

THE
OCCULT REVIEW

EDITED
BY
RALPH SHIRLEY



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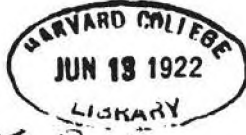
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“NULLIUS IN OBLIVIONEM JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI”

VOL. XXIX
JANUARY—JUNE 1919

LONDON
WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LIMITED
CATHEDRAL HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4

25212.10



Dr. T. P. ...

Printed in Great Britain by Butler & Tanner, Frome and London

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OCCULT REVIEW

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

EDITED BY RALPH SHIRLEY

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri"

Price NINEPENCE NET; post free, TENPENCE. Annual Subscription, NINE SHILLINGS (Two Dollars twenty-five Cents).

AMERICAN AGENTS: The *International News Company*, 85 Duane Street, New York; The *Macey Publishing Company*, 45-49 John Street, New York; The *Curtiss Philosophic Book Co., Inc.*, 1731 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; The *Western News Company*, Chicago.

Subscribers in *India* can obtain the Magazine from A. H. Wheeler & Co., 15 Elgin Road, Allahabad; Wheeler's Building, Bombay; and 39 Strand, Calcutta; or from the *Theosophist Office*, Adyar, Madras.

All communications to the Editor should be addressed c/o the Publishers, WILLIAM RIDER & SON, LTD., Cathedral House, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 4

Contributors are specially requested to put their name and address, legibly written, on all manuscripts submitted.

VOL. XXIX.

JANUARY 1919

No. 1

NOTES OF THE MONTH

IT would be interesting to know what part clairvoyants and mediums have had in the shaping of history. There is, of course, the celebrated case of Joan of Arc, and many rulers of nations have undoubtedly had recourse to psychic assistance. There are many strange stories with regard to the great Napoleon, but these mainly centre round the Red Man of the Tuileries, whoever this mysterious being may have been, and also Napoleon's own visions of the star that led him to victory and eventually to

disaster. William, the first German Emperor, grandfather of the notorious criminal whose name is now on all men's lips, is narrated to have had his fortune told by a clairvoyante when first he became

King of Prussia. The clairvoyante, who recognized him through his disguise, is recorded to have said, "I see you are promised great age, and great victories. Your Majesty is destined to live to ninety-six years, but your last years will be full of sorrows."

As a matter of fact the Emperor did not quite reach ninety-one. Catharine de' Medici dabbled in sorcery and all forms of occultism, and is herself narrated to have possessed psychic powers. Nos-

tradamus played his part at the French Court, and like Dr. Dee in the case of Queen Elizabeth, was on familiar terms with royalty. But we do not know that either of them had any real hand in the making of history.

The claim to have influenced the course of historical events is in later times very definitely made on behalf of Miss Nettie Colburn, afterwards Mrs. Maynard, who at any rate was consulted on a number of different occasions by Abraham Lincoln during the period of his presidency, and also by his wife.* Mrs. Maynard

ABRAHAM
LINCOLN
AND NETTIE
COLBURN.

was a trance medium, and her communications, from whomsoever they purported to come, were not consciously given by herself, and she consequently cannot be regarded as a first-hand authority for what was said on these occasions. Sometimes friends of her own were present, who narrated her statements to her afterwards, but on numerous occasions she went into trance at the White House, without there being any one person who was prepared to repeat to her the substance of what she said under control. It appears, however, that in more than one important instance Lincoln acted on the advice she gave, and acted with such promptitude that she may well have considered her communication the inspiration of the President's action, and it seems clear that the President's own foreboding to which he so frequently alluded, of a violent death as soon as victory had been achieved, was due directly to clairvoyant warnings.

Psychic experiences dogged Miss Colburn's footsteps from the earliest period of her life, though how far her own presence was responsible for some of the incidents of this character is matter for conjecture. On one occasion, in the winter of 1845, in the town of Bolton, Conn., when she was still a mere child, the family, as she narrates, were sitting around a large, old-fashioned kitchen table, when they were startled by what appeared to be the noise of a heavy log falling down the stairway, against the door of the room in which they were sitting. "The noise [says Miss Colburn] was so great as to suggest that the door would be shattered by the weight flung against it." All the family rose in consternation, but before any one had time to speak the sound was again repeated, shaking the entire room. Her mother thereupon advanced towards the door, but before she had time to reach it a third crash echoed through the kitchen. Mrs. Colburn, nothing daunted, threw open the door, but there was not a sound to be heard, nor any

* *Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?* By Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard. I am told the book is now out of print.—ED.

sign of any object which could have created the disturbance. Her father was absent on the occasion ; her sister, however, along with her mother, made a search through the entire building, but failed to find any intruder of any sort, or any evidence of the cause of the noise. On their return to the kitchen the clock on the mantelpiece struck eight. Three days later, while the matter was still the subject of conversation, news was received of the death of Miss Colburn's grandfather, who passed away at Stafford Springs about eight o'clock the same evening. On another occasion, in the autumn of 1849, when Miss Colburn was lying ill of typhus fever, a clock which stood on the mantelpiece and had been out of repair for some time, suddenly struck one, to the amazement of the whole family. " The clock [says Miss Nettie Colburn] was of the old Bristol pattern with iron weights. It had not been wound for more than a year, and the cord which held the strike weight was broken. Father, more astonished than frightened, sprang to his feet, and opened the door of the clock, to find the wire still vibrating. In face of the presence of the long broken cord there was no method to account for the striking." On this occasion her grandfather (i.e., her mother's father) passed away, after informing his daughter that his own wife had been to see him twice and that he knew therefore that his end was at hand.

It certainly appears that a psychic vein ran in the family, and Nettie's parents were evidently by no means unsympathetic to the nascent powers of their daughter. Later on, when Miss Colburn was nearing womanhood, she was again brought in touch with psychic phenomena. The family were then living at Hartford, Conn. On one occasion, during the summer of that year, Mr. Colburn gave an account at dinner of some strange occurrences which he had witnessed at the ware-rooms of a certain firm of furniture dealers in that city. It appears that a young man of about thirty years of age—a certain Thomas Cook—in the employ of the firm, possessed a gift by which he could move the heaviest pieces of furniture about the building by simply placing his fingers upon them, and requesting them to follow him. The father declared that he had done this repeatedly during that very forenoon, and in particular that a heavy secretary which required four or five men to move it, would follow him across the floor if he merely placed the tips of his fingers upon it. He added that he proposed to arrange to get the young man in question to pass an evening at his house, so that his family

PSYCHIC
PHENOMENA
AT A
FURNITURE
DEALER'S.

might witness the phenomenon. He accordingly called in two days later. "We were all [says Miss Colburn] soon seated about the dining table, following his directions by placing our hands flat upon its surface. In a few moments the table began rocking to and fro and the united force of all present was unable to prevent its motions. On being instructed what to say, my father began questioning the table as if it possessed intelligence. The motion ceased, and a loud distinct rap was heard whose source we sought in vain, but to all questions it responded quickly and with a decided intelligence that denoted that it understood all that was spoken." The young man declared that the motions of the table were so powerful that there must be some one else in the party who possessed the gift as well as himself. A question with regard to this was put to the unseen intelligence, and elicited the reply that Nettie possessed it to a marked degree, and her mother and eldest brother to a lesser extent. The intelligence claimed to be that of Nettie's grandfather, and numerous names of deceased friends and relatives were spelt out, of whom the guest at least had no possible knowledge. Finally the table was turned bottom upwards, to the admiration of all present.

Shortly after this Nettie struck up a friendship with a young girl of her own age, who announced that she was a medium. They decided to sit together and make an experiment. Though they did this on several consecutive evenings, no manifestations occurred. Finally, growing weary of their unsuccessful attempts, they determined to give the matter one more trial, and if nothing happened on this occasion to discontinue. "This time, however [says Nettie], we had scarcely seated ourselves and placed our hands upon the table when three loud distinct raps sounded beneath our fingers. We sprang up in a fright, upsetting the chairs in our excitement, and rushed from the room. My mother, hearing the confusion, met us, and we explained. She thereupon persuaded us to go back and try again, she coming with us. At

EXPERI- this moment my father entered the house, and feel-
 MENTS IN ing encouraged by his presence, we sat down, when
 TYPTOLOGY. the raps came readily, responding to any and all
 questions, stating definitely that I was the medium
 for this peculiar form of manifestation, and desiring that I should
 sit at regular intervals, as they wished to use me to make revela-
 tions to the world to demonstrate the truth of immortality." Nettie's father in especial was impressed, and indeed quite overcome by the experience, regarding it as an evidence of the reality of a future life. Nettie's peculiar powers soon began to be

talked about in the neighbourhood, and in particular a local man of note, Asa Rogers, took special notice of the young medium, offering indeed to adopt her into his family.

The next stage in the story of Nettie Colburn's mediumship came about when she was attending a séance at the home of her sister, Mrs. Walker. She was seated at the table with her sister and other guests when rappings began and her hand was moved to write a message for one of those present. As the pencil dropped from her fingers Governor Seymour, who was one of the guests, and who was standing behind her, laid his hand upon her head, and a moment later a dreamy feeling stole over her and a prickly sensation passed through her fingers and along her

NETTIE
DEVELOPS
TRANCE-
MEDIUMSHIP.

arms. This was the last thing she remembered before finding herself an hour later in a different part of the room, seated on the sofa, with the whole company gathered round her. She had, it appeared, in the meantime been entranced, and impersonated various people, who had passed over, giving messages in their name to members of the company present. From this time forward she was frequently entranced at such gatherings, and manifested all the usual phenomena of trance-control. On one of these occasions at her father's house a gentleman of the name of Welch was present. When under control she had delivered a lecture on some religious subject, and Mr. Welch suggested to her father that she should be allowed to deliver a public lecture under similar conditions. Her father with some reluctance consented, she herself declaring that she would only accept such an invitation if a girl friend of her own, a Miss Flavia Howe, of Windsor, Conn., who was also a medium, would accompany her and be present on the platform. Miss Howe was communicated with and consented, and the matter was accordingly arranged, she herself, her friend, and a Dr. Norton, of Hartford, Conn., a clairvoyant physician, being also present. Miss Colburn suffered considerably on the occasion from stage fright, it being her first appearance on the platform; but eventually fell into a trance, and astonished every one by the fluency of her delivery and her elocutionary powers. On coming to, she had no recollection of the lecture she had delivered, but was told she had chosen as the subject of her address the text, "Can any

A TRANCE
ADDRESS.

good thing come out of Nazareth?" The text was suggested by the critical remarks that had been made in the neighbourhood with regard to the lecturer's lack of all the necessary qualifications

for her task. Spiritualism at the time had made little headway in that part of the country, and trance addresses were an entirely new departure. After the lecture Miss Colburn received, however, many congratulations from those present, who were astonished at her fluency and knowledge of matters unfamiliar to any but learned scholars and authorities on theological problems.

Miss Colburn was lecturing at Albany, New York, in April, 1861, at the time that the war between North and South broke out. In these early days of the conflict it was anticipated that the duration of the war would be very short, and that the North would have little difficulty in suppressing the rebellion. The first battle of Bull Run, however, opened the eyes of the public to the fact that an easy victory was not to be anticipated. At the close of her evening lecture on the following Sunday Miss Colburn was asked by a gentleman in the audience: "How long will this conflict continue?" "Our spirit friends," said Miss Colburn, "made the reply that it would continue four years, and would require practically five to end it." The prediction, though subsequently verified, raised considerable scepticism among the audience, who thought it quite impossible that the war could last for so long a time.

A year after this incident took place, Miss Colburn, who was continuing her profession of lecturing, was summoned home to bid farewell to her father and brothers, all four of whom had enlisted, and were about to start for the front. It was decided that her mother should break up her home and return with Nettie to Albany, until her father's return, if he was fortunate in surviving the war. The last evening before her father and brothers left for the front was passed at the house of a friend where a final spiritualistic séance was held. "Our spirit friends," says Nettie, "gave us every encouragement, saying that they fore-saw that all four would return in safety to their home. A spirit purporting to be a Dr. Bamford, whom my father had known in earlier years, controlled me and in his quaint 'down East' dialect assured my father that the next time he had the pleasure of talking with him it would be on Virginian soil. This surprising statement astonished all present, and none more than myself, when informed of his words; for I had no possible way of visiting the army or desire to do so. Nor had I any thought of such conditions as could bring about a meeting with my father in that distant State." The prediction, however, was subsequently fulfilled, on the occasion of Miss Colburn's visit to her brother at the front.

It was in the following November (1862) that Miss Colburn received two letters by the same mail—one from a Mr. Danskin, of Baltimore, Md., asking her to speak for his society during the following December, and the other from her youngest brother, who stated that he was invalided and at the hospital at Alexandria, and that unless he could obtain furlough and reach home and receive the necessary care, he was convinced that he would die, and that it was impossible to obtain this, except through the action of his friends. This letter decided Nettie to accept the engagement in Baltimore, where she would be near her brother. On arriving there she made inquiries regarding the

NETTIE
GOES TO
BALTIMORE
IN SEARCH
OF HER
BROTHER.

presence of any spiritualists in Washington through whose help she thought she might be able to bring assistance to her brother. She was informed that a certain Thomas Gales Foster, who was an eminent spiritualist lecturer, had recently taken up a position as clerk in the War Department, and was then residing at Washington, in that capacity. She accordingly obtained an introduction to him and met with a very cordial welcome from the family, who induced her to stay at their house until the result of her efforts could be ascertained. Mr. Foster on his part introduced her to the Assistant Secretary for War, Mr. Tucker, who gave her an order for a pass to see her brother, and directed her where to obtain it. On presenting the order she was given the necessary permit, and taking the Alexandria boat she soon found herself at her destination. A conveyance took her to the camp where the officer in charge loaned her the use of his tent for the interview with her brother, whose condition of health she at once realized was very serious.

The next problem was to obtain a recommendation for a furlough. It was, it appeared, one thing to get a ticket for medical examination for this purpose, and quite another for your name to be called, where so many were asking for the same favour. Her brother received his ticket, but the matter went no further. Mr. Foster, however, came to her rescue with a valuable piece of advice that she should go once more and interview the Assistant Secretary for War. Mr. Tucker having

A FIGHT
AGAINST
" RED
TAPE."

heard her case, issued an order as follows: "The Surgeon Commanding will give his immediate attention to the case of A. S. Colburn, 10th Connecticut Regiment. Per order Secretary of War." Armed with this, after some delay, she eventually obtained a recommendation for the desired furlough. The story

of how Miss Colburn finally secured the furlough for her brother after it had been at first refused, and how on the top of this she applied for a pass which was also refused on the score that the furlough was a special order of the War Department, should be read in the original book, by those who are interested in making the Red Tape of Government Departments a special subject for investigation. The present case involved a regular chapter of accidents, as in the end, after obtaining the furlough and pass, after infinite delay, the two were lost by Mr. Foster, who appears to have had his pockets picked in a crowd. The delay, however, led to an incident which proved the turning point in Miss Colburn's career. On returning to the Fosters, disheartened and disappointed, she lay down on the sofa, when a carriage stopped at the door. The caller was a Mr. Laurie, a friend of the Fosters, who inquired for her, and on having the situation explained to him said: "Get ready at once and come to my house with me, and I think we can remedy the loss of this furlough." Nettie dressed at once and was surprised to find a very elegant carriage waiting to receive them, while a footman in plain livery opened the door for them, when they were soon on their way to Georgetown, the residence of the Lauries.

"On my arrival [says Miss Colburn] I was astonished to be presented first to Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of the President, then to Mr. Newton, Secretary of the Interior Department, and the Reverend John Pierpont, at that time one of the chief clerks in the Treasury Building." Mrs. Lincoln informed her that she had heard of the wonderful powers of Mrs. Miller, Mr. Laurie's daughter, and had called to witness the physical manifestations through her mediumship. She had also expressed a desire to see a trance medium, when they had told her of Miss Colburn, and expressed the fear that she was already on her way to Baltimore with her brother. Mrs. Lincoln had said at once: "Perhaps they have not yet gone. Suppose you take the carriage and ascertain." Mr. Laurie at once went, and found the young lady as above narrated. But for the loss of the furlough the meeting would never have taken place. Mrs. Lincoln noticed Nettie's swollen eyes and inflamed cheeks, and inquired the cause. Mr. Laurie briefly explained, whereupon Mrs. Lincoln quickly reassured her, saying: "Don't worry any more about it. Your brother shall have another furlough if Mr. Lincoln has to give it himself." Thus encouraged, Nettie passed under control. "Some new and powerful influence," she says, "obtained possession of my organism, and addressed Mrs.

Lincoln, it seemed, with great clearness and force, upon matters of state. When I awoke there was a most earnest and excited group around me discussing what had been said, and Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed with great earnestness: 'This young lady must not leave Washington. I feel she must stay here, and Mr. Lincoln must hear what we have heard. It is all important.' Miss Colburn explained that her livelihood depended upon her work as a spiritualist lecturer, but Mrs. Lincoln replied, "There are

A SÉANCE
WITH MRS.
LINCOLN. other things you can do. Surely young ladies get excellent pay in the different departments, and you can have a position in one of them, I am sure." This was accordingly arranged through

the intervention of Mr. Newton. The matter of the fresh furlough was adjusted with Mrs. Laurie's assistance, and with the renewed intervention of the Assistant Secretary of War. Her brother returned home in the company of her mother to Hartford, and Miss Colburn remained at Washington and was summoned on the following day to the White House in company with Mrs. Laurie, to see the President. Mrs. Lincoln was there in the Red Parlour, waiting to receive her, and shortly afterwards the President himself entered. This is how Miss Colburn narrates her first interview:—

Mr. and Mrs. Laurie and Mrs. Miller were duly presented. Then I was led forward and presented. Mr. Lincoln stood before me, tall and kindly, with a smile on his face. Dropping his hand upon my head, he

MISS COLBURN MEETS THE PRESIDENT. said, in a humorous tone: "So this is our little Nettie, is it, that we have heard so much about?" I could only smile and say, "Yes, sir," like any schoolgirl, when he kindly led me to an ottoman. Sitting down in a chair, the ottoman at his feet, he began asking me questions in a kindly way about my mediumship, and I think he must have thought me stupid, as my answers were little

beyond a "Yes" or "No." His manner, however, was genial and kind, and it was then suggested that we should form a circle. Mr. Lincoln said: "Well, how do you do it?" looking at me. Mr. Laurie came to the rescue, and said we had been accustomed to sit in a circle and join hands; but he did not think it would be necessary in this instance. While he was till speaking, I lost all consciousness of my surroundings and passed under control.

Miss Colburn learned subsequently from her friends who were present something of the tenor of what was said through her mediumship. It appears that she addressed the President in masculine and authoritative tones, and after treating of various political matters of which they understood very little, proceeded to deal with the question of the Emancipation Proclamation.

The President was charged with the utmost solemnity and force of manner not to abate the terms of its issue, and not to delay its enforcement as a law beyond the opening of the year. He was assured that it was to be the crowning event of his administration, and his life, and that while he was being counselled by strong parties to defer the enforcement of it, he was in no wise to heed such counsel, but stand firm to his convictions and fearlessly perform the work for which he had been raised up by an overruling Providence.

I shall never forget [says Miss Colburn] the scene around me when I regained consciousness. I was standing in front of Mr. Lincoln, who was sitting back in his chair with his arms folded upon his breast, looking intently at me. I stepped back, naturally confused at the situation, not remembering at once where I was. A gentleman present then said in a low tone: "Mr. President, did you notice any peculiarity in the method of address?" Mr. Lincoln raised himself as if shaking off a spell. He glanced quickly at the full length portrait of Daniel Webster that hung above the piano, and replied: "Yes, and it is very singular, *very*," with a marked emphasis. Mr. Somes said: "Mr. President, would it be improper for me to inquire whether there has been any pressure brought to bear upon you to defer the enforcement of the Proclamation?" To which the President replied, "Under these circumstances that question is perfectly proper. It is taking all my nerve and strength to withstand such pressure."

At this point the gentlemen drew around him and spoke together in low tones, Mr. Lincoln saying least of all. At last he turned to Miss Colburn and laying his hand upon her head observed: "My child, you possess a very singular gift, but that it is of God I have no doubt. I thank you for coming here to-night. It is more important than perhaps any one present may understand. I must leave you now, but I hope I shall see you again." Such was Nettie Colburn's first interview with Abraham Lincoln, of which she observes in her autobiography: "The memory of it is as clear and vivid as on the evening on which it occurred."

During the following months Miss Colburn had a number of further interviews and séances either with Mrs. Lincoln or the President, or both. One which took place in February, 1863, deserves some special notice. Miss Colburn was still staying at the Laurie's when one morning a note was received from Mrs. Lincoln saying that she desired to come over to Georgetown and bring some friends to a séance that evening. Before Mrs. Lincoln's arrival in the early part of the evening, Nettie was controlled by her "familiar spirit," who declared that the "Long

Brave" (as she denominated the President) would also be there. Mr. Laurie was very dubious and considered it unlikely that President Lincoln would leave the White House to attend a spiritualistic séance anywhere else, and questioned if it would be policy for him to do so. When the bell rang, however, Mr. Laurie himself went to the door, and found Abraham Lincoln standing on the threshold, wrapped in his long cloak. It appeared that the President had just come down from a Cabinet meeting as Mrs. Lincoln and her friends were about to enter their carriage, and asked them where they were going. Mrs. Lincoln replied, "To Georgetown, to a circle." The President answered immediately, "Hold on a moment, I will come with you." Mrs. Lincoln herself said she was never so surprised in her life. The decision had been arrived at on the spur of the moment, and just as the carriage was starting. Miss Colburn observes, "I looked at the President's face and it appeared pale and haggard. He seemed older by years than when I had seen him a few weeks previously." On passing into a trance, she went under the control of "old Dr. Bamford," whose quaint dialect, old-fashioned methods of expression and frankness of utterance specially commended him to Lincoln. "As I learned afterwards from those in the circle," says Miss Colburn, "the substance of his remarks was as follows":—

That a very precarious state of things existed at the front, where General Hooker had just taken command. The army was totally demoralized; regiments stacking arms, refusing to obey orders or to do duty; threatening a general retreat; declaring their purpose to return to Washington. A vivid picture was drawn of the terrible state of affairs, greatly to the surprise of all present, save the chief to whom the words were addressed. When the picture had been painted in vivid colours, Mr.

Lincoln quietly remarked: "You seem to understand the A CRITICAL situation. Can you point out the remedy?" Dr. Bamford immediately replied: "Yes, if you have the courage to use it." He smiled, and answered, "Try me." The old doctor then said to him, "It is one of the simplest, and being so simple it may not appeal to you as being sufficient to cope with what threatens to prove a serious difficulty. The remedy lies with yourself. Go in person to the front; taking with you your wife and children; leaving behind your official dignity, and all manner of display. Resist the importunities of officials to accompany you, and take only such attendants as may be absolutely necessary; avoid the high grade officers, and seek the tents of the private soldiers. Inquire into their grievances; show yourself to be what you are, 'The Father of your People.' Make them feel that you are interested in their sufferings, and that you are not unmindful of the many trials which beset them in their march through the dismal swamps,

whereby both their courage and numbers have been depleted." He quietly remarked, "If that will do any good, that is easily done." The doctor instantly replied, "It will do all that is required. It will unite the soldiers as one man. It will unite them to you in bands of steel. And now, if you would prevent a serious, if not fatal, disaster to your cause, let the news be promulgated at once, and disseminated throughout the camp of the Army of the Potomac.

Have it scattered broadcast that you are on the eve of visiting the front; that you are not talking of it, but that it is settled that you are going, and are now getting in readiness. This will stop insubordination and hold the soldiers in check, being something to divert their minds, and they will wait to see what your coming portends." He at once said, "It shall be done." A long conversation then followed between the doctor and Mr. Lincoln regarding the state of affairs, and the war generally. The old doctor told him "That he would be renominated and re-elected to the Presidency." He smiled sadly when this was told him, saying, "It is hardly an honour to be coveted, save one could find it his duty to accept it."

After the circle was over, Mr. Laurie asked the President whether it was possible that affairs were as bad as they had been depicted. Lincoln replied that they could hardly be exaggerated, but asked as a favour of all present that the matter should not be alluded to. During this séance Mrs. Miller, Mr. Laurie's daughter, gave an example of her powers in connection with the production of physical phenomena. She had been playing upon the piano (a three-corner grand), and under her influence it rose and fell, keeping time to her touch in a perfectly regular manner. After some further experiments had been made with the piano, President Lincoln observed with a quaint smile, "I think we can hold down that instrument." Having said this, he himself climbed on top of it, sitting with his legs dangling over the side, as did also Mr. Somes and two other gentlemen who were present. The piano, in spite of this added weight, continued to wobble about, until the sitters were glad to get on to *terra firma*. Mr. Somes observed: "When I have related to my acquaintances, Mr. President, that which I have experienced to-night, they will say, 'You were psychologized, and as a matter of fact you did not see what in reality you *did* see.'" Mr. Lincoln quietly replied, "You should bring any such person here, and when the piano seems to rise, have him slip his feet under the leg, and doubtless be convinced by the weight of evidence resting upon his understanding."

Perhaps it should be added that in these séances Miss Colburn declined absolutely to receive anything in the nature of payment,

so that she does not fall under the suspected category of paid mediums. Lincoln himself declined to express any definite opinion as to the source of her inspiration, but he was clearly influenced by it on more occasions than one, and acting on the advice given by Nettie's controls, saw no reason to regret it afterwards. Mrs. Lincoln appeared to be even more fully convinced of the genuineness of the communicants than the President himself, and it was mainly through her intervention that the séances were arranged.

The whole episode throws a curious sidelight not only on the character of President Lincoln, but on the influences that, all unknown to the public at the time, were moulding the political destinies of the United States during perhaps the greatest crisis in the country's history.*

The discussion which has been going on in the Correspondence columns of this Magazine with regard to the morality of killing suggests certain observations. The poet has alluded to "Nature, red in tooth and claw," and there are times when this side of life and the impossibility of escaping from it tend to make us question the creed of the optimist who maintains with Browning that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." Such doubts are indeed not only natural but inevitable. The

view point of the pessimist is well illustrated by
 THE MORALITY OF KILLING. the story of the little boy who asked his father :
 " Father, what is the use of worms ? " The father
 was accustomed to his son's universal inquisitiveness, and promptly replied : " For birds to eat." This, as is usually the case with small children, only led to a further inquiry :
 " Father, what is the use of birds ? " This, reflected the father, was an easy one, and he replied without hesitation : " For men to eat." But this in its turn led to another question, which was somewhat of a poser : " Father, what is the use of *men* ? " Probably Tommy thought at this point that he had caught out his revered parent, but the parent was equal to the occasion, and replied once more, this time effectually giving the quietus to his son's interrogations : " For worms to eat ! "

The man who stops to think inevitably asks himself, with Tennyson, " Is this the end ? Is this the end ? " and a reply

* The above chronicle of President Lincoln's relations with Nettie Colburn is in the nature of a footnote to the *Short Life of Abraham Lincoln* written by the Editor, to which those who are interested in the story of the fight against slavery and for the maintenance of the Union are referred for further particulars of a more general character with regard to the President's career.

to the question which will harmonize with a belief in the benevolent ordering of the universe is not always readily forthcoming. Mr. Winans tells us we are justified in painless killing because the animals or the birds have got to be killed, and that there is more to be said from this point of view in favour of the sportsman than of the man who eats meat which has been killed by the butcher. The reply is doubtless that there is no justification

IF WE
WERE ALL
VEGETA-
RIANS ?

for sport which takes pleasure in killing, even if there be justification for the killing itself. The vegetarian who condemns taking animal life in any form adopts the most logical position, but it is obvious that if all were vegetarians, the large proportion of the present population of the world would be left to starve. We may even ask ourselves whether such an attitude on the part of mankind generally would be of advantage to the animals. Surely they would inevitably prey upon one another, and in many cases—take, for instance, the case of the rabbits in Australia—man would be forced to kill them in self-defence, even if he did not eat them.

It is better in any case to recognize that this is not in any sense an ideal world, and the conditions of existence are not such as to render possible the ideal life except in few and exceptional cases. Perhaps if those who are incarnated on the present planet had reached a higher stage of evolution they would find themselves in conditions more suited to that stage of development to which they had attained. As a noted occultist once observed: "The fact that we are born into this world is alone sufficient proof of our folly." The conclusion seems to be that we should not refuse to work for the highest attainable within the inevitable limitations, in spite of the fact that this highest may fall far short of our ideals. There is an unmistakable moral in the story of the quest of the Holy Grail by the Knights of King Arthur's Table, which the poet was careful to emphasize. These knights (with one exception only) sacrificed their appointed work on earth, which in consequence fell into ruins, in pursuit of what proved in practice to be a will-o'-the-wisp, so far was it beyond the possibility of attainment by their most strenuous efforts. They had set their ambitions too high, and met with the inevitable disappointment and disillusionment of which they had been warned beforehand. One of the problems which confronts us all in this world is the extent to which we are called upon to sacrifice the aims and objects of life in pursuit of ideals which may probably conflict

with their attainment. Can we attain these ideals and yet pursue the path which is marked out for us? If not, one or other will have to be sacrificed to a greater or lesser extent. The most fortunate are those who can pursue their ideals in life unhampered by worldly considerations; but these are the very few. For the rest, a choice has to be made which in most cases will involve the acceptance of a second best. Those who have served their day and generation best have been willing to recognize the limitations under which they were born and are called upon to work. Surely each must judge for himself, and act as near as may be according to the dictates of his own conscience.

A matter of some interest has been drawn attention to by a correspondent of the *Daily Express* who sent up to the Editor an extract from a Bristol paper published on January 24, 1859, which recorded a report current in Berlin at that date that the White Lady had appeared once more in the Royal Palace. The narration given by the paper proceeds as follows:—

A lady of honour of the Princess Frederick Charles, Mile. de Galtz, and her sister are said to have been the first who saw her apparition.

A STORY OF THE WHITE LADY. The White Lady's appearance generally announces the death of a reigning prince, but on this occasion another signification is given to it. The interest of the Berlin public is now directed towards an expected increase in the number of the royal family, and moreover, the present rumour is founded on a very particular case.

There is living in Berlin a man named John, who enjoys great popularity and who occupies himself with prophecies and predictions. He is now in prison for having foretold the birth of a prince accompanied by disasters. People think that the prediction of John and the appearance of the White Lady are connected with each other, and many feel anxious as to what may happen.

The interest of this quotation, of course, lies in the fact that the ex-Kaiser was born on the following January 27. The juxtaposition of the appearance of the White Lady preceding this birth, and the simultaneous imprisonment of the Berlin prophet for predicting the birth of a prince whose reign would lead to disaster, is not a little remarkable. The record of this prediction appearing before the Kaiser's birth obviously cannot be classed among the numerous post-war prophecies which have fallen into some discredit.

The year 1918 saw the passing of three energetic and fearless champions of Spiritualism, the Rev. Arthur Chambers, Vice-Admiral W. Osborne Moore, and lastly Major-General Sir Alfred

E. Turner, K.C.B., who died in November in his seventy-seventh year, at his residence, Carlyle House, Chelsea Embankment, the scene of so much gracious old-world hospitality. Sir Alfred was born in London, of a family of Tories, Churchmen and scholars, of which he remarked with pardonable pride: "Three Wranglers in two generations, and one a Senior, is no mean record. . . . The last-named, Rev. Joseph Turner, D.D., was Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke Hall, where he was instructor of William Pitt, as mentioned by Lord Rosebery in his *Life of Pitt*." Many were the private séances held at Carlyle House during the last twenty years, chiefly with those veteran psychics, Charles Williams and Cecil Husk, whose retirement from "active service," in both cases owing to ill-health, Sir Alfred never ceased to deplore. He had a great dislike for "promiscuous circles," but nothing could exceed the keenness and sympathy with which he pursued his favourite quest, and many of us feel that a fascinating chapter has been closed by the passing of this charming and kindly personality. In 1860 he entered the Royal Artillery as a junior officer. He published his Recollections in 1912 under the title *Sixty Years of a Soldier's Life*, giving graphic accounts of his manifold experiences in Ireland, first with Lord Spencer, 1882-4, then in 1886 at the time of the first Home Rule Bill, and onward, and afterwards in the Soudan Campaign when he went out with the Gordon Expedition. In the concluding chapter of his book he thus makes his simple confession of faith:—

I have been a serious spiritualist for many years, and, if space allowed I could write a long chapter upon my psychic experiences. I will just give one.

I was intimately acquainted with a late Lord Mayor. One day I was walking along the Royal Hospital Road, opposite the Old Cemetery. I saw my friend on the other side of the road, coming from an opposite direction. I crossed the road to greet him, but to my surprise he took no notice but went on. I turned to watch him, but he had vanished. At that same hour he had died abroad.

A lady contributor to the OCCULT REVIEW sends me two interesting records of a psychical character, one from Mesopotamia, and the other relating to an apparition of her own brother who died from pneumonia while at home on leave from France. There have been so many records of psychic incidents in connection with the present war that it seems a pity that some one should not take upon himself to make a collection of war ghost-stories. Perhaps one of my readers who has

more time at his disposal than the Editor will be inclined to take the hint. The records run as follows:—

The following story comes to me in a letter from a flying officer in Mesopotamia, who vouches for its accuracy. I think it best to recount it in his actual words, only leaving out names of officers and places, which, however, I am giving to the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW, and which he would doubtless furnish to any one who might be interested sufficiently to inquire.

"A training Squadron at —— had several casualties, and one night a ghost in flying kit appeared at the end of a man's bed, and obviously wanted to say something. The man in bed couldn't speak, and after the apparition he got up and refused to sleep in the hut again.

"The O.C. thought it was nerves, and sent the fellow away on leave, and no one slept in the hut. One night a new arrival appeared, and was put in the hut, and the same thing happened. The O.C. got annoyed, and sent a very materialistic man to occupy the hut, and nothing happened for five nights. Then it happened again, and the O.C.—a man named ——, a very sound, hard man—took the hut for himself, and for three weeks all was well. Then he saw the form exactly as the others had seen it, and he too was unable to speak, and was half suffocated when it went away. He declared there and then that whatever happened he must report it, though he knew what would be the result of reporting a ghost-tale officially. However, he couldn't rest, and reported it all, and of course was removed and given a smaller job at another place."

Here the narrative ends, and one is left wondering whether, with the advent of the armistice, the Squadron ghost is now at rest!

In conclusion, I would like to relate another strange experience that happened in my own family.

I have recently had the misfortune to lose a brother—an officer who died from pneumonia while home on leave from France. He died at 2.45 a.m., and exactly at that hour his nephew (the eldest son of his half-brother, to be accurate) woke, and distinctly saw a figure in khaki standing at the foot of his bed. He rose and struck a light, but by then the form had vanished. Why my brother should have appeared to this relation is somewhat difficult to understand, for, while the two were quite good friends, there was no particular bond between them. Could an explanation be deduced from the fact that a baby daughter was born in the nephew's house four hours before my brother died? Also that, at the very hour the baby arrived my brother almost jumped out of bed in delirium, exclaiming—"I must go! I must go if it kills me." It seems vaguely to me that the two events may have been connected, though how I cannot conjecture. I only know that Birth and Death are great twin mysteries, and beyond our fathoming.

H. M. T

The regular dispatch of catalogues by William Rider & Son, Ltd., having been interfered with owing to war difficulties, I should be greatly obliged to readers of this magazine if any who wish to receive catalogues of the firm's publications as and when published would send on their names and addresses to be entered on a new and up-to-date list.

PSYCHIC PHOTOGRAPHY

By HERWARD CARRINGTON

THE question of psychic photography has perhaps been the subject of more debates than any other in the whole field of psychic investigation. Many thousands of photographs have been taken, showing abnormal and unaccountable markings upon the plates; but unfortunately a large part of these have been shown to be due either to normal defects on the plates or films used, or to premeditated fraud and trickery on the part of the medium.

Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, in her paper on "Spirit Photography" in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research (Vol. 7) made a complete résumé of the evidence up to that date (1892), showing that practically all the psychic photographs which had been taken by professional mediums were subject to either one or other of these charges—inasmuch as the mediums had all of them, at one time or another, been caught in trickery.

Of late years, however, a mass of evidence has been forthcoming tending to show that genuine psychic photography is indeed a fact—this new evidence coming from private sources, that is, from individuals who have experimented by themselves, in the absence of any professional medium, and who have obtained very striking—perhaps convincing—results in this manner.

Dr. Ochorowicz, late Professor in the Universities of Warsaw and Lemberg, conducted a series of very remarkable investigations in this field, and has published his results in the French magazine *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, which includes on its editorial board Professor Charles Richet, Sir William Crookes, Professor Camille Flammarion, Dr. Paul Joire, Dr. Joseph Maxwell, Dr. Mangin, Professor Henry Morselli, Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, and others.

Professor Richet has stated that in his belief Dr. Ochorowicz is "an exceptionally careful and scientific investigator." Dr. Ochorowicz's experiments were conducted in the realm of "thought photography"—i.e. photographs of emanations issuing from the human body. In these experiments no camera was used; the plate, wrapped in opaque paper, was placed either between the hands of the medium or against the forehead or

the "solar plexus," and a definite *thought* was impressed upon the plate at the will of the experimenter. In all these cases, Dr. Ochorowicz supplied and developed his own plates, and they were never under control of the medium except for the few moments during which she placed her hands upon them.

These experiments of Dr. Ochorowicz's were conducted in the dark or in feeble red light; and, the subject being in trance, was requested to project an astral form or hand from her own and place *this* upon the plate, held in the air by the experimenter at some distance from her body. The results of some of these experiments are thus described by Dr. Ochorowicz:—

"I hold a plate at a distance of about one metre from her right hand, which is held in front of her. The red light is turned slightly low; the somnambule sees a shadowy hand detach itself from hers, which is at the same time also attached to a very long, thin arm, which approaches the plate. The hand is very large, she says, and is a right hand. It places itself over the plate, which I thereupon remove and develop. A large hand is distinctly visible upon it. Finally I hold a plate two and a half metres away from the medium's hand. The somnambule shivers and feels cold in her lower limbs, despite the fact that my laboratory is very warm. She again holds out her right hand, and a *left* hand, attached to a long thin arm, is seen by her to detach itself and place itself over the plate held in my hand. Upon being developed, the impression of a very large left hand was found upon the plate—so large that only a portion of the hand could be seen (the whole of the medium's hand could easily be placed upon the plate). These are very similar to the enormous hands frequently seen at the Palladino séances, and said to be those of John King."

"From the above facts," continues Dr. Ochorowicz, "I think we are justified in arriving at the following tentative conclusions:—

"1. That the hand of the 'double' can be larger than that of the medium.

"2. That a left hand can be projected from a right arm, drawing its force from the entire body of the subject—this being accompanied by a chilly feeling in the extremities and by congestion in the head.

"3. That the arm of the double appears to shrink in size according to its distance from the medium's body.

"4. That it is easier for the fluidic hand to imprint itself upon the photographic plate (negative) in white than in black.

" 5. That in the case of the large and shining thumb, it is surrounded by a clear halo of light.

" 6. The etheric body of the medium, the 'double,' behaves as though it were an independent spirit."

These human radiations, coming from the body, have been the subject of minute investigation by French investigators, notably the Durville brothers and Commandant Darget of Paris—who termed these rays " V-rays." By the aid of photographic plates, these investigators have, apparently, obtained direct proof that fluidic emanations issue from the body, and that they



No. 1.

can impress photographic plates. They apparently have no direct connection with the nerves of the physical body. As a result of a long series of experiments, in this connection, Dr. Imoda came to the conclusion that " the radiations of radium, the cathodic radiations of the Crookes' tube and mediumistic radiations, are fundamentally the same."

Dr. Baraduc, of Paris, also conducted a number of very interesting experiments in this connection, with specially sensitized plates, and apparently succeeded in directly photographing thoughts by the aid of a camera. In this case, the swirls or vortices of the ether were directly caught upon the plate and photographed. A number of these have been reproduced in the

past—illustrating different types of thoughts or emotions emitted by the sensitive subject—usually in hypnotic trance. Similar experiments have been conducted by other continental investigators.

Shortly before the war, Prof. Fukurai, of the University of Tokio, published a large book, giving the results of his experiments in psychic photography. (This is in Japanese, and as yet has not been translated.) So far as we can see, there was no possibility of fraud in connection with these photographs. They



No. 2.

were taken in the presence of a number of scientific witnesses—from five to seven, usually, and no professional medium was employed. He first of all experimented upon two ladies, both of whom are now dead. He afterwards experimented more successfully with the wife of a fellow-professor in the University. No camera was employed in any of these experiments; but the plates, wrapped in opaque paper, were held between the hands of the subject, and several plates, as a rule, were piled one upon another. After the pile had been arranged, the plate upon which the impression was to be made was selected. For example, on one occasion, Prof. Fukurai, after handing a plate

to the entranced psychic, said, "I want you to impress upon that plate, by an effort of your will, the words '*Myo Ho*'—meaning 'marvellous processes.'" The subject then stated that she saw the words before her—in the air as it were—and that she was trying to impress the outlines of these words upon the plate, in Japanese characters. A few moments later she said, "They



No. 3.

are taken," and handed the plate to the Professor. Immediately upon the plate being developed in the dark-room, it was examined, and the words "*Myo Ho*" were found upon it!

More difficult tests were then undertaken. A pile of a dozen wrapped plates was placed upon the lap of the psychic. She was asked to impress a plate several down in the pile—that is, not the top or the bottom plate. She made an effort of will, and in a few minutes exclaimed, "I have impressed the word '*Ten*' (meaning 'Heaven') on the third plate. I will now try to impress my three fingers of the left hand upon this plate.

I will impress the word '*Kin*' ('Gold') upon the sixth plate in the pile." Soon she exclaimed that this had been done, and the pile of plates was taken from her. Under development it was found that the word "*Ten*" and the faint outlines of three fingers were impressed upon the third plate, and the word "*Kin*" upon the sixth plate. All the rest were blank.

Among the most interesting experiments in this field are those which have been undertaken of late by Mrs. Dupont Lee

—of Dupont Powder fame—she herself being the psychic, and no other person being present, on many occasions, during the taking and the development of the pictures. In many cases, a well-known Washington physician was also present; but he too affirms that so far as he could see there was no possibility of trick in connection with those pictures which he saw taken, and upon which the psychic impressions were obtained. It is unfortunate that a well-known professional psychic photographer had a hand in the development or manipulation of a large number of these photographs—and their value is thus discounted or altogether offset, from the scientific point of view. But a large number remain which, Mrs. Dupont Lee asserts, were taken and developed entirely by herself, or in the presence of friends, and a few of these are reproduced here.

Illustration No. 1 is very curious, showing us, apparently, a group of "sylphs" or nature-spirits flying across the field of the camera, toward the head of an elderly man, who has been dead some years but who, in his lifetime, was well-known as a successful physician in Washington. This picture is so curious that it certainly deserves consideration upon any theory, and seems to afford us photographic proof of the belief in nature-spirits of this character. Whether or not these beings can be taken seriously depends upon the mind of the investigator; but here at least is the photograph, which needs to be accounted for satisfactorily, whatever it may actually represent.

Illustration No. 2 is also very curious—inasmuch as it represents a large group of people—many of them quite disproportionate, being relatively too tall or too short for others, yet overlapping each other in a singular and interesting manner (and which I have been assured by expert photographers would be extremely difficult to reproduce photographically). It was taken and developed by Mrs. Dupont Lee herself. In this case, no camera was used at all. The plate was bound to her forehead and left there two hours. When developed, the above was the result!

Illustration No. 3: this figure of a man, holding his hat is the same man who appears in No. 2 as the tall figure, slightly to the right of the centre of the picture. He is the late Mr. Bocoock—well known to Mrs. Lee in life. This plate, we are told, was held in the hands of Mrs. Lee and Dr. R., the well-known physician above mentioned, and developed by them at once—with the result that this figure was found upon the plate. It was held in their hands in the dark for about half an hour—of

course, no camera being used. The so-called "photograph" looks strikingly like a *drawing*; but, whatever it may be, we give the results as reported; and whatever we may think of them, we cannot bring the charge of conscious fraud in this case, without implicating the two principals themselves—which seems hardly possible under the circumstances.



No. 4.

Illustration No. 4 shows a profile of Dr. R., the balance of the plate being filled with faces, most of which are strikingly biblical in character. They overlap and crowd upon each other in a very odd manner. The girl in the front, to the right, seems to be wearing a mid-Victorian dress; and this, it will be seen, falls over the hands and legs of Dr. R., which are visible through

the transparency of the dress. For this photograph a camera *was* used ; but we understand it was taken and developed by Mrs. Lee herself, as were the others.

Prof. James H. Hyslop, in the *Proceedings of the American Society for Psychic Research*, has published (1914) a long account of some of the earlier experiments of Mrs. Dupont Lee in this connection, and travelled to Washington to conduct personal



No. 5.

investigations—and obtained a number of photographs which had then been taken. These were quite different in character from the above, though on some of them the same figure of Mr. Boccock is seen. On one, in particular, his phantasmal form is seen to be walking down a road, brilliantly illuminated by the moonlight. Mrs. Lee, as before stated, is not a professional medium, is a lady in private life of good family connections,

independently off, and has made psychic photography her pastime for the last five or six years, during which time she states she has made more than ten thousand psychic photographs!

The next series we come to is quite different in character. Mr. E. P. Le Flohic and his wife—through a series of sittings they attended with a local medium—became interested in psychic phenomena; and he was told that he himself possessed medium-



No. 6.

istic powers. Made curious by this, he and his wife sat together in the dark for a number of evenings, to see what they could obtain. The method of procedure was as follows. One, two or three cameras were focused on themselves, seated on two chairs at the far end of the room. The room was made completely dark; then the caps removed, and Mr. Le Flohic would find his way back to his chair in the darkness. A period of

waiting—varying from fifteen to thirty minutes—then intervened, during which various semi-luminous phenomena presented themselves. When impressed to do so, a string was pulled, which released the "flash"; the cameras recorded what was taking place in the room; and then Mr. Le Flohic would grope his way back to the cameras, place the caps over the lenses, remove the plates, develop them and note the result. When developed, these plates (many of them) showed curious markings, as the accompanying illustrations will show.

Illustration No. 5 shows us Mr. and Mrs. Le Flohic seated



No. 7.

in their chairs—the former pulling the string which released the flashlight; and upon the plate are a number of twisted lines of light, largely centred about the body of Mrs. Le Flohic, and seeming to emanate from her.

This is still more marked in Illustration No. 6, where the streaks of light are very pronounced and brilliant.

Illustrations Nos. 7 and 8 also show streaks of light or markings upon the plate, of quite a different character from those above noted. They seem to emanate from some source outside of the plate; and in one case (No. 7), again passing out of the

plate, while in No. 8 it seems to shade off into a pointed "tail," which disappears into darkness.

Illustration No. 9 presents many strange features. Mrs. Le Flohic is shown pulling the string releasing the flashlight, but her whole body, as well as that of her husband, is illuminated by a brilliant, fiery glow or "aura"—which seems to emanate



No. 8.

from their figures. This is not due, as might be thought at first, to reverse printing, for the reason that the collar appears white, the tie black, etc.—which would naturally be the case; but behind the head, where a shadow would usually form, a brilliant luminous glow is seen, and this seems to emanate more or less from the entire body, in both instances. How this is to be explained, I do not pretend to say, and merely publish the illustration, allowing the reader to form his own opinion thereon.

The question arises, of course, how far conscious or unconscious manipulation of the plates might produce these results? Both Mr. and Mrs. Le Flohic are thoroughly in earnest in their investigations—so much so, in fact, that Mr. Le Flohic resigned his position in the city and went to live alone in the country, by himself, so that he could conduct these investigations calmly and at his leisure. He resigned a good position in order to do so. Most of the pictures were taken on films—and not the usual



No. 9.

plates. Two or three cameras were exposed at one time, as a rule.

Some of these markings might certainly have been reproduced, if the attempt had been made to do so, by moving a brilliant light about, in rapid sweeps, in front of the exposed lens of the camera. Prof. Morselli, in his book *Psychology and Spiritism*, reproduced two photographs of this character, on which photographs of table-levitations had been taken; and on these plates the same luminous streaks had been observed—only very much fainter than these—baffling the experimenters, for the time being, as to their origin. It was afterwards proved, however,

that they were due to the light of a candle, which had been moved about under the table, while exploring for the mechanism of the table-levitation. In the present case, however, I am positively assured by Mr. Le Flohic that no light of any kind was moved about in the room, or permitted, after the camera had once been exposed.

Whatever the solution of these pictures may ultimately prove to be, they remain for the present a baffling mystery, and are certainly some of the most interesting psychic photographs which have been taken of late.

These results—extraordinary as they are—nevertheless have been supported in the past by a large number of experiments; and many eminent men have stated their belief in the reality of “psychic photography.” It is certainly one of the most fascinating fields of psychic investigation, and promises to become one of the most fruitful, in the near future—when adequate means of investigation are provided, and investigators and psychics work together—as we hope they will—in an endeavour to obtain the best results.

A HAPPY CHILD-GHOST

By MAY CROMMELIN

THE word "ghost" is so associated with village bogies and disturbing apparitions that it seems a shame to apply it to a glad little child out of the body. Still it is good English for "spirit." The Holy Ghost is even a more sacred word to many minds than the Holy Spirit.

Some thirty years ago, when psychical research was new, a friend, learning that it interested me, asked me to a private tea—and to hear a ghost-story of her own experience. She then lived in a pleasant house in one of England's loveliest watering-places. (What a clumsy old word that is! raising thoughts of horses being led to a farm-pond.)

Mrs. E—— was married to a cadet of a well-known titled family, and, as she told me over our teacups, the psychic incident happened when on a visit (her first, if I recall rightly) to the ancestral home, C—— Abbey. She had seldom mentioned the story outside her own circle of intimates, I gathered. For in those "sensible" Victorian days to dare say one had seen a ghost was enough to raise gusts of derision among all one's acquaintances; also to be ticketed as a "silly fool," and her pretty tale torn to a tattered rag.

"We were asked to stay, my husband and I," she began. "with his uncle and aunt, Lord and Lady C——, for a shooting party in autumn. One afternoon we ladies had all been out for a walk in the grounds, and when we came indoors I was glad to go up to my bedroom and take off my heavy coat and other things. So I remember I went straight to the bed, and began pulling off my hat and veil and gloves without looking round.

"It was still twilight, so the room was not yet dark. Besides it was lit up by a nice fire, thanks to some thoughtful housemaid, and I can still recall its cosy glow after the nip of the evening air. Thinking with satisfaction that it would be comfortable to unlace my boots in front of the fender, I turned round and then saw with surprise that a little girl was seated on the hearth-rug.

"The child was a pretty little creature, about three or four years old. She wore a white frock with a pink sash, and a string of coral beads round her neck; and she seemed so busy playing with something in her lap that she did not trouble to notice me.

"Well, little girl!" I said. "What are you doing here?"

"The thought passed through my mind that she probably belonged to the housekeeper or some of the upper servants and was on a visit. For my hosts, Lord and Lady C——, had no grandchildren or other young relations staying in the house. Nor had any of the guests. So most likely this small intruder might have slipped away from supervision and wandered in here on an exploration of the big house.

"She was a little dear. Still, as most of us know, once children begin meddling with the toilet or other belongings of grown-up people, the results can be disastrous. So I glanced at the dressing-table wondering what her tiny fingers could have meddled with there. The child did not even turn her head when I spoke to her, but went on playing as if pretending not to hear because she did not want to be interrupted.

"'Come! You ought not to be here, you know, my dear!' was my next attempt, speaking perhaps rather severely. For I wished to sit down by the fire, and she was between me and the easy chair. Besides, I was going downstairs as soon as I had changed my boots for house shoes, and did not care to leave her in my room. She might contrive to burn herself at the fire, let alone do mischief.

"The servants at that hour were of course at their tea, when they dislike interruption, or else I would have rung for the housemaid to carry off the little rogue.

"'Now, then; you must run away!' was my last urging.

"Up got the little creature, not in the least as though obeying me, but simply because it so pleased her fancy; then she trotted to the window, where she slipped behind the curtains and the dressing-table. Her idea, it vaguely struck me, was to hide from me as a tiresome big being. Not that she looked round, as little ones often do, by way of invitation to hide-and-seek. No. She ignored me utterly, plainly intent on her own babyish projects of play.

"'Naughty little pussy,' was my comment, while serenely tidying myself to join Lady C—— and the rest of the party in the drawing-room.

"'Now!' was my next announcement, when quite ready to leave. 'You really must come out and go downstairs. . . . Where are you?'

"For the little girl was not behind the curtains where I was looking, nor inside the pink silk and white muslin cave of the Victorian toilet-table that would make, one imagines, an ideal hidey-hole where a person of her age would feel securely hidden.

“ Next I rummaged the bed-curtains expecting to see her merry face peering out. Not there. Then under the bed, lifting its heavy valance—in some dudgeon. For going down on all-fours is a nuisance unless at the kitten stage of life. But there was not even the proverbially expected burglar.”

My friend described at more length than is here necessary her various but all unsuccessful researches for the missing imp. The wardrobe—for it was barely possible those elf-like fingers could have turned the knob. Dresses were shaken out, etc., etc., in vain.

“ ‘ She must have got away *somehow* ! ’ was all I could say to myself, quite annoyed [went on Mrs. E.]. For there was only one door, and that was near the fire, so it was rather mystifying.

“ This search delayed my appearance downstairs, and tea was nearly over when I joined the house-party where the men had come in from shooting. By way of excuse, I told Lady C— what had made me seem dilatory, asking who the tiny trouble-the-house might be. She was rather surprised, but had not the least idea. Very likely some outside friends were being entertained in the housekeeper’s room by the cook or butler, and a child was of the party. But it was careless of them not to keep it, if so, in bounds.

“ Upon this, Lord C—, who had come near to listen to me, and was more attentive to my story than his wife, pooh-poohed her half-expressed intention of reproaching one or other of their immaculate domestics. ‘ It is not worth while. Say nothing about it ! ’ he advised. So of course the matter dropped.

“ That evening, it fell to my share to be taken in to dinner by my host. He was very pleasant, and towards the end said kindly that as I had not yet ever seen the family collections of curios, china, etc., he would himself show them to me afterwards. This was a distinct favour, so I felt duly flattered.

“ Accordingly, later on when the men having sat over their wine rejoined us in the smaller drawing-room, Lord C— carried me off to the larger state drawing-room, as the new cousin who was to be initiated into due acquaintance with the family treasures.

“ Unlocking various cabinets, he showed me a quantity of beautiful antiques, china, lacquer, ivories and so forth. Then came a collection of miniatures, some by famous artists. Lastly he handed me one of a little girl. At that I started and exclaimed :—

" 'How extraordinary! Why, this is the very likeness of the little girl who was playing in my room this afternoon.'

" 'I thought as much,' said Lord C—— quietly. 'That is why I brought you in here to see if you would notice any resemblance. . . . But, now—are you quite sure? You believe it is the same child?' He said this significantly, so scenting some family mystery, I at once gave the picture my most particular attention.

" But there could be no doubt about it. The miniature was the lifelike representation of my pretty small visitor. So I assured our host. Then seeing his earnest even grave face, I felt as if here must be some secret of C—— Abbey on which I had stumbled unawares and ought not to inquire into further.

" 'It is strange! But I may as well tell you that this is a portrait of a little sister of mine who died as an infant many years ago,' said Lord C——, to my intense surprise. 'The room you occupy at present used to be her nursery, and she has several times been seen playing there by different people. When you spoke at tea-time about the little girl you had just seen, I at once thought of her.'

" Of course this was immensely interesting to me, who had till then no idea that I had actually seen a ghost. (It may be taken for certain that there really was no other living child in C—— Abbey that afternoon, Lord C—— was too much in earnest about the appearance not to have made all cautious inquiries.) Still he could offer no satisfactory explanation.

" Like almost any one else, once in the secret, I wanted to know more. What was the cause of his baby sister's death? Why should she reappear? . . . Was there no tradition; no reason?

" None at all, that Lord C—— knew of. He believed in all certitude that his baby sister had been a happy little child; that she had been nipped early in the bud by some infantile disease. No! There was no faintest motive or cause he could imagine to account for her occasional reappearances, which others like myself had witnessed in that room. Besides, no one else knew any more on the subject than himself." Here Mrs. E—— ended her tale.

* * * * *

At that date (early in the eighties) the theory of thought-forms was not known apparently to the public. Yet its conception was dawning. Nowadays, most of us will simply suppose that even in the bliss to which white baby souls are carried in their guardian angels' arms, this little one remembered her happy nursery days, thus in thought she was back playing on earth again.

SOME PROPHECIES OF THE PAST

By R. B. INCE

"WHETHER there be prophecies," says the Apostle, "they shall fail." This is a hard saying for those who would lift a little corner of the veil and peep into the future. Yet the Apostle would certainly seem to know something of what he was writing about—always an excellent thing in a writer—for the consensus of the world's opinion is with him. Not only has the prophet found no honour in his own country, but he has usually found very little anywhere else. His chief portion has been an ample measure of ridicule. Have we not Rabelais' *Pantagrueline Prognostications* and Butler's *Sydrophe!*? Professional scoffers these—but they laughed with the world's full and free approval.

No doubt the false prophets as against the true are in a majority, and the world is well advised to be upon its guard. They may generally be known by their lofty pretensions and by their fondness for the rewards of prophecy. But in a world where the simplest things are but dimly understood, the wise do well to walk warily. Confronted with the abnormal they will be in no hurry to jump at conclusions. The wise man watches and waits; no necessity is laid upon him to form opinions. Experience teaches him that opinions have to be constantly changed and adjusted; is it not well therefore to burden oneself with as few of them as possible?

The chief sources of divination have always been clairvoyance and astrology. At this day, and with a superabundance of reliable evidence before the public, nobody of unprejudiced mind can doubt that the genuine clairvoyant does, in some way, sense events which have not yet taken place. But the clairvoyant has not as a rule the faculty of seeing very far ahead. His peculiar gift rarely enables him to look further into the future than a few days, weeks or, at most, months. Moreover his gift is limited to personal prognostication. He must deal always with a "sitter." He may be able to give you a more or less definite account of the chief events which will impress themselves on your consciousness in the immediate future. But when it comes to a question of world-movements and world-events, he must of necessity be at a disadvantage. The modern world is highly

complex and does not yield its secrets easily. It is true that persons in representative positions may be persuaded to "sit"; but Europe to-day is at the mercy of too many acting and re-acting forces to permit of safe deductions from clairvoyant readings of even a Cabinet Minister's future.

The astrologers of the past were confronted with no such difficulties. National events could be safely gauged from the actions and re-actions of one royal horoscope upon another. It is true that in less humanitarian ages this method had its disadvantages—for the prophet. Thus Peter of Pontefract in the reign of King John rendered himself very unpopular with that monarch. "Now," writes Grafton in his *Chronicles of England*, "to bring this Peter in credite, and the Kyng out of all credite with his people, diverse vaine persons bruted daily among the commons of the realme, that Christe had twice appered unto him in the shape of a childe, between the priest's hands, once at Yorke, another tyme at Pomfret; and that he had breathed upon him thrice, saying, 'Peace, peace, peace,' and teachyng many things, which he anon declared to the bishops, and bid the people amend their naughtie living. Being rapt also in spirite, they sayde he behelde the joyes of heaven and sorrows of hell; for scant were there three in the realme, sayde he, that lived Christianly."

It is evident that Peter of Pontefract had more courage than discretion, for it is recorded that "he prophesied of King John that he should reign no longer than the Ascension Day next followyng, which was in the yere of our Lord 1211, and was the thirteenth yere from his coronation; and this, he said, he had by revelation. Then it was of him demanded, whether he should be slayne or be deposed, or should voluntarily give over the crowne? He answered that he could not tell; but of this he was sure [he sayde] that neither he nor any of his stock or lineage should reign after that day." This, as might be expected, did not bring Peter into royal favour. "The Kyng, hering of this, laughed much at it, and made but a scoff thereat. Tush!" saith he, "it is but an ideot knave, and such an one as lacketh his right wittes."

When the fateful Ascension Day came King John, in order to show his people that he was alive and in no way dismayed by unflattering prophecies, "commanded his royal tent to be spread in the open fiekde, passing that day with his noble counseyle and men of honour in the greatest solemnitie that ever he did before; solacing himself with musickale instrumentes and songs, most in sight among his trustie friends. When that day was paste in all prosperitie and myrth, his enemyes being confused, turned all

into an allegorical understanding to make the prophetic good, and sayde, ' He is no longer king, for the pope reigneth, and not he.' " The barb of this interpretation consisted in the fact that King John was under sentence of excommunication at the time.

Thomas Heywood, the dramatist, gives a favourable account of Peter of Pontefract. Peter, he says, was " not only a prophet but a bard," and predicted divers of King John's disasters, which fell out accordingly. History does not record whether he came to regret that he did not confine his prophecies to the more fortunate aspects of King John's reign. But he very well may have done so. For King John, fearful of Peter's influence with the people, " commanded that he should be hanged up, and his sonne also with him, lest any more false prophets should arise of that race."

Another English prophet of renown in his day was Robert Nixon, " the Cheshire idiot," a contemporary of Mother Shipton. Nixon was the son of poor parents living not far from Vale Royal, in the forest of Delamere. He early won a great reputation for extreme stupidity. So strange and unconnected was his speech that his relatives regarded him as irretrievably insane. But he was not destined always to be without honour even among his own people. An incident occurred which brought him suddenly into public notice. One day, while ploughing a field, Nixon stayed his team and with " a wild look and strange gesture," exclaimed " Now, Dick! Now, Harry! O ill done, Dick! O well done, Harry! Harry has gained the day!" His fellow labourers were puzzled. None of them was named either Dick or Harry, and clearly he was not addressing his horses. Next day news came by a messenger, in hot haste, that at the very moment when Nixon had thus ejaculated, Richard III had been slain on Bosworth Field and Henry VII proclaimed King of England.

Kings are proverbially fond of prophets—provided they prophesy on the right side. Henry VII was not the man to let slide any opportunity of strengthening his position. He soon expressed a wish to see and converse with Nixon, and a messenger was dispatched to bring him to court. Nixon, who does not appear to have valued his gift at its true monetary worth, knew and dreaded the honour that awaited him. It was said, that at the very instant the king expressed the wish, Nixon was running about the town of Over in great distress of mind, loudly lamenting that Henry had sent for him and that he must go to court and be " clammed " (i.e. starved to death). If the people of Over had regarded him as mentally deranged before, they no longer doubted that he was stark mad. What prophet in his right mind had ever

shown any reluctance to go to court? Three days later a messenger arrived from King Henry, and Nixon was more or less forcibly abducted. The good people of Cheshire—scarcely knowing what to think—made the best of an awkward situation and avowed themselves proud of their prophet.

On Nixon's arrival at court, King Henry was sorely troubled at the loss of a valuable diamond and asked the prophet if he could inform him where it was to be found. It was the old expedient—revived not long ago by a section of the Press in a campaign to throw discredit on modern clairvoyants. Henry had hidden the diamond himself, with a view to test the prophet's honesty. Nixon showed very little interest in the whereabouts of the lost bauble, merely answering in the words of the proverb "Those who hide can find." The king was delighted with the sturdy independence evinced by Nixon in the presence of royalty, and ordered all his prophecies henceforward to be committed to writing.

But Nixon does not appear to have been happy at court. He much preferred to be a prophet without honour among his own people. Certainly it is a hard test for a prophet to be compelled to publish all his essays in divination. Isaiah himself might have been excused a little uneasiness under such conditions. Moreover Nixon was in constant, unreasoning terror of being starved to death at court. He repeatedly told the king that such would be his fate if he were not permitted to depart and return home. Henry would not hear of it, but issued strict orders to his officers and cooks to give him as much to eat as he wanted. The prophet lived well and grew fat. One day as the king was riding out hunting Nixon ran to the Palace gate and pitifully entreated, on his knees, that he might not be left behind to be starved. King Henry laughed, called an officer and told him to take especial care of the prophet during his absence. No doubt Nixon's seeming good fortune had awakened hostility among members of the Royal household. No sooner had the king departed than the servants of the Palace began to jeer and insult him. Nixon complained to the officer, who, to prevent him from being further molested, locked him up in the king's own closet and brought him his meals himself. Next day a messenger arrived from the king to this officer bidding him repair at once to Winchester on a matter of life and death. In great haste he mounted behind the messenger and rode off, entirely forgetful of poor Nixon imprisoned in the king's closet. Not till his return three days later did he recall the incident. Entering the apartment he found Nixon lying on the floor dead.

A popular biographer of Nixon concludes his account of him with the following quaint *non sequitur*: "His prophecies are by some thought fables; yet by what has come to pass, it is now thought, and very plainly appears, that most of them have proved, or will prove, true; for which we on all occasions ought not only to exert our utmost might to repel by force our enemies, but to refrain from our abandoned and wicked course of life, and to make our continual prayer to God for protection and safety."

Mother Shipton, best known of English prophets, appears to have suffered from a too great facility. "Never a day passed," says her biographer, "wherein she did not relate something remarkable and that required the most serious consideration. People flocked to her from far and near, her fame was so great." To relate daily "something remarkable and that requires the most serious consideration" and that partakes of the nature of prophecy withal would certainly appear to be something of a triumph. Probably Mother Shipton's personality had much to do with the esteem in which her prognostications were held. For it was no small triumph that in a witch-burning age she reached the traditional threescore years and ten and died peaceably in her bed. She is reputed to have foretold to the Abbot of Beverley the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII, his marriage with Anne Boleyn and the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. She also predicted the accession of James I, adding that with him "Every evil should come forth."

One of the most remarkable prophecies on record is that of John Lilly, the Astrologer, concerning the Plague of London of 1665 and the Great Fire of the following year. In his book *Monarchy or No Monarchy* published in 1651 he inserted two hieroglyphical plates. One depicted persons in winding-sheets digging graves and the other was a representation of the Twins, the zodiacal symbol of the city of London, in flames. So well known was this book containing Lilly's prophecy of the Plague and the Fire that when a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the causes of the calamity, Lilly was sent for. The astrologer attended, and Sir Robert Brook, acquainting him with the reason of his summons, called upon him to declare what he knew. Lilly said that, after the execution of Charles I he was desirous to know what might, from that time forth, happen to the Parliament and to the nation. He therefore consulted the stars and satisfied himself. The result of his judgment he put into emblems and hieroglyphics.

Prompted no doubt by an irrepressible pride in his practical

abilities, a member rose to ask "Did you foresee the year of the Fire?"

"No," replied Lilly. "Nor was I desirous. Of that I made no scrutiny."

After further debate the House, fearful perhaps of exposing its ignorance of matters astrological, dismissed Lilly "with great civility."

It is a far cry from the world of Thomas Nixon, Peter of Pontefract and even of John Lilly. The rising tide of science has opened a deep gulf between us and them. Our railroads, our steamships, our "wireless," have changed the world in its outward aspects. But is the change so fundamental as we, in moments of self-complacency, are apt to imagine? Are we so immeasurably superior to the men of old? As we turn in scorn from their "superstitions," does no inner voice whisper that in many respects we are no whit better than they? The "superstitions" of materialistic science, though veiled under uncouth latinisms, are many of them crude and baseless as the dogmatic certainties of our ancestors and not infrequently more harmful. True, we have weighed the stars, set a girdle of steel about the Earth and broken the sunbeam into its constituent fragments. Should we not be content? Perhaps; but there are modern thinkers who are so unreasonable as to be unsatisfied. They whisper that we have lost more than we have gained and confess that their sympathies are with the "pagan suckled in a creed outworn." And as for our boasted discoveries, may it not be, they urge, that the men of old made as great, or greater discoveries than ours, although they talked less about them?

“PANSY”

A TRUE STORY OF AN INVISIBLE HELPER

By LILIAN WHITING

(Author of *The World Beautiful, After Her Death, The Spiritual Significance, The Florence of Landor, The Brownings: Their Life and Art, The Adventure Beautiful, etc., etc.*)

MANY years ago a friend invited me to assist at a private *séance* with a psychic who was thought to be remarkable, but who was entirely unknown in our city (Boston, U.S.A.). I was taken to the house of a lady whom I had never met and we all went to an upper room, the hostess leaving directions that she was not to be disturbed for any caller. It was a large room on the second floor, with the usual furniture of a sleeping apartment; at the foot of the bed was placed a sofa, with the back to the bed, on which the hostess, my friend and myself were directed to sit, while the medium threw herself on the bed. The room was darkened by closed shutters and drawn curtains, but was still light enough after our eyes became accustomed to it, to plainly discern the furniture and objects in the room.

Soon audible voices spoke to each of us, several seeming to speak at the same time, causing some confusion, so that the hostess changed her seat to an armchair at a little distance. There were voices of men, women and children, and we all felt touches, clasps, contacts, although no one of us saw any one. The effect was like that of being in a room with a number of people, but of being blindfolded so that one could not see any of them. For myself (one always knows one's own experience best) I had some conversation with an unseen friend, who purported to be a former teacher of mine, a certain Miss Louise Scott, of whom in earlier days I had been very fond. The tones of her voice sounded almost as I had remembered them; and the presence recalled incidents that were true and also spoke of many things wholly applicable to the alleged identity. Again, a friend to whom I was much attached, a lady a generation my senior and whose encouragement and sympathetic interest had inspired my gratitude as well as devotion, came, giving her name plainly, "Mary Clemmer." Mrs. Clemmer's name is still remembered as

a minor poet and a prose writer of a good degree of distinction in her day. In her youth she became the *protégée* of Alice and Phœbe Carey, the poets whose work attracted much interest along the middle years of the nineteenth century. Born in Ohio, they had removed to New York City, where they enjoyed the friendship of Horace Greeley, then the great editor of the *New York Tribune*; of Professor and Mme. Vincenzo Botta; of Edmund Clarence Stedman; of Richard Henry and Elizabeth Stoddard, the wedded poets, and others who composed the "literary society" of the New York of that period. Mrs. Clemmer established herself in Washington, where for many years she contributed a weekly letter to *The Independent*, then one of the most prominent of weekly reviews, entitled "A Woman's Letter from Washington," which made itself a distinctive feature in American journalism. Mrs. Clemmer died in 1886, and her poems and collections from her writings were published after her death, filling several volumes. She had also been the biographer of the Carey sisters.

My own beginnings in journalism were initiated shortly before her death, and she had been most generously kind to me. Now she came (apparently) with all the remembered characteristics, and among other bits of counsel (continuing the same habit as when here) she said to me that afternoon, "Always be eclectic in your friendships." She also said some things that touched upon matters undreamed-of then, but which have been since fulfilled in the writing of various books, and of the eighteen years of which I passed a portion of each in Europe, ending with the summer of 1914, but which then lay in the future and would have seemed quite improbable. All this foreshadowing of a future that she said was close at hand seemed so unlikely at that time that the suggestions made little impression on me and were, indeed, rather disappointing, as they detracted, in my mind, from the genuineness of the claim of its being Mrs. Clemmer; although nothing could have been more characteristic than her counsel about the "eclectic" ideal in friendships or than the entire manner of all that she said.

Among other visitants came a child who said, in childish voice, "I like you. I will come and live with you, and find your things. Do you want Pansy?"

"Is that your name?" I said.

She replied with various childish elaborations, and reiterated her offer of taking up her abode with me and "finding my things." Surely, there never was offer more opportune; for apparently I

spent most of my time in baffling searches for various articles. My fountain and my stylographic pens, the scissors, the book I was just reading, the letters that ought to be at hand at a touch, and which seemed to have hidden themselves, these and various other impedimenta were for ever disappearing before my very eyes, and I lost time enough in protracted searches to have mastered a new language.

“ Well, Pansy,” I said, “ if you think you can always find things I may let you try.”

“ Yes,” she replied ; “ me find ‘ everything.’ Pansy like to come and live with you.”

Now comes the amazing and (to myself) incredible part of the matter ; but as an absolute and actual truth I can say that in all the years since, when any of my daily implements disappear, I have only to call Pansy and bid her search and I am led to the place where the thing is, strange as it may seem. On one occasion, a few years ago, I came in from having been down town to find I had lost a little pin that I had worn. It was one that I prized especially as a gift from a friend, and hopeless as the retracing my steps seemed to be, in a large city, I yet did so, inquiring at one shop I had been in, of a familiar saleswoman whether she had noticed it on my gown, at the time, hoping to narrow the search down to one or two places. The quest was unsuccessful and I returned. Suddenly I thought of Pansy. I called her and urgently requested her to discover the little ornament and lead me to wherever it was. A few minutes later, almost without realizing it, I had prised open the fireboard that fitted rather closely into the opening of the fireplace, and there lay my pin ! The little crevice of opening was so small that it would have seemed to me to require an effort to have put it in there ; and how, when removing outer wraps, it could have lodged in that place of itself, it was difficult to understand. However, there it was.

Last week a book I was reading with great interest, disappeared. I had it in my hands, an hour or two later I wanted it again, and, *presto*, it was not. Now, as it chanced, I had not been out of my rooms, nor had any caller been in. That the volume could not be far off seemed clear. But all search through the rooms was fruitless. I looked everywhere that it might be, and also where I knew it couldn't be ; even to opening drawers and closets. Again I called Pansy. It was not three minutes before I discovered that book. It had wedged itself in a place where I had already looked, but did not discern it. Again, recently, I was about to write an article on a certain sculptor of

our country, who had just made an exhibition of his works, and whose leaflet list of them lay, I thought, on my desk. But the more I looked for it the less did I see any hope that I was to lay my hand on it; and it was indispensable to my work. I impressed Pansy into my service and she led me to look in a division of my letter file where it lay; the last place I should have dreamed of its migrating to.

Now if this is not the work of "Pansy," what is it? *Is there any Pansy?* Or does one's own subliminal serve one in so convenient a way? It is literally true to say that this aid of Pansy has never failed me but twice. Once in Paris I missed an article which I greatly desired to find, but all calls on Pansy's powers were fruitless that time; and also once in Washington. With these two exceptions the "Pansy legend" has always and invariably worked successfully.

My own feeling is, however, that we are ourselves endowed with a power of divination, of penetration (call it what one will), that discerns much beyond the range of physical sight. That, if we rely on this power, we develop it. Whether that is the explanation in this case, or whether Pansy is an astral form that makes itself useful, is a problem.

THE SMEAD CASE

By EDITH K. HARPER, Author of "Stead the Man,"
etc. etc.

Ten thousand broken lights and shapes ;
Yet glimpses of the true.

—TENNYSON.

WHAT is known as the Smead Case has been for a number of years the subject of absorbed study by Professor James Hyslop, the distinguished Secretary of the American Psychical Research Society. The complete result of his investigations was given to the world in the June number of the Society's *Proceedings*.* Other records were long ago published, and the latter, says Professor Hyslop, "clearly showed the spiritistic character of the case after its later development."† This cheering admission will carry the reader hopefully through the mass of minute detail and theories involved in the Professor's masterly analysis of every aspect of this tantalizing Borderland problem. Faint but pursuing, it is good to know that his untiring patience has been thus rewarded.

Professor Hyslop's attention was first called to the case at the end of 1900, by a letter from Mr. Smead, a clergyman of the orthodox type, who is now connected with the Church in the State of Illinois. The name "Smead" was assumed, but since the full Report was in type, Mr. Smead has consented to the publication of his real name. He is the Rev. Willis M. Cleveland, and the psychic through whom the manifestations have occurred is his wife. Mr. Smead stated that his wife had received some extraordinary communications by automatic writing and planchette, and that some of the communications claimed to be from discarnate intelligences who had visited the planet Mars, and who made elaborate maps and drawings of what they had seen and heard there—"houses,

* *Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research*. Vol. xii. June, 1918. Published by The American S.P.R., 44 East Twenty-third Street, New York. Price \$6.00.

† *Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research*. Vol. i. pp. 525-722, and vol. vi. pp. 822-939.

gardens, lakes, people, ships," even a Martian clock, a Martian flying-machine, and some words and phrases of the Martian language, with English renderings of the same!

These messages purported to be given by three dead children of the Smeads, Maude, Willis, and Esther. They were helped to communicate by an uncle Sylvester, Mr. Smead's brother, who had died by an accident. Another communicator of much force and originality was a man who called himself "Harrison Clarke," and said he had worked as a printer in the office of the *New York Herald*, and had afterwards fought in the Civil War, being eventually shot. This person gave a great many definite details concerning his life and his death. Some of these details were unverifiable, others glaringly false, but there was just enough truth in some of his assertions to support his claim that he was indeed a discarnate human being, and not merely Mrs. Smead's "secondary personality"—a suggestion which had annoyed him as much as the Red King's assertion to Alice that she was only part of his dream! The whole of the Harrison Clarke episode is typical of the sort of experience most of us have gone through at one time or another in our Borderland wanderings. Where Harrison Clarke scored enormously was in his mode of writing his messages. He alone of all the unseen *dramatis personæ* did not use the planchette, excepting just at first, but wrote with an ordinary pencil through the sensitive's hand. He wrote sometimes backward, and sometimes upside down, sometimes both together. Occasionally he began a word in one style and finished it in another. When he deigned at times to follow the normal course he wrote a kind of square hand. There was really no end to his playful fantasies in this respect. Indeed, one cannot help feeling that Harrison Clarke—whoever he might be—was often guilty of a little badinage, for the pure joy of mystifying scientific Psychical Research. Once, says Professor Hyslop, in allusion to these writing tricks, "when asked to write the name 'Philadelphia' in mirror writing and with every other letter omitted, this was done almost to perfection, with a dash and promptness that would take one off his feet, so to speak, with surprise. The surprise, however, is not because the fact is any evidence of the transcendental, but because the readiness with which all these things were done is not the natural result of any habits of the kind in Mrs. Smead's normal consciousness, she having never practised mirror writing." Dr. Hyslop vouches *personally* for the absolute high-mindedness of Mrs. Smead, of whom he writes: "Mrs. S. is to

be trusted implicitly, and accepts more than gladly the conditions under which the experiments are conducted. She is not allowed to know the contents of the writing, and the originals are always copied out of her sight and presence, and are locked up when I am not working with them in an iron box, of which I alone have the key, which I carry always in my pocket." Their first experiment with the planchette was the result of a casual conversation about Spiritualism, after which Mr. Smead, being fired with curiosity, bought a planchette, to see "what would be the result." Very little of interest came at first, but, later, messages were spelt out purporting to come from the three Smead children. Little Maude's assertion, that "Jesus had taken her to the planet Jupiter" was rather unusual, though I remember once hearing a Methodist Sunday School teacher assure a poor bereaved village woman of my acquaintance that her baby had "gone up into the sun, and would be all right"! Mr. Edward Clodd would perhaps find in this a trace of primitive Zoroastrianism?

"The Martian incidents obtained their chief interest," says Dr. Hyslop, "from the fact that similar phenomena had occurred with Mlle. Helène Smith under the care of Professor Flournoy." But of the latter Mrs. Smead was in complete ignorance, and many of her Martian messages came long before the publication of Professor Flournoy's book. There was a good deal of public interest at the time as to the possibility of life on the planet Mars. The subject was "in the air." Discarnate novelists there may be, even inventors, who are not above practical joking!

In 1900, after an interval of five years, the Martian messages were suddenly resumed, taking up the thread exactly where it had been dropped. Then all at once the planchette was taken possession of by the *soi-disant* Harrison Clarke, who for a time retained entire possession of the field. At the crucial point, alas, he completely failed to prove his identity, where, as it would seem, he might so easily have cleared himself from the charge of being either the "secondary personality" of the psychic, or a Borderland masquerader. The verbal duel between Harrison Clarke and Mr. Smead when the former's story of his part in the Battle of Shiloh was finally discredited, is amusing. In spite of everything one cannot help rather liking Harrison Clarke, and feeling that he has some good reason for wishing to withhold his real name, and the name of his captain, for which he was persistently badgered by Mr. Smead. The Battle of

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Shiloh became as a red rag to a bull, and, finally, Harrison Clarke departed in wrath. In spite of his indignation, however, he agreed to help other spirits to communicate through Mrs. Smead, and from that time forward the character of the messages became more evidential. Dr. Hyslop treats these "miscellaneous communications" as a third group, and analyses them very fully and separately from the Martian and Harrison Clarke episodes. I do not propose to touch upon those miscellaneous messages, as they are similar to scores of the experiences of psychics all the world over. To many readers—to whom the fact of inter-communion has never been a matter of doubt—the only interest of the Smead Record will lie in Professor Hyslop's painstaking analysis of the different theories suggested by the communications as a whole. He presses each hypothesis to its furthest limit and leaves it to careful students to draw their own conclusions. In regard to his favourite subject, Secondary Personality, he says: "We know very little about it. In fact it is little more than a bottomless pit into which we can throw mysteries of all sorts. It is a convenient subterfuge for a confession of ignorance. All that we know about it is that there are subconscious mental operations that, to some extent at least, may imitate the normal processes of mind. But that they are one-tenth as capacious as is supposed we do not know." He has found his best evidence for secondary personality "in the connection, the identity, between present and past mental states, though dissociated from each other by amnesia." In other words, nothing can come from the "subconscious" mind that has not been experienced by, or known to, the psychic at some time in the past. The term *forgotten memories* seems to suit the case. To refer again to the Martian episode, Professor Hyslop points out that one striking detail was certainly not the product of such memory: "The Martain Air-ship . . . anticipated all practical applications of aeronautics. It has certain resemblances to Zeppelins which were not built at the time it was conceived. But all this was before the world had any example of it."

Equally, in certain messages given by Harrison Clarke explaining hypnosis and subconscious states—"The soul was put into a trance by spirits and the body occupied by a spirit who performed all the acts observed"; also that there was "only one soul, and that there 'was no dividing it up,'" corroborates other information from spirit sources. In fact, "the whole machinery," says Dr. Hyslop, "of control and obsession is outlined in the account, as it has been determined by very elaborate

experiments, many of which had not even been made by any one at the time of her work and none of which she knew anything about." Dr. Hyslop points out that "most people think sleep is a suspension of consciousness, but psychologists now hold that the mind or brain is subconsciously active during sleep and that the rest is of the bodily activities. Mrs. Smead knew nothing of these doctrines at the time," she held the then prevailing view that "the soul was *in* the body, not outside it." I was long ago told by a friend within the Veil that "the soul is not all enclosed in matter—as far as it extends it sees and feels." In particular since the war began some of us are learning more of these latent powers of the soul, or "luminous body," in its ministry of healing when freed from the physical sheaths during the hours of sleep.

As the psychic's development progressed she became more deeply entranced, though at times she was perfectly normal while transmitting messages. On such occasions Dr. Hyslop often engaged her in conversation while the planchette or pencil, as the case might be, continued its rapid movements with perfect freedom and independence. When at last she came into touch with the famous Emperor group her progress evolved on more transcendental lines, and it is interesting to remark the identity of some of the doctrines expressed with those of the same communicators through Mrs. Piper, of which Mrs. Smead *knew nothing*. Such was "Chesterfield's" warning against promiscuous earth spirits being allowed to come. "For," he said, "they use the light so rapidly, and it does not help to do good, but only satisfies their own pleasure." Again, in reply to a desire of Mrs. Smead for certain persons to communicate, the same spirit explained that this could not be done as "it takes time for preparation. We need it to get the right cords in motion."

Dr. Hyslop finally sums up his views on the Smead Case, indeed on mediumship in general, by a candid and clear avowal that, for him, Secondary Personality and spirits are not necessarily opposed to each other. "They are not mutually exclusive. We are not obliged to choose between them for the entire explanation of the phenomena. They are quite capable of combination, and indeed the phenomena themselves show that this is the fact."

CORRESPONDENCE

[*The name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, is required as evidence of bona fides, and must in every case accompany correspondence sent for insertion in the pages of the OCCULT REVIEW.—ED.*]

IS KILLING ANIMALS CRUELTY ?

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I fear some of your readers misunderstand me. I hate cruelty to animals intensely ; I cannot stand the way people leave cats to starve, or hit horses.

The other day a dog was run over by a motor-car and was dragging itself, lying down at intervals, trying to get home ; nobody was paying the least attention to it, but they would have flown at me with horror if I had put it out of its misery.

I rushed down to it, but it had disappeared in the crowd ; it was a dark, foggy night, lamps shaded.

I never use the whip or spur to my horses and they come up to me just like all dogs and cats I see ; they know I am a friend. Real sportsmen love animals, as they understand them.

To kill an animal painlessly is no cruelty. I can shoot birds, but I cannot keep one in a cage hopping and trying to get free ; I can shoot a broken-legged horse after some brute has thrashed it on slippery pavements till it falls and breaks its leg, but I could not drive an overloaded horse or sit in a crowded omnibus and feel the horses struggling to drag me along uphill.

Death is no cruelty or hardship or our Creator would not have made us all suffer it ; but cruelty to animals is a deadly sin.

WALTER WINANS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I am proud to say that Mr. Turner's assumption that I am *not* an eater of "oysters, lobsters, calves, etc.," is true ; and I thank him for the expression of this possibility. I am a confirmed vegetarian—otherwise I could not consistently have reproached Mr. Winans for shooting stags.

I am, yours faithfully,

THE PRIORY,
WOODCHESTER,
GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

CATHERINE M. METCALFE.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Winans weakens his position by making rash statements about people of whom he knows nothing. It is a gratuitous insult to accuse me of being an eater of meat and of paying a butcher to kill the animals. I do not eat the flesh of bird, beast, or fish. I have worked to try and get the humane killer used for cattle. The average meat-eater is quite indifferent as to how the animals are killed; Mr. Winans is right there. But he seems ignorant of the fact that there are now great numbers of persons who do not eat meat. That being so, how can it be declared that man has to kill beast, bird, or fish to live? The statement is absurd. And I protest against the "all three of us," which includes myself, Mr. Turner and Mr. Winans, by which Mr. Winans makes us responsible for the deaths of innumerable oxen and sheep.—Yours truly,

MABEL COLLINS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—Surely Mr. Winans can conceive of persons who neither kill, nor "pay a butcher to do it for them."

Regarding his point that "the stags *were condemned to death*," I would observe that they had no business to be—*simply to gratify the so-called sporting instinct.*

To be consistent Mr. Winans must advocate wholesale killing (war) and suicide (on strictly scientific lines) since we are *all* condemned to death.

When Mr. Winans comes to realize that dying, *per se*, is not the greatest evil and therefore its being made easy not the greatest blessing; that what chiefly matters is one's attitude to "life"; that in a world where horrible forms of cruelty are perpetrated in the names of Sport, Science, etc., *living* may become more painful than dying, his paltry excuse, or attempted justification for wantonly cutting short life

. . . which all can take but none can give,
Life which all creatures love and strive to keep,

will remain henceforth unvoiced.—Yours sincerely,

P. V.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS AND VISIONS.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—For some months past I have read in your journal of dreams and visions, the writers in the main wishing for interpretations. This is rarely possible, however, unless the seer is personally, or very thoroughly, acquainted with the circumstances of the querent. Another important point is whether the querent is in the habit of dreaming the particular type of dream, and whether it is a fortunate omen to him or her. Nearly all people have definite pointers in this con-

nection, for instance if I dream of having a pleasant social experience, I can rely on having the reverse the next day, much the same applying to a dream by me of a cat, or cats, only the resulting unpleasantness is more personal. On the other hand, a fortunate or pleasant earthly happening would be indicated by a dream of a naked male child or friendly dog.

Some relief may be gained in the event of an evil dream by not mentioning or repeating it, as the physical utterance helps to precipitate the happening on the physical plane. If, however, the dream is quite clear or repeated, it is a matter of "What is to be must be." Most people confuse dreams and astral experiences badly, which militates against correct understanding.

The experience of Mrs. Nita O'Sullivan Beare supplies one with an example of a vision as to the interpretation of which, under the circumstances, one can only venture an opinion. To me it looks as if the ex-Austrian Emperor, after having seen something of the future on the next plane, was meditating on the fate of Charles VIII's crown and the (possible) at one time very fine and sincere efforts of the Pope to bring about peace, which might have eased the acute Austrian situation immensely. There seems little doubt that the "well-shaped man's hand" indicated some additional (and perhaps unpublishable) effort to save the Hapsburg emblem, after which comes the inevitable.

The above interpretation looks like being "wise after the event," but the reader should remember that all occultists, and even some students, know things relating to the war and events in Europe, which it would not be safe to publish in this country—at any rate for many years.

Yours faithfully,

ARTHUR MALLORD TURNER.

DREAMS THAT HURT.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Re the correspondence on "Dreams that Hurt," may I give you a little experience of my own? One night, not many months ago, I dreamt I was nursing a little black kitten. It was a very tiny kitten, and scratched horribly. I held it in my left hand, and played with it with my right, and I had frequently to disengage its claws from my skin. I woke in the morning having forgotten all about it until I went to wash my hands. They were awfully sore, and when I examined them I found them badly scratched all over. I said to myself, without a minute's hesitation, quite naturally and as a matter of course, "Oh, of course, it was that kitten!" Then I pulled up and remembered, and thought, "Well, I only *dreamt* that I held a kitten!" However, there were the scratches, and I am perfectly and absolutely certain that there were *no* scratches on my hands when

I went to bed. I rarely scratch or cut my hands, and hate it most horribly when I do, so that I *must* have noticed even though I had only one little scratch. But my hands were smothered with scratches! I showed them and told my dream to a friend of mine who knows a great deal about these things, and she said at once, "Well, you have been nursing a spirit kitten!" I have had some rather weird experiences in the way of dreams, but never one quite like this! Hoping it may interest some of your readers,

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

JESSIE E. P. FORELAND.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM AND SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read with interest your notice of Professor Boirac's work, *La Psychologie Inconnue*. You say rightly that the main difficulty in conducting the experiments has been to exclude Suggestion. Is it possible to exclude Suggestion? I do not think this can be done until we know what Suggestion is. It has become a household word with us, but do any of us really comprehend its meaning or power? It may be, for all we know, the active agent of what for a better name is called Animal Magnetism, or it may be the "Key" which unlocks the door for other powers to manifest.

I think that without Suggestion it is practically impossible to mesmerize any one by means of passes. For instance, take a person *who knows absolutely nothing* about mesmerism or hypnotism *or the effect of passes* and ask him to sit down on a chair in the orthodox manner recommended by professors and handbooks, and start making passes over him; these passes, instead of putting him to sleep, will make him more alert, and I am sure instead of making him go to sleep will make him have doubts about the operator's sanity, BUT, if before starting to make the passes *he had been told to expect sleep as the result*, he would certainly have gone to sleep, if not at the first sitting then at one in the near future, and this simply because he had been told what to expect.

I do not think that Hypnotism cures of itself, it only being a means to an end; all the hypnotist or mesmerist (?) does, being to put the patient into such a condition as enables the patient's own higher genius to cure his mental or bodily disease.

With regard to the Professor's experiment on "Jean" whilst asleep (making his feet rise). This does not in any way prove the truth of Magnetism. "Jean" had already been hypnotized many times, and it is well known that a subject who has been influenced a great number of times becomes most susceptible to the operator's will, whether asleep or awake, therefore I am convinced it was the result of a mental Suggestion, not magnetic influence at all.

There are many other points in your "Notice," I should like to refer to, but your space is limited, and I fear I have already written too much.

Yours faithfully,

SEMPER VIGILANS.

[My correspondent should read the book, which contains an answer to at least part of his criticism, and is in any case of considerable importance and scientific value.—ED.]

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to the question as to the reality of any actual current of magnetism passing from a magnetic healer to a patient, I think the following experiment proves that this transference actually takes place. I have placed six wineglasses full of water on a tray, having magnetized the water in one glass only—by means of passes, etc., in the usual way—and then taken the tray into another room where a very sensitive patient was waiting. On asking her to taste the water, she invariably picked out the one I had magnetized and described it as like soda water and full of life.

The glasses, amount of water, etc., were of course exactly similar. Surely this proves that some force has actually been given out, though its power is enormously increased by mental and verbal suggestion.

I am, yours faithfully,

M. SALIS.

A POTENT CHARM.

To the Editor of the OCCULT REVIEW.

SIR,—A little over five months ago, a young friend of mine, who is in an O.T.C., wrote to me, enclosing a letter from his particular school chum, who was being trained as a pilot in the R.A.F. My friend's object in writing was to beg for my assistance on behalf of his friend in the R.A.F. The latter, when just on the point of obtaining his "wings" had crashed badly two or three times in succession, with the result that he had completely lost his nerve, and was in the very depths of despair, for it meant that all hope of obtaining his pilot's certificate had gone. In his trouble he had written to his old school friend, and the latter in turn wrote at once to me, begging for my prompt assistance, "occult" or otherwise.

I had in my pocket at the time a little charm that my wife had given me quite two years ago, and which I had invariably carried in my waistcoat pocket. This I at once, after carefully sealing up in a packet, forwarded to my O.T.C. friend for his R.A.F. friend.

I enclosed instructions that it was to be worn night and day without fail, and that it was never to be touched by any one but the wearer. If those instructions were carried out, I said that he would regain his nerve at once, that he would never suffer any injury whilst flying,

and that whoever would be with him in an aeroplane would also be similarly protected.

Very shortly afterwards I heard that his "nerve" returned immediately on receiving my charm and that he was being trained as a night observer. Then that he had been sent out to France and was busy assisting in night bombing raids. Beyond that he was alive I heard nothing more about him until I received a letter from him, dated September 11. I enclose a copy of his letter, thinking that you (or the readers of your magazine, if it is worth while printing), may find it of interest. Since I got the letter, I have heard from my O.T.C. friend, and he in turn relates some more wonderful escapes that his friend has had.

Yours faithfully,

A. COSGRAVE GEORGE.

P.S. I enclose my card. I have been an inquirer and experimenter in occult matters for forty years, so you will understand that the charm (bought for 1s. 6d. at Cheltenham) was specially prepared by me for the particular purpose I intended it for.

Copy of letter from R.A.F. man.

DEAR DOCTOR,—

I have not forgotten that you said you would be interested to hear from me. You will remember that five months ago you gave me a little charm after my crash, and temporary loss of nerve, which A. P. told you of.

I have worn your charm religiously, and though of course I cannot say how far that is instrumental, it is certainly true that I seem to have been especially protected. Only a week ago I was crashed badly by my pilot through the engine cutting out in the air. We came down on a sunken road, and wrecked the machine absolutely. If we had not been quick to put out the first flames, we should have been on fire very soon, and we were carrying 350 lb. of high explosive in the shape of bombs. The crash was sufficient to kill us, and it is marvellous that the bombs did not explode, for they were knocked clean off the racks, which crashed into the embankment. Yet I escaped without a scratch, and the pilot almost as easily.

Apart from that, five times our engine has failed. Each time by that "untraced causation" which is called "luck," it has been on this side of the lines. Otherwise I should have been a prisoner or worse. And each time we have managed to make a safe landing, which in unknown country at night is nothing short of wonderful. So whatever may be the truth of things, I am certainly happy in my horoscope. I thought I would let you know this. I shall be coming home to England in a month, to have another try for my pilot's wings. I shall have as much need then of your charm.

Gratefully yours,

— Lt. R.A.F.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

WE learn from *The Expository Times* that Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has been glancing at the subject of Mysticism in the course of some Studies in Literature and has made a beginning by asking what it is. Our contemporary—in noting the fact—puts forward the same question and gives two reasons for doing so: (1) because it has not yet been answered and (2) to express the opinion that when “such a man” as a Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge “asks such a question . . . there is hope that he has found an answer.” The position is more than curious on the part of *The Expository Times*, and it is so after two manners: (1) because Mysticism is the science of a veridic experience in the religious life of the soul and (2) because those who have graduated in that science have left their records concerning it. A periodical devoted to the exposition of religion and theology should be therefore the last to affirm that the question has “not yet been answered.” Perhaps more curious still is the hope that for the first time in the years and the ages an answer will be obtained by recourse to a Professor of English Literature. The saints of God who followed the mystical path, it is to be presumed, have failed. Eckehart, Ruysbroeck, St. John of the Cross have testified in imperishable memorials as to the nature of mystical experience, but they have left us uninformed as to what Mysticism is. The distinguished expositors of the records like Antonio a Spiritu Sancti in his *Directorium Mysticum*, Scaramelli in *Il Direttorio Mistico* and Schram in his *Institutiones* leave us in the dark concerning it. There is also St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angel of the Schools, who wrote much on the question, and yet it remains open. But where the Saints and doctors have combined in missing the mark it is antecedently and above all things likely that “such a man” as a Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge will have “found an answer.” It is true that our contemporary is not certain whether “we shall be able to receive it.” Let us see on our own part. According to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the Mystic sees, in common with other men of vision, that “the universe is not a chaos but a harmony”; and he is conscious of the music of the spheres. But this harmony or this music is nothing to man except in so far as he can apprehend it “by reference to some corresponding harmony in himself.” It is in virtue of such correspondence that “man nurses a native impulse to merge himself in the greater harmony and be one with it,” or—in other words—to find God. It is this oneness with the universe and with God that, according to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, is the central tenet of the Mystics. The impulse, the yearning, the seeking are not, however, of man alone but of God also. “God

is always seeking us." The Professor's authorities are mainly the English poets, and he adds that "the idea of a Christ bruising His feet endlessly over stony places in search of . . . the lost Soul . . . haunts all our mystical poetry." This is true and it is very true. We are in the uttermost agreement with every line and word, but our point is that the Professor's intimations can be found everywhere in mystical literature, and we recur therefore to the unusual proposition of *The Expository Times*—that the question, What is Mysticism? has not been answered previously. It looks almost as if the statement was by way of satire, to indicate that the Professor of English Literature has given us a familiar answer to an ever recurring inquiry. We do not like to think so, because it cannot be repeated too often till we have all realized it better. It is given by each of us after his own manner and in the present case by a distinguished man of letters who knows the deep wells of awareness which abound in literature on the subject of the great quest. These notwithstanding, the intimations in the poets are one thing and far otherwise is the testimony of those who have followed that quest through life and have attained the term thereof. We remember of old Mr. Peter Parley's pleasant Tales about the Sun, Moon and Stars, but if in search of real knowledge we should have recourse preferably to the great text books of astronomy.

The substance of an interesting lecture on Religion and the Soul, by Mr. W. L. Hare, is given in the current issue of *The Vahan*. He distinguishes rightly between the ways and means which lead to religion and that state in its attainment, for religion is not the process but the end, and this end is defined by Mr. Hare as "the assimilation of the Soul to the Universal Order." From our own point of view, the expression Universal Order leaves us a little cold, because we are life in search of life at its fount and source, while Order is the mode under which life is manifested but it is not life itself. The "something not ourselves which makes for righteousness" of Matthew Arnold, is unsatisfactory also but after another manner—because of its dogmatic distinction, when that of which we are in search may be after all something unrealized within us. *The Vahan* is discussing also the question of Women and the Priesthood. A contributor to *The Nineteenth Century* intervenes in the same issue and affirms that in the early Church (1) Women presbyters took the same part in the Liturgy that the male presbyters took, but only the Bishop consecrated; (2) The action depended on all present and not as now on the celebrant alone; (3) Women and men received an exactly similar rite of ordination to the diaconate; (4) The Deacons had charge of the manual acts. These points are interesting and important, but it seems to us that the root-question remains. The consecration of the elements is the vital part of the Mass, but this was done by the Bishop, and so far as we are aware there were no women-Bishops in the early Church. That which now constitutes the chief function of

the Christian priesthood—whether the Rite be Greek, Roman or Anglican—was an act reserved to men—reasonably and justly so reserved being of course another question.

An addendum by Sir William Barrett to an article on Survival and Immortality dealt some short time since with the question of Potential Immortality and has raised a discussion in *Light*. It is now some forty years since the Rev. Baldwin Brown propounded a thesis that Immortality was conditional on receiving Christ and finding life in Him. Sir William Barrett looks at the question in another aspect, namely that "the spiritual education of the race is not limited to this life," that reformation, betterment, progress, are possible hereafter as they are here; and that "eternal life can be one in the spiritual as well as in the natural world." He terms this Potential Immortality. The condition of its attainment is love and service, by which man enters into the Divine Love, and this is "Eternal Life." The ensuing discussion has shown a marked tendency towards agreement on the part of several thoughtful persons. Mr. F. C. Constable affirms, with Kant, that we are transcendental subjects, that death does not affect our continued existence as such, but our ultimate destiny must be in the hands of God. The Rev. Fielding-Old quotes several texts from the New Testament which seem to tolerate Potential Immortality, at least in his view. The question of pre-existence is left out of consideration by all parties. . . . *The International Psychic Gazette* reports a lecture by Mr. A. P. Sinnett on the Relations of Spiritualism and Theosophy, in which the Vice-President of the Theosophical Society makes what he terms another attempt to heal the breach between them. He presents Spiritualism as a device invented by Masters, forming part of a Divine Hierarchy, to organize a means by which people—then drifting towards materialism and atheism—could get into touch with the astral plane and have an assurance that there is another life. In its proper understanding, Spiritualism is a highway to Theosophy and "Imperator," the control who dictated *Spirit Teachings* to Stainton Moses, was actually one of the Masters. An editorial follows which treats the proposed healing of the breach very lightly indeed, regarding Theosophy as really the daughter of Spiritualism but as one who has wandered into strange regions. Mr. Sinnett has of course given a purely *ex cathedra* statement, which is otherwise familiar enough and is to be taken or left. The editorial is amusing reading, but it is not to be expected that it should carry any conviction as a criticism of the matter in hand.

The Islamic Review reports an address delivered by Mr. Dudley Wright on Muhammad, the man and his mission. It dwells on the fact that the prophet of Islam was unable to read or write, that he lived always in the uttermost simplicity, while as regards the outcome of his mission it is affirmed (a) that "Islam became a religion of social reform" and (b) that the Muslims "were the most liberal and en-

lightened race on the face of the earth. . . ." An essay on Odic Colours in the last issue of *Reason* gives account of experiments by Reichenbach and some instructive extracts from Babbitt. The Psychic World is described as a world of colour, and it is said that every aspiration and every thought is manifested and expressed by colour. So also are dispositions or qualities; refinement of mental qualities is exhibited by pure colours; and the spiritualization of qualities makes them glowing and radiant, so that the whole being is illuminated for those who have eyes to see. . . . *Azoth* has articles on psycho-analysis and cosmic geometry, while Mr. Hereward Carrington deals with certain aspects of psychical research. A new study of the Tarot has also begun and promises to be of an elaborate kind. . . . The Story of Francis Verulam continues in *The Messenger* and informs us that his supposed death in 1626 has not only no evidence to support it but was certainly "feigned," being put about and engineered by himself. In the writer's opinion Lord Bacon did not die until 1668, and after his supposed demise he was secretly editing and retouching new issues of his acknowledged books. So also, but before that time, it was he who produced the first folio Shakespeare, seven years after the accredited author's death, and it contained various plays never heard of previously. Cypher histories continue to abound throughout the narrative, providing other elements of romance. The story is interesting enough in its way and untingered by any element of likelihood. . . . A most curious periodical comes to us from Grahamstown, South Africa, entitled *The Spirit of Truth*. It is edited and written throughout by an unknown person who claims to have found God by believing that the Word of God was addressed personally to him. The Word also is furnishing new revelations, addressing the Central Powers and proposing a World-Policy. The contents are printed throughout in brief paragraphs, after the manner of Scripture.

We are indebted to *The Freemason* and to *The Freemason's Chronicle* for full reports on a recent Quarterly Communication of United Grand Lodge. An important change has resulted in the Book of Constitutions, and the General Committee, which has subsisted for years and generations, has ceased to exist. It appeared to many, when proposals in this direction were first initiated, that considerable additional power would be placed in the hands of the Board of General Purposes and might render this institution practically an autocratic body. It is however elective in character, so that danger of this kind does not arise. In any case a large concourse of the Brotherhood has ratified the change, and the Board absorbs the Committee, from henceforth and for ever. . . . Capt. C. C. Adams, R.E., has established *Masonic Notes*, at Kingston, Ontario, for intercommunication between Masonic students. The first issue is promising.

REVIEWS

SPIRITUALISM: ITS HISTORY, PHENOMENA AND DOCTRINE. By J. Arthur Hill. London: Cassell & Co., Ltd. Price 7s. 6d. net.

THE claim of Spiritualism to rank as one of the Religious Systems of the world is now, very generally, admitted by its foes as well as its friends; and there would certainly seem to be room for a clear and connected history of its rise and progress, and a critical estimate of its contribution to the "Larger Hope."

What though so many reputable authorities regard the whole Cult as an *apocatastasis*, or progress backward into the twilight beliefs of the Early World! Its revival and later developments belong, none the less, to the Modern One; and no true modernist can afford to remain ignorant of them.

Mr. J. Arthur Hill, who needs no introduction to readers of the OCCULT REVIEW, has produced more than one book on psychical matters. But they have more of the personal note; and are, in varying degree, records of personal feeling or personal experience; while the present volume, as its title implies, aims at an unbiassed historical presentment of objective facts.

Some readers will feel that the opening chapter—"Antecedents of Modern Spiritualism"—might, with advantage, have been fuller. There is a certain "sketchiness" about Mr. Hill's treatment of the Necromancy of the ancients, and its very many parallels among savages. On some of these, indeed, he does not touch at all; and he dismisses such episodes as the Nuns of London, the happenings at St. Médard, and the Irvingite manifestations, with a brevity that would be distinctly exasperating to any reader who heard for the first time of these curious phenomena. After this "preliminary canter," however, we lose the sense of being unduly hurried over a vast ground; and a sufficiently generous space is awarded to Swedenborg and his influence on the movement; both as a seer himself and as the founder of a doctrine which inspired other seers—e.g., Andrew Jackson Davis, and Hudson Tuttle. As is well known, Swedenborgianism has exerted its greatest influence in America, where, about the middle of the nineteenth century, Modern Spiritualism may be said to have come into its kingdom; "originating," according to the "standardized" account, in the year 1848—the year of the famous "Hydesville Knockings"—sensational physical phenomena which, as Mr. Hill says, "supplied the mainstay of the doctrines, or, at least, a necessary support."

A similar spirit of interest in the things of the Borderland was showing itself in England about the same time; but it seems to have been much more rationalistic and steady-going until quickened by the visits of American mediums. The famous D. D. Home was himself an American of Scotch extraction; and there are few people who have not heard, at least, something of that inscrutable "Gift" of his, to which men like Howitt bowed down with such blind reverence, and which Sir William Crooks subjected to those careful scientific investigations which ended in the open verdict of "the operation of some agency unknown to science."

Many less well-known narratives of wonders and wonder-workers

follow on. We get an account of that interesting early fore-runner of the S.P.R.—the "London Dialectical Society"; of the S.P.R. itself; of the career of that very interesting clerical psychic, William Stainton Moses; of various phenomena in India and Italy, and a wealth of other matters that maintain the interest of the many-stranded narrative. For, by this time, the movement can lay some claim to be called international, and the sound of it can be heard in most civilized lands!—up to the end of Part I.

Part II deals with the organization of Spiritualism as a religion; its various congregations, or churches, and the forms of devotion and spiritual communion that obtain therein. The various objections urged against the Cult by Catholics and Protestants, mystics and materialists are also considered at some length, as well as the Pan-Psychic view of Fechner, and the spiritualist belief in a future life and conditions after death.

Though Mr. Hill writes as a sincere believer, he maintains throughout his task a fair and judicial spirit; and is never too much occupied by fore-gone conclusions to weigh the evidence on both sides. In fact, he is bold enough, in many cases, to give doubtful phenomena the full disadvantage of the doubt; and, as it were, to burn what many of his co-religionists have adored. Dr. Conan Doyle contributes a sympathetic Introduction; and there is a fairly good Index, as well as a Glossary of the more "technical" terms, which can hardly fail to win the gratitude of the less initiated reader.

G. M. H.

SEVENTY THOUSAND VEILS. By Florence Lederer (Felicity). London: John M. Watkins. Pp. 80. Price 3s. 6d. net.

PROSE poetry, in the form of brief meditations, by a refined and cultivated lady, evidently very fond of music (especially Bach's), here produces a sensation of sympathy with the author. About her there is something of the ecstasy of childhood which feels what it cannot describe, but in her case this ecstasy has become articulate. I find the yellow silk marker of this pretty book directing me to a page where "Felicity" says, "The wonder of all wonders to me was the calling of my name by the Infinite One." Is not this like the exclamation of a beautiful child? Observe, it is "the" Infinite One. Faith is a lovely quality, not less lovely because it is sometimes pathetic. I do not always agree with "Felicity" as, for instance, in "The Mission of the Sea," which is a rather foolish attempt at interpretation; but the charm of her personality prevents a sarcasm from intruding on the space I have devoted to her volume.

W. H. CHESSON.

MAILS FROM THE CONTINENT OF DEATH. By F. A. Fuller. Pp. ix. +42 and Portrait. London: The Theosophical Publishing House. Price 1s. net.

VERY small is the evidential value of these "mails," presumed—if the word is not unjust to F. A. Fuller's critical faculty—to come from the Rev. Douglas Price, a deceased editor. They were received by F. A. Fuller and a lady who is referred to as "A," by means of a rod across their "open hands" which pointed at such letters of the alphabet as were required. This mechanical method is obviously inferior to *la planchette*, and unfortunately "A" was not sure that auto-suggestion did not account for the literary results obtained. Equally unfortunately, neither are we.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE SWORD OF JUSTICE: A Play. By Eva Gore-Booth. London: Headley Bros., Ltd. Pp. viii. + 38. Price 1s. 6d. net.

IDEALITY is always with us in fiction, and in issuing a play in which a vile murderer is sheltered by one victim's brother and ministered to by the widow who has been deprived by him of husband and daughter, Miss Gore-Booth does not run the risk of dangerously exciting the reader who believes in capital punishment. Our poet asks, through one of her characters, "Can you wipe out a bloodstain by pouring more blood on it?"

The question is pertinent, though it does not compel one to assert the futility of a war which removes one's adversary from the physical plane. Indeed it cannot be said that even an altruist must acquiesce with the exalted morality of a play which, laid in an age of profound barbarism and cruelty, shows the opponent of *lex talionis* obliged by his conscientiousness to refrain from killing the impenitent homicide big with crimes unborn.

Miss Gore-Booth's dramatic technique is excellent and we admire the solitary lyric which adorns her play. The literature of the "conscientious objector" may contain more persuasive propaganda than this, but it is a fine work of art, and one need not be a saint or a vegetarian to praise it sincerely.

W. H. CHESSON.

CLAUDE'S BOOK. Edited by L. Kelway-Bamber. With an Introductory Letter from Sir Oliver Lodge. London: Methuen & Co., Ltd., 36 Essex Street, W.C. Price 6s. net.

THIS small volume contains some "after death communications" from a young airman, killed at the Front in 1915, to his mother, who at the time of her great loss was entirely sceptical in regard to the possibility of such communications. In a preliminary note Mrs. Kelway-Bamber describes some of the evidential "tests" she obtained during a series of sittings with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, by which she became assured beyond doubt that she was indeed in touch with her son. "Claude's" subsequent "talks" give many details concerning his new life, and interrelated subjects. Much of this agrees with spiritualistic and theosophical literature in general, but there is evidently, as we know, as great a divergence of opinion over there as here; Reincarnation, for instance, is often as emphatically denied as by "Claude" it is dogmatically asserted. (Myself, I have even heard it stated that Burke and Debrett remain intact!) Sir Oliver Lodge, in his Letter, suggests that presumably hearsay and second-hand information amongst the spirit-people account for much of what he calls "crude and fanciful" in such records. "Claude" himself in his talk on "Physical Limitations," also emphasizes the intense difficulty of expressing transcendental truths through inadequate human language: "Suppose a spirit here, a few hundred years ago, had tried to explain 'electricity' or 'radium' to a medium on earth . . . you can imagine he would have been unable to express his ideas clearly. We are still in the same predicament." Several of "Claude's" letters written from the Front before he was killed are included for purposes of comparison. One feels, throughout, the vibration of an eager, vivacious, loving spirit, intensely interested in his surroundings, whether of earth or etheric plane; ardently devoted to his mother, and resolved that the snapping of the silver cord should in no way break the continuity of their communion.

EDITH K. HARPER.