

# Seeing The Unseen

A Past Life Revealed Through  
Hypnotic Regression

Ormond McGill



Foreword  
and Postscript  
by Martin Roberts, PhD



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## ***Table of Contents***

	Page
Dedication	
Acknowledgements	
Preface	
Foreword by Martin Roberts Ph.D.	1
Introduction	7
My prelife hypnotic regression method	11
<i>Session:</i>	
1. Me, myself and I	19
2. Materialization seances in America	31
3. Searching for clairvoyance	53
4. The manifestations of George Eliot	65
5. An amazing spiritualistic experience in New York	79
6. Psychic experiences in India	87
7. Spooky adventures in Russia	97
8. A-haunting we will go	111
9. Lady Caithness of Avenue Wagram	123
10. My developing mediumship	133
11. A mediumistic look at hauntings	147
12. Back to the U.S.A.	163
13. More psychic chills & thrills for me in 1898	179
14. A return to India	193
15. The portrait in Greba Hall & spirit photography	201
Epilogue: End of a lifetime	219
Last clinical observations	223
Postscript	227
Appendix: Transcendental hypnotism induction	249
References: Texts related to pastlife hypnotherapy	255

# ***Introduction***

From one point of view this is a spooky book. From another point of view it is a spiritual book. In fact it is about spirits; indeed, the religion of spirits, SPIRITUALISM. Spiritualism had its heyday in America from the mid-19th century to the first ten or so years of the 20th century. Like every religion, much about it is subjective and requires aspects of faith to accept it. What is interesting is that the religion of spiritualism actually has more objective phenomena associated with it than do most other faiths.

During their heyday, spirit seances became a national social pastime. Even in the White House, seances were held. Mostly they were of a table tipping and rapping nature, in which a group of people would sit around a table (often a big one) and rest their hands upon its surface. The room would be darkened, and spirits would be asked to come and answer questions for the sitters.

Surprisingly often the table would commence to tip and move, and sometimes raps were heard. A communication was developed between the sitters and the table in which a “spirit code” was agreed upon: one rap or tipping to mean “yes” to a question; two raps or dips to mean “no”; and three “maybe” or “uncertain”. The diversion was looked upon as a communication with the spirit world, and was lots of fun - a sort of mutual, social fun together that people enjoy, such as in the playing of a game of bridge.

Today we have television to amuse us, but in those early times seances were very much in vogue. However, don't for a moment get the idea that interest in spiritualism is entirely dead. It is surprisingly alive in the world of today. Thousands still adhere to the belief that we can communicate with loved ones who have passed on to the unseen world - often referred to as “the other side”. Thousands very much believe in all manner of psychic happenings.

Just check in the *Yellow Pages* and you will find one or more spiritualistic church listed in every major city in the western world.

This book, ***Seeing The Unseen***, tells about spirits and psychic phenomena in a very personal way. It is a book that will thrill and amaze you, arouse an angry spirit of contemptuous disbelief, and then compel you to admit that very possibly these things may be true. At all events, this autobiographic account of the lifetime of Katharine Bates brings in an eerie realization that we are living in a world of which we know little, but sense a lot. It brings in a conception that we actually have but a very limited glimmering of the real magic and mystery of life.

***Seeing The Unseen***, by its very personal nature and obvious honesty, may well effect a permanent breach in the high wall of self-protection with which many people have surrounded themselves, trying to keep out the unseen world: fearing lest they see, hear, and believe that Shakespeare was right when he wrote: *“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than you have ever dreamed of in your philosophy.”*

What especially interests me about this book is that, while I wrote it, I am not its author. I will explain:

I am a hypnotherapist by profession, and pastlife regressions have become very popular with the public. Many people who believe in reincarnation want to be hypnotized to trace back subconscious memories which spring forth, telling of adventures in past lifetimes. Sometimes these recalled memories are pleasant and gratifying. At other times they can be disturbing and terrifying. But all are interesting. Some clients in my office articulate them very well, while others merely mumble. What are these deeply buried memories, really: are they fact or fantasy? Who can say? However, the fact is that they seem to help many clients to do a sort of mental “house cleaning” to pursue their life more clearly in the here and now.

My friend, clinical psychologist Dr. Edith Fiore, has been a pioneer in relation to this kind of hypnotherapeutic work, and has dealt with many cases of previous life regression. Her book, *You Have Been Here Before* [see Bibliography], tells of such in detail, and leads the way to sincere study of this important psychological field for research.

This story came through a client who was a somnambulist and went into a deep hypnotic trance. Her name was Sarah Channing (changed, of course, for her protection). She was an attractive young woman in her mid-thirties, and was exceptionally articulate in telling completely the story you are about to read. While in trance, she went back to a previous lifetime when she was known as Katharine Bates and - via session after session - presented this autobiography of her life, when she lived in the time of the heyday of spiritualism, and was herself mediumistic.

To me, as a person much interested in learning whether such subconscious experiences are based in fact or fantasy, what she has to tell while in profound hypnosis presents some of the most objective evidence I have yet to run across that indicates these past lifetime memories are based more in fact than fiction.

Before I present this case, exactly as it was recorded in detail as an autobiography, I will devote a chapter to explaining the past life regression method I used in this case, along with useful suggestions to assist other professionals interested in investigating and probing into this field of research.

Such will provide a scientific background to the detailed case related.

# Chapter Seven

## SPOOKY ADVENTURES IN RUSSIA

*Pre-session Interview.* Checked with client about her experiences since the last session. As usual she had played the tape a number of times. She said that she had been to India several times in this life time although she had not visited the same places as Katharine. She said that whilst she had been in India she had had many fleeting feelings of *déjà vu* which at the time she had found a little disturbing. We talked about this for a while and also about the book she had read on spiritualism.

She told me she had bought a book by a fellow member of the National Guild of Hypnotists, Henry Leo Bolduc, entitled "The Journey Within" which is about past lives. I advised her not to start experimenting on too many levels at once but to finish her telling of the story of Katharine and then to look further, and that Henry's book was not a bad place to start. She seemed happy with this approach.

Once on the couch she relaxed instantly into trance and following my signal continued with her story of Katharine.

### *Session 7*

My next personal psychic adventures took place in Russia. They began with a ghost story I was told in Sweden.

I travelled to Sweden in the spring of 1892, and carried with me an introduction to the Swedish Consul at Gothenburg. While in that city I had the good fortune to attend a consulate party and met Mr. and Mrs. Romilly. Mr. Romilly was an Englishman who had married a Swedish lady. We enjoyed several visits together and, knowing of my interest in psychic things, Mr. Romilly told



me the story of his first cousin (a well-known lady of title) and her Egyptian necklace. It seemed that it was a present given to her on her marriage, a very ancient and exquisite necklace, with blue stones of a shade well known to travellers in Egypt, and much sought after.

It must have been a genuine article, for she told a tale that one night the ghost of an Egyptian Pharaoh appeared to her and said that the necklace had been rifled from his tomb, and warned her that she would have no peace as long as she persisted in wearing the necklace.

So the lady very wisely locked up the necklace in her home safe, and trusted that the Egyptian ghost would be satisfied.

Not a bit of it! For he appeared again and told her that she would be haunted by his unwelcome presence so long as the necklace *remained in her possession*.

So she took the necklace and deposited it with her lawyer, who locked it in a strong-box in his office, doubtless with a secret smile at his client's superstitions.

But nemesis lay in wait for him as well, and the last thing Mr. Romilly had heard was that the lawyer himself was made so exceedingly uncomfortable by the attentions of the Egyptian spectre that he was obliged to bury the necklace in his back yard. A "score" for the ghost!

It was the kind of spirit and/or ghost story that I found interesting, so I appreciated his telling it to me. However one hears all kinds of stories about Egyptian ghosts coming back and reclaiming treasures taken from their tombs. Whether it was true or not, I had not the slightest idea.

Anyway to cut the story short, while having tea in Gothenburg I met the lady who was the cousin of Mr. Romilly, and I alluded discreetly to the story of the blue necklace.

She said that it was absolutely true, and was not in the least annoyed that her cousin had mentioned it to me. It opened up some good conversation between us, which ended with the comment that if I really wanted to run into some interesting psychic experiences, I should give Russia a try. Slavic people she said are gifted in all sorts of gypsy lore.

So, from Gothenburg I went to Stockholm, and from Stockholm on to St. Petersburg, in which city I had my first new psychic adventures since returning from India.

I telegraphed Eleanor and she joined me for the trip. She was a great travelling companion and, while not overly interested in psychic things, she respected my interest (most of the time), and we had a lot of fun together. In a way, you might say, she was a good balance for me and kept me from getting carried away too quickly.

While in St. Petersburg, we engaged a German named Kuntze. He had lived there for nearly half a century, so was an excellent guide. We were staying at the *Hotel de France*, and Kuntze told us that a celebrated French modiste had taken rooms in our hotel to display her beautiful Parisian creations and take orders from the Russian Royal Family and Ladies of the Court. He also mentioned the Frenchwoman's recent misfortune, in learning – since her arrival in Russia – that her manager in Paris had fled France along with 100,000 francs of her business income.

Two nights later I had gone to bed as usual and must have slept for nearly four hours when I awoke, feeling the heat oppressively. Getting out of bed to open my window still further, I gazed down upon the courtyard, noting the absolute stillness of the hotel and the hot, moist air outside.

Suddenly this stillness was broken by horrible shrieks. Peal after peal rang out. It was ghastly and blood-curdling. For a moment it seemed that I *must* be dreaming. What

horrors, to justify such awful shrieks, could have occurred at this quiet hour and in this quiet and respectable hotel?

Nothing less than murder suggested itself to me, and I dashed across my room to check the lock on my door. My next thought was for my companion, Eleanor Greenleaf. She was sleeping in an adjacent room, with a connecting door between us.

I hammered loudly on this, and she finally awoke and opened it as I shouted, "Someone is being murdered out there!"

She said sleepily, "Stop it, Kathy, You're dreaming. I'm sleeping."

I heard other doors in the hotel hallway opening, so I peeked out. Several scared people had poked out their heads. By now the horrible screams had ceased, so the poked out heads withdrew.

My room was a corner one. Exactly opposite my door, with a wide passage between, was the room which had been pointed out to me as being occupied by the famous French modiste.

As I looked down the dimly lit hallway, I spotted a Russian waiter. I beckoned to him and, very reluctantly, he came to my door.

I knew by the way the man shied away from my questioning that he knew more about the matter than he was saying, so I dismissed him impatiently with a sarcastic comment, "What is the good of telling me such nonsense. I know those screams meant far more than a headache. I will find out for myself tomorrow."

The Russian waiter left quickly.

*“I have always felt that I lived in two worlds:  
one seen and the other unseen. The partition between  
the two seems paper thin...”*

In this fascinating exploration, a famous public figure regresses to a past life as a well-travelled Victorian psychic investigator.

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An easily understood guide to past-life regression therapy, with full explanatory clinical notes. A truly fascinating tale of a past life revealed.

Ormond McGill is known throughout the world as the ‘Dean of American Hypnotists’, and is the author of many famous books on the subject. His international reputation is that of an authority on all aspects of hypnotism, and his deep professional insight penetrates all his writings.



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