly bear me. I did see a face, but sank into my chair immediately, feeling strangely weak and powerless; and a sort of far-away-from-everybody-sensation frightened me very much. While in the cabinet I heard the remarks of the people outside distinctly, though they seemed to be speaking miles away. They were talking to the owner of the face I had seen, inviting him to come out, but he declined on the score of having no clothes.

During the interval between that evening and our next meeting, my friend, Mrs. F., and I manufactured some garments out of some old garments which we intended to place at the disposal of our strange visitant should he come again. The garment was taken to the séance room and hung up within the cabinet, ready for use when the spirit came. He did come, and examined the garment critically, but was evidently not so pleased with it as we

were, for he rolled it up and threw it out into the room; afterwards stepping out himself fully clothed in a robe of purer, finer, and more graceful fashion than that we had provided. This was the beginning of a—to me—new phase of mediumship, and, curiously enough, the more it was cultivated, the more difficult it became to obtain any other kind of phenomena, showing that the one phase was cultivated at the expense of the other.

HOW MADAME DEMATERIALIZES.

It may be interesting to add to Madame D'Esperance's account of her psychic experiences, a summary of the illustrated article published in *Light* of November 21st, on her Dematerialisation.

The article itself is a review of a French translation of M. Aksakoff's book.*

Madame D'Esperance arrived at Helsingfors in December, 1893, to give a materializing séance at the urgent request of spiritualists of high social standing.

At this séance M. Aksakoff maintains and proves to the satisfaction of our contemporary, that the materialized spirits were made up of human materials obtained by them from Madame D'Esperance's body. During the materialisation her legs appear to have evaporated!

Although Madame D'Esperance was suffering, she held the séance, and her own letter, addressed soon after to Mr. Aksakoff in St. Petersburg, gives an excellent idea of what happened. Her statements, says *Light*, are completely corroborated by the sitters, and M. Aksakoff vouches in the strongest terms for her entire truthfulness. In the letter she says:—

The peculiar thing about this séance consists in the disappearance of half of my body, which I only found out by accident. My head, or rather the nape of my neck, was giving me a good deal of pain, and I crossed my hands behind my head to support it, which seemed to relieve me. My arms got tired in that position, and wishing to rest them on my knees, I found that my legs were gone, and that my hands, instead of resting on my knees, were on the chair. That frightened me a little, and I

* "Un Cas de Dématérialisation Partielle du Corps d'un Médium," Enquête et Commentaires; par M. A. AKSAKOFF; Traduit de l'Allemand Paris : Librairie de l'Art Indépendant, 11, Rue de la Chausée d'Antin. Price 4fr.

wished to know whether it was true, or if I was dreaming. There was light enough, so I called the attention of the person sitting next me to the strange thing; he examined the chair, and so did four of the others, and they all declared it was true, and that only the upper part of my body was really there. The chair had only my dress on it; my arms, shoulders and chest were in the proper place above the chair. I could speak, move my arms and head, drink water, and even feel my legs and feet although they were not there. During all this time the forms came and went, but they only showed themselves; hands of different shapes and sizes touched those who were nearest the cabinet. I think it must have continued an hour, from the time I first discovered my strange condition, which was long enough to verify it, and quite long enough for me, who did not know if I would ever get back my legs and be able to go home, a doubt that made me very nervous.

A peculiarity of Madame D'Esperance's mediumship is that, by a bargain with the spirits, she never goes into trance, and always sits outside the cabinet; and, although she becomes passive to the point of indifference, she always knows all that goes on. Now, as mediums are generally out of sight and in an insensible condition, Mr. Aksakoff thinks that partial dematerialisation may be a far more frequent phenomenon than we at all suspect.

The bulk of the volume is devoted to the correspondence between the author and the various persons present on the occasion; and in it the whole matter is thrashed out and winnowed with a care and minuteness that are calculated to meet every objection.

The importance of the "case" is that it corroborates the theory of Mr. Aksakoff and others about the source from



MADAME D'ESPERANCE.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Boursnell.)

which the "spirits" draw the substance for their materialisations. That theory, briefly, is that there are three degrees of materialisation. In the first degree, we have "invisible materialisation"—invisible to the multitude, but not to the clairvoyant. In the second degree, we have the visible and tangible materialisation of hands, faces, and other parts of the body. In the third degree we have full forms, in all cases the matter must come from somewhere, and M. Aksakoff believes it comes from the medium.

X.—SOME STORIES OF MEDIUMS AND THEIR EXPLOITS.

UNDER this head I gather from time to time the more remarkable stories which reach me either from correspondents or from other sources. Friends who have first-hand information as to remarkable mediums are requested to communicate with me.

I.—MRS. BURBANK, OF QUEENSLAND.

MR. A. H. BURBANK, Government Surveyor, Mount Gravatt, Brisbane, Queensland, feeling encouraged by what I wrote about his wife, sends me the following additional statements about her mediumship :—

1. Mrs. Burbank will be standing in circle (own family, with, say, four other friends) and say to me, "Yes, your dream (pointing to one) was a reality, you were with me in the spheres, while I was lecturing—the room was circular, roof a dome of sapphire, you saw me robed, and the robe was hung with pearls which 'chinked' as I moved." On referring to the friend he avers that it was a perfect description of his dream. She seems to see every thought and action in the room, whether darkened or otherwise.

2. One evening she described two gentlemen (one of them she never saw before) who were thirteen miles away—related their conversation, part of which was a jockey being killed that day—she saw the vision of the lad lying on our parlour floor, and described him accurately—on reference all was correct.

3. If, say, we have four friends, she will stand before them and tell each his gift, and in four instances they have developed them. Let me take one case for instance. A young man (a surveyor) whom we had known as of strict Church of England faith, visited us for a few days, during which time he attended our sittings, and was so improved with the general results that he commenced to investigate. As I told you before, Mrs. Burbank is controlled to play all sorts of music (which, by-the-by, has developed wonderfully). This friend, P., was so affected one evening that he wanted to get up and sing to the music in a language he did not know. It appeared that his affinity (an Etruscan) evolved the music, and his soul recognised it as familiar. Mrs. Burbank told him that his chief gift lay in impressional speaking and writing, and that one stood near him ready to help him, and she described the spirit's appearance and gave the name as Rev. Joseph Wilkinson, of St. Peter's, Redcap, Yorks'ire (this was only given last night, and we know of none, nor have we the means of ascertaining the identity—we have had so many verified that we cease to seek for further tests), and that he would control P. to write and speak, and then Mrs. Burbank's control (Soel, a Hebrew female, who lived time of Pyramids) gave three subjects. P. sent next day and obtained about six pages of foolscap on each subject in the three days he sat.

The matter given was all opposed to his early teachings, and he said that he never gave a thought to the subject or the context, but that each word came inspirationally. Next evening he spoke, but in a low voice, and rather nervously—but it was well to the point.

Another sitter, a youth, she saw could spirit-travel, and has developed him in that direction—she has also tested him with visions of incidents of past life—for instance, during a dark séance I asked him (as a clairvoyant) what he saw, and he said, "I see Mrs. Burbank tied to a stake, she is left to die, and I see myself bringing her food, but her head droops and she cannot take it." Mrs. Burbank (Soel) then said, "That youth sees perfectly." This one, my student (Mrs. B.), was so martyred, as a few days afterwards was the youth; the other student you have (P.) was martyred likewise some time afterward—the two souls (youth and Mrs. B.) came to earth and bore home that of P.

The souls of these see what happened in previous lives, they are so gifted.

Often an embodied soul will come into our room, and this Soel will embrace and converse with a disembodied one. Mrs. B. feels the contact of the hands of the embodied soul.

4. Scientific subjects—like "action of different foods in the blood," will be given, lasting an hour or more.

5. One control at the piano played (in the dark) a piece with the two hands and left heel, and then would play with one hand, and placing the left heel on the rung of the chair, and resting left elbow on knee, would act as if smoking a cigar and looking round. He gave the name of Mons. Julien, and said he played in the Vaudeville gardens. Mrs. Burbank gave two evenings in Brisbane, and had a Lipp grand piano—Samuel controlling—all said it was artistic music, &c.

While controlled she can be seen clairvoyantly walking round the room, and she tells me that could she tap my knee by signs she could register the thoughts of every one present—for she knows them accurately, but when her spirit returns to the body it is but as a dream, and no permanent knowledge exists. When Dean Monmouth controls and stands before the audience, Mrs. B.'s spirit goes round the room, reads the thoughts, and then the control adapts his text to it. Many sitters have told me that "such and such a text was the very one they long had wanted explained." She travelled to Mars last night, and described a terrible war lasting six years—so terrible that the bodies could not be got rid of, and that a hot, dry, and scorching wind was blowing over them and drying them.

A noise occurred which brought her back. She plays and sings in the dark better than in the light. She is never in trance, but nearly normal. Till six months since we never read a book on spiritualism, and I now find that the majority of our teachings and results agree with (fairly) what I now read. Her musical friends say that if she learns the notes on the violin, they will play that instrument also; we have one now, she learnt the notes and then played off by note "Ah, che la Morte" and several others, but not under control. It was quite normal. In twelve months more we hope that she may play in the dark unknown music as she does now on the piano.

II.—EUSAPIA PALADINO AND HER "ASTRAL" HANDS.

A COMMITTEE, comprising M. Sully Prudhomme, of Académie Française; M. Desbaux, Director of the Odéon; Professor Richet; M. de Rochas, and Dr. Dariex, invited Eusapia Paladino to Paris to hold some further experimental sittings, which commenced on September 15th.

Similar phenomena to those previously occurring in her presence were repeated—movements of objects at a distance, lights, and levitation of a table above the heads of the sitters, without contact of the medium's hands, and remaining suspended while two of the committee endeavoured to press it down. These experiments will be fully described in the "Annales des Sciences Psychiques."

Another series of sittings was subsequently held at Bordeaux, at the residence of M. Maxwell, Deputy Attorney-General of Grenoble, who had invited Baron de Wateville, Count de Grammont, and M. de Rochas to assist. *Questor Vitæ* thus summarises the results allowed in *Light*, November 26th:—

The committee decided to take the phenomena as presented, and to concentrate their attention upon the observation of the process by which movements of objects at a distance were effected without contact. The result of their investigations in

this respect was a unanimous conclusion that movement of objects at a distance from the medium is effected by means of "astral" hands projected from the medium; while the movement of objects close to the medium, such as the levitation of a table without contact, appears to be effected by means of an invisible force which flows through the medium's hands. M. de Rochas considers that this conclusion constitutes an important contribution to our knowledge with regard to the production of psychical phenomena.

While both of Eusapia's hands were being held by M. de Rochas, his face was held and squeezed with considerable force by an "astral" hand. Hands were inserted under his arms, and he was lifted up off his chair, the chair being placed over his head, upon his shoulders. Other members of the committee were touched in a similar way, one of them seeing the fingers that were held over his face and eyes.

As to whether the hands thus materialised and projected to a distance from the medium were those of Eusapia's own "astral" form or not, M. de Rochas could express no opinion.

Eusapia, at the request of M. de Rochas, held her hands some inches above one end of the table, which was then levitated. While so suspended in the air, M. de Rochas pinched the intervening space between the table and the medium's hands. The sensation of the pinch reverberated to Eusapia, who uttered a cry of pain; showing thereby that an invisible connecting medium passed from her hands to the table, carrying sensation and dynamic energy. It is, therefore, possible that these astral hands are materialised thought-forms, projected through the medium by means of an invisible vital circuit which is known to carry dynamic energy and sensation.

The presence of an operator external to Eusapia was, indeed, verified several times during these experiments, when his face and beard were partly seen. One of the committee entered the cabinet behind the medium on one occasion, and was "handled" to a very palpable degree. This intra-normal operator assumed the name of "John King," and informed the investigators, through his subject, that he was an ex-Egyptian.

M. de Rochas pursued further his researches into the identity of process existing between electricity and the vital emanation radiated from the medium. It was found that the passing of an electric current from a Wimhorst machine by means of a chain, one end of which was fastened to the subject's shoulder and the other to the table, gave considerable additional strength to the phenomena. Eusapia in her normal state objected to the use of electricity, but when in intra-normal or "secondary" state, her control asked that it should be used.

M. de Rochas found Eusapia very susceptible to mesmeric influence and suggestion. He reproduced the usual visual and auditory hallucinatory phenomena with her. Indeed, he discovered that it saved time to mesmerically induce her into the secondary, or trance state, rather than to wait till she was entranced by the invisible operator, who, however, then took control of her. M. de Rochas also produced the phenomenon of the "exteriorisation of sensibility" with her, which formed into a column at her right side. He was, however, unable to proceed through the process of developing this into the "double," because the invisible operator seized upon this vital emanation and used it for his own purposes in the production of the phenomena already referred to.

The positive value of these experiments, as compared with those at Cambridge and with the mere negativeness entailed by persistent and determining scepticism, stands self-evident. Indeed, as M. de Rochas observed, in this respect, and therein confirming the criticism of Ochorowicz, "If considerable number of experimenters in different places affirm the reality of certain phenomena they have observed, while a few others fail to obtain them, the probability is that the latter did not know how to establish the conditions necessary to obtain the phenomena in question."

III.—THOMAS WILD OF ROCHDALE, AND HIS SIAMESE TWIN.

A VERY curious story is told in the columns of *Light* concerning the medium, Thomas Wild, of Rochdale. A

correspondent writes thus concerning this remarkable medium:—

Thomas Wild is one of twin brothers, born in the year 1842, conjoined by a ligature, best understood by recalling the Siamese twins. The two children were separated soon after birth, and Edmund, the other child, only survived about three weeks. Here we have a fact for our philosophers to dwell upon. Edmund, the twin brother of our remarkable friend, Thomas Wild, claims that Thomas's body is as much his as it is Thomas's, and when he controls he does so absolutely: and Thomas is removed outside his physical organism, and remains standing by while Edmund converses on the one side with friends "passed on" and on the other side with those waiting here for communications.

The remarkable feature of this service is that the names, ages, sometimes the cause of death, but always the place of residence, are given in connection with each communication—the town, street, and often the number of the house.

IV.—MRS. GRADDON AND HER PATENTS.

MRS. GRADDON is one of those mediums who make practical use of their mediumship. She is a widow, and she claims that her husband, who was an inventor, has given her, since his death, designs of machines which she has patented. She tells the story as follows in *Light*, January 9th, 1897:—

On the morning of April 20th, 1886, before I was a Spiritualist, about a fortnight after the death of my husband, who was himself an inventor and keenly interested in all mechanical appliances, I was standing in the breakfast-room discussing with my children and the servant the question of dinner, with a view to which I had been chopping up some veal. Suddenly I was conscious of a very curious sensation. Hardly knowing what I did, I called excitedly for a pencil and paper, which were brought. Then I sat down, and my hand was made to draw a diagram of what I afterwards saw was a chopping machine. After long consideration, and acting on the advice of friends, I decided that the idea indicated by the diagram was a practicable one, and proceeded to patent it and have a model manufactured. Then I got a City firm to take the matter up, and entered into an agreement with them, under which they paid me £50 down and undertook to take out the foreign patents and put the machine on the market. Unfortunately, within three months afterwards they went into liquidation. Now that contingency had been provided for in the agreement, under which, in such an event, the sole interest in the invention reverted to me. But when I took steps to enforce this, I found it would cost me £300 to pay off the commitments into which the firm had entered with foreign patent agents and others before I could regain control of my patent. Try as I would, I could not raise the money, and eventually the patent lapsed. In the meantime, however, I had come into contact with some Spiritualists, and had begun to investigate for myself, with the result that I rapidly developed as a medium. I then discovered what I had previously suspected to be the case, namely, that the idea of the chopping machine had been given to me by my husband; for I should tell you that when he was dying he had promised me, at my earnest entreaty, that if it were possible for him to come back to me from the world of spirits he would do so. This was the method he had adopted to provide for his widow and children; but it seemed then that his effort had been in vain. In the meantime, however, other means were provided for our maintenance, and I was told that when the proper time came he would communicate to me the design of another machine of the same kind as the first, but of a more perfect character. I received that design last April, on the same date (the 20th), and at about the same hour, that I had received the first invention ten years before. Instead of writing the letter, my hand at once began to rapidly outline the design of a machine, and I saw the long-expected invention had come at last. These are not the only inventions I have received by automatic drawing.

XI.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF PSYCHIC GIFTS. REPORT OF A YEAR'S WORK AT HERTFORD LODGE.

MR. THURSTON'S interesting attempt to develop psychic gifts by opening a kind of Psychic College at Hertford Lodge, Battersea, has frequently been noticed in BORDERLAND. The following report of the first year's experimental reunions has been kindly supplied me by Mr. Thurston. For the cross-headings Mr. Thurston is not responsible. The results attained are very suggestive, and indicate the possibility of the general developing of psychic gifts by study and attention. If we paid as much attention to the development of the sixth sense as we do to fashion plates and the odds on the turf, we should probably be able to use that sense with the same confidence with which we use our eyes and ears.

MR. THURSTON'S REPORT, 1895—6.

A SERIES of seventy meetings of ladies and gentlemen was held in my house at Hertford Lodge, Albert Bridge, S.W., from November, 1895, to the middle of July, 1896. Our object primarily was to develop by systematic practice the mental gifts commonly classed as psychic and subsidiary to this to discover by experiment the methods of practice most conducive to this development and most feasible of adoption in mixed companies.

A.—THE SUBJECTS AND METHOD OF STUDY.

The psychic gifts we practised were not only the powers of absorbed inner attention and exaltation of the subconsciousness, but also the more positive ones of clear visualisation by the mental eye and thought-projection into the minds of others.

STUDENTS—NUMBERS, ATTENDANCE, AND RESIDENCE.

The attendance sometimes amounted to sixteen, sometimes fell to four. But the average attendance was the more workable number of eight or nine. A record of each meeting was made by me from notes taken at the time and submitted for correction and confirmation at the subsequent meeting.

In the course of these experiments many interesting and curious facts were continually cropping up which tended to support theories like those of thought-projection and telepathy. But as our primary object was to exercise ourselves in these faculties on the assumption that they exist, and not to tabulate facts to support these theories, our facts are not the results of arrangements exact enough to make them of much evidential value. But meetings like these may become a forcing-bed for the very facts which at present are only obtained sporadically.

The persons attending were residents in London. The majority were ladies. This was due to two causes. Persons of that sex are more anxious to develop these psychic qualities and the hours arranged being in the afternoon suited their leisure more.

SUBJECTS STUDIED.

Of the seventy meetings twenty-five were arranged especially to practise clairvoyance and thought-transference, twenty-four psychometry and thought-projection, twenty-one automatic writing and table-movements.

I shall first describe the methods of procedure, which we found by course of trial the most convenient to adopt.

At the meetings for clairvoyance we always began by dividing ourselves into two groups, each to take a turn at a twofold practice. The one was to develop the habit of attention, which by concentration intensifies all impressions coming from external sources and retains them in clearly visualised pictures, until they can be seen by the mental eye as distinctly as by the sensory eye: the other the kind of impression which by becoming abstracted from external impressions devotes itself to receiving those from internal or subconscious sources, and then projecting them into the external sensorium until they become forms of imagination or hallucination according to the greater or less hypnotic state attained.

The strengthening of these two faculties by practice I consider the first step in acquiring that interchange of mentality which constitutes the basis of clairvoyance.

VISUALISATION AND TELEPATHY.

A screen was arranged across the room. On one side a picture was set up against a dark background. Not more than four conveniently, whom I called the visualisers or operators, engaged themselves intently gazing at this picture, every now and then closing the eyes to see if the picture could be seen mentally with precision and correctness. Meanwhile, the others sat on the other side of the screen with pencils and memorandum slips by their side and tried to attain the absent-minded frame of mind. To attain this passive state there are different methods. They may be classified as gazing at external points as a bright disc, crystal or mirror, or at internal points such as a spot visualised in the brain or a fixed idea or vision. In all cases the attention must be kept passively and abstractedly without straining the eyes, but watching through some part of the brain as through a frame. The state of abstraction may also be attained by closing the eyes and going in imagination to some distant spot in space and resolutely remaining there. But if one wishes to sense any thoughts in the immediate environment mind wandering must not be indulged in.

THE SENSATION OF PASSIVITY.

If the right state of passivity has been induced, the percipient ought to feel a warm calm dreamlike state of mind, with sometimes also a sense of clouds or fumes wreathing from the brain. The difficulty always is to get the creative faculty of the brain quite dormant. To attain this one requires to distinguish the difference of feeling existing in the consciousness when the creative fancy is at work and when it is not. I left it to the discretion of each percipient to use the method of inducing passivity the most congenial, but I found that practically

in a mixed assembly they all preferred the method of gazing internally, whether closing the eyes or not.

SIX-MINUTE TURNS.

It requires properly some time for a person coming from a busy state of life to acquire this passive hallucinatory state of mind—some quarter or half hour at least. But practice enables one to do it in a shorter time; and the exigencies of the time at our disposal as well as the fact that the other group could not meanwhile keep their attention on the strain without tiring compelled me to allow only about six minutes to the concomitant gazing practices.

If we had been meeting for the sake of getting phenomena, of course, we should have arranged a longer time, but, as our object was for each one to practise, this arrangement worked very well and was the only one possible to give each group a turn at each practice.

Again, if we had been meeting to prove thought-transference, obviously the most successful plan would have been to have selected the best operators to be always operators, and the best recipients to be always recipients; but this plan would not have carried out our main object, consequently, at the end of each experiment, the first set of operators took their place at the table among the recipients, while a new group of operators went behind the screen and gazed at another picture set up there, until in this way everyone in the room had practised both forms of attention.

“WRITE DOWN WHAT YOU SEE!”

In every case, at the end of the six minutes, the operators left their side of the screen and stood at the back of the recipients and without any contact or word tried either to project the mental picture into the brains of the sitters, or else built up the idea as it were in relief upon the table. Then the recipients were required to jot down on the memo-slips any impressions or pictures, however vague, which had occurred to them, and to sign their record. Strict silence was maintained from the commencement of the gazing until the last note had been written, and then the records were compared with the originals and all points of resemblance noted. All the original slips were retained by me, and whenever they bore any striking correspondence to the picture, were pasted in my book of records made from the notes.

THE BEST SUBJECTS FOR EXPERIMENT.

With regard to the subject of the pictures we generally arranged to have one a portrait or figure—fancy or from life—and one, a scene or landscape. We found that the fewer the details the better the result. Thus a single figure in a striking dress or attitude was a better picture to use than a crowd of figures. Once or twice for experiment we used a statuette.

At first we gave no indications whatever to the recipients as to the kind of picture being projected, but after a while we discovered it was a better practice to begin from the more easy to the more difficult; we experienced that if I announced the kind of subject so as to narrow down the internal attention to look for certain details only, such as the dress of the figure, the pose, the mood, beginners obtained more successful results, and were not only encouraged, but taught the right attitude of mind.

Consequently, we fell into the plan of announcing the subject by a few general particulars, such as whether

figure or landscape, or whether fancy or from life. In every case I carefully recorded the exact words announced in these hints.

PICTURE-TRANSFERENCE BY TELEPATHY.

This preliminary practice of picture-transference by telepathy took up generally the first half of the time. In the time remaining we all sat passively in silence round a table and tried to penetrate clairvoyantly into the mental and psychic environment of the other sitters, noting and remembering any scene or face we saw in connection with them, or any name or phrase that came into our head or may have been clairaudiently heard. At the end I wrote down whatever each chose to record and whatever correspondences with veridical circumstances were noteworthy.

THE CLASS FOR PSYCHOMETRY.

I shall now describe the procedure at the meetings for psychometry. Our first practice was to psychometrise objects held in the hand. This consists of a kind of absorption and concentration of the inner attention into other points of time or space or personality, and to sense by intuition any peculiarities of mood or environment which the adopted consciousness presents.

The development of this attention to the subconsciousness is a valuable addition to the mental education, and our object being thus to practise and not to prove psychometry, we made no attempt to establish any theory as to its cause.

We found by experience that the best objects to practise upon were letters in which the writer was in striking circumstances or showed some strong emotion or mood, or else trinkets or relics once in the possession of some strongly marked personality. These letters or other objects were brought by various members. It was the rule that all letters tendered should be taken from their original envelopes and be put into fresh covers. Without doubt this made the process of sensing the more difficult, but it removed the chance of assistance from other faculties as graphology. The psychometrist was allowed to hold finger and thumb inside the cover against the writing, or to place the object against the forehead. We sat round a table, and each having a letter or object allotted to him, recorded any impressions on paper.

The psychometrist was usually informed of the sex of the writer, and sometimes was required to investigate on particular lines. In such cases the facts were noted by me.

When all had finished, I read out each statement and marked against it the judgment as to its correctness given by the bringer of the letter. I kept and filed these annotated slips and noted any striking points in my record book.

THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE.

After this practice at psychometry we finished proceedings by a brief practice at thought-transference. We generally decided first some particular class of objects for selection.

At first we used to pair off in groups of two; and each individual would take turn to be operator, and project the object, mentally selected, into the thoughts of the other, holding the hand, steadily gazing into the eyes, forming the shape and other qualities clearly in the thoughts, and resolutely refusing to allow the

ideas of any associated object to rise in the mind, repeating the word, mentally, all the while.

The mere practice of doing this is an excellent discipline of the mind, independent of any immeditate successes, and the other practice of trying to be in sympathy with another mind is as excellent a training.

At our latest meetings we modified this plan of action.

It was found in practice that the thought of a strong operator sometimes affected the listener of other pairs. The only way to obviate this was for each pair to operate separately; but the time at our disposal was against this. So we made a new disposition. One person selected the object mentally, and the rest all listened inwardly, and then silently wrote down the name of the object sensed. Then, all the answers being first recorded, the projector was asked to name the thing projected.

AUTOMATIC EXPERIMENTS.

As regards our procedure at the meetings for automatic movement there is not much to state.

The first part of the time was occupied by each of us holding a pencil, planchette, psychograph, or ouija-board, and trying to get names or surnames written automatically, which might give some proof of impress from psychic sources.

The last part of the time we gathered round a small table and tried by tilts or raps to get similar proofs of psychic impress operating, whatever be the cause, from within outwards.

We did not experiment as to the causes; we wished only to attain the power of getting these results more readily; and when that is attained, we shall doubtless be in a better position to satisfy ourselves as to the causes immediate, mediate, or remote, whether they be born of our own intelligence, or of an intelligence within our intelligence setting in action some unconscious cerebration or nervous outflow, or whether they be effected by some mysterious forces outside of ourselves, emanating from unseen organisms gaining temporary power to act on our grade of matter by the fact of two or three being gathered together in unanimity of expectation.

I will now pass on to recount some of the most interesting of our experiences in each set of practices.

B.—RESULTS ATTAINED.

As regards to transference of ideas by the picture-gazing method, there was scarcely a meeting that did not elicit some indications that the dominant idea in the mind of the operators was being felt in some way by the percipients.

PICTURES TELEPATHED.

On some days these indications were more manifest than others. It depended on so many things—on the passivity of the percipients and the activity of the operators, on the number of practices and the length of time allotted, on the simplicity or complexity of the subjects selected, and, lastly, on the weather and other factors that tend to disturb the mental state.

(I) FIGURES AND GROUPS.

The following are some specimens of the best results:—

On December 16th, the operators were visualising a photographic reproduction of a well-known

picture by Edward Bisson—a dark-haired maiden, with gauzy drapery clinging on body, but hooding head and shoulders, arms folded, clasping flowers to the breast, and two winged cupids fluttering near holding out flowers.

The subject was announced to the percipients as a "Fancy Female Portrait." No mention was made of the cupids or flowers.

One of the percipients wrote down the following impressions as received. I add, in brackets, my judgments as to correctness.

"I see a girl (right) standing (right), one arm raised (wrong), clinging dress (partly right), birds (winged cupids) and flowers (right), dark hair (right)."

On the same day the next set of operators visualised a reproduction of a well-known picture—a girl in a panelled room, pensively striking a chord on a spinnet, while one elbow and knee rests on a high-backed chair. Time, last century.

It was announced to the percipients as "Another Fancy Female Portrait." No mention was made of the occupation of the figure, yet the idea was transferred to two percipients.

One wrote down:—"I see a girl (right) playing some musical instrument (right), looking upward (wrong), dress confined by a girdle (right), columns in distance (no)."

A second wrote:—"I get the impression only of a lady playing some musical instrument."

On February 3rd, the subject before the operators was one of the Bassano series of fancy portraits made from real life called Love's Eyes—head and shoulders of a girl with large eyes, looking up, and with plentiful curling hair over head and down shoulders.

It was announced as "A Female Portrait." No mention was made as to whether it was full length or not. It was required to find all the details. Three percipients were fairly near the mark.

One wrote:—"I see the head and shoulders (right) of a lady about twenty-three (right), oval features (right), straight nose (right), square, open forehead (no), hair appears waved (right), eyes full (right) and dark (right), mouth small (right), decided lips (right), dress low, but not clearly shown (right)."

A second percipient wrote:—"A girl's head only (right), with fair hair (right), wavy (right), hanging over each shoulder (right), eyes large (right), mouth small (right), nose straight (right), white garment around shoulder (right), oval-shaped face (right), pointed chin (right), dimpled (?)?"

A third wrote:—"A girl with long fair hair (right), looking upward (right), dark dress or mantle (no), small, straight nose (right), small mouth (right)."

On March 23rd, the subject being visualised was Rossetti's Beata Beatrix—a picture too well known to need description. It was announced as "Photo of a figure—to find sex, dress, &c." A percipient caught the leading points of the subject well, writing:—"A female figure (right), sitting (right) or kneeling (?), dark hair and eyes (right), sad expression (right), dark blue drapery (right) and black lace (?), hands clasped (right)."

On the same occasion, the two groups having reversed positions, the picture set to be visualised was the portrait of Macchiavelli, from a Florence gallery. It was announced as a "Portrait of a male."

A percipient wrote:—"A tall figure (right), standing (right), robed like a pontiff (right) or apostle in some Roman sort of dress (somewhat so), has a key or crook

in hand (?), on his head a biretta (right), face smooth (right)."

Another wrote:—"A monk in religious habit (right), tonsured head (not visible), cypress tree in background (no)."

On June 1st, the subject was a portrait of the son of Lord Manners, as exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1896. It was announced as a "Portrait of a child—to find sex, dress, attitude."

A percipient wrote:—"The child is a boy (right) in Lord Fauntleroy dress (right), fair brown hair (right)."

Another wrote:—"I see a persistent view of a foot in a brown or yellow shoe (right), with part of the leg in black stocking half way to the knee (right)."

On June 13th, the subject was another of the Bassano series called St. Cecilia—a fair lady in classical dress, holding a lily; background, a pattern on the wall forming the semblance of rays round her head. It was announced as "Portrait of a lady—to find dress and background." A percipient caught two of the salient features.

"I see a figure of a woman in white (right), robed, with halo (right) or large hat (very like it), straight hair, hanging (no), large lily in hand (right)."

The above are all examples of single figures reproduced. I will now give some of composite groups. They were more difficult and less often tried.

On May 11th, the subject was a photograph of two Japanese wrestlers. It was announced simply as a "Photo of two figures from life—to find the peculiar attitude." A percipient got a good impression as follows:—

"I see a Japanese man (right), standing (right), with a Japanese lady (sex wrong) kneeling on the left (nearly so); the latter had green skirt, black bodice (no)."

Another percipient was near the mark. "I see two acrobats (right), one standing on the other's head (no), both dressed in tight-fitting black clothes (nearly naked, dark skin)."

On May 25th we had a very composite subject. It was a picture called "The New Woman," in which a group of merry Swiss or Tyrolese boys and girls are holding up a girl riding a bicycle down a mountain road. It was announced as a "Landscape, with group of persons, of both sexes, in action."

One of the percipients got a good transference, writing:—"I see a group of happy young people (right), one or two raised above the rest (right), arms of several uplifted (right), dressed as workgirls in short skirts (right), several with neck-kerchiefs loose round throat (right), children dancing round a May-tree (no), several of the boys in shirt-sleeves (right), all are merry (right), grass land (right), river in distance (no, but white road like river)."

Another percipient also partly caught the idea, thus:—"Trees with white blossoms (wrong), white mountains in the distance (right), figures in short costume (right) dancing, and others reclining (wrong), a bright happy tone (right)."

On the same occasion another picture was announced, "Photo of Two Female Figures—Fancy." It was a well-known picture called "Towards a Better Land," an angel uplifting a beautiful female with flowing hair and upstretched arm.

The following was written by a percipient:—"I see a woman with flowing hair (right), and dress blown by the wind (right), looking out to sea (sea below), as if in search of a ship."

Now I will give some specimens in which the subject set was scenery. The best result was with interiors.

(2) BUILDINGS AND LANDSCAPES.

On February 10th a subject was announced "Photo of a Building." (It was a photo brought by a lady of the interior of a large Catholic church.) Four out of six percipients got near the mark.

The following was written by one: "I see the interior (right) of some large building (right), columns with Gothic arches (right), perhaps the interior of some cathedral (right)." Another gave: "Columns and arches (right), a memorial stone lying flat, with inscription on it (?), stained glass and windows (right)." A third wrote:—"Interior of St. Paul's arranged for a funeral." A fourth, "A white building with arches (right), small indistinct figures (?), dark background (wrong)."

On May 4th a subject was announced "Townscape." (Photo of Plaza of St. Mark's, Venice.)

One of the percipients wrote down: "The chief impression I get is of some building ecclesiastical (right), roofs and fretted work of some sort (right). Then I see distinctly the façade of some large cathedral (right), with some windows round and others rectangular (right). Next I see a figure in kingly robes (there was a statue in the centre—conspicuous in the photo), then figures of angels and apostles (?). Finally I am strongly impressed there is a plaza of a town in Italy somewhere in the picture like the one of St. Mark's, Venice (right), in front there is a campanile (right), and a single tree somewhere (wrong), also a bird's nest, but why? It seems incongruous" (no nest in photo, but there is a tree with old nest just opposite the window of my sitting-room, which might have been unconsciously recently observed). The percipient also has visited Venice, a fact which might have aided him to catch the impression so definitely.

Sometimes we tried a combination of landscape with figures.

On March 30th a subject was announced "Landscape with Central Figure." It was an engraving of a picture called "Solitude." A German peasant girl, like a Marguerite, seated in a large punt moored by beds of reeds in the marshes beside a river. She is all alone. Her head is bowed, the sun is setting.

A percipient wrote: "A lake or river (right), with landscape on left side (?). A girl (right), in front, in short petticoat (right), something bright on head (wrong), blue hills behind (wrong)."

Again, on May 18th, a subject announced "Landscape, with a Male Figure." A picture called "Contemplation." A hooded monk is pacing a wide stretch of sand beside the sea, hands clasped.

A percipient wrote: "Tall figure (right), in Eastern costume (wrong); long hair and beard (wrong), beside a long stretch of sand or sea (right), standing (right), in prayer or adoration (right)."

Another lady member wrote: "I see a young man (right), with short dark hair (hooded), standing in a lonely spot (right), with loose robes (right), looking sad (right), undecided (?), long staff in hand (wrong)."

The above will be enough examples of this picture transference. I could give you several more, but these are typical of our best results as yet.

SOME SOURCES OF ERROR.

Of course, on every occasion there were percipients who could see nothing or saw more facts wrong than right. But sometimes these very errors were themselves very instructive. They showed in what way the mind

had been acting in a wrong direction. I will give some cases that illustrate this.

The following show a common fault on the part of the percipients of letting, unconsciously it may be, the creative fancy remain active at work. The mind listening and groping inwardly all right succeeds in catching quite correctly some striking detail of the picture, and instead of remaining passive to see other details, lets the fancy be stimulated into activity by the suggestion received, until it amplifies the one point into a picture of its own. A similar process is seen in dreams—a state of mind very akin to clairvoyant and somnambulic states.

On March 16th the subject being visualised by the operators was an angel blowing a huge trumpet that coiled round the neck. One of the percipients, half apprehending the idea of the trumpet, amplified it into "a person with a fur round his neck, struggling with a python." Another, also, made it into "a figure holding a bow."

On January 27th there was a failure very instructive to us. The operators were looking at a group announced as a "Group of Persons," that had a Christ with a halo round the head, and on each side an angel with outspread wings. One of the percipients wrote down: "I see a central figure of a man in long robes like a Roman dress. On his head is something like a helmet with eagle's wings on each side. Also I see two swans with outspread wings sailing each side of him." Here he had evidently apprehended the idea of the outspread wings of the angels twice; but his fancy had first woven it into the notion of wings to a helmet, and afterwards into two swans.

Another instructive failure was on February 24th. A lady had brought a photo of a church and graveyard to be visualised. Conspicuous in the picture was a tombstone of pyramidal shape. It was announced as a "Landscape."

A percipient wrote down: "I see a pyramid standing in the desert with other indistinct shapes, one is, perhaps, a sphinx."

In this case the mind had caught the shape of the tombstone from some operator's mind, but had gone on to elaborate the scene of the pyramid in the desert.

It also shows another source of error, viz., the tendency of the somnambulic mind to apprehend form without the right idea of size. Consequently it magnifies or minimises. Thus a tombstone became the size of a pyramid. Again, on another occasion a shrub became a tree.

Another instance of partial apprehension being built upon by the creative faculty, will be noticed in the very first case quoted (December 16th), where two winged Cupids are turned into two birds.

Sometimes, apparently, one detail only is apprehended by the percipients without awaking the fancy; but the fault is that the mind rests there without discovering the whole picture. An instance of this may be noted in the case of June 1st, quoted above, where a portrait of the son of Lord Manners was being visualised, and a percipient saw only the foot correctly.

All cases like the above, where one detail is seized to the exclusion of the rest, are, perhaps, due to a fault on the part of the operators. These, when trying to visualise a subject as a whole, are apt to concentrate their attention too exclusively on some one detail.

This is somewhat unfair to the percipients who catch this one point and not the rest. But it is a very difficult one to avoid, especially when the attention is on a great strain. Indeed, some psychologists affirm that

it is impossible for the attention to take into the consciousness more than one detail at a time; the idea of a comprehended whole being attained only by a rapid apprehension from point to point. They have illustrated this argument by an ear listening to a concerted orchestra.

Another common error on the part of operators is, when looking at a subject, to let the attention wander on to some associated idea. Some have confessed to this straying of thought, when the extraneous idea, and not the original, has turned up in the minds of the percipients.

There is one more source of error of the percipients to notice. It is that of catching ideas from their immediate neighbours and not from the persons on the other side of the screen.

A notable instance of this occurred on May 25th. A portrait of Fra Angelico was being visualised, and by an error of judgment it had been announced as "A Male Head. Religious subject." Now this word religious was objectionable for two reasons; it limited the subject too much, and was so suggestive that it started the irrepressible fancy to work.

In the mind of one of the percipients it immediately caused a picture—the Christ crowned with thorns, by Guido—to start in my imagination. Feeling this to be a suggestion of the fancy, and annoyed that such a suggestive word had been mentioned, I banished the false picture by my will, and subsequently caught a fair impression of the right subject writing down: "I see a figure in a long monk's robe with hood (right), and a pastoral crook (no); also a library with bookshelves and illuminated scrolls and mi-sals (wrong)," but a lady who had brought the photograph and was among the operators confessed that her thoughts had wandered to the library of San Marco in Florence, where she had seen the original of the portrait hanging. On comparing notes afterwards it was found that no less than four out of the five other percipients had got the idea of the Guido Head immediately, and had not changed from it, thinking it to be the right one.

This might have been a coincidence of everybody's fancy starting the self-same picture, but I am inclined to think it was a case of telepathy from the wrong source.

The remaining percipient obtained the impression quite right at once, writing "a monk with hood surrounding the head (right), sad expression (right), eyes upraised (right), and hands clasped (right)."

Another curious mistake on the part of a percipient is worth briefly noting. A lady, instead of seeing the picture being visualised, gave a very accurate replica of another picture which I had previously selected and stowed away as the next subject for practice that day.

C.—CLAIRVOYANT MIND READING.

I will now pass on to record some of the experiences we had in the other practice at these clairvoyant meetings, the looking into the psychic surroundings, so to say, of the others present.

Observing and listening with the inner mind, some saw pictures and faces, and some heard names and surnames and spoken words, and on comparing notes at the end we discovered that often these sights and names had correspondences with events that had either recently occupied the mind of someone present or been connected with it in the past.

I will begin with some of the most striking cases of the first kind:—

On May 11th, a lady, Miss C., recorded that she had seen behind Mr. F. a vision of him looking at a lady in a coffin. Simultaneously, I had received the impression and recorded a voice saying the surname Parkinson or Parkins.

On comparing notes at the end Mr. F. said that a few days before he had attended a funeral of a lady and had looked at her in her coffin, and that her name was Parkinson.

Miss C. was a complete stranger to Mr. F. and lived in another part of London. I also knew nothing of his private affairs, meeting him only in my rooms.

Again, on May 25th, a lady, Miss M. W., recorded that she had seen behind the same Mr. F., a tall, portly gentleman in military uniform, bald-headed, with cocked hat by his side. Also that she heard the name Fanny Burton.

Mr. F. stated that he had a friend and relative of that exact description, called General Fowler Burton.

I must state that Mr. F. was an utter stranger to Miss W., and that it was a curious coincidence that the next day he received a letter from this man's daughter saying that her father was ill.

On June 1st, Miss W. described behind Mrs. B. an old woman with strongly marked features and checked shawl carrying a basket. Now Mrs. B. had been annoyed by just such an old woman as she had come to the réunion, but had not mentioned the fact to anyone.

On December 16th, Miss P. and Miss B., both members of this society, were present. I knew nothing of their private life, but looking into the surroundings of Miss P. I described as living in her house a woman, tall, elegant, about thirty or so, dressed in long silk mantle, fur-trimmed, reaching down nearly to her feet. She recognised this as a good description of her lady's maid and her dress. Behind Miss B. I saw a tall old gentleman, whom I recognised as Mr. Wedgwood, a person deceased I had once met and who—a fact I did not know—had been a great friend of Miss B. Then another lady present said, to my surprise, that she too had been a friend of the deceased and had in her pocket, at that moment, a letter from his daughter.

On May 18th, a young lady, a stranger to me, was sitting next to me. I described in her environment a building like the interior of the South Kensington Museum and a series of tapestries and a throne with a canopy. The lady acknowledged she was a student at the Museum and studied the tapestries there—a fact unknown to me.

On March 23rd, another young lady was next me, and I saw in connection with her the front of a great building or temple with great columns and steps leading up to it. She said she had been seeing in her mind a vision of a similar building, a sort of Egyptian Temple.

On March 30th, Mrs. S. had come a stranger to the meetings for the first time. Behind her Mrs. E. saw a lady with long features, rather sharp, hair white and parted, in black dress and thick veil, being wheeled in an invalid chair by a stout man with a red face. Mrs. S. recognised the description as that of her sister, of whose house in the country she had been thinking. Now I, too, had been looking into the surroundings of this lady and had recorded a picture of a country house, and gave particulars of its appearance, which she said was just the house she had gone to in mind. I also had recorded that I had seen, too, a girl who had passed away about sixteen, with fair hair down her back, who

seemed to tell me that she was her daughter and had done a certain thing which I detailed. Mrs. S. acknowledged the description and facts about her daughter to be correct.

On June 15th, a lady, Mrs. G., had come a stranger to me for the first time. I recorded that behind her I had seen a good-looking girl, an inmate of her house, dressed in black dress, white cap and apron, so that I could not decide whether she was a servant or hospital nurse. She had curly fair hair.

Mrs. G. said that very week she had had to dismiss a servant girl of that description for an annoying cause, and that, curiously, on leaving, the girl had declared that she was going to become a hospital nurse.

On June 1st, a young lady, a stranger to Mrs. B., saw behind her a benevolent-looking old man, with white hair, white beard, rather long Roman nose, brown eyes, named Samuel or Stephen.

This is a good description of her husband, as I also can vouch for, having seen him. His Christian names are Simeon Stephenson.

The above are all more or less indications of reading the consciousness or subconsciousness of those around us.

CLAIRVOYANT VISIONS OF THE DEAD OR ABSENT.

Sometimes the names and descriptions of unknown personalities have been given and have been recognised by the one in connection with whom they were seen as departed friends or relatives.

Thus, for instance, I gave:—

On November 18th, the name (Sarah) and personal description of a favourite great-aunt of Miss M. W.

On December 2nd, the name (Annie), personal description, age, and occupation of a favourite servant of Mrs. I.

On January 27th, the name and surname (May Brown) of a friend of Mrs. I.

On February 24th, the personality and peculiar Masonic ring of the husband of Mrs. C. S.

On February 27th, the description and peculiar dress as in an old portrait of the mother of Mrs. O.

On same date, the name (Willie) of a brother of Mr. O., also cause of death and town (Wagga-Wagga) where he died.

On same date, the name (Maudie), age, and description of a daughter of Mrs. T., also description of her brother, also the name and description of an old servant of hers.

On March 2nd, the name (Ellinore), age, and personal description of a sister of Mrs. H.

On March 16th, the name and surname (Geo. Mitchell), of a friend of Mrs. C. S.

On May 16th, the name (Eva), description of a sister of Miss G. and other facts about her mother.

On May 25th, the name (Ludwig), description and occupation of an uncle of Miss F. and the fact that he lived in Hamburg.

On same date, the name (Mary), and description of a sister of Mr. W.

On June 1st, the name and surname of a nephew of Mrs. F. (Wyndham Mallett).

On July 4th, the name (Rosamund), age, and description of a previous wife of the husband of Mrs. C., also the description in peculiar details of her dead mother-in-law.

I can state that all the names and facts were previously unknown to me.

Miss M. W. also gave:—On May 18th, the name and

surname (James Frazer) and personal description and name of his wife (Annie) of Mr. F.

On June 29th, the name of the mother (Adelaide) of a gentleman present, who had felt his mother's presence and had mentally asked her to impress her name on the mind of someone and had noted on paper the fact he had done so.

Mrs. B. gave :—On May 25th, the description, behind a lady, of a man holding up a hurt, bleeding finger. (The lady's father had died of blood-poisoning caused by cutting his finger in a dissection case.)

Mrs. C. S. gave :—On May 25th, the name (Emily) and description of a sister of Miss D. (This sister was also seen on the same occasion and described by me and a certain fact of something she had done was heard, stated, and found to be true.)

A FIND IN MEDIUMSHIP. MRS. T.

One of the most noteworthy cases of clairvoyance was given in the Sunday series of meetings by a lady, Mrs. T., in trance, and speaking as if with another personality as Mrs. Piper does.

A certain gentleman had come to this meeting with the wish to find a clairvoyant, who could reveal to him something about a certain document which he had brought in his pocket without telling anyone the fact. It appears that this gentleman's father, when alive, had discovered a family letter, which led him to believe that a large sum of money had been left by an ancestor, several generations back, who had fled from Spain to the Netherlands. This money had been entrusted to some religious body there with the proviso that it was to revert to his descendants after so many generations with compound interest. The heads of this body had carefully concealed this agreement, hoping thereby that no claim would be made. But this gentleman's father learning about it accidentally had consulted, some fifty years ago, in Paris, the famous clairvoyant Alexis, and had been told the exact words of the agreement and its whereabouts, but had been advised to leave it to his sons to make the claim.

The papers bequeathed to him by his father about this affair were in this gentleman's pocket, unknown to the others present. But Mrs. T., while entranced, described the father as present, giving details of his appearance, and stating that he had come about the will in the Netherlands the papers of which were in the gentleman's pocket opposite. Then the entranced lady seemed controlled by the personality of the father, who gave his son advice on the subject, using words and expressions which the gentleman recognised as those his father used. This was the first time Mrs. T. had ever met this gentleman.

I may say in passing that this Mrs. T. promises to be an exceptionally gifted psychic in other ways beside clairvoyance, but of these hereafter. I will now pass on to records of results in Psychometry on Tuesdays.

D.—PROGRESS IN PSYCHOMETRY.

In this branch of our experiments it is not so easy to collect cases worth publishing. We were all beginners groping at the subject, and we found it easy enough to a certain extent to get general impressions as to the character of the writer of the letter we were holding. But such general details might be guessing or thought-reading or generalities which might fit any character. However, now and then we caught some specific details which brought the inner sense more to the proof. Those

who came most regularly to these meetings certainly found their powers in this respect increase. In my case it was decidedly so.

I had never tried the practice before, but I discovered that by continually practising to forget one's personality and to assume that of the writer, by observing what new sort of consciousness came over one, the mind found new feelings come as convictions without knowing the wherefore. Then practice induced habits of groping on set paths of inquiry, such as what age, what bodily presence do I sense, what is the room like round me as I write, what the household? Am I satisfied with my surroundings? Are my spirits elated or depressed, calm or irritated? What are my emotions—is there any love, anger, ambition?

The more it was trained the more rapidly the attention could glance round in this way and get responses that were astonishing as much to the psychometrist as to the interrogator. Of course, there are sources of error to eliminate by practice. One of the most frequent of these is to start off on the wrong tack into time and space, and get into the interrogator's world instead of that of the writer or owner of the thing held.

One requires, also, a certain amount of courage to make statements backed merely by a vague sense or intuition rather than by knowledge gained in the usual way.

There is no doubt mind-reading explains a large quota of successful results, but even this explanation makes them interesting. On November 26th I handed Mrs. B. a piece of coral which I had picked up in some of my travels and asked her to discover where it came from, at the same time recollecting in my own mind the place. In half a minute she wrote, "This piece of coral comes either from the Andaman Islands or the Bahamas."

This latter name rather spoils the case; otherwise, since Mrs. B. was quite a stranger to me at the time and had no reason to know that I had ever visited that out-of-the-way part of the world, it is curious that the very place is mentioned right.

Mind-reading may also explain the following similar cases. On December 10th, Mr. W., a stranger to Miss D., handed her his watch-chain, and asked her to discover about a previous owner.

She wrote down the following answer (the judgments of Mr. W. as to right (R) or wrong (W) are appended to each remark): "The person to whom the chain belonged has passed away—died on a voyage or abroad (R). He was a strong character, courageous (R), and a true friend (R), went through some stirring scenes, probably in the army" (R).

On January 28th Mrs. B. handed to Miss S. a ring she had bought of a Brittany fisherman, and asked her to discover how it came into her possession. She wrote down: "I connect it with a fisherman and rushing water. I wonder if the former owner died in the water."

On March 31st I handed Mrs. T. a turquoise stone unmounted, which I bought of a wandering Indian tribe whose encampment I visited one day at Tuticorin, in the very south of India. She wrote: "This stone has something to do with a black man for I see a scene of lots of trees and palms (R), and Mr. Thurstan there with something white on his head" (R).

On May 19th Mrs. B. brought an old watch to psychometrise. No one but herself knew anything about it. It was given to Mrs. F., who wrote:

think the owner of this watch spent his life on the sea. I feel a strong influence of the sea, and feel that the owner was on a man-of-war and saw a lot of service."

This was quite right. It had belonged to a great naval officer, a friend of Nelson.

There were several other cases of successful answers about objects held in the hand, but the above will suffice as typical cases. As regards the sensing of letters also, sometimes distinct details were caught which made the psychometry noteworthy. Some typical cases of these are now given, with the judgments of the interrogators appended.

On February 18th I handed a letter to Mrs. B., which I had received from a young bride, thanking me for a wedding present. I gave Mrs. B. the problem to find the personality and surroundings of the writer. Mrs. B.'s answer was: "I gather the lady who wrote this letter is young (yes), and is going to be married soon (letter written eve of wedding-day), and probably going a long journey (had just come from one) across the sea (yes). She has been in India or Australia (she was born and educated in India, and afterwards settled in Australia with her father). She is happy and rather *exaltée* (yes), sees everything *couleur de rose* (yes). She is tall (yes), slender (yes), has bright blue eyes (yes), graceful, and holds her head rather high (yes)."

On March 3rd I was given a letter to psychometrise from a Parsee lady, who resides in London and is known as a good public singer. I wrote: "I get the impression of a young lady (yes), of someone who has recently had the hair down the back (she wears her hair so), dark brown or black (black), slim and graceful (yes), over medium height (yes), dressed in black dress (no). As to her nationality she seems to speak English generally, but perhaps comes from India or some warm colony (from Bombay), although I feel something Scottish in her nature (the lady addressed in the letter was Scottish). Her heart is happy and good. She is well educated (yes), endowed with talents and grace (yes), very feminine in appearance, but masculine in thought and love of action (yes). She is not married (widow)."

On March 24th Mrs. C. S. brought, in a blank envelope, some verses composed and sent to her by a poor old woman in an almshouse. This was somewhat different from the usual letter, but nothing was said to this effect. It was given to Mrs. T. to psychometrise. She wrote: "I sense a woman not very well educated (right), writing a poem or hymn of the Salvation Army type (yes). Possibly the poem is really a form of begging letter (possibly). The woman's whole surroundings seem poor (yes). Although the person makes use of God's name, I do not feel it is in a genuine manner (possibly). I feel hot and highly excited."

On the same occasion Mrs. C. S. had been given by me a letter to sense which had come from a young man retired from the Navy who has set up as a professional magnetiser. She wrote: "I feel a strong magnetic influence with this letter (right), a sensation of warmth and sleepiness—not a pleasant influence (a mesmerist). The writer is about thirty (right), strong (yes), but not very tall (right), nor dark (right), of very powerful will (yes), and force of character (yes), not spiritually developed."

On the same date a stranger lady, introduced by a member, handed me a letter taken from her pocket and placed in a blank envelope. I wrote: "I get the

feeling of a very educated man (yes), one who has been to a university (yes), and belongs to some cultured profession, as the Bar or Church (Bar). He is between thirty and forty (just over forty, but looks young), writes from a villa with a small garden (right), where sometimes they hang out washing to dry, which has been annoying him (the lady knew there was a cottage opposite where there was a laundry). The sea is not far off (right: Weston-super-Mare). I feel as if I had been watching ships pass to and fro (probably). He is not altogether contented or well (true). His mind is restless (yes). He wants to leave his surroundings (true). I feel a burning sensation in my breast. I gather he must be tormented by some restless idea or may suffer from indigestion (yes). He is fond of the person he addresses (yes). He is quick, steady, honourable—has much literary talent and genius (all true). His character has strong individuality (yes). He is generous, but might be more enlightened spiritually (yes)."

On March 31st Miss W. handed me a passport that had been carried by a governess to Roumania. It was placed in a blank envelope, and no intimation was given me. I wrote:

"The only impressions I get are connected with some office with a high stool in it and maps on the wall (? the office where passports are issued). It is near a bridge in London (Foreign Office, near Westminster Bridge), and that it is some agreement or certificate like that of marriage or birth (a passport). There seems also some educational influences, as if of someone who teaches (right—a governess) who is not quite content with her position (right)."

On May 19th, Mrs. F. gave me a letter from a lady friend. I gave the following diagnosis:

"The writer is a young lady (yes), very refined, elegant, smart in society (yes), has great tact (yes), ease of deportment, aptitude for artistic execution (yes), also manual dexterity (yes), can ride, bicycle, dance, skate, and play music well (yes). She would manage a household well and gracefully, for she is very practical (yes), yet she has great ideality and spirituality (yes). She lives among trees and parks (yes), in the country, much alone (yes). She is not married yet; there is a sense of superiority about her that drives off advances of the other sex (right). I feel an intense happiness burning in her and she must have a capacity for intense feelings (yes), although she hides it by a fashionable gay abandon (yes). She is in good society (yes), has travelled (yes), has been educated and resided partly abroad (yes). She is handsome, rather tall (yes), elegantly dressed (yes). She lives in a country house with grounds of good dimensions and sees much country life (right). She is coming to stay in town for the season (the letter was about it but she has decided not). She has a father alive (yes), but no mother (yes), and no brother (right). She is fond of flowers and travelling and enjoys good health (right)."

On June 22nd a lady visitor, a sister of a member and a stranger to me, pulled a letter from her pocket from a gentleman and asked me to psychometrise it, I wrote:

"I feel a man rather advanced in life, as the hair is turning grey (right), yet the vital magnetism is strong and warm as of one who has a strong physique (right). The figure is upright and military-looking (right), although I do not think he is military in profession (right). I see a persistent view of some park with hawthorns in bloom—also a brick town house and garden. It is as if he had a house with that park view or had been walking in a place like Kensington Gardens before writ-

ing the letter (he writes from a Piccadilly Club; he might have walked in Hyde Park), I also get a sense of tropical trees and ferns, as if he had been in India (No, but perhaps the trees in the Park). In manners he has plenty of the "suaviter," and would make a good diplomatist (yes). He has great mental power and facility (yes), is very orderly (yes), and has rather too much of officialdom for boldness of action (true). He is kind and affectionate (yes), has an element of the feminine in his love of social amenities (right). He is always well dressed (yes). He has been married but I do not get any sense of a wife with him now (right). At any rate there are no children in his house now (right). He is in good health (yes), and has taken several long voyages (no)."

On one occasion (May 12th), we made an experiment to get results after eliminating that factor of immediate thought-reading, which, of course, spoilt the above successes as proofs of the psychometric gift.

A letter had just reached me from an unknown correspondent, asking permission to join our circle. Here was a chance. I handed the open letter round to be read and five of us tried to get at the personality of the writer—our remarks to be subsequently verified. We all judged her mental characteristics right, but that was probably from the style and handwriting. We all got her age nearly right, and three the fact of her being unmarried. I also recorded a mannerism of hers, "pursing her lips when speaking, the upper rather overhanging the lower." This turned out to be correct and is noteworthy.

POSITIVE PROJECTION ON BLANK PAPER.

At some of our latter meetings some of us tried a new practice, which had the advantage of developing positive projection as well as receptivity, and also tended to demonstrate the psychic gift. Previous to the meeting we took a blank sheet of note paper and keeping it in our hands for a length of time, tried to impress on it all the feelings of radiant happiness we could conjure up at will, on the other in a similar way all the feelings of unhappiness, then we wrote two numbers on the different sheets so as to know them privately. At the meeting we handed them to some member to distinguish which had the happy and which the unhappy impression.

There have not been enough experiments to come to any definite conclusion, but so far they are satisfactory.

On the four occasions I submitted paper magnetised in this way, the following were the results.

On May 5th, three ladies successfully distinguished them, none failed.

On May 12th, two successful, none failed.

On May 19th, one successful, two failed.

On May 26th, one successful, none failed.

Altogether out of nine tests, seven were successful.

As regards the practice of projecting ideas into the minds of others our attempts were made in too informal a way to make it of any use to tabulate them for scientific purposes, but I have done so to discover our comparative merits and see how far practice improved them. It is satisfactory to find that the persons who had been the most regular in attendance are the very ones who head the lists. But some who have the highest percentage of successes as operator have the lowest as percipient; some the reverse; some have good percentages as both, and some as neither.

TABLE TURNING.

It only remains to record our experiences in the Sunday

series of meetings which were held to practise automatic writing and make experiments in table turning, tilting, and rappings.

As regards the first, we tried to get some proof by names or messages of the external inspiration of our writings. But there was not much success in this way.

On one occasion I wrote down the name of an old schoolfellow, dead, of Mrs. T., and on another that of a sister of hers. Once some messages were got by three persons using an autographic instrument called Pytho. But the chief interest of the gathering always centred in the second part of the proceedings.

On every occasion there were different combinations of visitors. At many of these we got messages in the usual unsatisfactory way of tilting of the table while our hands rested on it, and sometimes we heard faint raps but could not get them to respond intelligently. But unexpectedly one day, June 7, Mrs. T., the lady whose psychic powers I have alluded to so frequently being present—we were surprised by raps coming loud and distinct, and giving intelligent messages as I called the alphabet. We then tried sitting away from the table at some distance round it. But the raps came equally clearly and intelligently. Then following the directions given by these raps, three gentlemen and Mrs. T. held our fingers, lightly resting on the top of the octagon table, and it rose a yard or so in the air and remained so some ten seconds. All this was in the full light of the summer evening about 8.30 P.M.

Pleased with this result, the same party agreed to meet the next Sunday evening. We obtained the phenomena of raps and strong upheavals as soon as we had sat round the table. We again all sat away some three feet clear of the table and requested the upheavals to continue. They did so and gave messages by three vigorous tilts as I called the alphabet. The raps also came under the same conditions, not a hand or foot being near the table and the light being clear. Owing to the vacation ensuing, this party did not meet again. I may, however, state that following the directions given at this last meeting, I have recently started a new series of meetings to experiment in this manifestation of mysterious forces, and this time only with Mrs. T., her husband, and one other lady, and already in the broad light of the afternoon we are getting messages on a table far removed from us as well as on the table in front of us, and are having objects carried by our unseen visitants from this house to other houses as I have reported in *Light*, November 1st; and we are promised by our unseen visitants to develop still more definite manifestations of their presence and power, if the present conditions continue.

FREDERIC WILLIAM THURSTAN, M.A.
Hertford Lodge, Albert Bridge, London, S.W.

In reply to enquiries from all parts of the world, Mr. Thurston writes:—

I can only say to such what I say to you here in this country—start institutions on similar lines in your own districts, and I am sure, if you persevere, you will find people come in to join from where you least expect it, and gain results in the development of your personal character as Spiritual beings which, I hope, will even exceed the little beginnings in this way which our meetings have, at least, shown possible.

II.—A SPIRITUALISTIC HOTEL.

A correspondent, signing himself Professor Lucien Pusch, Director, sends me the following notice of the

opening of what he describes as the First Spiritualistic Temple in Europe :—

Thanks be to God and the high Spirits that through their influence it has at last become possible for us to found a Temple in one of the most beautiful parts of Europe, at Bodensee, Ober Ward, St. Gallen, Switzerland. It is, at the same time, an academy for psychological search in every direction, and thus fills a long-felt want. It will be open summer and winter, and possesses every convenience for visitors. Private rooms, with excellent board, will be rented very reasonably. The building also possesses large halls for lectures, etc. For terms and particulars, address

PROF. LUCIEN PUSCH, *Director,*
Ober Ward, St. Gallen, Switzerland.

It is interesting to see that, even if this be only an advertisement of an enterprising hotel keeper, that Spiritualists are sufficiently numerous to make it worth Prof. Pusch's while to strike out in this line.

III.—A PROPOSED TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MEDIUMS.

Madame D'Esperance contributes to *Light* the following suggestions for the formation of a Home and Training School for Mediums.

1.—The object of the new Home to be the education and development of mediums, through whom the inhabitants of the spirit world can work for the regeneration of humanity.

2.—To educate children from earliest infancy in the knowledge that all life and goodness are from God, and that communication with God and His spirit messengers is the first aim of earthly existence.

3.—That in order to become a medium a pure, holy life, that is consecrated to this end must be led.

4.—That the great object must be to attain the perfection necessary to become the medium for faithfully transmitting the messages from the spirit world to this.

5.—That no creed nor dogma is to be taught, but that the whole education be directed to the existence of a Supreme God and Creator, the immortality of man, and the possibility of communication with angels.

6.—The inmates of the Home must be the children of healthy parents who have led honest, God-fearing lives, and whose progenitors, as far as can be ascertained, have committed no

crime. This is necessary in order to save the teachers from having to contend against any hereditary taint, either physical or moral, in the child thus to be brought up to the service of the Almighty and His angels.

7.—The children must be given willingly by their parents at as early an age as consistent with health, and every facility must be afforded to such parents to assure themselves of the little ones' well-being.

8.—The home of the children to be plain, simple, but comfortable. Clothing to be strictly in accordance with hygiene. Food, as far as consistent with health, to be fruits, grains, and vegetables.

9.—Physical health is to be considered as important as moral purity for the proper understanding of God and His works.

10.—If, after a time, a child shows signs of being entirely unsuitable for the work for which it is being educated, either through the development of any physical or moral deformity or disease unfitting it for the end in view, it is to be given up to its parents and another taken in its stead.

11.—The education of the children to be as comprehensive as possible, including all branches taught in the best schools. If any child shows a talent for a special work of art, every facility to be given for its study.

12.—The whole education of the children to be based upon the fact that, as it is by the will and love of God that all things exist, it is the clear and imperative duty of all to study and work to fulfil his laws and devote the talents given them to the service of God and His creatures. They should be taught that to work for fallen humanity is the greatest service they can render to God, and that it is their special duty to prepare both their souls and their bodies to be fitting instruments for this end.

The foregoing suggestions are put before the public for the purpose of eliciting the best opinions and advice of all interested in the subject, so that the plan may be developed and made as complete and perfect as possible in all its details, and immediately carried into execution.

E. D'ESPERANCE.

The most obvious criticism is surely that the best home is the child's own home. With the exception of the last clause of article 2, there is nothing in the proposed rules which would not be accepted by all intelligent religious parents. So that it comes to this. The best training school for mediums is simply to superadd to the training of a good home the teaching that it is possible and right to hold communion not only with God, but also with His Spirit messengers.

XII.—SOME EXPERIMENTS IN BORDERLAND.

SCIENCE AND THE LIFE BEYOND.

MR. HERBERT BURROWS lectured the members of the Spiritual Alliance, on November 20, on Science and the Life Beyond. Mr. Burrows' view is that the Spiritualist will be able to overcome the Materialist by the aid of the Higher Clairvoyance. The following extract gives the pith of Mr. Burrows' position.

Here, then, was the best scientific materialist position. The universe one, under the reign of law, no miracle possible. Force also one, constant, unalterable in its totality, capable of being modified in direction only. The five-sense universe part only of the great complex whole, the finer invisible forces seemingly multiplying on every hand. Matter only known as the cause of a state of consciousness, that consciousness non-individual after death, and then the gulf which means annihilation. Was it possible to bridge it over? That was the crux, the question to which the spiritualist and the occultist had to give a definite and decided answer.

When the late Professor Tyndall, in his celebrated Belfast address, said that in matter he discerned the promise and potency of all terrestrial life, he was very careful to avoid the term "dead matter." The true scientist knows that there is no such thing. To him, as to the spiritualist, the keynote of the universe is *life*. Every atom of what was called matter, everything in the universe, exhibited the phenomena of life in different stages of manifestation. No one knew what that life was. It had been known by different names in different stages of the world's history. Some people called it God. "I do not," said Mr. Burrows, "give it that title; I prefer to say that I see in the universe life as its keynote, and that although I do not know, and cannot know, what it is in its essence, I can study it in its manifestations. I can study them in myself and in the forms of Nature by which I am surrounded, and can thereby appreciate the saying of the old German metaphysician, that 'God sleeps in the mineral, dreams in the vegetable, and wakes in man.'"

Where, then, did their thought lead them? They could accept and rejoice in all the conclusions of physical science, which took them step by step to the invisible universe, and by a positive hypothesis based on rigid scientific experiment they could bridge over the annihilation gulf. Suppose that it were possible to throw the body of a man or woman into a state so far resembling death that it should present practically no real difference to the physiological observer, that it should be rigid, insensible, that the circulation of the blood should apparently have almost ceased, and the electrical and chemical activities of the organism be correspondingly reduced. Suppose, further, that in spite of all this, life, thought, and consciousness could not only manifest as keenly and actively as in the case of ordinary living men and women, but even more keenly and actively, as evidenced by the fact of a person in such a condition seeing and accurately describing scenes and incidents occurring hundreds of miles away. If that could be proved, then a tremendous blow would be given to the materialistic philosophy, which depended on the constant ratio of brain activity and consciousness. Such, however, were the circumstances under which what was known as the "higher clairvoyance" was manifested, and it was to the higher clairvoyance he looked to form one of the chief buttresses of the bridge he desired to construct between spiritual and material science. He supposed the majority of those present were acquainted with the supposititious case he had quoted as being an actual fact; doubtless it had come within the experience of many of them. Indeed, he gathered from what had been told to him that such facts had been under the personal observation of some of them for many years. Now, as he had previously remarked, one experience was worth a million non-experiences, and although the phenomenon referred to was absolutely no proof whatever of immortality—it was not even, in the nature of the case, a proof of continued existence—yet if, as was shown, life, thought, and consciousness could exist and function under such

conditions, it irresistibly led to the intellectual conclusion that when the brain moulders away the life, thought, and consciousness can still exist, because if they did not depend on the activity of the brain in life they need not do so after death. The material hypothesis was that the organic life was in direct ratio to the activity of the brain; but the occultist knew, on the other side, that in many cases the manifestation of consciousness and thought existed independently of cerebral activity, and he was even more justified in propounding his positive hypothesis from this set of observed facts than the materialist was in drawing his negative hypothesis on the other side. Some of them might think that this was a very lame way of putting the matter. But he wished to put his conclusions into a form that would be appreciated by the scientific thinker.

AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED.

MR. WILLIAM ROUTH, of the Rand Grange, Bedale, Yorkshire, has written two letters to *Light*, which are worth noting as a record of the experiences of a scientifically-minded man, who honestly attempted to investigate spiritualism and failed. His first letter was as follows:—

It appears that Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace has complained in the *Echo* of the somewhat flippant treatment of a work of his by Mr. H. B. Samuels, a correspondent who admits that he has himself none but mere general impressions on the subject of Spiritualism. But Dr. Wallace goes on to ascribe *all* want of belief in spiritualistic phenomena to want of examination.

Now, I fully recognise that no sensible person can allow himself to denounce the belief in question without patient investigation at first hand. So much it is only fair to admit; though it seems to be not everyone who admits it.

Still, it is simply begging the question to take for granted the result of such investigation beforehand. As a case in point I venture to put before you my own experience.

Some years ago a dozen or so of inquiring spirits, of whom I was one, agreed to make a genuine effort to invite phenomena of this nature. We all met with perfectly neutral minds, so far as we were aware; that is, we were neither consciously biased in favour of the reality of these manifestations, nor yet against it. We were ready and desirous of being convinced, but resolved that there should be no element of imposture.

We assembled in no frivolous spirit, but in a serious mood; e.g., though we were all men, smoking was excluded; and I need hardly say that alcohol was out of the question. The greatest possible silence, too, was observed, and the light was purposely dim.

The meetings lasted for about two hours, and we adopted all suggested means of facilitating communication.

And what happened? Well, nothing. We were not discouraged all at once at our want of success, but continued to come together during a considerable series of evenings. But eventually, inasmuch as the spirits had never taken any notice of us at all, nor vouchsafed a revelation of any kind, our friendly attempts to meet them were bound to cease.

I will not deny that before the end of our séances a certain sceptical tone of banding began to prevail; but then this was fairly accounted for by the spirits' obstinate and protracted silence.

Now, what would Dr. Wallace have us do? Ought we still to go on suspending our judgment, or are we warranted now in adopting the *premature* criticism of Mr. Samuels, that "Spiritualism is humbug"?

Of course it may pertinently be replied that none of us happened to be mediums. Professionally we certainly were not, though more than one of us exhibited temperaments generally looked on as favourable to mediumship. But as soon as "Mr.

Sludge" comes on the scene there is an end of all confidence in results. Can you, or anyone, tell us what to do?

To this the editor and various correspondents replied by telling him to try, try, try again, to which Mr. Routh replies as follows:—

In your issue of October 24th is inserted a letter from me under the heading, "Advice Wanted." I thank you for this consideration, as well as for a courteous notice which subsequently appeared in your columns. Since then I have had time to think the matter over, and desire now to submit to you certain points suggested by your criticism and that of your correspondents.

Your expression "Try once" seems to imply that the effort referred to was confined to a single experiment, not to a series of experiments. But I put it to you, sir, does it not stand to reason that the time must come when people feel discouraged, and desist? As a parallel case, supposing I were testing a particular atmosphere for traces of ozone, and found none after several attempts, I should be warranted in concluding that it was useless to go on testing any longer.

Again, a passing allusion made by me to "Mr. Sludge" appears to be distasteful to you. But surely you will admit as freely as anyone that such a type exists, and it is the very prevalence of such a type of men which more than anything else discredits the phenomena which you hold to be genuine. It therefore becomes the first business of an earnest investigator to eliminate imposture of that sort, or the possibility of it. Here I think all must be agreed.

One point more. I ask it in no scoffing nor sceptical spirit: but can anyone tell me in what direction lie those blessings which I am assured that nothing but Spiritualism can confer?

To Mr. Routh's second letter no answer seems to have been made but one or two points may fairly be taken. 1.—If Mr. Routh went on testing a particular atmosphere for traces of ozone, and found none after several attempts, he would not be warranted in concluding that it would be no use to go on testing any longer. If other men, after testing the same atmosphere, had found abundant traces of ozone, Mr. Routh would, under those circumstances conclude that his apparatus was faulty. But this brings us to the second point. Mr. Routh objects to apparatus, because some of the human apparatuses used at séances have been proved to be faulty; therefore, he will have none, *ergo*, he will get no results. I do not say, of course, that the attendance of Mr. Sludge is necessary, but the presence of a medium, whether professional or otherwise, is indispensable. Mr. Routh's experiments have failed because no one of the circle appears to have had the mediumistic gift. Therein he was exceptionally unfortunate. In most cases experience shows that in every average circle of ten, there will be at least one who is more or less mediumistic. Mr. Routh's final question is not a difficult one to answer. To be assured of the continuity of existence and of the persistence of the individual after death; these are surely blessings which Spiritualism can claim to confer—if it be true, of course. Mr. Routh may differ, but the universal instinct of mankind affirms that it is a blessing and not a curse to achieve such a victory over death and the grave.

TWO EXPERIMENTS THAT SUCCEEDED.

LILIAN WHITING, author of "The House Beautiful," corresponding from Boston, November 18th, with the *Chicago Intercean*, gives the following account of her experiences in keeping up communication with the spirit of a departed friend. She does not name the friend, but it is to be presumed from what she says, that

it was Miss Kate Field, a well-known American newspaper correspondent. Miss Whiting's experience is so simply told that it may be well to reproduce it here. She says:—

Within the past six months there passed to the world beyond, a woman of the most exquisite combination of qualities; one whose exaltation of spirit was of an exceptional order. The devotion of love that followed her persisted beyond the line that divides the Seen from the Unseen. Never for an instant was she lost from the most vivid and tender memory. One who had held her in supreme devotion began at once to strive for communion. There they were, spirit to spirit—one in the visible world, one in the invisible. The thought of the one in the former constantly sought the response of the one in the latter. And not in vain. Telepathy, the spirit language, began to make a silent conversation possible. The consciousness of companionship, the perfect rapport, was established. This in itself brought perpetual comfort, and enlarged all the interests of life; reading, study, work, social life, took on a new aspect and a higher charm, because every joy was doubled in this invisible but exquisite sense of companionship. Besides this, a medium of a very rare quality was found, who, with her senses locked in a deep trance, lent her hand for automatic writing. The friend on the invisible side began to communicate this way also, and to relate much of interest regarding the conditions of the next life. Those descriptions are valuable, and the unusual degree of close relation which the two persons—one in the Seen and the other in the Unseen—have established—triumphant over death—is due to these facts: First, the unusual genius of the one who went into the Unseen for entering into a new and interesting method of correspondence. Again, the strong rapport that existed between the two persons, and a not unimportant factor was the persistence and faith of the one in this world.

On one occasion of the writings the question was asked of the one in the Unseen, "Can you read writing—ordinary MS.?" the reply was: "Of course I can, but I can read your soul better. I see your thoughts most clearly." Again the question was asked, "Can you—the spiritual beings in the spiritual world—read our books—the general literature here?" To which was replied, "No, dear, not exactly, yet the idea is understood by us." "Can you hear me if I read aloud to you?" "Yes, perfectly. Speaking aloud has an effect. It reaches us better and clearer." "Is the other life as different from ours here as we have thought?" "Oh, no, dear; it is just like going from one room into another. It is so beautiful, and there is such freedom and clearness of thought. I never struggle with my own mind here. And the travelling is delightful. The sensation of riding through the air is delicious." "Is the communication between you and myself more direct than is usual between two who are on the different planes—the Seen and the Unseen?" "Yes, it may be said to be, because there are few persons who are so near each other." At one sitting the spirit friend took the initiative and wrote: "Dearest —, come near to me and answer a few questions." The questions were asked—regarding the disposition of certain things and other matters, showing the clear memory and perception of events and circumstances, as would have been shown had the friends met in this world after a separation.

Undoubtedly, this part of life is the mere experimental, the rehearsal, as it were; the larger realities and truer significance are beyond, and between the two worlds communion is about to be established.

A London Borderlander sends me the following narrative, which he vouches was given him by a lady of integrity, whose statement he unhesitatingly accepts as authentic. It is interesting as showing the possibility of communications from the other side even when there is no expectant receptivity on this side, and when the previous acquaintance between the two communicating personalities had been very slight. Here is the lady's letter.—

Dear L,—Do you remember the afternoon in April, '89,

when we parted at the Munich Station, and you settled me in a carriage of the Dresden train, with some oranges as refreshment for the coming journey? I never told you of an acquaintance I made then, or what a curious revelation came of that meeting. So here goes. The weather was still so cold that soon after starting I tried to shut the window, and being assisted by a gentleman, thanking him, broke the ice (to use a figure of speech), and we were soon chatting merrily together. He was a German, and evidently glad of a chance to practice his English, for he entertained me for hours with long descriptions of his business-life and home pursuits, etc.; also much about his mother, of whom he seemed very fond and proud, and even expressed the wish that I might know her some future time. Well, to cut a long story short, at last we arrived at our journey's end, and on parting he presented me with his card, and said in shaking hands "Auf, Weideroehn," but that was not the last of Mr. Goetz, for the following year brought me many reminders in the shape of books, cards, finishing with that awful enormity, "a funeral notice," announcing the death of his mother, then no more, so the whole incident passed finally out of my mind.

During the summer of '91 I was staying with relations in Switzerland, at Oberhoffen, and as we were all interested in occult science, we tried having séances among ourselves, Dr. H— being the only outsider. Miss C— acted as medium. One evening we were all sitting quietly together, Miss C—, as usual, with her paper and pencil. Soon she commenced writing, and for some time we received numerous messages from friends "passed on," then the pencil was quiet for a few moments, then wrote rapidly a short sentence, and stopped. Miss C— looked at me and said, "What stuff is this? I can't read it."

Dr. H— raised the paper and replied, "It is German!" but, said C— again, "I can't write German." "Well," continued the doctor, "It is in German text, and a message for Miss H—" (meaning me). The translation is, "I am sorry not to have met you when on earth.—Signed, E. Goetz." The party all turned to me for an explanation, but it was some time before I remembered the name, and connected it with my travelling companion of April, '89, and the "funeral card," received a year later. My friends in the room were quite ignorant on the subject, and I can testify the thought *never* came to me. Was it not strange? and don't you think it a good proof—of—*What?*

Yours,

F. H.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF MATERIALISATIONS.

GEN. LIPPITT last quarter published in *Light* the reports of some important experiments which he has been conducting with a materialising medium of the name of Miss Jennie Hatch, of Onset. Gen. Lippitt says:—

During an investigation of the subject of spirit return continued through forty-four years, the almost total failure of my nearest spirit friends to prove their identity by returning to some memory of their earth life has been to me a constant source of distressing doubt, and especially at their coming at materialisation séances, when spirit forms are very rarely so made up as to be recognised. My spirit daughter has often told me that the presence in circles of uncongenial or inharmonious elements is sufficient of itself alone to prevent such proof being given; and that if I could only give them the right conditions they could do much better. And this is why I lately arranged with a materialising medium for a series of séances for myself alone—an experiment I had never before tried. I kept full notes of all that occurred: writing them out sometimes immediately on my return to my lodgings, and, to the best of my recollection, never later than the next morning after a séance.

In the report I now make of these séances I have faithfully recorded everything said or done bearing on the question of identity, whether *pro* or *con*.

During twenty-two years of constant attendance at materialisation séances, in which the number of forms (or rather of appearances) seen by me must count among the thousands, in only *sixteen* instances were the forms so made up as to be recognisable by me from their resemblance to their appearance in earth life; and that of these sixteen forms only one was a woman.

On July 22nd, at the fourth séance of the series, I began the important experiment of giving to the respective spirits a written list of names to be come over in their spirit homes, where their mental faculties would be in their normal condition, to serve as a reminder. It is important to add that in every one of these lists *bare names* alone were given, with nothing to indicate whether the persons who bore them were related to the spirit in earth life.

Lest it should be supposed that, on my hearing a name announced by a spirit as being recalled, the particulars that followed were read by the spirit in my own mind, I can only say that during my forty-four years of investigation of every phase of these phenomena, almost invariably the test I was hoping for, and so eagerly that it was almost at my tongue's end, *did not come*; and that when a test has come—a very rare event at materialisation séances—it has been, in almost every instance, unexpected and unthought of. And in these experimental séances never would there have been a mistake or a failure to remember could the spirits have read my mind.

If the pulse of a materialised spirit-form is very feeble, would not this of itself suffice to explain the mental confusion and want of memory by the spirits in regard to their earth life when asked for by a sitter?—the fact showing deficient cerebral circulation and consequently deficient cerebral power.

General Lippitt, in *Light*, of December 12th, describing his interviews with one of the materialised forms, says:—

I then went up to the curtain and talked with "Bp." She repeated what she had said before about the moulder artists in the band, and I asked: "What have they for their model?" "The spirit body." "How about the drapery?" "The making and the dematerialisation of it are instantaneous. At first it is like smoke. Its change into drapery is made by the spirit chemist through electricity." (She admitted that often, for want of sufficient power to build up an independent form, the same form is used by other spirits successively. I have often seen this; sometimes with slight alterations.)

A MESSAGE FROM "CISSY."

Mrs. Mellon's familiar materialized sprite, "Cissy," has sent a message to Mr. W. R. Tomlinson, which is worth noting. Mr. Tomlinson writes as follows to *Light*:—

Mrs. Mellon has been lately staying in the country with some near relations of my own for between five and six weeks; and a very amiable and highly appreciated guest she proved to be. During that period her control, "Little Cissy," took occasion to send me an especial message, to correct some observations I had made concerning herself in *Light* of April 4th last. I there observed: 'For five-and-twenty years she (Cissy) has been seen materialised by thousands of persons; and yet she is still a child in size, manners, and inclinations—when one reads of so many children dying young, who are said to grow to maturity in the spheres both in size and intellect.'

I have now received the following message: "Cissy wished us to tell you that she is a woman, or is grown up in the spirit world; but that, when she materialises, she takes earthly conditions, and comes as a little child."

XIII.—GUARDIAN ANGELS UP-TO-DATE.

A STRING OF STARTLING STORIES.

GUARDIAN angels, according to the good theosophist, Mr. Leadbeater, have now to have their turn at rehabilitation. Of late a materialistic age has scouted the fact of their existence, and derided the "superstition" which is almost co-extensive with the human race. But theosophy is going to vindicate the reputation of these angelic guardians, and in a paper entitled "Invisible Helpers," in *Lucifer* for November, Mr. Leadbeater begins his labour of love. Guardian angels, or, as he calls them, "Invisible Helpers," who, however, become occasionally visible, undoubtedly exist to-day, as they have existed from the foundation of the world.

Even in this incredulous age and amidst the full whirl of our nineteenth-century civilization, in spite of the dogmatism of our science and the deadly dullness of our Protestantism, instances of intervention inexplicable from the materialistic standpoint may still be found by anyone who will take the trouble to collect them; and one very remarkable feature of these more recent examples is that the intervention has nearly always been directed towards the helping or saving of children.

THE ANGEL OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.

An interesting case which occurred in London only a few years ago was connected with the preservation of a child's life in the midst of a terrible fire, which broke out in a street near Holborn, and entirely destroyed two of the houses there. The flames had obtained such hold before they were discovered that the firemen were unable to save the houses, but they succeeded in rescuing all the inmates except two—an old woman who was suffocated by the smoke before they could reach her, and a child about five years old, whose presence in the house had been forgotten in the hurry and excitement of the moment.

The mother of the child, it seems, was a friend or relative of the landlady of the house, and had left the little creature in her charge for the night, because she was herself obliged to go down to Colchester on business. It was not until everyone else had been rescued, and the whole house was wrapped in flame, that the landlady remembered with a terrible pang the trust that had been confided to her. It seemed hopeless then to attempt to get at the garret where the child had been put to bed, but one of the firemen heroically resolved to make the desperate effort, and, after receiving minute directions as to the exact situation of the room, plunged in among the smoke and flame.

He found the child, and brought it forth entirely unharmed; but when he rejoined his comrades he had a very singular story to tell. He declared that when he reached the room he found it in flames, and most of the floor already fallen; but the fire had curved round the room towards the window in an unnatural and unaccountable manner, the like of which in all his experience he had never seen before, so that the corner in which the child lay was wholly untouched, although the very rafters of the fragment of floor on which his little crib stood were half burnt away. The child was naturally very much terrified, but the fireman distinctly and repeatedly declared that as at great risk he made his way towards it he saw a form like an angel—here his exact words are given—a something "all gloriously white and silvery, bending over the bed and smoothing down the counterpane."

Another curious feature of the story is that the child's mother found herself unable to sleep that night down at Colchester, but was constantly harassed by a strong feeling that something was wrong with her child, insomuch that at last she was compelled to rise and spend some time in earnest prayer that the little one might be protected from the danger which she instinctively felt to be hanging over him. The intervention was thus evidently what a Christian would call an answer to prayer; a theosophist,

putting the same idea in more scientific phraseology, would say that her intense outpouring of love constituted a force which one of our invisible helpers was able to use for the rescue of her child from a terrible death.

THE ANGEL OF THE DROWNING.

A remarkable case in which children were abnormally protected occurred on the banks of the Thames near Maidenhead a few years earlier than our last example. This time the danger from which they were saved arose not from fire, but from water. Three little ones, who lived, if I recollect rightly, in or near the village of Shottesbrook, were taken out for a walk along the towing-path by their nurse. They rushed suddenly round a corner upon a horse which was drawing a barge, and in the confusion two of them got on the wrong side of the tow-rope and were thrown into the water. The boatman, who saw the accident, sprang forward to try to save them, and he noticed that they were floating high in the water "in quite an unnatural way, like," as he said, and moving quietly towards the bank. This was all that he and the nurse saw, but the children each declared that "a beautiful person, all white and shining," stood beside them in the water, held them up and guided them to the shore. Nor was their story without corroboration, for the barge-man's little daughter, who ran up from the cabin when she heard the screams of the nurse, also affirmed that she saw a lovely lady in the water dragging the two children to the bank.

Without fuller particulars than the story gives us, it is impossible to say with certainty from what class of helpers this "angel" was drawn; but the probabilities are in favour of its having been a developed human being functioning in the astral body.

THE MOTHER DEAD BUT WATCHFUL.

A case in which the agency is somewhat more definitely distinguishable is related by the well-known clergyman, Dr. John Mason Neale. He states that a man who had recently lost his wife was on a visit with his little children at the country house of a friend. It was an old, rambling mansion, and in the lower part of it there were long dark passages, in which the children played about with great delight. But presently they came upstairs very gravely, and two of them related that as they were running down one of these passages they were met by their mother, who told them to go back again, and then disappeared. Investigation revealed the fact that if the children had run but a few steps farther they would have fallen down a deep uncovered well which yawned full in their path, so that the apparition of their mother saved them from almost certain death.

In this instance there seems no reason to doubt that the mother herself was still keeping a loving watch over her children from the astral plane, and that her earnest wish to warn them of the danger into which they were so heedlessly rushing gave her the power to make herself visible and audible to them for the moment—or perhaps merely to impress their minds with the idea that they saw and heard her. It is possible, of course, that the helper may have been some one else, who took the familiar form of the mother in order not to alarm the children; but the simplest hypothesis is to attribute the intervention to the action of the ever-watchful mother-love itself, undimmed by passage through the gates of death.

This mother-love, being one of the holiest and most unselfish of human feelings, is also one of the most persistent on higher planes. Not only does the mother who finds herself upon the lower levels of the astral plane, and consequently still within touch of the earth, maintain her interest in and her care for her children as long as she is able to see them, but after her entry into Devachan these little ones are still the most prominent objects in her thought, and the wealth of love that she lavishes upon the images which she there makes of them pours down upon her living offspring still struggling in the world, and surrounds them with living centres of benefi-

cent orce which may not inaptly be described as veritable guardian angels.

THE ANGEL WHO SAVED A BISHOP'S CHILD.

Not long ago the little daughter of one of our English bishops was out walking with her mother in the town where they lived, and in running heedlessly across a street the child was knocked down by the horses of a carriage which came quickly upon her round a corner. Seeing her among the horses' feet, the mother rushed forward, expecting to find her very badly injured, but she sprang up quite merrily, saying, "Oh, mamma, I am not at all hurt, for something all in white kept the horses from treading upon me, and told me not to be afraid."

THE LADY BEAUTIFUL WITH THE LAMP.

A case which occurred in Buckinghamshire, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Burnham Beeches, is remarkable on account of the length of time through which the physical manifestation of the succouring agency seems to have maintained itself. It will have been seen that in the instances hitherto given the intervention was a matter of but a few moments, whereas in this a phenomenon was produced which appears to have persisted for more than half-an-hour.

Two of the little children of a small farmer were left to amuse themselves while their parents and their entire household were engaged in the work of harvesting. The little ones started for a walk in the woods, wandered far from home, and then managed to lose their way. When the weary parents returned at dusk it was discovered that the children were missing, and after inquiring at some of the neighbours' houses the father sent servants and labourers in various directions to seek for them. Their efforts were, however, unsuccessful, and their shouts unanswered: and they had reassembled at the farm in a somewhat despondent frame of mind, when they all saw a curious light some distance away moving slowly across some fields towards the road. It was described as a large globular mass of rich golden glow, quite unlike ordinary lamplight; and as it drew nearer it was seen that the two missing children were walking steadily along in the midst of it. The father and some others immediately set off running towards it; the appearance persisted until they were close to it, but just as they grasped the children it vanished, leaving them in the darkness.

The children's story was that after night came on they had wandered about crying in the woods for some time, and had at last lain down under a tree to sleep. They had been roused, they said, by a beautiful lady with a lamp, who took them by the hand and led them home; when they questioned her she smiled at them, but never spoke a word. To this strange tale they both steadily adhered, nor was it possible in any way to shake their faith in what they had seen. It is noteworthy, however, that though all present saw the light, and noticed that it lit up the trees and hedges which came within its sphere precisely as an ordinary light would, yet the form of the lady was visible to none but the children.

All the above stories are comparatively well known, and may be found in some of the books which contain collections of such accounts; but the two instances which I am now about to give have never been in print before, and both occurred within the last ten years—one to myself, and the other to a very dear friend of mine, a prominent member of the Theosophical Society, whose accuracy of observation is beyond all shadow of doubt.

SAVED BY AN ANGEL VOICE.

My own story is a simple one enough, though not unimportant to me, since the interposition undoubtedly saved my life. I was walking one exceedingly wet and stormy night down a quiet back street near Westbourne Grove, struggling with scant success to hold up an umbrella against the savage gusts of wind that threatened every moment to tear it from my grasp, and trying to think out as I laboured along the details of some work upon which I was just then engaged. With startling suddenness a voice which I know well cried in my ear, "Spring back!" and in mechanical obedience I started violently backwards almost before I had time to think. As I did so my umbrella, which had swung forward with the sudden movement, was struck from my

hand, and a huge metal chimney-pot crashed upon the pavement less than a yard in front of my face. The great weight of this article and the tremendous force with which it fell make it absolutely certain that but for the warning voice I should have been killed on the spot; yet the street was empty, and the voice that of one whom I knew to be seven thousand miles away from me, as far as the physical body was concerned.

CONVEYED OVER HOUSETOPOPS BY ANGEL HANDS.

The other case is a very much more striking one. One of our members, who gives me permission to publish her story, but does not wish her name mentioned, once found herself in very serious physical peril. She happened to be in a certain town where an illegal demonstration of some sort was taking place, and, with the best possible intentions, though with more courage than discretion, she placed herself between a riotous crowd and a body of police whose orders were to disperse the mob. Duty must be done, whatever stands in the way, and in spite of our member's presence the police charged that crowd. In an instant she found herself in the very centre of a dangerous fracas, and, seeing several men struck down and evidently badly hurt close to her, was in momentary expectation of a similar fate, since escape seemed quite impossible. Just then she felt a sort of semi-unconsciousness seize upon her, and as the thought flashed into her mind that she must somehow have been wounded without knowing it, she experienced a sensation of being lifted into the air, and at the same moment, as it seemed, she found herself standing quite uninjured and entirely alone in a small bye-street parallel with the one in which the disturbance had taken place. She still heard the noise of the struggle, and while she stood wondering what on earth had happened to her, two or three who had escaped from the crowd came running round the corner of the street, and on seeing her expressed great astonishment and pleasure, saying that when the brave lady so suddenly disappeared from the midst of the fight they had felt certain that she had been struck down.

At the time no sort of explanation was forthcoming, and she returned home in a very mystified condition; but when at a later period she mentioned this strange occurrence to Madame Blavatsky she was informed that, her karma being such as to enable her to be saved from the consequences of her well-intentioned rashness, one of the masters had specially sent some one to protect her in view of the fact that her life was needed for the work.

Nevertheless, the case remains a very extraordinary one, both with regard to the great amount of power exercised and the unusually public nature of its manifestation. It is not difficult to imagine the *modus operandi*; she must have been lifted bodily over the intervening block of houses, and simply set down in the next street; but since her physical body was not visible floating in the air, it is also evident that a veil of some sort (probably of etheric matter) must have been thrown round her while in transit.

THE SECRET OF INVISIBILITY.

If it be objected that whatever can hide physical matter must itself be physical, and therefore visible, it may be replied that by a process familiar to all occult students it is possible to bend rays of light (which under all conditions at present known to science, travel only in straight lines unless refracted) so that after passing round an object they may resume exactly their former course; and it will at once be seen that if this were done that object would to all physical eyes be absolutely invisible until the rays were allowed to resume their normal course. I am fully aware that this one statement alone is sufficient to brand this article as nonsense in the eyes of the scientist of the present day, but I cannot help that; I am merely stating a possibility in nature which the science of the future will no doubt one day discover, and for those who are not students of occultism the remark must wait until then for its justification.

The process, as I say, is comprehensible enough, but the phenomenon still remains an exceedingly dramatic one, while the name of the heroine of the story, were I permitted to give it, would be a guarantee of its accuracy to all my readers.

But these stories, all referring as they do to what wou!

commonly be called angelic intervention, illustrate only one small part of the activities of our invisible helpers.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

WHO ARE THESE ANGELS?

In *Lucifer* for December, Mr. Leadbeater continues his paper concerning "Invisible Helpers." He begins by saying—

Help may be given by several of the many classes of inhabitants of the plane. It may come from Devas, from nature-spirits, or from those whom we call dead, as well as from those who function consciously upon the astral plane during life—chiefly the Adepts and their pupils.

SOMETIMES DEVAS.

But the Adepts are far too high and mighty to waste their time in acting as mere guardian angels of mere mortals, and the Devas also are capable of so much higher service that they seldom play guardian angels. There are exceptions, however:—

In the course of the investigations recently undertaken into the various sub-planes of Devachan, a Deva was found in one case teaching the most wonderful celestial music to a chorister, and in another, one of a different class was giving instruction and guidance to an astronomer who was seeking to comprehend the form and structure of the universe.

These two were but examples of many instances in which the great Deva kingdom was found to be helping onward the evolution and responding to the higher aspirations of man after death; and there are methods by which, even during earth-life, these great ones may be approached, and an infinity of knowledge acquired from them, though even then such intercourse is gained rather by rising to their plane than by invoking them to descend to ours.

The cases in which assistance is given to mankind by nature-spirits are few. The majority of such creatures shun the haunts of man, and retire before him, disliking his emanations and the perpetual bustle and unrest which he creates all around him.

NOT OFTEN THE DEPARTED.

But if Adepts, Devas and nature spirits are all ruled out, Mr. Leadbeater allows very small opportunity for help from the spirits of the departed. He admits that it is possible that the spirits of the departed may help on rare occasions, but such help can only come from—

Those who are still lingering on the astral plane, and still in close touch with earthly affairs, as (probably) in the above-mentioned case of the mother who saved her children from falling down a well. But it will readily be seen that the amount of such help available must naturally be exceedingly limited. The more unselfish and helpful a person is, the less likely is he to be found after death lingering in full consciousness on the lower levels of Kâmaloka, from which the earth is most readily accessible.

Again, many of the departed who wish to help those whom they left behind, find themselves quite unable to influence them in any way, since to work from one plane upon an entity on another requires either very great sensitiveness on the part of that entity, or a certain amount of knowledge and skill on the part of the operator.

USUALLY DOUBLES OF THE LIVING.

Who then are the guardian angels? It is rather startling to learn on Mr. Leadbeater's authority that the people who do the bulk of the guardian angels' work are none other than the doubles or astral bodies of living people themselves. According to this theory we are all potential guardian angels to somebody else, and at the present moment, who knows, but that the reader of these lines is all unconsciously the praying guardian angel of some one else every time he falls asleep.

Now the man who has not yet developed the link between the astral and physical consciousness is unable to leave his denser body at will, or to recollect most of what happens to him while away from it; but the fact nevertheless remains that he leaves it every time he sleeps, and may be seen by any trained clairvoyant either hovering over it or wandering about at a greater or less distance from it, as the case may be. The entirely undeveloped person floats shapeless and inchoate above his physical body, scarcely less asleep than it is, and he cannot be drawn away from it without causing serious discomfort which would in fact awaken it. As the man evolves, however, his astral body grows more definite and more conscious, and so becomes a fitter vehicle for him; in the case of the majority of intelligent and cultured people the degree of consciousness is already very considerable, and a spiritually developed man is as fully himself in that vehicle as in this denser body.

Most people at this stage are so wrapped up in their own train of thought—usually a continuation of some line taken up in waking hours—that they are like a man in a brown study, so much absorbed as to be practically entirely heedless of all that is going on around them. And in many ways it is well that this is so, for there is much upon the astral plane which might be unnerving and terrifying to one who had not the courage born of full knowledge as to the real nature of all that he would see.

HOW TO BECOME A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Sometimes a man gradually rouses himself out of this condition—wakes up to the world around him, as it were; but more often he remains in that state until some one who is already active takes him in hand and awakens him. This is, however, not a responsibility to be lightly undertaken.

If, however, the task is undertaken and the risk is faced and a man is enrolled as one of the Band of Helper Spirits while his grosser body is wrapped in slumber, he himself, or rather the astral part of him, is kept going pretty hard. The most part of his work is done for men, but he has also to assist the process of evolution all along the line.

A duty towards these lower kingdoms, elemental as well as animal and vegetable, is distinctly recognised by our Adept leaders, since it is in some cases only through connection with or use by man that their progress takes place.

But naturally by far the largest and most important part of the work is connected with humanity in some way or other. The services rendered are of many and various kinds, but chiefly concerned with man's spiritual development, such physical interventions as were recounted in the earlier part of this article being exceedingly rare. They do, however, occasionally take place, and though it is my wish to emphasize rather the possibility of extending mental and moral help to our fellow-men, it will perhaps be well to give one or two instances in which friends personally known to me have rendered assistance to those in sore need of it.

A MIRACLE IN MATABELELAND.

In the course of the recent rebellion in Matabeleland one of our members was sent upon an errand of mercy, which may serve as an illustration of the way in which help upon this lower plane has occasionally been given. It seems that one night a certain farmer and his family in that country were sleeping tranquilly in fancied security, quite unaware that only a few miles away relentless hordes of savage foes were lying in ambush maturing fiendish plots of midnight murder and rapine. Our member's business was in some way or other to arouse the sleeping family to a sense of the terrible danger which so unexpectedly menaced them, and she found this by no means an easy matter. An attempt to impress the idea of imminent peril upon the brain of the farmer failed utterly, and, as the urgency of the case seemed to demand strong measures, our friend decided to materialise herself sufficiently to shake the housewife by the shoulder and adjure her to get up and look about her. The moment she saw that she had been successful in attracting attention she vanished, and the farmer's wife has never, from that day to this, been able to find out which of her neighbours it was who roused her so op-

portunely, and thus saved the lives of the entire family, who, but for this mysterious intervention, would undoubtedly have been massacred in their beds half an hour later; nor can she even now understand how this friend in need contrived to make her way in when all the windows and doors were found so securely barred.

Being thus abruptly awakened, the housewife saw the sky red with a distant conflagration. She at once roused her husband and the rest of her family, and, owing to this timely notice, they were able to escape to a place of concealment near at hand just before the arrival of the horde of savages, who destroyed the house and ravaged the fields indeed, but were disappointed of the human prey which they had expected. The feelings of the rescuer may be imagined when she read in the newspaper some time afterwards an account of the providential deliverance of this family.

TWO BROTHER HELPERS.

Another instance of intervention of the physical plane which occurred a few months ago makes a very beautiful little story. Among our band of helpers here in Europe are two who were brothers long ago in ancient Egypt, and are still warmly attached to one another. In this present incarnation there is a wide difference in age between them, one being advanced in middle life, while the other is as yet a mere child in the physical body, though an ego of considerable advancement and great promise. Naturally it falls to the lot of the elder to train and guide the younger in the occult work to which they are so heartily devoted, and, as both are fully conscious and active on the astral plane, they spend most of the time during which their grosser bodies are asleep in labouring together, under the direction of their common Master, and giving to both living and dead such help as is within their power.

ASTRAL ANGELS OF THE LIVING.

I will quote the story of the particular incident which I wish to relate from a letter written by the elder of the two helpers immediately after its occurrence, as the description there given is more vivid and picturesque than any account in the third person could possibly be.

"We were going about quite other business, when Cyril suddenly cried 'What's that?' for we heard a terrible scream of pain or fright. In a moment we were on the spot, and found that a boy of about eleven or twelve had fallen over a cliff on to some rocks below, and was very badly hurt. He had broken a leg and an arm, poor fellow, but what was still worse was a dreadful cut in the thigh, from which blood was pouring in a torrent. Cyril cried, 'Let us help him quick, or he'll die!'

MATERIALISING FOR A SURGICAL OPERATION.

"In emergencies of this kind one has to think quickly. There were clearly two things to be done; that bleeding must be stopped, and physical help must be procured. I was obliged to materialise either Cyril or myself, for we wanted physical hands at once to tie a bandage, and, besides, it seemed better that the poor boy should see someone standing by him in his trouble. I felt that while undoubtedly he would be more at home with Cyril than with me, I should probably be more readily able to procure help than Cyril would, so the division of labour was the obvious. The plan worked capitally. I materialised Cyril instantly (he does not know yet how to do it for himself), and told him to take the boy's neckerchief and tie it round the thigh, and twist a stick through it. 'Won't it hurt him terribly?' said Cyril; but he did it, and the blood stopped flowing. The injured boy seemed half unconscious, and could scarcely speak, but he looked up at the shining little form bending so anxiously over him, and asked, 'Be you an angel, master?' Cyril smiled so prettily and replied, 'No, I'm only a boy, but I've come to help you'; and then I left him to comfort the sufferer while I rushed off for the boy's mother, who lived about a mile away.

AN ASTRAL GUIDE.

"The trouble I had to force into that woman's head the conviction that something was wrong, and that she must go and see about it, you would never believe; but at last she threw down the pan she was cleaning, and said aloud, 'Well, I don't know what's

come over me, but I must go and find the boy.' When she once started I was able to guide her without much difficulty, though all the time I was holding Cyril together by will-power, less the poor child's angel should suddenly vanish from before his eyes. You see when you materialise a form you are changing matter from its natural state into another—opposing the cosmic will, as it were and if you take your mind off it for one half-second back it flies into its original condition like a flash of lightning. So I could not give more than half my attention to that woman, but still I got her along somehow, and as soon as she came round the corner of the cliff I let Cyril disappear; but she had seen him, and now that village has one of the best attested stories of angelic intervention on record!

HOW THE ASTRALS APPEARED TO THE MOTHER.

"The accident happened in the early morning, and the same evening I looked in (astrally) upon the family to see how matters were going on. The poor boy's leg and arm had been set, and the great cut bandaged, and he lay in bed looking very pale and weak, but evidently going to recover in time. The mother had a couple of neighbours in, and was telling them the story; and a curious tale it sounded to one who knew the real facts. She explained, in very many words, how she couldn't tell what it was, but something came over her all in a minute like, making her feel something had happened to the boy, and she must go out and see after him; how at first she thought it was nonsense, and tried to throw off the feeling, "but it warn't no use—she just had to go." She told how she didn't know what made her go round by that cliff more than any other way, but it just happened so, and as she turned round the corner there she saw him lying propped up against a rock, and kneeling beside him was the "beautifullest child ever she saw, dressed all in white and shining, with rosy cheeks and lovely brown eyes"; and how he smiled at her "so heavenly like," and then all in a moment he was not there, and at first she was so startled she didn't know what to think; and then all at once she felt what it was, and fell on her knees and thanked God for sending one of his angels to help her poor boy.

"Then she told how when she lifted him to carry him home she wanted to take off the handkerchief that was cutting into his poor leg so, but he would not let her, because he said the angel had tied it and said he was not to touch it, and how when she told the doctor this afterwards he explained to her that if she had unfastened it the boy would certainly have died.

AND TO THE BOY.

"Then she repeated the boy's part of the tale—how the moment after he fell this lovely little angel came to him (he knew it was an angel because he knew there had been nobody in sight for half a mile round when he was at the top of the cliff just before—only he could not understand why it hadn't any wings, and why it said it was only a boy)—how it lifted him against the rock and tied up his leg, and then began to talk to him and tell him he need not be frightened, because somebody was gone to fetch mother, and she would be there directly; how it kissed him and tried to make him comfortable, and how its soft, warm, little hand held his all the time, while it told him strange, beautiful stories which he could not clearly remember, but he knew they were very good, because he had almost forgotten he was hurt until he saw mother coming; and how then it assured him he would soon be well again, and smiled and squeezed his hand, and then somehow it was gone."

BECAUSE WHY?

An interesting fact afterwards discovered by the investigations of the writer of the letter throws some light upon the reason why the help was rendered by these particular agents and no other. It was found that the two boys had met before and that some thousands of years ago the one who fell from the cliff had been the slave of the other, and had once saved his young master's life at the risk of his own, and had been liberated in consequence; and now, long afterwards, the master not only repays the debt in kind, but also gives his former slave a high ideal and an inducement to morality of life which will probably change the whole course of his future evolution.

XIV.—SOME GOBLIN HAUNTED HOUSES.

A GRUESOME HORROR FROM THE FAR WEST.

A CORRESPONDENT in California sends me the following very weird story of a haunted house in Kansas. My correspondent has copied out the MS. of a friend, who had the somewhat doubtful privilege of living in the house for a year and a-half. There are elements in the narrative which raise it far above the ordinary average of stories of haunted houses. That fearsome white cat with the woman's eyes, which so mysteriously appeared and disappeared; the unwanted bed fellows who sometimes slept on the top of the bed-clothes, and who sometimes pulled them off in order to make themselves comfortable on the floor, to say nothing of the nameless brute which seemed impervious to rifle bullet, constitute congeries of the gruesome and the grim which are not often combined in one story.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE NEAR PILOT KNOB.

THE remains of a two-storey house and a two-storey barn was all that was left of a once beautiful place. It was in a very dilapidated condition; over the door and window-spaces were nailed great thick boards. In the room I afterwards used for a dining-room, and also in the servants' quarters, I noticed a portion of the floor had been taken up and laid at one side of the rooms.

THE WHITE CAT WITH A WOMAN'S EYES.

Looking in through the front hall-door, I noticed a big bundle of bedding and the largest cat I ever saw, sitting on the roll. The cat was pure white, with big brown or black eyes; they looked to me like the eyes of a human. I called F. (my husband) to see the cat and bundle, as I thought some one must be inside; we called the cat, but it did not move, only looked steadily at us. F. said the house must be used by hunters, but we could not account for the great cat. We looked at the barn and a bit around the yard, but never went out of sight of the house. Before I stepped into the buggy, I thought I would take another look at that big white cat with the human eyes; when I looked in cat, bundle, and all had disappeared. F. did not know what to say about it. However, we took the place; carpenters, painters, &c., set to work, and when we took possession of our country place all was very nice, cosy, and comfortable. We had fine large cellars, with all conveniences that a cellar could have; a huge cistern under the kitchen, and everything convenient. Besides the gardeners and other men-servants, I had a very large, strong English maid.

THE STRANGE NOISE IN THE ATTIC.

I thought I would be so content and happy there, and so I would have been had not it happened as follows:—We heard so many strange noises that we could not account for; the attic I used as a store-room; often I would hear what seemed to be a number of people walking about in an excited way up there. One day when I was all alone but for my two babies, I heard what seemed to be heavy iron balls rolling from one end of that attic to the other, until it shook the whole house. When I was young, and neither nervous nor imagi-

native, I was not cowardly—not afraid of anything; I thought only, "Why, what can that be? we have no iron balls up there!" I locked the children into a room, and went up to see what was wrong. One of the boxes that had been stored away, tightly nailed up, was open and all its contents scattered around, and that same big white cat, or one just like it, with human eyes, sat in the box with its paws on the edge, looking at me just as it did the first morning I went to the house. I called it, "Pussy, pussy!" it did not move, but looked steadily in my eyes, I thought, "That is not a cat, at least, it is not a natural cat; and whatever it is it could kill me and then kill the children!" and I went down stairs and locked the doors. When F. and the servants came home I told him. To reassure me he said it must belong to one of the neighbours; the nearest lived about a mile away. He went upstairs and found the windows fastened just as we had left them; the things were all in the box and it was nailed up fast. No iron balls there, nor anything else that could make that trundling noise, although it had continued all that day.

THE SPECTRE WITH THE ICY HAND.

One night, not long after, or rather it was just before dawn, we were awakened by most unearthly screams. F. could not decide what it was, but I said, "Oh! it is Ellen!" (the English maid). He ran to her room, with his pistol, and I with the night-lamp. We thought some one was murdering her. She was standing about the centre of the room, looking like a ghost; her eyes looked as if they would burst from her head. F. asked her what was the matter; she said nothing but kept on screaming; I pushed her down into a chair; I told her to go to bed, that she had had nightmare. She said nothing, but looked round with a wild stare, shaking all the while till her teeth chattered; she was holding her left wrist with her right hand; I tried to pull her hand loose, but could not move it. I at last got her to my room as best we could, and had her lie on the lounge the rest of the night. The next morning she told us that she would leave at once; that she would not stay in that house another night for any consideration. She said, the night before she had been lying awake for some time, looking out of window at the flowers in my garden—it was bright moonlight—and thinking she had never seen such a lovely place, nor such flowers. She heard some sound in the room but did not speak, for she thought I had come there for her, and she would not startle me by suddenly showing she was awake. Then she felt some one touch the head of the bed and turned to see, and looked straight into the face of a woman who was bending over her. This woman took hold of her left wrist with a cold icy hand; then she "was sure it was a dead woman," and she did not know anything more until we were talking to her, but she could not speak to answer us. We could not prevail on her to stay with us, even until I could get another maid, although she had been devoted to me before that. She begged me to move into the city and leave that house, or I would regret it deeply.

THE SPECTRE APPEARS AGAIN.

The day after she left me F. brought me a maid—an Irish girl—who had lived with me once before, for three

years. Her name was Maggy. We, of course, told her nothing about Ellen's experience. She slept in the same room, and on the same bed that Ellen had used. F. and I had not mentioned what had happened, not even to any of my own family.

AN INVULNERABLE MONSTER.

One night soon after, F. spoke to me, asking if I could tell what noise it was we heard. I thought it sounded like some one filing iron; he thought the same thing. He believed that some one was trying to file the stable-door bars, to get to the horses; we had some very fine horses; the gardener and the other men were all married, and they slept at home, down in the hollow where their houses were. F. said he would go and see what it was; I insisted that he should not expose himself (this was soon after the close of the Civil War, when dubious characters were prowling about, who often drew out the men from a household by some noise, and shot them on sight, Y.H.A.), but he should stand in the porch in the shadow, and I would go, as surely no man would be so mean as to shoot or harm a defenceless woman. He finally agreed to stay there and cover me with a rifle, while I should go, for if he went and anything happened to him, I would be left the worse off. I took a pistol and went; when I was about midway between the house and barn, an animal of an immense size came around the lower part of the barn and started towards me. F. said, "A bear! run to the house, quick!" but I could not move. I stood perfectly still and could only gasp, "What is that?" It came about half-way between me and the barn; F. cried, "Shoot it! shoot it!" as he ran to me. We both fired and hit it every time; I could hear the shot strike it each time; we shot six or seven times; when the balls hit it, it sounded like a dried buffalo hide. It walked leisurely along, did not increase its gait in the least, but went down into the bushes and out of sight. F. and I agreed that it could not have been any living thing, and stand all the shots we gave it. The next morning we looked to see the tracks its feet made, but did not find the slightest impression, and it always remained an unsolved mystery to us. It was not in the least like any animal we either of us ever saw, either in collections of wild beasts or in pictures.

THE SPECTRE OF THE ICY HAND RETURNS.

Maggy had been with us some time when, about the same time in the A.M. that Ellen had screamed we were aroused by screams from Maggy. F. snatched the pistol and I the lamp. When we reached her room she was standing in almost exactly the exact spot in the centre of the floor where Ellen had stood, her face white, her eyes wide open, shaking violently, her left wrist clasped in her right hand. She acted precisely the same in every respect as Ellen had done. We took her to my room and kept her on the couch. She did not speak that night. After she had done her work the next morning, she told us in almost the same words that the other girl had used, that she was awake and looking out of window, thinking about the beauty of the garden and the brightness of the moonlight, when she heard some one in the room; she thought it was I come after her, as the bells were not good, and turned to see, and looked into the same dead woman's face that was bending over her from the head of the bed; also how she took hold of her left hand with "a dead cold hand," and then she knew nothing more until we had her with us. She told us we would have to get another maid, as

she would not stay in that house another night. She told me, the same as Ellen had done, "You would better move away from here, or you will be sorry some time."

THE GOBLIN BIRD.

Soon after this papa went out to Pike's Peak on business, to be gone some time. I invited mother to bring Mollie and Willie (my brother and sister) and come and stay with me, so neither of us would feel lonely, as father was gone also. She accepted and came. Mother insisted that she would sleep upstairs, as it would be cooler than on the ground floor. She chose a room directly over my room, and everything went nicely for some time. One morning, about the same time (hour) when the other things had happened, mother was awake with her face towards the window, when an enormous bird alighted in the window and filled it completely. She thought it was an eagle, but a very large one. Willie (the little boy brother) slept in her room near the window, and she was afraid it would jump on his bed and frighten him, but she feared it might be worse if she did anything to startle or anger it; so she lay still and watched it until daylight. All the time it sat looking into room; it had a queerly shaped head and large brown or black eyes.

THE GHOST AND THE BED-COVERS.

The next morning, again about the same hour, she heard steps in the room; at first she thought one of the dogs had been shut into the house unnoticed, and had strayed into her room; she called the names of the dogs, and when none came to her, she knew it was not our well-trained dogs. She turned in bed and the bed-clothes pulled tight, and she could not move them. All at once the covers dropped to the floor: she put down her hand to get them, and touched a person; she was not alarmed, thinking it was Willie. She let him lie, as it was warm, but as soon as it was light enough to see she saw Willie in his bed, and on her bed-covers on the floor, was the impression of a body large enough for an adult. She did not disturb them until F. and I had seen them. She said she was not frightened, but after that she occupied a room on the ground floor until papa came back home, and they went back to their city residence, and I was again left alone, but for my two small children and the servants. F.'s business often kept him in town until late, when he would always get Hillis (my younger brother) to come out and stay with me. We had now fitted up for a guest-room the chamber the maids had occupied, and would put gentlemen in it.

SEEN BY A FOURTH WITNESS.

Hillis slept in this room; one morning about the time that the girls had frightened us so badly, we again heard such frightful screams. We hurried to Hillis; we found him in the centre of the room, and exhibiting precisely the same peculiar appearance and actions that the others had done. We took him to another room, and the next day he told us exactly the same story they had. I asked him why he did not speak to the woman and ask her what she wanted. Speak! he said; he would like to see the person who would speak to the sight he saw then, staring straight down into his eyes. He urged us to move from the house.

POLTERGEISTS FIRING PISTOL SHOTS.

Often during the day I would call the gardeners and ask them what was the hollow pounding we heard;

they always said they had supposed it was some one pounding in the house. It sounded like pounding on a big empty box. One night whilst Hillis and I sat together, a pistol shot sounded close to the glass-door of the room; we saw the flash, too; both of us ran to the door, and thoroughly searched the house and the dooryard, but not a trace of anyone could we find. Yet hardly had we seated ourselves again, when we heard the report again, and saw the flash, both much plainer and clearer than before. We ran out again, but could find nothing.

A WARM BODY IN THE CELLAR.

One day I went down into the cellar, having taken a sudden notion for some apples stored there; as I was raking away the straw from about them, I put my hand on what felt to me like the body of a woman. I had gone down without a light, knowing the cellar perfectly. Of course I flew up the stairs fast, thinking some tramp woman had found a way into the cellar; as I went, I heard the straw being tossed about wildly, and even after I reached the kitchen, the girls and I all thought we could even hear the straw tossed up against the floor of the kitchen, or the ceiling of the cellar. When the men went down to investigate, they found no sign of disorder, except on top of the straw the impression of some body about the size of a woman's person; also the straw was very warm, as if from animal heat. This puzzled them greatly, as there was no way for a woman to get into the cellar without being detected.

THE SPECTRE SEEN BY TWO MORE WITNESSES.

One day Mollie (my sister) brought a friend out to make me a visit. They two slept in a room next to mine. Soon after they retired, the friend was heard to say, "Who is that?" and then Mollie cried out in an alarmed way, "S., is that you?" When I answered that I had not been in their room, they both rushed into my room, and said they were "lonesome," and would not stay in the o'er chamber; next morning, they said that, while they were still awake, but not thinking of feeling fear, something moving in the room caused them to open their eyes, and they both saw a woman leaning over the *foot* (the italics are mine; the notes go on to say that the position of the bed was such that "the woman" could not take up her usual situation at the head) of their bed, looking down in their faces. This made the fourth time this same woman had been seen by members of my family. The door of the room wherein the woman had been seen by three different persons opened into the hall, where I had seen the big white cat, the first day I visited the house; so, too, did the door of the room where I put M. and her friend to sleep. I forgot to say that in every case where the woman was seen, she wore a white cap with a frill around the front. About this time, F.'s business called him to another part of the State, and he arranged for Hillis and Draper (another brother) to stay with me until his return.

THE CLIMAX OF HORROR.

One day I took the children and went to mother's to pass the day, leaving D. at home to oversee things, and take care of the house. We had no maid or cook at this time; it had become very difficult for me to get woman-servants. I returned late in the afternoon; when arriving in sight of the house, I saw D. at some distance from the house, walking up and down the road, which I

thought very strange of him. I told the driver to go faster; when we reached D. he looked very pale; I asked him if he were ill, but he said he was quite well. He said no one had called to see him—when I asked if any one had come. In the course of conversation during the evening, he advised me quite urgently to move into town; our town house was let, but, he said, I should give notice to the tenants, and forfeit the rental; or else take for the time one of our other houses, in the town. He was quite insistent, but I was sure he had some good and kind reason for his advice. He was a very quiet man, never became excited, even when he was most worried. I acted on his advice, gave notice to the tenants, and had our big town house renovated and put in order for our occupancy. When F. returned, D. met him and had a long talk with him before I saw him. We removed into town almost at once. It was quite late in the afternoon when we ourselves left the house, having sent all the people and things I was taking on before. I stayed to take a last walk through my beautiful garden. When we were some distance away, we heard, it seemed to be in the house, the most terrible noise. I cannot explain (describe?) it, or compare the noise to anything I ever heard before or since. Draper looked back, and I was in the act of looking back, when he caught me and pressed my face against him, and said, "Oh! do not look back! you will be so terrified!" and unlike Lot's wife, I did not insist on looking back. And never, so long as they lived, could I induce either Draper or F. to tell me what they had seen when they looked back; for F. also turned and looked; he and D. were both as pale as death, and F. whipped the horses into a run, till we were out of sight. I afterwards learned that D. had told F. what he had seen and heard, the day he spent alone at the house, and they agreed that I must leave it.

LIT WITH INFERNAL FIRE.

Whilst we lived there, one of the neighbours, living about three-quarters of a mile away, told Hillis that often at night the house seemed to be burning; the interior would seem ablaze, and he could see flames leap from the doors and windows, but, on approaching the place, it would take back its ordinary look. It had this appearance of burning, seen from his house, often after we were living in it. F. tried to rent the place, advertised it in all the papers, told his friends about it, and had a great many applications; but just so soon as he located it, or took the applicants to see it, they would say, "What! not the haunted house, surely!" and some said they would not live in it for a bonus of one thousand dollars per month. We found, after we left it, that the house had for years had the reputation of being haunted, and people were very indignant at the man who had taken advantage of our ignorance to palm it off upon us. Several months after we left the neighbour who had told of the appearance of burning notified us that the night before the house had been burned in truth. He said that, although he was an old man, he felt so relieved over its being gone, that he felt like dancing for joy. We always believed that it was destroyed purposely, on account of its bad reputation. We lived in this haunted house a year and six months, and all the time the strange noises and other queer things were going on, and we were seeing that big weird cat every few days. I was not very much afraid then, but looking back now at it I feel very badly frightened.

ADDITIONAL MEMORANDA.

So far my friend. On my own responsibility, writes my correspondent. I will add a few observations to the above. I have transcribed the story as it was sent me, except that I have left out a few repetitions of the same thing, or here and there some comment on details which have no bearing on the appearances, and which probably were introduced as a commentary, on account of my knowing so well the people and the matters. The writer was in poor health at the time of the later occurrences—it was just prior to the birth of her third child—and so her people kept from her many things that happened. I have often heard her mother tell of her own experiences. She it was, you remember, who had the experience with the bed-covers.

A HEAVY GHOST ON THE BED.

She told me that this pulling off of the bedding was of almost nightly occurrence; she did not complain nor leave the house, because she felt that she must accompany her daughter, and was afraid of frightening her by the story. What finally drove her from the room was that every night, after hearing—and *feeling*—some creature moving about the room, it would approach her bed and lie down beside her outside the covers, which it held down so firmly that she could not pull them from under it. At first she thought it might be her little boy, who lay in the same room, but she could hear him breathing in his own little cot, across the room, and then the body was that of a heavy person. She saw the huge cat, time and again; it never made any demonstrations, but looked at her in a very bloodcurdling way, and would disappear in a most disconcertingly sudden fashion. I have heard five or six people, some not members of the family, but visitors to the house, speak of the immense horrible cat, and also describe the noise as of rolling or trundling cannon balls.

THE SPECTRE SEEN BY FIVE MORE WITNESSES.

Another scene which I have several times heard described by participants, evidently has been forgotten by the relator. One winter night a large party of young folk drove out to this house, bent on the festivity known in America as a "surprise party." During the evening a great snowstorm arose, and on account of the inclement weather, and the badness of one bit of the road back to town, the family kept over night as many as the house could be made to hold. Five young ladies, including the sister "Mollie" mentioned, were put to sleep on pallets, spread on the floor of the par'our, which was warmed by a large heater. In the middle of the night everyone was aroused by a chorus of screams from the parlour, and the five girls were found sitting up on their pallets, holding fast to one another and terrified almost into convulsions. They told exactly the same story related above, about the strange woman. They had lain awake to talk, as girls will, and all had seen her at the same time. I will say further, that I have heard six or eight tell their experience with this woman, and all spoke of her as wearing the cap described by my correspondent, but they also said she wore a dark dress—the women called it brown—with white flowers or sprigs, of an old-fashioned pattern. They all said, too, that she wore a most malevolent, not to say devilish, expression. This family was extremely conservative, and felt that there was a certain disgrace attached to the occurrence of such things in their household; this affords a good reason for believing their story, told by

each and all, that they never told of these happenings even to outside members of the family—*i.e.*, not in the house at the time—so that each successive one who witnessed the phenomena was ignorant of what had befallen his predecessors. Two of the men, "F." and Draper, were sceptical, rather hardened men, who had been in the army; F. was a captain; D. held some rank which I do not remember. The women were very religious, conscientious persons, who would not lie for their lives. They were far from imaginative.

WANTED A CARETAKER FOR A HAUNTED HOUSE.

30, Basler Strasse, Freiburg im Breisgau,
Germany,

November 10th, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—I shall feel much obliged if you will give this letter publicity in BORDERLAND. I have on my hands a house in England, which is said to be haunted and for which I want a caretaker. The house is large and no distance from excellent and cheap schools. I want a caretaker who will undertake to remain at least three months in the house whatever may be heard and seen, and who will endeavour to find out what causes the sounds and possible sights. Such a person might make the house habitable in winter as well as in summer. I intend to return to the house myself in the spring and stay for the summer. Till May 15th an inquirer could find out any legends there might be about the house and concentrate his inquiries. If he did not finish this winter, a caretaker would be necessary during the following winter, and a fresh opportunity for inquiring could be afforded. I do not want to have anything to do with the professional ghost-hunters who offer their services for half-a-guinea a day and a fee of ten guineas in case of success. I can promise that the caretaker will hear strange things. About seeing I make no promises. I never saw anything myself. All efforts to detect trickery have been unsuccessful.—Believe me, dear sir, yours faithfully,

C. E. GLADSTONE.

POLTERGEISTS IN THE MIDLANDS.

ON Christmas Day the London papers reported that The village of Edithweston, about five and a half miles from Stamford, has been the scene of a remarkable and at present unexplained phenomenon, and the whole of the district has been aroused. In one of the houses in the village loud and at times most uproarious noises have been heard at all times of the day and night, the sounds resembling those which would result from the knocking and banging of doors; and, notwithstanding the fact that the closest investigations had been made by persons of all ranks in society, there is up to the present moment no apparent reason for the noises.

The special correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* went down and found nothing. But he thus reports at second-hand, the experience of the farm manager.

I must confess that I thought the idea of the sounds rather a childish affair at first. However, when I had experienced them several times I simply didn't know what to think, and that is still my state of mind. One watcher was outside the cellar door when there came such a pounding at it that he almost fell off his chair. The cellar was empty except for some potatoes, the door was locked, and yet here was the thumping. As soon as we heard

a knocking anywhere we ran to the spot, and often reached it almost as soon as the noise had ceased. But we saw nothing, not even the slightest mark on a door which had been recently varnished. To test this another door varnished at the same time was sharply hit with the hand, and a mark was left on the varnish. Even one of us would stand outside the front doors, another of us inside, and the hammering would go on between us, and we be unable to see anything. The servant girl—a girl of 14 or 15—would go into the kitchen and the rapping would begin there, or somebody would go upstairs and it would begin upstairs. "Here I am," the girl might call, in a half-merry voice, so common had the noises become—"here I am, come on you," meaning the noises, whatever they represented. It gave you an eerie feeling to be surrounded for a time with what you could not fathom, do what you might—with something which, gave no visible signs in any shape. We are all as sure as we live that there was no trickery, and so that affairs happened which, it being impossible to understand them, would be called supernatural. They stopped on the Wednesday as suddenly as they had begun on the Friday, and they have not occurred again.

That being so, writes the correspondent in conclusion, I could not myself have the opportunity of testing the visitation, but what I have written, may be regarded as a fair statement of all the available information. Two general conclusions therefore are apparent—first, that over a period of six days the sounds were heard; and second, that the ingenuity and resources of the community have been unable to trace them to any explanation.

THE GHOST OF SAN DONATO.

MR. J. TEMPLE LEADER'S VISION.

THE *Daily News* thus summarizes a famous ghost story of the Castle of San Donato:—

In the literary work of Mr. J. Temple Leader (of whom we wrote in this column a few days ago) is a ghost story, founded on fact, with Mr. Leader himself as one of the only two personages in it. A short time since, Mr. Leader sent a copy of it to the Archbishop of York. The adventure which it relates happened a quarter of a century ago. But as it is known to probably very few, we may state the facts. Mr. Leader was at the time on a visit to his friend the late Marquis Strozzi, at the Castle of San Donato, near Florence. There he first heard the story of the discovery of a youth's skeleton, or rath.^{er} "parched-up mummy," immured in the wall of the Castle. "On the head was a broad-brimmed felt hat, like that in the well-known picture of King Charles I. of England. One of the workmen took the hat and wore it till it was worn out." But this is not an essential detail. There was a tradition, two centuries old, of a lover surprised by a jealous husband, a Strozzi. The reader will guess the rest. Mr. Leader was cautioned not to mention the subject in the Marquis's presence.

The next stage in the story is Mr. Leader's examination in a dusty, old disused room, of an old picture turned with its face to the wall. The name and date were erased. It was a picture of a beautiful young woman in seventeenth century costume—full length, of distinguished figure, and with "singularly bright and expressive eyes."

"Round the fair graceful neck was a very thin silk or plaited hair chain, supporting a very small medallion of a reddish colour. . . . When I called the Marchese's attention to it he looked at it with an embarrassed air, remarked that it was probably a fancy portrait of some stranger, and immediately turned it to the wall."

Now for the third stage. From the picture rooms, Mr. Leader, being an enthusiast for books rare and old, took with him a number of such volumes to his bedroom. An engraving in one of the books sickened him with its scene of a fiendish atrocity perpetrated by an Oriental upon his wife. Reading the story of this crime in his solitary room in the dead of night, Mr. Leader's mind, roused into curiosity by the previous incidents, and now shocked, was, we may suppose, approaching what the scientific folk who make such short work of ghosts call an abnormal state. However that may have been, while Mr. Leader was "thinking over the tortures of the victim," he was surprised "by a very

slight sound as of rustling silk. 'Looking up from my book,' he says, 'I distinctly saw a female figure in a white dress, slowly gliding round the room, feeling the wall with her hands, as if searching for some particular.' At first he imagined that somebody was playing a practical joke upon him."

Then he recollects that he already had, "according to my custom," carefully examined the room, and found no outlet or inlet except the single door, which he had locked.

"The only suspicious-looking objects were two great cupboards let into the wall. Then, I confess it, there came over me that peculiar sensation called creeping of the flesh—'arrectaque horore comæ, et vox faucibus hasit.' I felt my hair standing on end, and my voice stuck in my throat. I tried to speak, and could not. At last I moved. At that moment the figure turned towards me, and I saw at once the image of the portrait in the old room; the same white figured silk dress, and the strange bright eyes with a feverish and melancholy expression. I started to my feet, and in so doing overturned and extinguished the candles. . . . There was the figure, which appeared to move in a light of its own—a sort of halo, as it seemed to me. Slowly it left the wall and disappeared in the bed—a great bed of the seventeenth century, with a carved walnut-wood canopy and red damask silk hangings."

Then Mr. Leader must have fallen into a trance or a deep sleep—

"So deep that I was only awakened by a loud knocking at my door. . . . As I was dressing I saw something on the floor; it was a little medallion—a garnet or very red amethyst, or a carbuncle or a ruby, I cannot say positively which—with a very thin gold setting and a very small chain, either of silk or plaited hair, with a tiny gold clasp."

When the medallion was handed to the Marquis he looked at it, says Mr. Leader, curiously and nervously, turning very pale. He returned it to Mr. Leader, remarking that it must have fallen out of one of the books, and requesting him to keep it. According to Mr. Leader's account the medallion was the original of the neck ornament painted in the picture. It would be curious to know whether the immured skeleton was found in one of the walls of Mr. Leader's bedroom.

Mr. Leader writes :

"I make no attempt at explanation. A quarter of a century or more has elapsed since that night. The vision haunts me to this day. Often at night I seem to be in that old bed with the apparition looking steadfastly at me with radiant eyes, and I wake with a start and in a fever, to wonder at the mysteries which perplex human reason."

Many years have passed since Mr. Leader penned the foregoing for the perusal of a lady friend. The pathological pundits would feel much less perplexed over the above tale than Mr. Leader. But it is a first-rate ghost story.

A GHOST OF THE CIVIL WARS.

A MEMBER of the Writers' Club sends me the following narrative of an experience she "enjoyed" some years since. She writes :—

I assure you I have seen a real ghost, and wonderful to tell, I did not feel in the least alarmed, but rather vexed, because it would keep its head turned from me, and certainly it took not the slightest notice of me, or my efforts to open up a conversation. I considered I was being very badly treated; anyhow, this is what happened to me.

One November I was paying a few days' visit to some old friends in ——, and had just finished my lunch, and we three women were chatting round a lovely fire of old logs, feeling most contented and happy with all the world, when our gossip turned to a new kind of Indian work, just in fashion, and as I had some with me, I said I would show them mine, and went directly, as it was growing dusk, but still light enough to see the colours of the silk. I must tell you that my two friends had bought the place recently, and for a very modest sum, including some beautiful black oak furniture, very old. The people to whom the estate belonged were leaving, to permanently reside in New Zealand, on account of the ill-health of Lady M. It was

a charming house, standing in about twenty acres of park land, well wooded with grand trees several hundred years old—the date over the principal entrance being 1500. The chief hall was paved with black and white marble, and from the back a carved double staircase opened on to a long and wide corridor, full of cabinets, China, weapons, skins, and armour. There were four windows looking into the park, and at each end double doors leading to the north and south wings, principally bedrooms. Facing the fourth window a few steps led down to another suite of rooms, looking out to sea. My rooms were here, and I made as much haste as I could, for the light was waning, found my Indian work, and hurried from the room, up the five stairs leading on to the corridor, when I saw approaching from the north end, a tall figure, dressed in a bluey grey kind of gown. I quite thought it was one of the ladies coming to find me, so with my work held out to her, said, "Here it is, and if we get close to a window, can see the colours even yet." But she did not turn her head, and continued looking over the gardens, and so slowly passed into the south wing, the door of which she pushed quite wide open; it closing quietly after her. I felt very astonished at such courtesy, and went back to my room much vexed. On my return to the library a few moments later, I found my friends just as I had left them, knitting. I expressed surprise, as I was so certain the person I had met in the corridor was one or other of my friends, but both declared they had not moved since I left them. I noticed they appeared very much confused and distressed, and after a time they told me I had seen the "grey lady," and that she was a ghost! It seems they had purchased the Manor House, for so it was called, for very little, on account of the terrible noises constantly occurring, continual appearing of the "grey lady," and, in consequence, the inability to get or keep a servant for any length of time; but all these disasters only amused my friends; they did not believe in ghosts, and the noises were rats or cats. Now, they could not but believe me, and although not alarmed, were much put out that the pretty old place should have such a bad name, but anyway they determined to live it down! The story about the poor grey girl was this. During the time that Charles I. was imprisoned in ——, many fights came off between his friends and Cromwell's people, and in one of these skirmishes the then owner of the Manor House and his two sons were killed. The victors at once hastened to the house to *steal* all they could find. There a poor terrified girl was found hidden in a cupboard, whom they murdered, in the very room we were then in, and on one of the window-seats were still visible signs of the terrible struggle that had taken place so long ago.

THE GHOST OF THE WICKED COUNTESS.

MR. W. G. BOSWELL-STONE writes from "Dayrells," 47, Wickham Road, Beckenham, as follows:—

After reading p. 443, col. 1, in the current number of BORDERLAND, I referred to Hargrave's edition of the *State Trials* (1776-81), and found that, notwithstanding the "out of the question" of "An American Admirer," a garden near "Grey's Court," Henley-on-Thames, is the place where one might look for the ghosts of the Earl and Countess of Somerset. An Order of Council (dated from White Hall, on January 18, 1621) runs thus:—

"Whereas his Majesty is graciously pleased to enlarge and set at liberty the Earl of Somerset and his Lady, now prisoners in the Tower of London; and that, nevertheless, it is thought fit that both the said Earl and his Lady be confined to some convenient place: It is therefore, according to his Majesty's gracious pleasure and command, ordered that the Earl of Somerset and his Lady do repair either to Grays or Cowham, the Lord Wallingford's Houses, in the County of Oxon, and remain confined to one or either of the said Houses, and within three miles compass of either of the same, until further Order be given by his Majesty."—Hargrave's *State Trials*, vol. i., col. 367.

"Grays" is, I suppose, "Grey's Court," in Rotherfield Greys, a village situate two and a-half miles west of Henley. Lord Wallingford was William Knollys, created Viscount Wallingford in 1616, afterwards (1626) Earl of Banbury.

A HAUNTED CATHEDRAL CHOIR.

AN extraordinary story, says the *Rock*, is going the rounds of the Dublin clergy. It is stated that a lady, who is in the habit of attending one of the cathedrals, has lately seen the figure of a deceased member of the chapter sitting in his place in the choir. To add to the mystery, one of the members of the staff of the cathedral has asserted that a similar appearance of the same person has occurred to him. The story is told by a dignitary of the city, who himself is regarded as no mean authority on such spiritualistic mysteries.

A POLTERGEIST IN SCOTLAND.

A SCOTTISH Borderlander writes me as follows:—

The village of Cardross, as you will know, is situated between Dumbarton and Helensburgh, and down a lane of that village is situated a labouring-man's house, the dwelling-place of one who is gardener to a gentleman residing in a small mansion-house, and upon whose ground the gardener's house is built. A high stone wall surrounds both mansion-house and gardener's house, the back of the gardener's house serving as part of the wall which runs down the lane. At the lower end of the gardener's house is a gate giving admittance to the same; at the higher end a larger gate leads in to the mansion-house. This gardener's house, like the most of working-folks houses in Scotland, is divided, as you will know, into "kitchen" and "room," a but and a ben, as we say, has a "set-in" or built-in bed in each apartment, and is one storey high, with a washing-house built behind the kitchen part of the house, the back of the kitchen-bed being a joint wall for washing-house and kitchen.

On the last Sunday evening of July a knocking was heard as if coming from behind the wall of the kitchen-bed. The Wednesday night following it was again heard; then on Sunday following. Almost continuously since then up till the beginning of September this knocking was heard. Then it ceased as suddenly as it came. The knocking usually began by regular blows as if given by a heavy hand on a wooden wall, and was easily heard all over the house. The kitchen window looks out into the lane, and people standing there could hear it distinctly. While beginning by single heavy blows in succession, these were usually followed by quicker blows as represented by the spoken words, "Peter-dum-Dick." On one occasion a lady visitor happened to say, "Gie them a wee quicker," and quicker they came; on another occasion someone asked them louder, and louder they came; and on another occasion the knocking came as in polka time. The knocking usually began about nine in the evening, and continued at more or less regular intervals until twelve, one, two, three, and four o'clock in the morning.

Quite a *furore* was created over the affair. It got into the local papers, and crowds from all over the district came to hear. Sometimes the inside of the house would be filled, and outside many others wandered. One night six young men, one having a revolver, sat on a narrow stair watching, and got so frightened that they ran pell-mell into the kitchen where the others were. The police have watched the house, and every one has given his opinion, more or less ridiculous, but no light has come to clear up matters or explain.

I did not hear the knocking myself. I visited the house after it had continued for six weeks and stopped. Before writing you I called last Saturday afternoon to inquire if more was known about it. The people of the house are straightforward and simple-minded. They had nothing to add, save that twice in the week previous to my visit the knocking had again been heard.

Among your multifarious duties I hope you will find time to give a public friend of yours a reply.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES YOUNG,
Park Street, Renton, Dumbartonshire.

XY.—PSYCHIC HEALING.

MORE ABOUT COLONEL OLcott's MIRACLES.

THE TRUE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL PSYCHOPATHY.

COL. OLcott, whose "Old Diary Leaves" are among the most interesting contributions made to the periodical literature of the Borderland, describes, in the October and November numbers of the *Theosophist*, some of the healing miracles which he wrought in Ceylon in 1882. One of these, he says, revealed to him the true secret of successful Psychopathy or Mesmeric healing :—

THE STORY OF THE PARALYSED MISER.

The secret in question was revealed to me by an experience I had at a small village in Southern Ceylon, during this tour which we are now tracing. I think it was at Pitiwella, five miles from Galle, though I am not sure, having failed to record the case apart from others treated on the same day. My interpreter, secretary and servant, together with many other witnesses, will be able to recall the facts if my word is challenged, so it does not matter. A man suffering from hemiplegia, or paralysis of one side, was brought to me for treatment. I began on his arm, making passes along the nerves and muscles, and occasionally breathing upon them. In less than a half-hour I had restored the arm to flexibility; so much so that he could whirl his arm around his head, open and close his fingers at will, grasp and hold a pen, or even a pin, and, in fact, do anything he liked with the limb. Then—as I had been kept continuously at work on similar cases for several hours, and felt tired—I bade the Committee to make him take a seat and give me time to rest. While I was smoking a pipe, the Committee told me that the patient was well-to-do, had spent Rs. 1,500 on medical men without getting relief, and was an avaricious person, well known for his closeness. Now, of all things that are disgusting to the occultist, money-greed is one of the chief: it is so low and ignoble a passion.

SYMPATHY DESTROYED.

My feelings underwent an instant change towards the patient. The Committee, at my suggestion, asked him how much he had decided to give towards the Buddhist National Fund for schools. He whined out that he was a poor man and had spent much on doctors, but he would give one rupee! That capped the climax. I told them to say to him that, although he had spent Rs. 1,500 in vain, he had now had his arm cured gratis, and he might now spend an equal sum and see if the doctors would not cure his paralysed leg, and he had better keep the rupee he had just offered for Buddhist schools towards the doctors' fees. I told them to take the creature away, and never let me see him again. But the Committee, with one accord, begged me to recall my order, as the mere mention of money would assuredly be misconstrued and misrepresented by our bitter opponents, who could not say that I had ever taken a cent for my healings, or that they had been made by the Buddhist Committee an excuse to influence subscriptions. So after a while I had the patient brought before me, and within another half-hour had released his leg from its state of paralysis, and sent the man away walking as well as any one. My secretary took from him, it seems, a certificate of the cure, and I have it among the papers connected with that Ceylon tour.

THE LEG RELAPSED!

The Committee in charge of my work had arranged a series of loop tours of about a fortnight each, which brought me around each time to Galle, the central point. When this particular one was finished I was asking one day how it had fared with a certain few patients whose cases had more particularly interested me than the rest, and among others, I mentioned this miser's. The reply surprised me very much: the arm, they said, remained cured, but *the leg had relapsed into the paralytic state*. Al-

though I had read of no similar case in the books on Mesmerism, the reason suggested itself at once—I had felt no real sympathy for the man after hearing about his miserliness, and therefore my vital aura had not vibrated along his nerves as it had when applied to the nerves of his arm; there had been a momentary healthful stimulus followed by a return to the state of nerve-paralysis. In both cases I had had exactly the same knowledge of the science and the same measure of vital force to transmit, but in the latter, none of that feeling of sympathy and benevolent intent which, in the case of the arm, resulted in a permanent cure.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Although I felt no sympathy for my patient I nevertheless did restore his leg to functional activity for the time being; I made him walk as well as he ever did. My will and skill were powerful enough for that, but not being moved by the third element, compassion, there was a relapse after the first effect of nerve stimulation had passed off. It seems to me that it also goes to prove that Mesmeric healing is not necessarily attributable to the exercise of faith, but rather to the transfusion of vital aura to the patient, and its operation under varying conditions within his system. Here was a patient who, if moved by faith in the case of his arm, must have been doubly so in the case of his leg, after the paralysis had been removed from the former; here were several bystanders whose minds and outward demonstrations of belief would follow the same rule; here, finally, was I, exercising the identical power and applying the same technical knowledge in both cases, and, if you choose to so regard it, silently making the self-same suggestion of possible cure, yet curing the arm and failing to permanently cure the leg. It is a most important bit of evidence in the question of psychopathic science, and well worth keeping in mind. I can conceive of no applicability of the theories of either the Salpêtrière or Nancy Schools of Hypnotism to cases like the foregoing; it stands apart and is explicable only on the theory of a vital transfusion from operator to patient.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

Finally—not to dwell for long on a subject whose importance well excuses my having given it so much space—the Ceylon case powerfully suggests the truth of the ancient teaching that kind thoughts sent out from one to another carry with them an almost magical power for good, while evil ones have the contrary effect. How much it behoves us, then, to guard ourselves from even thinking harm to our neighbours, and how easily we can grasp the idea that the old dread of sorcerers and workers of spells had a solid foundation of fact, and that the subtle powers of nature may be handled to the undoing as easily as to the blessing of men.

THE HEALING OF THE PARALYTIC.

I had a number of equally interesting subjects. Among them, a young Brahman, of probably twenty-eight years, who had been suffering from face paralysis for two years, sleeping with his eyes open because unable to close the eyelids, and incapable of projecting his tongue or using it for speech. When asked his name, he could only make a horrible sound in his throat, his tongue and lips being beyond his control. It was a large room where I was at work, and I was standing at one end of it when this patient was brought in. He was stopped just within the threshold by my committee, for examination. When they stated the case they drew back and left the sick man standing alone and looking at me with an eager expression. He indicated in dumb-show the nature of his affliction. I felt myself full of power that morning, it seemed as if I might almost mesmerise an elephant. Raising my right arm and hand vertically and fixing my eyes upon the patient, I pronounced in Bengali the words, "Be healed!" At the same time bringing my arm into the horizontal position and pointing my hand towards him. It was as though he had received an electric shock, a tremor ran through his body,

his eyes closed and re-opened, his tongue, so long paralysed, was thrust out and withdrawn, and with a wild cry of joy he rushed forward and flung himself at my feet. He embraced my knees, he placed my foot on his head, he poured forth his gratitude in voluble sentences. The scene was so dramatic, the cure so instantaneous, that every person in the room partook of the young Brahman's emotion, and there was not an eye unmisted with tears. Not even mine, and that is saying a good deal.

MAKING THE BLIND TO SEE.

A third case was the most interesting of all. One Babu Badrinath Banerji, of Bhagulpore, an enrolled pleader of the District Court, had lost his sight. He was completely blind, and had to be led by a boy. He asked me to cure him—to restore sight, that is, to a man suffering from *glaucoma*, with atrophy of the optic disc, who had passed through the hands of the cleverest surgeons of Calcutta, and been discharged from the Hospital as incurable! Ask the nearest surgeon, and he will tell you what that means. Now I had never treated a blind man, and had no idea whatever as to the chances of my doing the patient any good; but in Mesmerism one can do nothing if one has the least doubt of his power to do: self-confidence is the one thing indispensable. I first tested the man's sensitiveness to my mesmeric current, for these were not cures by hypnotic suggestion that I was making, but downright honest, old-fashioned psychopathic—*i.e.*, mesmeric ones. I found, to my great satisfaction, that he was the most sensitive patient I had ever met with. Blind, unable even to distinguish day from night, and, therefore, unable to see my motions and take suggestions from them as to my purposes, he stood before me, and, as I advanced my finger-tips to within a half-inch of his forehead and concentrated my will upon my hand that it should be to his nerves as a strong magnet to the suspended needle; his head inclined forward towards my fingers. I moved them slowly away, but the head also moved, and so kept following them until his forehead was within a foot's distance from the floor. I then shifted the hand noiselessly to the back of his head, and at once he moved it upward and upward until I thus drew him backwards, so that he overbalanced, and I had to catch him in my arms to keep him from falling. This in silence, without a word or a sound to give him the clue to my proceedings. My way being thus cleared, I held the thumb of my clenched right hand before one of his eyes, and that of the left over his neck, and will'd a vital current to run from the one to the other, completing with my body a magnetic circuit, of which one glaucomic eye and the optic tract, to its seat of development in the brain, formed parts. This process was continued for about half an hour, the patient remaining fully conscious always, and making remarks from time to time as he chose. At the end of the experiment he could see a reddish glimmer of light in that eye. The other eye was then operated upon similarly, with the same result. He returned the next day for further treatment, and this time the light lost its reddish colour and became white. Persevering for ten days, I was finally rewarded by seeing him with restored sight, able to read with one eye the smallest type in a newspaper or book, to dispense with his leader, and go about like anybody else. A surgeon friend of mine, pointing out to me the signs of glaucoma, I found the eyeballs as hard as nuts, and set myself to make them normally elastic, like my own, which I did by the third day, by simple passes, and the holding of my thumbs, with 'mesmeric intent'—*i.e.*, with concentration of will upon the result aimed at, before the sightless orbs. This cure naturally created much talk, as the patient held every needed written proof of his malady having been pronounced incurable by the highest medical professionals; besides which, his blindness was well known to the whole community of Bhagulpore. Two medical men, graduates of the Calcutta Medical College, studied the eyes through an ophthalmoscope, and wrote a report of their observations to the *Indian Mirror*, from which I think it was copied into the *Theosophist*. The sequel to the cure was most interesting and striking. His sight faded out twice, and was twice restored by me; the first time after it had lasted six months, the second time after a whole twelve-month. In each case I found him totally blind, and restored his sight with half an hour's treatment. To cure him

permanently I should need to have him by me, where I could give him daily treatments until the glaucomic tendency had been completely extirpated.

Summing up his observations on his tour of Healing, Col. Olcott says:—

In all there had been sixty-four public addresses made within the space of about three months, and visits to most of the larger villages in the Galle (Southern) Province. I must mention the fact that whenever I found myself at a village on the seashore I would take a daily salt-water bath, as I found it wonderfully refreshing in the Mesmeric sense: no matter how much I might have overdone by healings, a plunge into the sea would restore my vital force within a few minutes. It is a hint that should not be lost by those who follow psychopathy as a profession.

THE EXPLOITS OF AUGUST SCHRADER.

THE New York papers, of November 2nd, report that August Schrader, the Wisconsin healer, visited New Jersey, and healed many persons at Salter's Park, Bayonne.

The crowds became so great as the day advanced that Schrader was compelled to go into one of the groves near the house, where he stood bareheaded among the autumn trees, like a latter day saint, receiving the people with unaffected grace and sending them away with smiles of hope.

A newspaper reporter says of Schrader:—

His face is extremely mild and reverential in expression. His hair, of a dark brown hue, is worn long, and has a tendency to curl. His beard, of the same color, is trimmed so as to make him represent in face and features the accepted appearance of Christ. His daily dress consists of a long black robe or gown, with large sleeves, and is worn loose. Across his chest a black silk sash is worn, and inscribed on it is:

“Divine Healer,
Schrader.”

The method employed by the healer with those who did not mention the source of their trouble was first to press his right hand over their forehead for a moment, looking fixedly into the eyes of the patient. Then he put his hand partially over their eyes, and again pressed hard. He then pressed both the right breast and left breast, and then he finished up on the stomach. This he called blessing. When this was concluded he took the patient's handkerchief and held it in his hands. This he termed "blessing" the handkerchief.

"I do not profess to be successful in all cases," said Schrader, "but I have effected some wonderful cures. I do it by the power of prayer. It came upon me when I was thirteen years old that I had the gift of healing by laying on of hands, and I have been using my power ever since upon all who demanded my services. It is not needful that a man be godly to receive these benefits at my hands. Good and bad alike can derive the blessing. I am in the hands of the Divine Power, and whether it leads me I *hut* go, no matter what my own desires may be. I am here to-day, but cannot tell where I shall be to-morrow."

There are the usual reports as to the persons healed. Schrader disclaims all power to work miracles, and refuses to attempt to restore limbs that have been lost.

A correspondent in Philadelphia, writing on December 6th, sent me the following lively description of Schrader's visit to that city, from which it would seem that the path of the psychic healer is by no means easy.

There has been a psychic healer by the name of Schrader in this city, but I knew nothing of it until recently, when one of the

clerks in the Bureau of Highways, where I am employed, was talking about it one day, and remarked that Schrader had laid his hands on this gentleman's head and the back of his neck, and he (this clerk) slept that night for five hours consecutively—something which he had not done for years, as he is troubled with insomnia. He added that Schrader had now gone to the Dime Museum. Like other psychics Schrader had his troubles. At one place, the crowds of people who came wore a hole in the carpet, and the landlady refused to keep him after a day and a night. At another place the landlady poured water out of an upstairs window on the crowds who came. Well, I persuaded mother to go with me to the Dime Museum on Thanksgiving morning. But Schrader (if it *was* he) sent word that he would not appear on the platform of the Museum on "a prayer-day." So I got her to go on Saturday afternoon. But the real Schrader, so I afterwards learned from this clerk who was also there, did not appear. Instead, they fixed a man up with long wig and auburn beard and a gown to imitate Schrader's peculiar dress. But he had a coarse face, and the wig and beard did not fit him, and he played his part wretchedly. He was a very evident fake. He mumbled something like "Molok-kolok-kolok-kolok" over me while he touched me—horrid old thing that he was. I was very anxious to see him, for I thought he might really be Schrader under a new name. But, oh, that wig! You just ought to have seen it.

The clerk above referred to told me that the Schrader whom he saw, who helped him to sleep, was a fine looking man, with weird (evidently introspective) eyes, long hair upon his shoulders and a beard, that he wore a gown, and that he looked like pictures of Christ. I have inquired several times since about where the real Schrader can be found, but no one seems to know.

I wonder if Jesus of Nazareth—supposing him to be really an historical personage, as *you* do—met with similar adventures, and if his goings about in Palestine were due to the same cause as are Schrader's peregrinations between Philadelphia, New York, Jersey City, and other places within a radius of a hundred miles? It looks somewhat, doesn't it, as though the Gospel story were here repeating itself? Don't you remember how Jesus was for ever taking hasty departures, slipping away unobserved and re-appearing unexpectedly in another part of the country?

THE DOCTORS AND THE HEALERS.

The Medical Faculty in the New World as in the Old have scant patience with healers. If Jesus of Nazareth had been here to do the miracles in England or America that he did in Judea, it is possible his worst enemies would be the physicians and surgeons rather than the Scribes and the Pharisees. When Schrader was healing in New Orleans, the Allopathic State Board of Medical Examiners served him with the following notice:—

You are hereby commanded, enjoined, and restrained, in the name of the State of Louisiana and of the Civil District Court for the Parish of Orleans, from practising medicine or pretending to practise medicine, or from prescribing or directing for the use of any person or persons, any drug or medicine or other agency for the treatment, cure, or relief of any bodily injury, infirmity, or disease, or deformity, by writing, print, or other methods, professing to cure or treat disease or deformity by any drug, nostrum, manipulation, or other expedient, in this State, without first having passed before the said board of medical examiners the satisfactory examination required by law, after presenting a diploma from a medical college in good standing,

and without first obtaining and recording, as required by law, said certificates.

THE CHARMING AWAY OF WARTS.

Mr. J. J. Coghill, of Glen Barrahane, Castle Townsend, writes as follows to *Light*, on this familiar subject:—

During a visit made some three weeks ago to my married son, Mr. Claude Coghill, who resides at Athboy, in the County Meath, he showed me, as a great pity, that one of my little grand-daughters was greatly disfigured by an unsightly crop of warts on both hands, some fifteen or sixteen in number, and which all attempts to remove had utterly failed. He added, laughing, "I have a great mind to take her to an old man in this neighbourhood who is said to be able to charm away warts. The fellow is a mere ignorant peasant, but I have heard wonderful accounts of his powers."

To-day I have heard of the result of the visit. He tells me that every wart has disappeared, the sole treatment being the placing of the charmer's finger on each wart, accompanied by a mumbled prayer or incantation. They seemed to become flat under the pressure of the finger, and in a few days no mark was left. Three only resisted for awhile, but now these have gone too, leaving only a very faint trace, which he expects will disappear in a week or so, following the course the others took. The man asserts that he has had several hundred similar cases, and has never once failed to effect a cure.

AN EVANGELIST'S STORY.

The following story of the way in which an Australian Evangelist was suddenly restored to health, is written by a friend in the *Southern Cross*:—

A cloud gathered and a shadow fell, which lasted for many a year. It was an insidious internal malady which cost him three weeks in every month, caused him at times to roll on the ground in an agony of pain, and compelled him to become the pastor of a small charge at Waverley, near Sydney, instead of an itinerant. I was holding a mission one winter for Rev. T. B. Tress at St. Peter's, Woolloomooloo, and we were just preparing for the after meeting when in came John MacNeil, all muffled up, and his face as white as a sheet: but he was able to tell us something worth hearing, with singular point and sweetness. About this time, a friend said to him, "A man like you has no business to be ill, with such a reserve of power for body as well as soul treasured up in your Lord Jesus!" He thought about it, but took no decided step, till, one Monday morning, he saw in the paper that a Mr. Barker, a Church of England clergyman, and a relative of the Primate, was to deliver an address in the city at 11 A.M., on "Divine Healing." Immediately he arose and went, heard the teaching, grasped the truth, laid hold of Jesus in His new capacity as "My Lord that healeth me," and went on his way rejoicing. He dined at one o'clock at the Y.M.C.A., taking the same food that the others did, and there and then offered himself as organizing secretary for good old George Müller's mission, just then impending. A fortnight later the symptoms returned; so he went in to his chamber, locked the door, and, casting himself down before the Great Physician, said: "Lord, if I relapse into ill-health, it will not affect my honour, but it will affect Thine!" Then, stretching out his whole being on the promises of God, he claimed that power for service which lasted him without a break until his dying day.

XVI.—THE FUTURE. PREDICTIONS, PROPHECIES, AND PREMONITIONS.

"I find, indeed, no people or nation, however civilized or cultivated, however wild or barbarous, that has not deemed that there are antecedent signs of future events, and some men capable of understanding and predicting them."—CICERO.

A FORECAST OF NEXT SESSION.

"**T**RIDENT," writing to me from the north of England, maintains that Lord Salisbury and the government over which he presides are likely to have a bad time of it next session.

A remark about Lord Salisbury's ill-health appeared in the *Speaker* in December, and all the papers generally seem to have taken very little notice of the statement. "Trident" thinks there is danger ahead. He writes, I think there is much truth in the rumour of Lord Salisbury's collapse; I have been looking for it for some time. Devonshire for the Premiership and Dufferin for the Foreign Office are my selections, judging from the influence of the "stars in their courses." Lord Salisbury is not of the robust, long-lived type of physique—he is too big and too stout, and has, I should judge from astral positions at birth, as well as from his general appearance, a decidedly weak and nervous heart. All this year he has been under malign auspices corresponding with the difficulties he has had to survive, I cannot say, surmount, at the Foreign Office, and which must have seriously undermined his health. It looks as if he and the Emperor of Austria would share in some popular diplomatic move, due to culminate satisfactorily about the 27th inst. The Austrian Emperor will get most "kudos" out of the affair.

This, however, will be only a little rift in dark cloud of affairs. Parliament meets on the 19th prox., under the auspices which prognosticate a very exciting time for the Foreign Office, judging from the date of opening and the martial influences predominating in the horoscopes of both Lord Salisbury and his "*alter ego*" in the other house, viz., Mr. G. N. Curzon. I see no hope of anything like a comfortable time till after March. Unfortunately for the value of these estimates of the future, I haven't the *time* which would go to amplify the effect of the influences already mentioned.

I do not wish you to infer that therefore I consider your estimate of Mr. Cecil in the "History of the Mystery" a necessarily unfair one; all I would insinuate is that you could not help being drawn to the man any more than you could help loving the woman whom you have made your wife, and as you are by nature her natural protector so you seem designed by Providence as the natural champion of the man with whose temperament you are so much in sympathy.

In Zadkiel's Almanac for 1897 you will find some very pertinent remarks anent the horoscope of our Queen, the Empress Frederick, Kaiser, Tsar, and Emperor of Austria.

The Kaiser, in particular, suffers from the same influences which will ruffle Salisbury and George Curzon. I hope we are going to have no more bother with him this next spring. He is an irritable and domineering personage in his best moods—one never knows when he may break loose.

MR. RHODES' HOROSCOPE.

"**TRIDENT**" puts forward an astrological hypothesis for the friendly relations which exist between Mr. Cecil Rhodes and myself. "Trident" says:—

If we had Mr. Cecil Rhodes' exact birth date, it should prove most interesting and instructive at the present crisis in his affairs, and it would probably furnish some explanation to me of the fervour with which you champion the cause of that great man. Just notice the correspondences between your horoscope and his—although of his I don't know the time.

(i) You were both born on the same date, July 5th, *i.e.*, the sun is exactly in the same place in the heavens in both—a very strong

natural affinity. (ii) The moon is within a few degrees (the same degree at noon) of the place of Mercury in your nativity, *i.e.*, he has great respect for your talents and literary influence. (iii) Saturn in his is exactly on the place of Venus in yours, and in his nativity Venus is exactly sextile (60°) to Saturn, consequently 60° from Venus in yours, *i.e.*, he should exercise a decidedly sobering, not unpleasant, somewhat awe-inspiring feeling in you—the foundation of genuine respect. (iv) Jupiter in his is within a few degrees of time (120°) from Jupiter in your horoscope. This again communicates a vibration which is entirely sympathetic to your temperament.

If the time of his birth were known, there might be shown other correspondences of day on which either of these gentlemen were born.

HISTORY WRITTEN IN ADVANCE; 1897 According to the Stars.

ALL three astrological almanacs devote considerable space to setting forth the marvellous manner in which their predictions have been fulfilled in the previous year, they all pay special attention to crowned heads. Zadkiel cautions the Queen against travelling abroad, and predicts a debilitated state of health. Of the Tsar and the Kaiser we are told that they will either quarrel or ruin each other, or meet with some calamity; neither is likely to enjoy a very long reign. Of the Emperor of Austria, we are told that he cannot expect to escape some trouble, a remark which it hardly needed an astrologer to make. It would be more remarkable to predict the contrary. Raphael warns the Queen against congestions and inflammations, which threaten an early fight for life. It is going to be a bad year for the Prince, especially at the beginning and end. Zadkiel does not anticipate war in Germany, but difficulties are chiefly financial. Of the Tsar Zadkiel tells us that his temper is bad. He is excitable and furious when provoked, and his opinion of himself is very very good, from which it would seem that the stars lie like less exalted authorities. Zadkiel prophesies no serious trouble for the Emperor of Austria; but the chief difficulty between the prophets is to be found when they come to Turkey. Raphael is a strong pro-Turk, and says that the Sultan is more sinned against than sinning, but he is still under some good influences and has nothing to fear for the next few years; but Zadkiel, on the other hand, boldly prophesies that the Turks are to be smashed up and driven out of Europe. When the astrologers disagree the people must decide. The existence of these three little almanacs, with the exception of Old Moore, sold at 6d., although neither of them contains as many pages as two of our penny novels or penny poets, is a fact which should be duly noted by those who wish to know what their fellow-countrymen read, and what they believe. To very many, these little almanacs are a much greater authority than the Bible, and are constantly consulted concerning all the minute details of life. The circulation of the *Times* newspaper is not a patch upon the circulation of Zadkiel or Raphael.

BORDERLAND,

It is difficult enough to write history after the event, but it might be supposed to be more difficult to write it before the event occurs. Whatever the difficulty may be, it has been surmounted successfully by three different scribes, who, with no other guide but the voices of the stars, have no hesitation in writing out the history of the year six months before it arrives. It is true these historians in advance do not agree in their narrative, but in this they resemble those who write after the event. In order to enable the reader to follow these conflicting historians, I print the three—"Zadkiel," "Raphael," and "Orion"—in parallel columns, confining myself to their predictions for the first three months of the year. The method of all these prophets

ZADKIEL.

When Mars made the long stay of 217 days in Gemini in the years 1864-'65 (the sign ruling the United States), the terrible fighting in the Shenandoah Valley took place. On the present occasion, Mars makes again a prolonged stay—of 208 days—in Gemini, viz., from August 16th, 1896, to March 21st, 1897. It may therefore be apprehended that the power of the red planet will again be proved by much bloodshed in Egypt, and blood-feuds in North America.

Mercury being in the ascendant, at this solstice, and in opposition with the Moon and zodiacal parallel with Mars, will cause great excitement in England, political strife, and great danger of foreign war. A powerful rival will push us hard, and the danger is that some overt act on his part will force war upon us. In the East and in the West, and in South Africa, our path will be full of dangers, during the ensuing winter quarter; and the wisest diplomacy will be required to avoid actual warfare. Venus in the second house promises an increasing revenue. The presence of Saturn and Uranus in the eleventh house threatens discord in Parliament, and much sickness among members of the Legislature; and discontent in the army. In London fires, murders, and suicides will be rife, in fact there will be many terrible and sudden deaths. Mercury in the ascendant promises well for the advancement of science; and several useful inventions will be perfected at the opening of 1897.

THE SPRING QUARTER.

Mars, is ominous of foreign troubles, and treachery is to be feared on the part of a rival Power. We must not slacken our efforts to man the fleet and increase our army. The period of Army service should be lengthened. Colonial affairs will still give rise to anxiety, especially in Africa. Mars in the second house is ominous of greatly increased expenditure on armaments, etc., and increase of taxation. The weather of the spring quarter will be variable, at one time fine and too dry, and at another rainy and cold. The northern parts of Britain will have much wind and rain. Fish will be plentiful.

The Jews are returning to Jerusalem, and the Mohammedan power over that city is about to be broken—in 1897 and 1898; the latter year promises to witness the complete overthrow of the Turkish Empire.

is the same. Under each month, they give a general description of the events which will occur in that month, and then afterwards they take a more general survey of the year under its quarters. It will be noted that many of the statements made by these historians of the future are tolerably safe predictions, as, for instance, "Zadkiel" remarked that in the East and in the West and in South Africa our path will be full of dangers. Equally safe is the prediction of "Raphael," that there will be much anxiety and trouble in foreign and colonial affairs; that the government will have its hands full. Equally true is it that the sun will rise in the East and set in the West, and that there will be many changes in both wind and weather in the course of the spring.

RAPHAEL.

THE WINTER QUARTER.

The Sun in Capricorn,
December 21st, 1896, 7.29 a.m.

When the Sun reaches the first point of the tropical sign Capricorn, the last face of Sagittarius will be rising, and the Sun and Mercury will be in the ascendant, the latter planet being in opposition to the Moon and in trine aspect to Jupiter; Venus will occupy the 2nd house, Mars and Neptune will be in conjunction not far from the cusp of the 7th house, Jupiter will be in the 8th, and Uranus and Saturn will be in close conjunction in the 11th. The latter position is not good, for it indicates treachery and deceit towards this country, and that the nations which we consider friends will prove enemies, and thwart and betray our interests. The occidental position of Neptune and Mars imply much anxiety and trouble in foreign and colonial affairs, and show that the Government will have its hands full. Although the revenue will be good, yet from the position of Jupiter there will be much distress in the land. There will also be serious earthquakes and colliery explosions in many parts. The public health will not be good. Pulmonary complaints will be very fatal; and an excess of deaths will occur from disorders in the intestines. Cancer will be more than usually prevalent and fatal.

THE SPRING QUARTER.

The Sun in Aries, March 20th, 1897,
8.16 a.m.

The beginning of the sign Gemini will rise when the Sun reaches the first point of the equinoctial sign Aries in the morning of the 20th March. The Sun will be on the cusp of the 12th house in trine aspect to Saturn and Uranus on the cusp of the 7th, and separating from the quartile of Mars near the cusp of the 2nd: Jupiter will be in the 5th in sextile aspect to Mars, and the Moon will occupy the 6th house in Libra. The occidental position of Saturn and Uranus is very ominous, and threatens serious foreign and colonial difficulties, and much danger of a sudden rupture in diplomatic relations, if nothing worse. The Solar Orb in close quartile to Mars threatens sickness or grief in Royal circles;

ORION.

THE SPRING QUARTER.

Under the general prophecy for the Spring quarter *Orion* says that Mercury ruling and Venus oriental promised a fairly fortunate and victorious year for England. The Government will be strong and well able to manage its affairs. Some good, wise, and useful reforms will be passed in Parliament. There will be improvements in the Education Act. Much anxiety and jealousy exist among foreign nations as to the settlement in our affairs in Africa; many panics on the Stock Exchange, shocks of earthquake, and colliery explosions.

ZADKIEL.—*continued.*RAPHAEL.—*continued.*ORION.—*continued.*

sudden indisposition of the sovereign, and warlike rumours. There is much danger of increased taxation, and the Government will require to make great efforts to avoid it. Much money will be spent on war purposes and national defences. The weak position of Mercury, ruler of the 1st and 2nd houses, is an indication that trade will be poor, and the general condition of the people unsatisfactory. Many serious disasters will occur in collieries, and accidents will be more than usually frequent. The greatest vigilance will be required on the part of the rulers of this country to prevent a loss of territory. The aspect and positions of the planets are dark and threatening!

VOICE OF THE STARS.

JANUARY, 1897.

At Capetown the outlook is not so peaceful as could be wished, and troubles with discontented tribes will occasion anxiety and loss. The Government will be in a sore strait and may be compelled to resign.

The rare conjunction of Saturn with Uranus in the sign Scorpio $27^{\circ} 40'$ takes place at 7h. 2m. in the morning of the 6th inst., to the detriment of Spain, Hungary, Turkey and Morocco. The retrogradation of the evil Mars in the sign Gemini, and his presence in the seventh house at the moment of new moon, adding fuel to the flame lit by the σ of L with H , disturbs the United States. Eastern complications cause anxiety at the Foreign Office; and the state of Egypt and the Soudan, and that of the Christian subjects of the Grand Turk, will be the bone of contention among the Great Powers. Colonial questions also will considerably exercise the minds of our statesmen. The power of Mars when stationary will be only too apparent about the middle of this month; a sudden development of fanatic cruelty is to be apprehended and should be guarded against. Persons who were born on or about the 18th of May or the 19th of November are now plagued by Saturn and Uranus, and are warned to act cautiously and safeguard their health. Those born about the 17th or 21st of January will reap some benefits. The 27th inst. is an evil birthday anniversary. The Czar of Russia will soon feel the effects of the affliction of his Sun by Saturn and Uranus.

THE VOICE OF THE HEAVENS.

JANUARY, 1897.

The New Moon for the month occurs on the 3rd, when the middle degrees of the sign Sagittarius will be rising, and Libra will be on the mid heaven. The Sun and Moon will be in the ascendant, separating from a trine aspect of Jupiter and a semi-quartile of Saturn and Uranus.

The planet Mars will be just setting in the sign Gemini, in quartile aspect to Jupiter, which denotes that troubles will arise in our foreign and colonial relations, and danger of war and sedition. There will also be great misfortunes at home; colliery explosions, and shocks of earthquakes in some parts. The position of Jupiter in the 9th, in evil aspect to Mars, is unfavourable for the Church and clergy generally; it also denotes many serious casualties in navigation, collisions, and wrecks. Foreign securities will suffer a heavy fall, and stocks and shares will be much deranged. Trade will not be good. Crime will increase. It will also be an unfavourable lunation for the Sovereign and Government of this country. Harassing events will be continually occurring.

The great conjunction of Saturn and Uranus on the 6th will produce troubles in Ireland, and in Northern Africa, Morocco, and Tunis. Mars in Gemini is unfavourable for the United States of America, London, and the West of England. In these places fires and crimes will be very prevalent, especially about the middle of the month.

JANUARY.

Dear Reader,—the influences of the Stars cease not. The cause is secret, but the effect is known—aye, and felt also; hence the deference paid to astrological warnings during a succession of ages. At the first New Moon, on the 3rd inst., the scheme of the expanse is startling. Both Herschel and Saturn cast a quartile aspect upon the Solar orb from the 11th house, where these malefics are in conjunction, which is evil for the ruling powers, and a sudden complication in foreign affairs is likely to cause anxiety. I fear a repetition of racial hostilities. This influence is apt to bring Old England into trouble; it behoves our Government to be prepared, as we have a rather serious crisis to pass through. Sickness in royal circles and the bills of mortality run very high; a danger of great and learned men dying suddenly. The sea turbulent and the weather cold and stormy, producing wrecks and damage to shipping—probably some naval disaster. An extensive earthquake denoted in the near East, and at home explosions and colliery disasters. Unexpected and curious accidents. The lunation occurs in the 1st house, and with Venus and Mercury in the 2nd, we hope that trade and commerce will improve. Jupiter in the 9th house benefits the Church and State, and the religious sentiments of the people are more settled. Mars in Gemini will cause excitement in London; fires frequent. Egyptian affairs unsettled and cause us alarm; in the United States of America and Belgium storms, acts of violence, and stirring events occur. The malefics, Herschel and Saturn in Scorpio, will cause much trouble in Russia, Poland, Persia, Morocco, Asia Minor, Ireland.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

February was sacred to Neptune, by which was meant Jupiter in his character as a sea-god, for his chariot was drawn by Hippocampi—horses in their fore parts and fishes in their hinder—thus exemplifying the two houses of Jupiter, Sagittarius the Archer, drawn with partly the body of the horse, and Pisces the fishes. Two days of this month, the 1st and 13th, were sacred to Jupiter. Mars is predominant at the moment of new moon on the 1st inst. and

The Lunation for the month occurs on the 1st, and is an Ecliptic conjunction, although not visible in these parts. The second face of the sign Virgo will be rising and Jupiter will have just risen, Venus will be setting, Mars will be on the Meridian, Mercury on the cusp of the 5th, and Uranus and Saturn will be in the 3rd house in trine aspect to Venus. The Meridional position of Mars, well placed, denotes a good deal of excitement

FEBRUARY.

The month opens with a trine of the Sun and Mars. The New Moon on the 1st inst. is an ecliptic one, invisible at Greenwich. It occurs about 8.13 p.m., when the celestial sign Virgo will arise; Mercury, the ruler of the scheme, is posited in the 5th house, where the lunation takes place. Jupiter, fortunately rising at this period of time, is more favourable for peace. The map on the whole is propitious for the Government, although Mars, moving slowly

ZADKIEL.—*continued.*

in the ruling sign of London (Gemini). We may therefore anticipate the military affairs and the state of the national defences will be paramount in Parliamentary debate. Towards the latter part of the month there will be a series of great fires in the metropolis; and a railway accident (suburban) is also very likely to happen. A post-office robbery will cause some excitement in London. The planetary configurations are inimical to the well-being of the Czar, the Kaiser, and Prince Adolphus of Teck, both this month and last. The Duc d'Orleans has a favourable Solar revolution, in England, but he would not be so fortunate in France; he should accept the warning and abstain from pushing his claims to reign over the French. News from India and Egypt will cause some anxiety, for Mars disturbs those countries. The presence of Jupiter in Virgo is reassuring to Paris and Switzerland; and affords hope of some reform even in Turkey. The first two days are favourable birthday anniversaries, especially to soldiers, surgeons, and mechanics. The 17th and 18th bring either sorrow or suffering on those persons whose birthday falls thereabouts. The 23rd brings embarrassment or ill-health.

MARCH, 1897.

March was named after Mars, the first day being held sacred to the red planet-deity by the Romans.

At the moment of new moon the luminaries are in the mid-heaven at London, and in semi-quartile (45°) aspect with Venus, so that March will not be a month of drought this year, in fact rain will be somewhat plentiful; albeit Jupiter in the lower meridian favours a fine season. Mars still being in the sign Gemini adds to the political excitement in the United States, and, too likely, to taxation also. Indeed the quartile aspect of the red planet with the Sun at the vernal ingress marks the danger of war in Europe, Africa, and America. We fain would hope that the nineteenth century will close peacefully, but we must not minimise the danger of the martial spirit dominating the minds of men. Forewarned is forearmed! and if we do not increase the British Army as well as the navy we run a fearful risk of being surprised by our foes and taken at a disadvantage. Australia will soon have to look to her defences and increase taxation. The ruler of Italy is plagued by Mars, and he and his country will suffer accordingly. Jupiter retrograding in the sign Virgo brings some benefit to Paris, notwithstanding the vociferous military party in France. People who were born on or about the 24th of August, or when the Moon held the first degrees of Virgo, will benefit by the position of the great benefic planet, either in health or finances. On the other hand, the stationary position of Saturn in $0^{\circ} 1' 46''$ afflicts those who were born on or about the 22nd of November. The 7th, 18th, and 22nd days of March bring trouble or illness to those whose birthday anniversaries fall thereabouts. The 12th, 14th, and 27th inst. are more favourable.

RAPHAEL.—*continued.*

in the land in connection with warlike preparations; it also shows the Government strong and determined, but not popular, and as Mercury lord of the Mid-heaven, is in the 5th house, it denotes that much excitement will occur in connection with schools and education. It is said that the Government intend to take up again their Educational Bill about this time, if so, they may expect a warm time with it. Towards the latter part of the month much uproar will occur, and heavy and serious calamities will befall this country. Strikes or rioting may be expected. The Moon in exact quartile to Saturn and Uranus at the full is an unhappy testimony, and will produce very serious disturbances and disappointments. Earthquakes, explosions, and similar evils will be very frequent and disastrous; England, Ireland, Italy, France, and Russia, are all under a cloud, and will reap a heavy crop of misfortunes for some time to come.

ORION.—*continued.*

through the sign Gemini in the 9th house, will produce excitement in London; fires frequent, and accidents by machinery occur. Some stirring events in military circles, Saturn and Herschel in the 3rd house, is more untoward for railways and the post office—discontent amongst the officials and railway servants. Accidents on railways, in mines, tunnels, and from falling bridges. Panics on 'Change occur. Railway Stocks will drop. The Sun in quartile bodes no good to the Sovereign, and may bring about the death of great and noble persons, probably sickness or family trouble amongst royalty. Jupiter will benefit trade. Much wrangling in foreign States, and rumours of war. Many happy marriages of note occur. Egypt unsettled, and fighting is still manifest. Accidents and disasters in the United States; strikes occur. Jupiter will benefit Paris and Turkey—reforms in the Government. The Eastern question far from settled. Russia, Persia, and Asia Minor suffer evil. Some excited discussions in the London C.C. and School Board.

MARCH, 1897.

At the lunation on the 3rd the Sun and Moon will be near the Meridian, having separated from an opposition of Jupiter, and applying to a quartile aspect of Mars. The second face of Cancer will be rising, and Saturn and Uranus will be near the cusp of the 6th house. The latter position implies sickness, and trouble in the labour market, probably strikes. Jupiter, near the cusp of the 4th in Virgo, denotes a cold dry Spring, with vegetation behind the average. At the Full Moon, Saturn and Uranus will be near the cusp of the 2nd in square aspect to Jupiter in the 10th; this is indicative of an increase in taxation, at any rate we can hope for no remission of taxes during the coming year. The Sun, ruler of the 10th, is in trine aspect to Saturn and Uranus, but in exact quartile to Mars; the latter is not favourable for the Sovereign or Government. Sudden deaths will be painfully frequent, and accidents, especially to young people and children, will be more than usually prevalent.

The entry of Mars into the tropical sign Cancer, is not good for Scotland or Holland, or New York, and accidents of a severe nature will occur. The stationary position of Saturn in Sagittarius will disturb Spain chiefly, and acts of violence, and plots against authority, will occur. The retrogradation of Uranus in Scorpio will cause many shocks of earthquakes in the East.

MARCH.

The New Moon occurs a little before noon on the 3rd, when the sign Cancer ascends, and Pisces culminates with the luminaries in the mid-heaven, Mercury being in the 9th, and Venus in the 11th house, which are propitious influences for science, literature, music, and the fine arts. Promotions for men of science and letters, and the State Church will be in a better odour and more strengthened; religious sentiments of the people are not so strong for disestablishment. Venus, in the 11th house, is likely to increase the sway of women, and it is not improbable that the franchise will soon be extended to them. Many marriages of note amongst members of the House of Commons. New laws discussed on the opening of Parliament—much wisdom displayed. Mars rising in Gemini will stimulate trade and commerce in London; great political excitement later in the month; fires, accidents, and crime increase in the metropolis. Jupiter, in the 3rd house, will benefit railways and the post office. Saturn and Herschel, both stationary in the 5th house, will produce many accidents by water and floods; storms in many parts. The weather tempestuous and changeable. Unfavourable for schools—young children suffer; many curious accidents occur both in London and America. Shocks of earthquake in southern and central Europe. Misfortunes occur in Spain, and countries and places under Sagittarius, for Saturn has now entered this sign. Jupiter benefits Paris, and will mitigate the commotion and strife which has been so threatening between Moslem and Christian. The Turks will for a time desist from persecuting and slaying their Christian subjects. Many strange events.

Looking over the prophecies for the remaining months, and picking out those that are more definite, we find the following:—

(First column) Zadkiel.

June sounds the death-knell of Turkey. In July a measure of useful reform passes through Parliament. August, an outbreak of Asiatic cholera in India and Egypt. In September, missionaries are to be murdered in China. In November, there will be furious storms.

(Middle column) Raphael.

End of April, sharp fall of price on 'Change. May, great strikes, and good to Turkey. June, the Government will be much harassed, their majority will be low, their popularity gone. July, Nihilist plots will be discovered in Russia. In October, the Sultan is to have a quiet and prosperous month. In December, there are to be conflagrations devastating whole towns. Money market generally is to be in a very bad way.

THE VALUE OF ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS.

THE STARS AND THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

"MODERN Astrology," for December, begins its leading article by hinting that if the stars speak true, it is probably we are on the eve of war—

The red planet Mars, the god of war, is dangerously near the point from which we may expect an outbreak, and were it but three degrees nearer that point we should be positive in our statement that we were on the eve of war. The last map of the astrological year 1896 ends on March 20th, 1897, when Mars will be just upon the point of leaving the sign Gemini. This sign is the third house of the Earth's zodiac, and governs the minds of the people. At the New Moon for the present month the red planet has separated from the opposition of Mercury, the general mental ruler, thus exciting the mind to warlike thought and action, and between the New Moon and the quarterly figure it will pass the square of Jupiter. Now we should not consider any of these positions as positively serious were it not for the close application of Saturn to the conjunction of Uranus in the eleventh house of the winter map. Here we foresee danger, and a grave situation it is indeed. The eleventh house signifies the House of Commons, and upon that body the evils of this conjunction will take effect. The events will be sudden and of a somewhat unexpected nature, particularly when the Sun has reached the twenty-sixth degree of Aquarius, and the Moon passes through the sign Scorpio. We sincerely hope that the sting of the Scorpion may be extracted without bloodshed, but we cannot pass over these planetary positions without misgiving as to the result. Beyond all doubt the House of Commons will be sorely tormented and harassed by foreign affairs, and there will be much sickness and death in their midst.

There is some consolation for the minds of mortals exercised by these doleful predictions, if they turn to the previous numbers of the magazines, and see how the efforts of the astrologer failed to read such a very important simple incident as to the result of the American Presidential election. The astrologer who rejoices in the *nom de plume* of "The Chaldean," set himself to work in October to forecast the result of the election. He then had not the nativities of the candidates, but he drew his conclusions from the moment of their nomination and he announced that:—

The only conclusion I can reach, after a study of the two figures for the time of nomination, is that Mr. Bryan will be elected President of the United States next November.

The next month he was able to obtain the date as to the birth of the candidates, and this leads him some-

what to modify his judgment, but still he backed Bryan as will be seen from the following passages:—

Since receiving the data for birth I find the testimonies in Mr. Bryan's natal chart not of a very favourable character, and this may overcome what little advantage he had over Mr. McKinley as indicated in the maps for the hour of nomination. The latter are so very much alike that it is almost impossible to choose between them as to which is the more favourable. I believe, nevertheless, that Mr. Bryan has the better chance of winning, but if he does not succeed, my impression is that neither will be elected by the people, but that the election of President and Vice-President will be thrown into Congress. In that event, Mr. McKinley will, of course, be the successful candidate, inasmuch as the House of Representatives, the body which elects the President in such an emergency, is Republican.

Altogether it is a most delicate question to handle, and requires the exact hour of birth of both candidates in order that a distinctive conclusion can be reached. I still hold, nevertheless, that Bryan's nomination map is *slightly* the more favourable, but if he is not elected, I believe Congress will have to decide the matter.

Now, Bryan was not elected, and McKinley was, without Congress having anything to do with the matter. This failure leads the editor of "Modern Astrology" to indulge in certain morals, which may be applied to many other astrological forecasts besides this:—

The brave attempt of "The Chaldean" to forecast the American Presidential Election was, as I quite expected, a failure, simply because the data were too slender. Astrology is an exact science, and requires absolutely correct dates from which to make the necessary calculations. We are all at best only students at present, and the day in which the prophet shall arise is not yet come. A sufficiency of mistakes have already occurred to make us more and more cautious, and perhaps it is as well, for we learn more by our failures than our successes. But I hope for the benefit of the sceptics that our next predictions will be from some one whose experience is more extensive than that of the modern Chaldean.

A RECORD OFFICE FOR THE PROPHETS.

MR. THURSTON proposes in *Light* that the Spiritualist Alliance should establish a Record Office for the Prophets of our Latter Day. He says:—

The details of the plan are open to discussion, but it seems to me the following should be some of its features:—

1. The establishment of a Central Recording Bureau with secretary and letter-files—say at 2, Duke Street.

2. A permanent announcement of the same in spiritualistic journals.

3. Invitation to all who receive any distinct prophecies as to their future, or that of the political world, to enclose the same in closed or sealed envelope stating the exact details, the name of the prophet, the mode of communication, the date of the same, with attestations, if possible. Outside the envelope to write the date when it may be opened to prove the truth of the facts prophesied, and to address it to the care of the secretary of the Bureau, giving also sender's address. Forms to be filled up may be provided, if desired.

4. The secretary should register in a book the receipt of such letters, and file them, and await further directions as to whether he is to open the letter or not. No letter to be opened without permission of the sender, who can reclaim it at any time by sending the postage.

THE PALMIST AS PROPHET.

In a recent paper on the subject of palmistry I alluded to the danger of rashly prophesying the future from an insufficiency of knowledge concerning it on

the part of the prophet. It will be the object of this paper to consider the actual claims which may be put forward as to the power of the science of palmistry to predict what is to be by weighing the evidence for and against such power. In the first place, it should be clearly stated that no one has up to the present time succeeded in producing a really satisfactory explanation of how this prophecy of the future works.

SOME SUCCESSFUL PREDICTIONS.

The first time I ever read hands, at a large bazaar at the Queen of Watering-Places, a lady came to be "palmistrized." Amongst other things I told her that within a year circumstances would induce her to take up a branch of art in which she had at one time been very proficient, but had of late years dropped, and that she would pursue it with great ardour. Three years later I was again doing palmistry at the same place for another bazaar. A lady came to my tent, and, after I had read her hand, she asked, "Do you remember me?" "No, indeed," I said. "Well, I did you," she replied. "Three years ago you read my hand here, telling me in substance what you have done now. You will perhaps be interested to hear that a prophecy you made about me has come true." She then reminded me of what I had told her, and added, "That branch of art was painting, which I gave up on my marriage, as I thought, for good. My daughter, however, as you said, within a year from the time I was here, made up her mind to try and learn to paint. In order to encourage her I took it up myself again, and now I am fonder of it and do more than ever before."

That is prophecy on a trivial point; let us glance at a graver one, which came under my notice only this month. The hand of a lady whom I knew intimately, and who was in the habit of laughingly consulting me from time to time, showed unmistakable signs of severe approaching illness, caused by overwork. More than once I warned her against excessive strain, either physical or mental. I told her that if she persisted in her then mode of life the result would be inevitable. The last time I examined her hand I said that the illness was close to her, but that with extreme care and attentive nursing she would probably pull through. A month ago I received a letter from herself telling me that my prophecy had been completely realised—a severe illness having necessitated a dangerous operation, from which only the most devoted attention had enabled her to recover.

WANTED A RECORD.

The instances just quoted are only two out of hundreds of similar ones such as might be furnished by any palmist from his own experience. How are these numberless "coincidences" to be accounted for?

It is a thing to be desired, as yet, I believe, not attempted, by any professor of this art, that every palmist should keep a brief account of all prophecies made by him, whether trivial or important in character. They might be entered in a book with the date and names and addresses of those concerned, together with the limit of time of fulfilment. When the verification of any one of these reached the palmist he should note it also in his book, observing whether the dates tally or no. In the event of the full time elapsing without any news of the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of his prediction being received, he might write to the person to

whom he made it and find out for himself. It would also be advisable to keep a private book in which might be noted any approaching events of too grave a nature to be told to the person concerned, as *e.g.*, blindness, murder, sudden death, great bereavement. These could then be verified in the same manner as the preceding, provided a little caution were employed.

In this way the evidence obtainable would be largely increased.

PREDICTIONS OF DEATH.

At present most authorities, for lack of evidence, differ on this important point. M. Desbarolles, the great French writer on the subject, declares that no event, except inheritances, can be foretold from the hand more than five years before it comes to pass. Why the exception should be made in favour of inheritances is not quite clear, for it seems that a person's chance of inheriting is quite as likely to fluctuate as any other future event, if, indeed, not more so. Most English authorities, however, claim to be able to foretell with perfect accuracy every kind of coming occurrence. If this can be done, many people ask, is it possible to assert the date of any given person's death?

Just as the skilful doctor can foretell to a few weeks, often to a few days, the length of life of one of his patients, so the skilled palmist can measure the time allotted upon earth within a certain limit. Why, then, should that be termed profanity in the latter which is expected from the former? Because palmistry claims to give its diagnosis at a greater distance from the event, or because, being a less usual phenomenon, it is less understood, and what we do not understand we commonly attribute to super-natural or evil agencies?

ITS LIMITATIONS.

Nevertheless, there are several points to be emphasized, while conceding this power to cheiromancy in common with medicine. First of all, that no palmist claims to foretell the actual year of death, only within a certain limit.

Secondly, that the most practised palmist alone can do this much, and that, as the result of quite as much careful examination and accurate weighing of *pros* and *cons* as the physician.

Third, that, therefore, the foolish predictions of dabblers in the art, which are so often the cause of nervous fears and agitation, are utterly untrustworthy and deserving of the severest condemnation.

Fourthly, and most important, it should always be borne in mind that *no prediction of palmistry is immutable*. Just as the wisest doctors may be deceived in their diagnoses, so may the cleverest palmists. And, in the same way, as an unexpected event may alter the whole course of a disease and upset the most careful calculations, so a sudden turn in affairs may lead to a modification of the habits of living that may hasten or delay death.

HOW PROPHECY MAY BE FALSIFIED.

Let me illustrate my meaning. Not long ago, I read the hand of a young nobleman, who assured me I might tell him the very worst I saw in it, since he had been palmistrized so often that he was quite indifferent. Accordingly, I did tell him, contrary to my usual custom, that he was threatened with a severe fall from his horse while out hunting, which would probably cause death. I did not add what I saw, namely, that

this would happen within three years' time. He assured me he had been repeatedly told this before, and he thought it exceedingly likely to happen, as he was very fond of hunting and always rode the most spirited animals he could procure. I remonstrated, warned him that if he wished he could avert the danger by giving up this foolhardy practice. Now, my point is this. If he takes my advice and gives it up, he will, by so doing, modify the lines in his hand and death will be delayed in consequence of his own act.

THE DOCTRINE OF MODIFIABILITY.

It is vitally important that every palmist should realise himself and impress upon others this "modifiability" (if I may coin a word) of his predictions. To take, perhaps, the commonest subject of foretelling, viz., engagements and marriages.

Every nine people out of ten, if not altogether past the age for thoughts of matrimony, put the question : When am I to be engaged? or, How often shall I be married? or, Shall I marry the man I am engaged to now? and so on. In answering such queries it should always be premised that the future is liable to alteration, subject, in most cases, to the individual's choice of action. No lines alter more readily or more frequently than those relating to these points, and it appears to me for this reason, viz., that no part of a person's character, or perhaps one should say feelings, is so liable to variation as the emotions of love and hatred. Of course, there are exceptions. One comes across hands in which there is only one strong, undeviating affection predominating throughout the whole life, but such hands are rare.

Moreover, there is another difficulty in the way of accurate prophecy on these subjects. Many authorities deny the possibility of foretelling marriage by the hand at all, and some hold certain lines to be the indication, some others. So that it seems to me each palmist will do best to work out his own method of interpretation, testing it repeatedly and noting the result of his investigations.

SUMMING UP.

To sum up my own view of the matter in a few words, I believe that the cheiromantic or prophetic side of this science is, at the present day, very imperfectly known and very carelessly studied among us. The true gypsies possess an infinitely fuller and deeper knowledge of it than we do, but they are few in number and unwilling to impart what they know.

Thus, it appears to me that, while we are still so much in the dark on many points, we should one and all, do well to leave cheiromancy alone, and devote our attention, as far as imparting our opinion to others, solely to cheirognomy, the delineation of character. At the same time, as I have said, I think we ought to continue our study of the other side by careful investigation, consisting of close observation and continual practical tests. The results could be made known and compared with those of others through the medium of the Cheirological Society, already existing for that purpose, which has its headquarters in London. The Secretary is Miss Timbrell, 4, Park Row, London.

To the question, "Does Palmistry really possess the power of prophecy"? I would reply, "To the best of my belief, it does." The instances of the confirmation of its predictions are too numerous to permit me to think otherwise. But as to How? or Why? I cannot pretend to give an opinion.

In conclusion, I would again strongly urge on all pro-

fessors of the science to be most careful in their assertions about the future, remembering that their responsibility is a very grave one, and that with God alone rests the final knowledge of that which shall be.

"OWL."

FATE NOT TO BE BAFFLED.

THE familiar story of Solomon and the Angel of Death is almost paralleled by Madame Lecomte Lisle's snake story in a recent number of the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* :—

Mr. X. had consulted a fortune-teller, who predicted to him that his death would be caused by a snake. This gentleman was in the Civil Service, and he felt so impressed by the warning that he persistently refused an appointment at the Martinique, this island being infested by most venomous reptiles.

At last Mr. B., Home Secretary at the Guadaloupe, persuaded him to accept a lucrative position in the offices of that colony, which is free from snakes, although it is situated in the vicinity of the Martinique.

After having served his time at the Guadaloupe, Mr. X. sailed for France on a ship which called at the Martinique. He would not even go on land for a few hours, but fate was not to be thwarted. Some negresses came on board as usual to sell fruit to the passengers. He took an orange from a basket and drew his hand back with a shriek, exclaiming that he had been stung. The negress turned her basket upside down, and a snake crawled from under the leaves with which it was lined. The reptile was killed, but Mr. X. died a few hours afterwards.

CRYSTAL SEERS IN TAHITI.

IN the *Metaphysical Magazine* there is an article on "Occultism among the Tahitians," the writer of which tells a remarkable story as to the way in which the native seers by a kind of crystal gazing were enabled to predict the arrival of Europeans and the advent of steam! The writer says :—

Seers were in the habit of utilising a pool of water as a crystal, or "magic mirror." When called upon to trace stolen goods, the clear-seeing priest would go to the house whence the property had been taken. In the floor he would have a hole made and filled with water. Holding a young banana-tree, he would stand gazing into the water; then, invoking the gods, the seer would look fixedly until he saw in the water a face, which he would instantly declare to be that of the thief, the spirit (astral form?) of the guilty party having been drawn to the spot by the will of the gods. The culprit was then described and named.

One prophecy of peculiar interest was made by a priest of Tahiti two or three centuries ago. He was a soothsayer of great renown, named Maui. But on one occasion even his most faithful adherents and ardent admirers absolutely refused to give credence to his words, declaring that there was no sense in them, although it was admitted that he was speaking under inspiration. Maui's prophecy was to the effect that after several years a "vaa-amaro," or outriggerless canoe, would arrive at the island from some foreign place. To their own canoes—and they had them in great variety and number—the islanders always attached outriggers, believing that no boat could remain upright without one. Thus they charged Maui with foretelling an impossibility. He persisted in his prediction, however, and, launching an oval wooden dish on the pool of water which served as a magic mirror, he declared that in the same manner would the vessel float when it should arrive.

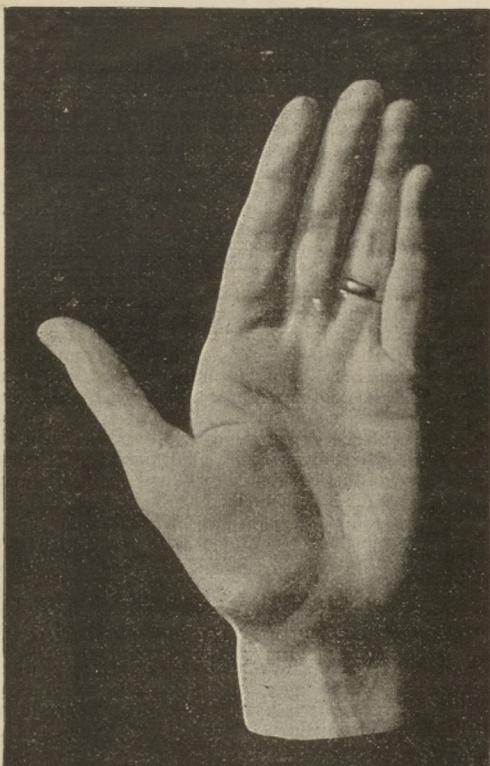
The same prophet declared that, long after the arrival of a canoe with no outrigger, something yet more surprising would appear in their waters—a vessel without ropes or cordage. This was declared to be ridiculous, Maui's hearers asserting that it was absolutely impossible for sails to be attached without ropes or cordage. Little did Fulton dream that, long before he was born, a soothsayer in an island of the Pacific Ocean had had a vision of his steamboat!



THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE RUSSELL.



W. T. STEAD.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.



GEORGE R. SIMS.

XVII.—PALMISTRY.

IS PALMISTRY DEPENDABLE?

SUCH is the title of an article in the January number of *Pearson's Magazine*. It is a tale of nine typical hands as told by a palmist. The photographs were submitted to "Teresina," a pupil of Cheiro. All the delineations were given by Teresina without in the least being aware as to the character and the persons to whom they belonged. The nine palms, which are arranged in their order, are as follows.—W. T. Stead, Sir Walter Besant, Dr. Parker, Mr. G. R. Sims, Sir Evelyn Wood, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. George Alexander, and a typical criminal and notorious burglar. By the kind permission of Mr. Pearson, I reproduce here some of the illustrations of his article. Of the subjects selected, Mrs. Patrick Campbell is the only one of the nine who was a believer. Her faith in it is grounded on the fact that her hands were read by a palmist in Paris, who described to her her past and present with the utmost accuracy. Her future was also foretold, and up to the present time it has all come true. In the delineation of my hand, which was undertaken by palmists, I am told that I have to break down about forty-five, and be troubled with dyspepsia and gout in middle age. My life line is moderately long, terminating about sixty-three. The reading of my hand may possibly be of some interest to my readers, especially as my hand has been frequently read by Borderlanders.

THE READING OF MR. STEAD'S HAND.

The shape and general characteristics of the hand point to a man of energy and action. The short, square nails give criticism, and the knotted joints of second phalange love of organisation, though impatience of detail is also observable. The type is spatulate, and the great distance between the little finger and third when the hand lies open is a sure sign of unconventionality.

Such a man will always make his own laws, and be impatient of all restraint, and Bohemian in many of his tastes.

The heart and head lines are well placed, but there appears to be a perpetual struggle between sentiment and reason.

The fate line, which, curiously enough, is more accentuated in the left hand, shows brilliant success, achieved mainly through individual exertion before thirty, though it is apparent that he must have had some disappointment, and been thwarted at the outset of his career.

Lines on Luna in early youth give travel, probably continental, and his tastes and tendencies are distinctly cosmopolitan. At the age of thirty or thirty-one the hand shows a marked line of marriage or a deep and lasting affection, and it's interesting to watch the growth of an influence line by the side of the fate line at this period.

A man with much brilliance and eloquence, his words carry weight, and he appears to be famed for his many-sidedness and ready wit.

Without being actually robust, I should call him wiry. The line of life, however, shows decided signs of breaking up about forty-five. Dyspepsia, accompanied by gout in some form, will trouble him in middle age. The life line is moderately long, terminating about sixty-three.

In reference to the above, Mr. Stead writes:—

I beg to return you the palmist's delineation. . . . In relation to dates, she says that I am going to die when I am sixty-three. That is a matter upon which I can say nothing. Madame Blavatsky used to say I would live until past seventy-five. I think one prophecy is about as good as the other.

The signs of breaking down at forty-five may be regarded as tolerably close, for this year, for the first time in my life, I have had to absent myself from regular attendance at the office. I have done my work, but I have to do it in quiet, apart from the constant strain of attendance at the office.

I have not had any trouble from gout, and very little from dyspepsia. I never travelled when I was a youth. I married when I was three-and-twenty, and at the age of thirty or thirty-one I do not remember meeting anyone with whom I formed a deep and lasting affection. My impression is that your palmist is rather out in her dates. The only other date she mentions is about my having achieved success before thirty. If I have achieved any success that may be called "brilliant," it was when I was from thirty-three to thirty-six. Thirty-six was the year I went to goal, which, as you know, I regard as the crowning glory of my life up to that point.

Sir Walter Besant writing upon the delineation of his hand, says there are two good hits. The first is in which she declares that he is a fever subject, and he has had four or five fevers, and from the double line of fate she predicts he would follow two distinct careers, which is quite true; novel writing is one, the other is archaeology. She was terribly out about Dr. Parker, hardly making one hit, and making half-a-dozen bad blunders. Of George R. Sims, the palmist predicts that there will be two attempts to assassinate him, and that he will die a violent death when he is fifty-seven. There is some force in what Mr. Sims says in his comments of this lugubrious prophecy:—

There is rather too much of the Prophet Jeremiah about her "Future Events." It is certainly "filling the cup" to debit my short account here below with insanity, two assassinations, treachery and deceit, and a sudden and violent death. My "lines" have evidently not fallen in pleasant places. My palm is as full of battle, murder, and sudden death as a six-shilling shocker or a modern historical romance.

Sir Evelyn Wood says nothing about the reading of his hand. Mrs. Patrick Campbell says that she thinks that Teresina has been remarkably successful in reading her hand. The Lord Chief Justice says that the reading of his hand is wrong, in that it states that in his early youth he was hemmed round by an atmosphere of conventionality; that he had a brilliant school or college career, and that he received money by a legacy; he had to reach the zenith of his powers and position about fifty-five; his life line showed no sign of decay until well on to the seventies. Teresina's attempt with the burglarious criminal is rather amusing. She says not one word to indicate that the man was a criminal or burglar. His hand shows that he would have a good memory and a gift for languages, and he would be a good actor or manager. He would never use force where finesse and diplomacy were likely to gain the day. Strong imaginative power with poetic feeling. He would be amenable to circumstances, fond of movement, and would undertake several long journeys during his lifetime. This would have been more probably correct if transportation had not been abolished. Altogether it is an interesting article, and one which the palmists among our readers will study with interest.

"Teresina" writes me saying that the photographs were too indistinct for any palmist to delineate accurately. She did her best, and will be glad to do my hand over again. It will be interesting to compare the results.

"Ulster," of 11, Selby Road, Anerley, desires me to state that he will be pleased to meet, free of charge, any Borderlanders personally introduced by the Editor of BORDERLAND for the purpose of reading their hands. "Ulster" is good enough to say that he will set apart one day a week for such visitors.



THE HIEROGLYPH FROM RAPHAEL, 1897.

XVIII.—ASTROLOGY.

TAKING a hint from *Modern Astrology*, I quote the following explanation of the symbols and other technical terms used under this heading.

The twelve zodiacal signs and their symbols are :—

♈ Aries	♎ Libra
♉ Taurus	♏ Scorpio
♊ Gemini	♐ Sagittarius
♋ Cancer	♑ Capricorn
♌ Leo	♒ Aquarius
♍ Virgo	♓ Pisces

The planets and their symbols are :—

☉ Sun	♃ Jupiter	Dragon's Head
☽ Moon	♄ Saturn	Dragon's Tail
☿ Mercury	♅ Herschel (Uranus)	
♀ Venus	♆ Neptune	
♂ Mars	♇ Pars Fortuna	

The aspects and their symbols are :—

↙ Semi-sextile, when planets are 30° apart.
↙ Semi-square, " " " 45° "
↙ * Sextile, " " " 60° "
↙ ♀ Quintile, " " " 72° "
↙ □ Square, " " " 90° "
↙ △ Trine, " " " 120° "
↙ □ Sesquiquadrate, " " " 135° "
↙ ♀ Bi-quintile, " " " 144° "
↙ ♀ Opposition, " " " 180° "
↙ P. Parallel, when planets are the same distance either north or south of the Equator.
↙ ♂ Conjunction, when planets are within 5° of each other.

the moon. "Zadkiel," for instance, publishes a table showing the time to plant and to sow for every month in the year, and avowedly bases this upon the position of the moon. For instance :—

Sowing should be *begun* at, or very soon after the new moon, and while the moon is passing through one of the following signs of the Zodiac—Taurus, Cancer, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, or Pisces—according to the season.

The following are the most favourable times during 1897 for planting and transplanting any kinds of crops, and, if followed closely, will make an enormous difference in the growth and yield.

January.—7th* and 8th*, 9.50 to 10.40 a.m., 11.40 to 0.30 p.m., 2.30 to 5.0 p.m.; 12th and 13th, 9.30 to 10.30 a.m., 11.20 to 0.29 p.m., 2.20 to 4.45 p.m.; 17th and 18th, 9.20 to 10.10 a.m., 11.0 to noon, 2.0 to 4.30 p.m.

"Raphael," who boasts of ten years more than "Zadkiel," for they are respectively in their sixtieth and seventieth years, follows on the same lines. "Raphael" introduces his announcement of the times for sowing and planting by the following remarks :—

The following are the most favourable times for planting any crops during 1897, and I recommend my farming readers to follow them as closely as they can; there is much more in it than many suspect, and the difference between a bad crop and a good one depends a very great deal on the position of the Moon at the time of planting, for if she be in a dry, fiery, unnatural part of the Zodiac, no amount of manure or tillage will counteract the influence, and this is why some crops fail, and no one can divine the reason for it.

Then follows a whole page devoted to "A Table showing the Days on which the Moon occupies the several Signs of the Zodiac in 1897."

To the uninstructed reader nothing can be more cabalistic than such a table, but the following explanations are given, by the aid by which, we must suppose, hundreds if not thousands of readers regulate their horticultural operations :—

The above table will be found very useful for my gardening and farmer readers, for they will now be able to see at a glance when the moon is in a good sign for their operations. Page 30 explains the nature of the signs. Suppose I wish to plant some peas in April, on the 9th day I find the moon is in ♋ (Cancer),

TIMES TO SOW AND TO PLANT.

The first thing that strikes you on looking over these almanacs is the immense importance they attach to

* Good for mushrooms

and which I find on page 30 to be a fruitful sign, hence I plant my peas on either the 9th or 10th of April. And if I wish the seed to grow very quick, I should plant as the moon is rising; for I find on page 30 that ♊ is a moveable sign, and hence it will accelerate the germination and growth of the seed. This is also a good time for cabbages, lettuces, beans, and all sorts of pulse.

In May I think of putting in some beet, and it is necessary that these should germinate *very quickly*, so that I must have the moon increasing in light, in a moveable sign, and a moveable sign rising. I find on page 12 that there is a full moon on the 16th, so from the beginning of the month to that day the moon will be increasing in light, and by looking down the column of May, page 29, I find ♎ (Libra), and by examining page 30, I discover that this is a *moveable* sign, and that the moon is in that sign on the 13th and 14th May, and as the ♎ is in that sign, it follows that when the moon is rising that sign is rising too; hence I drill my beet with all speed during those days and hours. On the 13th of May, the sign Libra will rise from 2.30 to 5.15 p.m.

I think these examples will make the use of the table quite apparent.

WHEN TO BAKE AND WHEN TO BREW.

But it is not only in gardening and farming that the voice of the stars is precise and definite. "Raphael" gives the following lucky days for baking, brewing, hiring, fishing, and setting fowls. It is odd to find the whole of life divided up into those functions. Astrology, it would seem, is decidedly an affair for country districts and for ancient times. The number of readers who require to know when to brew, for instance, must have diminished so rapidly of late years as to make us wonder whether "Raphael" has not dropped out that heading.

January.—*Bake* on the 2nd, 9th, 11th, 18th, 23rd, or 30th. *Brew* 7th, 8th, or 18th. *Hire maid-servants* 7th, 8th, 12th, 13th, or 18th; *men-servants* 1st, 4th, 5th, 6th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 28th, or 29th. *Set fowls* between the 12th and 18th; *ducks, geese, and turkeys* between the 10th and 18th. Best days for *fishng* 7th, 8th, 18th, 25th, 26th, or 27th.

February.—*Bake* on the 6th, 13th, 20th, 26th, or 27th. *Brew* 3rd, 4th, 5th, or 13th. *Hire maid-servants* 3rd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th, or 13th; *men-servants* 1st, 2nd, 11th, 12th, 24th, or 25th. *Set fowls* between the 11th and 17th; *ducks, geese, and turkeys* between the 9th and 17th. Best days for *fishng* 3rd, 4th, 5th, 13th, 22nd, or 23rd.

March.—*Bake* on the 5th, 6th, 12th, 13th, 19th, 20th, 25th or 26th. *Brew* 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 12th, 13th, 30th, or 31st. *Hire maid-servants* 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 8th, 9th, 12th, 13th, 30th, or 31st; *men-servants* 1st, 10th, 11th, 23rd, 24th, 27th, or 29th. *Set fowls* between the 13th and 18th; *ducks, geese, and turkeys* between the 11th and 18th. Best days for *fishng* 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 12th, 13th, 22nd, 30th, or 31st.

I deal in a separate article with the predictions as to public affairs. The astrological almanacs contain much that is common to all almanacs, but we have a great deal of attention devoted to the moon and planets and the signs of the Zodiac.

THE GATHERING OF HERBS.

A special feature of all the almanacs is that which describes the times and seasons for gathering herbs that are used in medicine. "Zadkiel" says:—

It will, perhaps, be useful to some of our readers if we mention some of the medicinal herbs, etc., ruled by the various planets, and the proper times for gathering them.

Coley said, "Let the herb be taken in its prime, full of juice and green, and from such a place as it naturally thrives in; and when its ruling planet is ascending or culminating, or when the Moon is in either sextile or trine aspect with it."

In the calender of this Almanac the Moon's aspects or configurations are given, and the times of southing (*i.e.*, passing

the upper meridian) of the planets; and at pages 33-34, the times of southing of the moon are given.

The Sun rules celandine, chamomile, crocus, eye-bright, juniper-bush, marigold, rosemary, rue, saffron, St. John's-wort, etc. These should be gathered at sunrise or noon, and when the Moon is in sextile (\ast) or trine (Δ) aspect with the Sun.

The Moon rules cucumber, blue-flag, dog-mercury, moon-wort, poppy, etc. These should be gathered when the moon is decreasing in light and southing, and either in Taurus, Cancer, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, or Pisces (see pp. 30-32).

Mercury rules bitter-sweet, cherry-laurel, fern, horehound, liquorice, parsley, witch-hazel, yarrow, etc. Gather them when Mercury is southing, and the moon is in sextile or trine with him.

Venus rules coltsfoot, daisy, foxglove, greater plantain, marshmallow, parsley, pansy, poppy, tansy, etc.

Mars rules all-heal, barberry, bryony, gentian, hop, onion, tobacco, etc.

Jupiter rules agrimony, dandelion, roses, upright virgin's bower, yellow jasmine, etc.

Saturn rules sciatica-cress, hemlock, hemp, hellebore, henbane, meadow saffron, monk's-hood, nightshade, Christmas rose, poison oak, sloe, etc.

"Raphael" gives the hours most favourable to gathering the herbs under each of the planets, and tells us, for instance, that in February none of the plants, such as colt's-foot, daisy, foxglove, &c., can be gathered favourably. The herbs under Saturn can only be gathered favourably in eight months of the year; the unfavourable months being April, May, June, and November.

THE STARS AND BIRTHDAYS.

"Raphael" devotes nearly thirty pages to what he calls birthday information, in which there is set forth the fate of any child born on any day during the year 1897. The best time, we are told for a child to be born is from 11 to 12 o'clock in the morning. Children born in the morning are generally more fortunate than those born in the afternoon. Morning children usually become their own masters, afternoon children have to work for others. The worst time to come into the world is from sunset to midnight, although children born at that time are good servants, staying for years under the same master. The information in this birthday book may be judged by the first entry, which is as follows: "Thou wilt quarrel and get to law; thy affairs will cause much anxiety. The young may court. A child born on this day will be very irritable and possess a bad temper. If female, unfortunate in wedlock."

ZADKIEL'S ALMANAC.

In reply to my request, the editor of "Zadkiel's Almanac" sent me the following particulars concerning the history and the present circulation of his annual. I regret that he was unable to allow me the use of the block of his hieroglyphic, from which I gather he is not particularly proud. It is a tradition to have a hieroglyphic, and so they keep it up, but except for the sake of a departure which might shake the confidence of some of their readers in the continuity of the publication, I take it they would drop the hieroglyphic. As I cannot reproduce the hieroglyphic, it may be as well to describe it. It is a circle divided into two halves, the top half represents a knight in armour, apparently St. George, driving his spear into the body of a dragon, which is labelled "Enemies of England". Below there seems to be a representation of a battle-field in which the cross and crescent meet and mingle in warfare. That would be more possible in the time of the Crusades than in this age of far reaching artillery and rifle fire.

This popular almanac was first published, under the title of the "Herald of Astrology," for the year 1831, for the proprietor and editor, the late Commander Morrison, R.N., author of the "Cycloid System of Astronomy," and numerous other works on astronomy and astrology, who adopted the *nom-de-plume* of Zadkiel—the name of the angel of the planet Jupiter, although the worthy and gallant naval officer was not born under the sway of that benign planet, but under Uranus.

In the year 1830 the publication was first styled "Zadkiel's Almanac," and the sale thenceforward rapidly increased. In his preface to that edition Zadkiel boldly challenged Sir David Brewster, Dr. O. Gregory, and Sir John Herschel, who had written against astrology, to come forward and disprove it by authentic facts in lieu of empty declamation. The challenge was not accepted. The marvellous success of so many of Zadkiel's predictions, notably those of the great epidemic of influenza in 1831, the cholera in 1832, 1849, and 1854, the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Italian War of 1859, the death of the Prince Consort, the Civil War in America and the date of its cessation, sent up the circulation of "Zadkiel's Almanac" to one hundred thousand copies. Many other fulfilled predictions will be found cited in the various editions, such as the war in India, in 1845, commercial panics, earthquakes, downfall of Louis Philippe, overthrow of the French Republic in 1852, abundant harvests, scarcity of crops, the famine in Ireland, &c. Morrison died at a ripe old age in February, 1874, having nearly completed his Almanac for 1875. His successor, the author of the "Science of the Stars" and the "Text-Book of Astrology," wrote "Zadkiel's Almanac" for 1876, making his first successful prediction of the overthrow of the enemies of the son of Queen Isabella of Spain, in February, 1876, following this up with a very clear prediction of the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. He has recently given proofs of the power of astrology to indicate the approach of great events by his forecast of the great Kuchan earthquake, the war between China and Japan (foretold on the very day of the outbreak), the recent great crises, the war and rinderpest in Matabeleland, and the recent great draught in Europe and India.

The preparation of "Zadkiel's Almanac" takes up a considerable amount of time. The *Ephemeris* of the positions of the planets (in geocentric longitude) has first to be made out. Then figures of the heavens have to be drawn for the various capitals of the world at the moment of ingress of the Sun into the four cardinal points. The calendar has next to be prepared, and the "aspects" or configurations of the Sun, Moon, and planets, inserted therein, the time of formation of major aspects being computed. After these calculations have been made, the study of the salient points of the scores of celestial figures begins, and then the forecasts are written. This statement is sufficient to show that the preparation of an astrological almanac of high standing like Zadkiel's is a time-absorbing work and is not the haphazard affair asserted by opponents of astrology.

ORION'S ALMANAC.

Orion's Almanac gives every month prophetic and birthday observations, beginning—January 1st, good for females and young persons. They prosper otherwise rather accidental; 2nd, not good for progress, losses and annoyance great (?), aged persons suffer in health; on the 4th and 5th, we regret to say that females are not so fortunate, especially in love affairs; crosses occur, but they have their compensations on the 26th, which is good for health, business, love, and marriage, and females and business people prosper. General elaborate directions are given as to the best times to plant and to sow as in the other almanacs, and there is besides a mass of curious information, as, for instance, the signification of moles on the face. There is also an article upon good and evil planetary influences, which runs as follows:—

When the Sun and Moon are in favourable aspect it is good for asking favours of superiors, seeking employment, travelling for health, and dealing with magistrates or persons having power

and authority. The Moon and Mercury in good aspect are favourable for writing important letters, seeking literary employment, dealing with poets, sculptors, lawyers, printers, editors, divines, orators, ambassadors, commissioners, artificers, ingenious or clever persons, sending children to school, apprenticing young persons, and travelling generally. The Moon and Venus in good aspect is a favourable time to woo, marry, invite, visit, seek amusement, deal with milliners, drapers, painters, jewellers, perfumers, engage servants, or do anything connected with music, singing, and dancing. The Moon and Mars in beneficent aspect are good for consulting surgeons, dentists, chemists, or dealing with soldiers, butchers, bailiffs, smiths, bakers, tailors, engineers, or any connected with the army or navy. The Moon and Jupiter in favourable aspect are good for opening new places of business, dealing with merchants, bankers, clergymen, professors, clothiers, woollen-drapers, also to travel for health. When the Moon and Saturn are in good aspect it will be beneficial to deal with landlords, farmers, the aged, miners, agriculturists, or any connected with metals, minerals, and the produce of the earth; build, purchase, land or houses, sink wells, lay foundations, &c. The Moon and Herschel or Uranus (for they are one and the same planet), being in good aspect, are favourable days to consult antiquarians, astrologers, phrenologists, teachers, sculptors, lecturers, metaphysicians, mesmerists, and all uncommon students, and undertake anything out of the ordinary track.

In order to secure success in any important undertaking it is necessary that the desired favourable aspect be *applying* and not *separating*, and the Moon or planets *angular*.

In *buying*, see that the Moon is not going to a bad aspect of any planet, but a sextile (\ast) or trine (Δ) of the favourable planets. In *selling*, reverse the foregoing, and let the Moon be applying to an ill aspect of Herschel (H), Saturn (S), or Mars (M), and you will sell well. In *money* matters or speculations, let the Moon apply by a favourable aspect to Jupiter (J). In asking *favours* of your superiors, the Moon should be in good aspect with the Sun (S). In *courtship*, let the moon be in good aspect with Venus (V) and Jupiter (J), also for *marriage*, when more success will be the result.

No business of importance, long journeys, or sea voyages should ever be begun on a day on which the Moon and the Sun shall pass over the place of Mars, Herschel, or Saturn.

MR. BALFOUR ADMONISHED.

THERE is a somewhat amusing article in "Zadkiel's Almanac," in which Mr. Balfour is solemnly admonished for neglecting to read and be warned by the statements which are to be found in "Zadkiel's Almanac"! "Zadkiel" says:—

In the famous speech to his constituents at Manchester, January 15th, 1896, the Right Hon. Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, is reported to have said:—

"Undoubtedly it is a fact that within the last few weeks the political heavens have been covered by unexpected clouds, and the peace and prosperity of the world seemed threatened by dangers the very existence of which was not suspected three months ago."

Had Mr. Balfour been able to read the very plain warning written in the planetary heavens at the moment of conjunction of Mars with Saturn, in November, 1895, or had he heeded the interpretation of that unmistakable warning published fourteen months beforehand in "Zadkiel's Almanac" for 1895, viz., early in October, 1894, he would not have been compelled to make the admission quoted above, and the country would have been saved much of the expense involved in hurried preparations for war.

As Mr. Balfour is a philosopher as well as a statesman, of conspicuous ability and fairness, he will, no doubt, accord his careful consideration to the facts now presented.

With this preliminary exhortation "Zadkiel" proceeded to recall the evidence which proves that if Mr.

Balfour had studied his "Zadkiel," he would not have been taken by surprise by Jameson's Raid.

The following prediction was written in July, 1894:—

THE CONJUNCTION OF THE PLANETS FOR NOVEMBER
15th H, 1895.

"This seems to indicate a very serious coalition of enemies against Great Britain. It is imperative that we should be fully prepared to defend our Empire! Saturn and Uranus have not been in the sign *Scorpio* together since September, 1807, and Old England had troublous times then to face. If war be happily avoided, then murders and outrages will be rife. At the new moon of the following day there is a satellitum of planets in the sixth house, foreshadowing much work for the Navy."—"Zadkiel's Almanac" for 1895, p. 61.

In December it was foretold that "Colonial affairs will be beset with difficulties, and a blow is likely to be directed against the power of Great Britain."

Again, at the winter solstice, 1895, December 22nd, "The quadrature of the Moon with Mars would be of serious import but for the position of Jupiter, for it would pre-signify the imminence of war."

Ere six weeks had elapsed from the 15th of November, the foreign and colonial troubles burst upon England, and we have it on the authority of Mr. Balfour that it was not expected three months beforehand by statesmen.

This fact enforces the great value of that prescience which can alone be gained by a profound study of *astrologia sana*, based as it undoubtedly is upon the immutable laws of Nature established by Omnipotence.

In 1854 England drifted into war, notwithstanding the warnings given in "Zadkiel's Almanac" for that year. The war of 1870, that of 1877, and the war in Egypt and the Soudan, were foretold by the writer.

MR. ANDREW LANG'S VERDICT ON THE
MOST BASELESS OF ALL SUPERSTITIONS.

WRITING anonymously in the *Daily News* on Zadkiel's Almanac, Mr. Andrew Lang thus polishes off the superstition of astrology:—

It will be admitted that the stars are taken, by astrologists, to govern men's affairs, in accordance with their own moral nature. Venus will make a man amorous, Mercury will make him lucky, Saturn will make him saturnine, Mars will make him warlike. But to believe this implies the belief that we know the moral nature of the stars. Now their moral nature is only deduced, by astrologers, from their names, and these names were imposed in a purely arbitrary and fanciful manner. Venus is beautiful:—

Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

Therefore she was called after the Goddess of Love. Mars is red, "the red planet Mars," so he presides over battle. Jupiter is big, so he is called after the chief Roman deity. The most excruciatingly feeble mind cannot but perceive that these titles, and all the rest of them, are fanciful and arbitrary. The logical leaps to "the stars govern men, and govern them in accordance

with the nature inferred from the arbitrary names of the stars," are leaps which an untutored savage fancy can take, and which a sect of charlatans can keep alive. There is absolutely no other basis of astrology. Mr. Max Müller is assuredly right here—this myth of astrology is based on names. But it is argued, by the few educated people who think "there may be something in it," that the experience of mankind, from Chaldean days, proves that the hypothesis is correct. Facts have corresponded to astrological horoscopes. Obviously this could only be proved by statistics—so many horoscopes, so many results, such or such a balance of successes over failures, beyond what is allowed by the calculus of chances and the Theory of Flukes. But, of course, there are no such statistics. Lucky or fraudulent hits are recorded, or invented, failures are neglected. Zadkiel proudly points to six hits in three years: he does not cite the words of his predictions, and, except African rinderpest and a casual earthquake, the events were not "beyond conjecture." This is always the way with astrologers. Once more, in ancient Mexico astrology existed, but the stars had not the same names, and consequently had not the same natures as in the West. Therefore, either Chaldean or Anahuac must always have been all wrong. Let us add that several planets are of recent discovery. Yet they were present, and, by the astrological hypothesis, were at work deranging calculations, introducing unknown influences, from the beginning of human time. Probably there are plenty more of them. Consequently astrology is quite the most baseless of all superstitions. A spook there may be; we do not know all about the nature of things—we did not know that there were "X rays" till quite lately. The universe is rich in X's. But we do know that we cannot calculate effects based on a hypothesis, which again is based on the arbitrary names given by savages to the heavenly bodies, or imposed by early astronomers at random. Nobody can attribute Hanoverian politics to the Georgium Sidus, for had not certain events occurred in 1688 it would have been the Cardineum Sidus, and would have favoured the other side. The other stars are exactly in the same case. Pico della Mirandola argued to a similar effect a long time ago, and nobody marked him. Even now there are educated, but unreflecting, people who believe, if not in Zadkiel, still in judicial astrology.

A FORECAST FOR THE NEW YEAR.

AN astrologer in Ireland sends me, on December 3rd, the following astrological forecast for the New Year:—

The outlook for the winter is dark. Foreign complications are to be feared in January, but I doubt whether we are directly involved to the extent of war.

The railway market will relapse considerably from the prices of to-day before the close of the year. English holders of Americans should realise, as they can rebuy, if they wish, at much lower prices about January 16th. The New York Market appears to be much depressed about that date.

The following depends on the assumption that Parliament meets at 2 P.M. on January 19th.

There are no signs of a serious crisis in Parliament before April, but many struggles. The chief are about February 10th February 25th, March 2nd, March 15th, April 2nd.

By a serious crisis, I mean a breakdown like that I warned you about in last session.

XIX.—MORE ABOUT WATER-FINDING.

TO write at great length on any branch of this question, other than that of practical achievement, is a mere useless tax on the patience of the reader. An outline of the history of the inquiry has been already given in these pages, and the literature of the subject is so very easily accessible that further enlargement upon it is superfluous. In this respect it has the advantage of other subjects.

The history of Crystal Gazing, for example, is worth careful study, for till the year 1885 no literature under that heading was to be found in the catalogue of the British Museum library. Since the publication of my Monograph on the subject, much has been written, the only work of much value, however, being Mr. Andrew Lang's *Essay in his "Cock Lane and Common Sense."* Automatism again has no literature to speak of, outside of the pages of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.*

The subject of Water-Finding, however, is one with which the man in the street may easily familiarise himself. Mr. Thiselton Dyer, Mr. Baring Gould, and above all Mr. Andrew Lang (in his "Custom and Myth") have said, and have said delightfully, all that need be said of the past. To write of it now requires no learning, and allows no scope for originality.

In the way of theory there is nothing at present to say. Perhaps, when really valuable evidence can be placed at his command, Professor Oliver Lodge or Professor Crookes may theorise *ex cathedrâ*, but for any less competent authority to discuss the cause of this curious phenomenon is mere presumption at the present stage of our knowledge (or ignorance) of the laws of the relation of mind and matter.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE'S THEORIES.

How fanciful may be the suggestions of the unscientific, however generally intelligent, in this direction, may be gathered from some recent remarks of the Marquis of Lorne when lecturing on "Superstition," at Helensburgh.

Lord Lorne next dealt with water divination by means of the divining rod, and referred to many striking instances where the use of the twig had brought about the discovery of water in unlikely places. He was of opinion that it was quite within the bounds of possibility that the secret of the divining rod was to be found in electricity in the body of the expert striking down to the electrically charged water, although scientists would disclaim that water was charged with electricity. He had suggested the experiment of a receptive subject being led towards an electrical machine with the divining rod; and the subject, a young lady, being blindfolded, on being placed near to such a machine it was found that the rod immediately twisted round. Only one person in every five or ten thousand had the receptive power necessary for water divination.

Certainly scientists "would disclaim that water was charged with electricity," and any one having any information on the subject other than that derived from certain professionals of doubtful efficiency, would "disclaim" that only "one in every five or ten thousand had the receptive power." I have personal acquaintance with at least a dozen persons who have some degree of the dowsing power, not counting professionals, and my acquaintance does not include "five or ten thousand persons." (The margin is in curious relation with the alternative sum.) Now that the subject is under constant discussion, and is frequently noticed in the newspapers, it is to be hoped that many will experi-

ment, and that, for the first time, we may arrive at some sort of statistics as to the frequency of the gift. It is a form of inquiry which, if properly dealt with by suitable persons, might be usefully undertaken by the Society for Psychical Research. Indeed, Colonel Taylor, whose industry and exactitude have been frequently attested, is already at work, and it is to be hoped will, in due time, give us the results of his investigations. So far he has dealt with professionals, but before long it may be hoped that some efficient amateurs, with abundant leisure, may place themselves at the service of the public. Messrs. Young and Robertson, mentioned in a former paper, wish to be described as "not professional." As this, of course, means that they expect no pay for the successes they claim, perhaps they may be willing to do public service?

PRACTICAL SUCCESSES.

Meantime the public may learn for themselves that water-finding is no mere superstition or theory, but a definite art of considerable market value. I learn from newspaper reports, that since the writing of my last paper, Mr. Gataker has successfully indicated water in five places on the estate of the Marquis of Londonderry, in Ireland—a spring rising exactly under the stake he drove in; on the property of Sir Walter Trevelyan, Bart.; another well at Watchet, in Somerset; at Corsington, near Bridgwater; several wells on Sheriff Robertson's estate in Forfarshire; another near Montrose; others at Knutsford, in Cheshire; at Melton Mowbray; at Kilmalcolm, near Glasgow; and at St. Columb, in Cornwall; while his assistant, Mr. Wills, made successful diagnoses at two places in Cork, as well as on the Crawford Priory estate, near Cupar; at Wexford, in Ireland, and in Cheshire.

I am permitted to quote from two private letters of detailed interest. Mr. Gataker experimented near Montrose, N.B., in September last, on behalf of the St. Cyrus Parish Council. He predicted the finding of water as follows:—

At No. 1 peg, 15 feet deep, 80 gallons an hour.

At No. 3 peg, 8 to 10 feet deep.

He received the following letter:—

.... We have now sunk wells at two places pointed out by you. At No. 1 peg we are getting over 90 gallons an hour at 13 feet. At No. 3 peg we have excavated 8 feet and are getting about 60 gallons an hour at this spot.

(Signed) WILLIAM GREIG.

The other letter is worth quoting in full:—

THE HOOKE, CHAILEY, LEWES,
September, 1896.

DEAR SIR.—I am anxious to tell you of the progress of my well. I decided upon the spot we found opposite Mrs. Turner's and Mrs. Page's cottages. Your stake was made the centre of the well, which is 4 ft. 9 in. in diameter. The digging began on July 23rd, and went on for 50 feet, but no water to speak of. They were digging through the blue marl, which is the deep strata where no water is to be found. I had fixed my hopes on 60 feet, as you thought that water would be found between 50 and 60 feet. No water came until they reached 60 ft. 4 in., when they said they could dig no more.

I am very glad that your calculation as to the depth of the water was so correct. It has made quite a sensation here among the people.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
S. MARGARET HEPBURN.

Mr. L. Gataker.

One or two other incidents from the pite which lie before me are worth quoting for certain special features. There is a saying that what the fool does in the end the wise man does in the beginning, and the wise man in this instance would not have wasted time over inferior water-finders. The following is from the *East Cumberland News*, November 21st:—

A day or two ago, Mr. Gataker, a man of renown in discovering hidden water springs and mineral veins, was employed to go over the Inglewood estate, near Penrith, with a view to finding water, which other means of search had failed to do. Experts in this work have been employed in the district on former occasions, with only moderate success; but they all worked with a hazel wand, which, being held in their hands in front of them, dipped to the ground when they crossed a spring or water course. Mr. Gataker, however, does without this instrument, though at Inglewood he showed his escort some interesting experiments with it, the wand turning round in his hand with such force that it broke. But, as we have said, he got through his undertaking without one, and, it is stated, "in several cases he indicated springs at various depths from fifty to sixty feet, yielding from forty to two hundred gallons per hour."

NO WATER, NO PAY.

Another interesting account, containing the same feature of success where others had failed, relates to the property of Messrs. Pacey at Melton Mowbray.

Some two years back they had sunk a well and erected a windmill, &c., on the advice of a waterfinder, but the result was almost nil, and the pumping arrangement practically useless. As a result of a visit recently Mr. Gataker predicted that at a certain spot indicated by him a supply of from 80 to 100 gallons an hour could be obtained at a depth of from 60 to 80 feet. As a consequence he undertook to procure the water on terms of "no water, no pay," and sinking operations were at once undertaken by his own staff. Even while this was in progress another wielder of the "rod" pronounced the sinking operations useless at the spot. The result has been to verify Mr. Gataker's forecast not only as regards depth, but also the quantity of water. At a depth of 60 feet a supply of about 110 gallons per hour has been obtained.

DIVINING AT GLAMIS.

One wonders almost that the presence of any diviner should be tolerated, not to say invited, at Glamis, where, if tradition may be trusted, the grand old Castle lies ever in the shadow of a ghastly secret. Nevertheless we read:—

The Earl of Strathmore, of Glamis Castle, Forfarshire, a short time since engaged Mr. Leicester Gataker, the water expert, of Bath, for the purpose of improving the water supply on his estates. At one place pointed out during his visit of two days, a boring has been made. Mr. Gataker predicted by means of his hands alone that at 30 to 40 feet the water would be discovered. The result of the boring is that at 34 feet a spring running several gallons a minute has been tapped. The reason of Mr. Gataker's engagement at this particular spot was the existence of a well, but only what water came from mere percolation had constituted the supply for years.

One is always glad to hear of the exhibition of intelligence by county or parish councils. We have heard of the successes of Mr. Gataker on behalf of a parish council in Scotland, and now the district council of Ilfracombe has been similarly inspired to invite his advice on the augmentation of the town supply. The Colne corporation, too, have every reason to congratulate themselves on an unqualified success.

Failure had previously been their lot, and impressed by Mr. Gataker's special qualifications they sought his aid. If any further proof were wanted of his extraordinary powers of divination the present case would supply it. This particular case is also interesting from the fact that while divining for the water by means

of his hands alone, unaided by any extraneous aid such as the twig or wire, a medical man asserted that his pulsation went to at least 160. The Corporation wanted a new hospital site; they had tried to trace water a considerable distance and failed. Mr. Gataker pointed out a spot and traced the correct source of the water, showing where operations should have been carried out to be successful. The depth he predicted at from 18 to 20 feet. The needful work having been carried out, at 18 feet a supply of 4,000 gallons per day has been tapped.

HOW TO SECURE HIS SERVICES.

Mr. Gataker is certainly a valued public servant, on lines so universally appreciated that no honest-minded persons can grudge his well-deserved success. Since my last account of his work I have had many letters from all parts of the world asking whether his services are to be secured for gold-seeking and water-finding in various distant colonies and islands. In all such cases I refer my correspondents, as I hereby do any who want further information, to Leicester Gataker, Esq., Bath.

The days are past when such abilities as his were of doubtful value to their possessor. When Richelieu put the Baron and Baroness Beau Soleil into separate prisons, he thought, history tells us, that "he was behaving with lenity, since, instead of having them burned to death, as he did with another sorcerer of the same period, he only put the Baron in the Bastille and his wife in Vincennes, where they soon (about 1645) died in destitution and misery." Half a century later the Inquisition of Rome condemned the divining-rod and all writings in support of it.*

THE NAME OF THE THING.

The importance of the divining-rod, *per se*, if it ever had any, has departed. Mr. Gataker has shown us that it is a mere dramatic accessory, and the very name has ceased to have a meaning. That meaning, in speaking of dowsers, was always arbitrary, because divining by rods had never any connection with dowsing, and was, from earliest times, a form of *sortes*. Probably the first water-finder carried his rod in his capacity of magician, and its association with dowsing was a mere accident of the situation. "Divining" is therefore not "the name of the thing," it is only "what the thing is called," as "Alice" said in "Wonderland," and it is time that educated people gave up so absurd a misnomer. "Dowsing" is a term recognised by Dr. Johnson, and better English than many words which rank as such. Let us therefore talk of water-finding as the species and dowsing as the genus, and relegate the rod to the quack and his exponents.

The art of dowsing is ours to use, not yet ours to explain, though we are better off than when Albinus said, in 1700, "I ween that no confoundeder thing is to be found in the world than the divining-rod business, for whatsoever is right and fit according to one, the same is wrong and unfit according to others, until there is no good to be presumed out of so great confusion."

X.

* Talking of "writings in support of it," when I last wrote of the divining rod I was in the outer Hebrides, where posts are rare, and at best uncertain, and one or two printer's errors crept in. These are of no real consequence, as the context makes the matter clear to any person of average intelligence, but in the interests of accuracy they may as well be pointed out. (1) Some names, as Bleton, Pease, and Beau Soleil, were mis-spelt in one or two places, though correctly elsewhere. (2) "Four hundred years" was printed for "three hundred," in speaking of the distance of our own time from that of Elizabeth. (3) "Dowsers" for "writers upon dowsers," in the left hand column of page 425. (4) On the same page, the transcriber thought (it only servants of various kinds would not think!) as I was writing about Aymar, that "a" wine shop was short for Aymar's wine-shop. The story is, however, so well known that even if it in the least mattered whose wine-shop it was, most readers would correct the error.

XX.—MISCELLANEOUS.

THE STRANGE STORY OF THOMAS E. O'SHEA, OR ANOTHER CASE OF ALTERNATING PERSONALITY.

YET another addition to the list of persons who lose their personality for a time and who afterwards get it back. The latest hero of this odd misadventure is Thomas E. O'Shea, real estate dealer, No. 1, Park Row, New York, the son of Mr. O'Shea, publisher of Catholic books, in Barclay Street, of the same city. Mr. O'Shea is now living at Ninety-second Street.

The story, which is published at length in a recent Sunday issue of the *New York Herald*, is interesting. The cause of the loss of personality was suffocation by an escape of gas during the night. It happened in the spring of 1893. Thomas O'Shea, then a young man of twenty-four, was found senseless in bed in the morning. For hours it seemed as if life was extinct. At last, after prolonged massaging, he began to gasp slowly and convulsively; but it was not till night that the doctors knew he would live. He lived, it is true, but the spirit inhabiting the body was not that which had before been recognised as Thomas O'Shea. Of Thomas, the new resident in Thomas's body knew nothing, not even his name. His parents discovered to their horror that he could not remember his name or any event of his past life. It was as though he were a different man.

His surroundings were strange to him. He knew neither friends nor relatives. The fact that he could remember nothing did not seem to annoy him. He was a man without a past. Neither did he seem to regard a past as of the least necessity. Being told of his condition he did not marvel, but accepted the statements of his parents calmly as the truth. His parents tried for days to coach him back to his old mental condition, but in vain.

Finally, Mr. O'Shea was sent to a private sanitarium. His disposition seemed to have changed with the loss of his memory. He acquired a decided taste for sports. Previous to his misfortune he knew but little of card playing. At the sanitarium he acquired a fondness for whist, which he learned readily. In fact, his mind seemed to be quicker and more apt if anything than formerly. He also learned wood-carving merely for pastime, and became extremely proficient at it.

Another accomplishment which he acquired was that of billiard-playing. During the time he was at the sanitarium he became so skilful that he was recognised as the champion player of the institution. His health gradually improved until he was almost as strong as before his loss of memory.

He remained in the sanitarium for six weeks, yet, notwithstanding his general improvement, his mind was as blank as on the day following his semi-asphyxiation. He was visited regularly by his parents and fiancée, and he began to regard them with the affection of former years. Yet he was careless and thoughtless in his methods and manner of life, and on the whole did not seem to care whether school-kept or not. All he cared for apparently was a few boon companions, with whom he could play billiards or whist.

The physicians who had attended him during his misfortune had said that at some future time memory might return as suddenly as it had vanished. It might come slowly or it might come with a shock. And come back with a sudden shock it did. One night after leaving

the sanitarium Thomas complained that he had a headache. The following is the *New York Herald's* account of his recovery:—

"The next morning he came down to breakfast, as usual, and began to read the morning paper. The family did not notice anything strange in his demeanour. As he rose from the table he looked at his watch and said:—

"It's later than I thought. I'll have to rush to get to the office in time."

"Get where?" asked his father.

"To the office," was the reply.

"What are you going to the office for?"

"Why, for business, of course. It can't very well run itself. I'm not feeling any too well, either."

"A great hope sprang up in the father's heart. 'Say, Tom,' he said, 'do you remember that real estate deal you made on the Amsterdam avenue property, six months ago?'

"Yes," was the reply, "that was a lucky thing. I got out of it with a good profit. I wish I had more like it."

"Then, to the young man's surprise, his father grappled him and waltzed around the room with him like a maniac. Then the family was summoned. Thomas, sorely bewildered, declared that he had not been ill at all, and did not understand what they meant. Then his father asked him. 'How was the weather when you came in last night?'

"It was snowing hard. By the way, where is my overcoat?"

"You will not need an overcoat to-day. Come here."

"He led the young man to the rear window. It was summer, and the trees were in full leaf. 'That does not look like snow, does it?'

"O'Shea passed his hand over his forehead in a puzzled way, and said:—

"I can't understand it all. Where have I been?"

"Then he sat down, while his father told him the story of his loss of memory. The wonder of it all did not cease with its restoration. The three months that had elapsed since the misfortune occurred were a blank in Mr. O'Shea's mind. Where formerly he was unable to remember beyond the time of his recovery from the accident, it was now impossible for him to remember anything connected with the succeeding three months.

"When he went to his room he saw a number of pretty wood carvings about the room.

"What are these arrangements?" he inquired of the servant.

"Why, you carved them yourself," she replied; then she showed him the tools with which he had done the work. Here was another thing that required proof. He would not be convinced until the servant's statement had been confirmed by members of the family. Then he sat down and tried to do some carving. He failed utterly. A novice might have done as well. He was chagrined. Wood carving is a clever thing, and he had forgotten it.

"The afternoon of his recovery, in walking along Columbus avenue, he met a friend.

"Hello, Tom," said the latter; "come and let's play some billiards."

"I'd like to oblige you, old chap, but I never play billiards," O'Shea replied.

"Never play billiards? Why, only last week you gave me a discount and a beating. If you can't play I'd like to see somebody that can. Come along."

"Then it dawned upon the young man that here was another accomplishment acquired during his period of aberration. He wondered if he had forgotten it. The two friends went to a billiard parlour.

"Well, what shall it be—a discount?" asked Mr. O'Shea's friend.

"Oh, anything you like," was the reply; "but I tell you I can't play."

"Neither could he. His efforts were those of a man who had never handled a cue. They were laughable in their awk-

wardness. Then Mr. O'Shea told of his experience in the wood-carving line, and the game was declared off. Here was another fine accomplishment gone wrong.

"Of course he did not know how to play whist. His failure in this direction followed naturally in the wake of his wood-carving and billiard retrogressions. In fact, he began life again just where he had left off almost three months before. All his taste for conviviality and frivolity had vanished. In short, he was once more a steady and exemplary young man, keeping regular hours, and without any bad habits to speak of."

"A few months after his recovery Mr. O'Shea married. Since then he has attended steadily to his real estate matters and has shown no signs whatever of an impaired memory, except in the matter of the three months that have dropped out of his life."

"Who was the other fellow? Who was the man with the three months' life that knew nothing of the twenty-four preceding years? He was made to believe that he was Thomas E. O'Shea. He was told that a charming young woman was his *fiancée*. He learned to play billiards and whist and to carve wood in intricate patterns.

"Then, when the real Thomas O'Shea sprang to life in the same mind, and began business at the old stand, under what corpuscle or convolution of the brain did the other spirit hide? If Mr. O'Shea were again afflicted with aberration, would he resume the life he led during his former aberration? Would he know how to play billiards and whist, and would he again understand how to carve wood for his amusement?"

SOMETHING LIKE A TRANCE.

A THIRTEEN YEARS' SLEEP.

MONSIEUR CHARLES CHINCHELLE, writing in the *Figaro*, gives a graphic description of a peasant girl in France who has been in a trance for thirteen years. Her appearance, he says, is that of an ecstatic. The following is an account of this Sleeping Beauty from an American Exchange:—

Marvellous, well-nigh incredible, and yet wholly true, is the story of Marie Boyenval, which is just now attracting the attention of the most eminent physicians and specialists in France. She is a simple French peasant girl, and differs in no respect from the girls of her class, except in the astonishing fact that she has not left her bed for the last thirteen years, and has not been awake for a single moment during all that time. Ever since May 31st, 1883, she has been fast asleep, and apparently, except at rare intervals, wholly unconscious.

A terrible tragedy threw her into this seemingly interminable lethargy on that fatal final day of May thirteen years ago. Until then her life was quite commonplace. She was born about thirty years ago at Thenelles, a little village some leagues distant from St. Quentin, her mother being the wife of a mason, who abandoned her soon after marriage.

Besides Marie there were two other children, both girls, one older and the other a little younger than Marie. With the three children the mother lived in her little cottage, her chief friend being a well-to-do farmer, who visited her often, and seemed much attached to the little ones.

So the years passed, and in time the home was broken up. The eldest girl on reaching womanhood entered a convent. She was of a dreamy nature and was subject to fits of hysteria. Marie and the younger sister had no taste for a religious life. Rather comely they were and, in Sunday attire, quite attractive.

A child was born to Marie in May, 1883. The babe died a few days later, and the rumour at once spread through the village, which is noted for its gossip-mongers, that she had murdered it. The police heard the story and determined to investigate. Marie, meanwhile, had heard nothing of the village tattle, and was attending to her usual work as though nothing had happened.

But as she sat knitting in the cottage one day a neighbour rushed in and exclaimed:—

"Marie, the police are coming to arrest you!"

Straightway to the ground she fell, as though a bullet had

struck her. Hardly had her mother and neighbours succeeded in reviving her when she was seized with a terrible attack of hysteria—so terrible that half a dozen strong men were required to hold her. This crisis also passed, and, weakened by her great struggle, poor Marie grew calm and soon sank into a quiet slumber. Dr. Charlier, who had been summoned, believed that all danger was now over, and that the girl would awaken as well as ever. He erred. Marie has not yet awakened from that slumber into which she passed on May 31st, 1883.

White as a statue and fragile as a withered flower, she lies to-day in the gloomy Thenelles cottage on the bed which has been her sole resting-place for the last thirteen years. Round her on the walls hang crude pictures of the saints, and through the small windows comes a glimpse of blue sky.

Dead she seems at first view, for her eyes are closed, and on her shrunken face is an ashen, corpse-like pallor. The body, too, is that of a skeleton. The bones are covered with parchment instead of skin, and the limbs are strangely attenuated. Touch the sleeper's forehead and immediately you feel as though you had laid hands on a mummy. Raise one of the dry, bony hands, and straightway the conviction seizes you that the girl is not sleeping, but dead. Suddenly, however, while still holding the ice-cold hand, you feel the pulse beat beneath your fingers, and then you know that life has not yet left this rigid body.

Any one can study this poor girl at his leisure, for her mother, a dull, heavy, yet high-strung woman, is glad enough to exhibit her to any one who will pay a small fee for the privilege.

The neighbours say that she makes her living in this way, and seem rather to envy than to commiserate her. They have to work hard in the fields for a mere pittance, and all she, the lucky Mother Boyenval, has to do is to show curious strangers her bedridden sleeping daughter, and tell them how she came by her misfortune.

So they envy Mother Boyenval, and the malicious among them even whisper that the whole business is a fraud, and that Marie is frequently seen wandering about the fields after night-fall.

"Her mother," say the village gossips, "is a witch in her way, and she magnetizes Marie whenever she sees strangers approaching the cottage."

All this is manifestly absurd. Even if Marie were awake, it would be physically impossible for her to leave her bed. Living skeletons do not promenade after night-fall, and Marie is nothing but a living skeleton.

But there is abundant testimony that the girl has been asleep for the last thirteen years. Dr. Charlier, who lives near by, has watched the case closely, and he is satisfied that Marie has not been roused from the slumber into which she sank on May 31st, 1883. Others, among them Dr. Voisin and the great specialist, Dr. Gille de la Tourette, have also examined her and have come to the same conclusion as Dr. Charlier. The only pronounced sign of life the sleeper shows is an occasional slight attack of hysteria. These attacks, too, are becoming ever more rare.

Three years ago the pulse beat more quickly, and the evidence of sensibility was stronger than it is to-day. Five years ago Dr. Charlier, by injecting sulphate of atropine, brought back sensibility in successive zones from the feet to the head. At that point he was obliged to stop; never, though he tried his utmost, was he able to expel lethargy from the brain.

Life is sustained in the sleeper by a simple method. The mother washes the body every morning with milk and a little peptone, after which she pours a few drops of milk or spirits into the sleeper's mouth by means of a reed.

The teeth being tightly clenched, this mode of nurture would be impossible were it not for the fact that one of the front teeth is broken, and there is thus an opportune opening for the reed. The milk bath and the few drops which are thus swallowed are the only daily nourishment which Marie has received for the past thirteen years.

Medical men are now asking two questions. One is, Why has Marie never been taken to the Salpêtrière or to some other great hospital where she would receive better treatment than she can possibly receive in her mean little home, and where her wonderful case could be studied by hundreds of students and specialists? According to some, the law provides that all such patients shall receive free treatment in hospitals. Now that public attention

has been directed to this bewildering case it seems certain that steps will be taken without delay to place Marie where she can receive the best possible treatment.

The other question is not so easily answered. It is this:— Does she dream, or is she merely sunk in senseless slumber? That she has not the slightest perception of what goes on around her medical men are confident. They cannot say, however, whether she is dreaming or merely slumbering. Those who know the terrible tragedy of her life hope sincerely that she is not dreaming, for they fear that if dreams come to her they are too often peopled with dread images of the past, and that chief among these horrors is the awful vision of gendarmes coming to arrest her on the charge of murdering her child.

TELEPATHIC CLAIRAUDIENCE AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

THE *Metaphysical Magazine* is responsible for this interesting report of a notable success achieved by two young fellows in San Francisco, not merely in telepathically making their voices audible at the distance of two miles, but also in healing at that distance by psychic power. Here is the story:—

Two young men in San Francisco recently made the following successful experiment: Wednesday, September 9th, being Admission Day, was a public holiday in California. Holidays and Sundays usually afford for young students of mental science the best opportunities to test their abilities, by reason of the absence of business strain common to ordinary working days. One of the young men is a clerk in a wholesale mercantile establishment, while the other is a law student. Both had previously agreed that at 1.30 P.M. on the 9th September they would communicate with each other, no matter where they might be at the time. Mr. A. was at luncheon, with a party of friends in a restaurant, when he suddenly heard his name called in the precise manner in which Mr. B. was accustomed to address him, and immediately in connection with this psychic experience he saw his friend reclining on an easy-chair in a room which looked like a private library and boudoir combined. Presently Mr. A. heard the following words as distinctly as if some one at the table had spoken them: "I am in my sister's study at home; she has gone with our parents to San Rafael, and I am keeping house alone and meditating upon the possibilities of mental intercourse in the twentieth century." The voice ceased for a minute or more, and then resumed: "I say, Jack, I'm feeling rather blue to-day and am suffering from a head-ache; give me a mental treatment." Mr. A. immediately undertook to comply with his friend's telepathic request, and said, silently, but with emphasis: "My good fellow, you are feeling as happy as I am, and I am having a splendid time and a first-rate dinner." After repeating the sentence twice, and then adding, "Now, be sure and do as I tell you—cheer up, and pull yourself together," Mr. A. joined his friends in conversation. About fifteen minutes later he again heard the voice of Mr. B.: "Thanks; I've done as you advised, and feel a great deal better." The following Sunday the friends met at a public assembly, and while walking home in company each related to the other his experience of the previous Wednesday. Mr. B. informed Mr. A. that he had uttered the exact words above quoted, and had enjoyed precisely the experience related.

Here is a simple attempt to demonstrate the fact of thought-transference resulting in a case of actual healing. It proves that the nature of the thought transmitted may easily raise the act of transmission far above the plane of merely demonstrating the possibility to communicate at a distance without the aid of a telephone or other material agency. The distance between Mr. B.'s home and the restaurant where Mr. A. was at luncheon is fully two miles.

HOW TO INDUCE CLAIRVOYANCE.

A LECTURE BY MR. J. J. MORSE.

MR. J. J. MORSE lectured at San Francisco on Clairvoyance. His lecture is reported in full in the *Philoso-*

phical Journal, of October 10th. He divided his subject into three heads: (1), The nature of Clairvoyance; (2), The means of inducing its action; and (3), What it may suggest. Clairvoyance is either independent or induced, but it may be sub-divided into the Natural, the Hypnotic, and the Spiritual. The following is what Mr. Morse has to say concerning the means of inducing Clairvoyance, excluding the use of narcotics, which he regards as pernicious. He says:—

Let me first refer to the hypnotic method. A suitable subject being obtained (and let me here say that suitability is not a question of sex, as quite as many men as women are to be found in whom the faculty can be excited), the hypnotist proceeds, by one of the various methods at his disposal, to induce the hypnotic state, in this case the deep sleep. If the subject is a clairvoyant, the lucid state will grow in clearness in time with repeated exercise, the customary minor experiments being relied upon for developing and training the sight. This lucidity is capable of being educated. At first it may be uncertain, while, in some cases, it is almost perfect at the first trial.

A peculiarity of the case is that clairvoyants differ as to their abilities, just as much as ordinary people do. Some are able to travel to distant places, others cannot "see" anything outside of the apartment in which they are. In some the "sight" only operates when an article to be described is placed in contact with various portions of their bodies, as, for instance, the top of the head, the nape of the neck, the pit of the stomach, or even between the shoulders. Many subjects can see inside the human body, describe its condition, diagnose its disease, and in some cases prescribe the necessary remedies. As a matter of fact the medical profession is constantly utilising the last-named class to assist it in obscure cases. It has been found that in the course of time the services of the hypnotist can be dispensed with, as the subject appears to learn how to induce the sight by personal volition.

The last of the means of developing this "sight" I have denominated the Spiritual, and this brings us into the question of Spiritualism, and involves what is known as mediumship. In this case the would-be clairvoyant joins a spirit circle, and the development is carried out by the spirits. The spirit acts the part of the hypnotist, and the subject in this case is, or becomes, a medium. The mediumistically developed clairvoyant usually sees spirits—*i.e.*, so-called dead people, and the testimony to this fact is practically universal to-day, while I know many, including my own daughter, in whom this spiritually induced clairvoyance is in active operation. But how much of this form of clairvoyance is due to the action of the spirits and the mind of the medium, is a question not easy to answer. The one point common to each case is that clairvoyance is a latent, but normal, form of clear-seeing, mental perception, or soul-sight, and I venture to assert it can be brought under the orderly control of the will, and exercised at discretion. In such cases it becomes what my old friend Andrew Jackson Davis describes as the "superior condition," which term he was the first to employ.

A MURDER TREE IN AFRICA.

A STORY, grimmer than the fabled tale of the Upas tree, comes to us from East Africa. The Upas is fabled to slay those who sleep beneath its shade, but this tree infected every man who touched it with a lust to slay. The *Theosophist*, which publishes the story, says:—

Herr Hugo Boltze, F.T.S., who lived some time in Africa, gives us the following particulars about a fearful tree of which he had knowledge:—

"During my time in Kolwe, East Africa, a report was brought to the Government that a certain tree had the dreadful property of provoking the homicidal impulse in any one who should lay his hand on or bring any part of his body into contact with it. A soldier having touched it, went mad and at once murdered three or four persons by shooting them, and fled to the jungle.

Several *askaries* (soldiers) were sent in pursuit, and then one who professed absolute incredulity concerning the story, out of sheer bravado went and touched the trunk. No sooner had he done that than he too went mad, and, levelling his rifle, shot several men, after which, in a foaming fury, he also escaped to the cover of the jungle. Being hotly pursued, he kept up his firing, and it was only after he had emptied his cartridge-belt that he could be captured and executed. I do not know how many unfortunates in all became murderers after coming in contact with this tree of crime, but certainly it was a considerable number. The Government at last put an effectual stop to the tragedies by causing a great quantity of straw and dry wood to be placed about the trunk and set on fire. The fuel was renewed until the tree was entirely consumed. After that the murders stopped."

The explanation would be, of course, that the tree was infested by one or more of the elemental spirits most inimical to man, of which several races are specified by Eastern occultists; or that some human elementary who had met premature death by assassination, had taken up his residence there by virtue of the inherent auric attraction of the tree for such entities. The Hindus say that an earth-bound Brahman spirit often lives in a banyan (*asvattha*) tree, and will obsess sensitives who may lie beneath its shade or, sometimes, even pass that way. The involuntary medium, even though perfectly illiterate and of low caste, will then be able to quote Sanskrit verses freely and discuss philosophy in that language with erudite pandits. It is a very common circumstance for people who wish to do harm to others, to employ *Mantrikas* (sorcerers) to send fire elementals to burn their clothing and even their houses. Instances like this are numerous, but *Mantra Shashtra* (the science of spells) gives no account of demon-haunted trees like the above, which incites men to murder.

IS A MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DOUBLE.

THIS question is very important to those who have doubles. Madame Blavatsky discussed it in the *Theosophist* for January, 1883, when she told a weird story, entitled, "Can the Double Murder?" Colonel Olcott has extracted a story from the New York papers of the last quarter, which leads him to ask "Can the Double Burglare?" The story is as follows:—

A remarkable case was on trial this morning before the Recorder of New York, Mr. John W. Goff. William Macdonald was brought into court, charged with having entered a house for the purpose of committing a robbery. Macdonald was positively identified as the burglar by a number of highly respectable persons who found him in the house and attempted to capture him, but without success.

Macdonald, in his defence, proved an *alibi* with the assistance of Professor Wein, the distinguished scientist, who swore positively that at the exact moment the robbery was said to have been committed, Macdonald was placed in a state of hypnotic trance by him before a large audience in a public hall five miles from the scene of the burglary.

A question asked of this witness, as to whether it were possible for the spirit of Macdonald to wander elsewhere while his body remained in a state of trance in the hall, was, after some hesitation, answered in the affirmative.

The testimony on both sides was not only so conflicting, but so startling, that the Recorder adjourned the case until he could obtain the testimony of a number of scientific experts.

We are unfortunately left without the ultimate finding of the court.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT ON REINCARNATION.

I THINK immortality is the passing of a soul through many lives or experiences; and such as are truly lived, used, and learned, help

on to the next, each growing richer, happier, and higher, carrying with it only the real memories of what has gone before. . . . I seem to remember former states, and feel that in them I have learned some of the lessons that have never been mine here, and in my next step I hope to leave behind many of the trials I have struggled to bear here and begin to find lightened as I go on. This accounts for the genius and great virtue some show here. They have done well in many phases of this great school, and bring into our class the virtue or the gifts that make them great or good. We don't remember the lesser things. They slip away as childish trifles, and we carry on only the real experiences.

EXORCISING A DEMON LOVER.

In the "Old Diary Leaves" of the *Theosophist*, Col. Olcott mentions that during his time in Ceylon, in 1882, a Buddhist monk was brought to him who was haunted by a Yakshini, who seems to have been a spectral bride who was so insatiable as to reduce the poor young monk to a skeleton. Colonel Olcott says:—

The Superior calmly asked me to work a cure. Fortunately, I had successfully treated a similar case in America some years before, the patient being a lady, so that I knew pretty well what to do. I put the monk on a course of mesmerised water, making him come to me every morning for a month, for the day's supply, after which time he was completely cured. I then sent for the Chief Priest and advised him to disrobe his young friend and send him out to take up the ordinary life of the householder, which was done. The simple explanation is that the influence of the bad Elemental spirit upon its medium was nullified and destroyed by the power of my stronger human will, supplemented by the constant action of the vitalised water. Among the scientific practitioners of mesmerism there have never been two opinions, so far as I know, as to the efficacy of magnetised water as a therapeutic agent.

HOW "MR. ISAACS" WAS WRITTEN.

COL. OLCOFF, writing "Old Diary Leaves" in the *Theosophist* for November, says:—

Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" was sent us at this time (1883) by his uncle, Mr. Sam Ward, one of our most enthusiastic members, who also wrote me certain interesting particulars about its production. It was—he told us—inspired by the published accounts of Mahatma K. H., and the idea so took possession of Mr. Crawford that, having once begun writing, he gave himself no rest, scarcely even food, until it was finished. He wrote it in less than four weeks, and Mr. Ward says that it almost seemed as if his nephew had been under the influence of an outside power.

Mr. Crawford makes—as any true occultist will tell him—the mistake of having his ideal Eastern adept, Ram Lal, meddling himself in the love affairs of the hero and heroine, whereas this is inconsistent with the tendencies of a person who has evolved up to and lives mainly on the plane of spirituality. Bulwer was equally wrong, nay worse, in making his adept, Zanoni, abandon, after ages of spiritual striving and success, the fruits of his Yoga, and drop to the vulgar level of us weaklings, who are held in the bonds of the flesh, and give and are given in marriage. Both Zanoni and Ram Lal are, as presented to us, practically, impossibilities, save as aberrations of nature and the victims of overpowering conspiracies of brutish forces, which they must have vanquished over and over again as they mounted upward from the lower levels where passion reigns and the guiding light of wisdom is hidden. Sexual unions are perfectly natural for the average human being, but perfectly unnatural for the evolved ideal man.

XXI.—WEIRD TALES IN THE MAGAZINES.

THE popularity of the psychic story continues unabated. Very few magazines now dispense with the ghost as an ingredient in the literary dish they set before their readers. But when the reality of the Double is recognised, we shall enter a new era in imaginative fiction. For the present our literary caterers have not realised the Double, so they do the best they can with their old materials. I quote two or three of the tales from the December periodicals.

I.—THE BLACK DOGS AND THE THUMBLESS HAND.

To the *Cornhill* for December Mr. Andrew Lang sends this strange, gruesome tale which he received from

a kinsman, my oldest and most intimate friend, who has passed much of his life in the Pacific, mainly in a foreign colony, and in the wild New Hebrides. My friend is a man of education, an artist, and a student of anthropology and ethnology. He is now engaged on a work of scientific research. The following "yarn" is given in the words of the narrator. It should be added that, though my friend was present at some amateur séances, in a remote isle of the sea, he is not a Spiritualist, never was one, and has no theory to account for what occurred, and no belief in "spooks" of any description. His faith is plighted to the theories of Mr. Darwin, and that is his only superstition. The name of the principal character in the yarn is, of course, fictitious.

"A good many years ago there came to the island, as a clerk, *un nommé* Bolter, English or Jew.

"The most curious thing about his appearance was his eyes: they were large, black, and had a peculiar dull dead lustre."

"Did they shine in the dark? I knew a fellow at Oxford whose eyes did. Chairs ran after him."

"I never noticed; I don't remember. 'Psychically,' as you superstitious muffs call it, Bolter was still more queer. At that time we were all gone on spirit-rapping. Bolter turned out a great acquisition, 'medium,' or what not. Mind you, I'm not saying Bolter was straight. In the dark he'd tell you what you had in your hand, exact time of your watch, and so on.

"Well, after three or four séances Bolton used to be very nervous and unwilling to sleep alone, so I once went with him to his one-roomed hut. We turned into the same bed. I was awakened later by a noise and movement in the room. Found the door open; the full moon streaming in, making light like day and the place full of great big black dogs—well, anyhow there were four or five! They were romping about, seemingly playing. One jumped on the bed, another rubbed his muzzle on mine! (the bed was low and I slept outside). Now I never had anything but love for dogs of any kind, and as love casts out fear, I simply got up, turned them all out, shut the door, and turned in again myself. Of course my idea was, that they were flesh and blood, and I allude to physical fear.

"I slept, but was anew awakened by a ghastly feeling that the blanket was being dragged and creeping off the bed. I pulled it up again, but anew began the slow movement of descent.

"Rather surprised, I pulled it up afresh and held it, and must have dozed off, as I suppose. Awoke, to feel it being pulled again; it was slipping, slipping, and then with a sudden violent jerk it was thrown on the floor. *Il faut dire* that during all this I had glanced several times at Bolter, who seemed profoundly asleep. But now, alarmed, I tried to wake him. In vain, he slept like the dead; his face, always a pasty white, now like marble in the moonlight. After some hesitation, I put the blanket back on the bed and held it fast. The pulling at once began, and increased in strength, and I, by this time thoroughly alarmed, put all my strength against it and hung on like grim Death.

"To get a better hold I had taken a turn over my head (or perhaps simply to hide), when suddenly I felt a pressure outside on my body, and a movement like fingers—they gradually approached my head. Mad with fear, I cracked off the blanket,

grasped a Hand, gazed on it for one moment in silent horror and threw it away! No wonder, it was *solus* (attached to no arm or body), it was hairy and dark coloured, the fingers were short, blunt, with long, claw-like nails, and it was minus a thumb! Too frightened to get up I had to stop in bed, and, I suppose, fell to sleep again, after fresh vain attempts to awaken Bolter. Next morning I told him about it. He said several who had thus passed the night with him had seen this hand. 'But,' added he, 'it's lucky you didn't have the big black dogs also.'

Tableau! "I was to have slept again with him next night to look further into the matter, but a friend of his came from — that day, so I could not renew the experiment, as I had fully determined to. By-the-bye, I was troubled for months after by the same feeling that the clothes were being pulled off the bed."

"Did you know Manning, the Pakeha Maori, the fellow who wrote 'Old New Zealand'? He told the same yarn, without the dogs, as having happened to himself. He saw the whole arm, and the *Hand was leprous*.

"Next morning he was obliged to view the body of an old Maori, who had been murdered in his garden the night before. That old man's hand was the hand he saw. I know a room in an old house in England where the plucking of the bed-clothes goes on, every now and then, and has gone on as long as the present occupants have been there. But I only heard lately, and they only heard from me, that the same thing used to occur, in the same room and no other, in the last generation, when another family lived there."

"Anybody see anything?"

"No, only footsteps are heard creeping up, before the twitches come off."

II.—THE SPECTRE MAN-WOLF AND THE SQUARE DIAMOND.

DECEMBER *Harper* publishes a tale by Mr. Charles Ross, entitled "The Square Diamond." It is well illustrated, and so strange that it probably has a basis of fact. Here it is in brief:—

The *Britannia* pitched in the Biscayan swell, and the crowd in the smoking-room had lessened until five men were left, exchanging yarns, as men will who go to and fro in ships. Captain Willoughby had been silent through most, and only the subject of Indian trickery seemed to arouse him.

"Do you believe that bosh?" said one.

"I do," said Captain Willoughby, decidedly, "for I know." Willoughby suddenly reached into his waistcoat, taking from little leather case a ring, in a curious setting—a single, square diamond. Holding it up, he asked, "Do you notice that ring?"

"It's beautiful," said the short, fat dark man. "But it's hard to sell a square stone, the dealers say."

"Yes," said Willoughby, "I will tell you how it was. That stone cost me the best servant, and, indeed, the best friend a man ever had—an Irish boy who was brought up with me. Passing a shop in Regent Street, one day, I saw in a tiara—a new one, made in an old fashion—this stone. I have a fancy for unusual things, you know. The man agreed to take the stone from the tiara."

"Your taste is excellent, sir," he was pleased to comment, in their way. "The stone is very old; five thousand years, maybe; an Indian stone from an old tiara."

"We bargained a bit, and securing the stone at a remarkably

low price—it seemed to me, considering its intrinsic value and Regent Street. On my return to India and in my duties I almost forgot it.

"Well, a year ago, if you may remember, came the little trouble with the little Rajah of Renaub.

"One afternoon, going back to my quarters, I had occasion to look for something in a box, when out tumbled a case with some pins and trinkets which Teddy had put in, probably thinking that Renaub was a gay spot and that I might wish to dress up. I opened it, throwing out among other things the ring, which I had forgotten. What I wanted was a little painting on porcelain—very decently done—of our place in Devon. As I looked at it, leaving the other things on the table, I heard a rustling behind, and saw a tall, thin native peering over my shoulder. His ascetic face was illuminated by great eyes, with a reddish glow as of rubies—greedy, covetous.

"'What the devil?' I began.

"'Did the Sahib call?' he said, bending. I thought he might be a servant I had not seen.

"'Get out!' I said, simply; when he turned, and, with all the dignity of a personage stalked through the door.

"'Teddy,' I called, thinking Teddy could not be far away. And sure enough Teddy appeared.

"'Who was the man in here just now?'

"'I saw no one, sir.'

"'Didn't you pass him, coming in?'

"'Who, sir?'

"The matter seemed strange. I knew Teddy wouldn't lie; and I concluded it had been some familiar servant who had the run of the house, whom, in a short stay, neither Teddy nor I had noticed.

"'Put those things up then,' I said, knowing Teddy was incorruptible, and starting to take the porcelain to our official's wife. I hardly was at the outer door when I heard a scuffle and a muffled cry. With a sudden fear I rushed back, and at the threshold, for a moment, stood horrified. Teddy was stretched speechless in a pool of blood, a knife with a strangely carved hand sticking in his side; and a stealthy figure—the same that had faced me so shortly before—stood over him. For a moment we looked at each other; for a moment I could not move; and then, with a snarl, the creature sprang toward me. I was ready for him, but he slipped through my hands, and passed me—through the door.

"Raising a dreadful cry, I was after. At the outside door I saw him; a lithe figure, that had dropped the loin-cloth from his naked legs, running up the valley, past three of my men, who were on ponies.

"'Stop him!' I cried. But he slipped past; and before they had recovered from their astonishment I was by them.

"'Go in! Look to Teddy,' I called, dragging one from his pony and taking his seat.

"'After him!' I said, kicking my brute. 'Shoot him, if you can bring him down.' I hadn't my pistols.

"And we chased up that brown valley under the glaring North Indian sun. He seemed to run as fast as our ponies; but at last we gained a little. He looked about, showing white, grinning teeth. Two of the men answered with pistol-shots. I bent well on to the pony's neck.

"'Where is he?' asked one of the men.

"'Where—?' began the other.

"For before our eyes the runner had vanished, faded; what you will; and where he should have been was a lean wolf, turning now and then hungry eyes, and snarling lips, and grinning teeth.

"The thing was so uncanny that I pulled up my pony; and then was charging up to the spot where the man had disappeared and the wolf appeared—believing he had found a hole in the earth. But there the short, yellow furze was unbroken. There was another click and report—a long, horrid, brutish howl—and the wolf was over a low slope, too, out of view, and the men after. After a moment I followed, to find them dismounted by the man we had been chasing—without a wolf in sight; the man on his back.

"'Damn it, sir, where's the wolf?' one of my bewildered fellows asked.

"The great eyes stared brutishly up to mine. One fist was

clinched. With sudden expectation I leaned over, and opened the sinewy fist, when from it fell the ring. I put it into my pocket, leaving the men with the dead thing, and rode back to Teddy, only to be met by my friend the official. Teddy was dead, like his murderer, who proved to be unknown at the station, and probably some wandering thief.

"I told the eager listener of our hallucination.

"'The men will swear to it, and I.'

"'He looked at me a moment, curiously.'

"'I have lived too long in India to doubt it,' said he, slowly. 'Tell me how did you come by the stone?' When I had finished he asked, strangely:

"'Have you not heard that a certain mind associated with a certain talisman can produce such an illusion?'

"'I have seen it,' said I.

"As I said at the beginning of this story, 'I have seen it.' That square diamond at any rate cost me the best servant a man ever had—more than servant, a friend. Whether it were ordinary cupidity, or some desire for that particular stone, I cannot say. But I saw the wolf where the man was, and the dead man where the dead wolf should have been. Some persons would have given the diamond away, or have sold it, but I have kept it."

"There was no boy up a tree outside the mesmeric influence, said the sceptic. 'May I see that stone again?'

"'Yes, certainly,' said Captain Willoughby, taking the diamond from the case. 'That thing happened a year ago to-day.'

"They passed it from hand to hand; and above the storm roared.

"'Will you mind if I look at it, sir?' asked a low, distant voice. They looked up startled, for no one had seen this last enter; they saw a tall, dark person, modishly dressed—with all the western affectations of some East Indians.

"'You were listening,' said Willoughby. 'I didn't hear or see you. I must have been so absorbed in my story. Certainly, sir. I should like to have one of your race look at that stone.'

"A lean, sinewy hand stretched out, grasping the stone. Willoughby shivered and looked up.

"'Where the devil?' he began; for hand, and ring, and man, were not there. They rubbed their eyes, ran into the passage.

"The steward was called. He knew no one on the ship answering the description; nor did the thorough search the next morning show the thief; perhaps he had been some strange stowaway—perhaps he had been washed from the deck.

"The *Britannia* then was tossing and groaning in the arms of the roaring storm, and, as far as that ship's company was concerned, the dark-visaged unknown seemed to have gone back into the tempest whence he had come."

III.—THE PRINT OF THE FIRST WIFE'S HAND, OR THE MISSING MIDDLE FINGER.

THE Christmas number of the *Christian Age*, reprints from the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, a weird story entitled "The Wife of Ben Bow," a tale of Brook Farm, by Hezekiah Butterworth. The story is prefaced by the following note of the author :

The story is substantially true. I have taken the story-teller's licence in giving it form, making some changes in names and places, adding a little here and there for the sake of the movement of the narrative, but the psychological incidents remain intact. I give them as the honest and simple witnesses believed them to be. I have never known anyone to fully credit the tale, except one physician, who said: "I can believe it all: it is not stranger than a birthmark, or the stigmata of the Middle Ages. Mental impressions, if the faith be perfect, may be a death-stroke."—*The Author.*

Whether true or false it is weird enough. The story tells how some sixty years ago two young ladies, who were frequent visitors at Brook Farm community, called at the farm-house on a young farmer called Benjamin Bow. His wife was a woman of character, much given to the speculation as to the inward world. When she

was a little girl the middle forefinger of her right hand had to be amputated owing to an accident in the mill. The farmer and his wife had one child. When she was dying, she sent a message to the ladies who had called upon her, asking them to come and see after her child. She added "I shall know if it is treated well, I shall know." The doctor who told the story of the death scene said:—

There was a nurse there whose name was Cone. As I was sitting by the bed the child cried. The dying woman started, and said with a look that was fearful: "Margaret Cone, Margaret Cone, if you or any one else ever injure that child, this dead hand will appear to *you*, or to whoever it be." She lifted the hand from which the forefinger was missing. I have seen that scene ever since. There seemed to be something of hidden meaning in it—something like a prophecy. Then she grew calm, and lay uttering poetry.

Another year passed when Ben Bow married Margaret Cone, and after a time the two ladies were waited upon by a neighbouring farmer, who asked them to go and look after the child as it was being treated so badly. They rode over accordingly to ask how the child was getting on. The step-mother received them coldly, and said that the child was the worst youngster she ever knew. She was breaking his will and made him stop crying for his mother. The child was called in, and asked what was his mother's name. He immediately gave the name of his real mother not of his step-mother. "Did you ever see anything like that for wilfulness?" said the step-mother. "That woman lies out on the hills in the cold without a grave stone, and never will have one if I can help it. That woman was never any good to Ben Bow. One mother is enough for the child," said she. "When the dead Mrs. Bow wants to see you," she said to her visitors, "she will send for you. Say, what was that?"

There came a heavy rap on the front door.

"There have been strange noises about the house ever since Sarah died," said the woman. "Let me go and look out of the window and see who is there. That door hasn't been opened since Ben banked up the house."

Margaret Bow went to the window and threw up the curtain, and stood silent. She presently said:

"There don't seem to be anybody there."

She sat down in an old rocking-chair and began to rock violently. She looked disturbed, and she presently said:

"Now, I am going to tell ye how bad that child is."

There fell a succession of loud, echoing raps on the door. Margaret Bow looked around wildly. A gust swept by the corner of the house. The two ladies turned apprehensively toward each other. The boy shared the fear, and came hesitatingly to his stepmother and buried his face in her lap.

"What do you come to me for? You told these folks that Sarah was your mother. If Sarah is your mother let her look out for ye and protect ye."

Raps fell upon the door, almost causing the house to shake. Another gust of wind whirling the lone leaves swept around the corner of the house.

"Here, take the brat," were the words of Margaret Bow, as she pushed the child from her. "Let me go and open the door."

The visitors heard Margaret Bow unlock the door and slowly open it. They felt a sharp gust of wind sweep into the rooms. They heard a door in the entry fly open. There followed an awful shriek, a heavy fall. They opened the door of the room. Margaret Bow lay on the floor, moaning. They tried to lift her, but she was convulsed. They asked her what had happened. She at last gasped:

"Sarah's hand!"

"What—tell us?"

"It met me at the door, and struck me on the forehead here.

It was her hand—I knew it—I can't tell ye how. Send for Ben."

She curled up in a heap on the floor and lay motionless.

"Where is your husband?" asked the ladies over and over, but they received no answer. They asked the boy, but he could only answer:

"He's chopping wood," but where he could not tell.

"The woman is dying," said Mary Needham. "She must not be left alone. You go over to Brook Farm and call the doctor, and I will remain here with the child."

At sunset Ben Bow came home, and Dr. Fifield and his sister met him on the road and told him all that had happened. They entered the dreary house, and found Margaret Bow lying unconscious where she had fallen. The doctor examined the prostrate form.

"She is dead," he said.

"What was it?" asked Mary Needham.

"Paralysis," said Dr. Fifield.

"No, it were not," said Ben Bow. "That warn't no paralysis."

"What then?" asked Miss Needham.

"It were a conscience stroke. I know that woman's soul. I know things that I wouldn't want to tell. You may call it what you will—it were a conscience stroke. She's been a-hearin' noises. People who have wrong in their souls have haunted minds. Poor critter, may the Lord forgive her; she was constituted so."

"She said that Sarah's hand came and struck her on the forehead," said Mary Needham. "Her forehead does look strange."

They took up the form and laid it on a bed. Her hair fell over her high forehead and white face.

When the day of the funeral came the country side assembled. It was the custom for the visitors to take a farewell glance at the corpse before the coffin lid was fastened down.

Dr. Fifield, his sister, and Miss Needham rode over to the place in the morning, and the ladies prepared the body with suitable dress for the last rites, and waited the ceremonies which would begin with the opening of the coffin lid.

The clock struck one. The sexton who had been given the "charge of the funeral," made his way through the crowd and opened the coffin lid. He started back, staring. What had happened? An elderly woman arose and bent over the coffin. A strange look came into her face. She stood there until a wild expression came into her eyes. She then sank down into her chair and whispered:

"Something has happened—she don't look natural!"

Others looked, and shut their eyes and turned away. The good old deacon now came forward and looked down. He, too, seemed to receive a shock. He turned around and said:

"She don't look natural at all. She ought not to be seen. I would shut down the lid again. Send for Ben."

Benjamin Bow came, leading the child by the hand. He lifted the boy up in his arms, and bent over the dead face. One glance, and he uttered a cry:

"Sexton!" said he, "she is changing. Close the lid."

Dr. Fifield leaped to his feet as the sexton came forward. He looked into the coffin. On the upper part of the white face and forehead there was the impression of a hand as black as ink. *And the middle forefinger was gone.*

IV.—THE HAUNTED CASTLE OF ROWALLANE.

In the Christmas number of the *Christian Million*, Mrs. Russell Davies tells the story of how one fine day in last October she drove over from her country house, five miles from Kilmarnock to Rowallane Castle. When there, as was to be expected, a spectral shadow flitted across one of the ruined rooms at the head of the staircase, but she was hardly prepared for the adventure which befell her when she reached the top of the house.

AN ANGEL DELIVERANCE.

I found a fine long room, quite capable of seating between 200 and 300 persons. I was much surprised, and observed to my

friend, "No one would have supposed, judging by the outside appearance, that this room was here." While I spoke I walked farther into the apartment, which was very dark, being lighted by long narrow slits in the thick stone walls, and even these were nearly choked with ivy, so that now in the broad daylight it was dark in the corners and ends. I had walked along the room when all at once I felt myself suddenly stopped by what I am certain was an arm thrown straight across my chest. I felt it plainly, quite firm, and seemingly solid, and heard a voice near whisper distinctly, "He shall give His angels charge over thee." I looked round. My friend and our guide were standing talking just outside the door, and I stood on the edge of an awful fall! The whole of the dark end of the room had fallen into ruins.

GHOSTS OF THE COVENANTERS.

On every side of me were the kneeling forms of men, women, and children. But all were people of a bygone age. I heard a low murmur of voices, as though all were engaged in prayer. Some of the strange congregation seemed to be richly dressed, while there were others wrapped in little better than rags, but all were together, met there to pray. What could it mean? what and who were the members of this weird congregation? In the centre of the group of kneeling people stood a tall old man, his white hair hanging long about his neck and shoulders, and wrapped round his gaunt form was what appeared to be a brown coarse cloth shawl. He held in his hands a roll of stiff paper or parchment, and from his lips again I heard the words, "He shall give His angels charge over thee." I trembled as though struck with a sudden chill, the ghostly worshippers disappeared, and I reached the door near which my friend stood. She said, "Where have you been so long? I thought you had made up your mind to remain the night." "Yes," I replied, "and I might have stayed even longer than that, for I came near falling through the ruins, for I walked in the gloom to the far end of the room only to find that another step would have been my last on earth." The old Scotchwoman here broke in, "What! did ye walk to the broken floor? didna' I warn ye?" "No," I answered, "and it would be better to caution visitors in future. But tell me, do you know anything of the history of this place, especially in regard to this room?"

"Nothing beyond the story, leddy, telt of the Laird of Rowallane, Sir William Muir, who caused this room to be given up to the 'Covenanters' when they were persecuted and driven, puir souls, fra their hames and kindred. Aye, aye, this room hae harkened to many a woeful cry to the Lord for help and comfort in sair need! We live in better days now, leddy."

Mrs. Russell Davies then departed determined to return at the first convenient opportunity to restore the mystery of the Castle of Rowallane, and on this occasion she succeeded in visualising the most notable of the spectral occupants of the haunted castle, and thus she tells how she met the ghost in a ruined room of the castle:—

A GHOST IN GREEN VELVET.

Although there with the intention and desire fully developed, I was startled nevertheless to see a form sitting almost close to my side in an old carved chair, near to what remained of the fire-place. So close, indeed, to me was the form that, without changing my position, I could have laid my hand on the shoulder easily. It was the face and figure of quite a young girl, and I saw her as clearly and distinctly as the paper I am now writing upon. She sat in an attitude of dejection, her hands clasped tightly together in her lap, and on her face an expression of sorrow such as is seldom seen on one so young. She was dressed in a peculiar manner, a skirt of brown, soft material falling in heavy folds around her. A bodice of green velvet, fitting tightly to the figure, the sleeves slashed and puffed on upper part of the

arm with satin the same colour as the skirt. A tiny cap of green velvet covered the top of the head, and round the neck was a very full ruff.

The girl's face was round, a small, straight nose, and rather full or pouting lips. Her eyes were large and dark, but the hair was lovely. There seemed masses of clustering curls of a bright chestnut colour, not hanging in ringlets or long curls, but caught up and fastened close to the head and rolled up high off the forehead.

As I stood silently watching her, she suddenly looked up straight into my face. I am positively certain I saw the eyes move as naturally as my own would do. The lips parted as though to speak, and I think she must have spoken, but I could not hear.

When I felt able to speak myself it was only in a whisper, and the same icy chill I had felt when in the Covenanters' room a week ago, crept over me. I said, "Are you a spirit? What are you? Who are you?"

No reply which my dull ears could catch, but the lips moved as though the lady spoke. I then said, "Will you come to me? Can you follow me from this place? Will you tell me what troubles you? Why you are here?"

Again the lips framed the words I could not hear. Before I could speak again I saw the shadow flit across the room; the lady had gone.

THE GHOST RETURNS THE CALL.

Mrs. Russell Davies shortly afterwards returned home, and that night the ghost in green velvet returned her call. She says:—

I retired to bed that night about 11 o'clock, and must have fallen to sleep almost immediately, only to be wakened by a wild and peculiar cry made close against my window. I started up in alarm and listened intently, but no repetition of the weird cry came. But close by my bedside I heard sounds exactly as of persons whispering. No one but myself was in the room, no other room was on either side of mine from which the sounds could have come.

I could see nothing, my room was bright with my night-light, and a large fire built up in the grate.

I felt an icy chill all over me, and an impulse I could not control compelled me to get up, cross the room to my writing-table, and almost without volition on my own part, my hands were moved to write the following:—

THE PROPHECY OF THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

It is I, Lillias Muir, daughter of the Laird of Rowallane. You saw me, I spoke, but you could not hear. I come at your request, but what have I to do with you? Nothing!! But I will answer your questions. I, Lillias Muir, was born at Rowallane in 1615.

The Church of Scotland rose in its might and strength, but Rowallane Castle—beautiful, brave Rowallane—was passing away. Its lands were divided, and strangers held them. The castle was neglected by its owner, Jean Muir, Countess of Glasgow. Jean Muir, her daughter, took it as part of her inheritance into the family of the Earl of Londoun, and to-day Rowallane Castle stands a lonely ruin. Close upon 200 years have passed since a Muir slept within its walls. But now I, Lillias Muir, and my kinswoman, Isabel Campbell Muir, do write and declare a prophecy: That Rowallane Castle shall be restored by one of the old blood; that once again a noble race shall live within its walls, and children's happy voices shall ring across its park and lands; that great fires shall once more be built upon the cold hearthstone; that the room of the Covenanters shall once again be tenanted; and I, Lillias, the guardian spirit, will pass with smiling lips once more through the no longer deserted rooms and dwelling place of my race. Farewell.

XXII.—SOME BOOKS OF THE BORDERLAND.

THE REAL SIR RICHARD BURTON.*

THE sight of the little book which lies before me, neatly bound in blue linen, and lettered in gilt "The True Life of Captain Sir R. F. Burton, K.C.M.G.," brings back to me a curious scene. I see a cold drizzling afternoon of the kind special to summer Bank Holidays, three persons sitting in the chilly shade of a stone mausoleum. The door stands ajar, partly to let in a better supply of light than comes from the small stained-glass windows, partly to let out the fumes of a small oil-stove, which poisons the atmosphere after its kind. Now and then the door is hastily closed in the face of some inquisitive holiday-maker, and the strings of camel-bells which adorn the roof, jangle discordantly in the draught. Mr. M. D. and I. are seated at a small table whereon rests the Ouija board. A portrait of Sir Richard Burton, fetched out from under the altar, lies beside it. In spite of the oil-stove, one's feet get chilly, and mine, to escape the draught, are resting on a trestle designed for the future support of the coffin of Lady Burton. Mr. M. D., I think, has taken possession of another trestle. Lady Burton is seated by the door, her note-book and the contents of a small hand-bag spread out on Sir Richard's coffin, which serves her for table. One of the conditions of automatic writing is to make one's mind a blank. Never in my life have I struggled so vigorously to attain blankness as now! This is not a place in which to allow the imagination free play!

Lady Burton has an agenda-paper of eight questions which she has prepared beforehand, and to which she hopes, by the Ouija board or other means, to receive replies.

Number five is the one which recurs to my memory now:—

"Can you interfere and save the publication of a book which I expect will be very disagreeable?"

The answer, which, however, was not produced till after our return to the house, was hardly conclusive:—

"Not now, why bother, not necessary."

From the fact that the book is here, "written by his niece, Georgiana M. Stisted, with the authority and approval of the Burton family," we may suppose he did not "bother."

And in truth, for the most part we may feel obliged to him, for it is a very pleasant and readable book. That Lady Burton did not like it, has already appeared; that its author did not like Lady Burton is equally obvious.

THE QUESTION IN DISPUTE.

Naturally enough, as a devout Roman Catholic, Lady Burton desired, above all else, to feel that her husband was united to her in death as in life, that he had found what to her was the only way of salvation, and that for them death meant only waiting, not separation. To achieve such an end almost any means were, for her, permissible. The death-bed scene, which Miss Stisted describes with infinite horror and disgust, is one in which many must sympathise. The death was very sudden, in the early morning, and it was difficult for the heart-broken widow to realise that it had really occurred. She sent instantly for the priest, and insisted

on the administration of the last rites. Miss Stisted describes the scene in the language of bigoted Protestantism, representing it as an effort at "death-bed conversion."

WHAT WAS SIR RICHARD'S FAITH?

Such it could in no sense be, from any point of view; but from Lady Burton's point of view conversion was unnecessary. She fully believed that her husband was of her own Church, and her anxiety was not as to his "conversion," but that he should receive Extreme Unction as a member of the household of faith to which she herself belonged. She may have been right or wrong, it is not for the mere reader to decide, but I recollect clearly how, late into the night on that 5th of August when she talked with us about the book, she dwelt again and again on her own entire assurance on this point, and on what she believed the utter injustice of attempting to prove the contrary. She showed us, in what she assured us was Sir Richard's own handwriting (which his old friend Mr. M. D. never doubted for a moment), the phrase, "I live and die a Catholic," followed by his signature, and the next morning at an early hour she sent to my room what appeared to be a page of a diary containing the same confession of faith.

It is not for me to give an opinion as to the truth or mis-statement in the matter, but one cannot but regret that the pages of a book, otherwise so interesting, should have been spoilt by a discussion of the kind, carried on in so narrow a spirit.

THE MUSSULMAN THEORY.

It is not even as if Miss Stisted had any pleasing alternative to offer as to Sir Richard Burton's religious beliefs. Very early in life, we are told, he escaped from the trammels of definite faith, though his parents seem to have held easy views, steering between "rabid Evangelicism, then at its height, and the Tractarianism which later became so general." Next we find him, when in India, varying "his Sundays by attending a Roman Chapel, served by a berry-brown Goanese padre." Miss Stisted goes so far as to add "it is possible he did profit by this opportunity of studying the effect produced by the Church of Rome on the semi-civilised people around him."

About 1847, being twenty-six years of age, we find Burton studying "practical Moslem divinity," and formally initiated by the priest. He tells us, "As I had been duly invested by a strict Hindu with the Janeo or Brahminical thread, my experience of Eastern faiths became phenomenal."

According to his biographer he was now, and ever afterwards, a Theist pure and simple, never drifting into Atheism, but regarding Christianity as a good religion among other good religions; believing in Nirvana, and, on the whole, of opinion that El Islam was the faith best fitted for the conditions of Oriental life. "Towards the Church of Rome," Miss Stisted is careful to say, "he had a positive aversion, declaring she has added a fourth person to the Trinity" (p. 53).

THE BOOK "DISAGREEABLE."

There are other reasons why Lady Burton was likely to think this book "very disagreeable." We have the

* "The True Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S.," &c. By Georgina M. Stisted. H. S. Nicolls, 1895.

history of, at least, five love affairs, some of which seem to have been fairly serious, before Sir Richard's marriage, not to speak of unmistakable hints that, among the Christian doctrines which he renounced, was that of Monogamy. They do these things, he considered, better in the East.

Then the account of the marriage is not flattering to Lady Burton personally, still less to her family. She is represented as middle-class, impecunious, uneducated, and insistent.

"Looking dispassionately at this match, it is clear that Burton committed as serious an imprudence as when he sent Speke alone to search for the Victoria Nyanza. In spite of much that was agreeable and attractive, Isabel, owing to a fatal want of tact and judgment, was unfitted for the path in life, which she had insisted on choosing for herself" (p. 275). Many instances of such alleged want of tact are quoted, and she, poor woman, is even made responsible for the unfortunate circumstances, which led to Sir Richard's recall, and which practically wrecked his career.

THE BURNING OF THE SCENTED GARDEN.

Even the burning of "the Scented Garden," which is commonly represented as a heroic sacrifice to virtue on the part of Lady Burton, is explained away as cheap and theatrical. "As the MS. happened to be unfinished, and as she told us herself, she could trust nobody to finish it for her, it was, comparatively speaking, valueless, and the sacrifice extolled merely by sundry unusually foolish women did not cost much." The burning, we are told, was "inspired by a fit of hysteria or bigotry."

THE BIOGRAPHER'S POINT OF VIEW.

It is an ungrateful task to dwell, however lightly, on this side of Miss Stisted's work. Apart from prejudice against Lady Burton and Lady Burton's faith, exhibited with some lack of generosity, the book is thoroughly interesting. A good many people don't like their relations-in-law, especially women. We think we know and can manage these men with whom we have been brought up, and we are "weary of our lives because of this daughter of Heth," this outsider, whom the man in question so unaccountably introduces into the family. Sir Richard Burton had obviously held his own women very dear—his mother, sister, and the sister's daughter who writes the book.

He was forty years old when he married; those little stories of Southern and Oriental beauties belonged to his past, what did he want with this tradesman's daughter of an alien faith? We can all understand that some such thoughts as these rankled in the minds of his family, and all the more because heroic, brave, persevering as had been Sir Richard's career, it was never recognised by his government as his talents and acquirements would seem to deserve.

Lady Burton is blamed for his failure to conciliate. Even in death Royalty ignored him, and her religious enthusiasm is said to be the cause. The connection of ideas is not obvious.

But as a life of Sir Richard Burton, of his education, his travels, his marvellous acquirements, his personal bravery, this is a most interesting volume, and will probably, so far, take rank as what it professes to be, "The True Life of Sir Richard Burton."

THE DOCTRINE AND RITUAL OF MAGIC.*

THIS volume is another monument of the incessant industry of Mr. A. E. Waite, who is certainly one of the most industrious of all English occultists. There is no need to review a book that has so long been recognised as a handbook by students of magic of modern times. All that is necessary to do is to call attention to the fact that this translation has been carefully made, that the various mystical figures are reproduced, and that any one, therefore, who wishes to know what Eliphas Lévi had to say upon this mysterious subject will find it here set out in English. Whether he will be much wiser when he has read it all is another matter. Personally, I have to confess honestly that I am utterly incapable of understanding or appreciating the value of this work. There may be everything in it, but to the untrained occultist who comes to read the book as he reads any other book issued through the press, it is practically impossible to make anything out of it. This is specially true of the first section which sets forth the doctrine of transcendent magic. In the second part, "The Ritual of Transcendent Magic," there is, at any rate, more that can be read without the feeling that you are blundering along, endeavouring to decipher a foreign language of which you have not mastered either the grammar or the alphabet. The most cursory perusal of the book is enough to convince any one that it is no use to attempt to study magic unless you are willing to give more time than is likely to be at the disposal of any editor who is now living in London. Further, Mr. Waite himself does not say much that is calculated to allure a busy man, conscious of his own limitations, to enter upon the study of magic. Take, for instance, his warning to the imprudent, which begins by saying, "The operations of science—meaning by this the magical science—are not devoid of danger. They may end in madness, for those who are not established firmly on the basis of supreme, absolute, and infallible reason." Now, as no human being in this world can claim without presumption to be established firmly on supreme absolute and infallible reason, that sentence is enough to deter most of us. But if that was not enough, we are told that if we could devote ourselves to surmount magic, we must be free from anxious re-occupations. We must also possess an inaccessible laboratory, in which there will be no danger of ever being surprised or disturbed. Such retreats, however desirable for other purposes than that of magic, are not attainable in this busy world. There is a good deal in this book that is interesting, bearing upon the teachings of the Secret Doctrine. Especially does Levi dwell at length on the astral light. That book of conscience which, according to Christian doctrine, shall be opened at the Last Day is no other than the astral light which preserves all actions and all forms. He tells us a good deal about directing the astral light and isolating ourselves from it, and all the rest of it, but as he goes on to say that the inquisitive are like children playing with fire in the neighbourhood of gunpowder, we may do well to give the study of magic a wide berth. Mr. Waite, in his biographical preface, says no modern expositor of occult science can bear any comparison with Eliphas Lévi. He is actually the spirit of modern thought forcing an answer for the times from the old oracles. There is no influence so great in fascination in occult literature exceeding that of the French magus. Yet, although a

* "Transcendent Magic." By Eliphas Lévi. Translated by A. E. Waite. London: George Redway.

image, he was fundamentally a materialist to whom God was only a hypothesis which is very probably necessary. He disbelieves in any real communication with the world of spirits, but, notwithstanding all his shortcomings, Eliphas Lévi's says many striking things. Of these I will only quote one, that secret of the success consists entirely in the fore-knowledge of re-actions. To oppose one's self in a current at the beginning of its evolution is to court destruction; to oppose one's self to a current that has run its round is to take the head of a contrary current. A great man is he who comes seasonable, and who knows how to innovate opportunely. He then goes on to make the following prediction :

Now, at the epoch wherein we live, everything is ripe for a fresh outburst of evangelical zeal and christian self devotion, precisely by reason of the prevailing general disillusion, egotistic positivism, and public cynicism of the coarsest interest. The success of certain books and the mystical tendencies of minds are unequivocal symptoms of this wide-spread disposition. We restore and we build churches only to realise more keenly that we are void of belief, only to long the more for it; once more does the whole world await its Messiah, and he cannot tarry in his coming. Let a man, for example, come forward, who by rank or by fortune is placed in an exalted position—a pope, a king, even a Jewish millionaire—and let this man publicly and solemnly sacrifice all his material interests for the weal of humanity; let him make himself the Saviour of the poor, the disseminator, and even the victim, of doctrines of renunciation and charity, and he will draw round him an immense following; he will accomplish a complete moral revolution in the world.

THE DEVIL IN BRITAIN AND IN AMERICA.*

THIS book is very disappointing. There is room for a great book on the Devil, but this volume does not do adequate justice to the theme. It is useful as a reproduction of various reports and apparitions that were supposed to be more or less diabolical in their origin, but it is very incomplete even as a study of witchcraft, and it is utterly inadequate as a study of the great Personification of Evil, whose shadow has brooded over Christendom for very many centuries. In the first twenty-four chapters there is a great deal of material that will serve for the student of Diabolism, but it is all very incomplete and unsatisfactory. The old spelling is wisely preserved in the reproductions of the reports of the old trials. There is an appendix at the end which is useful, but it would have been much more useful if, while printing all this mass of matter, Mr. Ashton had seen fit to append an index.

MRS. MOLESWORTH'S UNCANNY TALES.†

THIS is a collection of six tales of very unequal merit. There is one story of a ghost which haunted the dip of the road, the ghost of a gamekeeper, who was killed at the spot which his ghost subsequently haunted. The murdered man had been robbed at the time of his master's watch, and ever afterwards he haunted the spot with a face of agonised appeal. The story "Will not take place" has nothing supernatural about it, but merely tells how a young man broke off his engagement with the woman with whom he was devotedly attached, when he discovered that he had contracted leprosy. The story, however, of the book, far the best and the

weirdest one, which makes your flesh creep after the approved orthodox fashion, is the story of the ghost that cast a shadow.

The story is that a family took an old castle by the seaside, and brought the ghost with them. They had brought some tapestry for the furnishing of the castle, which had been brought from the haunted chamber of another house, where it had covered a concealed panel, the existence of which the owner of the house knew nothing. The purchasers of the tapestry, of course, had no suspicion that there was a ghost connected with their purchase. The story tells how first one and then another member of the family made the acquaintance of this disagreeable visitor, and ultimately succeeded in unearthing its secret, and discovering the valuable jewel which was hidden by the secret panel. I read the story at midnight, while the wind was howling around the house, and no other sound was audible but the wind. I can guarantee that it makes you very creepy when it is read under those circumstances. The tapestry was hung up at one end of the gallery, and it was in this gallery that the uncomfortable ghost came, first as an icy cold column of air, and then as a shadow in the moonlight. Mrs. Molesworth works up her effect very cleverly. The small boy of the family first feels it. He turns very white and shivery, and finds it dreadfully cold. It was not exactly a draught, it was just icy all of a sudden. Nothing was thought of it, but the child dreaded the gallery. He not only felt the icy cold air, but there was a sound of breathing, like sighing in a whisper that was always near the door where the tapestry hung. They laughed at him, but it was no use. One night, as he passed that way on going to bed, it was moonlight, and he saw a shadow that went all round the wall, and stopped at the door. "I saw it wagging about," he said, "with its hands," and here he shivered on that funny curtain where it hangs as if it were feeling for a minute or two, and then it just went out. He told his sister, and she questioned him, but the little boy stuck to his tale. "It was no ordinary shadow," he said, "you could not mistake it. It goes along, right along in a creeping way, and then at the door its hands comes farther out, and it feels." "Is it like a man or a woman?" she said, beginning to feel rather creepy. "I think it is most like rather a little man," he replied, "but I am not sure. Its head has got something fuzzy about it. Oh, I know, like a sticking out wig, but lower down it seems wrapped up like a cloak. Oh, it is horrid." The sister determined to go and see for herself. No sooner, however, that she had taken her stand with her back to the window in the haunted gallery than she saw the spectral form creeping along stealthily and steadily right down to the other extreme of the long room, and then grew blacker, more concentrative, and out from the vague outline came two bony hands, and as the child had said, you could see that they were feeling all over the upper part of the door. After the ghastly and apparently fruitless feeling all over the door had ended, the shadow began to move and work its way around the corner towards where she was standing. The sense of horror grew all but intolerable, but they could not escape. It was behind them. "Like no icy breath that I have ever felt before was that momentary but horrible thrill of utter cold. If it lasted another second I think it would have killed us both, for she was standing with her brother, who refused to open his eyes lest he should see the spectre again. Before the shadow returned on its spectral round, they fled." So Mrs. Molesworth goes on telling how the dog saw it, and the

* "The Devil in Britain and America." By John Ashton. London: Ward & Downey.

† "Uncanny Tales." By Mrs. Molesworth. London: Hutchinson & Co.

brother felt it, and the father became aware of its presence until the family fled, taking with them, however, the haunted tapestry. It was not unfolded in the next place where they went, but it was stored the household was conscious of ghastly chills, and when they went to London, and took the curtain in the hall, they discovered to their infinite horror that they had brought the icy shadow along with them. Then it was discovered that the ghost belonged to the tapestry. Being determined at any cost to find out where the tapestry came from, they alighted upon the secret of the lost jewel, which, being found, the ghost ceased to haunt the tapestry any longer. It is a very clever little story, almost good enough to be true.

GHOSTLY TALES BY COUNTESS MUNSTER.*

HERE there are eleven stories, beginning with the Double and ending with the Devil. The Double story is not particularly good, although the Countess certifies that the story, is true. All that it comes to is that a girl saw a lady whom she persisted in regarding as identical with a friend of hers, and who, moreover, answered to the same name when spoken to, sitting in the shop at the same time when her friend was paying a visit at some distance off. The apparent double admitted the name of the original, but denied absolutely ever having known the other lady. The devil story is much better. It is declared to be well authenticated, and tells how a young officer, quartered in an English county town, upon recovering from a severe illness, was visited by an extraordinarily beautiful young man with very pale face, large gloomy eyes, and drooping black moustache. This visitor, who was most charming in manner, full of interesting conversation, on being pressed for his name, declared that it was Satan, and in proof of his diabolical nature told the officer a secret which his mother had carefully preserved from every one, and which was only known to two witnesses beside herself, both of whom were dead. The devil's visit seems to have had no purpose, for after telling this story as a test he said he could stay no longer at that time, bade his astonished host good-night, walked to the centre of the room, and vanished like the flame of a match. The story, "Saved," is a good one, but there is nothing ghostly about it, and the same can be said about the story of an escaped Lunatic in a Bad Quarter of an Hour. One of the best stories in the collection is that which is reprinted from the *Strand Magazine*. She vouches for every word of the tale; nothing has been exaggerated and nothing minimised. She solemnly attests the truth of every word she sets down, with the exception of the name. It is a very good ghost story, whether true or false. Some years ago, says Lady Munster, a lady, who at one time held a post at court, conceived for her the most infatuated admiration. During an illness which overtook her late in life, Lady Munster nursed her, and during this illness her friend used to find strange comfort in telling small events which she declared would happen after her death. Among other things she predicted that she would be dead before a charitable bazaar, for which she had been working, would be held. "But I shall see you standing at your stall, and an old lady will come up to you, and ask if you have any of poor Miss L.'s work, and she will buy it for poor Miss L.'s sake, and you will feel sorry

* "Ghostly Tales." By the Countess of Munster. London: Hutchinson & Co.

for poor Miss L." All this happened exactly even as she had foretold it. On the day of her death the Countess was suddenly called away for half-an-hour, and in that half-an-hour poor Miss L. died. A year and a half after her death Miss L. came to a screen and stood between Lady Munster and the door and looked at her. The church clock was striking twelve. Lady Munster says, "I distinctly noticed her lovely little white ears. She had a smile on her face." She stood for a minute, then glided towards Lady Munster, who jumped up, exclaiming, "Dearest, what brings you here so late?" In a moment the apparition disappeared. Until she disappeared she looked so exactly like her well-known self that Lady Munster really believed she had seen her in the flesh. The stories are illustrated and Lady Munster writes brightly enough, but there is a great difference between the way in which she tells a story and the masterly fashion in which the practised pen of Mrs. Molesworth works up the agony.

A REPRINT OF GREGORY ON MESMERISM.*

MR. REDWAY did a good work in republishing Gregory's *Animal Magnetism*. The worst thing about the book is its title, which labels it an anachronism, so much so that even twelve years ago Mr. Stainton Moses, in his admirable preface to the third edition, considered the propriety of changing it. "It is retained," he tells us, "in deference to the author's choice, and because the work is well-known under its present name."

THE VALUE OF THE BOOK.

In spite of the great advance which has been made of late years in the study of hypnotism, this volume by Dr. Gregory, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, remains a standard work, one which the student of the subject cannot afford to neglect.

The book is indeed in many respects startlingly modern. Dr. Gregory puts forward the claims of the two aspects of Hypnotism which we now recognise as important—its value in therapeutics and in diagnosis—and its value, as Dr. Pierre Janet has so greatly insisted upon, in providing the psychical and psychological observer with material in a fit state for observation.

MESMERISM AND HYPNOTISM.

Moreover Dr. Gregory was well aware of the tendency of the various methods of studying the phenomena, of their unity of aim and ultimate object. He does not discuss differences of name or of detail, but generalises in a fashion surely far in advance of his time.

"It appears, then, from what has been stated, that Electro-biology, Electro-psychology and Hypnotism are essentially the same with Mesmerism, although there is probably some difference in the precise character of the states produced." He fails of course to realise, as so many since his day have failed to realise, that what he calls differences of state are after all only differences of degree.

He fails also to perceive that the different characteristics of the patient may be due to direction, rather than to difference of methods of induction. He points out, for example, that Braid's system was not that of passes, but of fatigue of the eye by gazing at a fixed object, and adds: "It is remarkable that Mr. Braid has not produced in his subject what are called the

* "Animal Magnetism or Mesmerism, and its Phenomena." By the late William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E. 4th Edition. Redway, 1896.

higher phenomena, especially clairvoyance so often met with by those who employ the ordinary mesmeric process,"—the fact being, that Dr. Gregory did not realise that Braid's *suggestions* happened to be mainly therapeutic, while those of other mesmerists were possibly in the direction of clairvoyance; nor that such results are not fairly classified as "higher" and "lower," when they were rather conditions of the direction of the operator, or even, in some cases, of lighter or deeper degrees of hypnosis.

For the same reason—the incomplete recognition of the value of suggestion—we have the old superstition of "mesmerised water," and "odylic influence"; we have moreover a certain exaggeration of the universal importance of hypnotism or mesmerism, and a tendency to make it a condition of the explanation of other phenomena not necessarily connected with it in any degree, such as Crystal-gazing and Second Sight.

On the other hand, in his warnings as to the use and abuse of hypnotism, Dr. Gregory contrives to say almost all that the most advanced and latest science could desire, and his summary of its uses and possibilities at the close of the book leaves even recent discovery little opportunity of addition.

QUEEN MARY'S JEWELS.

Those, who either in BORDERLAND or elsewhere, learnt the story of Queen Mary's Jewels as told in his own charming fashion by Mr. Andrew Lang, will be interested in finding on Page 191, a copy of the document drawn by the clairvoyant, and description of certain articles, subsequently verified by the finding of an inventory of the possessions of the unhappy Queen. Indeed many of the cases described by Dr. Gregory are of unusual interest, recorded as they are with all the care of a man of science alive to the importance of accurate observation.

It would perhaps not be too much to say that the permanence of the value of Dr. Gregory's book, despite the fact of the enormous advance which the last few years have made in the study of hypnotism, is due to the fact that he was an observer, not a theorist. Again and again he points out that for long the observer must be content to observe and record, and leave for those who come after, it may be, to enter into his labours. He writes:—

I am not given to accounting for facts, especially when they have not been fully studied, I am satisfied to observe and to verify, them; (p. 59).

And again:—

You would do me great injustice if you supposed that I propounded the facts contained in these chapters as truths fully ascertained, or duly investigated so as to be understood. On the contrary I give them simply as facts, so attested and authenticated, that we cannot disregard them, least of all on the ground that they are incredible, or that they cannot be explained. They never can be either understood as facts, or explained in the way and degree in which other natural facts are explained or understood, unless they are thoroughly and scientifically investigated. When this shall have been done—and it is no easy task, no matter for an idle hour, or for an evening's entertainment, but a serious, important, and above all, laborious work—we shall find that in proportion as we advance in knowledge of these phenomena, they will lose the character of strangeness and supernaturality which to the ignorant they exhibit. They will arrange themselves under natural laws, whether known or yet to be discovered, as the law of gravitation which had acted from the creation, yet was discovered only about two hundred years ago by Newton.

There, surely we cannot fail to hear the humility, the caution, and the breadth of view of the true man of science.

X.

THE SECRETS OF INITIATION.*

FOR the psychical novel one feels, as a rule, that here fiction has reached its lowest ebb. Being a subject requiring special study, and one especially difficult to handle, it is naturally the prey of the tyro. It is like a curate's sermon, dogmatic, ill-constructed, and cocksure; to be avoided at any price.

In *Les Temples de l'Himalaya* one feels, at least for the first half of the volume, that one has at last got hold of an exception to the rule. The latter half is commonplace and superfluous, but to dwell upon this, after 175 pages of real enjoyment, would be sheer ingratitude, and for the present writer that enjoyment was very real indeed.

When I recommend the book to my friends as something they really "ought to read," they usually reply in superior manner, that they read it "long ago, in English." Long ago means, probably, a few months, and I don't envy them the English. Translations are, as a rule, detestable, but whether this translator by specially efficient, or whether it is a peculiarity of the kind of writing, I cannot tell, but one feels instinctively that for such a book to have been born in any language but French, is an anomaly. The hero is a Frenchman, the book has a certain delicacy and brilliancy of treatment that is essentially French, and the style has none of the usual faults of a translation.

The translator's preface describes the book as "a call to a new orientation of the reigning ideas on cosmogony and human destiny." This is claiming a great deal, but it is certainly not too much to say that it is an exceedingly interesting presentation of the views of oriental philosophy and religion on the origin and destiny of man, and on the conduct of life.

Perhaps one should rather say that it purports to be such a presentation, for it is not for the mere general reader to dogmatise upon its value from this point of view.

It would be interesting to hear the opinions of, say, Colonel Olcott or Mrs. Besant, as to the accuracy, historical and philosophical, of the writer's views on the doctrines of re-incarnation and karma, and on the methods of the Buddhist Seer.

One can judge of the unknown only from the known; the book seems accurate enough so far as one generally interested in such things, but not claiming to be a specialist, can give an opinion. The author speaks, perhaps, with some lack of information on the subject of hypnotism, but such lack is by no means uncommon. Again, one might ask—for information—whether the tom-tom is a musical instrument in use among the Hindoos, and whether (though the question is far from original) there really are districts among the Himalayas where Temples and Monasteries exist even yet unknown to travellers?

The story is of the introduction into such retreats of a French Roman Catholic Bishop, and of his initiation into the first and second degree of their mysteries. The writer even holds out an inviting suggestion of still further revelations in a second volume—*Si non è vero, è ben trovato.* The teaching of the book is so good

* "Dans les Temples de l'Himalaya," par A. Vander Naillen. Translated by Dr. Daniel. Published by P. G. Leymarie, Paris, 1896.

that one feels it *ought* to be true. Even if the philosophy is not true to Buddhism, and I have no reason to suppose it is not, it is at least part of that universal truth which transcends the limitations of creed or sect.

The personality of the hero adds considerably to the interest of the story, the story being nevertheless avowedly a mere frame for the teaching it contains. He is no mere emotional enthusiast, no mere cloister-bred fanatic, but definitely a scholar and a man of the world, who knows something of the secrets of nature and of human nature; a man who entered upon the religious life at a mature age, after tasting the sweet and bitter fruits of Court life.

It is in recognition of the fact that he has already learnt many of the lessons of life, that his initiation into occult secrets is permitted, even without some parts of the usual preliminary training; an interesting example, by the way, of the catholic spirit in which the story is imagined, that it is no part of the writer's theory that such training should be associated with any special creed or dogma. The training of a trappist monk is taken as equivalent, as far as it goes, to that of the monasteries where Buddhist teaching is received.

There is some show of supporting the religious, or rather the psychic, teaching with scientific analogy. This is perhaps not the less interesting and attractive that it carries one back, both as illustration and as teaching, to Ruskin's *Ethics of the Dust*. It is, however, a pity that a Churchman of broad and enlightened views, and having knowledge of life, should be represented as impressed by its novelty. The setting forth of divine truth cannot, *ipso facto*, be new, however original its mode of presentation. We hear much that is interesting and valuable as to crystal-gazing and shell-hearing, of suggestion and self-suggestion, besides much which emphasises the view that one finds so intensely difficult to impress upon the average inquirer, so impossible of comprehension by the mere curiosity-monger, that the psychic gift is not an art to acquire, but an attitude of life—a state to live in, not a mere mental trick to learn. The discourses of the masters are clear and simple, deep and spiritual as is their teaching. The reader who feels sympathy with my point of view of this volume, will do well to close it at the end of the sixth chapter. If we agree so far, he will feel with me, that when the story takes us to Europe and to America, when the priestly Angels cease to be the central figure, the main interest of the story is gone. It becomes, then, a mere "psychic novel," better than most of its class, it is true, but lacking character, and not far from bathos after the charm of the earlier half of the volume.

X.

SOME OTHER "PSYCHIC STORIES."

IN *Sidartha** we fall back to the average level, if not below it. It is called "A Story of Mystery"—it is certainly not a story of interest or information, nor even of grammar. The authoress frankly acknowledges that the book is the first fruits of her pen, let us hope that before she reaps another harvest she may have decided on another sphere, and let "mysteries" alone.

* "Sidartha; a Story of Mystery." By Kathleen Behenna. Digby, Long & Co.

The Rosy Cross,* surely another "first-fruits," is much on the same level of merit, and, moreover, the rosy cross, under a silver star, on a violet binding, is not an encouraging letter of introduction to the contents. The stories, however, are well-meant, and if the authoress will next time let "psychical tales" alone, and confine herself to her secondary subject, kindness to animals, she may some day accomplish good work.

Gods of Gold.†—Mrs. Aylmer Gowing's new volume is very varied as to locality and character, and the "psychic" element being an accident of the story, not its motif, has not, therefore, the strained effect, which commonly makes the psychic novel simply ridiculous. The story is very bright and abounds in the dramatic effects which have made for their author so well deserved a reputation as a writer of poems for recitation.

X.

TWO BOOKS OF VERSE.

Metastasis‡ is a book containing a good deal of reason, but why it should be conveyed in rhyme it is quite impossible to guess. Mr. Tomlinson has considered the theories of subconscious activities, and multiplex personalities, and he finds them very plausible, though not wholly conclusive. The story of Leonie and the researches of M. Janet are the main text-books of his argument, and from them he reasons, as to the earthly pilgrimage and the ultimate destiny of man. *En route* Mr. Tomlinson considers various questions of translation and exegesis, and the doctrines of hell and reincarnation. What he has to say is undoubtedly interesting, and much of it convincing, but his fashion of saying it is somewhat perverse.

The History of a Soul§ is a book which it seems unkind to group with the serious, if somewhat perverse work of F. W. Tomlinson, but this, too, is rhyme—of a kind. The paper and binding do great credit to the publishers, and there one would like to leave the subject, but that it is a public duty to protest against the increasing impertinence of making use of "psychic" conditions as a vehicle for statements wholly without evidence, though in the present case they are too silly to be mischievous.

The soul in question is that—one is ashamed to discover—of poor Philip Bourke Marston, the blind friend of Rossetti, Swinburne, Watts, and others of the same school. We are told that he has figured in Time as Heliobes (has not another lady, who whitewashes the devil, a prior claim on this gentleman?) as Rameses II., Homer, and Mithridates VI. After which he retired to hell for a whole canto, but emerged as Omar I., then as Geoffrey l'Estrange described as "of France," and, finally, as P. B. Marston. Since he passed into eternity Miss Behenna hints he has been consoled by her affections. Such drivel reduces one to the level of saying, Be Hencer! anywhere, anywhere out of a world where you can get into print!

X.

* "The Rosy Cross; and other Psychical Tales." By Mina Sandeman. Roxburghe Press.

† "Gods of Gold." F. V. White & Co., 1896.

‡ "Metastasis." By Wm. R. Tomlinson, late Rector of Sheffield English. Kedway, 1896.

§ "The History of a Soul." By Kathleen Behenna. Digby, Long & Co.

XXIII.—SOME ARTICLES OF THE QUARTER.

We shall be grateful for the Co-operation of Readers of BORDERLAND, 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.

Animals:

Do Animals exist in the Spirit World? *Philosophical Journal*, October 26
Have Animals Karma? *Theosophical Forum*, October
Is it wrong to kill Animals? *Theosophical Forum*, November

Apparitions:

Priest, Apparition of a, *Light of Truth*, December 12
Woman in a clear Sky, A., *Light of Truth*, December 12

Astrology:

Astrological Predictions Fulfilled, *Modern Astrology*, November, December
Curious Horoscope of Matricide, by "Leo" and "Mars, L.R.C.P.", *Modern Astrology*, November
Degrees of the Zodiac Symbolized, *Modern Astrology*, December
Divisions of the Zodiac, "Sepharial," *Herschell's Coming Events*, October
Eoteric Side of Astrology, *Modern Astrology*, December
Fowler, Lorenzo N., Horoscope of, *Modern Astrology*, December
Hawes, Mrs., on Astrology, *Light*, November 14
Horoscopes of American Presidential Election, *Modern Astrology*, October
Horoscope of Consumptive, *Modern Astrology*, October
Immediate War Predicted, *Modern Astrology*, December
Influence of the Stars, Translated by J. M. Ashmand, *Herschell's Coming Events*, October
Kaiser William, Horoscope of, *Herschell's Coming Events*, November
Law of Periodicity, *Modern Astrology*, October
Lessons in Practical Astrology, *Modern Astrology*, November, December
Monthly Predictions, "Leo," *Modern Astrology*, October, November, December
Phrenology, Temperament, and Astrology, *Modern Astrology*, October, November, December
Predictions Fulfilled, "Leo," *Modern Astrology*, December
Reincarnation and Astrology, *Modern Astrology*, November, December
Secondary Influences of Planets, "Leo," *Modern Astrology*, December
Signatures of the Zodiac, "Sepharial," *Herschell's Coming Events*, November
Signs and Planets, "Leo," *Modern Astrology*, November
Simple Lessons in Astrology, *Modern Astrology*, October
Sultan of Turkey, Predictions concerning the, *Herschell's Coming Events*, November
Theoretical Basis of Astrology, "Leo," *Modern Astrology*, October, November, December
Tsar of Russia, Horoscope of, *Herschell's Coming Events*, October

Automatism:

Automatic Writing, *Light*, October 17

Biography:

Agastya and his Devi Sutras, *Theosophist*, November, December
Arsenius, a Saint of the Egyptian Desert, *Theosophist*, November
Cooper, W. T., Sketch with Portrait, *Two Worlds*, November 13
Marsh, Miss E., *Two Worlds*, November 27
Maximus; Lives of the Later Platonists, *Lucifer*, October
Priscus; Lives of the Later Platonists, *Lucifer*, November
Richmond, Mrs. Cora L. V., Sketch of, *Harbinger of Light*, October
Rogers, E. Dawson, Sketch and Portrait, *Banner of Light*, December 26
Sargent, Epes, Sketch and Portrait, *Banner of Light*, October 24
Savage, Rev. J. M., Sketch and Portrait, *Two Worlds*, November 6
Wild, T., Sketch and Portrait, *Two Worlds*, November 20

"Borderland" Notices:

Harbinger of Light, October, General Review
Light, October 21, General Review
Light of Truth, November 14, on a Verisimilitude Dream, Hypnotism Defined; November 21, Thief-Catching by Magic; December 5, Psychic Suggestions from Science
Lucifer, November, General Review
Modern Astrology, December, General Notice
Philosophical Journal, November 21, General Notice
Spiritual Review, November, General Criticism
Theosophic Gleaner, December, General Review
Theosophist, December, General Review

Buddhism:

Buddhism Defined by Dr. Paul Carus, *Maha-Buddhi Society*, December
Buddhism in Japan, *Maha-Buddhi Society*, October
Five Moral Precepts of Buddhism, The, *Luddhist*, October 15
Karma, Nirvana and Yoga, *Maha-Buddhi Society*, October
Ordinance Regulating Annual Pilgrimages, *Buddhist*, November 6
Real Mahatmas, A., by Max Müller, *Buddhist*, September, 18, 25; October 2, 9, 16
Traces of Buddhism in Norway, *Buddhist*, September 11
Will Buddha Reincarnate? *Vahan*, October

Clairvoyance:

Clairvoyance and Mind Reading, *Light*, October 10, 17, 31; November 7
Development of Clairvoyance, *Philosophical Journal*, December 5
Nature of Clairvoyance, J. J. More, *Philosophical Journal*, October 10

Divining:

Divination, *Ourselves*, October, November
Greek and Roman Divination, *Spiritual Review*, November
Rationales of Prophecy, The, *Metaphysical Magazine*, December
Unimpeachable Presentiment, An, *Light*, December 19

Dreams:

Significant Dreams, *Metaphysical Magazine*, October

Healing:

Mental v. Physical Origin of Disease, *Metaphysical Magazine*, December
Metaphysicians as Reformers, *Metaphysical Magazine*, December
Purpose of Mental Healing, *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*, November
Self-help in Mental Healing, *Metaphysical Magazine*, December
What is it that Heals? *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*, December
Worry; How to Stop it, *Journal of Hygiene*, November

Hypnotism:

Cases Treated at Chicago School of Psychology, H. A. Tarkyn, M. D., *Hypnotic Magazine*, October
Dangers of Hypnotism, *Light*, December, 19
Doctor Bernheim's Clinic, Sydney Flower, *Hypnotic Magazine*, October
Drink Habit Cured by Hypnotism, *Light of Truth*, December 19
Hypnotic Suggestion, *Metaphysical Magazine*, December
Science and Practice of Therapeutic Suggestion, by M. H. Lackersteen, M. D., *M.R.C.S.*, *Hypnotic Magazine*, October
Secrets of Mesmerism, *Light of Truth*, December 25
Suggestion in General Practice, A. C. Halphide, M. D., *Hypnotic Magazine*, October
Suggestion without Hypnotism, C. M. Burrows, *Banner of Light*, October 10, 17, 24, 31
Suggestion as a Therapeutic Agent, *Metaphysical Magazine*, November
Surgical Operations Performed with Aid of Suggestion, C. G. Davies, M. D., *Hypnotic Magazine*, October

Magic and Mysticism:

Esoteric Theology, Dr. Burks Hutchinson, *Spiritual Review*, October
Freemasonry and Science, by Aesculapius Theosophicus, *Spiritual Review*, December
Occult Man, by Dr. Hoffmann, *Harbinger of Light*, October, November
Occultism among the Tahitians, *Metaphysical Magazine*, October
Occultism from India, *Philosophical Journal*, November 21
Occultism in English Poetry, Ivy Hooper, *Lucifer*, October, November
Occultism in Medicine, *Theosophic Isis*, December
Spiritual Religion and Occultism, *Light of Truth*, September 19

Mediums and Mediumship:

Cure of Hallucinations, *Metaphysical Magazine*, December
Dematerialisation of a Medium, *Light*, November 21
Effect of Thunder on Mediums, *Spiritual Review*, October
French Seeress, A., *Theosophist*, December
Further Experiments with Eusapia Palladino, *Light*, November, 21
Good Mediums wanted in South Africa, *Light*, November 7
Hypnotism in Mediumship Development, *Light of Truth*, October 10
Keyto Materialisation, by E. d'Esperance, *Spiritual Review*, October
Levitation explained by Theosophy, *Vahan*, November
Medium and Forms in Full View, *This World and the Next*, August
Mysteries of Mediumship, *Light*, November, 7, 14-21
Phenomena of Mediumship, *Harbinger of Light*, November
Science of Mediumship, *Harbinger of Light*, October
Séances with Mr. Craddock, *Light*, October 31
Story of my Mediumship, by Mrs. d'Esperance, *Light*, November 28
Wise Woman of Endor, The, *Light*, October 10

Miscellaneous:

How the Planet Incarnated the First Spiritual Germ, *Light of Truth*, November 21
Jujitsu, *Lucifer*, November
Metaphysics in Modern Literature, *Metaphysical Magazine*, November
Peril of Encouraging the Persecuting Spirit, B. O. Flower, *Arena*, October

Personal:

Barrett, H. D., on Spiritualism in Great Britain, *Two Worlds*, October 30
Besant, Mrs. Annie, Address at Bamfurda, *Theosophic Gleaner*, October
Besant, Mrs. Annie, On the Light and Dark Sides of Nature, *Lucifer*, October
Blavatsky, H. P., On Psychology, *Lucifer*, October
Blavatsky, H. P., on Modern Localism, *Theosophist*, October
Brigham, Mrs. H. T., Life and Labour, *Banner of Light*, December 12
Britten, Mrs. E. H., on Greek and Roman Divination, *Spiritual Review*, November
Britten, Emma Hardinge, on Greek and Roman Divination, *Spiritual Review*, November
Burrows, Herbert, on Science and the Life Beyond, *Light*, November 28, December 5
D'Esperance, Mrs. E., on The Story of My Mediumship, *Light*, November 28
Fowler, Lorenzo Niles, Horoscope of, *Modern Astrology*, December

Leadbeater, C. W., Steps of the Spiritual Path, *Lucifer*, October
 Leadbeater, C. W., on Guardian Angels, *Lucifer*, December
 Leeder, H. J., Sketch with Portrait, *Two Worlds*, December 4
 Mead, G. R. S., on Maximus, *Lucifer*, October
 Morse, J. J., on Latent Faculties, *Banner of Light*, November 21
 Morse, J. J., What do We Stand For? *Banner of Light*, December 19
 Olcott, H. S., Old Diary Leaves, *Theosophist*, October, November, December; on a French Seeress, *Theosophist*, December
 Paladino, Eusapia, Experiments with, *Light*, November 21
 Paladino, Eusapia, New Experiments with, *Banner of Light*, December 12
 Tingley, Mrs., Katherine, A. Address at Bombay, *Theosophic Isis*, December
 Tuttle, Hudson, on Lyceum Work, *Banner of Light*, November 28
 Tuttle, Hudson, on a Christmas Gift from the Dead, *Banner of Light*, December 19
 Underwood, B. F., Colour of Voices, *Light of Truth*, November 7
 Veitch, James, Sketch with Portrait, *Two Worlds*, December 11
 Wedemeyer, Mrs., Sketch with Portrait, *Two Worlds*, December 18
 Whiting, Lilian, on The World Beautiful, *Banner of Light*, November 7

Phrenology:

Cranial Psychology, *Spiritual Review*, November, December

Psychic:

Case of Double Consciousness, *Hypnotic Magazine*, October
 Decline of Materialism, *Light of Truth*, November 28
 Fundamental Principles of Psychic Science, *Two Worlds*, October 16, 23; November 6
 Individualisation of Spirit, *Philosophical Journal*, October 28
 Intuitive Development, *Metaphysical Magazine*, December
 Is there Infallible Revelation, *Arena*, November
 New Science of Spirit, Hudson Tuttle, *Banner of Light*, December 5
 Psychology, the science of the Soul, H. P. B., *Lucifer*, October
 Psychometry Explained, *Light of Truth*, November 28
 Soul Evolution, *Arena*, October
 Subliminal Consciousness, *Banner of Light*, December 19

Religion:

Christianity and Reforms, *Arena*, October
 Hegel's Monism and Christianity, *Monist*, October
 Is an Infallible Revelation Necessary, Rev. T. E. Allen, *Arena*, November
 Origin of Christianity, *Light of Truth*, October 8, 10

Science:

Glow Worms as X Rays, *Light of Truth*, December 19
 Röntgen Rays, *Two Worlds*, December 11

Spiritualism:

Advice to Engineers, *This World and the Next*, July
 Are Spiritualists in Earnest, J. W. Fletcher, *Banner of Light*, November 21
 Blessings of Spiritualism, A. F. Tindall, November, December
 Children in Spirit Lite, M. B. Little, *Banner of Light*, October 17
 Everyday Spirit Lite, *Light*, October 17
 Future of Spiritualism, *Light of Truth*, November 14
 Guardian Angels, C. W. Leadbeater, *Lucifer*, December
 Heaven, by Abby Morton Diaz, *Banner of Light*, November 14
 Intervention of Spirits, *Banner of Light*, December 19
 Israelites and Body, Spirit and Ghost, *Banner of Light*, November 23
 Jubilee of Spiritualism, *Banner of Light*, November 28
 Key to Materialisations, E. L'Esperance, *Spiritual Review*, October
 Lyceum Work, Hudson Tuttle, *Banner of Light*, November 28
 Mysterious Face on a Wall, *Light of Truth*, November 14
 National Association of Spiritualists at Washington, *Banner of Light*, October 31
 Object Transported from Battersea to Hampstead, *Light*, November 21
 Occultism and Spiritualism, *Light*, October 3, 17, 24
 Personal Identity of Spirit Forms Tested, *Light*, December 5, 12, 19
 Present Crisis in Spiritualism, *Philosophical Journal*, October 26
 Relation of Spiritualism to Religion, *Harbinger of Light*, October
 Reunions for Psychic Development, *Light*, November 14, 21
 Science and Spiritualism, *Light*, December 12
 Socialism and Spiritualism, *Two Worlds*, October 16, 23; November 6
 Spirit Companionship, *Banner of Light*, November 21
 Spirit Teachings, W. Stainton Moses, *Light*, October 10, 24; December 26

Spiritualism, a Living Light, M. E. Cadwallader, *Banner of Light*, December 19
 Spiritualism as it is, J. M. Peebles, M.D., *Two Worlds*, October 9
 Spiritualism in Great Britain, *Banner of Light*, October 31
 Spiritualism versus Orthodoxy, *Two Worlds*, December 25
 Theory of Subs, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, *Banner of Light*, December 19
 Transforming Power of Spiritualism, *Light*, October 31
 What is Spiritualism? *Banner of Light*, October 24

Spirit Photography:

Chinese Psychic Pictures, *Two Worlds*, November 13
 Externalization of Mental Pictures, H. Venman, *Two Worlds*, November 13, 20, 27
 Interview with Dr. Baraduc, Questor Vitae, *Light*, December 12
 Photography of the Invisible, *This World and the Next*, July
 Photography of Life and Thought accomplished by Dr. Baraduc, Bertram Keighley, *Theosophist*, October
 Psychic Photography, *Light*, October 3
 Recognised Psychic Photographs, *Light*, October 17
 Spirit Portraiture through the Misses Bangs, of Chicago, *Light of Truth*, October 3

Telepathy:

Power of United Thought, *Light of Truth*, October 17
 Test of Mind Reading, *Light of Truth*, October 17

Theosophy:

Ascentism in Theosophy, *Lucifer*, December
 Aura of Plants, from *Mercury*, *Theosophic Gleaner*, November
 Boehme, Jacob, and the Secret Doctrine, W. Q. Judge, *Theosophy*, November
 Can the Soul Die? *Theosophical Forum*, December
 Compensation, *Theosophy*, October
 "Conversion" according to Theosophy, *Vahan*, November
 Development of Power, Knowledge, and Love, *Lucifer*, December
 Development through Reincarnation, *Metaphysical Magazine*, October
 Dimension of Auras, *Vahan*, November
 Evolution, by Mrs. Besant, *Lucifer*, November
 Evolution and Reincarnation, *Lamp*, December 15
 Factors in Human Evolution, *Theosophic Gleaner*, October
 First Principles of Theosophy, *Light of Truth*, October 3
 Hindu Books on Predestination, *Theosophist*, November
 Invisible Helpers, C. W. Leadbeater, *Lucifer*, November
 Interpretation of Emerson's Brahma, *Journal of Practical Metaphysics*, December
 Is there Accidental Karma? *Theosophical Forum*, December
 Karma and Salvation by Works, *Metaphysical Magazine*, November
 Karma in Modern Theosophy, *Metaphysical Magazine*, October
 Levitation explained by Theosophy, *Vahan*, November
 Light and Dark Sides of Nature, Mrs. Besant, *Lucifer*, October
 Man—the Master of His Own Destiny, by Mrs. Besant, *Theosophic Gleaner*, October
 Modern Idealism worse than Materialism, H. P. Blavatsky, *Theosophist*, October
 Old Diary Leaves, H. S. Olcott, *Theosophist*, October, November, December
 Proof of Mahatmas, *Theosophy*, October
 Power of an Endless Life, The, *Lucifer*, October
 Record of Crusades Abroad, *Theosophy*, October, November, December
 Reincarnation and the Early Church, *Vahan*, October
 Sarikhya Philosophy, The, *Lucifer*, October
 Science of the Soul, The, H. P. Blavatsky, *Lucifer*, October
 Scientific Corroboration of Theosophy, *Theosophist*, October
 Sixth Annual Convention of the Indian Section of the T. S., Report of, *Prasannata*, October, November
 Steps of the Spiritual Path, C. W. Leadbeater, *Lucifer*, October
 Theosophy in Practice, Alexander Fullerton, *Theosophist*, October, November
 Theosophy in the Home, *Theosophy*, November
 Training of Children, *Theosophy*, December
 True Theosophists, *Theosophic Gleaner*, October
 Why is there an Inner Circle? *Theosophy*, December
 Work of the "Crusaders," by M. S. Tingley, *Theosophic Isis*, December

Visions:

Suicide of the Past seen in Paris, *Light*, December 26
 Vision seen by Charles XI. of Sweden, *Philosophical Journal*, November

XXIV.—LEADING CONTENTS OF PSYCHICAL PERIODICALS.

OCTOBER—DECEMBER.

Annales des Sciences Psychiques. Paris, 108, Boulevard S. Germain.

September-October.

Telepathic Hallucinations. Dr. L. Morisse
 On the Formation of the Double. M. Maugin
 The Case of Mlle. Condédon. Dr. Le M. de Chésnais
 Automatism: Miss X. and the Burton Case. M. Maugin
 The Precursors of Spiritualism. M. Petrov-Solov'ev

Arena. Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d.

October.

The Religion of Jesus Christ in its Relation to Christianity and Reforms. Rev. G. D. Coleman
 The Peril of Encouraging the Persecuting Spirit. B. O. Flower
 Are our Missionaries in India Frauds? Soul Evolution
 November.
 Can We have an Infallible Revelation? Rev. T. E. Allen,

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<p>The Life of the Spirit. Lilian Whiting December.</p> <p>Practical Christianity: a Symposium. Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. R. B. Tobey, Mary A. Livermore, Rev. R. E. Bisbee, Rev. E. E. Hale</p> <p>Banner of Light. 9, Bosworth Street, Boston. \$2.00 per annum.</p> <p>The Necessity and Universality of Spiritualism October 3.</p> <p>Suggestion without Hypnotism October 10.</p> <p>Is the Cause of Spiritualism Advancing ?</p> <p>Suggestion without Hypnotism (continued) October 17.</p> <p>Little Children in Heaven. M. B. Little</p> <p>What is Spiritualism ? October 24.</p> <p>Epes Sargent</p> <p>Suggestion without Hypnotism Oc'ober 31.</p> <p>National Association of Spiritualists at Washington, Spiritualism in Great Britain</p> <p>Suggestion without Hypnotism November 7.</p> <p>Spiritual Gleanings. J. W. Fletcher</p> <p>The World Beautiful. Lilian Whiting November 14.</p> <p>Heaven. Abby Morton Diaz November 21.</p> <p>Man's Latent Faculties. J. J. Morse</p> <p>Spirit Companionship</p> <p>Mass. State Association of Spiritualists' Convention November 28.</p> <p>Jubilee of Spiritualism</p> <p>Lyceum Work. Hudson Tuttle</p> <p>Are Spiritualists in Earnest ? J. W. Fletcher December 5.</p> <p>Psychic Research : New Science of Spirit. Hudson Tuttle December 12.</p> <p>New Experiments with Eusapia Paladino December 19.</p> <p>Theory of the Subliminal Consciousness. Dr. F. L. H. Willis</p> <p>What do We Stand For ? J. J. Morse</p> <p>Spirit Intervention. Henry Forbes December 26.</p> <p>E. Dawson Rogers. Sketch and portrait Between Two Slates</p> <p>Buddhist. Colombo, Ceylon. 10s. per annum. September 11.</p> <p>Traces of Buddhism in Norway September 18, 25.</p> <p>A Real Mahatman. Prof. Max Muller Temptations October 2, 9.</p> <p>A Real Mahatman. Prof. Max Muller October 16.</p> <p>Prayer and Vow. C. P. Jayasena October 23, 30.</p> <p>Coincidences. Prof. Max Muller</p> <p>A Real Mahatman (continued) November 6.</p> <p>Coincidences (continued)</p> <p>Ordinance Relating to Pilgrimages November 20.</p> <p>Coincidences (continued)</p> <p>Deutsche Revue. Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart, &c. 24 marks per annum. October. November.</p> <p>Black Magic at the Court of Louis XIV.</p> <p>Poison and the Black Art under Louis XIV. (conclusion) December.</p> <p>Esoteric. Applegate, Placer County, California. \$1.75 per annum. December.</p> <p>What is Karma ? H. E. Butler</p> <p>The Seren Creative Principles</p> <p>Delineation of Character by Solar Biology</p> <p>Führer. E. Neuhaus, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A. November.</p> <p>Physiology and Occultism</p> <p>Why is Spiritualism Unpopular ?</p> <p>Dr. Pierre Janet at the Munich Congress</p>	<p>Harbinger of Light. W. H. Terry, Melbourne. 6s. per annum.</p> <p>October.</p> <p>Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond (sketch) Mediumship. By Mrs. M. M. King</p> <p>Spiritualism and its Relation to Religion</p> <p>The Occult Man. Lecture by Dr. Hoffmann November.</p> <p>Phenomena of Mediumship</p> <p>The Occult Man. Dr. Hoffmann</p> <p>Doubt as an Element of Spiritual Progress</p> <p>Herschell's Coming Events. 4, Pilgrim Street, E.C. 4s. per annum.</p> <p>October.</p> <p>Horoscope of the Tsar Sepharial's Manual of Horoscopy</p> <p>Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos Speculations November.</p> <p>The Sultan of Turkey</p> <p>Horoscope of Kaiser William</p> <p>Sepharial's Manual of Horoscopy</p> <p>Predictions Speculations</p> <p>Hypnotic Magazine. 56, Fifth Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A. 7s. 6d. per annum.</p> <p>October.</p> <p>Science and Practice of Suggestive Therapeutics. M. H. Lackenstein, M.D., M.R.C.S.</p> <p>Report of the Chicago School of Psychology</p> <p>Suggestive Therapeutics in General Practice</p> <p>Hypnotism : Its Application in Surgery. Chas. G. Davies, M.D.</p> <p>Irish Theosophist. 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin. 4s. per annum.</p> <p>October.</p> <p>"The Bhagavad Gi'a" in Practical Life. Julia W. L. Keightley</p> <p>The World Knoweth Us Not. W. Q. Judge</p> <p>The Virtues that do Most Easily Beset Us. Charlotte E. Woods November.</p> <p>"The Bhagavad Gita" in Practical Life</p> <p>The Virtues that do Most Easily Beset Us</p> <p>The Power of Thought December.</p> <p>"The Bhagavad Gita" in Practical Life. Julia W. L. Keightley</p> <p>Isis Moderne. Paris, 11, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. 12 frs. per annum.</p> <p>October.</p> <p>Naundorf, Father of Neo-Spiritualism. J. Bois</p> <p>Case of Miss M. Fancher (continued). J. de Voragine November.</p> <p>Case of Miss M. Fancher (continued). J. de Voragine</p> <p>Journal du Magnetisme. Paris, 23, Rue S. Merri. September, October.</p> <p>Studies of Great Magnetisers (Puységur)</p> <p>Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society. 2, Greek Row, Calcutta. 4s. per annum.</p> <p>October.</p> <p>Karma, Nirvâna, and Yoga</p> <p>Buddhism in Japan November.</p> <p>Why am I a Vegetarian ? Nirvâna December.</p> <p>What is Buddhism ? By Dr. Paul Carus</p> <p>The Buddhist Council under Asoka</p> <p>Journal of Practical Metaphysics. Horatio W. Dresser, Editor. Monthly. Gay & Bird. 4s. per annum. November.</p> <p>An Interpretation of Emerson's Brahma</p> <p>Selections from MS. of Julius A. Dresser</p> <p>The Purpose of Mental Healing December.</p> <p>The Omnipresent Wisdom. MS. of J. A. Dresser</p> <p>The Church of the Higher Life</p> <p>What is it that Heals ?</p> <p>Kritik. Berlin. S.W. 46, Hedemannstrasse. 50 Pf. a. number.</p> <p>October.</p> <p>The Sixth Sense. Carl du Prel</p> <p>Animism and Spiritism. Ernst Dietze</p>
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September.
Justice (concluded). Wm. Scott

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October.

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November.
The Ulterior Object
December.

Evolution and Reincarnation

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October 3.
Amalgamate or Co-operate

Psychic Photography
Spiritualism and Occultism

October 10.
Spirit Teachings. W. Stainton Moses

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Clairvoyance and Mind-Reading

October 17.
Spiritualism and Occultism

Spirit Life Every Day

The Testimony of the Ages to Modern Spiritualism

Automatic Writing

Clairvoyance or Mind-Reading

October 24.
Spirit Teachings. W. Stainton Moses

The Greatest of All Lessons

Spiritualism and Occultism

October 31.
Clairvoyance or Mind-Reading

Spiritualism, a Transforming Power

Dr. J. R. Buchanan and "Primitive Christianity"

Séances with Mr. Craddock

November 7.
Conviction of Jane Lee for Fortune Telling

Remarkable Séances

Is Dr. Parker among the Prophets

Mysteries of Mediumship

Clairvoyance or Mind-Reading

November 14.
Duties to Our Mediums

Mysteries of Mediumship

Mrs. Haweis on Astrology

The Spirit Physician, "Edina"

Reunions for Psychic Development

November 21.
Further Experiments with Eusapia

Dematerialisation of a Medium

Mysteries of Mediumship

Some Physical Phenomena

November 28.
Science and the Life Beyond. H. Burrows

The Story of My Mediumship. Mrs. d'Esperance

December 5.
Science and the Life Beyond

Personal Identity of Spirit Forms Tested

Thomas Lake Harris

December 12.
Personal Identity of Spirit Forms Tested

More Psychic Photography

New Spiritualism. Richard Harte

Thought Photographer

December 19.
Personal Identity of Spirit Forms Tested

Hypnotism

New Spiritualism

December 26.
Spirit Teachings. By W. Stainton Moses

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Shall We Live After Death
Real and Apparent Man. Swami Vivekananda

October.
Lecture on Hinduism

The Art of Mind-Building

The Vedanta. Swami Vivekananda

Religious Evolution in Ancient India

November.
Religious Evolution in Ancient India

Krishna's Nativity

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\$100 per annum.

September 26.
Oculism and Spiritual Religion. A. F. Tindall

Spiritual Progress of Man

October 3.

Origin of Christianity
Invisible Forces that We Meet

October 10.

Origin of Christianity
Needs of the Hour

October 17.

Needs of the Hour
Practising Adeptship

October 24.

A Word to Investigating Skeptics
Psychic Emanations

November 7.

Colour of Voices. B. F. Underwood

Vibrating Waves in Nature

November 14.

Future of Spiritualism
Wm. Thomas Stead. Sketch and Portrait

November 21.

Origin of the First Physical Body
B. F. Underwood. Sketch and Portrait

November 28.

Significance of Psychometry
Materialism

December 5.

Regular Employment of Mediums
Thought Transference

December 12.

Psychic Forces. B. F. Underwood

Apparition of a Woman

December 19.

The Glow Worm as an X Ray
Hypnotism to Cure Drunkenness

Lotus Bleu. Paris, 11, Rue de La Chaussée d'Antin. 12 francs per annum.

October.

The Human Aura. C. Leadbeater

Karma (continued). Mrs. Besant

November.

Karma (concluded). Mrs. Besant

Regulations of the Theosophical Society. H. S. Olcott

December.

Dreams. C. Leadbeater

Forms of Thought. Dr. Pascal

Lotusblüthen. W. Friedrich, Leipzig. 10 marks per annum.

October.

The Theosophical Society in Germany

Theosophy in China

November.

The Theosophical Society in Germany

Theosophy in China (continued)

The Yoga-Sleep

December.

Theosophy in China

December.

Lucifer. 26, Charing Cross, London. 17s. 6d. per annum.

October.

Psychology, the Science of the Soul. By H. P. Blavatsky

Lives of the Later Platonists: Maximus. G. R. S. Mead

The Light and Dark Sides of Nature. Mrs. Besant

Letters to a Catholic Priest. A. A. Wells

The Steps of the Path. C. W. Leadbeater

The Power of an Endless Life. Alex. Fullerton

The Sankhya Philosophy. Bertram Keightley

Occultism in English Poetry

November.

The Light and Dark Sides of Nature. Mrs. Besant

The Lives of the Later Platonists. G. R. S. Mead

Jujitsu. Chas. Harvey

The Theosophy of Eckhartshausen. Mrs. Sinnett

Occultism in English Poetry. Ivy Hooper

The Power of an Endless Life. Alex. Fullerton

Power, Knowledge, and Love. Francesca Arundale

Invisible Helpers. C. W. Leadbeater

The New Gnostic MS. G.R.S.M.

December.

Theosophical Asceiticism. Dr. A. A. Wells

Power, Knowledge, and Love

Among the Gnostics of the First Two Centuries. G. R. S. Mead

Invisible Helpers. C. W. Leadbeater

The Sankhya Philosophy. Bertram Keightley

The Unknown Philosopher

Christianity According to Tolstoy. Hon. O'way Cuffe

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Lumière. Paris—Auteuil, Boulevard Montmorency, 97. 7 francs per annum.	November.
October 27.	
Thought Photography Photographing Dreams The Apparitions at Tilly	December.
November 27.	
The Horrors of the Present The Prophet of Tilly Enquiry into a Case of Dematerialisation	October 10.
Messager. Liège. 10 cmes. per month.	October 24.
October.	
The Visible and the Invisible World Prophets, Thaumaturges, and Mediums of Antiquity Minoff, the Thought-reader	November 7.
December.	
Policy of the Roman Church	November 21.
Metaphysical Magazine.	December 5.
October.	
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November.	
Unity of Man and Nature Transmission of Qualities Karma and Salvation by Works The Spiritual Principle Suggestion as a Therapeutic Agent	October, November.
December.	
Inspiration. Charles Johnston Mystery in Man Hypnotic Suggestion. A. V. Abbott Intuitive Development. Henry Wood The Rationale of Prophecy The Metaphysician as a Reformer Psychic and Healing Experiences	Report of Sixth Annual Convention of the Indian Section of the T. S. Bertram Keightley, Gen. Sec.
Metaphysische Rundschau. Metaphysische Verlag, Berlin-Zehlendorf, Parkstrasse, 8. 18 marks per annum.	November.
November.	
The Theoretical Basis of Astrology. Alan Leo The Power of Thought. Prof. P. Braun	December.
Modern Astrology. 1 & 2, Bouverie Street, London. 10s. 6d. per annum.	October.
October.	
American Presidential Election The Law of Periodicity Curious Horoscopes Theoretical Basis of Astrology Phrenology, Temperament, and Astrology Monthly Predictions. "Leo" Simple Method of Instruction in Astrology	Case of Premonition
November.	
The Esoteric side of Astrology Reincarnation The Theoretical Basis of Astrology Phrenology, Temperament, and Astrology Curious Horoscopes: Matricide	Telepathic Experiences
December.	
The Esoteric Side of Astrology Reincarnation Predictions Fulfilled A Simple Method of Instruction in Practical Astrology Horoscope of Lorenzo. N. Fowler Theoretical Basis of Astrology. "Leo"	Recent Experiences of Eusapia Palladino
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Scottish Lodge Papers. 9, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, London. 6d. Vol. III, No. 9.

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