

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Frontispiece: Professor Oliver J. Lodge.		X.—Spiritualism (<i>continued</i>):	
I.—Chronique of the Quarter	115	(10.) The Cyprian Priestess	179
II.—A Message from "Julia" & The Open Door to the Open Secret	118	(11.) Mrs. Graddon's Gifts	180
III.—Our Gallery of Borderlanders. Professor W. Crookes	124	(12.) A Spiritualist Directory	180
(1.) His Scientific Work	125	(13.) Mr. Gladstone and Spiritism	180
(2.) His Psychic Researches	126	(14.) A Spiritualist's Bequest	180
IV.—A Scientific Gulliver's Travels: Professor Crooke's Inaugural Address to the S.P.R. ..	133	XI.—The Mysteries of Indian Magic:	
V.—Sardou's "Spiritisme": Translation, Inter- view, and Letters from Sardou. (Illustrated) ..	143	(1.) Wonders of Mr. Jacobs and Prof. Jhingan	181
VI.—The Land of Faëry. By Miss X.	153	(2.) More about Mr. Jacob	185
VII.—The Attitude of Spiritualists to Men of Science. By Professor Oliver Lodge	160	XII.—The Immortality of the Soul: From the Standpoint of Critical Philosophy. By Polyopo. (Illustrated)	187
VIII.—Hauntings Up-to-Date:		XIII.—Astrology:	
(1.) The Ghost I saw at Clandon. By Miss X.	167	(1.) Predictions, verified and otherwise ..	197
(2.) Queen Elizabeth's Ghost at Windsor ..	169	(2.) Brighton "A" Stock. By Mr. Richard Bland	197
(3.) A Haunted Ship of Long Ago	170	(3.) Astrology, by Mr. Lock	198
IX.—The Prayer Telephone, and a Suggestion:		(4.) A Defence of Horary Astrology. By Mr. Bland	198
(1.) Some Testimonies	171	XIV.—Miscellaneous:	
(2.) A Suggestion	173	(1.) The Marconi Waves	200
X.—Spiritualism:		(2.) Strange Tales of the X Rays	200
(1.) Eusapia Paladino again	174	(3.) Dreams and Dreaming	201
(2.) An Explanation Wanted	175	(4.) Some Prophecies awaiting Fulfilment ..	201
(3.) London Spiritualist Alliance	176	(5.) Some Premonitions	203
(4.) Birmingham Spiritual Evidence Society ..	176	(6.) Have Squirrels Souls?	203
(5.) That Wooden Legged Ghost!	177	(7.) How the Senses can be Tricked	204
(6.) M. Tissot's Spiritualism	178	(8.) Mr. Andrew Lang's Latest Psychic Tale	204
(7.) Mr. H. W. Lucy and Charles Dickens's Ghost	178	(9.) The Will-o'-the-Wisp	205
(8.) The Religious Importance of Spiritual- ism	179	(10.) Prosecutions for Palmistry	205
(9.) A Prayer for the Dead	179	(11.) Witches and Witchcraft	206
		XV.—Books about Borderland:	
		(1.) Life and Letters of Jowett	207
		(2.) Lord Roberts as a Borderlander	208
		(3.) The Facts of Being	211
		(4.) The Heaven of the Bible	212
		(5.) Marie Corelli's "Ziska"	213
		(6.) Du Maurier's Posthumous Romance ..	215
		(7.) Borderland Fiction	216
		XVI.—Some Articles of the Quarter	217
		XVII.—Leading Contents of Psychic Periodi- cals	219



[Photo by Barraud, Limited, 263, Oxford Street.]

PROFESSOR OLIVER JOSEPH LODGE, F.R.S., D.Sc., LL.D.

BORDERLAND:

A QUARTERLY REVIEW AND INDEX.

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1897.

No. 2.

I.—CHRONIQUE OF THE QUARTER.

April 15, 1897.

THIS QUARTER'S BORDERLAND.

NEVER since this quarterly was published have I had the good fortune to issue so rich and varied a number as the present. Never have I had the assistance of so many contributors, and never has any quarter yielded a more valuable harvest for the explorer of the Borderland. The two addresses of Professor Crookes and Professor Oliver Lodge are in themselves notable indications of the attention which the leading scientists of the day are paying to the phenomena which beckon mankind to the discovery of a new and unknown world. M. Sardou is as supreme on the stage as Professor Crookes is in science, and our readers will find in the translation of "Spiritisme" the psychic problem discussed in the terse and witty dialogue of the Parisian stage. To balance the light frivolity of the drama, the philosophic reader will find ten solid pages devoted to an exposition of the truth of immortality from the standpoint of Emmanuel Kant by a devoted disciple and countryman of the philosopher, while Indian correspondents describe the exploits of some notable Indian magicians. But the recorded marvel of the Marconi rays enables the West to feel it is in no way behind the East in the production of modern miracles. Of haunted houses there is no lack. Miss X. has seen and describes the ghostly lady of Clandon House, while a lieutenant of the Guards vouches for it that he has seen the ghost of Queen Elizabeth at Windsor. Finally, and certainly most important of all, if it is verified by the result of the experiments to be tried this quarter, is the message from "Julia," on "The Open Door to the Open Secret."

"THE OPEN DOOR TO THE OPEN SECRET."

"Julia's" message, to which she attaches great im-

portance, is startling enough to compel attention, even if our sober judgment should reject her assertions as too incredible to be imagined. What she has to say is, briefly, that by the cultivation of the higher soul or the inner self by pursuing the very simple elementary practices of seclusion, solitude, meditation, and patience, it is possible so far to emancipate ourselves from the domination of the tyrant material senses, as to be able to hold actual converse with distant friends, whether embodied or disembodied. This, if true, would undoubtedly mark a triumph of mind over matter, that would justify all that she says of it as a deliverance of the soul from the cell of physical consciousness, and making it a free citizen of the world. But is it true? Despite the confirmation of Rosicrucian, Theosophist, and Swedenborgian, I have my doubts. That the message was written by my hand I know. That other messages written in the same way have been subsequently verified by experience is true. But such a doubting Thomas am I that I must confess that if "Julia's" statement be verified this quarter, and I am able actually to see and hear and touch the projected Double of a friend summoned by my will across a continent in a moment of time, I shall be most agreeably surprised. Certainly if it happens it will not be because it is born of expectancy; nor will the law—according to thy faith so shall it be unto thee—have been enforced in this case.

PROFESSOR CROOKES AS THE MODERN GULLIVER.

It is a long time since a more charming and suggestive exercise of the scientific imagination has been presented to the world than this Inaugural Address which Professor Crookes delivered to the Society of Psychical Research. I print it in full elsewhere, prefacing it with some brief account of the achievements of its author

in the scientific field and in the field not yet mapped out and conquered by science that lies beyond the Border. His address is one which reminds us irresistibly of Captain Lemuel Gulliver and his travels in the land of Lilliput and the region inhabited by the Brobdingnagians. Behold, says Professor Crookes, what amazing results will follow if we imagine but two slight changes in the world of external nature. Diminish or increase the force of gravitation, and you entirely revolutionise all our conceptions of life. The very shape of our backbones depends upon the relation between the size of our bodies and the dimensions of the world. Increase or diminish the capacity which we have of observing events in a second, and the whole external appearance of physical nature will be changed. Everything that we talk about as being fixed and eternal and real is in reality almost entirely subjective and phantasmal, being dependent entirely upon the proportion between our weight and that of the planet in which we live, and on the ability which we possess of noting sensations per second. Professor Crookes's picture of the Homunculus on the cabbage-leaf and of the Colossal grinding granite into fire is one of those efforts of the human imagination that indelibly impress the memory and for ever after recur to suggest and explain solutions of mysteries that otherwise would appear almost insoluble. Yet all this was but the foundation or groundwork on which Professor Crookes rested his theory of Brain Waves, by which he suggested science might hereafter solve the mystery of telepathy.

PROFESSOR OLIVER LODGE'S OLIVE-BRANCH.

The sensible appeal which Professor Lodge has addressed to the Spiritualists, to cease their jibing at scientific men and the Psychical Research Society, and to betake themselves more diligently to the verification of their facts, has been welcomed cordially enough by the two organs of spiritualism. But so far from verifying these facts, the majority of spiritualists will not even take the trouble to record them. Use lessens marvel to such an extent that if the ghosts of our grandparents returned to visit us every new moon, twelve moons would not pass before we should cease to chronicle their appearance. There is another difficulty. Professor Lodge alluded to it in passing, but he evidently does not realise how great a difficulty it is. There are mediums who have been detected in deceiving their sitters. Sometimes this may be due to the medium; quite as often it may be due to the entity, whatever it may be that is controlling the medium. Yet it would seem as if, in Professor Lodge's opinion, all phenomena obtained from any medium are to be regarded as tainted and worthless if at any time that medium or any of her controls has been caught fibbing. This rule cannot be enforced, and any attempt to enforce it will increase the primary difficulty under which all investigators labour, the deficiency of first hand evidence. We must, in this case, let the wheat and tares grow together, and leave it to

the angels of the Society for Psychical Research to sort them out at the last day.

THE INSTRUCTIVE ANALOGY OF THE FISHES.

It is curious how little help we get from the fishes in the consideration of moral and intellectual problems. But sometimes they lend themselves to luminous analogies. I remember Sir Robert Morier's explanation of the indifference with which cultivated and humane Russians regard the torture of the Nihilists. "Oh," said the ambassador, "they have learnt to regard them just as we regard fish. Where is the angler who can even be got to conceive of salmon fishing from the ethical standpoint of the salmon? To deceive, to betray, to torture, and to kill—all these things man regards as right when he is dealing with a fish." Professor Lodge's analogy is equally luminous. The majority of men, he said, have no knowledge of spiritual existences outside themselves. Neither have the majority of fishes any knowledge of the existence of men. Fishes near the shore know that men exist. A few hardy fish in the deep sea very near the surface have seen a specimen of the human race. But to the immense majority of the innumerable millions of billions of the fishy race, the very existence of mankind must seem an unthinkable proposition. Professor Lodge merely threw out this thought by the way, but, as every reader can see, it may be elaborated to almost any extent, and will furnish no end of ingenious explanations and charitable suggestions to all true students of the Borderland.

MRS. PIPER.

One of the most important items of news that reached me last quarter was contained in a letter from Mr. Richard Hodgson of the American S. P. R. Everyone who has paid even the most cursory attention to the investigation of the S. P. R., the immense importance which they attach to Mrs. Piper, the Boston medium, who will write automatically with her hand under one control while at the same time she is being spoken through by another. It was Mrs. Piper who was chiefly instrumental in the conversion of Professor Lodge and several other eminent British Psychical Researchers. Mrs. Piper has been chiefly controlled by a French Doctor "Phinuit," and the spirit of a recently deceased neighbour. It would appear from Dr. Hodgson's letter that these controls, who certainly used to tear the poor woman about horribly, have now been expelled, and their place has been taken by no less eminent a body of guides than those who used to control "M. A. Oxon."

Miss Katharine Bates, who is now in the States on a roving commission for BORDERLAND, writes me to the same effect, much lamenting that although she was a friend of Stainton Moses, not even her old acquaintance with their former medium was held by Dr. Hodgson to justify any access being had to Mrs. Piper. If Dr. Hodgson succeeds in satisfying the S. P. R. as to the continuity of control and the identity of Mrs. Piper's

guides with "Imperator" and the others, he will indeed have done a notable day's work.

BORDERLAND IN FICTION.

A year ago, when I was asked by a representative of one of the most important publishing houses in New York, what was destined to be the next great *motif* in modern fiction, I replied unhesitatingly, the Psychic, and especially the doctrine of the Double. The latter part of the prediction is still to be fulfilled. The reality of the Double has not yet penetrated the mind of the romancer; but the Psychic problem is already submerging Mudie's and the circulating libraries. Marie Corelli has been a pioneer in this field, but she finds the vein is as fresh and fruitful as ever—e.g., see Ziska, noticed elsewhere. A more distinctively psychical novel is "Flames," by the author of the "Green Carnation," where the whole plot turns upon the possibility of the soul of a sinner, at the moment of his death, taking possession of the body of a saint who happened just then to be in a trance. The immense field which the psychic key opens to the modern novelist is at last beginning to be appreciated.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

I am sorry to notice the death of Professor Drummond, at the early age of forty-six. Few men were more sympathetic, more magnetic, if we might use the phrase, especially in dealing with young men. Professor Drummond was for some years a kind of lay archbishop to the Scotch youth. Both in Edinburgh and Glasgow his name was above every name with the students, while for a very large public, both in the United Kingdom and the United States, no more universally popular religious writer could be named. His amalgam of religion and science seemed to exactly suit the palate. No one could be at once more broad or more evangelical than he. He was keenly interested in all methods of Psychical Research. The last time but one when I met him, was a visit which he paid to Mowbray House in order to meet little Janet Bailey, a remarkably clever Clairvoyant, from Lancashire. I do not know that Professor Drummond ever arrived at a fixed conviction as to the reality of spirit return, but he had a very open mind, keenly susceptible to all evidence which tended to show that its great hypotheses were founded on fact.

MR. LYMAN J. GAGE.

It is a significant comment upon the usual cant that is talked by the uninformed, as to the kind of man that is interested in the investigation of Borderland, that the most popular and influential member of McKinley's Cabinet, Mr. Lyman J. Gage, the Secretary to the Treasury, should be the man who was more intensely interested in all forms of psychic research than any other man I met in America. Lyman J. Gage, who was the president of the First National Bank in Chicago, and the first president of the Civic Federation, was, by universal consent, far and

away the ideal citizen, the foremost representative of a city, pre-eminent throughout the world for its hard, keen materialistic energy. Yet, when I was in Chicago, I found Mr. Gage more interested in discussing the the possibility of Doubles, of Clairvoyance, of Psychometry, and all other phenomena, than in discussing any other subject whatever. I was invited to meet a party of psychic researchers at his hospitable mansion, and I attended more than one meeting at which he explained his interest in the subject. Yet it was this man of all other men who was selected by the new American President to take charge of the dollars and cents of the United States' Treasury.

MR. GAGE'S STANDPOINT.

Major Moses Handy, the editor of the *Chicago Times Herald*, contributes to the *American Review of Reviews*, a character sketch of Mr. Lyman Gage, in the course of which he says:—

"Mr. Gage is an earnest investigator. For years the study of psychical phenomena has been a sort of fad with him. He is a corresponding member of the London Society for Psychical Research, and is a regular reader of its transactions. Mr. Gage's own study of the fascinating subject has strengthened his conclusion that the supernatural plays no part in the production of the phenomena which are the stock in trade of the spiritualists. 'I do not believe in spiritualism,' he said. 'I wish I could. But I think it is well worth while to investigate and classify individual experiences of automatic mental action, thought transference, telepathy, alleged apparitions, &c., and subject them to scientific tests. For my part the further I look into these things the better I am satisfied that any explanation of them is more rational and more justified than that of the instrumentality of spirits, of astral bodies or of any supernatural power.'"

THE SUPERSTITION OF LUCKY NUMBERS.

Mrs. McKenna, writing in the *Temple Magazine* for April, mentions that Mr. Alma-Tadema, the well-known artist, is one of those who believe in the luckiness of numbers. Mr. Tadema's lucky number is seventeen.

His wife, he will tell you, was seventeen when he first met her; the number of the house to which he took her when they were married was seventeen; his present house bears the same number; and the first spade was put to the work of rebuilding it on August 17th. This was in 1886. He had then been in the possession of the house for three years, and throughout those three years he had been designing and making plans and sketches for rebuilding. It was on November 17th that he and his family first took up their residence there. He laughs at himself for this superstition, but it is evident that his holding to it is not wholly a joke.

What is it that underlies this widely prevalent belief as to the luckiness or unluckiness of certain numbers relating to certain persons? Such a belief, so firmly held by so many intelligent people, can hardly be entirely baseless, and yet how difficult to suggest any conceivable law that could underlie such phenomena.

II.—A MESSAGE FROM "JULIA."

THE OPEN DOOR TO THE OPEN SECRET.

THE communications which from time to time have appeared under the heading "Letters from Julia" are, as our regular readers are aware, written automatically by the hand of the Editor, which is moved without control of his physical consciousness by an Intelligence which purports to be the disembodied spirit of a friend of his, whose Christian name was "Julia." The evidence as to the identity of the communicating intelligence with the lady, Miss —, who died some four or five years since, is to be found in the first number of BORDERLAND. The following message is the latest and one of the most interesting and important of her communications. It is printed as received, with interlocutory observations by the transmitter in brackets. The statements which are made are capable of verification, and in our next issue I hope that there may be something to report on the subject. For the present it may suffice to say that the assertions contained in this message are certainly not such as I should have dreamed of making on my own authority; and even on "Julia's," as will be seen, I hesitated about publishing them, and only did so on the assurances of two independent investigators that, much to my surprise, "Julia's" message embodied what they regard as indubitable truth.

March 14th, 1897.—Julia. My dearest friend, I am very anxious to give you the messages that I spoke of last when I wrote. We have been very interested in the recent manifestations of the apparitions of which you have so much to tell me and to hear. But we are not satisfied with any of them. Where they occur they are so fitful and uncertain, they are practically worthless.

WHAT IS WANTED.

Now what we want to prove is, that when you conform to the laws governing Borderland, there is no more reason why you should not have apparitions as regularly and as certainly as you have light when you strike a match. Because, as you know, the apparitions are there all the time, only they do not appear. That is nothing but a difference of the focus of the eye. When you have a focus adjusted only to see material things, you can only see material things. But when you are able to adjust your focus at will, you will be able to see what there is to be seen; and that with as much certainty as the astronomer sees through his telescope stars invisible to the naked eye. As the heavens are strewn thick with unsuspected worlds, so all around is full of beings which are as real as the smaller or more distant stars. When you look for the stars in the glare of noonday they are not to be seen; but they are there all the time. And so it is with the masses of mankind. We are all around you, without you seeing or feeling our presence. And I am not sure that, as a rule, for the mass of human beings, it is not better that they do not see. The mariner who steers by the familiar constellations might lose his way if the dim invisible stars revealed by the telescope were suddenly to become equally visible to him as the others.

TO SEE THE INVISIBLE AT WILL.

But all that we want is that those of you who can, should be able to see at will those beings which are normally invisible to the naked eye. I do not know whether you will always relish this con-

sciousness of your existing, as it were, under perpetual supervision. And then the Beings which you will see when your eyes are adjusted to the Borderland, are by no means always agreeable, nor are they always calculated to help you to live the life that is highest. These things exist on both sides. And you may say, where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise. But more are they that are for you than all those that can be against you; and the opening up of the new vista will not weaken but strengthen, if you are strong and do not fear. Waves which drown the timorous are helpers of the brave. And in Borderland there are many waves.

THE SIXTH SENSE.

[But what is the message?]

Well, do not be impatient. What I have to tell you is, that all those who really wish to have the sixth sense, or whatever you term it, so developed that they can, at will, become sensibly, or through their senses, cognizant of the reality of the existence of the beings who encompass them about, can acquire the gift or faculty if they will but adapt themselves to the laws of the region into which they wish to penetrate. [Everybody?]

Yes, it is a potentiality of the universal human race. Nor is it only human. Many animals have the open eye. They see, when their owners are blind. But you can see if you choose. It all rests with yourselves. [Well, tell me how?]

Yes, that is what I am coming to. What you want is a prescription, a kind of apothecary's pill, to purge away the dulness that darkens your eye. My friend, that is impossible. I have no such pill. The road is one that must be traversed. The lessons must be learned. The laws must be obeyed. And that is not a matter of prescription, or potion, or charm.

No, there is no short cut to the sixth sense. There may be something like it in mesmerism and hypnotism; but that is not at all what I mean. What is possible is for every child of man to become what you call nor-

mally clairvoyant. That is, for any one to possess himself of the power of seeing and hearing, as plainly as he sees and hears material things, the invisible forms and voices that surround you.

MUST BE UNDER CONTROL.

The power is one that ought to be under control. There would be only harm done if you could not shut at will the clairvoyant eye. Imagine the mischief that would happen if, when life and death hung on the absolute concentration of all faculties on the subject immediately before you, if at the supreme moment you were to see the whole phantasmagoria of Borderland pass between you and the point of exclusive attention. If you cannot control your sixth sense you had better not acquire it; better be without it than be controlled by it. You should have it at command when you need it, as you have your microscope or your telescope. But better have neither if you were to be compulsorily doomed at other will than yours, to interrupt the work of life by the spectacle of the infinitely little or the infinitely remote. Man should always be master of his senses, especially of the sixth (so-called).

March 15th.—Now let me begin by stating, once for all, that the secret things of the world are those which are the most common, the most universal, the most important. It is not things seen which are eternal. The secret forces of what you call material nature, gravitation, heat, electricity, ether, everything, in short, which is anything, is the unseen and yet universal. So it is with the spiritual entities which are all around, and which you can demonstrate the existence of as unfailingly as the existence of these other invisible things I have just spoken of.

THE THREE REQUISITES.

But as in any research you must equip yourself with tools and instruments; so in this it is necessary for you to be provided with such things as are necessary. And the first indispensable is that you should have the heart of a little child. There is no one who will enter into the kingdom who has not got the heart of a little child. That does not mean that it must be ignorant, but that it must always be simple, and must always think first of what it perceives and not always of itself. The intense self-consciousness of age, the constant questioning as to how this or that will affect yourself, and not simply what it is, will play havoc with the chances of your success. When you have determined to approach the phenomena, or whatever you call it, in a spirit of a child, you have the first desideratum. The second is not unlike. You must not only have the heart of a child, but you must have the keen reason and common sense of a man. There are plenty of illusions, and there are many pitfalls. You need all your mental faculties. Be vigilant, expect everything as a child does; but examine and test everything as a man does, without prejudice and without partiality. And the third requirement is patience. Nothing can be achieved without time and patience. But if you

have the heart of a little child, the mind of a man, and the patience that, being fed by hope, never wearies, you will have the three essentials.

THE LOVE MOTIVE.

There is another thing that I might have mentioned. And that is what lies under and over and around you. It is Love. If you do not enter upon this quest, prompted by love, I do not say that you will not succeed—if the laws are followed you will—but it will make all the difference to your results and to the comfort and peace you will have in attaining them, if you pursue the investigation from a love motive and not from mere cold curiosity. Love of truth is good. But you will find that when to love of abstract truth there is added a spirit longing for communion with other spirits who are on this side, the double current is more potent. And your results will be better. You can grow flowers in the tropics or in the arctic regions; but the flowers are brighter and more easily cultivated in the tropics than amid the snow. And in all spiritual things the temperature depends upon Love.

PHYSICAL CONDITIONS.

And now, having spoken of the mental qualifications, let me speak next of the physical. When you are setting about the investigation, you may not be in good health, and you may succeed notwithstanding. But the odds are heavily against the diseased or the infirm, in this as in all pursuits requiring attention, energy of mind and courage. The best equipped investigator may be paralysed by a physical ailment. What I have to say on this subject is nothing new. Practice the laws of health. Wash you, make you clean. While many dirty saints have seen visions, they would have had clearer vision had they had cleaner skins. Take exercise; live not to eat, but eat to live. No, I make no restrictions upon diet. Eat what makes you most efficient. There is only one rule about food and drink. Use it. [Then you don't insist on vegetables?]

No, I do not think for the purposes that I have in view it is well to insist upon vegetarian diet. If you had been always a vegetarian, that would be different. It might, and possibly would, be better for you. But for you, and all those who are accustomed to a mixed diet, to become vegetarians in order to be better clairvoyants would not be wise. For your health would suffer so much in the period when you were being accustomed to the new diet, the loss would be greater than the gain. And, on the same principle, I do not think that for married people there is any duty of abstinence from conjugal union as a condition of success. There must never be union without love. But when there is perfect love and perfect union there is a nearer approach to the perfect existence which, as one of its elements, has the clairvoyant gift.

March 17th.—We will now begin the more special part of what I have to say to you. What I have said is only the general rule of life, and it is as useful for anyone as for the psychic student. All

may be summed up in one word, viz., Live and Love. Now for the particular message which I have to give you, and, through you, to the readers of BORDERLAND.

OBSERVATION BY RECIPIENT.

[Now here I may as well interrupt my contributor by saying that I have not any glimmering of an idea as to what she is going to say. I fear that I am very sceptical about it. I distinctly do not believe that it will be so easy or certain as she says [to reveal the Invisible. I may, of course, be wrong. I can never forget that when Julia told me about automatic writing with living people I was almost as sceptical, but she was right then, and she may be right now. But the odds seem to me very heavy against it. I hope that I may be wrong. But if anything is given to me that at all corresponds to the sweeping announcement with which this message was begun, I think it only right to put on record the fact that my physically conscious mind is absolutely a blank on the subject. I cannot even form any kind of imagination what she is going to say.]

Julia. No, I know that is so. Sometimes I am able to impress your physically conscious mind, and I do so. Sometimes I cannot. Sometimes I might, but I prefer not to. This is one of the last cases.

BE ALONE.

Now the first thing to be got is a place where you can be alone. Enter into thy closet. Solitude, exclusion from the world of sense, that is the first thing. When thou hast shut the door, remain alone for a time, long enough to allow the waves of the world's thoughts and cares to subside. Sometimes you could be quiescent and passive in a very few minutes. But at other times you could not regain the tranquil mood in any number of minutes. When you are about to verify this message you must be at peace. When you are in a whirl, or are in a bitter mood, or when the mind goes on and on creaking round and round like a wheel that is not greased, don't try. But when your health is good, when your mind is calm, and your mood is quite serene and happy, then go into your closet and shut the door. [And close the window-shutters?]

You need not darken the room, unless the sight of its contents or the view from the windows distracts the mind and prevents the concentration of the attention. But it is probable that at first, if you are not very restless, a shaded room would be better.

AND BE STILL.

When you are alone and still, and the door is locked, so that no one can disturb you, sit as easily as you can so as to be as far as possible unconscious of any physical discomfort or anything that reminds you of your body. [Sit and not kneel?]

I do not recommend you to kneel. The posture is not convenient for long, and any posture that reminds you that it is a posture is wrong. What you have to do is to avoid reminders from the other senses of their existence. [Why not lie down?]

I do not advise you to lie down because it suggests sleep, and I do not wish to confuse the revealing of the Invisible with the visions of the dreamer. Sit, therefore, as easily as possible, and as far as possible also avoid everything that will remind you of your body.

OBJECTION BY THE RECIPIENT.

[Now here I interrupt again, to say that it seems as if she were about to recommend some kind of self-hypnotisation. Some fakir-like gazing at the tip of your nose, or something or other like that, which I don't like,—and as far as I have formed an opinion or a prejudice, I don't believe in. So far all that she has said seems practical, simple enough but—but— Well, now I will let her proceed.]

A WELL-DESERVED REBUKE.

What an impatient unbeliever you are. What you like or don't like does not matter much, does it? What you want to know are the laws by which you must abide if you wish to avoid failure. Tides are inconvenient very often, but the wise mariner does not indulge in prejudice against tides. Listen, I am not wasting your time. I have this to tell you, and if you will do as I direct you will have the results. If not, not. There is no compulsion. You wish to see me, for instance, and to hear me, instead of merely reading what I write. You will both see and hear and touch me if you will obey my instructions, and not interrupt with your likings and dislikings which, after all, are not important.

AN INTERRUPTION.

When you are alone in the darkened room—for you had better try it with shade at first, then you must do this. [Here the writing broke off. Then in another handwriting came:]

The good angel of guidance will come again, and you will be told all. At present you must stop. No more now. Never mind.]

March 18, 1897.—I am so sorry that I had to leave you yesterday. But there was an urgent call for me elsewhere. So I had to go. But now I am with you again, I will resume where I left off.

The first thing to be done, if you would have your eyes opened to see the invisible ones who surround you, is to be very still. As I said, make no effort. Be still and wait. You need to be quite passive, so as to let the other world outside slacken its hold on you, and the real world within and around you make itself felt.

HOW TO PROCEED.

Then, when you are quite still and passive, close your eyes and think of the one whom you wish to see. If it is a friend still alive, in the body, it will help you if at the same time, although that is not essential, he or she were also to be passive and alone. When you have two spirits in accord, both seeking the same thing, the difficulties are less. But you must be agreed in heart and soul; not merely seemingly agreed. One must wish to manifest, the other to be manifested to. And

during the seclusion do not change the parts. Close your eyes, and, in the absence of the outside, imagine as quietly and distinctly as possible your friend. If he is to come to you, think of him steadily, concentrating your thought on him and him alone. Think of him in detail. Make a thought-image of him, as if you were actually creating him. And all the while let your heart and soul go out in a steady longing for him to come. At the same time let him, wherever he may be, be also alone sitting with closed eyes, willing steadily to come to you wherever you may be. Let him, on his part, think of some simple heartfelt message to you. Let it be on his tongue to say it; not loudly, but with quiet, earnest confidence that you will hear. Let him repeat it quietly with the wish that you should hear it. That is all.

If you, or any two who are in accord, will do that, do it steadily in the right spirit, you will be able to see each other and to hear each other speak. It is not to be done in a day, except in rare psychics, who are in absolute accord. But if you try it for yourselves, you will see that I have spoken the truth, just as you did about the automatic handwriting from living persons. This requires more effort than the other. There are no difficulties but those of excluding the rushing, distracting flood of cares and worries. Be alone; be silent; be in a mood to receive; and you will be able to verify what I say.

[How long must this abstraction continue? And how often must it be tried before there is any reasonable hope of success?]

Everything depends upon the nature of the person and the extent to which he can distract his attention from the things of this world. As you know, there have been within your knowledge cases where the Double of a living person has come in response to appeals both from the sleeping and from those who are awake, without any long abstraction. But at first there is a possibility that the unusual effort may in itself distract. You will think so much of the effort as to be unable to think of the friend.

NEVER FORCE THINGS.

There is no hard and fast rule. I should say that the best general rule is never to force things. If you are tired in five minutes, stop then. If you can keep up the concentrated, quiet attention for a longer period, do so. But remember, the sense of strain is bad. There must be no strain, there must be no effort. Only passive readiness to see. Do not make the mistake of imagining that intensity of muscular or mental will tension is what is wanted. It is the reverse of that. Be still, and listen and watch. You must be guided by your own experiences. If you suffer in any way, drop it. If it distracts your thoughts from your daily work, do not touch it. But if you acquire this power, and have it under control as a constant possession, for you parting will be no more; unless, of course, there is a mental breach. But that is not what people mean by parting.

THE FORM NOT SUBJECTIVE.

[But is this not only a sustained effort of the imagination? Is there any objectivity in the image thus created in the dark?]

What is imagination? If you see only what you willed to see, your objection would hold. But, if having imagined your friend in a grey suit, he should appear to you in a brown, or if the image which you have imagined should speak, telling you what you did not know, but what your friend was at that moment saying to you, would that be imagination only? No, what I have said is true. You can secure the living presence of the friend with whom you are in close accord if you will but adopt these simple rules. [Humph: I wonder—?] They are so simple you do not like them, I see. You would have preferred something more magical—more out of the way. But there is no need for these wrappings. The simple truth is that you all have the capacity to do this if only you would use your souls instead of being so immersed in your material bodies.

BUT A TANGIBLE REALITY.

[But will the image not be a mere clairvoyant vision, seen with closed eyes?]

At first, as a rule, it will be so. But after a time you, or at least some of you, will be able to materialize it sufficiently for it to be visible to the physical eye in broad day. Others may not see the person who is to you visible, audible, and touchable. But you will be conscious of his presence.

[Then does the same rule hold good as to the spirits of the disembodied?]

Yes; only there are differences. With the disembodied, for instance, you cannot, as it were, check the accuracy of the psychic sense by the impressions of material things and the physical consciousness. That is why it is better to begin with the spirit of the embodied. But spirit is spirit everywhere, and the accident of its embodiment does not render it more easy or more difficult to communicate.

A NEGLECTED HERITAGE.

Oh, my friend, how I do wish you would but open your eyes and look and see. You are living in a cell whereas you might go out and occupy and possess the whole world. Why should you, with a heritage which I have faintly endeavoured to describe, live only in the material senses? Why, when you can defy time and space, and live with any of your friends, no matter how far you may be severed, should you live and think and act as if you were confined to the narrow cell bounded by your physical consciousness? All that it needs is to be alone, to be silent, to be passive. But, of course, you must not imagine that all this unseen world of spirit which is now opening before you, can be taken possession of in a moment. There are many things to be learned, many stages to be passed through. But make a beginning; and know that what you know of the reality of the Double, which at present

goes like the wind where it listeth, is for you a sign and a pledge of the possibility of making the sense-world appear but as a dungeon compared with the immenser potentialities of the Spirit.

JULIA.

NOTES ON THE MESSAGE.

(1) BY THE TRANSMITTER.

After receiving the foregoing message, I hesitated for some time as to the right course to adopt. The statement, so precise, so positive, and yet so marvellous, seemed too astounding to be published even on the authority of Julia. In such matters I usually take counsel with Mrs. Besant, but Mrs. Besant is in the United States. I therefore sent proofs of the communication just as it was received to Mr. Leadbeater, to whom Mrs. Besant told me I could refer any questions upon which I wanted advice in her absence, and who is well known as the author of the remarkable papers, entitled "Invisible Helpers," noticed in a recent number of BORDERLAND. I also sent a proof to Mr. G. H. Lock, of Hull, who for years past has made a profound study of things occult, approaching them, not from the Theosophical, but from the Swedenborgian standpoint. In sending the proof, I simply asked them for their opinions as to whether they thought there was anything in it, as I rather shrank from the responsibility of publishing a statement so portentous unless I was encouraged so to do by those who had paid much more attention to such subjects than in my busy life I have ever found time to do. I append their replies.

(2) BY A THEOSOPHICAL EXPERT.

Mr. Leadbeater wrote as follows:—

Thank you for sending me the proofs of Julia's last letters. Her statements appear to me to be perfectly accurate, and I should have no doubt at all that the results she describes could be attained along the lines which she indicates. You would probably obtain such results almost immediately, but I should say that to gain the necessary control of thought would take the average business man very much longer than he would be at all likely to devote to the attempt. I agree with much that Julia says, though if I had myself been giving such advice I should have insisted more strongly upon the necessity of the experimenter's subjecting himself to severe moral training first of all, in order that he may not make an improper use of his powers when he acquires them. But I suppose she takes this for granted. Could you ask her to add a word of emphatic caution as to the terrible fate awaiting those who attempt to gain such powers for evil ends?

Also, I think what she says about absolute passivity may be misunderstood. I know perfectly what she means, but I doubt whether that is the best word to use. It may be taken to signify the condition of a medium—a mere instrument whose wires may be swept by any passing wind; whereas her meaning is rather that a man should hold his mind perfectly still, while his consciousness, keenly alert and watchful, functions in that which lies beyond and higher than the mind. She shows this by remarking that even in the state of passivity the thought must be steadily concentrated, and the heart and soul must go out in a definite longing.

I have been taught to attach more importance than she does to celibacy, vegetarianism, and abstinence from alcohol. I quite admit that it is undoubtedly a man's duty to keep his body in health; but I think he should control and use it—not allow himself to be dominated by its cravings. And I fear that unless

a man had developed his moral nature and obtained perfect command over his desires and passions—unless he were absolutely pure in heart and mind—there would be great danger of his falling before the temptation to use these astral powers for selfish ends, and so degenerating into what is called in the East black magic. The methods suggested are accurate enough, and much of the advice is very good; but I do think that much more stress ought to be laid upon the imperative necessity of the moral qualifications.

(3) BY A DISCIPLE OF SWEDENBORG.

Mr. Lock replied, "With reference to the paper submitted to me, there are two points on which I think it incorrect. The first—

This about *difference of focus* is inaccurate, except as regards spirits in astral (elementary physical) bodies, or lowest-plane doubles. No change in optical *focus* could make a pure spirit visible.

I do not believe in this "perpetual supervision" in the sense suggested by Julia. Good spirits quickly get out of their *astral* plane, leaving the riff-raff, with whom association is *not* desirable. Under *normal* conditions, spirits are as unconscious of our presence as we are of theirs; for this depends upon the planal difference in the substances which compose the two kinds of bodies.

The rest of the paper seems to me quite right, and I am very glad to see so much insistence upon the importance of never losing control of your faculties.

Potentially, we are all clairvoyant. But the whole social conditions are against the development of the faculty. Then, also, constitution has much to do with it, as I am *absolutely certain*. Those born under *passive signs* of the Zodiac, as Cancer, Pisces, and Virgo (this latter your own) are much more psychically susceptible than others. [Your ruling planet is in Cancer; and six out of the nine planets in your horoscope are in passive signs. Hence you have some capacity in this direction.]

As to the rest—all this is nothing new, and is perfectly correct. It is knowledge that has been handed down the ages by Rosicrucians and others, and expressed in different forms. I already possess—have long possessed—the clear statement of these processes, together with much that Julia has not told you. It is to all intents and purposes the process adopted by "self-developed" mediums. It is *in fact* the "Yoga" practised by Theosophists. Julia has expressed the truth in the simplest and least objectionable form. You need have not the slightest objection to publishing it—nor the slightest fear. Moreover, one thing is quite certain: the *few* who attempt the process will not all succeed; the conditions of life are against it. Some few, who might thereby become useful, may be waiting for this very information.

Here was confirmation and encouragement indeed, after receiving which I decided to publish Julia's message, leaving it to my readers to verify for themselves the accuracy of the statement which she has made. I have not yet had time to make the experiment. When I have leisure and opportunity I shall put the matter to the test. I hope any of my readers who try the experiment will keep me advised as to the results which they attain.

JULIA'S REPLY.

After receiving these communications from Mr. Leadbeater, I asked Julia what she thought of it. She replied as follows:—

(1) TO MR. LEADBEATER.

"With regard to Mr. Leadbeater's caution, I think my message is better left as it is, and I think he will agree with me when I have finished. There is nothing

gained by advertising dangers that you feel are too attractive. Personally I do not think that the danger referred to is so great. That it is real, I do not doubt, and you know there is truth in the possibility, but these things are under the control of a higher power. The opportunity to materialise doubles is not one that is given to mankind without limit, it is permitted by the higher powers, but it is not a power that any one can use up. You know how anxious I am for the highest life, and how sad I should be if anything was said that would deprave or degrade; but I don't think it necessary.

"If you put in Mr. Leadbeater's warning, you must say that I have always recognised that there are great dangers in the inter-union with the invisibles, and that if any one thinks to hold such communion for any purpose which he would be ashamed to acknowledge before all men, he had better not seek it, for it will be open before the eyes of all hereafter, as it is now to the eyes of spirits. That is all I need say as to that.

"I do not deny that the practice of asceticism may, after the practice is a custom, help the manifestation, but any physical privation that reminds you of physical existence entails more loss than gain."

(2) TO MR. LOCK.

With regard to the criticisms of Mr. Lock, she says: "About the focus—I think I understand what his point of objection is. And to an extent I agree with him. But I think that while I made the statement too absolute as it were universal, his would narrow the truth too much. For instance, there is no focus in the strict

sense which would reveal the Invisibles to the eye of the mind. Yet there is a detachment of the mind, from the material, which enables it to become sensibly conscious of the existence of spirits embodied or disembodied which were before invisible.

"While I do not deny that there are many things hidden from our eyes, we have far greater range of vision than you. I remember when I first dropped my body, this addition of the faculty of seeing spirits among men was something new and superadded to what I had before seen. I have not lost that gift, but rather extended it. I feel a difficulty in explaining how the law operates. But of this you may be quite sure. Your lives are open to the eyes of those invisible spirits who are permitted to see what you think and hear what you say. You are compassed about by a far greater company of witnesses than you imagine. They—but why try to persuade, when soon you will see for yourself.

"No, I don't think that he is right about the communications being possible only from lower levels. We find such a difficulty in making you understand that we are not conditioned by your limitations. Where I am there is life, and a life that has love as its vital breath. That Divine thing can and does survive the difficulties of communicating with persons still on earth. But you need not go to BORDERLAND for analogies. If your saints and sages can hold converse without loss of holiness or wisdom with savages and fools, why can not we? There is more difference of plane between a good man and a bad man than there is caused by the accident of embodiment or disembodiment."

GHOSTS.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

UNTO a soul there came the spectre Strife,
To teach him of the bitterness of life;
And then came Grief, to mock his old-time peace,
To whisper and to haunt and never cease.
The ghost Regret came in the quiet night
And hovered sadly o'er his couch of white;
And Vanished Love came in the twilight dim
To crucify and wound and laugh at him.
Full oft these spirits came to haunt his heart,
And only smiled whene'er he cried, "Depart!"
Full oft they came—Regret, Love, Strife, and Grief,
And through the years this soul found no relief.
"Yet, oh!" he said, "in patience I would wait.
Did I not see beyond life's distant gate
A spirit darker far than all of these,
Which haunts me more and gives me far less peace.
For Death, the doomsman, beckoneth afar,
Beyond the night where gleams no silent star.
I fear him more; he waits somewhere for me;
I know him not, save when in dreams I see
The vision of his form, august, austere.
I can bear all,—but Death, oh, Death I fear!"
At last his soul fell in his last long sleep,
And all was o'er. Beyond the unknown deep
He rose to cry with joyous, wakening breath,
"I slept and dreamed sweet dreams; Lord, was that
Death?"

III.—GALLERY OF BORDERLANDERS.

PROFESSOR CROOKES.

IT is extremely difficult to popularise the personality of scientific men, whose lives are spent in researches into the infinitely obscure, although infinitely important questions of natural science. Here, for instance, is Professor Crookes, the president of the Psychical Research Society, whose inaugural address I print in full on another page. By common consent, Professor Crookes is one of the foremost men of science of the present day. Lord Kelvin may be regarded as more eminent, Alfred R. Wallace as more closely associated with the great scientific doctrine of Natural Selection than he, but after Lord Kelvin and Alfred R. Wallace, there is no man of science, now that Huxley and Tyndall are dead, whose name is quite so familiar to the public, or held in such respect by the selecter world which is composed, let us say, of the Fellows of the Royal Society.

Yet, of Mr. Crookes as a man, who knows anything save his own most intimate friends? His very devotion to his own studies, and concentration in pushing a little wider the boundaries of our knowledge, increases the difficulty of presenting any picture of his life as he has lived it in the columns of *BORDERLAND*. I shall not, therefore, attempt to do anything that could claim to be regarded as a character sketch, much less a picture of Professor Crookes, with whom, I regret to say, my acquaintance is but slight. I met him once at the breakfast table of Mr. Haweis some years ago. But with that exception he has been to me as to the majority of my readers, and nothing else.

HIS RADIOMETER.

There are a multitude of people in the world of whose existence we are vaguely conscious, but we have no realising sense of their persons until something brings us personally into contact with them, or something that they have done impinges upon our brains. I can remember as well as if it were yesterday the first time the name of Crookes became something more to me than the mere collocation of the letters of the alphabet. It was a quarter of a century since, I should say. I was then editing the *Northern Echo*, at Darlington, when my attention was called one day to a curious little machine, which was exhibited in a shop window nearly opposite the post office. It was a very delicate and slender piece of mechanism. Something like a small windmill, or compound between a watermill and a windmill, delicately poised and carefully secured under glass. An inscription below stated that this was Crookes's Radiometer, and its merit consisted in the demonstration which it afforded of the dynamic force of light apart from heat. In midday, when this little instrument was exposed to the rays of the sun, the fins or sails of the little wheels began to rotate, and continued to revolve so long as the driving force of the sunlight fell upon their surface.

ITS BEARING ON THE BORDERLAND.

I remember the feeling that the spectacle of these little sunmills driven by the light of the sun gave me in those far-away days. There were, of course, the usual efforts to explain it away, and to suggest that it was wind or electricity or heat that made the wheel rotate; but after all these explanations had

been knocked on the head, and you were left face to face with the demonstrated fact of the light ray driving a machine by the pure force of light itself, then you were compelled to admit that, in a way, you did not exactly understand, to an extent you did not realise, your horizon had been somewhat widened, and your sense of the wonderful, miraculous nature of the world in which you lived was deepened and intensified. What Professor Crookes did for me with his Radiometer, every verifier and demonstrator of the reality of the phenomena which lie outside, or are altogether inconsistent with what is regarded as the recognized and invariable order of nature, does for his fellow men. He widens their horizon, makes them realise how little they know, and fills them with hope and promise of an illimitable field of knowledge waiting to be possessed.

What has done most to pierce the almost impenetrable armour of stolid incredulity with which the average man encases himself, in order the better to do his daily work—much as the rhinoceros has developed his armour-plated hide as a protection against the thorns of its environment—has been the recent discovery that the rays which are obtained by the use of a Crookes tube are capable of enabling us to photograph objects, invisible not only to the eye, but to every instrument that has been invented to enable the eye to see.

THE PROGENITOR OF THE X RAYS.

It is hardly twelve months since this earthquake-fact was let loose upon the world, and we shall have to wait many a long year before we can fully appreciate the extent to which it has ripped and riven the tough clay of materialism, in which so many of us burrow like moles. Professor Crookes was away in Africa at the time when Professor Röntgen first made known to the world the extraordinary results that could be obtained by the simple vacuum tube that bears Mr. Crookes's name. Neither has Mr. Crookes, since his return, taken any steps whatever to identify himself more closely with the discovery of the X rays. He is not of the advertising tribe, but in spite of anything he does or omits to do, his name will always be associated with the one discovery of our time which, more than any other, has compelled the man in the street to admit that, after all, "there may be more things in heaven and earth than this world dreams of." Alas, that I should ever have to be driven to a quotation, which is the invariable and inevitable resource of every man who, against his will, is compelled to admit that what he has hitherto ridiculed as utterly beyond the bounds of the possible, may, after all, be an absolute fact.

THALLIUM.

The men of science, the learned chemists, and distinguished experts, who elected Mr. Crookes President of the Chemical Society, can appreciate, because they can understand, the discoveries which Mr. Crookes has made in, say, for example, the discovery of Thallium, and all that such a discovery implies; but the ordinary man does not know of the Thallium, and it would be all one to him if it were said that Mr. Crookes had discovered Bdelium. Indeed, he would feel in that case as if he were on safer ground, for he has not read Bdel-

lium in the Bible, whereas Thallium—what is Thallium? He gives it up, and goes his way. If he knows nothing about Thallium, he knows still less of many of the later discoveries, of the verification to which Professor Crookes has devoted many laborious years.

But every man, nay, every intelligent child, can appreciate and understand what Professor Crookes did when he invented the Radiometer, and showed how it was possible to harness the sunbeams to a machine, and it is equally easy to appreciate the marvel associated with the tube which enables us to photograph our skeletons without getting outside of our clothes.

I.—HIS SCIENTIFIC CAREER.

I quote, without note or comment, the cut and dried summary of Professor Crookes' scientific achievements from "Men of the Time."

Crookes, Professor William, F.R.S., was born in London in 1832. In 1848 he entered the Royal College of Chemistry as a pupil of the distinguished chemist Dr. Hofmann, and at the age of seventeen he gained the Ashburton Scholarship. After two years' study he became, first junior, then senior assistant to Dr. Hofmann, until 1854, when he was appointed to superintend the meteorological department of the Radcliffe Observatory at Oxford. In 1855 he became Professor of Chemistry at the Training College, Chester. In 1859 he founded the *Chemical News*, and is still its proprietor and editor; and in 1864 he became editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*. Mr. Crookes's earliest original researches were begun whilst at the Royal College of Chemistry, and his first paper, "On the Seleno-Cyanides," was published in the *Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society* in 1851. Since that date he has been much engaged in original research on questions connected with chemistry and physics.

DISCOVERS THALLIUM.

In 1861 Mr. Crookes discovered, by means of spectrum observations and chemical reactions, the metal thallium, and he also determined its position among elementary bodies, and produced a series of analytical notes on the new metal. In 1863 Mr. Crookes was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; in 1865 he discovered the sodium amalgamation process for separating gold and silver from their ores. In 1866 he was appointed by the Government to report upon the application of disinfectants in arresting the spread of the cattle plague, which in that year excited much alarm in England. In 1871 he was a member of the English expedition to Oran to report upon the total phase of the solar eclipse which occurred in December of that year. In June, 1872, he laid before the Royal Society laborious researches on the atomic weight of thallium—researches that extended over a period of eight years.

INVENTS THE RADIOMETER.

In 1872 he began his experiments on "Repulsion resulting from Radiation." His first paper on this subject was read before the Royal Society, December 11, 1873, and between that time and 1880 Mr. Crookes sent to the Society other communications on collateral subjects, which are all published in the "Philosophical Transactions." One important result of these investigations is the Radiometer. In 1875 Mr. Crookes received from the Royal Society the award of a Royal Medal for chemical and physical researches. In 1876 he was elected a Vice-President of the Chemical Society, and the next year a member of the Council of the Royal Society. In 1877 he described the Otheoscope—a greatly modified Radiometer, susceptible of an almost endless variety of forms. In 1878 he gave before the Royal Society a "Bakerian Lecture," containing another long series of experiments and observations on "Repulsion resulting from Radiation."

MOLECULAR PHYSICS.

In 1879 the Royal Society published in its "Philosophical Transactions" records of Mr. Crookes's experiments on "Molecular Physics in High Vacua." In the same year appeared a further paper on "Repulsion resulting from Radiation;" and he was again appointed Bakerian Lecturer to the Royal Society, his subject the "Illumination of Lines of Molecular Pressure and the Trajectory of Molecules." In 1880 the French *Académie des Sciences* bestowed on Mr. Crookes an extraordinary prize of 3000 francs and a Gold Medal, in recognition of his discoveries in Molecular Physics and Radiant Matter. In 1881 Mr. Crookes acted as a Juror at the International Exhibition of Electricity in Paris. In this official position he was not entitled to a medal, but in the official report, his fellow jurors, after discussing the merits of four systems of incandescent lamps, declared—"None of them would have succeeded had it not been for these extreme vacua which Mr. Crookes has taught us to obtain."

HIS BOOKS.

Mr. Crookes is the author of "Select Methods in Chemical Analysis,"—2nd ed., revised and extended, 1886; of the "Manufacture of Beetroot-Sugar in England;" of a "Handbook of Dyeing and Calico-Printing;" and of a manual of "Dyeing and Tissue Printing," 1882,—one of the "Technological Handbooks" prepared for the examinations of the City and Guilds of London Institute. He is also joint author of the English adaptation of Keri's "Treatise on Metallurgy." He has edited the last three editions of Mitchell's "Manual of Practical Assaying," and has translated into English and edited Reimann's "Aniline and its Derivatives," Wagner's "Chemical Technology," Auerbach's "Anthracene and its Derivatives," 2nd ed. 1892, and Ville's "Artificial Manures," 2nd ed. 1882. Mr. Crookes is an authority on sanitary questions, especially the disposal of town-sewage, and his views have been laid before the public in two pamphlets, "A Solution of the Sewage Question" and "The Profitable Disposal of Sewage."

RARE EARTHS.

Since 1883 Mr. Crookes has been almost exclusively engaged with researches on the nature and constitution of the Rare Earths as interpreted by the "Radiant Matter" test, a new method of spectroscopic examination, the outcome of his earlier discoveries on "Radiant Matter," which seems likely to throw a side light on the origin and constitution of the elements. On this subject he has communicated many papers to the Royal and other societies, some of the most important being the following:—"Radiant Matter Spectroscopy; the Detection and wide Distribution of Yttrium," the Bakerian Lecture for 1883; "On Radiant Matter Spectroscopy, Part II., Samarium;" "Notes on the Spectra of Erbium, and the Earth Yt;" "On some New Elements in Gadolinite and Samarskite, detected Spectroscopically;" "On the Crimson Line of Phosphorescent Alumina." In 1882 Mr. Crookes was elected a member of the Athenæum Club, under rule 2.

HIS REPUTATION AS A CHEMIST.

In 1886 Mr. Crookes was elected President of the Chemical Section of the British Association, and at their Birmingham meeting that year he delivered an address in which he propounded some novel speculations on the probable origin of the Chemical Elements, showing that the balance of evidence was in favour of the view that our so-called elements have been formed by a process of evolution from one primordial matter. In 1887 he delivered a Friday evening discourse before the members of the Royal Institution, on the "Genesis of the Elements." In the same year he was elected President of the Chemical Society; he held office for the usual period of two years, and at the anniversary meetings he delivered two addresses, one on "Elements and Meta-Elements," and the other on "The Spectroscopic History of the so-called Rare Earths." In 1888 Mr. Crookes was awarded the Davy Medal of the Royal Society, for his Radiant Matter Researches.

In this article, written for the ordinary man, I take my stand on the two things which Professor Crookes has done, which everybody has heard of, and marvelled at,

THE ARGUMENT WITH SCEPTICS.

To the ordinary commonplace sceptic who denies the reality of the phenomena of the Borderland, may I say, "Thirty years ago, you would have denied the fact that it was possible to harness the sunbeam to a machine, and make light itself drive a mill, but there is the man who has done it, and here is his machine, which you can see at work for yourself." Then I should go on, and say, "Twelve months ago you would have overwhelmed anyone with ridicule who had asserted that it was possible to obtain a perfect photograph of a man's spine while he was wearing his clothes, and had not yet dispensed with his flesh. Yet it is done as a matter of course by nearly everybody to-day, and here is the man whose tube enabled that inconceivable miracle to become the everyday possession of everybody. Now," I would go on to say, "the same scientific genius that enabled him to invent the Radiometer, and to construct the vacuum tubes, by which we have obtained the X rays, has been at work in another sphere, in which it has succeeded in obtaining results as incredible to you as those of which I have been speaking, and, if you will but give your attention, you will see that in this domain of Borderland, in the investigation of the phenomena of so-called spiritualism, Professor Crookes has succeeded in demonstrating the reality of an unknown force which as yet is so marvellous and so mysterious, and so great as to be even beyond his capacity adequately to size it up."

THE USEFULNESS OF PROFESSOR CROOKES.

Such is the plain way in which we have to talk to the plain man, and that is why Professor Crookes is so useful to those of us who, in season and out of season, are laboriously attempting to open the eyes of those who wilfully close their eyelids, and then proclaim their scorn and contempt for all those who profess to see.

Professor Crookes is now President for this year of the Psychical Research Society. His inaugural address, which is corrected by himself, and accompanied with the leading article in the *Times*, and the letter which he addressed to that paper, will be found in another page. I do not propose to discuss this latest exposition of the theories of an acute observer, who has reflected much of the phenomena which are usually held to lie beyond the province of the man of science. Instead of writing a dissertation concerning the inaugural address, I propose to recall to the remarkable series of experiments by which Professor Crookes was led to arrive at the conclusion that these things were so, and that it was as indisputable that they were so as that the sun is in the midheaven, or that spring and summer, autumn and winter, succeed each other in the circuit of the year.

II.—HIS PSYCHIC EXPERIMENTS.

Some twenty-six years ago there was published, in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, an article in which Mr. Crookes set forth clearly what will generally be admitted to be the right attitude of a scientific man when confronted with the phenomena of the Borderland. There is certainly nothing that can be regarded as very sympathetic in the state of mind with which he first began to investigate Spiritualism.

HOW HE BEGAN.

He believed, he tells us, that the whole affair was a superstition, or at least an unexplained trick. He was repelled by the reckless assertions made by Spiritualists, and the utterly inane method in which many Spiritualists

argue, that he took refuge in Faraday's severe statement that, "Many dogs have the power of coming to much more logical conclusions." With the best intentions in the world, he found it impossible to discern any residue of meaning in the bombastic nonsense which they talked. He austere remarked that we must not mix up the exact and the inexact, the supremacy of accuracy must be absolute. The first requisite is to be sure of facts. No observations are of much use to the student of science unless they are truthful, and made under test conditions.

WHAT HE WANTED.

And here Mr. Crookes found the great mass of spiritual evidence to fail. Instead of welcoming the insistence of precautions against fraud, Spiritualists are offended, and positively resent any attempt to obtain instrumental means for correcting the observations of our unaided senses. Hitherto, he declared, "I have seen nothing to convince me of the truth of the spiritualistic theory." Yet even then he was as certain as he was of the most elementary fact in chemistry, that many of the physical phenomena were produced under circumstances in which they could not be explained by any physical law at present known. This firm conviction was the result of the most careful investigation. He then, in a familiar passage, contrasts the immense assertions of the Spiritualists with the modest demands of the man of science. Very little will satisfy the latter, but all such exhibitions must be manifested in his laboratory, where he can weigh, measure, and submit it to the proper tests. It was in this spirit that Professor Crookes began an inquiry suggested to him by eminent persons exercising great influence in the thought of the country.

WHAT HE FOUND.

The result of his experiments were set forth from time to time in the pages of the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, from whence they were collected and reprinted in the volume entitled "Researches in Spiritualism," a book which, together with a paper which he communicated to the Psychical Research Society, describing his experiments with D. D. Home, the medium, constitute the sum and substance of what he was able to verify under conditions which satisfy even his exigent demands. He embodied the chief results of his inquiry in a paper first published in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* for January, 1874, under the title "Notes of an Enquiry into a Phenomena called Spiritual." In this paper he refers to himself as an explorer, who for the four years has been occupied in pushing an inquiry into a territory of natural knowledge which offers almost virgin soil to a scientific man. When he began the inquiry he only intended to devote a month or two, in order to ascertain whether the phenomena would stand close scrutiny. He found so much in it that the few months grew into years, and at the close of his inquiry, which he abandoned reluctantly, owing to the fact that he had not the time to follow it up; and, besides, he was no longer able to command the services of such good mediums as those who assisted him in the earlier stages of his investigations, he embodied the conclusions at which he arrived in this paper.

HIS TESTIMONY.

The paper merely contains an outline of his investigations. He was content to merely place on record a series of actual occurrences which had taken place in his own

house, in the presence of trustworthy witnesses, under the strictest test conditions that he could devise. They did not take place in the dark; neither were they confined to any particular place or room. There was no exclusion of sceptics from witnesses. Professor Crookes generally chose his own circle, and introduced any hardheaded unbeliever whom he cared to have. Yet phenomena, to imitate which would baffle the ablest conjuror, backed with all the resources of elaborate machinery and the practice of years, had taken place in his own house at times appointed by himself, and under circumstances which absolutely precluded the employment of the very simplest instrumental aids. Having taken such precautions, being so fortified with the evidence of trustworthy observers, he felt that it would be moral cowardice not to publicly testify to the truth of the occurrences of facts of the most astounding character, which seemed utterly irreconcilable with all known theories of science.

Now what is it that Professor Crookes discovered by his patient and careful investigations? He has set forth the facts, the reality of which he succeeded in verifying under thirteen different headings. He prefaces this summary by the following emphatic declaration.

On going over my notes, I find such a wealth of facts, such a superabundance of evidence, so overwhelming a mass of testimony, that I could fill several numbers of the Quarterly. I must therefore be content on this occasion with an outline only of my labours, leaving proofs and full details to another occasion.

VERIFIED PHENOMENA.

Every occurrence, for the truth of which he vouches, he declares took place "in my own house, in the presence of trustworthy witnesses, and under as strict test conditions as I could devise." Now let us see the mere list of these occurrences, for the reality of which he stakes his reputation.

1. The movement of heavy bodies without contact, but without mechanical exertion.
2. The phenomena of percussive and other allied sounds.
3. The alteration of weight of bodies.
4. Movements of heavy substances when at a distance from the medium.
5. The rising of tables and chairs off the ground, without contact with any person.
6. The levitation of human beings.
7. Movement of various small articles without contact with any person.
8. Luminous appearances.
9. The appearance of hands, either self-luminous or visible, by ordinary light.
10. Direct writing.
11. Phantom forms and faces.
12. Special instances which seem to point to the agency of an exterior intelligence.
13. Miscellaneous occurrences of a complex character.

To these must be added.

1. The handling of red-hot coals by the Medium.
2. The materialization of spirit forms.

Now it is obvious that it is impossible for me even to summarize here the mass of evidence which could be adduced under each of these fifteen heads.

THE FIRE TEST.

I may, however, quote his description of the fire test, which he communicated to Part XV. of the Proceedings of the S. P. R. The notes were made during the seance of May 9, 1871, at the house of Miss Douglas, 81, South

Audley Street. There were present besides Mr. Crookes, Mr. Home, the Medium, Miss Douglas, Miss Gregory, Mr. O. R., Mr. Jones, W. F.—seven persons in all.

Mr. Home sank back in his chair with his eyes closed, and remained still for a few minutes. He then rose up in a trance and made signs for his eyes to be blindfolded. This was done. He walked about the room in an undecided sort of manner, came up to each of the sitters and made some remark to them. He went to the candle on a side table (close to the large table) and passed his fingers backwards and forwards through the flame several times so slowly that they must have been severely burnt under ordinary circumstances. He then held his fingers up, smiled and nodded as if pleased, took up a fine cambric handkerchief belonging to Miss Douglas, folded it up on his right hand and went to the fire. Here he threw off the bandage from his eyes, and by means of the tongs lifted a piece of red hot charcoal from the centre and deposited it on the folded cambric; bringing it across the room, he told us to put out the candle which was on the table, knelt down close to Mrs. W. F. and spoke to her about it in a low voice. Occasionally he fanned the coal to a white heat with his breath. Coming a little further round the room, he spoke to Miss Douglas, saying, "We shall have to burn a very small hole in the handkerchief. We have a reason for this which you do not see." Presently he took the coal back to the fire and handed the handkerchief to Miss Douglas. A small hole about half an inch in diameter was burnt in the centre, and there were two small points near it, but it was not even singed anywhere else. (I took the handkerchief away with me, and on testing it in my laboratory found that it had not undergone the slightest chemical preparation which could have rendered it fire-proof.)

Mr. Home again went to the fire, and after stirring the hot coal about with his hand, took out a red-hot piece nearly as big as an orange, and putting it on his right hand, covered it over with his left hand so as to almost completely enclose it, and then blew into the small furnace thus extemporised until the lump of charcoal was nearly white-hot, and then drew my attention to the lambent flame which was flickering over the coal and licking round his fingers; he fell on his knees, looked up in a reverent manner, held up the coal in front and said: "Is not God good? Are not His laws wonderful?"

Going again to the fire, he took out another hot coal with his hand and holding it up said to me, "Is not that a beautiful large bit, William? We want to bring that to you. Pay no attention at present." The coal, however, was not brought. Mr. Home said: "The power is going," and soon came back to his chair and woke up.

Mr. O. R. left at 11 o'clock. After this, nothing particular took place.

The following refers to a somewhat similar incident:—

Extract from a letter from Mr. Crookes to Mrs. Honeywood, describing an incident at a Seance on April 28th, and incorporated in Mrs. Honeywood's notes of the Seance.

At Mr. Home's request, whilst he was entranced, I went with him to the fireplace in the back drawing-room. He said, "We want you to notice particularly what Dan is doing." Accordingly I stood close to the fire and stooped down to it when he put his hands in. He very deliberately pulled the lumps of hot coal off, one at a time, with his right hand and touched one which was bright red. He then said, "The power is not strong on Dan's hand, as we have been influencing the handkerchief most. It is more difficult to influence an inanimate body like that than living flesh, so, as the circumstances were favourable, we thought we would show you that we could prevent a red-hot coal from burning a handkerchief. We will collect more power on the handkerchief and repeat it before you. Now!"

Mr. Home then waved the handkerchief about in the air two or three times, held it up above his head and then folded it up and laid it on his hand like a cushion; putting his other hand into the fire, took out a large lump of cinder red-hot at the lower part and placed the red part on the handkerchief. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been in a blaze. In about half a minute, he took it off the handkerchief with his hand, saying, "As the power is not strong, if we leave the coal longer

it will burn." He then put it on his hand and brought it to the table in the front room, where all but myself had remained seated.

(Signed) WILLIAM CROOKES.

THE MATERIALIZATION OF SPIRITS.*

In the materialization séances given by Miss Cook in Professor Crookes's laboratory, his library was used as the dark cabinet. Miss Cook, who was a constant visitor at his house, was under strict surveillance—not even being allowed to sleep by herself. She would go direct from the dinner table to the library, lie down on the floor with her head on the pillow, and pass into a trance. Then the spirit known as Katie King would materialize. Katie allowed Professor Crookes to touch her, to follow her into the Cabinet, where he sometimes saw her and her medium together, but usually found no one but Miss Cook, Katie having instantaneously disappeared. In order to preclude any possibility of mistake, it was decided to photograph Katie and her medium at the same time. Five complete sets of photographic apparatus were fitted up, and all five were brought to bear upon Katie at the same moment. Every night in one week there were three or four exposures of plates in the five cameras, and as a result he obtained 44 negatives, some inferior, some indifferent, and some excellent. He obtained one photograph of the two together. Katie was seated in front of Miss Cook's head. "It was a common thing for the seven or eight of us in the laboratory to see Miss Cook and Katie at the same time under the full blaze of electric light." Mr. Crookes was photographed standing beside Katie and afterwards with Miss Cook, dressed like Katie, in the same position. Her portrait was

identical in both, but Katie was half-a-head taller than Miss Cook. Mr. Crookes says:—

"I have the most absolute certainty that Miss Cook and Katie are two separate individuals so far as their bodies are concerned, several little marks on Miss Cook's face are absent on Katie's. Miss Cook's hair is so dark a brown as almost to appear black; a lock of Katie's which is now before me, and which she allowed me to cut from her luxuriant tresses, having first braced it up to the scalp, and satisfied myself that it actually grew there, is a rich golden auburn. On one evening I timed Katie's pulse. It beat steadily at 75, while Miss Cook's pulse, a little time after was going at its usual rate of 90.

Katie, indeed, seems to have been much superior to her medium. Mr. Crookes says—

Photography is as inadequate to depict the perfect beauty of Katie's face as words are powerless to describe her charms of manner. Photography may indeed give a map of her countenance, but how can it reproduce the brilliant purity of her complexion, or the ever varying expression of her most mobile features. Now overshadowed with sadness when relating some of the bitter experiences of her past life; now smiling with all the innocence of happy girlhood, when she had collected my children around her and was amusing them by recounting anecdotes of her adventures in India.

I had hoped to have been able to reproduce some of these Katie photographs, but, alas! Mr. Crookes tells me they were all accidentally destroyed some years ago. It only remains to be added that the Katie King materialisations lasted for more than three years. Every test which Professor Crookes proposed was welcomed. Miss Cook was an innocent school girl of fifteen. Hence Professor Crookes concludes, not without reason, that to imagine Katie King to be the result of imposture does mere violence to one's reason and common sense than to believe her to be what she herself affirms.

THE ACCORDION PLAYED BY UNSEEN HANDS.

After the Katie King materialisations it is, indeed, a descent to the comparatively vulgar phenomenon of the playing of an accordion without human touch. It is interesting, however, as illustrating the careful precautions taken by Professor Crookes against fraud.

The apparatus prepared for the purpose of testing the movements of the accordion consisted of a cage, formed of two wooden hoops, respectively 1 foot 10 inches and 2 feet in diameter, connected together by 12 narrow laths, each 1 foot 10 inches long, so as to form a drum-shaped frame, open at the top and bottom; round this 50 yards of insulated copper wire were wound in 24 rounds, each being rather less than an inch from its neighbour. These horizontal strands of wire were then netted together firmly with string, so as to form meshes rather less than 2 inches long by 1 inch high. The height of this cage was such that it would just slip under my dining table, but be too close to the top to allow of the hand being introduced into the interior, or to admit of a foot being pushed underneath it. In another room were two Grove's cells, wires being led from them into the dining-room for connection, if desirable, with the wire surrounding the cage.

The accordion was a new one, having been purchased by myself for the purpose of these experiments at Wheatston's, in Conduit Street. Mr. Home had neither handled nor seen the instrument before the commencement of the test experiments.

Mr. Home took the accordion between the thumb and middle finger of one hand at the opposite end of the keys, laid his other hand on the table, and the accordion played by itself within the cage. Mr. Home then removed his hand altogether from the accordion, which continued to play a simple air—no one present having a finger on the keys or on the accordion. Then Mr. Crookes

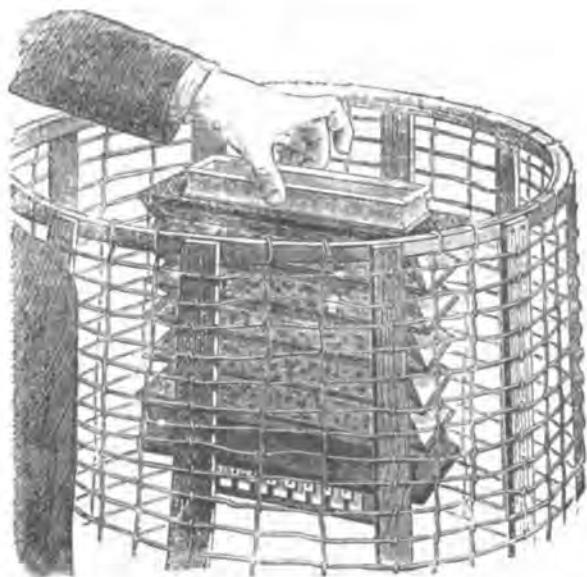
* It may not be without interest to quote here Miss Florrie Cook's own account of this episode in her career as a materializing medium. It appeared in *The Two Worlds* last March. Miss Cook says:—

"I went to Mr. Crookes myself, without the knowledge of my parents or friends, and offered myself a willing sacrifice on the altar of his unbelief. It was immediately after the unpleasant incident of Mr. Volkmann, and those who did not understand said many cruel things of me. Mr. Crookes, who had had a very little experience already, did not spare me with the rest; and something he said nettled me so much that I went straight to him without a thought, except to put myself right with him and the world. I said, in effect, 'You believe me to be an impostor. Well, you shall see. I will come to your house; Mrs. Crookes shall supply me with clothes, and send those that I come in away. You shall keep me under the closest observation as long as you like, make any experiment you choose, and satisfy yourself completely and finally one way or the other. I make only one condition. If you find I am a fraud, denounce me as strongly and as publicly as you please; but if you find that the phenomena are genuine, and that I am but an instrument in the hands of the Unseen, say so honestly and publicly, and clear me before the world.'"

"And Mr. Crookes took you at your word, as we all know?"

"He did, and kept his part of the bargain like the perfect gentleman he is, though it cost him something to make the frank and unequivocal avowal that he did. Everyone who has the smallest acquaintance with the literature of modern Spiritualism knows what happened; how from hearing me breathing and sighing in the cabinet whilst Katie was outside in full view, Mr. Crookes and the rest of his family came to see us both, often and often in the full glare of electric light, together and at the same time; how Katie entered into the spirit of his experiments, and learning to trust him fully and freely, fell in readily with his every suggestion, and furthered his plans in every possible way in her power; how he took dozens of photographs of her alone, and the two of us together; how he satisfied himself that Katie when materialised was a woman (if flesh and blood, with beating heart, throbbing pulse, and respiring lungs like the rest of us, and yet saw her melt into nothingness again and again before his eyes; how he was present at that last pathetic scene, when Katie, her work being done, bid me a touching farewell, my eyes blinded with tears at my voice choked with sobs—all this is told in Mr. Crookes' book—and the end of it was that he rendered me as ample and complete a tribute with his own eyes as could possibly be expected or desired."

"I refer to this testimony, not because of its personal reference to myself, but because of its complete vindication of Katie King, the spirit, who for three years used me for the production of some of the most marvellous phenomena on record. Mr. Cromwell Varley's famous experiments, too, led to precisely the same conclusions, but these, of course, although thorough, would not compare for unremitting and untiring watchfulness, exhaustiveness, and comprehensiveness with the severe and searching tests imposed by Mr. Crookes."



THE ACCORDION EXPERIMENT.

FIG. 2.

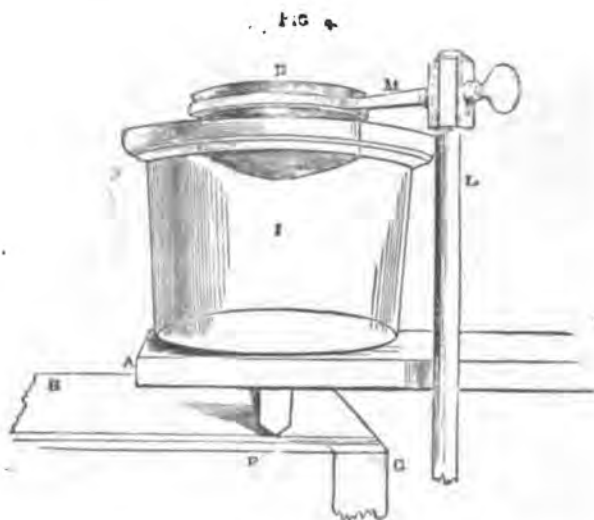
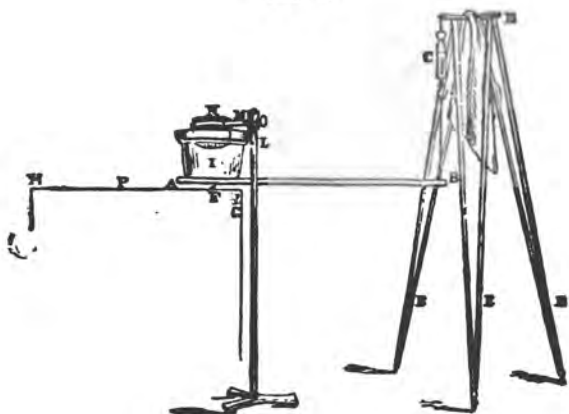


FIG. 9 (Plan.)

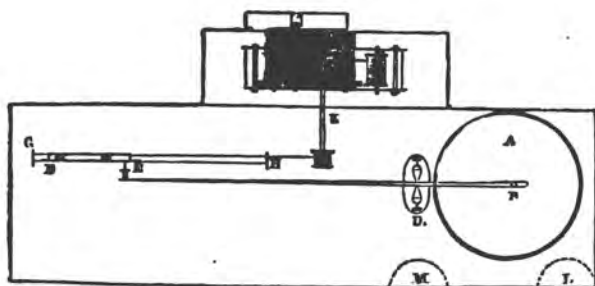
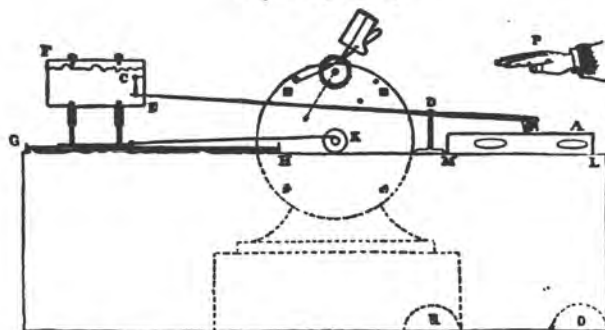


FIG. 10. (Section.)



APPARATUS FOR TESTING STRENGTH OF PSYCHIC FORCE.

and two others saw the accordion floating about inside the cage with no visible support. Then Mr. Home took hold of the accordion again, and it played a sweet and plaintive melody very beautifully. While it was playing Mr. Crookes grasped Home's arm. It was not moving a muscle. On another occasion, while a sitter, O. R., held the accordion, and Mr. Home was not touching it, the music went on. On another occasion, when the accordion was playing "Home, Sweet Home" under the table, Mr. A. R. Wallace saw a hand distinctly moving the instrument up and down, and playing on the keys. One of Mr. Home's hands was on the table, and the other held the keyless end of the accordion. At the séance, June 23, 1871, while Home's hands and feet were held, the accordion played. On another occasion, they heard a man's rich voice accompanying it in one corner of the room, and a bird whistling and chirping. On July 30, 1871—

Mr. Home got up and stood behind in full view of all, holding the accordion out at arm's length. We all saw it expanding and contracting and heard it playing a melody. Mr. Home then let go of the accordion, which went behind his back and there continued to play; his feet being visible and also his two hands, which were in front of him.

Mr. Home was then raised bodily in the air.

Whilst this was going on we heard the accordion fall heavily to the ground. It had been suspended in the air behind the chair where Mr. Home had been sitting. When it fell, Mr. Home was about 10 feet from it.

Mr. Home still standing behind Mrs. I. and Mr. Wm. Crookes, the accordion was both seen and heard to move about behind him without his hands touching it. It then played a tune without contact and floating in the air.

Mr. Home then took the accordion in one hand and held it out so that we could all see it (he was still standing up behind Mrs. I. and Mr. Wm. Crookes). We then saw the accordion expand and contract and heard a tune played. Mrs. Wm. Crookes and Mr. Home saw a light on the lower part of the accordion, where the keys were, and we then heard and saw the keys clicked and depressed one after the other fairly and deliberately, as if to show us that the power doing it, although invisible (or nearly so) to us, had full control over the instrument.

A beautiful tune was then played whilst Mr. Home was standing up holding the accordion out in full view of everyone.

Mr. Home then came round behind me, and, telling me to hold my left arm out, placed the accordion under my arm, the keys hanging down and the upper part pressing upwards against my upper arm. He then left go, and the accordion remained there. He then placed his two hands one on each of my shoulders. In this position, no one touching the accordion but myself, and every one noticing what was taking place, the instrument played notes but no tune.

THE INCREASE AND DECREASE OF WEIGHT.

None of Professor Crookes's experiments were more carefully conducted than those by which he demonstrated that Mr. D. D. Home exercised a power which superseded the law of gravitation, and made articles light or heavy at will. Professor Crookes says:—

Not until I had witnessed these facts some half-dozen times, and scrutinised them with all the critical acumen I possess, did I become convinced of their objective reality. Still, desiring to place the matter beyond the shadow of doubt, I invited Mr. Home on several occasions to come to my own house, where, in the presence of a few scientific enquirers, these phenomena could be submitted to crucial experiments.

Before fitting up special apparatus for these experiments, he had seen on five separate occasions objects varying in weight from 25 to 100 lb., temporarily influ-

enced in such a manner that he and others present could with difficulty lift them from the floor. On two subsequent occasions he tested the phenomena by a weighing machine. "On the first occasion the increase of weight was from 8 lb. normally to 36 lb., 48 lb., and 46 lb., in three successive experiments tried under strict scrutiny." A fortnight after much the same results were obtained. Professor Crookes, therefore, decided to rig up a special apparatus to be able to weigh exactly what "pull" this strange unknown force could exercise. Professor Crookes says:—

The meetings took place in the evening, in a large room lighted by gas.

An apparatus (Figs. 2 and 4) was fitted up for experimenting on the alteration in the weight of a body. It consisted of a mahogany board, 36 inches long by 9½ inches wide and 1 inch thick. At each end a strip of mahogany 1½ inches wide was screwed on, forming feet. One end of the board rested on a firm table, whilst the other end was supported by a spring balance hanging from a substantial tripod stand. The balance was fitted with a self-registering index in such a manner that it would record the maximum weight indicated by the pointer. The apparatus was adjusted so that the mahogany board was horizontal, its foot resting on the support. In this position its weight was 3 lbs. as marked by the pointer on the balance.

On the board, exactly over the fulcrum, is placed a large glass vessel filled with water, i. e. a massive iron stand furnished with an arm and a ring, M N, in which rests a hemispherical copper vessel, perforated with several holes in the bottom. The iron stand was 2 inches from the board A B, and the arm and copper vessel M N, were so adjusted that the latter dipped into the water 1½ inches, being 5½ inches from the bottom of i, and 2 inches from its circumference. Shaking or striking the arm M or the vessel N produced no appreciable mechanical effect on the board A B capable of affecting the balance. Dipping the hand to the fullest extent into the water in N did not produce the least appreciable action on the balance. As the mechanical transmission of power is by this means entirely cut off between the copper vessel and the board A B, the power of muscular control is thereby eliminated.

THE EXPERIMENTS WITH THE WEIGHING MACHINE.

Professor Crookes further fitted an ingenious self-registering apparatus to the spring balance, by which a projecting steel point impressed a mark on the smoked surface of a sheet of plate glass, set in motion by clockwork. If the balance is at rest and the clockwork set going, the result is a perfectly straight horizontal line. If, while the clock draws the plate along, the weight of the board or the tension on the balance varies, the result is a curved line, from which the tension in grains at any moment can be calculated. Professor Crookes found that by standing with all his weight upon the table end of the board, he could only sink the index 2 lbs. That is to say, 140 lbs. pressure on one end of the board only brought upon the spring balance a pull of 2 lbs. The board weighed 3 lbs., so that Professor Crookes, by using all his weight, could only register 5 lbs. on the index. But when Mr. Home placed his finger-tips lightly on the end of the board, the other end of the board dipped to show a 9 lbs. pull, that is to say, 6 lbs., plus the weight of the board, or three times as much as Professor Crookes could exert by using the whole weight of his body. Still more remarkable was the result when Mr. Home, instead of touching the board with his fingers, merely dipped his hand in the water in the copper vessel N. The result was that the board at once descended slowly, rose, and then sank again, the index registering a direct pull of 5,000 grains. Mr. Home then put his hand on the stand of the apparatus, but did not touch the board. The same result

followed, the pull being, if anything, stronger and more irregular. Then Mr. Home was placed 12 inches away from the board, and the same phenomena followed, although in this case the pull was weaker and not so continuous. But the strongest pull of all was that which was registered when Mr. Home was three feet distant, his hands and feet being tightly held by those present. As the apparatus was made by Professor Crookes, controlled by Professor Crookes in his own laboratory, and as there were no persons present but friends, who were keenly bent on discovering any fraud or imposture, this result may rightly be regarded as conclusive of the fact that there was some unknown force emanating from Mr. D. D. Home, which was capable of exercising a direct pressure on a wooden plank amounting to at least six pounds weight, and that without Mr. Home being at all in contact with the apparatus.

ANOTHER REGISTERING APPARATUS.

Professor Crookes then constructed another more delicate apparatus, which he thus describes.

A piece of thin parchment A (Figs 9 and 10) was stretched lightly across a circular hoop of wood, B C is a light lever turning on D. At the end B is a vertical needle point touching the membrane A, and at C is another needlepoint projecting horizontally and touching a smoked glass plate E F. The glass plate was drawn along in the direction B G by clockwork K. The end B of the lever is weighted so that it shall quickly follow the movements of the centre of the disc A. These movements are transmitted and recorded on the glass plate E F, by means of the lever and needle point C. Holes were cut in the side of the hoop to allow a free passage of air to the under side of the membrane. The apparatus was well tested beforehand by myself and others, to see that no shaking or jar on the table or support would interfere with the results. The line traced by the point C on the smoked glass was perfectly straight, in spite of all our attempts to influence the lever by shaking the stand or stamping on the floor.

The experiment was tried first with a lady medium placed on the stand either at M and L or N and O. Noises were then heard like the dropping of grains of sand on the surface of the parchment. A fragment of graphite was thrown upward one-fiftieth of an inch, and the end C of the lever moved slightly up and down. The experiment was repeated in Mr. Home's presence, when the index C moved up and down more slowly, and without any percussive sounds. Mr. Home did not touch the apparatus at all.

These experiments, says Professor Crookes, confirm beyond doubt the conclusion that there is some force associated in some manner not yet explained, with the human organization by which force, increased weight, is capable of being imparted to solid bodies without physical contact.

GRAVITATION SUSPENDED (1) WITH CONTACT.

In the notes of Séances with D. D. Home, communicated to the S.P.R., occur the following reports of experiments made in 1871, which show that this force was capable of being exercised at will.

At the Séance of May 9th, 1871, seven persons being present, including D. D. Home, sat round a table weighing 32 lbs. which required a pressure of 8 lbs. to tilt. A spring balance was hooked under one edge of the table, when the following experiments were made.

Experiment 1.—"Be light." An upward pull of 2 lb. required to lift one of the feet off the ground, all hands lightly touching the top of the table.

Experiment 2.—"Be heavy." As soon as this was said, the table creaked, shuddered, and appeared to settle itself firmly into the floor. The effect was as if the power of a gigantic electro-magnet had been suddenly turned on, the table constituting the armature. All hands were, as before, very lightly touching the upper surface of the table with their fingers. A force of 36 lb. was now required to raise the foot of the table from the floor. I lifted it up and down four or five times, and the index of the balance kept pretty constant at 36 lb., not varying more than $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Whilst this was going on, each person's hands were noticed. They were touching the table so lightly that their aggregate downward pressure could not have been many ounces. Mr. Home once lifted his hands for a moment quite off the table. His feet were tucked back under his chair the whole time.

Experiment 3.—"Be light." Conditions the same as before. An upward pull of 7 lb. required to tilt the table.

Experiment 4.—"Be heavy." The same creaking noise as in Experiment 2 was again heard. Every person (except Mr. O. R. and myself, who was standing up trying the experiment) put the ends of the fingers underneath the table top, the palms being upwards and the thumbs visible, so that, if any force were unconsciously exerted, it should tend to diminish the weight. At the same time Mr. O. R. took a candle and stooped under the table to see that no one was touching the legs of the table with their knees or feet. I also stooped down occasionally to verify Mr. O. R.'s statement that all was fair beneath. Upon applying the spring balance, I saw that the table was pulled up at 45 lb. Immediately this was announced I felt an increase of weight, and, after a few trials, the pull was increased to 48 lb., at which point the index stood steady, the leg of the table being about 3 in. off the floor.

Experiment 5.—"Be heavy." The conditions were the same as before, a little more care being taken by the sitters to keep their feet well tucked under their chairs. Hands touching the under side of the table top as before. The index of the balance rose steadily, without the table moving in the least, until it pointed to 46 lb. At this point the table rose an inch, when the hook of the balance slipped off, and the table returned to its place with a crash. The iron hook had bent out sufficiently to prevent it holding the table firmly any longer, so the experiments were obliged to be discontinued.

(2) WITHOUT CONTACT.

At the Séance of June 19th, 1871, the experiments were resumed. This time Mr. Home did not touch the table at all.

Experiment 1.—I thereupon fixed the spring balance to it, and asking for it to be made heavy tried to lift it off the ground. It required a pull of 23 lb. to raise it. During this time Mr. Home was sitting back in his chair, his hands quite off the table and his feet touching those on each side of him.

Experiment 2.—"Be heavy" again. Mr. H. now took a candle, and stooping down looked under the table to see that no one was touching it there, whilst I was observing the same at the top. Mr. Home's hands and feet were the same as before. The balance now showed a tension of 22 lb.

Experiment 3 was now tried, Mr. Home being further from the table. A pull of 17 lb. was required.

Experiment 4.—When we said "Be light," the table rose at 12 lb. On trying afterwards the normal pull required to tilt it, we found it to be 14 lb.

This will suffice as a specimen of the investigations which led him to take his stand before the Royal Society, and announce to them his discovery. They would not receive it, after the fashion of learned societies, and some of their members abused Professor Crookes roundly for disturbing their smug complacency. Dr. W. Carpenter, in particular, seems to have discredited himself by the superciliousness and inaccuracy

with which he assailed Professor Crookes in the *Quarterly Review*.

A MANY-SIDED MAN OF SCIENCE.

Among other charges hurled against the audacious discoverer was the accusation that he had confined his attention to one special subject. This taunt gave Professor Crookes an opportunity of retorting in a passage which I am glad to quote here.

Will my reviewer kindly say what that special subject is to which I have confined my attention? Is it general chemistry, whose chronicler I have been since the commencement of the *Chemical News* in 1859? Is it Thallium, about which the public have probably heard as much as they care for? Is it Chemical Analysis, in which my recently published "Select Methods" is the result of twelve years' work? Is it Disinfection and the Prevention and Cure of Cattle Plague, my published report on which may be said to have popularised Carbolic Acid? Is it Photography, on the theory and practice of which my papers have been very numerous? Is it the Metallurgy of Gold and Silver, in which my discovery of the value of Sodium in the amalgamation process is now largely used in Australia, California, and South America? Is it in Physical Optics, in which department I have space only to refer to papers on some Phenomena of Polarised Light, published before I was twenty-one; to my detailed description of the Spectroscope and labours with this instrument, when it was almost unknown in England; to my papers on the Solar and Terrestrial Spectra; to my examination of the Optical Phenomena of Opals, and construction of the Spectrum Microscope; to my papers on the Measurement of the Luminous Intensity of Light; and my description of my Polarisation Photometer? Or is my speciality Astronomy and Meteorology, inasmuch as I was for twelve months at the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford, where, in addition to my principal employment of arranging the meteorological department, I divided my leisure time between Homer and mathematics at Magdalen Hall, planet-hunting and transit taking with Mr. Pogson, now Principal of the Madras Observatory, and celestial photography with the magnificent heliometer attached to the Observatory? My photographs of the Moon, taken in 1855, at Mr. Hartnup's Observatory, Liverpool, were for years the best extant, and I was honoured by a money grant from the Royal Society to carry out further work in connection with them. These facts, together with my trip to Oran last year (this was written in 1871), as one of the Government Eclipse Expedition, and the invitation recently received to visit Ceylon

for the same purpose, would almost seem to show that Astronomy was my speciality. In truth, few scientific men are less open to the charge of being "a specialist of specialists."

AN AVOWAL OF UNSHAKEN FAITH.

Since then Professor Crookes has done but little psychic investigation. In 1891, however, he contributed "Notes of his Séances with D. D. Home to the Society for Psychical Research" for the specific object of reaffirming his absolute knowledge of the phenomena to which he had borne witness twenty years before. He wrote:

Their publication will, at any rate, show that I have not changed my mind; that on dispassionate review of statements put forth by me nearly twenty years ago I find nothing to retract or to alter. I have discovered no flaw in the experiments then made, or in the reasoning I based upon them.

At the same time, Professor Crookes admitted that he had been somewhat disappointed at the slow rate of progress in the investigation of the new force. He said:

I announced my intention of publishing a book, which should contain my numerous printed and unprinted observations.

But this projected work has never seen the light. My excuse—a real excuse, though not a complete justification—lies in the extreme pressure of other work on my time and energies. The chemical and physical problems of my professional life have become more and more absorbing; and, on the other hand, few fresh opportunities have occurred of prosecuting my researches into "psychic force." I must confess, indeed, that I have been disappointed with the progress of investigation into this subject during the last fifteen years. I see little abatement of the credulity on the one hand and the fraud on the other which have all along interfered, as I hold, with the recognition of new truth of profound interest.

From this somewhat melancholy note, we turn with relief to the more buoyant tone of the inaugural address, in which, from the abyssmal depths of our own ignorance he Man of Science draws hope and consolation, and a constant stimulus to expect the discovery of new truths, the revelation of unknown worlds.

IV.—A SCIENTIFIC GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

PROFESSOR CROOKES'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS TO THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY.

AT the 84th General Meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, held at the Westminster Town Hall on Friday, January 19th, 1897, at 4 p.m., the President, Mr. W. CROOKES, F.R.S., gave the following address:—

"The task I am called upon to perform to-day is to my thinking by no means a merely formal or easy matter. It fills me with deep concern to give an address, with such authority as a President's chair confers, upon a science which, though still in a purely nascent stage, seems to me at least as important as any other science whatever. Psychical science, as we here try to pursue it, is the embryo of something which in time may dominate the whole world of thought. This possibility—nay probability—does not make it the easier to me now. Embryonic development is apt to be both rapid and interesting; yet the prudent man shrinks from dogmatizing on the egg until he sees the chicken.

BLESSED BE IGNORANCE!

"Nevertheless, I desire, if I can, to say a helpful word. And I ask myself what kind of a helpful word. Is there any connexion between my old-standing interest in physical problems and such original work as I may have been able to do in other branches of science.

"I think there is such a connexion—that the most helpful quality which has aided me in physical problems and has made me lucky in physical discoveries (sometimes of rather unexpected kinds), has simply been my knowledge—my *vital* knowledge, if I may so term it—of my own ignorance.

"Most students of Nature sooner or later pass through a process of writing off a large percentage of their supposed capital of knowledge as a merely illusory asset. As we trace more accurately certain familiar sequences of phenomena, we begin to realise how closely these sequences, or laws, as we call them, are hemmed round by still other laws of which we can form no notion. With myself, this writing off of illusory assets has gone rather far; and the cobweb of supposed knowledge has been pinched (as some one has phrased it) into a particularly small pill.

IT IS A HEALTHFUL STIMULANT.

"I am not disposed to bemoan the limitations imposed by human ignorance. On the contrary, I feel ignorance is a healthful stimulant; and my enforced conviction that neither I nor any one can possibly lay down beforehand what does *not* exist in the universe, or even what is *not* going on round us every day of our lives, leaves me with a cheerful hope that something very new and very arresting may turn up anywhere at any minute."

"Well, it was this attitude of a mind 'to let,' which first brought me across Mr. D. D. Home, and which led to my getting a glimpse of some important laws of matter and energy of which I fear many of my fellow physicists still prefer to be uncognizant. It is this same accessible temper of mind which leads me to follow the problems of the Society for Psychical Research with an interest which, if somewhat calmed by advancing years, and by the perception of the inevitable slowness of discovery, is still as deep a feeling as any which life has

left me. And I shall try to utilise this temper of mind to-day by clearing away, so far as I can, certain pre-suppositions, on one side or on the other, which seem to me to depend upon a too hasty assumption that we know more about the universe than as yet we really can know.

OUR SHAPE AFTER DEATH.

"I will take the most essential part first, and address myself to those who believe with me in the survival of man's individuality after death. I will point out a curious, inveterate, and widespread illusion,—the illusion that our earthly bodies are a kind of norm of humanity, so that ethereal bodies, if such there be, must correspond to them in shape and size.

"When we take a physical view of a human being in his highest form of development, he is seen to consist essentially of a thinking brain, the brain itself, among its manifold functions, being a transformer whereby intelligent will-power is able to react on matter. To communicate with the external world, the brain requires organs by which it can be transported from place to place, and other organs by means of which energy is supplied to replace that expended in the exercise of its own special functions. Again, waste of tissue and reparation have to be provided for; hence the necessity for organs of digestion, assimilation, circulation, respiration, &c., to carry on these processes effectually; and when we consider that this highly complex organ is fitted to undergo active work for the best part of a century, we cannot but marvel that it can keep in tune so long.

HOW WE CAME BY OUR BODIES.

The human creature represents the most perfect thinking and acting machine yet evolved on this earth, developing through countless ages in strict harmony with the surrounding conditions of temperature, atmosphere, light and gravitation. The profound modifications in the human frame which any important alteration in either of these factors would occasion are strangely unconsidered. It is true there have been questionings as to the effects that might be occasioned by changes in temperature and atmospheric composition, but possible variations in gravitation seem almost to have escaped notice. The human body, which long experience and habit have taught us to consider in its highest development as the perfection of beauty and grace,—'formed in the image of God,'—is entirely conditioned by the strength of gravitation on this globe. So far as has been possible to ascertain, the intensity of gravity has not varied appreciably within those geologic ages covering the existence of animated thinking beings. The human race, therefore, has passed through all its periods of evolution and development, in strict conformity with and submission to this dominant power, until it is difficult to conceive any great departure from the narrow limits imposed on the proportions of the human frame.

HOW THEY WOULD CHANGE IF—

"In the first place, I wish to consider what transformation in our appearance would be produced by a change in the force of gravitation. Let us take extreme

cases. Say that the power of gravitation were to be doubled. In that case we should have to exert a vastly increased strength to support ourselves in any other than the prone or dorsal position—it would be hard to rise from the ground, to run, leap, climb, to drag or carry any object. Our muscles would necessarily be more powerful, and the skeleton to which they are attached would need corresponding modification. To work such limbs a more rapid transformation of matter would be required; hence the supply of nutriment must be greater, involving enlarged digestive organs, and a larger respiratory apparatus to allow of the perfect aëration of the increased mass of the blood. To keep up the circulation with the necessary force, either the heart would have to be more powerful or the distance through which the blood would require to be impelled must be reduced. The increased amount of nourishment demanded would involve a corresponding increase in the difficulty of its collection, and the struggle for existence would be intensified. More food being required day by day, the jaws would have to be enlarged and the muscles strengthened. The teeth also must be adapted for extra tearing and grinding.

THE WORLD WERE LARGER—

"These considerations involve marked changes in the structure of human beings. To accord with thickened bones, bulging muscles and larger respiratory and digestive apparatus, the body would be heavier and more massive. The necessity for such alterations in structure would be increased by the liability to fall. The necessity of keeping the centre of gravity low, and the great demands made on the system in other respects must conspire to reduce the size of head and brain. With increase of gravitation, the bipedal form would be beset by drawbacks. Assuming that the human race, under the altered circumstances, remained bipedal, it is highly probable that a large increase in the quadruped, hexapod, or octopod structure would prevail in the animal kingdom. The majority of animals would be of the Saurian class with very short legs, allowing the trunk to rest easily on the ground, and the serpent type would probably be in the ascendant. Winged creatures would suffer severely, and small birds and insects would be dragged to earth by a force hard to resist; although this might be more or less compensated by the increased density of the air. Humming birds, dragon-flies, butterflies, and bees, all of which spend a large portion of their time in the air, would, in the struggle for existence, be rare visitants. Hence the fertilisation of flowers by the intervention of insects must be thwarted; and this would lead to the extinction, or at all events to a scarcity, of entomophilous plants, *i.e.*, all those with the showiest blossoms—a gloomy result to follow from a mere increase of the earth's attraction.

"But having known no other type of human form, it is allowable to think that, under those different conditions, Man would still consider Woman—though stunted, thick-limbed, flat-footed, with enormous jaws underlying a diminutive skull—as the highest type of beauty!

—OR SMALLER.

"Decreased attraction of the earth might be attended with another set of changes scarcely less remarkable. With the same expenditure of vital energy as at present, and with the same quantity of transformation of matter, we should be able to lift heavier weights, to take longer bounds, to move with greater swiftness,

and to undergo prolonged muscular exertion with less fatigue—possibly to fly. Hence the transformation of matter required to keep up animal heat, and to restore the waste of energy and tissue, would be smaller for the same amount of duty done. A less volume of blood, reduced lungs and digestive organs would be required. Thus we might expect a set of structural changes of an inverse nature to those resulting from intensified gravitation. All parts of the body might safely be constructed upon a less massive plan—a slighter skeleton, smaller muscles, and slenderer trunk. These modifications, in a less degree than we are contemplating, tend in the present to beauty of form, and it is easy to imagine our æsthetic feelings would naturally keep pace with further developments in the direction of grace, slenderness, symmetry, and tall figures.

WEIGHT AND EVIL.

"It is curious that the popular conceptions of evil and malignant beings are of the type that would be produced by increased gravitation—toads, reptiles, and noisome creeping things—while the Arch Fiend himself is represented as perhaps the ultimate form which could be assumed by a thinking brain and its necessary machinery were the power of gravitation to be increased to the highest point compatible with existence—a serpent crawling along the ground. On the other hand, our highest types of beauty are those which would be common under decreased gravitation.

"The 'daughter of the gods, divinely tall,' and the leaping athlete, please us by the slight triumph over the earthward pull which their stature or spring implies. It is true we do not correspondingly admire the flea, whose triumph over gravitation, unaided by wings, is so striking. Marvellous as is the flea, its body, like ours, is strictly conditioned by gravitation.

"But popular imagination presupposes spiritual beings to be utterly independent of gravitation, whilst retaining shapes and proportions which gravitation originally determined, and only gravitation seems likely to maintain

WHY THEN GIVE SPIRITS BODIES?

"When and if spiritual beings made themselves visible either to our bodily eyes or to our inward vision, their object would be thwarted were they not to appear in a recognisable form; so that their appearance would take the shape of the body and clothing to which we have been accustomed. Materiality, form, and space, I am constrained to believe, are temporary conditions of our present existence. It is difficult to conceive the idea of a spiritual being having a body like ours, conditioned by the exact gravitating force exerted by the earth, and with organs which presuppose the need for food and necessity for the removal of waste products. It is equally difficult, hemmed in and bound round as we are by materialistic ideas, to think of intelligence, thought, and will, existing without form or matter, and untrammelled by gravitation or space.

ATOMS AND SPIRITS.

"Men of science before now have had to face a similar problem. In some speculations on the nature of matter, Faraday* expressed himself in language which, *mutatis*

* "If we must assume at all, as indeed in a branch of knowledge like the present we can hardly help it, then the safest course appears to be to assume as little as possible, and in that respect the atoms of Roscovitch appear to me to have a great advantage over the more usual notion. His atoms are mere centres of forces or powers, not particles of matter, in which the powers themselves reside.

"If in the ordinary view of atoms, we call the particle of matter away from the powers *a*, and the system of powers or forces in and around it *m*,

mutandis, applies to my present surmises. This earnest philosopher was speculating on the ultimate nature of matter; and, thinking of the little, hard, impenetrable atom of Lucretius, and the forces or forms of energy appertaining to it, he felt himself impelled to reject the idea of the existence of the nucleus altogether, and to think only of the forces and forms of energy usually associated therewith. He was led to the conclusion that this view necessarily involved the surmise that the atoms are not merely mutually penetrable, but that each atom, extends throughout all space, yet always retaining its own centre of force.*

SPIRITS AS BODILESS CENTRES.

"A view of the constitution of matter which recommended itself to Faraday as preferable to the one ordinarily held, appears to me to be exactly the view I endeavoured to picture as the constitution of spiritual beings, Centres of intellect, will, energy, and power, each mutually penetrable, whilst at the same time permeating what we call space; but each centre retaining its own individuality, persistence of self, and memory. Whether these intelligent centres of the various spiritual forces which in their aggregate go to make up Man's character or Karma, are also associated in any way with the forms of energy which, centered, form the material atom—whether these spiritual entities, are material not in the crude, gross sense of Lucretius, but material as sublimated through the piercing intellect of Faraday—is one of those mysteries which to us mortals will perhaps ever remain an unsolved problem.

A NEW GULLIVER.

"My next speculation is more difficult, and is addressed to those who not only take too terrestrial a view, but who deny the plausibility—nay, the possibility—of the existence of an unseen world at all. I reply we are demonstrably standing on the brink, at any rate, of one unseen world. I do not here speak of a spiritual or immaterial world. I speak of the world of the infinitely little, which must be still called a material world, although matter as therein existing or perceptible is something which our limited faculties do not enable us to conceive. It is the world—I do not say of molecular forces as opposed to molar, but of forces whose action lies mainly outside the limit of human perception, as opposed to forces evident to the gross perception of human organ-

then in Bosovich's theory a disappears, or is a mere mathematical point, whilst in the usual notion it is a little unchangeable, impenetrable piece of matter, and m is an atmosphere of force grouped around it.

"To my mind, therefore, the n or nucleus vanishes, and the substance consists of the powers or m s; and indeed, what notion can we form of the nucleus independent of its powers? all our perception and knowledge of the atom, and even our fancy, is limited to ideas of its powers: what thought remains on which to hang the imagination of an n independent of the acknowledged forces?

"A mind just entering on the subject may consider it difficult to think of the powers of matter independent of a separate something to be called *the matter*, but it is certainly far more difficult, and indeed impossible, to think of or imagine that *matter* independent of the powers. Now the powers we know and recognise in every phenomenon of the creation, the abstract matter in none; why then assume the existence of that of which we are ignorant, which we cannot conceive, and for which there is no philosophical necessity?

"If an atom be conceived to be a centre of power, that which is ordinarily referred to under the term *shape* would be now referred to the disposition and relative intensity of the forces. . . . Nothing can be supposed of the disposition of forces in and about a solid nucleus of matter, which cannot be equally conceived with respect to a centre.

"The view now stated of the constitution of matter would seem to involve necessarily the conclusion that matter fills all space. . . . In that view matter is not merely mutually penetrable, but each atom extends, so to say, throughout the whole of the solar system, yet always retaining its own centre of force."—Faraday, "On the Nature of Matter," *Phil. Mag.*, 1844, vol. xxiv., p. 136.

* I may say, in passing, that the modern vortex atom also fulfils these conditions.

isms. I hardly know how to make clear to myself or to you the difference in the apparent laws of the universe which would follow upon a mere difference of bulk in the observer. Such an observer I must needs imagine as best I can. I shall not attempt to rival the vividness of the great satirist who, from a postulated difference of size far less considerable, deduced in "Gulliver's Travels" the absurdity, and the mere relativity, of so much in human morals, politics, society. But I shall take courage from the example of my predecessor in this chair, Professor William James of Harvard, from whom later I shall cite a most striking parable of precisely the type I seek.

A HOMUNCULUS ON A CABBAGE LEAF—

"You must permit me, then, a homunculus on whom to hang my speculation. I cannot place him actually amid the interplay of molecules, for lack of power to imagine his environment; but I shall make him of such microscopic size that molecular forces which in common life we hardly notice—such as surface-tension, capillarity, the Brownian movements—become for him so conspicuous and dominant that he can hardly believe, let us say, in the universality of gravitation, which we may suppose to have been revealed to him by ourselves, his creators.

"Let us place him on a cabbage leaf, and let him start for himself."

"The area of the cabbage-leaf to him is a boundless plain many square miles in extent. To this minimised creature the leaf is studded with huge glittering transparent globes, resting motionless on the surface of the leaf, each globe vastly exceeding in height the towering Pyramids. Each of these spheres appears to emit from one of its sides a dazzling light. Urged by curiosity he approaches and touches one of the orbs. It resists pressure like an india-rubber ball, until accidentally he fractures the surface, when suddenly he feels himself seized and whirled and brought somewhere to an equilibrium, where he remains suspended in the surface of the sphere utterly unable to extricate himself. In the course of an hour or two he finds the globe diminishing, and ultimately it disappears, leaving him at liberty to pursue his travels.

WHERE NATURAL LAWS DON'T SEEM TO ACT.

"Quitting the cabbage leaf, he strays over the surface of soil, finding it exceeding rocky and mountainous, until he sees before him a broad surface akin to the kind of matter which formed the globes of the cabbage leaf. Instead, however, of rising upwards from its support, it now slopes downwards in a vast curve from the brink, and ultimately becomes apparently level, though, as this is at a considerable distance from the shore, he cannot be absolutely certain. Let us now suppose that he holds in his hand a vessel bearing the same proportion to his minimised frame that a pint measure does to that of a man as he is, and that by adroit manipulation he contrives to fill it with water. If he inverts the vessel he finds that the liquid will not flow, and can only be dislodged by violent shocks. Wearied by his exertions to empty the vessel of water, he sits on the shore, and idly amuses himself by throwing stones and other objects into the water. As a rule the stones and other wet bodies sink, although when dry they obstinately refuse to go to the bottom, but float on the surface. He tries

* I need hardly say that in this fanciful sketch, composed only for an illustrative purpose, all kinds of problems (as of the homunculus's own structure and powers) are left untouched, and various points which would really need to be mathematically worked out are left intentionally vague.

other substances. A rod of polished steel, a silver pencil-case, some platinum wire, and a steel pen, objects two or three times the density of the stones, refuse to sink at all, and float on the surface like so many bits of cork. Nay, if he and his friends manage to throw into the water one of those enormous steel bars which we call needles, this also makes a sort of concave trough for itself on the surface, and floats tranquilly. After these and a few more observations, he theorises on the properties of water and of liquids in general. Will he come to the conclusion that liquids seek their own level; that their surfaces when at rest are horizontal; and that solids when placed in a liquid sink or float according to their higher or lower specific gravity? No; he will feel justified in inferring that liquids, at rest, assume spherical, or at least curvilinear forms, whether convex or concave depending upon circumstances not easily ascertained; that they cannot be poured from one vessel to another and resist the force of gravitation, which is consequently not universal; and that such bodies as he can manipulate generally refuse to sink in liquids, whether their specific gravity be high or low. From the behaviour of a body placed in contact with a dew-drop he will even derive plausible reasons for doubting the inertia of matter.

NOTES LIKE PORTMANTEAUS.

"Already he has been somewhat puzzled by the constant and capricious bombardment of cumbrous objects like portmanteaus flying in the air; for the gay notes that people the sunbeams will dance somewhat unpleasantly for a microscopic homunculus who can never tell where they are coming. Nay, what he has understood to be the difficulty experienced by living creatures in rising from the earth, except with wings, will soon seem absurdly exaggerated. For he will discern a terrific creature, a Behemoth 'in plated mail,' leaping through the skies in frenzied search for prey; and for the first time due homage will be rendered to the majesty of the common flea.

"Perturbed by doubts, he will gaze at night into some absolutely tranquil pool. There, with no wind to ruffle, nor excess of heat to cause currents or change surface-tension, he perceives small inanimate objects immersed and still. But are they still? No! One of them moves; another is moving. Gradually it is borne in upon him that whenever any object is small enough it is always in motion. Perhaps our homunculus might be better able than we are to explain these so-called Brownian movements. Or the guess might be forced upon him that he who sees this sight is getting dim glimpses of the ultimate structure of matter, and that these movements are residual, the result of the inward molecular turmoil which has not cancelled itself out into nullity, as it must needs do in aggregations of matter of more than the smallest microscopic dimensions.

THINGS WE ARE TOO BIG TO SEE.

"Things still more tormentingly perplexing our homunculus would doubtless encounter. And these changes in his interpretation of phenomena would arise not from his becoming aware of any forces hitherto overlooked, still less from the disappearance of laws now recognised, but simply from the fact that his supposed decrease in bodily size brings capillarity, surface-tension, &c., into a relative prominence they do not now possess. To full-grown rational beings the effects of these forces rank among residual phenomena which attract attention only when science has made a certain progress. To

homunculi, such as we have imagined, the same effects would be of capital importance, and would be rightly interpreted not as something supplementary to those of general gravitation, but as due to an independent and possibly antagonistic force.

CHEMISTRY IMPOSSIBLE TO LILLIPUTIANS.

"The physics of these *homunculi* would differ most remarkably from our own. In the study of heat they would encounter difficulties probably insuperable. In this branch of physical investigation little can be done unless we have the power at pleasure of raising and lowering the temperature of bodies. This requires the command of fire. Actual man, in a rudimentary state of civilisation, can heat and ignite certain kinds of matter by friction, percussion, concentrating the sun's rays, &c.; but before these operations produce actual fire they must be performed upon a considerable mass of matter, otherwise the heat is conducted or radiated away as rapidly as produced, and the point of ignition seldom reached.

"Nor could it be otherwise with the chemistry of the little people, if, indeed, such a science be conceived as at all possible for them.

"It can scarcely be denied that the fundamental phenomena which first led mankind into chemical inquiries are those of combustion. But, as we have just seen, minimised beings would be unable to produce fire at will, except by certain chemical reactions, and would have little opportunity of examining its nature. They might occasionally witness forest fires, volcanic eruptions, &c.; but such grand and catastrophic phenomena, though serving to reveal to our supposed Lilliputians the existence of combustion, will be ill-suited for quiet investigation into its conditions and products. Moreover, considering the impossibility they would experience of pouring water from one test-tube to another, the ordinary operations of analytical chemistry, and of all manipulations depending on the use of the pneumatic trough, would remain for ever a sealed book.

A COLOSSAL RACE AND ITS DRAWBACKS.

"Let us for a moment go to the opposite extreme, and consider how Nature would present itself to human beings of enormous magnitude. Their difficulties and misconstructions would be of an opposite nature to those experienced by pigmies. Capillary attraction and the cohesion of liquids, surface-tension and the curvature of liquid surfaces near their boundary, the dew-drop and the behaviour of minute bodies on a globule of water, the flotation of metals on the surface of water, and many other familiar phenomena, would be either ignored or unknown. The homunculus, able to communicate but a small momentum, would find all objects much harder than they appear to us, whilst to a race of colossal granite rocks would be but a feeble impediment.

EVERYTHING TOO HOT TO HANDLE.

"There would be another most remarkable difference between such enormous beings and ourselves: if we stoop and take up a pinch of earth between fingers and thumb, moving those members, say, through the space of a few inches in a second of time, we experience nothing remarkable. The earth offers a little resistance, more or less, according to its greater or less tenacity, but no other perceptible reaction follows.

"Let us suppose the same action performed by a gigantic being, able to move finger and thumb in a second's space through some miles of soil in the same

lapse of time, and he would experience a very decided reaction. The mass of sand, earth, stones, and the like, hurled together in such quantities and at such speed, would become intensely hot. Just as the homunculus would fail to bring about ignition when he desired, so the colossus could scarcely move without causing the liberation of a highly inconvenient degree of heat, literally making everything too hot to hold. He would naturally ascribe to granite rocks and the other constituents of the earth's surface such properties as we attribute to phosphorus—of combustion on being a little roughly handled.

ERGO, WE ONLY KNOW THAT WE KNOW NOTHING.
Q.E.D.

"Need I do more than point the obvious lesson? If a possible—nay, reasonable—variation in only one of the forces conditioning the human race—that of gravitation—could so modify our outward form, appearance, and proportions, as to make us to all intents and purposes a different race of beings; if mere differences of size can cause some of the most simple facts in chemistry and physics to take so widely different a guise; if beings microscopically small and prodigiously large would simply as such be subject to the hallucinations I have pointed out—and to others I might enlarge upon;—is it not possible that we, in turn, though occupying, as it seems to us, the golden mean, may also by the mere virtue of our size and weight fall into misinterpretations of phenomena from which we should escape were we or the globe we inhabit either larger or smaller, heavier or lighter? May not our boasted knowledge be simply conditioned by accidental environments, and thus be liable to a large element of subjectivity hitherto unsuspected and scarcely possible to eliminate?"

THE EFFECT OF THE TIME SCALE.

"Here I will introduce Prof. James's speculation, to which I have already alluded. It deals with a possible alteration of the *time scale* due to a difference in rapidity of sensation on the part of a being presumably on a larger scale than ourselves.

"We have every reason to think that creatures may possibly differ enormously in the amounts of duration which they intuitively feel, and in the fineness of the events that may fill it. Von Baer has indulged in some interesting computations of the effect of such differences in changing the aspect of Nature. Suppose we were able, within the length of a second, to note distinctly 10,000 events, instead of barely 10, as now; if our life were then destined to hold the same number of impressions, it might be 1,000 times as short. We should live less than a month, and personally know nothing of the change of the seasons. If born in winter we should believe in summer as we now believe in the heats of the carboniferous era. The motions of organic beings would be so slow to our senses as to be inferred, not seen. The sun would stand still in the sky, the moon be almost free from change, and so on. But now reverse the hypothesis, and suppose a being to get only one 1,000th part of the sensations that we get in a given time, and consequently to live 1,000 times as long. Winters and summers will be to him like quarters of an hour. Mushrooms and the swifter-growing plants will shoot into being so rapidly as to appear instantaneous creations; annual shrubs will rise and fall from the earth like restlessly boiling water-springs; the motions of animals will be as invisible as

are to us the movements of bullets and cannon-balls; the sun will scour through the sky like a meteor, leaving a fiery trail behind him, &c. That such imaginary cases (barring the superhuman longevity) may be realised somewhere in the animal kingdom, it would be rash to deny."—(James's "Principles of Psychology," i., p. 639.)

"And now let me specially apply this general conception of the impossibility of predicting what secrets the universe may still hold, what agencies undivined may habitually be at work around us.

TELEPATHY.

"Telepathy, the transmission of thought and images directly from one mind to another, without the agency of the recognised organs of sense, is a conception new and strange to science. To judge from the comparative slowness with which the accumulated evidence of our Society penetrates the scientific world, it is, I think, a conception even scientifically repulsive to many minds. We have supplied striking experimental evidence; but few have been found to repeat our experiments. We have offered good evidence in the observation of spontaneous cases—as apparitions at the moment of death, and the like—but this evidence has failed to impress the scientific world in the same way as evidence less careless and less coherent has often done before. Our evidence is not confronted or refuted; it is shirked and evaded, as though there were some great *a priori* improbability which absolved the world of science from considering it. I at least see no *a priori* improbability whatever. Our alleged facts might be true in all kinds of ways without contradicting any truth already known. I will dwell now on only one possible line of explanation,—not that I see any way of elucidating all the new phenomena I regard as genuine, but because it seems probable I may shed a light on some of those phenomena.

"All the phenomena of the Universe are presumably in some way continuous; and certain facts, plucked as it were from the very heart of Nature, are likely to be of use in our gradual discovery of facts which lie deeper still.

A TABLE OF VIBRATIONS.

"Let us then consider the vibrations we trace, not only in solid bodies, but in the air, and in a still more remarkable manner in the ether.

"These vibrations differ in their velocity and in their frequency. That they exist, extending from one vibration to two thousand billion vibrations per second, we have good evidence. That they subserve the purpose of conveying impressions from outside sources of whatever kind to living organisms may be fully recognised.

"As a starting point I will take a pendulum beating seconds in air. If I keep on doubling I get a series of steps as follows:—

Starting-point.	The seconds pendulum.
Step. 1. . .	2 vibrations per second.
" 2. . .	4 " "
" 3. . .	8 " "
" 4. . .	16 " "
" 5. . .	32 " "
" 6. . .	64 " "
" 7. . .	128 " "
" 8. . .	256 " "
" 9. . .	512 " "
" 10. . .	1024 " "
" 15. . .	32768 " "
" 20. . .	1,048,576 " "
" 25. . .	33,554,342 " "
" 30. . .	107,374,1824 " "
" 35. . .	34359,738368 " "

Starting-point.	The seconds pendulum.		
Step. 40. ..	1,099511,627776 vibrations per second.		
" 45. ..	35,184372,088832	"	"
" 50. ..	1125,899906,842624	"	"
" 55. ..	36028,707018,963968	"	"
" 56. ..	72057,594037,927936	"	"
" 57. ..	144115,188075,855872	"	"
" 58. ..	288220,376151,711744	"	"
" 59. ..	576440,752303,423488	"	"
" 60. ..	1,152881,504606,846976	"	"
" 61. ..	2,305763,009213,693952	"	"
" 62. ..	4,611526,018427,387904	"	"
" 63. ..	9,223052,036854,775808	"	"

5 TO 15. THE REGION OF SOUND.

"At the fifth step from unity, at 32 vibrations per second we reach the region where atmospheric vibration reveals itself to us as *sound*. Here we have the lowest musical note. In the next ten steps the vibrations per second rise from 32 to 32,768, and here to the average human ear the region of sound ends. But certain more highly endowed animals probably hear sounds too acute for our organs, that is, sounds which vibrate at a higher rate.

16 TO 35. OF ELECTRICITY.

"We next enter a region in which the vibrations rise rapidly, and the vibrating medium is no longer the gross atmosphere, but a highly attenuated medium, 'a diviner air,' called the ether. From the 16th to the 35th step the vibrations rise from 32,768 to 34359,738368 a second, such vibrations appearing to our means of observation as electrical rays.

35 TO 45. OF—QUERY.

"We next reach a region extending from the 35th to the 45th step, including from 34359,738368 to 35,184372,088832 vibrations per second. This region may be considered as unknown, because we are as yet ignorant what are the functions of vibrations of the rates just mentioned. But that they have some function it is fair to suppose.

45 TO 51. OF LIGHT.

"Now we approach the region of *light*, the steps extending from the 45th to between the 50th and the 51st, and the vibrations extending from 35,184372,088832 per second (heat rays) to 1875,000000,000000 per second, the highest recorded rays of the spectrum. The actual sensation of light, and therefore the vibrations which transmit visible signs, being comprised between the narrow limits of about 450,000000,000000 (red light) and 750,000000,000000 (violet light)—less than one step.

52 TO 58. OF—QUERY.

"Leaving the region of visible light, we arrive at what is, for our existing senses and our means of research, another unknown region, the functions of which we are beginning to suspect.

58 TO 61. RÖNTGEN RAYS.

"It is not unlikely that the X rays of Professor Röntgen will be found to lie between the 58th and 61st step, having vibrations extending from 288220,376151,711744 to 2,305763,009213,693952 per second or even higher.

"In this series it will be seen there are two great gaps, or unknown regions, concerning which we must own our entire ignorance as to the part they play in the economy of creation. Further, whether any vibrations exist having a greater number per second than those classes mentioned we do not presume to decide.

62 TO X. OF BRAIN WAVES?

"But is it premature to ask in what way are vibrations connected with thought or its transmission? We might speculate that the increasing rapidity or frequency of the vibrations would accompany a rise in the importance of the functions of such vibrations. That high frequency deprives the rays of many attributes that might seem incompatible with 'brain waves' is undoubted. Thus, rays about the 62nd step are so minute as to cease to be refracted, reflected, or polarised; they pass through many so-called opaque bodies, and research begins to show that the most rapid are those which pass most easily through dense substances. It does not require much strength of the scientific imagination to conceive that at the 62nd or 63rd step the trammels from which rays at the 61st step were struggling to free themselves have ceased to influence rays having so enormous a rate of vibration as 9,223052,036854,775808 per second, and that these rays pierce the densest medium with scarcely any diminution of intensity, and pass almost unreflected and unreflected along their path with the velocity of light.

THE VIBRATIONS OF SPEECH.

"Ordinarily we communicate intelligence to each other by speech. I first call up in my own brain a picture of a scene I wish to describe, and then, by means of an orderly transmission of wave vibrations set in motion by my vocal chords through the material atmosphere, a corresponding picture is implanted in the brain of any one whose ear is capable of receiving such vibrations. If the scene I wish to impress on the brain of the recipient is of a complicated character, or if the picture of it in my own brain is not definite, the transmission will be more or less imperfect; but if I wish to get my audience to picture to themselves some very simple object, such as a triangle or a circle, the transmission of ideas will be wellnigh perfect, and equally clear to the brains of both transmitter and recipient. Here we use the vibrations of the material molecules of the atmosphere to transmit intelligence from one brain to another.

OF THE RÖNTGEN RAYS.

"In the newly-discovered Röntgen rays we are introduced to an order of vibrations of extremest minuteness as compared with the most minute waves with which we have hitherto been acquainted, and of dimensions comparable with the distances between the centre of the atoms of which the material universe is built up; and there is no reason to suppose that we have here reached the limit of frequency. Waves of this character cease to have many of the properties associated with light waves. They are produced in the same ethereal medium, and are probably propagated with the same velocity as light, but here the similarity ends. They cannot be regularly reflected from polished surfaces; they have not been polarised; they are not refracted on passing from one medium to another of different density; and they penetrate considerable thicknesses of substances opaque to light with the same ease with which light passes through glass. It is also demonstrated that the rays, as generated in the vacuum tube, are not homogeneous, but consist of bundles of different wave-lengths; analogous to what would be differences of colour could we see them as light. Some pass easily through flesh, but are partially arrested by bone, while others pass with almost equal facility through bone and flesh.

BRAIN AS TRANSMITTER AND RECEIVER.

"It seems to me that in these rays we may have a possible mode of transmitting intelligence which, with a few reasonable postulates, may supply a key to much that is obscure in psychical research. Let it be assumed that these rays, or rays even of higher frequency, can pass into the brain and act on some nervous centre there. Let it be conceived that the brain contains a centre which uses these rays as the vocal cords use sound vibrations (both being under the command of intelligence), and sends them out, with the velocity of light, to impinge on the receiving ganglion of another brain. In this way some, at least, of the phenomena of telepathy, and the transmission of intelligence from one sensitive to another through long distances, seem to come into the domain of law, and can be grasped. A sensitive may be one who possesses the telepathic transmitting or receiving ganglion in an advanced state of development, or who, by constant practice, is rendered more sensitive to these high-frequency waves. Experience seems to show that the receiving and transmitting ganglia are not equally developed: one may be active, while the other, like the pineal eye in man, may be only vestigial. By such an hypothesis no physical laws are violated, neither is it necessary to invoke what is commonly called the supernatural.

A TELEPATHIC CHAIN OF BRAIN WAVES.

"To this hypothesis it may be objected that brain waves, like any other waves, must obey physical laws. Therefore, transmission of thought must be easier or more certain the nearer the agent and recipient are to each other, and should die out altogether before great distances are reached. Also it can be urged that if brain waves diffuse in all directions, they should affect all sensitives within their radius of action, instead of impressing only one brain. The electric telegraph is not a parallel case, for there a material wire intervenes to conduct and guide the energy to its destination.

"These are weighty objections, but not, I think, insurmountable. Far be it for me to say anything disrespectful of the law of inverse squares, but I have already endeavoured to show we are dealing with conditions removed from our material and limited conceptions of space, matter, form. Is it inconceivable that intense thought concentrated towards a sensitive with whom the thinker is in close sympathy may induce a telepathic chain of brain waves, along which the message of thought can go straight to its goal without loss of energy due to distance? And it is also inconceivable that our mundane ideas of space and distance may be superseded in these subtle regions of unsubstantial thought where 'near' and 'far' may lose their usual meaning?

"I repeat that this speculation is strictly provisional. I dare to suggest it. The time may come when it will be possible to submit it to experimental tests.

IS CONSERVATION OF ENERGY TRUE OF VITAL FORCES?

"I am impelled to one further reflection, dealing with the conservation of energy. We say with truth that energy is transformed but not destroyed, and that whenever we can trace the transformation we can find it quantitatively exact. So far as our very rough exactness goes, this is true for inorganic matter and for mechanical forces. But it is only inferentially true for organized matter and for vital forces. We cannot ex-

press life in terms of heat or of motion. And thus it happens that, just when the exact transformation of energy will be most interesting to watch, we cannot really tell whether any fresh energy has been introduced into the system or not. Let us consider this a little more closely.

THE DETERMINATION OF ENERGY.

"It has, of course, always been realised by physicists, and has been especially pointed out by Dr. Croll, that there is a wide difference between the production of motion and the direction of it into a particular channel. The production of motion, molar or molecular, is governed by physical laws, which it is the business of the philosopher to find out and correlate. The law of the conservation of energy overrides all laws, and it is a pre-eminent canon of scientific belief that for every act done a corresponding expenditure of energy must be transformed. No work can be effected without using up a corresponding value in energy of another kind. But to us the other side of the problem is even of more importance. Granted the existence of a certain kind of molecular motion, what is it that determines its direction along one path rather than another? A weight falls to the earth through a distance of three feet. I lift it, and let it fall once more. In these movements of the weight a certain amount of energy is expended in its rise, and the same amount is liberated in its fall. But instead of letting the weight fall free, suppose I harness it to a complicated system of wheels, and, instead of letting the weight fall in a fraction of a second, I distribute its fall over twenty-four hours. No more energy is expended in raising the weight, and in its slow fall no more or less energy is developed than when it fell free; but I have made it do work of another kind. It now drives a clock, a telescope, or a philosophic instrument, and does what we call useful work. The clock runs down. I lift the weight by exerting the proper amount of energy, and in this action the law of conservation of energy is strictly obeyed. But now I have the choice of either letting the weight fall free in a fraction of a second, or, constrained by the wheelwork, in twenty-four hours. I can do which I like, and whichever way I decide no more energy is developed in the fall of the weight. I strike a match: I can use it to light a cigarette or to set fire to a house. I write a telegram; it may be simply to say I shall be late for dinner, or it may produce fluctuations on the Stock Exchange that will ruin thousands. In these cases the actual force required in striking the match or in writing the telegram is governed by the law of conservation of energy; but the vastly more momentous part, which determines the words I use or the material I ignite, is beyond such a law. It is probable that no expenditure of energy need be used in the determination of direction one way more than another. Intelligence and freewill here come into play, and these mystic forces are outside the law of conservation of energy as understood by physicists.

WHAT IS THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE?

"The whole universe as we see it is the result of molecular movement. Molecular movements strictly obey the law of conservation of energy; but what we call 'law' is simply an expression of the direction along which a form of energy acts, not the form of energy itself. We may explain molecular and molar motions, and discover all the physical laws of motion, but we shall be far as ever from a solution of the vastly more important question as to what form of will and intellect

is behind the motions of molecules, guiding and constraining them in definite directions along predetermined paths. What is the determining cause in the background? What combination of will and intellect, outside our physical laws, guides the fortuitous course of atoms along ordered paths culminating in the material world in which we live?

"WHO BY SEARCHING CAN FIND OUT GOD?"

"In these last sentences I have intentionally used words of wide signification—have spoken of *guidance* along ordered paths. It is wisdom to be vague here, for we absolutely cannot say whether or when any diversion may be introduced into the existing system of earthly forces by external power. We can be no more certain that this is *not* so than I can be certain in an express train that no signalman has pressed a handle to direct the train on to this or that line of rails. I may compute exactly how much coal is used per mile, so as to be able to say at any minute how many miles we have travelled; but, unless I actually see the points, I cannot tell whether they are shifted before the train passes.

"An omnipotent being could rule the course of this world in such a way that none of us should discover the hidden springs of action. He need not make the sun stand still upon Gibeon. He could do all that he wanted by the expenditure of infinitesimal diverting force upon ultra-microscopic modifications of the human germ.

"In this address I have not attempted to add any item to the sound knowledge which I believe our Society is gradually amassing. I shall be content if I have helped to clear away some of those scientific stumbling-blocks, if I may so call them, which tend to prevent many of our possible coadjutors from adventuring themselves on the new illimitable road.

"I see no good reason why any man of scientific mind should shut his eyes to our work, or deliberately stand aloof from it. Our *Proceedings* are, of course, not exactly parallel to the *Proceedings* of a Society dealing with a long-established branch of Science. In every form of research there must be a beginning. We owe to much that is tentative, much that may turn out erroneous. But it is thus, and thus only, that each Science in turn takes its stand. I venture to assert that both in actual careful record of new and important facts, and in suggestiveness, our Society's work and publications will form no unworthy preface to a pro-founder science both of Man, of Nature, and of 'Worlds not realised' than this planet has yet known."

COMMENTS OF THE TIMES.

The Times of February 1st comments as follows on the foregoing address:—

Mr. Crookes holds so distinguished a position in the world of science, and has done so much good work both as a discoverer and an ingenious theorist, that anything which he says, however paradoxical and fantastic it may at first blush seem, merits attention. And very paradoxical and, at first sight, fantastic are some of the excursions into remote regions of speculation which he makes in his address to the Psychical Society, the general nature of which we described on Saturday. The address is illustrative of a phase of modern science. Twenty years ago our best physicists and chemists shunned all contact with metaphysical speculations. They could say nothing more disparaging of a colleague than that he sometimes so far forgot himself as to talk or write metaphysics. A great change has in this respect

come to pass here, and indeed everywhere; and in modern works on physics or chemistry one finds discussions, with new arguments and from new points of view, of some of the questions which have occupied philosophy since its birth. Chemists and physicists of the old school protest against this development, but to no purpose. This trend of scientific thought seems inevitable. Respecting the ultimate properties of matter it is believed to be necessary to have clear, even if provisional, ideas; and inquirers of the stamp of the late Professor Clerk Maxwell are not to be deterred from wandering into regions pronounced by their predecessors to be full of quagmires and quicksands. Mr. Crookes has little to say of the matters forming the staple of most papers read before the Psychical Society—automatic writing, strange coincidences in dreams, and stories of mysterious communications wafted across continents and oceans to anxious relatives. He is concerned with deeper, wider issues. He offers explanations which, if well founded, make all the fairy tales of telepathy perfectly credible. He insists on the immense volume of human ignorance, the meagre or imperfect character of our knowledge. He finds everywhere assumptions that people know more about the universe than they really do. He sees infinite possibilities of changes in our conceptions, even as to matters supposed to be the most stable; and he illustrates vividly and ingeniously this familiar point of view.

Smollett wrote "The Adventures of an Atom"; Mr. Crookes sketches with much ingenious play of fancy the education of a homunculus, an imaginary being of such microscopic size that molecular forces which in common life we scarcely notice—such as surface-tension, capillarity, the Brownian movements—become for him so conspicuous and dominant that he can hardly believe, let us say, in the vast generality of universal gravitation. Mr. Crookes puts his imaginary homunculus on a cabbage-leaf, and speculates as to the strange ideas which the Lilliputian philosopher would form of the shape of the world, the properties of matter, and the general look of things. He would be terrified by the most insignificant of insects. He would be aware of motions and sounds unknown to us. The notes dancing in the sunshine would seem to him "cumbrous objects like portmantoes flying through the air." With the physics of this homunculus Mr. Crookes contrasts those of specimens of the Brobdingnagian race to which capillary attraction, the cohesion of liquids, surface-tension, and the curvature of liquid surfaces were unknown. Having illustrated this contrast with much ingenuity, he asks the question put two thousand years ago in Greece and renewed whenever men think about the facts at the roots of life. If such changes in our elementary ideas would come to pass from a mere difference in size, may not all our so-called knowledge—all that leads us to distrust the stories of telepathy—be limited by our accidental environment? Twenty centuries ago those who were thinking of the matter discussed by Mr. Crookes would have put their ideas in the form of a myth, and this method had its advantages. The teacher was not tempted to dogmatize. He as good as admitted that his explanations were tentative, and that he was not absolutely certain of his ground. He merely suggested where truth might be found, and what it might prove to be. Such parables were not open to the criticism to which Mr. Crookes's hypothesis is exposed—the criticism that he does not touch the real question which he approaches. Let the Lilliputian philosopher acquire a telescope, the Brobdingnagian a microscope; let the former make some excursions beyond his natal cabbage-leaf, and the ideas of both as to physics will approximate. The myth veiling the thoughts of some Greek turning those things over twenty centuries ago would have carried one further and nearer the heart of the problem.

Mr. Crookes does enter into one region of speculation almost closed to early investigators. He supposes a pendulum beating seconds, at first at the rate of two seconds a minute, next at the rate of four seconds, then at that of eight, and so on, the rate of vibration increasing at each step until at the 63rd step a rate expressed in a sum of nineteen figures is reached. At the fifth step the vibrations are 32 a second; the region where sound begins for us. In the next ten steps is reached a point at which for the average human ear sound ends. From the 16th to the 30th step is attained a region of a highly attenuated medium with far more rapid vibrations revealing themselves as electrical rays. Higher up the scale, from the 30th to the 45th step, is a realm

which is at present unexplored, but in which Mr. Crookes thinks may lie the explanation of much now wholly mysterious. Still rising in the scale, with vibrations of prodigious rapidity, comes the region of light; and beyond that lies another unknown region as to which Mr. Crookes hazards the conjecture that "it is not unlikely that the X rays of Professor Röntgen will be found to lie between the 58th and the 61st step." Of the operations performed within two of these regions little is known; and ascending still higher in the scale, "it does not require much stretch of the scientific imagination to conceive that at the 62nd or 63rd step the trammels from which rays at the 61st step were struggling to free themselves have ceased to influence, &c., and that these rays pierce the densest medium with no diminution of intensity, and pass unrefracted and unreflected along their straight path with the velocity of light." Soaring still higher on the wings of "scientific imagination," he assumes orders of vibration still minuter, waves of ether ceasing to have the properties of those known to us and overcoming all obstacles caused by distance or intervening matter. May not these rays enable intelligence to be transmitted from one sensitive being to another? May not their radius of action be practically limitless? "Is it inconceivable that intense thought concentrated towards a sensitive being with whom the thinker is in close sympathy may induce a telepathic chain along which brain waves can go straight to their goal without loss of energy due to distance?" Conceivable, perhaps; but true?

The ease with which Mr. Crookes mounts into those far-off regions, and the freedom with which he moves therein seem to be a promise that some day we may have a modern Lucretius—a poet whose imagination will wander over the realms and principalities which science has discovered; who will clothe with verse those "facts plucked from the very heart of Nature" of which Mr. Crookes speaks; and who will, with ampler knowledge than the Roman poet, sing how worlds were made. But these speculations, though perhaps not without value as teaching open-mindedness, are far removed from proofs. They may chasten presumptuous thinkers. They carry one no nearer to an explanation of the phenomena collected by Mr. Gurney and Mr. Podmore than a clever poem. They are, with all their ingenuity, an example of what is so characteristic of much modern philosophy—*l'abus de l'inconnaissable*. The "scientific imagination" may suggest a thousand different possible explanations, but plausibility is not demonstration. It is not undervaluing Mr. Crookes's singularly suggestive paper to say that the fashion of the older philosophers to resort to a myth veiling loosely and lightly some tentative explanation of the problems of the universe was preferable. There was little temptation to take the story about gods or demigods as containing the last and considered judgment of science. It is right to rebuke, as Mr. Crookes does, those who speak as if their philosophy comprehends all things in heaven and earth; but this may be done without launching an almost baseless hypothesis as if it were demonstrative or probable. Suppose that Mr. Crookes, before explaining the facts of telepathy, makes it perfectly clear to us all that they exist.

"Professor Crookes addressed the following letter to *The Times*, in recognition of the foregoing article.

SIR,—I have to thank you for the attention you have bestowed, in a leading article of last Monday, on certain speculations of mine, advanced at a meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, of which I have the honour to be president. Those

speculations were avowedly crude and tentative, but I think they derive such interest as they possess from a fact which your article hardly seemed disposed to admit. I mean the fact that a great deal of solid evidence going to prove, and in my view proving, the real existence of telepathy and kindred powers has actually been published by the S.P.R., not only in "Phantasms of the Living," to which your article refers, but in twelve volumes of "Proceedings." The experiments and observations adduced in these volumes are careful, varied, and often difficult of interpretation. They need serious study if any criticism of them is to carry weight. We invite such study, and we are ready to defer to explicit and instructed criticism, although not to the *obiter dicta* of even the ablest critic. In the meantime, so long as our evidence steadily increases (our hon. secretary, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Cambridge, invites communications), and until that evidence shall have been rebutted by arguments more cogent than it has yet had to meet, I for one shall think myself entitled to regard telepathy as in possession of the scientific field.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WATERFINDER.

MR. HOLT SCHOOLING contributes to *Pearson's*, for March, an account of his investigations, which he sums up thus:—

WATER-DOWSING.

1. Water is found by these diviners, whose proportion of successes to failures is much larger than can be ascribed to mere chance.
2. The diviners are mainly employed by practical men, who want water, who pay for it to be found by diviners, and who are satisfied with the result.
3. Admitting that in some instances there may be a mixture of humbug or of charlatanism, there yet remains, after making due allowance for all sorts of side issues which affect the validity of this method of finding water, a residuum of fact which tends to prove the genuineness of the art.
4. It is quite possible—nay, it is very probable—that certain persons are affected by purely physical influences which do not affect other persons. It is reasonable to think that water may emit certain delicate indications of its presence which may be felt by some persons, and which may be not conveyed to other persons.
5. The evidence goes to show that there is absolutely no power in the rod itself—occult or otherwise. On this point I have asked for the opinion of two or three men of science. Lord Kelvin writes that he believes the divining-rod "to be utterly ineffective."

Mr. Schooling's own conclusion is that "the hidden water does convey subtle indications of its presence to some persons, in whom it sets up very delicate, and probably involuntary nerve-muscular contractions," of which the movements in the delicately-held rod are merely an index.

In the *March Strand*, Mr. Balliol Bruce describes among "Peculiar Occupations" the exploits of the water wizard.



ACT I.—THE DISCUSSION BETWEEN DRS. PARISOT AND DAVIDSON.

I. Dr. Parisot; II. Dr. Davidson; III. M. D'Aubenas; IV. Basket carried by the spirits from mantel-piece to top of book-case.



ACT III.—THE SCENE BETWEEN M. AND MADAME D'AUBENAS.

V.—"SPIRITISME." BY VICTORIEN SARDOU.

THE PSYCHIC PROBLEM ON THE PARISIAN STAGE. THE PLAY AND ITS RECEPTION.

THE production of M. Sardou's new play was a great subject of discussion for months before it appeared upon the play-bill. The Spiritists awaited it with anxiety, the general public with curiosity, and the boulevardier with his usual *persiflage*.

For weeks before every daily of any importance held columns of "Spiritist" articles, interviews of great men upon their opinion of its subject, historical accounts of *Spiritisme* in the past, present, and future, and letters and interviews of Monsieur Sardou galore.

Sardou himself is known to be a confirmed believer in Spiritism. His mediumistic drawings are perfect marvels of the designer's art. His house of Mozart, entirely drawn in tiny crotchets and quavers, and his no less wonderful architecture of the house of Swedenborg, are so strangely intricate, that some of the greatest draughtsmen of the day have declared their incapacity to produce anything so elaborate in less than a fortnight's hard work, and Monsieur Sardou drew them in less than two hours' time, starting at the four cardinal points of the paper, and bringing the different parts into a perfectly designed whole, without even looking at the sheet before him.



ACT II.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Here is a rapid sketch of the play. The scene lies in the salon of the villa of a certain Monsieur Robert D'Aubenas at St. Jean de Luz. Monsieur D'Aubenas (Brémont), a fervent adept, has been married about twelve years to a very charming and elegant woman, Simone (Sarah Bernhardt), who owns a large fortune in her own right. When the curtains rise the D'Aubenases are entertaining a party of friends. The general conversation informs us that Michael Stoudza, a Serbian Don Juan, is the lover of Simone, who tells him before

us that her husband, devoted to *Spiritisme*, neglects her. A young friend of Simone's, the Countess Thecla, is the *confidante* of their illicit amours. A cousin of Simone's, a young man by name Valentin Clavières, is also present. He is as a devoted brother to Simone, and hears of her *liaison* with horror. The other guests are a certain Dr. Davidson, a Scotch Spiritist of great mediumistic powers, and a certain Dr. Parisot, who appears on the scene soon after the start, to represent the dogged obstinacy of official science to perfection; for he will, upon no account, agree to allow any experiments to take place in his presence, for fear of being compelled to believe!

Simone leaves her guests to go and dress for her journey, for she is leaving St. Jean de Luz to-night for Paris with her friend Thecla, but without her husband, who is forced to remain behind for a few days—at least, this is what she tells her friends, but in reality Thecla is to take the train to Paris with Simone's maid and her jewel-case, but Simone herself will remain behind and spend the night at the rooms of Michael Stoudza.

While M^{me}. D'Aubenas is preparing for her supposed journey, a violent discussion takes place between the believers and non-believers in Occultism, in which all the arguments in favour of the belief are used by D'Aubenas and Davidson. Dr. Parisot goes off in a



ACT II.

rage, and Simone and her friend return equipped for travelling. M. D'Aubenas does not accompany; his wife to the station, as he and the other remaining guests are preparing for a *séance* in the *salon*. So he confides his wife and the Countess Thecla to the care of Stoudza, who is supposed to accompany them to the station. But of course only Thecla and the maid take the train, which is to prove so fatal, while Simone goes off with Stoudza.

Meanwhile an interesting experiment is taking place in the drawing-room. The guests are seated round the table, D'Aubenas in the centre questioning the spirits. Rappings are distinctly heard, and the spirit dictates the one word, *ouvrez*, "open." "Open what!" cries D'Aubenas, and he questions again. "The door? the

cupboards?" "No." "The window?" "Yes." And forthwith the window is opened wide to show a blood-red sky, indicating a violent fire in the direction of the station. A servant in the garden beneath the window cries out that a train is burning in the station. It is the very train in which Thecla is now being burned to death, and in which Simone is supposed to be also.

D'Aubenas in terror flies to the station, followed by his friends, and the curtain falls.

The second act holds little or no spiritism. It takes place the following day at the rooms of Michel Stoudza.

Simone has passed the night with her lover, and is preparing to depart unseen—for the servants have been sent away. The lovers know nothing of the night's catastrophe, but they hear it soon enough from Stoudza's valet, who rushes in frantically, brimful of the terrible news. There has been a collision between the express train and a goods train charged with petroleum in the station. The petroleum has caught fire and both trains have been burnt to cinders, and more than twenty passengers have been burnt to death, and are now unrecognizable. The valet has hardly finished telling his news, when in rushes D'Aubenas and Valentin Clavières, and one or two other friends. Stoudza has barely time to hide Simone in an inner room before D'Aubenas is in the room. He falls down on a sofa in an agony of uncertainty. He hopes that Stoudza, who accompanied the two ladies to the station, will tell him that they did not catch the train, or else took an earlier one—anything—anything, rather than believe that Simone—his dear Simone, has been burnt to death. . . . But Stoudza—lying to save Simone—affirms that they started by the ill-fated train, and the husband's sorrow knows no limits. So D'Aubenas leaves Stoudza to search for his wife's body, and Clavières alone remains with Stoudza. He has guessed the truth, and calls to Simone to come forth from her hiding-place. She does so, and then follows the finest dramatic scene of the play. D'Aubenas firmly believes his wife dead, so Simone proposes to her lover to fly with him to far-off lands, where no one will ever know who she is, and there they will live together for the rest of their lives. But, of course, by her supposed death all her money goes to her husband, and the guilty pair will have to live upon Stoudza's small income. But Stoudza to this will not agree. He wishes Simone to return to the world, to let her husband divorce her, and then marry him, bringing her millions for her, dowry. Simone's love suddenly turns to disgust, when she discovers the real nature of the man she believed she loved. She agrees to go away with her cousin Valentin, who will hide her until they can resolve what course to take.

In the third act spiritism reappears, and brings about the *dénouement*. Valentin, who meanwhile has fought the Serbe in a duel and killed him, comes in with Simone. The scene is laid in Brittany, at Queberon, in the house where D'Aubenas and Simone had passed their honeymoon. D'Aubenas has entirely given himself up to Spiritism, and, alone in his sea-bound home, nightly evokes the spirit of his departed love. So, while D'Aubenas is out, Valentin comes in with Simone, and conceals her in an inner room. His plan is to use Robert D'Aubenas's belief in the supernatural as a means to obtain his wife's pardon. So Simone is to appear to her husband when he invokes her spirit and, telling him the whole truth, implore his forgiveness. When D'Aubenas returns from his walk he meets Valentin alone in the *Salon*. He is delighted to see him, and begs him to remain. Valentin accepts, and thereupon the two men sit down and talk. D'Aubenas tells him that he has in

vain evoked the spirit of his lost wife. She has not come; but, in reply to his supplications, the spirit of a younger sister of his, who died in her girlhood, has come, and, in reply to his questioning upon Simone, tells him she cannot come. . . . D'Aubenas is in despair, but can obtain no other answer from his sister's spirit but that it is impossible. But the following night—which is the one preceding the present one—he tells Valentin that his sister has announced Simone's appearance for this same evening, and to-night he is to see Simone again face to face.

When Valentin has retired, Simone comes gliding into the room and appears when her husband evokes her. He still believes her to be a spirit. She tells him her sin and implores his forgiveness. He pardons her. . . . Then she says, "If I lived would you pardon me too?" "Yes, Simone," he answers; and then he gradually understands that it is his real wife who stands before him, and she falls into his arms.

Such is the play in which Sarah Bernhardt once again set all the world marvelling.

THE SPIRITIST DISCUSSION IN THE FIRST ACT.

The 1st and 3rd Acts alone deal with Spiritism. The 2nd Act is purely devoted to the incidents of the drama. The following discussion upon Spiritism takes place between the medium Davidson, Dr. Parisot, the scientist, and D'Aubenas, the hero of the play. At the house of D'Aubenas, who has remained with his guests, after his wife has left to go to the station.

(Enter DR. PARISOT.)

D'AUBENAS (*going forward to greet DR. PARISOT*). How do you do, Doctor? You are very welcome.

PARISOT. I am just back from Bordeaux, where I had been called for a consultation. I found your note awaiting me, and only just stopped to get a snack. No one ill, I hope?

D'AUBENAS. No one. I invited you to some experiments which may interest you. But first of all let me introduce you to my friends. My cousin Valentin Clavières (*bows*) and Doctor Harry Davidson, from Edinburgh, a colleague.

PARISOT (*friendly, and about to hold out his hand*). Sir!

D'AUBENAS. An excellent medium.

PARISOT (*becomes frigid and places his hat upon a sofa, glancing meanwhile at DAVIDSON, stealthily and with disfavour*). Oh! I see.

D'AUBENAS. What an unbeliever you are. I thought to please you when I asked you to this séance of Spiritism, the last unfortunately, for the doctor is obliged to leave us to-morrow morning, so as to not miss the boat.

PARISOT (*sneering, as he takes off his gloves*). Monsieur has already performed before you?

D'AUBENAS. Three times. The first two séances were merely curious and nothing more. But yesterday's was stupendous.

PARISOT (*in the same tone, as he sits down upon the sofa*). The grand show?

D'AUBENAS. Judge for yourself. This table, which hitherto had only moved beneath our touch, and answered our questions by distinct rappings, suddenly left our hands and went spinning round the room; then rose to this height from the floor, and after having floated through the air a few seconds, softly descended again to the carpet.

PARISOT (*in the same tone*). And naturally it was in deep darkness.

D'AUBENAS. Not at all. It was in full light as we are now. I will ask these gentlemen to tell you what followed.

(*He sits down upon the chair to the right of the table.*)

DES AUBIERS (to PARISOT). I felt a knock there, upon my shoulder. I instinctively put up my hand and felt another there.

PARISOT. In goldbeater's skin?

DES AUBIERS. A hand of flesh, warm, soft, and



ACT I. THE TABLE TURNS.

living. I drew back my hand and that other went and placed itself on Marescot's head, who gave a cry . . .

MARESCOT. That is to say . . .

DES AUBIERS. A howl. After that the hand went and clasped M. D'Aubenas's hand. He tried his best to keep it and hold it fast; but within his very clasp it melted and dissolved into vapour.

D'AUBENAS. Quite true.

PARISOT. Is that all?

D'AUBENAS. Oh, no. Some moments later that clock began to strike; but with a very strange sound quite distinct from the ordinary one, with tiny, light knocks, drawn out, vibrating, as if given by the touch or beating of some insect's wing.

PARISOT. Yes—some moth imprisoned in the box. As for the rest—spinnings, rappings, and answers—nothing is more simple. Instinctive and muscular impulses, the return shock of your own thoughts. And the hand, the music—tension, cerebral excitement and auto-suggestion.

DES AUBIERS. I beg your pardon, Doctor. We both heard and saw.

PARISOT. My dear sir, don't say I saw, I heard, but say I believe that I saw, I believe that I heard.

D'AUBENAS. Ha, ha! Dr. Marphurius! If I am not to believe the witness of my own senses, then, perhaps, I only *imagine* that you are there before me, giving me reasons which are none.

PARISOT. You will not admit such a thing as hallucination?

D'AUBENAS. Collective hallucination?

PARISOT. Certainly.

D'AUBENAS (*rising*). Then please explain to me the

last manifestation which crowned the séance. At the very instant when our attention was drawn towards the clock, it suddenly stopped striking. A small wire basket, filled with dried roses, that I had taken off the table when we began the séance, and had passed on to Marescot to place it on the mantelpiece at this very spot, that basket rose to the height of about a metre, and then set off flying across the room, and went as lightly as a bird, and fixed itself on the corner of that piece of furniture, where it still is.* If we had been victims of an hallucination, it would not have left this place. (*He strikes the marble mantelpiece.*)

PARISOT. And you saw that?

DES AUBIERS and MARESCOT. All of us.

D'AUBENAS. In full light?

PARISOT. Well, then, it's sleight of hand!

D'AUBENAS. And where is the performer?

DAVIDSON (*smiling*). Doubtless, some Scotchman?

PARISOT (*dryly*). I mention nobody! (*To D'Aubenas*), Only I am most astonished that a serious man like Monsieur D'Aubenas should attach any importance whatever to such nonsense!

D'AUBENAS. My dear doctor—a fact is a fact! Contempt does not do away with it.

(*He sits down on the right.*)

PARISOT. You believe that the spirits are the cause of these pastimes?

D'AUBENAS. Mr. Davidson will tell you that he is convinced of it! I have not his experience, I am a believer, with certain restrictions as yet, but I know enough already to be able to assert that all those so-called explanations which you have just offered. . . . unconscious movements of the fingers, hallucination, &c., &c., are of no avail but to get the laugh against those "savants" who have been weak enough to be content with them.

PARISOT. But your own credulity, my dear sir, will make you a laughing stock.

D'AUBENAS. I shall give you the same answer that was given by a great writer, *à propos* of this very question—and Thackeray the famous author of "Vanity Fair," was not precisely a fool: "After what I have seen, I have no right to doubt," he said.

PARISOT. Well! after what I have seen, I have the right to believe nothing. (*Exclamations.*)

MARESCOT. Ah! Have you seen something too?

PARISOT. At Biarritz—two months ago, at the house of some good people related to me, and who were not expecting my call. A little old woman, whom I distrusted from the first, made a small basket, to which a pencil was fixed, move about, that was supposed to write messages from the other world. She had first of all evoked Alfred de Musset and George Sand.

VALENTIN. Of course!

PARISOT. I arrived at the very moment when Napoleon was leaving! They called for Victor Hugo who hastened to arrive. If they had evoked Ruy Blas, he would have come just as well! The great poet condescended to dictate a few verses! Oh! goodness! Let us hope they will never be published! I must say that he confesses that he is not in the poetical mood and retires, taking French leave. Thereupon I express a desire to converse with Homer? Tic—tac and here he is! . . . I tell him, in the politest of tones these two Greek words—"Oros tic"—"Thou art a donkey"! He believes it to be a compliment and replies—"All Greece has told me so"! And every one went into extasies! Some one

* The piece of furniture alluded to is a book-case, about 7 feet high placed on the left of the stage.

whispered to me—"Ask him if you have already lived upon this earth"? "Yes," replies Homer, "and thou hast been an historical celebrity. . . . Ah! When? During the reign of Louis XIV." "And who was I?" "The man of the Iron Mask"! . . .

(*Exclamations and laughter*).

DES AUBIERS. So we hold it at last, that horrible secret!

RAYMONDE. It was you!

PARISOT. Yes—it was I! You understand that that one experiment was sufficient for me.

D'AUBENAS. Well, doctor, I consider that you were wrong! No experimenter exists who at the beginning met with no such rubbish—it is the smoke which precedes the flame. You should have persisted, like so many others, and you would have seen clearer later on. Truth hides from the unbelieving and is revealed only to those who will allow themselves to be convinced! If there was nothing else in Spiritism than the experiments of your good lady and drawing-room tricks like those of certain wags who, by the contraction of a muscle of the leg—the long peroneal—imitate the rappings of the spirit on the floor, then Spiritism would have been annihilated long ago.

PARISOT. But, my dear sir, if there was anything serious in it, official science would have adopted it long ago.

DAVIDSON (*standing to the right of the room*). Magnetism, for instance, which you would admit but under the name of suggestion and hypnotism, after having kept it waiting in an outer chamber for a hundred years.

PARISOT. Because charlatans have discredited it.

DAVIDSON. There are charlatans in all branches, my dear *confrère*, even in medicine—but you do not conclude from that that the science of medicine is dupery.

PARISOT. But except charlatans and their dupes, who is interested in such things?

DAVIDSON. Oh! you are behind the times. Who? Why, men who—by their calling—are the most learned, the most competent, and the most authoritative—by the character they bear and the knowledge they possess; and to quote but England, such doctors and physiologists as Gully and Eliotson; natural philosophers such as Lodge, astronomers such as Challis, mathematicians such as Morgan, naturalists such as A. Russell Wallace, engineers such as my friend Varley, the inventor of the electrical condenser! All are members of the Royal Society or Professors of the most exact sciences at the Universities of London, Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, and Dublin; and all affirm and testify to phenomena which would be inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge. The most convinced are those who began by studying Spiritism only to prove its absurdity—amongst others, William Crookes, whose example is typical! One day the whole of England learns that the eminent chemist who made the discovery of thallium will take up the pen to reduce to nought the conclusions of the Dialectical Society of London, which after a serious examination of, during eighteen months, had affirmed the truth of certain facts. And yet incredulity triumphed; Crookes studies the question, like a true natural philosopher, by aid of levers, pulleys, scales, &c. He attests that his friends and himself have obtained results, still more astonishing than all those which he had intended to refute! Imagine the anger of those who would have covered him with praise had he responded to their wishes! His experiences are contested! He supplies

the affirmation of witnesses—savants like himself! A rumour circulates that his opinion has again altered, and that he retracts all he affirmed. He replies by a formal contradiction. That's a man! He has the courage of his convictions, all honour be to him!

PARISOT. He's mad.

D'AUBENAS. I wish you the same madness, Doctor, as that of the savant to whom we owe the discovery of the Cathode rays, which by means of its tubes made the Röntgen rays possible!

DAVIDSON. And as for madness, I can offer you to reflect upon the grave words of another savant, who made a special study of madness!—Lombroso—"My friends and I who laugh at Spiritism are, perhaps, hypnotised, like many insane subjects, in placing ourselves outside the truth and mocking at those who do not believe as we do!"

PARISOT (*rising and putting on his gloves*). Well, if savants exist, who affirm certain facts, there are also others—quite as competent and more numerous—to plainly deny them!

DAVIDSON. Especially those who, considering their judgment to be infallible, like yourself, have refused to examine the question!

PARISOT. One has no need to examine what does not exist—it not being possible.

DAVIDSON. Who affirms that?

PARISOT. Common sense!

DAVIDSON. Ah! poor common sense! If it had to be responsible for all the errors attributed to it! It is in the name of common sense that the rotundity of the earth was denied because in that case those at the Antipodes would be walking upside down. Common sense told Christopher Columbus that he would never get back again, and it was in the name of the same authority that Harvey was laughed at because of his circulation of the blood, Jenner because of his vaccine, and Franklin because of his lightning conductor. Sir Humphrey Davy was ridiculed because he admitted that London could be lighted up by gas; and Thomas Gray threatened with the madhouse for affirming the possibility of the railway. It was in the name of common sense that Laplace laughed at the fall of ærolites, and Lavoisier declared that no stones could fall from the sky because there were no stones in the sky; and that the savant, M. Bouilland, pinched the nose of the operator who was allowing him to listen to the phonograph, saying as he did so, "My friend, you must take me for a fool! You are a ventriloquist!"

PARISOT (*getting angry*). But all those things, erroneously contested, are positive, tangible, material, abiding, and scientific. They are not supernatural! . . .

DAVIDSON. What do you call "supernatural?"

PARISOT. That which is contrary to the laws of nature.

DAVIDSON. Then you know the laws of nature?

PARISOT. Not all of them.

DAVIDSON. Well, then, you are like that King of Siam who called the Dutchman an impostor, because he affirmed that in his country the waters of the rivers became so hardened in the winter as to bear elephants walking upon it! For that Siamese King ice was supernatural, because he had never seen any!

PARISOT (*sitting upon the stool*). And have you ever seen any spirits?

DAVIDSON (*standing—leaning against the table*). Yes—face to face—certainly.

PARISOT. Immaterial? With immaterial bodies? I beg you tell me how a man can leave this world with his entire personality?

DAVIDSON. Willingly—when you will explain to me how he can enter it with all the instincts of his race.

PARISOT (*exasperated*). But I can see that fact. The other one I deny.

DAVIDSON (*mocking*). That is perfectly immaterial to him! (*He goes towards the right.*)

PARISOT (*standing*). The idea of ghosts at this present day! We are going back to the Middle Ages! (*He takes up his walking-stick.*) Well, go to them without me!

D'AUBENAS (*trying to keep him from going away*). Don't go, doctor. Stop and see for yourself!

PARISOT. No, no.

D'AUBENAS. Try some experiments. You will perhaps be able to attest the reality of the facts.

PARISOT. Thank you. I should have to unlearn all I know.

D'AUBENAS. And if it is an hallucination, you can prove it to be so.

PARISOT. Thanks; I have no time to spend in showing up hoaxes!

DAVIDSON. Doctor, remember the dogmatists of Pisa, who refused to look into Galileo's telescope. Here you are, a dogmatist like them, a dogmatist of science!

PARISOT. And you, with all your spirits, you are the Robert Houdin* of science! If I saw them, and touched them, sir, I would not believe in them!

D'AUBENAS. Well, then, in that case! . . .

PARISOT (*picking up his hat and going towards the left*). Permit me . . . Ladies . . . (*To VALENTIN, who has passed him his walking-stick*). Thanks. (*To D'AUBENAS*). Excuse me, dear sir, in leaving you so rapidly—but human patience has its limits. Credulity has none. (*He goes out.*)

EXTRACT FROM ACT III.

In the third Act we have Spiritism again—discussed and defended principally by D'Aubenas, who hopes to see his wife's spirit materialized and almost living. At the beginning of the Act he is chattering with friends, and the ever present idea of re-incarnation crops up afresh.

"And why should it not be so," says D'Aubenas, "it is an hypothesis which in all ages has found supporters among the greatest men. If I talk nonsense, I am at least surrounded by great men who hold the same opinions. Of course, to a materialist like yourself, it seems an absurd theory; yet, to one who believes that the soul has its individual entity, and is but imprisoned within the body it inhabits, no other theory seems more probable than that of the successive migrations of the human spirit, going from bad to better, and from the lowest to the highest range of beings by means of a series of deaths and successive re-incarnations, through which at each stage the personality of the soul puts on a new body which is, as it were, a travelling-costume adapted to the requirements of its new existence. And that theory justifies the terrible inequality of the various conditions of existence which are imposed upon each man at his birth! They are the inevitable consequence of the use he has made of his free-will during his former life. He is as he has made himself, and is condemned as long as his material instincts predominate, to submit to fresh trials here until the day dawns when, refined by a life of suffering, struggling, and expiation, he will leave this life to seek, in other destinies, a new world, less miserable and more enlightened than ours. . . .

* Robert Houdin in Paris corresponds to Maakelyne and Cook's entertainments.

You may laugh if you will, but who, looking up at the stars on such a night as this, will not question whether they are not our future habitations, where we shall discover, under newer and better conditions, the use of our higher aspirations after a goal which is hidden from our present human imperfection."

VALENTIN. But if I do not remember my former existences, what becomes of my individuality?

D'AUBENAS. You will find your individuality again, dear friend, when you will finally have left the human prison! The memory of past miseries would be too heavy a burden for you to bear with you through the new trials of this life. . . . You are like a traveller who, climbing a steep mountain, is afraid of looking back for fear of falling! It is only at the summit that he can take a good view of the land he has journeyed over, and the perils he no longer has to fear. So in sidereal life, the spirit may look upon the weaknesses and the blemishes of his past without sorrow or shame, but with the proud joy of knowing that he has for ever freed and purified himself. I am quite willing to admit, my dear doctor, that all this is but pure conjecture . . . just as your materialism is too . . . but as neither of us are sure, I'd sooner have my belief than yours!

D'Aubenas's friends are about to leave him to return to their hotel, but before they leave, D'Aubenas asks Marescot to get him some books when he returns to Paris, and the two men leave the room together in search of the list of books which is in the library. During their absence, the others, among which are Valentin and Dr. Parisot, go on chattering. The doctor is asked what he thinks of D'Aubenas's state of health.

DR. PARISOT. Well, my impression is very simple, and I will give it to you plainly. He is on the road which leads to insanity.

GEORGES (*D'Aubenas's brother*). To insanity!

PARISOT. . . . Mystical madness! Read the titles of these books! "Animism," "Psychism," "Magic," "Spiritism"! And what is inside them? (*He takes up the volumes one by one and throws them down on the table*). After what that humbug of a Scotchman told us, I wanted to be very clear upon the point. And I poked my nose into all that nonsense!

RAYMONDE AND GILBERTE. Well!

PARISOT. Well, the mummer spoke truly! It's astonishing! Real and authentic savants say: "I have seen," "I have done," and relate accurately *what* they saw, and *what* they did. . . . It's enough to make one wonder, if one's not dreaming. There's Zoellner, the astronomer, Zoellner, who sees his pencil lift itself up before his very eyes and write of its own accord on a slate. . . . Next it's Barkas, the geologist Barkas, who goes in for small concerts all to himself with pianos, accordions, and guitars played upon by invisible fingers. Then Russel Wallace—Wallace, who collaborated with Darwin, who gets flowers and fruit in the depth of winter thrown down from the ceiling by the spirits. Then the famous Crookes and his friends, who for three years was visited by the materialized spirit of Miss Katie King, who, previous to her departure for a higher world, takes a walk round the drawing-room leaning upon Crookes' arm and shaking hands with all those present. Then we read of Cromwell Varley, the head engineer of the transatlantic cable, who certifies to the reality of the soul, whose existence he affirms by means of electric currents and the reflecting galvanometer. . . . And lastly, Lombroso—that pure materialist, Lombroso—with his chair pulled from beneath him, a heavy piece of furniture threatening to kill him, while he struggles

against a curtain which endeavours to stifle him, and some unknown bell is ringing madly in his ears, cries out: "I am confused—to have dared deny the reality of facts." And hundreds and hundreds of witnesses, just as important, attest to thousands of such fantastic phenomena.

VALENTIN. But, my dear doctor, you give me food for reflection. All those you name are not fools!

PARISOT. No, sir. But they have all gone mad!

DE AUBIERS. All of a sudden?

PARISOT. An epidemic. The influenza of credulity, which attacks the finest brains. Even in France . . . which is certainly the least contaminated of all countries, because, thank goodness, there is enough wit here to laugh at such nonsense, without taking the trouble to investigate them. . . . But even France is struck, sir, see such men as Flammarion, Rochas, and Gibier, Dariey, and Richet . . . and doctors too. What are we coming to? We are retrograding three whole centuries. . . . In a very little time I can see you all becoming demons. . . . (to DES AUBIERS) You'll be an incubus. . . . (to GEORGES) You, a vampire. . . . I shall be a wehrwolf; and you, dear ladies, will be all riding off to Sabbath on a broom-stick.

DES AUBIERS. Well, you may say what you like, we saw what we saw! . . .

GEORGES. The basket!

DES AUBIERS. And the hand!

GILBERTE. And the word the table gave out, "Open."

DES AUBIERS. And the red, fiery sky!

PARISOT. A mere coincidence!

VALENTIN. But who rapped the word? Who?

PARISOT. Pooh! The Scotchman, of course! . . . with some tool hidden in his sleeve or waistcoat. . . . What a humbug!"

VALENTIN. But why that word "Open?"

ALL. Yes, why?

PARISOT (*quietly*). Why? Oh! it's very simple! He's a Scotchman, isn't he?

ALL. Yes.

PARISOT. Therefore a mountaineer, therefore fond of plenty of air. When you shut the window, he can't breathe! And so—tac, tac, a couple of raps, and the trick is done! Open! (*Laughter*). I'll undertake to give you any explanations just as natural upon anything there is to be found there—(*he points to the books*).

GEORGES. But what is your advice for my brother?

PARISOT (*pointing to the books*). To burn all that. No more solitude, and plenty of purgative medicines.

GEORGES. Purgative medicines.

PARISOT. Capital for hallucinations! A ghost itself cannot resist castor oil.

Thereupon D'AUBENAS returning to the room and the conversation is stopped. Shortly after he is left alone with VALENTIN, and the subject is resumed.

D'AUBENAS (*alluding to the incredulous DR. PARISOT*). He admitted himself that to believe in a single one of these phenomena, he would have to unlearn all he knows, or thinks he knows, now! . . . Poor man, by dint of crying out to greenhorns that Science explains all things, he has ended by believing it himself, though he is still utterly incapable of explaining how a chestnut-tree grows out of a chestnut. I must say that he does better to plainly deny everything, than to imitate those who, like Hartmann, unable to contest facts, give absurd and ridiculous explanations of them. . . .

VALENTIN. What about the hesitation you felt at St. Jean-de-Luz concerning the causes?

D'AUBENAS. I no longer hesitate.

VALENTIN. And, like the Scotchman, you now admit the intervention of spirits?

D'AUBENAS. It is the only explanation which can be applied to all cases.

VALENTIN. And of spirits which have lived here below?

D'AUBENAS. Yes, and that is the only point upon which they all agree; for upon the question of identity they are very contradictory.

VALENTIN. You admit that they may lead us into error?

D'AUBENAS. Frequently. After all, they are but a continuation of humanity, and do not differ much from us. The best have gone on, and amongst those who remain are the good and the bad.

VALENTIN (*going up to him*). And naturally (I hope I am not indiscreet in asking such a question) you have evoked the spirit of your poor wife?

D'AUBENAS (*taking his hand*). Indiscreet to speak of our dear Simone, who loved you so. It seems to me, dear friend, that when I am with you I am near her.

VALENTIN. Yes, dear Robert, and still more than you think.

D'AUBENAS. There would be but sorrow here for me (her room was there but I never go into it) if I had not an absolute faith in the promise which was made me there—

VALENTIN. That of becoming a medium?

D'AUBENAS. And if I were not persuaded that the dead appear more willingly on the spot where they lived and suffered and enjoyed. So as soon as I arrived, I set to evoking Simone, just as I had seen Davidson do. With a sheet of paper before me on that table, and a pencil, I awaited; but in vain. At every séance I was unsuccessful, until one evening my hand was seized, and as it were numbed in the warm grasp of an invisible hand, and began writing some words on the paper, that were in no way dictated by my brain. . . . And the first written word was the name of a young sister I had lost twenty years ago, and who, to affirm her personality, saluted me with certain nicknames she used to call me by in our childhood.

I will not go now into the details of that conversation with that dear spirit. But when I asked her, "Will Simone not come to me as you do now?" "No," she replied, "it is impossible." "But why, why?" I questioned. "You will know the reason why later on." And that evening I could get nothing more from her. But yesterday, at the hour she herself had fixed, I at last obtained this reply, which rejoiced me greatly, "She will come to-morrow night, you will see her and speak to her."

VALENTIN (*astounded*). You wrote that?

D'AUBENAS. Word for word. See for yourself.

VALENTIN. It is so. (*Reads*). "You will see her and speak to her." So you rely upon seeing her?

D'AUBENAS. Yes.

VALENTIN. This evening?

D'AUBENAS. This evening. And why should she not come? There have been frequent examples of manifestations of materialized spirits, who were visible and tangible, like the Katie King of William Crookes. Those believers who accept other wonders and hesitate to accept that one, are perfectly illogical. If it is proved by undeniable witnesses that one can see and touch and hold a hand from beyond the tomb, why not the whole arm and their whole body? One fact leads to another. Once a single so-called supernatural fact is admitted, the others must be admitted also. It is a question of all

or nothing. Resolute negation or resolute affirmation! William Crookes or Parisot. . . . It is true that I am not in the necessary conditions for the spirit to be able to materialize with the aid of a medium's vitality; but there have been a number of apparitions where the medium has seemed absent.

(VALENTIN now tries to suggest to his friend that when he meets his wife he will learn that she has been guilty, and will implore his forgiveness.)

VALENTIN. Do you know, Robert, what specially attracts me in your doctrine of successive lives? It is that it teaches that humanity is ever ascending towards better worlds and nobler destinies; but unable to deserve them in this life, and being able to attain them in a higher life, but by the fraternal help of all to each, and each to all, press us, and elevate us, and attract us one to another, so that the first comer holds out a helping hand to the last comer, the best to the least good, the rich man to the poor, the strong to the weak, the happy to the suffering, the virtuous to the guilty.

D'AUBENAS. You are right, dear friend.

VALENTIN. The guilty one is, after all, but a brother who has come late

D'AUBENAS. Yes; just so.

VALENTIN. However great his sins may be, we may have committed the same in a previous life. What indulgence we ought to feel for him! And how shall we refuse him that pity which we know will come for him, however long may be the time of his trial; he will count also among the best, for he has all eternity before him, to earn his salvation.

D'AUBENAS. Yes, dear friend. There lies the truth. All shall be saved! And in the celestial home all will be taken and none sent away! The old belief of the eternal punishment—a cruel conception of the older theology—is now done away with! However monstrous the crime may be, it is limited within space and time. For God would not be supreme justice if He punished the temporary crime by an everlasting chastisement!

VALENTIN. Surely.

D'AUBENAS. And the chosen ones! Can you imagine them in their selfish beatitude deaf to the despairing clamour of Hell! Would they not cry out to God, "Saviour, how can we be happy with thee, when those damned ones, our brothers, cry out for mercy, and thou dost not deign to ever to consent to forgive them!" . . .

VALENTIN (*energetically*). So with them we may also affirm that every human error has a right to be forgiven. . . .

VALENTIN goes on to prepare his friend to forgive his erring wife. Later on, when VALENTIN has retired for the night, SIMONE does appear—but we know that she is not a spirit but a repentant wife, who implores her forgiveness with many tears, and is forgiven.

The élite of the critics, one and all, declared that "Spiritisme" was one of M. Sardou's best plays, but the interest of the action was merged into the interest of the Spiritist discussion, so that the play was rather an event in occultism than one of the stage. Not all Monsieur Sardou's genius could stop the chaff of the Boulevardier, who is a veritable Parisot at heart, and will only believe that which his grosser senses can see and touch. Yet, with all, the play interested greatly the *grand public*—those who wish to learn, and certainly had not the play been condemned by the Spiritists, it would have been a great success.

Its comparative failure is chiefly owing to material reasons. The Renaissance Theatre must make 6,000 francs a night to cover all expenses, while other Paris theatres of the first order, such as the Vaudeville or Gymnase, need only to reach the sum of 4,500 francs to make good profit. But every night that "Spiritisme" was played the theatre made 4,500 francs out of the house, so had "Spiritisme" been at any other theatre but at the Renaissance it would have been a success.

The serious Spiritists such as De Rochas, Dariex, &c., were all intensely interested in the play, but the lesser stars found that Sardou defeated his own object in causing the living wife to appear as the spirit to her husband. But the objection is absurd. First of all there must be a play; and Monsieur Sardou very cleverly introduced Spiritism as a bye-subject, and used it again for the *dénouement* simply because he wished to teach a great truth by means of an amusement. In the third act it is true that the guilty wife appears in the flesh, but it is none the less true that her advent is foretold both the night before and also upon the night of her appearance by the dead sister with whom D'Aubenais is in communication. Moreover, when he calls her by name the spirit tells him she cannot come; as she herself comes, that is to say, in the form of a spirit.

C. DE P.

A LETTER FROM MONSIEUR SARDOU.

(This letter was written to Monsieur Ram-Band as a preface to a small volume he wrote for private circulation only, upon psychical science.)

MY DEAR RAM-BAND.—For more than forty years I have been observing, with much curiosity, those phenomena which under the names of magnetism, somnambulism, ecstasy, second sight or clairvoyance, &c., were the laughing stock of all savants in my youth. Whenever I ventured to give them some account of the experiments in which my own scepticism had foundered, what a reception did I meet with, and what amusement I gave! I can still hear the laughter of a doctor, one of my friends, to whom I related that magnetic passes had sent a girl I knew into a state of catalepsy. If a pistol was let off close to her ears, or a red-hot iron placed on the nape of her neck, she still remained motionless. "Bah!" said my friend, "women are such liars."

And now those same facts, formerly systematically denied, are now accepted and affirmed by those same men who used to call them sleight of hand. No day passes but what some young "savant" reveals to me truths that I knew before he was born.

I see nothing changed but the names. We do not talk now of *magnetism*, for that name would sound ill in the ears of those who have so mocked at it, but has now become *hypnotism* or *suggestion*; for such denominations are more becoming. When adopting them it was given to understand that so-called *magnetism* was but a dupery, to which justice has been meted out; and that official science doubly merits our gratitude. We have been delivered from *magnetism* and now have got *hypnotism*, a scientific truth . . . which is identically the same thing.

One day, a long time ago, I told a clever surgeon the fact—so well known to-day—that a state of insensibility could be produced upon certain subjects by forcing them to look fixedly upon a small mirror or some such bright object, so as to make them squint.

This truth was received by repeated bursts of laughter and a few jokes upon my "magic mirror." Years pass by and the same man comes one day to luncheon at my house, and excuses himself for being late. He has been kept, he says, because he had to draw the tooth of a very nervous and frightened girl. "And," said he, "I tried a novel and most interesting experiment upon her. By the aid of a small metallic mirror I sent her to sleep and was able to draw the tooth without her even knowing it. "Stop," I cry out. "Was I not the first to tell you of the possibility of that fact? and did you not laugh at me?" But my friend cleverly got out of it by quickly answering "Oh! you spoke of *magic*, but *this* is *hypnotism*." And official science has discovered all our ridiculed truths out in like manner. After having been laughed at they are appropriated, but have had all their labels altered.

But now, no matter what they are called, here they are fully recognized. And now that our "savants" have discovered at the *Salpêtrière* what every one could have seen at the cemetery of Saint Médard under Louis XV., there is some reason to hope that they will deign to look into this Spiritism, which is believed to have died beneath their contempt, but which has never been stronger than at present. The only thing to be done will be to find a new name for it, so as to seem to have made a discovery that nobody had ever thought of before. But that will take some time, for Spiritism has other enemies than ill-will.

It has against it all drawing-room experiments—a bad method of investigation—only good to confirm the incredibility of sceptics, and suggest to humbugs ingenious mystifications, and to clever people the idea of talking nonsense.

Then again, we will have to fight against charlatans, who will play at hypnotism, à la *Robert Houdin*, and also against those demi-charlatans who, gifted with true mediumistic powers, are not content until they can, through vanity or through interest, add to the insufficiency of their meaning by pretended means.

But, above all, there are two great obstacles to be overthrown—the indifference of a generation entirely given up to its pleasures and interests alone, and the weakness of character, manifested daily in a country where no man has the courage of his opinions, and only is interested in the opinion of his neighbour, and does not allow himself to hold an opinion until he is sure that it is the received opinion of everybody. In all matters of art, science, or politics or letters, what one fears the most is to pass for a *naïf*, who believes in something, or for an enthusiast, who knows nothing at all about anything, since he admires! Even the man who is the most moved by a fine word, a fine action, or a fine idea, if he sees some sceptic smile, starts also to mock the very thing he would have admired, to firmly convince others that he is no fool, and that he can judge clearly since nothing can satisfy him!

How could people, so subservient to the opinions of others—even if they were convinced of the reality of spiritist manifestations par absolute proofs—how could they dare admit it in public and confess their faith in this enlightened century, after Voltaire! and brave thy indignation, O prudhomme, and the terrible question thou dost din in my ears:—

"So, my dear sir, you admit the supernatural?"

No, prudhomme; no. I do not admit the supernatural. There is no supernatural. When fact takes place it is by means of the law of nature, and is, therefore, natural. And to deny it *a priori*, without examin-

ation, pretexting that the productive law exists not; to declare that it does not exist because it is unknown; to contest the reality of the fact because it does not enter into the order of established facts and certain laws, is the error of an unevenly-balanced mind, that believes that it knows all nature's laws. If any *savant* has that presumption, he is a poor man!

But at the serious examination of the facts he will be astounded. When he will be forced to investigate, he will meet with a few surprises, that I am sure of.

Amitiés,

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

INTERVIEW WITH M. SARDOU.

To publish the above extracts from *Spiritisme*, I had to go to see M. Sardou and ask him to be so kind as to give me a portion of his manuscript. This he did; and this morning, when I went to return it, I had a delightful conversation with the great man upon the subject of the spirits, mediumship, &c., &c.

"I am a confirmed believer," says M. Sardou. "Years ago, when I was but a medical student, I had friends who were greatly interested in the manifestations. They asked me to join them in their experiences, and I did so. For many months I tried—but unsuccessfully to get any manifestation—but not only did I see or hear nothing, but as soon as I arrived upon the scene, the spirits who had been manifesting their presence—some minutes before—suddenly stopped upon my entrance, only to resume their conversation the very instant I had left. I am convinced that there are a certain set of people who are what I call *anti-mediums*. For I have noticed several examples of their existence."

"Are they not the unbelievers?"

"Not necessarily. I, for instance, was an ardent believer, and fervently *wished* to see. And I have seen another example among my acquaintance lately. A boy of *fourteen*, who is a marvellous medium, has a mother who is a firm believer. Yet when she is present no manifestation can be obtained."

"Do you believe that the medium is born or can be made by the effort of his own personal will?"

"I believe that the state of mediumship has nothing to do with the will or even the nerve of a person. It is a *state* which comes over a person for no apparent reason, and leaves him in the same inexplicable manner. For instance, *I was* a very good medium. Now I can obtain no manifestation."

"What manifestation did you have?"

"Often while writing at my writing-table in *full daylight*, cut roses—white roses generally—have fallen from the very ordinary ceiling of my study on the manuscript before me. I have kept them, and though withered they are still in material existence. The stems were broken as with finger and nail, and were not cut with knife or scissors. Often my piano has played delightful music beneath the sway of an invisible hand."

"Did you obtain many manifestations by means of mediumistic writing?"

"Continually. My favourite spirit called himself Bernard Palissy, and it was under his influence that I made those drawings of which I spoke to you the other day, and which I will show you in a moment."

"Were you convinced that the said Bernard Palissy was the great Palissy?"

"Not at all. I do not always believe in the disem-

bodied spirits of great men who come down to earth to manifest. I think my spirit-friend was a clever draughtsman (the drawing is a proof of his capacity) but not necessarily Bernard himself. I told him so one day."

"And what did he answer you?"

"He tried to convince me by alluding to several incidents which had occurred in the living Palissy's life, but I answered him that the facts of Palissy's life were historical, that any one could read them, that perhaps *he* himself (the spirit) had learnt them just as I had done, so that I should require better proof than that. 'In that case I can give you no proof of myself,' said he, 'but you shall have the proof of the identity of another spirit. Go on writing.' I went on writing," says M. Sardou, "smoking my pipe meanwhile. Suddenly I looked at the paper, and saw written there, by my own hand, in clear lettering, the name of a man—Christian and surname—I cannot remember it now, but it was a Breton name. After the name the spirit had written, 'Born at Savenay, such and such a date, died at the hospital at Fougères (Ille-et-Vilaine), at such and such a date. Inquire whether they be true.' Well," continuing M. Sardou, beaming at me with his witty smile, "I wrote to the Mayor of Fougères, and asked him if a man by name (I can't remember the name now, try as I may), born at Savenay, had died at such and such a date, at the hospital at Fougères. The Mayor answered me 'Yes,' and sent me the certificate of death of the said man."

"And now about your drawings, M. Sardou. Will you let me see them?"

And very graciously the *maître* sits me down at a small table near the window, and brings forward a large portfolio, from which he draws one by one the most fantastic, weird, and wonderful drawings I have ever seen. Nothing can describe them. There is the house of Zoroaster, all in flaming stars and fiery elements; there is the house of Swedeborg, which has been published here, I believe; and, most strange of all, there is the house of Mozart, drawn in tiny crotchets, quavers, *clé de sol*, and *clé de fa*, in most intricate and marvellous designs, symmetrical and yet diverse. Some lines and curves are so perfect as to be impossible to reproduce without the aid of instruments of precision. All these abodes are supposed to be situated in Jupiter. M. Sardou believes them to be purely symbolical. One of them, the house of Mozart, is drawn upon a much larger sheet of paper than the rest. M. Sardou calls my attention to it.

"I had set to work upon a much smaller sheet," he tells me, but Bernard, for it was always he, wrote, "I must have a larger sheet for this drawing." "But," said I, "I have no other in the house." "Go and get some," he replied. "But I cannot," I said, "my stationer lives so far away and it is pouring with rain." I lived then on the Quai St. Michel. "Go and get some," repeated Bernard—"go to the Place St. André des Arts." "But," I remonstrated, "I know the Place St. André des Arts very well and there is no stationer there." "Go," he again repeated. So M. Sardou obediently went, under cover of a large umbrella, for the rain was coming down in torrents. When he arrived on the Place, he went round and round in search of a stationer's, but could see none. At last he espied a large "poste coctère" wide open, and upon one of the door-posts a small door-plate upon which he read "Papiers en gros." So he went and bought the paper, and when he took up the pen to write again, the spirit wrote "Didn't I tell you so."

And it was upon that particular sheet of paper that he drew the House of Mozart. The conversation had lasted some time, and I was afraid of taking up too much of the "Maître's" precious time. I rose to leave, but M. Sardou pressed me back into my chair. "I have one more curiosity to show you before you go. Here is a plate of copper upon which I engraved a medianimic drawing. Some friends of mine, the Didiers, the publishers, wishing to see me at work begged that I would 'operate' before them with a 'graver' instead of a pen, and a copper-plate instead of a sheet of paper. I agreed, and this is the result." And he showed me a perfectly drawn design upon the plate from which several engravings had been printed, I expressed my admiration.

"And do you never write or draw medianimically now, cher Maître?" "Never, the spirits left me one day and told me they would never return. This is what happened. I had been writing when suddenly my pen was split up into matchwood in my hand. I took up another, and yet another pen, with the same result. Then with a fourth pen I managed to write these words. 'We shall never return to you. We have convinced you; that is enough. You have other work to do. Do it well. Good-bye.'"

And M. Sardou has done the other work, and I do not think any one can say that he has not done it well.

C. DE P.

WHY THE PLAY WAS WITHDRAWN.

LETTER FROM M. SARDOU.

Mr. A. Erny, the well-known author, has sent to *Light* the following interesting letters:—

"My friend and *confrère* of the Dramatic Authors' Society, Victorien Sardou, has written me a long letter in reply to some criticisms concerning his last play, *Spiritisme*, which he has decided upon withdrawing from the stage. He says:—

If this withdrawal in any way injures the spiritistic movement, the Spiritists (and Spiritualists) may thank themselves for having worked against their own cause. They have cut me more sharply than the incredulous people, not only in the "couloirs" [this is a word used by the Dramatic Authors for all the chatter which goes on in the theatre during and after each act of a play], but also in the papers, with all the rage of dogs from which one has taken a bone. All of them, in spite of differences of ideas, ought to have worked for the common principle. *Ah bien, oui!* Have you read, my dear friend, what some of them have written on my play, with what lack of veracity they have said that I concealed my convictions for forty years, and that I am at variance in my ideas with De Rochas, exactly at the moment when he was writing the contrary in the columns of *La Patrie*? And many of them went on in this same way during the very first evening that my play was acted. If all the avowed Spiritists in Paris, and all those who are researchers or experimenters, had come to see the play, the theatre would have been full every evening. But their laxity did not astonish me; at my age one knows mankind at large, and privately I know the Spiritists also. Really, I expected it would be a battle, but, after all, the incredulous people have behaved better than the believers!

On the day on which the play was first acted the success was very great. The public were evidently on the side of the Scotch Doctor (Spiritist and medium) and against Doctor Parisot, the expounder of Materialism, and had there been a good effort (*coup de collier*) on the part of the Spiritists all would have been won.

If Simone, the wife of D'Aubenas, the Spiritist, deceives him, it is not because he is a Spiritist, but because he is above all a *savant*, solely occupied with his scientific and spiritistic researches and just coming (in the play) from his laboratory; while she, on the other hand, takes no intellectual interest in his work.

I was reproached by an English Spiritualist paper with having produced the rapping, in the table experiment (1st Act), by the aid of "artificial contrivances" (*truc*). Why did not the writer send me a spirit in order to make the business more easy? I should have been obliged to him had he done so.

The objection concerning the *dénouement* is equally erroneous. Is it not the sister's spirit, who, in reply to D'Aubenas (the husband), answers to him, 'Simone (the wife), cannot come; you shall see her to-morrow, and then you may be able to speak to her'? Further on the spirit-sister says, 'Simone is here, very near, in the night.' If this is not Spiritism, what is it? If the wife favours this vision of the supposed dead woman it is because she cannot do otherwise, thinking, with Valentin (the cousin and good adviser), that the husband's reason is threatened by his pain and that it is urgent to relieve him from his terrible affliction. If she showed herself suddenly to her husband, alive, the shock, as Valentin said, would be too violent, and might injure or even destroy his life, so scared was he of his wife. On the contrary, if, by lending herself to a cherished illusion, she could lead him by degrees to the secret of her being alive, she hoped to obtain his pardon and forgiveness.

"I may add that M. Sardou has received a telegram informing him that in America his play has met with great success."

In a subsequent letter Mr. Erny says:—

In your issue of February 20th, a writer said: 'We rather wish that Sardou, the intense Spiritualist, had not turned over the subject to Sardou, the romantic (!) playwright.' In my last letter I forgot to mention Sardou's answer to that finishing blow. Here it is:—

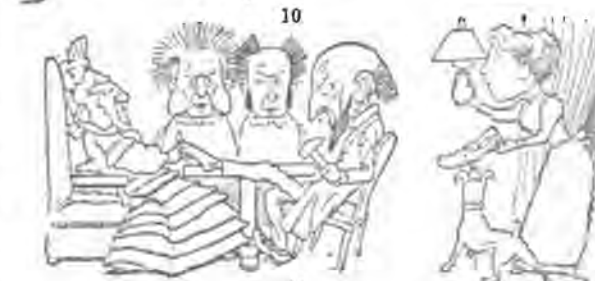
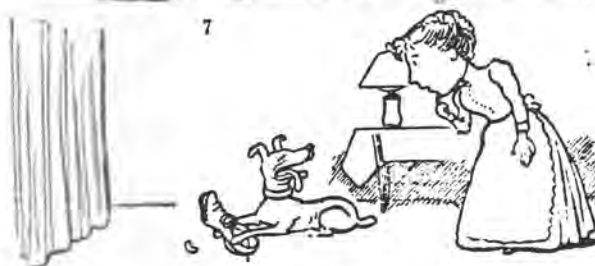
"If Sardou (*Le Spirite convaincu*), the avowed *Spiritist*, had not taken as fellow-worker (*collaborateur*) Sardou the dramatic playwright, the play should have been ended at Act I., and I should have not compelled an assembly of '*spectateurs*' (rather adverse) to hear me without a single protestation or profession of ill-will. But what can we expect from a writer who passes sentence upon plays without knowing how events are prepared and concluded?—V. SARDOU."

SPIRITISM IN CARICATURE.

CARON D'ACHE, in the *Figaro* of November 30th, uses his facile pencil to illustrate the familiar theme of the frauds of professional mediums. The series of sketches, some of which I reproduce in miniature, occupy almost the whole of one page of the *Figaro*. It is headed: "Le Main de Jules Cæsar. Séance de Spiritisme. C'Est Arrivé."

The first sketch represents the entry of the celebrated medium, the only pupil of Home. Under No. 2 (reproduced) is written: "I am about to put questions to the Spirits. They will answer me. Two raps signify no. Three, yes. Take away the light. I begun." No. 3 (reproduced): Represents the opening of the séance, when in thick darkness the medium stealthily removes his slipper and begins the interrogation of the spirits. The following sketches show the servant removing the lamp, the little dog slipping through the curtain with the slipper of the medium, and then a whole row of charmingly amusing sketches of the dog worrying the slipper carry on the narrative, while underneath we read the familiar inquiries: "Are you a man?" "Yes." "A soldier?" "Yes." "A great general?" "Yes." And then they run through a long string of great generals, landing, at last, on Julius Cæsar. Just then the servant finds what the naughty little dog had been doing with the slipper. No. 8 raps. Then we have the test. No. 10 (reproduced): "Can you manifest your presence by a palpable test"—a grasp of your hand? Madame take his august hand, cries the medium as he extends his naked foot in the darkness

from under the table. "Oh!" cries Madame, "it is cold, like that of a serpent," when, just at this moment, the servant, who is in haste to restore the injured slipper,



comes in with the lamp. Sensation, culminating in the ignominious expulsion, not of the medium, but of Justine whose intrusion exposed the fraud.

VI.—THE LAND OF FAËRY.

A MEDITATION BY MISS X.

THERE are few things so good for one's mind as enlargement of notions; prejudice shows want of elasticity, dogmatism shows consciousness of a weak cause. Professor Crookes has lately given us a charming phrase, he has said he has "a mind to let." It is a pendant to Professor Lodge's dictum about the people who don't believe in Thought Transference, they are "simply ignorant." We of BORDERLAND do believe in Thought Transference, but we have not all "a mind to let."

PRACTISING BELIEVING

It would be a good mental exercise to practice believing—say for an hour at a time—in some harmless delusion such as—. I could name fifty, but so can everyone else, and it is not worth while. Some profane person will probably say Theosophy, or The Masters, or Homœopathy, or the Hanoverian Succession, or the Primrose League, which would of course be absurd as illustrations. We might establish a new Borderland circle for believing in other people's views, but it would not be quite kind to the other people, they would be so dull, poor things, with no one to contradict them.

Personally, I am going to begin with Odic Force. I propose to study the subject in such detail as is possible—the more willingly that Colonel de Rochas has just collected the evidence for us in the form of a preface to a new edition of the lectures of Reichenbach.* It is sure to be well done, and a glance at the book suffices to show one that it is done on interesting lines. He traces the history of various forms of divination, conceivably the effect of Odic force, and illustrates his thesis with a delightful number of quotations from miscellaneous writers dear to readers of the historical side of "occult" literature. If any one can make Odic force believable, it would be such a writer as this, and if one's subliminal self rebels, and begins to argue about unconscious muscular movement, it must be suppressed. It might be a good plan to take lessons from a barrister in how to believe in the innocence of the murderer for whom he holds a brief. I don't believe he does believe. He must take a mental dose of fern-seed which makes his subliminal self invisible for the moment, like people who want to see fairies.

But this is not Odic force; it is much more difficult to believe in Odic force than in fairies.

ODIC FORCE AND FAIRIES.

I wonder if I could believe better out of doors. I'll take Reichenbach and a fur cloak and steal up to the Fairies' Knowe just up the burn side. I must go alone; I can't believe enough for two yet, and if anyone came while I was believing, I should have to argue about it. The dogs can come. They are quite in tune with Odic force. The black Pomeranian is a feather-pate, but she is called Spooks, and a name goes a long way. When she came she was called Snooks, but we changed a single letter in compliment to this house, where such things are so abundant that we call it the Spookeries. The other dog, the Dartmoor terrier, is a seer, and has figured in BORDERLAND before now.

* "Les effluves odiques. Conférences faites en 1866 par le Baron Reichenbach, précédées d'une notice historique sur les effets mécaniques de l'Od." Par Albert de Rochas. Paris

Off they scurry, straight up the hill. It is a fine old garden, and one may wander for an April day without transcending its limits. But this is the prettiest bit of all. We leave the tennis-lawns on our left, the upper one just now has a fine fairy-ring—

A green-sour ringlet, whereof the ewe not bites—

a big circle of paler green showing on the myrtle of the mossy sward, where the little people dance at night, round and round, and hand in hand to the fairy music of the burn that tinkles by in a series of tiny cascades. There, under the big elm tree, are some fairy mushroom-rooms, where they "sit out" between the dances; and there are some patches of a kind of grass I never saw before, which the gardener calls "fairy flax." Just below, the fairy bells will soon be abundant among the stones by the burn side—the stately foxgloves that toss their bells on the evening air and summon the elves to their merry-making. How one longs to see the "fairy rade," the procession of little people coming down the brae! Often at sunset here two shadowy ladies come across the park, and down by the side of another brook much like this at the other end of the avenue. But they are dim and sad, and when they speak their voices are mingled with weeping. I am glad they never come here—here, where all is so merry and gay, and I would rather see fairies than ghosts any night.

Of course, "there are no such things as fairies." Dear Cousin Cramchild, how can you prove a negative? Of course, it is all a question of evidence; but what is the evidence for Odic force? Let us sit down here—no, not on that "fairy butter," it is a pity to spoil it—and consider the question. I am for getting about Odic force.

When divining-rods turn, and musical-boxes play themselves, and tables rap, and pendulums mysteriously register your power, and lights appear at your finger-ends, then it is Odic force. It must be, because it can't be anything else; and Reichenbach says so.

Similarly, when daisies close at the touch of tiny wands, and dainty music rises up out of the ground, and little hammers are heard in the hill side, and elf-fires dance about in the hollows, it is fairies. It must be, because it can be nothing else, and all the poets, from Thomas the Rhymer down to Mr. Andrew Lang, say so. Who would dare to contradict Shakespeare, and Spenser, and Drayton, and Gawain Douglas, and Ovid, and Herrick, and Chaucer, and Milton, and Pope, and Browne, and Lilly, and Ben Jonson, and Gay, and Wharton, and Collins, and Tennyson, and half the ballads in Percy, and half the music of Wagner, and many a book we love when we are young, which is perhaps the time when we can discern most surely.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

I'll undertake to say that many more people have seen fairies than have seen Od, and a great many people think nothing is true if they haven't seen it; but that is their fault. If they cannot see, their betters may. For instance, there is that branch wagging meaninglessly, where other branches are still, and there is no wind. No doubt a little fairy is astride it, playing horses. Why else have the tiny tree-creepers, who were gliding in their mysterious acrobatic fashion round that lime tree, suddenly taken fright and flown away? and why won't

the chaffinches up there come down for the crumbs of the biscuits I brought out for the dogs? and why has the squirrel, who has been fixing me with eyes like boot-buttons, suddenly lowered his tail ready for flight? What have they all seen that I cannot?

Certes it is a *faërie*, or *elles a vanité*.

No, it is only that scoundrel kitten, who knows I don't want to take him for walks, and always hides under the bushes for the first quarter of a mile, and then turns up to every one's confusion. Now he has gone to torment the dogs. He always wants to stalk everything, and that is no use for rabbit-hunting in broad day-light. He is spoiling their sport and he has spoiled my argument. They are bad sportsmen—the cats!

They are all pointing, the kitten too, though he hasn't a notion why. They have caught sight of the ploughman who is painting a rich brown over the faded fields. He has come to the upper end of a long slanting ridge, and is standing beside his patient horses leaning his arms on one warm grey back, apparently idle. Perhaps he is thinking of his nooning due in half an hour's time. He is far from home, and perhaps has forgotten to bring himself a "piece." No matter, he knows how to get a good meal. He is saying aloud three times:—

"Fairy, fairy, bake me a bannock and roast me a collop,
And I'll gie ye a spurtle off my gad-end";

and when he has done four more furtrows it will be ready for him.

FAIRIES AND NOT ODIC FORCE.

It is not a bit of good trying to believe in Odic force to-day. 'Tis the voice of my subliminal consciousness, I hear it complain that it wants to talk about fairies, and circumstances are certainly contributing in the same direction. For anything I know the whole question may be a mere affair of names; and Reichenbach and the poets, and the children, may all be talking about the same thing, only he calls it *Od*, and we call it *Fairies*.

FAIRIES AND PHILOLOGY.

There is, however, no apparent philological connection. The word *Od* comes from a Sanskrit root, and means "all penetrating," but I know of no Sanskrit derivation for "fairy." However, there is so wide a choice of roots that one can make the word mean almost anything.

It may be derived from *φῶφ*, a Homeric name for centaurs (cp. the German *thier*); or from the last syllable of *nympha* (cp. *fay fée*); or, says Sir W. Ouseley, from a Hebrew word, *peër*, to adorn; or from a Saxon word, to fare, to go; or fairy folk may be "fair folk," that is pretty folk, with no allusion to returning from fairs, which we repudiate.

Or again, it has been said that fairies came into Europe with the Crusaders, who first knew them as *Peris*, called by the Arabs, *Feri*; the *Fata Morgana*, so well-known in romance, is said to have been originally *Merjan Peri*, celebrated in Oriental story.

FAIRIES AND CHRONOLOGY.

But if fairies were not known in Europe till the time of the Crusades, what becomes of all the tales of good King Arthur, who belonged to fairy-land himself, and in whose reign flourished, among other great men, Jack the Giant-killer, and him of the Beanstalk, and Tom Thumb? What of the Elves, and Dwarfs, and Trolls, and Nises, and Mermen, and Maidens, of Scandinavia?

What of the Dwarfs of Ireland who have always worn red instead of green like most other little people? What of the Trows of Shetland, and the Kobolds of mid-Europe, and the Pixies of the west of England, and the Boggarts of Yorkshire, and the Brownies and the Kelpies of the north, and the Good People in red and green, and the Leprechauns and the Cluricauns in Ireland, and all the colonies of every sort and kind in Scotland?

Are the Men of Peace, the *daoine shi*, to be relegated to such a day-before yesterday period as the Crusades? Is the Highlander to be deprived of his birthright of a "lang pedigree," and his fairy to be relegated to a period of history that every University Extension student can get up in a ninepenny manual?

Surely again, it is a mere question of names, and the crusading story only means that when the noble warriors came back, they gave a new name to the old familiar phenomena, just to "show off" that they'd picked up a little Arabic. Spenser gave the word a glorious setting, and we've accepted it as indigenous ever since. Perhaps, though, it has somewhat, even now, of a literary smack. I have talked fairy-lore pretty well all over England and Scotland, and except in the Highlands, where English of any quality at all is the English of books, I have nowhere heard the little people called among the peasants "fairies." In the Highlands, as in Spenser, I have heard the word as an adjective, "very fairy" means illusive, cp. Chaucer, "Her to behold it seemed faerie," or "It was of faerie as the people seemed."

By the way, the poets often use "fairy" as equivalent to "fairy land," Chaucer gives us

"Though he were come agen out of faerie."

Moreover, one sometimes finds "fairy" used in a generic or collective sense, as we now say "gentry," "cavalry." Drayton gives us

"The feasts that underground, the faerie did him make."

THEIR DIVERSITY.

But enough of names. Using the word "fairy" as covering the whole ground, one is struck by the great variety of such beings in Europe, even in Great Britain alone. Elves, and Dwarfs, and Trolls, and Nises, and Kobolds, and Pixies, and Brownies, and the Good Neighbours of Ireland, and the Men of Peace of Scotland, are all (as are others not enumerated) diminutive; but I feel less certain about the size of Kelpies, and Mermen and Maidens have been mistaken for human beings. Kelpies, perhaps, are the lineal descendants of Water-nymphs, and belong to mythology rather than to fairy lore; and Mermaids are practically Sirens and need not count. Still they all have something in common and are differentiated alike from the human and the animal in a sense in which fauns and dryads and satyrs—perhaps in consideration of the tail one ought to add Mermaids—are not.

The more one thinks of it, the more difficult does it become to understand where mythology ends and folk lore begins. Perhaps one may find a line of demarcation in the super-human and the sub-human. Fairies surely know nothing of Olympus, the knowers on the meadow or on the moor is their sacred mount, and the long grass serves them for forest-glade. They are innocent and child-like, they are the children of Mother Earth, rather than of the god Pan, or when they do mischief, we find them at it in *L'Allegro* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and elsewhere, it is mainly of the schoolboy type, and comes of high spirits and an open air life.

FAIRIES AS SUB-HUMAN.

It is curious how impossible it is for us to get clear of our jargon of psychical research. Think of calling these toys of Nature "phenomena," and talking of super and sub in such connection! And yet there is, in our ideas about them, something of anthropomorphic instinct, something cosmic in tendency. If it is the instinct of the human animal to postulate an after-life, to venerate or worship or propitiate an Eternal Being, to believe in and fear some hidden life in the Unseen, it is equally his instinct to believe in fairies. Let the South Sea Islander call them Vuis, and the Buddhist elementals (or is it only the Theosophist?), and we of Europe any of the names already enumerated, the belief is practically universal both in time and space, and the fairies of every land and age have at least this in common, that they are phenomena of Nature, sub-human, and yet imitative of the human race.

Possibly a reason why, in the Spookeries in which our lot is cast at the moment, one's subliminal consciousness (who is a kind of partner Jorkins) insists on discussing fairies, is that very characteristic of their being *sub-human*.

The time has not yet come for discussing the phenomena of the Spookeries, yet in general terms something may be said of the train of thought which is always here with us. The following lines describe the general state of things. The author has never been here, and had heard nothing in detail of the phenomena, so that his "situations" may be taken as mere generalisation, about equal in accuracy to the dialect, of which he is in truth alike innocent. If neither means much, so much the better for our mystery. I quote them without permission:—

Gin a body meet a body griinnin' like a ghaist,
Gin a body fear a body, need the hizzie baist?
Ilka shielin' has a squealin'
Nane ava hae we:
Yet whiles o' night I get a fright
At what I canna see!

Gin a body meet a body moanin' like a wraith,
Gin the body grip a body, need she tak' a skaith?
Ilka shielin' has a squealin'
Nane ava hae we:
Yet whiles o' night I get a fright
At what I canna see!

Gin a body see a body greetin' like a wean,
Gin a body ken the body, need she stoik her e'en?
Ilka shielin' has a squealin'
Nane hae we ava,
Yet wae is me! I'm fasht to dree
What winna gang awa.

Gin a body meet a body looking like a priest,
Need a body squeeze a body in a muckle kist?
Ilka shielin' has a squealin'
Nane ava hae we:
Yet whiles o' night I hae a fright
At what I canna see!

Gin a body meet a body looking like to dee,
Wad the unco' thirling body gar a body gee?
Ilka shielin' has a squealin'
Nane hae we ava:
Yet whiles o' nights I wak' wi' frights
That winna gang awa.

Gin a body hear a body skirling frae the knowe,
Gin the body daur a body, need she hide her pow?

Ilka shielin' has a squealin'
Nane ava hae we:
Yet whiles at night I get a fright
At what I canna see!

Twixt mirk and light o' ilka night a bogle comes to me,
But what her name and whaur her hame I wadna speer to see!
Ilka shielin' has a squealin'
Nane hae we ava:
Yet whiles o' nights I wak' wi' frights
That winna gang awa.

Now, though the writer knew nothing about it, so that (by permission of Mr. Podmore) we may venture to suppose the allusion telepathic, there does stand in the dining-room (the butler keeps the dessert in it), a muckle kist, strong, of carved black oak, said to have once contained the "demd moist body," doubled up, with a knife through IT, of the family chaplain, and it is only natural if he walks, reciting his office aloud. The lady, too, who did the knifing, is quite justified in "moanin' like a wraith," and trailing silken skirts about the house. (It is mere hypercriticism to observe, that though on the same foundations, this house did not exist at the family-chaplain period).

We have no legend of any ghost that "grips a body," but one of considerable muscular force has been reported to grip at bed-clothes. The poor wretched woman shivering in terror at her husband's probable displeasure at the chaplain's disappearance, would be almost justified in so doing. Then, too, there is a young lady belonging to a certain religious order, who more than once has been observed "greeting like a wean," but doubtless somebody, a successor of the family chaplain perhaps, has vexed her.

There is a good deal, too, of "skirling frae the knowe," but that the naturalist of our party attributes to owls, of which, it seems, we have at hand two varieties. It is also true that "twixt mirk and light, o' ilka night, a bogle comes to me" and some others. It doesn't seem to do her any particular good, indeed she does not take the smallest notice of us, and we are inclined at times to believe that she was born of self-suggestion, and persists by favour of telepathic infection, though she has been good enough, with some mechanical assistance, to give a detailed account of herself which, on internal evidence, we believe to be exaggerated.

Such are the ways of ghosts. They seem very absurd and useless, but we can get out of that by saying that what we see and hear is no real sight or hearing, but merely post-mortem thought-transference, externalised by the sensitive in fashion visual or audile according to his personal tendency; exactly as he might externalise the telepathic information that I propose to be in town at Easter by stating the fact in automatic writing or by seeing me, in a crystal ball, crossing the park in a hansom. That is how we account for the ways of ghosts when we want to be clever and reasonable, and show our superiority to superstition.

NON-INCARNATE OR DIS-INCARNATE?

But when we come to many other things which seem absolutely unintelligent, inconsistent, casual, irrelevant, beyond the usual human allowance of such attributes—are we to call these post-human also—to suppose that our ghost is thought-transferring a nightmare? Or are such things sub-human merely? Which brings us back to fairies.

If we call fairies "sub-human," which seems a clumsy sort of word to apply to such dainty sprites, are we not more or less "evening" them with elementals? or, not to appear to hold any brief for any special form of teaching—let us say Vuis? Vui being Melanesian (I believe) for spirits non-incarnate.

I have very vague ideas, beyond this essential point of difference from spirits dis-incarnate, as to what "elementals" are supposed to be, but, so far as one can gather from others more informed, I take them to be in appearance animated gurgoyles, grotesque and mischievous rather than hideous and malicious, not to be confounded with the "evil spirit" theory, which appears to suppose for its completeness a degree of evil which can only be post-human.

The Icelanders solve the problem, however, by saying that one day when Eve was washing her children at the running water, God suddenly called her. She was frightened, and thrust aside such of them as were not clean. God asked her if all her children were there, and she said, "Yes," but got for answer, that which she tried to hide from God should be hidden from man. These children became instantly invisible and distinct from the rest. Before the flood came on, God put them into a cave and closed up the entrance. From them are descended all the underground people.

Eddaloere by MAGNUSSEN.

GHOST JOKES.

The old "stone-throwing ghost," who is continually cropping up in all parts of the world, surely anything so unmeaning as his performances are more reasonably (if we talk of reason) ascribed to the sub-human than the super-human? Surely it is an unworthy future for any human soul to look forward to, that of practical joking? Here, in this very place, there are phenomena of almost daily and nightly occurrence of a nature that would bore a school-boy! At the beginning of his holidays—say on a Sunday afternoon—he is capable of a runaway knock, but what is one to think of a "ghost" that goes on thumping at a door at intervals for twenty years? If the next life is, as one hopes, a period of education, of training, surely it must be sadly ineffective if a wretched ghost can keep up so poor a joke for a whole generation! Even if it be a part of his discipline, like the poor gamblers in "Letters from Hell," who had to go on eternally gambling, there is some unfairness in our having to share it, in his being condemned to make several excellent bed-rooms disagreeable, to the pecuniary loss of his own descendants!

OR IS HE A VUI?

Now if, on the other hand, we admit the Vui hypothesis, one can offer no moral nor intellectual objection. The fairies of Shakespeare seem to have occupied themselves a good deal with looking pretty, but we have naughty sprites as well as her Daintiness Queen Mab.

"She comes

In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an Alderman,
Drawn with a team of little Atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grass-hoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;

Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers."

But we have also Puck, who is a regular Vui.

"I am that merry wanderer of the night;
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I, a fat and bean-fed horse beguile
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal.
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dew-lap pour the ale."

"Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn."

Puck is evidently the same with the old word "Pouke," the original meaning of which would seem to be "devil," "demon," or "evil spirit." We first meet with it in the "Vision of Piers Ploughman," where it undoubtedly signifies "the grand adversary of God and man." This notion may have arisen from the general naughtiness of Pucks, and their addiction to tricks.

Golding, also, must have understood Pouke in the sense of "devil," when in the ninth book of his translation of *Ovid*, he applies it to the Chimæra:

The country where chymæra that same pouke
Hath goatish body, lion's head and brist, and dragon's tayle.

Spenser, too, employs the word:

Ne let house-fires nor lightning's helpless harms,
Ne let the pouke nor other evil sprites,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not.

Epithalamion, v. 340.

Pouke easily became "Puck" (perhaps also "Pug," with his ugly little black face). In Friesland, the Kobold is called "Puk." The Devonshire fairies are "Pixies," the Irish have a "Pooka," and the Welsh a "Pwcca." The fungus puff ball is in some places called a "Puck-fist," while the Irish are said to call it "Cos-a-Phooka"—Puck's foot. In Worcestershire, farmers returning home from market are sometimes found next morning rather drowsy in ditches and bogs, which they describe as being "Poake-ledden," while in Devonshire the same phenomenon is called "Pixy-led." By the way, both Shakespeare and Drayton describe this phenomenon, and their county comes next to Worcestershire.

Well, then, Bogle is in some parts called Puckle, and we call a naughty boy "a little Pickle," and in Scotland we call a sly, artful child "Pawkey," and the Germans call a clown a "Pickle-häring." The word Spook is obviously first cousin to Pouke or Puck. In German it is "spuk," in Swedish, "spöke," in Danish, "spöge." Philology will prove anything, from the origin of nations down to spirit-identity. Why, therefore, should not this lovely spot (may Puck and Bogle flourish!) be called, so far as many of its phenomena are concerned, not the Spookeries but the Puckerries. I dare not take liberties with Melanesian, nor coin a word from Vui.

A little wretch like that is quite capable of various of the freaks which are giving us all sorts of trouble—of pretending to rustle about in silken skirts, or to walk with a gouty foot overhead in locked-up rooms, or to fall with heavy thuds against doors ajar and not burst them open, or to read aloud in the dead of night, or to

play croquet ("bowls" sounds better) in the hall at two o'clock in the morning—what fun could this be to the meanest soul disincarnate, even by telepathic deputy?

SUB-HUMAN JOKES.

The sub-human creatures have their own notions of a joke. There is one going on overhead now. I've watched it for days, and it never palls on its perpetrator. A squirrel—a pair, probably—have their home in a tall pine-tree overhead. They made themselves a sort of little platform just where a big branch joins the trunk. Then came St. Valentine's Day, and the rooks got married in thousands. One pair, prospecting for a desirable site, came flying about this tree, calling "Maud, Maud, Maud," like Tennyson's birds in the high Hall Garden. They swooped down on the little platform and called, "Two sticks across and a little bit of moss. It'll do, It'll do, It'll do," and when the squirrel objected, they fetched several hundred relatives, who all quoted Tennyson at the same time. I watched them through opera-glasses. They demolished the little platform and made a great untidy nest, with as much fuss as if they'd just retired from business and were building a modern Gothic villa. Whenever both go out to lunch at the same time, the squirrel races up and pulls out some of their sticks and breaks them into little bits, and now, on a lower branch, there is quite a litter of his leaving. They come back very cross, but the squirrel can get to the underside of the big branches and they can't, so he laughs and eats beech-nuts, and doesn't care a bit. That is *his* joke. He is scuttering down now, and the dogs are barking at him from below, which is their joke. That infamous kitten is rushing up the trunk. I won't have the squirrel chivied, that is beyond a joke.

ILL-BEHAVED FAIRIES.

Even the solemn Milton made his fairies naughty and troublesome. For a wonder I have no copy at hand of the minor poems. (I wish, almost, he had never written any others; we should have been spared some queer bits of modern theology, of which we've forgotten the origin.) The "lubber fiend" in "L'Allegro" was quite a Vui. The lady who "was pulled and pinched, she said," never, so far as we know, considered the house haunted in consequence. She knew it was a Vui.

Here are some references to fairies which must be true, because we have chapter and verse for them, describing exactly the sort of performances with which we are familiar.

Mr. John Lewis describes the mining fairies as little statured, about half a yard long; and adds, that at this very instant there are miners on a discovery of a vein of metal on his own lands, and that two of them are ready to make oath they have heard these knockers in the day-time.

The common people of this district remain to this day so credulous as to think that fairies do exist, that an inferior species of witchcraft is still practised, and that houses have been haunted; not only in former ages, but that they are haunted; at least, noises are heard, which cannot be accounted for on rational principles, even in our days. An instance of the latter happened only three years ago, in the house of John Spence, boat-carpenter. —*Statistical Account of Scotland*. Sir John Sinclair, 1792, xv. 430, *Parishes of Stronsay and Eday, co. Orkney*.

"As to circles in the grass, and the impression of small feet among the snow, I cannot deny but I have seen them frequently, and once I thought I heard a whistle, as though in my ear, when nobody that could make it was near me."—*Description of the Isle of Man*, Waldron, p. 138.

"When the master and the mistress were laid on their pillows,

the men and maids, if they had a game at romps and blundered up stairs, or jumbled a chair, the next morning every one would swear 'twas the fairies, and that they heard them stamping up and down stairs all night, crying: 'Waters lock'd, waters lock'd,' when there was not water in every pail in the kitchen."—*Round about our Coal Fire*, p. 42.

I can remember quite well, as a child, being once in the kitchen, when a strange noise of scratching occurred in the deep ash-pit under the grate, which, as is the north-country custom, was cleared out only when full. The cook's notion of dispersing the mystery was to rush outside with a bowl of milk which she had that evening "forgotten to put out for the boggart."

In the Vale of York I used to stay in an old country house that was noisily haunted by a "bargeist," who had a liking for ringing bells at odd times in the dead of night. We children had a philological theory that he was a "boy-ghost," and knowing more of the nature of boys than of ghosts, and having witnessed some comic scenes consequent on his little games, we thought his conduct quite natural. We knew where he lived, near a well in the cellar, and he once materialised in the bath in the form of a newt, to our great joy. We kept him for weeks, but one day, having been taken out into the garden to sun himself, he vanished, while we were occupied with "Balbus" who "was building a wall," leaving behind him a primary personality in the form of an empty skin.

VUIS AND THE DOG.

When our psychic dog sees a ghost he is silent and observant, also a trifle depressed, but when it is only "phenomena" non-externalised, he barks and growls, and we know that dogs do bark at Vuis. In a note in Grimm (*Deut. Mythol.*, p. 426) there is a story of a man who was going alone with his dog among the hills, and came upon a hill-smith* (the normal Scandinavian Vui) at work, using a stone as an anvil. "He had on him a light grey suit and a black woollen hat. The dog began to bark at him, but he put on so menacing an attitude that they both deemed it advisable to go away." Richardson (in his *Table Book*, iii., 45) tells us that he knew an old man whose dog had pointed a troop of fairies, and, though he could not see them, he plainly heard their music sounding like a fiddle or a very small pair of pipes.

MUSICAL FAIRIES.

In an island of the Hebrides where are many fairies, so many that I dare not begin to talk of them now, so much is there to say, I have been in a cave which leads you away and away under the hills, to the other side of the island. We knew there was no exit, and we did not venture far, for we knew also the story of the piper who went in with his dog and who can still be heard under the cliffs far away piping for the fairy dancers.

Among the hills in Nether Lochaber, are three or four places where, any summer's day, you may put your ear to the ground and hear the fairy-music, and if you are so materialistic as to say it is the tinkling of under-

* There is an interesting intermediate class of them in popular tradition. The Hill-people (Högfölks), are believed to dwell in caves and small hills; when they show themselves they have a handsome human form. The common people seem to connect with them a deep feeling of melancholy, as if bewailing a half-quenched hope of redemption.

Atzelius is of opinion that this notion respecting the Hill-people is derived from the time of the introduction of Christianity into the north, and expresses the sympathy of the first converts with their forefathers, who had died without a knowledge of the Redeemer, and lay buried in heathen earth, and whose unhappy spirits were doomed to wander about these lower regions, or sigh within their moulds till the great day of redemption.—*Fairy Mythology*, p. 79. *Knightley*.

ground water, may you never have so undeserved a privilege again.

Our Vuis are reported to have now and then played upon the drawing-room piano, which is quite consistent with their customs.*

MISTAKEN FOR GHOSTS.

There are several reasons why Vuis should at times be mistaken for ghosts. There are two facts common to both. One is that they both occasionally dress in white, and the other that a veridical vision of either is not necessarily collective, i.e., I may see both spooks and pucks, both ghosts and fairies, when you, poor afflicted child of earth, see neither.

HOW THEY DRESS.

Of course the proper dress for fairies is green.† Every one knows that. Nevertheless, some who know no better, mainly, it is said, resident in Norfolk, do wear white. Trolls, I gather from a bottle stopper carved in the Black Forest, may wear a red cap, and Shakespeare's fairies wear anything that occurs to them.

In the Highlands I heard of fairies (they live in a green hillock in the Island next America. Were I not here, would I were there, this sunny April day!) who wore blue, to my perplexity, but I find that green is sometimes by a euphuism called "blue" for reasons which are interesting to folk-lore, and not to be discussed here and now.

But not only at this day in Norfolk, which might argue degeneracy, but in the "Sad Shepherd" they wear white.

"There in the stocks of trees white fays do dwell,
And span-long elves that dance about a pool
With each a little changeling in their arms."

The trees were lime trees, of course, though the poet

* Sir John Sinclair, in his *Statistical Account of Scotland*, 1792, iv., 560, says: "A belief in fairies prevailed very much in the Highlands of old; nor at this day is it quite obliterated. A small conical hill, called Sien, was assigned them for a dwelling, from which melodious music was frequently heard, and gleams of light seen on dark nights."

† In the autumnal season, when the moon shines from a serene sky, often is the wayfarer traveller arrested by the music of the hills, more melodious than the strains of Orpheus. Often struck with a more solemn scene, he beholds the visionary hunters engaged in the chase, and pursuing the deer of the clouds, while the hollow rocks in long-sounding echoes reverberate their cries. There are several now living who assert that they have seen and heard this aerial hunting, and that they have been suddenly surrounded by visionary forms, and assailed by a multitude of voices." (*Ibid.* xii., 461.)

"Sith-bhroog, the same as sith-brog, a fairy; hence bean-sighe, plural mna-sighe, women fairies; credulously supposed by the common people to be so affected to certain families that they are heard to sing mournful lamentations about their houses by night, whenever any of the family labours under a sickness which is to end by death; but no families which are not of an ancient and noble stock" (of Oriental extraction, he should have said) "are believed to be honoured with this fairy privilege."

Note in O'Brien's Dictionary, Hib.

† "My grandmother has often told me of fairies dancing upon our green, and that they were little creatures clothed in green."—*Round about our Coal Fire*, p. 42.

"The Brownie was a very obliging spirit, who used to come into houses by night, and, for a dish of cream, to perform lustily any piece of work that might remain to be done; sometimes he would work, and sometimes eat till he burst; if old clothes were laid out for him, he took them in great distress, and never more returned."—*Heron's Journey through Part of Scotland*, 1799, ii., p. 227.

There is an account of Oberon's clothing in *Pool's English Parnassus*, too long to quote.

"Notwithstanding the progressive increase of knowledge, and proportional decay of superstition in the Highlands, these genii are still supposed by many of the people to exist in the woods and sequestered valleys of the mountains, where they frequently appear to the lonely traveller, clothed in green, with dishevelled hair floating over their shoulders, and with faces more blooming than the vermillion blush of a summer morning."—*Statistical Account of Scotland*; Sir John Sinclair, 1792, iv., p. 462.

"A Puck," says Grimm, "once served in a convent in Mecklenburg, for thirty years, in kitchen and stable, and the only reward he asked was 'unicum de diversis coloribus et tintinnabulis plenam.'"

does not specify. I wish I had time to talk about changelings. I know any number of first hand, collective, veridical, well-attested stories about them. And I know the spell to counteract the change. I tried it once on a baby, but it didn't work, which of course was the baby's fault. It was an ugly cross little thing ever since the day when —. Before that, its grandfather told me, "it was a very ceevil child."

There are perhaps no traditions more vivid or of more recent evidence as to fairies than one finds in the Highlands. There is no phenomenon of Puck-like spooks which one may not find there. Martin tells us of some beliefs of the inhabitants of his time, which illustrate so many points under discussion that it is worth while perhaps to quote them:—

"In this island of Lewis there was an ancient custom to make a fiery circle about the houses, corn, and cattle, &c., belonging to each particular family. A man carried fire in his right hand, and went round, and it was called dessil, from the right hand, which, in the ancient language, is called dess (pronounced jess). There is another way of the dessil, or carrying fire round about women before they are churched, and about children before they are christened, both of which are performed in the morning and at night. They told me that this fire round was an effectual means to preserve both the mother and child from the power of the evil spirits, who are ready at such times to do mischief, and sometimes carry away the infants, and return them poor, meagre skeletons; and these infants are said to have voracious appetites, constantly craving for meat. In this case it was usual for those who believed that their children were thus taken away to dig a grave in the fields upon quarter-day, and there to lay the fairy skeleton till next morning, at which time the parents went to the place, where they doubted not to find their own child instead of the skeleton."—Martin's "Western Islands," p. 116.

Again, speaking of the Shetland Isles, Martin says:—

"It is not long since every family of any considerable substance in those islands was haunted by a spirit they called Brownie, which did several sorts of work; and this was the reason why they gave him offerings of the various products of the place. Thus some, when they churned their milk, or brewed, poured some milk and wort through the hole of a stone called Brownie's stone." *Ibid.* p. 334, he says: "A spirit, by the country people called Brownie, was frequently seen in all the most considerable families in these isles and north of Scotland, in the shape of a tall man; but within these twenty or thirty years past he is seen but rarely. There were spirits also that appeared in the shape of women, horses, swine, cats, and some like fiery balls, which would follow men in the fields; but there have been but few instances of these for forty years past. These spirits used to form sounds in the air, resembling those of a harp, pipe, crowing of a cock, and of the grinding of querns, and sometimes they thrice heard voices in the air by night, singing Irish songs; the words of which songs some of my acquaintance still retain. One of them resembled the voice of a woman who had died some time before, and the song related to her state in the other world. These accounts I had from persons of as great integrity as any are in the world." Speaking of three chapels in the Island of Valay, he says: "Below the chapels there is a flat thin stone, called Brownie's Stone, upon which the ancient inhabitants offered a cow's milk every Sunday, but this custom is now quite abolished."—*Ibid.* 391.

ABSENCE OF COLLECTIVE EVIDENCE.

There is no need to dwell upon the frequent absence of collective evidence, in regard either to Pucks or Spooks. If everyone present saw them at the same time, we should say they were "mere matter"; as this rarely happens, the critic says they are "no matter." After all, it doesn't matter. It is the critic's loss. The same holds good in all matters of Second Sight. There is a queer story, something like that Mr. Lang has lately

republished for us, about the Rev. Mr. Kirk, which illustrates this point. I could quote fifty, but select this as the most reputable. No one but the Robert Ellesmere of Psychical Research would dispute a letter to a Bishop.

"An account of Anne Jefferies, now living in the county of Cornwall, who was fed for six months by a small sort of airy people called fairies; and of the strange and wonderful cures she performed with salves and medicines she received from them, for which she never took one penny of her patients. In a letter from Moses Pitt to the right reverend father in God Dr. Edward Fowler, Lord Bishop of Gloucester. London, printed for Richard Cumberland," 1696. Morgan tells us that the copy from which he reprinted it had, at the bottom of its title page, this N.B. in manuscript: "Recommended by the Right Rev. to his friend Mrs. Eliz. Rye." He means, no doubt, the above Bishop of Gloucester, who, it should seem, had tacked to his creed this article of belief in fairies. This tract states that "Anne Jefferies (for that was her maiden name), was born in the parish of St. Teath, in the county of Cornwall, in December, 1626, and is still living, 1696, aged 70. She is married to one William Warren, formerly hind to the late eminent physician, Dr. Richard Lower, deceased, and now to Sir Andrew Slanning, of Devon, Bart." That A.D. 1645, as she was one day sitting in an arbour in the garden, there came over the hedge, of a sudden, six persons of a small stature, all clothed in green, which frightened her so much as to throw her into a great sickness. They continued their appearance to her, never less than two at a time, nor never more than eight, always in even numbers, 2, 4, 6, 8. "She forsook eating our victuals," continues the narrator, in whose family she lived as a servant, "and was fed by these fairies from the harvest time to the next Christmas day, upon which day she came to our table and said, because it was that day she would eat some roast beef with us, which she did, I myself being then at table. One day she gave me a piece of her (fairy) bread, which I did eat, and think it was the most delicious bread that ever I did eat, either before or since. One day, these fairies gave my sister Mary a silver cup, which held about a quart, bidding her give it my mother, but my mother would not accept it. I presume this was the time my sister owns she saw the fairies. I confess to your lordship I never did see them. I have seen Anne in the orchard dancing among the trees; and she told me she was then dancing with the fairies."

IN CONCLUSION.

But one might as well begin to talk of Universal History as to exhaust what can be said of these gay irresponsible little beings, even in this one aspect of schoolboy pranks.

Here on the fairies' knowe I look down on a fertile valley with a glorious river of sporting renown gleaming like silver at the foot of the opposite hills. The hills

themselves are of royal purple, and they stand out clear against the bluest of April skies. Far away to the west snow-covered mountains rise, dazzling against the blue; elms and birches are veiled in tenderest green; near by, hundreds of golden daffodils dance even for me and the dogs, as they danced long ago for Wordsworth and Dorothy. A few late snowdrops and crocuses show white and purple in the shadow of the pines, and I know that at the foot of the bank fragrant violets are hiding among their cool dark leaves.

Beast and bird are at their gayest. Just now a golden mist filled the air for a moment, a flock of yellow-ammers on their way to the rick-yard. The rabbits are frisking gaily, despite the dogs, for they know of a certain quarrel I have had as to traps, and other unsportsmanlike methods, and they know who won the day. Rhododendrons and azaleas gleam in crimson and gold on the slope above me, and the sun is so hot that the kitten is stretching himself full length on the gravel, making a little gridiron of his outline with legs and tail outstretched.

With wide green lawns around, and cheerful sunlight all about it, stands a substantial roomy house, not more than a century old. It is, above all else, comfortable and home-like, and for us it has been a scene of hospitality and good cheer, mental and physical. We have had good talk and good company, and books, and music, and pleasant friendships, and Gloire de Dijon roses, and good fires, and kindness from man and beast, and the days have sped quickly and happily away. It seems but yesterday we glided over the snow in swift toboggans, and now I am writing on the self-same hill in glorious sunshine.

And yet, it has seemed when we let our fancy stray, that we now and then caught a glimpse of another world than ours, of mysteries dim and faded, of passions weary with despair, of a cold grief-laden air which struck a chill into the hearts of all. But a few minutes' walk from here lies another glen, such as this in outline, where, alike in snowy dusk, and rosy sunset, we may look each night on the sad grey shadow of an old-time human sorrow.

But here, to-day, in the sunshine, such things are hard to remember, and the fairy world seems nearer at hand than the land of shades.

Has the ploughman finished that fourth furrow, I wonder? and are his collops ready? Come along, little dogs, let us go in to luncheon. "I am half sick of shadows," said the Lady of Shalott. X.

VII.—HOW SHOULD SPIRITUALISTS REGARD SCIENTIFIC MEN?

A PLEA FOR A MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING. BY PROFESSOR OLIVER LODGE.

THE subject selected by Professor Oliver Lodge for his address to the Spiritualist Alliance of London on the 29th of March was "The Attitude of Scientific Men to Psychical Investigation in General, and to the Spiritualistic Hypothesis in Particular." It is, however, much more correctly described by the heading which I have given it, for as the discourse was addressed to spiritualists, it was naturally much more of an attempt to vindicate the methods of scientists to spiritualists than to invite the attention of scientists to the phenomena of spiritualism. The address, however titled, is well worthy the careful consideration of both parties. The cross headings, of course, are my own.

PROFESSOR LODGE'S ADDRESS.

I HAVE been asked to speak to you to-night, notwithstanding the fact that I am an outsider, and not a Spiritualist. I appreciate the courtesy of the request, and suppose that you wish occasionally to have addresses not from members of your own body, and will not resent the expression of necessary differences of opinion. At the same time, I realise that this is a sort of family gathering, and that you would not care for the presence of hostile persons.

HIS STANDPOINT.

I am not a hostile person, else I should not have consented to come. On the contrary, in the course of purely scientific investigation which is my proper business, I have come across some facts which have been long familiarly known to you, but which are not known at all to orthodox science. To certain scientific men, of course, they have long been known, as the names Augustus de Morgan, Alfred Russel Wallace, and William Crookes testify; but to the great bulk of scientific men of the present day they are unknown, and in orthodox scientific societies they are not mentioned.

I lay no claim to a first-hand knowledge of facts akin to that of Dr. Wallace and Mr. Crookes, but I am aware of the existence of certain facts not yet recognised by science which are familiarly held true by you.

SPIRITUALISM AHEAD OF SCIENCE.

Hence, it seemed to me proper that I should not hold aloof when asked to come and address you, but should come and make confession that on certain definite points of facts and knowledge your body was ahead of our body, and that you had something clear and distinct to teach us.

I will go further than that. The conviction has gradually grown upon me that the facts known to you, and not known collectively to us, are not merely facts of ordinary interest, like the constitution of the sun, or the distance of the stars, or the nature of light, or the age of the earth, or the origin of species, but are facts which, in all probability, will be found to have quite a unique interest for humanity, since they appear likely to throw some light, not, indeed, upon the past or the future of the terrestrial human race, but upon the destiny of man as possibly existing distinct from this or any other planet.

THESE FACTS CERTAIN—BUT THEIR DEDUCTIONS?

I say that they appear likely to throw light of this kind, and you may impatiently feel that it is certain that they do. You will, I trust, allow me to proceed cau-

tiously in this matter, and maintain that the deductions from the facts are by no means so certain and well-grounded as the facts themselves. In the early days of a science hypotheses are often useful, but not until they have developed into established and luminous theories are they entitled to any authority or weight.

If I had to read a scientific paper on the facts, I might, or might not, be competent to make out a case; but if I had to read a scientific paper on the meaning and consequences of those facts, I know well that I am incompetent. I can but speak for myself. The conviction which, as I say, has been growing upon me that these facts *have* an important meaning is a subjective conviction—I could not express it in accurate and conclusive terms. It is a question rather of probabilities than of proof; hence, though I hold it myself, and hold it with some strength of conviction, I can find no fault whatever with another person to whose mind the same facts present themselves in some other guise, and lead him to other conclusions.

SPIRITUALISM ONLY A HYPOTHESIS.

Now, the very name of your society shows that you are in no doubt about the general meaning of your facts; you may differ as to details—it is to be hoped you do, or there would be a dead level of stagnation, not at all conducive to healthy growth and progress in knowledge—but in the rough you have collectively adopted the spiritualistic hypothesis, and you, perhaps, feel impatience with those who find themselves unable to adopt this hypothesis with the same ease and fulness.

Pardon my calling it a hypothesis, but you will admit that it must rank as a deduction from facts rather than as a fact itself; and unless it can be shown to be the one and only possible deduction, so long as it remains only the most probable deduction, it cannot be regarded as an established theory, as certain as, let us say, the kinetic theory of gases, or the electro-magnetic theory of light.

You have held the spiritualistic hypothesis so earnestly and so long that perhaps you fail to realise the difficulties which it presents to the ordinary outside mind. In case it is of any interest, I may mention some of these difficulties. De Morgan, I think, spoke of it once as "sufficient, but ponderously difficult." With great deference I venture to doubt its complete sufficiency, unless, of course, it be held in some form more elaborate and refined than that in which I usually meet with it in the current literature of its believers.

NATURAL TO SAVAGES.

Consider, for instance, any one simple and funda-

mental fact. It is a fact that under certain conditions, not yet properly investigated and reduced to essentials, it is possible for a piece of matter to change its place in an unusual manner without the ordinary and normal intervention of any of the persons present. A savage, seeing for the first time a locomotive or a magnetic needle or an electrified body so behaving, might express, and historically has expressed, the opinion that it was due to the agency of a spirit; meaning thereby, as I understand it, some living and active being inhabiting space but not visible or tangible or appreciable directly by our ordinary senses. The being need not have had any incarnate experience on earth, it need not be the disembodied spirit of a former inhabitant of this planet, though that possibility is not excluded; all that is essential is some spiritual or mental activity analogous to our own spiritual and mental activity, but not associated with any material body.

NOT IMPOSSIBLE *a priori*.

Now, *a priori*, nothing definite can be said against the hypothesis that active and conscious living entities inhabit free space, for, however puzzling and unknown are the phenomena of life, we yet know that a multitude of living entities inhabit the surface of, at any rate, this one of the many lumps of matter flying through space; and we know that life has never yet been evoked by any attempted combination of the forms of matter available on this earth. Hence the hypothesis that it has come from without, and exists in greater quantities in space than on the planetary masses, is not an unjustifiable and demonstrably false hypothesis.

BUT INVOLVING USE OF MATERIAL AGENT.

But suppose it granted; the only conception that we can form as to the possible actions and powers of such—as we will call them for short—"spirits," must be abstracted and generalised from our knowledge of the actions and powers of the less material parts of our own nature; and one of the things we have learned about that is that we are unable to move objects without some form of material or etherial contact. Hence, if we proceed by reasonable steps and do not make blind jumps, we must assume that spirits generally require some kind of material agency to achieve material results.

But this, no doubt, will be granted by the supporters of the hypothesis; and thus these hypothetical beings are not purely and entirely spiritual, but have in some rudimentary or residual form a connection with matter akin to that which we possess. It may seem that the power of moving matter is a small power; but if it be considered, it will be found that our material powers are limited to that. The only thing that we can do to matter is to move it about, and place its parts in such positions that mutual actions, mechanical or chemical or electrical, may occur. So we are postulating, for the uncorporeal beings, mechanical power the same in kind as our own, notwithstanding that we possess a special and elaborate machinery for the purpose, which we call our body, and which is the true *medium* between spirit and matter.

WHY DO THE MAJORITY OF PEOPLE SEE NO SPIRITS?

So we have now the double hypothesis,—first that such living beings exist; and, second, that they can, if they choose, move pieces of matter and interfere in the course of our existence, as we interfere, let us say, with the existence of the fish in the sea. The further ques-

tion now arises, How comes it, then, that the human race is not fully aware of the action,—why is it not a part of ordinary experience? Why may the majority of people live their lives, why may a multitude of experimenters conduct delicate experiments, and never see the slightest trace of a phenomenon which anyone could feel it necessary to refer to spiritual interference? How is it that nothing happens except in the presence of a person in an abnormal state?

WHAT IS A MEDIUM?

If the presence of a given kind of person is necessary and sufficient for the production of any given class of events, then it is not unreasonable to assume as our working hypothesis that the events are caused by that person in some fashion or other,—a person who, though called the medium, may really all the time be the agent, not necessarily the fraudulent agent, but the unconscious agent, or the agent in some unexplained way which is known neither to the operator nor to us. How do we digest our food, effect secretions, supply sufficient blood to the brain and other parts, send messages along the right nerves, and so on, in the ordinary activities of the body? All these processes we carry on unconsciously and in ignorance of how they are done. We used our nerves and our brain centres long before we knew that we possessed such things. Any person who is not a physiologist is in blank ignorance as to a host of functions which, nevertheless, he performs with accuracy and despatch.

THE USES OF THE SUBLIMINAL SELF.

How do we know that a "medium" is not a person whose powers of unconscious and ignorant action are a little more extended, so as to cover the motion of objects or the acquisition of intelligence by processes to which the majority have no clue? This is, no doubt, a crude form of the hypothesis which has become in highly skilled and philosophic hands the hypothesis of the "subliminal self," and I suppose it stinks in the nostrils of all true Spiritualists.

But observe that, whether the phenomena are due to spirits or not, someone was sure to postulate spirits to account for them. There are three favourite hypotheses to account for anything unusual or mysterious—Spirits, Electricity, and Cheating.

The earnest inquirer and religiously-minded person thinks, Spirits.

The casual onlooker and carelessly-minded person does not *think* particularly, but *says*, Electricity.

The scientific and legal and common-sense person sometimes thinks, and always says, Cheating.

A PLEA FOR TESTING THIS HYPOTHESIS.

A few careful and studious inquirers have taken a fourth line, and while by no means excluding the possibility of the first and third surmises, try to see how far the unstudied and only half-known possibilities of human agency, manifested by a certain small percentage of individuals, sometimes in the form of genius and inspiration, sometimes in the form of insanity and disease, sometimes when in a state of trance, sometimes when hypnotised, sometimes in sleep, sometimes when apparently normal, may not by investigation be extended and found to cover also those other singular and more material phenomena.

You do not think so. And perhaps it will not turn out so. But the attempt has to be made. If attempts were not made to use a hypothesis for everything it is good

for, we should never sift the good from the bad, the false from the true. We should be littered up with a bundle of hypotheses, and afraid to test and strain any of them for fear of offending the susceptibilities of those who have elected to believe some other.

A HELPFUL ANALOGY FROM FISH.

Going back now to the question I suggested before, viz., the question how it is that if spirits can act upon our material surroundings, all mankind is not familiarly aware of this fact; why is it so rare? When speaking of it before, I likened it to our own interference with living beings in some other environment, say the fish; and one answer to the question is that, supposing the fish intelligent and communicative, they might be found still incredulous about the existence of the human race. A few of those near the surface would have legends, and those near the shore would be strongly convinced, of the existence and activity of humanity; but the great bulk of the deep-sea fish might be serenely unconscious and profoundly sceptical.

YOU ARE CERTAIN, BUT HOW CAN YOU CONVINCE ME?

An answer on these lines seems to me, on the whole, a good and sufficient one; but it need not seem so to everybody. There is no cogency or compelling power in an analogy, and until we have a conclusive demonstration to which people will not listen, we have no right to vehemently complain of their incredulous attitude. Of course, in so far as they are shutting their eyes to truth, the loss is their own; but a man who perceives and realises a new truth cannot rest satisfied with the indifference of his fellow mortals, but burns to deliver it to them. It is for no ulterior or sordid motive that he feels this; it is natural and instinctive. A man who has composed an oratorio, or written a great book, or composed a poem, or received an inspiration, or perceived a fact, cannot rest with his burden, unless his soul has been seared into hardness and warped into morbid indifference by repression and neglect; he is straitened till it be accomplished. This is the mainspring, or at least the only wholesome mainspring, of all missionary enterprise. This is the meaning of the enthusiasm of the teacher, the pertinacity of the prophet.

But then, not all those who *think* that they have a great poem, or a divine revelation, or a new fact, are *really* trustees of these noble things. Some of them are merely swollen with their own vanity, and their deliverance results in wind. The human race has by long and bitter experience become suspicious, and sometimes it stones its prophets, not knowing that they are prophets; while at other times it has set on high its self-seekers and windbags, believing them to be somewhat. It is no proof, therefore, to mankind that you believe yourselves the exponents of a mighty truth, because it has happened before now that believers in such things have turned out mistaken.

ONLY BY FACTS! FACTS! FACTS!

How, then, can we secure the attention of the men of science, who are no doubt the accepted leaders of the human race in respect of questions of bare and straightforward matter-of-fact truth? It must be by demonstration; it must be by facts; not by hypothetical explanation of such facts. The spiritualistic hypothesis may be true, and to its believers it may stand in the place of, or be equivalent to, a religion; but to the outside world it will seem nothing more than a hypothetical explanation of a series of imaginary facts. Before they will listen to

the explanation they must be assured of the facts, and when they are assured of the facts there may be various rival apparent explanations which may struggle for a time, until the fittest, and surely we may hope the truest, ultimately survives.

WITHOUT ADULTERATION OF FICTION.

What is needed first is demonstration of fact—of fact without any admixture of fiction. It is wonderful how small a trace of fiction spoils the taste of a whole bushel of fact. The merest modicum of cheating or of misstatement is like leaven; its influence is liable to spread through the would-be investigator's mind till it has permeated the whole of the evidence, and has produced an utter distaste and repugnance to the subject.

Now, this is one, I think it is even the chief, cause of the backward development of your subject, considered as a science. The demonstrations are dependent on the power of individuals in an abnormal or unusual condition, and perhaps this weakens their moral sense, or perhaps there is some more subtle cause at work; but whatever the explanation, unsatisfactory elements are liable to make their appearance at any stage in the most disheartening way, and the attainment of a really crucial and flawless proof seems at present withheld from us.

THEREFORE HUNT DOWN FRAUDS.

And besides this liability to unconscious, or only semi-conscious fraud, there is another more diabolical danger, viz., the presence of impostors—the real and genuine unbelievers, who, perceiving, as they think, a set of credulous fools, set themselves to earn coin by performances of the most barefaced and organized duplicity. I marvel sometimes at the patience and gentleness of treatment accorded to these wolves. On the principle, I suppose, of the wheat and the tares, and the difficulty of discrimination, they are allowed to remain and mislead ignorant persons in security; but they have a most deadly effect all round, and it seems to me that at any cost an effort should be made to root them out. I wonder if you will permit me to ask whether, as a body, just now you are not somewhat supine—more supine than your fathers were who toiled and suffered somewhat in the good cause. You have a truth which the world has not received; you are the trustees of it; are you being faithful to your trust? It is not for me or for any outsider to answer that question. By placid contemplation and *laissez faire* nothing will be accomplished towards introducing this new truth to mankind.

PUBLISH NOTHING WITHOUT EVIDENCE.

It might be possible for your Alliance, if it was thought worth while, to devise some practical system adapted to guard inquirers against known impostors, and to guard yourselves from being thought to believe in persons who pretend to possess what they have not got. I feel also that more precautions should be taken against the publication of spurious and lying tales. It seems to me that incidents are sometimes published as genuine on absolutely no real evidence. What sort of repute would a scientific society have which should publish all the papers sent in? Even when there is no temptation to deceive, yet the mass of incompetent and vague stuff sent in to such a body as, say, the British Association, every year is considerable. So it is to the meteorological department of an observatory. It all has to be carefully sifted, and a quantity of chaff rejected. The mere wish to be quoted in a report or a paper

seems, strange to say, to operate on the minds of feeble persons, and causes them to invent phenomena that never happened; while the astounding vanity of the ignorant is constantly leading them to suppose that they have discovered the nature of electricity, or the structure of the ether, or the solution of some other recondite and sometimes impossible problem.

IMITATE THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

By the Royal Society the care taken is still greater, and every paper, no matter how high the standing of its author, is submitted to two referees, or to a special committee of experts in that particular branch of science, for scrutiny and report before it is accepted. Sometimes, no doubt, it has unfortunately happened that some sack of wheat has been thus mistakenly rejected along with the chaff—*humanum est errare*—but the need for caution and scrutiny is felt to be so pressing that the risks inseparable from deficient omniscience must be run. All this care being taken in the region of perfectly orthodox and accepted science, how is it likely, think you, that a mass of unsifted testimony, containing unsupported anecdotes on the bare word of Dick, Tom, and Harry, and subjected to no kind of evidential examination or verifying process, how is it likely that such a mass of testimony should affect scientific persons? Those who have not grown acclimatised to it, it affects with nausea.

DELAY PUBLICATION TILL AFTER VERIFICATION.

Now, I would urge that if the possibility of a given class of events is believed, the publication of any given instance of the occurrence of such an event should take place only after a careful scrutiny, and with all possible verifying circumstances. The suppression of a given event is no great loss, provided such events certainly occur from time to time. The publication of a spurious instance for the edification of scoffers does unmitigated harm, even when the contradiction of the hostile evidence is scrupulously published at a later date. But if there is any tendency to suppress or minimise the hostile evidence, then the harm done is of a still more serious character, and raises questions even concerning the honesty of persons of really the most unimpeachable character but of partially defective judgment. If it is possible for ghosts to appear or for unwound clocks to tick, it does not follow that every asserted instance of such events is necessarily true. Even if ghosts appeared once a month, good people might still mistake patches of moonlight for them, and fraudulent miners might still wind clocks on the sly.

DON'T ADVERTISE UNCERTIFIED MEDIUMS.

Even if it were certain that when an exceptionally gifted person is fastened up in a cabinet other forms may perambulate the room animated by other intelligences, but making use of the person's corporeal organisation for the manifestation, even if this, I say, were certainly authentic, it would not follow that the performance of every person who chooses to charge a guinea at the doors for the demonstration was to be encouraged. The chances are surely against their being genuine. They should run a severe gauntlet before being accepted, if they are to make a living by it. From what little I know of occult phenomena they are not to be brought on at a given time for a given coin of the realm. The mere acceptance of money is not the most deadly symptom; it is the pretended control of the *afflatus* at a specific advertised time which strikes

me as the most suspicious circumstance. I would not dogmatise against anyone in this unknown region; but I would be most scrupulously careful not to sanction or assume any kind of responsibility; it might be well even to exclude a self-advertisement of such persons, unless they had been critically examined and passed by a committee of sane and competent and responsible persons.

IN PRAISE OF THE S.P.R.

Well, but of late years a body has arisen, a body to which I have indeed the honour to belong, but not as a leader, only as a worker in the ranks, and therefore I may speak of it without compunction, though I must by no means be understood as speaking for it; it has no representative voice, and if it had would not choose mine. A body, I say, has arisen which is imbued with the kind of feelings I have been representing, and which, although scientific and philosophic in a high degree, nevertheless on the average believes in the possibility of those phenomena of which you are assured; it believes at any rate in the possibility of phenomena not known to orthodox science. This body recognises the importance of immense caution and of absolute and undiluted truthfulness if it is to make headway among the mass of material which previous generations have accumulated. It has set its face keenly against the least trace of imposture, and visits with unflinching severity the slightest lapse from integrity even of persons endowed with genuine power. It sifts every anecdote presented to it, worrying the details with amazing pertinacity, till it can feel assured of integrity and first-hand responsibility for everything it publishes. In so doing it may make mistakes. It may occasionally admit an occurrence in which a flaw is subsequently discovered; it may frequently exclude testimonials of a sound and valuable kind. It makes no pretence to infallibility, and it does the best it can, but at least it takes trouble; and it feels assured of this—that it is safer to reject many accounts of genuine occurrences than it is to admit as genuine a single fraudulent or unscrupulously reported transaction.

A PROPHECY OF ITS FUTURE.

If it perseveres in this course, it will ultimately gain the ear of the orthodox scientific world. Indeed, it is making a scientific atmosphere for itself, and after some years may be able to dictate terms of truce with other scientific societies of no better or more scientific standing than itself. At present, however, it is looked at askance, by you on the one hand, by orthodox science on the other; by you as too sceptical, by science as too credulous. Well, it must put up with this. It sees before it a definite path, and it realises that though its progress may be slow, it must at all costs be made secure. Better a halt for ten years and then an assured advance, than a constant tremulous beating about the bush and finding oneself in swamps or among the arrows of savages.

THE HYPOTHESIS OF HIGHER POWERS.

But whether we are immortal or not, we are at least, in a very practical sense, certainly mortal, and during one of these halts the leaders of that Society may be removed. I see no chance of replacing their judgment and discretion by others of equal value, and quite possibly some such check is in store for the society. Very well, so be it. I myself am inclined to hold, as at

any rate a tenable hypothesis, that affairs are regulated, on the large scale as to general tendency by higher forces. If so, we must in those higher powers have faith. If they do not think it well for the human race to receive too speedily a great accession of new truth, who are we to repine and try to force it on?

IN RE EUSAPIA.

We have all, perhaps, hoped to be honoured by being the vehicle of some new truth to mankind. If we are so utilised, well. If not, well also. Eternity is long, and there is plenty of time. I myself, two years ago, experienced some phenomena familiar to most of you. In my haste I reported on them. I did not then know that the person who in some way caused those genuine phenomena was also willing to cheat when they would not appear. I learned that later; I ought to have learnt it before I reported, and incorporated the whole of the facts in my report. I have gained experience; but even tentative and provisional acceptance of the facts has been thrown back. Possibly they must now wait for a fresh investigator, one of greater skill and judgment, before again they have a chance of catching the ear of the scientific world.

LIVING IN HOPE OF ANOTHER D. D. HOME.

But I beg you who are already acquainted with the facts not to imagine that you have any ground for war with the Society for Psychical Research in this matter. The evidence was tainted—that is enough. Tainted evidence is utterly useless for public purposes. The Society must bide its time. Some day another Home may be vouchsafed to us. I venture to say that he will meet with a different reception this time. There will not be wanting a Mr. Crookes to investigate him; there will not be wanting a Dr. Carpenter to misrepresent and slander the investigation; but I hope and believe that this time there will not be lacking official and responsible persons willing to look into the matter and obtain a first-hand experience of the facts for themselves. If it should not be so, the scientific world, the custodian of mundane and material truth will have failed in its duty. Up to the present time I do not feel sure that it has so failed. It ran perilously near it at the time of Mr. Crookes and Home. It must be left to the judgment of posterity whether it did or did not at that time run over the frontier of the truth-seeking camp into the opposite camp of blind and blatant fanaticism or obscurantism. But for myself, I should not dare to pass an adverse judgment. The Society for Psychical Research had not then existed. No long and patient sifting of evidence for many years had taken place; there were no traditions of security to which to appeal. The half-way houses of telepathy and automatism had not been built. The facts were all there, of course, and had been for ages, but they had not been treated with adequate patience and care; and finally the great experimenter, Faraday, had reported adversely on certain pretensions which he had investigated.

"I KNOW THAT TELEPATHY IS A FACT."

Yes, you will say, Faraday now—how utterly mistaken was his attitude, and how far he misled his confident disciples. Well, I do not find myself entirely able to approve the whole of Faraday's attitude to the subject, but he did investigate certain facts which by believers were put forward as important—the facts of table movements under contact, and he showed them to be

possibly all due to unconscious muscular action. I was not myself awake at the time, but I venture to surmise that believers had not then realised the potency of unconscious muscular action; just as, later, they did not recognise the power of muscle reading to simulate the phenomena of telepathy. Now, as I know that telepathy is a fact, I am ready to admit as a pious opinion that, intermixed with much that we confidently call muscle reading or unconscious muscular guidance, there may be an element, sometimes perhaps a large element, of true telepathy; but I maintain that as evidence of telepathy it is utterly worthless, so long as the possibility of the faintest trace of muscular guidance—i.e., sense guidance of any kind—is allowed to remain unexcluded. The more convinced I am of telepathy the more strenuously would I sift out of the evidence for it anything in the slightest degree doubtful or indistinct.

WAITING PATIENTLY FOR PHENOMENA.

When one is hesitating about whether a thing is true or no, and has to be guided by probabilities, then one may have to submit one's judgment to inconclusive evidence and only half-proven facts, in order to make an estimate of probability one way or the other. But as soon as the evidence is conclusive, it is not so easy to adduce supporting evidence. Henceforth any evidence which is not supporting is liable to be obstructive and cumbersome. Faraday discovered, or let us say emphasised, the power of unconscious muscular action. He did not go to the root of the matter, and he never saw anything of the more striking and remarkable phenomena such as we know of. He was observing the trivialities of drawing-room table-turning, and he exploded it. What a pity that he was not shown something better! Yes; but that was what was looming large in the eyes of the public just then. Somebody was exploiting it; that was the phenomenon then called spiritualistic. All true Spiritualists should have repudiated it beforehand, and said: "Not this evening party amusement, but these other more serious and noteworthy events are what we mean by Spiritualism, and what demand investigation." They might have anticipated that a physical explanation could, perhaps, be given for minor facts; but they could have said: "We are not so hard up for facts that we wish to claim every trivial occurrence which in any place may be said to occur; wait till we tell you of an occurrence which it is worth your while to investigate." Perhaps they did say so, and were not listened to. It is not unlikely. But then the better phenomena are not always available. We are told that the phenomena that you get in your houses are too delicate and sometimes too sacred for investigation; that they would be impossible in the presence of strangers. That being so, we must wait patiently till stronger and more decided, though perhaps more elementary, things occur.

GENERAL LORRISON'S EGGS FROM NEW YORK.

But must it not be admitted that some of the phenomena asserted to be occurring at private séances—assuming they are genuine—involve what appears to be a waste of power; unless, indeed, they are a sort of rehearsal! I can only go by hearsay, and the worst of it is that after stories have been published I feel no guarantee that any subsequent contradiction will be equally published. I hope, indeed, that it is so. I regard it as vitally important that it should be so, but I feel no security. Hence when I quote asserted events,

I quote them as mere legends or assertions, not as facts of which I have any, even third-hand, knowledge. But about a year ago a number of remarkable phenomena were reported as occurring in the house of one "General Lorrison," a gentleman of probity. They were not published by the General himself, and the real evidence for them is therefore not known to me, but they were related as if authentic, and they were assertions of a series of phenomena of a verifiable kind, viz., the transport of actual goods, mostly provisions, from New York to the South of England. Now, perhaps it may have been impossible to subject this transfer to investigation except at the risk of stopping it, or there may have been other reasons, but anyway no serious attempt seems to have been made to make the conditions rigorous at both ends and the facts certain. If such an attempt had been made it might have failed, but if no such attempt was made what on earth was the good of the whole thing? The net upshot would appear to be that the General acquired by spiritual parcel post some American eggs which his own hens might just as well have laid, and some New England fruit which he might equally well have bought in the market at home. I venture to think either that the event did not happen, or that if it did happen it was wasted for humanity. Unverified phenomena are practically useless to the world. To the favoured person to whom they occur they may, no doubt, give some information in matters of detail, but if he believes them genuine he is accepting a serious responsibility if he hides his light under a bushel.

DON'T RESENT REQUESTS FOR CORROBORATION!

Then, again, I might ask whether it would not be well, even in the most private and friendly sittings, to arrange for good notes to be taken and a critical record kept. Some labour is involved in this, and that may be distasteful, but surely no science was ever established without hard work. Some one or two individuals of your body are so working, in the same spirit as Dr. Hodgson has worked for eight years on this case of Mrs. Piper; and though the result is not immediate, that does not matter. Requests for corroboration, again, and for fuller details, should never be considered insulting. Full details are well known to be essential to the formation of a judgment in every scientific paper, and corroborative circumstances are mentioned with the greatest care in connection with every new departure, in proportion to its newness and its magnitude. It is the mark of a truth that it will stand a thorough sifting and probing, and will emerge the better for the process; hence such probing should be encouraged.

SCIENTISTS AND THE S. P. R.

But now you may urge that not only do scientific men condemn the spiritualistic hypothesis, and ignore its believers, who, being satisfied themselves, take no adequate pains to verify their assertions and convince others, but they likewise decline to look at the evidence adduced by the scrupulously careful Society for Psychical Research. They do not confront and confute it—as Mr. Cronkes has said—they shirk and evade it. Well, they do; as a body they take no interest in our investigation, and even the individuals who bestow occasional distant glances in our direction are few and far between.

WHY PSYCHIC FACTS ARE IGNORED.

This, I think, is largely because the class of facts concerning which we have evidence of the most con-

vincing description are facts of a psychological character, none of them clearly and obviously connected with either the physical or the biological region as usually studied. The orthodox psychologists might, indeed, take the matter up, and, as you know, Professor James conspicuously has done so; but the majority of them are unused to experiment, and mistrust anything obtained by its aid. Philosophers of the very first magnitude, like Kant, did realise the place which the phenomena of clairvoyance and the like might have in a comprehensive scheme of the universe, and to them we should not have had to appeal in vain on behalf of telepathy. Such men as these, however, are rare, and no single generation can complain because it does not find them on the planet. For myself, but as one who is clearly no judge, I may say that it seems to me possible that posterity will look back at this age as not without importance in philosophy.

A GOOD WORD FOR MR. MYERS.

I do not think that the careful and critical work of the Psychical Society will go for nothing. I do not think that the comprehensive and unifying and synthetic scheme of Mr. Myers, if he lives to complete the great work he has in hand, will find its place upon the dustbin of exploded heresies, or be relegated to the museum of antiquated speculations. I think that in due time it will be regarded as one of the most valuable and luminous works of the present age. I do not, indeed, know what orthodox scientific work now in process of construction is likely to stand on an eminence superior to his.

"THEY STUMBLE WHO RUN FAST."

You think the methods of the Society slow. But, indeed, they are rapid enough. Can you point to another twenty years in which solid progress in this department of knowledge has been more rapid? Are you not somewhat in a hurry when you object to a patient sifting and scrutiny of facts? Without it, be assured, it is all labour lost.

In so far as Spiritualism is an esoteric religion and influences conduct and feeds emotion, I have nothing whatever to say to it. Perhaps it is there in its place, and doing its most useful work; no outsider can judge of such things as that, though certainly some of the automatic writings of Mr. Stainton Moses (I mean the selections printed and published as 'Spirit Teachings') appeal with force to the admiration and sympathy even of an outsider; and it is largely for this reason that I am here as a visitor to-day.

A PERSONAL CONFESSION.

A conviction of the certainty of future existence has to me personally been brought home on purely scientific grounds; not in such form that I can as yet formulate them distinctly so as to convince others, but amply sufficient for my own life. As sure as I am that other persons exist at all, so sure am I that the dease of the body does not mean the cessation of the intelligence; the mind and the brain are not so inextricably and essentially and indissolubly connected as has been supposed.* The brain is the material organ of mind just as the body is of the individual life, but the mind and the life have another and a larger existence. If time has any ultimate meaning, and if post-existence is ascertained, then a pre-existence must be granted also—not reincarnation in the ordinary commonplace use of the term, but a larger ex-

* Cf. Professor John Fiske, of Harvard, on "Man's Destiny," p. 109.

istence, of which a portion only is manifested in space and time here and now.

A POSSIBILITY OF THE FUTURE.

Communication with the larger self and with other larger selves is not impossible, though that communion is not so easy as with the smaller selves who are displayed here amid contemporary material surroundings and with suitable organs for sensible intercourse. Partial and one-sided communication with the past inhabitants of the earth has long been possible, through books and writings; herein man has passed immeasurably above the animals and become the heir of all the ages; hereafter it may be that a further step in advance will become possible for him, as a human race, if only he persists in his calm and unbending search for solid and indubitable truth.

A PLEA FOR SCIENTISTS.

Do not consider scientific men your enemies. In the long run they will be your firmest and safest friends, because they are genuinely loyal to truth as far as they can see it. They have much to learn, every man in his special department, and they have not unlimited time. The miserable education of the country must have some effect in keeping them back; it certainly puts needless difficulties in their way; but still they are progressing in their present range of subjects; they are mastering, as it were, the orderly planets and the fixed stars of nature, and some day, all in good time, your subjects will swim, meteor-like, comet-like, into their field of view. It is not wilful blindness that holds some of them aloof now. It is the portentous difficulty of making thoroughly sure of the facts, in the region where the foibles and weaknesses of humanity are necessarily so prominent. The investigation of *life* has always been more difficult than the equally complete investigation of inorganic matter; hence the biological sciences are so far behind the physical ones. The investigation of mind is still more difficult; and the psychology of the future, in any real scientific sense, is only having the ground prepared for it to-day. Physics and astronomy have had their Newton; biology has only had as yet its Copernicus; psychology is waiting, shall we say, for its Hipparchus and its Ptolemy.

SPIRITUALISTS AS THE CHALDEANS OF OUR DAY.

Permit me to surmise that in this sort of parable you

are like the Chaldeans gazing and contemplating and almost worshipping the majestic dome of Heaven with its fixed and moving stars; while the Society for Psychological Research and other experimental psychologists are like Archimedes, studying the weights of bodies and the properties of materials, the sections of a cone, and the conceptions of mathematics—all remote apparently from that gorgeous display above us, but all in the fulness of time destined to lead to the telescope, to spherical geometry, to the refinements of observation, and to the powers of analysis, which have set modern astronomy on so firm and lofty a pedestal. Meantime the busy world went on its way and attended to its own affairs, fighting sometimes and ploughing sometimes, struggling on without regard for either proper or star-gazer, except occasionally pausing to scoff at the gullibility of those who believed that in those specks up there there might be worlds not realised, or at the folly of those who supposed that by patient and laborious research a time would come when not the motions and governing forces only, but the very chemical constitution and details of structure of those distant bodies, might to mankind become intimately known.

"SOME DAY."

Astronomers are beginning, or only half beginning, to contemplate the possibility of one day communicating with the denizens of Mars. Perhaps we shall be able some day to teach them that there are nearer people than those on Mars with whom they can communicate. The ocean used to separate continents, now it unites them. The vast spaces of the ether separate the worlds, bringing apparently nothing but ripples from one to the other; some day it may be found that life is not limited to those visible lumps, and that a possibility of indirect communication exists, by processes hitherto undreamt of.

Professor Lodge, in a brief speech, acknowledging the vote of thanks, remarked that he believed a great deal of the opposition to Spiritualism had come from the clergy, and this suggested the curious idea that in the next century the scientific men might be found to be believing in more than the parsons did! It would be a remarkable inversion of things. He did not know why the clergy opposed the subject, because it would be a tremendous help to them.

VIII.—HAUNTINGS UP-TO-DATE.

I.—THE SPECTRE AT CLANDON HOUSE.

AS SEEN BY MISS X.

SOME months ago the readers of *BORDERLAND* heard, in an article called "A Game of Russian Scandal," by Miss X., of the alleged hauntings of Lord Onslow's house at Clandon, near Guildford. Details of the true story were at that time already known to myself and other members of the S.P.R., but, as a matter of courtesy to the owner of the house, publication was deferred till permission had been received to make known the real circumstances; with, or, if desired, without, the names of persons concerned, or even of the place itself.

Lord Onslow was abroad at the time, but the secret soon came to exist in name only. A really good, well-attested, ghost-story, spread over many years is not a light to be hidden under a bushel, and while the S.P.R. waited, other persons, less scrupulous, seized an effective opportunity, and the story, with gross exaggerations and many additions, appeared in a dozen newspapers, English and foreign.

A BLUE FUNK.

The foreign accounts were the most grotesque. London was desolate. Society was rushing down to Clandon to see the "Count of Onslow" in a "blue funk," with Sir George Lewis helping him. Society, as a matter of fact, did not concern itself particularly, and Sir George Lewis had nothing to do with it. To say that Lord Onslow was in "a blue funk" was to antedate the little episode about the revolvers which he has been good enough to confide to the public.

There is a tide in the affairs of houses and of men, which neglected at the turn leads on to the rocks. Lord Onslow lost an opportunity of which he would have done well to avail himself. A careful discussion of the phenomena at Clandon, anonymously if need be, by the S.P.R. would probably have done more than any other process conceivable to eliminate exaggeration and misstatement, and by the time Thought Transference and Subliminal Activity had been allowed for, and Mr. Podmore had traced the disturbances to telepathic infection, or naughty little girls, the house would have been reduced to the characteristics of the play "a nice girl takes her mother to." As things stand, the chatterboxes (and the commercial value of a good many things is in the hands of the chatterbox)—the people who have time to go out to lunch—will soon allow the statement to pass into history, that "Clandon has been investigated by the S.P.R., but Lord Onslow was afraid to publish the result."

Such fear is not, of course, of the nature of a "blue funk," but only of a retiring disposition which prefers to confide in the public through the medium of the newspapers. All that the S.P.R. intends to make known at present is contained in the following statement which I made at a meeting of the Society in Westminster Town Hall on January 29th, the President, Mr. Crookes, F.R.S., in the chair.

A PASSING NOTE ON A HAUNTED HOUSE.

It has been thought that the Society would be interested to hear a brief statement with regard to an enquiry

made into the alleged hauntings of Clandon House, near Guildford, in Surrey; although, for reasons that I shall explain, the enquiry has not led to results at present admitting of publication in our *Proceedings*.

The story of these hauntings is probably still fresh in the minds of most, in the form in which it was discussed in the newspapers about a year ago. It is by no means a new one. The traditions of haunting have been well known in the neighbourhood for many years past, and the evidence seemed, on the whole, sufficient to warrant some examination by the S.P.R.

THE EVIDENCE.

At the suggestion of the Marquis of Bute, a Vice-President of this Society, who happened to have a personal interest in the locality, I was invited to collect and examine all the evidence obtainable, with the assistance of the late distinguished Q.C., Mr. Bidder, also a personal friend of Lord Bute's. The evidence was not far to seek. I had recently been staying in some country houses in the neighbourhood of Clandon, and Mr. Bidder was a resident in the same county. It was abundant and varied in kind. We ascertained that the witnesses amounted to nearly a score. They were diverse as to age and class—adults and children, educated persons and servants. There had been no panic, no passing excitement, the evidence extended over a lengthened period, and was in many cases especially definite and clear. With Mr. Bidder's able assistance, I examined some of the witnesses in person, and we are in possession of certain signed statements, in addition to other narratives awaiting further examination and endorsement, and we had hoped to have a case of special interest in this particular direction to present to the Society.

The first check was caused by the death, owing to an accident, a year ago, of Mr. Bidder. His notes of the case, however, are happily in our possession. In the next place, the family who had recently rented Clandon as Lord Onslow's tenants, upon whom we were in part dependent for help, refused entirely to give any assistance in the matter. They are in no way opposed to the methods of this Society, and have no personal reason for concealment of any kind; their refusal is entirely from motives of courtesy to Lord Onslow.

It was natural to appeal to the owner himself. The story, in an absurdly exaggerated form, had appeared in a great number of newspapers, English and foreign, the full name and address of Lord Onslow as owner of Clandon having been published again and again. It seemed to us, therefore, that the interests of Lord Onslow—as owner of a property which he desired to let—had nothing to lose by further investigation; and that—in view of the ridiculous stories which were already afloat—those interests might be promoted by the application to the case of our customary methods of systematic enquiry, precision as to evidence, and moderation in the deduction of conclusions. Accordingly, Lord Bute undertook to communicate with him in an indirect manner.

LORD ONSLOW'S VIEW.

The answer was disappointing and surprising. Lord Onslow had no belief in hauntings, and was anxious,

for the sake of his property, to avoid publicity. His method of securing privacy was to send to the newspapers his reply to Lord Bute's letter; and his indifference to the hauntings was manifested by the announcement on the same occasion that he and his family slept with revolvers under their pillows.

LORD BUTE'S VIEW.

The following is Lord Bute's own statement of the result of his attempt.

CARDIFF CASTLE, CARDIFF,

August 9th, 1896.

DEAR MISS X.—I did not keep a copy of my letter to Lady Burghclere, because it had not occurred to me that Lord Onslow would write to the newspapers upon the subject; and still less that, in doing so, he would take care to suppress my letter while publishing his own reply. I have, however, a recollection of my letter quite sufficient to enable me to tell you what were its contents.

I have not the honour of being known to Lord Onslow personally, and consequently I did not like to take the liberty of writing to him directly. On the advice of Mr. Myers I wrote to Lady Burghclere, a member of the S.P.R. with whom I have the honour of being acquainted. Lord Burghclere is, as I understand, Lord Onslow's brother-in-law. I told Lady Burghclere that Colonel Tredecroft had sent me a newspaper-cutting containing a very long account of the phenomena at Clandon, written by a special reporter who had been sent to the place on behalf of the newspaper in question. I said that I had communicated this paper to Mr. Myers, as Secretary S.P.R., and that you (whom I described) and our late lamented friend, the eminent Q.C., Mr. Bidder, had consequently gone to Clandon, where you had interrogated a number of the eye-witnesses, and where you yourself had been so fortunate as to witness one of the most striking of the phenomena. I then asked Lady Burghclere kindly to submit two requests for Lord Onslow's favourable consideration. The first of these was on behalf of Mr. Myers—who has the honour of being well known to Lady Burghclere—and was that Lord Onslow would sanction the publication of the real names by the S.P.R. when giving a notice of the facts. I said that I thought that Lord Onslow could have little objection to this, as the statements had already been published with the real names, not only in the English Press, but also in French and Italian journals which I had seen, but that if Lord Onslow for any reason did not desire their further publication, I could guarantee that the S.P.R. would keep them entirely concealed, and either make use of initials or of names avowedly false, as it often does in such cases.

The second request, namely, that Lord Onslow would permit further investigation and sifting of evidence upon the spot, I said that I regarded as the more important of the two. I said that no one would be sent to Clandon to whom Lord Onslow could in any way object, or indeed whom he had not approved, and that everything would be done in whatever way he might consider as most convenient to himself. I said that the S.P.R. would probably desire to send down one or more sensitives such as yourself, but that it was also very desirable to make experiments with scientific instruments, and that the frequent recurrence of the phenomena at Clandon seemed to make it a case where such experiments could be arranged for with good results.

I think, but am not quite sure, that I mentioned cer-

tain leading members of the S.P.R.—Mr. Gladstone Mr. Arthur Balfour, his brother, Mr. Gerald Balfour, our late eminent friend, Mr. Bidder, Mr. Crookes (the President of the British Electrical Association, &c., &c.), and Professor Lodge—whose names would inspire Lord Onslow with more confidence than I could hope he would attach to my own.

On April 15th I underwent a surgical operation, from the consequences of which I was laid up for weeks. On the day after the operation, as I lay in bed, a letter was brought me, from the gilded initial and coronet on which I found that Lord Onslow had been so good as to write to me directly, which I had been too diffident to do to him. As in my then condition I was unable to answer him myself, I directed the letter to be forwarded unopened to Mr. Myers, but I had immediately the advantage of reading its contents in the *Edinbro' Evening Despatch*, the *London Globe* and *Daily Graphic*, and the *Glasgow Herald*.—Sincerely yours,

(Signed) BUTE.

It has seemed desirable to make this letter known to the Society; because Lord Onslow's letter to Lord Bute—if read (as it naturally has been) by persons unacquainted with the previous circumstances, or with the terms of Lord Bute's request—was calculated to suggest that Lord Bute had shown some hastiness of belief in the matter in question. This supposition would be erroneous, since Lord Bute's sole desire has been that phenomena which, however caused, have become a matter of much notoriety, should be enquired into in a manner as searching as possible.

MISS X.'S VIEW.

There is just one witness who may be summoned before the Society without the sanction either of Lord Onslow or of his tenants, that witness being myself.

I had an opportunity some little time ago of paying a visit to Clandon Park. I do not quote the date, because I do not, under the present circumstances, consider it necessary to identify which, of several tenants of Clandon, was my host on the occasion in question.

VIEWS AS TO EVIDENCE.

At the time of my visit I knew that the house had the reputation of being haunted. I knew absolutely nothing of any details—a point I can prove when the right time comes, so far as one can ever prove a negative. Moreover, I should like to say, with emphasis, that I do not think I am suggestible in such matters. Many members of this Society, and others, have been good enough to invite me to explore houses alleged to be haunted, often, to their disappointment, with a wholly negative result. In short, I do not necessarily see a phantasm because one is talked of; expectation, indeed, is apt, when one is accustomed to careful criticism of one's own phenomena, to produce a self-suggestion to the contrary.

THE VIEW OF THE GHOST.

I arrived at the house in the dusk of an autumn day. I had been disposed to discount largely from its eerie reputation, from the fact that the late owner had shut it up for nearly forty years, but there is nothing of the typical haunted-house character in its appearance. It is light and airy, and, except for a handsome marble hall, essentially commonplace. It suggests draughts, and rats, and dry-rot, but not ghosts.

We had tea cheerfully in the hall. The subject of the hauntings was mentioned, but I begged, for evidential

reasons, that it might be dropped at once. Should any phenomena present themselves, I did not wish to have to discount more than was necessary for expectation. I was permitted to sit alone, in the dark, in four rooms alleged to be haunted, but entirely without result. When I went up to dress for dinner, my hostess left me at the door of my room, with a promise to send the maid. I followed her out a minute later to ask her to send an additional message as to something I wanted. Nothing else was for the moment in my consciousness. I ran in the direction from which we had come, but my hostess had disappeared, and I turned back towards my room. As I turned I saw a lady coming towards me, perhaps twenty feet away. I stood for a moment, waiting for her to get nearer before deciding—I am slow-sighted—whether this really was my hostess. No, it was evidently some one who had come to dine; I had heard that guests were expected. She was cloaked and hooded, her dress of yellowish white satin gleamed where her cloak parted—she had jewels on the low bodice. The costume was quaint, the hood of the kind known to our great-grandmothers as a “riding-hood.” I happen to possess one of the kind, about a hundred and twenty years old, and the outline is quite familiar to me. She should be interesting and original, I reflected, and moved forward. Just as we met—when I could have touched her—she vanished. I discovered later that my description of her corresponds with that of other seers who have met the same figure before and since.

I give my experience for what it is worth. I do not offer any opinion as to whether what I saw was the effect of thought-transference from others—whether it was in truth some phantasm out of the past, or whether it was merely a subjective hallucination, strangely coincident with that of other persons unknown to me, as to place and detail. The conditions under which I received the impression tend to support the consciousness I had at the time of not being in a nervous or excited state; nor had I a preconceived idea—or information of any kind—as to what I was expected to see.

X.

II.—QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GHOST.

A ROYAL SPECTRE AT WINDSOR.

THE *Petit Journal* having published a fantastic story about the ghost of Queen Elizabeth having terrified the guard at Windsor Castle, the *Daily Mail* of February 9 publishes the following special report on the subject, called “A Royal Ghost” :—

An apparition has been seen in Windsor Castle. An officer of the Grenadier Guards, who would probably prefer to lead the forlornest of forlorn hopes rather than have to make an admission so eminently calculated to bring ridicule and chaff upon him, sticks to his assertion that he has seen something, which he believes to be supernatural, in Windsor Castle. The officer in question is Lieutenant A. St. Leger Glyn, 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards.

To commence with, of course, the story reproduced in Saturday's *Daily Mail* from the *Petit Journal*, of Paris, must still be characterised as absurd to a degree. The inhabitants of Windsor Castle are not in any state of terror about the matter, and the recruiting of the night guard has not become a matter of difficulty because of any awe on the part of the soldiers. The guardsmen would prefer feminine company, even if it were only the ghost of Queen Elizabeth, rather than solitude. Nor have any dreadful portents been deduced from anything which has happened.

But after ridicule had been heaped upon the French news about the state of affairs at Windsor, information was received by the *Daily Mail* that something strange had undoubtedly been reported upon high authority.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH,

for instance, had told several people about an uncanny appearance, and the bishop's nephew, Lieutenant Glyn, was mentioned as one who was prepared to vouch for a strange occurrence.

Investigation of the matter was not easy. The Bishop of Peterborough had gone abroad, Lieutenant Glyn was in Argyllshire. The Castle authorities were at Osborne, in Scotland, or on the Continent; and even hardened *Daily Mail* reporters did not care to ask too ostentatiously in Sunday's sunlight for information about Queen Elizabeth's ghost. At length, however, the mother of Lieutenant Glyn, the Hon. Mrs. Sidney-Glyn, was found, and this lady astonished the inquiring newspaper man by remarking quietly, in reply to the question introducing this eerie topic, that there was truth in the matter.

From the communication the lady then proceeded to make it appear that this Royal phantom is no mere conventional spirit. It did not wait until midnight to sound before it appeared; it did not groan or even beckon; and, most unaccountable circumstance of all in a castle like this, it did not make the customary clanking noises.

The Hon. Mrs. Carr Glyn said :—“It is perfectly true that my son has witnessed something abnormal. He was, he tells me,

SITTING IN THE LIBRARY

of Windsor Castle, reading a book, the “History of Dorsetshire,” to be exact. As he read, he became aware of somebody passing in the inner library. He looked up and saw a female figure in black, with black lace on the head, falling on to the shoulders.

“The figure passed across the library towards a corner which was out of view as my son sat, and he did not take much notice, thinking it was somebody reading in the inner room.

“This was just upon four in the afternoon, and an attendant soon afterwards came up to close the place. My son asked who the lady was who was at work in the inner room, and the attendant replied that no one else was in the library.

“My son assured the attendant that a lady had just before walked across the inner room.

““Then where could she be?” asked the attendant, having ascertained that nobody was in the inner room. “She must have gone out of a door in the corner,” said my son, indicating the corner to which the figure had passed. “But there is no door,” said the attendant.

“My son said nothing about this incident, and did not think very much about it, I understand, until Mr. Holmes, the librarian, asked him about it, the attendant having mentioned the matter to Mr. Holmes.”

Asked by Mr. Holmes to describe the figure he had seen, my son did so, and Mr. Holmes replied that my son had seen the

APPARITION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Mr. Holmes added that there were records that this apparition haunted these rooms, but Lieutenant Glyn was the first man in our time who had seen it. The Dean of Windsor also asked my son about it, and several members of the Royal Family have interviewed him on the subject.

As for Mr. Holmes, I am given to understand that he has spent nights and days in the library since, in the hopes of being vouchsafed a visitation.

The Hon. Sydney Carr Glyn, the famous Crimean veteran, and father of Lieutenant Glyn, here entered the room, and upon learning of the topic under discussion, said :—“If my son says he has seen anything, you may take it from us that he has seen it. He is a fresh, honest English boy, only a subaltern, but fond of field sports, like most guardsmen, and unlike some guardsmen, fond of reading. He wouldn't exaggerate anything a hair's breadth.”

Both the Hon. and Mrs. Carr Glyn gave permission for the publication of this statement by their son, subject to the sanction of Lieutenant Glyn. On Sunday night a wire was despatched to Lieutenant Glyn, soliciting leave to give the story on his authority, and yesterday morning came the answer, “Certainly, if you like.—GLYN, Grenadiers, Islay.”

WHERE THE GHOST WALKS.

The representative of the *Daily Mail* next saw Mr. R. R. Holmes, F.S.A., the librarian of the Castle, and writes :—“Mr.

Holmes conducted me to the scene of the alleged apparition. He pointed out the chair occupied by Mr. Glyn, which stands on the east side of the first room, and I seated myself in it. Immediately before me was a large globe, looking past which a few steps lead up into a gallery, the sides of which are lined with books, there being windows on the left hand and a series of bays on the right, various windows of which look down upon the Terrace and out over the broad expanse of water, in the midst of which, at the present moment, Windsor town lies like an island attached to the mainland by lines of trees, and telegraph-posts marking the sites of submerged roads.

"At the far end of the gallery is a turret, two windows of which looking on the west make a broadish space of light, against which any figure traversing the gallery would be sharply silhouetted. On the south side of the gallery—which was built by Queen Elizabeth, and used by her as a picture gallery in which she was accustomed to walk, and wherein she devised, or reflected upon, those masterpieces of statecraft which have made her reputation what it is—stands a fine chimney-piece, over which a bust of the 'Virgin Queen' looks down somewhat severely upon the spot where her shade has been so recently seen.

"It is here that Mr. Glyn says he saw the apparition which, passing from him along the gallery, turned sharply to the right, and disappeared into the bay from whence in former times a staircase led down to the Terrace, on which also Queen Elizabeth was wont to promenade.

"Mr. Holmes says that this gallery has had the

REPUTATION OF BEING HAUNTED

by the ghost of Queen Elizabeth from time out of memory. His own recollection of the story dates from twenty-seven years ago, and he has been in the habit of spending Hallowe'en in the gallery for several years in the hope of encountering her deceased Majesty. He had heard some rumour to the effect that the Empress Frederick had, when a child, seen an apparition in the gallery, and on her visiting Windsor next week hopes to secure some corroboration or denial of the rumour."

I sent the foregoing report to Mr. Holmes. He replied that so far as he was concerned the report was entirely unauthorized and incorrect, and that he refused to say anything more on the subject. "Unauthorized," of course, "incorrect"—possibly enough. A single inaccuracy in any trivial detail is held to justify the use of such a word, but if there is nothing in it why this peremptory refusal to say anything more on the subject?

A HAUNTED SHIP.

MR. ANDREW LANG, writing "At the Sign of the Ship," in *Longman* for April, says:—

One seldom hears of a haunted ship. Here is a case:—

A more uncomfortable voyage than that of the good ship *Recovery* (Captain Wood), leaving Plymouth for Virginia, on October 1, 1674, has rarely been recorded. The ship, according to Captain Wood's affidavit, "rowled excessively, sea or no sea." To abridge a very technical narrative, everything broke that could break, and a few things which, in a natural state of affairs, could not. The anchors being raised, in the road of Fiall, the ship actually *ran away*, in a dead calm, when the captain was on shore. By the aid of heaven and a boat the captain recaptured his vessel, but had no joy of her, all the gear, however new and good, spontaneously flying into smithereens.

The carpenter's mate now betook himself to prayer, imploring light on the peculiar and distressing circumstances. It was revealed to him that one witch on board and two on shore were the causes of the misery. Suspicion fell on Elizabeth Masters, a passenger, and she was chained to a gun in the steerage. It was reckoned a singular thing that whole water butts now ran out in a single night, with no sign of leakage, and nothing to show for it but the marks of a cat's claws upon the hoops. Finally, the *Recovery* made land in a deplorable condition, with only three gallons of water left. William Reynolds, passenger, deposed that Elizabeth Masters tried to recruit him into her gang of witches and warlocks. John Hall had actually seen two black cats, on October 23, which ran into a scupper hole. Matthew Lewis had the same terrifying experience.

Martha Jeffreys, passenger, made oath that, about October 14, Elizabeth Masters (though chained in the body to a gun in the steerage) came to her between decks, "and desired her to go to London in a coach, which she would provide for her, with four black horses, to fetch on board Mary [Reynolds] living in Dog and Bitch Yard, London. Martha Jeffreys further saith she went into a coach, with four black horses, on the same night, and was conveyed out of the upper deck gun port, of the said ship, into a dark room," where she met Mary Reynolds. The room was "full of black shaggy dogs." Mary remarked that she would come to Mrs. Masters that night, on mid ocean, "in a coach." In Martha's company, by the way, on this unusual journey "was a woman who turned like a bullock when she talked with the aforesaid Mary Reynolds." Martha added that Elizabeth Masters "saith she will die before she will confess anything." Many other witnesses saw the black cat, and Mary Leare, being pinched by an invisible agency, "was very desirous to get blood of Elizabeth Masters," in which amiable purpose she succeeded. Elizabeth was also pricked by John Westron, and complained that nothing was done to Martha Jeffreys, "who went the other night to London."

So ends this absurd narrative, published in *The Athenian Oracle* (iii. 129), and corroborated by the Editor, who personally "interviewed" Captain Wood. The captain added that Martha Jeffreys was afterwards, as he heard, burned for a witch, probably in Virginia. She was obviously mad, or delirious, but the Editors of *The Athenian Oracle* (among whom was the Rev. Samuel Wesley) publish the tale for the conversion of sceptics! Scarcely any of the witnesses could write their names.

IX.—THE PRAYER TELEPHONE.

WITH A SUGGESTION FOR A PRAYING BROTHERHOOD.

THE suggestion which was thrown out in the pages of *BORDERLAND* last year, as to the help which the analogy of the telephone affords in considering what has appeared to many scientists the insoluble problem of answers to prayer, has set people thinking all over the world. Articles on the subject have appeared both in France and India, as well as in this country, with the result that many people are disposed to treat answers to prayer more seriously than they have hitherto done.

I.—SOME TESTIMONIES.

The *Sunday Magazine*, for instance, has begun a series of articles, in each of which some leading philanthropist or Christian teacher relates his experience in answers to prayers. The first of these papers was by Mr. Quarrier, the Dr. Barnardo of Scotland. His paper follows very properly on the account given by Dr. Barnardo himself as to the way in which his prayers have been answered.

1.—MR. QUARRIER.

In the *Sunday Magazine* for February is the testimony, taken down by a stenographer from the lips of Mr. Quarrier in his sick room, to the connection of prayer with his great work for the orphans of Scotland.

"For twenty-five years," he says, "it has been with me a continual answer to prayer." When very young he vowed that "if God prospered him" he should build houses for orphans. He worked seven years in caring for the rough street-boys of Glasgow, and was in touch with some three hundred of them in the Shoeblack, Parcels and Newspaper Brigade. He was then in business, and had a wife and family to provide for. But he longed for a better way of carrying out his childish dream:—

For three months I prayed to God for guidance, and in the end resolved that if he sent me £2,000 I should embark in the greater work. Nobody knew of that resolution; it was a matter between God and myself. If God wanted me to do more work than I was doing, I felt that He would send me the £2,000, not in proportions, but in a solid sum.

He wrote to the newspapers urging that poorhouse and reformatory were not enough for street children. Homes were needed:—

After waiting thirteen days, the answer came. Amongst my other letters was one from a Scotch friend in London, to the effect that the writer would, to the extent of £2,000, provide me with money to buy or rent a house for orphan children. When I received that call I felt that my family interests and my business interests should be second, and that God's work among the children should be first.

HOW HE BEGAN.

He commenced by renting a workshop in Renfrew Lane. One day two boys came in and were fitted out with clothes, except that there was no jacket for one of them. The matron concluded, "We must just pray God for it." That night a parcel came from Dumbarton, with a jacket exactly fitting the boy. "That was a small thing," observed Mr. Quarrier, "but if you don't see God in the gift of a pair of stockings, you won't see Him in a gift of £10,000."

They kept thirty boys in the first home; but feeling the need of a larger home, prayed for it and got it. This was Cessnock House, with room for one hundred. In 1872 they had sixty children able to go to Canada. Of the £600 needed they had got all but £70; and having prayed for that amount they got it exactly in £50, £10, and two £5 notes, at the precise moment it was wanted. Similarly, in regard to a needed evangelist, it was a case of "Ask and have."

TOO PARTICULAR IN PRAYER.

Mr. Quarrier felt it no irreverence to indicate to the Almighty the precise details as well as the general outline of what he wanted:—

After a number of years' work in Glasgow with the Girls' Home, in Govan with the Boys' Home, and with the Mission premises, the need of a farm became great. I prayed for money to purchase a farm of about fifty acres, three miles or so from Glasgow. It was to have a burn running through it, good drainage, and everything necessary. I was anxious to get this burn for the children to paddle in and fish in; but I feel now that at the time I was rebellious against God in fixing the site so near Glasgow. We visited a dozen places, but the cost was so great that I was fairly beaten. God had shut up every door.

A friend met me on the street, and asked if I had seen the farm in Kilmalcolm Parish that was to be sold. I replied that I had not, and that I considered the place too far away. In talking over the matter, he persuaded me to go and see the farm, and when I did go, and standing where our big central building is now, saw that it had everything I prayed for—perfect drainage, and not only the burn, but a river and a large flat field for a recreation ground—I said in my heart to the Lord: "This will do." Ever since I have blessed the Lord for that; my way is not God's way, and so He shut us in amongst these Renfrewshire hills, away from the ways of men.

DOUBLING INCOME BY PRAYER.

The crash of the City of Glasgow bank was a terrible menace, but it only roused him to more audacity of request:—

All the money belonging to the Homes and all my own was in the City of Glasgow bank when it failed, and hundreds of givers were involved as well. On my way up from the Homes on the day of the disaster, a gentleman met me and told me the sad news. At the moment I realised what the news meant for me—my own personal loss and the needs of the Homes—for that was in September, and our financial year closed in October. . . . There and then I prayed that God would help me through, and that during the course of the following year, which I saw would be one of financial distress all over Scotland, He would double the gifts to us. The result was that we were able to clear our financial accounts with ease at the end of October, and in the year following, when every church in Scotland and every philanthropic work had less money than they needed, the Orphan Homes had double what it required. In that God honoured my trust.

DEFINITENESS OF PETITION.

His first church at Bridge-of-Weir proving too small, he prayed for a new church to hold one thousand persons and to cost £5,000, and he prayed not that the money might come anyhow, but that it might be the gift of a single donor. After a period of praying and waiting, a friend turned up and planked down £5,000 for the church. In the same way he prayed for clock and chimes for the church, and got them. He prayed for a reservoir of good water for his village, and got it. This strange interview concludes with Mr. Quarrier remarking:—

The direct answers to prayers of which I could tell you would fill a volume, and what I have mentioned are only those fixed in my memory. I have always asked God for a definite gift for a definite purpose, and God has always given it to me. The value of the buildings at Bridge-of-Weir is £200,000, and, since we started, the cost of their "upkeep" has been £150,000. And we are still building as busily as in the beginning.

2.—MR. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

In the *Sunday Magazine* for March, Mr. Hugh Price Hughes contributes some of the more remarkable of his experiences in answer to prayer. They are nothing like so remarkable as those

which have been noticed heretofore in connection with the work of George Müller, Dr. Barnardo, and Mr. Quarrier, but they bring out the telepathic character of prayer very strongly. Mr. Price Hughes begins by telling a story how the prayer of a daughter for the conversion of her father was presented at a prayer meeting near Chelsea on a Tuesday night. The girl's father was an avowed infidel, who had hated religion so much that he forbade his daughter to write to him as she bored him with her religious exhortations. So she was reduced to praying for him and asking the prayers of other people. Hence that application on Tuesday night. Now, on that evening her father was on his way to the theatre a hundred miles away from London. Down came a deluge of rain, which drove him to take shelter in the porch of a neighbouring chapel. The loud voice of the preacher fell upon his ear. He was interested, and before the meeting closed, he had joined those whom he had previously derided. The next morning he wrote and told his daughter of the strange way in which her prayer had been immediately answered.

A PRAYER ANSWERED IN ADVANCE.

On another occasion, twelve months ago, Price Hughes was in great need of a lay agent to help him among the young men of St. James's Hall. This time he was alone in prayer, crying with desperate anxiety that a suitable agent should be sent to him. While he was praying he felt assurance that God had heard his prayer. He went to sleep. The next morning came a letter from the very man whom he wanted, who asked for an interview. He told him that his mind had for two years been burning towards the subject of working among young men. He had been praying upon the subject when, suddenly, it seemed to him as though a divine voice said, "Offer yourself to Hugh Price Hughes," and this he promptly did. Now, the interesting part of this is that the command to offer himself to Price Hughes had been telephated or telephoned to the man some hours before the precise moment he set himself to ring up the prayer telephone. In this, of course, there is nothing in the least surprising to those who are acquainted with occult phenomena. Many times, for instance, I have had events described by my automatic hand as having occurred, whereas, in reality, they did not take place until days later. On that side of Borderland the conditions of time and space are undoubtedly different from our own.

THAT MISSING £10.

The West End Mission, on one occasion, was so short of money that the situation became desperate. Price Hughes summoned a colleague to meet him at midnight to pray for £1,000. Price Hughes hoped rather than believed that the prayer was answered. His colleague was full of confidence that they would get the money by the particular day they named. When that day came, and they went to the meeting, they found that in one way and another, and by very extraordinary methods, £990 had been sent in. Mr. Price Hughes says that, as a theologian, he was perplexed. He had asked for £1,000. He could not understand it, and he puzzled a good deal as to why the odd ten pounds had not come to hand. While he was revolving this, on taking off his hat and coat in the hall of his own house, he noticed a letter lying on the table which he had passed as he had left home in a hurry that morning. Taking it up he opened it, and found that it contained the cheque for £10.

SUGGESTION BY TELEPATHY.

One more story, and the article is done:—

Let me make one other in reference to money, as this kind of illustration will perhaps, more than any other, impress those who are disposed to be cynical and to scoff. I was engaged in an effort to build Sunday Schools in the South of London. A benevolent friend promised a hundred pounds if I could get nine hundred pounds more within a week. I did my utmost, and by desperate efforts, with the assistance of friends, did get eight hundred pounds, but not one penny more. We reached Saturday, and the terms of all the promises were that unless we obtained a thousand pounds that week we could not proceed with the building scheme, and the entire enterprise might have been postponed for years, and, indeed, never accomplished on the large scale we desired. On the Saturday morning one of my

principal church officers called, and said he had come upon an extraordinary business: that a Christian woman in that neighbourhood whom I did not know, of whom I had never heard, who had no connection whatever with my church, had that morning been lying awake in bed, and an extraordinary impression had come into her that she was at once to give me one hundred pounds! She naturally resisted so extraordinary an impression as a caprice or a delusion. But it refused to leave her; it became stronger and stronger, until at last she was deeply convinced that it was the will of God. What made it more extraordinary was the fact that she had never before had, and would, in all probability, never again have one hundred pounds at her disposal for any such purpose. But that morning she sent me the money through my friend, who produced it in the form of crisp Bank of England notes. From that day to this I have no idea whatever who she was, as she wished to conceal her name from me. Whether she is alive, or in heaven, I cannot say; but what I do know is that this extraordinary answer to our prayers secured the rest of the money, and led to the erection of one of the finest schools in London, in which there are more than a thousand scholars to-day.

This last story is very telepathic, but, of course, there is no explanation as yet forthcoming save that of the orthodox believer as to how Price Hughes was switched on in connection with the donor of the £100.

4.—PRAYER AS A CURE-ALL.

ACCORDING to Dr. Koseffnikoff, president of Medical Society in Moscow, the prayer of faith still continues to display its ancient power. He told the story, of a case in which a peculiarly painful disease had been cured by prayer, to the professors and doctors of the University of Moscow. The following condensed report of the lecture was sent by Joseph de Kronhelm to *Light*:—

While Mons. D., professor of law at the University of Moscow, was travelling in the spring from the Caucasus to the Crimea, he observed a number of small pimples which appeared at regular intervals on his chin and other parts of his face. Having arrived at Simféropol, he consulted a doctor, who pronounced him as afflicted with "Sycosis"—that is to say, with inflammation at the roots of the hairs of the beard and moustaches. This disease is caused by the development of microbes, which contribute to the inflammation and occasion the secretion of virus. It lasts sometimes for thirty or forty years, and is extremely difficult to cure. If it disappears from the face it always leaves its trace behind, and the beard ceases to grow on the parts which had suffered from the attack. After consulting with the medical man the patient ventured to submit to a severe treatment—but without any beneficial result. He afterwards went abroad and consulted a number of celebrated specialists. They all pronounced it to be Sycosis, and for nine months he followed their instructions faithfully, but without experiencing any change in his condition. Tired out and despondent, he then had recourse to various treatments recommended to him by his friends and acquaintances, and having been told by a soldier at Simféropol that ammonia was a good remedy in such cases, he used it in the manner prescribed, but he found that instead of its affording him any relief the disease increased with greater virulence, till the whole of the face became one large mass of scab; and every half-hour he was obliged to renew the bandage because, although folded in five thicknesses, it had become completely saturated with secretion. In this condition, to add to his sufferings, he was obliged to isolate himself in his own room, and to refuse admission to every acquaintance. Until the appearance of these eruptions, Mons. D. had enjoyed perfect health, and as there had been no similar malady in the family, his attack could not be the result of inherited taint in the blood.

In his despair he returned to Moscow, in the month of April, at Easter. As he walked up and down in his apartments, sad and dejected, with his face completely concealed, the landlady of the house, in the service of his family, seeing his melancholy condition, said to him: "Dear sir, you have been abroad, and have consulted specialists of celebrity, but they have done you no good. Listen to me, and take my advice. Though I am but a poor simple soul without education, I venture to recommend you

to visit a good honest woman of my acquaintance, who treats with 'simples' those who give her their confidence. One of my friends has been cured by her of the very same complaint with which you are afflicted."

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, Mons. D. sent the laundress to fetch her friend, and she came the same night, examined the diseased parts, and promised a complete cure, assuring him at the same time that she should not treat him with medicines but solely by prayer, as no remedy which had been tried had been of any avail. She accordingly directed him to repair at five o'clock on the following morning to the church of the Holy Saviour, which she herself attended.

Mons. D. went to the church next morning at the time appointed, and there found the "healer," who requested him to follow her to a secluded part of the building. He did so, and she there knelt down and engaged in prayer for fifteen minutes. They then left the church. That very day the eruptions diminished to such an extent that Mons. D. was able to attend at the church without any bandage on his face, and a few days afterwards, being completely cured, he visited a hairdresser, who made a remark to him about the delicacy of the skin of his face!

Professor Kozewnikoff closed his report by reminding his audience that the fact of this cure, which Mons. D. had willingly recounted to him with all the details, should be considered as authentic. "It is a surprising case," he said, "and as a representative of science I declare that this cure of Sycosis in the manner I have related must be regarded as a proof of the great influence of mind over matter."

II.—A SUGGESTED PRAYING BROTHERHOOD.

The observation of *Light*, that my theory of a celestial Telephone Exchange which enables those who pray to ring up a central celestial telephonic exchange—I do not dogmatize about angels—"seems too good to be true," reminds me that this was the final objection taken by my first agnostic friend to the Christian religion. It was, she persisted, "too good to be true." I am content to let my theory of the Prayer Telephone stand together with the Christian religion.

But now comes the question which immediately rises to the practical mind. If these things can be done by prayer, why should so vast and almost omnipotent a lever not be much more systematically used? We have George Muller, Dr. Barnardo, Mr. Quarrier, and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes certifying that the Telephone works. They seem to be switched on to the Central Exchange right enough. None of them pretend that they have any exclusive right of subscription to the Prayer Exchange. What the general public is beginning to ask is, whether they cannot be put in connection?

A friend of mine, a very enthusiastic lady, who would gladly lay down her life if thereby she could open the portals of the Constitution to her sex, sent me a plaintive little note about this very subject. Is it only orphans, she asked, on whose behalf the telephone of prayer can be invoked? Muller is for orphans, so is Barnardo, so is Quarrier, so, she might have added, was Spurgeon. But Price Hughes breaks the monotony of orphanages. He prays for the West London Central Mission, and the cheques come rolling in. I don't want cheques, says my friend, but can we not get votes as well as subscriptions to prayer?

To bring matters to a point, one Bill—the Woman's Suffrage Bill—is to come before the House of Commons next June. We are told there is no chance for it. Obstruction will triumph, and, notwithstanding the large majority for the second reading, the Bill will be lost. Now what I want to ask is whether, seeing that we cannot carry it through, might we not, if your Prayer Telephone is in operation, pray it through?

The question is one that depends chiefly, I suppose,

upon the amount of believing prayer that is available, the steady persistency with which it is applied. Of course, there may be prayer on the other side, as there is certainly when armies meet in battle. Each side prays for its own men, and often those who prayed with greatest confidence have not come off the victors. I suppose that there is less doubt about the desirability of feeding the orphan than there is, say, about the victory of the Greeks in a war against Europe, or even about woman's suffrage. Hence the more remarkable instances of prayer telephony occur in connection with orphanages.

But that is no reason why it should not be tried for other things. If the *Inquirer* objects to calling this kind of petitioning prayer—well and good, let us call it, to please them, "ringing up the Central." Can it be done? That is the question. And at this point a psychic friend, in wrath almost as that of a Menad, bursts in upon one with fierce objurgations, bitter sarcasm, and much bludgeoning abuse. "Did I not four years ago," she exclaims, "press upon your attention the need, the urgent need, for the formation of a Brotherhood for Prayer? And why have you not tried it? What is the use of making suggestions to you if you never publish them?" and so forth and so forth ever in *crescendo*, until I begin to feel as if nothing will meet the requirements of the situation but my immediately being ordered for execution by slow torture.

Seriously, however, my psychic friend may do well to be wroth. To her the possibility of ringing up the Central dawned for the first time as a blessed reality only four years ago, and she has naturally been impatient that the experiment of forming a Prayer Brotherhood, and Sisterhood, has not been put into practical operation all these years. The organization of such a fraternity would be somewhat difficult; of course there are many praying bands and prayer unions on more or less distinctively Christian or sectarian lines.

But what my psychic friend wants is something that is not limited by theological agreement. Her idea, so far as I could ascertain from the wrathful incoherence of her expletives, is a brotherhood of believing souls who would undertake to pray in concert with each other for such objects as each of them felt they could pray for. Take as an example a widow upon whom has fallen such an intensity of lonely desolation that she is on the verge of taking her life; or a young man struggling with the deadly grip of some fleshly lust; or a mother longing for her missing child; each and all of these could, if this prayer brotherhood were in order, be switched on to those who would be most likely to unite with them in sympathetic and prevailing prayer.

It is a strange latter-day variant upon the despairing cry, *ora pro nobis*, which for ages has expressed the deepest longings of the human heart. It is no answer to my friend's suggestion that the Christian Church itself is, or ought to be, a prayer brotherhood. For the fact is undeniable that there are millions who are not in touch with the Church, and who would as soon think of flying to the moon as of applying for the prayers of the Church. What is to be done for them?

I invite communications from my readers on this subject. There may be more in it than at first sight appears.

"More things are wrought by prayer than the world wots of," and although the suggestion may seem quaint, and even irreverent, to many, there are some perchance who may recognise the soul beneath and hearken to its cry.

X.—SPIRITUALISM.

EUSAPIA PALADINO AGAIN.

WITH unaccountable long-suffering, the Paris Researchers have been investigating Eusapia once more. One is lost in admiration of their patience, their courage, their tenacity of purpose. If your butcher gives you New Zealand mutton for South Down, you go to another shop; if your companion cheats you at cards, you don't play with him again. Eusapia cheated in Paris, she cheated in Cambridge, she cheated at l'Aguélas, and yet again these good-natured folk give her another chance.

It is a mere platitude to say that this does not prove that she cheats always, and in discussing one experiment it is not really relevant to prove that she cheated in another. Among the most fraudulent of mediums it is tolerably certain that they have some genuine phenomena, or how could the poor things live? There are limits to even human credulity. It seems exceedingly probable that a fair proportion of Eusapia's performances are genuine enough; but it remains, as we have already said, a matter for astonishment that anyone goes on playing cards with a man who has even once been caught with an ace up his sleeve.

WHEN AND WHERE.

Eusapia arrived in Paris on the 26th of September, and M. Marcel Mangin, whose name is honourably known in psychic enquiry, and who was one of the former Eusapia group, received her into his house at Auteuil. The séances were held on the second floor in a built-out room, unfurnished and accessible by one door only. No one was allowed to accompany Eusapia, no one was admitted except the group of six enquirers, all friends, and with entire confidence in each other.

The group was literary rather than scientific, and consisted of well-known persons; Dr. Dariex, a distinguished oculist and physician, editor of the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*; Madame Boisseaux and M. Marcel Mangin, his contributors, and deeply interested in psychic enquiry; two editors, M. Emile Desbeaux, of *l'Illustration*, also a physicist, and M. Guerronnan, of the *Paris Photographe*, and M. Sully Prudhomme, the distinguished Academician.

HOW THE REPORT WAS WRITTEN.

The six researchers each furnished an account of his or her impression of what occurred, in the style of Wilkie Collins's novels, but Eusapia was considerably less interesting than *The Woman in White*. If she had even worn a white gown it might have added to the interest of the occasion, though, perhaps, not to the reputation of Eusapia, for it would have made it considerably easier to follow her movements. On page 337 of the Report there is a murmur that except once at l'Aguélas, the last scene of inquiry, she has refused to wear even a white bodice. On one occasion she did allow a handkerchief to be put on her head, so that the observers, in the darkened room, might keep that in view.

Dr. Dariex, who edits the Report, himself points out a sufficient reason for its being somewhat dull reading. Eusapia's repertory of performances is very small, and they are all frequently repeated under pretty much the same conditions. It is not easy to get much entertain-

ment out of reading how someone felt a touch on his face, another person on his hand, how the table was levitated and the curtain bulged, how a pebble was thrown on the table, and a chair went for a walk. Such things are exciting enough once or twice, but they would pall upon you after a time. No one takes a season-ticket for Maskelyne & Cooke.

THE FRAUD HYPOTHESIS.

Dr. Dariex and his colleagues have done their best for us in this as in other particulars. He, as editor, has subtracted from the account all phenomena which either were or were suspected of being simulated, merely saying that at all the séances a certain number fell under this category. Moreover, he tells us:—

I also reject all those which might be attributed to the lower limbs, when the feet are not distinctly held by the hands of the experimenter; because we acknowledge the control of the feet to be quite efficacious only when it is exercised by the hands, as practised in 1895 at the experiments of Aguélas.

In short, he does not bore us with long stories of phenomena which appear to him suspicious. At the present stage of our acquaintance with Eusapia, this system seems fair enough. If we were under any misapprehension as to her possible methods, such reticence would of course be unfair; but as things are, it is only like the sitters at a table or a *oui ja* board agreeing among themselves beforehand not to waste time and argument by saying, "You pushed." Of course you pushed, we all do (unless of course the dear deceased is concerned). The thing wouldn't move if you didn't; a lie is the intention to deceive, and the point is not, did you push the *oui ja*? but, did your pushing make it write anything not within your normal consciousness? If so, push away as hard as you like.

WHAT "COUNTS."

Dr. Dariex is apparently very exclusive as to what he admits as evidence. He tells us (p. 324):—

In enquiry of this kind, moreover, we can only admit phenomena when the guarantee of control is quite above suspicion, and without going so far as to think there *must* be trickery, whenever the control is not above suspicion, we are authorised to say that it is a "maldonne" (failure), and therefore does not count.

Further, we say "failure," whenever Eusapia confines herself to placing her feet on the feet of the "controlled" from right to left, because we know that one foot can be substituted for the other, and that the same foot may be placed at the same time on the foot of two persons next the medium, and give to each the impression of contact, and, therefore, of control of the foot by which they are held, when in reality such "control" is a mere illusion.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.

These conjuring tricks demand some attention and analysis, but what use is there in our investigating this trivial side of the question? What we wish to know, and what is important from a scientific point of view, is, if Eusapia is or if she is not endowed with the power of displacing objects without contact—without any direct material action—and, therefore, if the movements at a distance under the influence of a power which remains to be determined are, indeed, a reality. What we also wish to know (and this is still more extraordinary) is, if the hands with which one is so often in contact, and which one sometimes sees, are also a reality, or only an illusion.

ARE THE OBSERVERS HALLUCINATED?

These materialisations are to the mere researcher, the person who asks *How*, with no regard to *Why*, perhaps the most interesting, because the most definite, of all phenomena. The shadow of the bust of a Chinaman, or the sight of the hands of the mysterious John, or a touch from a bearded face, are material enough to make enquiry under the circumstances (six to one in an unfurnished room) comparatively easy. It is interesting to note Dr. Dariex's attitude on the subject of hallucination, especially when we remember that the hypothesis (using the word "hallucination" in its English, not its S.P.R. sense) is the last resort of those who deny the well-attested phenomena of Mr. Home.

"As to the hypothesis of hallucination, we reject it categorically, for it is not to be admitted that all those who for twelve years, separately or in groups, have experimented with Eusapia, should all have the same hallucinations, should all see in the same manner. Probably these number over two hundred; in France alone I can count over thirty, among whom have been *savants* of the first rank, of universal reputation. Moreover, the reality of the facts observed has sometimes been demonstrated by photography, which puts the hypothesis of hallucination out of court."

WHY SHE CHEATS.

If Eusapia can do so much that is undeniable, so much that lends itself to the test of photography, why does she ever risk her reputation by cheating? Dr. Dariex is prepared with a theory.

I have said that in these phenomena there is an admixture of the real and the false. Eusapia seems to find it necessary to relax herself, and, above all, to rest herself, by certain interludes, more or less suspicious, with which she occupies the observers. She gave me the effect of a musician relaxing himself by the exercises which precede the concert and are sometimes even dispersed among the real music. One might say that Eusapia also has her scales and exercises, but as these are very like the real music, one has to be very much at "attention" and somewhat used to her game in order to distinguish the true from the false.

It would be tedious to follow even in outline the carefully-described experiments of last September. We feel that the enquiry has been in good hands, and we are satisfied, well satisfied, to make it by deputy. We are satisfied, too, that Dr. Dariex should draw our conclusions. He is a man of science, a man trained in minute observation. At the end of each report of each observer, he adds his own observations upon each séance. At the end of the report he sums up the position as a whole. We give some of the more important points.

THE PRECAUTIONS OF THE SITTERS.

One sees that the phenomena that Eusapia produced are so few and repeat themselves so often under the same conditions, that it is easy to reckon with possible imitations. As for controlling the hands, which is the leading question of these experiences, we know how it must be done, and under what conditions one may regard it as good, suspicious, or bad. Everyone will agree that (when one has thought over or experimented for five years upon experiences that are always identical, and as a fact so simple as that of knowing if one is holding or if one is not holding a hand, and which is the hand that is held) it is possible—even without possessing extraordinary perspicacity—to know if either hand of the medium has been moved, or if it has been allowed to get free and in what way it freed itself. It is evident that when M. Desbeaux, or M. Mangia, or anybody else as well versed in psychic phenomena as they are—and particularly the phenomena that Eusapia produced—said, "I am sure of the

right hand, I will be responsible for the control of the right hand," it is clear that they must consider that control good, because neither their capability nor their sincerity can be suspected, and, besides, suspicion has no right to overstep certain limits without which scientific progress would be no longer possible.

THE AMOUNT OF LIGHT.

"The darkness, relative or complete, in which most of the phenomena in question are produced, is certainly a fact to be regretted, as it discredits the experiences in the eyes of those who have not seen them; but to anyone who has been a witness himself, this question diminishes in importance, for, in certain séances at least, the control is often so satisfactory, and the phenomena are so numerous, that it is not allowable that the medium should always have to baffle the control, and produce with her own hand all the phenomena observed and imputed solely with the action of one hand. What would a prestidigitator do with someone on each side of him each holding a hand?"

WHY DO OBSERVERS DIFFER?

If the whole thing is trickery, says Dr. Dariex, why should men honoured in Science have wasted time for years past upon experiments with Eusapia, or how is it that those who persevere should feel a growing conviction that, tricks apart (and they don't deny the tricks), there is "something in it" after all? "One cannot overlook the fact," he says, "that there is a difference of opinion among these men of science" [between Professor Oliver Lodge and Professor Sidgwick, let us say], "but what does that prove, except that Eusapia has periods of failure or of powerlessness—which we know—or even [which is more than probable] that some observers have not known how to manage a being so impressionable, an instrument so delicate, and have only succeeded in spoiling the experiment?"

Dr. Dariex dwells at some length, justly enough, upon the necessity of obtaining her confidence, of refraining from unnecessary irritation, from discouraging her in what is so far difficult that all the *savants* in Europe put together cannot do it themselves.

By all means, in such an enquiry, let it alone or give the poor woman all the rope she wants. Dr. Dariex did, and when the control of hands or feet was imperfect or he caught her "in the act," he didn't grumble at the hit, but he simply didn't let it score.

X.

AN EXPLANATION WANTED.

VERY MUCH WANTED.

A CORRESPONDENT in Brisbane, who sends me her name and address, wishes to ask whether an explanation can be suggested to explain the alleged control of a medium by the spirit which speaks as the disembodied soul of a deceased person, while all the time the man in question, although unknown to the medium, is alive and well. I remember Mrs. Besant in her early investigating days being troubled in this way by a control which purported to be the spirit of a well-known clergyman whose death was duly reported through the table, but who shortly afterwards turned up alive and well. In her case it seemed an instance of a lying spook. In the case mentioned by our correspondent, the difficulty is complicated by the medium's theory that the control was genuine, but that the spirit had got confused and did not know whether he was alive or dead! Here is the letter, however, which I commend to the consideration of those learned on such matters.

DEAR SIR,—Some months ago, stumbling upon a chance number of your remarkable periodical, and recognising its vast possibilities, I sent to you for Volumes I. and II. They duly arrived, and I went carefully and deliberately through their interesting contents. I am now taking each succeeding number as it appears.

This, and the professed object of the publication itself, may perhaps be accepted as some reasonable excuse for troubling you on the following subject.

In the *Harbinger of Light* of 1st July last, a copy of which I send you herewith, is an article entitled, "Evenings with Artists," by Senex. I think it will explain itself as underlined by me; but I should add, in common fairness, that I am the *N* referred to, and that the medium (John W. Sutton), and the Alonso Prese introduced in *spirit-corroboration*, are both intimately known to me as past pupils in voice cultivation as vocalists.

The story is very interesting; the references to *N* are quite correct; and all seems fair and "above-board."

It has been followed by monthly communications from other painters of celebrity who have passed away—Barry, Haydon, Van Eyck, Correggio, Da Vinci, Raffaele, Michel Angelo, Blake, Carracci, and others—professing to give details unknown to their biographers or unnoticed by them, down to those of recent date, from Leighton and Du Maurier.

This is all innocent enough, possibly.

But in addition, I myself have received *private* communications, through the same channels, of so startling a character, as to past re-incarnations, assurances of extension of the normal life-period for the prosecution of work to which I am informed I am "appointed," and *by the authority of no less a name than that of Jesus of Nazareth*—the Master, as he is reverently termed—and who is claimed to be constantly appearing and dictating all this; that, did I not know myself too well to be utterly unworthy of such distinction, and were by mental powers less evenly balanced than perhaps they are, my moral equilibrium might have been completely disturbed ere this by this powerful and flattering appeal to my vanity.

From the nature of my daily avocation, however, I am necessarily of an accurate and analytical habit of thought; and the absence of any *personal* manifestation to myself in any more direct form has led me to hold all in abeyance, waiting further development.

Curiously enough, that has happened in the most unexpected manner. Now mark what follows—the *cloven hoof* (?)! or what?

My attention being called to a similar advertisement to that attached to the article, but of date 4th December, I wrote enquiring if the Signor Presa referred to could be my old friend, and found it was so! Several letters have since passed between us, proving that he is still living in the flesh, and has had no communication whatever with Sutton, the medium, for four or five years. A copy of the advertisement only, and without further explanation, being also sent to both medium and transcriber as a problem for solution, I, from the latter, received in reply not only a positive reiteration of the circumstance of the spiritual corroboration as a *fact*, accounted for on too palpably absurd a basis—that of a spirit being able to leave the body for a time, take a short excursion into the spirit-world, but being *confused* by the novelty of its surroundings, *thinking* it had left the earth-plane for good, and speaking accordingly to my own mind rather inconsistent with the placidity of the Presa utterance, let alone one or two other trifling details—but a private spiritual scolding from the Landseer spirit (who, by-the-bye, appears to have been most *easily hoodwinked* by a brother spirit whom he had already unsuccessfully tried to control) for doubting its authenticity.

I had certainly mildly offered for consideration what some people consider, but the spiritualistic jingle-jangle of "thought suggestion," "subliminal consciousness," "the doppel-ganger," "mischievous spirit-impersonation," &c., as tolerably decent avenues of escape out of the awkward dilemma, or the painful alternative of the establishment of a simple delusive lie!—and perhaps deserved my reproof—who knows? But I need scarcely add that I have your private conclusions (I had almost written *convictions*) carefully arrived at, as far as your limited practical experience of the mysteries of spiritualism permit me, only

desiring now to ventilate the matter in order to secure, if possible, the opinions of other *believers* in spiritualism, better judges than myself on what might be *misleading* of a most interested and serious character. To my mind, this one *error*, if it be one, invalidates the trustworthiness of the whole subsequent matter, public or private, and considering the stupendous character of the latter, my hesitation may not, perhaps, be considered unwise.

I may also tell you that until this extraordinary series of messages I have had no correspondence with the medium for several years, and that my intercourse with the transcriber, "Senex," has been initiated by the medium himself.

The difficulty has been to unite brevity with clearness of exposition. Any way, I should like an unbiased opinion *re* spiritual delusion *v.* spiritual lying, and so will leave it for your courteous consideration, if deemed worthy of it.

I am, Sir,

Yours, etc.,

DENBIGH NEWTON.

P.S.—I omitted to mention that in the December number of the *Harbinger* appears an article headed "A Phantasm of the Living," giving an account which many thinking people would, I am afraid, stigmatise as fantastic, of a visit of Du Maurier's spirit *before his death* to the writer in Melbourne, complimenting him on the superior merit of his forthcoming book, to that of his own "Trilby," both supposed to be written under spirit control. A second report being added of a second visit *after Du Maurier's decease*, confirming the former. Granted the possibility, who is to detect the *element of untruth* in this, so apparent in the Landseer instance? And what is its purpose, if not intuitive anticipation of future question and argument?

D. N.

THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

The Report of the Council for the year ended December 31st, 1896, presented to the members at the recent Annual General Meeting, says:—

The year was marked by the accomplishment of much satisfactory work, the addition of many new members and associates, and an increasing appreciation of the Society's valuable library.

Addresses were given during the season by Mr. G. Horatio Biddings on "The Testimony of the Ages to Modern Spiritualism"; by Mrs. H. T. Brigham, of New York, in reply to questions submitted by the audience; by Mrs. H. M. Wallis, on "Spiritual Gifts"; by Mr. Thomas Heywood, on "Obsession"; by Mr. Richard Harte, on "The New Spiritualism"; by Mr. Herbert Burrows, on "Science and the Life Beyond"; and by Mr. F. W. Thurstan, M.A., on "Psychical Powers, with Suggestions for their Development."

It may be useful to remind the members of the Alliance that next year (1898) will be the jubilee of the birth of the movement known as Modern Spiritualism, and that a suggestion has been made that the occasion should be celebrated by a Congress of British and Foreign Spiritualists, to be held in London. The matter has been well considered by the Council, and they have been in correspondence with many of the leading Spiritualists at home and abroad; but beyond this they have hesitated to go, in view of the fact that they are, in compliance with the Society's Articles of Association, about to retire from office, and deemed it imprudent on their part to commit their successors to any definite decision in the matter. But whatever may be the result of the election at the Annual General Meeting—whether the present Members of Council are re-elected or whether they are replaced by others—it is important to bear in mind that if the Congress is to be convened there is no time to be lost, that the work must be vigorously pressed forward at once, and that all Spiritualists at home, both in London and the provinces, should be earnestly invited to give their cordial co-operation, that a fitting reception may be accorded to the friends from abroad.

SPIRITUAL EVIDENCE AT BIRMINGHAM.

The Quarterly Report of the above Society contains some interesting reading.

The criticism elicited after their exhibition last September, in the press and elsewhere, showed the complete innocence of all concerned as to the nature of the subjects dealt with, and the supporting authorities. A reply to the critics of the claims of spirit or psychic photography was made the subject of a special item in the Quarterly Meeting of February 15th, and Mr. Hall Edwards, Mr. Tylar, or any other photographer, will be met privately or publicly at any time and any place, mutually convenient, by a representative of the Society, to elucidate any issue that may remain obscure. Among the commentators on the exhibition, the editor of the *Birmingham Daily Post* suggested that, in face of the claims made, the responsible scientific men of Birmingham should be asked to re-examine the mediums through whom the photos were alleged to have been taken. The Committee communicated with the leading exponents and obtained their assent to visit Birmingham for this purpose. They were surprised, however, to find that, even in Birmingham, Spiritualism is made the exception to the time-honoured custom of hearing before condemning. The Professors of Physiology and Physics declined absolutely to examine the subject and refused to give their support to the reading of a paper before the representative Scientific Society of the City. The Committee of that Society also declined absolutely to even listen to the evidence.

As this has been the experience of all other societies, the Committee of the Spiritual Evidence Society proceeded with their programme as originally laid down, trusting to vindicate the soundness of their position to the broader public, to whom appeal has ever to be made in such great questions. As a consequence of their work, the membership has doubled, and the income rather more so; so that they are seeking better accommodation and wider scope.

The evidence upon which the greatest care has been bestowed is that known as the physical, since it is the trend of modern ideas to regard everything from a physical standpoint. The phenomena of direct rapping, and writing, of levitation of material objects without contact and materialisation of hands, with the occasional appearance of arms and drapery in addition, can now be shown to a mixed audience of enquirers of almost any grade. Under these circumstances, the Committee have ventured upon the bold step of inviting the general public to attend the circles held.

The highest consummation in this class of phenomena was witnessed by some thirty Associates of the Society, at the visit of a private physical medium, now manifesting to a degree as high as has yet been attained. The full form of a tall female spirit appeared in the séance room, spoke to, and touched many of those present. This phenomenon was witnessed by a representative of the *Birmingham Gazette*, whose report was published in the issue of the 25th ult. The facts here observed confirmed in every way the assertions of Professor Crookes, F.R.S., and gave an intense stimulus to all who witnessed it. A further visit has been arranged for.

The Committee, however, have sought how to turn these discoveries to account in mitigating social misery. They have examined the philosophy imparted by the higher order of intelligencies, and have established an experimental school wherein to put to practical test the advice given.

At the February Quarterly Meeting Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten replied to questions on the ethics and

philosophy of Spiritualism. This was followed by an exhibition of psychic photographs, showing the present position of research. This exhibition is based upon the classification of Mr. A. Glendinning in "The Veil Lifted," as follows:—(1) Photos of persons recognised as relations or friends. (2) Photos of symbols, as crosses, birds, &c. (3) Photos of pictures, being portraits or other pictorial subjects, and appearing flat through stereoscope. (4) Photos of "materialized" forms apparent to normal vision. (5) Photos of the Double. (6) Photos, the figures in which are seen by Clairvoyants. (7) Photos taken without camera. (8) Photos taken in the dark.

THAT WOODEN-LEGGED GHOST.

A QUESTION FOR MISS MELLON'S CONTROL.

MRS. GRACE TAYLOR writes to me from Bon Accord Cottage, Princes Street, Christchurch, New Zealand, as follows:—

I will ask you to kindly excuse the liberty I take in writing you, but in the BORDERLAND which I received on Saturday (through the agents here, Messrs. Simpson and Williams), I notice, on page 465, an account of a séance held in Melbourne, under the mediumship of Mrs. Mellon. A letter about the séance was in the *Harbinger* of September. After receiving the *Harbinger* my husband wrote Mrs. Rising, expressing his disbelief in the form with the wooden leg being Mr. George Thompson, jun., ex-Provost of Aberdeen and Laird of Pitmiddden, Dyce. How the Mr. and Mrs. Duncan alluded to could have accepted it as a test, professing to be connected to him also, is a surprising thing.

Mr. Rising's reply to us, although perfectly courteous, made one feel that the writer of it would prefer you to mind your own business. He replied that all those present had seen it—namely the wooden leg. That those present had seen a materialized form with a wooden leg we do not dispute, but that it was the late ex-Provost Thompson, of Aberdeen, with a wooden leg, we do not believe.

To both my husband and myself his figure, when in life, was perfectly familiar. My husband was brought up from infancy on his estate at Pitmiddden, my father-in-law being Laird Thompson's coachman for over thirty (30) years, driving him or his family every day. So to us it does seem absurd, and quite contrary to the idea of what a dignified and courtly gentleman like Mr. Thompson would do, to appear in a circle in Melbourne, with what he was never seen with either by his own household and dependents nor the Aberdeen public generally.

Also Mr. Thompson never was called anything but George Thompson, jun., and signed himself that. His said son, the familiarly named "Geordie" of the séance was always known to us Aberdonians as Mr. George, or George Thompson of Binghill (his estate), never jun. Mr. Thompson, jun., ex-Lord Provost, had a stiff leg at the time, caused, I understand, by an accident in his youth. There is a glimmer of truth in the presenting of the key of the city to Her Majesty, who allowed him to present it standing, owing to the stiff leg. Mr. Thompson died only about three years ago, and he was over eighty years of age. His wife, a daughter of the celebrated Rev. Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, died many years ago. I think nearly all his family have now passed over, except Mr. Stephen Thompson, who, I think, still lives in London, and is the sole survivor of the builders and founders of the Aberdeen clippers and Aberdeen line of steamships to the Cape and Australia. I do not know Mr. Stephen Thompson's address in London, but I intend to write either Sir Wm. Henderson, Devanah House, Aberdeen (my old bible-class teacher), or the Rev. Andrew Doak, of Queen's Road, Aberdeen, and enclose the letter in the *Harbinger*. Either of these gentlemen could tell us the truth, as both are sons-in-law of Provost Thompson.

After writing Mr. Rising to say there was a mistake we

intended to let the matter drop, but, since seeing the notice in your widely-read journal, we would like to know the truth. If he had not a stiff leg as I described, he may have had a *very real* looking artificial leg and foot, but a wooden or "pin-leg" never.

THE GOSPEL IN PICTURES. BY A SPIRITUALIST.

"THE Life of our Lord Jesus Christ. 365 pictures taken from the four Gospels, supplemented by Paintings and Pen-and-ink Drawings, Landscape and Figures, Studies made in Palestine by J. James Tissot." Such is the title of the catalogue of the remarkable series of pictures which has been for several months on view at the Lemercier Gallery, 35, New Bond Street.

M. Tissot is an artist who is also a spiritualist. The discovery that the soul exists and can manifest itself materially after the body has, dissolved, transformed his life. A writer in the *Harbinger of Light* says:—

Upwards of ten years ago, M. Tissot received such convincing proofs of spirit return as only a fool could deny; and they changed the current of his life. Up to that time he had been a fashionable portrait painter both in London and Paris, where his sitters had included the Prince Imperial, Lady Londonderry, Lady Waldegrave, and other people of rank and distinction. He was also a skilful craftsman in enamels, bronzes, and goldsmith's work, and had made a fortune by his powerful etchings. But, falling under the influence of the higher intelligences in the Unseen World, he thenceforth devoted his pencil, obedient to their guidance, to the highest form of spiritual art. "Suddenly," observes the writer in the *Century*, "in the full tide of worldly prosperity and success, he withdrew himself, and in retirement, almost solitude, devoted himself to the development of this idea of a truthful, historical, and ethical portrayal of the life and times of Christ, bringing to it the patience and devotion of a monk of the Middle Ages, combined with the most refined skill of the nineteenth century."

Knowing, as he seems to have done, that spiritual inspiration must depend for its efficacy, in some measure, upon the perfection of the instrument it employs, and the channel through which it is conveyed, M. Tissot made two journeys to Palestine, studied the Talmud and Josephus, made a new translation of the Latin text of the Vulgate, and read "the works of the celebrated ecstasies (or mediæval mediums), and, among the last, those marvellous volumes of Katrine Emmerich, almost unknown and now out of print, which are among the most curious revelations of the human mind."

The writer just quoted seems at times to have a dim perception of the fact that the work of M. Tissot is not altogether of human origin, for she speaks of his "special powers of intuition," and adds: "Apart from his intimate knowledge of the subject, and his technical skill, which is fully adequate to the portrayal of even the most delicate and elusive of human emotions, he seems, at times, in the subtle suggestiveness of his imagination to be able to give some hints of things transmundane. In this latter quality he may here and there recall William Blake in his most intuitive moments, though, unlike that artist, he is never naïf. In its whole, however, the work resembles that of no other master, belongs to no school. Sure of his art, unflinching in industry, tireless in the pursuit of truth, he has represented to us this old life of the Gospels as none other has done—clear, distinct, impressive; the mists of time lifted; the veil of legend pushed aside; those men and women revealed to us breathing and human, busied about many things, with petty griefs and joys, yet raised for ever, as they are, out of the ranks of common history of peoples and countries, by having had the Son of Man among them." M. Tissot's marvellous work constitutes the first phase of a new development of art spiritualised, to which William Blake's pictures, crude as they were, served as a preface. During the next quarter of a century, as we have reason to know, there will be such an efflorescence of what men call genius, and

spiritualists inspiration or impression, both in literature and art, the latter including music, as the world has not seen in our present era. M. Tissot's singularly devout and beautiful pictures appear to us to be a foretaste of this period of intellectual blossoming which those who live to see it will very likely hail in the words of Virgil:—

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

A tolerably full account of his pictures appears in the *Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine* for December last; and the writer of the article evidently perceives that there is something supra-normal in the achievement. It consists of 350 water-colour drawings, as exquisitely finished as the illuminations of a missal, and a great number of pen-and-ink sketches comprising portraits of Christ, his disciples, and those persons who were brought into contact with him; scenes from the life of the Master, and symbolical representations of certain phrases or passages in the inspired portions of the New Testament. When the whole of these pictures were exhibited in Paris, they created an unprecedented sensation of a religious character. "People were seen to go away weeping; women made the tour of the rooms on their knees. Many came from the provinces in groups, with return tickets. It partook, indeed, towards the end, of the character of a pilgrimage. This quickening was visible not alone among professing Christians, but innumerable were the letters received by M. Tissot from that large class of people who, while unable to accept the Gospels as divinely inspired, and are irreligious in the common sense, are ever responsive to the noble and the good, in whatever guise it comes to them, and to whom the pictures had possibly suggested new spiritual potencies." The writer adds that she saw a letter from Meissonier, a sceptic and a worldling, penned shortly before his death, in which he speaks of "the trouble of soul into which the examination of the pictures had thrown him."

M. Tissot's own account of the mode of his work may be commended to the consideration of those who are "certain sure" that Spiritualism must be anti-Christian. M. Tissot witnessed the materialization of his wife's spirit and of her guide through the mediumship of W. Eglinton, and reproduced the scene in black and white. But the result of these experiences was, as he tells us in his preface to this collection of his pictures, that

Every work, whatever it is, has its ideal—mine was truth, truth in the life and death of Christ. To represent faithfully, to bring to life again beneath the eyes of the spectator, the divine personality of Jesus, in His spirit, in His actions, in all the sublime beauty of His teaching—what could be so attractive—or what so difficult? I had to try and identify myself as much as possible with the Gospel stories, to read them over a hundred times—and it is indeed there, on the very spot where those sublime scenes were enacted, that one feels most apt to seize and receive the varied impressions of them.

Now that my meditations have taken shape, and that, after ten years of labour, this new *Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ* is about to appear, bearing the accurate stamp of things seen and lived through, I wish to say this: I do not pretend to affirm that the events which I here recall happened just in this way; far from it. I have only desired to give a personal interpretation, based upon serious study, and intended to dispel as much as possible an inaccurate and vague view from people's minds. I have thus accomplished what I trust is a useful work, I have made one step towards the truth, and raised a beacon which may lead the way to a further investigation of this inexhaustible subject.

MR. LUCY AND DICKENS'S GHOST.

MR. H. W. LUCY is about as unexpected a witness in favour of spiritualism as could be found on a summer's day. But it appears from a letter written by him in the *Sydney Morning Herald* that he owes his introduction to journalism, or at least his *début* in literature, to the

spirit of Charles Dickens. Here is the story as Mr. Lucy tells it.

Mr. Henry W. Lucy is not a spiritualist. He says—

I never had any transaction with Charles Dickens the younger but once, and that under very peculiar circumstances. More than twenty years ago, at a time when table-turning was in vogue, I took part in an attempt made by three other earnest seekers after truth to test the *bona-fides* of the mystery. For what followed I can certainly vouch that it was due to no deliberate trickery. We four sat round a table, which presently conducted itself in liveliest fashion. After a while the usual formula of inquiry elicited the interesting circumstance that "the spirit" at the moment in communication with us was that of the late Charles Dickens. A peculiarity of the visitation was that Charles Dickens declined to hold communication with any one but me. When any of the three others joined in the conversation there was no reply. When I took up the examination, answers were promptly spelled out. I have them now somewhere among my papers, written down at the time. I remember the purport of the message was that Charles Dickens was very anxious for me to make the acquaintance of his son Charles, and bade me call upon him at the office of *All the Year Round* in Wellington Street. What much impressed me and the others was the boyish, almost babyish, humour of the style of communication. It was a sort of imitation of exaggerated East End talk, substituting w's for v's and the like. This seemed nonsensical and out of keeping with Dickens's habits. When, a short time after, "*Foster's Life*" came out I found in it many scraps of letters sent to Foster and other intimate friends, in which Dickens dropped into exactly the same exaggerated colloquial style as his curious message to me.

I was so impressed with the incident that I resolved to follow it up. At that time my name was unknown outside a narrow journalistic circle. If I called on the editor of a then prosperous journal, I had no more right to expect to be admitted to his presence than had a passing milkman or bus-driver. However, I made the call as bidden, was forthwith invited to the editorial sanctum, and found cordial acceptance for a suggestion, timidly made, to write an article for *All the Year Round*. I did not then, nor at any time since, tell Charles Dickens the younger how I came to call upon him.

THE RELIGIOUS IMPORTANCE OF SPIRITUALISM.

At a recent meeting of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association, says Mr. Hopps in the *Coming Day*, a Paper was read by a prominent minister on *The Psychological basis of Immortality*. The speaker dealt with a mass of facts, and then drew the following conclusions:—

1. Psychology makes it clear that a man in his essential nature is a soul, or a spirit. This teaching is greatly strengthened by considering such strange phenomena as child prodigies, dreams, hypnotism, etc., which reveal the wonderful power and possibility of the human soul.

2. Psychology emphasizes the personality of the soul:—shows that it is a unit, hence, probably imperishable.

3. Through the power of hypnotism it has been proven that a soul in the body can gain control of another soul in the body. By the power of telepathy it has been shown that a soul in the body can communicate with another soul in the body, even at a great distance. Hence, it is seen to be possible for a soul out of the body, if there is any such thing, to gain control of a soul in the body.

4. In clairvoyancy it has been established that the soul can separate itself from the body and maintain a distinct existence at a distance from it. Hence, at death the soul can be separated from the body and maintain such an existence.

5. In the instance of supersensitive people, if there are any spirit forms around us and if they are more ethereal than our

material bodies, then these supersensitive people would more probably see these spirit forms than those having only ordinary power of sensation. There are many honest, intelligent people who claim to be able to see such forms.

6. Notwithstanding that many of the manifestations of modern Spiritualism are fraudulent and that others can be accounted for on other grounds than claimed, as through mind reading, hypnotism, clairvoyancy, etc., still, the impartial investigator must admit that there remains a large residuum of fact which has never been explained except in harmony with the theory of Spiritualism.

7. There are multitudes of people outside the ranks of Spiritualists who testify that they have had experiences which they cannot account for except through the mediation of spirits.

8. A scientific Spiritualism practically demonstrated would make the Bible an open book. It would explain the miracles of healing, the visions of prophets, the mediation of angels and spirits, the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, Paul's exaltation to the third heaven, and the apocalyptic visions.

9. Psychology furnishes a basis for a future scientific Spiritualism which shall practically demonstrate the immortality of the human soul and establish a means of communication between this world and the world of spirits. Then the grand doctrine of the soul's immortality shall no longer rest upon the theory and speculation, but upon established fact.

Fancy, adds Mr. Hopps, such a naive piece of realism at a Unitarian Conference in England!

A PRAYER FOR THE DEPARTED.

At the funeral of Mrs. Massingberd, Canon Wilberforce publicly used a "Prayer for a departed friend." In its masculine form it runs thus:—

Our Father, the Father of the spirits of all flesh, in whose embrace all creatures live, in whatsoever world or condition they be; I beseech Thee for him whose name and dwelling-place and every need Thou knowest. Lord, vouchsafe him light and rest, peace and refreshment, joy and consolation in paradise, in the companionship of saints, in the presence of Christ, in the ample folds of Thy great love. Grant that his life (so troubled here) may unfold itself in Thy sight, and find a sweet employment in the spacious fields of eternity.

If he had ever been hurt or maimed by any unhappy word or deed of mine, I pray Thee of Thy great pity to heal and restore him that he may serve Thee without hindrance.

Tell him, O Gracious Lord, it may be, how much I love him and miss him, and long to see him again; and if there be ways in which he may come, vouchsafe him to me as a guide and guard, and grant me a sense of his nearness in such degree as Thy laws permit.

If in aught I can minister to his peace, be pleased of Thy love to let this be; and mercifully keep me from every act which may deprive me of the sight of him as soon as our trial-time is over, or mar the fulness of our joy when the end of the days hath come.

Pardon, O gracious Lord and Father, whatsoever is amiss in this my prayer, and let Thy will be done, for my will is blind and erring, but Thine is able to do exceeding abundantly all that we ask or think; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE CYPRIAN PRIESTESS.

MR. A. J. RIKO, who some time ago wrote a somewhat severe criticism of the Cyprian Priestess, sends me the following amende:—

Your readers remember my article on the Cyprian Priestess in BORDERLAND, in which I did not accuse positively any one, but fixed the attention on a number of incidents which seemed to indicate fraud on this or on the other side. I need not say that I wrote so in perfect good faith as I do now. Well, I have since then

followed with attention all that has been written on the same subject by my old acquaintance, Mr. Glendinning, by Edina and others, and I frankly confess that my suspicions are greatly shaken, and that now I admit also the most perfect honesty at least of the operators on this side, Mr. Duguid and consorts. On the other side there remains, however still, I will not say any more fraud, but an amount of mystery in relation to that perfect beauty of the "priestess, whom I offer my homage." If others have changed their opinion as I have, let them say so.

The Hague,
Holland, Feb., 1897.

A. J. RIKO.

MRS. GRADDON'S GIFTS.

J. M. writes to *Light* as follows :—

On the 15th ult. I missed an important official book of which I had charge, and could not find it in any desk or cupboard I was in the habit of using. It soon became necessary for me to report the loss, which was serious enough to cause me three sleepless nights. As a last resource it occurred to me to consult Mrs. Graddon.

Like your interviewer, I wrote my questions on scraps of paper, which I placed in her hand so that she could not see what was written thereon.

She said: 'I see something of a light colour, looks like a book, ruled in a peculiar way, like squares (right) and partly written on (right). I feel that I must go somewhere. Where do you wish me to go?'

'That is exactly what I want to know. Where is that book now?'

'It seems to be in an office. I see a nest of pigeon-holes.' (As a matter of fact there were two such nests in different offices, and I had searched them both several times.)

'This is an old set, made of unpolished wood, very dusty, in a dark corner of the room, with a space of about one or two inches behind it.' (This identified one set.)

'Your book is not in, but on the top of, this, mixed with some papers. You will find it there.'

I had still so little faith in this statement that I devoted an hour next morning to an exhaustive third search in my office in Aldersgate-street. I then went to the other office in which was the set of pigeon-holes described by Mrs. Graddon. Two gentlemen were in that office at the time, who knew of my loss, and in their presence I went straight to the place indicated by the medium, and there found the missing book!

Not even my scepticism was proof against this direct evidence of supernormal power, of which I am unable to divine the true nature.

J. M.

A SPIRITUALIST DIRECTORY.

HERR MAX RAHN, editor of the *Uebersinnlichen Welt*, of Berlin, has issued the *Adress-Buchvereiniger Wahrheit-Sucher*, compiled by Herr Leopold Engel, and the *Adress-Almanach Okkultistischer Vereine, und Zeitschriften*, compiled by himself; the two forming a handy little volume of about 160 pages; and containing a list of the various associations and societies of spiritualists and kindred truth seekers, in all parts of the world; as also of the periodicals published in connection with occultism in all its forms.

Suitable premises have been secured for the future offices of *Light*, and the London Spiritualist Alliance, at 110, St. Martin's Lane, about three minutes' walk from Charing Cross, and not more than five or six minutes from the present address.

MR. GLADSTONE AND SPIRITISM.

WRITING to the author of a pamphlet which admits the facts of spirit phenomena but imputes them all to the devil, Mr. Gladstone says :—

November 17, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—I have read your pamphlet with much sympathy, for I can neither sweepingly deny the facts nor approve their character; but I have not studied spiritism solidly or comprehensively enough to assume the character of a monitor with any hope of advantage.

Yours very faithful,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

A SPIRITUALIST'S BEQUEST.

THE validity of a bequest made to a Spiritualist Tabernacle was upheld by our Court last quarter.

The plaintiff, Mr. Albert Wilkinson, commercial traveller, of Addison Street, Accrington, is an executor under the will, dated July 31st, 1896, which he propounded. The defendant, Israel Eastwood, a brother of the deceased, pleaded that the will was not duly executed, that deceased was not of sound mind, and did not know and approve of the contents of the will.

Notwithstanding this conflict of evidence, a verdict was given for the plaintiff, the jury finding that the will was duly executed, and that deceased was of sound mind at the time, the jury finding "(1) that the will was duly executed; (2) that the testatrix was at the time of sound mind, memory, and understanding; and (3) that she knew and approved of the contents of the will, which were as follows :—

"This is the last Will and Testament of me Mary Parker of 168, Burnley Road, Accrington in the county of Lancaster Widow. I hereby revoke all former wills and testamentary dispositions made by me and declare this to be my last Will and Testament. I appoint Albert Wilkinson of 5 Addison Street Accrington to be Executor and sole Trustee of all my estate of every description. I bequeath the sum of Three Pounds to George Laxton of 168 Burnley Road Accrington for services rendered to me in my sickness. I bequeath all the remainder of my estate goods of every kind to be sold and realised in cash and such money along with all other moneys invested for and by me after paying all funeral expenses shall be given to the Trustees of the Whalley Road Spiritual Tabernacle Accrington for the purpose of helping them to purchase the said Building. In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this Thirty First day of July One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety Six

"The mark of
"Mary X Parker.

"Witness

"Robert Matthews, 29, Manor Street, Accrington.

"Eleanor Jane Groom Laxton, 168, Burnley Road, Accrington."

"Miss X., who is writing a book on "Crystal-Gazing," would be grateful for any account of experiences, or to hear of any successful crystal-gazers to whom she might suggest certain experiments. Address, "Miss X.," care of the Society for Psychical Research, 19, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

"Miss X." desires to thank readers of *BORDERLAND* who have, in consequence of her request, offered themselves as subjects to the Hypnotic Committee of the S.P.R.

Absence from England, during the past two months, has prevented her from continuing active work as a member of the Committee, but she promptly forwarded all the offers received to the Secretary, Ernest Westlake, Esq., Vale Lodge, Hampstead.

She still asks for *More*.

XI.—A PROFESSOR OF HINDOO MAGIC.

OR, THE WONDERS OF PROFESSOR JHINGAN AND MR. JACOB OF SIMLA.

I HAVE received from the *Akhbar-i-Am* Office, Lahore, the following article by Mr. Kanhaiyalal, dated February 8th, 1897. My editorial correspondent prefaced his MSS. with the following private note:—

"Herewith I have the pleasure to enclose a paper on 'The Wonders of Professor Jhingan,' for publication in *BORDERLAND*. Everything referred in it is based on written evidence; but, I assure you, the Professor, my intimate friend, has far more wonderful things to show to the favoured few; such as raising himself from the ground and remaining suspended in the air without any support, making his body so stiff as not a heavy hammer can hurt it, or break his skull. Perhaps it will be a news to you, that when he makes a stick stand in the air without support, he himself and the stick lose their shadows, that is, no shadow is cast at day before the sun, or at night before a lamp. This is not noticed by ordinary spectators. I have asked my friend to show *you from here* something you would like to see, such as reading your thought on some fixed date and time, or some other thing."

In reply to this letter I have written out, in a clear, legible hand, two simple questions, one of which relates to a certain combination of numerals, the other is much in my thoughts at this moment of writing, and indeed many other moments. No one else but myself would understand it. I am at a loss to answer my own question. I have placed both questions in a closed envelope, and have secured it in a safe receptacle. No one knows of the contents of the envelope but myself, and I myself do not know the answer to the second question. If Professor Jhingan can read my written questions from Lahore, and still more, if he can answer them, it will be a very stringent test. The questions were written on March 17th, 1897, and an intimation of its existence forwarded to Mr. Kanhaiyalal by the next Mail. The result will be announced in *BORDERLAND* next quarter.

It will be noticed that Professor Jhingan, while claiming occult powers, is nevertheless also practising legerdemain, although for amusement and not for gain. I may add that I have taken the liberty of transposing the order of my contributor's MSS., and omitting many of the testimonials to the Professor's skill with which it is accompanied. I have also given the first place to my correspondent's account of Mr. Jacob, of Simla, which, it will be seen, curiously confirms the story told by "Tautriadelta."

I.—MR. JACOB, OF SIMLA.

YOUR readers, perhaps, will be anxious to know something more about Mr. Jacob, of Simla. Professor Jhingan had an interview during the last summer, in which season Simla becomes the seat of the Governments of India and the Punjab. As it was in these days that Professor Jhingan had given entertainments to Captain Lyon, Captain Swanston, Messrs. Thorburn, and Premnath Pandit, *Rai Bahadar*, he was naturally lionised in the English as well as the native society of Simla. Some Simla papers also commented on his powers. These papers and other rumours were the cause of an interview between the two magicians.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE MASTER.

I may note that Professor Jhingan had never heard even the name of Mr. Jacob, neither of *BORDERLAND*. Mr. Jacob at once wrote to Professor Jhingan through a mutual friend that he was desirous of seeing him. Professor Jhingan complied. After preliminary conversation, Mr. Jacob asked Mr. Jhingan to show him his powers. Mr. Jhingan, as I have already said, is only twenty-one years of age, and rather a little reserved and bashful. He denied any great powers, but still read Mr. Jacob's thought, and made a little walking-stick of Mr. Jacob's stand in the air before his eyes without any support. Mr. Jacob approved the experiments with a smile. These were perhaps the most

wonderful feats which he could show to such a master as Mr. Jacob. This was done in a merchant's premises.

MR. JACOB AND HIS DOUBLE.

Mr. Jacob was naturally anxious to meet him at his leisure, and asked him to call at his house. There Mr. Jhingan went. Here, on being asked by Mr. Jhingan in turn to show his own powers, Mr. Jacob asked him where was he (Jacob). Mr. Jhingan replied that he was standing before him. Mr. Jacob pointed to outside the door, and Mr. Jhingan saw the double of Mr. Jacob suspended in the air immovable. Mr. Jhingan stood on the threshold of the door, the original Mr. Jacob was inside the room, and his double outside the room in the sky.

THE BUTTERFLY STORM.

Secondly, Mr. Jacob produced a butterfly storm, as mentioned by "Tautriadelta" in his autobiography (*BORDERLAND* for April, 1896, page 149). Mr. Jacob has a baguette (charm), which he always keeps with himself, like the lamp of Aladdin, with a black silk thread round his neck. This baguette he waved against Professor Jhingan's face (to mesmerise?) and presently there appeared to the eyes of the Professor a storm of butterflies, so dense, that no object in the room or its walls or ceiling could be seen through; and again with another word the storm disappeared.

THE PHANTOM FLAMES.

Thirdly, he showed his drawing-room (in which only Mr. Jacob and Professor Jhingan were sitting) to be on fire, filled with large flames, but without warmth. Mr. Jhingan was fully gratified to see all this.

WHO IS MR. JACOB?

Mr. Jacob is about forty-five years old. His full name is A. M. Jacob (Yaaquob). He has a brownish face and small stature, and seems to be of Asiatic origin, an Egyptian or an Armenian. He dresses, however, in the best English fashion. He likes to remain in a veiled position, and very few people know about his real powers. Those who know him aver his mysteriousness. The police has had also some experience of his magical powers. He mixes freely in picnic parties and female society. He is extremely rich, and deals in precious stones and articles. I have learned much about Mr. Jacob through my friend, Mr. Jhingan, which I reserve for another occasion.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MAGICIAN.

For the present, however, I send you a free translation of one of the articles contributed by me to the *Akhbar-i-Am*, the leading Urdu daily of Lahore:—

The correct and full name of Mr. Jacob is A. M. (Ali Muhammad) Yaaquob. The rows of bungalows situated on the left side of the road going from the Town Hall to the Lakkar Bazaar, all belong to Mr. Jacob. Mr. Jacob is tremendously rich. His drawing room is far more richly furnished than that of His Excellency the Viceroy, that of any Maharaja of Patiala or Nizam of Hyderabad. As the reader knows, Mr. Jacob deals in precious stones and other articles, and his customers are the Native Chiefs of India.

WHERE HE CAME FROM.

He is of middle size and greyish colour. He seems to be of Asiatic origin, either Armenian or Gypsy. Nothing is known of his religious predilections, but when conversing in vernacular he frequently uses Mohamadan phrases. He lives in the best European fashion. He is unmarried, but has free access to the most fashionable female societies and joins freely in picnic parties. He is a helper of the poor and, outwardly, seems to be of very merciful disposition. If any herder beats his cattle hardly before Mr. Jacob, he becomes angry.

HOW HE LIVES.

High class society considers him to be a very rich merchant, lord of lords; but for the middle class of Europeans or Indians it is difficult even to see Mr. Jacob. He seldom quits his house. When he comes to Bazaar he buys the most valuable articles at European and Native shops. Though he is single, he has hundreds of servants and grooms who live with him in his bungalows, and, (perhaps) to guard his valuable property, he always keeps a police guard to serve him, consisting of about twenty constables and one "sergeant," the expenses of which are paid by himself.

THE HYDERABAD DIAMOND SCANDAL.

In spite of this Mr. Jacob is generally unknown in Simla. In India his name came to be known, some three years ago, in connection with the Hyderabad Diamond case. The price of this diamond was 43 lakhs (4,300,000) of rupees. The reader is aware of the ordinary proceedings of this case; to-day we break some extraordinary details on him,—one of the feats of his magical powers.

Mr. Jacob transacted the sale of this diamond in Hyderabad; gave it to the Nizam; took 43 lakhs of rupees, and came up to Simla again. After some days the Nizam came to know the diamond which he had thus bought was spurious. He at once telegraphed to the police at Simla. The police surrounded Mr.

Jacob's houses and satisfied itself to know perfectly well that Mr. Jacob was in his room. Mr. Jacob also knew of the procedure of the police.

THE POLICE AND THE DOUBLE.

Presently there came a telegram from Hyderabad that Mr. Jacob was there—that he interviewed the Nizam—the genuine diamond and 43 lakhs of rupees were with him. Mr. Jacob apologized to the Nizam for his mistake in giving him the inferior stone instead of the genuine one. He laid before the Nizam the amount of 43 lakhs of rupees and also the genuine article, and asked him to accept the one or the other whichever he preferred. The Nizam preferred to take the genuine stone, and Mr. Jacob, with the amount and the spurious diamond, again disappeared. The Simla police meanwhile received another telegram, informing them that the matter was settled, and the police had nothing to do.

The case which came in court afterwards was the consequence of the Nizam's after-thought. The Nizam after this settlement, again wanted to return the diamond—perhaps some suspicion was the cause—which Mr. Jacob did not like, and on this ground the case came before the High Court of Calcutta. During the proceedings of the court, it is said, Mr. Jacob spent some four lakhs of rupees within four days. The Nizam's waste also certainly would have amounted to ten lakhs. At last the case ended with a compromise. Mr. Jacob contended himself with half the price, returning the other half, and the Nizam retained the diamond.

We do not believe that Mr. Jacob can make diamonds by his magical powers; but those acquainted with his secrets have reason to surmise so. What is the making of silver or gold to one who can make diamonds worth 43 lakhs? Sceptics! don't be angry, and do not ask us to transmute baser metals before their eyes; it is only our guess.

MR. JACOB SELLING OFF.

It is said the Government has become suspicious of Mr. Jacob now, and he has been ordered not to transact any business with the Chiefs of India, even that he should leave this country itself. During the last season Mr. Jacob has sold by auction much of the rich collection of his curios, the notices of which our readers might have seen in the Simla papers, as well as the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, and the *C. and M. Gazette* of Lahore. He told our interviewer that in the last auction he had to incur a loss of 40 or 50 lakhs of rupees. But his drawing-room still contains many articles such as snuff-boxes, spoons, cups, knives, sticks, pens, &c., each worth 1 lakh or 10 lakhs of rupees; and God knows how many billions worth of jewels are shut up in his trunks.

During winters Mr. Jacob used to go to foreign countries, and whenever he had a voyage he reserved the whole steamer for himself. Now he intends to go to China or Tartary and to spend the remainder of his life in that country. During the Christmas week he was in Lahore, now-a-days he is in Calcutta.

II.—WONDERS OF PROFESSOR JHINGAN.

I am personally acquainted (and so are other numerous gentlemen) with Professor B. M. Jhingan since many years, and have known him perform many wonderful, not to say perplexing, experiments in mesmerism and psychics. I have no doubt of his psychic acquirements.

A BRIEF LIST OF HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

He can produce, apparently from nothing, all sorts of things such as flowers, vegetables, fruits, betel leaves, coins, &c., &c. He can make a stick, or a paper, or a book on a burning lamp, stand in the air without any support, apparently by his mere force of will. Not only this, but he can order it to lean towards this point or that. He can pass knives through the body without injury, and the cut is healed at once. He can remove small articles such as rings, coins, &c., held in your hand, by his mysterious power, and order them to come

out from where you please. Once he removed a large bottle from under the cover of a handkerchief to another room.

THE VALUE OF EVIDENCE.

I must admit, I myself have seen nothing extraordinary from him worth mentioning, not that he has ever hesitated to satisfy me, but simply because I have never asked him to do; for, these things have nothing curious for me. I like to be guided rather by the intellect than the senses. When I have once satisfied myself with the possibility of such "miracles," there is an end of it, and I do not further trouble myself in hunting up the "miracle" workers, and being personal witness to their performances. Further, when periodicals like *BORDERLAND* furnish me with the evidence of the best and first class scientific men of the enlightened West, such as Messrs. Crookes, Lodge, and Wallace, &c., I would rather believe in the acumen and far-sightedness of those experts than my own unexperienced and weak senses.

When I myself do not like to see these things with my own eyes with any curiosity, I may be mistaken; but certainly for the rest of the world there is nothing to find fault with. Suppose I also did affix my name to the list of numerous witnesses, what will it be for the sceptic? Only one single more witness of "deluded senses" or "deranged brain!"

A CHALLENGE.

However, though I myself am not anxious to test the Professor's abilities, I am interested in the work you are doing to convince the sceptics, and therefore it is that I have taken the trouble of writing this paper. I have asked him one thing (suggested by you in the case of "General Lorrison," to test his "spookies" in the instant transportation of articles from New York to England, see *BORDERLAND* for April, 1896, page 128, that is, if he can, let the *London Times* or the *New York World* be brought here, say, within a day of the publication. (The Professor can transport articles also.)

A DARING ACCEPTANCE.

I am glad to inform you that he has accepted the challenge. For the present he is unable to try such a tremendous experiment, but after further development and increase of his powers, he says he will do. If he succeeds to get the *Times* or the *World* within a day of publication, and for the matter of that even a week earlier than the *Mail*, I shall at once post different leaves or pieces of leaves to you and other leading newspapers

of the world under registered cover. Professor Jhingan, as it seems to me, has no thought of the psychological difficulties in performing this feat, as hinted at by "General Lorrison." To an ordinary mind it really seems very strange, that while ordinary articles can be transported from one place to another with ease, there would be so much difficulty in doing the same with a newspaper. However, the "General's" reasons are quite intelligible. Perhaps you know, even the late Madam Blavatsky was also asked by, perhaps, Mr. A. P. Sinnet, the then Editor of the *Pioneer*, to perform the same feat if she wished to give a most convincing proof of her powers to the sceptic, and to shut his mouth once for all. But she did not do it, as all the world knows. It is needless to give her explanation, why she *did* not do, and not that she *could* not.

RECOVERING A LOST ARTICLE.

Without explaining further, why I am not so curious as some of my readers certainly are to be a personal witness to such—to the ordinary mortal—wonderful things—I mention below a very wonderful performance of my friend the professor:—

My father, my two younger brothers, and two other gentlemen were the witnesses, besides the gentleman who was the subject of, and gainer, by the experiment. I have no objection in giving full names. One Pandit Bishambar Nath Mota, a neighbour of ours and a clerk in the Government Railway offices, was one evening sitting with other gentlemen on our shop. Mr. Jhingan came to the shop, and as was his wont, kept standing by the roadside. My father, who is quite familiar with him and has seen many of his wonders, asked him if he could do some *tamasha* for the amusement of those sitting. The Professor con-

sented, and asked what they liked to see. Some suggested transference of a ring or a seal. Meanwhile, Pandit Bishambar Nath Mota asked whether he could bring a lost thing also. The Professor asked what was that. Being told that it was his watch, which was missing for some weeks, he consented to try. He washed his hands, for which water was brought by my younger brother Balkrishna, and then asked for a little quantity of rice. It was given him, and he read some words on it. He then asked that a glass full of water be brought before him to receive the lost watch. It was brought and kept before him at a distance of six or seven yards, and he never touched it, nor even came near it. He then threw away the enchanted rice about himself, and the glass full of water. He then brought



PROFESSOR B. M. JHINGAN.

his both hands to his mouth as if to blow through them. He shut his eyes, and after a while opened them, and told the audience that the watch had come. He asked the owner to go to the glass and see if his watch was there—and lo! the watch was there!

Certainly the sceptic may offer very elaborate and also very simple dodge to explain this all, such as this, that Mr. Jhingan himself was the thief and our servant who brought the glass of water was in his confidence, who simply put the watch in the glass beforehand. Take the reader as he will, but though I was not an eyewitness, so much I can vouch for that Mr. Jhingan had not even a chance acquaintance with Mr. Mota, and that it was perfectly a thing of chance that Mr. Mota and Prof. Jhingan had met together there and then. Neither the Professor could be suspected of such a daring practice as of stealing.

WHO IS PROF. JHINGAN?

Naturally the reader will be anxious to know who Mr. Jhingan is. He is a very beautiful young man of medium size, of stout muscles but delicate skeleton. His age is about twenty-one years. He belongs to a very respectable family of Brahmans (priests), and "Jhingan" is his sub-caste, resident of Amritsar (the great Sikh city), in the Punjab. His grandfather, who became an ascetic in old age, was even more wonderful than he is. There is a small marble structure in Amritsar, where the tomb of his ashes is an object of worship to the people of Amritsar. Mr. Balmokand Jhingan is a strict vegetarian and never touches intoxicants in any form. He lives according to the most orthodox and strictest rules of his religion and caste. He fasts on Tuesday and abstains from food of any kind. He has received a little school education, and can talk English tolerably well. He is a married man (since ten years!) but has no issue. He is a pupil of the late Prof. R. B. Robinson (who came to see India in 1890), the pupil of the late Mr. Stainton Moses. Their first meeting was very romantic. He seems to be a born psychic, and has also command over a spirit. He cannot perform his wonders at all times, and after he has done something he seems to be exhausted and tired. He never takes any money for exhibiting his powers. In various ways he has been put to the greatest temptations, monetary and sensual, but up to now he has yielded to none. As School Inspector, Mr. Shiv Diyal, M.A., writes (17th April, 1895), "The Pandit is a gentleman of means, and has chosen this walk of life more for his own amusement than gain. As far as I know he is the first amateur in the line, produced by the Punjab."

LEGERDEMAIN WITHOUT APPARATUS.

The Pandit is as master of legerdmain as of mesmerism and psychism, and his plays of cards and various tricks of the sleight of hand are as interesting and wonderful as any European professional can do with all the paraphernalia of the professional stage. But what makes the performances of the Professor more astonishing is that, when he can do, he does in the most simple way, without any prearranged materials or platform, as many of the witnesses have observed. Mr. Brij Lal Ghose, *Rai Bahadar*, Honorary Assistant Surgeon to His Excellency the Governor-General and Viceroy in India, writes, dated Simla, the 13th September, 1896 (I quote once more from his book of testimonials):

The great thing with the Pandit is that he does not require any prepared platform or stage. He did his tricks on an ordi-

nary table in the centre of the drawing-room. . . . With necessary stage arrangements I think he will take the public by storm, and will, I am sure, distance his colleagues of the magical entertainment.

It is really very mortifying to know that even the best educated men produced by the universities here have very little knowledge of the literature produced by you and your co-workers, the Psychical Research Societies, the *Light*, &c., and are quite ignorant of the progress the science of the mysterious Borderland between the Known and the Unknown, has made during the last five-and-twenty years, under the patronage of so distinguished members as are of the S.P.R.

SOME CERTIFICATES AS TO HIS EXPLOITS.

To bring him to the light of the world, through some world-wide medium (as undoubtedly your BORDERLAND is), I suggested to him that he should get written certificates from some persons of position, before any one could hazard to write about him. Because this unbelieving world, you know, is very hard to be satisfied, even when first-hand witnesses are ready to swear.

To make the long story short, my friend the Professor did comply with my suggestion, and during the last few months he has actually gathered a book full of such certificates from persons of high standing, both European and Indians. He has kindly handed the book to me, from which I quote the following testimonies.

I do not intend to go in detail at this moment, and, therefore, only briefly mention what the Professor has already shown to so many gentlemen. His power of thought-reading is certainly wonderful. On April 7th, 1895, Mr. Jhingan gave a performance before a special meeting of the Punjab Union Club—a club, by the way, the most respectable in the Punjab, consisting of the cream of the native community and the most successful members of the bench and bar; and last, but not least, numbering among them the most sceptic and incredulous persons. This is the unanimous testimony:

He performed one remarkable piece of thought-reading by transcribing correctly certain words written on a piece of paper while he was absent from the room and held closely folded in the writer's hand. The words were written in a language with which the Pandit is not quite familiar.

(Signed) KALI PROSONO ROY, M.A., B.L.

(The richest and most successful Pleader, High Court, Calcutta and Chief Court, Punjab), *Chairman*.

N. GUPTA (Editor, *Tribune*),

JAISHI RAM, B.A., (Pleader, Chief Court, Punjab), *Hon. Secretaries*.

Lahore, April 8th 1895.

Mr. Hari Kishan Kaul, M.A., and the first native Junior Secretary to the Financial Commissioner, Punjab, writes:—

His most wonderful feat was that of re-writing the sentences written in all sorts of languages without seeing or touching the original paper. I wrote something in an alphabet of my own making which could not have been known to any one in the world except myself and some members of my family, and yet he reproduced it with as much ease and accuracy as one would copy a passage in his mother language. He displayed this power in various forms. Its application to card tricks made them simply inexplicable.

(Dated, Simla, the 29th September, 1895.)

Mr. Chandar Bhan, M.A., Professor of Mathematics, Oriental College, Lahore, writes on date 1st October 1895:—

His most wonderful performance was that of thought-reading in any language of the world. I wrote some Mathematical

formula, quite unknown to him, in his absence, and he reproduced them on another paper so easily as if he was familiar with them like a student using them every day.

S. S. Thorburn, Esq., C.S., Commissioner of Rawalpindi Circle, writes:—

After seeing the Pandit's thought-reading at a friend's house he came to mine and I have twice subjected his powers to the severest tests I could apply. All I can say is that it is, as far as I could judge, a real power and incomprehensible. There could be no explanation of the performance other than that he really read the thought on which the mind of his subject—even though a sceptic—was concentrated.

HIS OTHER WONDERS.

Mr. W. K. Chand, B.A., Principal, Christian Mission High School, Multan, writes on date 9th August, 1895, about his performance at the Mission School, Multan, on the evening of August 7th, 1895:—

His magnetising objects, card and ring tricks, were really amusing and astonishing. He produced fruits and vegetables &c., by means of enchantment. But his thought-reading in any language of the world was most wonderful of all and above all praise.

Mr. Narendra Nath, M.A., Deputy Commissioner of Montgomery, Punjab, writes, dated 2nd September, 1895:—

Pundit B. M. Jhingan, gave us a performance last night. His thought-reading and producing fruits and vegetables, &c., were specially good.

Captain F. Lyon and Captain Oliver Swanston, Aides-de-Camp to His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, India, write, dated Simla, the 21st August, 1896:—

We have had the pleasure of seeing Pundit Balmokand Jhingan, of Amritsar, do two excellent performances which he calls objects mesmerism and thought-reading. In the former he caused a ring which I had to apparently pass into a brinjal, and in the latter he read a book which was in front of him with his eyes blind-folded. Both his performances were very well done and different from anything usually seen in that line. He also made a hole in his tongue with a pen knife and passed a handkerchief through it.

III.—MORE ABOUT MR. JACOB.

A CHALLENGE TO THE S.P.R.

Among the many forms of psychical phenomena which have exercised the attention of the modern inquirer, none has been more successful in eluding discovery and defying explanation than that branch which goes by the name of "Indian Magic." The devout believer will still talk to us of "invisible influences," the scientific student will damp our enthusiasm with "Collective Hallucination" and "Hypnotic Suggestion," and even the ordinary observer, unprejudiced by either faith or theory, has no better solution to offer, as the result of careful and critical observation, than the "prepared tricks" of the conjurer or the ever-ready "accomplice" in the audience. The growing mango, the showers of blossoms, the entranced fakir, and the suspended rope are still mysteries to us, and, in spite of ridicule and common sense, we come back to the verdict of Browning, in his poem on "Natural Magic":—

"Impossible! only — *I saw it.*"

The subject, it may be remembered, was handled some time since in BORDERLAND, and as one result of the interest then aroused, we are glad to welcome, through the courtesy of a valued correspondent, some further details of these phenomena, gathered from an eye-witness and performer, and also to hold out to those really interested in the question, the possibility of more minute investigation and observation of the facts as they appear than has as yet been within the range of the English inquirer.

A well-known member of the S.P.R.—whose name has been much before us of late in connection with the Burton case—has kindly sent us the following extracts from the letters of a highly distinguished officer in India, whose interest in the question is as keen as his powers of discrimination and careful observation are undoubted. We cannot but hope that some result will follow from the impetus which his communications will be sure to give to the matter.

MR. JACOB'S EXPLANATIONS.

The first extract refers to the account given by the "magician" himself—who is well known to Englishmen in India, and whom we will call "J."—of certain phenomena which had been reported by some too credulous observer, anxious to see the "most marvellous" side of the question, and, therefore, not to be depended upon as a witness.

As to the budding and blossoming of the dry stick—a feat once performed by Aaron—"J." says he did *not* take a stick from a guest, but took a prepared stick, and that I—or any one—could do the "trick" on being shown how. With reference to the piercing of the body by a sword, he says the correspondent omitted to mention the preparatory process, which consisted of pinching the flesh until the blood was driven away, when the only further precautions to be taken are to avoid vital places and to take care that air does not enter the wound, and that it is a quite common performance on the part of certain natives.

When he came to the walking on water, he took an entirely different tone, and said, "Ah, I cannot do that now." He said the pond was not in his own garden but in a place about seven miles away, which I have seen, and that the water was then about eighteen inches deep—it is now dry. He further said, "I did not walk on the water, though I appeared to; but I was supported in the air by 'my friend,' who was invisible to the others." He then proceeded to tell me that his "friend" was a gentleman who died one hundred and fifty years ago, and who had been kind enough to act as his guardian through life since his introduction to him. This introduction took place shortly after joining his sect, when he was a boy, by his uncle, who at that time was over ninety years old; that some time since he had alienated his friend, and that since then he had not seen him. All this he told me as if he actually believed it.

PROJECTED LETTERS.

The next extract refers to the subject of "projected letters," of which we have heard much of late.

About a month ago, I went to see him, and asked him casually if he had seen his friend lately. He said, "Oh, yes, he was here yesterday," and, after a pause, "he is now in London." He then told me that he had come to tell him that a great friend of his, in London, was in great danger of her life, that she had been suffering from extreme poverty of blood, and that a doctor was now giving her such strong blood-making remedies, that unless the treatment was stopped at once it would overtax her heart, and she would be dead in a few days. It was then agreed between them that "J." was to have an unsigned letter printed, warning her of what was taking place and its certain results, and the "friend" was to convey it to———, where she lives. The letter had been completed, according to him, at

5 P.M. on the previous day, and placed on her dressing-table in her room on the same evening, before she went up to dress for dinner. I saw him *two days* later and asked him if he had heard any result as to his medical advice. He said, "Oh yes; the letter was delivered, the advice accepted, and her life saved."

THE SUSPENSION OF ANIMATION.

The next extract savours still more of the marvellous, though here "J." is a witness only.

He told me he had *seen* both the trances and the "rope to the sky" businesses. He said he was present at the burying and resuscitation after six months of the fakir, whose case has been described by Mr. Drummond, at that time Commissioner at Bareilly, about 1870. The man was buried, suspended in a deep grave by chains, about three feet from the bottom; over the coffin, which was screwed down in sight of many, and two or three feet above it, were placed boards, about six inches below ground level, on these was laid earth up to the level, and on this was sown corn, which sprang up and was reaped. During the interment there were always six men, two of the Commissioner's and four of the Nawab's, on guard on the spot. At the end of six months he was taken out, and revived on being rubbed and warmed. He says that he *could not* have been revived before the six months—for which the "Astor" had arranged to leave the body—had expired, and that during such a trance the blood is "condensed," which he explains by saying it has become of a yellow slimy substance which won't flow.

THE ROPE IN THE SKY.

Of the rope to the sky he said, "That is not done by the Buddhists, but by the worshippers of Vishnu in Madras. It is done by the same kind of agency, and these men are allowed to make their livelihood by exhibiting it." This sounds as though it were a common performance, which it certainly is not.

I read what you said about hypnotism, and he said, "No, there is no hypnotism; your friend is clever enough to see that many people could not be hypnotised, and answer his own question." He then said, "It is done by 'covering,' and explained what he meant by unseen agency, 'just as when I seemed to walk across the water. You could understand that an eagle might be trained to support you in the air, while you seemed to walk on water, but that would be visible. In the same way the rope is supported, and when the boy goes up he is shrouded in a mist of the same colour as the air, and so rendered invisible—that is 'covering.'"

He said he had seen it done before the Nizam in the open air, where only the Nizam was seated, but all the court around him. The rope was thrown up and remained, the end, about thirty feet up, being hidden; two boys went up and disappeared, presently their limbs were thrown down. The performers said, "Oh, we will burn these," and made a hot fire on which they threw them. A little girl, their sister, cried out, "If my brothers are burned I will perform *sutte*," and rushed into the flames; the

whole of them were consumed in a few minutes. Then one of the boys walked in from behind the crowd and asked for his brother; he called, and a voice answered from far up above, then the brother came down the rope, and both looked for their sister, who answered, and then came out from under the Nizam's chair. These are descriptions of both these manifestations, as nearly as I can give them in brief, from an eye-witness (according to his own account). He suggested that if you would leave your house for six months to go into Tibet you would see more wonderful things than these, as the Buddhists make no secrets of what they believe and do.

FROM INDIA TO LONDON IN TWO HOURS.

I mentioned the Society for Psychical Research. He said, "I could make that Society six times what it is. I could get six savants and men of honour collected here, get them to sign a paper, and have the identical paper delivered in London in two hours. But why should I do it? I don't want to be shut up in prison as an impostor or a madman, and in the present state of knowledge that is what would happen."

At a later interview "J." remarked that a letter could be sent to you in the same way; he promised to ask the "friend" (who has now fortunately relented and resumed his position) about it.

On a second interview the writer of the letters says:

I was interrupted . . . by a gentleman coming in, who said, "Why did you only tell me half the name?" It appeared that this man, an old acquaintance, had returned from home a few days before, and had asked "J.," who was to officiate as Resident at H. He said he would ask his friend, and the following day told him that a *Mr. Bull* was to do so. On the morning in question the papers announced that *Mr. Bullock* had been chosen. "J." said, "I did not know anything about it, my friend told me in Arabic a man named *Thor* was to be selected, and *thor* is the Arabic word for bull." On which he produced a dictionary and showed us the translation.

AN OFFER TO THE S.P.R.

Aprpos of the rope story he made me a fair offer. He said, "If your friend (or others) will guarantee the expenses—and they would not be great, as the men would travel as artisans, and they don't want money for themselves—I will undertake to send men to London who will do the performance and satisfy the Society for Psychical Research, or anyone they like to see it."

The offer is certainly a fair and open one, and, should it be accepted, we shall look anxiously for the results of the careful investigation the phenomena will doubtless receive, and even hope that, with such exceptional advantages for study, we may arrive at some elucidation of the hitherto sealed mysteries of the Mahatmas.

X.

XII.—THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF CRITICAL PHILOSOPHY. BY POLYPO.

IN the July number of BORDERLAND, 1896, the Editor, speaking of Bishop Butler's arguments in favour of the belief in man's immortality, remarks: "They are very lame and inconclusive compared with the direct evidence that is afforded by the phenomenon of spirit return."

I do not wish here to express an opinion as regards Bishop Butler's reasoning, but it seems to me that if the phenomenon of spirit return were the only fact that can produce conviction in our mind regarding the immortality of the soul and its existence after death, even admitting the evidence that spirits return, the vast majority of human beings would be left in a deplorable state of ignorance regarding matters that are absolutely inseparable from, and form the only solid basis of, man's moral and religious life. I, for my own part, am convinced that it ought to be, and is, possible for reason alone, and by its own normal methods, to answer definitely and satisfactorily all those questions which are so closely interwoven with our moral nature, and the affirmative reply to which alone can give us that basis which is needed to make us, however painful our present conditions may be, prefer what is good and true for all times, to what is merely expedient for the time being. I am very well aware of the fact that there exists a tendency among many of our contemporaries to place ethics on a lower level, by deducting the moral laws from experience, and by appointing as their aim "the greatest benefit for the greatest number." To those who are satisfied with this explanation and this ultimate object, I have nothing to say; but, speaking for myself and thousands of others who desire a higher warrant for ethical truth and a firmer guidance in action, I feel certain that the immortality of the soul and its future existence must be granted as a condition *sine quâ non*, if we wish a secure basis for morality. May it be permitted to me, therefore to communicate to the readers of BORDERLAND some messages regarding these problems that I have obtained from a source, the absolute reliability of which nobody can doubt, especially since the investigation of the methods and their re-employment is possible for all and each of the readers of this magazine, which gives to what I have to communicate a practical value that, I think, cannot be attributed to all communications regarding transcendental matters.

THE BASIS OF THE INQUIRY.

In all philosophical inquiries—and what deserves this name better than an inquiry into the nature of the self, the immortality of our being, the existence of a transcendental world under supreme guidance and man's duties involving his moral freedom?—the first duty is to start from a solid basis and to beware of assumptions. Now there is only one absolutely reliable basis from the standpoint of critical philosophy, namely, the directly given facts, *i.e.*, the data of consciousness. These, then, we must analyse in order to find what exists beyond doubt, and what does not exist, ere we venture into such questions as what has existed, may exist, or will exist.

For my inquiry this basis is fully sufficient, but since I address myself to others, I assume, as we all do, that there are conscious beings. Students of Borderland will no doubt grant me this privilege without parley,

though the sceptical philosopher may justly ask me to prove my assumption; yet even he will be silenced when I promise him not to use this assumption as a basis of my investigation, but, merely as an explanation why I commit my thoughts to paper. I start with the consciousness of which I am aware while writing the following pages, nor shall I call it *mine* without acknowledging that so far this can have no other value than that of a figure of speech. If there are other conscious beings subject to the same laws to which what I call my consciousness is subject, and if these written words become a part of their consciousness, I feel certain that there will occur the same effects that occurred in mine by means of the analytic-synthetic processes described. Of what I call consciousness, I am certain. *Sum. cogitans*. Its existence is an undeniable fact given directly. Let us now make a rapid survey of what it is that constitutes consciousness, and throw a superficial glance at its contents and its processes. Above all, it will serve us to become acquainted with the correct use of the various psychological terms, which is absolutely necessary in order to understand what follows.

WHAT CONSTITUTES CONSCIOUSNESS?

The most obvious and important elements of consciousness are what are called *intuitions*; and let me state at once that I employ this term strictly in the sense in which Kant used it, namely, as referring to all immediately given sensations, or sense perceptions of whatever kind they may be, and without any reference to their subjectivity, to their dimness or clearness, their vagueness or distinctness, their matter or form. Thus the pain I just felt was an intuition. It gradually becomes a clear presentation distinguishable from others, and is cognised as located in my mouth; *i.e.*, a cognition, therefore, has resulted through the process of thinking, and is also recognised by association of ideas arising in memory, as incipient tooth-ache. The object which, by looking at it at this moment I recognise as a lamp, was before that cognised as a solid object in space, but even ere this occurred it was merely an intuition, called a slight impression. My recognition of the lamp, therefore, also began with an intuition. The intuition which makes me rise and go to the door is cognised as sound, and recognised as the ringing of the door-bell. Now that I have returned to my desk, it still remains as a faint representation, a faint mental image of an impression on my auditory nerves, while there also remains in my consciousness the faint image of the letter-carrier who just left me. This is associated, it appears, with former images, recognised as those of the same person, together with sounds of his voice, with images of human beings in general, &c., &c., forming together a complete idea, a *concept*, *i.e.*, a representation formed of fragments of past intuitions, joined together and supplemented during the process of thinking. The whole seems to me a fair representation of the letter-carrier as I know him; while I am trying to ascertain, however, whether the likeness is good, there intrudes itself into my consciousness the word "man" associated with its sound and its appearance in writing and printing. Other ideas and sensations arise with it, all clustering together, depositing special

parts of their own, and, finally, producing what may be called the persuasion of knowing the meaning of the word "man." Some of the ideas, leading to this persuasion at first, consist of images of various men; visual or audible sensations of words follow, and so on in constant succession. "Man has a hand," I hear myself saying to myself, and the faint image of a hand appears. "He suffers"; at once my feeling of toothache revives; I had quite forgotten it for the moment, but its cause must have survived, for it still acts as I perceive. "Man has virtues" is another thought that occurs; I am puzzled for a moment. What does that mean? Pictures come and go of printed pages, human groups in action, scenes of battle, scenes representing kind acts, self-sacrifice, &c. Suddenly I am intuitively aware of a complex sensation; I feel that I am elated by my thoughts; it is the *emotion* recognised as moral joy. Moral! that recalls the word virtue once more. What are these ideas called Morality, Virtue? They are abstract concepts, *notions*, complexes formed by combining characteristic features of other concepts, mere empty forms that must be filled in ere they give an answer, but can be filled in, in many hundred ways, and fit equally well many groups of ideas. Concepts differ from both direct sense-perceptions (intuitions) and revived sense-perceptions (objects of memory), in so far as sense-perceptions, whether direct or revived, refer immediately (without mediation) to sensuous objects, while concepts do so merely mediately, *i.e.*, by means of characteristics that belong to various sensuous objects in common.

The concepts may be either what is called *empirical* concepts, or they may be *pure* concepts. The former are those that contain something gathered from experience; the latter are products of subsumption of "relations" under the forms and laws of thought, and in so far as they contain no sense-element, but merely thought, are called *notions*. The forms of thought, the *categories* (of quality, quantity, relation, and modality), force us to think in definite ways; the laws of thought, such as the laws of analysis and synthesis, determine the process of thinking. They are not products of thought, like concepts, nor matters of thought, such as the objects of the intuitions, although they may be discovered while thinking, and symbolically represented by concepts such as synthesis, analysis, conceivableness, contradiction, &c. These forms and laws did not originate while thinking, for they underlie all thought processes. Consequently they do not arise in time, but are beyond all limits of time, and just like the forms of intuition *i.e.*, space, and time, of which more will be said later, they are *necessary conditions* of consciousness, but not contents thereof.

The result of thinking (in the logical sense) is called knowledge, or cognition of truth. "The truth of what?" it may be asked. Above all, the truth of the objective reality of all the objects given by intuitions in experience, and also of their relations—the truth, therefore, of phenomenal objects given in space, *e.g.*, colours, shapes, &c., or of sensations given in time, *e.g.*, sensations of chilliness, heat, effort, &c., and all their characteristics and inter-relations, but also the truth of purely ideal, *i.e.*, imaginary objects; thus, for instance, the agreement of some pure concepts with other pure concepts, and the distinction between what is inconceivable and what is not. Thus, for instance, if we know that with regard to something only two possibilities exist, and find that one is the direct contradiction of the other, we can make the apodictic statement

that, provided the one is not true, the other must be true, quite regardless whether we speak of anything given in experience or not. Thinking, therefore, though it starts with intuitions, has its own laws and its own functions independently of intuitions. Without sensibility we would have no objects, and without reason we would not think these objects. Therefore, as Kant says, thought without intuitions is empty (*i.e.*, mere words), while intuitions without thought are blind (not understood).

Thus far this constitutes consciousness. The above is not a complete list of the contents and forms of consciousness, but contains all that we need at present. What is lacking I shall supplement whenever it will be required.

CLASSIFICATION OF CONTENTS.

We will now proceed to classify the contents more carefully, and separate all there is in their immediate appearance from what is added to them during the process of thinking, and also from what is mere form. In doing this we find that, first, all the contents, without exception are continually shifting and changing, while what remains fixed is merely consciousness itself as such. Let us not jump to the conclusion that this consciousness is really uninterrupted, nor let any one affirm the opposite, namely, that there exist interruptions of consciousness, as, for instance, in sleep, trance, &c. Whether or not consciousness is absolutely permanent and continuous can never be ascertained by us, as our only means of knowing is consciousness itself; and, naturally, we cannot be conscious of unconsciousness, even if it should exist.

Consciousness, as we know it, is stable, notwithstanding the continual change of what constitutes its contents. But, first of all, what is it that entitles us to speak of its "contents," and to treat consciousness as a whole containing the manifold? The reply is that we are here face to face with one of those laws of thinking of which I have spoken already, and which we must obey, whether we will or no. Although consciousness is given to us as absolutely undefined, *i.e.*, not enclosed within any definite limits, but having only vague and ever-shifting boundaries, we cannot but treat all that constitutes it as belonging together, and its manifold as a total. This law that compels us, in all our processes of thinking, to a more and more complete reintegration and unification of separate elements by a more and more definite synthesis, leading ultimately to the unity of all that is, is a law given to us, and not made by us. It must be taken, therefore, to contain a revelation of the highest truth.

One, then, of the immediately given facts of consciousness regarding itself, is its tendency towards synthesis; the other fact is the continual change of all its data, or given contents, and may be expressed as follows: "All intuitions are given in Time." This brings us to the consideration of the two vital questions, the comprehension of which is the *sine qua non* for the understanding of all that follows: namely, the questions, What are Time and Space? Those who are not trained in philosophical thinking and who are unaccustomed to a clear analysis of thoughts and ideas, may, at first, find it difficult to grasp the fact that both Time and Space are merely forms of our sensibility, and I must refer them for further explanations to Kant's "Transcendental Aesthetics," which form the first part of his famous "Critique of Pure Reason," for I am convinced that nobody who has read this portion of that master



Immanuel Kant

work with care, can ever, for a moment even, fall into the delusion that Space and Time really exist outside of us, or have a reality transcending sense-perception. To reproduce, however, Kant's arguments in detail is absolutely impossible within the limited compass of this essay. I shall, therefore, have to confine myself to a very summary explanation. Nevertheless, everybody whose intellect is sound and who earnestly endeavours to be guided by facts alone, and not by assumptions, in his self-analysis will discover for himself, that Space and Time are merely forms of sense-perception. I repeat, however, that it is absolutely necessary before proceeding further, to "lay" these "ghosts" of external Space and Time, for, just as impossible as it is to learn to read before knowing the meaning of the letters, so impossible it is to become acquainted with the truths of existence ere we acquire a definite knowledge of the meaning of the words Space and Time, which are so lightly used and so little understood.

THE FORMS OF INTUITION.

Space and Time are, as Kant calls them, *pure forms of intuition*, and "pure" is the term used to indicate concepts in which there is nothing found that belongs to sensation. "In all sensations we must distinguish between what belongs to the sensation-itself, i.e., the matter of the sensation, and that which causes the manifold of consciousness to be sensuously perceived under definite relations and arrangements, which is the form of the sensation." Our receptivity, or as it is more usually called "sensitivity," comprises a sense of *externality* and of *internality*. (I use these terms in preference to the terms "inner" and "outer" senses, which latter are misleading, since these words might give the impression of localisation, while, of course, the senses here spoken of are merely "characteristics of our mind" as Kant calls them, and the names given to them indicate in what manner they present to us their objects.) By the sense of externality things appear to us as existing in Space outside of us. By the sense of internality, on the other hand, though we cannot contemplate our real self as an object, we, at all events, receive all those sensations that are called changes of our inner condition; and, since all these are given in Time, it is through the inner sense that we perceive occurrences as happening in Time. But what then are Space and Time? Let us begin with the former.

WHAT IS SPACE?

Space is not a thing, an entity, nor is it a relation between objects, that is, inherent in the objects themselves, nor is it a subjective "quality" of the mind, which is afterwards attributed to objects. It is a *pure form of intuition* or sense-perception, i.e., that form by which we perceive what is "given" in experience to the sense of externality as external.

Experiences cannot be external to us, unless the possibility of perceiving in Space is already given to us; otherwise we could not perceive anything in or project anything into Space.

Space, therefore, is not a borrowed, i.e., an abstract idea, deducted from perceiving space-relations, for such relations presuppose the conception of Space as a total.

Space is a *necessary form of perception which underlies all that is perceived as external*. It is quite impossible to present objects or shapes as existing at all, if not in Space, and equally impossible it is to think of Space as non-existent as long as there are

objects. On the other hand, we can conceive the absence of definite objects in Space, or treat it as a blank in which there are no shapes as yet. Space, therefore, is a necessary condition of and not merely the relation between objects in so far as they present themselves as external. It is that pure form of externality to which the sensation of externality itself is due. To speak of Space as infinite is a lax way of speaking; for to speak of limit at all regarding Space means treating Space as an entity, a thing, while it is not a thing, nothing that can be represented objectively in itself. Whenever we attempt doing so visually, the result proves to be a vaguely coloured homogeneous surface which is not Space, but is existing in Space. We cannot speak of limits of Space because it is itself a form of limitation. It limits our form of sensibility, so that what we perceive must be perceived in such and such a manner and not otherwise. Therefore, instead of speaking of infinite Space, we should say that though Space limits our external sense to definite directions, it yet permits it to go on in these directions indefinitely, adding expanse to expanse without finding a boundary. In other words, progress in Space in various directions meets no check, and this leads us to attribute the characteristic of the infinity of our sensation to a fictitious entity.

WHAT IS TIME?

Time is *sense of internality*. Through our sense of internality we perceive phenomena as occurring (happening) under the form of Time, and since all that happens or occurs is only perceived as having happened or occurred when it appears in consciousness, and since we claim the only consciousness of which we know directly as *our* consciousness, we speak of phenomena happening in time as internal phenomena in comparison with objects given in space.

Exactly as in the case of Space, time is not an empirical concept, not an idea derived from relations events occurring successively or simultaneously, for succession and simultaneousness could not be perceived, unless the possibility of perception under the form of Time existed already.

Time, therefore, is a *necessary form of perception which underlies all that is perceived as internal*. It is totally impossible to conceive any changes except as occurring in Time. Nor can we consider Time as non-existent as long as there is change or definite alterations in consciousness, and treat Time as a blank in which nothing is occurring. Time, therefore, is the necessary condition, and not merely a relation between phenomena in so far as we represent them to ourselves as happening in our consciousness. Time is that pure form of sensibility to which the sensation of internality, "inner change," is due. To speak of Time as being infinite is just as inaccurate as it is to speak of space as infinite. Time is not a thing, not an entity that can be presented objectively itself. (When we attempt doing so we represent it as a straight line; but this is not Time.) One cannot speak of limits of Time, because Time itself is a form of intuition. It limits our sensibility, so that what we perceive as happening can be perceived as happening in such and such a manner, and not otherwise. Therefore, instead of speaking of infinite Time we should say that Time limits our internal sense to perceive that all that occurs does so in one direction, merely. Time permits us to go on in that direction forward and backward indefinitely, from whatever given occurrence we may start, and to add occurrence after occurrence

without finding a boundary. In other words, our progress in Time either forward or backward from the given datum meets with no check, and this leads us to attribute the characteristic of the infinity of our sensations to a fictitious entity.

That Space is not a reality existing outside of us is usually grasped more easily, even by the untrained mind, than that Time exists merely in us as a form of regulating or limiting our sense-perception. The cause of this may be the fact that there is no difficulty whatever in demonstrating that all that we actually perceive—i.e., all that constitutes the phenomenal, such as colours, shapes, sounds, hardness, softness, &c., which at first are believed to be inherent in the objects, cannot be so for purely physiological reasons. Thus, for example, all that is called sight-perception, even if we speak in the language of scientific materialism, is a process taking place inside of the body and not outside of it, and the colours are subjective interpretations of changes occurring on the retina of the eye, that are transferred by the optical nerves to the brain; so whatever there may exist outside of us, what we see or perceive through any of our senses is not what is outside, even if we grant a real "outside" existence, and can in the best case be said to be the result of something that acts from the outside. It may be just as well to remind the reader here that, so far, nothing has been said by me either affirming or denying the possible existence of anything underlying or causing phenomena; though this very important question will be dealt with presently. For the moment it will suffice to bear in mind that the externality of phenomena given in space is admitted even by materialistic thinkers to be an assumption merely, and not a reality that can be proved. All outside-existence has been treated as an absolute delusion by Berkeley and his disciples, as well as by many other philosophers of the past and present; who unfortunately, in swimming against the current of materialistic dogmatism, have gone beyond the boundaries of discretion, since they themselves have made "dogmatic" statements about something that they cannot know from experience.

As regards the unreality of Time, however, unreality in so far only as we think of Time as something independent of human consciousness, it is more difficult for most of us to recognise our delusion than in the case of Space. "Even if outside Space is not needed," most people will say, "to explain our sensations of externality, we cannot possibly get rid of Time. The changes of our inner self are real and directly given; therefore, Time must be real."

Now all this is perfectly true. Change, and therefore Time, is certainly real as far as our present existence and our sensuous experience are concerned. Time, therefore, is *empirically* real as a form of intuition. It has no meaning, however, when we speak of what exists outside of the limits of sense-perception. Therefore, Time is transcendently *ideal* in so far as the term cannot be applied to things or conditions transcending the world of sense.

If sense perception were all there is, or even only all there is regarding our present consciousness, a distinction between Empirical and Transcendental Idealism would be meaningless. On analyzing our consciousness, however, we discover, as already indicated in our hasty summary, that there are not merely the data of intuition—i.e., the phenomenal objects of our senses of internality and externality, but also the products of thinking, the concepts; and since these are the products of actually given psychical activity, regulated by definite

and unalterable laws, and possible only under definite and permanent forms, they have an importance at least equal, and in many ways superior, to all that refers exclusively to the senses. Assuming sensuousness to be absent in our nature, Time, as well as Space, being its forms merely, lapse into nothingness, for in the realm of pure thought they have no meaning. At a first glance this last sentence may appear to be a mere figure of speech, but we will see forthwith that this is not the case, and that it has a meaning of great import.

So far, then, we have found in our more systematic analysis the following:—Consciousness appears to us as a manifold, the contents of which are continually changing. What is immediately given amongst these contents is the *data*, which are not products of thinking, but enter consciousness we know not whence. They have that in common, as we have seen, that all of them are given under the forms of Time—i.e., they are not, but they *happen* (or *occur*, some of them simultaneously, others successively. (It has not been explained, so far, how it is that some of these *data* after disappearing reappear, some apparently unaltered, others apparently modified, and that under some aspects their disappearance or reappearance seems to be controllable by what is called subjective activity. To this reference will be made later, but it may be pointed out that even this takes place under the form of Time). We have also found that a very large group of *data* appears under the form of Space in consciousness, and these are the *data* which are usually called "objects" in the narrower sense of the word; in reality all that is *given*, be it a so-called inner sensation or something that appears in Space, is an "object," for the very fact that it is cognised as "given" and not produced or created shows that we do not attribute its existence to what is called "subjective" activity. The fact that all *data* of consciousness are given under a definite relation or form implies that they have only a "relative" existence—i.e., they are *phenomena*, appearances under such or such a form; but now the legitimate question arises: Is this apparent character their only and necessary character, and all that there is to them, or is it merely a special aspect of them? This is a question that can only be answered by thinking, and we must, therefore, now investigate what is meant by thinking, and what relative value have its products as compared with direct sense-perceptions or intuitions.

WHAT IS THINKING?

Thinking, in the widest sense, comprises all those conscious processes through which, from the *data* of consciousness, percepts or ideas, and concepts are produced. This would include, therefore, also passive imagination, such as real dreaming, day-dreaming, &c. In its *logical* sense, however, thinking comprises only those processes that aim at cognition i.e., *knowledge*. All thinking starts from, or has its basis in, intuitions (sense-perception), which form the material of thinking, from which our whole thought-world is constructed, under the action of unalterable laws, and confined under definite forms of analysis and synthesis. All that is presupposed in thinking is that there should be *data* of consciousness, no matter whence they come or what they be. Their being there occurs, as we have seen, in experience, and they arrange themselves in various relations and combinations in consequence of a necessity inherent in themselves, as we must say, since certain of these relations, as we will find, cannot be altered by any effort on our own part. On the other hand, to some extent at

least, the relations between *data* or groups of *data* appear, for instance in what we call active imagination or thought-activity, to be alterable or subject to changes consequent upon what are called "*volitions*." Now, that which characterises cognition or knowledge, as distinguished from fancy, is awareness of those relations that are *unalterable* and *strictly necessary*, and which are this in consequence of a necessity beyond subjective control, and inherent therefore in the objects themselves. Knowledge is the result of what is called "logical" thinking or, as the philosophical expression is, *objectively necessitated presentation*. All logical or objectively necessitated thinking aims at an arrangement of all that is given in experience into a complete and harmonious connection of which we are convinced that it is *true*, or objectively real. If the *data* of consciousness could be arranged in such a connection without any supplementing of what is given in experience by the addition elements that are not given, the process of thinking would be nothing but the arrangement of the *data* of sense in this manner. It is found, however, that the complex of what comprises the so-called "true universe" contains elements that were "not given" but supplemented during the process of thinking, in consequence of a necessity over which we have just as little control as over the necessity of sense-perception under the forms of Time and Space. This "logical" necessity therefore, in the same degree as the empirical necessity of limited sensibility, must be accepted as a condition of our present existence, within which alone we must seek our way upwards.

THE PROGRESS FROM SENSATION TO COGNITION.

Although consciousness, as we have seen, appears to us as uninterrupted, it does not appear as always of the same degree. Sometimes it is fainter and sometimes clearer, varying from great vividness almost to the point of "unconsciousness" regarding some or all of its objects. I intentionally avoid the vague term "sub-consciousness," to which I decidedly object, as misleading, for, if sub-consciousness is anything at all it is faint consciousness and therefore the term, being a special name for something that has no special distinction, is objectionable under the *lex parsimoniae*.

Clearness is a term very often illegitimately restricted to clearness of a presentation, but this, as Kant correctly points out, is inadmissible, since a certain degree of clearness must be granted as existing with regard to everything that can be said to appear in consciousness, even though this degree may not suffice for later remembrance. Were this not the case we could never, as we actually do, make a selection of faint or, as they are often called, "dark" presentations in order to combine them. Thus, taking concepts for instance, we may select amongst faint characteristics in order to distinguish between what is *equitable* merely and what is *just*. Or, taking sound presentations for an example, a musical virtuoso in improvising grasps whole groups of keys on the piano simultaneously, which shows that the sounds must at least be faintly cognised even ere they appear clearly on being reproduced on the instrument. Clearness of consciousness therefore is not identical with clearness of a presentation; the latter is clear when consciousness suffices for the consciousness of the *difference* between a presentation and others; if consciousness merely suffices to distinguish its presence, but not to distinguish its difference from other presentations, the presentation is not yet clear, but faint or "dark,"

though a certain degree of clearness of consciousness is even then present.*

THE BEGINNING OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

After the *data* of consciousness have received a definite degree of clearness their similarities and differences are perceived, and they become percepts or clear presentations that can be arranged or grouped and definitely related to each other into synthetical complexes. Thus two great separate parts develop, the one called the *world of objects*, in the narrow sense, and the other called the *Self*. This separation is the basis of all *self-consciousness*, as distinguished from what now begins to appear as consciousness of a not-Self.

The world of objects, in the narrower sense, the so-called external world, is a manifold containing all the *data* received by our sense of externality—*i.e.*, the objects given in Space, while what is called the Self presents itself as a unit, notwithstanding its inner changes, and exists neither in Space nor Time. The sense-impressions, in the narrower sense (those of touch, sight, sound, etc., for example) and all that they contain form the material of the former, while the sensations of pain and pleasure, the desires, the emotions, volitions, etc. form the material of the latter. So far we have not yet a world of sense as contrasted with a world of thought (with this distinction we will become acquainted forthwith), but merely a separation of the immediately given world, and the Self here spoken of is neither the so-called transcendental Ego nor the corporeal personality, the body-self. The Self in this preliminary stage is the Self of which we are immediately aware in our joys, our sorrows, our volitions, etc.—*i.e.*, the Self of all our so-called inner experiences.

This Self throughout consciousness forms the centre to which all other immediately given objects of consciousness appear to refer in a twofold manner. Sometimes their appearance, disappearance, reappearance, connection, their inter-relation or separation, their remaining unaltered or their modification, present themselves as being a realisation, so to say, of my volitions, and the feeling of activity and freedom accompanies these processes. This constitutes what is called the immediate *Consciousness of Subjectivity*. Sometimes the objects seem to force themselves into our conscious life, they appear to impede free ideation, they necessitate its progress in forcing it into special channels, etc., and the feeling of being acted upon, of being unfree, passive, arises. This constitutes the immediate *Consciousness of Objectivity*. Though different names are given here to these two forms of consciousness, the reader will easily recognise that they are merely two aspects of one and the same consciousness, and that the elements of the one are those of the other.

THE BEGINNING OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE NOT-SELF.

Up to the present we have confined ourselves to classification of sense-perceptions, we now come to thought-activity which transforms what the senses perceive into what is called cognition or knowledge, which (latter) distinguishes, as has been said already, between what is necessary, *i.e.*, objectively real, and what is merely imaginary or subjectively real.

Thinking that leads to knowledge, though it presupposes preliminary distinction between the consciousness of subjectivity and objectivity, has for its solid

* The above examples are given in Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*.

foundation the latter only. Both forms of consciousness can either refer to the objects themselves, or to their inter-relation, and these objects or their inter-relation may appear as products of my active ideation and dependent thereon, or they and their inter-relation may appear as forced upon me, such as they are, and unalterable through subjective activity. In both cases, of course, these objects and relations, since they are there at all, have *subjective reality*; but they have *objective reality* only in so far as they appear independent of subjective activity, and are what they are through a necessity inherent in themselves.

Both subjective and objective reality, however, may exist in our consciousness without being *known* as such. To know them implies "being aware" of what is necessary in them. Knowledge, moreover, is of a two-fold kind in so far as it may be *formal knowledge*, or *material knowledge*.

Formal knowledge decides between what is conceivable or inconceivable, regardless whether its objects are given by intuition or represented as mental images merely, as, for instance, in imagination or memory.

Material knowledge decides what is conceivable or not conceivable *in order to produce the judgment of the objective reality* of that of which we are conscious.

Thus, for instance, when I am conscious that two sides of any and every triangle are always greater than the third, I have arrived at formal knowledge, teaching me that the absence of this relation between the sides of triangles is inconceivable, regardless as to whether these triangles are actually seen or merely imagined. On the other hand, if I am forced to conceive that all real men are mortal, this is due to material knowledge; for it is not inconceivable that men might be immortal. In imagination I can very well represent to myself men as immortal, but I cannot do so without being convinced of their *unreality*.

Thus we have seen that both formal and material knowledge, *i.e.*, all knowledge, teaches us what is necessary, *i.e.*, what we must admit as *true*, whether we will or no; just as we must *perceive* the sensuous (phenomenal) world in the way in which it presents itself under the forms of intuition whether we will or no. But while the latter confines us to what is immediately given, thinking, though it also is strictly regulated by laws, permits us to transcend the immediately given, and to distinguish between what may be merely, and what necessarily is, for us, not only in the sensuous, but also in the non-sensuous world.

The process of thinking consists in developing step by step, at first a more and more complete separation of Self and not-Self, and afterwards in producing a more and more complete synthesis of all that belongs to either, finally leading, as the reader will see, to a complete synthesis of all that *is in reality*.

SECOND DEGREE OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

Proceeding further in the analysis of consciousness after having so far analysed its contents, let us now watch the genesis of the products of thought activity, which begins with what we term "trying to recollect." As we all know, meditation is aided by excluding for the time being (if necessary by closing our eyes), as best we can, the so-called outside world. After having sat for some time, letting our thoughts wander aimlessly, some unknown object intrudes itself upon our consciousness, and we are aware of its objective reality. So far we simply know that it *is*, but not what it is; but gradually it enters more and more into the focus of

consciousness, and we clearly distinguish between it and other objects. By its characteristics we perhaps recognise it now as a remembered element of our inner life, a former joy, pain or desire, or as a former subjective sensation. In this case we have no longer merely an "immediately given" Self, but a Self enlarged by "thought activity," and thus new elements that at first appear, as do the intuitions, on entering my consciousness, as independent of the Self and merely possessing objective reality, now appear in my memory as connected with a past part of my Self. This is the *second degree* of self-consciousness, which increases steadily, element after element being added by selecting from whatever appears as objectively real and is remembered as once having been an element of my so-called inner life, while what cannot be so classified is added to the external complex as a former element of my non-Self, which complex also enlarges by consciousness of the second degree. The second degree of self-consciousness therefore requires thought activity, while for the first sensibility sufficed.

THE TRANSCENDENTAL SELF.

The thought-activity above described is, as the reader will recognise, a process of analysis and synthesis, and what is called completed knowledge is the completed synthesis of all that is *objectively real*. As has been said already, however, we find that this completed synthesis is not possible without supplementing by thought-products the manifold of the immediately given, and we are now face to face with this necessity, which being forced upon us by the supreme laws of thought, commands our respect as imperiously as what is forced upon us by the laws of sensibility. In order that the elements of a past Self may become a complete unity together with the immediately given, a copula, a missing link, is needed, *i.e.*, a relation between the present Self and the past Self must be established. The only way in which it is possible to do this is by conceiving both elements as appertaining to something that is neither directly given now, nor was ever thus given before. This something is the famous *transcendental Ego*, the "logical" Self which figures as the "subject" in all thoughts concerning so-called self-activity or self-passivity; and is known under the name of "I," the grammatical subject in our language whenever the Self is spoken of as active or passive. This transcendental Self is a *noumenon* (from Gr. *νόησις*, *i.e.*, the thinking mind), or thought-product, and though we know nothing *about* it, *i.e.*, though we cannot speak of the characteristics, qualities, functions, etc., of this Self, it is not a product of fancy, or of metaphysical speculation, as some seem to think, but an absolutely "necessary" element of reason, without which our thinking would lead to contradictions that *must* be removed ere the mind can find rest. It is, therefore, though not given as a sense-object, nevertheless forced upon us as a necessary thought-datum, and has a dignity not only equal to the data of intuition but superior to the latter, for this transcendental Self is recognised as *real* and is *the only real* in our Self, while all else that we call Self consists merely of its *phenomenal* contents, *i.e.*, of appearances existing only in consequence of and *for* our sensibility.

THE FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF THE NON-SELF.

The preliminary stage of our consciousness of the non-Self consists also like in the case of the Self, merely of a

grouping of intuitions or sense-objects; but here also we reach a *second degree*, by the addition of "remembered" sense-objects within the complex of the immediately given objects, and thus the non-Self becomes enlarged by combining a past non-Self with a present non-Self. Again, however, that complete synthesis which is necessitated by the action of the laws of thought cannot be obtained, and the conditions that prevent mental rest cannot be obtained, without ultimately supplementing the data of sensuous experience by adding something that is not given amongst them. We need a connection between the past non-Self and the present non-Self to produce the conviction of reality.

THE TRANSCENDENTAL NON-SELF.

The connection between the various elements that constitute the world of objects given to the sense of externality, does not exist at first in any other way except in so far as their first appearance in consciousness as "given," i.e., as not dependent upon volition, marks them out as something to be classified in a separate group. Afterwards, when we become conscious by remembrance of a past non-Self in which elements that had faded away after their first appearance reappear, and still more when we find that intuitions are repeated, not only in memory but in immediately given sensation in a manner identical with their first appearance, the consciousness of their persistence forces itself upon us, and we need something to join the past with the present. In attempting to find this, we discover that again a complete synthesis is only possible by conceiving both elements as appertaining to something that is neither directly given now, nor was ever thus given before. This something is the famous *transcendental object*, the "thing in itself" or the "logical object" as distinguished from the "logical" subject in all thoughts in which we speak of Self and non-Self together. These transcendental objects are also *noumena*, i.e., thought-products, and though we know nothing about them, and cannot speak of their characteristics, qualities, etc., they are not products of our fancy, but absolutely "necessary" elements of reason without which thinking would lead to contradictions. Their conception, exactly as that of the transcendental Self is forced upon us, and has exactly the same validity as what is given to sense-perception. Moreover, it possesses even greater importance than the latter because the transcendental objects are *real*, and constitute in fact the *only real external world*, because all its other elements are purely *phenomenal* and have existence only in consequence of and for our sensibility, but in themselves are nothing.

THE BODY.

We come now, however, to a very important step in our analysis of consciousness, which shows us that our synthesis must proceed further yet ere reason is satisfied that it has attained truth.

On attempting to separate completely Self and not-Self we suddenly discover that there is one point at which this separation has to stop; namely, the point at which we have to classify what is called "our body."

From one point of view we find that our body certainly belongs to the so-called external world, for its physical elements are, beyond doubt, data of intuition or sense-perception, they are objective phenomena, like all other material objects perceived as existing in Space. Therefore from this point of view, if I speak of my body as my body, I can do so only in so far as I may speak of all

objects existing in my consciousness as my intuitions or my objective universe. From another point of view, however, the very same body, not only as regards its manner of appearance in consciousness or as an object of my senses, but also as regards its objectively real functions, appears to be directly dependent upon my Self and controlled by my volitions.

From this point of view the word *my* has a very different meaning, for in this case the judgment that this body is my own body is due to the perception that all that I call "subjectively real," i.e., all that constitutes the phenomenal elements of my Self, including the very existence of their subjective phenomena, as well as their character, are linked to this body. Consequently, in so far as, and whatever of, this body or its parts is directly related to my subjective reality, it does not belong to the so-called external world, but to the real Self, or, as it is often called, the spiritual Self, since the transcendental or *real* Self is exactly that to which we are forced to refer all that is subjectively real in our thoughts. This *real* Self is not distinguished from the external world by its character or nature, for of those we know nothing, exactly as we know nothing of the character or nature of the real non-Self, but it is distinguished in so far as it is a necessary thought-product for the complete synthesis of all that is subjectively real, while the *real* non-Self is a necessary thought-product to complete the synthesis of what is objectively real.

THE COMPLETED SYNTHESIS.

We now come to the point which necessitates the complete synthesis of the real universe and the junction between the real Self and the real non-Self. The very fact of the dependence of the subjectively real upon any element of the objectively real external world (as we find to be the case in regard to the body), forces us to the conviction that in reality the real that underlies the Self and the real that underlies the non-Self are *one*, notwithstanding their complete separation in sensuous experience.

To the same result also a different mental process leads us, namely, the following:—

We always act, whenever we do act, on the assumption that there are other conscious beings exactly like ourselves in what we call the external world. This is not an immediately given fact, but an assumption pure and simple, yet one which is necessary to our thinking. Its correctness, moreover, is constantly proved by the verification of anticipated occurrences in the phenomenal world. In other words, when treating living bodies resembling ours, as if they were as capable of acting as ours, and when assuming that their reaction upon sense-impressions will be the same as in the case of our body, the results verify this assumption. When, therefore, we recognise our bodily actions as linked to our conscious Self, we attribute similar changes in similar bodies to be dependent upon volitions like our own occurring in other conscious Selves. Let us remember now that what we call "transcendental objects" is the name for the real entities underlying material objects in general. This being the case, those transcendental realities that underlie the material objects that are called human bodies, i.e., bodies like our own, logically must, though we do not know anything about the qualities or characteristics of either, be like our own *real* Self. But even the realities underlying animal bodies cannot but be of the same nature and there is finally no reason whatever to think that what underlies inanimated nature should be different. Differences can only be spoken of when

we speak of the phenomenal, the real cannot be assumed as qualitatively divided. All that is qualitative in our own Self belongs, as we have seen, to the phenomenal; and we have no right to transfer these characteristics to what is not phenomenon.

Summing up the above we obtain the following necessary result of thinking. My own real Self in our present existence is perceived by others, not directly but *mediately, i.e.*, by the mediation of what is called my body, and is for them one of the transcendental "objects" of their external world, while in the same way their real Self is transcendental "objects" of my external world.

It must be borne, in mind, however, that not all the changes produced in or by my body are interpreted by others as dependent upon my *true* Self. Only those are thus interpreted that are results of what is called my voluntary activity, and a certain allowance is made by all of us as regards each other's actions by assuming that even our body is to some extent not under our control, because other realities underlie its constituting elements which act in a manner interfering with the intentions of the human Self. The latter therefore is held responsible only where the whole bodily complex seems to indicate a complete control by the human Self. There are many important deductions to be derived from this with which I cannot deal in the present article, but I thought it necessary to mention these circumstances in order to prevent the reader from hasty and erroneous conclusions regarding the relations between our body and the real Self. It was for this reason also that in speaking of the section dealing with the "body," I expressly stated that only "*in so far as and whatever of this body and its parts is directly related to my subjective reality . . . it belongs to the real Self, but not otherwise.*"

Not only, however, are our real Selves mutually objects of each other's external worlds, but our external worlds overlap, so to say, and are in reality—or might be at least provided our areas of the sense-world were co-extensive—identical, except as regards the momentary point of view, so that in this case what we call individual differences would be merely differences of the special point of view. As far as the character of sense experience is concerned there exists to all appearance strict similarity between all whose organisms are similar as in the case, for instance, of all human beings. And, taking man as a starting point, we can conceive a progress upward and downward in the scale of organisms implying the existence of conscious beings, amongst whom some may have much less complicated forms of consciousness than ours, while perhaps in other regions of the universe or under other phenomenal conditions even in our own area of the universe, beings may be imagined to exist whose senses have far greater liberties than ours, and whose aspect of and interference in the phenomenal world is gigantic as compared with ours. Be that, however, as it may, even these beings are outside of us only in so far as phenomenally perceived they must appear under the form of externality, while as real beings their separation in space has no meaning. Also as regards their difference of individuality, or as regards our conceiving them at all as separate existences, this merely refers to our interpretation of their existence by the medium of sense-experience and to nothing else. It must be also pointed out, however, that as regards present human existence separate existence in itself is not what truly distinguishes one from another. Our real separation is due to the thought-

world, constructed by each of us on the basis of his or her intuitions, with more or less regard to what we necessarily *must* think as compared to what we merely *may* think.

As it is, our thought world, far more than our world of sense, guides us in our voluntarily acts, which ought to be guided only by what is necessarily true in an ethical sense. This may be assumed to be the cause of the various conditions under which each of us enters human life, and which impede in different degrees the clear aspect of the *true* universe, and also of the eventual modifications of our conditions after death for better or worse, as necessary consequences of our voluntary activity in adding or removing during our present life impediments that now bar our way towards a higher form of consciousness.

This brings me to the subject in the interest of which this whole inquiry was undertaken, namely: what bearing have the results, which we have been obtained by strictly logical thinking on the basis of the immediately given in consciousness and without any assumptions whatever, upon the Immortality of the Soul and our Existence after Death.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

In the beginning of this essay I said that I should try to demonstrate that our reason suffices to prove that our Self cannot be effected by the disintegration of the body, and that a life beyond this life is granted to it. A few moments more of the reader's attention will, I think, convince him that I have kept my promise.

After the necessary conclusions to which our analysis of consciousness has led us, it seems to me it must be apparent to everybody that there can remain no fear whatever that after the matter of our body is disintegrated our Self should cease to exist, or that our present existence is the only one. This fear turns out to be, as Kant has pointed out so clearly, a fear of our own making, and I think I can not do better than conclude my essay by giving a translation of a very remarkable passage of the "Critique of Pure Reason," which contains, so to say, in a nutshell the truths at which we now have arrived.

All the difficulties which people seem to discover in dealing with these questions (*i.e.*, the union between soul and body, the beginning of this union in or before birth, and the end of this union after the death of man, involving the question of immortality), and with which, by making dogmatical statements, they try to . . . give the impression as if they had a deeper insight into the nature of things than the common understanding can supply, are based upon mere deception. These difficulties are the result of hypostatizing what merely exists in thought and treating it as if it were a real thing, namely, extension (in Space), which is nothing but a phenomenon; and by speaking of it as if it were a quality of external things which has an existence (which it has not) even outside of our sensibility. In the same way they treat motion as if it were an effect of these external objects that actually exists even independent of our sense-perception. This "matter" the community of which, with our soul, gives rise to such great apprehension, is nothing but a form or a manner in which we present to ourselves an unknown object, by what is called our outer sense. It may well be that there exists something outside of us, to which this matter corresponds, but in that quality in which it is phenomenon, it is not outside of us, but merely a thought existing within us, although in this thought in consequence of (the peculiarity of) the outer sense, it appears as external. Matter, therefore, has not the meaning of a substance totally different and heterogeneous from our Soul, *i.e.*, from the object of our inner sense. The only difference consists in the dissimilarity of the phenomena of the substances whose appearance we call external as compared with the phenomenal character of what we perceive by

our inner sense. The former (the material) phenomena are just as much thoughts merely of the thinking Self, as any of its other thoughts, the only difference being that by their apparent externality in Space, they seem to sever themselves in imagination from the Self and, so to say, to hover outside of it, while in reality the very Space in which they appear is nothing but an idea of which anything corresponding to it in quality is found nowhere outside of the Self. Consequently there no longer exists the question how a community can exist between the Soul and other known, but strange, substances outside of us; but the only question that remains is that of the relation between the percepts of our inner sense and the modifications of our outer sense, and how these may be connected under definite laws, so that in experience they are united.

This union Kant explains in a very simple and obvious manner. He then continues:—

The idea then that the thinking subject may have been able to think before all community with a body can now be expressed in this form. Before the beginning of that kind of sensibility by which something appears as external in Space, the same transcendental objects that at present appear as bodies, may have been perceived in a very different manner. While the idea that the same after the severance of its community with the (phenomenal) world of objects, can still continue to think, may be expressed thus:—If that kind of sense-perception by which transcendental, and in our present existence to us entirely unknown, objects appear to us as a world of matter, should cease, it would, nevertheless, not imply that all perception of them must become impossible; in reality it is very well possible

that these transcendental objects will be perceived by the thinking subject, although no longer under the quality of bodies.

So far the great German thinker. Let me merely remind the reader once more that in reality our Self has never existed in Time, but exists outside of Time, since Time is merely a thought in us, exactly as Space is, and he will acknowledge that the question of our ceasing to exist in Time has no meaning whatever. What our form of existence after the dissolution of the body is likely to be, and in some way necessarily must be, I can, unfortunately, not discuss in this essay, and equally impossible it is for me to discuss at present another very important subject closely connected with the problem of the immortality of the soul, namely, how the freedom of the human will can co-exist with the strict necessitation existing as regards all occurrences, including human actions, in the phenomenal world. I hope, however, that an opportunity may be granted to me to deal also with these questions in BORDERLAND on a future occasion. As regards, however, the question of the immortality of the soul and its continued existence after death, I think that what has been said will convince my readers that not only have we no reason to doubt the independence of our soul from the material world, but its independence is plainly established, and can never even be questioned unless we indulge in gratuitous assumptions.

A CASE OF ALTERNATE PERSONALITY.

The Daily Mail of March 6th says:—

A young girl who is two different persons in one body has just been exhibited by Dr. Albert Wilson to the members of the Clinical Society of London, and this most interesting case of dual states of consciousness is exciting much attention in the medical world.

The girl is fourteen and a-half years of age, and there was nothing unusual about her until in 1895 she was attacked by influenza. It was a very bad attack, accompanied by delusions and hallucinations, and at such times she manifested great strength.

As the mania passed, off her mental condition was found to have changed, and among other things she gave fresh names to those around, calling her father "Tom," her mother "Mary Ann," one doctor "Jim," and another "Sam." Physically she improved: the sight got much better, but she remained paralysed in the legs. After the fifth week the curious condition of dual personality began to show itself. While sitting in bed, playing with her dolls she would say, "It is coming," and push all the toys to one side, then there would be a shaking of the legs; then she would turn a somersault and sit up in a new personality, generally calling out "Halloa," as if she had just arrived. In this abnormal condition she called those around by the nicknames she had given them at the time of the mania, which suggested some connection between this abnormal state and the mania which had preceded it. During this abnormal or "B" stage, she talked baby talk, clipping words and not recognising the names of things. This stage lasted from ten to fifty minutes, and when she recovered she was dazed for two or three minutes, when she would begin playing with her dolls at the point where she had left off. Thus, as Dr. Wilson said, "The 'A' or normal stage is continuous, and the 'B' or abnormal stage is also continuous; but 'A' knows nothing of 'B,' and 'B' knows nothing of 'A.'"

After two or three months the girl was almost as frequently the girl "B" as she was the girl "A." Up to the present

time, when she is in her normal or "A" state, she knows absolutely nothing of what occurs in the abnormal conditions. She is a good and honest girl as "A," while in her "B" condition, she has stolen things. One day outside a shop she took an apple. On seeing a policeman she put it back again. Last January she became quite blind and imbecile, and had to be guided by sound and touch. But a little later on she improved much in health, so that she could walk, and could see things at a distance of about three inches. During the abnormal state there was a certain protrusion of the eyeballs, which, however, disappeared when she returned to the normal mental state. The *Hospital* mentions a particularly curious symptom of the case. Although in the normal she was not known to have any knowledge of drawing, she made some rather clever memory sketches while in the "B" state, clearly from remembered fashion-plates, and some of these she drew when stone-blind and when a book was placed between her eyes and the paper. So that the influenza, which treated her so wickedly, seems at least to have taught the poor child to draw.

A JESUIT FATHER ON OCCULTISM.

FATHER CLARKE, S.J., according to *Light* has been lecturing on Occultism. Our contemporary says:—

It is good news that the Roman Catholic Church is again turning its attention to Occultism. At Archbishop's House in London, with the Archbishop in the chair, Father Clarke lately gave a lecture on this subject. Very lucidly and convincingly he showed that occultism, in the sense of secret teaching of sacred or important matters, was both very ancient and very necessary, in order to keep such matters from distortion, corruption, mockery, or abuse. But, with regard to occultism as thaumaturgy and wonder-working, he had little to say that was favourable or friendly. In fact, he appeared to be a good deal more of an Agnostic about such matters than we should expect a devout Catholic to be.

XIII.—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:—

The √	Semi-sextile, when planets are 30° apart.	
∠	Semi-square	45°
✱	Sextile	60°
∪	Quintile	72°
□	Square	90°
△	Trine	120°
⊞	Sesquiquadrate	135°
Bq.	Bi-quintile	144°
♂	Opposition	180°
∥	Parallel, when planets are the same distance either north or south of the Equator.	
♂	Conjunction, when planets are within 5° of each other.	

No fewer than three irate astrologers have written me at length demanding to be allowed to administer the necessary trouncing to Mr. Andrew Lang for having the temerity to describe astrology as the most baseless of all superstitions. But I have bidden them to hold their peace and observe the stars, and make predictions by which they may pull off double events in the future. One fulfilled prophecy well published in advance of the event is worth a thousand scarifications of the scoffer. Two correspondents, it will be seen, send me their predictions month by month. Others need to be specially consulted. Two Indian astrologers have predicted the death of the Queen. One places it on November 11th, 1897, the other in 1899. When Astrologers disagree, the people decide.

SOME PREDICTIONS OF THE QUARTER.

M.A., writing on 20th February, says:

Permit me to comment on my letter of December 3. The Benin massacre and the Cretan troubles verify my anticipation of complications nearly amounting to war.

Holders of Americans would indeed have done well to realize at the beginning of December.

The forecast of English Rails was not so good, as though they fell sharply the next week there was a good rally at the close of the year.

I do not know that anyone else has attempted to predict the dates of events in parliament. Should the method continue to be successful I will calculate for next quarter and send you the result in time to print.

Foreign affairs quieted temporarily in March, but a notable death is threatened about the 11th of March.

M.A., writing on 27th March, says:

The Parliamentary dates I sent you have been successful so far. The first was the Division on Second Reading of Education Bill. Then came the entrance into Committee, the Cretan Debate, and one of the chief amendments to the Education Bill.

I have further calculated the following:

April 2, 13, 30; May 18; June 8; July 5.

Professor Drummond died on the very date I named. Is this notable enough to fulfil the prediction?

The outlook is again gloomy as to foreign politics, though I think the Colonies will now eclipse the East in importance to us. The chief crisis will be about May 3. If this pass over without a rupture, I believe the quarter will end without war.

Holders of Americans must expect lower prices still. A crisis indicated about 24th April, apparently on foreign complications. Other fluctuations I will not trouble you with.

"Trident" wrote me on March 8th as follows:

My astrological forecast of this season has so far been singularly correct.

Things for the present in general, and Eastern affairs in particular, look much quieter for a very short time. The 18th inst. will most probably inaugurate a period of martial excitement, not, however, of any long duration. Benign influences then get uppermost for a few months, and things should simmer down.

The King of Greece comes under very good influences now, and will come out of this bother with considerable success.

The King of Roumania also plays to win. Ferdinand of Bulgaria is dreadfully unlucky if February 26th, 1861, is his birthday.

Alexander of Servia (August 14th, 1876) is a villainously quarrelsome and desperate fellow. He stands to lose much too.

Montenegro ought to get some accession of territory shortly also.

Greece, Roumania, Montenegro ought to strengthen their positions shortly.

The Kaiser's equilibrium is just now less stable than ever. I judge he is the most critical factor in European affairs at the present time.

And, again, on March 11th he writes:

Look out for squalls in the near East round the 18th inst. I think our Government will succeed in "lying low," while Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria close round the Turk.

The Czar, the Emperor, and the Kaiser—especially the last—are almost certain to get dragged into the froil.

France, Italy, and England will try to remain only most interested spectators.

The rift in the lute of the European Concert has already, you will notice, begun to gape over the proposal how much to coerce Greece.

This is my opinion judging from astronomical data.

BRIGHTON "A" STOCK.

BY MR. RICHARD BLAND.

In the October issue of *BORDERLAND* I gave a forecast of the probable movement of this stock on certain

dates. Although I have averaged a success, it is far below my average.

The forecasts and results are:—

Forecast, October 29th, noon, to November 3rd, noon, a fall. Result, October 29th, at 11.29 A.M., price 176½—177; at 1.30 P.M. 177—177½. November 4th, prices, 11.54 A.M., 177—178½. Taking the time on October 29th, 11.29 A.M., as the nearest to noon, this is ½ a point against me.

Forecast, November 23rd, noon, to November 28th, noon, a rise. Results, November 23rd, prices, 18.16 A.T., 181—181½; 1.5 P.M., 181—181½. November 28th, prices, 11.12 A.M., 183—183½; 12.59 P.M., 182½—183½. Taking the price nearest to noon, this gives me 2 points to the good.

Forecast, December 2nd, closing price to December 3rd, noon, a rise. Results, December 2nd, closing, 183—183½. December 3rd, noon, 11.64 A.M., 183½—183½. As the middle price of these are alike, the two balance.

Forecast, December 19th to December 23rd, a fall. Result, December 19th, 184½—184½. December 23rd, 184½—185½. This is ½ against me.

Summary.

1st forecast	½	against	0	for.
2nd	0	“	2	“
3rd	0	“	0	“
4th	½	“	0	“
	1½	“	2	“

This shows 2 points in my favour, and 1½ points against, a success of ½ points.

Prior experience has made evident to me I can forecast big movements, even at times for months beforehand. In the forecasts under consideration I made an error in attempting to do so, for months beforehand, from minor indications only. These I now see are too delicate to properly estimate for any length of time previous. It is best to treat these as near the times of the events as possible, so as to consider all the indications of the influences in force at these times. These minor movements can be easily forecast a few hours before they act, but it is evident it cannot be done with much success for months beforehand.

The greater movements having political and national significance can often be forecast for some time in advance. When I recognise this I will again submit them in time for publication, but the minor influences I shall not attempt to explain except just before due.

RICHARD BLAND.

5, Sandringham Street, Hull.

A PROPOSED BOARD OF ASTROLOGERS.

By MR. G. H. LOCK.

NOTHING could tell apparently more powerfully against the utility of Astrology than the chapter on Astrological Predictions in the January issue of BORDERLAND. The want of agreement between the compilers of the prophetic almanacs is sufficient to confuse, amuse, and finally disgust the casual reader, and to cause the initiated painful regret that such inconsistencies should be sent forth for the criticism and confounding of ordinary mortals. Surely it must be payable to every intelligent astrologer that the time has arrived for the destruction of this scientific iniquity and absurdity. Private speculators in astrological lore can

no longer escape the search-light of modern knowledge and investigation. The profits derived by the almanac astrologers, and the curiosity of confiding and credulous purchasers, ought no longer to remain the chief consideration; and it is for honest searchers into this branch of occult science to see to it that astrology is vindicated and the public protected. Doubtless, our professional astrologers do their best, but no single individual, however excellent his judgment, and however unbiased his political views, can answer the purpose required. We have to consider—

1. That the predictions of public events belong to one of the most difficult branches of astrology; and that where one might judge a private horoscope with accuracy, he might be all at sea when venturing forth into the world's future.

2. That the mind of the individual astrologer has no efficient corrective. The judgment may be perverted by prejudice, by ignorance of political complications, by private worries, by interest in the commercial results of prediction, by untoward influences operating through his own horoscope—as, for instance, a retrograde and otherwise afflicted mercury.

3. That errors may creep in, such as the accidental and unnoticed misplacing of a planet.

4. That the human will is free, the soul can rise above the stars, and that some person or persons in authority may act so as to prevent the fulfilment of a given prediction.

5. That half the truth foreseen by different men may lead to apparently conflicting statements. A very good example occurred last quarter, when Jupiter was in Leo in the eighth house. One predicted a dangerous period, and another a period of advantage, for the clergy. Opposed as these two statements seemed, both were correct; for it was through the sudden decease of the late Archbishop of Canterbury that others of the clergy enjoyed preferment.

In view of the foregoing facts and possibilities, it becomes important for astrologers to consider in what way the tendencies to error in prediction may be reduced to a minimum. The only cure for this crying evil is scientific community of interest, the sinking of private enterprise—at least in this special department of the science; and the formation of a Board, to be constituted by our best astrologers, whose duty it shall be to discuss all predictions bearing upon public matters, and to issue an official report of their conclusions. Failing the enlistment of experts whose interests are bound up in their literary ventures, the services of other and equally proficient men should be invited; for the country abounds in able students of this entrancing science. Private competition and the craving for the plaudits of an astonished or mystified public should cease, and the fraternal influences of Gemini should everywhere prevail. Astrology without brotherhood is as a body without a soul, or as Astronomy without the vital teachings of the astral science.

G. H. LOCK.

44, Wright Street, Hull.

A PLEA FOR HORARY ASTROLOGY.

By MR. RICHARD BLAND.

THERE are several branches in Astrology; that of natal or horoscope is the best known, the branch of Horary Astrology is perhaps the least known to the public, yet when used aright should be to them the most

useful of any branch, because for the use of this the exact knowledge of the birth minute is not necessary.

The term "Horary" is taken from hour, and refers to the question of the hour. The philosophy of the practice of Horary Astrology is this:—A person intends to do a certain thing, and is most anxious to know if he would do right should he do it, he asks the question if he will do right? At the moment of anxiety he wants to know, a map of the heavens taken for this time will show the planetary influences at work causing the anxiety, agitating his mind, whether this be good or evil, will show whether the object he proposes will do him good or not, for coming good, as well as coming evil, will cause anxiety, and coming evil will often impress the mind with great force, as though it was something very good, a map of the heavens taken at such a time will show whether it be good or evil, this is of high importance, and cannot be over estimated. The advantage of this method of fore-knowledge or advice, because it is more often by advice than prognostication, is invaluable for practical purposes. There are very few affairs of life that cannot have light and guidance thereupon by means of Horary Astrology, and in most people's lives there occur times when a little advice, if it be but to indicate the right, is beyond price, and in business matters, events of sufficient importance are almost daily occurring, in which the difference between right and wrong may make the difference between success or failure for a number of years. But of all the means called occult for getting advice in business, and for the affairs of life, there is none equal to Horary Astrology in the hands of one having practical every-day experience spread over a great number of years.

Some people look upon Horary Astrology as a species of chance; there is no such thing as chance, for what we call chance is but the operation of some law unknown to us. A person asks a question in all sincerity, because of much importance to him, he will ask at the right time to get the right answer. Call this chance or law, or whatever term may suit, if he act according to impression and according to rule, to separate his question from all other subjects, the heavens will record him an answer. But it is important that he should follow the rule, to isolate his question, and for this purpose it is essential to ask only one question at a time, to ask only when impressed, and desirous for an answer, to isolate and keep from all other subjects when asking the question. His question may be sent to the Astrologer by wire, letter, messenger, or verbally; let him send at the time he is anxious for an answer to that question, and with no doubt in his mind whether to ask that question or another at that time; when he feels any indecision he should wait until events bring that question clear, definite, and separate from all other questions.

Some astrologers think the best time is when the enquirer is writing, but astrologers who have the greatest practice favour the time when the question is read, and understood by the astrologer.

It will be seen from the foregoing that there must be a definite personal interest in the question, the enquirer must be anxious to know, because it is important to him. A number of questions arise to which he would like to know the answer, but in which he has no personal interest, such as enquiries about someone else, or some events or circumstances he expects taking place. Horary astrology will often give light in this way, but not so regularly or so clearly as when there is personal interest by the enquirer; the best form of question is, Should I do so and so. For instance, a

tradesman heard that another firm in the same line of business was about to take the premises next door to his; if this was true he would endeavour to take them himself, to keep the others out. He sends a question: "Is So-and-so going to take the premises next door?" No prior experience completely covered this case, first because the planet signifying the other person had to be found in the map, and it was difficult to decide which planet represented him, and the portion of the heavens representing "next door" was difficult to settle, and with this element of uncertainty there might be a mistake in the reading, whereas the question in this form: "Should I take the premises next door?" would be quite easy to read, because the enquirer is always easily found, and good or evil coming to him is much clearer to read than coming to any other person.

When the enquiry is respecting another person, it is always necessary to say who that other person may be, for other people can only be found in the map by relation to the enquirer, one portion of the heavens shows his brother, another his wife, another his aunts, another his father, another his mother, another his friends, and so on, if the relationship is by blood, or business or employees, or partners, or friendship, whichever it may be, requiring the map to be considered according to how the facts stand.

It will be seen that the enquirer who is anxious to use Horary Astrology must do so according to rule, that he has some little to learn, to know *how to ask* the question aright, so as to get the best results by answer.

It is wise to avoid an alternative question, because some maps record their answer by yes or no.

A farmer asked if he should put a certain field down to grass, or plough it; the answer was Yes, but he alone could say which was the intention of his mind, the question should have been for the one thing he intended to do.

In some maps of the heavens taken for questions, there are indications to show that the map is not safe to read, in such cases the map should not be read, but the enquirer should repeat the question or put it in some other form according to the way he was impressed when he is writing the question. Just before the recent rise in flour a dealer sent a question in this form: Will flour rise, stand still, or fall? The answer of the map was affirmative, but to which of these questions Astrology could not say, this makes it evident that the enquiry should be in single form, or the one thing the enquirer intends to do, and anxious to know if that is right. If these rules be followed by the enquirer, and the Astrologer has sufficient experience to enable him to read the map aright, the good that can be got by means of Horary Astrology is very great indeed.

RICHARD BLAND.

A CAMBRIDGE graduate, who is unable either to teach or to preach, owing to an unhappy stammer, is endeavouring to make his living by the practice of astrology, a study to which he is passionately addicted. He announces that he will assist any one who wishes to test the science on the following terms: Fortunate and unfortunate periods of life, together with general advice, 5s.; directions for any year of life, 2s. 6d.; advice and information on any one subject, 2s. 6d. Data required: time (as exactly as possible); date and place of birth; photos optional. Address: Rex, B.A. (Cantab), 4, Devonshire Terrace, Duncan Road, Ramsgate

XIV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MIRACLE OF THE MARCONI WAVES.

THE novelty of the Röntgen rays has hardly worn off before we are confronted with a much more startling development of the electrical miracle. It is one which brings the science of the Materialist very close indeed to the speculations of the Borderlander. The wonder is the Marconi electric wave, if it may be so described, which has been discovered by a young Anglo-Italian, who is only twenty-two years old this month.

HOW THE MARCONI WAVE WAS DISCOVERED.

A long and interesting interview appears with him in the *Strand Magazine* for March, from which it seems that in the opinion of such expert electricians as Mr. Preece, the head of the Electrical Department of the British Post Office, we are on the verge of a discovery which will enable any one to telegraph anywhere without the aid of wires, posts, and cables. At present what Mr. Marconi claims to have done is to send messages with instruments of proper size and power across any number of miles of space. Mr. Marconi was experimenting with the Hertz electric waves, ascertaining how far those waves would travel through the air for signalling purposes. He was sending waves through the air and getting signals at distances of a mile, when he discovered that the wave "which went to my receiver through the air, was also affecting another receiver which I had set up on the other side of a hill." In his opinion they went through the hill, which was three-quarters of a mile thick. As a result he continued his experiments, and found that while the Hertz waves have but a very limited penetrative power, another kind of electric wave can be produced which will penetrate anything and everything.

HOW THE MARCONI WAVES ACT.

The Hertz waves are stopped by metal and by water. The same amount of energy that is used in generating the Hertz waves will generate the Marconi waves; they are excited in the same general way by an apparatus which he is patenting, but their power is entirely different. The Marconi waves are not reflected or refracted. On Salisbury Plain he got results at two miles with an eight volt battery of three ampères, containing other accumulators and a box. Using the same battery and his receiver and transmitter, he sent and received the waves at the General Post Office through seven or eight walls over a distance of one hundred yards. He thinks a dispatch could be sent twenty miles in the same way; the distance depends simply upon the amount of the exciting energy and the dimensions of the two conductors from which the wave proceeds.

THE DOOM OF THE CABLE COMPANIES.

Nay, Mr. Marconi thinks that by establishing a fifty or sixty horse-power engine in a room forty feet square in England, and another of equal size in New York, it will be possible, at a total cost of not more than £10,000, to telegraph between London and New York without any difficulty, which is a lively look out for the cable companies. At present he is experimenting in establishing communication through the air from the shore to a lightship. The length of the Marconi waves varies from ten inches to thirty yards. These waves have

an alternation of about two hundred and fifty millions per second. By their use ships fitted with this apparatus will be able to ascertain the presence of another ship at any desired distance; that is to say, in a fog ships will ring each other up by alarm bells whenever they come within a mile of each other, and the direction of the approaching vessel will be indicated by an index.

A REVOLUTION IN WARFARE.

More than that, Mr. Marconi believes that it is possible for a small ship, fitted with the proper battery, to approach an immense fleet, and at a distance of twenty miles blow up the magazine in every ship's hold. If there happened to be in the powder magazine two nails or wires or plates which were in a position to set up induction, the Marconi destroyer would be able to blow the whole fleet into eternity before it had even been sighted from the mast-head. Mr. Marconi maintains that he has actually exploded gunpowder by his electric waves at a distance of a mile and a half. All that he needs is to put two wires or two plates in the powder, and then to set up an induced current, which causes a spark and explodes it. It is obvious that what can be done in relation to ironclads can also be done in relation to powder magazines of land armies, and, therefore, if Mr. Marconi is correct, the doom of the explosive is near at hand. It would be a strange thing if the evolution of science should practically abolish gunpowder by rendering its use impossible. It would still be used against savages who were not able to generate the Marconi waves, but against civilised foes its presence would be a much greater danger to the army that carried it than to the enemy against whom it would be used.

YARNS ABOUT THE X RAYS.

The Light of Truth says—

The action of the X ray on blind persons has resulted in some truly wonderful experiments on Dr. J. R. Cocke, of Boston a gentleman blind from his infancy, but at present most thoroughly conversant with medicine and the most modern teachings and procedure in nerve diseases. This man, who has been blind since he was three weeks old, earned his way through college by testing tobacco for the Lorillards. He never has had any conception of light or colour, yet he can touch a fabric and tell the stripes or figures on it and their colours; he correctly estimates the dimensions of a room; he can by the touch of the hand recognise persons, things, shapes, forms, and uses of objects. And yet he has never seen any of these at all. He has a large practice and does much scientific work.

The experiments were conducted in the private laboratory of the Boston University School of Medicine and in the presence of a number of physicians and professors of various medical schools. The tube used was a specially constructed instrument, which gives the most intense Röntgen ray of any tube heretofore made.

The results of Saturday evening's experiments certainly amount to this: "That, without sight, the shape of objects held between the light and Dr. Cocke's head was carried to his brain, and there produced an impression that enabled him correctly to describe them and the positions they were held in. Whether it would do so in brains less acutely sensitive and magnificently developed is questionable. But, at any rate, it is a new step in the path of the wonderful light. It seems as if the cortex or outer shell of the brain were rendered fluorescent,

like the sensitive plate, and the shadow of these objects was communicated to it and then transmitted to the visual areas at the posterior part. Perhaps new developments will follow this significant and astonishing test.

DREAMS AND DREAMING.

SOME DREAM STORIES.

In the *Cornhill Magazine* for April the writer of the article, "Pages from a Private Diary," concludes his paper with a reference to dream stories in current literature. Speaking of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's reminiscences, he says:—

There are two capital dreams in the book. The famous one of Wilkes, who dreamed he was dining at an inn the other side of Styx with Lord Sandwich, who grumbled to the inn-keeper that the champagne was not iced, and was answered sadly, "No ice here, no ice here;" while, at the word, little blue flames curled up through the table like spring flowers (i. 266); and one I had not seen, or had forgotten, told to Dickens, of the United States President who met his council with the remark, "Gentlemen, in a few hours we shall receive some very strange intelligence," he having had a certain dream which always heralded some great disaster. In this case the disaster was Lincoln's assassination (ii. 143). Lord Roberts, in the first volume of his memoirs, tells how his father put off a dance because a dream that with him foreboded trouble had come three times; and was justified in his confidence by losing a relative. The only case within my own experience of a dream coming true happened to a friend who was giving a course of lectures in a Midland town. He dreamt for three nights running that when he arrived at the lecture hall he found he had forgotten his manuscript, took a hansom to return for it, the horse of which stumbled at a certain corner, could not find it, and had to deliver the lecture from memory; all of which happened precisely as he had dreamed. And the accident had this lasting result—that, finding he succeeded better without a manuscript than with one, he has ever since abjured such artificial aids.

DREAMS IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH.

A correspondent in the Australian bush sends me the following account of his experiences in dreaming. Dreams to him, it will be noticed, are much more vivid when he is in ill-health. This is by no means an invariable experience:—

I notice from your publications that you are particularly interested in psychical phenomena. I may mention that I have seen my visions, and heard voices and music of the sweetest kind in dreamland. Indeed I may say I am an inveterate dreamer of dreams, so much so that I almost seem to live a dual life. Still, I am by no means a Spiritualist, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. My visions were confined entirely to the different periods when my illnesses reduced me to a mere shadow, and my feebleness was extreme. I had then only to shut my eyes and faces would appear, flashing and disappearing like motes in a sunbeam. I would often hear "still small voices" calling me by name. Once the face of my father, who was dead, looked upon me with an expression of sadness; but the apparition was only momentary. I have sometimes thought that these and like phenomena might be accounted for on the principle of the *mirage*, which can only be seen at a certain angle of refraction and through a suitable atmospheric medium. When the body becomes weak and attenuated through disease, it may be possible that the soul can look through it at an angle which discovers the otherwise invisible. Of one thing I, however, feel certain, and that is, it is not a healthy condition of the mind. And it disappears with returning bodily health.

R. W. M.

THE SUN IN DREAMS.

A correspondent in New York, replying to the inquiry published in a previous number of *BORDERLAND*, as to

whether any one saw sunlight in their dreams, says, "The very night before I read the inquiry in *BORDERLAND*, I had an unusually vivid dream of most brilliant sunlight. I for one occasionally dream in the sun, seeing the orb itself so distinctly as to seem blinded by the intense light. More frequently and simply I see the sunshine, and I am conscious of the warmth and glow. I supposed that all dreamers had this occasional experience, and I am astonished that it is not an ordinary one."

In reply to the same inquiry, Mr. John Greenwood, builder and contractor, Wood Street, Mansfield, writes:—

For the benefit of your correspondent, I wish to say that many times I have seen the sun in my dreams, with a clear sky and with a clouded sky, the sun emerging from them as they broke and revealed the blue. A clear sky with the sun shining means to me a good day's business.

Other correspondents have also reported that they dream of the sun.

SHIPWRECK SEEN IN A DREAM.

The Author of "Advance Thought" sends me the following interesting story:—

On the night of April 13th, 1896, I had a painful dream and vision. I thought that in daylight I caught a rope from the side of a vessel and sprang on board. There were several persons on deck, and I heard them say a disaster had overtaken a vessel, and there was great agitation. I looked over the side, but could not see anything of a vessel in trouble, but in the water alongside I saw clearly a cardboard slip, about six inches long, with the word *DAYSRING* thereon. Next morning this dream greatly concerned me. I could not remember any vessel of the name, but my memory was quite clear of the word seen on the slip, and the reflection as to the "spring" on to the vessel during the "day" seemed to convey a double assurance as to the name. I looked up the shipping list in the morning's paper and there found amongst the arrivals the name of the missionary steamer "Dayspring." I never went on such a mission before, but feeling impelled I visited her about noon of that day (April 14th), and took a note of it in writing. I first saw the engineer—told him of my dream—and advised care. Afterwards I saw the captain and told him: "I feared he was not far from some great peril, or disaster," because of my dream on the previous night and my experiences in such matters. The captain and the engineer can now substantiate this statement. At the time of my visit I found the captain in conversation with some clergyman on deck aft, and they must have noticed me. On October 16th, 1896 (six months after this prediction), the "Dayspring" was lost. She struck on a coral patch of about 100 yards in extent, covered by eleven feet of water, situate between New Caledonia and the D'Entrecasteaux group. This coral patch was said to be uncharted, at the Marine Board's inquiry afterwards made, and no evidence was adduced upon which to found a charge of default against the master or any other person connected with the navigation of the vessel, and the Board decided that the attention of the Governor of New Caledonia be directed to the matter in order to correctly finding and charting of the coral formation. By referring to my book "Advance Thought," published by Messrs. Trubner and Co., Ludgate Hill, in 1876, the particulars of some remarkable previous experiences may be seen by those who take an interest in such matters.

SOME PROPHECIES AWAITING FULFILMENT.

1.—A PROPHECY OF WAR IN EGYPT.

THE publication in our last issue of a prophecy concerning the approaching end of the Ottoman Empire, has led Mr. Thomas Stanley Wilmot to copy out for my readers a curious political prophecy which

he says he received August 10th, 1888, and which he published in "Gleams of Light and Glimpses through the Rift." The prediction of an attack by the forces of Mahdism in the Soudan upon the combined forces of England and France may perhaps appear somewhat fantastic. But the other day a leading French jingo publicly expressed his intense alarm lest England's advance on Khartoum might provoke a reaction in which Islam, at bay, would prove so formidable an adversary as to compel both England and France to stand on the defensive. Here is Mr. Wilmot's message as he received it.

At midnight I, Mustapha, the servant of Allah, sat in silent meditation. A bright light suddenly flashed from the windows of the Orient, and a voice as of a trumpet said:

"Proclaim."

I, Mustapha, answered: "What must I proclaim?"

The voice as of a trumpet again spoke:

"Proclaim the future of the world and the destiny of nations."

"The descendants of Ishmael are prepared for the coming struggle. Their faces are shining with the reflected glory of the Crescent Moon."

"The ensign of Conquest awaiteth the advent of the re-incarnate Mahomet. Surely the words I speak are true! Ere nine successive cycles of the earth have rolled, he, the Saviour of Islam, shall lead his faithful warriors eastwards towards the land of the Pharaohs, and for the space of ten full moons shall menace the power of the Western Lion (England) upon the borders of Western Egypt."

"The Eagle (France) shall join in compact with the Lion in conflict against the followers of the re-incarnate Mahomet."

"A terrible war shall be waged, and for a short season the hordes of Islam shall be wounded by the talons of the Eagle and the paw of the Lion."

"The Eagle shall flap her wings and obscure the light of the Crescent Moon."

"Allah Ackbar! God is great! There is no God but God! And Mahomet is his prophet!"

"Thus the steeds of the desert shall neigh! Thus shall the faithful followers of the prophet cry aloud in the ears of the Lion. With this cry also shall the Eagle be startled!"

"A truce shall be proclaimed for the space of two full moons, and then the Ravens (Arabs) being a-hungred shall sweep across the borders, and put to flight the Eagle, who, being wounded, shall take his flight northwards."

"The Ravens shall feed in the granaries of Egypt, and the spear of the Prophet shall wound the head of the Lion."

"The banner shall then wave gloriously, having driven the Infidels northwards into the sea."

"In the space of twelve cycles of the earth from the voice of this prophecy, the banner of the Prophet shall wave in triumph from the western border of the desert, even unto the lands which lie eastward of Arabia."

"Then shall a mighty strife commence between the servants of Allah and the Great Northern Bear" (Russia).

The voice as of a trumpet now ceased, and I, Mustapha, the servant of Allah, sat in silent meditation even until the sun rose.

The Lion shall roar in his strength, and cause the steeds of the desert to halt in their courses.

This bringeth thee onward to the tenth year from this prophecy.

The Northern Bear shall stretch herself southwards, and, fearing not the strength of the Lion, whose face is turned from her, shall seize and slay the Sick Man (Turks) upon her borders.

The remnants of the defeated depart eastwards, and, taking ship, shall escape eastwards and southwards in terror, settling in Little Asia, and spreading southwards into the borders of Judea.

The Lion and the Eagle shall augment their forces and resist for a season of three full moons the advance of the Prophet of Allah.

The Crescent Moon shall now sail southwards, and shining in

splendour over the land of Nubia (whose southern borders shall welcome her light) shall attract by her beams the forces of Turkey southward.

Then shall a compact be made between the children of the desert and the Moslems from the north.

Truly then shall the horse-tails of Islam whisk in fury around the borders of the land of the Pharaohs; and as a horse-shoe upon the hoof of the steed of Mahomet shall the hordes of Islam encircle it. Then truly shall be waged a mighty struggle! Then the moon shall shine in full-orbed splendour upon the banner of the true Prophet of Allah, the Saviour of Islam.

2.—SOME HINDOO PROPHECIES.

MR. BANON, writing from Kulu-Kangra, Punjab, India, February 18th, 1897, sends us the following prophecy widely current in India:—

THE YEAR 1899-1900, A.D.

This year will be the worst yet experienced for many centuries.

In the year when the great *Mahabharat* battle was fought between the *Pandavas* and the *Kauravas*, eight *Ghrah* had entered a single *rasi*. The same conjunction occurs in this year.

(1) A very large comet will appear between the 1st and the 10th of October in the South-Western regions.

(2) A great Sovereign of Europe, who is the oldest, has perhaps reigned for the largest period on record, has acquired more extensive possessions of lands and races than his predecessors, and has the common verdict of being about the best ruler that the nineteenth century has seen, will die.

(3) Her Imperial Majesty the Queen-Empress Victoria's son will get power.

(4) Great demonstration will be held in England and in India.

(5) The potentates of the Western and Northern countries will declare war. One of them being defeated will lose the throne, whereby the Indian Government will extend its possessions. A portion of these new dominions will subsequently have to pass to Russia, and thus a treaty will be patched up between the English and the Russian Governments.

(6) There will be famine in the Northern and the Western countries.

(7) From the 7th of August to the 7th of September, 1899, there will be unwelcome rains, earthquakes, and cyclones.

(8) Two of the Indian chiefs will either be deposed or will die.

(9) There will be battles on the North-Western Frontier of the Indian Empire and the Southern Frontier of the Russian dominions between 7th October and 25th November, 1899; but disquietude will last up to the month of May, 1900. The British and Indian Ministers will find it a very troublesome time.

(10) The Indian Government will grant *jagirs* to the natives of India in the end of 1900.

Every Hindu is looking to the fulfilment of the ancient prophecy that when all the planets meet in Scorpio (Hindu 23° M. and 22° I.) at the end of the first five thousand years at Kali Yuga, there will be a great change of government in India. The total eclipse of 21st January, 1898, marks the beginning of the end. This is borne out, not only by the Hindu prophetic scriptures, but by the prophecies of Nostradamus and Thomas of Erilidoun (the Rhymer).

3.—PROPHECIES ABOUT THE SULTAN.

An astrologer in *Star Lore* casts the horoscope of the Sultan by his methods, and arrives at the following result:—

The known and undoubted facts about the Sultan are as follow:—He was born at Constantinople, September 21, 1842; his father died June 26, 1861; his eldest son born January 11, 1870; he succeeded his brother, who was deposed as insane, and is believed to be still living, on August 31, and was invested with the sword of Othman on September 7. In the autumn of

1877 the Russo-Turkish war broke out. According to either horoscope a violent death seems indicated. I consider on or about the 9th April *dangerous*, and July or August will relieve Europe—sick of the carnage, but too selfish and cowardly to interfere—of the incubus of this man's life or rule. Beyond that I am not, nor, I imagine, are any of your readers, interested in Abdul the Damned.

Mr. Banon, who is a great student of Nostradamus, writes:—

It may interest the readers of *BORDERLAND* to know that Nostradamus, in his epistle to Henry II. of France (1558) prophesies the death and deposition of the Great Assassin by England, France, and Russia in these words: "Oh, what a calamitous time will that be for women with child! for then the Sultan of the East will be vanquished, driven for the most part by the North-Western men, who will kill him, overthrow him, and put the rest to flight; and his children, the offsprings of many women, imprisoned. What great oppression shall then fall upon the princes and rulers of kingdoms, even on those who are maritime and Oriental, their tongues intermingled from all nations of the earth. Tongues of the Latin nations, mingled with Arabic and North African communication. All the Eastern kings will be driven away, overthrown, and exterminated, not at all by means of the kings of the North and the drawing near of our age, but by means of the three secretly united, who seek out death and snares by ambush sprung upon one another. The renewal of this triumvirate shall endure for seven years, while its renown shall spread all over the world, and the sacrifice of the holy and immaculate wafer shall be upheld. Then shall two lords of the North conquer the Orientals, and so great report and tumultuary warfare shall issue from these, that all the East shall tremble at the noise of these two brothers of the North, who are yet not brothers.

I have copied the above from page 66, the "Oracles of Nostradamus," by Charles A. Ward.

SOME PREMONITIONS.

A CORRESPONDENT sends me the following list of some recent premonitions, some of which, including that she regards as contradictory, appear to be very good. It is seldom premonitions are so exact as to date.

The first premonition I received was in the summer of 1894, stating "I would be ill, and in danger of death in about seven months' time."

The 14th November—five months after the receipt of the message—I had inflammation of the lungs.

The next message came in March, 1895. I was engaged in teaching at the time, and I was told that one tuition in particular would soon terminate (though, so far as I could see, it seemed likely to continue for many months) "as I was wanted elsewhere."

In May this was fulfilled, and I entered on my duties in another family.

I received a message at this time stating I would retain this new engagement for some months, but that my "time of tuition was rapidly drawing to a close and other work would claim my attention." "But," added the Intelligence, "it is possible, after a lapse of months, you may form one or two engagements, but it will not be for long." And it added, "It is useless for you to strive against what is appointed for you."

I was informed I would receive permanent employment in August last.

On the 28th August I received an application for tuition, which resulted in an engagement. Now it seems to me there is a contradiction between those two messages—though, oddly enough, owing to circumstances over which I had no control, as well as the failure of my own health, I was obliged to relinquish my tuitions last Christmas. It was stated that I would receive a small payment about 28th August. I received on the 29th a returned subscription; but no payment.

It was also stated, long before we were informed of the fact by

letter, that my nephew was born on the 13th July. In receiving this message my mind wandered, and I asked that the message should be repeated. The first time the date given was 3rd July, the second time the 13th July was named, on which date the child actually was born in California.

In a murder case in which my father was engaged as counsel for the accused, the result was communicated to me before the trial took place, viz., that the verdict would be manslaughter. This turned out to be correct, but I do not attach the value to it I would otherwise do, because my own wishes in the matter were keenly in my mind, and I dreaded a death sentence for the prisoners on my father's account. Besides, I have a great objection to capital punishment.

I have spoken of these incidents in my family; reading the messages for my mother when received, and prior to their fulfilment, so that, if necessary, she could attest they did not occur after the events had taken place.

W. E. J.

The *Sunday Journal* of New York published last year the following three case of premonition, which were extracted from their own columns of the previous week:—

(From Cable Reports last Sunday.)

CASE I.

The steamship *Linlithgow* sailed from San Francisco, July 31st, for Leith, with a cargo of barley. Weeks afterward a man who had seen the vessel in port at San Francisco had a dream in which he saw the *Linlithgow* disabled in mid-ocean and her officers and crew leaving her in boats. Simultaneously the rumour spread throughout Europe that she was lost. Last week a boat, containing nineteen of her company, landed in Guatemala, and reported that the ship had foundered 220 miles off Santa Cruz, and that they had finally abandoned her in September. The actual mid-ocean disaster had occurred precisely at the time the rumours spread both here and in Europe.

(From Telegraph News of Tuesday.)

CASE II.

Mrs. P. E. Gulick, a deaf mute, lived in Atlantic City. Her husband, also a deaf mute, has been peddling pictures throughout New England. A week ago last Friday he wrote to her that he was coming home. She was much delighted and communicated the news to her neighbours. At 8.25 o'clock in the evening she rushed into the landlady's room in a hysterical state and hastily wrote, "Something has happened to my husband." From hysterics she passed into unconsciousness, and died a few hours later. The following morning a telegram, addressed to her and opened by the neighbours, said that her husband had been killed by a locomotive at Yonkers, between eight and nine o'clock the evening before.

(From Telegraph News of Wednesday.)

CASE III.

Mrs. Catherine Poltz, eighty-two years old, of Baltimore, was killed one day last week by falling headlong down a flight of stairs. She had often spoken, during the past few weeks, of a premonition that her death was not far off, and that it would come suddenly. When she arose on the morning of the day she died, she told her son of another forewarning she had received during the night. She dreamed that she was in her mint field, in the Green Spring Valley, and there, she declared, a spirit had come to her and told her death was near. The son pooh-poohed the dream, and calmed the old woman's fears. But before noontime she tripped going downstairs, and fell to her death.

HAVE SQUIRRELS SOULS?

THIS is a strange suggestion, but it is one that naturally rises to the mind on reading the delightful piteous tribute which Mr. W. J. Stillman, the *Times* correspondent at Rome, has paid his two beloved squirrels.

Mr. Stillman writes of his little pets with all the tenderness with which Cowper wrote of his hares, and he laments their loss as if they had been his own children. The story of the too brief lives of Billy and Hans, whom he found in the Black Forest and carried with him to Rome, is as delightfully and as touchingly told as anything in literature. Here, for example, is the way in which the old war correspondent—Mr. Stillman went through more than one campaign in Montenegro, among the sternest warriors in Europe—records the death of his first pet squirrel, Billy:—

On the last afternoon I took him out into the grounds of the Villa Borghese to lie in the sunshine, and get perhaps a moment of return to Mother Nature; but when I put him on the grass in the warm light he only looked away into vacancy, and lay still, and after a little dreamily indicated to me to take him up again; and I remembered that on the day before his death I had carried Russie, a son of his who had died in infancy, into the green fields, hoping they would revive him for one breathing-space, for I knew that death was on him: and he lay and looked off beyond the field and flowers, and now he almost seemed to be looking out of dear little Billy's eyes.

I went out to walk early the next morning, and when I returned I found Billy dead, still warm, and sitting up in his box of fresh hay in the attitude of making his toilet; for to the last he would wash his face and paws, and comb out his tail, even when his strength no longer sufficed for more than the mere form of it. I am not ashamed to say that I wept like a child. The dear little creature had been to me not merely a pet to amuse my vacant hours, though many of those most vacant which sleepless nights bring had been diverted by his pretty ways as he shared my bed, and by his singular devotion to me, but he had been as a door open into the world of God's lesser creatures, an apostle of pity and tenderness for all living things, and his memory stands on the eternal threshold nodding and beckoning to me to enter in and make part of the creation I had ignored till he taught it to me, so that while life lasts I can no longer inflict pain or death upon the least of God's creatures. If it be true that "to win the secret of a plain weed's heart" gives the winner a clue to the hidden things of the spiritual life, how much more the conscious and reciprocal love which Billy and I bore, and I could gladly say still bear, each other must widen the sphere of spiritual sympathy which, widening still, reaches at last the eternal source of all life and love, and finds indeed that one touch of nature makes all things kin. Living and dying, Billy has opened to me a window into the universe of the existence of which I had no suspicion: his little history is an added chamber to that eternal mansion into which my constant and humble faith assures me that I shall some time enter; he has helped me to a higher life. If love could confer immortality, he would share eternity with me, and I would thank the Creator for the companionship. And who knows? Thousands of human beings to whom we dare not deny the possession of immortal souls have not half Billy's claim to live for ever. May not the Indian philosopher, with his transmigration of souls, have had some glimpses of a truth?

If the readers of my little history are disposed to think me weak, when I say that his death was to me a great and lasting grief, I am not concerned to dispute their judgment. I have known grief in all its most blinding and varied forms, and I thank God that He constituted me loving enough to have kept a tender place in my heart "even for the least of these," the little companions of two years; and but for my having perhaps shortened their innocent lives, I thank Him for having known and loved them as I have.

HOW THE SENSES CAN BE TRICKED.

THE psychological laboratories of the United States will probably discover something in time. They are taking plenty of pains and conducting no end of experiments. The researches at Yale, for instance, have succeeded in proving that among ordinary healthy acute students, who are therefore over the average of outsiders in education and in intelligence, the senses

are almost useless as a test of the truth of any observations. *Science* thus summarises the result of the experiments of the professors:—

A typical case of the application of the method is found in measuring hallucinations of sounds. The person experimented upon was placed in a quiet room, and was told that when a telegraph-sounder clicked a very faint tone would be turned on, and that this tone would be slowly increased in intensity. As soon as he heard it, he was to press a telegraph key. The experimenter in a distant room had a means of producing tone of any intensity in the quiet room.

In the first few experiments a tone would be actually produced every time the sounder clicked, but after that the tone was not necessary. It was sufficient to click the sounder in order to produce a pure hallucination.

The persons experimented on did not know they were deceived, and said that all tones were of the same intensity. The real tone could be measured in its intensity, and since the hallucination was of the same intensity it was also indirectly measured.

Similar experiments were made on other senses. For example, in regard to touch, a light pith-ball would be dropped regularly on the back of the hand to the sound of the metronome. After a few times it was not necessary to drop the ball. The person would feel the touch by pure hallucination.

Similar experiments were made on taste. Of six bottles two contained pure water and the other four a series of solutions of pure sugar-cane—the first one-half per cent., the second ten per cent., the third two per cent., and the fourth four per cent. sugar, according to weight. A block was placed in front of them so that the observer could not see them, although he was aware that they stood near him, because he saw them when he received his instructions. It was required of him to tell how weak a solution of sugar he could possibly detect.

The experimenter took a glass-dropper and deposited drops on his tongue, drawing first from the two water-bottles, and then from the sugar solutions, in order of increasing strength. The sugar in the solutions was detected in the first trial. Proposing to repeat the test, the experimenter proceeded as before, but drew from the first water-bottle every time. The result was that when the pure water had been tasted from two to ten times the observer, almost without exception, thought he detected sugar.

A test on olfactory hallucinations was conducted similarly, with the result that about three-fourths of the persons experimented upon perceived the smell of oil of cloves from a pure water-bottle.

In another set of experiments the subject was told to walk slowly forward till he could detect a spot within a white ring. As soon as he did so, he read off the distance on a tape measure at his side. The spot was a small blue bead. The experiment was repeated a number of times. Thereafter the bead was removed, but the suggestion of having previously traversed a certain distance was sufficient to produce a hallucination of the bead.

ONE OF MR. ANDREW LANG'S STORIES.

"THE WISEST AUNT TELLING THE SADDEST TALE."

MR. ANDREW LANG contributes to a recent number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* a story entitled "The Wisest Aunt Telling the Saddest Tale," which he tells us is true, excepting the explanation which he fastened on it; therefore, in repeating the substance of the story, I will omit the explanation, and give it as it would run if his fantastic and admittedly false explanation did not exist. "The Wisest Aunt" tells her nephew how, on one occasion, she went to bed—it would seem—in a small *appartement* "near the Boulevard Hausmann." She was not asleep. Two candles were burning in the room. She was reading a fashionable novel, with a black cat asleep at the foot of the bed, when suddenly—

"I heard the door-handle rattle and shake, as if some very weak person or a child were trying to open it. Naturally, I thought it was my uncle who wanted something. I called out: 'Come in, I'm not asleep!' But the door-handle still rattled in a feeble way, which, I confess, rather surprised me. I knew I had not locked the door.

"Suddenly the door gave way, rather than opened gradually, and a figure tottered into the room. That was when the cat gave an extraordinary scream and ran for the door, but it was shut again, and he dashed himself like a mad thing against the walls. What I saw was my uncle, but not my uncle. He was tall, well made, with a bright happy face; *this* thing was he, but shrunken to a foot less than his height. The jaw dropped, there was no intelligence or recognition in the eyes, only a vacant, hideous stare. It was dressed in a kind of smock of a light colour. He, or it, or whatever I am to call it, went shambling with trailing feet and shaking knees across the room. It came right up to the bed; it tripped on the steps of the dais and fell headforemost across me, touching me; and so it wallowed, as I may call it, for a minute or a moment, I don't know. I shrank to the furthest corner of the bed, when the horrid thing recovered itself, reeled to its feet, and so staggered across the room to the opposite wall, knocking against the furniture. Then it groped aimlessly for the handle of the door which you have bricked up, and I could hear the handle rattle and shake as it had done before the creature entered. At last the door gave way, a draught shook the candles, and I heard a fall on the floor beyond, for you remember there were steps down into the room.

"I ran to the door and locked it; then I took a candle and went into the passage. The cat rushed by me like a shadow and was never seen again—by any of us, I mean; for it must have gone *somewhere*, of course. I crossed to my uncle's door and listened: all was quiet. I opened the door gently: he was sound asleep, and had not any sign of the horrible idiot face I had just seen. Then I went back to my room, looked behind all the curtains and tapestry, found nothing unusual, and crept back to bed. I kept my candles alight and went to sleep about dawn. I wrote an account of the matter to my mother, and, soon after, went home."

"Have you the letter still?"

"Yes; I found it among my dear mother's papers, endorsed 'Rachael—strange dream'; and you can see it if you like."

I may add that I *have* seen it, and it essentially corroborates my aunt's story.

"And now what do you say to it?" asked my aunt.

"I say that it was a nightmare. You fell asleep over 'Tremaine.'"

"But the fulfilment?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, your great-uncle's health became strangely bad. He had what is called *locomotor ataxia* and softening of the brain; and when I saw him last, poor dear! he was an idiot, all shrunken and dwindled, with hanging jaw, and vacant eyes that recognised nothing, and trailing legs. So he would wander about a room, knowing nobody, and so, after years of suffering, he died. Now, where is your explanation?"

THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

"I AM not at all sure," writes Mr. W. R. Tomlinson, "that some Dorsetshire people do not regard the Will-of-the-Wisp, or Jack-o'-Lantern as they call it, as a being. An old neighbour of mine once said to me: 'Did you ever see a Jack-o'-Lantern?' 'Yes, once, at a distance, as I was travelling outside a coach, near a large tract of swamp,' I answered. 'Well,' he said, 'one night, when a boy, I was going down a lane alone, in the Isle of Purbeck, when a Jack-o'-Lantern came hopping before me.' It seems by this, and another case I know of, the Will-of-the-Wisp is at times a sort of illuminated ball, tangible for a moment at least, and not a mere meteor light travelling horizontally. It appears, also, that the boy had already heard a bad character of the thing he

saw before him. So he went on to say: 'I was frightened, and went along keeping one foot in the rut, so as not to be led out of my way. This went on until we came to a gate, where there was a pond on the other side of it. It there hopped through the gate, and tried to entice me to the pond. I was so alarmed that I ran and lost my way. At length I saw a light in a house. I ran there, and one of the family took me across a field and set me on my way home. I had to pass a swamp before I got there; and then the Jack-o'-Lantern came hopping before me again. I got home half-dead with fear.' When my friend had finished his story, his wife chimed in: 'When a Jack-o'-Lantern gets you into the water, then he sniggers; he laughs, you know; I have heard my father say that scores of times.' My good neighbours only repeated a world-wide tradition; and neither of them seemed to doubt but that the event occurred by design. There seems to have been method in the movements of this meteor football. Can it be that invisible, intelligent beings, with more ill-will than good, are sometimes able to 'hag-ride' travellers, by availing themselves of known natural phenomena, and, under certain conditions guiding these natural and well-acknowledged appearances, to lead people astray for their own spite or delectation?"

"I am proud to say that it is a Spiritualist to whom I am indebted for my other tale of what was evidently a Will-of-the-Wisp. It is contained in a late number of *The Two Worlds*, which I regret I am not able to quote from, as I sent it to a friend abroad. The evidence is this: that a lady, well known and very highly respected among our earnest Spiritualist friends in the Midland counties, and a very leading Spiritualist herself, was walking one evening in a field with a lady friend, and saw a round luminous ball before her. She did not know what it was, but was deeply interested at the sight; and scorning to touch it with her foot, she stooped down and touched it with her hand. On her touch, the ball dematerialized. But this courageous act has proved that the ball she saw was, at the moment, physical and tangible, and was probably the ball which the Dorset boy saw, and was probably similar to what many others have seen."

PALMISTRY PROSECUTIONS.

IN January last, Madame Zeila, whose real name is Mrs. Martha Smith, was prosecuted by the police for unlawfully pretending to tell fortunes to deceive and impose on certain of Her Majesty's subjects. It was proved that she had read their hands and had made various predictions based on what she saw there.

Mr. Quilliam, in addressing the bench on behalf of the prisoner, said that the difficulty was to draw the line between fortune-telling and mere advice founded upon a science in the same sense as phrenology was regarded as a science, or at least a semi-science. There were people who believed that just as the form of the head showed certain propensities, so the form and moulding of the hands depicted character, and might be read. Prisoner was always careful to inform her clients that she did not tell fortunes, but that she simply practiced palmistry or reading the hands.

A clergyman named Kelly, who gave an address in Manchester, was called, and said he had known the prisoner for two years. He had been present during many of the interviews with visitors, and had never heard her prophesy the future in such a way as to say certain things would happen. She took notice of the propensities as indicated by the face and hands, and drew her deductions from these, but always said that this was not fate, and that it was not in the power of any person to foretell the future.

After a lengthy hearing Mr. Stewart said he could not but come to the conclusion that prisoner had 'fortold persons' fate.' He saw no objection to what was called character-reading, and upon the understanding that prisoner would keep strictly within the limits of character-reading or delineating he would bind her over to be of good behaviour. This was done in a sum of £5, and prisoner was released.

Madame Zeila afterwards sent to the papers the following challenge:—

Through the misapprehension of ignorant individuals who have utterly misconstrued my words, and who in their evidence have inadvertently made absolutely inaccurate statements, it has been made to appear as if I had practised fortune-telling. To prove the genuineness and reasonableness of my work of character-reading, and my capacity to truthfully delineate a character, I would be quite prepared to face any body of unbiased gentlemen of legal standing or other high position, and prove to their satisfaction that palmistry as a science is worthy of honourable recognition, and is in no way to be confounded with fortune-telling.

At Hastings, on January 6th, as the result of a police prosecution, the wives of two policemen being employed to tempt their victim to commit the offence for which the chief constable prosecuted, Ella Gordon Ford, *alias* Gordon Vernon, was sent to gaol for six weeks for telling fortunes by palmistry and by cards. The solicitor for the defence contended that palmistry was a science, and handed to the bench testimonials supporting this view from Melton Prior, Mark Twain, and John Strange Winter, and also a delineation of Mr. Chamberlain's hand. The magistrates considered the case fully proved, and said such practices might lead to very serious results. The prisoner was fined £10 or six weeks' imprisonment. An application for time to pay was refused, and the "fashionably attired young lady," as she was described in the newspapers, did her six weeks in gaol.

WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT.

IN the "Journal of the Folk Lore Society" for April, there is an interesting paper on the Superstitions of the peasants of West of Ireland. Among these there is a good deal about witches who appear to flourish in that neighbourhood.

Witches (human or devil) are said to be not uncommon around here. Old women principally follow the avocation, oftentimes changing themselves into hares and roaming around during night-time or by daybreak, visiting their neighbours' byres (cow-houses), from which they are able by some mysterious power to take with them the milk and butter. Some of these witches of higher powers have no need to transform themselves, but are able by the aid of a peculiar hair-rope—made from the mane of a stallion in which there is not a single white hair—and the recital of some queer incantations to effect their object. Baeltime, or May-eve, is the only day in the year for weaving these spells and making the fetters. On several occasions these witches in the form of hares have been shot at, but without success. The only thing that can injure them is a *silver* bullet made from a sixpence or a shilling. I have heard that where they have been wounded by such fired from a gun, instead of the ordinary lead-pellets, on following up the wounded animal it was found in the form of a woman, seated with injured arm or leg in the corner of her own dwelling-house.

Old horse-shoes nailed inside doors are quite common. They are said to act as a preventive against the spells of the witches. When churning, the tongs are put in the fire, or a piece of heated iron is put under the churn, and kept there till the operation is finished. Also a piece of hair-rope is sometimes put round the vessel. Several times have I heard men and women complain that they might churn for days but could get no butter, owing to

the spells of the witches. The buttermilk too was frothy and fulsome in taste and smell, and could not be used.

A case was heard before a coroner at Belfast on January 15th, 1897, which brought to light a curious belief in the charming away of disease. John James Stewart, an infant residing at 11, Hopps Court, died of bronchitis. The only treatment the baby had received was being passed under an ass. His mother, being called before the coroner, gave evidence as follows:—

On Saturday, 2nd January, when she returned from her work in Miller's Jam Factory, a Mrs. M'Kee told her that her child was ill. Its throat appeared to be sore. The neighbours advised her to take the child to a man named M'Ilhattan, who had an ass. They thought that this charm would check the child's illness. She took the child to his house in Tate's Court, and told him that the child had the whooping cough. He took the child from her, and passed it three times under the ass.

To the Coroner—M'Ilhattan never asked her for money, nor did she give him any at any time.

Witness (continuing)—The ass was in the stable attached to the house. The only person in the stable was herself, M'Ilhattan and his wife. He passed the child three times under the ass's belly and right over its back. Witness helped him to go through the performance. While he was passing the child round the ass he used no expressions or words. After each passing the ass ate some oatmeal bread out of the deceased's slip. She had been told to bring the oatmeal bread to the house with her. She got the bread from a woman in Millfield.

To the Coroner—Witness thought that bringing the child to M'Ilhattan would do it good, and she was influenced in that belief by what the neighbours told her.

The charm did not do any good in this case, for the child died. The charmer was called before the coroner, whom he found quite unusually sympathetic. I quote from the newspaper report.

The "charmer" himself, William M'Ilhattan, was the next witness. After being warned by the Coroner, he said he was a dealer, living in No. 4, Tate's Court, Millfield. He remembered the child Stewart being brought to him on Sunday, 3rd January. He had never seen the mother before. When she came in she asked if he had a donkey, and he said he had. She then said that the child was "bad" with the whooping cough. He had never done the performance before himself, but he had seen it done regularly on the streets of Belfast. The child at the time was very delicate and had a bad cough.

To the Coroner—The child got very little of the bread because the donkey ate it. Witness honestly believed that the practice would do the child good. At the end of his examination he said that the papers had been talking about the practice being witchcraft.

The Coroner—These charms are called by various names, and in fact about twenty centuries ago they had heard of witchcraft, and the Egyptians practised magic.

M'Ilhattan (interrupting)—But we are in Belfast now.

The Coroner—This magic subsequently was called witchcraft, and then, after that, sorcery, and in modern times spiritualism. There are at present men more influential and greater than himself or M'Ilhattan that believe in spiritualism at the present day, and they are called spiritualists. He knew one of the greatest journalists in England who believed in it, and he (M'Ilhattan) need not be put out at what appeared in the papers.

M'Ilhattan—It is very hard on me to be away from my work both to-day and on Friday last, when I should be working for the support of myself and my donkey. People also begin to talk about me, and it is hard on me to be talked about.

After the doctors had been heard, the Coroner, in his charge to the jury, referred to witchcraft, sorcery, and such like in the time of the Egyptians and the Romans, and even to the fourteenth century. No blame, he said, was to be attached to M'Ilhattan.

The following verdict was returned shortly after four o'clock:—
"That the deceased, on the 8th January, 1897, at No. 11, Hopps Court, in the city of Belfast, came to his death from bronchitis."

XY.—BOOKS ABOUT BORDERLAND.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOWETT.*

THESE two handsome volumes are offered by the friends, disciples, and admirers as a tribute to the memory of a great and good man, whose influence in the University of Oxford for over half a century was second to that of none. It is not by any means a Borderland book in the ordinary sense, but it is interesting to Borderlanders on account of the evidence which it contains as to the attitude assumed by this informal Archbishop of English Broad Churchmen in relation to the phenomena of Borderland. It is very curious to find here again a strange inconsistency familiar enough in much more narrow-minded and orthodox persons. The narrow-minded bigot is much more to be excused than was Dr. Jowett for failing to recognise the significance of the phenomena of Borderland. The ordinary Evangelical or High Churchman considers that his eternal salvation depends upon his capacity to harmonise the observations and deductions of his reason and his senses, with a system of theological propositions which he believes have been revealed to him by Almighty God.

Jowett held no such belief. His plan of salvation was very different; it was based, he was continually telling us, upon recognising facts as they are. To be resigned to the general facts of the world and life, to admit the truth of facts as they force themselves clearly on your perception, these things were for him the beginning of all righteousness. Yet no sooner is he confronted with facts which do not square with his theories, than he puts them on one side on a variety of pretexts, not one whit more respectable than the excuses which the narrow-minded ecclesiastics made when they were, as he said, "fighting against science, against criticism, against the spirit of the Law, against the Conscience and moral perceptions of mankind." His biographer, speaking of this subject, says:—

To one set of so-called phenomena indeed he deliberately closed his eyes. In one of his earlier essays he had spoken by way of illustration of "Clairvoyance, if there be such a thing." But in the end he refused to listen to the whisperings of occult doctrine which from time to time prevailed. He loved the open day. "I do not mean to say that I can account for everything; and I feel that there is something in me to which such things appeal. But they are so inextricably mixed up with charlatanism and lies, that it is mere waste of time and intellect to inquire into them."

This is pure mental indolence, unworthy of the Master of Balliol. It is indeed sin against the light, for as he says, "He felt there was something within himself to which the phenomena appealed," but because it needed sifting, "it was mere waste of time and intellect to inquire into the subject." Far more truly scientific was the attitude of the late Dean Church, whose breadth of view on religious subjects, Professor Jowett would consider much more limited than his own, for Dean Church said, with one of those profound intuitions which characterised his rare and subtle genius, "There is truth mixed up in these things, a truth which it is very difficult to disentangle from the superincumbent mass of fraud and inaccurate observation, but the progress of

civilisation is marked by fresh discoveries of how to utilise waste material. Each generation discovers sources of unsuspected wealth in what its predecessors discarded as useless rubbish. So it will be; I believe, with the so-called phenomena of spiritualism." The passage quoted above is not the only one in which the Master expresses his strong view as to the uselessness of studying the subject. On another page we read:—

If Jowett disliked aestheticism, he was positively afraid of Spiritualism, which, for some time past, had been gaining ground at Oxford. He discussed the subject with his friends, especially with Huxley, whose strong sense re-assured him. Still he felt that there was something uncanny about it; something by which the mind might easily be thrown off its balance. It seemed to lie on a borderland into which reason could not wholly penetrate.

"I always refuse to inquire into these things," he writes, "because they seem to me to be against the laws of nature, although they are repeated to me by the most veracious witnesses."

"Is this reasonable?"

"I think it is, whether in myself or in scientific men: because—(1) They are mixed up with imposture. (2) The evidence of them can never be satisfactorily examined. (3) No progress has ever been made in the investigation of them, any more than in the refutation of them. They are too vague for proof or disproof, and therefore it is unlikely that I shall make any progress. I am much more certain that the laws of nature are uniform than I can be of any testimony to the contrary—not perhaps of any conceivable testimony, but of any testimony known to exist. (4) The fluctuating character of them in different ages seems to show that they are subjective. There are no miracles in England, no ghost stories in America. (5) The evidence produced against them would constantly be denied or forgotten by human credulity."

"Yet, on the other hand, I am unable to deny many extraordinary phenomena, e.g., mesmeric sleep, the extraordinary personal influence called electro-biology, inexplicable noises in so-called haunted houses."

Now it would be difficult to condense into a similar compass a more compact mass of mis-statements than those which Dr. Jowett has strung together as justification for his evading the subject. It is curious to note how conscious he is that his attitude is unworthy of his own principle. "I always refuse," he says, "to inquire into those things, because they seem to be against the laws of nature." But how on earth can anyone dogmatise as to what are the laws of nature, unless he investigates the phenomena from which it might be possible to deduce hitherto unsuspected laws, or materially to modify those which are supposed at present to be of uniform and unvarying operation. The Eastern monarch who decapitated a man for telling him that in the northern regions water under intense cold became as solid as iron, acted exactly like Dr. Jowett. He said that such an assertion seemed to him to be against the laws of nature, and the man who asserted it deserved to be treated as an impudent liar. Dr. Jowett felt this, and therefore we have those five different reasons, if they may be so called, for investigating the subject. Let us take them in order. First because "they are mixed up with imposture." It is difficult to speak of such a pretext with politeness. If there is chaff among the grain, shall we, therefore, deny the existence of grain? Because counterfeit coin is in circulation, shall we ignore all currency? What is there in the world that

* "The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford." By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., and Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. With Portraits and other illustrations. In two vols. John Murray.

is not mixed up with imposture? Dr. Jowett would have been the first man to admit that alike in science and religion, in art and in politics, impostors abound. In fact, the existence of imposture is one of the most generally recognised demonstrations of the existence of something worth counterfeiting. His "second reason" is hardly less contemptible. "The evidence," he says, "can never be satisfactorily examined." The Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, now filling many volumes, are sufficient to prove the falsity of this statement; nor need we go beyond Professor Crookes's own investigations, summarised in this number of *BORDERLAND*, to prove that the evidence not only has been satisfactorily examined, but has been indisputably established. Jowett's third assertion is equally groundless. Neither are the statements "too vague for proof or disproof." Again, to refer to Professor Crookes's experiments, the phenomena, although their origin is obscure enough, are as positive and real as any other facts in nature. But this is cast into the shade by his astounding assertion, "that there are no miracles in England, and no ghost stories in America." As Jowett did not believe in miracles ever happening anywhere, he did not mean that no miracles actually happened in England, but that it was not claimed that any miracles occurred in England; which is simply not true. Whether it is with faith healing, with the Christian scientists, with the Catholics, or the Salvation Army, there are claims constantly made of miraculous occurrences, which, whether true or false, at least demolish Jowett's statement that miracles are not reported in England. It would be interesting to know on what authority he asserts that there are no ghost stories in America. There is certainly not one week's issue of any American newspaper which does not report more or less extraordinary ghost stories, apparently very well authenticated. His fifth point would apply equally to every statement as to the occurrence of anything apparently supernatural, whether in the Old Testament or in the New, or anywhere else.

Even with all his five "reasons," worthless as they are, Dr. Jowett was unable to deny facts that had come within his own experience, and it is in these unexplained facts that are to be found the clues of the discovery of laws which, when investigated, will materially modify the whole of our conceptions of Nature.

For a book containing the Life and Letters of one who so stoutly rejected miracles, it is curious to find so many references to quasi-supernatural or miraculous events, as can be quoted from this book. Speaking of Mr. Ruskin, whom Dr. Jowett knew well, we have the following curious story of a sign from heaven. Says Dr. Jowett:—

As an illustration of his religious belief, Ruskin told me this story: "Once I had been very much excited by a letter which I had received from a friend, and so great was my passion that my nerves were shaken for a fortnight. On a dark and stormy day I walked up the hill out of Keswick, and as I walked a sign came to me from heaven. I was praying to be delivered from my burden, when suddenly a streak of light appeared in the heavens. I walked on, and the clouds gathered, and the old frame of mind returned. Again I prayed, and again I saw the light. 'This,' he added, 'I believe to have been the state of mind of pious men in the Middle Ages. They had signs from heaven, and so have Catholics at the present day.'"

Here is another story which is even more interesting:—

Among the undergraduates staying at Malvern at this time was E—, a Welshman, who had come to Balliol on his way

from work in a stone quarry to orders as a Dissenting minister; one of those men to whom religious feeling has become a reality more vivid than the realities of common life. When at work in the quarry, so he told me, he one day felt himself warned by a voice to remove from the place where he was standing, and no sooner had he stepped aside than a heavy stone fell upon the spot, which would certainly have killed him had he remained where he was. He regarded the voice as divine; he believed that a miracle had been wrought in his favour, and he resolved to devote to the service of God the powers which He had saved from destruction.

Again, to my delight and surprise, Jowett chronicles a case where the Voice of the Silence was heard, and he avows his belief that it was not a mere illusion.

Let me tell you something which has struck me greatly during the last fortnight, though not wholly applicable to yourself. A friend of mine had an illness similar in its general character to your own. (I should explain that he is what is called a free-thinker, but also the best parish clergyman I have ever known, a man of the world, but wonderfully kind and disinterested). I saw him ten days since, and six weeks ago we thought him dying, but he is now fast recovering. He told me that in his illness he felt assured of his recovery; that when he lay awake at night he used to hear the voice of God speaking to him and telling him "That the sickness was not unto death, but for the improvement of life," and "that such and such things must be altered." Some persons will think all this fanciful and superstitious, but I am inclined to believe that in strange ways great truths are taught us.

Dr. Jowett has a strong belief in personal immortality, and he repeatedly asserts the necessity of faith in immortality as the foundation of religion. Yet his faith in the doctrine, although real enough, seems to have been singularly devoid of any consolation, such as is offered by the comforting doctrine of our re-union with those who have gone before. Writing to a mother whose sons had died, he says:—

The two brothers are at rest now. Whether they recognise one another, or whether we shall recognise others in another life, we cannot tell. I cannot believe myself in consolations of this sort. They are removed from our sight, and are in the hands of God, where we shall soon be. We must leave them with Him, though often recalling their gracious and noble ways when they were with us.

In some of his letters he cannot refrain from indulging in framing a thought based on the possibility of the conscious communion between those who have gone and those who have remained behind. The phenomena of dream-life also attracted his curiosity, but in his later years he lost the power of dreaming entirely. Apart from its special interest in subjects of *Borderland*, the two volumes are full of interesting reading, giving us, as they do, vivid glimpses of the interior working of the mind of one of the most acute men of the century.

LORD ROBERTS AS A BORDERLANDER.*

IT might be thought at first sight that there were few books less pertaining to *BORDERLAND* than the record of "Forty-one Years spent in Soldiering in British India." But the *Borderland* is like the atmosphere, it is all around us, and if any one, no matter how materialistic he may be—and Lord Roberts is not materialistic—will but write honestly of his life, he can hardly

* "Forty-one Years in India." By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. Two vols. Bentley & Sons.

fail to put on record some instances in which the phenomena from the invisible world have pressed themselves upon his attention. Lord Roberts is no exception to this rule. He has lived a long and eventful life, he has passed through many perils, having ventured his life in the high places of many a field, and his story, merely as a story of adventure, is full of interest and excitement; but in two or three cases his narrative touches the region with which we, of this Quarterly, are more closely concerned.

There are three or four extracts, showing how the under-world, or the over-world if you like, pressed itself upon Lord Roberts's attention. The first is one of the familiar instances in which the occurrence of death at a distance casts a chill or gloom over relatives who are entirely unconscious of what has happened, the experience, although recorded by Lord Roberts as one which occurred to his father. Father and son were serving together in the Punjab, when the father was compelled to leave India. Lord Roberts says:—

Shortly before his departure, an incident occurred which I will relate for the benefit of psychological students; they may, perhaps, be able to explain it; I never could. My father had, some time before, issued an invitation for a dance which was to take place in two days' time—on Monday, the 17th October, 1853. On Saturday morning he appeared disturbed and unhappy, and during breakfast he was silent and despondent—very different from his usual bright and cheery self. On my questioning him as to the cause, he told me he had had an unpleasant dream—one which he had dreamt several times before, and which had always been followed by the death of a near relative. As the day advanced, in spite of my efforts to cheer him, he became more and more depressed, and even said he would like to put off the dance. I dissuaded him from taking this step, for the time being; but that night he had the same dream again, and the next morning he insisted on the dance being postponed. It seemed to me rather absurd to disappoint our friends because of a dream; there was, however, nothing for it but to carry out my father's wishes, and intimation of postponement was accordingly sent to the invited guests. The following morning brought news of the sudden death of a half-sister with whom I had stayed on my way to Peshawar.

This phenomenon of the prophetic dream, oft repeated, is very familiar, as all students of Borderland know. It is an often expressed wish, which I fear is not destined to be gratified, that readers of BORDERLAND would assist me in compiling a kind of inventory of dreams that are precursors of ill or of good fortune. There seems to be no general law on the subject, for what portends good for some people, portends evil to others. Some persons, for instance, maintain that the result of their experience justifies their conviction that if they dream of a beetle or of a mouse they will certainly hear bad news, bereavement, death, or loss within a very short time after. Lord Roberts does not explain the nature of the dream which foreshadowed the death of his half-sister, but it was evidently a well authenticated precursor of misfortune.

When General Anson's force was in camp before Delhi, a baby was born, under a heavy cannonade, in the waggon in which the mother was accompanying the General.

The baby was christened Stanley Delhi Force, and its birth was looked upon by the soldiers with quite a superstitious feeling. Its father had overheard a soldier say, "Now we shall get our reinforcements. This camp was formed to avenge the blood of innocents, and the first reinforcement sent to us is a new-born infant." Reinforcements did actually arrive the next day.

The most remarkable incident which Lord Roberts

mentions illustrating his own psychic gift is that in which he describes the premonitory foreboding of the fate of poor Cavagnari, who was killed at Cabul. As Commander of the Kuram Field Force he marched with Cavagnari on his way to Cabul, and parted with him within five miles of the summit of the Shutar Gardan Pass. "After dinner," says Lord Roberts, "I was asked to propose the health of Cavagnari and those with him. But somehow I did not feel equal to the task; I was so thoroughly depressed, and my mind was filled with such gloomy forebodings as to the fate of those fine fellows that I could not utter a word." Cavagnari was in the best of spirits. The next morning, as they descended the Pass, says Lord Roberts, "curiously enough we came across a solitary magpie, which I should not have noticed had not Cavagnari pointed it out to me, and begged me not to mention the fact of his having seen it to his wife, as she would be sure to consider it an unlucky omen." On leaving the Afghan camp everything was done to cheer the parting envoy. "But," says Lord Roberts, "I could not feel happy as to the prospects of the mission, and my heart sunk as I wished Cavagnari 'Good-bye.' When we had proceeded a few yards in our different directions, we both turned round, retraced our steps, shook hands once more, and parted for ever." This, of course, may be said to be due solely to the calculations of an experienced officer, who felt, as he tells us, that the Afghans had not been sufficiently beaten to justify any confidence in the stability of the peace. But, all the same, the incident is a curious one, and the sight of the single magpie adds an element of old-world superstition to this modern presentiment.

The *Theosophist* for January calls attention to another passage in the book as affording evidence of Lord Roberts's psychic gifts, which, I confess, had not impressed me in this manner. The story, however, is very interesting. It is told in the first volume, and is one of the most remarkable adventures that befell Lord Roberts, even in the midst of the perilous times of the mutiny. Lord Roberts says:—

While we were halting at this place, Watson and I had rather a curious adventure. During a morning's ride my greyhound put up a nilghau so close to us that Watson, aiming a blow at him with his sword, gashed his quarter. Off he started, and we after him at full speed; the chase continued for some miles without our getting much nearer when, all at once, we beheld moving towards us from our right front a body of the enemy's cavalry. We were in an awkward position; our horses were very nearly dead beat, and we could hardly get away if pursued. We pulled up, turned round, and trotted back, very quietly at first, that our horses might recover their breath before we should have to ride for our lives. Every now and then we looked back to see whether they were gaining upon us, and at last we distinctly saw them open out and make as if to charge down upon us. We thought our last hour was come. We bade each other good-bye, agreeing that each must do his best to escape, and that neither was to wait for the other, when, lo! as suddenly as they had appeared, the horsemen vanished, as though the ground had opened and swallowed them; there was nothing to be seen but the open plain, where a second before there had been a crowd of mounted men. We could hardly believe our eyes, or comprehend at first that what we had seen was simply a mirage but so like reality that any one must have been deceived.

There is no doubt from this narrative that Lord Roberts and his companions were absolutely convinced as to the objective reality of the troop of horsemen by whom they were pursued. If it was a mirage, it is certainly a mirage quite different from any that is on record before, and this leads up to the observation of the Theo-

sophist, whose explanation is certainly more credible than the hypothesis favoured by Lord Roberts.

The mirage explanation is too lame to be accepted, considering that a mirage is never seen in India except in a few parts of Rajputana, and certainly never in the country where Lord Roberts then was. There could not have been a mirage of a troop of cavalry unless the living men and horses had been somewhere existing, and even then their reflected picture would have been seen as inverted; the men and horses would have seemed as if standing on their heads. Moreover, the mirage would have been in the air, not on the ground, and certainly Lord Roberts and his companion were not so devoid of intelligence as to mistake a reflected picture of cavalry with its edges all trembling and indistinct, for a solid group of soldiers opening out as if preparing to charge upon them. Any tyro in the science of optics will see how absurd is the explanation given of a phenomenon which belongs solely to the domain of *Mâyâ* and was, apparently, an objectified picture in the astral light of a past military manoeuvre on that very spot. Clearly, one may be a great fighting general and strategist, and at the same time as ignorant as a child of the science of psychology.

What the Theosophist called "an objectified picture" in the astral light is by no means an unfamiliar phenomenon. It is a constant occurrence in places which are the scenes of what I called in "Real Ghost Stories" "rehearsal ghosts." That is to say, certain scenes where a great tragedy has taken place, clairvoyants, and sometimes those who are not clairvoyant, can see transacted endlessly over and over again the scene of the murder. Once upon a time this was held to be the natural penalty of the criminal, compelled as a punishment, by re-enacting for endless ages the crime which had damned his soul. But this explanation involves the equally unfavourable hypothesis that the ghost of his victim is to be subjected to a perpetual renewal of the outrage which cost her her life. The analogy of the kinetoscope helps us in this. Imagine a kinetoscope in nature with a phonograph attachment capable of being turned on indefinitely, under certain circumstances or on certain days, and you have the rehearsal ghost exactly. Lord Roberts may have happened upon the day on which this natural or supernatural kinetoscope was at work, with the result that he and his companions were almost scared out of their wits.

It would be interesting to know if Lord Roberts has any more psychic marvels in his wallet. I should say the odds are heavy that he has, but that he deemed those he had given quite as many as the public would stand. For there is an extraordinary repugnance to psychic phenomena on the part of those who are non-psychic, and still more on the part of those who are sufficiently psychic to dread phenomena, the reality of which, although they deny with their lips, they know to be true in their hearts.

Another point which is not exactly psychic in Lord Roberts's book bears directly on what may be called the fundamental thesis on which our belief rests, viz., the dominance of mind over matter. Speaking of the hardships which he endured during the arduous campaign for the suppression of the mutiny, Lord Roberts says:—

It was a rough experience, but, notwithstanding the exposure, hard work, and a minimum of sleep, there was no great sickness amongst the troops. The personal interest which every man in the force felt in the rescue of his countrymen and countrywomen, in addition to the excitement at all times inseparable from war, was a stimulant which enabled all ranks to bear up in a marvellous manner against long-continued privations and hardships—for body and mind are equally affected by will—and there was

no doubt about the will in this instance to endure anything that was necessary for the speedy achievement of the object in view. Personally, I was in the best of health, and though I almost lived on horseback, I never felt inconvenience or fatigue.

This is only one of innumerable instances that might be adduced to prove the way in which, under great hardships, the mind can enable the body to pass scot free through dangers which, under ordinary circumstances, would be fatal.

Perhaps the most remarkable piece of evidence as to Lord Roberts's psychic gift was the fact that he divined by his sixth sense the disaster of Maiwand before the news arrived. He had started on a little expedition to the Khyber when the impact of the bad news as yet unknown was perceived by his sensitive nature. He writes:

My intention, when I left Kabul, was to ride as far as the Khyber Pass, but suddenly a presentiment, which I have never been able to explain to myself, made me retrace my steps and hurry back towards Kabul—a presentiment of coming trouble which I can only characterise as instinctive.

The feeling was justified when, about half-way between Butkhak and Kabul, I was met by Sir Donald Stewart and my Chief of the Staff, who brought me the astounding news of the total defeat by Ayub Khan of Brigadier-General Burrows's brigade at Maiwand, and of Lieutenant-General Primrose, with the remainder of his force, being besieged at Kandahar.

It is curious to note Lord Roberts's explanation of this premonition of coming trouble. He can only characterize it as "instinctive." But what is instinct? Such characterization explains nothing.

In connection with this sensitiveness to coming trouble, common to both father and son, although revealed to the former in sleep by dreams, and to the latter "by instinct" while awake, it may be interesting to quote a well-recorded instance of a similar premonition on the part of an even more distinguished man.

Sir M. E. Grant Duff, in his "Notes from a Diary," tells the story as follows. It was told to the author by Charles Dickens, who had it from Staunton. Dean Stanley, who had also heard Dickens tell the story, corroborated the accuracy of the present version. Staunton had been called to a Council at the President's, but arrived somewhat late:—

After the Council was over, I walked away with the Attorney-General, and said to him, "Well, if all Councils were like this, the war would soon be at an end. The President, instead of sitting on half-a-dozen different chairs and telling improper stories, has applied himself to business, and we've got through a great deal of work." "Yes," said the Attorney-General, "but you were late. You don't know what happened." "No," I answered, "What did happen?" "All the rest of us," rejoined he, "were pretty punctual, and when we came in we found the President sitting with his head on his hand, and looking very unlike himself. At length he lifted his head, and looking around us, said, 'Gentlemen, in a few hours we shall receive some very strange intelligence.' Very much surprised, I said to him, 'Sir, you have got some very bad news.' "No," he answered, "I have got no news, but in a few hours we shall receive some very strange intelligence?" Still more astonished, I said, "May we ask, sir, what leads you to suppose we shall receive this intelligence?" He replied, "I've had a dream. I had it the night before Bull's Run. I had it on some other occasion" (which Mr. Dickens had forgotten), "and I had it last night." This was stranger than ever, and I said, "May we ask, sir, the nature of your dream?" He replied, "I'm alone—I'm in a boat, and I'm out on the bosom of a great rushing river, and I drift, and I drift, and I drift." At this moment came your knock at the door. The President said, "but this is not business, gentlemen. Here is Mr. Staunton." Five hours afterwards Lincoln was assassinated.

THE FACTS OF BEING.*

THE AUTHOR.

THIS volume, so solid in both build and contents, well represents its author, William Graham, who was physically and mentally a splendid specimen of the Yorkshireman; an utterly honest, honourable man, firm in will and conviction, deep-thinking, philosophical and democratic; of great native ability and rugged mental vigour; shrewd, retiring, and self-contained; somewhat deficient in the fineness of perception a more thorough education would have supplied, and which would have rendered him invincible as a philosophical opponent. He poured out his soul into the book before us, and bequeathed it to the thinking world.

THE BOOK.

The Book is well written, and breathes the sober and devout spirit of its author, and is, to say the least, formidable. It is "A concurrent study of, and a compilation from, the Divine Word and the theological writings of Emanuel Swedenborg;" and its object, "to set forth, in some intelligible form, the essential facts of being as obtainable from every source of reliable information." Practically, however, the only such sources in the author's view are the Scriptures and Swedenborg; and his argument is limited to the theology, psychology, and philosophy of the Swedish seer. It is with a sense of loss that we seek almost in vain for the side lights of modern science and discovery which would have aided in adapting the work to the modern mind.

ITS VALUE.

Its value to the ordinary reader is nil. As an appeal to the general public it is a failure; for, from the first page to the last, the author has indulged in the Swedenborgian terminology, or has invented terms still more difficult of apprehension, which, in the absence of glossary and definition, breed perplexity in the uninitiated. To the mind already stocked with Swedenborgian lore, the book is of some interest, bristling as it does with points around which circle interminable discussion and divergence of opinion. In reading Swedenborg direct, one naturally expects to meet with peculiarity of expression, especially when it is known that he found himself under the necessity of departing from the vocabulary of the schoolmen; but to peruse a modern work couched almost entirely in the technical phraseology of an old author, is much like taking a header into the seas of some distant orb. The average reader would derive benefit from a careful study of Swedenborg's smaller works, *The Divine Love and Wisdom*, *The Divine Providence*, &c.—where a plunge into *The Facts of Being* would, in most cases, cause "confusion worse confounded."

THE DISCIPLES.

The Disciples of Swedenborg are too apt to bury themselves in the vast world of thought presented in his writings; they lose touch with, and forget the intellectual state of, the outside world. They tend to pay less attention to his general principles than to his literal statements, seeking rather to harmonize the latter, and out of them to construct a system, than to thoroughly digest and apply the former. The result can be no other than frequent limitations and confusion. Mr. Graham

wrought in a laboratory whose atmosphere was charged with Swedenborgian germs. He could not stand out in the ordinary world of men, and say as one with them, "See, this is what we are seeking!" He became (as many others have become) so literally a Swedenborgian, as to be clean cut off from current modes of thought, and as to lose the ability to interpret his master in language adapted to modern requirements.

THE SUBJECTS TREATED.

The subjects treated are of vast importance to the modern philosopher. Thus, our author reasons in effect:—The existence of the finite implies the existence of the infinite. The finite may be traced back to the most general principles upon the physical plane. One function of revelation is to enable us to trace the finite from the point where natural science fails, to the very threshold of the infinite. This may be accomplished from both man and the external universe as the starting points, and also from the Divine Word and the Divine Man. Hence a relation does actually exist between all planes of the finite on the one hand, and the infinite on the other.

SWEDENBORG'S MISSION.

Swedenborg's Mission as a revealer was to make known the existence of planes of being that lie between the inmost essence of matter and the infinite; to tell us the how and the why of all mediate causes; to open out before our intellectual view the links that bind the universe to its First Cause, and that unite, co-relate, and vitalise all planes of spiritual and physical being; and to make apparent the different modes and lines of communication between God and His creatures. Mr. Graham has taken a comprehensive view of the teachings of Swedenborg upon these sublime subjects, and has embodied them in *The Facts of Being* as they took shape in his own mental mould.

Whatever the defects in presentation, the book clearly evidences the fact that Swedenborg's revelations were of the spiritual scientific, as distinguished from the visionary, disconnected, and non-rational order. Hence in *The Facts of Being* we find a body of reason, an inter-relation of all the subjects treated, a rational exposition of spiritual laws—in the main a correct résumé of the seer's doctrine. There exist statements, however, which as presentations of Swedenborg's real teaching, must be taken *cum grano salis*. Thus on page 369 we read: "This regenerating process must be accomplished during man's lifetime on earth; if not, he is irretrievably lost." True, Swedenborg said something of the kind, but gave no sufficient reason; the statement is inconsistent with his general principles, and suggests that his mind was not yet entirely emancipated from the effects of early training, or that, fearing evil results in an unspiritual age from a full declaration of the truth, he thus crudely taught that some eternal detriment would follow a persistently evil life. On the other hand, his *Diary* contains the record of a case where, under his own eyes, a soul was taken out of hell and saved through repentance.

The only satisfactory way of reading Swedenborg is to grasp and adhere to his main principles, and to discard casual statements not in harmony therewith. This Mr. Graham has not done. As a copyist, rather than an enlightened and independent exponent, he has reflected the defects as well as the wisdom of his master—a fact which further detracts from the value of the book.

G. H. LOCK.

* "The Facts of Being." A concurrent Study of, and a Compilation from, the Divine Word, and the Theological Works of Emanuel Swedenborg. By William Graham. Published by James Speirs, 1, Bloomsbury Street, London. 59p pp.

THE HEAVEN OF THE BIBLE.*

THIS is a little book, neatly got up, containing about sixty-eight pages of good print. The ordinary reader will find great difficulty in deciding whether or not Miss Craddock is reducing to an absurdity the popular literal ideas as to the interpretation of the Bible, or whether she holds in good faith the extraordinary thesis which she has set forth with chapter and verse in this little book. Miss Craddock is not exactly the person whom anyone would have suspected of a desire to "sap a solemn creed with solemn sneer" in the fashion of Gibbon, but those who do not know her, and who take up this book as they might any other, without knowledge of its author, might well be pardoned for thinking that she had adopted this method as the most likely to be effective in demolishing the literalist's theory of biblical interpretation. In her preface she tells us reasonably enough that it ought to be worth while to put together the passages in which the Bible gives us information about the world beyond the grave, called heaven. Hence she endeavours to bring her intelligence to bear upon the glimpses of a future life, which she regards as affording momentary revelations of heavenly customs in order to construct a fairly vivid mental picture of life in heaven. Her sources of information are chiefly the Book of Revelation, the statements of Ezekiel, Isaiah and Daniel, the allusions to angels which are scattered throughout the Old and New Testament, references to man's double, or astral form, the apparition of Moses and Elijah on the Mount of Transfiguration, and of Samuel in obedience to the call of the Witch of Endor, the ascensions of Elijah and Jesus, and lastly, the words of Jesus while on earth. Thus furnished with material, Miss Craddock arranges them under heads such as the following: "Topography of Heaven," "Food and Clothing," "Animals," "Industries," "Family Life," etc. Her method is to take the sacred text, and accept it exactly as it stands. When there is a reference to the Tree of Life, she maintains there must be a tree of life, a veritable tree standing in the midst of the city of the New Jerusalem, and so she goes on, applying the metaphor of her American notions to the words of the Apocalyptic seer. As Jesus referred to "many mansions," therefore, she is prepared to find a vast population living in multitudinous houses which require for their management and control such regulations as are familiar to citizens of to-day. Here is a passage which sounds the keynote of the whole: "That which earthly, erring beings were able to accomplish in handling the crowds which flocked to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, can surely be equalled, if not surpassed, in a municipality run by angelic beings under the direct supervision of God." So she goes on, "The white-robed throng have 'palms' in their hands." "Palms," she says, "presuppose palm-trees, and a rather large grove, too, if the leaves have to be fresh and green." As they are to be robed in white, it is very probable there must be fields of flax in which to grow the material from which the robes are made, and so forth. Miss Craddock inclines to believe that clothes are worn in heaven, not for modesty, but for beauty.

There is a curious chapter concerning the "Radiance of Angels." She thinks it is due, "partly to an optical delusion caused by the seers' eyes being unaccustomed to focussing these beings from another plane of existence." The human eye lens is not suited for focussing

angels, and their imperfection may account for the radiance that surrounds angels on the rare occasions when they have been focussed. She says, "if anyone lays a chiffon veil across spectacles known as cross-cylinders, the result very much resembles the description of the angelic radiance. The street lamps become straightway surrounded by a blurred but dazzling halo, through which the colours of the rainbow stream outwards in well-defined sheaves of rays." If a chiffon veil, therefore, can produce such astonishing effects in radiance of colour, may not a similar interference produce a similarly marvellous halo surrounding objects in another sphere of existence?

When she comes to deal with animals in heaven, she says: "Ezekiel was striving to describe a sort of compound bicycle of which the cherubim were the motor power;" the felloes of the wheels appeared to Ezekiel "high and dreadful, indicating, as in the earliest times of the earthly bicycle, the large diameter of the wheel is a conspicuous feature." She contends that there is nothing incongruous or irreverent in this idea, and if Ezekiel saw four bicycling cherubim moving simultaneously on their wheels, we need not wonder at his inability to describe this complex and astounding vehicle more accurately.

Her suggestion that the flaming sword which guarded the portals of Paradise may have been an electric sword which would flash electric sparks with each renewal and break in the circuit, is more obvious and less grotesque. Miss Craddock's peculiar method comes out most remarkably in the chapter describing "The Industries of Heaven." These passages must be quoted. Take for instance:—

This being, I think, self-evident to any careful reader of the Bible, I venture to set down a few of the industries and industrial workers which the Bible glimpses of life in Heaven suggest will be or have been at some time necessary:

CITY WALLS.

Stone-cutters and polishers to shape and polish the stones which form the city wall.

Implements to do this work.

Masons to build the wall.

Mortar, trowels, and hods for carrying mortar.

Workers skilled in cutting the large pearls of which the gates are made.

Special implements for same.

Metal hinges and rivets for the pearly gates.

POSSIBLE DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP.

Committees of hospitality: at least one committee from each race of people, to welcome every new-comer to the Heavenly City and to assign him his proper place in municipal affairs.

Drill-masters to conduct the evolutions of the immense throng in the religious rites about the throne.

Officials to organize and superintend the various departments of municipal work,—clerical, gardening, house-building, metal-working, etc.

Other possible industries will readily suggest themselves to the earnest and thoughtful student of Scripture.

All this is somewhat calculated to make the enemy blaspheme, nor will the hostility of the critic be disarmed by Miss Craddock's chapter on Family Life.

FAMILY LIFE IN HEAVEN.

There is neither marrying nor giving in marriage; but the relation of husband and wife still exists, and children may be begotten as upon earth. This we learn from Jesus himself. It appears that some Sadducees—that sect which held that there is no resurrection, propounded to Jesus a sort of catch question,

* "The Heaven of the Bible." By Ida C. Craddock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1897.

evidently intended to trip him up. They assumed the case of a woman who had married successively seven men, without issue by any; and they asked Jesus which of the seven could claim her as his lawful wife in the resurrection. Jesus replied, in substance, that while men in this world marry and are given in marriage, such custom does not exist in Heaven. Instead, men shall there live as do the angels.

If angels were sexless, this statement would of course do away with the possibility of husbands, wives, and the begetting of children in Heaven. But the reverse is the case, as we learn from Scripture. In Genesis vi. we find the statement, "The sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair; and they took them wives of all that they chose." The Septuagint, however, originally rendered the words "sons of God" by "angels of God"; and this rendering is found in Philo, Eusebius, Augustine, and Ambrose. This view of the above text was held by most of the early Church Fathers. "Angels of God" seem to be the original rendering.

From this it is evident that angels, according to Scripture, are by no means sexless, but are as desirous as are earthly men to enter into lawful marital relations with the women of their choice. And another verse in the same chapter states that children were born from these unions of the angels of God with the daughters of men—and exceptionally fine children they were, too; for we read that "the same were the mighty men which were of old, the men of renown."

When we remember that Jesus spoke of conjugal union in Heaven as existing without the earthly custom of giving in marriage, we begin to realize why such stress is laid upon prohibiting the entrance of the impure into the Heavenly City in Revelation xxi. 8 and xxii. 15.

The authoress then sums up her conclusions, from which we may form some idea as to the fairly vivid mental picture of life in heaven which she has arrived at, by bringing her intelligence to bear upon the sacred texts.

There, as here, water quenches thirst and luscious fruits refresh. There, as here, life alternates between the city and the garden. There, as here, industries are evidently carried on,—since we can scarcely suppose that in Heaven God would Himself do the work of manufacturing garments, buildings, musical instruments, &c., in order to allow His children to fold their hands in idleness, any more than He does it here. Such differences as Scripture demonstrates to exist between life on earth and life in Heaven are, apparently, those incident to a world which embraces our world, and which has, in addition, many experiences of its own. The angels can evidently do all that we can on the physical plane, and some things that we cannot—such as did the angels who delivered Peter from prison; and, as we shall be equal to the angels when we get to Heaven, we, too, when occasion arises, shall be able to do for others what that angel did for Peter. The same emotions, the same affections prevail there as here, only intensified in all that is pure and uplifting, and suppressed utterly in all that is ignoble and impure. Wedded life, with all that the term signifies, may be entered upon, but only in purity and in love toward God, since to be unchaste or to fail to love God with every faculty of our being is to be debarred from citizenship in Paradise.

There is not one word said about the world beyond the grave being a ghostly place, peopled with misty shadows. It is, apparently, a tangible, actual, material world, where people live healthy, physical lives; where they love and beget children as they do here, but only in accordance with righteous laws; where communion with God is far more intimate and ecstatic than here; and where, finally, temptation to wrong-doing must still be met and overcome, and the moral nature kept uppermost, if a man's Heavenly citizenship is to be a permanent thing.

The idea, all too prevalent among Christian people, that Heaven is ethereal, unsubstantial, and intangible, with little or no likeness to earth and the earthly life, has not the least support in the testimony of Scripture. On the contrary, every glimpse the Bible gives us of Heaven and of its inhabitants goes to prove that the life of angels and of the blessed dead is but the old earth-life writ large and purified, plus additional capacities of which we are at present ignorant.

"ZISKA," THE PROBLEM OF A WICKED SOUL.*

THIS problem of a wicked soul is dedicated to the present living reincarnation of Araxes. It embodies the latest phase of Marie Corelli's dealing with occultism. Araxes was a famous warrior and favourite servant of the King Amenhotep of the eighteenth dynasty, who passed over to the invisible world some thousands of years ago.

Who the present living reincarnation of Araxes may be Marie Corelli does not say. The story of Ziska is an attempt to set forth the doctrine which she defines as that of Scientific Ghosts. It differs, it will be seen, from the ordinary doctrine of Reincarnation as taught by the Theosophists. According to Theosophy, so far as I can make it out, the souls of two persons who have injured each other or been injured, one by the other, in the past, are reincarnated after the lapse of some one thousand five hundred years in persons who live again on the earth, to work out their karma. For example, the soul of Brutus and the soul of Cæsar, being reincarnated, would now have to pay each other the debts that were incurred in their last incarnation. As Brutus slew Cæsar, so the reincarnated spirit of Cæsar would have to pay off that old score to the reincarnation of Brutus. But that is not Marie Corelli's doctrine which is to be found in "Ziska," for here we have the reincarnation of Araxes being pursued, and done to death, not by the reincarnation of the dancer, Ziska-Charmazel, whom he murdered, but by a phantasmal ghost, not a real woman, who although she appeared to be such, was in reality but the ghost of Ziska-Charmazel. Marie Corelli is not clear on this point. She leaves a certain haze over this question, but there seems to be very little doubt that I have rightly described what she teaches.

Dr. Dean emphatically declares Ziska to be not human. Although she has the outward appearance of the most beautiful and seductive human body, she has the soul of a fiend, and all his explanation as well as the denouement, when the beautiful princess vanishes away into shape, seems to imply that she is not a woman at all, but only a phantasm, or what Marie Corelli calls a Scientific Ghost.

The story is very brief. A certain Princess Ziska, of rare beauty, who bears a striking personal resemblance to pictures of Ziska-Charmazel, appears—coming no one knows whence, and disappearing no one knows whither—at Cairo, at the time when one Gervais, a great French artist, arrives on the scene. This Gervais is the reincarnation of the long-dead Araxes, while the Princess Ziska is, of course, none other than Ziska-Charmazel, who first appears as the mystery of a shadow, and a shape, that floats like a thin vapour through the grey dawn, resolves itself into the visionary semblance of a woman's form, and then waving her ghostly arms into the air sends out a wild voice, pulsating through the stillness, crying, "Araxes! . . . Araxes! Thou art here, and I pursue thee! Through life unto death, through death out into life again! I find thee and I follow! I follow! Araxes!"

She is nothing but the mystery of a shadow and a shape, and she is explained by Dr. Dean as a scientific ghost.

"No; when I say ghosts I mean ghosts—ghosts that do not need the midnight hour to evolve themselves into being, and

* "Ziska, the Problem of a Wicked Soul," by Marie Corelli. J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol, 1897. 6s. Pp. 365.

that by no means vanish at cock-crow. My ghosts are those that move about among us in social intercourse for days, months—sometimes years—according to their missions; ghosts that talk to us, imitate our customs and ways, shake hands with us, laugh and dance with us, and altogether comport themselves like human beings. Those are my kind of ghosts—scientific ghosts. There are hundreds, aye, perhaps thousands, of them in the world at this very moment.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," and the ghosts I speak of are the Lord's way of doing it. The sinner who imagines his sins are undiscovered is a fool who deceives himself. I mean, that the murderer who has secretly torn the life out of his shrieking victim in some unfrequented spot, and has succeeded in hiding his crime from what we call 'justice,' cannot escape the spiritual law of vengeance. What would you say if I told you that the soul of a murdered creature is often sent back to earth in human shape to dodge its murderer down? and that many a criminal, undiscovered by the police, is haunted by a seeming person, a man or a woman—who is on terms of intimacy with him—who eats at his table, drinks his wine, clasps his hand, smiles in his face, and yet is truly nothing but the ghost of his victim in human disguise, sent to drag him gradually to his well-deserved, miserable end; what would you say to such a thing?"

"Horrible!" exclaimed Courtney, recoiling. "Beyond everything monstrous and horrible!"

Gervais, the reincarnated Araxes, of course, meets his fate and falls madly in love with the beautiful fiend, the avenging Ziska. She gives him a sitting. He paints her, but when his picture was finished, he finds, not the beautiful features of his sitter, but a strange and awful face, a thing of tortured passion and pain, while the distinct outline of a death's head was seen plainly through the rose-brown flesh tints.

Gervais discussed with Dr. Dean the mystery about the face of a woman as in torture having been painted by him while he was doing his best to reproduce the radiant loveliness of Princess Ziska. Dr. Dean's explanation is as follows:—

"You are now a man in the prime of life, Monsieur Gervais; but look back to your early youth—the period when young men do wild, reckless, and often wicked things—did you ever in your thoughtless time break a woman's heart?"

Gervais flushed and shrugged his shoulders. "Pardieu! I may have done! Who can tell? But if I did, what would that have to do with this?" and he tapped the picture impatiently.

The Doctor sat down and smacked his lips with a peculiar air of enjoyment.

"It would have a great deal to do with it," he answered; "that is, psychologically speaking. I have known such cases. We will argue the point out systematically thus:—Suppose that you, in your boyhood, had wronged some woman, and suppose that woman died. You might imagine you had got rid of that woman. But if her love was very strong, and her sense of outrage very bitter, I must tell you that you have not got rid of her by any means; moreover, you never will get rid of her. And why? Because her soul, like all souls, is imperishable. Now, putting it as a mere supposition, and for the sake of the argument, that you feel a certain admiration for the Princess Ziska, an admiration which might possibly deepen into something more than platonic, why then the soul of the other woman you once wronged might come between you and the face of the new attraction, and cause you to unconsciously paint the tortured look of the injured and unforgiving spirit on the countenance of the lovely fascinator, whose charms are just beginning to ensnare you. I repeat, I have known such cases." And, unheeding the amazed and incredulous looks of his listeners, the little Doctor folded both his short arms across his chest, and hugged himself in the exquisite delight of his own strange theories. "The fact is," he continued, "you cannot get rid of ghosts! They are all about us—everywhere. Sometimes they take forms, sometimes they are content to remain invisible; but they never fail to make their presence felt. Often during the performance of some great piece of music they drift between the air and the melody, making the

sounds wilder and more haunting, and freezing the blood of the listener with a vague agony and chill. Sometimes they come between us and our friends, mysteriously forbidding any further exchange of civilities or sympathies, and occasionally they meet us alone and walk and talk with us invisibly. Generally they mean well, but sometimes they mean ill. And the only explanation I can offer you, Monsieur Gervais, as to the present picture problem is that a ghost must have come between you and your canvas!"

Of course, they ridiculed the idea, but the doctor was convinced that he was face to face with the most interesting psychic problem he had ever studied.

"If my researches on to the psychic spheres of action are worth anything, it can only be one case out of a thousand. Thousands? Aye, perhaps millions! Great heavens! Among what terrific unseen forces we live; and, in exact proportion to every man's arrogant denial of the 'Divinity that shapes our ends,' so will be measured out to him the revelation of the invisible. Strange that the human race has never entirely realised as yet the depth of meaning in the words describing hell: 'Where the worm dieth not, and where the flame is not quenched.' The 'worm' is retribution, the 'flame' is the immortal spirit; and the two are for ever striving to escape from the other. Horrible! And yet there are men who believe in neither one nor the other, and reject the redemption that does away with both! God forgive us all our sins—and especially the sins of pride and presumption!"

There is no need for dwelling upon the details of the story. Let us hurry at once to the final scene. While Gervais, who has been promised that Ziska will surrender herself to him at a secret trysting place, is conducted by a mysterious Nubian to the chamber beneath the floor of the great pyramid, in which Araxes was buried, surrounded by inconceivable treasures of gold and jewels, he cries aloud for Ziska, and the hollow vault echoes "Charmazel." He is alone, but, suddenly, like a strange spirit of evil rising from the ground, stood the mysterious Ziska, her black eyes flaming with wrath, menace, and passion. Gervais gazed at her spell-bound, and no wonder, for Ziska now looked like the picture he had painted of her. Her hands were as cold as ice, and clammy as the dews of the grave. When he seized her, her hands slipped through his like those of a corpse newly dead. With an unearthly voice she cried, as her black eyes flamed with wrath, menace, and passion.

"Welcome, my lover, to those arms for whose embrace your covetous soul has thirsted unappeased. Take me—each bit of me—for I am yours. So utterly yours that you can never escape me!—never separate from me—no! not through a thousand, thousand centuries! Life of my life! soul of my soul! Possess me, as I possess you!—for our two unrepenting spirits form a dual flame in Hell, which must burn on and on to all eternity! Leap to my arms, master and lord—king and conqueror! Here, here!" And she smote her white arms against her whiter bosom. "Take all your fill of burning wickedness—of cursed joy! and then—sleep! as you have slept before, these many thousand years!"

He threatened to murder her, whereupon she said, towering over him like an enraged demon evoked from mist or flame:

"You have done that once. To murder me twice is beyond your power. Here is the tomb of Araxes."

"My God! What frenzy is this! A woman's vain trick!—a fool's mad scheme! What is Araxes to me?—or I to Araxes?"

"Everything!" replied Ziska, the vindictive demon light in her eyes blazing with a truly frightful intensity. "Inasmuch as ye are one and the same! The same dark soul of sin-unpurged, uncleansed through ages of eternal fire! Sensualist! Voluptuary! accursed spirit of the man I loved, come forth from the

present seeming—of things! Come forth and cling to me. Cling!—for the whole forces of a million universes shall not separate us! O! Eternal Spirits of the Dead!" and she lifted her ghostly white arms with a wild gesture. "Rend ye the veil! Declare to the infidel and unbeliever the truth of the life beyond death; the life wherein ye and I dwell and work, clamouring for late justice!"

Here she sprang forward and caught the arm of Gervais with all the fierce eagerness of some ravenous bird of prey; and as she did so he knew her grasp meant death.

"Remember the days of old, Araxes! look back, look back from the present to the past, and remember the crimes that are still unavenged! Remember the love sought and won!—remember the broken heart!—remember the ruined life!"

There was not much fear of him forgetting her, and lest his memory should play him false, she went over all the scene of Ziska-Charmazel's murder, recalling the lonely anguish in which she died.

"Her murderer! to track him down to his grave wherein the king strewed gold, and devils strewed curses!—down, down to the end of all his glory and conquest into the silence of yon gold-encrusted clay. And out of silence again into sound and light and fire, ever pursuing, I have followed—followed through a thousand phases of existence!—and I will follow still through limitless space and endless time, till the great Maker of this terrible wheel of life Himself shall say, 'Stop! Here ends even the law of vengeance!' Oh, for ten thousand centuries more in which to work my passion and prove my wrong! All the treasure of love despised, all the hope of a life betrayed!—all the salvation of heaven denied! Tremble, Soul of Araxes!—for hate is eternal, as love is eternal! The veil is down, the Memory stings!"

She turned her face, now spectral and pallid as a waning moon, up to him; her form grew thin and skeleton-like, while still retaining the transparent outline of its beauty; and he realised at last that no creature of flesh and blood was this that clung to him, but some mysterious bodiless horror of the supernatural, unguessed at by the outer world of men!

The dew of death stood thick on his forehead; there was a straining agony at his heart, and his breath came in quick convulsive gasps; but worse than his physical torture was the overwhelming and convincing truth of the actual existence of the Spiritual Universe, now so suddenly and awfully revealed.

Even as she was dooming him to torture and death, the old love revived, and, stretching out his arms, he cried, "Ziska! Ziska! Forgive—forgive!" As he uttered the words all the terror and torture passed over her face like a passing cloud, and a mystic glory glittered above the dusky hair!

"Love—Love!" he cried. "Not hate, but love! Come back out of the darkness, soul of the woman I wronged! Forgive me! Come back to me! Hell or Heaven, what matters it if we are together! Come to me, come. Love is stronger than hate!"

Speech failed him; the cold agony of death gripped at his heart and struck him mute, but still he saw the beautiful passionate eyes of a forgiving Love turned gloriously upon him like stars in the black chaos whither he now seemed rushing. Then came a solemn surging sound as of great wings beating on a tempestuous air, and all the light in the tomb was suddenly extinguished. One instant more he stood upright in the thick darkness; then a burning knife seemed plunged into his breast, and he reeled forward and fell, his last hold on life being the consciousness that soft arms were clasping him and drawing him away—away—he knew not whither—and that warm lips, sweet and tender, were closely pressed on his. And presently, out of the heavy gloom came a Voice which said: "Peace! The old gods are best, and the law is made perfect. A life demands a life. Love's debt must be paid by love! The woman's soul forgives; the man's repents,—wherefore they are both released from bondage and the memory of sin. Let them go hence,—the curse is lifted!"

And there the story ends. It is clear from this that Ziska is not flesh and blood woman, but as a shadowy, supernatural phantasm, a kind of Nemesis vampire, who after all these thousands of years was let loose upon her murderer. Where Marie Corelli got the idea is not stated. Possibly she invented it, or had it revealed to her. But the Scientific Ghost must be accepted solely as a creature of the imagination at present. Evidence as to its reality is not yet forthcoming, and in the interests of flesh and blood mortals, it is sincerely hoped the scientific ghost will remain confined within the covers of Marie Corelli's romance.

DU MAURIER'S POSTHUMOUS ROMANCE.

THE MARTIAN.

FOR some time past Du Maurier's new story "The Martian," has been running in *Harper's Magazine*. It is not yet finished, but sufficient progress has been made to enable the reader to understand that "The Martian" is distinctly a BORDERLAND romance. Barty Jocelyn, the hero of the book, is an illegitimate child, who has an extraordinary personal fascination, and possesses, moreover, the strange gift of always being able to feel the north wherever he may be. This sense of the North Pole is the first indication we have of his occult gifts. He loses the sight of one eye, and being intensely miserable, on one occasion he decides to take poison; he pours out the deadly draught, but before he takes it he falls asleep, and when he wakes he finds that the poison has been emptied out, and in its place there is a long letter, written apparently by his own hand, in a curious script known only to himself and one or two intimate friends, in which he was reproved for his suicidal intention, encouraged not to despair of his sight, and told that the writer, who signed herself "Martia," had availed herself of his hand in order to place herself in communication with him. Who Maria was he did not know, but the sense of the North Pole, which he had lost for some time, returned, and life once more smiled upon him. In the last instalment of the story, in the April number of *Harper*, Martia reappears. Barty wished to marry a furrier's daughter of the name of Leah, but this mysterious spirit-guide had other designs for his happiness. Every night he always said his prayers to Maria, but once he forgot, and in the morning he found the following letter in his own handwriting by the bedside.

BARTY, MY BELOVED.—A crisis has come in your affairs, which are mine; and great as the cost is to me, I must write again, at the risk of betraying what amounts to a sacred trust; a secret that I have innocently surprised, the secret of a noble woman's heart.

One of the richest girls in England, one of the healthiest and most beautiful women in the whole world, a bride fit for an emperor, is yours for the asking. It is my passionate wish, and a matter of life and death to me, that you and Julia Royce should become man and wife; when you are, you shall both know why.

Mr. Nobody of Nowhere—as you are so fond of calling yourself—you shall be such, some day, that the best and highest in the land will be only too proud to be your humble friends and followers; no woman is too good for you—only one good enough! and she loves you: of that I feel sure—and it is impossible you should not love her back again.

I have known her from a baby, and her father and mother also; I have inhabited her, as I have inhabited you, although I have never been able to give her the slightest intimation of the

fact. You are both, physically, the most perfect human beings I was ever in; and in heart and mind the most simply made, the most richly gifted, and the most admirably balanced: and I have inhabited many thousands, and in all parts of the globe.

You, Barty, are the only one I have ever been able to hold communication with, or make to feel my presence: it was a strange chance, that—a happy accident; it saved your life. I am the only one, among many thousands of homeless spirits, who has ever been able to influence an earthly human being, or even make him feel the magnetic current that flows through us all, and by which we are able to exist; all the rappings and table-turnings are mere hysterical imaginations, or worse—the cheapest form of either trickery or self-deception that can be. Barty, your unborn children are of a moment to me beyond anything you can realise or imagine, and Julia must be their mother; Julia Royce, and no other woman in the world.

It is in you to become so great when you are ripe that she will worship the ground you walk upon; but you can only become as great as that through her and through me, who have a message to deliver to mankind here on earth, and none but you to give it a voice—not one. But I must have my reward, and that can only come through your marriage with Julia.

When you have read this, Barty, go straight to Riffraih, and see Julia if you can, and be to her as you have so often been to any woman you wished to please, and who were not worth pleasing. Her heart is her own to give, like her fortune; she can do what she likes with them both, and will—her mother notwithstanding, and in the teeth of the whole world.

Poor as you are, maimed as you are, irregularly born as you are, it is better for her that she should be your wife than the wife of any man living, whoever he be.

MARTIA.

Barty made up his mind to obey, and departed, but the charms of Leah were too much for him. He went off to Riffraih. When he came back he went for a long walk by the Rhine, when he confided to his invisible guide that he could not possibly meet her wishes:—

"Martia," said he, in a low but audible voice, "it's no good, I can't; *c'est plus fort que moi*. I can't sell myself to a woman for gold; besides, I can't fall in love with Julia; I don't know why, but I can't; I will never marry her. I don't deserve that she should care for me; perhaps she doesn't—perhaps you're quite mistaken; and if she does, it's only a young girl's fancy. What does a girl of that age really know about her own heart? and how base I should be to take advantage of her innocence and inexperience!"

And then he went on in a passionate and eager voice to explain all he had thought of during the day, and still further defend his recalcitrancy.

"Give me at least your reasons, Martia; tell me, for God's sake, who you are and what! Are you *me*? Are you the spirit of my mother? Why do you love me, as you say you do, with a love passing the love of a woman? What am I to you? Why are you so bent on worldly things?"

This monologue lasted more than an hour, and he threw himself on to his bed quite worn out, and slept at once, in spite of the nightingales, who filled the starlit, breezy, balmy night with their shrill sweet clamour.

Next morning, as he expected, he found a letter:

"Barty, you are ruining me and breaking my life, and wrecking the plans of many years—plans made before you were born or thought of.

"Who am I, indeed? Who is this demure young black-eyed witch that has come between us, this friend of Ida Maurice's?"

"She's the cause of all my misery, I feel sure; with Ida's eyes I saw you look at her; you never yet looked at Julia like that!—never at any woman before!

"Who is she? No mate for a man like you, I feel sure. In the first place, she is not rich; I could tell that by the querulous complaints of her middle-class mother. She's just fit to be some pious Quaker's wife, or a Sister of Charity, or a governess, or a hospital nurse, or a nun—no companion for a man destined to move the world!"

"Barty, you don't *know* what you are: you have never *thought*; you have never yet looked *within*!"

"Barty, with Julia by your side and me at your back, you will be a leader of men, and sway the destinies of your country, and raise it above all other nations, and make it the arbiter of Europe—of the whole world—and your seed will ever be first among the foremost of the earth.

"Will you give up all this for a pair of bright black eyes and a pretty white skin? Isn't Julia white enough for you?"

"I will not hurry your decision; I will come back in exactly a week from to-night. I am at your mercy.

"MARTIA."

Barty, however, refused absolutely to marry Julia. Then the sensation of the North left him, and up to the conclusion of the April instalment, he is left alone without the presence of Martia. It is a very curious story, and it is difficult at present to guess who Martia may be. She is a disembodied spirit apparently, who possesses and controls Barty through his sleep, who enters into other human bodies and has never been able to make them conscious of her presence. The automatic handwriting of Barty only differs from my own in being written during sleep. But we must possess our souls in patience and wait the development of the story.

BORDERLAND FICTION.

"THE CITY OF REFUGE," by Sir W. Besant. London, Chatto & Windus.

Sir W. Besant here strays upon Borderland. The City of Refuge is a community of men and women living in Aldermanbury, New York, for the practice of the rite of meditation. Every night the brethren and sisters pass into a state of trance, in which they see visions. In these trances Cicely, the heroine, and the Master receive messages from her mother, hear the voice of the spirit and see its face; it is these messages from the other side of the grave that guide and mould the course of the story. In a state of absorption in the Unseen, the members commune with spiritual influences and receive spiritual instruction. They have no books, for they do not read or follow any form of worship, meditation supplying all their mental and spiritual needs.

"EN ROUGE." Kegan Paul & Co.

This is Mr. Kegan Paul's translation of J. K. Huysman's famous novel describing how a libertine, who had officiated at the diabolical ceremonies and obscene orgies of the Black Mass, found peace in the Roman Church. The occult element in the story is chiefly confined to the descriptions of the succubæ, which tormented him even in the cloister. In this case, their visits excited, stifled, disquieted him, but satisfaction found he none. Such phenomena, according to Huysman, are familiar in every cloister.

"STUDIES FOR MEN AND WOMEN," by F. W. Saunders. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

Seven short stories, of which the first, "Angel Voices," is of the Borderland. It describes a case of spirit return, in which the lover, mourned as dead, returns to his betrothed; describes his passing, and announces that he will continue to live with her in materialised form.

"NORTHUMBRIAN STORIES." Howard Pease. First, second, and third series. Mawson & Swan.

In the third series of these dialect stories there is a liberal infusion of Borderland lore. Note specially the tale of the haunted hall of Seaton Delaval, a local ghost story well told.

XVI.—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.

Apparitions :

Funeral Address given by an Apparition, R. Cooper, *Light*, March 27
Ghost of Queen Elizabeth seen at Windsor Castle, *Light*, February 13
Ghost seen by Mr. Buckland, *Light of Truth*, March 6
Regiment of Soldiers seen an Apparition, A., *Light*, March 6

Astrology :

Character from Solar Biology, *Esoteric*, February, March
Curious Anecdote of Dryden, *Light of the East*, December
Curious Horoscopes, "Childbirths, *Modern Astrology*, January
Earthquake in England, The, "Sephariel," *Herschell's Coming Events*, February
Esoteric Side of Astrology, *Modern Astrology*, January
First Annual Meeting of the Astrological Society, *Modern Astrology*, March
Horoscope: Heart Disease, *Modern Astrology*, March
Horoscopes of Cecil J. Rhodes and President Kruger, *Herschell's Coming Events*, January
Mental Qualities, The, *Modern Astrology*, March
National Horoscope, *Herschell's Coming Events*, January, February, March
Planetary Dominions, "Sephariel," *Herschell's Coming Events*, February
Planetary Metals, "Sephariel," *Herschell's Coming Events*, January
Ptolemy's Teztrablos (pages 17-18), *Herschell's Coming Events*, January, February
Royal Academy Election and the Stars, The, *Herschell's Coming Events*, March
"Sephariel's" Manual of Horoscopes, *Herschell's Coming Events*, March
Speculations, *Herschell's Coming Events*, February, March
Strange Horoscopes of Trina, *Star Lore*, March
Horoscope of Mr. B. J. Barroco, *Star Lore*, March
Theoretical Basis of Astrology, The Moon, *Modern Astrology*, March

Automatism :

Case of "Speaking with Tongue," Professor William James, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, December, 1896
Recent Experiments in Normal Motor Automatism, F. W. H. Myers, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, December, 1896
Spirit Teachings through the Hand of W. S. Moses, *Light*, January 16, March 6, March 20

Biography :

Barrow's, Dr. J. H., His Reception in India, *Thinker*, January 23
Blake, William, An Early Spiritualist, *Harbinger of Light*, January
Cook, Miss Florie, Sketch of, *Two Worlds*, March 12, 19
Conce, Elliott, Scientist (Sketch and Portrait), *Light of Truth*, February 13
Dositheus, G. B. S. Mead, *Lucifer*, February
Graddon, Mrs., Sketch of, *Light*, January 9
Masquias, Martines, *Lucifer*, January
Richmond, Mrs. C. L. V. (Sketch and Portrait), *Light of Truth*, December 26
Taylor, Henry J., Sketch of, *Two Worlds*, March 19
Terry, W. H., Sketch and Portrait (continued), *Harbinger of Light*, January 2, 9
Watts, A. E., Sketch of, *Two Worlds*, January 1
Wallace, A. R., Litt.D., *Light of Truth*, January 9
"X," Miss, and the Burton Messages, *Light*, January 23

"Borderland" Notices :

Harbinger of Light, January, General Review
Light, January 20, General Notice
Light of the East, February, General Review
Light of the East, December, Hypnotism
Philosophical Journal, February 22, General Notice
Theosophical Isis, February, Reviewed at Length

Buddhism :

Buddhism Defined, *Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society*, January, February
Buddhist: 10 Code of Morals, *Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society*, January
Initiation Address of Prince Prisdan Choomal, *Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society*, January
Is Buddhism Pessimism? *Buddhist*, December 4
Philosophy of Buddhism, Dr. Caus, *Monist*, January
Philosophy of Buddhism Outlined, *Buddhist*, December 18
Prince Prisdan Choomal and the Order of Bhikshus, *Buddhist*, January 8
Tenet of Castes, The, *Light of the East*, December

Clairvoyances (see under Mediums) :

Child seen Clairvoyantly, *Light*, January 16
Lost Brooch restored through Clairvoyance, *Light*, January 23

Crystal Gazing :

Experiments with a Crystal, Professor J. H. Hyalop, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, December, 1896

Doubles :

How Doubles are Constituted, *Light*, March 18

Dreams :

Case of Dreaming, Clairvoyance or Telepathy? *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
Control of Dreams, *Light of Truth*, January 30
Dreams and Dreaming, *Prophetess*, December, January
Two Dreams—True and False, *Metaphysical Magazine*, March

Healing :

Church, Science, and Natural Healing Methods, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February
Day with Père Jourdain, the Healer, A., *Light*, February 27
Healer in Vermont, A., *Occult Science Quarterly*, February 13
Insanity of Fear, The, *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
Mental Therapeutics, *Metaphysical Magazine*, January
Methods of Healing, *Light of Truth*, January 23
Power of Imagination, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February
Psychic Power of the Detroit Healer, *Light of Truth*, January 30
Self-Healing by Self-Suggestion, *Light*, January 30
Vermont Healer, The, by a Patient, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
Wichita, Kansas, Healer, A., *Philosophical Journal*, March 13

Hypnotism :

An Hour's Sleep for tired Shoppers, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
Cases Cured at the Chicago School of Psychology, *Hypnotic Magazine*, February
Children and Suggestion, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
Crime—a Possibility under Hypnotic Control, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
Crime and Hypnotism, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
Crime and Hypnotism, Clark Bell, *Hypnotic Magazine*, February
Distance no bar to Hypnotic Phenomena, *Light of Truth*, February 20
Does Imagination produce the Phenomena of Hypnotism? *Hypnotic Magazine*, February
Effects of Music on Hypnotized Subjects, *Light*, March 27
Experiments by Count de Rochas, *Occult Science Quarterly*, February 13
Hypnotic Phenomena Observed, Dr. J. M. Bramwell, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, December, 1896
Hypnotism Defined, Dr. J. M. Bramwell, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, December, 1896
Kleptomania Cured by Dr. Bertillon, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
Melancholia and Anger Cured by Hypnotism, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
Men and Women and Hypnotic Control, *Light of Truth*, March 13
Mesmeric Séances with M. De Rochas, *Light*, March 13
Mesmerism and Hypnotism, W. Ames, F.S.A., *Light*, February 27, March 6
Mesmerism, Hypnotism, and Mind Healing, Geo. Wild, M.D., *Hypnotic Magazine*, February
Method of Inducing Hypnotism, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
Plea for Divorce, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January
To Cure Sleeplessness, *Hypnotic Magazine*, January

Magic and Mysticism :

Mysticism and Its Witnesses, *Metaphysical Magazine*, January
Occultism in Medicine, *Theosophical Isis*, January
Vivekananda, Swami, and Occultism, *Thinker*, February 20

Mediums and Mediumship :

Book of Research written through a Medium, *Light*, January 20
Education and Development of Mediums, *Two Worlds*, January 13
Experiences of a Trance Medium, *Two Worlds*, March 13
Experiments with Eusapia Paladino, *Light*, February 6, 13
Exposure of Medium at Camberwell, *Light*, February 13
Farm Reclaimed through Advice of Medium, *Philosophical Journal*, February 23
How Mediums are Controlled, J. B. Tellow, *Two Worlds*, January 22, 29
Levitation and Flight of Mr. Craddock, *Light*, January 23
Lost Book recovered through Mrs. Graddon, *Light*, January 30
Materialisation Séances of Mr. Craddock, *Two Worlds*, February 6
Mediums and Fire Elements, with Notes by H. S. Olcott, *Theosophist*, February
Place of Medium during "Spirit Control," *Vahana*, January
Predictions for 1897, *Spiritual Advocate*, February 13
Rights of Mediums and Hearers, *Spiritual Advocate*, February 6

Science of Mediumship, *Two Worlds*, February 5, 12
 Sketch of Mrs. Craddock, *Light*, January 9
 Spiritualism in Court, *Light of Truth*, March 6
 Wilde, Thomas, in London, *Two Worlds*, February 12, 26

Miscellaneous:

Colony of Esoteric Philosophers in California, *Esoteric*, February
 Matter defined by Professors Barrett, Lodge, and Crookes, *Light*, January 23

Personal:

Ames, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., on Mesmerism and Hypnotism, *Light*, February 27, March 6
 Barrett, H. D., on the Present Duty of Spiritualists, *Philosophical Journal*, January 2
 Barrows, Dr. J. H., on Christianity, *Thinker*, January 30
 Besant, Mrs. Annie, on Christianity and Zoroastrianism, *Thinker*, January 9
 Besant, Mrs. Annie, on her Tour in India, *Theosophy*, January, February
 Bjerregaard, C. H. A., on the Sphinx and "Being," *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
 Bramwell, Dr. J. M., on Hypnotism, *Proceedings*, December
 Carus, Dr. Paul, on the Philosophy of Buddhism, *Monist*, January
 Crookes, William, on the Philosophy of Thought Transference, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, March, 1897
 Gore, Canon, on a Future Life, *Light*, January, 16
 Hargrove, E. T., on the Crusaders in India, *Theosophy*, January
 James, Prof. William, on Case of Speaking with Tongues, *Proceedings*, December
 Judge, W. Q., on Cyclic Impression and Return and our Evolution, *Theosophist*, January, February, March
 Keightley, Bertram, on the Sankhya Philosophy, *Lucifer*, January, February, March
 Leadbeater, C. W., On Invisible Helpers, *Lucifer*, January
 Leadbeater, C. W., On Root Races, *Yokh*, March
 Leadbeater, C. W., On Sources of Information Received from the Unseen, *Light*, March 27
 Leadbeater, C. W., on the Etheric Double's Relation to the Body, *Vahan*, February
 Lovell, Arthur, on How Spirit Creates Matter, *Light*, January 2
 Mead, G. B. S., on the Gnostics of the First Two Centuries, *Lucifer*, January, February, March
 Mead, G. B. S., on Our Relation to Children, *Lucifer*, March
 Mead, G. B. S., on the Re-embodiment of Ideas, *Vahan*, February
 Morse, J. J., on Before Life and After Death, *Light*, February 20
 Moses, Stainton W., Spirit Teachings through, *Light*, January 16, March 6
 Myers, F. W. H., on Recent Experiments in Normal Motor Automatism, *Proceedings*, December
 Olcott, H. S., on Mediums and Fire Elementals, *Theosophist*, February
 Olcott, H. S., Old Diary Leaves, *Theosophist*, January, February
 Paladino, Euapia, Experiments with, *Light*, February 20
 Rogers, E. Dawson, Report of the Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance, *Light*, March 13
 Sidgwick, Professor Henry, on Whispering and Thought-Transference, *Proceedings*, December
 Slouett, A. P., on Beginnings of the Fifth Race, *Transactions of the London Lodge*, February
 Slouett, A. P., on Cataclysms and Earthquakes, *Lucifer*, March
 Tingley, Mrs. Katherine A., on The Crusader's Object in India, *Theosophy*, January
 Tingley, Mrs. Katherine A., on The Fruits of the Crusade, *Light of Truth*, March 13
 Underwood, B. F., on Occult Communication, *Light of Truth*, March 6
 Underwood, B. F., on Some Facts and their Meaning, *Philosophical Journal*, January 2
 Vivekananda, Swami, Interview with, *Thinker*, February 6
 Vivekananda, Swami, on Occultism, *Thinker*, February 20
 Wachtmeister, Constance, on How I Joined the T. S., *Mercury*, February

Phenomena:

Direct Writing in Mr. Thurstan's Circle, *Light*, February 27
 Four Deaths Foretold by One Stroke of a Clock, *Light*, February 6
 Materialisations in America, *Light*, January 9
 Materialisations with Mr. Craddock, *Light*, January 23
 Objects Transported by Spirits, *Light*, February 18
 Physical Phenomena in Mr. Thurstan's Circle, *Light*, March 27
 Talking Clock, A, *Light*, January 2

Psychic:

Affinity of Souls, *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
 Analysis of Anger, *Metaphysical Magazine*, January, February
 Consciousness: Its Conquests and Prophecies, *Two Worlds*, March 19, 26
 End, or Good, The, *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
 Finding Our Place in Life, *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
 Genesis of Consciousness, The, *Iconoclast*, January, March
 Intuition, B. F. Underwood, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February
 New Philosophy, The, *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
 Study of Delirium, A, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February
 Subjective and Objective Realms, The, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February

Religion:

Hell No Part of Divine Revelation, *Arena*, January
 Mysticism Throughout the Ages, *Metaphysical Magazine*, January

Origins of Christianity, G. R. S. Mead, *Lucifer*, January
 Religious Evolution in India, *Light of the East*, January
 Science and Faith, *Monist*, January
 Science the Handmaiden of Religion, Hulsr Genose, *Metaphysical Magazine*, March
 What "The Fall" Really Is, *Banner of Light*, February 27
 World-wide Effects of Christianity, The, Dr. J. H. Barrows, *Thinker*, January 23

Science:

Evolution and Catholic Dogma, *Lucifer*, January
 Hereditary Influence and Medical Progress, *Arena*, January
 Negro Folk-lore and Dialect, *Arena*, January
 Remarkable Case of Suspended Animation, *Light of Truth*, February 6
 Telegraphy Without Wires, *Light of Truth*, February 6

Spirit Photography:

"Truth Seeker" and the Psychic Photographers, *Light*, January 30, February 13

Spiritualism:

Annual Report of the L. S. A. Council, E. Dawson Rogers, President, *Light*, March 13
 Before Life and After Death, J. J. Morse, *Light*, February 20
 Chemistry and Spiritual Phenomena, *Light of Truth*, February 20
 Children in the Spirit Land, *Two Worlds*, March 5, 19, 26
 Duty of the Hour, The, H. D. Barrett, *Philosophical Journal*, January 2
 Early Spiritual Work in California, *Philosophical Magazine*, March 13
 Forty-three years of Spiritualism, G. B. Stebbins, *Light of Truth*, February 6
 Ghost of Thackeray, *Light of Truth*, January 23
 Guardian Angels, C. W. Leadbeater, *Lucifer*, January
 Guardian Angels, *Spiritual Advocate*, February 13
 Haunted House in Providence, A, *Light of Truth*, March 6
 Home Circle Development, *Light of Truth*, January 9
 How Spirit Creates Matter, *Light*, January 2, 9
 Is the Bible Opposed to Spiritualism, A. Klean, *Two Worlds*, January 15, 22, 29, February 5, 26, March 5, 12, 19, 26
 Jottings from a Spiritualist's Diary, *Two Worlds*, January 29, February 5, 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12, 19
 Let Us Know the Facts and their Meaning, B. F. Underwood, *Philosophical Journal*, January 2
 Materialisation, *Light of Truth*, January 30
 Mediums and Fire Elementals, with notes by H. S. Olcott, *Theosophist*, February
 Mediumship, Mrs. M. M. King, *Harbinger of Light*, February
 Mediumistic experiences of Great Church Leaders, *Spiritual Advocate*, February 6
 Miner and His Clock, The, *Light*, March 13
 Occult Communication, B. F. Underwood, *Light of Truth*, March 6
 Philosophy of Prayer, Aeneas, *Two Worlds*, January 8
 Prophecies fulfilled, *Light*, January 2
 Reincarnation versus Individual Persistence, *Harbinger of Light*, February
 Sardon's "Spiritism," *Light*, February 20
 Scraps from My Book of Life, L. C. Row, *Light of Truth*, February 27
 So-called "Spirits" of Seances, D. W. Daniel, *Mercury*, February
 Socialism and Spiritualism, Aeneas, *Two Worlds*, January 15
 Sources of the Information Received from the Unseen, C. W. Leadbeater, *Light*, March 27
 Speeches at the Glamorgan Conference on Biblical Criticism, *Two Worlds*, February 12
 Spirit Face in a Plate Glass Mirror, *Occult Sciences Quarterly*, February 13
 Spirit Identity, *Two Worlds*, March 5
 Spirits make Wax Moulds before Sitters, *Two Worlds*, February 19
 Spiritual Alchemy, Quæstor Vitis, *Light*, January 2, 30; February 6
 Spiritual Explanation of Life's Problems, E. W. Wallis, *Light*, March 13, 20
 Spiritualism Denied, *Two Worlds*, February 19, 26
 Spiritualism in Paris, *Light of Truth*, January 16
 Spiritualism v. the Orthodox Faith, *Two Worlds*, January 1
 Synopsis of Professor Crookes's Lecture, *Light*, February 13
 Uses and Abuses of Spiritualism, *Harbinger of Light*, February
 Use of Spiritualism, *Two Worlds*, March 5
 What Archbishop Temple does not know of the Future, *Two Worlds*, January 8
 What Constitutes a Spiritualist? *Two Worlds*, January 12
 Why we know so little of the Future Life, *Philosophical Journal*, January 2
 Will in favour of a Spiritualist Society Disputed, *Light*, March 13
 Windows Smashed by Invisible Hands, *Two Worlds*, January 15

Telepathy:

Anecdotes of "that Electric Chain," *Metaphysical Magazine*, January
 Blind Girl reads Ordinary Print, *Light of Truth*, March 20
 Experiments in Mind Reading, *Hypnotic Magazine*, February
 Involuntary Whispering and Thought Transference, Professor Henry Sidgwick, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, December, 1896
 Mind or Muscle Reading, *Hypnotic Magazine*, February
 Telepathy, Clara K. Barnum, *Metaphysical Magazine*, January
 Theory of Thought Transference, W. Crookes, *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, March, 97

Theosophy:

Are we Responsible for Our Dreams? *Theosophical Forum*, March
 Besant's Mrs., Tour, *Prophetess*, December, January

Bhagavad Gita in Practical Life, The, *Irish Theosophist*, January, February, March
 Bye-Paths in Occult Progress, *Irish Theosophist*, March
 Cataclysms and Professor Milne's Theory of Earthquakes, A. P. Bennett, *Lucifer*, March
 Celts, Druids, and "Being," *Metaphysical Magazine*, January
 Crusade of American Theosophists, *Theosophy*, March
 Crusaders in India, *Theosophy*, January, February
 Cyclic Impression and Return and our Evolution, W. Q. Judge, *Theosophy*, January, February, March
 Did the French Revolution Destroy Theosophy? *Theosophical Forum*, January
 Dispositions Indicated by Given Colours, *Fakaa*, January
 Do Ideas Re-embodiment? G. R. S. M., *Fakaa*, February
 Do We Live More than Once on Earth? W. J. Colville, *Banner of Light*, March 20
 Doctrines of St. Martin, *Lucifer*, February
 Does the Etheric Double leave the Body, C. W. L., *Fakaa*, February
 Education and Theosophy in America, *Irish Theosophist*, February
 Education of Hindu Youth, Mrs. Besant, *Theosophist*, March
 Evolution and Ethics (concluded), Professor John Mackenzie, *Lucifer*, March
 Evolution and Reincarnation, Wm. Scott, *Lamp*, January
 Folk-Lore of the Mysore Malnad, S. M. Hunt, *Theosophist*, January
 Fruits of the Crusade, Mrs. K. A. Tingley, *Light of Truth*, March 13
 Future of Humanity, The, *Theosophical Observer*, January, February
 Future of Theosophy, The, *Irish Theosophist*, February
 Gaudapada and his Devi Sutra, *Theosophist*, March
 General Report of the Twenty-First Anniversary of the T. S., *Theosophist*, January
 Glances of the Past, *Theosophical Isls*, February
 Great Physical Changes in Root Races Explained, C. W. L., *Fakaa*, March
 Helpers in Times of Need, *Lucifer*, January
 Hindu Cycles and the Circle's Ratio, A. Marques, *Mercury*, March
 How to aid Our Children, C. W. Leadbeater, *Lucifer*, March
 Is Karma Absolute? *Theosophical Forum*, March

Kabbala and "Being," The, C. H. A. Bjerregaard, *Metaphysical Magazine*, February
 Karma, H. E. Butler, *Esoteric*, February
 Lectures by Mrs. Besant, *Thinker*, January 8
 List of T. S. Branches in America, *Theosophical Forum*, February
 Mediums and Fire Elementals, with Note by H. S. Olcott, *Theosophist*, February
 New Old Philosophy of Life, The, *Arena*, January
 Old Diary Leaves, H. S. Olcott, *Theosophist*, January, February, March
 Old Indian Theosophy, *Theosophist*, March
 Object of the Crusaders in India, Mrs. Tingley, *Theosophy*, January
 Predestination and Free Will, A. G. Charu, *Theosophist*, January
 Reincarnation and Spiritualism, *Theosophist*, March
 Report of Indian Tour, by Mrs. Besant, *Theosophist*, January, February
 Report of Mrs. Besant's Indian Work, *Lucifer*, January, February
 Sankhya Philosophy, The, *Lucifer*, January, February
 School for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity, *Theosophy*, February
 Science and Theosophy, *Lucifer*, January, February
 Some Work of the Crusaders, *Theosophical Forum*, March
 Subjects for Discussion in Lodge Meetings, *Theosophical Forum*, February
 Sun Worship Among the Parak, *Theosophist*, February, March
 Theosophy and Science, A. Marques, *Mercury*, January
 Theosophy as a Guide in Life, *Thinker*, December 19
 Theosophy of Tenunyon, The, *Theosophist*, January
 True Significance of Kaliruga, *Thinker*, December 5
 Voice of the Silence, The, *Thinker*, January 23
 When Love or Loathing is Wrong, *Theosophical Forum*, January, February
 Where is the Medium During "Spirit Control"? *Fakaa*, January

Visions:
 Prophetic Vision Verified, *Spiritual Advocate*, March 20
 Vision of a Clairvoyant, *Light*, January 23
 Woman Saved a Cobra Bite by a Vision, *Spiritual Advocate*, February 15

XVII.—LEADING CONTENTS OF PSYCHICAL PERIODICALS.

JANUARY—MARCH.

Arena. Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d.

January.
 Negro Folk-Lore and Dialect. Prof. W. S. Scarborough, A.M.
 Hell no Part of Divine Revelation. Rev. W. H. Manley, D.D.
 Hereditary Influence and Medical Progress. J. J. Morrissey, M.D.
 Calve's Home and a Few Friends
 The New Old Philosophy of Life. S. P. Colburn

Banner of Light. 9, Bosworth Street, Boston.
 \$2.00 per annum.

January 2.
 Sketch of Mr. W. H. Terry
 Straws in the Wind. J. W. Fletcher
 January 9.
 Materialization in the Light of Recent Alleged "Exposés." J. C. P. Grumbine
 January 23.
 A. R. Wallace. Sketch and Portrait
 January 30.
 Present Religious Conditions. Rev. M. J. Savage
 A Letter from Dr. Alex. Wilder
 February 6.
 Some Interesting Experiences. M. Cora Bland, M.D.
 February 13.
 Spiritual Significance of Numbers, Colours, and Symbols. W. J. Colville
 The Christian Register and Spiritualism
 February 20.
 Practical Suggestions for the Esoteric student
 Education of Spiritual Teachers. E. W. Gould
 February 27.
 Is Religion Dying? Rev. M. J. Savage
 What the Fall Really is
 March 6.
 Spiritualism and Good Morals
 March 13.
 More Economic Methods of Time and Money for the Promotion of Spiritualism
 March 20.
 Do We Live More than Once on Earth. W. J. Colville

Buddhist. Colombo, Ceylon. 10s. per annum.

December 4.
 Does Buddhism Teach the Doctrine of Fatalism?
 Coincidences (continued). Address by Prof. Max Muller
 December 11.
 The Buddhist Temporalities
 December 18.
 American Theosophists in Ceylon
 The Abhidharma Outlined
 January 8.
 Prince Priadon Ochoomal and the Order of Bhikshus

Deutsche Revue. Stuttgart, Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt.
 2 marks.

January.
 Truth and Fancy in Hypnotism. Prof. Ludwig Buehner
 February.
 Truth and Fancy in Hypnotism (continued). Prof. Ludwig Buehner

Esoteric. Applegate, Placer County, California.
 \$1.75 per annum.

January.
 The Seven Creative Principles. H. E. Butler
 Creation. T. A. Williston
 The Cycle of Religion. W. P. Pyle
 The Everlasting Covenant. H. E. B.
 February.
 Creation. T. A. Williston
 The Cycles of Religion. W. P. Pyle
 The Everlasting Covenant. H. E. Butler
 The Seven Creative Principles. H. E. Butler
 Applegate Farm, California
 Karma. H. E. B.
 Character from Solar Biology

March.
 The Seven Creative Principles. H. E. B.
 Creative Energies. T. A. Williston
 Rewards and Punishments
 The Everlasting Covenant. H. E. B.
 Delineation of Character from Solar Biology

Harminger of Light. W. H. Terry, Melbourne. 6s. per annum.

December.

Mediumship. Mrs. M. M. King

January.

An Early Spiritualist. William Blake

Some Spirit Photographs

Spiritualism in India

February.

Reincarnation and Spiritualism

Objects and Ethics of Spiritualism

Uses and Abuses of Spiritualism. Dr. J. M. Peebles

Spiritualism in Literature

Mediumship. Mrs. M. M. King

Harmony. 3360 Seventeenth Street, San Francisco, California. 5s. per annum.

March.

True Educational Needs. Ella W. Haswell

The Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. M. E. Cramer

Herschell's Coming Events. 4, Pilgrim Street, E.C. 4s. per annum.

January

National Horoscope

Planetary Metals. Sapharial

Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos (pages 17-31)

Horoscopes of Cecil J. Rhodes and President Kruger

February.

National Horoscope

Astrological Calendar

The Earthquake in England. Sapharial

Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos (pages 33-48).

Planetary Dominions. Sapharial

Speculations

March.

The Genius of Gemini

The National Horoscope

Sapharial's Manual of Horoscopy

Ptolemy's Tetrabiblos (pages 49-64)

Speculations

Hypnotic Magazine. 56, Fifth Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A. 7s. 6d. per annum.

January.

Report of Work done at the Daily Clinic of the Chicago School of Psychology. H. A. Parkyn, M.D.

How to Control a Subject. C. O. Fahler, M.D.

A Hypnotic Christmas. J. V. Daniels

Divine Healers of the Day. Sydney Flower

Suggestion—Its Relation to Children. Mary S. Fielding

Hypnotism and Crime. V. La Motte Sage, A.M., LL.D.

Crime—A Possibility under Hypnotic Control

February.

Report of Work at the Daily Clinic of the Chicago School of Psychology. H. A. Parkyn, M.D.

Hypnotic Suggestion. R. A. Proctor

Hypnotism and Crime. Clark Bell

Mesmerism, Hypnotism, and Mind Healing. George Wilde, M.D.

Irish Theosophist. 3, Upper Ely Place, Dublin. 4s. per annum.

January.

"The Bhagavad Gita" in Practical Life (continued). Julia W. L. Krightley

The Third Eye. Basil Crump

February.

"The Bhagavad Gita" in Practical Life (continued)

Education and Theosophy in America

Friendship

The Outlook

March.

"The Bhagavad Gita" in Practical Life (continued)

By-paths in Occult Progress

Our Secret Ties

Isis Moderne. Paris, 11, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. 1 franc.

January.

A Drama of Eliphaz Lévi. V. Emile Michelet

Naundorff (continued). Jules Bois

Initiation among the Gnostiques. A. J. Matter

February.

Notes on Dualism. Dr. Maurice Adam

Magic and Divination among the Arabs. Ibn Khal'doun

"The Sacred Language." Edmond Bailly

Journal du Magnétisme. Paris, 23, Rue Saint-Merri. 1 franc.

First Quarter, 1897.

A Visit to the Sleeper of Thenelles. H. Darville

Review of "Le Médium." D. D.

Rome. Louis Gardy

Journal of the Maha-Bodhi Society. 2, Greek Row, Calcutta. 4s. per annum.

January.

What is Buddhism (continued)

Buddhist Code of Morals

Initiation of Prince Friedan Choomai

February.

Explanations of Buddhist Principles

Buddhism and Christianity

Konservative Monatschrift. Leipzig, Königsstr. 13. 1 mark.

February, 1897.

The Devil in the Nineteenth Century. Dr. Rieks

Lamp. 157, Bay Street, Toronto, Ont. 1s. 6d. per annum.

January.

Evolution and Reincarnation. Mr. Scott

Light. 2, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C. 10s. 10d. per annum.

January 2.

Spiritual Alchemy

Eternity and Time

How Spirit Creates Matter. Arthur Lovell

Series of Fulfilled Prophecies

A Talking Clock

January 9.

How Spirit Creates Matter (continued)

Mrs. Graddon's Mediumship

Spiritual Alchemy

Materializations in America

January 16.

The Late Lady Burton

Canon Gore on a Future Life

Spirit Teachings: Automatic Writing by W. Stainton Moses

A Good Case of Clairvoyance

January 23.

Remarkable Stances with Mr. Craddock

Mrs. J. Westland Marston's Story

Mr. Craddock

Positivism and a Future Life

What is Matter?

January 30.

Curious Dreams

Spiritual Alchemy

Self-Healing by Self-Suggestion

Spiritualism and Orthodox Christianity

February 6.

Spiritual Alchemy

Ancient Spirits on the Welsh Hills

Eusebia Paladino

Mr. Craddock's Control

Thomas Wilde at Camberwell

February 13.

The Ghost at Windsor Castle

Eusebia Paladino

Unusual Phenomena

Mr. Thomas Wilde at Camberwell

February 20.

Before Life and After Death

A Distinct Prophecy with Dates Fulfilled

Sardon's New Play

Eusebia Paladino

February 27.

Mesmerism and Hypnotism

Physical Phenomena in a Special Circle

Canon Wilberforce's Prayer for a Departed Friend

Père Jourdain

March 6.

Spirit Teachings

Mesmerism and Hypnotism

A Mesmeric Seance by M. De Rochas

March 13.

A Mesmeric Seance by M. De Rochas

Bequest to a Society of Spiritualists

The Spiritual Explanation of Life's Problems

March 20.
Spirit Teaching
The Spiritual Explanation of Life's Problems
The Interiorization of Spirit and Control

March 27.
The Seen and the Unseen
Some Remarkable Manifestations
Physical Phenomena in a Private Circle
Sources of the Information Received from the Unseen
Mr. Crookes's Address to the S. P. R.
Sensitiveness and Hypnotism

Light of the East. 68½, Shikdarbagan Street, Calcutta.
12s. per annum.

December.
Lectures on Hinduism (continued)
Hypnotism (from BORDERLAND)
Mrs. Besant on Life after Death (from Nineteenth Century)
A Few Forgotten Truths

January.
A Few Forgotten Truths
Religious Evolution in India
Dars-Gita (continued)

February.
A Few Forgotten Truths
Religious Evolution in India

Light of Truth. Front Street, Columbus, Ohio.
\$1.00 per annum.

December 26.
Spiritualism Defended
Cora L. V. Richmond (sketch and portrait)
Occult Experimentation

January 2.
Methodism and Spiritualism.
Hon. A. B. Richmond

January 9.
Alfred Russell Wallace, L.L.D.
W. E. Coleman
Home Circle Development

January 16.
Love
Spiritualism in Paris
The Sixth Sense

January 21.
Methods of Healing
Saw Thacker's Ghost

January 30.
Materialisation
Dr. A. W. Kirkholz, the Healer

February 5.
Predictions for 1897
Man declared Dead
Forty-three Years of Spiritualism. G. B. Stebbins

February 12.
Elliott Coues, Scientist
Professor Crookes on Psychic Science

February 20.
Distance no Bar to Hypnotism
Chemistry and Spiritual Phenomena

February 27.
A Scrap from my Book of Life. Lyman C. Howe
A School of Theosophy

March 6.
Word Hearing. B. F. Underwood
Spiritualism in Court
A Haunted House
Apparition seen by a Scientist

March 13.
Obsession
Men and Women and Hypnotic Control
The Work and Fruits of the Crusade. Mrs. Katherine A. Longley

March 20.
Sees with Her Finger Tips
The Hand a Character Mirror

Lotus B'en. Paris, 11, Rue de La Chaussée d'Antin.
1 franc.

January.
On Dreams (continued). C. Leadbeater
Lecture on Vegetarianism (continued). Annie Besant
Echoes of the Theosophical World. D. A. Courmes

February.
Congress of Humanity
On Dreams (continued). C. W. Leadbeater

Lotusblüthen. Verlag von Wilhelm Friedrich, Leipzig.
1 mark.

January.

Theosophy in China

Theosophy in China (continued)

February.

March.

Mythic and Mysticism
Lucifer. 26, Charing Cross, London. 17s. 6d. per annum.

January.
Evolution and Catholic Dogma. Dr. A. A. Wells
The Sankhya Philosophy (continued). Bertram Keightley
Among the Gnostics of the First Two Centuries. G. R. S. Mead
The Unknown Philosopher (continued). Mrs. Cooper-Oakley
Invisible Helpers (concluded). C. W. Leadbeater
Theosophy and Science. Prof. John Mackenzie
Mrs. Besant in India

February.
The Phaedo of Plato. W. C. Ward
On Some Remarkable Passages in the New Testament. F. H. Bowring
The Equinox Cycle and the Mahi Yuga. David Gostling
Among the Gnostics of the First Two Centuries. G. R. S. Mead
Theosophy and Science (continued). Prof. John Mackenzie
The Unknown Philosopher. Mrs. Cooper-Oakley
The Sankhya Philosophy (continued). Bertram Keightley
Mrs. Besant in India

March.
The Phaedo of Plato (continued). W. C. Ward
On Some Remarkable Passages in the New Testament (continued). F. H. Bowring
Among the Gnostics of the First Two Centuries. G. R. S. Mead
Cataclysms and Earthquakes. A. P. Slonett
Theosophy and Science (concluded). Prof. John Mackenzie
Our Relation to Children. C. W. Leadbeater
The Sankhya (continued). Bertram Keightley

Lumière. Paris—27, Boulevard Montmorency. 50 centimes.
December, 1896.

The Gift of Prophecy
January, 1897.
Reflections on the Solidarity of the Individual

February.
Occultism in Medicine. Dr. Lux

Mercury. Palace Hotel, San Francisco, California, U.S.A.
\$1 per annum.

January.
Mahayana of Gantama. A. E. Cheney
Theosophy and Science. A. Margues
The Philosophy of Unity

February.
How I joined the T. S. Constance Nachtmelder
Theosophy and Socialism. Phillips Thompson
The so-called "Spirits" of Seances

March.
The Mission of Theosophy. Kate B. Davis
Booth
Hindu Cycles and the Circle's Ratio

Messenger. Liège. 10 centimes.
January.

Lecture by Dr. Baraduc
In Memory of M. Delbosuf
Victor Hugo as a Spiritist

February.
Spiritism in St. Petersburg.
Colonel de Roques at Home
Spiritism and the Press
M. Sardou's New Comedy
A Prize of 10,000 Francs

March.
Spiritism and Occultism
Sardou and "Spirites"
Magnetism and Spiritism at the Theatre

Metaphysical Magazine.
503, Fifth Avenue, New York City. \$2.50 per annum.

January.
Mysticism and its Witnesses. Alexander Hilder, M.D., F.A.S.
Celts, Druids, and "Being." C. H. A. Bjørnsgaard
Analysis of Anger
"I. H. S." R. E. Moore
The Psychology of Diet
Self-Culture. Cora Stanton Brown
Telepathy. Clara K. Barnum
Psychic Experiences
Department of Healing Philosophy

February.

Duality of Man in Nature
Intuition. B. F. Underwood
The Kaffala and "Being." C. H. A. Bjerregaard
Analysis of Anger. Aaron M. Crane
Religious Science. Paul Aveni
The Subjective and Objective Realms. L. C. Graham
Church, Science and Natural Healing Methods
A Psychological Study of Delirium
Department of Healing Philosophy

March.

The Divine Paradox
The Sphinx and "Being." C. H. A. Bjerregaard
What Survives in Man?
The End or Good
Affinity of Souls
A Pirotal Philosophy
Our Place in Life
Dream Visions
Clairvoyance or Telepathy
Department of Healing Philosophy

Metaphysische Rundschau. Berlin, Zehlendorf, Park-
strasse, 8. 1 mark 70 pfs.

January.

The Theoretical Basis of Astrology. Alan Leo

February.

About Theosophy and Theosophical Society. Dr. Robert Froebe
Victor Hugo as a Spiritist

Modern Astrology. 1 & 2, Bouverie Street, London.
10s. 6d. per annum.

January.

The Conjunction of Uranus and Saturn
The Esoteric Side of Astrology
A Simple Method of Instruction in the Science of Practical Astrology
Curious Horoscopes: Child births
Monthly Predictions. "Leo"
The Astrological Society
Symbols for Beginners

February.

A Simple Method of Instruction in the Science of Practical Astrology
The Theoretical Basis of Astrology. "Leo"
Monthly Predictions. "Leo"
Phrenology, Temperament and Astrology (contd.) By John Melville

March.

The First Annual Meeting of the Astrological Society
A Simple Method of Instruction in the Science of Practical Astrology
Curious Horoscopes
The Theoretical Basis of Astrology. "Leo"

Monist. The Open Court Pub. Co., 17, Johnson's Court,
Fleet Street, London. 9s. 6d. per annum.

January.

Science and Faith. P. Topinard
The Philosophy of Buddhism. Dr. P. Carus

Word und Bild. Breslau. 2 marks.

February.

Karl du Prel in Munich (the unknown nature wisdom)

Occult Science Quarterly. Light of Truth Publishing Co.
North Front Street, Columbus, Ohio. 50 cents per annum.

February.

Hypnotism. Questor Vitae.
A Preacher's Experience with Spiritualism
A Vermont Healer
Dreams or Realities?
Spirit Face in a Plate Glass Mirror

Open Court, The. Open Court Pub. Co., 17, Johnson's
Court, Fleet Street, London.

February.

The Centenary of Theophrastus. Dr. M. D. Conway
Is there More than One Buddhism?
The Trinity Idea.
The Mechanism of Sympathy
A Buddhist Priest's Views of Relics

Ourselves. 108, Tredgar Road, Bow, London.
1s. 6d. per annum.

January.

Simple Talks for Simple People. K. E. M. Coffold

February.

Common Sense in Creed
From the Temples of Egypt

Pacific Theosophist.—1170, Market Street, San Francisco.
\$1.00 per annum.

January.

Death and After

February.

Why are Men Brothers
Devachan. E. T. Hargrove

Philosophical Journal. San Francisco, Station B, California.
\$1.00 per annum.

January 2.

Harriet Beecher Stowe on Spiritualism
Why do We Know so Little of the Other Life
The Duty of the Hour. H. D. Barrett
B. F. Underwood before the Chicago Psychical Society
Psychical Science

February 22.

The Antiquity of Man
Remarkable Case of Prophecy

March 13.

Misconception of Truth
Early Spiritual Work in California
Another Schlatter

Pranottara. Free to Members. Ed. Upendra Nath Banu.
Joint General Secretary, Benares.

Mrs. Annie Besant's Tour
Dreams and Dreaming

Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research.
19, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London.

December 1896.

Personally Observed Hypnotic Phenomena. Dr. J. M. Bramwell
What is Hypnotism? Dr. J. M. Bramwell
Some Experiments in Crystal Vision. Prof. James H. Hyslop
A Case of Psychic Automatism. Reported by Prof. Wm. James
Involuntary Whispering in Relation to Experiments in Thought-Trans-
ference. Prof. Henry Sidgwick
Recent Experiments in Normal Motor Automatism. F. W. H. Myers
Walter Leaf, Litt. D., on Mr. Aksakoff's "Precursors of Spiritism for the
Last 250 Years."
Mr. Harlow Gale on Mr. Hudson's "A Scientific Demonstration of the
Future Life"

March.

Address by the President, William Crookes, F.R.S.

Revue de L'Hypnotisme. Paris, 14, Rue Taitbout.
75 centimes.

December, 1896.

Delboeuf, Life of. Professor Liégeois
Religious Suggestion in the Pascal Family. Dr. Charles Binet
Mirror Language

January, 1897.

Delboeuf, Life of (continued). Professor Liégeois
Treatment of Chronic Alcoholism. Dr. Lloyd Tuckey
Attempted Assassination of Dr. Charpentier, doctor of Bioêtre

February.

Auto-Suggestion in Therapeutics. M. A. J. Blech
Hypnotism and the Teaching of Music. Dr. E. Lagelouze

Revue Spirite. Paris, 42, Rue Saint Jacques. 1 franc.

January.

History of my Mediumism. Camille Flammarion
Colour and the Solar Radiation. P. G. Leymarie
Spiritism by V. Sardon. T. Beaudeau

February.

Haunted Houses
Our Duty towards Mediums. Mme. d'Espérance

March.

Spiritism. Victorien Sardon
Spiritism in Brussels
Remembrances and Impressions of a Spiritualist
Spiritism and Occultism. Ernest Volpi

Spiritual Advocate. Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.
\$1.00 per annum.

February 6.

Revealed Religion. Hon. A. B. Richmond.
Ancient Spiritualism

February 13.

The Ministry of Angels
Strange Vision

February 21

Unique Spirit Work

February 27.	
The Scottish Highlanders	
Spiritualism v. Methodism	
March 6.	
Spiritualism and Materialism Compared	
Occult Mysteries Unveiled	
The Superstitious East	
A Materialization on Ship board	
Occult Mysteries Unveiled	
March 30.	
A Prophetic Vision	
Star Lore and Future Events. Zdziekil, 323, Strand, London.	
Theosophia. Stockholm, 10, Skeppsbron.	
January.	
Prospectus. The Editor	
A New Year's Greeting. H. Cederschiöld	
Delusions of Clairvoyance. W. Q. Judge	
The Scope and Purpose of Theosophy. E. T. Hargrove	
A Voice from the Darkness. Cavé	
February.	
Corroboration of Theosophy and the Teachings of H. P. B. W. Marques	
Shall we Teach Clairvoyance? W. Q. Judge	
Altruism. Dr. Zinder	
Theosophic Gleaner. Theosophical Society, Bombay.	
1s. 6d. per annum.	
January.	
The Future of Humanity (cont.)	
Vivisection. Mona Caird. From <i>Rays of Light</i>	
February.	
The Future of Humanity (cont.)	
Theosophic Isis. 23, Trothy Road, Southwark Park Road, London, E.C. 6s. 6d. per annum.	
January.	
Some Persian Hymns	
Occultism in Medicine	
Methods of Meditation	
February.	
Glimpses of the Past	
Occult Side of the Cell, The	
The Soul Photographed	
Some Thoughts on the Labour Church Movement	
Theosophical Forum. 144, Madison Avenue, New York.	
January.	
Theosophy and the French Revolution	
Are Love and Loathing Wrong?	
February.	
Are Love and Loathing Wrong?	
Subjects for Discussion on	
Does the Knowledge of Reincarnation have Practical Use?	
List of Branches of the T. S. in America	
March.	
Should One Try to Cure Illness	
Are We Responsible for Our Dreams	
If Karma is Absolute, Why help One Another?	
The Work of the Crusaders	
Theosophist. 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C. £1 per annum.	
January.	
Old Diary Leaves. H. S. Olcott	
Predestination and Free Will. A. Gorinda Charlu	
The Theosophy of Tennyson. Edith Ward	
Folk-lore of the Mysore Mulnad. Stanley M. Hunt	
Reply to Criticism on "Sanskrit Grammar." Purnmeshri Dase and Dharmaja	
Kerala Jyotish	
Report of Indian Tour. Mrs. Besant	
General Report of the Twenty-first Anniversary of the T.S.	
February.	
Old Diary Leaves. H. S. Olcott	
Silpa-Sastra. P. C. Mukherji	
Sun Worship among the Parsis. A. F. Billimoria	
Predestination and Free Will. A. G. Charlu	
What is a Star?	
Mediums and Fire Elements. With Note by H. S. O.	
Critique on Pruneda Dasa Mitra's Translation of Bhagavad Gita.	
Report of Indian Tour. Mrs. Besant	

March.	
Old Diary Leaves. H. S. Olcott	
The Education of Hindu Youth. Annie Besant	
Sun Worship among the Parsis	
Evolution	
Gandapada and his Deré Sūtras	
Reincarnation and Spiritualism	
Old Indian Theosophy	
The Second Motion of the Earth	
Farewell to Dr. J. H. Barrows.	
January.	
The Crusaders in India. E. T. H.	
Address to the People of India. Katherine A. Tingley	
Cyclic Impression and Return and Our Evolution. W. Q. Judge	
A Hundred Years Ago	
February.	
Fool for the Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity.	
The Crusaders in India	
Cyclic Impression and Return and Our Evolution (cont.). W. Q. Judge	
Thoughts and Words. Vera Johnson	
Richard Wagner's Music Dramas	
A Hundred Years Ago	
The First Stone. Julia O. L. Keightley	
March.	
Cyclic Impression and Return and Our Evolution. W. Q. Judge	
The Creature Fall of Eyes	
The Crusade Around the World	
Thinker (Theosophic Thinker). Blacktown, Madras.	
7 francs per annum.	
December 5.	
The Kaliyuga and Its True Significance	
December 19.	
Theosophy as a Guide in Life	
Is Religion to be Shelled?	
January 2.	
Mrs. Besant's Address in Madras	
January 9.	
Mrs. Besant's Lectures on Christianity, and Zoroastrianism, and Buddhism	
Reverence	
January 23.	
The Voice of the Silence	
Dr. Barrows in Calcutta	
January 30.	
Dr. Barrows on Christianity	
February 6.	
Interview with Swami Vivekananda	
February 13.	
The Revival of Forms	
February 20.	
Swami Vivekananda and Occultism	
Transactions of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society	
Transactions of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society.	
Theosophical Society, 23, Charing Cross, London.	
February 1877.	
The Beginnings of the Fifth Race. Address by A. P. Sinnett	
Two Worlds. 18, Corporation Street, Manchester.	
6s. 6d. per annum.	
January 1.	
Spiritualism v. the Orthodox Faith	
Sketch of Mr. A. E. Waite	
January 8.	
Spiritual Socialism. G. H. Hepworth	
What the Archbishop of Canterbury does not know	
January 15.	
Is the Bible Opposed to Spiritualism? A. Kitson	
Education and Development of Mediums	
Triadical Definition of Spiritualism	
January 22.	
By What or Whom are Mediums Controlled? J. B. Tellow	
David Dugid (sketch)	
The Soul and its Powers	
January 29.	
By What or Whom are Mediums Controlled?	
A Spiritualist's Comments on Christian Texts	
February 3.	
A Case for Spiritualism	
Mediumship: a Science	
How I Became a Spiritualist. Emily S. Young	
February 12.	
Mediumship: a Science. T. Timson	
Jottings from a Spiritualist's Diary (continued)	
Biblical Criticisms	

February 19.

What is Spiritualism? (continued)
The Case for Spiritualism

February 26.

Is the Bible Opposed to Spiritualism? Alfred Kitson
Jettings from a Spiritualist's Diary

March 5.

The Use of Spiritualism
Spirit Identity

March 12.

Interesting Personal Experiences
The Use of Spiritualism (continued)

March 19.

Conscience; its Conquests and Prophecies. J. J. Morse
Henry J. Taylor: Pioneer Medium

March 26.

Conscience; its Conquests and Prophecies. J. J. Morse
The Unavoidable Penalty

Ueberrainliche Welt. Berlin, Eberswalderstr. 16, Portal 1.
50 Pf.

January, 1897.

On the Science and Art of Mediumism. G. W. Gemmann
The Explanation of Dematerialisation and Rematerialisation. Max
Selling
The Mystery of Valence en Brie

February.

The Congress of Psychology at Munich. Dr. Rudolf Weinmann
Projection of a Thought Picture (continued). Karl Aug. Heger

March.

Ensaïa Paladino in Paris. Dr. Xavier Davier
Projection of a Thought Picture. Karl Aug. Heger

Vahan. 26, Charing Cross, S.W. 2s. 6d. per annum.

January.

Disposition Indicated by Colour of Aura
Position of Medium during "Spirit Control."
Some Precepts of Pythagoras

February.

Does the Etheric Double Leave the Body? C. U. L.
Are Ideas Re-embodied? G. R. S. M.

March.

How can Great Physical Changes in Racial Races be Explained? C. U. L.

Voile d'Isis. Paris, 4 and 5, Rue de Savoie. 10 centimes.

December 3, 1896.

Collective Visions. B. Lecomte

December 17, 1896.

A Haunted House in A'h

January 7, 1897.

Diablolomaniacs

January 21, 1897.

Popular Buddhism

Bound Volumes.

BORDERLAND:

VOL. I., 1893-1894, 20s.

VOL. II., 1895, 8s. 6d.

VOL. III., 1896, 12s. 6d.

.....

Post free from the office.

.....

As only a very few copies of Volume I. remain in stock, early application
is desirable.